



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF OUR SOLDIERS.

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NO. 11.

## The Soldier's Aid.

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## Home Work.

### U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

In the non-arrival of some reports and articles concerning our "Home Work" which we had expected to find upon returning from a somewhat protracted absence from the city, we occupy this portion of our present number with other matter. The following article, with those of the same series which have preceded it in the Aid, will give to such of our readers as have not had access to the *Sanitary Commission Bulletin*, an interesting view of the admirable system regulating the operations of the Womans' Central Association of Relief, that Branch of the Sanitary Commission to which our own society is auxiliary.

### (From the Sanitary Commission Bulletin.) Woman's Central Association of Relief.

#### ORGANIZATION—NUMBER VII.

An account of the Home Organization of this branch of the Commission was given in our last article. To-day we shall explain its Field Organization.

Each Branch of the Commission has its own field, from whence it draws supplies, and which is organized by it according to its best judgment. These fields are determined as nearly as possible by the natural divisions of the country, and the popular prejudices of the people. Their aggregate comprises the entire area of the loyal States, and constitutes the Home Department of the Sanitary Commission.

Our own field consists of the States of Connecticut, Rhode Island and New York, excepting some of the western counties. It is subdivided into Divisions and Sections. We have four Divisions. These have been made for the sole purpose of facilitating the home correspondence, and are arbitrary. A Section is usually one county or part of a county. Each Section is in charge of one or more resident Associate Managers.

Soldiers' Aid Societies are classified into Centers of Collections and Contributing Societies. These may or may not be auxiliaries. Centers of Collections are established in cities, and in some places which are the natural commercial centers of the surrounding country, as Newport, Providence, Hartford, New Haven, Albany, Troy, &c. The Soldiers' Aid Societies of the towns and villages, sending their supplies either through these Centers of Collection or directly to the Branches are Contributing Societies. It is the desire of the Commission that all Auxiliary Soldiers' Aid Societies shall make the Branches in whose field they are, their central depots. Our Auxiliary Soldiers' Aid Societies are those who, by vote, bind themselves to vote exclusively through our agency. We never ask Societies to do this; it must come from themselves—a free will expression of their confidence in us. It is only natural, therefore, that the bond between our auxiliary societies and ourselves should be peculiarly strong. It is one of mutual confidence, dependence and affection, and marked by

that freedom of intercourse which characterizes all true friendship.

We have wearied you with this dry detailed explanation, because we want you to understand thoroughly the general outline of the system, in which we are all taking part; and because it will facilitate our future intercourse to be able to call things by their right names, and so speak of them understandingly.

We have said that our plan of work was to help you, so far as was possible, by practical suggestions and otherwise. We are aware how imperfectly this has been done, how—with our own work so entirely different—we have been trying to anticipate your wants, not from any personal experience of them, but through intuition and sympathy alone. You know better than we can, what our failures have been in this respect. We know, too, how far short of the will the deed has been, and must be.

Let us show you at least what the design has been—what we have aimed at.

The women of one of our little villages wishes to work for the soldiers. They wish to form themselves into a society, and work systematically and steadily, in such a way too, that the work shall not be borne by two or three only, but shall be, to a certain degree, shared by the whole community. We attempted to meet this want by publishing a "Plan for the Formation of Country Societies," now to be found in *Bulletin* No. 12. Its design is to take the burden off the few, and distribute it among the many. The society being organized, the great question is: How shall we get our funds? And this question will be answered in as many different ways as the character, the size, and wealth of the community differ. We have suggested the "Alert Club" system, also published in No. 12, as being especially applicable to little country villages, where, unless all can be made to take an active interest in the work, it is exceedingly difficult to support a society. The Alert Club is composed entirely of young people. Its object is to keep the treasury of the parent society full—by taking up a small monthly collection from each member of the community, and by other means. Elder people like to sit still and sew, but dislike going from house to house, asking for

money for any purpose; younger people and children dislike the sitting still and the sewing, but enjoy the going about, and have not the same false pride about asking for money.

The money being obtained there is material to be bought. As has been stated before, we have facilities for buying materials at wholesale prices, and at lower rates than the same quality can usually be obtained in the country. We will gladly make any purchases of material for you although we cannot undertake to pay the express charges upon them. To auxiliary societies, finding it impossible to support themselves, the following proposition was made in our Third Annual Report and is now repeated: "Any society sending us a sum of money not exceeding \$30 per month, for the purchase of material, will receive double the amount in cotton, flannel or in such material as may be most desirable to have made up at the time. This offer is especially designed to revive and stimulate small societies whose chief difficulty has been the want of funds. Express charges must be paid by the societies ordering the goods."

We will suppose that our Society has now received its material. Forthwith a terrible discussion arises as to what patterns shall be used. Some go upon the principle that all soldiers are giants, and wish to cut all the garments twice the ordinary size; some cling to buttons; others insist upon strings. One authority is as good as another, and all authorities differ. And here we would ask you to trust the experience of those who have had most to do with sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals. The patterns and measurements published in the *Bulletin* have been based upon this experience, and have been prepared with great care. A pattern for a Hospital Flannel Shirt is to be found in *Bulletin* No. 13—see correction in No. 17. Diagrams of Flannel and Cotton Drawers, same pattern, No. 13—see correction in No. 16. Cotton Shirts, *Bulletin* No. 16. Slippers, Arm Sling and Ration Bag, No. 22. Dressing Gown or Wrapper, No. 25. Directions for making Bedding for Hospital use, Cushions, Bandages, Lint, &c., for knitting Socks, Mittens and Wristers, No. 31.

Imagine the garments cut out and made. Now come the packing, directing and sending off. Directions for packing, invoices, &c., will be found in the Appendix of our Third Annual Report. Make what arrangements you can with steamboat, railroad and express companies, many of which are exceedingly liberal, to carry your box free; but should this be impossible, we would much rather pay the freight charges in New York, than have you prepay them. We can readily obtain money for this purpose, while it is much better for the work that all the money that you can collect should be expended in materials. Our society has now sent off its first hospital box, and received a letter acknowledging its receipt at our rooms. This alone is scarcely satisfactory. You want to know what is being done with your supplies; what the Sanitary Commission is doing everywhere; you want to know, and ought to know, as much as you can about the work. It is to meet these wants that the *Bulletin* is published every fortnight. Its design is to give you the fullest and latest information about the Commission. The circulation of the *Bulletin* through this Branch alone has increased from 2,400 to 2,600 copies during the past month. And yet we wish it was

larger. We do not want subscribers, we want readers, and we will gladly furnish as many copies as may be asked for. A plan for facilitating the circulation of the *Bulletin* in villages can be found in No. 29. And is this all we can do to help our society? It seems so little. And yet you have written to say that what, with the information derived through the *Bulletin* and from constant correspondence with us, you feel perfectly satisfied, entirely ready to keep on working. It is we, then, who are not satisfied for you. We want you to have the same advantages in the work that we have, we want you to have the opportunity of asking questions, and of talking face to face with the agents of the Commission who have themselves put your shirts and drawers on to the soldiers. These agents are now going among you as lecturers. Although the specified time has elapsed, we are still ready to receive applications for lecturers, according to the proposition in our Article No. 2, circulated among you as a fly leaf with *Bulletin* No. 28. We hope that, when these gentlemen come among you, you will allow them to fill in the missing links which we, at this distance can only feel are wanting, without seeing.

