



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF OUR SOLDIERS.

VOL. 1.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1864.

NO. 11.

The Soldier's Aid.

Published the FIRST WEDNESDAY of every Month, by the "Ladies' Hospital Relief Association, of Rochester, New York," under the supervision of the following

COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION:

MRS. J. W. BISSELL, MRS. L. C. SMITH,
MRS. L. FARRAR, MISS J. SELDEN,
MRS. L. GARDNER, MISS R. B. LONG,
MRS. E. T. HUNTINGTON, MISS O. GUERNSEY

EDITRESS,
MISS R. B. LONG.

TRANSRER,
MRS. E. T. HUNTINGTON.

TERMS.—Fifty Cents a Year, Payable in Advance.

Letters for publication, or referring in any manner to the general object of the paper, to be addressed to the Editress.

Letters containing subscriptions, or remittances, or otherwise referring to the Financial Department, to be addressed to the Treasurer.

Rooms Rochester Hospital Relief Association, No. 5 Corinthian Hall Building.

Steam Press of W. S. King, Democrat Office.

Army Aid.

U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

The Sanitary Commission in Florida.

WHAT WAS DONE FOR OUR SOLDIERS AFTER THE BATTLE OF OLUSTEE.

The following official documents show the work of the Sanitary Commission on the battle-field in Florida:

ORDER OF GENERAL SEYMOUR.

HEADQUARTER DISTRICT OF FLORIDA, DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.,
March 8, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 10.—I, the Brigadier-General Commanding, gratefully recall to the recollection of the troops of this command the debt incurred by them during the recent movements to the Sanitary Commission and its agent, Mr. A. B. Day. Much suffering has been alleviated and many inconveniences removed by the energy and promptness with which the supplies of the Commission have been placed at the control of our medical officers; and for those who have been so benefited, officers and men, the Brigadier-General offers his own, and their most sincere thanks.

By order of Brigadier-General T. Seymour.
R. M. HALL,

1st Lieut., 1st U. S. Artillery, Act Ass't Adj't-Gen.

LETTER FROM THE MEDICAL DIRECTOR.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, Feb. 24, 1864.

Mr. A. B. Day, Agent U. S. Sanitary Commission, Jacksonville, Florida:

Sir,—It affords me pleasure to testify to the invaluable aid received through you from the Sanitary

Commission on the occasion of our late engagement.

To your prompt response to my requests for Sanitary supplies, and the personal exertions of yourself and assistants, in the care of and removing of our wounded, is due the prevention of very much suffering, which would otherwise have been inevitable.

That I found it necessary to draw so largely upon the stores of the Commission is explained by the fact that at the time our wounded arrived I was entirely destitute of all supplies of government stores from the medical department, and there was no means of obtaining them from any other source than the noble institution which you so creditably represented. I am happy, also, to add that I received from the Commission a full supply of all articles called for by my requisition upon them.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

Dr. ADOLPH MAYOR,

Medical Director District of Florida, Surg. U. S. V.

LETTER FROM THE POST SURGEON.

HEADQUARTER U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL,
JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Feb. 24, 1864.

This is to certify that on the 21st day of February, I received a telegram from Dr. A. Mayor, Medical Director of the district of Florida, then at Sanderson Station, Florida Railroad, ordering to forward to him at the earliest possible moment certain medical and sanitary supplies, and a special train of cars, as we had a large number of wounded there.

That at the time such telegram reached me I had no stores or supplies whatever, except such as belonged to five regiments then in the field, and they not embracing the articles required.

That, in this emergency, I called upon Mr. A. B. Day, agent in charge of the affairs of the United States Sanitary Commission in the district, and made a requisition upon him for the articles.

That he at once supplied from the stores of the commission all the articles specified in my requisition, and proceeded himself with them to the front, where I have since learned he arrived safely, and, with his assistants, rendered valuable service in taking care of and removing our wounded.

That within the ensuing twenty-four hours I received from the front over seven hundred sick and wounded men, and again drew upon the stores of the commission for all the requisite articles for their proper treatment and care, and the establishment of the hospitals in which they were placed.

That my requisitions were all honored by Mr. Day, and that without the commission stores furnished by him the patients under my care must unavoidably have suffered very severely.

That my large requisitions upon the Commission stores were rendered unavoidably necessary from the fact that the required articles could not be obtained from any other sources.

That I received from the stores of the Commission an abundant supply of all articles embraced in my requisitions, and cheerfully bear testimony to the great service rendered to the Medical Department by its agents on the occasion named.

WM. A. SMITH, Surgeon 47th N. Y. V.,

In charge Post Hospitals.

From the (Philadelphia) Saturday Evening Post.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., March 1, 1864.

F. A. KNAPP, Esq.—Sir,—Perhaps already you have had information of a disastrous battle to our forces on the 20th ultimo.

Our men are in good spirits, taking the defeat as a matter of course, and hoping that good fortune may attend the next engagement.

We met and provided for the first wounded, and carried the last off the field; and when told by Gen. Seymour that if we remained to secure the last load upon the cars, we would certainly be captured, our men took the chances, got the men upon a hastily constructed platform, moved a few miles, and the engine giving out, the 54th Massachusetts (those left after covering the retreat, and their slaughter was terrible) seized the train, and, by ropes dragged it twenty-three miles into Jacksonville, our corps accompanying it.

It gratified me subsequently to be addressed by a high official: "Your corps has sustained the reputation of Morris Island."

Sanitary stock is higher in this market than gold in New York.

Signed, M. M. MARSH,
Chief Inspector, San. Com.
Southern Department.

Large Meeting at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

A brilliant meeting was held on Thursday evening, at the Academy of Music, at the call of the Philadelphia Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission. The night was inclement, but the popular interest in the cause was evinced by a pretty full and a most enthusiastic house.

The stage was decorated appropriately with voluminous folds of tri-colored bunting, and set with a drawing-room scene, from whose windows a sunny landscape lay before the view. A fine orchestra was present, and the whole surroundings were pleasant and animating. The cause was the cause of the soldier, and as such the audience entered into the spirit of the occasion.

The centre of the stage was occupied by the officers of the Sanitary Commission, and its entire space was filled with ladies and gentlemen.

Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, was first introduced and presented a clear and judicious view of the grounds on which the Sanitary Commission is entitled to the confidence of the public. He mentioned that it is the first organization of the kind which has ever been formed in the world. Through all the sufferings and horrors of the Crimea, and in the whole annals of European wars, ancient and modern, no such powerful engine was ever put in operation—no such systematic and efficient agency to relieve and prevent suffering, ever executed or conceived.

Philadelphia is now preparing for another great effort. Every soldier who passes through this city looks upon it as a place of rest and refreshment, and now you are to add to what you have already done another grand demonstration—a gigantic and magnificent fair. He was proud to see the assemblage

of gentlemen at the Sanitary rooms last night, but the women, after all, were the main dependence. In enterprises like this, men were a side issue. (Laughter.) Time and time again, but for them, the plans of men would have come to nothing.

The heart and spirit, and untiring energy of the women of the country, have kept up the work of the Commission, and made it the earnest and effective agent that it is.

The brave Colonel Straight, who, at the head of his patient and heroic little band, recently dug his underground way out of a Richmond prison, was now announced, and was received with the most vociferous and long continued applause.

He said he felt joy at being in Philadelphia addressing such an audience. The scenes of the last few months were in striking contrast to scenes like this. The soldier, however, appreciates such blessings as this Commission bestows, and feels stronger and bolder on account of its kindnesses. Any one who will count up the number of his own friends in the army will understand the numbers of those absent, and the labors of the Commission are doing them most grateful service. Clothing, nurses, kind messengers and hospital stores, are received by the poor men fighting our battles with tears of gratitude.

This is a colossal war. The officers are better cared for than the soldiers, and, therefore, let the soldier have all your sympathies. His life at best is a hard one. He has to meet in deadly strife a desperate and reckless foe. They are a foe worthy of our steel. The soldiers that go out to meet them want all that we can do for them. We want more than money or clothing. We want recruits. (Cheers.) We want more men. If the President would appoint some of you ladies recruiting officers he would do well. If you, ladies, were to say to the idle young men about you—"fight for your country, or we know you not," it would be a good thing.

