



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF OUR SOLDIERS.

VOL. 2.

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NO. 1.

The Soldier's Aid.

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Army Aid.

U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

Work during the Battles of the Wilderness.

From the N. Y. Times.

The following brief extracts from reports made by various officers and agents of the Sanitary Commission, will give the public some idea of the magnitude of the work of benevolence now being carried on in the vicinity of every battlefield throughout the country by this truly admirable institution. It should not be forgotten, however, that the labors of the commission are subordinate and only auxiliary to the vast and more perfectly organized system of the Medical department of the army, with which it works in complete accord. Col. Joseph K. Barnes, Medical Inspector of the army, and at present Acting Surgeon-General, gives to the commission and its agents all the facilities within his power; and from the Quartermaster's Department valuable aid is oftentimes received. These extracts, brief and hurried as they are, give a good answer to those cavilers who ask "What does the Sanitary Commission do with all its money?"—said cavilers, probably, never having given the commission a dollar, and not being aware that its treasury has received altogether, since the commencement of the war, somewhat less than one million five hundred thousand dollars in money from all sources—the proceeds of the New-York Sanitary Fair not yet being turned over to it. It should be borne in mind that just the same labors described in these extracts are going on at Belle Plain and Fredericksburgh,

are being carried on in every section of the country occupied by our armies, from Washington to the Rio Grande and from Fortress Monroe to the Rocky Mountains.

Labors of the Sanitary Commission in Virginia.

REPORT OF THE REV. F. M. KNAPP, ASSOCIATE SECRETARY OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION, WASHINGTON, TO DR. JENKINS, CHIEF SECRETARY OF THE COMMISSION, NEW-YORK.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
May 11, 1864—6 P. M. }

You were informed by Dr. Caldwell yesterday, that at 12 M. we sent to Belle Plain the *Mary P. Knapp*, steam-transport, with sixty Relief Agents and seventy-five or eighty tons of assorted sanitary stores, the vessel having in tow a barge with twenty-one horses and five strong wagons. We have loaded to-day another barge with sixteen horses and four purchased wagons, carrying the necessary forage, and to-night, or at day-light in the morning, she will go down, towed by the tug-boat *Gov Curtin*, also chartered for the purpose. With these nine teams the supplies can go on to Fredericksburgh rapidly, where there is need of them I can assure you, although Government is making every exertion to supply the needs, and is constantly showing increased ability to put in practice what were last year regarded as only "experiments." Thus the Government has prepared and admirably, two large "hospital transports," and has also arranged for feeding the sick on board the other boats which are not regular floating hospitals. A Relief Agent of the Sanitary Commission came up last night with a large party of the wounded. They arrived here at 2 A. M., having left Fredericksburgh yesterday. He says our Relief Agents who accompanied the army with their wagons and stores, rendered invaluable services, of which he is now writing a brief report, which I will send to you to-morrow. He returns on our tug-boat, leaving to-night or in the morning.

To-morrow we hope, at Baltimore, to hire a boat with which to carry another load of supplies up the James River, where there is hard fighting, and likely to be more of it, and where, doubtless, the needs must be great. That boat, if obtained, will take on a quantity of sauer-kraut, vegetables, pickles &c. &c., ordered for Norfolk. This will save Dr. McDonald the necessity of leaving his post with the store-boat. Twenty-five Relief Agents either have started or will start for Belle Plain this afternoon. We shall send some more to-morrow. Our supplies are thus far abundant.

PRELIMINARY REPORT OF MR. LEWIS H. STEINER OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION TO THE REV. F. M. KNAPP, ASSOCIATE SECRETARY.

BELLE PLAIN, Va., May 11, 1864.

We steamed down the Potomac without any occurrence of interest until we passed a transport filled with troops, bound for Washington, who gave the flag of the commission three hearty cheers.

Soon after dark we reached our fleet of hospital steam-boats and barges at the foot of Belle Plain. Here I went ashore with Mr. Fay and saw medical Inspector Wilson, to whom I introduced myself. He said, "You see there is enough work to be done here, I need not point it out; look around and you will find it." No sooner said than done. Fay's Auxiliary Relief Corps immediately took hold. It is divided into five divisions. That section under the charge of LeBarons supplied the men on the barges with hot coffee, beef, tea and crackers, while the squad under charge of Mr. Denniston pitched a large tent, and made arrangements for getting things to rights. Thus they worked until more than nine hundred wounded men were sent off in one boat, and others *ad infinitum* prepared to go. These labors have been of the most interesting description, though the wounded were handled with all possible tenderness.

We have sent off four wagons to Fredericksburgh loaded with sanitary supplies. The necessities of this post will require me to remain here to-day. Dr. Cuyler will be in charge, and is here already; and Wilson will go to Fredericksburgh, whither Douglas has already gone. Pope goes with the train as store-keeper, and Fay will secure a storehouse for him in some part of the town. On the whole, the wants of the wounded at this point are so great that help is as imperatively demanded as it must be freely given. The army may have started with splendid supplies, but such an unprecedented series of engagements have never, heretofore, been known, and hence, any amount of regular supplies would be too small to meet the emergency. I have heard that our Field Relief Corps was working in the neighborhood of Fredericksburgh, although a report reaches me that Wilcox—one of the Second Corps Relief Agents was captured with his wagon while coming in from the front. I have sent messages in all directions for the agents to resort here, if possible, with their wagons, so as to secure all the necessary supplies for our wounded in the hospitals. I presume to-morrow they will be here.

PRELIMINARY REPORT OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE FIELD RELIEF AGENCY OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION, UNDER CHARGE OF MR. H. E. WILCOX, THIRD AND FOURTH DIVISIONS, SECOND CORPS, ARMY POTOMAC.

WEDNESDAY, May 4, 1864.—Accompanying the Ambulance Trains, under charge of Lieut. Shook, of the Third Division, Second Army Corps, (a part of which had moved the evening previous,) we took up the line of march from our camp near Brandy Station, proceeding to Ely's Ford, which point we reached at dark, crossed the run, and bivouacked near the river.

THURSDAY, May 5.—We continued our march toward Chancellorsville, which point we reached at 9 o'clock A. M., and bivouacked. After an hour's rest, the march was resumed in the direction of Todd's Tavern. Up to 3 P. M. nothing indicating the whereabouts of the enemy was apparent at the point of the column occupied by us; but on arriving at a point about three miles north of Todd's Tavern, skirmishing with musketry and occasional artillery

THE SOLDIER'S AID.

shots began to be heard. At this time an order was received from Gen. Hancock to change route. We then retraced our steps and countermarched about two miles to a point where a road bearing to the right of Todd's Tavern was met, which we took. Marching in this direction for several miles, we came upon the rear of our lines where the wounded were being brought in; and a point was here designated as the hospital of the Third and Fourth Divisions, where I located my wagons, and pitched my hospital tent.

It was quite dark, and the fighting had been conducted with vigor in our front all day, continuing until about 9 o'clock. The wounded were already numerous strewn through the grove where our hospitals were located, and the demands for sanitary stores became frequent and large. The sanitary supplies were acknowledged by the Surgeons in charge to be most timely and prompt. Underclothing and blankets were the first articles in demand—the need for the latter being particularly urgent.

It may here be properly remarked, that throughout the line of march from camp at Brandy Station, a great waste of blankets could be noticed. The day was warm, and the soldiers wished to enter battle unincumbered. The roads were strewn with blankets to an extent which warrants the belief that enough were thrown away to have amply provided for every man who was wounded; whereas, owing to this waste, hundreds were obliged to lie in the night air almost naked, with wounds exposed.

FRIDAY, May 6.—The battle raged in our front today, with terrific fury, during which our forces were obliged to relinquish three successive advantages gained on the previous day. The business of dispensing sanitary supplies was carried on briskly all day, requiring every effort to fill the demands. The wagons attached to the First and Second Division of our army corps, under Mr. Holbrook, were located at a short distance from my own, though the demands upon them not being so great as on mine. At the close of this day my supplies of clothing, stimulans, &c., &c., were almost entirely exhausted.

SATURDAY, May 7.—Little fighting took place today, but the wounded of yesterday still poured into our hospitals. My stock of clothing and other articles was in a measure renewed by supplies from Mr. Holbrook's wagons. Mr. Johnson and Capt. Harris spent a portion of the day at my depot, and the work progressed well.

SUNDAY, May 8.—Broke camps with division supply train, and went to Chancellorsville, and subsequently to Fredericksburgh, (for fresh supplies,) where we bivouacked. On the route from Chancellorsville to Fredericksburgh, we accompanied a train of ambulances and army wagons loaded with wounded soldiers and officers. The sufferings of these men cannot in any degree be realized. The road—an old plank road—was in a wretched condition, and the groans and shrieks of the sufferers were truly heartrending. On this march the presence of the sanitary supplies were acknowledged by the poor men to be a godsend, inasmuch as ours were the only supplies in a train of two hundred wagons and ambulances. Crackers and stimulans, judiciously dispensed, gave relief to many suffering soldiers during that tedious march of twelve hours. We arrived at Fredericksburgh at midnight, the head of the column having reached that place at noon on Sunday, and the work of transferring the wounded to the houses commenced. A tedious and painful work was this. A former acquaintance with the town enabled me to point out the most suitable houses for hospital purposes, and among these, the Planters' Hotel, containing a large number of rooms furnished with beds, &c. This proved a great advantage as a ready means of making many wounded comfortable.

