



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF OUR SOLDIERS.

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The Soldier's Aid.

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Army Aid.

COMMISSION SUMMARY, No. 2.

SANITARY COMMISSION.

PRESENT ORGANIZATION OF THE RELIEF CORPS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The outlines of this plan were prepared by Mr. Olmsted, July 17, 1863, and the arrangements have been completed under the superintendence of Mr. J. Warner Johnson, of Philadelphia, who fills the position of Field Superintendent.

In its present form there is a Field Superintendent and an Assistant, Mr. Johnson filling the former office, and Captain Isaac Harris, of Brooklyn, the latter, both experienced gentlemen in this work. Attached to each of the six corps of the army is a substantial army wagon, kept filled with an assortment of needed supplies for the field, in charge of a Relief Agent, who has his tent and lives in the corps with which he is connected. He thus becomes identified with the corps, and, in addition to his general interest in the army, acquires a new stimulus in his personal sympathy with those around him. The Medical Agents on duty at the time of Dr. Steiner's report, Sept. 19, were W. A. Hovey, Boston, 1st corps; N. Murray, Elizabethtown, N. J., 2d corps; Col. Clem-

ens Soest (formerly 29th N. Y. Vols.), 3d corps; E. M. Barton, Worcester, Mass., 5th corps; David S. Pope, Baltimore, 6th corps; and Rev. John A. Anderson, California, 12th corps. Dr. Steiner, of Frederick, Md., has general charge at Washington for this army, and Dr. W. S. Swalm is Inspector in the field.

For convenience the agent usually makes his headquarters with the Ambulance Corps. He acquaints himself with the wants of the different division, brigade, and regimental hospitals, which he supplies from his wagon through the medical officers. This is believed by the Commission to be the best mode of accomplishing the distribution of Sanitary stores, inasmuch as it does not interfere with the hospital discipline, the danger of misappropriation on the part of the officers being considered much less than is generally supposed. The Commission have confidence that a large proportion, at least, of the surgeons are gentlemen and patriots, and beyond this the constant supervision really exercised over hospital officers by medical directors and the public would menace them with disgrace for any fraudulent disposition of stores.

The depot of stores for renewing the supplies was established at Bealton, Va., by Charles S. Clampitt, under orders from the chief inspector, and has since been transferred to the charge of Sanford Hoag. It is kept supplied from the Washington Receiving Storehouse, the goods being forwarded tri-weekly in charge of reliable messengers. Major J. C. Bush has been assigned to duty at this storehouse, acting in conjunction with Mr. Hoag.

The Field Relief Corps distributed, during the month of August, shirts, drawers, handkerchiefs, bed sacks, pillows, pillow cases, blankets, quilts, sheets, socks, brandy, whisky, wine, crackers, chocolate, tin cups, lemons, tamarinds, pickles, condensed milk, beef steak, farinaceous food, &c.

The service in the field is popular, many applications being made for admission as Relief Agents, and "on the whole," says Dr. Steiner, "I regard the Field Relief Corps of the Army of the Potomac as a perfect success."

Operations of the Sanitary Commission at Beaufort and Morris Island.

The operations here are under the direction of Dr. M. M. Marsh, Chief Inspector of the Commis-

sion in South Carolina, who is most ably assisted by his wife. Mrs. Marsh acts as her husband's secretary at Beaufort, where a fixed depot of the Commission is established, and during his absence at Morris Island, fully attended to the requisitions of eleven different hospitals at Port Royal and Morris Island. The Commission employs a good sized Brig as a floating depot in the harbor of Charleston, from which needed supplies are daily sent for distribution on shore.

The army gained a foothold on Morris Island July 10th, and two unsuccessful assaults were made upon Ft. Wagner on the 11th and 14th. Before the last assault the agents of the Commission passed among the men of the attacking force, giving to each hot soup and crackers. "This attention to troops 'in the front' endears the Sanitary Commission to both officers and men; and those who were detailed to help in the undertaking as they passed along the lines received a welcome that would do the contributors of the Commission good to hear." Previous to the engagement each little squad had its duties assigned, and discharged them in such a manner as to win the public commendation of the Medical Director. He was heard, during and subsequent to the removal of the wounded from the field to the ship, to exclaim, "God bless the Sanitary Commission!"

The following is a statement of the supplies sent to the depot of the Sanitary Commission in South Carolina, for the summer campaign, 1863:

Articles of hospital body clothing	10,000
Towels and napkins	8,000
Bedding and cushions for wounded	
linens	6,753
Lint, bandages, and old linen	100 barrels.
Fans	2,100
Cologne water	2 gallons.
Bay rum	60 bottles.
Concentrated beef soup	1,000 1 lb cans
" milk	1,000 "
Brandy	216 bottles.
Whiskey	336 "
Wine	384 "
Egg Nogg concentrated	24 cans.
Farinaceous food	1,000 lbs.
Tea	156 "
Refined Sugar	300 "
Eggs	79 doz.
Butter	189 lbs.
Lemons	2 boxes.
Lemonade concentrated	322 "
Dried fruit	35 bbls.
Fresh vegetables	26 "
Boston crackers	20 "
Apple butter	120 cans.

With a quantity of quick lime, chloride of lime, soap, sponges, combs, hospital utensils, cooking utensils, chloroform, morphine, alcohol, salt, mustard, pepper, surgical instruments, etc.

Articles shipped to Dr. Marsh since August 1st, 1863:

- 96 bottles Porter
- 96 " Ale.
- 324 " Blackberry Cordial.
- 243 " Whiskey.
- 281 " Brandy.
- 24 " Rhine Wine.
- 24 " Bordeaux.
- 72 " Port Wine.
- 72 " Sherry Wine.
- 54 " Raspberry Vinegar.
- 442 " Extract of Ginger.
- 22 gallons " "
- 521 " Vinegar.
- 28 bottles Cologne.
- 2251 lbs Beef Stock.
- 768 " Condensed Milk.
- 7064 gallons Curried Cabbage.
- 156 cans Tomatoes.
- 100 lbs Chocolate.
- 129 " Oatmeal.
- 530 cans Lemonade.
- 240 lbs Farina.
- 288 " Corn Starch.
- 72 " Broma.
- 80 " Cocoa.
- 24 Sponges.
- 7 Hair Brushes.
- 1 pair Shears.
- 1 box Stationery.
- 6 barrels Old Linen.
- 3 " Cotton Pieces.
- 9 " Bandages.
- 4 " Lint.
- 340 Fans.
- 7469 articles of Clothing.
- 1850 " of Bedding.

- 97 barrels Onions.
- 121 " Potatoes.
- 105 " Boston Crackers.
- 25 " Sugar.
- 14 bowls Jelly.
- 23 jars "
- 10 cases "
- 8 bottles Bay Rum.
- 3 boxes Lemons.
- 4 barrels Green Apples.
- 6 " Dried Apples.
- 3 " Dried Fruit.
- 6 " Pickles.
- 14 kegs "
- 1 tub "
- 1 keg Tamarinda.
- 3 " Sweetmeats.
- 1 box Cod Fish.
- 2 lbs. Burg. Pitch.
- 2 " Glue.
- 2 " Rosin.
- 2 " Gum Arabic.
- 66 " Soap.
- 5 " Candles.
- 4 dozen Combs.
- 910 pairs Slippers.
- 542 papers Tobacco.
- 500 Tin Pint Cups.
- 500 Spoons.
- 200 Tin Plates.
- 20 " Pans.
- 24 Metal Bed Pans.
- 24 Porcelain Urinals.
- 1 gross Bottle Corks.
- 1 box Pipe.
- 200 tons Ice, in two ship's

The following is from a Boston correspondent:

"It is but just that I should notice, in connection with accounts of military affairs in this department, the operations of the Sanitary Commission here, under direction of its able and efficient manager, Dr. M. M. Marsh. I regret that some correspondents have either entirely ignored its presence or declined awarding to it the high meed of praise to which the unremitting and indefatigable exertions of its agents, both in camp and upon the field of battle, have so eminently entitled it. I cannot, however, do better than give you facts, which speak for it in abler and more patent language than I can command. The exertions of its agents for the preservation of the health of our troops during their almost superhuman labors in the trenches upon Morris and Folly Islands, as well as their timely and efficient aid in promoting the comfort of our sick and wounded during and after the engagements, form a theme of praise to which I confess the incompetency of my pen to do justice; but if the securing of an abundance of necessary supplies, and a liberal distribution of them at each and every point where they were absolutely indispensable, constitute an element of success in the working of a relief association, these gentlemen have certainly demonstrated not only the wisdom of the plans of the Sanitary Commission, but the pre-eminent success of their practical working upon the fields and in the camps throughout this entire campaign.