This war will not be finished this summer. The enemy will never yield. It is no use to cry peace, when there is no peace.

There is a set of men there in control of public affairs that you could not live with, in or out of the Union. They must be brought to some kind of terms, and they will never respect you until you humble them. There are officers plenty, in the army. Men are what we want, and a great many of them. We want 500,000 this spring. Then we shall have a potent argument for peace, and peace will come. It will never come otherwise.

A man who has been ten months in a dungeon cannot make a speech, the Colonel, therefore, asked to be excused. As he sat down, the whole audience cheered him most justly. He is slowly recovering his vigor and strength, and has lost the cadaverous hue of countenance acquired by his long incarceration.

The Rev. Mr. Bellows, President of the Sanitary Commission, was next introduced, and delivered a most able and judicious exposition of the true aim and working of the Commission. He said the Sanitary Commission was not the Medical Department of the United States army, for that is worth twenty Commissions. A valuable medical purveyor had said to him that the credit of the army medical department was given to this Commission. No sensible person could suppose this. The speaker took this occasion to pay to the medical department of the army the tribute of his highest respect. The world never saw its superior. Such hospitals as are in Philadelphia the speaker had never seen; such generosity of provision was beyond all praise. The government has done nobly for the soldier.

But for the inevitable exigencies and misfortunes of war, for which no government ever did provide, and ever could provide, the Commission does provide. It is not to do what the medical department neglects, for it neglects nothing, but it does those things for the soldier that are not compatible with military supervision. It exists for the filling up of those interstices which exist in the very nature of military organization. Eight hundred distinguished medical military characters, in session at Geneva, recently sat to devise means by which the population of any country could relieve the distresses of soldiers on the field of battle. Those sticklers for discipline and etiquette have hit upon the very system which this Commission had already in operation in this country. That which they had at last accepted as a possible theory we had put into systematic and organized practice; and a people like us are constantly inducing the government to introduce and adopt sanitary means that otherwise a generation might be required to bring about, and in this present war of the dutchies the Secretary of War in Denmark calls upon the women for lint and bandages, which, even for a little army of 20,000 the government had not at hand. The Commission is doing a great many things for the soldier that are not known. Their history will be told in future. But they are not seeking to supplant the medical

authority of the army, nor to misappropriate supplies, nor to aggrandize themselves in any way, nor to gain fame or renown.

Never was their such copious sums of money and such abundance poured into the storehouses of the Commission. The supply had been copious, but never superfluous. The more we get, some say, the more we want. A million of money and seven millions value of supplies have been distributed by the Commission. It has cost most of the money to move the supplies. These supplies for the first two years came from the superfluity of the great people of the nation. All that could be spared was sent. The estimated money value of these was \$7,000,000. They are all distributed, and the superfluity has gone. No body has any more to spare. The spars to wels, sheets and shirts are gone. Ah! in farm-houses how many a consultation has been held to see what more could be spared. Not out of the affluence but out of the penury of the farm-houses of this broad country have the Commissions been supplied. Many an heir-loom, baptized with tears, for those supplies who have gone, has found its way into the little box made up to send to the Sanitary Commission.

Two millions and a half more of stores must be had this year, and money to distribute them all over the lines of the army must be supplied, or the Commission must cease its operations. The Commission looks with confidence to Philadelphia. A moral force exerted here is contagious. A great fair given here, and made a great success, would be followed by similar one in every town over the country. Chicago raised \$69,000. Cincinnati raised \$250,000. Brooklyn, in an innocent way, got up a little fair and raised \$400,000. In all probability New York has half a million on her subscription books, now while the fair is just started. Less than a million for Philadelphia, of course, would not be respectable. (Laughter.) You are a magnificent population, though you probably don't know it, and may outdo everything that has been done elsewhere. The spirit is in the people, and they are determined to have a series of the greatest fairs the world has ever seen.

The speaker concluded by giving his idea as to the manner in which the affair is conducted. He was glad to hear that there was to be no raffling. The ladies, in the goodness of their hearts, had been disposed to look upon it as of no harm. No one ought to be sorry to see an end put to raffling, for it was a first cousin to gambling, and ladies who encouraged it might impart a first taste for gambling to male relatives.

The fair should occupy some spacious square, and be magnificently filled. The avenues should be spacious, and every object displayed to the best advantage. Even at a dollar admission, an immense sum should be rolled up, without counting a dollar of what is realized by sales.

There will be no difficulty in rendering the fair attractive.

This closed the evening's delightful entertainment. The Commission will publish the addresses, of which our space would afford but a synopsis, in pamphlet form.—*Phil. Sat. Eve. Post.*

NEW YORK, March 30, 1864.

MY DEAR EDITRESS:—I have just returned home from Providence, where I borrowed four extraordinary bonnets, of ancient date, to exhibit in the "Old Curiosity Shop," of the Metropolitan Fair. No description can give you a true idea of their grotesqueness. One of them of brown linen, shirred, measures in the forepart two and a half fingers, and droops so deep at the sides, that it seems to touch the shoulders. The crown measures nearly a quarter of a yard in height! I never saw anything so droll. One of them, of straw, worn in 1830, measures half a yard from the extreme front to the top of the crown, and is adorned with high bows. I wish your readers would come to this Fair, for there will be a great deal to excite mirth as well as admiration. The Boot and Shoe Department, in which I am especially interested, as I have a sister who is Chairman of that Committee, is to be quite attractive, although one would hardly suppose it. The Shoemaker's is really the oldest trade in the world, and the banners allowed by crowned heads for their processions are very significant—"St. Crispin" and "St. Crispian"—who were brothers, and shoemakers, and martyrs, lived A. D. 300, and were beheaded in France, where they went from Rome to preach

the Gospel. They are often represented on banners. Louis XIV. presented the trade with a banner upon which is a boot surmounted with a crown. Many of these devices are to be used to adorn the front of the boot and shoe booth, and will be very gay and effective. The brilliant papers for these decorations were generously given by paper hangers, and the women of the Committee, assisted by their male friends, have been very busy in cutting and pasting. Then to enliven the booth still more, we are getting up "Puss in Boots," and the bag slung over her shoulder is to be filled with pretty worsted balls, and other articles for children. We hope to make something attractive of our material, though at first it promised so little. We only hope that the trade will do its duty manfully.

Although these preparations are very amusing to most people, yet, we, at the office, look with dismay upon our empty shelves, and long to receive the fruits of the numberless small Fairs which we hear of through the country. We want woollen undergarments especially, for men in hospitals as well as surgeons, prefer them for many reasons, one of which is, that the men are chilly from loss of blood and debility. They are constantly asking for flannel shirts and drawers, instead of cotton. Poor fellows! These articles do not come in half fast enough to meet their wants. The shirt in which a wounded soldier is brought from the field is generally cut from him, and necessarily rendered useless, so that there must be great waste, and we must work the harder to meet it. We must try daily and hourly to realize the immense number of men constantly falling wounded in this length and breadth of land. Casualties, skirmishes, guerrilla surprises keep the hospitals always full, even if we had not a large battle to provide for. Every young officer whom I have met from our Southern Department, expresses surprise at the ease and comfort in which we all live, compared to the hardships of our soldiers. Let us women make every sacrifice to furnish them with garments and quilts. I send you an extract from Mrs. Marsh's last letter. I know your readers must feel it as I did.

"Those little housewives have a peculiar mission. They do not meet a want on the battle field; but in camps they not only enable men to keep their clothing in repair, but serve as a sort of talisman, and are regarded more than any thing else as personal property. You would be surprised to see the value set on them. In giving them personally, I have seen the eye kindle as the soldier looks on the thread, needles, buttons, combs, etc., but when he comes to the name of the giver, with the word of encouragement and advice, it is reverently closed with the look and sometimes the words: "I shall keep that."

