

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF OUR SOLDIERS.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 10.

## The Soldier's Aid.

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## Army Aid.

### U. S. Sanitary Commission.

#### A FEW WORDS MORE ABOUT THE MONEY.

Under the above head appears, in the eighth number of the "Sanitary Commission Bulletin," (Feb. 15th,) a correspondence between Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER and Rev. Dr. BELLOWES, in which the former requests a brief statement concerning the expenses of the Commission, one calculated to give the general reader, in a few moments' time, such a view of the breadth and complexity of the Commission's work, as to furnish a convincing illustration of its need of vast funds in performing it, and the latter furnishes a most comprehensive and satisfactory reply. This reply is of special interest, now that the Commission is in urgent need of the necessary funds to carry on its operations, and we would urge its careful perusal upon all who have received, or can obtain the *Bulletin*. We give below the concluding portion, which is a concise recapitulation of the principal points discussed in it:

To recapitulate with sole reference to expense, in round numbers, and with only an approximation to exactness, I add the following facts:

1. The Board of the U. S. Sanitary Commission—President, Vice President, Treasurer, Medical Com-

mittee—give their time and services gratuitously. They are refunded (in part) their traveling expenses; nothing more.

2. Their Agents, two hundred in number, General and Associate Secretaries, Medical and Sanitary Inspectors, Relief Agents, Clerks, depot and store-house keepers, wagoners, &c., receiving some more and some less, average just \$2 per day, or less than ordinary mechanics' wages. Total, \$12,000 per month for the vast human machinery of the Commission, stretching from Texas to the Potomac, from before Charleston to Kansas.

3. About fifteen-sixteenths of all the eight millions the Commission has received goes on to the backs, or into the mouths of the soldiers.

4. The cost of collecting and distributing supplies is less than three per cent.

5. About twenty-three hundred men are now, and for a long time have been, in daily use and enjoyment of the Homes and Lodges of the Commission.

6. The battle-field service of the Commission requires a large accumulation of funds and of supplies. At Murfreesboro, Antietam, Gettysburg, Chattanooga, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, sudden and vast demands were made, and are always likely to be made. Fifty thousand dollars would not cover the cost of our whole service in the first two weeks after any of our great battles; at Gettysburg it was \$75,000.

7. We reckon that if we divided all the aid we have given to the sick in regimental, general, and other hospitals, to men in peril of sickness from scurvy and exposure, it would amount to \$3.20 a case; many men having received this several times, as often as they were sick. The seriously wounded have been often, as at Gettysburg, the receivers of as much as \$10 aid per man. We mention this to show not how much, but how little, this sometimes called *extravagant* Commission costs, considering the blessings it is the almoner of.

Finally, the only uncertain element in these calculations, is the *estimated value of supplies*. The uncertainty here is not due to want of great pains to ascertain the facts. We shall very soon be able to lay before the public the exact estimates, how many shirts and their estimated value, how many drawers, stockings, sheets, comforters, &c., and the estimated value of each; and they can then judge for themselves. Meanwhile they must give our statement only such credit as they may think our opportunity to know, and our desire to state frankly the exact truth, entitle it to.

With great regard, yours truly,  
HENRY W. BELLOWES, *President*.

### Christian Commission.

#### SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

This Anniversary, which was one of thrilling interest, was held at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the evening of the 28th of January.

The following account of the exercises is from a Philadelphia paper:

"There have been few, if any, meetings of a religious character claiming such a large share of public interest and attention as the second anniversary of the U. S. Christian Commission, held in the beautiful and commodious Academy of Music, in this city, on the evening of the 28th of January. From the time the first intimation was given to the public that such a meeting was to be held, up to the very hour that it took place, the demand for tickets of admission was entirely unprecedented. We know associations and institutions which have grown old holding anniversaries, and they have often found it difficult to get a sufficient number of persons interested to fill an ordinary sized hall. The great difficulty experienced by the members of the Christian Commission was the impossibility of getting a building of such enormous capacity as would accommodate all who wished to be present. The Academy of Music has the largest auditorium of any building in this city, or, we believe, in the country. When filled as it was on Thursday evening it can accommodate between four and five thousand persons, and yet thousands, eager to attend, were unable to gain admission. Large delegations, composed of gentlemen eminent in the walks of religion and business, and foremost in the leading enterprises of the church, were present from Boston, New York, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, Rochester, Buffalo, and other places. Such an audience never before assembled within the walls of the Academy since its dedication. When the full glare of the numerous gas jets in the magnificent chandelier lit up the vast audience chamber, the scene presented was of the most brilliant and interesting character. Every seat in the house was occupied, and standing room was difficult of obtaining, even in the more remote parts of the house. The house itself was unusually attractive. Around the front of the balcony and family circle were draped with continuous folds of the tricolor, and looped in graceful festoonings, and heavy flags formed the back ground of the large platform, while State and National standards were arranged around the sides of the proscenium boxes, the fronts of which were covered with the Stars and Stripes. It was a grand pageant, exhibiting in every variety the beautiful colors that represent our nationality, the Red, White and Blue. The platform was occupied by a numerous delegation of the clergy of the city, among them being some of the most prominent divines in the community, together with a number of our most eminent citizens. The Germania Orchestra, one of the first in the country, was present and enlivened the occasion with some excellent selections of music.

"Some idea of the interesting character of the meeting may be obtained when it is stated that the vast assembly sat from seven till half past eleven o'clock, and even at that late hour the interest did not seem diminished. The addresses, as our readers will learn from our very full report, were of the most thrilling character. Major General Howard, fresh from the heroic fields of Chattanooga and

Lookout Mountain, stood before the immense audience, with his armless coat sleeve pinned to his side, and bore a glorious testimony to the power of the Gospel and the Cross of Jesus Christ. When he arose to speak, the scene presented defied description. The whole assembly arose to their feet. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved, amid the most unbounded enthusiasm. Seldom have we seen a more hearty ovation than was tendered this gallant soldier of the Union and of the Cross of Christ.

"As might be expected, the meeting was full of true patriotism. Every allusion to our common nationality, the President of the United States, the old flag, and the brave men who defend it on land and sea, called forth hearty tokens of approval."

The exercises were opened by the singing of an appropriate hymn, announced by the President, GEORGE H. STUART, Esq., in which the immense assemblage joined.

This was followed by the reading of a letter from Gov. CURTIN, explaining his inability to be present, and occupy the chair on this occasion, in compliance with the request of the Commission, and, after some introductory remarks by the Chairman, Mr. STUART, by prayer by Rev. GEORGE W. MUSGRAVE, D. D., and the reading of the Scriptures by Rev. BENJAMIN WATSON, D. D. Letters were then read from Secretaries SEWARD and CHASE, from General MEADE and Admiral DUPONT.

The next thing upon the programme was the reading of the Abstract of the Annual Report. We have only room in the present article for the statistical compend, which is as follows:

"Cash received at the Central Office and Branch during the year, \$358,239 29; value of Stores donated, \$385,828 07; value of Scriptures contributed by American Bible Society, \$45,071 50; value of Scriptures contributed by British and Foreign Bible Society, \$1,677 70; value of Railroad facilities contributed, \$44,210 00; value of Telegraph facilities contributed, \$9,390 00; value of Delegates services, \$72,420 00—Total, \$916,837 65.

"Cash expended in purchase of Stores, Publications, expenses of Delegates, &c., \$265,211 28; balance on hand at Central Office, 1st January, 1864, \$43,547 41; balance on hand at Branch Office, 1st January, 1864, \$49,480 60; Christian Ministers and Laymen commissioned to minister to men on Battlefields and Camps, Hospitals, and Ships during the year, \$1,207; copies of Scriptures distributed, 465,715; Hymn and Psalm Books distributed, 371,859; Knapsack Books distributed, 1,254,591; Library Books distributed, 39,713; Magazines and Pamphlets distributed, 120,492; Religious Newspapers distributed, 2,931,469; pages of Tracts distributed, 11,976,722; Silent Comforters, &c., distributed, 3,285."

"The increasing work of the Commission is drawing heavily upon the Treasury from day to day. The balance on hand is small compared with the prospective demands of the winter and spring."