And so, dear friends, in this imperfect way we have tried to keep pace with you in your work; have tried, through sympathy, to put ourselves so far as we could in your position, hoping to clear away some of your difficulties. But the burden of the work still remains with you. How can it be otherwise? Our part in it is nothing—except as your trustees. No, it is your time and your money, your perseverance and endurance—above all, your steadfast will and loving hearts, which have been the means, through the grace of God, of alleviating the untold sufferings of this cruel, this righteous war.

LOUISA LEE SCHUYLER,

Chairman Committee on Correspondence, &c.

NEW YORK, 7 Cooper Union, Feb. 6, 1865.

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

We have just been favored with a short visit from Mrs. Livermore, of Chicago, who represents the Northwestern Branch of the Sanitary Commission. Twice she spoke in public, and we had opportunities of hearing her talk in private; and every word she uttered filled us anew with admiration for the zeal, the patriotism, and the wonderful sacrifice of the people of the Northwest. We wish all our fellow-workers could have heard her glowing words; by turns strong and inspiring, and then,—as she related incidents of her experience among the workers at home, or the sufferers in the field, whom she has often visited,—so tender and moving that strong men and women sat before her weeping like little children. Perhaps the first effect of her account of the spontaneous generosity of the people among whom she lives and works,—sending sixty thousand bushels of onions from the harvest in one State alone, the young State of Iowa, and other things on the same grand scale,—might be to discourage us a little, and make our work seem small and feeble. But this feeling would pass away. And we believe all who heard her were filled with a determination to be more zealous and untiring.

Among the many incidents she told was one that we must repeat, though much of its peculiar power is lost, since we cannot give

the exact words of the original conversation. Mrs. Livermore said "I was about to go down to visit the army, and had given notice that I would take messages from friends at home, to such of the men as I might see. Note-book in hand, I sat, taking down names and precious words of remembrance, when a very poor and hard-working woman, with hands cracked and bleeding from the wash-tub, came up and said, 'You're going down to the army?' 'Yes,' 'Then you'll see Peter: and will you write down something for me, as well as for the rest of 'em?' 'Certainly, I will, but who is Peter?' 'Why, he's my husband, and I want you to tell him that I am well, and all the children are well, and I have work to do, and kind friends have given me some fuel and some food, and we're getting along first rate. Tell him we think of him all the time, and we hope he is doing well, and we pray every day and every night that God will take care of him and bring him back safe. And tell him he musn't fret about us at all, at all.' 'But,' said Mrs. Livermore, 'are you really getting along so well? How many children have you?' 'Six, ma'am.' 'Your clothes are thin: Are the children well clad?' 'Pretty well, ma'am. When the days are very cold, I put the little one's to bed, to keep them warm; and that keeps 'em out of mischief too. It's hard getting fire enough, when fuel is so high.' 'And do you have enough to eat?' 'Not always, ma'am. But when we go to bed without any supper, it makes the next food we do get taste all the better.' 'And do you want me to tell Peter that you're getting along first-rate, when you work so very hard, and don't have food, or fire, or clothes enough to keep you from hunger and cold?' At this the woman burst out eagerly 'Why honey, why should I want to make my good man sad about me and the children? He has his great troubles at that end of the line, and we have our little troubles at this end of the line; and sure it wouldn't do either of us any good if we should fret him with our troubles. Yes, tell him we're getting along first-rate.'"

God bless the woman! She is bearing bravely, the trials of which most of us have no idea. And she teaches us the very lesson that in our abundance and prosperity we are so strangely slow to learn—she is teaching us to strengthen the hands and the hearts of our soldiers in the field. Her words ring in our ears—"They have their great troubles at that end of the line." All she could do for them, brave heart, was to hide with sacred tenderness the knowledge of her own sufferings. Shall we do that? It is easier for us than for her. Shall we add to it—what she in her poverty could not add—generous material support—large, as our ability is large—the comforting garments, the life-saving supplies? Oh, friends, let us be touched deeply as we may, by the narration of other people's heroism. But let the emotion strike in far enough to produce grand results, else it is worse than useless. It is light hidden under a bushel, or utterly put out. By our fruits—not our feelings—shall we be known.

Respectfully submitted by the Executive Committee.

ABBY W. MAY, *Chairman.*

18 West St., March 20, 1865.

Fervent love utters loving words in the dissolution of the body, as the melting bell in the burning steeple continues to sound out the hours.

U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION, }  
MEMPHIS, Tenn., Feb. 16. }

Miss Louisa L. Schuyler, Gen. Relief Association:

A. J. Bloor, Esq., of Washington, so long connected with the United States Sanitary Commission, having been spending a few days, very pleasantly to us, in Memphis, he gave me the names of some ladies, earnest workers in the good cause in the East, and requested me to endeavor to open a correspondence with them, as I had done with ladies in the West. This is my apology for addressing you. Knowing that the operations of the Eastern department of the Sanitary Commission have been mainly devoted to the Eastern army, we still find that the people of the East and the West look upon it as a national and not sectional cause—the Army being one and the cause one. You will pardon me if I make use of the first personal pronoun, because I speak more from my own experience than from any other source of knowledge.

The battle of Belmont, Mo., under Gen. Grant, which took place on the 7th of November, 1861, first developed in the West any of the workings of the United States Sanitary Commission. That battle was a bloody one, my own regiment, the 22d Illinois, having 32 killed and 169 wounded—other regiments suffering nearly as much. All ignorant as we were of the requirements of large numbers of wounded, they were thrown on our hands with but slight preparation, and no supplies other than the meagre quota issued by the Government. Very soon after that battle Dr. Riqua, of New York, came to Cairo, and finding the destitute condition of the hospitals, he wrote at once to friends in the East, and as soon as Railroads could convey them we received our first installment of "Sanitary supplies." From that time to the middle of July, 1864, I was constantly with the army in my capacity of Regimental Surgeon, and for the last two years of my service, I was in charge of large Hospitals in the immediate rear of the armies, and getting the wounded the same or next day after battles. Though this has been in the States of Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Arkansas and Mississippi, I have never been out of reach of the good offices of the Sanitary Commission.

At one time, while on Gen. Rosecrans' great campaign through Tennessee, we had a hard fight on the Cumberland Mountains. I was ordered at 4 P. M. to take a house and open it at once as a hospital for from 80 to 100 wounded. By midnight I had over 100 wounded—not a cot or even blankets for them. The trains being miles in the rear, we had nothing but bacon, hard-bread and coffee for them. At 4 A. M., next morning, I found the agent of the United States Sanitary Commission and told him my

wants, and before night he had supplied me with bed racks, pillows, blankets, together with all the needed delicacies and stimulants. Such has been my experience all the way through, and many a brave man's life has been saved, and thousands have "thanked God for the Sanitary Commission."

During the past fall months I have made a tour of inspection through the department of Arkansas, and the whole length of the Mississippi River, from Cairo to New Orleans, and visited every camp and hospital. The suffering at David's Bluff, Pine Bluff, Brownsville, Little Rock, Fort Smith, Napoleon and Helena, for the want of vegetables, has been great, and I have been enabled to send more than four thousand barrels to these posts, beside the multitudinous variety which goes to make up Hospital Supplies.

