



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF OUR SOLDIERS.

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Army Aid.

COMMISSION SUMMARY, No. 3.

SANITARY COMMISSION.

The appearance of the "Sanitary Commission Bulletin," will be hailed by all who desire stated intelligence concerning the Commission's wide-spread operations, in the convenient form of a single pamphlet. It contains between 30 and 40 pages of Reports, Correspondence and Statements, connected with its different departments, and is issued semi-monthly, the first and fifteenth of each month, commencing November 1st.

The Reports in the first number are, one from the General Secretary of the Commission at Washington, Dr. J. Foster Jenkins; one on the operations of the Eastern Department, by Lewis H. Steiner, Chief Inspector of the Army of the Potomac, Acting Associate Secretary; report of the Hospital Directory Bureau, by John Bowne, Superintendent; the first portion of the report of Special Relief Department; report from the Army of the Cumberland to Dr. J. S. Newberry, by Geo. L. Andrew; and correspondence concerning various operations, including the forwarding of supplies to Richmond.

EASTERN DEPARTMENT.

From Dr. Steiner's report, bearing date, Oct. 1st.,

we learn that the work of inspection has been carefully conducted in the hospitals of Washington and Alexandria, during August and September, by Inspector C. W. Brink, and that his reports indicate improvements there consequent upon increased knowledge and care on the part of their officers. The Hospital visitor, Dr. G. C. Caldwell, has made stated visits to all, and in accordance with his advice, stores have been issued on requisition by the Hospital surgeons. Reports are alluded to from other inspectors, some of which point out evils to be remedied.

The work of *Special Relief*, in the absence of the chief, Mr. Knapp, has been superintended by Mr. J. B. Abbott. This is a work especially requiring experience in those conducting it.

Relief work and inspection have been faithfully performed in the other portions of the field reported. A very efficient work has been done at Beaufort and Morris Island. New Orleans, Western Virginia and the army of the Potomac, are reported by the Inspectors of the Commission. All indicate the constant, quiet, efficient action of the Commission throughout its whole field of work; that its watchful eye is every where, detecting evils and noting materials whence to educe new laws for the sanitary welfare of our army.

SPECIAL RELIEF.

The report of the Special Relief agent concerning this work, during the past nine months, is, in general as follows:

1. Most of the old methods of relief have been continued with satisfactory success.
2. Some new methods of relief have been resorted to, which, in their practical working, have justified their introduction.
3. The class of men rightfully claiming this Special Relief assistance of the Commission has enlarged, embracing with those to whom help was previously given, others whose newly-developed or increasing needs naturally brought them under our care.
4. The arrangements which are made by the Commission in this direction (Special Relief,) have evidently become still more generally known, and applied for, and appreciated throughout the Army.
5. The co-operation of the Medical Department of the Army, as also of the Quartermaster's, Commissary's and Paymaster's Departments, has been still more ready and cordial even than before.
6. The cost of maintaining this branch of the Commission's work during the past nine months has somewhat diminished relatively to the number of men who have been assisted, and the amount of assistance rendered to them; although the total amount is about one-half larger than in an equal term of time before.

7. While nine months ago the direct call upon the Commission for help from disabled discharged soldiers, after they had returned to their homes, was but infrequent, it has now so largely increased (through applications made to the Special Relief Office) as to justify me in presenting to you in detail—appended to this report—some of the facts of the case, as also some statistics which I have collected bearing upon the subject; and to call your attention to the urgent necessity which evidently exists for having, from some source, as early as possible, a comprehensive and practical system matured and instituted, which will provide for this class of men; unless we would have throughout the community a host of mendicants who, pointing to their honorable wounds and disabled bodies, will have established their necessity and right to live upon the charity of the people.

The several branches of relief established in Washington and vicinity, are reported in detail, including, in the November number, 1st. "The Home," 374 North Capitol street; next, Lodges, Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5; "The Nurses' Home;" Agency for getting Back-Pay for Soldier's in Hospitals; Agency for Guarding Discharged Soldiers from being robbed, or foully dealt with; and "Relief Station," at Convalescent Camp, Alexandria. The details of these various departments are intensely interesting. The writer, in reviewing results, makes the following statement concerning certain additional relief.

The cost to the Commission of maintaining this branch of its work in Washington and vicinity, from Dec. 25th, 1862, to Oct. 1st, 1863, has been about \$24,500. This does not include nine hundred and eighty dollars used from the "Ware Fund," so called, money placed in my hands for purposes which do not so legitimately come within the original work of the Commission, but which yet has an earnest claim. Thus with that money we have sent to their homes discharged soldiers who were destitute, or almost entirely destitute, of means; many fathers, mothers and wives of soldiers; some families of refugees who came to us in the saddest condition of want, and Army nurses from the front, sick or worked down by devoted labor.

Could I give a simple picture—in one group as they pass before me—of all the persons who have been helped by the few hundred dollars, entering with their anxious faces, their camp-worn or travel-worn garments, some in mourning, some very aged and bowed down, and some as little children, it would be a picture, that with warm breath, would breathe a blessing, which could be felt by the very heart of all those who have furnished the means for these additional charities.

ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

The battle of Chickamauga occurred on the 19th and 20th of September. The difficulties in the way of transportation at this time were very great, but

notwithstanding, seven army wagon loads of stores were safely landed in Chattanooga from Stevenson, the principal depot of supplies, Sept. 17th, and on the 23d, three more; these supplies constituting the entire dependence of the hospitals at Chattanooga until the Tuesday and Wednesday succeeding the battles, when a portion of the Medical Purveyor's stores reached the front; a striking illustration of the necessity of independent medical transportation. Seventeen wagon loads of stores were afterwards destroyed in a rebel raid; and soon after that fifteen ambulance loads were sent from Bridgeport to Chattanooga. The great difficulty of transportation was a constant impediment to the success of the Commission; eleven wagon loads and fifteen ambulance loads of stores being all that could be got forward to the front in September.

A mountain lodge was established for the benefit of the wounded in transitu, midway between Chattanooga and Stevenson, where they could be fed and lodged.

Mr. Bishop was engaged, under many discouragements in procuring accurate lists of the casualties in battle, for the Hospital Directory. The report closes thus:

Notwithstanding the disagreeabilities, general and special, which have attended this campaign, and succeeded these battles, our soldiers are still the rare heroes they have hitherto shown themselves to be after the battles on the Peninsula, before Vicksburg and at Stone River. Suffering is borne with a bravery which is truly splendid; there is everywhere the camaraderie of veteran campaigners, and self-abnegation is often manifested worthy of the highest type of the Christian. That such a people battling in such a cause as ours should so suffer at the hand of such a foe, fighting for so infernal a cause, must even remain here, among the most inscrutable of the dispensations of an all-wise and all-good Providence.

The U. S. Christian Commission in the Army of the Cumberland.

In place of a Summary, in the present number, of the operations of this Commission, we give a very interesting report from one of its agents, Mr. Isaac Jacobus, which exhibits the character and the success of the work of the U. S. Christian Commission in the Army of the Cumberland:

My commission was dated June 18, 1863, and I was in the service of the Christian Commission until August 3, 1863. The department to which I was assigned was the Army of the Cumberland. Since my return I have been repeatedly asked by others as well as yourself, *if the work paid*. My answer is that it is God's work and it is God's pay. Never in my life have I felt that there was so profitable an expenditure of time as in the service of the Christian Commission. Gold and silver are nothing in comparison to the rich experience of this work. We are brought directly in contact with human suffering. We see the ghastly wound, the mutilated body, the pale, emaciated countenance and the attenuated form ourselves, and are affected by the scenes as we could not be by the mere recital of them in our peaceful homes in the North. We also hear the story of suffering from the lips of the sufferers themselves, and are thus better prepared to relieve it.

DUTIES OF DELEGATES.

It is well known that the delegates perform labor that money would not hire them to do. There are many things unpleasant in their nature that are cheerfully performed, which show that the love and spirit of the Master have been caught. The body, as well as the soul, is cared for. Temporal and spiritual go hand in hand, and the hearty "God bless you" of the soldiers shows that our efforts and kindness are appreciated, and that the arrow reaches the mark. Some of the poor fellows watch for our coming as they "that watch for the morning," and their faces light up with a new joy when we come. Surely we get our reward as we go along. Upon the general features of the work it is useless to enlarge, as they are already sufficiently familiar. Everything that love or affection would prompt, is done; from the washing of their blood-stained and dirty bodies to the clipping off a lock of hair from the temple of some dead boy, to send to his mother, is done, and done cheerfully.