SUPPLIES FOR THE WOUNDED.

Mr. Knapp—Dear Sir:—Four boat-loads of wounded men arrived during the night, viz:

Connecticut, 1,300; Key Port, 425; Wanasett, 350; Daniel Webster, 400. Total, 2,475.

One fourth-part were severely wounded. Three hundred or more were brought ashore on stretchers. The Surgeon of the Connecticut says he is deeply indebted to the Sanitary Commission for their aid and kindness. The Surgeon of the Key Port says: "He does not know what he should have done had it not been for the Sanitary Commission, who furnished him with stimulans at Belle Plain for the wounded he brought up."

We gave chocolate this morning to nearly five hundred veteran soldiers of the Sixty-seventh Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers; they are on their way to the front.

We have distributed since last night,
5 barrels of crackers,
50 gallons of coffee,
50 gallons of chocolate.

150 gallons of lemonade.
30 gallons of milk punch.

We have fed the ambulance drivers at the request of Mr. Tucker, Superintendent of the Ambulance Corps of Washington. Most of these drivers have been on duty, night and day, for the last four days, and I have yet to hear the first one grumble.

Mr. Stacy merits much praise for his zeal in the work of feeding and looking after the wounded men here. Your obedient servant, J. B. ABBOTT.

THE WOUNDED WELL CARED FOR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Thursday, May 12.

Dr. J. F. Jenkins, Assistant Secretary Sanitary Commission.

DEAR SIR:—Mr. Knapp again asks me to give you a short account of the condition of our work. The *Rapley* sailed again this afternoon, loaded with seventy or eighty tons of stores. Mr. Fairchild went with her in charge of thirty volunteer nurses, including Miss Woolsey.

A barge with eighteen horses and four large wagons went down yesterday. Offers of assistance from all the departments are coming in all the time.

I enclose by Mr. Knapp's direction, three letters, which will give you a good account of the work going on at the front.

The wounded that have arrived thus far, are but slightly injured, and are very well cared for on the boats. Yours respectfully,

(Signed) G. C. CALDWELL.

NEW YORK, May 26, 1864.

MY DEAR EDITRESS:—I write in great haste, having just returned from Washington. There, every thing breathed of the war. Wounded soldiers crowd the streets and the cars. Almost every man seemed to have his arm in a sling. Many of the soldiers were so badly wounded, as to require the pantaloons to be split at the side, to admit the bandages. Yet these men were smiling and cheerful. Many of them moved with difficulty, but they said they would soon be well enough to go back to their regiments. The universal testimony is, that our army was never in such a state of hopeful determination as now. The troops feel the strongest confidence in their leader, and burn to aid him in conquering Lee's army. Regiments of cavalry stationed near Washington, petition the Government to unhorse and accept them as infantry, that they may go at once to the front. Men in hospitals ask impatiently, how soon they can be again in the field. Gallantry and valor fire every heart. This I heard on all sides. There was but one deprecating remark which I will repeat, as it illustrates the persistent character of Grant. One of his Generals said to him, "Ah, I fear this is but a Kilkenny-Cat business after all." "But," said Gen. Grant, "you know *we* have the longest tail." All must admit he is acting up to this belief who follows his steady straight-forward march, his pressure upon Lee, to whom he has been heard to say, he meant to stick like a burr, and his last bold movement which the whole country must breathlessly watch, and pray may be successful. We all feel that now we have a Leader who is in earnest. He shows the same integrity of purpose that we have all recognized in Burnside from the beginning.

In Washington, whenever I passed the store-house of the Sanitary Commission, hospital wagons stood in front, receiving supplies. Whenever I entered the office, all were too hurriedly occupied to give me a word or a look. Dr. Jenkins was hastily civil, begged me to excuse him, and I merely looked at the New York papers and left.

Soldiers of all kinds, rebels and all, pour forth their blessings upon the Sanitary Commission. It was never more active and useful than now. One hundred tons of material were sent down to the front on one of the days that I called at the office. Here, the supplies have come nobly in for the last few weeks. The office looks more like the first year of the war. The ladies are all hard at work. My correspondence has accumulated in my absence, and so I must close abruptly. Truly yours, B. B.

Extract from Report of New England Women's Auxiliary Association.

About six weeks ago, letters from headquarters begged us to prepare, as fully as possible, for the coming campaign. The demand was to be immense, and, they said, "supplies come in but slowly." The tone of the letter was anxious, as well it might be, under such circumstances. We communicated their contents to our friends through New England, and their exertions were promptly renewed in the work. When, therefore, we received a telegraphic dispatch, on May 6th, saying, "Send what battle-field supplies you have, by express," we were ready to answer it with a six weeks' accumulation, and in two days dispatched more than \$21,000 worth of most important articles, as follows: 2709 flannel shirts, 2409 flannel drawers, 2509 cotton drawers, 5393 woolen socks, 265 sheets, 400 quilts, 100 blankets, 100 pillows, 329 cushions, 541 towels, 518 slippers, 1222 handkerchiefs, 438 pillow cases, 120 bedsacks, 173 pillow sacks, 17 dozen brandy, 16 dozen whisky, 10 dozen bay rum, 26 dozen sherry, 8 dozen alcohol, farina 1000 pounds, condensed milk 1000 pounds, gelatine 12 dozen, condensed coffee 450 pounds, besides an assortment of jelly, preserves, shrub, old cotton and linen, &c., &c.

Of these, about \$4000 worth were bought with money laid by from the Fair, for just such an emergency. The other \$18,000 represents what the people of New England have done, through the Sanitary Commission, for the first sufferers in this desperate fight. A splendid gift it was; though the needs of 25,000 wounded men must, of course, make it seem but as a drop to the sea. We said "the first sufferers," because, as is well known, only what was ready in advance of the battle could be on the field in time for those early falling in the fight. The public has been already partially informed of the preparations made by the Sanitary Commission—of the steamer and boats chartered beforehand for transportation of supplies, wagons, horses, and all the incidental requirements of field service; of the trained and experienced agents in readiness to start at a moment's notice—all waiting only the word "Forward!" May we not be glad that of those supplies, New England sent a costly share? But our storerooms were entirely emptied on those two days, and now the word come for us to send to Washington, as fast as accumulated; and to meet the demand, we have only what you, our fellow-workers, may please to send us day by day.

You know, as well as we, what the requirements of the present battles must be, and we would not, if we could, offer you a "sensation paragraph" to rouse you to your utmost exertion. The constant and calm dispatches of Secretary Stanton afford sensation enough of the true kind; and appealing to the hearts and minds of our people, must set all willing hands at work to keep up the supply for which we are urgently asked.

But the foresight and energy of the Sanitary Commission on the Virginia field, in the present distress, is only a part of the cause of gratitude for all who are supporting it. Let us remind ourselves and each other of another cause for thankfulness. It is, that while the Commission has been so active in this part of the field, it has not relaxed its energies in any other place; but wherever our soldiers are, there its work is going on, unobserved, perhaps, for all eyes are turned toward Richmond to-day—but the West and Southwest have their share of thought and care. Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia are not forgotten. The agents in the Department of the South are all alive to the interests of the men under their charge, and so no part of the field suffers need that Virginia may abound. The Sanitary Commission covers the whole ground of the war, for Army and Navy, for black and white, for all sects and divisions of men, whether religious, political or civil, for all who need, so long and to such an extent as the men and women of the land furnish them supplies. If we give enough, every man shall receive enough; there is no other "if." Can we realize to what a power we are thus allied? Was there ever in the world so broad, so high, so true, so pure an organization as this? The Sanitary Commission may safely challenge all past and present time to furnish a parallel to its great and Godly work.

"What is polygamy?" asked Ike, who stumbled over the word in a paper. Mrs. Partington looked severe. "Polygamy," said she, is when men have an ad libitum privilege of marrying a pleurisy of wives. God bless 'em, when they can't take care of one as she ought to be, with cotton flannel forty cents a yard, and flour at fabulous prices." Ike was satisfied, and immersed himself in a notice of Hasam's skates.

From the (Philadelphia) Evening Bulletin.

This morning I have a letter from the Washington office, dated yesterday, which states: "Two Sanitary Commission boats have just left here, one loaded with horses and wagons for the field, the other with good Samaritans, that is relief agents for the field, about seventy in number. Among them are Dr. Douglass, Chief Inspector; Dr. Steiner, Chief of Relief Corps; Mr. Fay, Mayor of Chelsea; Mrs. Husbands and Miss Gibson. They go with abundance of supplies to Aquia Creek, where they expect to go across the country to Fredericksburg.

This auxiliary relief corps is largely composed of clergymen, and of theological students from Princeton, and the two theological seminaries at New York, who have volunteered their services for the emergency. The supplies sent by these four boats are in addition to that now in the field with the army, which are largely beyond precedent. The public may rest assured that nothing for the relief of the wounded which large means, perfect organization and untiring energy can secure, will be neglected by the Commission.