Within the week past the whole of the 16th Army Corps, over twenty thousand strong, have passed this place on their way South. This corps took an active part in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., and were just from Eastport, where they had suffered for want of food. No sooner did the transports touch the shore here than Surgeons, Stewards, officers and men thronged our office, asking for "Sanitary," for, said they, "go where we will, we find the Sanitary Commission." We were able to issue pickles, kroust, crackers, dried fruit, drawers, socks, and shirts, and they went on their way rejoicing. Some of those men I had known in many battles, and some were the comrades of my dear son who was killed at Franklin. They heard him refuse to "surrender" when the demand was made, and saw him shot down, and now he lies with his comrades in the trenches. He fills the honorable grave of "a soldier."

So the work goes on—we feed and care for the living, while we weep for the dead. Another active campaign is at hand, and we must be prepared for it. Of one thing allow me to assure you: The day of waste and misappropriation of stores is gone by, we know, for we follow up the supplies, that they go just where it is intended they should. We have a first class agent now in Arkansas, and he writes cheering words of the good being done there. At Vicksburg, we keep an agent and a good stock for that post.

From these "ends of the earth" we greet you, and all who with you work for us, and we thank you, not only for your work and labor of love, but for your influence.

I have the honor to be

Your obed't serv't,

BENJ. WOODWARD,

Inspector San. Com.

When friends are long indifferent toward us, we grow indifferent to their indifference.

## Soldiers' Aid Society, Rochester, N. Y.

### TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MARCH.

CASH RECEIPTS.	
By Balance on hand, March 1st,.....	\$2,106 17
" Membership fees,.....	1 25
" Cash donations,.....	92 50
" Sale of articles and material.....	142 47
" Encampment receipts.....	2 00
<b>Total receipts.....</b>	<b>\$2,344 39</b>
CASH DISBURSEMENTS.	
To Hospital supplies.....	\$781 42
" Expressage, freight and cartage.....	2 50
" Stationery and postage, including amount loaned to Sanitary Commission.....	19 60
" Printing.....	6 50
" Incidental expenses.....	18 70
" Encampment expenses.....	6 80
<b>Total Disbursements.....</b>	<b>\$835 52</b>

Balance on hand, April 1st.....\$1,508 87

### CASH DONATIONS.

AD SOCIETIES.  
Pittsford, \$10; Riga, \$2; Williamson, \$50.  
INDIVIDUALS.  
Miss Clara Guernsey, 25 cents; Miss A. E. Tracy, 25 cents.  
DONATIONS OF HOSPITAL STORES.

AD SOCIETIES.  
*Irondequoit, 3d District*, 6 pairs socks, 2 pairs mittens; *Macedon*, 12 cotton flannel shirts; *Ontario*, 7 flannel shirts, 5 pairs flannel drawers, 2 pairs socks; *Pittsford*, bandages; *School, No. 14*, 1 quilt; *Second Ward*, 14 flannel shirts.

INDIVIDUALS.  
*Allings & Corey*, 1 Bible, 1 Testament; *Wm. Alling*, 1 Bible; *W. Y. Andrews*, 1 cotton shirt; *Mrs. Finney*, 2 pairs cotton flannel drawers; *A Friend*, old pieces and bandages; *Miss Hobbie*, bandages, old pieces; *E. T. Huntington*, reading matter; *Mrs. Kempton*, 2 sheets, 4 pillow cases, 2 towels, old linen; *Mrs. Lucy Churchville*, old pieces, papers; *Mrs. T. H. Rochester*, 1 pair socks, 14 handkerchiefs; *Mrs. William Rositter*, 5 pin cushions; *Miss Smith*, 1 bottle catsup; *Alice E. Tracy*, lint; *Mrs. Williams*, 1 pair socks; *A Friend*, 2 pillow cases.

Mrs. GEO. GOULD, Treasurer.

### Report of the Committee on Work.

Prepared work on hand, March 1st—54 flannel shirts, 37 pairs flannel drawers, 6 skeins yarn, 19 handkerchiefs.

Unfinished work, March 1st—122 flannel shirts, 88 pairs flannel drawers, 96 skeins yarn, 24 handkerchiefs.

Prepared during the month—92 flannel shirts, 153 pairs flannel drawers, 49 pairs cotton flannel drawers, 65 handkerchiefs, 1 dressing gown, 80 skeins yarn, bought.

Finished during the month—121 flannel shirts, 145 pairs flannel drawers, 37 pairs socks, 7½ pairs mittens, 108 handkerchiefs, 1 dressing gown.

Unfinished work at close of month—140 flannel shirts, 135 pairs flannel drawers, 37 pairs cotton flannel drawers, — pairs socks from 130 skeins yarn.

Prepared work on hand at close of month—7 flannel shirts, 12 pairs cotton flannel drawers.

Miss M. WHITLESSEY, Chairman.

### Report of Committee on Packing and Forwarding.

The Committee have forwarded during the last month three packages, numbering from 431 to 433 inclusive, to the Woman's Central Association of Relief, No. 10 Cooper Union, New York.

The contents of these packages were as follows: 126 flannel and cotton flannel shirts, 69 pairs flannel and cotton flannel drawers, 41 pairs woolen socks, 16 pairs mittens, 74 handkerchiefs and napkins, 2 towels, 1 neck tie, 3 arm slings, 6 pillow cases, 2 quilts, 31 pillows and cushions.

The following have been given at the Rooms to Soldiers from the St. Mary's and City Hospitals, viz:

To St. Mary's—13 flannel shirts, 9 pairs flannel drawers, 3 pairs woolen socks, 18 handkerchiefs, 5 towels, 1 cotton shirt, 11 pairs slippers, 17 canes, 2 Bibles, 1 Testament, 20 "Soldiers' Friend," 1 book, 50 papers, 151 sheets letter paper, 140 envelopes, 167 stamps, a quantity of lint, bandages, and old pieces.

To City Hospital—19 flannel shirts, 10 pairs flannel drawers, 4 pairs woolen socks, 1 pair mittens, 1 pair cotton drawers, 1 dressing gown, 3 pairs slippers, 1 cane, 24 "Soldiers' Friend," 9 sheets letter paper, 9 envelopes, 9 stamps.

To Furloughed Soldiers—2 canes, 5 stamps, 2 hop pillows, 1 mitten.

Mrs. L. C. SMITH, Chairman.

### Report of Superintendent of Rooms.

#### SUMMARY OF ROOM RECORDS FOR MARCH.

Goods on hand March 1st—22 flannel shirts, 2 pairs flannel drawers, 14 pairs woolen socks 11 pairs mittens, 36 handkerchiefs, 6 napkins, 5 towels, 1 neck tie, 3 arm slings, 1 pair cotton drawers, 3 quilts, 1 pillow.

Donations during the month—21 flannel shirts, 12 cotton flannel shirts, 5 pairs flannel drawers, 3 pairs cotton flannel drawers, 18 pairs woolen socks, 2 pairs mittens, 14 handkerchief, 2 towels, 1 cotton shirt, 2 sheets, 6 pillow cases, 32 pillows and cushions, 1 quilt, 5 pin cushions, 2 Bibles, 1 Testament, books, magazines, papers, lint, bandages, old pieces, 1 bottle of catsup.

Bought—14 pairs slippers, 18 canes.

Finished work received—121 flannel shirts, 143 pairs flannel drawers, 37 pairs woolen socks, 7½ pairs mittens, 108 handkerchiefs, 1 dressing gown.

