



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF OUR SOLDIERS.

VOL. 2.

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NO. 6.

The Soldier's Aid.

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Army Aid.

U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

Extract from a letter written by a former Relief Agent of the Sanitary Commission, to the N. Y. Military Agent:

MY DEAR SIR—In my rounds of observation to-day, I visited the Headquarters of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, at their floating depot at the wharf, and was, as usual, very kindly received, and my suggestions as to the kinds and methods of relief most requisite just now in hospital and at the front, courteously accepted and considered.

My convictions are only strengthened by every day's observation, that the true way to work for the soldiers is by and through this many armed organization, and to see that it is supplied with the means, and then that it does its work, and to give it credit for what it does. It is for the interest, both of the State Agencies and the Sanitary Commission, that their relations be distinctly and permanently adjusted upon these principles. Your

own experience as State Agent, will, I know, confirm this view.

On the broad and capacious wharf I found the work of receiving and sending out fresh vegetables going bravely on. There was a stock of fine cabbages, part of 6,000 heads, which had just come in from Philadelphia, by the Commission's Steamer "Elizabeth:"

Onions, 460 barrels.
Sweet Potatoes, 95 barrels.
Pickles, 45 casks.
Irish Potatoes, 50 barrels.
Beets, 50 "

And boxes of peaches, &c., in proportion, to be distributed from the local depots in the hospitals on the hill, to say nothing of the well stored barges, piled with the usual and varied supplies.

* * * * *

To my great satisfaction, also, I found that the authorities of the Commission had reached the conclusion, which you know had long been entertained by the writer, that the Government supply of liquors for medical purposes is ample, (though not always the best in quality, as they ought to be,) or may be made ample; and that this item of expenditure so costly and so liable to abuse, may safely give way to the claims of other kinds of relief, more strictly within the sphere of the Commission. It is, in my view, a most judicious step, and not taken too soon. Yet a highly respected surgeon near me, suggests as I write, that *good domestic wines* ought not to cease to be issued by the Commission; and that these can only be collected throughout the country by its agency. I presume, they are still furnished, in detail, by the Commission, through trusty visitors of the General Hospitals in the cities, upon the proper requisition.

The issuing of *tobacco*, which had been suspended for a time, has been resumed, but is restricted in amount. To the *unpaid* men, and to those in hospitals who desire it, no issue is more valued or more welcome; and I repeat only what I hear from the surgeons, most of whom speak "not inexperienced," when I say that there ought to be no deprivation of it to the classes I have just named. Mr. Seymour's supplies of this article, here in the front, will be remembered when the

fresh vegetables so freely sent have been long forgotten.

The demand for *woolen shirts, drawers and socks*, is always very great; but the need now is more imperative than ever before, at this season and in this climate; and I am told here that every woolen shirt given out costs the Commission nearly *four dollars*. The class really needing them most is that of the convalescents returning or about to return from hospital to regiment, with little flesh and blood about them, and almost certain to relapse if sent away thinly clad. In very many cases these must go back shivering, unless the Commission or a State Agency supply them; and it may be weeks before the convalescent, returned to duty, can "draw" them in his regiment. The sequel is, a relapse and a return to hospital.

And this brings up a very urgent and momentous *question of economy*. Where one thousand dollars is paid readily as bounty to a raw recruit, out of the public treasury, is it not a strange contradiction and neglect of wise *economy*, (leaving *humanity* out of the question,) to suffer the loss of the vigorous service of an experienced soldier, by this defect in arrangements and provisions, otherwise so admirable and beautiful?

A soldier is brought to the hospital, sick or wounded, from a distant camp or line. His soiled or bloody shirt and drawers replaced by a hospital shirt and drawers of cotton; he remains for weeks,—unpaid most likely; recovers, is "returned to duty,"—but, if he cannot communicate with his regiment, and often even if he can, there is no provided source for fitting him out warmly for his new exposure, except the charities of the Commission. It is so, too, as regards rheumatic invalids in hospital, requiring warm woolen underclothes. I know how entirely you will agree with me, from your own large experience in your office, when I express the earnest wish, that this simple consideration could *rule* in all that regards the sick and temporarily disabled soldier, who is not a proper subject for *immediate discharge*; namely, that "If a green recruit is worth \$1,200 or \$1,500 to put into the ranks, then it is the purest economy to spend at least half as much on any means and appliances which promise to promote and hasten the restoration of a sick

or disabled veteran to sound health and vigor, and to efficient service."

I wish that this rule could dominate in all that relates to our hospitals, as it certainly has been recognized by the Sanitary Commission.

And I cannot help asking why, if fresh vegetables are needful and desirable for keeping up the health and vigor of soldiers in the front, the inconsiderable outlay of a few dollars per month for extra clothing for each invalid, should be omitted or unprovided for in the arrangements of Government, while such enormous sums are paid merely to secure the enlistment of men, who, for the want of just this outlay, are so soon to be transferred from the ranks to the hospitals.

I have always urged and recommended, though ineffectually, that a per centage of all State and local bounties should be retained, to constitute an "extra clothing and hospital fund"—ample for the need, and a far more honorable resource to the recipient.

If society choose to add, as it will, to this requisite supply, by voluntary gifts, well. It is a necessary expression of its warm interest in the soldier; but the question is, whether its gifts should be so heavily drawn upon as they are, in simply enlarging and improving, (and that fitfully, unequally and partially,) his daily ration; or whether its bounty should not be concentrated upon the work of assisting Government in all means and appliances, however costly, for hastening the return of vigor to a sick or wounded veteran, and of the cured veteran to duty in his regiment?

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

The above report, from the pen of Miss ABBY W. MAY, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Association from which it emanates, the New England branch of the Sanitary Commission, contains so much of interest to Aid Societies in general, and so well said, that we cannot forbear transferring a liberal clipping to our own columns.

This month's report finds us at the end of another summer's work, and very near the end of the money obtained at last winter's Fair. We are glad that it is so nearly spent. Common prudence would not allow us to spend it at once, as some, perhaps, thought it would be well to do. But the constant and great needs of the soldiers would not permit us to hold it longer; and we have the satisfaction of knowing that it has gone to relieve a vast amount of suffering, probably to save many lives. It has been spent for a large variety of articles. Notwithstanding the great efficiency of our government, there are now, as there always have been, as, probably there always will be in war, contingencies that cannot be met by any government system—which, to be adapted to the general needs of such a vast machine, must necessarily fail to meet many exceptional cases.

The recent formation of a European Sanitary Commission proves that the experience of foreign powers demands an organization similar to our own. For example, government has no independent transportation for medical supplies. Transportation is the great difficulty with all armies. The men can be

moved with reasonable rapidity from point to point; but their food, the forage for their horses, and their almost immovable ammunition—these must keep pace with the men, or the army is good for nothing. The fact is very plain, but involves labors and perplexities that we, in a land of peace, cannot at all understand. Of course, food, forage and ammunition must go first. Then follow medical supplies. If our friends will weigh this statement carefully, they will see the reason why the Sanitary Commission must have in hand not only a supply of all the desirable articles that government does not furnish, but also a supply, smaller, it is true, of all that government does furnish. For, being a separate organization, not bound by army rules, it can institute as it did early in the war, independent transportation, and push through hospital supplies to the men just falling in the fight, while government is using all its vast energies to supply the articles required to carry on the battle and gain the victory. In most cases, government may be there before, or simultaneously with the Commission; but for the exceptional cases, we need the Sanitary Commission, organized as it was, "to supplement government," never to supplant it. Then of course, great amounts of supplies are required to meet the needs of discharged soldiers, who must not be sent home unclad, unfed, unministered to. And there are other exceptional needs, but we will not dwell on them; they have already been often stated, and we would now only indicate the facts in a general way. The proceeds of the Fair have, therefore, been spent, as our monthly reports have already shown, in meeting a great variety of needs, to the amount of about ten thousand dollars a month.