WORK DONE IN NASHVILLE.

Upon my arrival in Nashville, I went immediately to work, visiting hospitals, barracks, and camps, distributing religious newspapers, tracts, little books, supplying the destitute with testaments and hymn books, and conversing with each soldier personally, on the subject of religion, taking the cots in order, varying the time, according to the case, from five minutes to half an hour. Many, at first, viewed me with my package of papers and books, with some suspicion, thinking I was going the rounds to sell them, and I was frequently asked the price of papers, how much there was to pay, &c. When informed that we gave them away they received and read them gladly. The tracts and little books, such as "Come to Jesus," "The Soldier on Guard," "The Old Gentleman's Telescope," &c. are, with scarcely an exception, thankfully received and read with avidity. The amount of reading matter thus distributed by me, I cannot state with precision; but papers, tracts, little books, hymn books and testaments, would, in the aggregate, amount to several thousand. Whenever it was practicable, I would, in company with some other delegate, hold service in one of the wards; sometimes holding several thus in a day. The Sabbath was always occupied in this manner in the hospitals, camps and prisons. I conducted fifteen meetings, took part in about twenty-five, and delivered some twenty or twenty-five sermons and addresses. I conversed, in the manner stated above with about two hundred and fifty soldiers, and here was the field that developed a rich mine of wealth, and yielded the largest returns. It is here we learn the rich experiences of the Christian life, what it is that sustains him in the hour of trial and darkness, and how a Christian can die. It is here we learn how sad a thing it is to be without Christ, and how hard it is for one to die who has no hope. Some, when asked whether they were Christians, would reply, "Oh, yes, I do not know how I should get along if it was not for that."

Some confess that they were formerly professors, but have backslidden, that the army is a hard place to serve God in, &c. Others acknowledge they are without hope, but are aware of the importance of seeking Christ. This class often speak of their pious parents, wives and children. They say, "We know they are praying for us at home." From what I heard and saw, I am convinced there is no earthly blessing like a *praying mother*.

Among the most pleasant of my hospital visits was one made to No. 23, in company with Chaplain Deloe, (who had charge of 23 and 12,) and at whose invitation I went. Mr. Deloe is a whole-souled Christian, and labors zealously for Christ. No charge of *unfaithfulness* or neglect can be brought against him. He is a model chaplain. I would not be understood as censuring others—I speak of him because I know him. At this hospital I was deeply moved by the recital of some.

In conversing with one East Tennessee Refugee (and here I would say they are among the noblest and most patriotic of the land). I inquired if he were a professor of religion. He said, with the frankness and openness that characterizes that class, "Yes, I am; but I do many things that are wrong. Oh! I cry when I am alone on my cot nights, because I am such a sinner. No one knows how much I cry when I am here in the dark. When I think how much I have done I cannot help it."—Another refugee, who was languishing, said his father and mother were Christians, and he meant to be. I asked if he would make me the promise that he would be. He said he would and did so with tears in his eyes. He told me he had always been a moral man, but was convinced that his morality would not save him—he must have Christ.

A LOYAL SOUTHERNER'S STATEMENT.

The statement of George B. Moncier, of Green county, was one of thrilling interest, and shows what that noble class are willing to do for country. He was a refugee, had fled to the Union lines at the risk of his life, to escape the grasp of the rebel officers. He told me of the various expedients resorted to by his people to avoid the bitter conscription of the South. They would dig holes in the earth, in their smoke houses and cellars, and live in them, and in the caves, ravines and mountains. For months together they would hide until they could flee to the Union lines. If they were found in their hiding places they were not allowed to bid their families good-bye, but were hurried to the rebel ranks, often *tied together*, and driven like cattle. He says they would rather die than fight against the North.—Some have hidden from nine to twelve months or more, for fear of being caught. Their children were killed to compel them to come home. At one time eleven little boys were mercilessly butchered.

REBEL CRUELITIES.

There were men in Nashville who had been *hung* for their loyalty, and for not telling where their sons were secreted. They had been cut down by their friends, in time to save them, and bore the marks of the rope about their necks yet. Mr. Moncier had been hiding nearly two years before he could get a chance to escape. He told me the rebel officers had threatened to "let loose" their negroes upon their homes if they did come forth. There was one refugee, Jesse Webb, by name, who was the last of five brothers who had escaped the rebel conscription. He told us his five brothers had died in the Union cause, and had gone to heaven, and he knew he was soon to go and join them. He was then stricken with sickness, and was evidently not long for this world. He said no one knew of the great sufferings they had undergone in that quarter, but he said he would sooner die than be false to his country, his conscience and his God. Thus among those who have suffered most are the purest expressions of loyalty breathed forth.

Jesse was very sick and lived but a day or two after this. On the night of his death I stood by his bedside and said, "Jesse, do you feel that the Saviour is near you?" "Oh, yes! oh, yes!" was his reply. Another asked, if as his strength became weaker and weaker, his faith became stronger and stronger. "Yes," said the dying man, "Stronger and stronger." In this happy triumph he died. No one will know, until the record books of the judgment are opened, what these noble people have suffered, or what sacrifices they have made for country.

ADDITIONAL HOSPITAL SCENES.

Our badges usually secured to us a free pass into hospitals, camps, and forts. On one occasion, as I was carrying a pot of hot tea to a newly arrived number of soldiers from the front, at the entrance to the hospital I inquired of the guard whether they had gone in. "Yes, but I cannot allow you to see them. My orders are to allow no one to pass." Another soldier, upon seeing my badge, stepped to the guard and said (pointing to my badge), "I guess you will let any one go in that has got that thing on, won't you?" The guard looked somewhat confused, for I suppose he had not before noticed it, and allowed me to pass in.

One of the first objects that attracted my attention at this hospital was a poor, emaciated boy, only fifteen years of age. He had had a long protracted fit of sickness, and looked like a very skeleton. He at once awoke my sympathies, and I entered into conversation with him, resolving to do what I could for him. He told me that some one had written to his parents, and told them if they wished to see their son alive they must come immediately. His father tried hard to come, but could not obtain a pass. He showed me a touching letter that his father had written to him, which showed the great distress the parents were in. I offered to write to his parents, and relieve them from needless anxiety. He said he should be glad to have me, and I did so immediately, and by return mail received a letter that came from full hearts, overflowing with gratitude for what I had done for their boy. I had inquired if there was anything I could do for him—anything he wanted. He said he had been longing for some broiled chicken, but had no money to get anything with, and so he thought I could do nothing for him. I said he should have some, and I immediately went to the market, procured a nice one, had it dressed and broiled, and toasted some bread and made a cup of tea, and in less than an hour had it before him. He looked his thanks, and never was a meal better enjoyed. He could do nothing the following day (Sunday) but talk about his "good dinner." A day or two after he inquired what such "a thing" cost? I said, "No matter," but wished to know why he asked. He said, "I thought if I could get such a thing for a quarter I would borrow it of some one, and have another, it tasted so good." I purchased another and took it to him nicely prepared, together with some soft crackers and a new potato. It did me more good than a hundred meals would have done. On one occasion I took a quantity of papers to a convalescent camp to distribute, and found quite a number of the soldiers playing at cards. I immediately bantered them for a trade, offering them their choice of papers for their cards; and by my peculiar system of diplomacy, succeeded in obtaining fifteen decks of cards, which filled my pockets after the Scripture measure, "pressed down, shaken together, and running over," much to the amusement of the soldiers.

I made several visits to the prison hospital, and was kindly received by the rebels. We made no distinction between friend and foe. Many were

penitent, and wished to take the oath of allegiance. In one of my visits the surgeon pointed out one who was in a dying state, and wished me to talk with him. I went to him and inquired how he was. "I am dead—no, not dead yet, but don't lack much of it," was his reply. "Are you prepared to die?" "No, I am not." "Do you not think a preparation for death important and necessary?" "No, I do not." "Do you not think there will be a separation at the last day, that some will go into everlasting life and others into everlasting punishment?" "No, I do not; but I am too weak to talk; if I were strong I would tell you my views." I pointed him to the Lamb of God, and spoke of the necessity of being sanctified by His blood, and finally asked if he would not and could not put his trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. He said, with the same dogged obstinacy, "No, I will not. I believe none of these things."