"At daybreak on the morning of July 10th the U. S. brig Dragon dropped anchor off Stono Inlet, and the red flag of the Commission at her masthead announced the arrival of sanitary stores. A few hours sufficed to take her in and disembark the necessities required for the new hospital just established on the western shore of Folly Island. The Doctor, with one assistant, immediately reported for duty; and, as the ambulances, teams, and stretchers, each loaded to its utmost capacity, poured in from the front (the surgeons being all busy at the tables), the task of unloading the wounded and carrying them to the tables for surgical attention, as well as their removal to tents after the dressing of their wounds, devolved, by tacit consent, upon the gentlemen of this Commission; the cleaning, clothing, and feeding of the sufferers formed a later and no inconsiderable part of their labors; and when, upon the following day, the first charge upon "Wagner" necessitated the removal of those whose wounds had already received attention, to make room for others, their reloading into ambulances and transportation to the hospital steamer again became the work of these gentlemen.

I hazard little in expressing the opinion, that rarely, if ever, has the same amount of such labor been so carefully performed with less suffering to the patients, without the aid of largely increased means; and never upon any similar occasion have the efforts of any relief agents received a more cordial and hearty support from the medical authorities or a more grateful appreciation from the men themselves. With the despatch of the first boat load of wounded, we for a time lost sight of the Commission,

but upon my arrival at Morris Island the following day I soon met its agents again, all busy in arranging their stores and making ready for the prompt discharge of the melancholy duties which subsequently devolved upon them. It was here, for the first time, that I noticed with pleasure a new feature in their work. I learned, upon inquiry, that notwithstanding the incessant labors of the Quartermasters' and Commissary Departments, the supplies of rations were exhausted, and the men at the front were almost destitute of food. In this emergency Dr. Marsh presents himself, and acting upon his theory that a well-filled stomach was essential to the prevention of disease during incessant and severe labors, requested the commander of each detachment of men in the trenches and the advance batteries, to report the number of his command and apply at the sanitary tents for a supply of beef stock, tea, and crackers.

These articles were promptly supplied in quantities sufficient to relieve immediate wants, and many was the poor fellow that then partook with a grateful heart of the luxury of a good meal for the first time in several days.

No faithful record of the services of these gentlemen upon the ever memorable night of the 18th of July ever has or ever can be written. They seemed ubiquitous upon the field, removing the wounded, burying the dead, or staying the life current where the bright red stain from a severed artery upon the white sands of the beach betokened its speedy ebb; and at the post hospital aiding in the operations, and up the dock receiving and disposing of the poor fellows as they were hurried on board, they seemed everywhere present.

All and every man were loud in their praise, and by none were their services more highly appreciated than the medical faculty with whom they worked hand in hand, and who, from skilled experience upon such occasions, were best competent to estimate the value of their services.

The following order, which will explain itself, has been issued by the commanding general:

"DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD,
MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., Sept. 9.

General Orders, No. 73.

The Brigadier General commanding desires to make this public acknowledgment of the benefits for which his command has been indebted to the United States Sanitary Commission, and to express his thanks to the gentlemen whose humane efforts in procuring and distributing much needed articles of comfort, have so materially alleviated the sufferings of the soldiers.

Especial gratitude is due to Dr. M. M. Marsh, medical inspector of the Commission, through whose efficiency, energy, and zeal the wants of the troops have been promptly ascertained, and the resources of the Commission made available for every portion of the army.

By order of
Brig.-Gen. Q. A. GILLMORE.

Ed. W. Smith, Assistant Adj.-General.
Official: Israel S. Sealy, Captain Forty-seventh
New York Volunteers, Acting Assistant Adjutant
General."

Christian Commission.

WORK IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The Christian Commission has now (August 20th) established, in different parts of the Army of the Potomac, several stations, where it is prosecuting its work with great success. One of these is at the headquarters of General Meade, who has promised his co-operation with the delegates of the Commission, "as far as the exigencies of the service and his own authority will permit." Major-Gen. Patrick, the other evening, made an address there to the soldiers, in which he expressed, as far as language could show, his sympathy with the objects and labors of the Commission.

To show the nature and extent of its operations, the following extract, from the report of one of its delegates, who was recently captured by Moseby's cavalry, is given:

"We have distributed a large amount of religious reading matter; have supplied many of the soldiers with articles of clothing, indispensable to their comfort, which at this time they would not otherwise

procure; have supplied sick and wounded with hospital stores and clothing, which have been sent for miles distant.

"The blessings of God are being daily invoked upon the Christian Commission by the poor soldier, for its kindness in contributing towards his temporal and spiritual comfort.

"That you may see what we are doing, I send you a copy of the articles distributed at this station for the week ending August 15th, where we have had three delegates employed:

"Six sermons have been delivered, eleven prayer meetings held, and twenty-one sick relieved. There have been distributed, 42 testaments, 170 hymn books, 378 soldiers' books, 423 miscellaneous books, 11,420 pages of tracts, 3,326 religious newspapers, 7 pamphlets, 1,495 sheets paper and envelopes, 300 'housewives,' 130 pairs of socks, 56 shirts, 36 rolls bandages, 18 pairs of drawers, 12 towels, 12 cans extract beef, 12 cans condensed milk, 6 bottles of brandy, 6 of essence of ginger, 6 of magnesia, 5 of ink, 5 of blackberry wine, 3 of sweet gum, 3 pounds corn starch, 2 bottles of whisky, 2 copies of annual report, and three pounds of cocoa, farina and tea.

"Such a statement, while exhibiting the kind and the amount of work done at one place, shows at the same time what is at present needed in the army. The kindness of the Christian public, as shown by its acts of benevolence, have thus gone far to relieve the wants of our brave men, who need all we can give in evidence of our encouragement and regard. We must, however, continue to show, by such efforts, the estimate we place upon the labors of those who are fighting for our rights as well as their own, assured that we can never do too much for those who are struggling for the cause of freedom, civilization, humanity and God."

Rev. Mr. Shumway, writing from the headquarters of the army of the Potomac, Aug. 15th, 1863, says:

"The spiritual wants of the army were never greater than they are now. Few regiments have chaplains; many have not heard any preaching for a whole year. Tens of thousands of the soldiers have no Testaments. Writing paper is very scarce, and costs too much when bought of sutlers. Needles and thread are in great demand.

"But for the United States Christian Commission, I see not how the wants of the army could be met, in the particulars named above.

"Since the work of your delegates was commenced, the desert has been changed to a garden. There is preaching, now, at different points, every Sabbath; prayer meetings almost every night; and the work of God is being revived.

"The field in which we labor, is a large army occupying an area thirty miles in one direction, and ten in another; a wide field, all white to the harvest, and the laborers are few. Where you have thirteen ministers to act as chaplains at this one point, fifty could find enough to do, to task all their powers. The soldiers would welcome their labors of love, and God would look down with benedictions.

Another delegate of the Commission, Wm. T. Eva, writes thus concerning the work of the Commission at Gettysburg, in July:

"We found great destitution as well as much suffering among the hundreds of rebels whom we visited, which to the extent of our ability we endeavored to relieve, supplying them with food and clothing, ministering to them stimulants and nourishment, washing them, dressing their wounds, and everything in our power to make them comfortable. And it was gratifying to have the evidence furnished that what we did was gratefully received. Indeed I have never witnessed more marked evidences of thankfulness, than among these poor, deluded, suffering, destitute men.

"We invariably followed our labors for their bodily comfort, with efforts for their spiritual well-being. And here again we were gratified at the manner in which our labors were received, and the apparent good fruits produced. We distributed hundreds of pages of tracts and books, gave testaments where they were needed, engaged in religious conversation, which was not only willingly but eagerly received, and, as often as opportunity offered, had singing and prayer.

Many cases I met with of seemingly decided piety, wonderfully illustrating, as I think, the power of the grace of God."

WORK AT CAMP NELSON, KY.

The accounts which follow are from two delegates at Camp Nelson, Ky. One is a self-sacrificing minister of Christ, who left his congregation on the Hudson to enter the immediate and pressing field of the

army work, as undertaken by the Christian Commission. The pastor writes of Camp Nelson, Ky.

"It is strongly fortified and strong naturally, and will become a military station and a depot for stores of all kinds. The Ninth Army Corps is expected here, and there are many laborers, and troops, and teamsters. In my humble opinion, it is a very important field. There are two hospitals here. One, it is said, contains between four and five hundred men. They are sick, not wounded men. No chaplain. I have as yet visited not quite half of it. The other hospital I have not yet seen—it is a great way off, and my time has thus far been busily employed. I have not had an opportunity to visit it.

"We have entirely exhausted our supply of reading matter, and await patiently for a new supply to be sent on from Louisville.

"Our mode of operation has been to visit the camps with our haversacks well filled, and distribute them to anxious recipients. Then make appointments to preach at such times as would be convenient to them and ourselves. We have had several very interesting meetings, and the men receive our books with great gratitude. I have not received an unkind word or look.