We are thankful, in behalf of our brave soldiers and sailors, for all that has been done; very thankful, too, if we may be permitted to say so, for the privileges we have enjoyed in being almoners of the bounty. But if we have spoken with confidence of the use of the money, it is in no wise self-confidently. The needs of the army have been ascertained, from statements of agents all over the field; and their judgment and knowledge have dictated the course we have pursued. To-day, we come, with an almost empty treasury, to our friends, and ask, that the support of New England to the Sanitary Commission may not abate one dollar in the months to come. Our Treasurer's report will show a balance of about ten thousand dollars in hand, but more than half of that amount is already spent on bills not yet rendered. We don't desire money from the sewing societies and those persons sufficiently taxed for the support of them in our villages and smaller towns. Their funds are better spent in material, and converted into much needed garments and bedding.

But we look to the rich men and women of New England,—and surely they are rich, who have not given all they can spare to the soldiers,—confidently believing that they will give freely to us, as they have heretofore. A correspondent writes, "This winter may be our last chance of doing for the soldier." Let us work with as much vigor as if we were sure it would be so. It is pleasant to linger for a moment over what has been done, but far pleasanter to do what yet remains. We have thought and talked of this work as a duty, for three years. But as it promises to draw to a close, our views change, and we almost wonder how we could have used any word stronger than pleasure and privileges,

for labors that have been light, and sacrifices that have been trifling, compared with theirs who have given everything, even life itself, to a common cause. Let us then look forward, hopefully and cheerfully, to the very great responsibility that the winter must inevitably bring. Until the army shrinks from its work, let us not fail in ours.

In Hospital.

We regret that our space will not allow us to give to our readers the entire letter from which we make the following extract,—one full of interesting details, written by Rev. Mr. INGRAHAM, late Hospital Visiter at Nashville, but who, greatly to the regret of the Commission, now leaves a work in which he has been a faithful worker for the past year, to take a pastoral charge in Indianapolis.

NASHVILLE, SUNDAY NIGHT, }
Sept. 25th, 1864. }

Well, this is my last Sunday here, and I confess it causes some sadness of the heart. It is pleasant to turn one's back on these narrow, dirty, crowded streets, but it is hard to say a mental adieu to all things else. To think of pale faces lying on their cots, and the waiting look and outstretched hand, and the whispered "Come again soon." And then, the mingled cloud and sunshine that follows all these visits! The tearful eye, but joyful heart, at the feeling that you have "done some good," and the attendant ray of Heaven's own happiness that seems to nestle in the heart. But God has called me elsewhere, I believe, and some one else will take this place, and learn here to kneel beside "the grave and gate of death," and to feel, not the damp chill of the valley of death, but the cheering sunshine that issues from the very paradise of God, as its golden gateways open to let in some noble soul who has "fought the good fight," "who has finished his course," "who has kept his faith," and who now goes upward to receive *The Crown*.

I confess, that during the last week I have hardly dared to visit the hospitals, lest I should get my heart entangled in the interest of some new case, and from which it would be so hard to break away.

And, as I review the past year, how many bright and beautiful spots appear, amid all this great scene of suffering, like stars amid the clouds of night. One of these I would like to record, before it becomes dimmed in memory.

While walking through the lower ward of one of the hospitals, I was met by the excellent Surgeon M—, who said that there was a patient up stairs whom he was very desirous I should see. Taking the number of the ward and bed, I went up and sauntered thro' the rooms, speaking to one and then another, until I came to him. A glance discovered his case. He was nearly gone with consumption. A few pleasant words to him, as though I had no especial purpose in view, and directly he asked me to sit down by his side. After several indifferent matters were spoken of, I picked up a New Testament lying on his pillow, and asked him if he had any one to read to him. He answered, "no." I then volunteered to read a little to him if he liked. He expressed his thankfulness at the offer, and turning to Matthew VII., I read slowly and distinctly, the eleventh verse. Then smilingly I turned to him and said, "Are you a

father?" "Yes." "Do you love your children?" His lips quivered, and large tears rolled slowly down his face as he answered in a whisper, "Love them? I would give my life for them!" "Yes, my friend, I know you would. And how singular, and unselfish, and beautiful, a father's love is;" and I went on to review it in all its various exhibitions to some dear child. He listened very attentively. Then turning to him, "Do you know that you have a friend who thinks of you just like this?" His eyes opened more widely. "Did you not understand this verse?" I then dwelt on that in all its fullness. He listened with all his soul, and at times with wonder in his face; but at length he interrupted me with a gesture, and with a struggle he raised himself upon his elbow in his interest, as he said, "Oh, let me tell you all my life!" "Yes, my friend, but don't talk much. You can hear, but don't talk; and I have said enough for to-day." "It will be my last chance, and you must hear!" I of course consented, and he began slowly to tell me of his early life, and efforts to "get converted," and of his "being converted" three times, but of his each time *backsliding*. "And now, do you think?"—he did not know how to finish the sentence, but I finished it for him and said, "Yes, God will forgive you all of this." I then briefly pointed to him his evident mistake of endeavoring to live on *feeling* instead of *principle*. That it was not so much his vicious heart, perhaps, as his mistake as to what true religion is. His whole being lighted up. "You understand me!" "You understand me!" I then dwelt upon the gentle influences of the Holy Spirit in the heart, and showed him that evidently the present yearning of his soul was through the presence of the still small voice of God within, causing him to cry, "Abba, Father."

Seeing that I had talked as long as was prudent, I offered up a few brief words of prayer, and told them, (for his comrade in the adjoining cot had turned over and listened with tears and questions of deepest interest,) that I must be absent from the city for a few days, but would call upon them as soon as I returned. He said, "Oh yes, do come again!" and then, seizing my hand, he drew me down and whispered, "but if you don't, you have placed my feet upon a rock; I am in the way to Heaven!"

In a few days I returned. He had, a few hours previous, passed away. But since my visit, Surgeon M— informed me, that a song of joy and melody seemed to fill his heart,—the "pathway" appeared to grow brighter and brighter, until the very music of Heaven seemed to reach his ears, and with an expression of joy upon his face, as he seemingly gazed upon some unearthly scene, his eyes gently closed to earth!

There certainly is a dark delight in being miserable—a sort of strange satisfaction in being savage, which is uncommonly fascinating. One of the greatest pests of my philosophy is, that I can no longer be sullen, and most sincerely do I regret it. To brood over misery—to flatter yourself that there is not a single being who cares for your existence, and not a single circumstance to make that existence desirable—O, there is wild witchery in it, which I doubt whether opium can reach, and I am sure that wine cannot.

THE ROAD TO PEACE.—At present, it appears to run up the Valley of the Shenandoah.—Cartridge Box.

Home Work.

NEIGHBORING AID SOCIETIES.

But one report has been received since our last number.

An Aid Society was organized in *Arcadia, Wayne Co.*, May 1st, 1864, under the direction of a committee of eight ladies; number of members 130; meetings held once a week, with an average attendance of from 35 to 40; about \$100 have been raised since the organization of the society, by subscription, mite contributions, and a festival. The funds are sent to the Woman's Central Relief Association of New York, materials to double the value being returned for manufacture, the articles made from which are forwarded to that Society. The amount thus sent, includes 159 articles of clothing and bedding, beside a quantity of lint, bandages, and old pieces.

Review of the Reports.

So long time having now elapsed since the issuing of our circulars asking for information concerning the Aid Work in our vicinity, that we cannot expect many more additions to our list of reports, it may be interesting to our readers, at this point, to glance at a compend of the reports received.

