



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF OUR SOLDIERS.

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NO. 3.

The Soldier's Aid.

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Army Aid.

U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

Summary.

PRESENT STATUS.

The work of the Commission has been shown, in a previous series of articles to include seven departments, viz: Inspection, General Relief, Special Relief, Soldiers' Homes, Hospital Directory, Transportation and Publication. These may however be reduced to two general divisions, the *preventive and alleviative* work, or, *Inspection and Relief*, the former comprising *general and special* inspection; the latter, *general and special* relief, the latter subdivision including Soldiers' Homes, while the systems of Transportation and Publication are taken in connection with both Inspection and Relief, which they accompany, and the Hospital Directory is considered as an important and interesting branch of labor aside from the sanitary work proper, but which may be regarded as allied to Special Relief.

The status of the Commission is here given as fully and to as recent a date as we are able to do from the published documents in our possession.

The United States Sanitary Commission "was constituted by the Secretary of War in June, 1861, in accordance with the recommendation of the Surgeon-General of the United States Army, and its appointment and plan of organization were approved by the President of the United States. Its present organization is as follows:

H. W. Bellows, D.D., New York.
A. D. Bache, LL. D., Washington, D. C.
F. L. Olmsted, California.
George T. Strong, Esq., New York.
Elisha Harris, M.D., New York.
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STANDING COMMITTEE.

Henry W. Bellows, D.D.
George T. Strong,
William H. Van Buren, M.D.
Wolcott Gibbs, M.D.
C. R. Agnew, M.D.

The Commission meets at Washington quarterly, and holds special sessions whenever they are required, its affairs in the intervals between the sessions being administered by its chief executive officer, the General Secretary, and by the Standing Committee which meets daily in New York.

The geographical subdivisions of the Commission's field of labor are first into the *Eastern* and *Western* departments, the former mainly east of the Alleghanies and including the armies of the *Potomac, the South, and the Gulf*; and the latter west of the Alleghanies, and including the armies of the *Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Mississippi*.

These departments are under the supervision of two "Associate Secretaries," one stationed at Washington and the other at Louisville, all subordinate agents reporting to them, excepting Inspectors, who report to a third Associate Secretary, who is also Chief of Sanitary Inspection.

General Secretary—Dr. J. FOSTER JENKINS.

Assistant Secretary—Mr. ALFRED J. BLOOR.

Associate Secretaries—Rev. F. N. KNAPP, ASSO. Sec'y of the Eastern Dep.; Dr. J. S. NEWBERRY, ASSO. Sec'y of the Western Dep.; J. H. DOUGLAS, M. D., Chief of Sanitary Inspection.

WORK OF THE COMMISSION—I. INSPECTION.

II. RELIEF.

INSPECTION.

The object of this work is two-fold; 1st. The prevention of disease by an investigation and removal of its causes; 2nd. The investigation of wants with a view to their relief either by government or the commission, the work of inspection thus including a portion of the *relief* work.

The agents are of three classes; 1st. General Inspectors, who are sent as far as possible into every corps of the army, accompanying it permanently to keep watch over camps and hospitals; 2d. Special Inspectors, who are temporarily employed on occasional rounds of inspection in the military hospitals; 3d. An Actuary who presides over the statistical department, where the results of inspection are carefully tabulated and digests prepared calculated to be of invaluable service to military hygiene.

GENERAL INSPECTORS.

Chief of Inspection—J. H. DOUGLAS, M. D.

Chief Inspectors of the great Divisions of the Army.

Army of the Potomac;	Lewis H. Steiner, M. D.
" " South;	M. M. Marsh, "
" " Gulf;	G. A. Blake, "
" " Cumberland;	A. N. Reed, "
" " Tennessee;	H. A. Warriner, "
" " Mississippi;	" "

Other General Inspectors.

C. W. Brink,	M. D.	A. L. Castleman, M. D.
E. A. Crane,	"	Fairchild, "
J. Nichols,	"	A. H. Page, "
Parker,	"	M. M. Prentice, "
Swalm,	"	E. C. Warren, "
Winslow,	"	

SPECIAL INSPECTORS.

These include a corps of eminent surgeons from different parts of the country.

ACTUARY,

E. A. Elliott; office at Washington.

There are several hundred "associate members" selected as prominent and loyal citizens, or as experts in sanitary science.

Status of Relief Department in next number.

The Commission's Anti-Scorbutic Service.

"In the *Sanitary Reporter*," a well-edited, eight-page quarto, published semi-monthly, under the auspices of the Commission, by its western Secretary, at Louisville, the vital importance of the warfare against scurvy has been continually set forth, and the inspectors, in their correspondence, ring the changes upon *onions* and *potatoes*, occasionally varying with *cabbage* or *dried fruit*. The supplies of fresh vegetables which the Commission provided for the army of the Cumberland, and to the forces before Vicksburg, had no small influence upon the grand results that have crowned the campaigns of those armies. In an official report upon the subject

of vegetable supplies, Dr. Frank H. Hamilton, a distinguished medical inspector in General Rosecrans' army, occurs the following statement:—

"We find in the absence of vegetable diet the cause for a great part of the mortality of our troops, both after the receipt of wounds and from disease. We fully believe that *one barrel of potatoes per annum is to the government equal to one man.*.....In all the regimental hospitals, as well as the general hospitals, I found the Sanitary Commission had already furnished them with the vegetables they had called for, and which were needed for the sick, so that in the hospitals none were dying from scurvy."

During the spring and summer of 1862, the Sanitary Commission found it necessary to provide and send forward vast supplies of fresh vegetables to the armies under General Grant and General Rosecrans; to the former, even when closely investing Vicksburg during the month of June, and with transportation badly obstructed, the Commission's agents managed to get forward and distribute nearly six thousand bushels of potatoes, eight tons of dried fruits, thirteen thousand lemons, and large quantities of pickled vegetables and other antiscorbutics. At an earlier period in the spring, the sanitary inspectors anticipated the approaches of scurvy in the forces at Young's Point, Milliken's Bend, and elsewhere along the Mississippi, and, as Inspector Warriner emphatically remarks, the vegetables which the Commission there supplied modified history! In like manner the army of the Cumberland was supplied even more abundantly, though insufficiently, in the spring and summer. The following passage from the "Sanitary Reporter," shows why and how this was done:—

"Recently, when scurvy threatened our army, a commissary advertised for an adequate quantity of potatoes and onions, and no response was made. Nobody either had, or chose to become responsible for, the delivery of 50,000 bushels of potatoes, and a corresponding quantity of other vegetables; but there were few families in the great West which could not spare from its store a peck, a bushel, or a barrel of vegetables, and so, within a month, some six thousand barrels were donated, and an impending disaster was averted, the Commission furnishing a medium of communication between the people at home and their defenders in the field."

Besides the succulent vegetables and fruits of the season, that the hospital gardens in the vicinity of Nashville and Murfreesboro' supplied to the numerous hospitals in their neighborhood, there was an immense harvest of onions and potatoes,—of the latter more than 12,000 bushels,—so that when the battle of Chattanooga occurred, and our forces had been compelled for months to abstain from vegetables, the Commission was sending its surplus products from Murfreesboro' and Nashville to the hospital depots up the Tennessee; and, as soon as the railway connection was completed to the headquarters of Grant's army, the eagerly longed-for antiscorbutics were again furnished in camps as well as hospitals for the Commission's depots.