"I have become very much interested in the East Tennesseans. They are noble men, have suffered much in their State, and seem to appreciate our labors and sympathy more than any other troops. They often ask, after receiving a book, 'what is to pay?' and are surprised and grateful for the gift. They are strong Union men, and many of them speak openly and strongly against slavery as the cause of all their troubles.

"There are no sanitary supplies for the sick, and they are much needed. My wife writes me, that my church want to send me a box of canned fruit. It will come welcomed."

The other delegate at Camp Nelson confirms the statements of his brother delegate, and adds:

"There are in this camp about 5,000 men, including teamsters. And these teamsters are as needy as the soldiers, and there are only two chaplains in the encampment. The chaplain system here seems to be a failure. The soldiers, whether ungodly or not, speak of chaplains and sutlers, in the same breath, as 'dead heads,' and from the reason that so little really religious work is done among them. The soldiers have frequently told me that they haven't had any religious exercises for months. Some say two months, others six, and some as long as two years.

"I spent ten days in Louisville, visiting the hospitals, taking reading matter around, talking with the men, and holding prayer meetings. I kept watch all night with one poor sick German boy, in one of the Louisville hospitals. I fear he has died here. In one of the prayer meetings which I held in the Exchange Barracks at Louisville, I believe I was made the instrument of reclaiming a backslider. If this were the only palpable fruits of my labors, I would be content. Thirteen men asked for prayers at the meeting referred to. There is quite a revival in that place. In endeavoring to water others, my own heart has been watered.

"This is a precious work. And I think our Christian Commission is very much respected among the soldiers and officers. We have used up all our reading matter, and are entirely out, except a very little. We greatly need such matter, and hope that more will be sent to us soon. The officers here treat us with politeness. General Fry, commandant of the post, is a religious man. By his command, to-day is being kept as a day of thanksgiving, and no work is being done in the camp. The soldiers, with but few exceptions, have treated and received me very cordially. They are delighted at something to read.

J. Y. B.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27th, 1863.

MY DEAR EDITRESS:—Our city is at this time a scene of turmoil and confusion. Every hotel full to overflowing; every car crowded; the whole population gaily and hurriedly jostling each other in the streets. Everything is prosperous, and yet we, of No. 10 Cooper Union, have had to make strenuous efforts to fill our empty boxes. The calls upon us are so constant, and the South and Southwest are so full of our poor suffering soldiers (the late battles having thrown an immense number into the hospitals), that our supplies are really exhausted. We have written to all our associate Managers, informing them of our condition, and their spirited and prompt action gives

assurance of the liveliest efforts in our behalf; and that true patriotism never flags. Already barrels and boxes begin to flow in, in answer to our call.

With these lovely autumn days appear the ardent faces of our young assistants, just returned from the country, and zealous for work. They circle about us like little doves, all ready to alight and arrange the precious and bountiful stores which our great and generous people will soon pour upon us. I met one of the brightest and most blooming of them it Broadway with a huge Ledger in her hand, utterly regardless of appearances. I could not help warning her that she would certainly be mistaken for a strong-minded woman—that creature which man most dreads—and thus seriously threaten her prospects for the future. She laughingly replied, "of that anon," and passed on to her labor of benevolence.

The splendid success of the great Western Fair has been very inspiring. Already the first steps have been taken to initiate one in the city of New York upon a magnificent scale—to be the largest and most extensive ever held in the country. I attended the first meeting on Saturday last, held at the Loyal Union Club House. The meeting went off with great spirit. We had a very eloquent and beautiful address from Dr. BELLOWA. It is to be upon the model of the Great Western Fair, of which they are so justly proud, and will be opened on the 22d of February—WASHINGTON'S birthday.

One cannot resist the feeling that this is the very time for the strongest and most united and patriotic enthusiasm for our country. Present victories are so cheering; the solidity of the whole Northern people is so proved. Mr. CHASE has conducted our finances with such masterly skill, and a smiling prosperity so irradiates the land, that we have only to remain steadfast to the Union and true to the Government to ensure our future peace.

Mr. BECHER, who spoke so eloquently for us a few nights since, drew a striking comparison between our free institutions and those of Europe. It was an ennobling occasion to welcome home a man who had so recently stood face to face with our enemies, and who had done us such brave and priceless service.—His audience here was intellectual and appreciative. Though so conservative an assembly, it listened to and applauded tumultuously the most radical sentiments of this renowned and pungent abolitionist.

I cannot resist sending you the following deeply interesting letter from Mrs. Dr. MARSH. It seems wrong to withhold from you what gives us fresh heart to work constantly in this great cause.

Ever truly yours,

B. B.

BEAUFORT, S. C., Nov. 16, 1863.

MY DEAR MISS COLLINS:—I have just returned from a visit to the brig Mystic, over which waves two flags intimately associated in the hearts of those who have bailed the one, as a signal of relief, while defending the other. Glorious flags, both of them, waking up the best feelings of loyal hearts. Three cheers for the Stars and Stripes, waving along side the beautiful Sanitary Commission flag—a gift to us from that association which is here believed to have been the salvation of this command.

The Mystic is a brig of 300 tons, passed over by Government to the Sanitary Commission. Improvements were commenced upon her immediately after our return, and on Monday morning last she reported for service. Tuesday, 3 P. M., and immediately after my visit, she left the wharf, with the cheers of many, for Morris Island.

It would do you good to witness the interest officials manifest in all that furthers our operations.—We consult them and they work for us. Since the

order that no more disabled men shall go North, our field enlarges and our labors increase, but military and medical men lighten them whenever possible.—They are glorious men, and I wish you could see their ready zeal. The practical wisdom of the Executive Committee, in the large invoice furnished us is now apparent. The increased numbers brought from Morris Island and Folly Island, in consequence of the order, and the character of the prevailing disease, render Beaufort more than ever a Lazar-house. I believe, my friend, you and your associates are called of God to stimulate those who wish a country, to give frequently and freely for the noble men who unobtrusively offer themselves upon her altar. It is a sad thing, Miss COLLINS, for the sick to wait for death in exile, and the comforts which your association can furnish, are the only solace left these home-banished men. When the history of this war shall be written, the silent benevolence of the North will like the dew and sunshine of God, appear the agency that has sustained the Army of the Union, in her darkest hours. We now know this; others will learn it.

With regards to your co-laborers, believe me,
Yours Respectfully, Mrs. M. M. MARSH.

Miss COLLINS—I wish you to know the good feeling that exists here towards the soldier. We began to beg for oranges for them, and now they are sent in by barrels, bags, and in all quantities. We assort them and send them to the Islands. Please say this to Mr. B. COLLINS; it will do him good to know that superintendents and negroes care for the soldier.

M. M. MARSH.

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

REPORT OF SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

CASH.