Circulars were sent to every office in six counties, including our own, and the five bounding it on the West, South and East, viz.: Monroe, Livingston, Orleans, Genesee, Ontario and Wayne, comprising 224 offices in all, beside a few to other counties. In response to these, thirty-five reports have been received from the six counties, and one from Niagara county, making less than one-sixth the number applied for.

Of the thirty-six reports received, twenty-eight are from organized societies, which, with the years of their organization and names of their Presidents and Corresponding Secretaries, are as follows: *Monroe County*—Brockport, date not given, Mrs. R. P. Stoner, President, Mrs. M. J. Holmes, Secretary; Clifton, 1864, Mrs. Wm. Hibbard, President, and Mrs. Sidney Hosmer, Secretary; Churchville, 1863, Mrs. Rev. C. Kidder, President, and Mrs. L. B. Turner, Secretary; Fairport, 1862, Mrs. Lorenzo Howard, President, and Miss J. Dickinson, Secretary; Henrietta, date and names of officers not given; Irondequoit, 1861, Mrs. Rogers, President, Miss Mary Stanton, Secretary, and Mrs. E. Gifford, Treasurer; North Parma, 1862, Mrs. Loren Madden, President, Mrs. M. J. Rowley, Secretary; Penfield, 1862, Miss Charlotte Fellows, President, Miss Sarah M. Haskell, Secretary; Riga, 1862, — President, Mrs. Paul Knowles, Secretary and Treasurer—9 societies. *Livingston County*—Avon, 1861, Mrs. H. B. Smith, President, and Miss A. H. Maguire, Secretary; Conesus Centre, 1863, Mrs. Lucina B. Annis, President, and Miss Sarah M. Harvey, Secretary; Fowlerville, 1862, Mrs. A. Dow, President, Miss Nellie Yeomans, Secretary; Hunts Hollow, date and names of officers not given; Lima, date and names of officers not given; Mount Morris, 1862, Mrs. G. A. Green, President, Mrs. Rebecca M. Sanford, Secretary—6 societies. *Orleans County*—Eagle Harbor, 1861, Mrs. E. A. Martin, President, and Miss Julia Penniman, Secretary; Shelby Centre, 1864, Mrs. M. Edmonds, President, and Mrs. A. Zimmerman, Secretary—2 societies. *Genesee County*—Bergen, 1862, six Directors, and Mrs. T. C. McPherson, Sec-

retary; Corfu, 1863, —, President, Mrs. Wm. S. Coe, Secretary; North Bergen, date not given, Mrs. Barnard, President, and Mrs. C. B. Bird, Secretary and Treasurer; South Byron, 1861, Mrs. Aamsa Walker, President, and Mrs. Randall Williams, Secretary and Treasurer—4 societies. *Ontario County*—Phelps, 1863, Mrs. Rev. — Stebbins, President, and Mrs. M. J. Browning, Secretary—1 society. *Wayne County*—Arcadia, 1864, under the direction of a committee of eight ladies; Newark, 1862, Mrs. J. W. Dickinson, President, and Mrs. Stephen Colvin, Secretary; Ontario, 1862, Mrs. J. Hill, President, and Mrs. O. F. Whitney, Secretary; Williamson, 1862, Mrs. E. Fields, President, and Miss Lucy Reeves, Secretary; Wolcott, 1862, Miss Sarah Foster, President, Miss Mary Bowen, Secretary—5 societies. *Niagara County*—Johnson's Creek, 1861, Miss M. M. Boyd, President, Miss J. A. Jacox, Secretary—1 society. Two or three of the above are Sewing Societies resolved, temporarily, into Aid Societies.

The remaining eight societies consist of ladies who meet, without any regular organization, to work for the soldiers. They are, in Monroe County—Hamlin, North Chili, and Spencerport, the two latter of which make up materials from the Rochester Soldiers' Aid; in Livingston County—Brooks Grove, Genesee and Ridge; and in Genesee County—Bethany and East Pembroke, the latter of which has met, since May of the present year, to make up materials from the Rochester Aid.

The number of members in the twenty-eight organized societies reported, cannot be given, this having been overlooked in many of the reports, likewise the average attendance; the frequency of meeting seems usually to be once in one and two weeks; the amount of money raised, together with the estimated value of supplies, is about \$9,000, besides many boxes and barrels of stores, whose amount or value have not been given in the reports. Money has been raised by membership fees, subscriptions, donations, mite contributions, festivals, concerts, readings, &c. About ten of the societies send their supplies to the Rochester Aid, some to the Woman's Central Relief Association of New York, and some to the Christian Commission, the others sending each to several or to other agencies, or not reported in this respect.

The societies, organized and unorganized, included in the list of published reports, which sustain an auxiliary relation, wholly or partially, to our own, are: in Monroe County—Brockport, Clifton, Churchville, Fairport, Henrietta, Irondequoit, North Chili, North Parma, Penfield and Spencerport; in Livingston County—Avon, Lima, Ridge; in Genesee County—East Pembroke, Bergen, North Bergen; in Wayne County—Ontario and Williamson—18 in all. Some of these societies only manufacture material from our rooms.

Spirit of our Home Workers.

The following, from a letter just received, expresses what we know to be the feeling of many, we believe a majority, of our home-workers, the spirit that looks for no relaxation of our "Aid" work until the war work of our soldiers has ended in a victorious peace:

"There is now as much need of active exertion among the loyal women of the North, perhaps, as there ever has been since the

breaking out of the rebellion. We know not whose heart may be made glad by our simple efforts,—simple, indeed, when compared to the efforts of those brave and noble men who fight our country's battles. God, forgive us! if we ever cease in those efforts until this unholy rebellion is crushed, and those dear ones who have suffered for their country's sake can return to their homes and enjoy the peace they have so nobly earned."

We are requested to publish the following list of donations received at St. Mary's Hospital since Sept. 12th:

Allings & Cory, papers and envelopes; Burke & Co., musquito netting; Miss Mary Graham, do; E. G., reading matter, handkerchiefs, cologne water, grapes, mittens, lint, bandages, etc.; Lane & Paine, cologne water; Wm. Vick, bushel of grapes; First Baptist Sunday School, Chili Centre, sundries; from E. Bishop, grapes; H. Kirley, jar of pickles, half bushel of turnips; Mrs. J. J. Van Zandt, sundries; Steele and Avery, paper, envelopes and ink; Adams & Ellis, do, do, blank book and pencil; Mr. Hastings, Irondequoit, large quantity old linen, cotton, papers and magazines; Mr. Hart, Irondequoit, do; Miss E. Parker, cotton for handkerchiefs, thread; Mrs. A. Ostrander, do; Mrs. L. E. Guernsey, slippers, socks; Mrs. Jewell, grapes and pears; Mrs. Gardner, do; Mr. H. Carpenter, \$2.00; Mrs. Schoonmaker, Marion, Wayne Co., box of grapes; "Buffalo Delegation," 9 cents; "Soldier's Aid," Marion, bandages, lint, etc.

It is feared that this list is imperfect, as many of our kind friends have omitted to record their names in the book prepared for that purpose. The Soldiers' Aid Society has furnished large quantities of lint, bandages, socks, slippers, shirts, drawers, and other garments, which for want of space are not put down in detail. CLARA F. GUERNSEY,
For St. Mary's Hospital.

Full List of Agents for the "Aid" to the Present Date.

Monroe County—Brighton, Mrs. J. Yale; Brockport, Mrs. A. Fry; Clarkson, Miss Lewis and Miss L. Patterson; Clifton, Mrs. Rev. Z. A. M. Rose; Fairport, Mrs. L. T. Howard; Hamlin, Mrs. A. H. Thomson; Henrietta, Mrs. Dr. Hazeltine; Irondequoit, Mrs. E. Gifford and Mrs. S. B. Wing; N. Chili, Mrs. L. B. Nurse; N. Parma, Mrs. Dr. Rowley; Parma Center, Mrs. J. E. Patterson; Pittsford, Miss Sarah Shepard; Spencerport, Mrs. Hamilton and Miss S. Van Nest,—16.