During the past six months, the vast assemblage of hospitals within the defences of Washington, the field-hospitals at Gettysburg, and the entire sick population of General Gilmore's command, have been provided by the Sanitary Commission with full supplies of vegetables, and all other fresh provisions that could be best obtained from the markets of Philadelphia and New York. This is accomplished by means of the same system of credit as that by which general hospitals provide "extra diet," etc., for their patients in anticipation of a "hospital fund," to be accumulated in lieu of undrawn rations. The Commission's relief department furnishes the fresh supplies by the car-load daily, or by the regular steamships, and is wholly or partially reimbursed at the end of each month from the constantly accruing hospital funds of the several hospitals. The total expenditures of the Commission for such supplies, during the last three months of 1863, amounted to nearly \$120,000, a considerable part of which has been already reimbursed."

Some extracts from the Commissions' journal, kept at City Point, and testimonial letters, illustrate its recent work in supplying anti scorbutic food to the army in Virginia.

"On the 6th, Dr. Douglas sent from City Point to the front 1,150 barrels of vegetables, and 8,000 heads of cabbages, not less than one-half of which constituted the Commission's part of the cargo of the "Belvidere," sent from New York by the Onion Fund Committee, under the direction of G. W. Blunt and Captain Charles G. Marshall.

"As we write, (July 6th,) three Commission steamers are loading with vegetables, and will leave tomorrow."

"CITY POINT, VA., June 28, 1864.

"Capt. Harris' teams are loading up to-day for the Point, with large quantities of saur kraut, curry, pickles and dried apples; there has been, perhaps, one loaded with an assortment. There are 16 or 17 wagons.

"The troops in the vicinity and the army in front too are beginning to smell out our stores of antiscorbutics. Ten barrels of saur kraut were issued at the end of our gang plank yesterday, in small quantities. It seems to please the soldiers like a thanksgiving dinner. Hard tack and salt pork and beef will not satisfy the stomach for month after month, much less palate; these articles are here at the right time."

"JUNE 29, 1864.

"Two wagon loads of fresh vegetables went to the front this P. M.; cabbages, radishes, beans, peas, &c., to the 9th Army Corps, 20 barrels.

"The Commission is now doing splendid work in the front; it may now pour in a stream of its supplies into the very trenches in front. Those who come in say that fresh pickled vegetables are what are most needed among our famishing men.

"7 o'clock P. M. Wagons are still loading up with saur kraut, fresh vegetables, ale, &c. The bees in the hive are hard at work, but we need more."

"JULY 3, 1864.

"Mr. De Long reports that five Sanitary Commission wagons were loaded:

72 boxes tomatoes,	24 boxes chicken,
228 lbs. chocolate,	12 " sherry,
72 cans peaches,	6 " milk,
156 " pears,	1 sheep, and 100 lbs. ice.

"Also, 1 wagon for the 9th Army Corps, and five for the different Relief Agents, making a total of eleven wagons.

"One ought to see the boys who came up from the front out of the trenches "pitch into" the acids, such as saur kraut and pickles. It reminds one of Dr. Kane's party in the arctic regions, who having been a long time without food "gobbled up" raw seal and walrus, even while the life-currents were yet flowing. The boys are frantic for acids."

"JUNE 30, 1864.

"DR. DOUGLAS:

"DEAR SIR.—I went to headquarters last evening, and the officers declined using any of the vegetables, saying that the men in the trenches needed them more than they do, and that they did not have the resources they had. They say, take care of the men in the trenches. Indications of scurvy are beginning to be developed, which will be counteracted by prompt aid from antiscorbutics. In conference with three of the Medical Directors of the Corps, it was thought that canned tomatoes were the most convenient form of vegetables that could be used, as they need no cooking, and 1 box of 2 lbs. will give a mess to six persons. Next pickles, kraut and vegetables. Vegetables are so perishable, that if not used while fresh, they are not worth much. Send anything your wisdom may suggest. I assure you it will be most heartily appreciated by officers and men.

"Yours, in haste, N. C. STEVENS."

Copy of a letter from Major-General Smith:

"HEADQUARTERS 18TH ARMY CORPS,
IN THE FIELD, NEAR PETERSBURG,
JULY 1, 1864."

"TO DR. J. H. DOUGLAS,

Associate Sec'y Sanitary Com'n:

"DEAR SIR—The supplies kindly forwarded by you from the Sanitary Commission have been received at these headquarters, and will at once be distributed as requested.

"The Major-General commanding the Corps desires me to express to you his appreciation of this donation to his command by the Commission you represent, and to say that there perhaps has never been a time when they could be of greater benefit, or that their want has been more felt by the troops.

"He also desires me to express to you, and through you to the Commission you represent, his thanks for the interest they have ever shown for the welfare and well-being of the troops in the field, and his appreciation of the work in which they are engaged and the labors they have performed.

"I am, dear sir, yours very truly, &c.,

"WM. RUSSELL, JR.,
Major and Assist't Adj't Gen'l."

"Why Arn't You with your regiment?" "Oh, I'm sick. I've got something the matter with my liver."

"Ah, yes; it's white!"

A Person passing through a village, and observing upon a door, "Haswell, Surgeon," remarked, "That gentleman's name would be as well without the H."

U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

Extract from the Second Annual Report, Published in Philadelphia, April, 1864.

From the Report of the St. Louis Committee.

"At Jefferson Barracks, twelve miles south of the city, we have had, besides other voluntary laborers, a lady missionary, who has given her entire time to laboring directly with the soldiers in their wards, and tells us that *not a week has passed in that time but some have been hopefully converted.* Hundreds have, during the year, given satisfactory evidence of having passed from death unto life. Her labors show what a pious, self-denying lady can do for soldiers in hospitals.

"At Benton Barracks there has been erected during the year, by the generous contributions of the citizens of St. Louis and army officers and soldiers, a commodious chapel, where daily services have been held. The religious interest at these barracks has been remarkable during the whole year. For a good portion of the year, two services a day were held by the chaplains and members of this Commission. It was not an unfrequent circumstance to have one thousand at these meetings. As many as seventy soldiers at one time have arisen for prayer. Hundreds have been hopefully converted. At times we have had at these barracks near eight thousand men, consisting of paroled soldiers, men for the navy, convalescents, sick and wounded from Arkansas and Mississippi. It has been "a field white for the harvest," accessible to the city by railroad; it has enjoyed the benefits of not only chaplains, but a large number of volunteer laborers from the Ladies' Union Aid Society, who have been untiring and indefatigable in caring for and richly supplying the temporal and spiritual wants of these noble men.

"Benton Barracks at this time is crowded with soldiers and patients, and still call for unremitting exertions to benefit and bless the thousands coming and going from that place. God is still here by His Holy Spirit; the meetings are crowded. Another chapel is needed to accommodate the numbers who would gladly attend religious exercises. There are at the present time over two thousand 'freedmen' wearing our uniform, and hundreds coming weekly; for their benefit much needs to be done, and will call for special attention from the Commission.