"A patchwork quilt and a well-stored housewife, are two things which savor particularly of home, and of which the supply is seldom equal to the demand. If the work is coarse, the man receiving it may think he is considered coarse, and the gift be rendered worse than lost. Under clothing, nearly worn out, if mended well, in many instances, does just as well as new. In time of battle there will be great destruction of clothing, and we aim to send to the field that of least value for the reason that in many instances it can never be used again. I must not omit to mention a very gratifying incident connected with the arrival of your goods. They came in at evening too late to be delivered, and as a consequence stood exposed on the wharf. As is often the case the heads of barrels were gone and of course the contents exposed. Soldiers sometimes from necessity learn to help themselves, and get so in the way of doing it, that it is not always a question of necessity; but a Regiment, (the 4th New Hampshire,) laid that night near your tempting barrels and not a thing was missing. One of the men seeing my surprise, said, "Soldiers will not touch Sanitary Commission property, they know too well they will get it when they need it."

"Another pleasing incident growing out of some society's gifts was mentioned to me by a surgeon, knowing the fact. A soldier in Hospital was given up to die. Despondency rather than disease seemed to be praying upon his life. In some change made about him, a patchwork quilt was spread upon his bed. There was something familiar about it,

and his attention was aroused for the first time for many days, to examine it carefully, when he found his wife's name neatly written on one corner. From that day he began to get well rapidly. Does not one such incident pay for a whole bale of quilts? There is much "bread cast upon the waters that is as truly found, though not often so directly recognized."

All the incidents of this letter should be precious to our hearts, and excite in us ever fresh devotion to the great and holy cause and to the Sanitary Commission, since its long experience and increased facilities have won the entire confidence of the Government, as well as the love of the soldiers and the people.

Truly yours, B. B.

CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

Our Washington Letter.

RELIGIOUS INTEREST IN THE ARMY.

Since I last wrote to you, I have spent some days in the army; and am happy to say that the religious interest of which you have so often heard, is a blessed reality.

I preached last Sabbath morning at the Headquarters of the 3d Division of the 2d Corps. The morning was fair, but windy, a large congregation assembled—I suppose three thousand men. It was arranged that the men should be marched to the place of public worship in regiments, with their officers at their head, and from the hills, there streamed down, the veterans of an hundred battles; and there gathered under my eye men from every country of Europe. In the eight or more regiments present, there were representatives of Ohio, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Indiana and West Virginia. In all these, the impression is in the army that the religious interest is uncommon and marked. The chaplains of the 4th and 8th Ohio, the Rev. Messrs. Stone and Millar, were more than ever encouraged in their work.

In the afternoon of the Sabbath, I preached in the New Jersey Brigade of the 3d corps, and found here a Brigade Chapel neatly finished and furnished and most attractive to soldier. I was glad to learn that there was a manifest increase of religious feelings. Meetings have been held in this chapel every night for weeks, and several cases of hopeful conversion are reported.

At night I preached in a Brigade Tent erected in the Excelsior Brigade of the 3d corps. Here I found working with the most fervent zeal for the salvation of men, that remarkable man, "Uncle John Vassar," who has been for a long time in the employ of the American Tract Society of New York. He possesses, in the highest degree, the love and confidence of the soldiers, and with an earnestness almost apostolic, he never tires of the work of winning souls. I have met few men in the army or elsewhere, more awake to the interests of another than this man. In charge of this chapel and its services is the Rev. Mr. Eastman, a son of Mr. Eastman of the Tract Society, New York. This young brother has collected a small library for the soldiers, and fitted up tables and chairs in the chapel for the soldiers to write, read and study. The chapel could not contain one-half that crowded to its doors. Some officers remained for prayer after the services had ended.

On Monday I went to the 1st Division of the 3d Corps, and preached in the evening in the Tent of the Christian Commission. I found here the Rev. Mr. Whitney and Rev. Mr. Holmes, from Maine; both of these brethren were among the voluntary laborers sent or rather aided by the Christian Commission to reach the army. Their labors here are most gratefully appreciated and blessed with the richest fruit. They hold a meeting every night, and a prayer meeting each morning. The Tent, the night I spent here, was one of the most hallowed and sacred spots.

But few of the regiments in this division have chaplains, and hence there is the greater necessity for just such efforts as those put forth by the agents of the Christian Commission. Wherever the Commission has erected a larger tent for public worship, the good done thereby cannot be told. It has made divine services a certainty, for, whatever the storminess of the heavens, men could assemble to sing and pray. It soon has been invested with all the solemnity and awe of the most sacred spot on earth. Hundreds of soldiers now find their greatest joy in those places of worship, and spend hours here in reading, singing and devotion. Thus they gird themselves for the toil and sacrifice of the future.—*Am. Presbyterian.*

ARMY AID ITEMS.

Onions for the Soldiers.

A COUNTRY GIRL TO COUNTRY GIRLS AND BOYS.

Not long since I heard a soldier say that soldiers like onions; that he had, at one time, paid twenty-five cents for an onion. Onions are good for soldiers, and many of them crave them. You and I don't, maybe; we like them only a long way off; but the soldiers do. Down in the corner of our garden, behind the currant bushes, in what I recognize from surroundings as a long neglected corner—a spot unoccupied save by our dogs, who have considered it their own peculiar play-ground, and from which our boy has taken many a load of bones of their strewing—I see, in vision, the morning sun gleam brightly on rows of tiny green blades; and, as I look, the rows seem to form themselves into great characters, which presently I see are, FOR THE SOLDIERS. Henceforth, for this season at least, that bone-strewed plot has a nobler destiny. The vision shall be realized. The dogs must seek another play-ground; this plot is to bear onions for the soldiers. Where now is stiff sod, shall indeed be mellow soil, where onions may take to themselves size and sap and odor. In due time, the green tops may flavor soup for the Home Guard; but every bulb lying concealed in the dark mold shall be sacred to such as have seen actual service. Never, since exiled Israelites landed and sighed for the leek and onions of Egypt, has there been so great a glorification of the odoriferous, tear-provoking bulb as there shall be in this garden-corner.

This sounds well, say you; but talking breaks no bones, and that frozen soil is not broken yet for those onion-beds. You're right. When the barrels (or shall it only be barrel?) containing them shall have been directed to the U. S. Sanitary Commission, will be a better time for talking of these onions of mine. But just one word to you, girls and boys. Have you a neglected corner in your garden, in your yard, or a place hitherto given to the cultivation of flowers only? That patch is not yours, I beg leave to inform you. The soldier has a mortgage on it. Waste soil is not to be tolerated about our homes in these times, and the tulip, though a lovely ministrant, must give place to a root which may be put to nobler uses. Dear friends, can't you, won't you work these spots for the soldiers? Think I for any slight weariness we shall so suffer, they have known the hard endurance, the wear of long marches; for every drop of oozing sweat while bending at our toil, the crimson life-current streams from them for country, for home, that we may have them. Let us give freely what we can to those who are giving life, some of them, for us.

Glancing over a newspaper, my eye falls upon a statement that in the Army of the Cumberland there is much suffering for want of vegetables. In several regiments scurvy has broken out; and an urgent appeal is made to the Sanitary Commission for vegetables. Should each of us country girls and boys furnish a bushel, even, of vegetables—we won't insist upon the onions from all, if some of you prefer potatoes for your peculiar patch—and put them all together, those from each village sending their barrels—how the barrels would roll in! This seems humble work for some of us, does it? No work for country is mean; no work for its defenders is mean. Let us pledge ourselves, girls and boys, that we will do what we can, and that with the enthusiasm with which we pieced together, and flung out to the breeze, our first miniatures of the "Dear Old Flag," in the beginning of these strange times, when it is defended from those whom it has so long sheltered.

—Independent.

Pastor Hatfield at the Front.