Livingston County—Brooks' Grove, Miss L. A. Brooks; Fowlerville, Miss L. C. Fowler; Mount Morris, Mrs. Rebecca M. Sanford; Ridge, Mrs. O. D. Lake; Lima, Mrs. M. A. Barnard,—5.

Orleans County—Eagle Harbor, Mrs. E. A. Martin; Shelby Center, Mrs. A. B. Edmonds—2.

Genesee County—Bergen, Miss M. O'Donohue; Corfu, Mrs. Wm. C. Coe; E. Pembroke, Miss Mary A. Pratt; N. Bergen, Mrs. M. J. Bird,—4.

Ontario County—E. Bloomfield, Mrs. F. Munson; Victor, Mrs. — Clapp; W. Bloomfield, Mrs. R. K. Taft,—3.

Wayne County—Arcadia, Miss Helen Roberts; Ontario, Mrs. O. F. Whitney; Pultneyville, Miss Ellen E. Reynolds; Williamson, Mrs. H. Harding and Mrs. C. Short,—5.

Niagara County—Johnson's Creek, Miss M. M. Boyd,—1; 31 agents in all.

Soldier's Aid Society, Rochester, N. Y.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR OCTOBER.

CASH RECEIPTS.	
By Balance on hand, October 1st,.....	\$1,627 23
" Membership fee,.....	25
" Cash donations,.....	33 75
" Sale of articles,.....	28 49
Total receipts,.....	\$1,734 72

CASH DISBURSEMENTS.	
To Hospital supplies,.....	80 61
" Expressage, freight and cartage,.....	1 98
" Stationery and postage including amount furnished to San. Commission,.....	13 40
" Incidental expenses, including a quarter's rent of Aid Rooms,.....	43 65
" Expenses of Claim Agency,.....	808 50
" Expenses of Refreshment tent at Fair Grounds,.....	22 05
Total disbursements,.....	\$ 460 14
Balance on hand, November 1st,.....	\$1,274 58

CASH DONATIONS.	
AID SOCIETIES.	
Clifton Springs,.....	\$10 00
Science Hill,.....	3 75
Scottsville,.....	9 00
Wheatland,.....	10 00

INDIVIDUALS.	
Mrs. Frazer, Scottsville,.....	\$ 1 00

DONATIONS OF HOSPITAL STORES.

AID SOCIETIES.	
Churchville 4 quilts, 1 pair woolen socks.	
Eagle Harbor—10 lbs dried plums, 3 lbs dried pears, 5 lbs dried blackberries, 3 lbs dried cherries and currants, 23 lbs dried apples.	
Irondequoit, Bay Side—11 flannel shirts, 8 pairs cotton drawers, 13 pairs woolen socks.	
North Parma—1 quilt.	
33 handkerchiefs, 4 towels, 1 sheet, 1 quilt, bandages, old pieces, 2 lbs dried apples.	
6 handkerchiefs, 11 hop pillows, bandages, lint, old pieces.	

INDIVIDUALS.	
Beir & Stern, 4½ yds sheeting for bandages; Mr. Brennan, do; N. H. Carey, 1 cask pickles; Mrs. Harriet Coy, (Irondequoit), 4 kegs pickles, bag dried apples; Mrs. Frazer, (Churchville), 1 keg tomato pickles; a Friend, tracts; do, bag dried apples; do, box of lint; do, barrel pickles; Mrs. Hathaway, 2 pairs flannel drawers, 2 pairs cotton drawers, 1 pair pants, old pieces; Mr. Huribut, 4½ yards sheeting for bandages; Jennie Martin, 1 jar currant jelly; Mrs. O. H. Palmer, 2 casks pickles; Mrs. Parma-lee, (Ogden), 1 cotton shirt, bandages, old pieces, bag dried apples; Mrs. Pottle, bandages; Mrs. Savage, (Churchville), 1 quilt, 1 pillow, 1 pillow case; Mrs. Taiman, 3 pairs woolen socks; Miss Van Nest, 10 handkerchiefs.	

MRS. GEO. GOULD, Treasurer.

Report of the Committee on Work.

Prepared work on hand, October 1st—9 flannel shirts, 15 flannel dressing gowns.
Unfinished work, Oct. 1st—36 flannel shirts, and — do., from 4 and 3 part pieces flannel, 5 pairs drilling drawers, — pairs socks from 7½ skeins yarn 75 handkerchiefs and — do. from part piece cott n. 177 cotton shirts and — do. from 10 and 2 part pieces cotton, 6 sheets
Prepared during the month—40 flannel shirts, — skeins yarn bought
Finished during the month—23 flannel shirts, 45 cotton do., 21 pairs woolen socks.
Unfinished work, Nov. 1st—78 flannel shirts and — do. from 4 part pieces flannel, — pairs socks from 60 and — skeins yarn, 78 and — handkerchiefs, 150 cotton shirts and — do. from 10 and 2 part pieces cotton, 2 pairs cotton drawers, 15 dressing gowns.
Prepared work on hand, Nov. 1st—7 flannel shirts, 5 skeins yarn.

MRS. H. L. VERVAIN, Chairman.

Report of Committee on Packing and Forwarding.

The Committee have forwarded during the month, 15 packages, numbering from 376 to 390 inclusive, as follows:
 Nos. 376 to 384 and 387 to 390, Inclusive, to the Woman's Central Association of Relief, 10 Cooper Union, New York, and Nos. 385 and 386 to the Rochester City Hospital.
 The aggregate contents of these packages are as follows:
 11 flannel shirts, 8 pairs draw. rs. 12 pairs woolen socks, 96 handkerchiefs, 102 cotton shirts, 3 flannel bands, 1 old linen coat, 30 pillows, 8 old sheets, 2 pillow cases, 17 quilts, old pieces and bandages, 12 papers, 16 bottles wine, 3 do. catsup, 2 cans fruit, 11 casks pickles, 2 do. dried fruit.
 Besides the above, the following articles have been given to Soldiers, from St. Mary's Hospital calling at the Aid Rooms: 3 flannel shirts, 11 cotton do., 3 pairs cotton drawers, 5 pairs woolen socks 2 pairs slippers, 17 handkerchiefs, 3 pairs crutches, 12 canes, bandages, tobacco, stationery to the amount of about \$6.

MRS. L. C. SMITH, Chairman.

The Soldier's Aid.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOV. 2, 1864.

Our Christmas Encampment.

The "Aid" has been again delayed, the present month, in order to give time for our Christmas Fair to assume a shape, sufficiently tangible, to present to our readers.

It is at length decided, that the Aid Society, with their auxiliary friends, shall "go into camp," (very comfortably within doors,) from the 16th to the 21st of December, inclusive. In other words, we propose holding a Fair, in tents, in Corinthian Hall, opening Friday evening, Dec. 16th, and continuing through Saturday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. The tents are to be pitched upon a raised platform around the Hall, such as formed the foundation for the booths at the bazaar, and to be occupied, as were the booths, by ladies in charge with the usual variety of fancy articles, confectionery, fruit, &c., for sale. The largest of these tents, directly opposite the platform, will be appropriated to "Headquarters," where will be exhibited such arms, trophies, and other curiosities as may be collected. A place is also reserved for a "Side Show," where lovers of the comic can be entertained.

During the day the floor will be occupied by lunch tables, at which ladies will preside, each with her corps of waitresses, to attend upon the crowd of customers which the delicacies provided and patriotic motives will be sure to attract. All the ladies and waitresses in attendance upon the Fair, will adopt a uniform arranged by a Committee appointed for that purpose.