When I learned what good had been accomplished by the letter of Lizzie Scott, whose name is now as familiar as a household word, I sent a copy of the letter to our Sabbath School in Bangor, saying at the same time to the little girls, that if they wished to imitate her example I would act as their agent. The proposal met with a hearty response by some, and the testaments and letters they sent wrought a glorious work also. I will speak of one—that of Emma D—. Brother Brooks had told me of a peculiar and interesting case at No. 20, and wished me to see him and give the list and letter to him. He said he had never had the slightest desire to be a Christian; never to his knowledge had any feeling on the subject, until that young man (Brooks) spoke to him. He alluded to his mother and her prayers for him; said she was a devoted Christian, and he knew she was praying for him then. I then asked if he prayed for himself. "I do now, but never did before." I thought of no more fit subject, and gave the testament and letter to him, explaining the circumstance of the case. The letter spoke of a mother and a mother's prayers, and expressed the hope that he had one.

By his request I read the letter to him, and when I came to the part that alluded to the name of mother, and the priceless boon of a mother's prayers, he was very much affected, and pulled the sheet over his eyes and wept like a child. When I had finished he took both letter and testament and folded them to his heart, and with eyes swimming in tears, said, "God bless her! Oh! God bless this testament to me." A brief minute elapsed, and he said, as he raised his hand and looked to heaven, "I feel already as if there was a gleam of light." A moment after, weeping so he could scarcely speak, he said in a broken voice—"Oh! my wife!" "Is she a Christian?" I asked. "No; but she will be if I am one." He was silent for a moment, and I left him to his thoughts. Soon his eyes overflowed with tears, and he slowly raised his hand and stretched it toward heaven, looking through his tears, and said, "Oh! if my wife was only here to look up into Heaven with me!" He seemed already rejoicing, and after repeating some of the precious promises of God's word to him, I left him, feeling assured that his mother's prayers would be answered. From the instances that came under my observation I am convinced that the labors of the little ones are appreciated, and could be made a mighty power of good. The letters of the others and the replies they elicited are full of interest, but I cannot take time to give them.

A HERO'S LAST LETTER.

I give a copy of one who requested me to sit by his bedside, and take down his words, as he was too weak to write, himself, and as he died a day or two after, the letter is of interest:

"NASHVILLE, Tenn., Hospital No. 9, July 20, 1863. —My Dear Little Friend,—It was for the love of my country that I came out here to fight. I left a small little girl and boy at home, and it was to secure freedom to them and for you that I enlisted in the service of my country. I feel thankful to you for your kind little letter, and for your beautiful testament. The testament I prize because it is God's word, and I serve God and love him. I am lying in the hospital, but would rather be out in the service of my country than here, or even with my dear wife and my little children, whom I love so dearly. I not sorry that I came; I am only sorry that I cannot be on the battle field, along with my fellow soldiers; but God's will be done. Pray for me and my two little children, that I have left at home. All I want to live for is to raise my little children in the fear of God. When I was home I enjoyed myself very much, for we had worship in our family every night and morning, and my dear companion, the mother of my little children, is a Christian, and we

were very happy in our home. You ask me if I love my little girl as much as your father loves you? I do not know how much your father loves you, but it seems to me that no one can love a little daughter more than I love mine.

"Now, my little friend, I must bid you good bye. My head is too dizzy, and feels too bad to say more. God bless you and keep you.

"Your friend,

HARVEY McCLELLAN.

"Corunna, De Kalb Co., Ind."

A day or two after his cot was empty, and he had gone to his long home.

THE LAST SUNDAY IN THE COMMISSION.

The last Sabbath spent in the Christian Commission I shall never forget. It was a solemn day. There was sadness in the thought that the intimate relation I sustained to the soldiers must be dissolved. There was sadness in the thought that I should no more see their faces until I espied them among the great throng that would crowd about the judgment. It was solemn to think that my work was done, that what I had done must rest as it is, and that the issues I must meet at the bar of God. It was solemn to think that the recording angel had sealed up this eventful chapter in my life and sent it on to the judgment. What added greatly to the solemnity of the day was the large meeting of citizens, soldiers and delegates, on the ground of the 4th East Tennessee Cavalry, under the shade of two large oaks, to partake of the emblems of redeeming love. It was a scene long to be remembered by most, and will have its lasting fruits. Certain it is that the same assembly will never meet again until they meet with the "general assembly and church of the first-born," and drink the wine new in our Father's kingdom.

In the evening of the last day, Brothers Houghton, Brooks and myself, went for the last time to the much beloved hospital 20. It was a place we always loved to visit, for there we had enjoyed precious seasons. This night was peculiarly solemn to us and to the soldiers, for in the morning 20 was to be broken up as a hospital. After the evening service, which was blessed to us all, we went about and took every one by the hand, and said a last good bye. 20 and its scenes will long linger in the memory. In reviewing my work and experience as a delegate, I can say, I thank God for it. It is a noble, a glorious work; a work upon which God sets his own seal of approbation; a work which He will continue to bless so long as love for God, our fellow-men and country, prompts the willing heart to go. Respectfully submitted.

ISAAC JACOBUS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 2, 1864.

MY DEAR EDITRESS:—The glowing patriotism of this dear land, now finding vent in Fairs, is gathering its forces for a rare culmination in the city of New York, on the 28th of March. We can scarcely hope to surpass that of the great North-west, the account of which thrills every heart, and yet, in this metropolis, we should certainly equal it. It must necessarily be very different, from its locality and population; but we may still hope it will be as rich in reality and in sentiment, as that at Chicago.

The women are at work in earnest. I have one friend, over sixty years of age, who has undertaken the "Old Curiosity Shop." She is herself as original as anything she can gather together, which you will readily believe, when I tell you, that she seized the President of the Fair by the arm, the other day, and exclaimed, "If I die in this great effort I am making, promise me you will put me in the 'Old Shop' as a mummy." Can the great West beat that?

The Police and Fire Department, the mechanics, and, in fact, all classes, are taking hold with great spirit.

Quite a burst of indignation arose in the office a few days since, occasioned by a letter from one of our regular correspondents. She said, "it had been remarked in her presence, that many people would give more freely to the Sanitary Commission were it not that so much was expended in salaries, at the different offices, and that the women of the "Woman's Central Relief Association," in New York, would retire, when the war was over,

with handsome fortunes!" This would seem too absurd to contradict, were it not that some people make it an excuse for not giving, unless it is authoritatively denied. None of the women receive a cent of salary, nor the men, except the porters. A gentleman of leisure, whom I know well, gives his whole time, notwithstanding the cares of his family, to the general control of this office, in addition to the Secretaryship, without receiving or desiring the smallest compensation. No, no, busy carpens, there is a noble disinterestedness in the world though you cannot conceive of it. Men and women are still willing to lay down their lives for this noble country, and are resolved not to shrink from labor till Peace be declared. Who would not be proud of a country which can make the following statement? The list of supplies exceeds that of Miss Nightingale, for the same number of months, in the Crimea:

TOTAL RECEIPTS OF THE WOMAN'S CENTRAL RELIEF ASSOCIATION, FROM MAY 1, 1861, TO NOVEMBER 1, 1863.

Flannel Shirts.....	51,478	Quilts.....	20,444
Cotton ".....	117,999	Blankets.....	6,359
Flannel Drawers.....	35,284	Sheets.....	42,760
Cotton ".....	50,608	Bed Sacks.....	11,882
Socks.....	91,576	Pillows.....	28,096
Slippers.....	20,255	Pillow Sacks.....	6,842
Dressing Gowns.....	12,813	" Cases.....	67,695
Coats.....	3,064	Cushions.....	16,373
Pantaloon.....	4,122	Towels.....	98,309
Handkerchiefs.....	84,119	Musquito Nets.....	3,100
Total of Clothing.....	471,318	Total of Bedding.....	291,810

Lint, bbls.....	556	Jelly, in jars.....	16,576
Bandages, bbls.....	1,047	Wine, in bottles.....	12,432
Old Cotton ".....	466	Condensed Milk, lbs.....	11,108
Dried Fruit ".....	1,129	Beef Stock, ".....	6,043
Vegetables ".....	278	Groceries, ".....	16,859
Fresh Fruit, "and boxes, 128		Pickles, galls.....	4,470
Fans.....	10,088	Lemonade, lbs.....	2,872
By a fair estimate these are valued at.....		\$565,531 14;	
In addition to which we have received, in money, 35,551 38.		No. 10 COOPER UNION, NEW YORK.	