Monthly Subscriptions.—Mrs. Archer, Atkinson street, 12c; Mrs. C. M. Avery, Fitzhugh street, \$1.10; Miss Baldwin, Greenwood Avenue, (for Nov. and Dec.) 25c; Mrs. O. H. Benedict, Plymouth Avenue, \$1.00; Mrs. Mary Bingham, 25c; Mrs. E. Bottom, Fitzhugh street, \$1.00; Mrs. Brown, 12c; Mrs. Aaron Brownell, Greenwood Avenue, (for Nov. and Dec.) 20c; Miss Bartiss, 12c; Mrs. Cogging, 15c; Mrs. Conklin, Plymouth Avenue, \$1.00; Mrs. C. J. Coon, 25c; Mrs. M. A. Corey, High street, (for Nov., Dec., Jan. and Feb.) 50c; Mrs. Crane, Eagle street, (for Nov. and Dec.) 25c; Mrs. F. De Witt, Fitzhugh street, 50c; Mrs. A. W. Droege, 25c; Mrs. Edgerton, 25c; Mrs. A. Erickson, 25c; Mrs. Linda Fabrig, (for Nov. and Dec.) 25c; Mrs. Farley, 25c; Mrs. Flannery, 25c; Mrs. E. Forayth, (for Nov. and Dec.) 25c; Mrs. Frazer, (for Nov., Dec. & Jan.) \$3.00; A. Friend, 50c; Do., (for Nov., Dec., Jan. and Feb.) \$1; Do., (for Nov., Dec., Jan. and Feb.) \$1; Mrs. Gibbs, Atkinson street, 12c; Mrs. M. Gifford, 12c; Mrs. E. Glover, (for Nov. and Dec.) 25c; Mrs. H. Gorline, 25c; Mrs. R. Gorline, 25c; Mrs. Groot, High street, 10c; Mrs. T. F. Hall, 25c; Mrs. C. E. Hart, 25c; Mrs. C. J. Hayden, Fitzhugh street, \$2; Mrs. Hopwood, Greenwood Avenue, 10c; Mrs. Hubbell, 25c; Mrs. Peter Huddleston, High street, 10c; Mrs. C. G. Lee, Fitzhugh street, 50c; Mrs. Loomis, Atkinson street, 10c; Mrs. Loup, Greenwood Avenue, (for one year), \$1.50; Mrs. Lovecraft, 25c; Mrs. J. C. Marsh, Fitzhugh street, \$1; Mrs. McArthur, 25c; Mrs. Frances Merrell, 20c; Mrs. A. Miller, 25c; Mrs. E. Millman, 50c; Mrs. L. H. Morgan, Fitzhugh street, \$2; Mrs. Morley, 12c; Mrs. G. E. Mumford, Plymouth Avenue, (for one year), \$5; E. W. Neff, High street, 25c; Mrs. C. Perry, 50c; Mrs. F. E. Pierce, 18c; Mrs. H. S. Potter, Fitzhugh street, (for November, December, January and February), 50c; Miss Maria Ray, High street, 10c; Mrs. A. Reynolds, Fitzhugh street, (for Nov. and Dec.) 50c; Mrs. Roades, Atkinson street, 12c; Mrs. M. D. Rowley, (for Nov. and Dec.) 50c; Mrs. Rumble, Atkinson street, 10c; Mrs. E. H. Sabin, 25c; Mrs. Dr. E. Sackett, Adams street, (for Nov. and Dec.), 50c; Mrs. Wm. Sage, Plymouth Avenue, 50c; Mrs. M. G. Sanford, 25c; Mrs. E. Scantom, Fitzhugh street, \$1; Mrs. Cole, C. Sec. High street, (for Nov. and Dec.) 25c; Mrs. Seely, 12c; Mrs. J. W. Seward, (for Nov. Dec., Jan. and Feb.) \$1; Mrs. J. W. Shaw, Adams street, 25c; Mrs. Geo. Silence, (for Nov., Dec., Jan., Feb. and March), 50c; Mrs. Slie, High street, 10c; Mrs. M. Smith, Fitzhugh street, \$2; Mrs. H. F. Smith, Plymouth Avenue, 15c; Mrs. W. Springer, Adams street, 12c; Mrs. E. M. Stewart, 25c; Miss Stone, 25c; Mrs. Storrs, 25c; Mrs. Tallmadge, Lafayette street, 10c; Mrs. James Upton, 25c; Mrs. E. Upton, (for Nov. and Dec.) 50c; Mrs. F. Van Dorn, Adams street, (for Nov. and Dec.) 20c; Mrs. Van Housen, Adams street, (for Nov., Dec., Jan. and Feb.), 50c; Mrs. M. N. Van Zandt, 25c; Mrs. Weir, Atkinson street, 10c; Mrs. Winn, 2c.

Donations.—Mrs. D. C. Ailing, \$1; Mrs. Banning, \$1; Mrs. Dr. Benjamin, \$1; Dr. G. Copway, \$1; Mrs. Lewis Churchill, 25c; Mrs. Dr. Dewey, \$3; Mr. Ettenheimer, \$2; A. Friend, 50c; Do., 50c; Do., 50c; Do., \$10; Miss Fuller, 25c; W. H. Haeford, Scottsville, \$5; Mrs. A. S. Mann, \$3; First Methodist Church, \$20; Miss Harriet Murdock, 50c; Mrs. Randall, \$2; Mrs. Wm. Richardson, \$3; Mrs. Denton Woods Shorer, 51c; Miss Nettie Strong, \$1; Mrs. Van Dorn, 25c; Mrs. M. N. Van Zandt, 50c; Webster Aid, 25c; Jennie Wright, 54c; collection taken on Thanksgiving Day in Central Church, from the Central, Brick and Plymouth Churches, \$139.15; collection taken in Universalist Church, \$35.07.

DONATIONS OF HOSPITAL SUPPLIES FROM AID SOCIETIES.

Brighion.—7 pairs socks.
Clyde.—26 cotton shirts, 4 dressing gowns, 21 napkins, 17 sheets, 21 pillow slips, 2 quilts, 1 vest, old pieces.
Fairport.—1 shirt, 10 pairs drawers, 5 pairs woolen socks, 2 dressing gowns, 1 pair pants, 2 sheets, 3 pillow cases, 6 cushions, dried fruit.
Irondequoit, District No. 2.—14 flannel shirts, 9 pairs woolen socks, bandages, old linen.
Parma.—2 pairs socks.
Second Ward, Rochester.—10 pairs cotton flannel drawers, 2 pairs cotton drawers, 13 pairs woolen socks, bandages, old linen.
St. Luke's Church.—6 flannel shirts, 4 dressing gowns, 4 quilts.
West Webster.—Dried apples and plums.
 —3 shirts, 9 pairs drawers, 9 pairs socks, 1 pair mittens, 21 handkerchiefs, 7 towels, 1 quilt, bandages, lint, old linen, yeast cakes.

FROM INDIVIDUALS.

Mrs. J. Bissell, reading matter; Mrs. Bliss, (Churchville), 4 feather pads, compresses, dried apples and plums; Mrs. E. Brown, (Ogden), 1 pair socks, yeast cakes; Miss Clark, (Sophia street), 2 under shirts, 1 pair drawers, 1 pair slippers, 1 dressing gown; Mrs. J. W. Dwinelle, reading matter; Mrs. Gifford (Irondequoit), 2 kegs piccalilli, 1 do. pickled onions; Mrs. Volney Lacy, Mrs. J. F. Bliss, Mrs. Hart Smith, Mrs. Richmond and Mrs. Vandever, (Churchville), 10 gallons cucumber pickles; Mrs. Limbaker and Mrs. Tompkins, (Parma), 80 lbs. dried fruit, 15 lbs. preserves; Mrs. Loup, 1 pair woolen socks; Mrs. J. Mason, 10 gallons pickles and dried fruit; Mrs. McAlpine, (East Avenue), 3 bottles wine; Mrs. Samuel McClure, 1 bottle wine; Miss J. Olney, 1 bottle catsup; Mrs. E. L. Pottle, 15 gallons pickles; Mrs. Edward Ray, 10 jars black currant jelly, 2 bottles peach vinegar, 1 bag dried tomatoes, 6 bags and 1 box herbs, 1 pillow, 2 knitted waist cloths; Eddie Ray, reading matter; Mrs. Wm. Richardson, reading matter; Miss Emma Shepard, (Pittsford), dried raspberries; Mrs. Hart Smith, dried onions; Miss VanNest, (Ogden), 3 pillows, 3 kegs pickles, 1 bushel dried apples; Mrs. R. Webster, Mrs. M. Webster, Mrs. Ferrin, and Mrs. J. Allison, 1 bag feathers, 2 bottles prepared grapes, dried apples, dried blackberries, dried corn; Mrs. James G. Wilson, (Holley), grapes, dried cherries and dried apples.

Mrs. A. S. MANN, Treasurer.

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

The Committee have forwarded during the month, 14 packages, numbering from 236 to 249, inclusive, as follows: Nos. 236 and 237 to the Sanitary Commission, Louisville, care Dr. Newberry; No. 240, to Frederick City, Md., care Mrs. G. M. Tyler; and the remaining packages to the Woman's Central Association of Relief, New York.
 Their aggregate contents were as follows: 39 flannel shirts, 81 cotton do., 39 pairs cotton and cotton flannel drawers, 81 pairs woolen socks, 18 pairs slippers, 50 handkerchiefs and napkins, 11 dressing gowns, 1 pair pants, 1 vest, 3 quilts, 17 sheets, 26 pillow cases, bandages, lint, old pieces, reading matter, 5 large kegs of pickles, 15 small do., bag of onions, 14 bottles of wine, 10 jars of black currant jelly, 1 can fruit, 2 packages crackers, 6 packages corn starch, bag yeast cakes, do. corn, pepper, dried fruit, 2 packages soap, several packages mint and herbs.

Mrs. L. C. SMITH, Chairman.

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

Amount on hand, November 1st, 1863,	\$322 25
Receipts during the month,	37 25
Total,	\$359 50
Expenses of the month, for printing and stationery,	45 25
Balance on hand, Dec. 1st,	\$314 25

Mrs. E. T. HUNTINGTON, Treasurer.

PATRIOTISM OF MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.—Rev. Dr. Bellows, President of the Sanitary Commission, of Boston, announces the receipt of \$8,267 29 from Miss Charlotte Cushman, the proceeds of five dramatic representations. In acknowledgment, Dr. Bellows made the following happy remarks:

"This magnificent product of the genius of Miss Cushman, devoted to the relief of our suffering soldiers, is only the most striking exemplification yet made of woman's power and will to do her full part in the national struggle. Inspired with love and pity, American women have been, by their labors and sympathies, a real part of the army, and their ranks, under leaders like Miss Cushman, will not break while their sons, brothers and husbands are firm and faithful in the field.

"It is due to Miss Charlotte Cushman to say, that this extraordinary gift of money, so magically evoked by her spell, is but the least part of the services which, ever since the war began, she has been rendering our cause in Europe. Her earnest faith, in the darkest hours, her prophetic confidence in our success, her eloquent patriotism, in all presences, have been potent influences abroad, and deserve and command the gratitude of the whole nation.