Preliminary to the Fair, there will be given, on Monday and Tuesday evenings, December 12th and 13th, an entertainment at Corinthian Hall, consisting of tableaux, charades, and music, and on Thursday evening, one by Dudley Waller, the Infant Orator. The latter, a child of eight years old, has recently visited our city, and given to a small audience in the session room of a church, a specimen of his wonderful powers in recitation, greatly to the astonishment and delight of those who heard him. The proceeds of these recitations in our eastern cities, during the last two years, to the amount of \$16,000, have been appropriated to the building of a Home on Long Island for the children of soldiers who have been killed or disabled in the war. This interesting child will remain during the Fair, and will constitute a great additional attraction.

This statement of our plans is, of course, preliminary to an appeal for aid. It will be seen that our wants are multifarious, — all kinds of fancy articles will be in demand, and also of edibles, such as roast, boiled, à-la-mode and spiced beef, turkeys, chickens, hams, oysters, eggs, pickles, preserves, cream, milk, sugar, bread, biscuit, crackers, pies, cake, butter, cheese, coffee, tea, &c. Also, any relics, or other curiosities, interesting for exhibition at "Headquarters," which will be treated with great care, and safely returned to their owners.

The city will be canvassed for edibles during the week commencing Dec. 5th, by which time, it will greatly oblige us, if ladies ready to aid in this way, will be prepared to inform the Soliciting Committee, as precisely as possible, the kind and amount of their promised donations, in order that the Supply Committee may know for what deficiencies to

provide. Ladies and societies in the country, who can assist in this enterprise, will confer a favor upon us by letting us know as early as possible, what aid they can render. All individuals in the city, who are willing to assist in any way, are requested to call at the Aid Rooms, No. 5, Corinthian Hall Building, and report what they will give or do, together with their name and residence.

The place for receiving all donations of fancy articles and edibles, and such articles for exhibition as may be loaned us, is at the "Aid Rooms," No. 5, Corinthian Hall Building, where a Committee will be present to receive and record them for subsequent acknowledgement. Arrangements are made to secure a full and accurate report of all contributions made at these rooms, which will also include such as may be made elsewhere, if reported to the Committee by the individuals to whom they are delivered, but it is desirable to have it understood beforehand, that the Committee can only be held responsible for the publication of such contributions as are either brought to the Aid Rooms or reported there. This statement is made in order to ensure, if possible, a complete enumeration of our donations, that we may not again experience the regret we felt after the publication of our Bazaar Report, on finding that so many generous contributions had been omitted.

One word in conclusion. We know that our appeal for "more help" comes at a time when high prices and conflicting claims present increased difficulties in the way of the liberal responses hitherto given to our calls upon the public. We can only say, while we appreciate those difficulties on the one hand, we must point you, on the other, to the soldiers who are still fighting and falling upon the battle-field, or lingering in prisons and hospitals, victims to the war waged in behalf of our common national rights, and ask, can you yet cease to give and work for them? Are there not yet luxuries in your possession which, without even entrenching upon your comfort, you can spare to them?

We feel assured that the time is not far distant when the necessity for these calls will cease, but, meanwhile, let us consider it our high privilege to throw our hearts, means, and energy into the work before us.

Meeting of Delegates from Soldiers' Aid Societies, called at Cooper Union, N.Y.

Printed circulars of invitation have just been issued by the Woman's Central Association of Relief, the New York Branch of the Sanitary Commission, calling a meeting of delegates from the Soldiers' Aid Societies of New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and parts of Massachusetts, Vermont and New Jersey; also, of Associate Managers and Members of the Aid Societies generally, within the same region, whether working through the Sanitary Commission or not, to be held in the Hall of the Cooper Union, on Wednesday, the 16th of November next, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Prof. Hitchcock will preside at the meeting and present the semi-annual report of the Association. Addresses will be given by several gentlemen, including Dr. Bellows, who has recently returned from California, and who will narrate what he has seen of the Aid Work there.

In connection with this meeting, the Members of the Board will meet the Associate Managers and Delegates just previously, at 6 o'clock, Wednesday, P. M., at the Committee Room of the Cooper Union, (entrance on 3d Avenue,) at which the latter are requested to present statistical reports of the entire work of their societies, each report having written upon the outside the name of the society and the names of the delegates representing it.

We sincerely hope this invitation will be generally responded to.

Miscellaneous.

For the Soldiers' Aid.
Before the War.

BY CARYLL DEANE.

Let us turn away a little from the din of battle—forget if possible for a while the one interest that fills our hearts, night and day, and go back to those old days, "Before the War." How very long ago it seems, when there were no such things as revenue stamps, and income taxes, and cotton was a shilling a yard, there were no "Aid Societies," and the "Peace Society" was still in existence and sent an Ojibway Indian as a delegate to a World Convention, which passed all manner of beautiful resolutions, and talked Non-resistance. When the army of this great Republic was composed of ten thousand men, scattered over about ten million square miles of territory—for whom no "Aid Societies" labored, and who got no bounties and only thirteen dollars a month, where the privates could never rise above the rank of non-commissioned officers; who went on from year to year, defending frontiers in a quiet way, marching long and weary marches, through trackless wastes, amid wild Indians and Grizzlies, and for whom no one but their own immediate relatives cared a pin—and who were wholly unknown to fame, except where some rabid peace man directed attention to them by calling them hard names, himself safe in some warmed and lighted lecture room—while the objects of his vituperation were being scalped by the Camanches.

In the time of which I write, Civil War was a thing undreamed of, except among the Southern, and they were too firmly convinced that "the North would never fight," to look upon it as a possible thing, and a few men noted the signs of the times, and were called all the hard names that ever were heard of—because they could not but see the "little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand," growing and growing.

In those days, that blessed Olive Tree, "The Fugitive Slave Law," had been so firmly planted that no one ever expected to see it rooted up, and every one agreed, that now surely the ashes had all been nicely and neatly patted down over the volcano, and that it would never be so unmannerly as to burst out again; and any one who presumed to hint that it might, was no better than a "fool and a fanatic," and very dangerous besides, and demanded instant suppression.

In those days, Captain LAWRENCE WOOD commanded a post on the Upper Missouri. He was a native of Ohio, and had been born when Ohio was what farther Missouri is now, so far as the number of its inhabitants and the extent of its clearings is concerned. He was a widower, with an only daughter, SOPHY, when he married a second time, the widow of a brother officer. SOPHY was then a girl of seventeen and had been at school in one of the villages of Western New York. She had graduated there, "finished her education," in the ordinary phrase, and now her step-mother was waiting to take her home—that is, to the Fort on the Upper Missouri; which was home, so long as the powers that then were should choose to retain Captain Wood in that situation.

Of her step-mother, SOPHY had seen very little, and not very much of her father. Her home was the school where she had passed so many years. She loved her teacher, her

classmates, and it was hard to say good-by; but it was done, amid tears and kisses, and those promises—"to write, and write often;" the first scrupulous fulfillment of which makes the letters in after years seem things half for tears and half for smiles.

I am not going to treat you to any tale of an unkind step-mother; that much slandered race has enough to cast stones at it, without my joining, with such a very small pebble as this sketch.

Mrs. Wood was a good, motherly woman, who had no children of her own. She loved her husband and took her step-daughter at once to her heart—so that, before the second day of their journey was over, SOPHY called her "mother" quite easily and naturally, and began to love her, as she did all who were kind to her, and to look forward to the new life before her, with a girl's eager anticipation. Capt. Wood met them halfway, with an affectionate welcome, and they made the journey to the little Fort, in safety.