R. M. LEWIS,
General Superintendent.

U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

The Christian Commission.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

In my late letter from "Brandy Station," by a most provoking blunder, the word "Sanitary" was substituted for the word "Christian" in my brief tribute to the merits of the Christian Commission. Of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, and its work of philanthropy, I need not speak; it requires no elucidation or eulogy; but the U. S. Christian Commission has only lately begun to awaken the general attention that it deserves. When God set the seal of his approbation upon its faithful, holy labors by the plentiful outpouring of his spirit, when it came to be known that the visits of the Commission delegates to the army, with the Gospel by tongue and type, had been followed by such rich spiritual results, good men began to inquire whether, after all, our soldiers did not need just such an agency quite as much as they could need nurses, and hospital comforts and cordials. The Christian Commission does not neglect the soldier's physical welfare; it has distributed tons of supplies to sick and wounded sufferers; but it mainly aims to reach the soldiers' souls. It is a thoroughly-organized, economical, hard-toiling, evangelical *Home Mission* to the camps. It has won the hearts of "the boys" to such a degree that the badge of its delegates, (a small silver-plated scroll on the breast of the coat) is gladly welcomed in the tents, and the soldier will share his blanket with no man more cordially. "Our men in this camp were going to the devil until the Christian Commission came to look after them," said a soldier at Camp B—, not long ago. While I was at Washington, the "N. Y. Second Rifles" sent in to the Commission Rooms (No. 50 H street) a gift of \$100 as a thank-offering for the labors of the delegates among them. At Camp Barry, the officers and men returned to the Commission nearly \$700, to replace the cost of building them a beautiful camp-chapel. During the last year, the U. S. Commission have distributed *three millions* of religious newspapers in the army—of no paper more largely than the *Independent*. And no paper is more eagerly sought, or more worn out by frequent lending from hand to hand. The distribution of tracts has amounted to eleven millions of pages. 465 000 copies of the scriptures have been circulated, and nearly as many hymn-books. To the New-England boys, a hymn-book is as indispensable as a knapsack. The missionary-work of the Commission has been performed by twelve hundred volunteer delegates: many of them eminent pastors, and nearly all unpaid (except the defraying of their expenses.) The temperance reformation has been made prominent by the Commission. In their spacious chapel at "Camp Distribution," I addressed an immense temperance gathering; across the ceiling was festooned a mammoth total-abstinence pledge, containing four thousand names! While the Government furnishes an abundant supply of the very best coffee, there is no pretext for the introduction of alcoholic stimulants into any but the hospital-tents. Drunkenness is decreasing in the army of the Potomac; if the officers would let the bottle alone, we should not have much to fear from the privates. A large number of officers have aided the late revival work by their hearty co-operation. In the absence of chaplains, they exhorted the men, and have taken an active part in the prayer-meetings. Among the fearless Christian officers, none was more useful than

the late gallant and lamented General Rice—that bright flower of holy chivalry—who fell near Spottsylvania, last Tuesday.

We extract the following from an eloquent speech by Rev. Mr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, at a social gathering recently at Plymouth church, Brooklyn, of the friends of the American Congregational Union. Mr. Cuyler had just returned from a visit to the Army of the Potomac, of which and of their leader he thus speaks:

"I am an inveterate hoper; and I never had a more auroral hope than I have at this time. When my sexton last Sunday ran up the stars and stripes on the tower of my church, I said, 'There, that flag stays up till Richmond comes down!' [Great applause.] I left it floating to-night. It shall catch the first rays of the sunlight of decisive victory. Why do I feel so and speak so? Because I have the faith which you have in the great cause that God is plotting to us to victory. Because I see that the march to Richmond lies in the straight track that was begun on Pilgrim Rock two centuries and more ago, and that it is led by a Divine Leader, that never falters, never stumbles, and is never thrown back. Because I know that Libby Prison, crying unto God is in that doomed city. Because I remember that beyond the James river three millions of our fellowmen wait, and agonize, and pray, and look out of the lattice of a strained expectation to see the dear old flag. God is not to be defeated, and the hopes of the world are not to be disappointed, in a campaign that will make the first half of this May memorable in all human history. I have great faith in that army. I looked at it the other day. It was the sublimest sight I ever saw. There was at least from one hundred and thirty-five to one hundred and forty thousand men, of every one of whom it could be said, as it was said of old John Knox, of Scotland, *He never feared the face of man.* A sounder army, a more healthy army, a better rationed and equipped army, never followed a flag on the Western continent. Probably four-fifths of them were veterans, nearly every man of whom has fought valiantly for his country on one or more of the great battlefields of the war. And they were all through from the leader down, united. There was no jarring. There was political rivalries. There was no wishing on the part of any to outgeneral his own general, or to defeat his own comrades. At last, thank God, the glorious Army of the Potomac stands up before the world a complete unity. [Applause.] And then, I have great confidence in the little man who has command of all these forces. He is not so little, but he is far from being large and overgrown. Not only is he small of stature, but he is exceedingly modest and unpretending in his deportment, and homespun in his appearance. And, dressed in his old clothes, soiled and thread-bare, as I saw him, he is the last man that would be taken to be the foremost man in the world, as now he is. But small as he is, unpretending as he is, and plain as he is, he is confided in by every man under him, from Gen Meade to the smallest drummer-boy. His men confide in him, first, on account of his superior military ability, and then on account of his transparent, guileless, unsuspecting, devoted, honest patriotism. [Applause.] And, notwithstanding the homely manners of this officer, he is dignified and self-possessed, as one who knows that God put him in the forefront of this Thermopylae. And there he stands, with the eye of heaven and earth upon him. God bless him. How little he dreamed that he had such a destiny as is being opened before him. When, at the beginning of the struggle, we looked out for the coming man, that should be equal to the emergency in which we found ourselves, who of us suspected that in the West a name hitherto not known beyond the village in which he lived was to fill the bounds of the earth, and awaken the enthusiasm of all lovers of liberty throughout the globe? I have great faith, then, in the man, as well as in his army. In regard to that army, let me say that God has been preparing it for this conflict: not merely by bringing it into unity, but merely by blessing it with general health, but by marvelously opening the windows of heaven above it, and showering his richest gift upon it. And when I came back from the army, I felt as though I was coming toward an Arctic latitude. There all was patriotism, and prayer, and solemnity, and fervour, and earnestness. I had left men scrambling for gold, and women talking about fashion and fooleries. But there was was no trifling there. I scarcely heard a jest while I was among those noble fellows, so engrossed were their minds with more serious things. And I felt ashamed of christians at home, and of myself, when I found how much I had to learn from our gallant soldiers of the Potomac. Thus God has been pre-

paring them, clearly and distinctly, for the final tremendous conflict that is now upon us. There have been thousands of conversions in their midst, to say nothing of backsliders that have been brought again into the fold of Christ; and it is the testimony of some of the officers that the revivals of religion in the Army of the Potomac during the past winter have been worth twenty thousand men. I might give you individual instances of the workings of God's Spirit in the hearts of our soldiers, if it would be proper at this time—as it would not. But, let me tell you, I am hopeful, because we stand in the fourth watch of the nation's night. While the tempest howls in its fury, methinks I hear One coming to us, saying, 'IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID.'

Soldiers' Aid Society, Rochester, N. Y.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MAY, 1864.

CASH RECEIPTS.

By Balance in bank, May 1st,	\$ 1 45
" Membership fees,	50
" Cash donations,	91 38
" Sale of Coupons,	250 02
" Sale of 5-20 bonds,	3702 50
" Interest on deposit to May 1st,	17 89
" Sale of Articles,	4 10
" Refunded by Woman's Cent. Relief Assoc'n., N. Y.	12 00
Total receipts,	\$4080 44

CASH DISBURSEMENTS.

To Hospital Stores, viz:	
Material Manuf'd, \$1369 78; Edibles, \$120.07.....	\$1489 85
" Expressage, freight and cartage,	6 95
" Stationery and postage,	14 77
" Services and incidental expenses,	22 25
" Aid to Soldiers' families,	14 90
" Donation to Christian Commission,	2500 00
" Draft for do do	6 25
Total disbursements,	\$4054 97

Balance on hand, June 1st,

DONATIONS OF HOSPITAL STORES.

AID SOCIETIES.

- Acorn, Dist No. 6.—4 pairs woolen socks, 1 quilt.
- Cayuga—6 cotton shirts.
- Churchville—1 pair socks, old pieces.
- Fairport—3 pairs cotton drawers, 2 napkins.
- First Grade Aid Society, District D.—Lint.
- First Grade Aid Society, No. 6—Lint.
- Irondequoit—Bay Side—7 alings, lint, bandages, old pieces.
- Irondequoit, Dist. No. 3—10 pairs woolen socks.
- Macedon—4 cotton shirts, 3 pairs cotton drawers, 1 pair woolen socks, 27 handkerchiefs, 15 towels, 1 pair linen pants, 10 sheets, 3 quilts, 2 pillows, old pieces, 3 lbs. dried apples; 6 do. peaches, 2½ do. pears, 1½ do. cherries, 1 can blackberries.
- Mumford—17 cotton shirts, 35 handkerchiefs, 11 dressing gowns, 17 sheets, 13 pillow cases, dried apples, peaches and berries, 5 cans fruit, 1 bottle wine.
- Second Ward, Rochester—6 pairs woolen socks, lint, bandages.

INDIVIDUALS.