PARADOXICAL.—It is a paradox that loose habits generally stick tighter to a man than any other kind.

The Soldier's Aid.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DEC. 2, 1863.

Protest against Barbarism.

Nothing, since the outbreak of our civil war, has called forth such universal sympathy and indignation at the North, as the treatment of Union prisoners at Libby Prison and Belle Isle. The recital of the terrible sufferings and patient endurance of those brave men stirs our deepest commiseration for them, and kindles a burning indignation against the barbarism which has inflicted such cruelties upon them.

We listened half incredulously to the first reports that our prisoners were being deliberately starved, not crediting that even the chivalry which could shape into drinking cups and finger rings the bones of slaughtered enemies, could determinedly and persistently condemn to slow torture the living ones whom the fortunes of war had thrown defenceless upon their hands. In reading and hearing the various expressions elicited in the spontaneous outbreak of feeling and the cooler review of these circumstances which this revelation of horror has called out, we feel instinctively that there are two extremes in this connection against which Northern patriotism and humanity should revolt and sternly protest.

The first is against any *excuse* or *palliation* of this deliberate, vindictive cruelty, and in saying this, no reference is had to utterances springing from "Southern sympathy," but to such as are prompted by a candor and charity which it is deemed a duty under all circumstances to exercise. It is but pseudo-charity, however, which seeks to shield individuals from merited execration at the expense of a high tone of public honor and morality. War is too terrible an evil, and the incentives it offers to moral degradation too great to allow any tampering with the execution of a rigid adherence to the laws which humanity, as safe-guards to itself, has thrown around it in civilized communities. There is, in this case, no excuse which can be offered. If it be said the rebels had not the means to feed their prisoners, then *they should parole them*. All differences respecting the conditions of the cartel could be as well adjusted with the prisoners on parole as if actually held in bondage. Beside, no combatant has a right to hold prisoners whom he cannot treat according to the laws of war.

But even this plea cannot be admitted in the face of evidence that their own men are well fed. The previous demands, too, by a portion of the Southern press for the inauguration of this cruel policy, and the satisfaction expressed at its adoption, are very significant facts, pointing to *vindictiveness* rather than *necessity*, as its source. The Richmond Examiner, in a recent issue, denies the statements which have come to us, spreading, in its columns, a bountiful table for the prisoners in Richmond, and sighing to think their own soldiers cannot be as well served. Notwithstanding the *Examiner's* bill of fare, however, the stubborn fact still remains, that *our men were starving in those prisons*, until aid reached them from the North. And if, as the editor says, the bill of fare for their own army is a more meagre one, we can only marvel at that wonderful difference between the physical constitutions of Northern and Southern men, which enables the latter to fight vigorously on less rations than avail to starve the former.

The second protest should be against *retaliation in kind*, or the least whisper of it. No, let us not

descend to this. We know there are dread necessities which every war imposes, and that where the arbitrament of the latter is invoked in National disputes, these necessities must be submitted to, though they involve the sacrifice of everything but right and honor that is dear to us. We know that the death dealing missile must perform its mission; that a violation of the laws of warfare must be met, to a certain extent, by a retaliation that shall enforce a respect for civilized usage; that the bullet and scaffold must, under a rigid necessity, do their relentless work. But when, in this depth of war, "a lower deep," one of savage atrocity, opens before us, every instinct of humanity recoils from a further descent. We would not scalp the savage in return for his own cruelty. No, no; let us never hear a word of this. Let the prisoners in our hands be treated as they should be by civilized and Christian men, or, under the worst necessity, according to the most humane usage which that necessity allows. If there is work for the executioner to do, let it, at least, be done with the merciful speed and humane consideration which civilized warfare not only allows, but prescribes. Let not the grandeur of our cause be sullied by a vindictive thought, nor the reputation of our glorious North be tainted with one barbarous act.

Leave to our foes a monopoly of the vindictiveness and cruelty in which they triumph and rejoice through the columns of their daily press. Leave to those who have levelled the axe of rebellion against the root of the tree, planted by their fathers and ours, the sole honor of *inflicting slow torture upon a brave enemy captured in battle*. We will, "now and forever," condemn and execrate the deed, while we pray that we may never be left to imitate it.

May our dear old North never bequeath to her heirs the blush of shame which must mantle the brow of the future Scion of Chivalry as History's relentless finger points scornfully to this foul record upon his ancestral page.

Plan and Progress of Our Bazaar.

The plan of the Bazaar is contained, substantially, in the following circular, issued some three weeks since, for circulating in this vicinity:

CHRISTMAS BAZAAR, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE LADIES' HOSPITAL RELIEF ASSOCIATION, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—At a meeting of the "Ladies' Hospital Relief Association," of this city, Sept. 30th, called for the purpose of adopting some mode of replenishing our treasury, a movement was initiated for holding a Christmas Bazaar. The most favorable time and locality possible for it, viz., CORINTHIAN HALL and the week preceding Christmas, have been secured, and the co-operation of members of kindred Societies, and others interested in the object, solicited in aid of the movement, has been very generally and cordially tendered.

Thus encouraged, the desire is stimulated to render the enterprise a success far beyond what, in the outset, we ventured to hope for. Advantages are offered in this Bazaar, which we shall not soon again possess, for reaping a harvest in aid of our soldiers, and we are solicitous that our golden opportunity shall not, like so many others, slip away unimproved, or half improved, through the want of a sufficiently extended, systematic, and energetic effort. We therefore employ this mode of making a more general appeal for aid than can be done through personal solicitation alone, to individuals and Aid Societies in the city, country, and neighboring villages.

The Bazaar will include booths for the sale of articles, and Refreshment Tables. The booths will represent in their decorations and costumes of salesmen, different nations, and the articles for sale in each will correspond to the productions, wants, or customs of the nations represented. The Nationalities to be represented are, according to the present arrangement, the Scotch, Chinese, German, Italian, Aboriginal, Yankee, National, Mexican, Gipsy, French, Turkish, Irish, and Russian. Another may be added, and one or two changed in the ultimate programme. Beside these are the Refreshment Tables and booths on the platform for flowers, fruit, and perfume.

The Bazaar will open Monday, Dec. 14th, at 6 p. m., and continue during the week, the Hall being open every day, and Monday, from 12 m. to 4 p. m. for dinner and sales, and again at 6 p. m. for the evening sales. Arrangements will be made for furnishing dinners every day, in a style not only comfortable but elegant. Tickets of admission to the Hall are: Single tickets, 25 cents; season tickets, \$1.00; lunch tickets, entitling to admission and dinner, 50 cents.

This detail of arrangements will suggest the aid desired—donations of appropriate articles for sale in the booths, of materials for making these articles, of edibles for the Refreshment Tables, of money for meeting unavoidable expenses, of service in various ways, beside the loan of many articles calculated to render the display more attractive.

We would appeal to every Aid Society in our vicinity to appoint a committee (and this should be done at once, to im-

THE SOLDIER'S AID.

prove to the utmost our limited time) to canvass its own neighborhood and obtain all the help possible, sending us an early report of what is promised, that we may know upon what to depend. A Committee on Soliciting Edibles has been appointed, who will make application soon, personally and by letter, in the city and vicinity for donations to the Refreshment Tables. In reporting such donations promised, the names and residence of the donors should be given, also the kind and quantity of the articles donated, and days when they will be sent. In case of all other donations, also, the names and residence of the donors are desired.

Schools are solicited to contribute from their leisure moments, some products of their taste and industry. One or two in this city are engaged quite enthusiastically in appropriating their spare hours to this object, and have already prepared a little stock of tasteful fancy articles and ingenious toys. Churches, individuals, and even little children are invited to help in the work. Contributions can be sent to the "Ladies' Hospital Relief Association, No. 23 Exchange Place, Rochester, N. Y."

A list of articles donated, with the names and residence of the donors, as far as these are furnished us, will be published after the Bazaar, and a copy sent to each donor.

We also invite all to whom this circular is addressed, to be present at our sales, where we are quite safe in assuring you of a tempting display of useful and tasteful products from which to select your choicest Christmas Gifts.

In concluding our appeal, let us hope that the patriotic liberality and energy of our citizens will render our own success such as to bear, at least, no unfavorable comparison with the brilliant results that have attended such Bazaars in Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and other places; and to this end we feel it is only necessary to say, remember the Heroes in our hospitals while enjoying the comforts of home. Can we do less than share those comforts freely with them? The call from those hospitals will, undoubtedly, soon come upon us with redoubled urgency, for the plot in our national drama is thickening, and even while we write, the wires are bringing the reports of another battle in Virginia that seems the preliminary of a general clash of arms along our lines, from the Rappahannock to Chattanooga. Let us make haste in earnest, that we may be ready to assist in relieving the suffering thousands who will need all the aid we can render them.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements.
MISS R. B. LONG.
Rooms "HOSPITAL RELIEF ASSOCIATION,"
No. 23 Exchange Place, Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 9, 1863.