When once the novelty of her new life had worn off, SOPHY found herself much thrown on her own resources. Garrison life, in time of peace, is but a stupid affair. They were not far enough west to be under any apprehensions of Indians, and those who are now adding variety to that region as guerillas, were yet engaged in the comparatively peaceful occupations of slave trading, overseeing, horse jockeying, gambling and other congenial pursuits. There were two unmarried officers in the garrison; but SOPHY had no vocation for flirting, and still less for marriage. These young men, having nothing else to do, fell in love with SOPHY, or thought they did—and such being the case, of course each detested the other, and snipped and snapped whenever they met.

Lieut. LAMBERT, the first candidate, was a tall, overgrown young man, who had "passed" at West Point, and only "passed." All the drill in the world would never have given anything of ease or grace to his carriage. He stood as if he had swallowed a ramrod, and moved as if the iron had entered into his arms and legs. His conversation was limited to "yes" and "no," when in SOPHY's presence, and he found endless delight, apparently, in staring at her intently, whenever he thought he was not observed. Nevertheless, Capt. Wood used to say, that the boy had "stuff in him," and that it took something besides drill and mathematics to make a soldier. Capt. Wood, he it observed, was not a West Point man. The children of Sergeant McCulloch liked him too, and he had been seen with the youngest in his arms, the next oldest clinging to his coat tail. Lieut. PYM would have charged on a battery more easily than he could have held out his arms to little Harry McCulloch. He was a very handsome young person, and well he knew it. He had many fine qualities, which would have seemed finer had he not been so profoundly conscious of them. He was also a scholar, and knew much of mathematics, more than his senior officer, whom he rather looked down upon, and whom he was wont, sometimes, affably to patronise in a way that made Lieutenant LAMBERT open his eyes, and caused the Captain's old Orderly to growl behind his moustache inarticulate maledictions, as soon as he was out of hearing. He was never at a loss for conversation, and he and SOPHY found many subjects of interest in common. He flattered himself that he was making great progress in her affections, and had quite determined to propose, by and

by, when he was quite sure that he saw no risk of a refusal—not that it was hardly possible,—but then, women were unaccountable creatures; there was no telling what folly they might be guilty of—and he would wait till it was all quite sure—and then, he thought, SOPHY would make a very nice Mrs. PYM. She was so young, he thought, he could “form her mind,” after the fashion of John Humphreys & Co., that associated firm of prigs who, singular to say, all owe their being to the feminine imagination. Mathematician as he was, however, he made no allowance for the nature of his materials. SOPHY was not Ellen or Fleda, or the nameless young woman of Rutledge, to be ordered about like a slave, for the improvement of her mind. Still, she was familiar with him, and liked to hear him talk.

SOPHY was very fond of books and of study. She had carried off the honors of her class at school, and had read and studied more than most girls of her age. She read Latin pretty well, and had gone through the ordinary school course, and had begun Greek. Then she drew with taste and spirit, and had trifled with oils a little. She had meant to study a great deal at Fort L—, but she found it difficult all by herself, and her easel and brushes absorbed much of her time. Her father and mother thought her pictures wonderful. Poor Lieut. LAMBERT stared at her landscapes with all his eyes, said “O! Miss SOPHY!” and found no other words for his admiration. One day, he mustered up courage to ask her for a little pencil drawing, which SOPHY gave him as carelessly as she would have given a bit of cake to the cat, because she mewed for it. He was enraptured at the possession; he put it away in the innermost recesses of his desk. He wrote to St. Louis for the most gorgeous gilt frame procurable, regardless of expense. His delight was extreme, till he found that PYM, too, had one of SOPHY’s drawings. SOPHY would have given one of her pictures to the drummer, or the old black cook, if they had asked for it and she had supposed it would give them pleasure.

Lieut. PYM, in the mean time, thought himself going on very prosperously, and really it seemed as if SOPHY’s interest in him began to be something more than liking. She talked less to him and listened more. She liked to hear him praised, and she was quite vexed with her step-mother for calling him conceited. Mr. PYM had made up his mind to propose in form, and perhaps he might have been accepted; but, he unwittingly threw down his own castle.

SOPHY was standing by the window of her father’s quarters, busy with her brush and colors. She had made a picture from a little sketch she had taken on her last ride with Lieut. PYM. It was by no means a bad picture, and SOPHY was pleased with the success of her attempt. The quarters of the Commandant were isolated from those of the other officers. The house was built near the edge of the high rocky river bank. On three sides was a nicely kept green enclosure, but on the fourth was a narrow rock platform, and then the steep bank, dropping almost straight to the great river. This was part of a path common to all the garrison, and was rather a favorite lounging place for the men. Lieut. PYM would fain have induced Capt. WOOD to forbid them to linger so near the Commandant’s quarters; but Captain WOOD was one who bore his dignity easily; moreover, he liked his men, and in reply to the representa-

tions of his subordinate, said that he didn’t see the boys did any particular harm, and paid no more attention to the matter.

On that day and hour, Sergeant WILLIAM STACY was sitting there with a book. He was a quiet, “middle aged young man,” of thirty-five. He was very well liked by his associates, though he was intimate with none of them. It was reported that he had “seen better days,” and was “College bred,” and had somehow fallen below his proper place in life. He, however, did his duty quietly, was an excellent drill master, and if any one was sick, was always good and kind. He had once nursed Lieut. LAMBERT through a fever, and that young gentleman had ever since treated him with kindness and consideration.

Lieut. PYM, on the contrary, did not like Sergeant STACY. He had a feeling, that some way the Sergeant did not respect him as he ought; not that he ever failed in the respect due from him to his officer, or betrayed, by word, look, or tone, that he did not think the lieutenant just the right man in the right place; but somehow, Lieut. PYM felt that his “commanding intellect” did not command Sergeant STACY’S—and, therefore, he, in the expressive phrase of the ranks, “spited” him.

Lieut. PYM had been brought up on an Alabama plantation. It never occurred to him, that one who was beneath him in rank could be his equal in anything else. Of course, such a person was human, but with a difference. He looked on his men, much as he had done on his father’s slaves, and they hated him accordingly. I regret to say, that among them he was commonly known as “Little Sticks.” He did not mean to be unjust, or cruel; he only knew he disliked STACY, and it never occurred to him to restrain the expression of his feelings, as he would have done had the sergeant been his equal. “What are you doing here?” he asked on this occasion, in a tone which made SOPHY start. It was to his ordinary voice, what a nutmeg grater is to a japan canister; both the same material, but differently worked up.

“Nothing particular, sir,” said the sergeant, rising and saluting with sufficient respect. But Lieut. PYM felt that the deference was paid to the officer, and not to the man, and was enraged accordingly.

“I should think you might find something better to do, in your station, than lounging about with a book.”

Silence on the part of Sergeant STACY; he did not smile, but he looked as if he might have done so, had he not been restrained by the respect due to the shoulder straps.

“None of your impertinence to me.” [The lieutenant coupled an adjective with “impertinence,” which we couldn’t think of indicating in the “Aid.”] “You put on quite too many airs.”

“I had no intention of being impertinent, sir.”

“Dear me!” thought the listening SOPHY, quite indignant, “how can he speak so?—I shouldn’t have thought it!”

“You are always impertinent. You have no business to be hanging around the Commandant’s quarters, any way. The men of your squad hadn’t their bayonets half cleaned, on parade this morning. Go and see to them, and keep your own side of the grounds hereafter.”

“May I ask, sir,” said STACY, “if you have orders from Capt. WOOD to that effect?”

“You have my orders, and that’s enough,”

said the lieutenant, angrily. “Be off.”

Sergeant STACY turned, without a word, and went away; while Lieut. PYM, walked off in the other direction—his head up—quite unconscious of the feelings he had excited in the mind he was desirous to “form.”

(To be continued.)