Addresses succeeded by Bishop JAMES, D. D., of New York, one of the founders of the Christian Commission, Rev. W. J. R. TAYLOR, D. D., Rev. D. C. EDDY, D. D., Rev. E. N. KIRK, D. D., General BRIGGS, and Major General HOWARD, and a letter was also read by Mr. STUART from the Right Rev. WM. BACON STEVENS, assistant Bishop of the diocese of Pennsylvania. We regret that our limits do not allow of extracts from any of these stirring addresses.

A pleasant episode occurred at the close of Dr. EDDY's speech—the presentation, by the clergymen of Philadelphia, of a magnificent Bible to Mr. GEORGE H. STUART, President of the Commission, the presentation speech being made by Rev. Dr. NEVIN, which was handsomely responded to by Mr. STUART and ex-Gov. POLLOCK.

At the close of Dr. KIRK's address, "Mr. STUART announced in his facetious and telling way, the 'most important' exercise on the programme, the 'collection.' Excellent arrangements had been made for the speedy and orderly completion of this, no small task for such a vast assemblage. The orchestra improved the interval by playing national and other airs, and the audience were retained in their seats and their patience by the promise of the

best wine at the last of the feast—the testimony of Generals from the army. The basket collection was worthy of the cause and the occasion. It amounted to more than \$3,000."

At the conclusion of General HOWARD's address, which was listened to with unabated interest to a late hour, a closing hymn was sung, and the vast audience was dismissed with the benediction, by Rev. THOMAS BRAINERD, D. D.

GREAT MEETING IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, FEB. 2.

This meeting was of scarcely inferior interest to the annual one. An immense audience, including some of the most distinguished names in our political and military annals, was held as if spellbound for about four hours. Vice President HAMLIN presided, and addresses were made by himself, by Hon. SCHUYLER COLFAX, Gen. MARTINDALE, and other distinguished gentlemen present, and by Rev. Messrs. PARVIN and MINGINS, gentlemen of the Commission.

Chaplain McCABE, late from Libby Prison, made some remarks, and concluded by singing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which we extract from the report of the proceedings:

CHAPLAIN McCABE'S REMARKS AND HYMN.

The Richmond papers announced to us that there had been a great battle at Gettysburg; that it had been a great Confederate victory; that *forty thousand* of the Potomac army had been captured and were now on their way to Richmond. You may imagine how we prisoners felt. We did not believe it all; still, we feared that much of it might be true. We lay down upon our floor to sleep. For my part I could not sleep. I heard the watch call "nine," "ten," "eleven," "twelve," "one," "two," "three," "four" o'clock; and then I began to listen for the footsteps of Old Ben, whom everybody in Libby Prison knew; he was the old negro who brought the papers to us. After awhile his footsteps were heard advancing. He reached the topmost steps; then, lifting up his voice, he shouted, "*Great news in de papers!*" Did you ever see a resurrection? I never did till then. The men sprang to their feet; they rushed to the poor fellow and tore the papers from him. They announced that the army of the Potomac had gained A GREAT VICTORY! [Cheers.] That the operator at the end of the line in Martinsburg had clicked his instrument once too many, putting a cipher on to *four thousand* to make it forty thousand prisoners. My friends, I have seen joy, when friends long parted have met, but I never saw such joy as was there that morning. The men grasped each other by the hand; they embraced each other; tears ran down their cheeks that had been unblanched in battle.

The audience will please join with me, every heart and every voice, in the chorus of the hymn, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Would to God that the five hundred voices that helped me to sing it on that day of gladness in Libby Prison, were here to help me sing it to-night! (Amen! amen! responded the audience.)

The Chaplain then sang the hymn with much sweetness and power, the whole audience, assisted by the splendid brass band, joining to swell the grand chorus. It was sung to the tune of the well known "John Brown chorus." The enthusiasm was aroused to an exalted pitch, so that few scenes like it have ever been witnessed in a public gathering. Applause greeted the ending of nearly every stanza, and in the last, before reaching the chorus, the pent-up enthusiasm could be restrained no longer, but burst forth in a torrent of exultant shouts and cheers that made the Hall ring to the roof. The following is a copy of the

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:  
His truth is marching on.

Chorus—Glory, glory, hallelujah!

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:

His day is marching on!  
Chorus—Glory, glory, hallelujah!

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:

"As ye deal with my contempters so with you my grace shall deal;  
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel."  
Since God is marching on."

Chorus—Glory, glory, hallelujah!

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on!  
Chorus—Glory, glory, hallelujah!

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,

While God is marching on!  
Chorus—Glory, glory, hallelujah!

After a statement of the sufferings of our prisoners of war in Libby Prison, by Col. POWELL, who had also just returned from there, the Chair announced, at the request of President LINCOLN, "that Chaplain McCABE would again favor the audience with the hymn," and he complied and prefaced the song by the remark that when in Libby he had received a message for the President. The men there, tattered and torn, and nearly exhausted, said to him, "Chaplain, if you should see Father ABRAHAM, TELL HIM NOT TO BACK DOWN AN INCH FOR US!" [Loud cheering.] "And, Mr. President, pardon a humble citizen of this Republic, but I bear you that message now, in this great Capitol to-night, and may God help you!" [Amen from the audience.]

The "Battle Hymn" was again sung with almost the fervor of the first rendering. The audience joined in singing one verse of the "Coronation Hymn," and at half past eleven o'clock was dismissed with the benediction by the Rev. Dr. PHELPS.

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

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR JANUARY, 1864, FROM THE 17TH, THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE THIRD OFFICIAL YEAR.

CASH RECEIPTS.

By Balance in bank, Jan. 17th, .....	\$2,007 02
" Membership fees, .....	6 50
" Cash donations and monthly subscriptions, ..	30 00
" Bazaar receipts, .....	18 07
Total receipts, .....	\$2,061 59

CASH DISBURSEMENTS.

To Materials for hospital supplies, .....	\$ 0 00
" Expressage, freight and cartage, .....	2 75
" Printing, .....	0 00
" Stationery and postage, .....	1 95
" Services and incidental expenses, .....	7 25
" Bazaar expenses, .....	10 25
Total disbursements, .....	\$ 22 20

Balance on hand, February 1st, .....

\$2,039 39

LIST OF CASH DONATIONS AND MONTHLY SUBSCRIPTIONS.

AID SOCIETIES.

West Henrietta, \$11 00.

INDIVIDUALS.

Mrs. Bostwick, \$3; Mrs. Frazar, subscription for February, March and April, \$3; Mrs. Fitch, Carlisle, \$2; A Friend, \$2; J. F. & J. D. Schuyler, Lockport, \$9.

DONATIONS OF HOSPITAL STORES.

AID SOCIETIES.

Avon, District No. 6, 11 cotton shirts, 14 pairs woolen socks, 2 pairs mittens, 18 pillows and 15 quilts.  
Henrietta, West, District. No. 9, 1 flannel shirt, 1 pair flannel drawers, 4 pairs socks and old pieces.  
Macedon, 5 cotton shirts, 2 pairs cotton drawers, 1 pair woolen socks 3 sheets, 7 quilts, 1 blanket, 9 pillows 3 bed ticks, 13 napkins, 2 towels, 2 packages dried apples and 2 packages dried cherries.

Ogden, 5 kegs pickles.  
Second Ward, Rochester, 12 flannel shirts, 6 pairs woolen socks, and 2 bottles tomato catsup.

INDIVIDUALS.

Mrs. J. W. Bissell, reading matter; A Friend, York, reading matter; Mrs. N. Hayward, 41 pounds dried apples and 1½ pounds dried peaches; Mrs. Piffard, 14 wrappers, 14 pairs cotton drawers, 13 pairs woolen socks, 12 pairs slippers, vest and pants; Soldier's Orphan, Clarkson, dried apples, cherries and reading matter.

REPORT FOR FEBRUARY.

CASH RECEIPTS.	
By Balance, February 1st, .....	\$2,039 39
" Membership fees, .....	1 00
" Cash donations and monthly subscriptions, ..	0 00
" Bazaar receipts, .....	13 10
" Sale of goods, .....	3 57
Total receipts, .....	\$2,057 06
CASH DISBURSEMENTS.	
To Materials for hospital supplies, .....	\$ 404 36
" Expressage, freight and cartage, .....	5 50
" Printing, Bazaar and Annual Reports, .....	135 00
" Stationery and postage, .....	3 05
" Services and incidental expenses, .....	42 13
" Bazaar expenses, .....	42 30
Total disbursements, .....	\$ 632 34
Balance on hand, March 1st, .....	\$1,424 72

DONATIONS OF HOSPITAL STORES.