"Camp Jackson," near the city, has contained, during the year, many regiments, called in for the defence of the city and State from Arkansas, Minnesota and other points, affording us an opportunity of resupplying them with Testaments and other reading matter, besides preaching to them. Some of these regiments had lost their chaplains, had not heard a sermon for nine months, had been at Pea Ridge, Helena, &c., and so constantly on the march that they had, during their hard service and severe hardships, lost their Testaments and all their reading matter. They duly appreciate the visits, preaching and distribution. Several thousand Testaments, hymn-books, and papers were furnished them.

"For the soldiers on our Western frontier, over ten thousand in number, located at Fort Leavenworth, Fort Scott, Fort Smith, and as far out as Fort Benton, arrangements have been made to send them regular supplies of reading matter. The recent visit of the field agent was welcomed by the people of St. Joseph, Leavenworth and Lawrence, and liberal contributions given, although fire and sword had so terribly desolated their borders and nearly levelled Lawrence to the ground.

"For the 'freedmen,' who have been gathering here since last August as soldiers, we are furnishing spelling books for beginners, and Testaments and papers to such as can read. In the first regiment of eight hundred men, it was found that about one hundred of the number could read. Five hundred spelling books were furnished to the others before they left for Helena, Arkansas. All who are accepted as officers for the colored regiments, have to give satisfactory evidence that they neither drink nor swear, and to pledge themselves to become teachers to their men. This is very hopeful, and full of promise for good. The teacher is thus constantly with his pupils. As a class, these officers are moral, and most of them religious men. If we will only furnish the books, these officers will become teachers, thus forming a vast peripatetic school for the million emerging from bondage. To the patriot and Christian, this is truly one of the signs of the times.

"Our correspondence from officers in the army, from chaplains and colaborers, is full of hope and encouragement. We are strengthened by such letters to press forward in the work. We give extracts from one sent by General Clinton B. Fiske, on the receipt of a package of reading matter.

"Brother Smyth, of the St. Louis Branch Christian Commission, sent me a large lot of reading matter a few days ago. God bless the Christian Commission and all who carry the bread of life to the soldiers in camp and hospitals. Exhort all who love God to write, *write*, *write* to them, to their fathers, husbands, brothers, lovers, and friends in the army, with earnest entreaty, that they keep from every wicked thing when the host goeth forth against the enemy. Letters from home, *written in the proper spirit*, are *sermons*, that reach the heart and start the tear of penitence from many a wandering one."

"Such were the feelings of General Fiske while engaged with his brigade in taking Vicksburgh. As commander of the post of St. Louis, he is a terror to evil doers and a praise to them who do well. The Committee are cheered by his presence at our meetings and cordial co-operation in carrying out plans for the good of the soldiers."

Home Work.

A NEW DEPARTMENT.

The work of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions being now so well and generally understood, through the full, frequent and widely circulated publications of each, it has been considered desirable, by the members of our Association, to limit somewhat the space hitherto devoted in the "Aid," to this department, in order to give room to accounts concerning the Aid Work in our immediate vicinity.

Accordingly, a standing place has been allotted in our columns to the "Home Work," and Circulars have been addressed, through every Post Office in Monroe and Livingston Counties, and many in adjoining counties, to Ladies engaged in the work, or to Post Masters, accompanied by a request to put them in the hands of Ladies interested, soliciting the desired information. The points on which information is particularly asked in the Circular, are as follows: "Whether (in the given locality) there is an organized Society? If so, the date of organization; names of President and Cor. Sec'y; number of members; frequency of meeting; average attendance; amount of money and supplies raised; where sent and whether heard from; means of raising money; general tone of the community in relation to the work; and such other points as the writer may deem of interest." If there is no organized Society, any statement bearing upon the Aid Work, in the immediate vicinity, is desired.

Some replies have already been received and we hope for a general response, that will enable us to make a full and satisfactory report of the work accomplished in this vicinity, for our Soldiers.

In embodying in a report the information thus obtained, our limited space will compel us to be as brief as possible consistently with the complete statement we consider it important to make, so far as the means are given us, in reference to the above points.

NEIGHBORING AID SOCIETIES.

The Offices through which Circulars have been sent are, to the present date, all the Offices (excepting Rochester,) in Monroe County, forty-six in number; all in Livingston County, forty-three in number, and eleven in other adjoining counties. They are as follows:

In Monroe County—Adams' Basin, Brighton, Brockport, Bushnell's Basin, Charlotte, Churchville, Clarkson, Clifton, E. Clarkson, E. Penfield, Egypt, Fairport, Gates, Greece, Hamlin, Hanford's Landing, Henrietta, Honeye Falls, Irondequoit, Mendon, Mendon Center, Mount Real, Mumford, N. Chili, N. Clarkson, N. Greece, N. Parma, N. Rush, Ogden, Parma, Parma Center, Penfield, Penfield Center, Pittsford, Riga, Rush, Scottsville, Spencerport, Sweden, Webster, W. Brighton, W. Greece, W. Henrietta, W. Rush, W. Webster.

Livingston County—Avon, Brooks' Grove, Byersville, Caledonia, Conesus, Conesus Center, Cuylerville, Dansville, E. Avon, E. Groveland, E. Hill, E. Springwater, Fowlerville, Geneseo, Gibsonville, Greigsville, Groveland, Hemlock Lake, Hunt's Hollow, Kysorville, Lakeville, Lima, Livonia, Livonia Station, Moscow, Mount Morris, N. Sparta, Nunda, Nunda Station, Oakland, Ossian, Pifford, Ridge, Scottsburgh, S. Avon, S. Lima, S. Livonia, Sparta, Springwater, Tuscarora, Union Corners, Westview, York.

Genesee County—Batavia, Bergen, Gasport, North Bergen.

Ontario County—E. Bloomfield, Gypsum, Victor.

Orleans County—Holley.

Schoharie County—Carlisle.

Wayne County—Macedon, Ontario.

Summary of Reports.

We append a brief statement of the few reports thus far furnished us, giving them in the above order of localities, viz: Clifton and Henrietta, Monroe Co.; Brooks' Grove, Fowlerville, Hunt's Hollow and Mount Morris, Livingston Co.; and Ontario, Wayne Co.

The Society in *Clifton* has been but recently organized, July 6th, '64; Mrs. Wm. HIBBARD, President, and Mrs. SYDNEY HOSMER, Secretary. Number of members about 30 at present. But little means have as yet been raised; but it is hoped, that after the present busy season for farmers is over, liberal contributions will be received.

In *Henrietta*, an Aid Society was organized soon after the War commenced, and in the course of a few weeks two large boxes of stores were forwarded, through the Rochester Aid Society. About six months afterwards, two barrels of goods were sent to the Rochester Society, to be forwarded to the care of Rev. Wm. Brown, Newark, N. J. These were shipped from Rochester to New York, for Newark; but were never received at the latter place, nor any intelligence concerning them. The Society is now discontinued, but individuals are doing what they can in various ways.

In *Brooks' Grove*, ladies engaged in the work cooperated with the "Picket Line Society," in the south western part of Mount Morris, sending, during its operation, a barrel of clothing and dried fruit to the "Woman's Central Relief Association," New York; clothing and fruit to the Albany Hospital for Soldiers, and further contributions, through the Nunda Society. Little has been done during the last five months.

"The *Fowlerville* Soldiers' Aid Society was organized Jan. 6th, 1862, from which time the meetings have been held fortnightly, with some omissions and postponements, until the middle of April last—since which, they have been held every week. Average attendance about twenty.