- Mrs. John Barnes, 1 can blackberry jam, 1 do blackberry, 1 do tomatoes; Mrs. A. Benedict, 1 keg cabbage; Mrs. W. B. Bigney, 6 bottles black currant wine; Mrs. J. W. Bissel, 10 handkerchiefs, pamphlets, old pieces; Mrs. James Brock, dressing gown, lint, reading matter; Mrs. Silas Briggs, 2 kegs cabbage; Miss Jennie Cowles, dried apples; Mrs. Farrar, old pieces; Mrs. Egerton, 6 towels; Mrs. G. Ely, old linen; A Friend, flannel band, do. old cotton, do. 16 rolls bandages, do. roll cotton compresses; Mrs. Gibbs, old linen and cotton; Mrs. Gifford, 1 keg cabbage pickles; Mrs. George Gould, reading matter; Miss Ellen Guernsey, 1 pair woolen socks, 4 flannel bands; Mary and Emma Hayward, 30 pin cushions; Mrs. Hill, bandages; Mrs. Wm. Hollister, old pieces; Mrs. Houghtaling, 3 bottles tomato catsup, 1 do. gin, 1 do. grape wine, reading matter; Mrs. E. Huntington, old pieces, dried fruit; Mrs. Hyatt, 1 bottle wine, dried fruit; Mrs. H. M. Jennings, 5 galls. currant wine; Mrs. V. Lacey, Churchville, 7 lbs feathers, old pieces, papers; Mrs. Langdale, 3 jars pickled plums; Mrs. Lathrop, lint, old pieces; L. Parsons, 2 kegs onions, 1 do. cucumbers, black currants, dried cherries and apples; Miss Jane Patterson, old linen; Mrs. Phelps, old linen and lint; Mrs. Pottle, 1 can pears, 2 bottles cherries; Mrs. Rew, 2 cans strawberries; Mrs. Stuart, Honeyoe Falls, old linen; Mrs. Seely, 1 cotton shirt; Mrs. Shepard, Pittsford, dried cherries and pickles; Mrs. Silby, 4 lbs. dried fruit; Mrs. Stanton, 2 kegs cabbage, 4 lbs dried apples, 3 bottles horse radish; Mary C. Stevens, Knowlesville, lint; Mrs. Tibbets, linen coat; Mrs. Thomas H. Rochester, 2 cotton shirts, 1 pair cotton drawers, 1 pair woolen socks, 24 handkerchiefs, 1 sheet, old pieces, lint, reading matter, 5 cans pickled onions, 5 cans tomatoes, 1 do plum sauce, 1 do strawberries; Mrs. H. Ward, lint, reading matter, Mrs. Whitcomb, pin cushions, old pieces; Mrs. George Whitney, old linen; Mrs. Jennie Williams, bottle horse radish; Mrs. Winston, 3 bottles grape wine, bandages, old pieces; Samuel and Addie Wood, lint, bandages, and papers; Mrs. Woodworth, Henrietta, 7 hop pillows; Miss Nellie Young, 1 bottle raspberry vinegar.

The following were sent without the names of the donors:
Box No. 1—127 rolls bandages, 63 napkins, 15 hop pillows, lint. Box No. 2—60 rolls bandages, lint.

Mrs. GEO. GOULD, Treasurer.

Report of the Committee on Work.

Prepared work on hand, May 1st: 48 flannel shirts, 12 pairs cotton flannel drawers.

Prepared during the month: 57 flannel shirts, 325 pairs cotton flannel and twilled cotton drawers, 52 cotton shirts, 5 lbs. yarn bought, 120 handkerchiefs, 175 towels, 17 dressing gowns, 271 flannel bands, 357 sheets, 440 pillow cases.

Finished of above and previous work, 151 flannel shirts, 212 cotton flannel and twilled cotton drawers, 10 cotton shirts, 7 pairs woolen socks, 120 handkerchiefs, 175 towels, 315 flannel bands, 341 sheets, 4 6 pillow cases.

Unfinished of above and previous work, June 1st: 88 flannel shirts, 179 pairs cotton flannel and twilled cotton drawers, 29 cotton shirts, — pairs woolen socks from 15 skeins yarn, 35 handkerchiefs 5 dressing gowns, 81 flannel bands, 14 sheets, 34 pillow cases, — flannel shirts from 158 yards flannel, and — pairs drawers from 80 yards twilled cotton taken by Aid Societies.

Prepared work on hand, June 1st: 10 flannel shirts, 14 cotton shirts.

Mrs. T. D. KEMPTON, *Chairman.*

Report of Committee on Packing and Forwarding.

The Committee have forwarded during the past month, 15 packages, numbering from 327 to 341 inclusive, to the Woman's Central Relief Association, No. 10, Cooper Union, New York. The aggregate contents of these packages were as follows: 212 flannel shirts, 24 pairs flannel drawers, 229 pairs cotton flannel and twilled cotton drawers, 44 cotton shirts, 154 pairs woolen socks, 218 handkerchiefs, napkins and towels, 14 dressing gowns, 119 flannel bands, 5 quilts, 14 blankets, 3 pillows, 271 sheets, 285 pillow cases, bandages, lint, old pieces, 200 papers, books, 27 bottles cologne and camphor, 94 bottles wine, 26 cans fruit, 8 do house radish, 3 large and 11 small kegs pickles, dried fruit.

Mrs. L. C. SMITH, *Chairman.*

The Soldier's Aid.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 1, 1864.

The Lesson yet to be Learned.

Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the efficiency of systematic action and centralization of effort, such as characterize the work of the Sanitary Commission, than the history of Army Aid operations the past few months.

In this Commission we have had a central body of able and experienced workers occupying a commanding lookout, whence they could at once survey the entire vast field of want and supply. Looking to the former, it can know, as no individuals or bodies, less advantageously posted, can, the nature and extent of the necessities to be met, and the best methods of administering to them, not only those of the present hour, but the probable demands of the future weeks and months, and then, turning to the latter, the field of home work, it can operate through its chain of branches and auxiliaries, to direct and stimulate efforts there so as to secure, at least to a much higher degree than could be otherwise attained, the production of adequate and suitable supplies *in season* for the foreseen demand.

The appeals and warnings of the Commission to home workers to be ready, have been constant and urgent during the last four or five months, and to the faithfulness with which they have been transmitted to our community through the Woman's Central Relief Association of New York, our own columns can bear witness.

These appeals have not accomplished all that was desired, as the many harrowing accounts of suffering unavoidably neglected upon the recent battle-fields testify, nor have they secured all that could easily have been done had more of us at the outposts realized sooner the urgency of the demand and responded as early and fully as we might.

But that there was a vast difference between the state of preparation of voluntary supplies at the commencement of the Virginia campaign and what would have been furnished by unguided benevolence alone, no one can doubt. The latter usually comes too late to work its full benefit. With the first thunder peal announcing the bursting forth of the fiery storm in Virginia that consigned to the grave and hospital forty thousand of our brave men, thousands of men and women, throughout the coun-

try sprang to the work of relief, and have accomplished no doubt, in many communities, more during the last month than in any six previous, and of this fitful, tardy character, would undoubtedly be the greater portion of relief work through the war, but for that central main-spring, the Sanitary Commission, which keeps so many wheels in steady motion.

When shall we learn the lessons thus taught us, learn to be wiser for the future? When shall we learn that, as long as this war lasts, the time when present pressing necessities are met, is the time to accumulate a reserve for those sure to come in the future? If we cannot realize, at all times this necessity, ourselves, as is quite natural, then let us, learning from experience, resolve to obey, mechanically at least, the call from those who do. We append an extract just sent us, by the Woman's Central Relief Association of New York, from a letter written by Mr. A. J. Bloor, Assistant Secretary of the Sanitary Commission, containing suggestions of great importance for the summer's work

WASHINGTON, April 20, 1864.

"I agree with you entirely that it will be advisable to stop the production, as far as may be, of domestic wines and cordials, which are liable to ferment; and more than that, it is desirable that the energies of the women of the country should be diverted, if possible, from the making of jellies, to the preparation of dried fruit. We have come to the conclusion that in most cases dried fruit may be made to take the place of jelly—and it is hardly necessary for me to advert to the great advantages for purposes of transportation of the former over the latter, and the immense expense, and trouble and disappointment that would be saved by the change. On this point, I may mention that the bags in which dried fruit is usually packed, are generally poor, whether as regards the material or the making; in consequence of which there is much loss of the contents. There is the more reason that the bags should be made of strong, sound stuff, because the moisture of the fruit has a tendency to rot them, if the contents are held in them for a considerable time. All kinds of dried fruit are required—such as apples, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, currants, and this will be particularly the case if jellies are dispensed with. It seems hardly possible that we could have a surplus

"It is also suggested that the farmers of the country should be called on to raise cabbages and onions in large quantities for the army. It would be well to convert a large portion of the cabbages into 'saur kraut,' a most popular article of food in the army, and highly extolled by the surgeons for its anti-scorbutic properties—though indeed the same properties are ascribed to cabbages and onions in every shape, and more or less to vegetables of every kind. It is estimated that three thousand barrels of 'saur kraut' might be distributed by the Commission to great advantage, in the Department of the East during the coming Fall and Winter, and of pickled cabbages and onions not less than one thousand barrels of each. When pickled, they should be put up in kegs of the capacity of from five to ten gallons.

"It is also considered desirable that preparations of horse-radish should be issued in large quantities to the army.

"When the season of blackberries arrives, it is important that it should be taken advantage of.

"The use of blackberry wine and cordial has proved very beneficial, especially in cases of painful and exhaustive disease, in which it has seemed at times hazardous to administer ordinary astringents and opiates, and of doubtful benefit to venture on the administration of the usual alteratives and stimulants. A great number of cases extremely delicate to manage by ordinary treatment, have been brought surely and steadily to a satisfactory issue by a free use of the blackberry."

A Pleasant Incident.