Goods sent out in packages and given at Rooms—126 (in packages) and 32 (given at rooms) flannel and cotton flannel shirts, 69 and 19 pairs flannel and cotton flannel drawers, 41 and 7 pairs woolen socks, 16 and 1 pairs mittens, 74 and 18 handkerchiefs and napkins, 2 and 3 towels, 31 and 2 pillows and cushions. The following sent in packages: 1 neck tie, 3 arm slings, 6 pillow cases, 2 quilts, lint, bandages, old pieces, and the following given at rooms, 1 cotton shirt, 1 pair cotton drawers, 1 dressing gown, 14 pairs slippers, 2 sheets for bandages, 2 Bibles, 1 Testament, 1 book, 44 "Soldiers' Friend," magazines; 50 papers, lint, bandages, old pieces, 18 canes, 160 sheets letter paper, 149 envelopes, 179 stamps.

Goods remaining on hand April 1st—18 flannel and cotton flannel shirts, 65 pairs flannel and cotton flannel drawers, 21 pairs woolen socks, 3 pairs mittens, 72 handkerchiefs, 2 towels, 2 quilts, 5 pin cushions, 1 bottle catsup.

Miss R. B. LING, Superintendent Rooms.

## The Soldier's Aid.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 12, 1865.

### THE PROSPECT.

We write in a joyous time, amid the roar of cannon, clangor of bells, blazing of bonfires and bursting of rockets, that re-echo the electric tidings, "*Richmond is Ours!*" and, better than a dozen Richmonds, "*LEE HAS SURRENDERED!*" The curtain has risen upon the closing scenes of our great military panorama, exhibiting to us dissolving views of the Southern Confederacy, and well may a whole nation rejoice with joy speakable and unspeakable.

Never did the pen of history record an event more auspicious, or more heavily freighted with individual and national interests. To all human appearance it substantially closes a war which, for its gigantic proportions, including the extent of the field covered by its operations, the number and character of its soldiers, and the formidable enginery employed, and which for the magnitude of interests involved, is without a parallel. It is a drama commensurate with the stage upon which it has been enacted, causing almost a continent, washed by two oceans, to bristle with arms. It has emulated our mountains and caverns in its elevations of hope and depths of gloom, our colossal rivers, in its full currents of success and ebbings of defeat; it has sown the soil thickly with our best and bravest, leaving thousands upon thousands of vacant places and tens of thousands of broken hearts in our homes; it has carried in its balance the liberties and the very existence of a vast nation, the proudest and freest on the globe; and more than all, upon its issue have hung the hopes of free government throughout the world, for with the fall of our republic, civil and religious liberty would have received, if not a fatal, a *crippling* blow for a long age to come.

And this war has virtually ended at Richmond with victory perched upon the banner, that Phoenix-like, has risen a new and more glorious ensign of freedom from the funeral pyre of Sumter. Let every pulse then thrill, and every heart beat high with joy and gratitude for this crowning success. At the same time we remember, that there are other tidings which follow slowly and reluctantly in the wake of victory, tidings that will dim eyes irradiated by hope, check the exultation upon the lip, blanch the cheek and bow the head in agony, as they fall sadly, crushingly, upon hearts all over our land. God help the stricken ones in this hour.

In view of the present position, the question seems almost at once to arise in every one's mind, "How are we to meet our 'erring brethren,' and 'wayward sisters?'" Are we ready to take them by the hand and say, "Let by-gones be by-gones?" Such a spirit in a *loyal* heart would afford a sublime illustration of the power of Christianity, but we fear, there are some very *human* hearts among us that cannot soon forget *Libby,*

*Belle Isle* and *Andersonville*. As we have, however, not yet been consulted by the Government in regard to the terms of reconstruction, we will pass to another topic more in our accustomed line.

The *Aid Work*, what of that? Will the feeling prevail that with the retreating steps of the foe "our occupation is gone," and we have nothing more to do? Shall we count upon an immediate or early suspension of our efforts, or any relaxation thereof, while tens of thousands of our soldiers linger in hospitals dependent upon the Aid Societies for needful comforts and delicacies not otherwise provided? Shall the heroes who have dealt the finishing blows to that fearful rebellion be forgotten in their hours of suffering entailed by the success they have purchased so dearly for us? If so, then for ourselves, may it never be our misfortune to meet one of those crippled, neglected heroes face to face.

But away with such a thought. Some may thus think and speak in the first excitement, but a second thought will teach us that there is yet work at the front to be done, for long months yet, at least until we receive word from those at the outposts, that our ministrations are no longer required. Then, with an "honorable discharge from the service," will we rejoice in the re-establishment of a state of peace, order and prosperity, that renders us, in our "aid" capacity, useless.

And yet, amid our mutual gratulations, when there is nothing more we can do for a country for which we have learned to cherish, in her time of trouble and darkness, a tenderer love and a deeper devotion than ever before, there will be clinging recollections of these "aid" days, when it was our privilege to administer to her necessities. While our hearts will swell with pride, and joy, and gratitude, as we see our starry banner once more float freely and proudly in every breeze that sweeps its original domain, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, there will ever be hallowed and grateful memories clustering around that "*dear old flag*" of the dark hours when, torn and stained in the bloody conflict, it demanded some help, even at our feeble hands, which none but we could give. We shall ever remember too, and joy in the genial and inspiring companionship, which, in various ways has grown up among the noble bands of workers in our cause.

Once more, then, fellow workers, to the needle and the gleaning of comforts from your homes which you have so long delighted to contribute, for great is now the need and few, comparatively, the days when you can longer serve the cause we have all loved so well.

### CHANGE OF DATE.

It is so often desirable to delay the issue of the *Aid* until after our monthly meeting on the first Wednesday of every month, in order to report or allude to some action at that time, that it has been deemed best to change our date. It will accordingly be issued hereafter on the *Second* instead of the *First Wednesday* of the month. We say *hereafter*, without attaching to that term any definite limit, although the paper will be continued, according to a decision at our last meeting, while the necessity for our *Aid* work lasts.

### Bandages and Old Pieces Wanted.

Will our friends remember this? As partly worn material becomes exhausted it is necessary to make bandages of new, and the cost of these would seem incredible to one who has never made a careful estimate. For a barrel of bandages, made of new goods, there has been paid in our hospitals, we have been told by one well informed, the sum of \$250. Lint is not in demand at present, the old pieces of which it is made being far more desirable. Of the latter, both linen and cotton, you cannot send us too much, and it will save much time to those receiving them, if the hems, seams and rough places are first torn off.

### Woolen Goods.

A call is made from the Womans' Central Relief Association for *woolen clothing*. Its stock of cotton shirts is at present good, but *cotton drawers* are in demand, also *sheets, bed sacks, towels* and *handkerchiefs*. Let us respond with even more alacrity than ever to the calls now made upon us, remembering that a great work is still before us, which a coming year can hardly see accomplished.

### Avails of the Great Central Fair in Philadelphia.

The Treasurer of the Great Central Fair, held in Philadelphia, in June, has handed over to the Treasurer of the United States Sanitary Commission the net proceeds of the Fair, amounting to \$1,035,398 96. Dr. Bellows in acknowledging its receipt, says:

"The magnificent contribution we have just received, the product of your Fair, is, I venture to say, the largest ever made in one sum, not only to this, but to any unincorporated charity in the world. It is a miracle of free, concerted action seeking with unjealous and confiding benevolence to make an institution, without local or State interest, the almoner of its overflowing bounty towards those sufferers made sacred by the cause in which they offer their lives and shed their blood. You have freshened the Declaration of Independence, originally made in your city, issuing it anew, rewritten in the blood of your sons, with every precious line of it now illuminated with your gold."