Various expedients have been resorted to for supplying funds. The receipts of a Festival, given by the Society, were \$101. Membership fees, cash donations, &c., have raised the amount to about \$125. But work has been supplied largely by the contribution of material to be manufactured into garments, from various individuals connected with the society, and while this continues, money is not so much needed. The supplies have been sent in various directions—some to the New York Relief Association, several to the Rochester Relief Association, several to the Christian Commission, and others directly to Hospitals and to Soldiers in the field.

From the organization of the Society to the middle of Nov., 1863, the President was Mrs. WILKER, and the Secretary Miss L. C. FOWLER. The following is a list of the present officers:—Mrs. A. DOW, President, Mrs. CHARLES TERREY, Vice President, Miss NELLIE YEOMANS, Secretary, and Mrs. MILES ADAMS, Treasurer."

Accompanying this report is a list of supplies forwarded to different points by the Society, from its organization in Jan., 1862, to June 1st, 1864, which our limits will not permit us to give in full. We however take pleasure in copying the portion forwarded to our own Society sometime during the year 1862, inasmuch as, owing to the loss of a portion of our records, this did not appear, as it should have done, in our First Annual Report:

To Hospital Rel. Assoc., Rochester—15 Shirts, 3 pairs Drawers, 6 pairs Socks, 2 Handkerchiefs, 70 Towels, 5 Double Gowns, 9 pairs Slippers, 2 pairs Mittens, 2 Bed Ticks, 1 Sheet, 2 Pillow Cases, 24 Bandages, 2 bags Lint, 1 package Sundries.

At *Hunt's Hollow*, "There has been an Aid Society, but it has fallen into decay. On the 18th of June, the whole town re-organized, and at a Pic Nic and Festival, on the 4th of July following, realized over \$500."

The Society in *Mount Morris* was organized Sept. 3d, 1862; Mrs. GEORGE A. GREEN, President, and Mrs. REBECCA M. SANFORD, Secretary. It includes some fifty members, but no meetings have been held this Summer. About \$1300 have been raised, and six or seven boxes of clothing, besides boxes of fruit and wines, forwarded through the Woman's Central Assoc., New York. Some donations of bandages and old linen, have been made to hospitals in this city.

In *Ontario*, the Aid Society was organized Aug. 15, 1862, and the President and Secretary at present are Mrs. I. HILL and Mrs. O. F. WHITNEY. At first, there were fifty-two members, which number was increased soon after to nearly one hundred, and again reduced by the formation of two other Societies in town. In Summer, meetings are held once in two weeks, and in Winter once a month.

The three Societies raised, jointly, \$169, for the relief of loyal sufferers in East Tennessee. A large

amount of clothing and bedding was sent to the care of Dr. BACKUS, of this city; 5 barrels of dried fruit, butter and cheese, and a package of clothing, to Co. B., 9th N. Y. Heavy Artillery; and since Jan., 1863, all supplies, including a large lot of clothing, bedding and edibles, have been forwarded, through the Rochester Society, their receipt having been acknowledged in previous numbers of the "Aid." Money has been obtained, principally, through subscriptions, donations and membership fees, each member paying at present 25 cts., quarterly; timely aid also having been rendered by the "Mite Society."

Extracts from Correspondence.

Says one of our correspondents, a zealous and efficient worker in the Aid cause—"I think we have much to encourage us, as there are numbers who have never done anything for the cause now becoming very much interested, and the encouragement we receive from our wounded Soldiers who are home on furlough, pays us for all the time and means we have used; so that we feel, instead of doing less, we shall make still greater exertions. One Lieut. said to me the other day, 'Be faithful, for you ladies can never know the amount of good you are doing; thousands of lives have been saved, that must certainly have been lost, had it not been for the Christian and Sanitary Commissions.' One of the Soldier Boys in Co. B., 9th N. Y. Heavy Artillery, writes—'Mother, give ten dollars of my money to the Sanitary Commission.' That mother has been a faithful laborer of our Society since we first met to organize, and think you she regrets what she has done? No; but will be more zealous than ever."

Another, in speaking of the "Aid," remarks:—"I feel that it meets a want that exists in many communities, in regard to information concerning the efficiency and faithfulness of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, which seem to be the great channels through which our supplies must reach the Soldiers. Since the great Fairs throughout the country have furnished such an amount of funds to the Sanitary Com., there have been many honest doubts as to whether the contributions from smaller Aid Societies were needed. But those who are far separated from the Army and its operations, cannot realize or appreciate the vastness of the work of ministering to our suffering heroes, unless some statistical reports of what has been done, and accounts of what remains to be done, are brought to their notice. If such information could be more generally circulated among the people, there would be much fewer doubts and misgivings concerning the work of aiding the Soldiers."

Agents for the Aid.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as Agents for the Aid, in their respective localities, and we hope soon to be able to add the names of many others to the list.

Monroe County.—Mrs. J. YALE, Brighton; Mrs. A. FRY, Brockport; Miss LEWIS and Miss L. PATTERSON, Clarkson; Mrs. Rev. Z. A. M. ROSE, Clifton; Mrs. L. T. HOWARD, Fairport; Mrs. A. H. THOMSON, Hamlin; Mrs. Dr. HASELTINE, Henrietta; Mrs. E. GIFFORD, Irondequoit; Mrs. Dr. ROWLEY, N. Parma; Mrs. J. E. PATTERSON, Parma Center; Miss SARAH SHEPARD, Pittsford; Mrs. HAMILTON and Miss S. VAN NEST, Spencerport.

Livingston County.—Miss L. A. BROOKS, Brooks' Grove; Miss L. C. FOWLER, Fowlerville; Mrs. REBECCA M. SANFORD, Mount Morris; Mrs. O. D. LAKE, Ridge; Mrs. M. A. BARNARD, Lima.

Other Counties.—Miss M. O'DONOHUE, Bergen, Genesee Co.; Mrs. F. MUNSON, E. Bloomfield, Ontario Co.; Mrs. — CLAPP, Victor, Ontario Co.; Mrs. O. F. WHITNEY, Ontario, Wayne Co.; Mrs. R. K. TAFT, W. Bloomfield, Ontario Co.; Mrs. HIRAM HARDING and Mrs. C. SHORT, Williamson, Wayne Co.

THE ISRAELITES.—The Wilna Messenger states that, according to the latest calculations made, the number of Jews now amounts to 7,000,000, about one-half of whom reside in Europe. Russia contains the most—1,220,000; next comes Austria, 853,000; then Prussia, 284,500; and the other countries in Germany, together, 192,000. One remarkable fact is, that in France, Belgium and England, where the Jews are entirely emancipated, the number is gradually decreasing, while in those countries where they are still subjected to a certain restraint, they increase

Black Berry Cordial and Brandy.

An appeal has just come to us, as our paper is going to press, in behalf of the above articles, so indispensable to large numbers in our hospitals, accompanied by the following receipt for

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.

To two quarts juice, add one pound sugar, half an ounce nutmeg, half an ounce cinnamon, half an ounce allspice, one-fourth ounce cloves. Boil twenty minutes; when cold add a pint of brandy.

Will the readers of the "AID" see to it that a generous supply of this invaluable remedy is provided for our soldiers?