AID SOCIETIES.

Avon, District No. 6, 9 shirts, 2 pairs socks, 15 handkerchiefs, 6 dressing gowns, 5 quilts, 6 pillows, 15 pin cushions, filled. Brighton, 20 pairs woolen socks.  
Brockport, 5 flannel shirts, 3 pairs flannel drawers, 14 cotton shirts, 8 pairs cotton drawers, 3 pairs socks, 4 napkins, 2 coats, 1 vest and bandages.  
Clyde, 8 flannel shirts, 4 cotton shirts, 12 pairs drawers, 3 pairs socks and 2 pairs mittens.

INDIVIDUALS.

Mrs. A. Boody, 12 bottles catsup, 6 cans jelly; Mrs. Templar, 1 comfort.  
Mrs. Geo. Gould, Treasurer.

Report of the Committee on Work.

FOR JANUARY, FROM THE 17TH.

Work prepared by the Committee during the month: 30 flannel shirts, 25 pairs flannel and cotton flannel drawers. Finished of the above and previous work; 1 flannel shirt, 14 pairs flannel and cotton flannel drawers, 4 pairs woolen socks.  
Unfinished of the above and previous work, 34 flannel shirts, 10 pairs flannel and cotton flannel drawers, 2 cotton shirts, 13 pairs cotton drawers and — pairs of socks from 33 skeins yarn.

FEBRUARY.

Amount of work prepared by the Committee, 63 flannel shirts, 6 cotton shirts, 76 pairs flannel and cotton flannel drawers, 12 flannel bands, and 40 towels.  
Finished of the above and previous work, 27 flannel shirts, 33 pairs flannel and cotton flannel drawers, 40 towels and 8 hop pillows.  
Unfinished of the above and previous work, 25 flannel shirts, 20 pairs flannel and cotton flannel drawers, — pairs socks from 26 skeins yarn, — flannel shirts and pairs drawers, from parts of two pieces of flannel.  
Mrs. T. D. KEMPTON, Chairman.

Report of the Committee on Packing and Forwarding.

FOR JANUARY, FROM THE 17TH.

The Committee have forwarded during the month 5 packages, numbering from 256 to 261 inclusive, to the Woman's Central Association of Relief, No. 10 Cooper Union, N. York.  
The aggregate contents of these packages were as follows— 2 flannel shirts, 15 pairs flannel and cotton flannel drawers, 16 cotton shirts, 14 pairs cotton drawers, 14 under shirts, 13 pairs woolen socks, 12 pairs slippers, 1 pair pants, 1 vest, 1 quilt, 4 blankets, 4 pillows, 22 bottles of wine, 18 jars and cans fruit, 1 can pickles, 2 large kegs pickles 10 small do. and dried fruit.

FEBRUARY.

The Committee have forwarded during the month 7 packages, numbering from 262 to 268 inclusive, as follows; No 267 to Jarvis Hospital, Baltimore, Md., and the remainder to the Woman's Central Association of Relief, New York.  
The aggregate contents of these packages were as follows: 131 flannel shirts, 121 pairs flannel and cotton flannel drawers, 47 cotton shirts, 6 pairs cotton drawers, 140 pairs woolen socks, 67 pairs mittens, 20 pairs slippers, 44 handkerchiefs and napkins, 6 towels, 1 dressing gown, 2 neckties, 36 quilts, 8 blankets, 55 pillows, 23 pillow cases, 6 pin cushions, 3 bed ticks, bandages, reading matter, 10 bottles whiskey, 12 bottles catsup, 4 bottles sundries, 6 cans fruit, dried fruit and corn starch.  
Mrs. L. O SMITH, Chairman.

Army Correspondence.

WARRENTON JUNCTION, Va.,  
February 22, 1864. }

DEAR AID:—It is a long time since I have written you a letter from the army, but having got fairly into the lines once more, and having a little spare time, I thought it would be very fitting on this, the anniversary of the birth of the Father of his Country, GEORGE WASHINGTON, to write you a short letter. It is the day which should of all others gladden our hearts, that so great and good a man was born, destined to lay the foundation not only, but to raise high among the nations of earth the greatest and most glorious Government ever established since Governments first had existence.

But what a contrast our country presents to-day, with its condition during the latter days of the earthly career of WASHINGTON! Then it was comparatively small; it was but in infancy, with its strength not yet fully developed. The experiment of Free Government on this Continent, had not been tested extensively.

But to-day its boundaries extend to the Oceans and Lakes on every side. It is vast in extent, powerful in resources, and eighty-eight years have pretty thoroughly developed its giant strength. What greater proof of its greatness can we have than the facts which have been presented to the world during the progress of the rebellion which has threatened to destroy us for the past three years. The fact alone that a million and a half of men have voluntarily gone forth to peril their lives, their all, in its defence, is sufficient to satisfy the most incredulous of its worth. Its resources have also been so fully developed, that we need depend on neither friend or foe for the material of war. The material for, and the men to prepare, for all purposes by land and sea, are found within our borders.

I have written already more than I intended when I commenced, and yet have said nothing concerning the Regiment, which, perhaps of all others the good people of Rochester are most interested in, because it is more specifically a Rochester regiment. I refer to the 140th. Their life and position this winter are very different from what they were last winter. Then it was one of quiet and rest, with comparatively poor quarters to live in; the monotony of camp life broken only a few times during winter, by picket duty. This winter the regiment has a very pleasant location, a pretty camp and good houses, that is, good tight log huts, whose windows are the canvass roofs which cover them. There is a continual routine of duty to perform, consisting of guarding the railroad in this vicinity and doing picket duty to keep out Mr. MOSEBY, or any other man of his stripe. This place is quite a village, the places of business either built with rough boards, or are tents, and various branches of business being carried on here. Here are Bakers, Barbers, Stationers, Sutlers' Eating Houses, &c., but above all, (and I will promise to close my article with this,) is the Christian Commission Agency. They have erected a large tent here for a Church and hold meetings regularly every day; twice on the Sabbath, and every evening during the week. There are three agents here, good working men in the cause they represent, two of them are preachers of the Gospel, and one distributes reading matter among the soldiers; religious papers, hymn books, Testaments, and such reading is much sought after by the men. The meetings are well attended, and a good work is being wrought. A large interest in the cause of religion is manifested in this brigade, and many here, as well as all around us, are being awakened to a sense of their sinful condition, and are seeking the blessings of a hope in Christ.

A great work is going on all through the army, and hundreds of brave men are being hopefully converted to God, through the agency of the Commission. May God bless their efforts with great success in laboring with us here, and that Warrenton Junction may be the place where many a soldier of this Brigade shall become a soldier of the Cross of Christ, is the earnest prayer of your unworthy correspondent.  
POTOMAC.

There never probably was a great war in which corruption did not abound. The following is from one of the orations of Demosthenes before the Athenians:—"Behold the despicable creatures, raised all at once from dirt to opulence, from the lowest obscurity to the highest honors. Have not some of these upstarts built private houses and seats, vying with the most sumptuous of our public palaces? And how have their fortunes and their power increased, but as the Commonwealth has been ruined and impoverished."

A man near Cleveland, Ohio, applied for exemption from the draft because an old mother needed his cherishing care. To show how much feeling this affectionate son has for his old mother, the neighbors say he has had her coffin in the house for over two years. He came to town with a load of wood one day, and being unable to sell it, he contrived to trade it off with an undertaker for a coffin, his mother being old might die suddenly, and then, as Mrs. Toodies says, "how handy it would be to have in the house." Being of a frugal as well as an ingenious turn of mind, he put the coffin in the cellar to keep turnips, against such time as the old lady might drop off.

It was in the third year of the American Revolution that Washington was compelled, in bitterness of soul, to declare that "speculation, speculation, and the insatiable thirst for riches, seem to have got the better of every other consideration, and almost every order of men."

General Rosecrans, being very careful of his soldiers, allows only the following articles to be sold by the sutlers to his army: Saur kraut, ripe fruit, can fresh vegetables, can fresh fruits, lager beer, ale, seidlitz powders, congress water, citrate of magnesia, citric acid, bi-carbonate of soda, tartaric acid, cream of tartar. Candies, pies, and other pastries are prohibited.

"How are you, my Anglo-Neutralico-Britannical friend?" was the inquiry addressed to a gentleman recently, in the streets of Boston. "Very well, sir, but d—n your *hadjectives!*" was the reply.