CURRENT WAR LITERATURE.

Gossip about Gen. Phil. H. Sheridan.

We heard of him first at Corinth, Miss. He had been commanding cavalry under Rosecrans—whose estimate of *soldiers* carries weight. He delighted more to talk of “Phil.” Sheridan than of any man in the army—Gen. George H. Thomas excepted. Of him he always spoke reverently—a man who reminded him of Washington. Rosecrans admired Sheridan’s curt, decisive way of doing things. “Phil,” he said, “has no surplusage. He *does* things;” and the General was happy in describing the grim, insinuating pleasantries with which Sheridan outwitted the enemy, or hung a spy. Language can’t express it, because it lacks the essentials of voice and manner. “Send Phil. Sheridan on an expedition,” he was wont to say, “and he will accomplish it if it is in the power of man—he is ready, fertile in resources, with large executive faculty, and he fights, fights!—do you know what that means?”

Fighting was his forte, and yet he is the “mildest mannered man” that ever slashed a rebel crown with saber. It is related of him that he fought his way through West Point, and almost fought his way out. We have his own confession, that during his last year he had only “five points” to make to be permitted to retire without the honors of the institution. The management of those “five points” was a difficult operation. Nevertheless, he graduated with distinction, and was one of the most popular men of the Academy.

Your first view of him disappoints you a little. Imagination always plays mischief with your estimate of a hero whom you have not seen; heroic stature, handsome face, commanding presence, all seem associated with heroes. Sheridan is a quiet, wiry, strong little man, not over five feet seven, or a half inch more, but with broad shoulders and strongly knit frame—weighing perhaps one hundred and forty or a trifle more; short, wiry black hair, compact head and medium forehead, sharp gray eyes, a composed and firm countenance—with somewhat Milesian features, and brownish complexion, shaded with closely cropped whiskers.

He is only thirty-two, but his weather-beaten face advertises at least five years more. But his stature is soon forgotten in his presence. He grows wonderfully on a horse, and especially on the battle-field. On the dreadful morning of Stone river, when he emerged with his mangled division in solid phalanx from the frightful cedars, he loomed up like a very giant. He was grave, but firm, strong, and, as Rosecrans dashed up to him in the tumult of battle, his deportment seemed to express, “You see, General, it was not the fault of *my* division that we did not stay.” He had lost his hat and fought bareheaded until a trooper handed him a hat picked up in the field—a dead soldier’s, no doubt. Sunday morning afterward—the enemy had gone then—Sheridan, sitting upon an old stump, at general headquarters, told the story quietly, but graphically: “General, I lost 1,796 men, seventy of them officers, with my three brigade commanders.”

A "Bully Boy."

Coming out from church in the morning, we found a line of ambulances going down the street. A driver told me that they had just left a hundred "bully boys" at Judiciary Square hospital. Do you think the adjective a coarse and vulgar one? Go anywhere from Pleasant Hill—what sting and satire there is in the name—go anywhere from the banks of the Red River—for evermore coursing bloodily through our memories!—anywhere from Alexandria to Spottsylvania, and see how it is refined and sanctified by the men who do battle for us, and you will be ready to do as I did—follow the leading. I went to the hospital. In one of the wards I found a man, or rather he found me—for I marked him as a reserved man, while I passed, who would choose to be left to his own thought. But he called to me—"I say, you're a Yankee." It seems that my dozen years of knocking about the world have not worn off all the marks of nativity yet; though I had flattered myself that I was grown a cosmopolite. So I told this soldier. "I knew you, because I'm a Yankee too," was his answer—which I pass over to students of mental organism. I found him a man from Maine. He had a bad flesh wound in one arm, and one leg was off just above the knee. "Don't mind the leg, but tell me about Sheridan's raid." I read Secretary Stanton's telegram relative to it. "O, I tell you, we'll fetch 'em yet! Old Lee'll find what 'tis to 'come to judgment,' before he gets through with it, I guess, in a way he didn't look for. Go down to that room and read that to that man on the right." That was my dismissal, and I went.

Another "Bully Boy."

"The man on the right" I found to be a Boston notion, red of hair, freckled of face, blue of eye, square of chin, broad of nostril, in a word, not a man with whom Araminta would fall in love at first sight, not a man whom Susan Jane would idolize as the hero of a romance. "Mornin," was his answer to my salutation—terse and pointed as possible. What could I say to one who cut me off in that way? While I stood an instant he made an inventory of me—I felt he was passing judgment as only a man can whose wits have been sharpened by long experience at picket duty. Suddenly he opened his large eyes to their widest, and said, "What's the news?" I saw that one arm was gone, above the elbow, and I judged there was a body wound somewhere, and I knew by the working of his forehead that he was in pain. I own, this question astonished me. I briefly summed up the morning papers for him. Then, as I saw he was in extreme pain, I made a remark about his arm, and asked if I could do anything for him? For answer I got, "O damn that arm! what's the difference, if we only lick the rebels?" We had further talk, and I found him a hero from head to foot—every quarter inch of his five feet nine. His parting word was:—"Somewhere, you'll find a youngster with a hole in his leg—he's a kind of pugnosed boy, with white hair, but he's got the grit—I know him, and he came up in the ambulance with me; please get him an orange or two, if you find him, and cheer him up—he's a little down in the gills this morning, but he'll be all right in a day or two." Yes, he will be all right in a day or two, for he will be where pain and death never come.

Grant on "the Situation."

A visitor to the army called upon him one

morning and found the General sitting in his tent, smoking and talking to one of his staff officers. The stranger approached the chief-tain and inquired of him as follows:

Gen., if you flank Lee and get between him and Richmond, will you not uncover Washington and leave it a prey to the enemy?

Gen. Grant, discharging a cloud of smoke from his mouth, indifferently replied:

"Yes, I reckon so."

The stranger, encouraged by a reply, propounded question number two:

"General, do you not think Lee can detach sufficient force from his army to re-enforce Beauregard and overwhelm Butler?"

"Not a doubt of it," replied the General.

Becoming fortified by his success, the stranger propounded question number three:

"General, is there not danger, that Johnston may come up and re-enforce Lee, so that the latter will swing round and cut off your communications and seize your supplies?"

"Very likely," was the cool reply of the General, and he knocked the ashes from the end of his cigar.

The stranger, horrified at the awful fate about to befall Gen. Grant and his army, made his exit, and hastened to Washington, to communicate the news.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS—A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—Any one who knows anything of the war of American Independence knows that on the 19th day of October, 1781, the British army of Lord Cornwallis, of seven thousand men, at Yorktown, Va., surrendered to the Americans and their French allies, under Washington and Count Rochambeau, and that this was the decisive and crowning victory of the war. In this connection we submit to our readers the following extract from an editorial of the Richmond (rebel) Whig of Oct. 17. The editor is speaking of Gen. Grant. Hear him:

"After the disgraceful rout of his troops last Friday he claimed a great victory. He will be very apt to repeat the lie this time; for he is playing a game. At any rate, this is but the prelude to the grand combined land and naval attack which he is preparing, and which some think he is deferring to the 19th of October, that being the anniversary of Cornwallis's surrender of Yorktown. He is said to be superstitious and a believer in coincidences. He completed the disgrace of arms at Vicksburg last year, on the 4th of July, and he hopes to repeat the spectacle here on the 19th of October. There is some difference in the commanders, and we venture to suggest there may be some difference in the issue."

Now, is not this man a prophet, or the son of a prophet? for, sure enough, on that historic day, the 19th of October, General Sheridan tore the boastful army of Longstreet, in the Shenandoah valley, all to pieces. Is not this a most remarkable and suggestive coincidence?

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

A column contains eleven squares.