We have been permitted to read a letter from Rev. R. M. Hatfield to an intimate friend in this city, written at Gen. Meade's headquarters, where he had the pleasure of preaching the Gospel to the soldiers on a late Sabbath, thro' the kindness of Gen. Patrick, the Provost-Marshal General of the Army of the Potomac. He was much gratified with the religious interest which he found among the soldiers, and also among the freedmen, whose meetings he attended. As an instance of sound piety, as well as Scriptural theology among the latter, he quotes a sentence from the prayer of one of them: "O Lord, spare us we are on the edge of ruin. We look this way and dat way, to de front and to de rare; and, 'les dou helps us, we must be destroyed. Please, Lord, to save us. We knows dat we are poor and bad; but we neber thought you blessed us 'cause we was wise and good, but just 'cause you love us." We should not know where to look for a better creed. Mr.

Hatfield has spent several weeks with the army, as one of a deputation from the Christian Commission.

—Independent.

Marked Articles.

Some of the marks which are fastened on the blankets, shirts, &c., sent to the Sanitary Commission for the soldiers, show the thought and feeling at home. Thus—on a home-spun blanket, worn, but washed as clean as snow, was pinned a bit of paper, which said: "This blanket was carried by Milly Aldrich (who is ninety-three years old) down hill and up hill, one and a half miles, to be given to some soldier."

On a bed quilt was pinned a card, saying: "My son is in the army. Whoever is made warm by this quilt, which I have worked on for six days and most all of six nights, let him remember his own mother's love."

On another blanket was this: "This blanket was used by a soldier in the war of 1812—may it keep some soldier warm in this war against Traitors."

On a pillow was written: "This pillow belonged to my little boy, who died resting on it; it is a precious treasure to me, but I give it for the soldiers."

On a pair of wollen socks was written: "These stockings were knit by a little girl five years old, and she is going to knit some more, for mother says it will help some poor soldier."

On a box of beautiful lint was this mark: "Made in a sick room, where the sunlight has not entered for nine years, but where God has entered, and where two sons have bid their mother good-bye as they have gone out to the war."

On a bundle containing bandages was written: "This is a poor gift, but it is all I had: I have given my husband and my boy, and only wish I had more to give, but I haven't."

On some eye-shades were marked: Made by one who is blind. Oh, how I long long to see the dear old flag that you are all fighting under."

The Sanitary Commission.

The London *Spectator* concludes a long article on our Sanitary Commission as follows:—

"In every way we cannot help thinking the existence and success of the Commission is most creditable to the American people. It shows not only with what a resolution they entered this struggle, but with what a fund of good sense they are endowed. We doubt whether even in England a voluntary society could be entrusted with so much power, and yet so carefully abstain from trenching on the province and duty of the Executive. In America they can do these things, and the same Cabinet Minister, who originally gave the Sanitary Commission a six months span of life, now admits: "that it has been of the greatest service to the country; that it has occasioned none of the evils expected from it; and that it has lived down all the fears and misgivings of the Government."

"Little Helpers."

A lady from Carlisle writes to us: "On Tuesday Mrs. Holstein met a society of children called 'Little Helpers,' at my house. These little folks have had a Fair this winter, at which they made over \$650, and are active in the good work. The name of Little Helpers seemed to please her very much—and she thinks of suggesting it as a name for similar societies of children throughout the state."

We thought it well to publish this little statement to show how much good even children can effect when their efforts are regularly organized and directed.

Richard Cobden is the son of a small farmer, and was born in Dumford, June 8, 1804. When a lad, he was employed in a London warehouse, and during his spare hours educated himself. In the course of time he became a travelling agent for the firm, and finally, with two of his fellow-employees, engaged in the calico-printing business. He settled at Manchester, grew rich, and, through his abilities and wealth, influential.

Cabbage, says the *Edinburg Review*, "contains more muscle sustaining nutriment than any other vegetable." This probably accounts for the fact of their being so many athletic fellows among the tailors.

Didn't you say, sir, that this horse wouldn't shy before the fire of an enemy? No more he won't—it isn't till after the fire he shies."

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

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MARCH, 1864.

CASH RECEIPTS.	
By Balance in bank, March 1st,.....	\$1,424 72
" Membership fees.....	1 75
" Cash donations and monthly subscriptions....	44 87
" Bazaar Receipts.....	1 86
" Amount refunded from Lockport.....	5 00
Total receipts.....	\$1,477 70
CASH DISBURSEMENTS.	
To Materials for hospital supplies.....	\$ 571 24
" Expressage, freight and cartage.....	2 00
" Stationery and postage.....	3 27
" Services and incidental expenses.....	69 00
" Articles for Metropolitan Fair.....	500 00
Total disbursements.....	\$1,145 51
Balance on hand, April 1st.....	\$ 332 19

The above report is independent of the \$8,000, invested in Government 5-20s, Jan. 15th., the interest on which, to May 1st, when the Bonds mature, is \$140 80, in gold.

LIST OF CASH DONATIONS AND MONTHLY SUBSCRIPTIONS.

AID SOCIETIES.	
Macedon Centre.....	\$6 00
INDIVIDUALS.	
<i>Monthly Subscriptions.</i> —Mrs. C. P. Achilles, for Nov. to March, inclusive, \$1 25; Mrs. W. Ailing, for November to March, inclusive, 1 25; Mrs. A. Boody, for Nov. to April, inc., \$2 50; Mrs. Wm. Brewster, for Nov. to March, inc., \$1; Miss F. Bristol, for Nov. to April, inc., 75c; Mrs. E. N. Buel, for Nov. to March, inc., 63c; Mrs. C. Church, for Nov. to Sept., inc., \$1 37; Mrs. J. A. Eastman, for Nov. to March, inc., \$2; Mrs. O. N. Gaffney, for do., \$1 25; Mrs. F. Gorton, for Nov. to Jan., inc., \$3; Miss Annie J. Gould, for Nov. to March, inc., \$1 25; Miss Ruby S. Gould, for March, 25c; Mrs. S. Hamilton, for Oct. to March, inc., \$2; Mrs. T. Ives, for Nov. to Sept., inc., \$1 37; Mrs. Dr. Moore, for Nov. to March, inc., \$1 25; Mrs. G. O. Morris, for Oct. to March, inc., \$1 50; Mrs. G. Munger, for do., \$3; Mrs. S. Roby, for do., \$3; Mrs. H. T. Rogers, for Nov. to March, inc., \$1 25; Mrs. E. Darwin Smith, for Dec. and Jan., inc., \$2; Mrs. D. Siles, for Nov. to March, inc., \$1 25; Mrs. W. B. Sweeting, for do., \$1 25; Mrs. E. Watts, for Oct. to March, inc., 75c; Mrs. E. P. Willis, for Nov. to Sept. inc., \$2 75.	
<i>Donations.</i> —Mrs. J. S. Caldwell, \$1.	

DONATIONS OF HOSPITAL STORES.

AID SOCIETIES.	
Avon, School district, No. 9—1 quilt, 1 pair mittens, Avon, district No. 6—6 dressing gowns, 1 pair socks.	
Brighton—10 pairs woolen socks	
East Avon—8 cotton shirts, 9 pairs cotton drawers, 8 pairs woolen socks, 2 pairs slippers, 21 handkerchiefs, 6 towels, bandages.	
East Henrietta—8 handkerchiefs.	
Irondequoit, Bay Side—12 flannel shirts, 4 pairs cotton flannel drawers, 16 pairs woolen socks, 2 arm slings, 5 boxes salve.	
Irondequoit, district No. 3—11 pairs woolen socks.	
Ontario—2 comforts.	
INDIVIDUALS.	
Mrs. Davenport, Penfield, 4 pairs woolen socks, can fruit, dried fruit. Mrs. Dr. Fenn, small keg of pickles. A Friend, 2 pairs woolen socks. Mrs. Ganson, reading matter. Mrs. Hooker, 6 bottles raspberry vinegar. Dora Jervis, Lyons, 12 pin-balls. Mrs. Rev. Wm. Kidder, Churchville, 6 pairs cotton flannel drawers. Mrs. Dr. Miller, Brighton, 8 pairs woolen socks. Mrs. N. B. Northrop, can pickled onions. Mrs. Pollard, Charlotte, can of currants.	
Mrs. Geo. Gould, Treasurer.	

Report of the Committee on Work.