From an officer of the 140th regiment, who was wounded in the first of the Battles of the Wilderness, Thursday, May 5th, and who has just returned, we learn the following little incident. During the distribution of supplies among the wounded on the field, by relief agents, a red flannel shirt was offered to himself, which he requested should be given to some one needing it more, and it was accord-

ingly handed to a Michigan soldier near by. The latter on unrolling it, found a little card attached stating that it was made from a portion of the dress worn in costume, by a young lady waiter at the Rochester Christmas Bazaar. Those in attendance at the Bazaar, will remember the picturesque costumes—red shirt, white garibaldi and apron, and blue peasant waist, of the young ladies in attendance upon the refreshment tables. These skirts, were so cut as to be transformed, without any waste of material, into soldiers' shirts, and the latter forwarded to the Sanitary Commission. It is pleasant thus to hear from them, and that they constituted a part of the supplies, so opportune after those fearful battles.

The gentleman who related this, remarked, in connection with it, to a lady, "If you ever hear again, that the Sanitary or Christian Commissions have done no good, say that the good accomplished by the agents of both working together, during these battles alone, can never be told nor estimated."

SIGNING THE PLEDGE.—The following is from a letter received in this city from an officer in Mack's Battery: "Ninety-nine of our men and all the officers have signed the pledge not to use intoxicating liquor while in the army. This evening I have not seen one of our men under the influence of liquor, something quite unusual on the evening of pay-day."

INCREASE OF EFFORT CALLED FOR.—A letter received by the Corresponding Secretary of the Soldier's Aid Society, from one of the Executive Committee, in New York, contains the following: "We have sent off more supplies during the last month than during any other month of the war, and Mr. Bloor writes the Medical and Sanitary authorities *caution as to be prepared for the future, for the real fighting has scarcely begun!*" The friends of the cause should not relax their efforts, but on the contrary *increase them as far as possible.*

UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION ARMY AND NAVY CLAIM AGENCY.—We call attention to the advertisement, in another column, of the above agency, which was alluded to in the May number of the "Aid," as about to be established under the auspices of the Rochester Soldiers' Aid Society. Our disabled soldiers and their families can now have the opportunity through this beneficent branch of the Sanitary Commissions work, of entrusting their claims for pay, bounty and pension to an agency which will attend to them promptly and without charge to themselves.

TO OUR PAST YEAR'S PATRONS.—Owing to the late issue of our May number, sufficient time has hardly elapsed for a response to our request that ladies who have acted so efficiently for the "Aid" the past year, would re-enlist for the present one, and that others who may feel disposed would also assist us in this way. Hoping for a general and favorable response before our next issue, accompanied by full subscription lists, including *all* our present subscribers, we forward to the latter, meanwhile, the present number, the first of our new editorial year, and reserve the publication of a list of agents to another number.

FOR THE BATTLE-FIELD.—George H. Stuart, Esq., president of the United States Christian Commission, accompanied by Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, have gone to the battle-field on a tour of inspection, and to arrange for enlarging the sphere of operations of the commission. The commission, we understand, have now over two hundred and thirty delegates on the field in Virginia, and are shipping some two hundred boxes of supplies daily.

A SOLDIER'S TESTIMONY.—The following is from a letter just received by one of our members from a wounded officer of this city, in a hospital in Fredericksburg:

"You have no idea of the good accomplished by the Christian and Sanitary Commissions at this time. The former distribute fifteen large wagon loads a day of every conceivable requisite which the government do not furnish: choice wines and liquors, oranges, lemons, pickles, canned fruits and jellies, meats, vegetables, eggs, butter and cheese, under clothing, cotton and woolen double gowns, socks, &c.

"This is all freely given upon Surgeon's orders, any surgeon in charge of a hospital getting as much as he requires. The Christian Commission do not distribute as many goods, but they scatter untold good abroad in the shape of tracts and religious papers. Their delegates visit hospitals and talk with the suffering men, and administer words of consolation to them.

"I do not know what we should do without these two organizations. Rest assured that the vast amount of money that has been given to the Sanitary Commission is being profitably used."

The skill with which Mr. D. Leary, (whose advertisement you will find in another column,) reproduces in almost their original freshness and beauty, garments that are soiled or even partly worn, is truly wonderful and most encouraging—in these days of rigid economy.

With him, as in all cases, "knowledge is power;" the most delicate colors he can cleanse or dye, and return in all their beauty as the French tints.

Both ladies' and gentlemen's garments are done in the nicest manner, and with a promptness that is well worthy of public patronage.

Miscellaneous.

"Only a Private!"

BY CARYLL DEANE.

Concluded.

After midnight Lieutenant Lacy fell into a quiet sleep. There were but few patients in that ward of the hospital, and those few needed little attention, so that Allan was left to his own thoughts. They were not pleasant companions, and he would have been glad to escape them, but they haunted him like ghosts and would not be exorcised. Life seemed very hard to bear. It is true that people do not often die of disappointed love. There are certain complaints which are seldom fatal, but which are so agonizing while they last, that we wish they might be mortal—sea-sickness for instance. It was growing light when the chaplain came softly into the ward. "You are wanted," said he in a low tone to Allan. "Come directly, some one shall take your place here."

"I'm not asleep," said Lieutenant Lacy, suddenly—"What's the matter?" Allan's eyes asked the same question.

"There's a picket carried off by the Guerrillas. We are afraid it is Harry."

Allen was gone in a moment. Lieutenant Lacy asked eagerly, if it was known into whose hands Harry had fallen.

"We suspect it's that Damotte," and clergyman though he was, the chaplain called Damotte a hard name.

"Oh," said Willy—"they must get him back—you don't know what a wretch he is. There's nothing he won't do. Don't stay here with me. Go directly, and" he added hurriedly—"if they do go, they'd better take a surgeon." The chaplain hurried after Allen, who had met Ajax at the door.

"I know where they be sir," said Ajax eagerly, "and I knows how to get at 'em with the boats, and blow the whole concern of 'em—where they belongs. They'll murder him, Lieutenant Camp. That's what they're after."

"Come to the colonel's quarters with me," said Allan shortly, and accompanied by the chaplain the two hurried away. The colonel of the 190th was an elderly gentleman, greatly beloved by his men, and by most of his officers, but detested by all such officials as were inclined to petty tyranny, and especially hateful to all those whose systems were in any degree impregnated with the copperish element. To him Ajax told his story and pledged himself to lead

a party directly to the hiding-place of the guerilla band, possibly in time to rescue Harry; at all events to break up and destroy the herd of savages.

"You'll see to it colonel, won't you?" said Allan, who had stood by in silence with close clasped hands while the negro told his tale.

"Of course," said the colonel, who was already dressed and armed, "but I must see the general first."

"It will be too late" said Allan, "and he would not care if the whole regiment were cut up"—he added in the bitterness of his heart—for General—was not on the best terms with his command, and was suspected, whether justly or not, of spiting the western regiments.

"Hush! hush!" said the colonel, who had said much harder things himself, passing over the breach of discipline in consideration of the circumstance. "I'll see him—you wait here a minute," and Colonel Lancaster betook himself to the commander's quarters. Presently he came back looking somewhat excited—"I've done it," said he, "draw out your party. Double quick, too."

Allan needed no hurrying. He was sick at heart with anxiety for his brother, and seemed to feel for the first time in his life how much he had to lose. The party was soon mustered, twenty men well armed and equipped, and eager for the chase as so many wolf-dogs. Most of them were townsmen and friends of the two brothers, and by all Harry was well known and well liked. The surgeon accompanied them.

"Are you sure you can trust that black fellow?" asked Doctor Markland of Allan.

Ajax overheard the question, "Mr. Camp," said he, rather doggedly—"if you see I ain't true, jest you take and shoot me through the head." As the party were getting into the boats they were joined by the chaplain. He was an old friend and classmate of Harry's, which must be an excuse for him, if any of my readers think the proceeding unclerical. For my own part, I am inclined to think that men were made before clergymen.

There were two long boats each holding ten men, and the oars were muffled before they set out—an operation which took some little time, and Allan and the Reverend Mr. Stanley grew more and more impatient every moment. It was accomplished at last, and Allan taking command of the first boat and the chaplain of the second, they started—Ajax in Allan's boat acting as guide.

"You can make all the haste you like now, sir," he said. "When we gets nearer, we's best go still."

"Why couldn't we go through the swamp by the way they did," said Allan, as the boat in spite of the opposing current, sped swiftly through the water.

"Couldn't co'ch 'em so, sir. We'd make such a noise getting through they'd hear us, and clear out by the water. Besides, they could shoot us all down while we were getting through the mud."

"Did you see my brother?" asked Allan, who as yet had only heard the story in the briefest form.

"Yes sir," said Ajax, with some hesitation.

"What was he doing—what were they about?" said Allan, struck with momentary suspicion as the man was silent.

"I spects they try to make him tell som'thing 'bout the Federal 'raugments sir," said Ajax reluctantly.

"Get information out of him. They might kill him first. What did you see?"

"I didn't want to tell you, Lieutenant Camp—but you see they's an awful mean set—and I'm afraid they'll use him just as they would me—sposin they got me. It's nigh on half past five sir, and it took me some time to get back, make all the haste I could."

"Give way men," said Allan sternly, and he looked at his revolver, and felt the edge of his sword.