The above arrangements have only been modified since the date of the circular, by substituting for the Mexican Booth, one appropriated to "Young America," and by the introduction of some additional features. The Young American Booth has been taken in charge by several little girls, who have entered into the work with a great deal of zeal and energy.

Arrangements have been made for one or two additional features within the Hall, not yet completed, and also for others outside. The chief attraction among the latter will be the Art Gallery, which it is proposed to open for exhibition in the rooms of the "Rochester Atheneum," in the Corinthian Hall building, during the week of the Bazaar. A valuable collection of pictures has already been engaged for this purpose, and efforts are being made to secure other gems of Art, which will add greatly to the attractiveness of the exhibition.

It has also been decided to open outside the Hall, in some convenient place, to be notified through the daily papers, Booths for Agricultural and Manufacturing products, where donations can be received from Farmers, Manufacturers and Merchants, of such agricultural and other products as there is not space for within the limits of Corinthian Hall.

The general and enthusiastic interest manifested in forwarding the various preparations for the Bazaar, both in the city and vicinity, and the progress already made, are in the highest degree encouraging for our success.

The following extract from a member of one of our own regiments in the Army of the Potomac, illustrates the interest with which the soldier regards these home enterprises in his behalf:

"I see that an appeal has been made by the Ladies' Hospital Relief Association of Rochester, which appeared in your issue of the 11th inst., inviting the co-operation of the citizens of Rochester and vicinity in assisting them in the good work they have so nobly and generously begun, and which is to form the great point of attraction in your hospitable city the coming month, commencing on the 14th day of December, in Corinthian Hall, and continuing for one week. An appeal coming from such a source, and having for its purpose the sole comfort of the sick, wounded, and worn out soldier, who has sacrificed his health, happiness, and if need be, his life, in endeavoring by his humble aid, to hold aloft the proud insignia of Liberty, and who, from wounds received, or sickness contracted, while nobly per-

forming that arduous yet pleasant duty, should be successful. They pine in the numerous hospitals throughout the land, with no one to comfort them but those Christian ladies who can be found at all times administering to their wants. I am proud to say that their labor has not been in vain; for the soldier who returns from the hospital after being the recipient of the kindness bestowed upon him by these ministering angels, does so with a renewed vigor, and a determination to perform his duty faithfully, if for no other purpose, as I have frequently heard them express themselves, than repaying our benevolent ladies for the kind treatment received from them while in hospital. Their praise is on the lips of every soldier who returns healed of his wounds or cured of disease. We, then, their comrades in arms, have much to be thankful for; and we most earnestly implore of you, fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and friends to humanity, to join hand and hand in assisting these Christian ladies in the good work they are endeavoring to effect—and when the 14th day of December arrives, let there be a grand display of well-filled purses at Corinthian Hall, to give the ladies of the Hospital Relief Association of Rochester the assurance that you are ready and willing to assist them in their good work of comforting the sick and wounded soldiers, who now throng our hospitals; for, in assisting them you assist us, and in assisting us you assist the Administration, the Constitution, humanity, and facilitate the restoring of peace and harmony throughout our once happy land—thereby securing for ourselves the proud and honorable title which awaits those who are true to the cause that we are now engaged in. All honor to the ladies of Rochester, and an overwhelming success to their charitable enterprise, is the wish of every soldier."

Miscellaneous.

"Only a Private."

BY CARLYLL DEAN.

"Just as a private!"

Emily did not answer, but her eye lighted up and her fingers flew a little faster through the red flannel shirt she was making. She did not look at all ashamed, though the private referred to was her own sweetheart.

"Just as a private! Well, I would never let Allan go in such a place." And Eveline tossed her pretty head.

"Harry might have had a commission had he chosen. It was offered to him."

"Then, why, in the name of wonder, didn't he take it?"

"Because he preferred to go into the ranks. He said he wouldn't try to command men till he had learned himself, by experience, what it was to obey and how to do it."

"Oh, you and he are so high flown—and there will be Allan, his own younger brother, commanding him. Oh dear, oh dear, How can I? How can I? I wish I hadn't said he might go." A burst of tears. "Oh, Emily, you don't feel as I do. There you sit, sewing away, as if no one you cared for was going away to be killed."

Emily started for a moment, and grew white. It was from no want of feeling that she dared not dwell on the cruel possibility her cousin suggested. When you have a sore finger, if it is only a little painful, you will be continually working at it. When it grows very bad, you will shrink from a touch. She did not speak but went on with her work.

"I don't see how you can sew so," continued the sobbing Eveline. "How do you know but he may be killed in that very shirt, and then how would you feel when you think you sent him off?"

"I should think we had both known the risk and done our duty," said Emily rather sharply. "I wish you would help me with this work, Eveline. There are all Co. C's shirts to be done, and the regi-

ment may go to-morrow—certainly by the next day. I shall have to sew all day to-morrow.

"Why that is Sunday."

"I know it, but this work must be done."

"Well, I can't think it right," said Eveline, drying her tears, and settling her curls and her collar, "sewing on the Sabbath day."

"It appears to me if it is right to help an ox or an ass out of a pit into which it has fallen, on that day, it can't be quiet wrong to do all we can to send help to our country, and now every hour and every man tells, and the men want their clothes."

"Well, I call myself a Christian," returned Eveline. The tone meant, "I call you no better than a heathen."

"That's the easiest part of Christianity to practice," returned her cousin dryly. "But, come, today's not Sunday,—do just make these button holes."

"Oh, I can't now. I am sure I couldn't sew five minutes, for thinking about Allan. I am so wretched. It is miserable to have so much feeling, and that red thread colors my hand so."

"It is rather fortunate that every one's feelings don't show themselves in that way," retorted Emily, who had her own troubles to make her sharp on that April morning.

Just then the door opened, and the two brothers entered, Allan in the Lieutenant's uniform of the militia to which he belonged, Harry in citizen's attire, but very elegantly dressed—kid gloves, patent leathers, and snowy fine linen. Certainly, he did not look like a man to wear red flannel shirts and the like, in the capacity of a private.

Allan's eyes noticed in a moment, the traces of tears on Eveline's face. He drew her away through the folding doors into the front parlor, from whence was presently heard a sound, as if a couple of melancholly pigeons had made a settlement in the bow-window. Harry sat down by Emily and watched her flying fingers.

"Let me sew on the buttons," he petitioned.

"You! indeed?"

"Yes, to be sure, I have learned how this long time. It will be good practice." And he went to work, deftly enough.

"When do you go," she asked; "is it settled?"

"Day after to-morrow," and his voice dropped, though he tried to speak cheerfully.

The room seemed to turn round with her for a moment, then she looked up with quivering smile. At that moment in the front room, Eveline burst into a fit of hysterical sobs and tears. Allan could not quiet her. He was alarmed and called her cousin. Emily did not look very sympathetic as she entered the parlor. Allan thought how little feeling she had, in comparison with his own Eveline.

"Come, come, Eveline," said Emily, a little wearily, "there are as many as a thousand women in this very town, perhaps, who are worse off than we. You distress Allan, and you make yourself look like a fright," she added in a lower tone.

Eveline drew herself away, but the tears ceased. She was sorry she had no more self-control, but indeed she could not help it—it was her disposition.

By the time she was soothed and quieted, the time was gone, and the two young men could stay no longer.

"Dear little Evy," said Allan, as they walked away; "poor dear little tender thing, how will she ever live through it? She and Emily are so different."

"Yes," returned Harry, absently.

"Poor little girl, if it hadn't been for her you know, Harry, I would have gone with you. I feel

ashamed every time I think of your being in the ranks and I with a commission—do you mind it much, old fellow?" he asked uneasily.

"I, oh no,—why, it was my own choice."

"Well, I know, but it don't seem right—but she couldn't bear the idea, and it was so hard for her any how, and I didn't want to contradict her about it, you know," pursued the Lieutenant, apologetically.

"I quite know, Allan. It don't hurt my feelings at all," said the other, with a smile. "And, now let us walk a little quicker, or we shall be late for drill."

Harry and Allan Camp belonged to that class whom we hear described as rising young lawyers. They had a pretty little fortune of their own, they had received a fine education, and their prospects, when the war broke out, were very bright. They were engaged to the two cousins, Emily Lansing and Eveline Hall. These two young ladies lived with an aunt who had brought them up, and were understood to be heiresses in a small way. Eveline was exceedingly pretty, many called her beautiful, every one said she was "a sweet girl." Emily was merely a fine looking young woman, suspected by many people of having a will of her own.

Emily sewed at the shirts all the next morning.

Eveline went to church with the Lieutenant, and felt very good and religious, much better than Emily. Harry spent the morning with the latter young lady. Both expressed their opinions freely about the secessionists, as neither of them belonged to that "impartial" class which

— never condescends

To blame its foes or combat for its friends."