Work prepared by the Committee during the month: 142 flannel shirts, — pairs heavy cotton drawers, 48 cotton shirts, 48 pairs cotton drawers and — towels.

Finished of above and previous work: 41 flannel shirts, 9 flannel and cotton flannel drawers, 10 cotton shirts, 7 cotton drawers, 12 flannel bands, — towels and 6 pairs woolen socks.

Unfinished of above and previous work: 107 flannel shirts, 58 cotton flannel and heavy cotton drawers, 9 cotton shirts 36 cotton drawers, — pairs socks, from 40 skeins yarn.

Prepared work on hand at close of month: 29 flannel shirts, 18 pairs heavy cotton drawers and 13 cotton shirts.

Mrs. T. D. KEMPTON, Chairman.

Report of the Committee on Packing and Forwarding.

The Committee have forwarded during the month, 3 packages, numbering from 269 to 271, inclusive; to the Woman's Central Association of Relief, No. 10 Cooper Union, N. York.

The aggregate contents of these packages were as follows: 96 flannel shirts, 96 pair flannel and cotton flannel drawers, 96 pairs woolen socks, 96 towels, 41 handkerchiefs, 12 flannel bands, 6 dressing gowns, 1 pair mittens, 2 pairs slippers, 2 arm slings, 10 pin balls, 3 comforts, 4 army blankets, old pieces, lint, 23 rolls bandages, 114 papers and pamphlets, — pounds dried fruit and 1 barrel pickles.

Mrs. L. C. SMITH, Chairman.

The Soldier's Aid.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 6, 1864.

The Sanitary Fair Epidemic.

This epidemic, which would seem now, after passing rapidly through successive stages, to have reached its crisis in the great Metropolitan Fair, is one of the most remarkable developments of times prolific of remarkable events.

Its incipient phase may be found in a comparatively mild form of *bazaar eruptions*, appearing since the commencement of the war in many of our cities; St. Louis, we believe, being one of the first to receive the infection, nearly a year and a half since. Thence extending eastward with growing intensity, it is seen, the last we hear of it, before passing from its preliminary aspect to its present one, in Buffalo, the last summer, where the result was considered very astonishing *at that time*. We smile now, however, at the simplicity with which we used to look upon \$10,000, raised in a few evenings for our soldiers, as a great sum.

After these premonitory symptoms, the epidemic broke out in October, under a highly aggravated form, in Chicago, where it assumed a semi-national type. Sweeping now throughout the northwest, almost like the prairie fires of that region, attacking every thing in its path, it spread southward and eastward, gathering force as it advanced, and staying its progress only where loyalty ceased to breathe. The contagion pauses not even at the seaboard, but crossing the Atlantic, seizes upon loyal Americans, who, wherever they are found, fall an easy prey to its ravages, and from them reaches, to some extent, foreign veins, plebeian and patrician, not even the sacerdotal robe, under the shadow of St. Peter's, affording immunity from its influence.

Just now it is raging with most fatal effect in our great central city, and we wait, with suspended breath, from one telegram to the next, for the account of its hourly progress. In the latter city is undoubtedly the richest field, yet afforded to the pathologist of this war, in which to secure to the cause of future science, an accurate diagnosis of this unprecedented *sanitary mania*.

Dropping our figure, however, how gratifying to every loyal heart is this new and peculiar chapter in the history of this giant struggle between liberty and despotism. These brilliant fairs are but responses, in a different key, from the same burning loyalty, which has already answered to the demands upon it, through the roar of battle and the quiet and un murmuring sacrifices made in thousands of northern hearts and homes. They are the gay and fragrant blossoms springing from the same soil that has matured the oak and yielded up its iron hoard; the offerings of a nation's love and gratitude, extended with one hand to alleviate and cheer, while with the other, are grasped, with sterner hold, the implements of war.

In glancing at the series of bazaars and fairs held all over the country, they seem to be, in reference to their magnitude, of about three grades; 1st, the national, or semi-national, and colossal, each bringing forward its rich freight of \$50,000 and upwards; 2nd, the medium class, held in the larger towns, but drawing upon only a limited portion of the country and yielding from 20 to \$50,000; and 3rd, what must now be considered the comparatively small, such as have been conducted so successfully in our smaller cities, are of a strictly local character, and have realized less than 15 or \$20,000; or, quoting from Sourry's "Three Bears" we have the "Great Huge Bear," the "Middle-sized Bear" and the "Little, Small Wee Bear."

Of the former class, as far as we are informed, are those of Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Albany, Boston, and Brooklyn, which have already transpired and the one now in progress in New York. We have not space to dwell upon these here, as we are strongly tempted to do, and will only speak of pecuniary results, which, as reported upon good authority stand thus, naming them in the order of their occurrence Chicago, \$80,000; Boston, \$140,000; Cincinnati

\$245,000; Cleveland, \$60,000; Albany, \$80,000; and Brooklyn, \$400,000. The proceeds of the Colossus in New York are expected to reach the column of Millions.

Preparations are in progress for three others in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and St. Louis, which promise to hold high rank among the "Great, Huge Bears." The fair to be held in the latter city, denominated the "Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair," opens the 17th of May, and the arrangements for it are already inaugurated upon a magnificent scale. Its managers appeal to the whole country for aid with peculiar claims, their resources within their own State, having been to such an extent cut off by the ravages of war. A part of the avails is to be appropriated to the relief of the Freedmen.

"Send Forward Supplies as rapidly as possible."

Such is the burden of the appeals from the Sanitary Commission to their branches and auxiliaries. While the magnificent results of Sanitary Fairs already held, and the brilliant prospects of those in course of preparation promise large contributions in the future, there is no doubt that, at the present time, the current setting, in to the great central reservoirs is retarded by this very means. "Our supplies," remarks one, "come in by dribbles," a state of things which causes great anxiety to those in a position to know *how much* is needed to be ready for the demands which the opening campaign may soon bring upon its storehouses.

The following is from a letter just received:—"I wish I could give a better account of the way stores come in, but, so far, there is not much improvement since we last wrote. It is to be hoped that they will come in with a rush soon. We have sent largely to Florida and New Orleans, also to Hilton Head. I enclose, thinking it may interest you and others, an extract from a letter just sent in acknowledgement of the supplies sent to S. Carolina, where they were sadly needed after the disastrous affair at Olustee. The wounded were attended to at Baldwin, where our agent, Mr. DAY, and those who accompanied him, remained in performance of their duty several hours after Baldwin was evacuated, until all the wounded were forwarded, though they believed the Rebels were close at hand."

The Elmira Disaster.

It is seldom that the telegraphic announcement of a disaster thrills a distant community as did that of the recent conflagration at Elmira, our own. When we read that the building in which the Sanitary Fair was being so prosperously conducted, together with the costly stores accumulated there, had been destroyed by fire, the whole scene pictured itself at once to us with a painful vividness, from the conception we could so easily form of what our own similar and recent enterprise would have been, had the same calamity befallen us.

We know well what weeks of earnest enthusiastic labor, what generous contributions from wealth, what hearty offerings of "widow's mites," and what buoyant hopes of the good to be achieved, perished in those flames. Sadder than all this however, is the report of the loss of life involved. We sympathize most truly and deeply with those who suffer from this disaster, while we hope that such increased precautions may be adopted in all similar enterprises hereafter as to insure against the recurrence of so sad a catastrophe in the future.

Omitted Bazaar Donations.

As we anticipated, from the length of time which had elapsed since the publication of the Bazaar Report, our request for lists of donations to the Christmas Bazaar, omitted in the report, calls out but little response.

We cannot forbear alluding to two or three however, which have come to our knowledge. Among these is the beautiful little "Model War Ship," given by Dr. FLEMING, which was the admiration of "Young America," and which realized to our treasury more than \$200.

A cash donation also of \$15 00 from two or three friends, to the Shaker Booth, and which was reported by the chairman of the Booth, was through some oversight, omitted in the published report.

There are some others of which we would gladly speak, but for a prohibition to the contrary, by the donors.

Miscellaneous.

"Only a Private!"

BY CARLYLL DEANE.

Continued.