A lady some months ago came to Cairo with the corpse of her husband, intending to take it to his old home in the interior of the State, and actually forgot it. She telegraphed back to have it forwarded.

It is not true, as a general thing, that a wounded man groans loudly, or utters any cries on the battle-field; he either limps off or is carried to the rear, or he lies down with his hurt quiet and still.—Capt. Noyes.

The Rev. John Gilbert, of Clay Co., Ky., propounds a theory about the duration of the war. Corn blades had seven points to them during the Revolutionary war, which lasted seven years; this year many of them have but three points, and the war therefore is to last three years. 'Tis a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

The wit deservedly won his bet who, in a company when every one was bragging of his tall relations, wagered that he himself had a brother twelve feet high. He had, he said, "two half-brothers, each measuring six feet."

Albert Gunn was recently discharged for false entries in the Quartermaster's Department at Washington. His dismissal reads thus: "A. Gunn discharged for making a false report."

The neatest conundrum, we believe, is as follows: "Why is i the happiest of the vowels?" The answer is: "Because i is in the midst of bliss, e is in hell, and all the others are in purgatory."

There is frozen music in many a heart that the beams of encouragement would melt into glorious song.

## The Soldier's Aid.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 2, 1864.

### Report of the Christmas Bazaar.

The Committee, having in charge the publication of the above report, have most sincerely to regret the omission, in its columns, of many valuable donations. Among these are many claiming our grateful appreciation and acknowledgments, not only for their generosity, but for the self-sacrificing and enthusiastic effort bestowed upon them.

We feel that it is a matter of simple justice to such as have been thus omitted, as well as to ourselves, to make, first, such explanation of the circumstances connected with the preparation of the report as will exonerate us from any want of interest or care in the endeavor to insure accuracy; and second, such reparation as it may not be yet too late to offer.

In our explanation, we will speak first of the arrangements made before-hand for recording donations, and which seemed ample at the time, for securing full and correct lists. These included the assigning to certain Committees, of the receipt, record, and report, each of specific donations, as follows, viz.: 1st. To the Chairmen of the several Booths, of all such as were sent specially to those booths; 2d. To a Committee on "Soliciting Edibles," of all edibles sent into the Rooms of the Association, No. 23 Exchange Place,—the place specified for receiving them,—each lady of the committee receiving and recording, on a specified day, what she had herself solicited, and whatever else was sent in on the same day. 3d. To a Committee on "Receiving and Marking General Donations," of all such as were sent to the above rooms, without being designated to any particular Department; and 4th. To a gentleman in charge of Exchange Street Depot, of all articles sent there.

Beside the efforts of these Committees to furnish accurate records, very efficient aid was rendered the Committees at the Rooms of the Association, under the unexpected pressure of their duties during the Bazaar week, by a lady who cheerfully undertook the task of being present for this purpose during the business hours, for that time, and only resigned her task, when compelled to do so, late in the week, by illness.

The records of these different Recording Committees were carefully collected by the Publishing Committee, and transcribed and arranged alphabetically, under their appropriate heads, by competent individuals volunteering their services, and who devoted to the work an amount of time and labor that would seem incredible to any who have never undertaken a similar task.

Thus much for the arrangements adopted and care taken to make our record of donations a complete one, one that should do justice to the liberality of the donations committed to our charge, as well as to our own desire to testify our appreciation of them and our attempts to discharge faithfully our simple duty in reference thereto.

There were reasons, however, obvious to us before the publication of the Report, why, notwithstanding our best efforts, many items, which should have been embodied in it, we feared had been unfortunately lost. 1st. The Bazaar proved to be an enterprise of much larger proportions than was originally contemplated, and consequently the duties of the several Committees became unexpectedly onerous and complicated. For this reason, some inaccuracies are not improbable in the lists of a portion of

the Booth Committees, whose cares in preparing their Booths were very engrossing for weeks before, and during the Bazaar, also in other Committee records. 2d. Some omissions may have occurred in transcribing and printing the records, notwithstanding a careful revision. 3d. The principal cause of deficiencies in our columns, must, however, we think, be attributed to a forgetfulness or misunderstanding on the part of the donors, as to the place of receiving their contributions. This was, as above stated, except in the case of those to be sent to Exchange street—No. 23 Exchange Place. While the Committees were on duty here, prepared to make entries of donations, the latter were, in many cases, sent to Corinthian Hall, where there was no one whose special duty it was thus to attend to them.

In the Report of the Great North-western Fair, where a similar deficiency was apprehended, a request was inserted for lists of all omitted donations, with the names and addresses of donors, to be forwarded to the publishers, that they might be printed in the form of an Appendix to the Report.

Such an Appendix, we will, if furnished the necessary lists, gladly publish, even at this late day, either in the columns of the "Aid," or in a form suitable for attaching to the Report, in reparation for the involuntary injustice committed.

The delay in issuing the Report, owing to difficulties in procuring type, added to that in the return to the city afterward, of a part of the Publishing Committee, after several weeks' absence, many have rendered our request for the above lists, too late, in the estimation of the donors concerned, to meet with a general response. In this case, our only consolation must be, that while our experience comes too late for our own benefit, it may be of service to future Bazaar Committees in enabling them, by understanding more fully the difficulties to be met, to devise more complete and effective measures for surmounting them.

In a letter just received from a lady of the Woman's Central Association of Relief, New York, the following statement occurs concerning the work of the Sanitary Commission in connection with the late battle of Olustee, in Florida.

"I have before me a long letter from one of the Sanitary agents, who was at the front during the late disastrous battle in Florida. 'There was not ten dollars' worth of any thing but medicines, in the way of hospital belongings, to be had of the Medical Department, and the U. S. Sanitary Commission had the honor of furnishing all the supplies that were used in taking care of our 700 men, besides transporting them back to Jacksonville.'"

THE WANTS OF OUR ARMY.—The following extract from a letter received by the Corresponding Secretary of the Hospital Relief Association, shows the great want of our soldiers at the present time:

"Can you not urge upon your people to send forward large supplies of pickles, onions, and vegetables? Such things are very important now. Potatoes should be washed, sliced, and hot spiced vinegar poured upon them." Will not our farmers and friends of the Association, prepare us quantities of this valuable and simple anti-scorbutic? Our soldiers should not suffer with scurvy while we have such simple remedies within our reach. The Association will forward immediately all such articles as shall be sent them.

BY ORDER OF ASSOCIATION.

California has contributed over \$500,000 to the Sanitary Commission the past year.

## Miscellaneous.

### "Only a Private!"

BY CARLYLL DEANE.

Continued.

A second shot, and one of the men fell from the boat into the water, and sank on the instant, mortally wounded.

"Contrabands!" cried Allen, forgetting his troubles for the moment, in the excitement of the chase.

The brothers had no arms but a revolver. It was hard to stand there, powerless to help, and watch the two men, who were straining every nerve for life and liberty. They were in a solitary place on the river shore, at some little distance from the town, which was hidden from them by a bend in the river. Both shouted loudly to encourage the fugitives, who were now drawing nearer, but again came the crack of the rifle. The white smoke curled over the water, and a second of the party fell into the bottom of the boat, either dead or wounded. His companion, either through grief or fright, seemed to lose all presence of mind. He let fall the oars to bend over the body, and the boat drifted with the current.

"Come on!" shouted Harry, "get out of their range."

But the boat was far from that side of the river where the stars and stripes were floating—and the poor little craft with its burden, was a conspicuous mark to the hidden enemy. Elated by their success however, they hid themselves no longer, but came out into full view on the shore—two men, rifle in hand. They stood still for a moment to reload, calling out meanwhile, with mocking oaths to the fugitive, who still bent over his companion, heedless of his own danger. The rifle cracked again, the ball dimpled the water just short of the drifting boat. The other man lifted his gun, his finger all but touched the trigger, but the shot was never fired. Suddenly round the bend came the gun-boat. Her officer had watched the chase, and made up his mind to come in thirdsman. He had been a firm pro-slavery man at home in the North, ready to denounce any one who objected to the Fugitive Slave Law, "as a fool and a fanatic;" but then, a real live man, hunted, shot at, striving before one's eyes for liberty and life, makes it all seem such a very different matter. Inconsistency is a bad thing no doubt, but consistency is sometimes much worse. The officer of the Joan of Arc flung his whole political creed to the winds in a moment.