PURE LIQUORS.—The Ladies will find it a good place to get pure liquors for Hospital uses at Garrison's, at wholesale or retail rates, No. 114 State street.

"Have you 'No Name'?" inquired a fair damsel of a young clerk in attendance at one of our principal bookstores. "No," he replied modestly, "but we have 'Great Expectations'."

Soldier's Letter to a Little Girl.

The following interesting letter was received by a little girl four years old, in acknowledgment of a gift from her, through the Soldiers' Aid Society of this city, of a testament containing her photograph.

"HOSPITAL No. 3,
BEAUFORT, S. C., March 3, 1864."

"My Little Friend Minnie: For what else shall I call you, not knowing whom I address, for you have proved a real friend to me.

"While sitting alone trying to while away the lonely hours, a lady passing through the wards, to see the wounded soldiers, stopped where I was sitting, and after a little conversation, presented to me a Testament, having on the fly-leaf the following inscription:

'FROM LITTLE MINNIE TO A POOR, SICK SOLDIER,' and upon the inside of the cover the 'Carte de Visite' of a darling little girl, two or three years of age, the very picture of love and innocence; yes, my little girl, I was the recipient of your thoughtful gift, and I trust that it is appreciated, and now please accept my heartfelt thanks and sincere wishes for your future welfare.

"How appropriate to a wounded soldier, for such I am, having been wounded at the late battle in Florida, is the gift of a book in which we can always find consolation in the hour of trouble.

"The lady who brought it to me has kindly offered to be the bearer of this note to thank you for its reception.

"While looking at the picture and perusing the contents, that are the life and acts of JESUS, our best friend, who has likened the Kingdom of Heaven to a little child, feel assured that I shall strive to obey the Divine commands contained therein, and shall ever hold in kind remembrance the little donor of the beautiful gift that I shall always cherish with religious care.

"Little friend, may you learn and live by the beautiful truths contained in God's Holy Book, and grow up to be a living example of the purity of the Christian religion.

"Accept my thanks, and may you sometime meet your stranger friend.

"W. G. W."

"Co. E, 7th N. H. Vols."

The Strongest man feels the influence of woman's gentlest thoughts, as the mightiest oak quivers in the softest breeze.

CHEAP MONEY.—A gentleman lately arrived at New York with \$14,000 in Southern money which he bought of a reb for five dollars!

An Irishman was challenged to fight a duel; but declined on the plea that he did not wish to "lave his old mother an orphan."

In a country churchyard we find the epitaph—"Here lies the body of James Robinson and Ruth, his wife;" and underneath the text, "Their warfare is accomplished."

Miscellaneous.

For the Soldiers' Aid.

A True Story of the Florida War.

BY HARRIET T.

[Continued.]

The weeks went on. Daphne's lessons progressed like the traditional snail which crept up three feet every day and fell back three every night. The negroes did their work in their usual easy fashion. Mrs. Amherst occupied herself with her multifarious duties, rested secure under the shadow of her own vine and fig tree, and laughed at the fears of some of her servants. Tustenuga came to see her once more, and entreated her to go to the city with no better success than at first. Rumors of one skirmish and another reached the quiet plantation, but Mrs. Amherst heard that her husband and sons were safe, and felt no fears whatever for herself or her property.

One morning toward the end of September Mrs. Amherst was in her store-room arranging the various matters that were wanted for the day. Suddenly there rose a cry, or rather yell, of dismay from the kitchen. Into the store-room bounded three or four little blackies, tumbling one over the other in their eagerness to tell the news.

"Missis," "missis," squealed the chorus—"De Injins." Enter Tampico with his eyes wide open, yelling—"Oh, Missis—Injins!"

Whereupon in waddled the fat old cook Dido, in an agony of shrieking terror. "Missis, Oh Missis, dey's comin'—I telled Missis how 't would be. Oh laws, laws" and enter coachman, footman, groom, maids and promiscuous darkey, all yelling and screaming "Injin" at the top of their several voices, many of them clinging round their mistress, each one making more noise than the other. The women crying, the children screaming, the men and boys all talking together, and lastly enters Miss Flora, who hearing the universal chorus of "Injin," thought proper to faint away on the floor in the most graceful manner. The sight at once diverted the cook's feeling of terror into one of wrath.

"Sot her up, indeed." Go to faint like a white lady. She's just ready to run off wid Jim Tustenuga!"

"Oh, laws," chorused female virtue in the person of three or four house maids.

"Fore I'd have any thing to do with an Injin," said the indignant Dido.

"Wouldn't you sponin' he axed you," inquired Tampico with suavity.

"I aint going to, Missis," sobbed poor Flora, coming out of her fainting fit.

"Silence, all of you," said Mrs. Amherst. "What is the matter?" Whereupon the clamor began again, but just as it was in full chorus Tustenuga burst into the room. He was in his war paint and feathers, and armed with rifle, hatchet and knife, he was a savage figure. Behind him came his two sons, and through the open door were seen several Indians in full war array looking dangerous enough.

"Come, come," said the old man, hurriedly—"Must go to the city, boat ready, Mrs. Amherst."

"But"—said the lady, hesitating.

Tustenuga impatiently caught up the lady's little figure in his arms and darted out into the hall.—Charles rushed into her bed room, seized her bonnet and shawl, her watch and trinket box, and a few other matters which in his haste he judged to be the most valuable. One warrior took some loaves of bread, another a great ham, a third a bag of dried fruit, and the rest seizing upon whatever was most valuable and lightest to carry, hurried after their leader,

driving the negroes before them like a flock of sheep.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Amherst, beginning to be alarmed as the old man carried her along.

"Must go," he whispered. "The Creeks are coming down. Can't keep them off any longer.—Here we be."

They had reached the shore where three of the long boats used by the planters along the coast lay always in readiness. The Indians bundled the negroes into the boats with very little ceremony, packing the little ones into the cracks like sardines, pitched the provisions promiscuously among them, and bade the oarsmen push off as they valued their scalps. Tustenuga seated Mrs. Amherst in the boat. Charles wrapped her carefully in her shawl, and with a voice that faltered slightly bade her farewell and hastened back to the house.

"Good bye—good bye," said the old man, lovingly. "Me and my boys do all we can—save your things. May be never see you again. You not forget us."

"No, indeed, no," said Mrs. Amherst, "but"—

"No time now to talk," he said hurriedly. "Go," "go," and he signed to the oarsmen to push off.

The frightened negroes obeyed and bent all their strength to the oars. The boat shot rapidly from the land, a turn of the shore hid the house from the sight of its anxious mistress, but as long as it was visible, she could see that Tustenuga stood where she had left him, motionless as a statue watching the fast receding boat. As it was about to pass the point, he waved his hand as a token of farewell.

Mrs. Amherst and Tustenuga never met in this world again.

"Are you all here," asked the lady, after some moments silence.

"Flora. Where is Flora?"

Flora was not with her mistress nor with the servants in the other boats.

"Now I just telled missis so," spoke up old Dido from the bottom of the boat into which she had been hustled by one of the warriors. "She just done gone off with that Jim. Fore I'd run away wid an Injin."

"Fore he'd run away with you, you mean, aunt Dido," said Tampico.