We are now making a great effort to secure equal supplies for the future. Every material is so high, that it is only by personal sacrifice that the same contributions can be sustained. Already a Woman's Council is summoned in Washington by the Sanitary Commission for the 18th of January, to devise means to this end. Delegates are to be sent from the different departments. I am sure that excellent results must follow. It will be delightful for these active workers to meet, to see more closely the vast machinery of the Commission in Washington, to visit its interesting store-houses, its "Soldiers' Rest," its "Nurses' Home," and to know the good, kind men at the head of affairs there. Every delegate will return home delighted with new thoughts and broader views, and capable of livelier efforts among the lukewarm and depressing elements at home. The wisdom of man and the ingenuity of woman, and the determined self-denial of both, must be turned to this great subject. One longs, at this exigency, for direct inspiration, for some Moses to strike the rock that a pure and steady stream may flow forth.

In the early part of the war, a gentleman told his children that henceforth he should give up desserts in his family, and give the proceeds to the soldiers. The little children laughed and said, "But just a quarter of a dollar's worth of desserts, something sweet, would satisfy us." The father then made the estimate in dollars and cents, and told them that, at that rate only, they ate up a pair of blankets every month. This startled them at once into a ready compliance. This homely reduction of small expenses yields something very substantial at the end of a month, and it should be our careful study till the end of the war. Truly yours, B. B.

Liberty.

Stay the wailing and the sighing
Who in bitterness complain;
Saidst thou that our sons were dying,
Pouring out their blood in vain?
God forbid! He slays the first-born
That the people may be free!
Not a drop of blood is wasted!
'Tis the price of Liberty!

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

REPORT OF SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS FOR DECEMBER.

CASH.

MONTHLY SUBSCRIPTIONS.—Mrs. A. Bronson, (subscription for November and December,) \$1; Mrs. Chambers, (Eagle street,) 10c.; Miss Church, (Atkinson street,) 10c.; Mrs. Churchill, (Plymouth avenue, for Nov. and Dec.) 50c.; Mr. Cornell, (Plymouth av.) 15c.; Mrs. Crane, (Eagle st., for Nov., Dec., Jan., Feb. and March,) 50c.; Mrs. Crichton, (High st.,) 25c.; Mrs. G. Gibbs, (Atkinson st., for Nov., Dec., Jan. and Feb.,) 50c.; Mrs. Groot, (High st., from Nov. to March, inclusive,) 50c.; Mrs. Halleck, (Adams st.,) 12c.; Mrs. J. Hill, (Plymouth av., for Nov. and Dec.,) 50c.; Mrs. P. Huddleston, (High st.,) 10c.; Mrs. E. Jennings, (High st., for Nov. and Dec.,) 25c.; Mrs. Jas. Keeler, (High st., for Nov. and Dec.,) 20c.; Mrs. Lickley, (Adams st., for Nov. and Dec.,) 25c.; Mrs. McFarlin, (High st., for Nov., Dec., Jan. and Feb.,) 50c.; A. S. Mann, (for Nov. and Dec.,) \$2; Mrs. E. Pond, (Plymouth av., for Nov. and Dec.,) 50c.; Mrs. Randall, (for Nov.,) \$1; Mrs. J. F. Read, (Adams st.,) 12c.; Mrs. Roades, (Atkinson st., for Nov., Dec., Jan. and Feb.,) 50c.; Mrs. Wm. Sage, (Plymouth av.,) 50c.; Mrs. J. W. Shaw, (Adams st., for Nov., Dec., Jan. and Feb.,) 50c.; Mrs. H. Smith, (Plymouth av.,) 12c.; Wells Springer, (Adams st., for Nov., Dec., Jan. and Feb.,) 50c.; Mrs. M. Tower, (Adams st.,) 13c.; H. L. Vervain & Co., (for Nov. and Dec.,) \$2; Mrs. Wier, (Atkinson st.,) 10c.

DONATIONS.—Mrs. Baxter, Adams street, 10c.; Mrs. Jas. Cheeny, High st., \$1; Miss Jessie Clarkson, \$5; Mr. Coleman, Plymouth av., 10c.; Ladies of Gates, \$5 60; Mrs. Gilman, Eagle st., 10c.; Miss Hamilton, Plymouth av., 50c.; Mrs. R. Hart, Fitzhugh st., \$2; Mrs. Monroe Hollister, Exchange st., \$2; Ladies of Irondequoit, \$28 34; Miss Larson, Atkinson st., 25c.; Mrs. Lee, Atkinson st., 25c.; Mrs. Marlett, \$1; Mrs. McConville, \$3; Mr. Parks, Hamlin, by Mrs. Frazer, 50c.; Mrs. Jas. Tassent, Eagle st., 10c.; Mrs. J. W. Thomas, Eagle st., 50c.; Thanksgiving Collections, viz: Asbury Methodist Church, \$85 36; Central, Plymouth and First Presbyterian churches, (half the collections,) \$139 16; Grace church, \$24 67; Second Baptist church, \$32; Universalist church, \$35 07; ladies of Child, \$19 88.

DONATIONS OF HOSPITAL SUPPLIES FROM AID SOCIETIES

Beulah, Mumford, Monroe County.—11 shirts, 16 pairs woolen socks, 12 handkerchiefs, 8 dressing gowns, 5 quilts, 10 sheets, 4 pillows, 14 pillow cases, 11 towels, old linen and cotton, bandages, 3 bottles raspberry vinegar, 1 do. blackberry jam, 1 jug tomato catsup, 3 lbs. dried cherries, 2 lbs. dried peaches, bible.

Churchville.—4 shirts, 8 pairs socks, 7 handkerchiefs, 5 pairs mittens, 1 double gown, 2 sheets, 5 pillows, 1 pillow case, old cotton, 4 bottles grape jelly, 5 kegs pickles, 11 packages dried fruit, reading matter.

Irondequoit, District No. 3.—14 pairs woolen socks.

Ogden Centre.—9 flannel shirts, 1 wrapper.

Ontario, by Mrs. Richmond.—2 shirts, 6 pairs flannel drawers, 5 pairs cotton do., 7 pairs socks, 5 handkerchiefs, 3 quilts, 2 sheets, 5 pillow slips, 5 hop pillows, old linen, dried fruit.

Pittsford.—Grape wine, 2 jars canned cherries, 2 jars pickles, dried fruit.

St. Luke's Church, Rochester.—2 dressing gowns.

Second Ward, Rochester.—11 flannel shirts, 1 cotton do., 1 jar fruit.

FROM INDIVIDUALS.

Dr. Benjamin, 6 bottles brandy; Mrs. Sally Ann Bushnell, 2 jars grape jelly, 11 lbs. dried apples; Mrs. J. S. Clark, (Greece), peaches and cherries; Mrs. Frazer, 2 jars grape jelly, 7 lbs. dried plums, 3 lbs. dried cherries; Mrs. Geo. Gould, tracts; Miss Ellen Guernsey, 6 pairs woolen socks; Mrs. Mary Hathaway (Mendon), 5 towels, 3 quilts, 2 pillow cases, lint, grapes, dried fruit, 5 bottles cordial, 5 do. condiments, cookies, books; Amy Keat, 1 pen wiper, 1 cushion, 1 pair mittens; Mrs. Kelsey (Ogden), 5 bottles tomato catsup; A. McCarty, 1 bbl. apples; Mr. Edward Raymond, 3 bottles raspberry vinegar, 1 bottle grape wine, 1 bottle tomato catsup; Mrs. Peter Schenck, 1 can raspberry jam, 1 do. blackberry jam, 1 package dried cherries; Mrs. Woodworth, half bushel dried apples.

Mrs. A. S. MANN, Treasurer.

Report of the Committee on Packing and Forwarding for December.

The Committee have forwarded during the month 4 packages, numbering from 250 to 253 inclusive, as follows: Nos. 250, 252 and 253, to the Woman's Central Association of Relief, N. Y.; and No. 251 to Sanitary Commission, Baltimore, care Dr. L. Heard.

The aggregate contents of these packages were as follows: 22 flannel shirts, 15 cotton shirts, 1 cotton undershirt, 7 pairs cotton drawers, 30 pairs woolen socks, 19 handkerchiefs, 10 towels, 5 dressing gowns, 15 pairs slippers, 3 quilts, 1 sheet, 15 pillow cases, 7 pillows, 6 bottles brandy, 4 do. grape jelly, dried fruit, barrel of apples. Mrs. L. C. SMITH, Chairman.