### The Chicago Fair.

The circle of Sanitary Fairs seems to have been completed, a circle whose periphery has touched our two ocean boundaries, and now another mammoth Fair is projected at its initial point, Chicago. From the skill, energy and enthusiasm enlisted, and the present prospects of success, it bids fair to far eclipse in gigantic proportions and brilliant and solid success all its predecessors. It will occur in May, and may its results exceed even the sanguine expectations of its friends, for these results are to go forth in various forms of relief to the heroes who have dealt the final blows to the great rebellion.

There is a chord of love running through all sounds of creation; but the ear of love alone can distinguish it.

## Miscellaneous.

## Before the War.

BY CARYLL DEANE.

[Continued.]

MRS. WOOD never wrote to her brother-in-law. Perhaps when she came to recollect the circumstance she was not well pleased with herself.

After a time she wrote to SOPHY, a letter, strongly argumentative and slightly apologetic. SOPHY answered it, by Miss ELLIS' advice, declining the argument, and accepting the apology.

Aunt and niece never met again, but among the bequests in Mrs. WOOD'S will, was that of an emerald ring, a very fine jewel, to her husband's niece—SOPHY ELLEN WOOD—and SOPHY when she received this token, cried over it, and blamed herself for that youthful passage of arms.

On the receipt of VERONICA'S letter, Captain WOOD had written inviting his niece to come to them, and she was now at St. Louis, under the charge of an officer's wife who was to pass the Fort on her way up the river.

But one more ride did the Sergeant and SOPHY have together before Miss VERRIAN'S arrival. On this occasion the Sergeant unbent a little from the reserve proper to the non-commissioned officer—and found himself talking to the young girl at his side as if he was not at quite an immeasurable distance from her own sphere. There was a change in him certainly, and SOPHY felt it. He was almost gay—like one from whom some weary burden has suddenly fallen. They talked of books and pictures—and SOPHY wondered more and more as she heard him, who he was and how he came to be in such a situation.

Perhaps neither were too well pleased when Lieutenant PYM overtook them, on horseback as he easily might, seeing old Dick was by no means "swift as the flash," and the Sergeant's steed was but the ordinary U. S. Cavalry standard. The Lieutenant was mounted on a beautiful bay—the pride of the garrison; and worth a thousand dollars. Corporal TOMPKINS was wont to lament that so fine an animal belonged to one who was incapable of appreciating "a critter's feelings" and who treated the said "critter" "like a slave." The Corporal's old horse would whinny with joy at the sound of his master's step and rub his nose against his shoulder with the greatest affection, but the bay cared no more for the Lieutenant than for any other man.

As Lieutenant PYM joined them, the Sergeant saluted and fell behind—not greatly to SOPHY'S delight, perhaps. However, Mr. PYM was to-day in a very amiable frame of mind—or, perhaps, I had better say, manners. It had dawned upon him that if he wished to win Miss WOOD he must take a little pains—and as he really cared more for her than for anything except his own dignity and self-satisfaction—he quite exerted himself to please the object of his affection and made himself unusually agreeable. He was even ordinarily polite to the Sergeant, that is, he returned his salute with a smile, at the extreme condescension of which Mr. STACY felt quite indignant.

Many an impertinence had he received from Lieutenant PYM, and passed over, without a second thought, but this unusual amiability

made his fingers close tighter on his rein, and he thought to himself, very unreasonably, "You intolerable specimen! I wonder if it would be any relief to shake you!"

All unconscious of these mutinous notions, the Lieutenant rode on by SOPHY'S side in amicable talk. They had fallen for once on a subject on which they could agree, for he was telling her of a journey he had once made to the Slano Estocado, and she listened with an attentive ear, for she loved to hear of adventures by land and sea. The "irrepressible conflict" was ignored, and SOPHY smiled on her cavalier as she had not done for many a day, simply because she was pleased, and he amused her. But, of course, he took her manner as a personal demonstration—though the attention she gave him was no more gracious than that she had bestowed on the Sergeant, perhaps not quite so much so, for she had some suspicion of what thoughts were in the Lieutenant's mind, and such designs were utterly out of the question in the Sergeant's place.

So they rode on to the river bank, and there SOPHY expressed her wish to dismount and walk a little. The Lieutenant being graciously pleased to accede, alighted, lifted the young lady from her saddle and committing the horses to the Sergeant's charge, the two strolled off along the river. The Sergeant thus left to his own devices—had nothing better to do than to pick grass and feed the horses, to which amusement he betook himself, more to their contentment than his own.

Suddenly he heard a cry—something fell heavily in the water. He turned, and saw Lieutenant PYM standing on the bank alone—ten feet above the river. His heart seemed to stand still for one instant, the next he had dropped the bridle of the Lieutenant's bay, and was on the bank, but not before Mr. PYM had torn off his coat and flung himself into the stream, where the water ran deep and dark. The Sergeant made his way down to the narrow belt of sand by the stream, he never knew how, and found himself standing beneath the overhanging bank, part of which had given away under SOPHY'S weight as she leaned too far forward, and let her fall. The Lieutenant could swim, and as SOPHY rose the second time he caught her, and the Sergeant with some difficulty drew both to the shore. SOPHY was not insensible, but she no sooner found herself on dry land than she began to cry as if her heart would break—partly because she had been very much frightened, and partly from excitement. Then she was shivering and trembling—and wet through, and three miles from home, and, altogether, after the first feeling of relief and thankfulness was over, the position was an awkward one.

"Had I not better ride back to the Fort at once sir," said the Sergeant, "and tell what has happened, so that arrangements can be made for Miss WOOD at home."

The Lieutenant at first negatived this suggestion, very sharply, because it was the Sergeant's, but then, seeing nothing better to do, he accepted, and STACY went back to the horses—which had fortunately stood still in their place—mounted and rode away at his utmost speed, feeling glad that for the moment there was something for him to do. Once as he hastened on he ejaculated, "What an idiot," but whether the epithet was bestowed on the Lieutenant, or on SOPHY for her carelessness, or on himself, for causes unknown, remains a mystery. Meantime

SOPHY and the Lieutenant remained by the river. The gentleman was somewhat at a loss what to do next, having never before been left with a young lady in such a condition, so he did nothing at all, which was just the best course he could have taken. Presently SOPHY grew calmer, and looked up in his face with a smile, and put out her hands. Had her rescuer been a Newfoundland dog, she would probably have thrown her arms around his neck—very likely she would have kissed him, but, as he was a young officer, such a course was clearly impossible, so she only put her two hands in his and said "You saved my life—I do thank you."

The sweet cordial manner—the grateful pressure with which the little wet hand responded to his own, were too much for our Lieutenant, for though an officer, he was mortal. "She certainly does care for me," thought this wise young man, "or she would never speak out so"—and thereupon he spoke out himself.

"Miss WOOD, may I not ask something more than your thanks; I love you; I have done so ever since you came. May I speak to your father?"