"Ki, hi!" put in little Daphne. "Guess he wouldn't run far. Flora's gone sure nuff, missis. I seed dat Jim kiss her—did so, missis."

"Well, I never did!" exclaimed aunt Dido, and all the maidens who had not been kissed by Jim protested likewise that they "never did."

"I suspected that he was fond of her," said Mrs. Amherst, half pleased and half hurt. "Poor girl, I hope he will treat her well."

Dido was heard to mutter a hope that he would "lam her with a rail," but was silenced by her mistress.

Swiftly the boats flew on, over the tranquil water through the golden sunlight and sweet air, and by ten that evening reached St. Augustine, where among her friends Mrs. Amherst found safety and shelter, and where she likewise set the city authorities at defiance, and housed her negroes within the precincts of the city.

Shortly after her arrival she heard that her house had been burned by some of the exasperated bands from the east, where the abominable injustice practiced upon the Indians had driven them to inflict upon their enemies a vengeance in many cases too well deserved. Had Mrs. Amherst remained on her plantation her life would in all probability have been sacrificed to the fury of the stranger tribes who were bound to her by no ties of old friendship or neighborly charity.

Rochester, Rochester

We reaped then, as we do now, the first fruits of our shameful subserviency to the slave power, and it was perhaps a fitting retribution that the first fire upon the stary banner under whose folds Osceola was betrayed was from the walls of that Fort where he died a broken hearted prisoner.

The following story of the "Dying Sergeant" was written by the late Brigadier-General J. C. Rice of Mass., who was killed in the late battles of Virginia, and was enclosed by him a short time before his death, to J. G. Whittier, who forwarded it to the "Independent" for publication. We give, with the story, the closing portion of the letter which accompanied it.

"We expect, day by day, orders to move. With God's blessing this will be the last campaign—a campaign which will end this foul revolt and give freedom to every slave. It has within God's wise purposes, required just so much delay—just so many defeats—just so great sacrifices of life, to prepare this country for a cheerful acquiescence in his will—namely, Emancipation. May we not now hope, his great purpose having been so nearly accomplished, that victory will soon crown our arms, and peace again bless our beloved land?"

I am, very sincerely,
Your friend,

J. C. Rice, Brigadier-General.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Dying Sergeant.

It was, perhaps, ten days after the second battle of Manassas, that I visited one of the hospitals near Washington, for the purpose of ascertaining if any of the disabled of my own command had been borne there, and, if so, of speaking to them a kind, cheerful word, always so grateful to a wounded soldier. As I was passing through the numerous wards, viewing with feelings of sympathy and pride the mutilated, but patriotic and uncomplaining sufferers, two strangers—a sister and an aunt of one of the young heroes—accosted me, and asked if I would be so kind as to come to the couch of their relative, and stand by him while the Surgeon should amputate his limb, which they told me had been amputated a few days before, but on account of the arteries having commenced to slough away, the physicians had decided upon this as the only hope of saving his life. I followed them to the couch. They were both weeping, but the wounded soldier, although suffering intensely, met me with a smile, and saluted me. I sat down by his couch, and took his hand in mine. He told me that he was a sergeant in the Fifth New York (Duryea's Zouaves); that he was wounded late in the action, and left upon the field; that he remained where he fell, from Saturday until the following Wednesday, "with no food, save a few hard crackers left in my haversack, and with no water except that which God gave from heaven, in rain and dew, and which I caught in my blanket." The Sergeant continued his story, after a moments pause, occasioned by his suffering, by saying, "You know, colonel, how God always remembers us wounded soldiers, with rain, after the battle is over, and when our lips are parched, and our tongues are burning with fever. On Wednesday I was found by one of our surgeons, who dressed my wound, and placed me with other disabled soldiers in an ambulance, to be sent to Washington. I arrived here late on Thursday evening, when my limb was amputated, and I"—The sergeant again paused in his story, and I begged him not to go on. I noticed that his voice became weaker, and his face more pale and death like, and a moment afterward, I observed blood trickling down upon the floor from the rubber ponchon on which the sergeant was lying. I at once called the surgeon to his bedside. He examined the limb, and after consulting with other Surgeons in attendance, told me they had decided that it was impossible to save his life; that reamputation would be useless; that the soldier was fast sinking from exhaustion; and that in all probability, he would not survive the hour; and desired that I should make known their decision and apprehensions to the aunt and sister.

With such language as a soldier might command, I informed them that the sergeant must soon rest. Tears filled their eyes, and they sobbed bitterly; but their grief was borne as Christian women alone can bear such sorrow—for they heard the voice of the elder brother speaking to them, as to Martha, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." The sister wiping away her tears and tak-

ing a small prayer-book from her dress, asked me if I would tell her brother how soon he must die, and if I would read to him "the prayer for the dying." I went again to the couch, and stood beside the dying soldier. "Sergeant," I said, "we shall halt soon—we are not going to march much further to-day." "Are we going to halt, colonel," said the sergeant, "so early in the day? Are we going into bivouac before night?" "Yes, sergeant," I replied; the march is nearly over—the bugle-call will soon sound 'the halt.'" The sergeant's mind wandered for a moment, but my tears interpreted to him my words. "Ah, colonel," he said, "do you mean that I am so soon to die." "Yes, sergeant," I said; "you are soon to die." "Well, colonel, I am glad I am going to die—I want to rest—the march has not been so long, but I am weary—I am tired—I want to halt—I want to be with Christ—I want to be with my Saviour." I read to him "the prayer for the dying," most of which he repeated; and then the sister knelt beside the couch of her dying brother, and offered up to God a prayer full of earnestness, love, and faith. The life-blood of the dying soldier was trickling down from the bed-side, and crimsoning her dress, while she besought the Father that the robes of her dying brother might be "washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." The prayer was finished. The sergeant said "Amen." We stood again by his bed-side. "Sister—Aunt—do not grieve—do not weep, for I am going to Christ: I am going to rest in heaven. Tell my mother, sister"—and the soldier took from his finger a ring and kissed it—"Tell my mother, sister," said the sergeant, "that this is for her, and that I remembered her and loved her, dying;" and then he took another ring from his hand, kissed it, and said, "Sister, give this to her to whom my heart is pledged, and tell her—tell her to come to me in heaven." "And colonel," said the sergeant, turning to me, and his face brightened with the words, "tell my comrades of the army—the brave Army of the Potomac—that I died bravely, died for the good old flag." These were the last words of the dying soldier. His pulse now beat feebler and feebler, the blood trickled faster and faster down the bed-side, the dew of death came and went, flickering for a moment over the pallid face, at length rested—rested forever. The sergeant had halted. His bivouac now is in heaven.

J. C. R.

(From the Rochester Evening Express.)

A Graphic and Excellent Letter from Clara Barton.

The following letter from the excellent woman who has devoted herself to the care of the sick and wounded soldiers in the field,—a true "Sister of Mercy,"—and so helpful, untrifling and good, that the soldiers to whom she ministers so faithfully and bravely call her the "Angel of the Battle-Field,"—will be read by every one with genuine emotion. In writing these off-hand letters, at the close of a day of wearying toil, Miss Barton shows an aptness and natural eloquence that few possess. If any reader shall be moved to aid those willing and tireless hands in contributing to the soldiers who suffer for our sakes and the country's, let them send direct to Rev. Mr. Ferguson, (once a preacher in this city,) at Washington:

GEN. BUTLER'S DEPARTMENT, POINT OF ROCKS, VA., 10TH ARMY CORPS, July 1st, 1864.