The following appeal to Southern matrons, from a Confederate Quartermaster appears in the Daily Mississippian of Oct. 19th:

"I want all the blankets and carpets that can possibly be spared. I want them, ladies of Alabama, to shield your noble defenders against an enemy more to be dreaded than the Northern foe, with musket in hand—the snows of coming winter. Do you know that thousands of our heroic soldiers of the West sleep on the cold, damp ground, without tents? Perhaps not. You enjoy warm houses and comfortable beds. If the immortal matrons and maidens of heathen Rome could shear off and twist into bowstrings the hair of their heads, to arm their husbands and brothers in repelling the invader, will

not the Christian women of the Confederacy give the carpets off their floors to protect against the chilly blasts of winter, those who are fighting, with more than Roman heroism, for their lives, liberty, and more, their honor? Sufficient blankets cannot be had in time. Food and clothing failing the army, you and your children will belong to Lincoln. To get your daily bread, you will then be permitted to hire yourselves to your heartless enemies as servants, or, perchance, to your slaves! Think of that! Think of your brothers, fathers and sons drenched with the freezing rains of winter, and send in at once every blanket and carpet, old and new, you can spare. They will be held in sacred trust."

The Soldier's Aid.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JAN. 6, 1864.

The Results of our Bazaar.

This Bazaar which has been alluded to in the last two numbers of THE AID, which was to us first, a doubtful experiment, passing through the successive phases of faith, hope, and expectation, has rounded at last into full reality. It has been a success beyond anything we dared to hope for, in every respect.

In regard to the taste and beauty of its arrangements, it seemed to leave nothing to be desired, the harmony of feeling which prevailed among the differing nationalities and sects combined in it, render it a delightful memory; while the solid success achieved, which will tell in increased comfort to our soldiers, inspires our warmest gratitude.

The following brief account of the Bazaar is from the Bazaar Bulletin, a small daily issued during the Bazaar:

THE OPENING.

"The Bazaar was opened last evening a few minutes after the hour (7 o'clock), that had been announced in the programme; and now a successful opening is no longer a matter of hope or faith, but a solid fact. Long before the time for ingress to the Hall, a dense crowd had assembled on the outside, which, upon opening the doors, soon occupied every foot of space that could be reserved for them within the Hall.

"The display presented might well be called *bevylderly beautiful*. Everybody was there, and everybody was delighted—charmed. Even those who had been behind the scenes sufficiently to know something of the magnitude of the preparations making, the liberality of the contributions offered, and the skill and taste elicited in the work, were not among the least surprised when they saw the embodiment of all this in a scene which, it could be easily imagined, had been evoked by Aladdin's lamp.

"It is of course impossible, in our short space, to enter at all into all the minutiae of the scene. Suffice it to say it was a brilliant success under whatever aspect we view it, whether of pride, pleasure, or pay. We were all proud of the skill, taste, energy, and patriotism of the ladies of our city who have entered into this work, of the gentlemen who have so generously aided them, and of the artistic skill displayed in the architectural, scenic, and landscape decorations. We were all pleased, too, with the beautiful result, with the audience, and with everybody generally. But the climax of good is that it paid. The receipts were gratifyingly large for the first evening, when, it is to be expected, a good deal of time is occupied in sight-seeing, that will afterward be given to business.

"We may now confidently look forward to the result of our Bazaar, as one that will not leave Rochester behind her sister cities in similar enterprises in the soldiers' behalf."

The Hall was opened for refreshments during the day from 12 M. to 5 P. M., during which time the floor was occupied by twelve small refreshment tables, seating eight persons each, beside the general table. Each of these was in charge of a lady assisted by young lady waiters, attired in a picturesque costume of red, white, and blue—red skirt, white waist and apron, blue peasant waist, and a little cap with either blue or red trimmings.

The rush to the Hall day after day and night after night, was unprecedented in this city. On Friday evening 1,300 single admission tickets were sold at the door, and about 200 elsewhere. These, with over a thousand Course tickets issued, will give some idea of the crowd pressing for admission into the space left within the circle of the booths, which could not contain, closely packed, more than seven or eight hundred. When the Hall was completely filled the outsiders waited patiently for an outward current to commence, when they crowded in, and thus the Hall was successively filled by three times the number it could contain at once.

The proceeds are not yet exactly estimated, but they will a little exceed \$10,200. This sum will be invested in clothing, bedding, and edibles for our disabled suffering soldiers, as rapidly as busy fingers in the city and neighboring Societies can accomplish it, and the results probably forwarded mainly through the Sanitary and Christian Commissions.

A full report of the Bazaar, including its history, description, organization, statistics, and various other items of interest, is in course of preparation, and will probably be issued some time during the coming week.

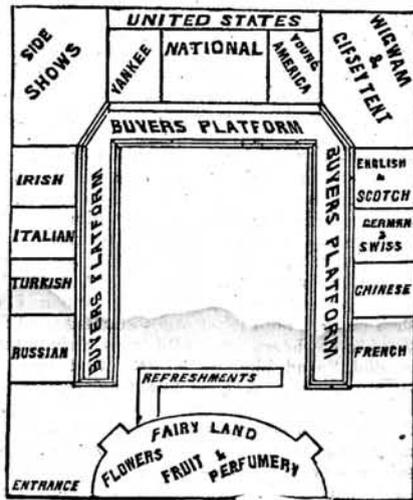


DIAGRAM OF THE BAZAAR.

Each booth occupies a space of about nine feet in front, and from ten to twelve deep, the National Booth being twice the breadth and three or four feet deeper than any other.

Council called by the Sanitary Commission.

Allusion is made by our correspondent "B. B.," in the present number, to a council summoned by the Sanitary Commission to meet in Washington. This council, consisting of delegates from the different branches of the Sanitary Commission, of which the Woman's Central Relief Association, New York, appoints twelve, is called for the 18th of January, at the Central Office of the Commission in Washington, 244 F street. Its object is to devise means for securing a more uniform and steady support in the great work which has been assumed by the Commission, and which grows upon its hands as the war continues. Those at the front realize, if we cannot, the necessity for making the Soldiers' Aid-work, *our business* to the end of the war, a business we can ignore or neglect only by proving recreant to our obligations to country and humanity.

It is to be hoped that some measures may be adopted at the above meeting which shall prove efficient in securing that hearty and constant co-operation of the benevolent and patriotic, so essential to the welfare of the army, upon which our dearest hopes as a nation depend.

We solicit attention to the following "Circular" just received at our rooms.

CIRCULAR.

LADIES' AMBULANCE AND SANITARY COMMISSION }
OF NEW YORK AND THE UNITED STATES. }
NEW YORK, December, 1863.

We beg to call your attention to a great need experienced by our armies since the commencement of this war. It is a fact ascertained that *thousands* of our own soldiers, who have been wounded in action, "have lain without care where they have fallen, or to where they have been able to crawl, for days and nights exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, to the horrible sufferings of neglected wounds, to the tortures of devouring insects and vermin, to heat, cold, rain and storm, to frost and snow, to fire, fever, hunger and thirst, to lie with the dead until the dead decayed, to live but to die in agonies and tortures most horrible to witness and impossible to describe." It is said that two thousand of our wounded perished by fire at one time when the woods in which they lay were burning. Another horrible fate which may await them is that of being *buried alive* by soldiers detached to gather the dead, and too ignorant to know the positive evidences of death.

These shocking evils may be prevented by the formation of a properly organized and instructed Corps of Ambulance and Sanitary Soldiers. Every European army has the benefit of such an organization, and even the Rebels have one. Gen. McClellan and nearly all the other officers of the army, and Dr. Hammond, the Surgeon General, have urgently advised the immediate formation of such a Corps for ours. The President would be willing to order it, but has no power to do so, unless an Act of Congress is first passed, legalizing it. It is therefore desired to bring the matter before Congress at its present session, and to press it on the attention of the members. The influence of the Ladies of the United States is especially solicited, in the name of humanity and for the sake of our suffering soldiers, to procure signatures to a petition to Congress, praying that an act may be passed authorizing the immediate formation of such a Corps, to be properly trained and entrusted with the duty of attending to the wounded on every battle field.

A Central Committee has been organized in New York, composed of Ladies who will use their utmost efforts to procure signatures to such petition, and to forward the object. Will you help the cause?—a cause appealing to every human sympathy.

This is no "woman's rights" or "strong minded" movement. It is simply an effort by those who feel deeply the need of our distressed soldiers, and who are anxious to do all they can towards bringing this urgent need before the people and before their representatives in Congress. We feel sure that when the facts are made known, Congress will do what is necessary. The difficulty is to get their attention amid a press of business.