Oh! you good souls who sit safe at home, and look on at the strife as if the fate of the Republic was something with which you had no concern, who are so horrified at the righteous wrath which calls for retaliation on the murderers of Fort Wagner and Fort Pillow, would that for a little while you could have your dwelling along the Kansas frontier, and see with your bodily eyes the deeds that are done by our Southern brethren; or, since that is impracticable, for I have yet to learn that one of you has sought such opportunities of enlightenment—would that in these days, at least, you could learn to hold your peace, and take to your hearts the truth spoken by the poet:

"What thou hast not by suffering learned,
That presume thou not to teach."

In a few minutes the boat entered a narrow winding channel overhung with trees, which, presently, as it seemed, ended in a dense morass overgrown with trees, bushes and creepers.

"You've missed the way," said Allan in extreme disappointment. "This is just an inlet."

"No it aint sir," said Ajax confidently. "The bayou spreads out in a swamp here, but there is a channel, though it's pretty shallow, and I reckon we can get the boat through. Though jest here we'll have to cut our way. I brung the axes a purpose," and he took them from the bottom of the boat, where they had lain unnoticed.

Allan uttered an exclamation of despairing impatience, "That will take hours" he said, "and every instant is precious." And every man in the boat vented his indignation on the negro, who took it all very good naturedly.

"It aint but jest a little way, and then it widens out," he said. "Deed it does, gentlemen. I've been here myself fore now. They've let the bushes stand at the first so's to hide it—but they'se cut away after a few feet. Now they is sir. Here's where they've dragged their boats through, but ourn won't go 'cause they're bigger, and, Mr. Camp, if it makes you feel a bit better to pitch into me, jest do it sir, I shan't mind."

Ajax had spoken the truth; a few strokes of the axe disclosed a channel, narrow indeed and so shallow that it was with difficulty that the boat could be forced through, but leading into a deeper stream where the long rooted bushes had been cut away, and there was water enough to float the boat. After a little the stream deepened still more, and finally became a channel of considerable size winding through the swamp. For half an hour they went on in almost perfect silence. The men labored at the oars, growing more and more excited every minute, but keeping themselves still, knowing that there was work before them.

"We's best go a little quieter now," said Ajax in a whisper. "We's coming nearer sir."

It was hard to slacken speed as they approached the goal but the order was obeyed, and they drew closer to the shore and crept along under the covert of overhanging shrubs and trees.

"There! there!" said Ajax in a breathless whisper, pointing to a place where the trees grew closer together, and matted and twined with vines and creepers seemed an impenetrable mass. "They's jest behind them. You can hear 'em now." And as Allan listened he could hear loud voices raised in threatening tones—a brutal laugh—and then a cry as of one in extreme pain.

"He's alive yet sir," said Ajax grasping the axe which he had never dropped since they passed the bar. Allan grew very white, and every nerve and muscle quivered with impatience. He felt within him the strength of ten men.

"There's their boats," said Mr. Stanley pointing out two skiffs and one long "dug out," that lay tied under the shadow of the trees, and he signed to his crew to draw close to the covert and leaning over he cut the ropes by which the boats were held—and sent them floating down stream in no more time than the action takes to tell.

"Dat's a good move," said Ajax in a whisper. "Now lieutenant jest go mighty careful round the bend into the lake, and then at 'em."

The order was obeyed, the boat slid noiselessly into the lake, and turning by a clump of trees that grew on the corner of the island, the party had a clear view of the men they sought. A fire had been lit in front of the shed, of which I have spoken, and round it, and round something which lay on the ground, were gathered the whole band.

"Quiet!" whispered Mr. Stanley. "Land here, the trees will cover us partly, and we shall have a better chance at them."

Allan accepted the suggestion and so silently was the landing effected in spite of the intense excitement of the moment, that the guerillas absorbed in their infernal sport neither saw nor heard.

The 190th boasted an unusual number of sharpshooters, and were armed with double barreled rifles. Another instant and the word was given. The report of the guns rang out sharp and clear in the morning air, and several of the guerillas fell. With a yell in which sounded all the suppressed excitement of the last hour, the Federals rushed on. Allan led the way—but by his side was Ajax, axe in hand—his white teeth set like a wolf's, silent, among all the cheering, a grim figure to look upon. Allan saw the rebel leader bend for an instant over his prisoner, and fired his revolver in desperation, feeling with a sick heart that he should be one instant too late. The bullet however had found its billet. The guerilla staggered two or three feet from his victim and fell. Another moment and Allan knelt by his brother's side, careless of the fierce hand to hand fight that raged around him.

"Harry! oh brother! what have they done to you? Can't you speak to me, Harry. Don't you know me?" Harry put out his hand—it was burnt and bleeding, and as Allan raised him in his arms he shuddered and moaned. "I knew you would come

dear," he said in a faint whisper—Allan heeding nothing but his brother did not see how the guerilla leader, had raised himself on his elbow, and leveled his pistol. His finger was on the trigger, but another eye had seen the motion. With one bound—Ajax stood behind him. The axe rose and fell. It fell but once. The man dropped like a stone and the fierce features stiffened in death.

"I guess he won't never break in another nigger," said Ajax, with grim satisfaction. The fight was very short. Not more than two or three of the guerillas made their escape through the swamp, and among those who fell were Tom Rigney and the Vermont Lieutenant.

When the work was done the men gathered sorrowfully round the little group, where Doctor Markland, knowing that his aid was useless, yet tried to do something, and Mr. Stanley stood sorrowfully beside Allan who supported his brother in his arms.

"Stand aside men," said the surgeon, "and give him air. Take some brandy, can't you, Harry?"

"It's too late, doctor," said Harry, after a vain effort.

"It can't—oh! it can't be!" said, poor Allan with a bitter sob. "Don't give up—dear old fellow—try to live for my sake, for Emily's; oh, if it were only I, instead of you. Doctor, you will do something."

"God knows I would if I could," said the surgeon, "but I'm afraid it's useless."

Some of the men broke out into bitter curses, on the murderers.

Harry lifted his hand. "Don't men," he said. "Good bye now. God bless you. I want to speak to my brother."

Quietly they drew away, and stood leaning on their arms, silent and sorrowful.

"Don't talk, dearest," said Allan, clinging to the last shred of hope. "You're only faint with pain and loss of blood. If you won't tire yourself you'll get over this."

"It can't be, brother—and yet I wish it might. God's will be done. Don't let them know how it was at home. It is better not. Tell Emily that my last thought was of her. Send her back my watch and her picture. That man has both. And, Allan, those Rigney's are confederate with this band. It ought to be known."

"I thought so!" said the chaplain bitterly. "Are you there, Stanley," said Harry, with a little smile. "I didn't tell them anything. They tried to make me tell what were the despatches I wrote for General W—, and to make me take the oath to serve the confederates. I am glad I held out, though it was hard. Will you say a prayer for me now, while I can hear you?"

"Oh Harry!" the young man broke into a passion of grief. "I can't. I can't feel like a christian man. I can't say, God forgive those wretches."

"Hush John. Yes, you will. I can, Only—not that my fate may be revenged, but that other loyal men and women may be saved from what I have borne. I wish government could realize that it's weak indulgence to such as they are causing needless bloodshed every day—and, will in the end, make the retribution that must come, ten-fold more fearful. There! kneel down John—and speak while I can hear you," and choking down his grief for his friend's sake, the chaplain knelt and uttered a few words of earnest prayer, that God would receive the parting soul to His grace, and comfort those who were left behind. Harry joined in the amen.

"It grows dark," he said, "but it will be light again soon, give my love to Willy Lacy, and give Ajax something to remember me by. Allan, dear, it's not for very long. Take care of Emily. God help her, poor girl. God bless and keep you always."

Allan bent down to kiss him, and then as their lips met the struggle was over. Allan closed his brother's eyes, but he never shed a tear. Then he looked up with a strange light on his face, and signed to his men to draw near. "Do you see what they have done to him," he said, as he pointed to the body scarred and bleeding from head to foot, "Do you see how they treated him because he would not turn traitor, he whose last act almost, was to give bread to those in league with his murderers, who has tended their prisoners in our hospitals, as he would have done his own friends. May God do so to me, and more too, if I lay down my arms and go home before this league with death and hell is crushed out and this war is ended, if it lasts for thirty years; bear witness all of you. Now let us take him back with us."

Silently they lifted their burden from the ground, and laid it on the boat. On their way back to camp, Allan never spoke a word, but sat with his brother's hand, fast growing cold, in his own; but he broke silence at last, as they reached the landing place. "I wish," he said, "that none of you in your letters home, would speak of the manner of my brother's

death—it is better that his friends should not know." The promise was readily given; Allan gave in his report to the colonel, and then making his escape from the old man's words of mingled wrath and sympathy, went to his own quarters, and shut himself up to write his letter to Emily; there the chaplain found him an hour afterwards, with the blank sheet of paper before him.

"I can't," said he, with sick impatience, "I have tried, and tried, and I can't."

"Shall I do it," said his friend gently.

"I wish you would." And Mr. Stanley did write the letter in which he managed to tell the truth, if not the whole truth, saying Harry had fallen by guerillas while on picket duty, that Allan was too much worn out to write, and sending Emily her lover's last message, faithfully, word for word.

Emily took this letter from the office one afternoon when she was on her way to the rooms of the Aid Society, of which she was not the least active member. The room was half full when she reached it, for Mishawa was an active little town; she answered a question or two and then sat down on a box to read her letter.

"Good heavens, Emily," cried one as she turned to look at her, "what is the matter?"

The others gathered about her, as she sat, stricken, white and dumb.

"Harry Camp is dead," she said at last in a whisper, "by guerillas."