Picket duty is rather exciting. Harry had been on the watch for three hours, quite alone, for his nearest companions were a quarter of a mile distant. His stand was on the edge of the woods, and before him a narrow path ran away into the heart of the forest. The moon was high, and at the full, but her light was often obscured by the clouds which drove across the sky. The upper strata of the air seemed all in motion, but the lower scarcely stirred. The tops of the tallest trees swayed and rustled, the long funeral moss on their branches swung heavily to and fro, but the wood below was still, only here and there a fern tossed and waved uneasily as if with a motion of its own. Substance and shadow under the forest boughs seemed alike uncertain. Harry was watching as he had watched for the past three hours, as he had been wont to watch for wolves when out on hunting excursions. He had confidence in his own powers as a marksman, and confidence in his rifle, which was good for a man at eighty rods. The guerillas stood in considerable dread of the western rifles. Their own guns would not compare with them. They naturally considered that the difference lay only in the weapon, but the other side fancied that something was to be attributed to superior science. Of late the pickets had not been much annoyed by the guerilla bands, who had found an occupation at once more safe and lucrative in plundering the inhabitants, not making much distinction between Union and Secession property, but all of them, of course, declaring their devotion to the peculiar institution in all its peculiarities, and their intention to die in the last ditch. They averred themselves in favor of fighting till they were exterminated, rather than surrender, and those who were brought into contact with them were inclined to hope that they would adhere to that resolution.

Nothing disturbed Harry's watch but the mosquitoes, which were no novelty to a native of Mishawa. He heard no sound but the sough of the wind through the tops of the trees, the voices of the frogs, and the call of the owls, which were loud and frequent. It was growing past midnight, and the chill of the early morning began to be felt, as the soldier waited and watched. He looked intently down the narrow path into the forest, half hoping to see something which would warrant him in pulling trigger. All was still, no fitting shape betrayed the presence of an enemy, no sudden creaking of a twig the tread of a hostile foot. He noticed the shadows that lay across the path, defined here and there by a fitting gleam of moonlight that filtered through the sombre arches above, and then his thoughts travelled back to Mishawa, and to Emily Lansing, and perhaps for a minute or two Private Camp forgot that he was set there to watch for guerillas, and not to think about the girl he left behind him. He woke from his reverie with a start, at a sharp, cracking sound, in a thicket just within the entrance of the wood. It was too like the sound of a dry twig breaking under a footstep to be neglected. He would not fire, of course, to rouse the guard for what might very likely be a false alarm, but he felt for his revolver, ready to his hand, and walked forward to investigate. He found nothing, though he beat about the bushes thoroughly, and was just returning to his stand, when he found there was a slight movement near a certain old stump not more than a hundred feet from the place where he stood, and close to which grew a clump of bushes, whose sudden uneasy

rustle had attracted his attention. It seemed impossible that, watchful as he had been, any human creature could have made their way to it without being seen, especially as they would have been obliged to cross a clear moonlight space, left open probably by the fall of the tree, of which the great stump was the only remnant. Nevertheless, Harry went up to it more as a matter of form, than in any apprehension of danger. He passed round the stump, and with his finger on the trigger of his rifle bent cautiously forward to look into the bushes. Suddenly he heard a slight rustle, and from the thicket behind him, sudden as a snake, leaped a lasso, tightening on the instant, and pinning his arms so fast that he had no time to use his revolver, which he would have done better to have kept in his hand. His finger, however, had pulled the trigger, and the gun went off with a loud report. He heard the answering shot and the distant hallo, but the next instant he was seized from behind, a sack was thrown over his head and wound so closely as to almost stifle him, and he was dragged away into the depth of the wood, his captors still keeping a perfect silence. The alarm had evidently been given—he could hear the call of one to another, but it was with inexpressible bitterness that he heard the sounds grow fainter and fainter, as he was dragged along, in spite of his struggles, by more than one pair of hands. Once he felt the cold iron of a pistol at his forehead, and a voice threatened in a fierce whisper to blow out his brains then and there, if he made further resistance. The swiftness with which his keepers bore him on betrayed their familiarity with the intricacies of the woods, and Harry felt that before the alarm could reach the camp and a party be sent out in pursuit, he would be lost in some recess of the swamp, almost impenetrable to any but a native. As the pursuers were left behind, the pace was slackened, and the sacking was removed from the prisoner's head, and was replaced by a bandage, which left him room to breathe. In the brief glimpse the change afforded him, he saw that he was in the midst of thick woods, and that his captors were four men, dressed in ragged hunting shirts, but fully armed with rifle, revolver and bowie knife. All of them looked savage and brutal, and when they spoke the tones of their voices did not belie their appearance. Their words were few among themselves, though they swore at their prisoner as they bound his hands behind him with a rope. Harry cared little for their abuse. His whole mind was bent on effecting his escape, and while seemingly passive in their hands he watched intently for an opportunity. On they went, wandering among trees and through swampy ground, dragging their prisoner with them. In about half an hour they came to a cleared space in the woods, as Harry judged by the free feeling of the air. Here they were met by several other men, there was a loud confused, greeting, questions, oaths and answers heaped one upon another, with rough congratulations on the success of their night's work. Amid the southern slur and drawl, Harry recognized with a spasm of disgust and indignation the accent of unmistakable Vermont.

"Bring him into the cabin," said this voice, "and let the Captain see him."

Harry was accordingly led forward, and after a few steps the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he was dazzled by a glare of light. Hot as the night was, a great fire blazed in the chimney, and the room was full of the smoke and steam of fried pork. It was a small log cabin, carelessly built, carelessly kept. Roughly smoothed boards formed the walls, which had once been whitewashed, but were now black with dirt and smoke. Four or five children in an extremely airy costume, were career-

ing about the room, and waging a guerilla warfare on their own account on the food in preparation over the fire. An old woman and a young one were superintending the cooking. Ten or a dozen men in rather more decent attire than those who were outside the cabin, lounged on a rickety settle or tilted their chairs against the wall, or stood near the fire. The air was full of gnats and mosquitoes, which were continually flying into the two tallow candles that stood on the table, flaring in every draught from the open door.

At the table sat a man wearing a hunting shirt of fine green cloth, with gilt buttons, and a forage cap, instead of the slouched hat worn by his companions. He was a slight, small person, and had neither beard nor whiskers, whereas the faces of the others were half covered with shaggy unkempt hair. This distinction, however, was not in his favor, as it left visible the hard lines of his evil mouth, and a scar, which, traversing the left cheek, had slightly distorted the lower lip, giving him an expression not wholly unlike the gorilla in Mr. Ward's collection.

The band outside gathered around the door to look in on the examination, but did not intrude on the cabin, which seemed to be appropriated to the leader and his particular associates.

"See what he has about him, Tom," said this person to a subordinate, and though the voice was harsh, the tone indicated cultivation.

Tom, a tall, awkward, coarse-looking young man obeyed, and Harry was speedily deprived of his watch and chain and pocket-book. His revolver had been taken possession of by those who had made him prisoner. The pocket-book contained some thirty dollars in greenbacks, some few papers, and Emily's last letter. At the sight of the notes a visible excitement ran through the assembly, and there were some signs of dissatisfaction when the presiding officer put them into his own pocket, saying that they would be reserved for the joint expenses of the company. The watch and chain was put up at auction, and sold to the highest bidder, who happened to be the object of Harry's special aversion, the Vermont man, who seemed to act as a sort of lieutenant.

"Aint you satisfied?" inquired this person sneeringly, as he noticed the prisoner's look.

Harry made no reply.

"Can't you speak when you're spoken to?"

"Not to you, or such as you," said Harry, with irrepressible contempt.

"Such as me," said the man, confronting him.

"What do you mean, you mudsill?"

"You are a Northern man by your tongue. For those born in a condition of things tending toward treachery and rebellion, there may be some excuse, for such as you, none."

"How dare you insult a southern gentleman, you Lincoln hound," began the lieutenant, but the captain stopped him.