"Give it 'em, men," said this gentleman.

The great gun lifted up its voice in an angry roar. The ball flew over the water, yelling vengeance. The two men turned to fly, too late; the aim had been true and their place should know them no more. The crew of the gun boat cheered vociferously. The sound seemed to rouse the man in the boat. He took up his oars and rowed slowly to shore. The two brothers met him at the landing place with kind words of welcome and outstretched hands. He did not seem to hear or heed, but knelt beside his companion, a mulatto boy, about nineteen, whose eyes

again—can only .

"Not they," said Allan.

Indeed certain persons professing to be loyal who had come from the other side of the river in search of their too locomotive property, had met with such very bad success, that the experiment was now seldom tried. They came in without trouble, but the difficulty was to get back again. If they were loyal, of course, they should have had no objection to taking the oath of allegiance; but, nevertheless, these gentlemen did object to that obligation with a surprising unanimity. If, disliking the consequences of a refusal, the gentlemen *did* take the oath, it is nevertheless a melancholy fact, that the colored person required, was not easily to be found. No particular obstacles were thrown in the way, but by some mysterious interposition of Providence, that particular Tom, Dick or Harry, would disappear, and so far as his master was concerned, would become

"Portion and parcel of the Past."

The mulatto boy was buried that evening. The Chaplain officiated at the funeral wearing his uniform, a circumstance which seemed in some degree to comfort the survivor. This man, who rejoiced in the name of Ajax, was a very clever fellow, skilled in all the mysteries of the kitchen. His talents soon gained him the approval of the officers belonging to Allan's mess, to which, by common consent he was appointed cook.

Poor Allan! Well was it for him that he had something to do. He threw himself into his work with all his might, and made a desperate effort to forget that he had ever cared for Eveline Hall. He drilled his men until they voted him a nuisance. He visited in the hospitals and did good work there to help those much abused officials the Chaplain and the Doctor, who contrived to get through a good deal of business in the course of a week, but as they made no parade, and did not find time to write touching letters to the papers, and went simply and quietly about their duty, they got little credit at home. While Doctor Markland was working himself into a fit of sickness, a terrible story was flying all over Mishawa, of how he had refused a poor sick soldier a glass of lemonade, and some dried fruit. The person who sent the story home, did not choose to mention that the soldier in question, was suffering from camp dysentery.

In the intervals of his work, Allan studied Hardee's Tactics with all his might, eager, as it seemed, only to wear himself out. Indeed, he was glad to feel utterly tired, so that when he lay down at night he might sleep—not lie awake and think. Harry noticed all these things, and they did not tend to increase his regard for the present Mrs. Calhoun Clerrand.

"If we could only have a time of active service," thought the elder brother, "he would overlive this trouble in the excitement." "Oh, if we could only get into active service," thought the younger, "a bullet might find me as well as another."

Meanwhile the guerrillas were committing outrages in all directions around the country. They made little discrimination between friend and foe. It is almost impossible to exaggerate their atrocities. Many things are endured and done by our fellow creatures in this world, the recital of which we find it difficult to bear. The men of the brigade grew exasperated beyond measure, and since a considerate and merciful government would not allow them to hang men taken in the very act of pillage and murder, it came to be generally understood that headquarters would not be irrevocably offended, if no prisoners were made.

One evening the brothers stood together before Allan's tent. Harry had volunteered on picket guard that night, and the hour was approaching for the relief to which he belonged.

"Going out to-night?" asked the younger.

"Yes, I volunteered, though it's not my turn."

"Harry, I'm afraid your getting savage. You don't seem to have much value for human life."

"Who sets the most value on human life? The man who destroys a pack of wolves, that have been killing and devouring right and left, or the man who lets them run loose over the country on their blood-thirsty errands, because he is too tender-hearted to hunt them out?"

"I've nothing to say against it—after what we heard yesterday I'm ready for any thing. Let's go and see Willy before you go—it's some time yet."

"Very well"—and they turned towards the hospital. Their visit was to a rebel prisoner who had been taken near Vicksburg, and sent down to Baton Rouge. He was a young Lieutenant, a fair, handsome boy of sixteen, who was in a state of perpetual surprise at the kindness and consideration he received from all about him. He had learned from his pastors and masters, to regard the inhabitants of the North as a set of semi-civilized gorillas. He had actually believed the assertions of Messrs. Davis and Company; he had looked upon Gen. Beauregard's famous proclamation about "beauty and booty," as a simple statement of facts, and had taken up arms accordingly. He had been made prisoner fighting to the last, with a gun-shot wound in his shoulder. He had made up his mind to bear death and torture, but had found himself petted and made much of by the emissaries of the blood-thirsty Lincoln, who admired his bravery and pitied his youth and his suffering. A Chaplain, finding that he had relations at Baton Rouge, had procured the order by which he was sent there to be taken care of, but when he arrived his friends had departed.

"I don't care so very much though," said Lieutenant Willy Lacy on the second day, "Aunt Maria, she's always talking at a fellow you know; I'd a deal rather stay here. I think you're real first rate kind of folks after all. Give a fellow some of that tea, Doctor. By Jupiter, that Sanitary Commission is some,"—with which remark he curled down in the Sanitary's sheets, and went to sleep like a kitten.

As the days went on various new ideas made their way to Master William Lacy's brain. He learned that the Northern canals and railroads were not all made with Federal money; that the States of New York and Massachusetts had not placed a prohibitory duty on all goods imported from Southern markets; that the men who elected Mr. Lincoln had never professed their intention of marching South—sabre in hand, to exterminate all the white inhabitants, man, woman and child; and that the ladies of New Orleans, instead of having been subjected to every conceivable and inconceivable indignity, had merely been obliged to behave themselves properly in the street. He had been badly hurt and his wound was slow to heal. The brothers had grown very fond of him, attracted both by his youth and winning manners, and by their own kindness to him.

"Well, Willy, how are you to-night?" asked Allan.

Every one called Lieutenant Lacy, "Willy."

"Oh, I'm getting along first rate; I had something real good for dinner to-day. Let me sit up awhile, won't you?" Harry raised him on his arms, and sat behind him, supporting him.

"Do you know," said the boy after a little pause, "I think our folks, Davis, and Toombs, and the rest, must have told us a lot of lies."

He spoke as one who advances a novel idea. The brothers with difficulty suppressed a smile.

"Well, you see there was a lady here to-day from the town. She gave me a lot of things, you know—because it was our side—but I could not stand that, with other folks lying sick about me, and I gave it

to the Doctor to distribute among the boys. She abused you like anything, but when I came to ask, I think you've treated the folks here better than our men did. Law!" added the Lieutenant, with the true Southern drawl on the words, "Our fellows would not put up with half yours have done. Why, we had it up our way, that there was not one stone left on another here, and that you'd been going on—Oh, gracious!"

"Indeed!" said Allan, somewhat amused.

"Do you know, the more I think about it, the more I think there must be some reason on your side."

"Do you, really?" said Harry.

"Well, yes—Would not Aunt Maria be down on me if she heard that! She goes in for Slavery being a Bible institution, hammer and tongs. But then a fellow must go with his State, you know—I suppose if Michigan had seceded, you'd have done just so?"

"No, Willy, I don't think I should. It seems to me that one who attacks the Federal Government because his State does, is like a man who should see his brother abusing and ill-treating his mother, and should decline to interfere, or should take sides with him, because the assailing party is his brother."

"I never thought of it that way," said Master Willy, "but, I'll tell you what, I'd be one thing or another. Now we've got some connections, Clerrand their name is, and they ran away the first minute the fuss began, and are up North somewhere, now. We hear from them every little while—no one seems to molest them a bit—and, yet, Calhoun is just as much a secessionist as I am—and more too—and yet he keeps out of the scrape just because he thinks he'll save his property by it. Now, I think that's mean."

"So do I," said Allan, with considerable energy.

"You seem to have lots of such folks North. Why we won't tolerate a word on your side, in our lines."

"Oh, we are such blood-thirsty beings," said Harry, "most likely your friends have been scalped by this time."

"Now don't. You know I really did believe all that once. Why, I thought you'd half starve me, at the least. They said you put all your prisoners in irons—and made 'em work in the trenches under the lash—I wish Sis knew how well off I am. I expect she has half cried her eyes out by this time, thinking I am in all kinds of misery. I wish you knew Sis."

"I wish I did," said Allan. "Harry, isn't it almost your time?"