Some of the women began to cry, but Emily only looked around with a white tearless face, pitiful to see; "I will go home she said in the same whisper, and she stood up and gathered her shawl about her, but the next moment the room turned with her, and she fainted.

When she came to herself they took her home.

I regret to say that Allan's precautions were useless; one of the Mishawa men, who had not been of the party, sent the story home in a letter to his mother by the same mail. The lady was a neighbor of Mrs. Morse, Emily's aunt, and with that tact which distinguishes some people, she carried the news to her at once; when Emily came home, she found the letter in her aunt's hand, and further concealment was impossible.

She kept the house for a week, and then she reappeared at the society rooms, and went about her work as usual. They said it helped her to live. Some people thought she bore her loss very easily, but others noticed how that one week had streaked her brown hair with grey threads; one other difference there was, Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun Clerrand who were yet in Mishawa, were on terms of relationship with Emily and her aunt, but truth to tell, Calhoun sometimes found himself rather bored by his wife, and liked to talk to Emily who interested him. There was a tacit understanding that politics were to be avoided, but about three weeks after the news of Harry's death came a reverse to the union arms, and Mr. Clerrand, whose soul, if not his body, was wholly on the rebel side, openly expressed his satisfaction. Perhaps he had taken a glass or two of wine to celebrate the event, at any rate he spoke more plainly than he had ever done before. Emily rose and left the room, and never afterward did she exchange one word with Mr. Calhoun Clerrand; Mrs. Morse remonstrated with her very gently, "I can't help it aunt," she said impulsively, "I literally can not bear such words, I would as soon be on speaking terms with Judas Iscariot," and then she went up to her own room, and locked herself in.

"Intolerant," you say, "yes it was, but Oh! you who have such toleration for traitors of all degrees, can you not spare a little of your superabounding charity for one like Emily Lansing?"

It was two days after Harry's funeral, before Allan went to see Willy Lacy; for the moment everything bearing the name of confederate was hateful to him.

"Master Willy would like to see you sir," said Ajax to Allan on the third day.

Allan made no answer. "Please sir," said Ajax wistfully, "He ain't to blame for it—he feels most as bad as you do—he's been clear run down ever since, won't you go to see him sir?"

"Yes," said Allan, yielding to a better feeling, "I will go directly." "Miss Juliette's come sir," said Ajax, as he handed the lieutenant his cap.

"Indeed, said Allan with some interest, "when?" "Just a little while ago sir—Don't you believe sir, that Mr. Fernand, he sent off the madame—his wife, and packs all the servants off to Alabama, 'cept Dianthe—'case Dianthe she hid away, where they didn't find her, and goes off and leaves Miss Juliette all alone in the house to shift for herself, with things in the state they is, and she and Dianthe they gets in a boat, them two gals—jest think of it, sir, and they floats down the river, 'till the federal gun-boat overtook 'em and took 'em up, and the Captain, he

knocked Master Willy was here, and he give up his cabin, and they was all mighty civil to her and brings her down here, and I was the very fust person she see when she come, and I took her straight to master Will. Aint it all done come out nice sir?" The last words brought them to the hospital. Willy had grown much weaker the last two days, and all Allan's angry feelings vanished as he saw the boy's white face, and held his trembling hand.

"I'm so sorry," said Willy with a quivering lip, "So is Juliette; I told her all about it. My sister, Mr. Camp."

Miss Lacy sat on the other side of the bed; she was a tall, slender, brown-haired, grey-eyed blonde, she was not exactly beautiful, but after the first glance you ceased to care whether she were or not, and when you heard her speak, you thought her lovely. She wore a black silk dress considerably spotted and travel worn, but it became her. She gave Allan her hand with a frank, gracious way, very pretty to see.

"You've been very good to Willy, he tells me," she said. "I am glad to find him, and be safe under the flag once more; you don't know how I have wished to see it again."

"I am very glad it should be so," said Allan, "I wish there were better accommodations here for you," and he began to wonder what was to become of her, "You have some friends in the town, have you not?"

"None that I could go to; I shall stay with Willy 'till he is better, and try to get to New Orleans. I have some acquaintances there that will take me in, and I have a few diamonds I can live on 'till I can tell what to do, and hear from friends at the north," and she opened a little case she held in her hand, and showed Allan her treasure, a cross and earrings, and a locket of an older fashion, set with precious stones. She touched the spring, and took from it a tiny bit of silk, stamped with the stars and stripes. "See," she said, with a smile and a little blush, "I've worn that ever since they fired on Sumpter; it was a real comfort sometimes, but the chain broke the other day."

"You and your brother then agree to differ," said Allan, with a growing respect for Miss Lacy.

"No," said Willy coloring, "I've been thinking over this matter, Mr. Camp. These last two days have made things seem very different, your brother's death I mean—I didn't think about it much when I went into the army; I took up arms just because the rest did. I believe I did wrong. May be I'll never get well, but I thought this morning that if I died, I should like to die a citizen of the United States; and I took the oath, and by God's help I'll keep it. If I do get well, I'll serve the republic faithfully, and slavery may go the bottomless pit, for all I care."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Allan cordially.

"Oh! you can't tell how it seemed to me, when I thought how you were here nursing me all that night, while he was in their hands; I could have wished you'd served me in the same way; I don't wonder you didn't want to see me; Oh! I'm so sorry."

"Thank you," said Allan, "I know you are; he told me to give his love to you," and looking aside, he met Juliette's eyes full of compassion; the womanly sympathy seemed to melt the ice. There was no one else in the ward, and he bowed his head on Willy's pillow, and for the first time, gave away to his grief. He had not borne to hear it spoken of before. He had checked Mr. Stanley's sympathy, and shrunk from a word as from a hot iron, but he could endure to hear Juliette's simple words of comfort, her whispered words of consolation from Christ's gospel, her tearful praises of his brother's faithful courage; and when he left the hospital ward, life did not seem so wholly intolerable.

Juliette remained with her brother till he was quite recovered from his wound: then to the astonishment of every one, but his sister and Lieutenant Camp, Lieutenant Lacy enlisted as a private in the 19th; General —, offered him his influence for a commission, but Willy refused it; "There are better men than I that deserve it General," he said. "I'd rather go into the ranks," he said to Allan "It will be hard work for me any way, with all my own folks on the other side; but I do think it's my duty, and I'd like to take his place if I could, you know."

Juliette found an asylum in the town with an elderly lady of the union persuasion. Madame La Vire was to go to New Orleans in a few days, and was to take Juliette with her. The evening before her intended departure, Allan and Willy went up to say good bye, though they were to meet at the boat next morning. Toward the latter part of the evening, Willy, who had been talking to his hostess, missed his friend and his sister, who had been together on the piazza. As he rose from his sofa, they came into the room, "Julie," said Mr. Lacy, "I wish

you would keep your diamonds, I'll send you all my pay when I draw it."

"She's going to," said Allan quietly, "I promised to send her mine too."

"What do you mean?" said Willy. Madame LaVire looked surprise through her spectacles, and Juliette went over to the old lady's side and stood steadfastly regarding the carpet.

"Have you any objection Willy?" said Allan, "could you wait a day longer, Madame LaVire?" Willy looked mystified.

"Mais c'est affreux!" cried Madame LaVire. "Where is her trousseau? C'est impossible!"

Juliette in the faintest whisper remarked, to no one in particular, that, "one did not want very much."

"Oh! that's what you mean, is it!" said Willy, understanding the matter at last. "Do speak Julie, can't you. Do you really?" and thus urged, Juliette acknowledged that, "she really did."

"But Monsieur, your uncle," ventured Madame LaVire.

"Well—he's not here you know," said Willy. "And we'll certainly ask him the first opportunity," said Allan.

So Madame LaVire did put off her journey, not for one day only, but for a week—and toward the end of that week there was a wedding at her house, at which the Reverend Mr. Stanley officiated, and Ajax in white gloves, which he had obtained in some mysterious way for the occasion, waited on the breakfast table, in a state of great satisfaction. There were no cards, so Allan could not return the civility of Mrs. Calhoun Olerand, whose cards in a neat envelope he had received in due course of time, but Mrs. Morse took care to have the notice published in the village papers, and on the day it came out Eveline quarrelled with her mother-in-law and scolded her husband, till Calhoun, who was rather a peaceable man, lost his temper and told her, "he wished she was in Jericho."

Juliette's health had been rather shaken by what she had undergone, and by her care of her brother, and as a battle was expected every day, Allan decided on sending his wife home to Mishawa, where Emily and Mrs. Morse were eager to offer her a home in their house. The evening before she left she and Allan stood by Harry's grave. The mound was growing green, and Mr. Stanley had planted a little tree at its foot, which was fresh and flourishing. Juliette broke two or three of the leaves from the stem, and bending down pulled some of the grass from the mound—"For Emily," she said.

In the battle of Baton Rouge, which happened a few days after Juliette's departure, Mr. St. Vrain, her uncle, was taken prisoner. He manifested some surprise but no displeasure when he found his nephew on the Union side, and his niece married to a Federal officer—philosophically remarked that it couldn't be helped, and was very civil to Allan. He flew into a passion when informed of Mr. Fernand Lumar's conduct, and vowed to shoot him if ever he met him. Finally he took the oath and went quietly home to his plantation on the Teche, to try the effects of free labor. Before he went, however, he gave Ajax the freedom which he had already taken. Ajax remained with the 190th till the colored regiments were formed, when he enlisted and has done good service to the Union cause. His chiefest treasure is a handsome watch, a joint gift from Allan and Emily.