Please give us aid by sending us as many names as you can collect,—addressing Mrs. JAMES W. WHITE, President, 341 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Committees.

- Mrs. JAMES W. WHITE, 341 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
- " WALDO HUTCHINS, Gramercy Park House, "
- " E. F. ELLET, 54 West 11th street, "
- " EDWARD D. MORGAN 377 Fifth Avenue, "
- " DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, 86 Gramercy Park, "
- " JOHN MACK, 341 Fifth Avenue, "
- " JOSIAH SUTHERLAND, 78 East 27th street, "
- " EDWARD P. COWLES, 100 East 18th street, "
- " WILLIAM E. DODGE, Jr., 43 West 31st street "
- " JOHN C. FREMONT, 28 West 19th street, "
- " THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, 129 Fifth Avenue, "
- " RICHARD MORTIMER, 20 East 23d street, "
- " JOHN SHERWOOD, 18 West 32d street, "
- " M. LIVINGSTON MURRAY, 84 East 23d street, "
- Miss SEDGWICK, 49 East 30th street, "
- Mrs. FRANCIS LEIBER, 48 East 34th street, "
- " GEORGE OPDYKE, 79 Fifth Avenue, "
- " WILLIAM O'BRIEN, 19 Madison Square, "
- " JAMES RENWICK, 55 Ninth street, "
- " WM. HENRY WELLS, 30 West 31st street, "
- " FREDERICK WINSTON, 18 " " " "

By order of the Committee.

Mrs JAMES W. WHITE, President.

" WALDO HUTCHINS, Vice President.

Mrs. E. F. ELLET, Secretary.

The following epitaph was copied by a Massachusetts soldier, from a tombstone in the Baton Rouge cemetery :

"Here lies buried in this tomb
A constant sufferer from salt rheum,
Which finally in truth did pass
To spotted erysipelas ;
A husband brave, a father true,
Here he lies, and so must you."

Miscellaneous.

"Only a Private!"

BY CARLYLL DEANE.

A year went on, and what a year it was—filled with blunders on both sides. There were valiant lives apparently thrown away; battles won and lost. Excitement, hardship, change and triumph; retreat or advance for those in the field, waiting, watching, and anxiety for those at home. While Virginia lay waste, and Kansas was threatened, and the borders of the land trembled, Mishawa was as peaceful a little town as ever. Its children went quietly to school through its streets, its business flourished, its homes were at peace; no guerilla troops invaded it; no "chivalrous" enemy laid it under contribution, for the tide of rapine that would fain have rolled northward, was stayed by the men who had gone out to war, not counting their lives dear unto themselves. And yet you would not guess, if you did not know, how hard it was for the ladies of the Hospital Aid to raise money in Mishawa—Emily Lansing was very busy in the matter and sewed and knit unceasingly—Eveline did not accomplish so much, she said she had a great deal else to do, and she was one of those people who are never called upon for any exertion.

So you won't go the Clerrand's party, Emily? she asked one evening.

"I can't, Eveline."

Such an absurd reason! I do think you are regularly intolerant. Just because you don't like their politics!"

"Eveline, if some band of murderers were trying to kill my mother, and some one else looked on and sympathized, with them, would I be friends with that person? Never!"

"As if it were the same!"

"It is the same to me, my whole heart is in the cause. The man I love best in the world is fighting for it—had it not been for the Clerrands and their likes and their friends, Harry and Allan would have been with us now, and thousands of others who have fallen by the hands of "our southern brethren," would have been safe at home. Mrs. Clerrand says openly she would help the South if she could; it is my belief she does. Her son is the same if he dared speak out; they belong to just the class for whom I have the least respect; I have ten times more toleration for those who are in open rebellion with arms in their hands than for those who seek their personal safety in the North, and while enjoying the protection of the United States Government, openly profess that sympathy for the rebel cause which they are too selfish and cowardly to manifest in any other way than by words or by covert acts of treason. While they confess a half way loyalty to save their property, all the soul they have is with the enemies of the Republic; it disgusts me to see the court which some people pay to them—because, as Winthrop says, they fancy that to be pro-slavery is to be aristocratic. I want nothing to do with them; no, Eveline, I can't go the Clerrands; I believe the ice cream would choke me."

Eveline came home late that night delighted with her party, but she did not tell her cousin how many sets she had danced with Calhoun Clerrand; nor how many compliments he had paid her.

The Clerrand party had been given in the last of April, 1862. While Eveline was dancing that evening under the light of the chandeliers in Mrs. Clerrand's parlor; Allan's regiment, then lying at Ship Island, had received orders for New Orleans, where General Butler then commanded. The 190th had hitherto seen the easy life of soldiering until ordered

to join Butler's expedition. They had been stationed at Camp M—, near Baltimore; they had been in comfortable barracks, and they had been petted and taken care of by the Unionists of the city.—No people in the land are more loyal than these said Unionists of Baltimore; they are, in the first place, devoted to the cause which they serve; then they are near enough to Secessiondom to see over the border, and for them no distance wraps "the chivalry" in that veil of romance, which makes some of our friends here at home if not exactly sympathetic, yet very tolerant, so very tolerant indeed, as to be almost insufferable to those who have friends in the army, and to whom the ruin or salvation of their country is no mere abstract question.

More than one weary and homesick soul has blessed the Union Ladies of Baltimore. For the sick of the 190th they cared in the most profuse manner; they took the soldiers into their houses and treated them like brothers. As they were then, so they are to-day, and may heaven bless them!

Ship Island was not a very entertaining place, the fleet had passed the Forts, and the city was occupied; and yet the 190th were lying inactive. When the newness of the situation was worn off, and when alligators had ceased to be a novelty, the men began to sigh for active service; a desire not likely to be long ungratified under General Butler. The division was to start the next morning, and the preparations had mostly been made over night; the tattoo had not sounded, and Harry and Allan were standing on the sand beach. Harry had never yet repented of his enlistment in the rank and file; he had found many things that were disagreeable, but he had expected them, and had borne them without complaint, and without mentioning them in his letters home, which were long and frequent. Allan however, fretted over his brother's station, and did all in his power to show him that their position, in regard to each other, was in reality unchanged; deferring to his opinion and wishes, more than he had ever done before.

"Why would'nt you have the Sergeant's place when it was offered you, Harry?" he asked, after some minutes' silence. "It was the first step."

"John Thompson wanted it so much more than I did."

"I don't see why you should give way to him," said Allan, discontented.

"Why, the extra pay was nothing to me, and he has a wife and family, and cared for the step."

"If you had taken it you might have had your shoulder straps the sooner."

"Perhaps so; I will take the next chance for your sake, Allan. If I had known how this would have annoyed you I would have taken the commission they offered me, when we started."

"It don't annoy me only for your sake; you are yourself always; I only wish I had gone with you. It does exasperate me, to hear John Derrick, (their Captain,) order you about in such a tone. I shall fly out at him some day."

"That would'nt mend matters. What is the use of caring? It amuses him, and it don't hurt me.—He don't mean any harm by it; only he wants to show his importance, and doesn't know how. He is so profoundly conscious that he is a man in authority, having soldiers under him; that his dignity never lets him have an easy minute, and he hasn't found out the secret that in order to be respected, one must be respectable. There is not a man in the Company that don't laugh at him, except myself."

The brothers walked on a few steps. The Heavens wore the lustrous dark blue of those latitudes; the stars were like sparks of fire, and the moon as she sailed up the sky shone not silver but gold; the

breeze blew in cool from the sea; the water plashed and lapped upon the sand beach, and, softened by the distance, the voices of the men rang out sweetly from the camp in tunes and words which a few weeks before no man might sing in those regions and live. Some of the singers, conscious of the change of times took a certain defiant pleasure in "John Brown."

Presently Allan spoke in a tone which would fain have been indifferent:

"You had a letter from Emily this last mail, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Harry, who knew too well that Allan had received none from Eveline, either by this mail or the one before.

"Did Emily say they were all well?"

"Yes. Very likely Eveline did not put her letter into the office in time to catch the mail, and then the mails are so crowded now that they are rather uncertain."

Allan brightened a little.

"That's true; but did Emily say anything of her."

"She said she was well, but their aunt has been sick. Perhaps Eveline has been occupied with her."

"Of course, that must be it. I wouldn't have minded, only I was afraid she must be ill. Come, Harry, it is time to turn back, for we shall take a very early start in the morning."