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

MANY PERSONS WONDER WHY WE KEEP

on selling our goods at such low prices. The simple reason is that goods are lower in the New York market than a few weeks ago.

As we were then selling in accordance with the market, we hold it right that we should do so now. But as the market has been falling we marked down our goods at prices BELOW the current market prices then, expecting at that time a still further fall in price. Instead of holding on for high prices and not selling the goods, we concluded to sell down our stock at such prices as we thought the market a few weeks hence would enable us to replace the goods at. Thus consumers would get the goods at lower prices, and we should be just as well off as if we had held our goods at high prices until the market forced us to sell them at a loss.

The course of the market thus far, we think, has fully indicated it, as a judicious policy for us and a liberal one towards our customers. It is no concern of the public if goods do cost a high price to the merchant.

Everybody understands that merchants having taken profitable risks in the past few years, must take care of themselves when the unprofitable ones overtake them. Customers certainly have a right to expect this and to act upon it.

Thus far, since we inaugurated our present campaign of cheaper Dry Goods for the people, we have abundant evidence that our efforts are appreciated. This is demonstrated in the most substantial manner possible.

We certainly thank our friends most heartily for showing so liberally and freely their appreciation of our efforts to merit their confidence.

As it is our intention to relinquish the

WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT

Of business, and we have a surplus stock therein in many goods, we therefore sell a large portion of them now irrespective of the present market prices, as we shall probably have occasion to replace but a moderate portion of them again within this year. This is the reason why we are selling so many goods under price.

We intend to devote our especial attention to the Retail Dry Goods Trade for all Western New York, and shall, we trust, at once to our city many thousands of persons within a limit of 150 miles, to trade, who have hitherto traded in other places.

We intend to increase the attractions of our store, by RETAILING goods on a smaller margin of profits than the business has yet been done.

We mean to more than double our retail trade within the coming year. Meanwhile, we shall keep right on with the attractions in low price. If goods should go still lower than now, we will sell them lower all the while than the market, while it declines. This will be our policy right along, and thus, when the bottom has been touched, prices will likely become higher. The safe way now is to buy what you want and no more. For the satisfaction of the public, we beg to say that the past eight days' business has been the best, for the same number of consecutive days, ever done by our house since its foundation—26 years—and we intend to keep doing it right along. Customers can be assured, that our wish is to have goods cheaper, and as fast as they can be sold cheap, we shall sell them so. We don't advise any one to buy now, with the expectation of goods being higher, nor to wait, expecting them cheaper.

Let people by their goods only as fast as needed, and they will guard against any great and sudden advance in goods, much more effectually than many imagine.

State St., Rochester, Oct. 5. **CASE & MANN.**

**THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION
Army and Navy Claim Agency,
28 REYNOLDS' 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 commiserate to every disabled soldier, widow, orphan, dependent mother and orphan sister, entitled to the bounty of the Government, the fact, that the Benefolent 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

A. J. HATCH,

28 Reynolds' Arcade,
Rochester, N. Y.

May 28th, 1864.

**DR. WALKER,
Oculist & Aurist,**

No. 82 State St., Rochester, N. Y.,

Attends to all Diseases of the

EYE AND EAR.

—o—o—

ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED.

Jy-6m

LOW AND MEDIUM-PRICED
DRESS GOODS.

We are offering a handsome lot of

European Dress Goods,

at 2s. and 2s. 6d. per yard.

We are also placing on sale a

BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT,

which we sell for

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

These goods, as regards

Beauty and Durability,

Are very seldom equalled.

We have also opened a

COMPLETE STOCK OF

**OTTOMANS and
EMPRESS CLOTHS,**

Containing a variety of Desirable shades.

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

Our variety of Dress Goods was never better.

HUBBARD & NORTHROP,

69 and 71 Main Street.

aug 4-ly

**BURKE, FITZSIMONS, HONE & CO.
ROCHESTER.**

**NEW GOODS
AT
OLD PRICES!**

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

EARLY FALL TRADE,

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

RICH DRESS SILKS, in every variety.

FRENCH MERINOS, new colors.

FRENCH REPS, new colors.

POIL DE VENICE, new styles.

BLACK ALPACAS, superior styles.

COLORED ALPACAS, new shades.

IRISH POPLINS, beautiful shades.

FRENCH POPLINS, beautiful shades.

And many other new and beautiful styles of cheaper DRESS GOODS

MOURNING GOODS in Great Variety.

The most approved patterns of

CLOAKS,

for Fall. Now on Exhibition. Cloaks and Sacques made up to order, and warranted to give satisfaction in every instance.

A full line of BALMORALS, in all the choice colorings. HOOP SKIRTS, warranted the best qualities.

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

Burke, Fitzsimons, Hone & Co.
No. 53 MAIN ST.

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

BLACK WORSTED GRENADINES.—WHITE DITTO 2 yards wide, extra quality. Very desirable, at former prices. A few pieces left. CASE & MANN,
37 & 39 State St.

VERY FINE GOODS, IN SUN UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS.—A lot for the retail trade opened this day—including extra sizes, with best partridge and ivory handles.

Also—A lot of FRENCH SUN UMBRELLAS, very choice,

At CASE & MANN'S,

Jy

37 & 39 State Street.

**Bryant, Stratton & Chapman's
COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,**

BAKER'S BLOCK,
CORNER BUFFALO & FITZHUGH STREETS,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

OUR INSTITUTION is welcoming the returned and disabled Soldiers to its halls, for the pursuit of such information and practice in the SCIENCE or ACCOUNTS and

Ready Business Penmanship,

as will render them eligible to Situations. A LIBERAL Discount will be made to all such as are limited in means.

For further information, call at the College, or send for our Monthly and Specimens of Business Writing. Sep. '64

**D. W. LEARY'S
FANCY DYING AND SCOURING**

ESTABLISHMENT,

On Mumford St, Opposite the Gas Works,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

Goods Received and Returned by Express.

G. W. DYAR,

DEALER IN

MIRRORS AND FRAMES,

Of all Descriptions,

ORNAMENTAL & SUBSTANTIAL.

Let the lovers of the Beautiful be sure to call at

No. 43 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

STEAM FANCY

DYING AND CLEANSING

ESTABLISHMENT,

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

On Mill st. cor. of Platt st.

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

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS CLEANSED OR COLORED,

Without ripping, and pressed nicely.

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

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

GOODS RECEIVED AND RETURNED BY EXPRESS.

Bills collected by the Express Company.

Address,

D. LEARY,

Mill street, corner of Platt street.

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Rochester, N. Y.

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

CASE & MANN,
37 & 39 State Street, Rochester.

NOW IS YOUR TIME!

FOR 30 DAYS ONLY!!

**GREAT BARGAINS IN
DRY GOODS,**

From Auction and Bankrupt Sales.

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

VERY CHEAP, AT

E. A. HURLBUT'S,

No. 12 State Street, Rochester N. Y.

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

**POWELSON'S
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,**

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

Exquisite Ivorytypes,

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

PHOTOGRAPHS and AMBROTYPES

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

VISITING & WEDDING CARD PICTURES,

Which are everywhere acknowledged to be the very best, and which no one can 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,
58 State-st., corner Market-st., Rochester.

E. B. BOOTH & SON,

DEALERS IN

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

WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY REPAIRED.

SILVER SPOONS MADE TO ORDER.

At No. 5 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

aug 4-6m.

MEAT MARKET.

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-ly

ORNAMENTAL HAIR WORK.

MRS. C. S. W. GRIFFIN,

56 State Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.,

MANUFACTURES AND SELLS ALL KINDS OF

HAIR WORK, HAIR JEWELRY, &c.

WIGS FOR LADIES OR GENTLEMEN,

Braids, Curls and Switches made to order.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

TOILET ARTICLES,

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

ALL WORK WARRANTED.