The 190th, all that was left of it, having re-enlisted for the war, recently came home on furlough. It was a happy coming home for many, but there were others who found the cheers, the salutes, the rejoicing bells, very hard to bear. Emily shut herself up in her own room, and tried to rejoice with those who did rejoice, but the effort was vain. The day brought back too vividly the day of Harry's departure, and renewed her sorrow in all its bitterness. Presently she heard Allan's voice, and after a little Juliette came softly in.

"Won't you come and see him," she said. "He asked for you the first thing."

"I would have given my life for him Emmy," said Allan, as he kissed her, "if I only could."

It was but a sad evening after all. Dwelling as little as possible on the agony endured, but rather on the constancy that had given strength to bear it, Allan told the story.

At the last Emily lifted her face. "The misery is over for him," she said, "but the reward of those who overcome endures forever. Do you know they have asked me, if I did not feel that I was wrong not to hold him back. I have never regretted it—not for a moment. If it were to do over again, I would say the same thing, and Allan, I am glad he went in the ranks. Some way I am all the prouder for him, when I think he was ONLY A PRIVATE."

Poetry.

To-day and To-morrow.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

High hopes that burn like stars sublime
Go down 'neath the skies of Freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need 'em.
But never sit we down and say
"There's nothing left but sorrow";
We walk the Wilderness to-day—
The Promised Land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now;
There are no flowers blooming;
But life burns in the frozen bough
And Freedom's spring is coming!
And Freedom's tide comes up always,
Though we may strand in sorrow,
And our good bark—aground to-day—
Shall float again to-morrow!

Through all the long dark night of years
The people's cry ascended,
And earth is wet with blood and tears
Ere our meek suffering's ended.
The Few shall not forever sway,—
The Many toll in sorrow,—
The bars of Hell are strong to-day!
But Christ shall rise to-morrow!

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten.
Lo! now the day bursts up the skies—
Lean on your souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with our sorrow;
Keep heart! who bears the cross to-day
Shall wear the crown to-morrow!

Oh Youth! flame earnest; still aspire
With energies immortal;
To many a haven of desire
Our yearning ope's a portal;
And though Age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
The harvest comes to-morrow!

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like the sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's command—
Oh! Chivalry of Labor!
Triumph and Toil are twins—and aye
Joy suns the clouds of sorrow—
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
Brings Victory to-morrow!

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Per 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.

THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION
Army and Navy Claim Agency,
28 REYNOLD'S ARCADE,
Directly over the Post Office.

THIS AGENCY is established to prosecute the claims of those who have been in the service of the United States, in the Army and Navy, and their dependents, for PENSIONS, ARREARS OF PAY, BOUNTIES AND PRIZE MONEY, and all other Army and Navy Claims on the Government.

Without Charge for Services!

The Patriotic and Humane, in all parts of the country, have viewed with regret the delays and perplexities attending such collections, and the over-reaching avarice with which so many persons employed in this business have robbed their clients, of a pittance so dearly earned.

The U. S. Sanitary Commission, pre-eminently the soldier's benefactor and friend, and having peculiar facilities for collecting such claims—such as no one individual can have, does now, therefore, invite all persons having such claims to call at this office.

The co-operation of all the friends of disabled soldiers, and of the dependents of those who have sacrificed their lives in defence of the country, is asked, in aid of this enterprise. Let every loyal citizen do what he can to communicate to every disabled soldier, widow, orphan, dependent mother and orphan sister, entitled to the bounty of the Government, the fact, that the Benevolent of the Loyal States have made provisions for securing their claims—WITHOUT COST TO THEM.

The newspapers from Buffalo to Utica will do a service to the cause of Humanity by calling public attention to this Agency.

Those making personal applications should be particularly careful to find the NUMBER and SIGN, indicated at the head of this article, and those who write should address

N. S. JONES,

28 Reynolds' Arcade,

Rochester, N. Y.

May 28th, 1864.

1864. SPRING. 1864.

DRY GOODS,

CHEAP FOR THE MILLION—Still rules at

PARDRIDGE & CO.'S

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NEW GOODS!

We have just received a large and varied assortment of NEW SPRING DRESS GOODS, consisting in part of

- MOHAIRS,
- ALPACAS,
- DE LAINES,
- POIL DE CHEVRES,
- FOULARD CHALLIES,
- VALENCIAS,
- COBOURGS,
- GINGHAMS,
- PRINTS, &c.

Bleached and Brown Cottons,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

BALMORAL SKIRTS!

In all the Latest Novelties.

Large Stock of White Goods.

Buyers will find it to their advantage to look through our stock before making their purchases, as we are offering greater inducements than any other house in the city.

C. W. & E. Partridge & Co.,

45 MAIN 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 St., Rochester, N. Y.

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

March 2.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2d, 1864.—We opened this morning a general assortment of New Goods in every department of our store, which, for either the wholesale or retail trade, will exceed in attractiveness that of any previous season.

The assortment comprises everything pertaining to the following departments, viz:

- Lace, Embroidery and White Goods;
- Hosiery, Gloves and Furnishing Department;
- Domestic Cotton Department;
- Linen Department;
- Flannel Department;
- Shawl Department;
- Cloak and Mantilla Department;
- Woolen Department;
- Silk Department;
- Dry Goods Department.

Without going into details, we merely invite an examination of our stock which will open with more new and a choice things than were ever offered before.

CASE & MANN,

Rochester, April 2, 1864. 37-39 State Street.

**SOLDIER' CLAIMS, BACK PAY,
PENSIONS,
Bounty, Prize Money,
RATIONS, RECRUITING EXPENSES,**

AND ALL CLAIMS growing out of the War, collected on reasonable terms, at the "LICENSED ARMY INFORMATION AGENCY" of

GEORGE C. TEALL,

Office No. 6 EAGLE BLOCK, corner of Buffalo and State sts
Having devoted my entire attention to the business from the beginning of the war, I have no hesitancy in saying that my experience and success in the prosecution of claims has been equal to that of any man in the State, and in offering my services to the public I hold myself personally responsible for the manner in which my business is conducted. I shall make it a special point to furnish all the proof required to complete each claim, that it may be admitted and allowed as soon as first reached in turn at Washington, thus *avoiding any unnecessary delay* and suspension for *further proof*. It is very important to claimants to present their claims at once, as proof in most cases must be procured from the Army, and officers in the field, which can be done with little trouble and expense if attended to at once.

Synopsis of the Laws, &c.

BACK PAY.—Officers on leave of absence, and soldiers discharged are entitled to pay and allowance.

BOUNTY.—The heirs of those who die in the service are entitled to \$100 bounty, back pay and allowance in the following order: Widow, child, father, mother, brothers and sisters, (residents of the United States.)

\$100 BOUNTY.—Soldiers having served two years, and those discharged by reason of wounds received in battle, are entitled to \$100 bounty.

\$402 BOUNTY.—Soldiers enlisting under General Order No. 191 (since June 25, 1863,) are entitled to a bounty of \$402, payable to the legal heirs in case of the soldier's death.

PENSIONS.—Disabled Soldiers, Widows, Mothers, (dependent upon their sons,) Orphan Children, or Sisters, (under sixteen years old,) of deceased soldiers, are entitled to a pension.

RATIONS.—Soldiers who have been on Furlough, or Prisoners of War, are entitled to pay for Comutation of Rations.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.—Furnished to Soldiers who have lost a leg or an arm in the service, (at the expense of the Government.)

PRIZE MONEY.—To Officers and Men of the Navy, on capture of prize vessels, &c.

OFFICERS' CLAIMS.—Of all kinds may be adjusted through this Agency.

I transact all business direct with the Departments, and do not trust to any Washington attorney, who would only cause delay and make extra charge.

Communications by letter answered without delay. No matter where you live, if you have a claim write me a letter.

GEORGE C. TEALL,

Office, No. 6 Eagle Block, Rochester, N. Y.

REFERENCES.

Rev. F. F. Ellenwood, Pastor, Central Church.
Rev. M. O'Brien, Pastor, St. Patrick's Church.
Joseph Cochran, Esq., County Clerk.
Hon. T. R. Strong,
Geo. W. Parsons, Esq.,
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**BURKE, FITZSIMONS, HONE & CO.
ROCHESTER.**

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AT
OLD PRICES!**

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

EARLY FALL TRADE,

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RICH DRESS SILKS, in every variety.

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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 Sequoes 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. 4-1yr.

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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,

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G. W. DYAR,

DEALER IN

MIRRORS & FRAMES,

Of all Descriptions,

ORNAMENTAL & SUBSTANTIAL.

Let the lovers of the Beautiful be sure to call at

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THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

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**DYEING AND
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TWO HUNDRED YARDS NORTH OF THE NEW YORK
CENTRAL RAILROAD DEPOT,

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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.

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GLENDING STOCK OF SHAWLS.—At
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SUPERIOR STOCK OF CLOAKINGS.—At
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**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, PALMIERIE, 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,
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Silverware, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Etc. Etc.

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SILVER SPOONS MADE TO ORDER,

At No. 5 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.
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LAW & HORTON,

At No. 104 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. jy8-1y

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 represented.—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 80 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 individual attention in procuring Bounty Lands 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 4, 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, dependent 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 his 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 reasons 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. Application by letter, or otherwise, will be promptly attended to. ALFRED G. MUDGE,
Rochester, August 11, 1862.—jy8th. No. 2 Court-House