Poor SOPHY! What could she do? He had just saved her life at the imminent risk of his own. She had been greatly frightened, and she felt very, very grateful to him, and she was very inexperienced and very much excited, so what wonder, if in the agitation of the moment she whispered "yes"—and almost before she knew where she was, found herself engaged. Was it quite generous to ask her then, just then, in the first effusion of thankfulness for the service he had been able to render her. The question did not occur to her till afterwards, and it never came into the Lieutenant's mind at all.

He helped her to wring the water from her dripping habit and hair, and urged her to ride home as quickly as possible for fear she should take cold. Seeking out a place where the bank was less steep, they made their way to the top with some difficulty. A riding habit is not a convenient dress in which to climb river banks at the best of times, and its disadvantages are increased when it is dripping wet. As for Mr. PYM, he did not mind the wetting, but it may easily be imagined that the young lady's appearance when she reached her horse, was by no means so attractive as when she left home.

He urged her to ride fast, and when she reached home the chill had gone. Mrs. WOOD hurried her daughter away, to take off her wet clothes, and to put her to bed, but the Captain, who had heard the story from the Sergeant, was earnest in his thanks to Lieutenant PYM. That young gentleman disclaimed the gratitude, but he laid the state of his affection before the commandant, said that SOPHY had authorized him to speak and ask her father's consent. Captain WOOD'S heart was full of thankfulness for his child's escape—there was a sort of reaction in his mind in Lieutenant PYM'S favor—and he fancied he had been unjust to the young man. There was no good, sensible, practical reason for objecting to him as a son-in-law. He was handsome, well educated, stood well in his profession, was wealthy and respectable; he neither drank, nor gambled, nor swore—except occasionally at the men—and he went to church, and what more could any one ask; and then, it was SOPHY who was to marry him and not her father; so on the whole the Captain said "yes," with less reluctance than he could have thought possible;

and Lieutenant PYM went off to change his wet clothes in a state of great complacency, which was not disturbed till he found that Mrs. McCULLOCH had washed every button away and torn his linnen cambric ruffles all to pieces.

In the meantime Mrs. Wood having seen SOPHY safely in bed came back to her husband.

"How is SOPHY?" said the commandant.

"Going to sleep, I hope," said his wife.

"Did she tell you?"

"Yes, Captain Wood," said the lady with unusual animation, "she did."

"What do you think of the matter? He spoke to me about it, and I gave my consent."

"Well! well! well!" said Mrs. Wood, sitting down to her sewing.

"Well, what!" said the commandant, rather uneasily.

"To take just that minute, when the poor child didn't know whether she was in the body or out of it."

"Come, come LOUISE, we were young ourselves, once."

"You would never have done such a thing, had you been ever so young, Captain Wood," said the lady, recovering in some measure her usual quietness of manner.

"People are different, you know."

Mrs. Wood said that she was glad of it—and then she said, that Sergeant STACY had no business to leave SOPHY to Mr. PYM.

"How could he help himself?" said the commandant.

"When you put her under his care you expected him to take charge of her. If he had done so, she would not have fallen—and nothing of all this would have come to pass. It is all his fault,"—which conclusion we know was extremely unjust to the Sergeant.

Meanwhile Mr. PYM had sought Mr. LAMBERT's quarters and told him of his engagement in a casual way, as of something in which he might be interested. Mr. LAMBERT turned a little white for a moment, but he bore it better than he could have thought himself. His congratulations, however, seemed to stick in his throat, and were not uttered with the best grace, but they were spoken somehow, and then the two parted.

A quarter of an hour later Sergeant STACY came to get some order respecting company business from his officer. As he entered Lieutenant LAMBERT sat by the window with his cigar, but with such a woe-begone look on his face, that the Sergeant was rather alarmed.

"Are you sick, sir?" he asked.

"No," said Mr. LAMBERT, "no, I'm not sick—I wish I was—I wish I was dead," he broke out. "What's the use of living?"

The Sergeant slipped the bolt in the door, and drew nearer to him. He was fond of Mr. LAMBERT who had always been kind to him.

"What is it, sir?" he said.

"Oh, WILL," the young man pitched his cigar out of the open window and turned to his friend, "I may as well tell you. I must tell some one, or I shall go out of my head. PYM was here just now, and told me he had proposed to Miss SOPHY, and she said, 'yes,' and so did her father—and he fished her out of that confounded river—and I wish I was at the bottom of it."

"He didn't lose any time," said the Sergeant dryly.

"What business had he to let her fall in?" said Lieutenant LAMBERT.

"He did not see that the bank overhung the water," said the Sergeant.

"Well, he might have seen."

"Perhaps he might," said Mr. STACY, who in his heart thought that Mr. PYM had been very careless.

"It don't seem as if I could stand it," said the poor young man. "I tell you WILL, I do love that girl, so it seems as if it was just what I couldn't bear, to see her his wife. If it was any one else, I wouldn't care so much—but he ain't fit for her, WILL—you know he ain't. He don't love her as I do—he can't. He just cares for himself. I ain't fit for her. I know I'm not intellectual, not her way—and where he and she used to talk about pictures, and poetry, and history, and things I didn't know anything about, I knew I wasn't up to her, not in that line—and I didn't mind that—not her, I mean. She is superior, and she ought to be, by Jove, but I used to feel fit to shoot him. I ain't given to books,—I never was—I can't, somehow—I ain't up to her mark, I know. I'm just fit to chase Camanches, and drill cavalry. That's what I'm up to, and he'd talk to her by the hour, about things I'd never heard of, and she too, and I couldn't open my mouth, and now and then she'd turn round and speak to me, just as you'd throw a bone to a dog—and now it's all up, and he's got her—and, if he'd make her happy I wouldn't mind so much—but he won't. I know him and so do you, WILL."

(To be continued.)

#### For the Children.

The following little story is for the encouragement of Alert Clubs, and Sunday School Societies, and Little Sewing Circles, that are at work for the Sanitary Commission. We will have severe struggles yet before this wicked rebellion shall come to an end, and every little boy and girl in the land should do something more in behalf of the country, that when peace shall come again, and the Union be established, every little heart will feel glad that its pulses were fresh and warm on the side of humanity and liberty.

From the New York Independent.

#### BUSY BEES.

Their hive is an old stone school house, with a low roof, and the most uncomfortable of seats. But we mustn't say much against it, for it was built as many as twenty years ago, when the prairie was first settled, and it is the mother of one of the two churches which stand close by it, and the grandmother of the other, and I've heard some of the old pioneers say that every stone in it was laid up with a prayer. Dear, venerable old school house! its days are numbered, and soon its stones will be used for the foundation of another. So much for the hive.

The queen-bee last summer was Miss Bell—anybody could tell that a great way off, for as soon as she came in sight there was such buzzing, and flying to meet her, and crowding around her.

One day in August, Mrs. Smith, the minister's wife, came into the hive. She lives in the parsonage across the street; and because she hasn't any little children of her own, she claims tithes of all the boys and girls in the village.

She heard us read and spell, and say the multiplication table, up and down, forward and backward, and criss-cross.

Then we sang, and just before we were dismissed, Miss Bell asked her "to make some remarks." She laughed, and said, "Children, how many of you have friends in the army?"

Ever so many hands went up. Almost every child had either brother, cousin or uncle there. Miss Bell didn't raise her hand, but we all knew she was thinking of a soldier's grave away down at Vicksburg, whose turf wasn't green yet, where lay her only brother. The next question was, "How many would like to do something for the soldiers?"