MR. FERGUSON—MY DEAR FRIEND:—I am astonished at myself that so many days should have passed without my having written you; but they have been busy days, and flown so quickly that I scarce heeded their flight till yesterday, when the month "brought up" with a round turn, and found me just stepping into the dews and sunshine of another July.

I must beg of you to forgive the poor, short, disconnected letters I send, remembering that scarce one minute of my time is undisturbed by constant calls, which I am but too happy in being here to answer.

I am sitting in the midst of some twenty long lines of hospital tents, all filled with used up, wounded, worn-out men. Boats are constantly coming up to take to the rear all who will not, in a few days, be able to join their regiments at "the front," but their departure in hundreds creates no real vacancy,—there is a waiting tenant for every spare sack of straw, and a feeble hand extended toward every cup that passes down the line.

Yesterday I went up along our line of defences from the Appomattox to the James. They are strong, fine, and well manned, and as I passed regiment after regiment of sunburnt veterans, and met their welcome smile of recognition, and remember how few faces there were left to brighten up at the sight of an old-time friend, I could scarce keep my eyes clear

enough to see my way along the embrazured line. At length the last battery was reached, and I had just sat down to a cup of coffee with my friend Col. —, when, as the soldiers express it, "the ball opened at Petersburg, and more rapid artillery firing I have never listened to—not the heaviest—but so quick. I timed it, and counted thirty-six shots in a minute. This was falling upon the 18th corps. In the meantime parties of Kautz's cavalry commenced to come in, having cut their way out of their "surroundings." Many a thrilling and fearful recital was listened to; and wildly incredible as they seemed, there was no ground for dispute. Each man brought the witness of his record, and will carry it to his grave, be it near or distant,—shot in every possible manner. One company had been ordered to "cut their way out" and report to Gen. Grant the condition of the command. Of the seventy who started, one Captain, one Sergeant, and three privates came through and succeeded in reaching Gen. Grant's headquarters; but before efficient aid could reach them, the whole command had fought their way out, and ragged, bareheaded, bleeding, sunstruck and fainting, were leading the remnant of jaded horses and mules into camp. But let no one talk of the limit of human endurance until they have been witness of scenes like this. I have come to the conclusion that endurance has no limit—the fortitude of our troops no rival—their patience no parallel. All the way we met them coming in, or found them fallen asleep from exhaustion by the wayside; but by night the wounded were taken in and cared for, the dead buried, the homes are desolated, the hearts broken, and time moves on. "How long, oh God! how long?"

I have to acknowledge to you the receipt of two boxes and ten barrels of supplies, which reached me yesterday from Washington, and I am certain that if the generous donors in New York and New England could for one day look on and watch these long lines of tented sufferers, and witness the faint smile as the breakfast slice comes in buttered, and hear from the pale-faced recipient, "the first butter I have seen in ten months"—or the glance of astonishment he turns upon you at evening, when he receives his bread and butter and fresh cooked apple sauce and tea. "Oh this seems like home;" or yet the silent tear that trickles down the still paler cheek, as he turns a little to taste the cracker toast and nice boiled eggs, which a moment before he would have rated among the impossibilities in his bill of fare. If these kind-hearted people could only look on and see this as I see it every hour, I know it would richly repay them for all their pains; and surely, they would not wonder if their things "ever reached the soldiers."

These last hot days have settled my doubts in reference to the utility of butter and eggs, and the practicability of taking them to, or near the field. I have found it entirely practicable, and eminently satisfactory. In the present instance we have exhumed a rebel ice-house, (otherwise we should have manufactured a Union one); and please tell the noble ladies of New York, our Watkins and Reading friends, that less than an hour ago I blistered my hands spreading their hard, sweet yellow butter on to sliced bread, for five hundred and fifty men's suppers.

I remember when it was quite an item to make the yearly barrel of "apple sauce" for family use. I have had a barrel made to-day, and given out every spoonful of it with my own hands. I have cooked ten dozen eggs, made cracker toast, corn starch, blanc mange, milk punch, arrow-root, washed faces and hands, put ice on hot heads, mustard on cold feet, written six "soldiers' letters home," stood beside three death-beds—one the only son of a widowed mother, who up to this time knows nothing of her bereavement—and now, at this hour, midnight, I am too sleepy and stupid to write even you a tolerably readable scrap. It has been a long day, and the mercury is at something over a hundred, and no breeze.

There appears to have been an attack, either from one side or the other. Just above us the firing has been sharp and heavy for the last hour. We shall learn it to our sorrow before morning.

July 2d.—All day the wounded raiders have been coming in, and among them are Col. Conger, Major Curtis, 1st D. C. Cav., and Major Aukerley, 11th Penn. Cav. Their camp is only some three miles beyond us. The Colonel is wounded in the hip, the ball having passed through and been taken out at the back, taking pieces of bone in both instances. They had been wounded some days ago, and were in the saddle all this time; dismounting for rest at our tents, they scarce reached a cot till they were asleep, completely exhausted. After a few hour's rest, and supper, they remounted and rode to their own camp at nightfall. "Exposure," "endurance," "soldier's life"—hereafter let these subjects be spoken of in

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undertones, with bare head and reverent look. Men at home, with wounds far less than these, merely accidental, with no exposure or accompanying fatigue or hardship, would be lying in darkened rooms, with muffled doors, the house bushed, and the whole community on the alert to minister to their wants—and these men, with weeks of toil and starvation, days of peril and fighting to the hilt, without sleep or water, shot through and through, rested an hour under the shade of a tent by the roadside, ate supper like other men, mounted their horses and rode away. An old cart, with mule and driver, came up with a startlight cavalry Sergeant groaning and tossing with sun-stroke. His horse had been shot; he had captured another to share the same fate, and, on foot, reached our lines just in time to fall inside them. An oil-silk bag of ice for the head, a little medicine, a little nourishment, an hour's intense suffering, and Oh what sleeping.

This has been one of the hottest days I ever knew. The whole country is parched like a heap of ashes; there is not even dew; the fields are crisp, and the corn leaves curling, as if under flame.

It is terribly oppressive for the sick, painful for the wounded, and still I dare not pray for rain.—This hot breath of devastation sweeps over the fruitful fields, and destroys the substance of our enemies. It is worth more than battles, and we must not only endure it, but thank God and take courage.

July 3d—3 P. M.—The same hot glare, not a ripple on the river, not a leaf stirs, and to add to the discomfort, two shells have just burst a few rods to the right of us, in a dry, ploughed field, and have thrown up such quantities of dust, that it was at first difficult to inhale air enough to sustain us. The enemy are firing over us at our signal station, which seems to annoy them somewhat. Occasionally a timber is hit, but the column is put up so loosely that the shot passes through with little jar, and no especial damage thus far.

A boat has just run up for our sick and wounded to be taken to the rear, and we have bid good bye to between two and three hundred weak sufferers. Not the least interesting among whom were long columns of colored troops. They are ever the objects of my deep commiseration and care—so patient and cheerful, so uniformly polite, and soldierly. They are brave men and make no complaints, and yet I cannot pass one without the keenest desire to give him something; and it is enough they need, poor fellows. One feature especially pleases me, the excellent nurses they make, and the kind care they take of each other, in camp and hospital. But I am well satisfied that they are not a class of men that an enemy would desire to meet on a charge. They have wants as soldier's now, as well as "Freedmen," and I sincerely hope this fact may not be overlooked by their northern friends.