Other words they spoke, doubtless, such as are spoken by those to whom parting is almost like death, while the hours go by faster than ever they did before, and neither dares dwell on the thoughts of the morrow.

The regiment, the Michigan 190th, let us say, marched away on that April morning of '61. Banners flaunted from the windows, men cheered and women smiled and wept. If there were those who wished ill-luck to the departing band they did not dare to utter a word. We were very intolerant in those days, and "southern brethren" were decidedly at a discount. Eveline insisted on going into the depot to see them off, and cried and sobbed on Allan's shoulder till the last moment. Emily and Harry said their good-bye at home. The last she saw of him was as he marched down the streets in the ranks wearing the red shirt, as yet the only uniform of the 190th. He waved his cap, and then there was a mist before her sight—the houses, the people, the waving colors swam in sunshine. She just answered the signal, they were gone by, and she reached the sofa, she knew not how, and lay faint and sick yet tremblingly alive to every sound, to the distant cheers, to the regular tramp of feet growing fainter, to the whistle of the train just coming in, and then she pressed her hands over her ears to shut out the martial music playing "The girl I left behind me," with its undertones of wailing that went to her heart—"Oh Harry, Harry! Oh my God—for Thy cause, for Christ's sake—help me to bear it!"

She had little time to give to quiet. Eveline came back with her aunt, sobbing, trembling, entirely overcome, only not too much so to talk, needing camphor, sal volatile, and attendance all the morning.

"Well, I wouldn't be you for a small sum, Harry Camp," said a gentleman on the train that morning to our private. (This gentleman was not in the service, nor likely to be.)

"No?" said Harry inquiringly.

"To think of your consorting with such fellows—why I believe there are some of the greatest roughs in town in your company!"

"The greater need then for a few smooths," returned the other.

"Well, I shouldn't think you'd care to expose yourself to such influences. Just on a level with Pete Craig and Pat Mahoney and the rest. In the same place and wearing the same dress!"

"If the dress and the place has hitherto made all the difference between us, perhaps it's just as well to show myself in my true colors."

"And here is all No. 2 Fire Company gone," pursued the other.

"Yes," remarked Allan, turning round in his seat, "But, in the words of the poet—

'Worse remains behind.'"

[To be continued.]

HOSPITAL SKETCHES.

II.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

A NIGHT.

Being fond of the night side of nature I was soon promoted to the post of night nurse, with every facility for indulging in my favorite 'pastime of "owling." My colleague, a black eyed widow, relieved me at dawn, we two taking care of the ward between us, like the immortal Sairy and Betsy, "turn and turn about." I usually found my boys in the jolliest state of mind their condition allowed, for it was a known fact that Nurse Periwinkle objected to blue devils, and entertained a belief that he who laughed most was surest of recovery. At the beginning of my reign, dumps and dismals prevailed, the nurses looked anxious and tired, the men gloomy or sad, and a general "hark from the tombs a doleful sound" style of conversation, seemed to be the fashion—a state of things which caused one coming from a merry, social New England town, to feel as if she had got into an exhausted receiver, and the instinct of self-preservation, to say nothing of a philanthropic desire to serve the race, caused a speedy change in ward No. 1. More flattering than the most gracefully turned compliment, more grateful than the most admiring glance, was the sight of those rows of faces, all strange to me a little while ago, now lighting up with smiles of welcome as I came among them, enjoying that moment heartily, with a womanly pride in their regard, a motherly affection for them all. The evenings were spent in reading aloud, writing letters, waging on and amusing the men, going the rounds with Dr. P., as he made his second daily survey, dressing my dozen wounds afresh, giving last doses, and making them cosy for the long hours to come, till the nine o'clock bell rang, the gas was turned down, the day nurses went off duty, the night watch came on, and my nocturnal adventures began.

My ward was now divided into three rooms, and, under favor of the matron, I had managed to sort out the patients in such a way that I had what I called, my "duty room," my "pleasure room," and my "pathetic room," and worked for each in a different way. One I visited, armed with a dressing tray full of rollers, plasters, and pins; another, with books, flowers, game, and gossip; a third with teapots, lullabies, consolation, and sometimes a shroud. Wherever the sickest and most helpless man chanced to be, there I held my watch, often visiting the other rooms to see that the general watchman of the ward did his duty by the fires, and the wounds, the latter needing constant wetting. Not only on this account did I meander, but to get an occasional breath of fresher air than the close rooms afforded; for owing to the stupidity of that mysterious "somebody" who does all the damage in the world, the windows had been carefully nailed down above, and the lower sashes could only be raised in the mildest weather, for the men lay just below. I had suggested a summary smashing of a few panes here and there, when frequent appeals to headquarters had proved unavailing, and daily orders to lazy attendants had come to nothing; no one seconded the motion however, and the nails were far beyond my reach; for though belonging to the sisterhood of "ministering angels," I had no wings, and might as well have

asked for Jacob's ladder as a pair of steps in that charitable chaos.

"John is going, ma'am, and wants to see you if you can come."

"The moment this boy is asleep; tell him so, and let me know if I am in danger of being too late."

My Ganymede departed, and while I quieted poor Shaw, I thought of John. He came in a day after the others, and one evening when I entered my "pathetic room," I found a lately emptied bed occupied by a large fair man, with a fine face and the serene eyes I ever met. One of the earlier comers had often spoken of a friend who had remained behind that those apparently worse wounded than himself might reach a shelter first. It seemed a David and Jonathan sort of friendship. The man fretted for his mate and was never tired of praising John—his courage, sobriety, self-denial and unflinching kindness of heart, always winding up with—"He's an out and out feller, ma'am, you see if he ain't." I had some curiosity to behold this piece of excellence and when he came, watched him for a night or two before I made friends with him; for, to tell the truth, I was little afraid of the stately looking man whose bed had to be lengthened to accommodate his commanding stature, who seldom spoke, uttered no complaint, asked no sympathy, but tranquilly observed what went on about him; and as he lay high upon his pillows, no picture of dying statesman or warrior was ever fuller of real dignity than this Virginia blacksmith. A most attractive face he had, framed in brown hair and beard, comely featured and full of vigor, as yet unsubdued by pain; thoughtful and often beautifully mild while watching the afflictions of others, as if entirely forgetful of his own. His mouth was grave and firm, with plenty of will and courage in its lines, but a smile could make it as sweet as any woman's; and his eyes were child's eyes, looking one fairly in the face, with a clear, straightforward glance, which promised well for such as placed their faith in him. He seemed to cling to life as if it were rich in duties and delights and he had learned the secret of content. The only time I saw his composure disturbed, was when my surgeon brought another to examine John, who scrutinized their faces with an anxious look, asking of the elder, "Do you think I shall pull through, sir?" "I hope so, my man." And as the two passed on, John's eye still followed him with an intentness which would have won a clearer answer from them had they seen it. A momentary shadow flitted over his face, then came the usual serenity, as if in that brief eclipse he had acknowledged the existence of some hard possibility, and asking nothing, yet hoping all things, left the issue in God's hand, with that submission which is true piety.

After that night an hour of each evening that remained to him was devoted to his ease or pleasure. He could not talk much, for breath was precious and he spoke in whispers, but from occasional conversations I gleaned scraps of private history which only added to the affection and respect I felt for him. Once he asked me to write a letter, and as I settled pen and paper, I said with an irrepressible glimmer of female curiosity, "Shall it be addressed to wife, or mother, John?"

"Neither, ma'am, I've got no wife, and will write to mother myself when I get better. Did you think I was married because of this?" he asked, touching a plain ring he wore, and often turned thoughtfully on his finger when he lay alone.

"Partly that, but more from a settled sort of look you have, a look which young men seldom get until they marry."

"I didn't know that, but I'm not so very young, ma'am, thirty in May, and have been what you might call settled this ten years, for mother's a widow. I'm the oldest child she has, and it wouldn't do for me to marry till Lizzy has a home of her own, and Laurie's learned his trade, for we're not rich, and I must be father to the children and husband to the dear old woman, if I can."

"No doubt but you are both, John, yet how came you to go to war if you felt so? Wasn't enlisting as bad as marrying?"

"No, ma'am, not as I see it, for one is helping my neighbor, the other pleasing myself. I went because I couldn't help it. I didn't want the glory or the pay, I wanted the right thing done, and people kept saying the men who were in earnest ought to fight. I was in earnest, the Lord knows! but I held off as long as I could, not knowing which was my duty; mother saw the case, gave me her ring to keep me steady, and said 'Go, so I went.'"

A short story and a simple one, but the man and

the mother were portrayed better than pages of fine writing could have done it.

"Do you ever regret that you came when you lie here suffering so much?"