Forty right hands went up, and forty pairs of eyes shown like stars. What we were to do was this: Each one to make a block of patchwork for a quilt, and to *earn* all the pennies we could to buy the cotton and the lining for it.

The blocks were to be made like the one she showed us, with a white center, on which the name and age of the one who gave it was to be written. Miss Bell agreed to help us, and write the names with her indelible pencil.

It was then three weeks to the close of school, and if we could get it done by that time, we were to invite our mothers, to quilt it for us at the parsonage on the last day, while we had a pic-nic in the yard. You may be sure we all voted for it, especially the pic-nic.

For the next three weeks there was a humming and buzzing indeed, and such a flying back and forth between the parsonage and school house with blocks and pennies!

Some of us were so excited we forgot to shut the gate, and the cows got in and came near eating up Mr. Smith's cabbages! The boys were as busy as the girls, though they had to get the girls to do their sewing for them, except Ellis, who sewed his own block with the nicest little stitches you ever saw.

It was funny to hear how they earned their pennies: one drove a cow to pasture, some drove horses on reapers, some picked up chips or brought in wood, and the girls rocked the babies, washed the dishes, picked plums, and little Elsie washed her still smaller brother's face every morning, and bravely earned her penny in spite of his protests.

The last day came, it was as pleasant as if it had been made on purpose for us. The blocks were all finished, marked and set together—about three dollars in money had been collected and the cotton and lining had been bought. There were thirty-five blocks in the quilt; thirty-four of them had names and ages on them—none over twelve years—and on the center one was written "Bradford County. For any soldier who loves little children."

We have gone on ever since working in this way—calling ourselves "Busy Bees;" but sometimes we are more buzzy than busy. We have made a good many comfort bags and handkerchiefs, and almost blocks enough for another quilt. Our motto is, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost;" and we learn a verse to repeat in concert every time.

But the best of all was, what became of our quilt. It was sent in a box from the Ladies' Aid Society to the Sanitary Commission, with a note, saying if the one who got it would write to any of us, he would not need to advertise for correspondence.

It was almost three months before we heard from it, and we began to think some of those dreadful officers, that are said to get everything that goes to the Sanitary Commission, had got our quilt surely.

Our winter school had begun under a new teacher, when Mrs. Smith came in again one afternoon, with a letter in her hand, which she read to us, as follows:

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Nov. 27, 1864.

To Thirty-four Little Friends of Mine, Bradford County :

DEAR FRIENDS: Cold weather is coming on, you know, even down here in the "sunny South;" and, being away from my regiment, and not able to get any clothing or blankets from Uncle Sam, I went to the Sanitary Commission, and was given that splendid quilt that your pennies and busy little fingers made.

I am a Minnesota soldier, though I lived a number of years in your State, and know where you little folks live.

And now, I want to thank you all for your gift to the soldier, and tell you how highly I value it, and how I shall take it home with me (if I don't wear it out, and live to go home,) and keep it as a relic of my army life and in memory of my loyal and true little friends in Bradford County. Keep on, little friends; don't be afraid the soldiers don't get your kindly gifts. Little hands never, never worked in so good and noble a cause. We soldiers honor and are proud of you all. I have not got any little children of my own; but I have father and mother, and brothers and sisters, who think I am very dear to them.

Brighter days are dawning, little friends, and I hope the day is not far off when your fathers and brothers can come home to you again. Once more I thank you as only a soldier can for your gift, and that God will help you all to grow up to be true men and women, and ever let His benediction of love rest upon you, is the earnest, hearty wish of Your soldier friend,

J. S. T——, Jr.

Private, Co. E.,—th Reg., Minn. Inf'y.

P. S.—Will Mrs. Smith appropriate her share of this letter, and of my thanks. You are all very, very kind to us, and we are not insensible of it, even if it does seem sometimes as if all the good in us would be warped and destroyed. You will have to reform and polish up when we come home.

J. S. T., JR.

So, you see, *one private*, did get something from the Sanitary Commission, and, by his prompt and graceful acknowledgment of it, more than forty little folks were made happy and taught that even little hands can do something for the needy and suffering; a lesson worth more to them than their gift to a shivering soldier. "He that watereth shall be watered also himself."

**Extract from a Letter from Wilmington.**

**OUR RESCUED PRISONERS.**

Would that the horrible vision might pass from my mind. But this while memory lasts, can never be. That scene scorched itself in dreadful characters upon many hearts. If Satan himself, with all the resources of the pit at his command, were to prepare a scene of woe, and lift the veil that mortals might look upon it, it could not be worse than the one we witnessed.

If all the bodies of those who have died of consumption or other wasting disease, could be brought from your Spring Grove, and the breath of life pass over them, but bring no strength; if then you should lay them in the low ground along Mill Creek, clothe them with the foulest collection of rags, that the purlieus of the city could furnish, let the rain beat on them for weeks, and the mud cover them—let citizens go out daily with food,

and let others seize it and tramp it into the ground before those wistful eyes, and after all this, go among them, and mark the failing of reason, and the inroads of insanity, hear the childish mutterings, and receive the glare of the maniac's eye—and then you would look upon nothing worse than this day has revealed to us. Doubtless in all the prisons of the South, the task of disabling our men is being hurriedly performed, in view of the change agreed upon. God knows it will be cause of rejoicing to recover our poor boys on any terms—but it causes the blood to hiss through one's veins to know that for these corpses and breathing skeletons of our loved ones, a strong Confederate soldier steps over our line, receives a musket, and ere the flag of truce that delivered him has passed out of sight, takes his place in the ranks of the traitors.

All came away from this awful place with hearts harder than adamant. Compassion and mercy crept into our hearts and turned with them to stone, and Christian as I fain hope I am, if at that moment, or at this, the frail threads which hold all who have brought such misery upon our men back from perdition were placed in my hands, and eternal salvation were mine to give them, or the privilege granted to snap those cords and sink them to their merited doom the stroke would fall full quickly, and I should turn my eye upward to hear approving voices in the air. Is such language stronger than the case demands? Judge not until your own eyes has looked upon such scenes as have seared hundreds of hearts to-day—hearts as true and pure and noble as yours is, reader.

**Claribel's Prayers.**

The day with cold, gray feet, clung shivering to the hills,

While o'er the valley still night's rain fringed curtains fell;  
But waking Blue Eyes smiled, " 'Tis ever as God wills;  
He knoweth best, and be it rain or shine, 'tis well,  
Praise God," cried always little Claribel.

Then sunk she on her knees. With eager lifted hands,  
Her rosy lips made haste some dear request to tell;  
"O, Father! smile, and save this fairest of all lands,  
And make her free, whatever hearts rebel.  
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Claribel.

"And, Father," still arose another pleading prayer,  
"O save my brother, in the rain of shot and shell;  
Let not the death bolt, with its horrid, streaming hair,  
Dash light from those sweet eyes I love so well.  
Amen! Praise God!" wept little Claribel.

"But, Father, grant that when the glorious fight is done,  
And up the crimson sky the shouts of freemen swell,  
Grant that there be no nobler victor 'neath the sun  
Than he whose golden hair I love so well.  
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Claribel.

When the gray and weary day shook hands with grayer night,  
The heavy air thrilled with clangor of a bell,  
"O, shout!" the herald cried, his worn eyes brimmed with light;  
" 'Tis victory! O, what glorious news to tell!"  
"Praise God! He heard my prayer," cried Claribel.