Harry had comforted his brother with words which in his heart he did not feel to be true, though he had tried hard to believe them. He had never felt that Eveline was Allan's equal. What man or woman ever thoroughly liked the choice of his or her intimate friend? He fretted a good deal over the matter that night. Emily had said nothing of her cousin only that she was well, not that she was writing or going to write. There was something in the tone of the letter that made Harry anxious for his brother. The more he thought of the matter the more pertinaciously did uncomfortable suspicions intrude themselves. Why shouldn't Eveline's letters come as well as Emily's, or if she could not write, why not send some message? Pressing indeed would have been the duty which would have hindered Allan from writing to his lady love, were it only to say, "I am well and I love you." Harry tossed about on his blanket till the five other men in the tent besought him in rather energetic terms to let other folks sleep if he couldn't do it himself; and Mr. Camp apologized, and finally fell into a slumber from which it was not easy to wake just at day-break to start for New Orleans.

Had Harry heard the dialogue which took place between the cousins when Emily's letter was written, he might have been more vexed than he was.

"You will lose this mail as you did the last," said Emily who was just finishing her own letter, written on packet post, and needing a double stamp.

"Oh, I don't feel like writing to-day," said Eveline, looking up from her novel; "to-morrow will do just as well."

"Then you will miss the steamer, and there will not be another chance for a fortnight—may be not then."

"Oh, I don't feel like it, and besides its absurd to expect me to write all the time so. What can I say?"

Emily opened her eyes. If Eveline did not know what to say to the man she had promised to marry, who could tell her!

"But he will be so disappointed, Eveline. All the men say there is nothing makes a soldier feel so forlorn as missing his letters."

"Oh well, I will write to-morrow. I dare say there are plenty of vessels sailing every day. Don't

tease me, Emily; I can't write now—I don't feel like it; and besides I have promised to drive with Mrs. Clerrand this afternoon."

Emily made one more effort. "At least send some message to him."

"Oh, I can't—there is the carriage now, and I must go," and Emily danced out of the room to meet Mrs. Clerrand and Calhoun, who was to drive.

Emily's feelings found vent in asking herself the indignant though somewhat vague question—"What *does* make some men like some women?"

Eveline took a long drive that afternoon, but neither on that evening nor on the next, did she "feel like" writing to Allan. It was no wonder, when she wore on a silk cord about her neck the ring Calhoun Clerrand had given her; when he had her promise to be his wife as soon as her aunt would consent; at any rate, as soon as her engagement with Allan Camp could be broken.

Poor dear Allan! He was very plebeian, it must be confessed, compared with Calhoun, and then Mrs. Clerrand said dear Eva, with her grace and beauty, was never made to be the wife of a country lawyer. Then Calhoun had such a lovely place in Louisiana, only he was afraid to go back to it, on account of that "brute Butler," though he pretended now to be Federal, "just to save his property;" and he had so many servants, only they had all mostly disappeared in some way; and then, besides, as Calhoun said, slavery was such a "nice" thing after all—it settled the question of the position of the lower orders so delightfully, and when the Confederacy should be triumphant, as it certainly would, why Calhoun thought that very likely an order of aristocracy would be established, and how she would become a title! The Countess Clerrand! No wonder that Mrs. Allan Camp appeared insupportable in comparison.

To be continued.

From the School Girls' Transcript.

We extract from the above paper, from which we have previously quoted, one of a series of twelve articles, entitled, "Historical Tableaux of America," including three for each period of American history, viz: "Discovery," "Colonization," "The Revolution," and "The Republic." The article quoted, belongs to the period of "The Revolution," and is entitled:

"An Age in a Moment."

"It was a moment of breathless pause in the old hall. The Committee had performed the work assigned them, and now stood with the momentous document outspread upon the table before them, silently awaiting the issue.

"The eagerness of discussion, the eloquence of favoring and opposing pleas had ceased. The gathered groups here and there, who, but now, were canvassing in excited tone, or ominous whisper, the eventual period at hand, werestill. All, individuals, groups, committee, president, all were composed to a solemn stillness, as they looked upon that document. The time for deliberation had passed; the moment for decisive action had come.

"There are points in the lives of individuals, in the annals of a nation, and in the world's history, when an era of life is concentrated in a moment of time, and an age of consequences awaits a single act. Such an one as this was that moment in Independence Hall, July 4th, 1776.

"To each individual in that statue-like throng, it was an epoch—a turning point, where the future diverged from the line of the past. As the traveler, who leaves his native valley for an untried world without, halts upon some distant summit, where his further step will shut the valley from his view forever, and reverts, ere he take that unreturning step, to the scenes where he sported in childhood, dreamed in youth, and toiled in manhood, so did they, from the point to which they had been impelled by causes they had vainly striven to remove, turn, ere the next irrevocable step, to the past.

"It was before them with its long years of loyalty so severely tried, the slow severing of the links

which had bound them politically and socially, to a kindred people; the unavailing pleas against the injustice and oppression which was gradually ripening the seeds of revolt; the wrongs which had urged them from point to point, until they stood upon the verge that was to divide them from that receding Past; all was before them.

"The Future confronted them with its array of toil, danger, and suffering; with its alternative of what, to the looker on, was a possible success for a great cause, or an almost certain failure bringing upon themselves ignominy and death. Home scenes were around them, and home faces, the faces of those dearer to them than life, who must share with them the peril attendant upon the meditated step, and whose interest, happiness, and life itself might fall a prey to their own act.

"Thus, with his sacrifice, did each one stand before his country's altar. Did he hesitate to offer there his priceless treasures? Did fear appal him, or self-interest wither his noble impulse? No, in the breast of each member of that silent company, was a purpose too deliberately and firmly fixed for weakness to invade, too high and earnest for selfishness to taint.

"It was a moment for that devoted band in which were garnered busy thought, and strong and deep emotion. The memories, the hopes, the forebodings, the agony, the heroism, the resolve of an era of ordinary lives were gathered into that one burning focus. But there was no fear, no shrinking, for they were doubly armed in the justice of their cause and trust in Heaven. They paused, that not with unbecoming haste, but deliberately, solemnly, reverently they might consummate the act before them.

"It was a moment in a nation's history—a ship was about to be launched—dark clouds were hovering above, tempests gathered around, and breakers were ahead. Should she, freighted with her wealth of human life and interests, unloose her moorings to embark on that uncertain sea? Could she, against the opposing elements reach her destined port in safety? Would the mariners venture upon the unequal struggle with the angry spirits of the storm?

"An eager crowd without listened for the answer. Thousands were awaiting there, with hushed breath and throbbing heart, the peal of yonder bell, to announce to them, 'The act is done.' That bell, whose signal tone was thus anxiously awaited, was no longer, to that excited multitude, a thing inanimate, but a solemn spirit, hovering in mid air, with its momentous message yet unspoken, and bearing upon its front the seal of its commission. 'Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.'

"And not alone were they thus waiting. In the distant homes, and villages, and cities, were kindred listeners. Men, upon the streets, in the workshop, the field, the mart of commerce, and women at their firesides, stood still to catch the sound, as the invisible couriers of the air should bear it onward.

"A decision was pending which was to usher in a new and resulting age to that waiting people. In that suspended tone was a volume to the throbbing heart of a young nation. To them it would be the talismanic word, breaking the spell of colonial dependence, and bidding them assume the untried responsibilities, dignities, struggles and dangers of a new and contested sovereignty.

"Did the young aspirant quail as dangers threatened around his future course? Let the firm lip, the undaunted front, and the heroic resolve that lighted even woman's eye, make answer.

"But it was more than all this. To no individuals or nation did that moment belong. It was an epoch in a world's progress. A great principle was dawning, a principle which no age or country could appropriate, one whose rays were destined to illuminate other climes and ages, and a mighty Memnon stood with eye upon the breaking morn, and parted lip, waiting to hail with grateful melody, his rising beams. A great truth, 'Freedom and sovereignty are the heritage of the people,' was pluming its wing for flight, and millions in other climes looked for the unfolding of its pinions. The care-worn laborer looked up from his toil and smiled; hope whispered in the ear of the despairing; the captive awaited the withdrawal of his dungeon bolts; the serf raised his head from the dust and listened for the inspiring tone, and the eye of the patriot kindled with new fire as he caught the distant vision.

"And faces were gathered in that hall which the silent assembly saw not, faces of the coming future. Through the misty veil which shut them from the view, they looked in upon that scene, for their own destiny was suspended there.