"Never, ma'am; I haven't helped a great deal, but I've shown I was willing to give my life, and perhaps I've got to: but I don't blame anybody, and if it was to do over again I'd do it. I'm a little sorry I wasn't wounded in front; it looks cowardly to be hit in the back, but I obeyed orders, and it don't matter in the end, I know."

Poor John, it did not matter now, except that a shot in front might have spared the long agony in store for him. He seemed to read the thought that troubled me, as he spoke so hopefully when there was no hope, for he suddenly added:

"This is my first battle; do they think it's going to be my last?"

"I'm afraid they do, John."

It was the hardest question I had ever been called upon to answer; doubly hard with those clear eyes fixed upon mine, forcing a truthful answer by their own truth. He seemed a little startled at first, pondered over the fateful fact a moment, then shook his head with a glance at the broad chest and muscular limbs stretched out before him.

"I'm not afraid, but it's difficult to believe all at once. I'm so strong it don't seem possible for such a little wound to kill me."

"Shall I write to your mother now?" I asked, thinking that these sudden tidings might change all plans and purposes; but they did not; for the man received the order of the Divine Commander to march with the same unquestioning obedience with which the soldier had received that of the human one, doubtless remembering that the first led him to life, the last to death.

"No, ma'am; to Laurie just the same; he'll break it to her best, and I'll add a line to her myself when you get done."

So I wrote the letter which he dictated, finding it better than any I had sent, for though here and there a little ungrammatical or inelegant, each sentence came to me briefly worded but most expressive, full of excellent counsel to the boy, tenderly bequeathing "mother and Lizzie" to his care, and bidding him good-bye in words the sadder for their simplicity. He added a few lines with steady hand, and, as I sealed it, said, with a patient sort of sigh, "I hope the answer will come in time for me to see it;" then, turning away his face, laid the flowers against his lips, as if to hide some quiver of emotion at the thought of such a sudden sundering of all the dear home ties.

These things had happened two days before, now John was dying and the letter had not come. I had been summoned to many death beds in my life, but to none that made my heart ache as it did then, since my mother called me to watch the departure of a spirit akin to this in its gentleness and patient strength. As I went in John stretched out both hands.

"I knew you'd come! I guess I'm moving on, ma'am."

He was, and so rapidly that even while he spoke, over his face I saw the grey veil falling that no human hand can lift. I sat down by him, wiped the drops from his forehead, stirred the air about him with the slow wave of a fan, and waited to help him die. He stood in sore need of help—and I could do so little;—for, as the doctor had foretold, the strong body rebelled against death, and fought every inch of the way, forcing him to draw each breath with a spasm, and clench his hands with an imploring look, as if he asked, "How long must I endure this, and be still?" For hours he suffered dumbly without a moment's respite, or a moment's murmuring; his limbs grew cold, his face damp, his lips white, and again and again he tore the covering from his breast as if the lightest weight added to his agony, yet through it all, his eyes never lost their perfect serenity, and the man's soul seemed to sit therein, undaunted by the ills that vexed his flesh.

One by one the men woke, and round the room appeared a circle of pale faces and watchful eyes, full of awe and pity; for though a stranger, John was beloved by all. Each man there had wondered at his patience, respected his piety, admired his fortitude, and now lamented his hard death, for the influence of an upright nature had made itself deeply felt even in one little week. Presently the Jonathan who so loved this comely David, came crossing from his bed for a last look and word. The kind soul was full of trouble, as the choke in his voice, the grasp of his hand betrayed, but there were no tears, and the farewell of the friends was the more touching for its brevity.

"Old boy, how are you?" faltered the one.

"Most through, thank heaven!" whispered the other.

"Can I say or do anything for you anywheres?"
"Take my things home, and tell them that I did my best."

"I will, I will!"

"Good-bye, Ned."

"Good-bye, John, good-bye!"

They kissed each other tenderly as women and so parted, for poor Ned could not stay to see his comrade die. For a little while there was no sound in the room but the drip of water from a stump or two, and John's distressful gasps as he slowly breathed his life away. I thought him nearly gone, and had just laid down the fan, believing its help to be no longer needed, when suddenly he rose up in his bed, and cried out with a bitter cry that broke the silence, sharply startling every one with its agonized appeal:

"For God's sake, give me air!"

It was the only cry pain or death had wrung from him, the only boon he had asked, and none of us could grant it, for all the airs that blow were useless now. Dan flung up the window, the first red streak of dawn was warming the grey east, a herald of the coming sun; John saw it, and with the love of light which lingers in us to the end, seemed to read in it a sign of hope of help, for over his whole face there broke that mysterious expression, brighter than any smile, which often comes to eyes that look their last. He laid himself gently down, and stretching out his strong right arm as if to grasp and bring the blessed air to his lips in fuller flow, lapsed into a merciful unconsciousness, which assured us that for him suffering was forever past. He died then, for though the heavy breaths still tore their way up for a little longer, they were but the waves of an ebbing tide that beat unfelt against the wreck, which an immortal voyager deserted with a smile. He never spoke again, but to the end held my hand close, so close that when he was asleep at last I could not draw it away. Dan helped me, warning me as he did so that it was unsafe for dead and living flesh to lie so long together, but though my hand was strangely cold and stiff, and four white marks remained across its back, even when warmth and color had returned elsewhere, I could not but be glad, that through its touch the presence of human sympathy perhaps had lightened that hard hour.

When they had made him ready for his grave, John lay in state for half an hour, a thing which seldom happened in that busy place, but a universal sentiment of reverence and affection seemed to fill the hearts of all who had known or heard of him; and when the rumor of his death went through the house, always early astir, many came to see him, and I felt a tender sort of pride in my lost patient, for he looked a most heroic figure lying there stately and still as the statue of some young knight asleep upon his tomb. The lovely expression which so often beautifies dead faces, soon replaced the marks of pain, and I longed for those who loved him best to see him when half an hour's acquaintance with death had made them friends. As we stood looking at him the ward master handed me a letter saying it had been forgotten the night before. It was John's letter come just an hour too late to gladden the eyes that had looked and longed for it so eagerly—yet he had it; for after I had cut some brown locks for his mother, and taken off the ring to send her, telling how well the talisman had done its work, I kissed this good son for her sake, and laid the letter in his hand still folded as when I drew my own away—feeling that its place was there, and making myself happy with the thought that even in his solitary grave in the "Government Lot," he would not be without some token of the love which makes life beautiful and outlives death. Then I left him, glad to have known so genuine a man, and carrying with me an enduring memory of the brave Virginia blacksmith, as he lay serenely waiting for the dawn of that long day which knows no night.

A certain preacher at Appleton, Wisconsin, in a sermon, made the following comparison in dissecting the miser—"The soul of a miser is so shriveled that it would have more room to play in a grain of mustard seed than a bull frog would have in Lake Michigan."

GUNS' NAMES.—The guns in several of the batteries on Morris Island have been named by the men. For in one we find the following appellations, among others, have been given; "Baby Waker," "Whistling Dick," "Brick Driver," and "Crasher."

An officer who was inspecting his company one morning, spied one private whose shirt was sadly begrimed. "Patrick O'Flynn!" called out the Capt. "Here, sur," promptly responded Pat, with his hand to his cap. "How long do you wear a shirt?" thundered the officer. "Twenty-eight inches!" was the rejoinder.

A negro about dying was told by his minister that he must forgive a certain darkey against whom he seemed to entertain very bitter feelings. "Yes, yes," he replied, "If I dies I forgive dat nigga; but if I gits well, dat nigga must take car."

AN EXCELLENT BARGAIN. It is reported that the Princess Alexandra when asked by the Prince of Wales for her hand in marriage, proposed to grant it for twenty-five shillings, which, said she, archly, is equal, you know, to one sovereign and one crown in England.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

A column contains eleven squares.

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

E. B. BOOTH,

DEALER IN

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

WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY REPAIRED,

SILVER SPOONS MADE TO ORDER,

At No. 5 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.
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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 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 facilities for doing a large business enable us to supply all demands at prices at least twenty per cent. less than any other House in Western New York.

Burke, Fitzsimons, Hone & Co.

No. 53 MAIN ST.

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

G. W. DYAR,

DEALER IN

MIRRORS & FRAMES,

Of all Descriptions,

ORNAMENTAL & SUBSTANTIAL.

Let the lovers of the Beautiful be sure to call at

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

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

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

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

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 MERINOS—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, cleaned without injury to the colors. Also,

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS CLEANSED OR COLORED,

Without ripping, and pressed nicely.

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

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

GOODS RECEIVED AND RETURNED BY EXPRESS.

Bills collected by the Express Company.

Address, D. LEARY,
Mill street, corner of Platt street,
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.

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

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

W. ANDREWS'

MEAT MARKET.

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

No. 26, Corner of Sophia and Allen Streets,

Where they will ever find the greatest variety, and best quality of meats, at fair prices.

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

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 MANUFACTURERS, 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.—jy8lf 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. TRALL, (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. TRALL,
Rochester, N. Y.