It may seem singular to you that we are arranging for a 4th of July dinner, to-morrow; but so it is, it will call up memories of home to the worn down veterans about us. If it could only bring the home and friends, as well as the memories, it would be worth the effort, indeed. I will tell you of our success, when the day is over.

Of the situation of the army, and matters at "the front," I can tell you nothing, being too near to get a good view. The troops comprising this department, are at present divided, and a portion sent over to the other side of the James, while here is comparative, temporary quiet. The headquarters of General Butler, a mile from us, appear like a little village in itself, and in his tent, shaded by a few dried bushes, and marked by a flag, sits the commanding General, dignified, wise and princely, and still, perhaps, the most kindly and approachable personage on the grounds.

A mile or two away are the headquarters of Gen. Brooks, commanding 10th army corps, and six miles on, where you hear a great deal of noise, and see a great deal of smoke, is Petersburg. I turn my eyes sadly in that direction, always remembering the agony and desolation which lies between us and the grounds we are expected one day to occupy. God help our brave soldiers in the front, and comfort and sustain the waiting, weeping ones at home.

I have not been through this department yet as I hope to in a short time, when I may be able to write more satisfactorily.

With much love to friends, I beg to remain, with the highest respect,

Yours, truly, CLARA BARTON.

When the veil of death has been drawn between us and the objects of our regard, how quick-sighted do we become to their merits, and how bitterly do we remember words, or even looks of unkindness, which may have escaped us in our intercourse with them.

The following beautiful and significant lines, published anonymously in the North and variously ascribed to several poets of note, were written over a year ago by Major J. W. Paine, the Poet Laureat of the field, now in the Department of the Gulf, 4th U. S. Cav., (Col.)

God Keep Our Women True.

"What can a woman do in war?"
You ask in tones of scorn;
Her voice has swayed its crimson tide,
Since first the world was born.
If one fair Helen made a war,
What may a thousand do?
To loyal purposes and aims,
God, keep our women true!

When in the battle's deadliest shock,
Our country's vanquished foes
Reeled faint and bleeding 'neath the weight
Of overwhelming blows,
The fiery words of Southern dames
From lips too proud to sue,
Nerved up their faltering arms afresh—
God, keep our women true!

To that high purpose of the soul
That wielded Judith's blade,
That fired the heart of Joan of Arc
Or Saragossa's maid,
That drove the dagger of Corday
And bore Moll Pitcher through
Our earliest fields baptized in blood;
God, keep our women true.

Their heroism still survives,
Though no ensanguined hand
Flings out the banner, waves the torch,
Or bears the deadly brand;
It dwells in gentlest breasts, and shines
Through eyes of tenderest blue,
That looks those sad but firm farewells—
God, keep our women true!

Its earnest trust has beautified
The darkness of our days,
It speaks its scorn of coward hearts,
It sounds the hero's praise;
It twines around our tattered flag
The God-like faith that grew
Beside the Savior's cross and tomb—
God, keep our women true!

The spirit of their deathless deeds
Is breathing round us now;
It builds the soldier's monument,
It loves the wounded brow,
It casts its jewels in the plate,
And sends its loved anew
From hearths a ready desolate—
God, keep our women true!

Oh, weary, aching hearts behind!
Oh, lone and suffering ones,
Who breathe the prayer and waft the sigh
For husbands, lovers, sons;
Though lip may quiver, hands be clasped,
And tears the lips bedew,
Choke down the coward—summons home—
God, keep our women true!

A locomotive engineer fell asleep in his cab last Thursday evening, at the North Adams round house, and started the machine in his dreams—carrying away the doors, and only stopping when he had cleared the village.

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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.

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.

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.

1864. SPRING. 1864.

DRY GOODS,

CHEAP FOR THE MILLION—Still rules at

PARDRIDGE & CO.'S

45 MAIN STREET.

NEW GOODS!

We have just received a large and varied assortment of New Spring Dress Goods, consisting in part of

- MOHAIRS,
ALFACAS,
DE LAINES,
POIL DE CHEVRES,
FOULARD CHALLIES,
VALENCIAS,
COBOURGS,
GINGHAMS,
PRINTS, &c.

Bleached and Brown Cottons.

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES?

BALMORAL SKIRTS!

In all the latest novelties.

Large Stock of White Goods.

Buyers will find it to their advantage to look through our stock before making their purchases, as we are offering greater inducements than any other house in the city.

C. W. & E. Partridge & Co.,
45 MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER.

DR. WALKER,
OCULIST & AURIST,

No. 82 State St., Rochester, N. Y.,

Attends to all Diseases of the

EYE AND EAR.

ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED.

Jy-6m

**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 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 Street. Aug. 4-lyr.

BLACK WORSTED GRENADINES.—WHITE DITTO
2 yards wide, extra quality. Very desirable, at former prices. A few pieces left. **CASE & MANN,**
Jy 37 & 39 State St.

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,**

Jy 37 & 39 State Street.

THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION
Army and Navy Claim Agency,
28 REYNOLDS' ARCADE,
Directly over the Post Office.

THIS AGENCY is established to prosecute the claims of those who have been in the service of the United States, in the Army and Navy, and their dependents, for **PENSIONS, ARREARS OF PAY, BOUNTIES AND PRIZE MONEY,** and all other Army and Navy Claims on the Government,

Without Charge for Services!

The Patriotic and Humane, in all parts of the country, have viewed with regret the delays and perplexities attending such collections, and the over-reaching avarice with which so many persons employed in this business have robbed their clients, of a pittance so dearly earned.

The U. S. Sanitary Commission, pre-eminently the soldier's benefactor and friend, and having peculiar facilities for collecting such claims—such as no one individual can have, does now, therefore, invite all persons having such claims to call at this office.

The co-operation of all the friends of disabled soldiers, and of the dependents of those who have sacrificed their lives in defence of the country, is asked, in aid of this enterprise. Let every loyal citizen do what he can to communicate to every disabled soldier, widow, orphan, dependent mother and orphan sister, entitled to the bounty of the Government, the fact, that the Benevolent of the Loyal States have made provisions for securing their claims—**WITHOUT COST TO THEM.**

The newspapers from Buffalo to Utica will do a service to the cause of Humanity by calling public attention to this Agency.

Those making personal applications should be particularly careful to find the **NUMBER and SIGN,** indicated at the head of this article, and those who write should address

N. S. JONES,

28 Reynolds' Arcade,

Rochester, N. Y.

May 28th, 1864.

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

DYEING AND CLEANSING

ESTABLISHMENT,

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

On Mill st. cor. of Platt st.

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

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

Crape, Brocha, Cashmere, and Plaid Shawls, and all bright colored Silks and Merinoes, cleaned without injure 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,

37 & 39

Mill street, corner of Platt street.

Rochester, N. Y.

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.

Jy

37 & 39 State Street, Rochester.

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

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

All orders promptly attended to, and work warranted

B. F. POWELSON,

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

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. 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.