"That moment! In it were gathered the memories of the past; the joys, sorrows, hopes, fore-

bodings, and high resolves of the present, and the destinies of an advancing future.
 "Hushed to a reverent stillness were the actors and the listeners.

"The moment was finished. The rapid, heavy strokes of a pen broke the silence, and the name of the first of the patriot band of '76, was enrolled, in bold relief, upon the page of history! Promptly and fearlessly, each followed in his turn, and when the fifty-six had laid in pledge upon the altar, their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, the bell of liberty swung wide, and rang out a triumphal peal. Then went up a shout that cleft the air, and bounding from hill to hill, re-echoed through the land, 'a young nation is free!'"

Poetry.

For the Soldier's Aid.

Our Tree of Liberty.

Our Tree of Liberty we planted,
 Most a hundred years ago;
 And we took it all for granted,
 It would ever thrive and grow.

Its roots were wet with patriots' blood,
 And tears for patriots' slain;
 Till in full pride and strength it stood
 On freedom's open plain.

So broad and wide its branches spread,
 So rich with verdure crowned,
 The trampled nations sought its shade,
 From earth's wide circuit round.

Our blinded eyes saw not the worm
 That on the root had seized;
 Like Jonah with his cherished gourd,
 We proudly looked—well pleased.

We saw not how our pomp and pride,
 Our love of self and gain;
 How worth and merit set aside,
 Had fed the canker-worm.

We saw not, till its leaves grew pale,
 And bowed its stalwart form,
 Nor till the tempest's hurrying gale
 Swept branches through the storm.

We tried to prop its bending form—
 To bind the severed limbs—
 With oil and wine to heal the wounds—
 Extract the bitter sting.

In vain our arts—such leech's skill
 We need no longer try;
 The crimson tide of patriots' blood
 Must wet the soil, now dry.

This sacred stream—a healing wave,
 Still freely doth it flow;
 O may it wash, and heal, and save
 Our country in its woe.

H. L. W. A.

Kingdom Coming.

A NEW NEGRO MELODY.

Say, darkeys, hab you seen de massa,
 Wid de muffstah on his face,
 Go 'long de road some time dis mornin'
 Like he gwine to leab de place?
 He seen a smoke 'way up de ribber,
 Where de Linkum gunboats lay;
 He took his hat an' lef' berry sudden,
 An' I spec he's run away!

CHORUS.

De massa run! ha! ha!
 De darkey stay! ho! ho!
 It mus' be now de kingdom comin'
 An' de year of jubilo!

He six foot one way, tree foot tudder,
 An' he weigh tree hundred pound,
 His coat so big he couldn't pay de tailor,
 An' it won't go half way round,
 He drill so much dey call him Cap'n,
 An' he get so drefful tanned,
 I spec he try an' fool dem Yankees,
 For to tink he's contraband.

Chorus.—De massa run, etc.

De darkeys feel so lonesome libing
 In de log house on de lawn,
 Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor,
 For to keep it while he's gone.

Dar's wine and cider in de kitchen,
 An' de darkeys dey'll hab some;
 I suppose dey'll all be cornfiscated
 When de Linkum sogers come,

Chorus.—De massa run, etc.

De oberseer he make us trouble,
 An' he drive us roud a spell;
 We lock him up in de smoke house cellar,
 Wid de key trown in de well,

De whip is lost, de han' cuff broken,
 But de massa'll hab his pay,
 He's ole enough, big enough, ought to know better.
 Dan to went an' run away.

Chorus.—De massa run, etc.

HOW BRAVE MEN SUFFER AND DIE.—In his report of the Chickamauga battles, B. F. Taylor records the following solemn, yet creditable fact: "If anybody thinks, that when our men are stricken upon the field, they fill the air with cries and groans, till it shivers with such evidence of agony, he greatly errs. An arm is shattered, a leg carried away, a bullet pierces the breast, and the soldier sinks down *silently* upon the ground, or creeps away, if he can, without a murmur or complaint; falls, as the sparrow falls, speechlessly, and like that sparrow, I earnestly believe, falls not without the Father. The dying horse gives out his fearful utterance of almost *human* suffering, but the mangled rider is dumb. The crash of musketry, the crack of rifles, the roar of guns, the shriek of shells, the rebel whoop; the Federal cheer, and that indescribable undertone of grinding, rumbling, splintering sound, make up the voices of the battle-field."

JOB'S PATIENCE—AS VIEWED BY A 'LADY.—"If there is a proverb that needs revamping, it is 'the patience of Job.' Now, in the first place, Job *wasn't* patient. Like all the rest of his sex, from that day to the present, he could be heroic only for a little while at a time. He *began* bravely, but ended, as most of them do under annoyance, by cursing and swearing. Patient as Job! Did Job ever try, when he was hungry, to eat shad with a frisky baby in his lap? Did Job ever try, after nursing one all night, and upon taking his seat at the breakfast table the morning after, to pour out coffee for six people, and second cups at that, before he had a chance to take a mouthful himself? Pshaw! I've no patience with 'Job's patience.' It is of no use to multiply instances; but there's not a faithful house-mother in the land, who does not out-distance him, in the sight of men and angels, every hour in the twenty-four." The lady who writes the above, would probably admit, however, that Job was *very* patient—for a man.

Governor Morton, of Indiana, is about to establish a "Home" at Indianapolis, where soldiers and soldier's wives, passing through the city, may have care and protection, and escape the extortion and abuse frequently practiced upon them by hackmen and hotel-runners.

MUMPS. A corporal in a West Virginia regiment went home on a furlough, and at its expiration applied for an extension in this style:

My Dear Commander: It is with pleasure I takes my pen in Hand to inform You that I am taken with the Mumps, and hope you are enjoying the same blessing; but if thar ar danger, or if you think thar ar, report to me immediately at Buck-cannon and I am at your service,

MUMPS OR NO MUMPS.

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.
 aug 4-6m.

BURKE, FITZSIMONS, HONE, & CO.
 ROCHESTER.

NEW GOODS
 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 VENISE, new styles.
 - BLACK ALPACAS, superior styles.
 - COLORED ALPACAS, new shades.
 - IRISH POPLINS, beautiful shades.
 - FRENCH POPLINS, beautiful shades.
- And many other new and beautiful styles of cheaper DRESS GOODS.

MOURNING GOODS in Great Variety.

The most approved patterns of

CLOAKS,

for Fall, Now on Exhibition. Cloaks and Sacques made up to order, and warranted to give satisfaction in every instance. A full line of BALMORALS, in all the choice colorings. HOOP SKIRTS, warranted the best qualities.

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

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

WHOLESALE WARE-ROOMS—Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, & 9, North St. Paul 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, BONBONS 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. 68 State Street, corner of Market Street. His

PHOTOGRAPHS and AMBROTYPES

Are the best the age can produce—Lifelike, True and Fadesless. 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 a

BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT,

which we sell for

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

These goods, as regards

Beauty and Durability,

Are very seldom equalled.

We have also opened a

COMPLETE STOCK OF

**OTTOMANS and
EMPRESS CLOTHS,**

Containing a variety of Desirable Shades.

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

Our variety of Dress Goods was never better.

HUBBARD & NORTHROP,

69 and 71 Main Street.

aug4-ly

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 Stre et.

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

GREEN REPS—Received.
dec2 CASE & MANN.

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

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

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

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

STEAM FANCY

DYEING AND CLEANSING

ESTABLISHMENT,

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

On Mill st., Cor. of Platt st.

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

The Reputation of this Dye House since 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!

BARCAINS!

DRY GOODS,

FROM

AUCTION!

AT

PARDRIDGE & CO.'S

8 Main St. Bridge,

ROCHESTER,

Which they are now offering

At Nearly Half their Value!

Don't Fail to Give Them an Early Call.

Aug. 4-11.
SLENDID STOCK OF SHAWLS—At
dec2 CASE & MANN'S.

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

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 WM. 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 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 LICENSE CLAIM AGENCY** of GEO. C. TEALL, (formerly with A. G. Mudge.) Office, No. 6 EAGLE HOTEL BLOCK, corner Buffalo and State Streets.

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

THE LAWS PROVIDE FOR THE PAYMENT OF

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

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

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

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

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

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

INFORMATION concerning Soldiers in the Army, &c. **ARTIFICIAL LEGS** or **ARMS**, at expense of Government. **EXEMPTION PAPERS**, Assignments, Affidavits, &c.

No Agent can prosecute claims without License. Communications by letter promptly answered.
dec2 Address, GEO. C. TEALL, Rochester, N. Y.