"Picket?" asked Lieutenant Lacy, as Private Camp laid him down again.

"Yes."

"Well, take care of yourself; I should be uncommon sorry to have you get shot. I should, indeed."

"And so should I," said Allan. So look out for yourself, old fellow."

"I'll be careful. Good night." And so the brothers parted.

*To be continued.*

From a Western Journal.

## REMEMBERED REVERIES—No. 1.

### LITTLE CHILDREN.

It is a sunny afternoon in May; there is a still gladness in the blue sky and on the green earth, and the occasional breath of the playing breeze, as it puffs my curtain inward, and fans, for an instant, my cheek, seems like the swoop of an angel's pinion.

There are voices in the yard, the voices of children very busy in their "playhouse," and their mingling tones wake an old tune in my heart. I move my seat and my work to the window from whence I can steal an occasional glance at their happy faces, with-

out materially interrupting my needle. See them— one is washing bits of crockery for their shelves; another is pasting newspaper pictures on the board fence which forms the back wall of their house, and is so impatient because they will dry and fall off; and another, a very little boy, is helping with all his might, much to the annoyance of the little girls whose arrangements he is constantly disturbing.

Sunny hours—blessed little ones! I resume my needle, my heart dancing to the music of their voices, and my thoughts gliding swiftly adown the long shadowy vista of years, to where stood a white low-roofed cottage, with roses and lilacs and tall Balm of Gilead trees in the front yard, while, at either end stretched velvet lawns. That at the west end of the house was enclosed by a white paling, and devoted to clothes-drying, where, after much tribulation, on those terrible Mondays, long lines of them were hung to flap in the wind; that at the East end was unencumbered and stretched from the door stone, around barn and garden fence, up to the steps of the village church which stood on a little eminence, a few rods distant.

Not more than eighteen months of my life, and that just previous to my fifth year, were spent in this house, yet the period seems longer and fuller than any twenty succeeding years.

All children observe closely and think deeply and curiously, having a logic of their own, but few adults remember the thoughts, feelings and deductions of these years. Some do however, and I am one of the number.

Whether my vivid recollection of the past is owing simply to a good memory, or whether to an unusual degree of susceptibility at the time, I know not, but this building, and all connected with it, are as distinct to my mind's eye, as though but a year had passed since we lived there. The picture of our play-room is before me now, with its low windows looking out upon the unenclosed lawn and street; and at the gable-end, a high window, far above the reach of us little ones, at which a tall elm looked in, and bowed and bowed, as if it had something to say, and when the wind blew, tapped against the panes, and I thought it wanted me to go out and ride on its boughs, or sail away on the wind, like the down on the thistle, as I had sometimes done in my dreams.

And there is the door-stone where I have sat so many, many times to watch the rising moon, believing it to be the face of my dead mamma, and the glistening stars that were to me the eyes of the angels who were her companions in Heaven. If I had been "naughty," I did not dare look up until I had mentally assured mamma that "I would be a good girl," for they were all gazing straight at me. But if I was unconscious of fault, I felt a sense of protection as though the Heavenly host were out for my especial benefit. It seemed to me too, that I had been there, where my mamma and the angels were, and sometimes I dimly remembered places and scenes in that spirit world. Again, I would feel that they were speaking to me, only I could not quite hear what they said.

Associated with these memories is the religious faith of those days. God was a terrible giant, enthroned on heavy black clouds up in the north-west corner of the Heavens, and "was angry with the wicked," (of whom I was one) "every day." Jesus Christ was a very dear friend of my mamma's who loved little children and who took them in His arms as papa took us every evening when he returned from his circuit among the sick.

I loved Jesus Christ and knew that He would protect me from the anger of the terrible God. Of course all this theory had been deduced from what had been told me, and I supposed every body believed as I did.

I well remember when some one, I think it was the house-keeper, laughed at me for thinking the moon was my mother's face, and said, "it was no such thing." I was very indignant—"I should ask papa;" nothing doubting that his reply would contain an entire refutation of such heresy. And what did papa say? Why, very gently and kindly he told how my mamma was buried up in the ground and that her spirit was indeed in Heaven, but that I should never see her again until I should die and go to Heaven too. I did not understand much of what he said, but knew that the moon was all a deceit and was not mamma.

I slipped down from my father's knee and went out to the door-stone—but I could not look up, for the moon seemed cold and stern, and the angel eyes were only blinking stars. I covered my face with my apron and wept. Oh, how bitterly! I had lost my mother anew and the world was dark and homeless. Oh! very sad it is,

To sum up all that makes young life a joy,  
Support, affection, tender guidance, all  
Into that one word, *mother*, and then to see it  
Blotted out.

With this faith went also my belief in Jesus Christ, leaving no inducement to be good but fear, and then began to fall about me, more and more closely, the folds of that thick veil that shuts the spirit in, making it blind and deaf to the beauty and harmony of nature, intercepting the life-giving radiance of Infinite Love, and separating me from the sympathy of human hearts. A lonely, bitter and sullen childhood.

And I love little children. In the street I turn to look after them as they pass, feeling that they are yet fresh from the home of the angels. One stands at my side; I press the young head close to my heart, and it does me good like a medicine.

Mother, with thy babe upon thy breast, when its still deep eye is upturned to meet thine own, dost thou not feel the presence of a spirit guest? And when its little head is laid against thy cheek, art not thou too, enveloped in the "trailing clouds of glory" from its spirit home? Oh, mother! it is yours to keep undimmed the Heaven light of that eye—it is for you to watch and pray, lest that thick veil be let down between the young spirit and the angel eyes, and with unswerving tread gently to lead it up the dusty, weary road of life, back to the Heavenly gates.

The shadows of evening have closed about me, the children have gone in from their play and the glistening stars and crescent moon are bright above. The evening lights are gleaming from windows near and far, telling of busy human life that still pursues its toil, even when day is done.

My needle has long since dropped—my heart has gathered manna from the reverie, and in gratitude exclaims, "God bless little children!" M. H.

**CANTEEN**—The word "canteen" has had a curious history. It is perhaps the only word in our language which, originally English, passed into a foreign tongue, and was afterwards taken back in a modified form. As originally spoken by the Saxon, it was simply *tin can*, but the Gaul, as is his wont, placing the noun before the adjective, and pronouncing the letter *i* as *e*, brought it out as *can tin*, pronounced *canteen*. Adopting a thousand other French military terms, the dull Englishman took back his own original word in a new shape, without any inquiries on the subject, and hence we now say canteen instead of tin can.

The following marriage notice appeared in the Winsted (Conn.) Herald: "Married, at the Methodist church in this village, on Tuesday evening last, after a painfully protracted prayer by the Rev. F. A. Spencer, of Terryville, Capt. Charles L. Hosford, to Miss Hattie I. Pierce, both of this place."

### The Branded Hand.

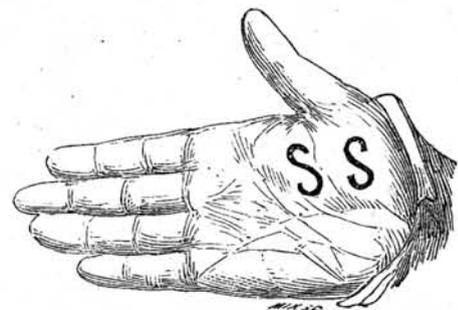
The following poem by J. G. WHITTIER, we do not recollect seeing in any of the printed collections of his poetry. It was published some eighteen or twenty years ago in "*The Anti-Slavery Standard*." Its language is prophetic, and we who live in the day of its fulfillment, will read it with interest.

Captain JONATHAN WALKER a native of Gloucester, (we think,) Mass., who, while on a visit to Charleston, S. C., secreted on board his vessel an intelligent slave who, being tired of the pleasures and blessings of the *Peculiar Institution* under which he was born, sought the Captain's protection and assistance in fleeing from his house of bondage. He was discovered on board his vessel, the Captain arrested, and the letters "S. S." (Slave Stealer,) burned into the living flesh of his right hand by an OFFICER of the UNITED STATES.

Well might the immortal poet make it read,

SALVATION TO THE SLAVE.

The engraving is after a daguerreotype in the possession of Dr. BOWDITCH.



THE BRANDED HAND.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Welcome home again, brave seaman! with thy thoughtful brow and gray,  
And the old heroic spirit of our earlier, better day—  
With that front of calm endurance, on whose steady nerve, in vain,  
Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the fiery shafts of pain!