"Hold your tongue, will you?" said he shortly. "You're about right, stranger. He and his likes are what the Confederacy keeps to do her dirty work. You can't expect him to stand by his own side, seeing he ran away from his own state for horse-stealing."

This speech caused a laugh against the lieutenant, who shrank back muttering that "when he was among friends he hoped he could take a joke as well as another man."

There are few things in which the human soul can not learn to take pleasure with sufficient perseverance. Self-mortifications, begun for the purpose of making the performer as uncomfortable as possible, have grown in time to afford great satisfaction. The *Atlantic* has told us how a young woman found comfort and relief in being violently dashed against the floor after the manner of a paver's rammer. It is

doubtless this principle which sustains the Northern devotees of the Southern cause under their numerous mortifications—the disgust of the Northerner—the openly expressed contempt of the Southerner. Their devotion to the object of their idolatry is so extreme, that they find a pleasure in the very process of kicking itself, if administered by the boots of their beloved chivalry. It is something, said a certain man, to be kicked down stairs by a duke. Insult, outrage, impertinence from their darling slave oligarchy in no way lessens their adoration,

“Through the furnace unshrinking, its steps they pursue,
To shield it and save it, or perish there too.”

Let us hope from the signs of the times, that they will finally decide upon the latter alternative.

This is a digression, and the reader is at liberty to skip if he chooses.

The leader began deliberately turning over the papers in Harry's pocket-book. They were not many, and were of no importance with the exception of Emily's letter. He started forward impulsively as it was opened, but was held back.

“Keep cool, young gentleman,” said the guerilla, with a sneer. “Ah, I see—a love letter,” and seemingly for no other purpose than to torture his prisoner, he read it aloud for the edification of the assembled band. Poor Emily, lying awake at home thinking of her lover, how little she guessed who was reading her loving words, which neither she or Harry would have ever shown to a third person. The comment on the letter and its writer were indescribable, and we can give our readers no idea of them except by referring them to the recent remarks of a New York paper on the ladies at Port Royal. Harry clenched his bound hands, and grew white with passion. He tried to console himself with the philosophical reflection that all this did no harm, and was but the base manifestations of the base natures of those about him, but the effort was only partially successful. Philosophy is all very well in such cases when a man is helpless. When he is free the application of physical force is more satisfactory.

“I think I'll keep this,” remarked the leader, “and here's her photograph too, I suppose,” and the picture was passed round for examination and comment, the two women leaving their cooking to look at it. Harry recognized the elder, she had come into camp shortly after the occupation of the town by the Federal forces. She had told a pitiful story of how her only son had been forced into the Confederate service against his will, how she and her family were starving, and she had been bountifully supplied with provisions by the compassionate soldiers, who had continued to give gifts to that very day, when Harry himself believing her pitiful story, and much affected by her tears had given her some money and shared his rations with her. It was probably United States provisions which she was now cooking for the guerillas. One of the most ill-favored of the troop called her mother. She had told the doctor that one of her grand-children was very low with chills and fever, and he had given her several doses of quinine, with full directions for its use, and had promised to see the child as soon as he could. She had also had some conversation with the Chaplain, to whom she applied for spiritual instruction, averring that she was a member of the Baptist church, and that it did her good to see a Baptist minister once more, but the Chaplain had felt some misgivings about this excellent old lady, and given her nothing but good advice. He said “she was much too pious to be genuine.” Harry Allan and Dr. Markland had felt rather provoked at the Chaplain for his unfeeling scepticism about Mrs Rigney, but the Reverend gentleman's doubts were quite justified. Having served up her cookery in the simplest possible style to the waiting guerillas,

who instantly and eagerly attacked it, she placed herself before the helpless prisoner and lavished upon him a torrent of abuse. When she had exhausted every epithet in her vocabulary, she triumphantly referred to the benefits she had received from the Federal soldiers, and informed him that she did not thank one of them a bit for it all, they might think themselves honored in being allowed to provide for the wants of “a Southern matron,” whose grandmother belonged to one of the first families. It was no more than her rights, all the Northern supplies were bought with Southern money, stolen by taxation before the war, and she'd have him to know that every thing she'd had at their hands had gone to help her son's company that the Lincoln bounds had hunted like “partridges” upon the mountains, “and as for that thar minister of your'n,” concluded Mrs. Rigney, “he ain't fit to call himself a man—and as for his preading to be one of the Lord's people, Southern Baptists won't hold no communion with no such truck, and I hope I'll live to see him hung right in front of the meeting house,” and the Southern heart of this excellent old lady being thoroughly fired, her otherwise inexpressible feelings sought relief in personal abuse of the helpless prisoner, such as pulling out his hair and scratching his face.

“You don't remember,” said Harry quietly, “that if I should ever return to my friends you will be the losers.”

“How do you know,” said the younger woman, speaking for the first time, “that you ever will go back. It ain't very likely, I should say.”

There was something in the cool malice of the speaker's tone and expression that sent a momentary chill through Harry's blood, soldier as he was.

The old woman set up a cackling laugh and was proceeding to farther abuse, when the Captain checked her.

“Come, come Madame Rigney,” said he, “let him alone. He'll get worse than that by and by, if he don't behave himself, and it is'n worth while to soil your fair hands by touching him.”

“Oh!” said she, stepping back, “how I would like to pull every hair out of his head—but Captain” she added, in a coaxing tone, “you'll let me have that there silk handkercher of his'n, won't you?”

This petition was granted, and twisting the crimson bandanna over her grey hair, she contemplated herself with great satisfaction in a fragment of looking glass, and sat down in the corner to smoke a short pipe. The guerillas rising from their hasty meal, prepared to leave the place.

“Bring the prisoner along,” said the leader to two of the band, who at once took Harry in charge. Here one of the children, a little tow-headed girl, pretty in spite of all her dirt, who had been watching Harry with curious intentness, began to cry.

“What ails you, Sally?” asked the old woman.

“I don't want them to take him,” sobbed the child.

“Why, you little fool!” remonstrated the mother, enforcing the maternal admonition with a shake. “Be you gon't to cry for a durned Yankee?”

“I don't care,” said the little one sturdily, “He was good to me, he was when I was down to camp with granny, and he gim me some gingerbread, and let me see that watch of his'n, so he did;” and little Sally lifted up her voice and wept. Sally was a helpless ally, but Harry felt a ray of comfort, in the reflection that he had one friend at least in the enemy's camp. As he was led away he heard her continued lamentations, and inwardly resolved that if he were ever free, the child should not go unremembered.

To be continued.

More Concerning our Prisoners at Belle Isle.

The following extract from a letter received from a hospital in Annapolis, Md., harmonizes with, and confirms previous accounts of the barbarities inflicted upon the Union prisoners in Richmond. In reading it, we are impressed with its contrast to a statement we heard recently, concerning the treatment of rebel prisoners at David's Island, from a gentleman officially connected with the hospitals there, during their occupation by the latter after the battle of Gettysburgh.

They received not only all necessary medical attendance, but were supplied with comfortable and cleanly clothing, with other comforts which find their way into all our hospitals, beside receiving uniformly kind and considerate treatment.

Said one, an officer, to our informant, as he was about being exchanged: “Our people at home have no idea how kindly you treat us when we fall into your hands, but I shall take care to spread the news, and if you should ever be taken prisoner write to me, and I will do all I can for you.”

“Yesterday the quietude of our every day life was somewhat ruffled by the flag of truce boat *New York*, from Richmond, with 700 of our suffering brethren who had been held there as prisoners. There were about 150 sick aboard. We got in this hospital 44 patients. The stories these poor fellows tell us of their suffering and starvation, (fully corroborated, indeed, by their appearance) are truly horrible in the extreme.

All agree in stating that scores of their comrades die daily by reason of their exposure and cruel treatment. One of the most wonderful facts ever yet brought before the public is the devotion of these men to our dear old flag, illustrated as follows: About 7 months since nearly all the 9th Maryland were captured together with their colors. The color bearer, before surrendering as a prisoner of war, managed to hide the flag under his clothing, and notwithstanding all the efforts of the rebels to secure it, he has kept it hid, wearing it part of the time under his clothes, resolving to die rather than surrender it, and part of the time he has had it sewed up in the lining of his coat.