"But, pray you, soldier, was my brother in the fight  
And in the fiery rain? O, fought he brave and well?"

"Dear child," the herald cried, "there was no braver sight  
Than his young form, so grand 'mid shot and shell."  
"Praise God!" cried trembling little Claribel.

"And rides he now with victor's plumes of red,  
While trumpets' golden throats his coming steps foretell?"

The herald dropped a tear. "Dear child," he softly said,  
"Thy brother evermore with conquerors shall dwell."  
"Praise God! He heard my prayer," cried Claribel.

"With victors, wearing crowns and bearing palms," he said,  
And snow of sudden fear upon the rose lips fell.  
"O, sweetest herald, say my brother lives," she plead.  
"Dear child, he walks with angels, who in strength excel;  
Praise God, who gave this glory, Claribel."  
The cold, gray day died sobbing on the weary hills,  
While bitter mourning on the night wind rose and fell.  
"O, child," the herald wept, "'tis as the dear Lord wills;  
He knoweth best, and, be it life or death, 'tis well."  
"Amen! Praise God!" sobbed little Claribel.

BEAUTIFUL REPLY.—A child, speaking of his home to a friend, was asked, "Where is your home?" Looking up with loving eyes at his mother, he replied: "Where mother is!"

**Advertisements.**

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**MANY PERSONS WONDER WHY WE KEEP** on selling our goods at such low prices. The simple reason is that goods are lower in the New York market than a few weeks ago.

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

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

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

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

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

As it is our intention to relinquish the

**WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT**

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

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

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

We mean to more than double our retail trade within the coming year. Meanwhile, we shall keep right on with the attractions in low prices. If goods should go still lower than now, we will sell them lower all the while than the market, while it declines. This will be our policy right along, and thus, when the bottom has been touched, prices will likely become higher. The safe way now is to buy what you want and no more. For the satisfaction of the public, we beg to say that the past eight days' business has been the heaviest, for the same number of consecutive days, ever done by our house since its foundation—28 years—and we intend to keep doing it right along. Customers can be assured, that our wish is, to have goods cheaper, and as fast as they can be sold cheaper we shall sell them so. We don't advise any one to buy now, with the expectation of goods being higher, nor to wait, expecting them cheaper.

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

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

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

We are offering a handsome lot of

**European Dress Goods,**  
at 2s. and 2s. 6d. per yard.

We are also placing on sale a

**BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT,**  
which we sell for  
**3s., 3s. 6d. and 4s. per yard.**

These goods, as regards

**Beauty and Durability,**  
Are very seldom equalled.

We have also opened a

**COMPLETE STOCK OF  
OTTOMANS and  
EMPRESS CLOTHS,**  
Containing a variety of Desirable shades.

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

Our variety of Dress Goods was never better.

**HUBBARD & NORTHROP,**  
69 and 71 Main Street.

aug 4-ly

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

**NEW GOODS  
AT  
OLD PRICES!**

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

**EARLY FALL TRADE,**

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

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

**FRENCH MERINOS,** new colors.

**FRENCH REPS,** new colors.

**POIL DE VENICE,** new styles.

**BLACK ALPACAS,** superior styles.

**COLORÉD ALPACAS,** new shades.

**IRISH POPLINS,** beautiful shades.

**FRENCH POPLINS,** beautiful shades.

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

**MOURNING GOODS in Great Variety.**

The most approved patterns of

**CLOAKS,**

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

A full line of **BALMORALS,** in all the choice colorings.

**HOOP SKIRTS,** warranted the best qualities.

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

**Burke, Fitzsimons, Hone & Co.**

No. 53 MAIN ST.

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

Aug. 4-1yr.

**BLACK WORSTED GRENADINES.—WHITE DITTO**

2 yards wide, extra quality. Very desirable, at former prices. A few pieces left.

At CASE & MANN'S, 87 & 39 State St.

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

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

At CASE & MANN'S,

87 & 39 State Street.

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**EAST SIDE  
Coffee & Spice Mills.**

No. 76 Main Street.

**THE FIRM OF FENNER & BLOOMFIELD,** is now doing a large Wholesale and Retail Business, in **COFFEES, SPICES, MUSTARDS**

AND THE BEST

**TEAS OF ALL KINDS,**

Together with a **LARGE VARIETY** of Other Articles belonging to this line of trade.

Having received a liberal share of patronage from the ever generous public for two years past, under the name of

**VAN ZANDT & FENNER,**

We now solicit, in the name of ourself and new partner, a continuation of public favor—while we feel confident that our facilities for offering

**THE VERY BEST INDUCEMENTS** to those wishing **GOODS IN OUR LINE,**—cannot be surpassed by any House in our City.

Dec. 1864—6m

FENNER & BLOOMFIELD.

**D. W. LEARY'S  
FANCY DYING AND SCOURING  
ESTABLISHMENT,**  
On Mumford St., Opposite the Gas Works,  
**ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

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

Goods Received and Returned by Express.

**G. W. DYAR,**  
DEALER IN  
**MIRRORS AND FRAMES,**  
Of all Descriptions,  
**ORNAMENTAL & SUBSTANTIAL.**  
Let the lovers of the Beautiful be sure to call at  
**No. 43 State St., Rochester, N. Y.**

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

TWO HUNDRED YARDS NORTH OF THE NEW YORK  
CENTRAL RAILROAD DEPOT,  
**On Mill st. cor. of Platt st.**

(BROWN'S 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 Merinoes, cleaned without injure to the colors. Also,

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS CLEANSÉD 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.

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

At **CASE & MANN'S,**  
87 & 39 State Street, Rochester.

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**NOW IS YOUR TIME!**

FOR 30 DAYS ONLY!!

**GREAT BARGAINS IN  
DRY GOODS,**

From Auction and Bankrupt Sales.

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

**VERY CHEAP, AT  
E. A. HURLBUT'S,**  
No. 12 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

You will save money by calling at the **CHEAP STORE,** before buying.  
March 2.

**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 every where acknowledged to be the very best, and which no one can well afford to be without, can be obtained on short notice. And in addition to former facilities, a New Gallery on the same floor, furnished and fitted in superb style, will be opened for the Holidays.

All work warranted, as none but the best artists and operators are employed—those who have had years of experience in the first Galleries in the world.

All orders promptly attended to, and work warranted  
**B. F. POWELSON,**  
dec2 58 State-st., corner Market-st., Rochester.

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

**MEAT MARKET.  
LAW & HORTON,**

At No. 104 Buffalo Street,

Have a well arranged Meat Market, which is always liberally supplied with everything necessary to meet the public want. This Market is

**CENTRALLY LOCATED,**

And is well worthy the liberal patronage that it is receiving. All Meats delivered, free of charge.  
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**ORNAMENTAL HAIR WORK.**

**MRS. C. S. W. GRIFFIN,**  
56 State Street,  
**ROCHESTER, N. Y.,**

MANUFACTURES AND SELLS ALL KINDS OF  
**HAIR WORK, HAIR JEWELRY, &C.**

**WIGS FOR LADIES OR GENTLEMEN,**  
**Braids, Curls and Switches made to order.**

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF  
**TOILET ARTICLES,**  
Such as Cosmetics, Perfumery, Fancy Combs,  
Hair Brushes, Hand Glasses, Etc., Etc.

**ALL WORK WARRANTED.**