Is the tyrant's brand upon thee? Did the brutal cravens aim  
To make God's truth thy falsehood, His holiest work thy shame?  
When all blood-quenched, from the torture the iron was withdrawn,  
How laughed their evil angel the baffled fools to scorn!

They change to wrong, the duty which God hath written out  
On the great heart of humanity too legible for doubt!  
They, the loathsome moral lepers, blotched from foot-sole up to crown,  
Give to shame what God hath given unto honor and renown!

Why, that brand is highest honor!—than its traces never yet  
Upon old armorial hatchments was a prouder blazon set;  
And thy unborn generations as they crowd our rocky strand,  
Shall tell with pride the story of their father's BRANDED HAND!

As the templar home was welcomed, bearing back from Syrian wars  
The scar of Arab lances, and of Paynim scimitars,  
The pallor of the prison and the shackle's crimson span,  
So we meet thee, so we greet thee, truest friend of God and man!

He suffered for the ransom of the dear Redeemer's grave,  
Thou for His living presence in the bound and bleeding slave;  
He for a soil no longer by the feet of angels trod,  
Thou for the true Shechinah, the present home of God!

For while the jurist sitting with the slave-whip o'er  
him swung,  
From the tortured truths of freedom the lie of slavery  
wrung,  
And the solemn priest to Molock, on each God-de-  
serted shrine,  
Broke the bondman's heart for bread, poured the  
bondman's blood for wine—

While the multitude in blindness to a far-off Saviour  
knelt,  
And spurned, the while, the temple where a present  
Saviour dwelt;  
Thou beheld'st Him in the task-field, in the prison  
shadow dim,  
And thy mercy to the bondman, it was mercy unto  
Him!

In thy lone and long night watches, sky above and  
wave below,  
Thou did'st learn a higher wisdom than the babbling  
schoolmen know;  
God's stars and silence taught thee as His angels  
only can,  
That, the one, sole sacred thing beneath the cope of  
heaven is man!

That, he who treads profanely on the scrolls of law  
and creed, [in his need;  
In the depth of God's great goodness may find mercy  
But woe to him who crushes the SOUL with chain  
and rod,  
And herds with lower natures the awful form of God!

Then lift that manly right hand, bold ploughman of  
the wave! [SLAVE!"  
Its branded palm shall prophecy "SALVATION TO THE  
Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whose reads  
may feel [to steel.  
His heart swell strong within him, his sinews change

Hold it up before our sunshine, up against our  
northern air— [look there!  
Ho! men of Massachusetts, for the love of God  
Take it henceforth for your standard—like the  
Bruce's heart of yore, [seen before!  
In the dark strife closing round ye, let that hand be

And the tyrants of the slave land shall tremble at  
that sign, [Puritan line:  
When it points its finger Southward along the  
Woe to the State's gorged leeches, and Church's  
locust band, [coming of that hand!  
When they look from Slavery's ramparts on the

**WESTERN RHETORIC.**—A mule was drowned while  
the Army of Gen. Rosecrans was crossing the Ten-  
nessee river. His last moments are thus graphically  
described by a correspondent of a western paper:  
"Notwithstanding his almost human agony  
and desperate exertions to save himself, he finally  
yielded up his breath in one great asinine sigh that  
floated to the surface in a frail bubble."

In Lady Morgan's memoirs a story is told of  
a gentlemen who was denouncing a certain Bishop,  
and concluded a violent philippic by declaring that  
he was so heretical in church observances that he  
would "eat a horse on Ash-Wednesday!" "Of  
course he would," said a friend of the Bishop—"of  
course he would, if it was a fast horse!"

The general supposition that the war in  
which we are now engaged is the bloodiest which  
has been waged in modern times, is in fact erro-  
neous. It appears from the best historical evidence,  
that of one million, two hundred thousand men en-  
rolled in the armies of France in 1813, only one  
hundred thousand were alive in 1814; and that the  
loss of the Allied Powers in the wars with Napoleon,  
was, according to the London Times, not less than  
"ten millions of men in the prime of life." France  
in the same period lost about six millions. We  
have not yet approached the Old World in whole-  
sale bloodshed.

The Lewistown Journal records the remark-  
able case of a young man volunteering to go as a  
substitute for a friend who had been drafted, because  
that friend ought not to leave his family, and the  
young man felt that he owed personal service to his  
country. Having accumulated \$1,500, he made a  
will devising, in case he should not return, \$700 to  
the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, and \$300 to the  
American Bible Society, the rest to be divided  
among his brothers. Having thus arranged his  
private affairs, the heroic youth left for the field of  
battle.

A new tenor is engaged to appear in Phila-  
delphia, with the promising name of Holler.

**Epitaphs.**

The following epitaphs are copied by a recent  
traveler from headstones in Scotch and English  
church-yards:

In Biddleford church-yard, Devonshire.

"The wedding day appointed was,  
And wedding clothes provided;  
But ere that day did come, alas!  
He sickened, and he die-did."

In Banbury church-yard, Oxfordshire.

"Here do lye our dear boy,  
Whom God hath taken from we,  
And we do hope that us shall go to he,  
For he can never come back again to we."

In Montrose church-yard, Forfarshire.

"Here lyes the bodys of George Young and  
Abel Guthrie and all their posterity for fifty years  
backward."

In Grantham church-yard.

"John Pattyman, which lieth here,  
Was aged 94 year;  
And near this place his mother lies,  
Also his Father, when he dies."

In Floddam church-yard.

"To the memory of Mary Clow,  
A virtuous wife and loving mother,  
And one esteemed by all that knew her.  
But, to be short, to her praise be it spoken, she  
was the woman that Solomon speaks of in the xxxi  
chapter of the Book of Proverbs, from the 10th verse  
to the last."

In Montgomeryshire.

"By an affectionate wife on her husband.

"Oh cruel death! how could you be so unkind  
As to take him before, and leave me behind;  
You should have taken both of us, if either,  
Which would have been more agreeable to the  
survivor."

In a Scotch church-yard.

"Who lies here?" "I, Johnny Dow."  
"Oh! Johnny, is that you?" "Aye, but I'm dead  
now."

**A "SWAMP ANGEL" INCIDENT.**—The "Swamp An-  
gel" is the gun which has had the pleasure of shell-  
ing Charleston. Why it has such a celestial appella-  
tion as "angel" I am at a loss to conceive; but  
"swamp" is right, and to the point, since the bat-  
tery which it graces was bnilt in a swamp which a  
Northern farmer would view with a horror doubly  
horrible.

Col. Serrill, of the New York Engineers, had the  
charge of its construction, and being of an energetic  
constitution himself, and not afraid to enter swamps,  
you can imagine his surprise when one of his lieuten-  
ants, whom he had ordered to take twenty men  
and enter this swamp, said that "he could not do it  
—the mud was too deep." Col. Serrill ordered him  
to try. He did so, and the lieutenant returned  
with his men covered with mud, and said:

"Colonel, the mud is over my men's heads; I  
can't do it."

The Colonel insisted, and told the lieutenant to  
make a requisition for anything that was necessary  
for the safe passage of the swamp. The lieutenant  
made his requisition in writing, and on the spot. It  
was as follows: "I want twenty men, eighteen feet  
long, to cross a swamp fifteen feet deep."

The joke was a good one. It secured, however,  
not a cubit to the stature of the lieutenant, but  
rather his arrest for disrespect to his superior. The  
battery, however, was built with the aid of wheel-  
barrows and sand. Like Jonah's gourd, it sprang  
up in a night.

**SCRIPTURAL CAUSE FOR EXEMPTION.**—We see it  
dated that in the old times in New England, a cer-  
tain Judge Nathaniel Byfield, offered a petition for  
exemption in the Indian war then waging, on the  
Biblical ground that he had taken a new wife, and  
therefore should be free, as Moses ordained, to re-  
main at home one year. But the sagacious Puritans  
took no action on his petition; for if they granted  
it, they feared all the young men liable to a draft  
would get married, and if they denied it, it would  
be, they considered, a denial of the authority of the  
Bible. So Nathaniel had to go to the war, in spite  
of Moses—as the newly married men under thirty-  
five have to do at the present day.

**Advertisements.**

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**

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

A column contains eleven squares.