He has been searched several times, but always has escaped. When he stepped aboard the *New York*, he exhibited it to his comrades, and it was immediately hoisted upon the highest mast, and the boys sent up a shout such as made the rebels start, but of course when the flag and men were both under the protection of the flag of truce, they could do nothing but vent their wrath in empty words.

Our boys on Belle Island are not allowed to go to the river to wash, as the rebels are afraid that they will swim away. Some of them told me that they had not had any soap to wash with for over six months. The corpses of their comrades lie exposed often for 8 to 10 days, and when they beg to be allowed to bury them, they are refused the boon, and several of the boys have actually seen the bodies of comrades devoured by the swine, unable to drive them away on account of weakness.

The Officers Escaped from Libby Prison.

Quite a sensation has been produced here by the presence of several of the officers of our army who have escaped from Richmond during the last few days.

The first plan of escape, as they represent, was to dig and undermine walls to the sewer leading from the prison to the canal; but when they reached the sewer the air was so foul that they could not breath it five minutes and live. This plan was then abandoned, and they turned to the tunnel under Carey street, opposite the prison. After burrowing under the wall several feet, they came to a firmly set row of piles made of the wood of the largest trees.— These they chipped away with pen knives, and a small chisel. At length some obstruction yielded, and after four weeks of incessant toil, they found themselves near the point of promised egress. The earth, as it was dug out, was dragged back in a spittoon to which a rope was attached, and the excavated earth was concealed under a pile of refuse straw, in a cellar. The point of egress was in a wagon or lumber yard opposite the prison. Here, sheltered from the eye of the guard by a high board fence, the entire

number in the plot one hundred and twenty-nine, made their way to the open air; many, no doubt, to be retaken, but the majority to escape. Two of these officers are now lying in Douglass Hospital, with frost-bitten feet. Their story is that soon after escaping out of Richmond, they separated into small bands of three and four. Another, with the two mentioned, found their way to the banks of the Chickahominy, to the right of the York River Railroad, and when skirting along the bank to find a place of crossing, they heard behind them the baying of blood hounds. They concealed themselves in a clump of bushes; the hounds came nearer, and it was evident the dogs were on their scent. One of the officers arose and hastened away. The howl of the animals came nearer; the other two arose and followed in their companions track, and advancing a few rods, suddenly sprang to the right, and lay down again. In a moment, the dogs rushed past them, and their companion was seized. The two escaped, wandered still further down the river, and at length entirely exhausted with hunger, and despairing of finding a way, they called to a negro man who came near to them. He advised them to remain concealed until night, and he would then come to their aid. As soon as it was dark, the good negro brought to them a bucket of corn bread and bacon. Strengthened and warmed by this, their black friend led them several miles down the river to the hut of a friendly colored man. He took them into a small boat, and rowed them down the stream many miles until daylight, and brought them far on their way to Williamsburgh. Their dangers were now nearly ended. The next day they were found by our cavalry, sent out by Gen. Butler to pick up and help in such as might be near.

All these escaped officers speak in the warmest terms of gratitude of the kindness of negroes, who guided and fed them.

May all escape! Out of this adventure will come one of the most interesting chapters of the future history of sacrifices and adventures undergone in the rebellion.

J. J. M.

Washington, Feb. 20, 1864.

The Boston Post gives the following plain English version of 'Excelsior.'—

The shadows of night were comin' down swift,
And the dazzlin' snow lay drift on drift,
As thro' a village a youth did go,
A carryin' a flag with this motto—

Higher?

O'er a forehead high, curled copious hair,
His nose a Roman, complexion fair,
O'er an eagle eye, an auburn lash,
And he never stopped shoutin' thro' his moustache—

Higher?

He saw thro' the windows as he kept gettin' upper
A number of families sittin' at supper,
But he eyed the slippery rocks very keen,
And fled as he cried, and cried while a fleein'—

Higher!

"Take care, you there!" said an old woman, "stop!
It's blowin' gales up there on top—
You'll tumble off t'other side!"
But the hurryin' stranger loud replied,

Higher!

"Oh! don't you go up such a shocking night,
Come sleep on my lap," said a maiden bright,
On his Roman nose a tear drop came,
But still he remarked, as he upward clomb,

Higher!

"Look out for the branch of that sycamour-tree,
Dodge rollin' stones, if any you see!"
Sayin' which, the farmer went home to bed,
And the singular voice replied overhead,

Higher!

About quarter past six the next afternoon,
A man accidentally goin' up soon
Heard spoken above him as often as twice,
The very same word in a very week voice,

Higher!

And not far, I believe, from quarter of seven—
Ha was slow getting up, the road bein' uneven—
Found the stranger dead in the drifted snow,
Still clutching the flag with the motto—

High?

Yes! lifeless, defunct, without any doubt,
The lamp of his being decidedly out,
On the dreary hillside the youth was a layin'!
And there was no more use for him to be sayin'

Higher.

Poetry.

For the Soldier's Aid.

NOT DONE.

Love is like the sun that rising,
His fair onward course to run,
Never falters—never tiring,
Though his work is never done.
Never done.

Wrestling with the mists and darkness
Does his full orb'd brightness come,
Bringing joy, and light, and gladness,
Onward still—his work not done.
Not done.

Love ('tis written) "never faileth,"
When the good work is begun,
Never, while the task remaineth,
Wearies of the work not done.
Not done.

Mothers, sisters, ours the lesson
Of the race that we should run,
While there's suffering, while there's sorrow,
Knowing that our work's not done.
Not done.

While the hoarse-voiced war is calling,
Bidding husbands, brothers, come,
We must not lay off our armour,
Pausing, while our work's not done.
Not done.

Ceaseless will, and self denial,
Till the victory is won,
Then we'll twine the bay and laurel,
For the work so nobly done.
Nobly done.

H. L. W. A.

Thomas Starr King.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The great work laid upon his two-score years
Is done, and well done. If we drop our tears
Who loved him as few men were ever loved,
We mourn no blighted hope nor broken plan
With him whose life stands rounded and approved
In the full growth and stature of a man.
Mingle, O bells, along the Western slope,
With your deep toll a sound of faith and hope!
Wave cheerily still, O banner, half-way down,
From thousand-masted bay and steepled town!
Let the strong organ, with its loftiest swell;
Lift the proud sorrow of the land and tell
That the brave sower saw his ripened grain.
O East and West, O morn and sunset twain
No more forever!—has he lived in vain
Who, priest of Freedom, made ye one, and told
Your bridal service from his lips of gold?
—Independent.

President Lincoln, in a recent speech at Washington, paid a tribute to the work of the loyal women in this war. He said:

"I am not accustomed to the use of language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women; but I must say that, if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war. I will close by saying, God bless the women of America!"

A good story is told of an Irishman who went to see the gorilla in a Cabinet of Amherst College. Not knowing the difference between that animal and the guerrilla he remarked on seeing it, "Saint Patrick I if they have got such soldiers as that off South, I ain't going to war."

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

A column contains eleven squares.

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

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 beware to call at No. 43 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.
 - 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 colorings. HOOP SKIRTS, warranted the best qualities.

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

Burke, Fitzsimons, Hone & Co.

No. 53 MAIN ST.

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

**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

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,
dec 2 58 State-st, corner Market-st., Rochester.

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

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

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

Without going into details, we merely invite an examination of our stock which will open with more new and choice things than were ever offered before.
Rochester, April 2, 1864. CASE & MANN, 37-39 State street.

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

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

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

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

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

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

GOODS RECEIVED AND RETURNED BY EXPRESS.

Bills collected by the Express Company.

Address, D. LEARY,
Mill street, corner of Platt street,
Rochester, N. Y.
jy8y1

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE.

For Fifteen Days Only!

BARAINS!

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
dec 2 CASE & MANN'S.

SUPERIOR STOCK OF CLOAKINGS—At
dec 2 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.—jy8if 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 LICENSED 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.

Address, GEO. C. TEALL,
Rochester, N. Y.
dec 2