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

**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.

**G. W. DYAR,  
DEALER IN  
MIRRORS & FRAMES,**

Of all Descriptions,  
**ORNAMENTAL & SUBSTANTIAL.**

Let the lovers of the Beautiful be sure to call at

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

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

**NEW GOODS  
AT  
OLD PRICES!**

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

**EARLY FALL TRADE,**

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

**RICH DRESS SILKS,** in every variety.

**FRENCH MERINOS,** new colors.

**FRENCH REPS,** new colors.

**POIL DE VENICE,** new styles.

**BLACK ALPACAS,** superior styles.

**COLORÉD ALPACAS,** new shades.

**IRISH POPLINS,** beautiful shades.

**FRENCH POPLINS,** beautiful shades.

And many other new and beautiful styles of cheaper **DRESS  
GOODS.**

**MOURNING GOODS in Great Variety.**

The most approved patterns of

**CLOAKS,**

for Fall, Now on EXHIBITION. Cloaks and Saques 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 fa-  
cilities for doing a large business enable us to supply all de-  
mands at prices at least twenty per cent. less than any other  
House in Western New York.

Burke, Fitzsimons, Hone & Co.

No. 53 MAIN ST.

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

**LOW AND MEDIUM-PRICED  
DRESS GOODS.**

We are offering a handsome lot of  
**European Dress Goods,**  
at 2s. and 2s. 6d. per yard.

We are also placing on sale a  
**BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT,**  
which we sell for  
3s., 3s. 6d. and 4s. per yard.

These goods, as regards  
**Beauty and Durability,**  
Are very seldom equalled.

We have also opened a  
**COMPLETE STOCK OF  
OTTOMANS and  
EMPRESS CLOTHS,**  
Containing a variety of Desirable Shades.

These Goods are of recent importation, and have a very beautiful and durable finish. In goods of this class, we feel confident we can please those wishing a dress from 8s. to 12s. per yard.  
Our variety of Dress Goods was never better.

**HUBBARD & NORTHROP,**  
69 and 71 Main Street.  
aug4-ly

**CANDIES AT WHOLESALE  
B. O'BRIEN, Agt.  
Manufacturer & Wholesale Dealer in Every Variety of  
CONFECTIONERY.**

A LARGE Supply of GUM DROPS, LADIES' CREAMS, BON BONS and FANCY CANDIES, always on hand.  
No. 11 MAIN STREET BRIDGE, - - ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
Particular attention paid to Orders. Oct. 11.

**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,  
dec2 58 State-st, corner Market-st., Rochester.

**100 PIECES RICH AND ELEGANT PLAIDS,**  
of every desirable color, from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per yard. We have, without exception, the most superb stock of these Goods to be found in any Dry Goods Store in the State.  
dec2 CASE & MANN, State Street.

**LOTS OF NEW GOODS—Just received**  
dec2 CASE & MANN.

**GREEN REPS—Received.**  
dec2 CASE & MANN.

**FRENCH MERINOES—Worth \$2 per yard; very fine,**  
extra width, and beautiful colors. Also, all colors in lower price, down to the cheapest.  
dec2 CASE & MANN.

**THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STOCK OF GOODS**  
now in our Lace Department of any season.  
dec2 CASE & MANN.

**WIDE BLACK SILK VELVET—Superfine quality,**  
just received.  
dec2 CASE & MANN.

**THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE  
D. LEARY'S  
STEAM FANCY  
DYEING AND CLEANSING  
ESTABLISHMENT,**

TWO HUNDRED YARDS NORTH OF THE NEW YORK  
CENTRAL RAILROAD DEPOT,  
**On Mill st. Cor. of Platt st.**  
(BROWN'S RACE,) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Reputation of this Dye House since 1823 has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks, business cards, and even the cut of our building, to mislead and humbug the public.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS CLEANSED OR COLORED,  
Without ripping, and pressed nicely.

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

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

GOODS RECEIVED AND RETURNED BY EXPRESS.  
Bills collected by the Express Company.

Address, D. LEARY,  
Mill street, corner of Platt street,  
Rochester, N. Y.  
jy8yl

**NOW IS YOUR CHANCE.**

*For Fifteen Days Only!*

**BARGAINS!**

**DRY GOODS,**

FROM  
**AUCTION!**

AT  
**PARDRIDGE & CO.'S**

8 Main St. Bridge,

**ROCHESTER,**

Which they are now offering  
**At Nearly Half their Value!**

**Don't Fail to Give Them an Early Call.**

Aug. 4-11.

**SLENDID STOCK OF SHAWLS—At**  
dec2 CASE & MANN'S.

**SUPERIOR STOCK OF CLOAKINGS—At**  
dec2 CASE & MANN'S.

**E. B. BOOTH,**

DEALER IN  
**Silverware, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Etc. Etc.**  
WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY REPAIRED.  
SILVER SPOONS MADE TO ORDER,  
At No. 5 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.  
aug 4-6m.

**MEAT MARKET.  
LAW & HORTON,**

At No. 130 Buffalo Street,  
Have a well arranged Meat Market which is always liberally supplied with everything necessary to meet the public want. This market is  
CENTRALLY LOCATED,  
And is well worthy the liberal patronage that it is receiving all Meats delivered, free of charge. jy8-ly

**FALL TRADE COMMENCED.**

Prices Lower than for the past Two Seasons.  
**STYLES NEW, RICH AND ATTRACTIVE.**  
**Stock Large, Varied and Desirable.**

**NEW GOODS RECEIVED DAILY,**

FROM MANUFACTORIES, IMPORTERS & AUCTION SALES.  
Having completed our business arrangements for the Fall and Winter, we are and shall be in receipt of all the most desirable styles and fabrics direct from first hands, and shall be placing before our trade the richest and most desirable stock of **FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS,** to be found in this city, and at prices from 10 to 40 per cent below those of the past two seasons, and from a stock decidedly richer, more varied, and larger than we have ever had the pleasure of exhibiting to our customers. We are determined that every purchase shall be a bargain to the purchaser.—That every article sold shall be as 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 50 hoops  
Sept. 2.

**Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, etc.**

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

He refers to the fact that for several years he has bestowed his undivided attention in procuring Bounty 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 4th, 1861, in the military or naval service of the United States, in the line of duty.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Applications may now be made at my Office for Back Pay for Soldiers, or in case of their death, for their Heirs.

Applications by letter, or otherwise, will be promptly attended to.  
ALFRED G. MUDGE,  
Rochester, August 11, 1862.—jy8yl No. 2 Court House.

**SOLDIERS' CLAIMS, PAY,  
BOUNTY, PRIZE MONEY!**

And all Claims growing out of the War, collected on reasonable terms, and with no unnecessary delay, at the ARMY INFORMATION AND LICENSE CLAIM AGENCY OF GEO. C. TEALL, (formerly with A.G. Mudge.) Office, No. 6 EAGLE HOTEL BLOCK, corner Buffalo and State Streets.

Having devoted my entire attention to the business from the beginning of the War, I offer my services to the public, confident that my success, and my facilities for prosecuting claims, are equal to those of any man in the State.

**THE LAWS PROVIDE FOR THE PAYMENT OF**

**\$100 BOUNTY** to the HEIRS of SOLDIERS who die in service, to be paid in the following order: 1st, to the Widow; 2d, Child; 3d, Father; 4th, Mother; 5th, Brothers and Sisters. The first in order surviving (resident of the United States) being entitled.

**\$100 BOUNTY** to Soldiers discharged on expiration of two years' service, or on account of WOUNDS RECEIVED IN BATTLE.

**PENSION** to DISABLED SOLDIERS, and to WIDOWS, MOTHERS, (dependent on the son for support,) ORPHAN CHILDREN and ORPHAN SISTERS (under 16 years old.)

**PAY** to OFFICERS "ON LEAVE," and to DISCHARGED Soldiers. **PRIZE MONEY** to OFFICERS and MEN capturing prizes.

**RATIONS** to MEN on FURLOUGH and PRISONERS OF WAR. **ALL MILITARY CLAIMS** collected at this Agency.

**MONEY ADVANCED** on Final Statements, Pension Certificates and Bounty Certificates.

INFORMATION concerning Soldiers in the Army, &c. ARTIFICIAL LEGS or ARMS, at expense of Government. EXEMPTION PAPERS, Assignments, Affidavits, &c.  
No Agent can prosecute claims without License.  
Communications by letter promptly answered.  
dec2 Address, GEO. C. TEALL,  
Rochester, N. Y.