Evening Telegraph

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1864.

THANKSGIVING DAY 1864.

UNITED STATES CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

The Great National Charity.

INCIDENTS OF THE WORK IN THE ARMY.

THE SOLDIERS' FRIEND.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE.

The Fields Now Opening.

WORK FOR THIS WINTER.

Complete Canvass of the Concern.

ITS OFFICIAL ENDORSEMENT.

Reports from the Battle-Field.

THANKSGIVING APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.

One Million of Dollars Needed.

CHARITY AND PATRIOTISM OF THE AMERICANS.

BOTH MUST BE IRREPRESSIBLE.

READ THE RECORD.

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

President LINCOLN's Proclamation, calling us to thanksgiving for the mercies of the year, suggests the selection of thank-offerings appropriate to the nature and importance of the occasion. The peace, security, and prosperity for which we give thanks are so manifestly owing to God's heroic grace, bestowed on our brave defenders, that every Christian patriot instinctively turns towards them with his thank-offerings. No Christian doubts the imperative necessity of conveying to them not only relief for their bodily sufferings, but consolation also for the sorrows of the soul. For man doth not live by bread only. We must not merely relieve their sufferings, but lead them to improve them as the monitions of our Heavenly Father's love, leading them to repentance and salvation. Anything short of this will fail to satisfy our desires or God's designs in our great national conflict. And we should, if possible, follow the footsteps of our great Master, whose miracles of mercy prepared the hearts of men for his words of love.

What the Commission Does.

The United States Christian Commission fully satisfies the demands of the Church as the agency for conveying bodily relief and spiritual blessings to our soldiers and sailors.

1. It possesses the full confidence of the Government, and every allowable privilege of access and transportation to our armies and navies.

2. Its delegates, with wagons, steam-tugs, tents, cooking-wagon, stores, books, the Scriptures and religious papers, are established in each of our armies; and its work is in successful progress, from Fortress Monroe to Fort Vancouver.

The Diet Kitchens.

3. In our Western field and post hospitals the diet kitchens, under the care of the ladies of the Commission, prepare delicate food for invalids unable to live on the ordinary fare cooked by the soldier nurses, and are being extended to our Eastern armies, by the request of many surgeons, and the Special Order, No. 502, of the War Department, appended below. In that at Chattanooga 233,408 dishes were cooked in the month of September.

Care of Returned Prisoners.

4. Our famished exchanged prisoners from Richmond and Savannah are tenderly received by its delegates, washed, clothed, comforted and nursed. They counsel and pray with the sick and dying, advise their friends by telegraph or letter, and carefully transmit their relics to the mourners at home.

What the Delegates are Doing.

5. In the trenches before Richmond, with the ambulance and wagon trains of wounded in the valley of the Shenandoah, and even on the battle-field, the delegates are now cheering the weary sufferers, giving them cordials, warm tea, chicken soup, and biscuit; and thus, as our surgeons testify, saving thousands of lives of our brave soldiers, and often those of our wounded enemies. The cooking wagon has furnished hot coffee to the battle-worn men of a whole division, under a shower of bullets. After the battles of Mine Run, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania, large numbers of our wounded were absolutely dependent on the Christian Commission for every mouthful of food and drink, and for whatever dressing their wounds received for several days.

Reading Matter for the Army.

6. In the existing deficiency of chaplains, a large proportion of the regiments in the field and almost all our field hospitals, are dependent on the Commission for the ordinances of religion. The chaplains look to it for chapel-tents, testaments, hymn-books, tracts and papers, to make their services effective. Libraries for gun-boats and hospitals are now in preparation. Of the standard religious newspapers, over 400,000 are distributed monthly; and of testaments, 1,000,000 have been distributed; psalm and hymn books, 1,000,000; besides millions of pages of tracts, and sheets of paper, envelopes and postage stamps.

Number of Volunteer Delegates.

The number of delegates who have volunteered their gratuitous services for these ministrations is over 3000. This number will be greatly increased during the coming winter. A majority of them are ministers of the gospel; many of them surgeons, physicians and lawyers, whose professional services would have brought them thousands of dollars; and merchants, leaving important business, to nurse our noble soldiers, without fee or reward. Most of the work of the Commission is performed gratuitously by the railroad and telegraph companies, so that ninety-five cents of every dollar expended by the Christian Commission, goes into the soldiers' hands.

Where the Donations Go.

The donations to the Christian Commission go directly to the men themselves, the delegates generally giving them with their own hands, thus not only ascertaining that the articles go down the right throats, but procuring a favorable reception for the words of counsel and comfort by which they always accompany them. This Commission is no respecter of persons; the private soldier suffering in defense of our common country, being always esteemed by its delegates as worthy, and generally more needy than the officer, who, however, is never neglected.

Religious Services.

Daily religious services are maintained by its delegates at every station, and the ministerial delegates of all the evangelical churches preach frequently during the week, as well as on the Sabbath; thus displaying the unity of all who love our Lord Jesus, and holding up Christ for the salvation of our sons and brothers, who may soon be called to his judgment-bar.

Causes for Thanksgiving.

The usual baneful influences of war upon the morals of the soldiers have, by these means, been greatly mitigated, and the prevalence of profanity, gambling and debauchery, in many regiments, greatly abated; while the effusion of God's converting grace has caused some to shine as lights amidst the darkness. Where sin has abounded, as it always does in armies, God's grace has much more abounded. Nations have often given thanks for victories on the battle-fields, but powerful revivals in an army are unprecedented causes for thanksgiving; assurances that the Lord is with us, and encouragements to look for a work of converting grace in all our regiments, similar to that narrated by Chaplain F. B. Rose, in the Fourteenth New Jersey Volunteers, in which out of a regiment of six hundred men, two hundred and fifty men were converted, not one of whom swerved from his profession.

The blessed revivals of last winter at Camp Convalescent, Warrenton, Brandy Station, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, Dalton, and those now in progress at Camp Distribution and City Point are in no respect inferior to those of 1858. Could all our armies be brought under such blessed influences, all our cities and villages would speedily catch the heavenly influence. We cannot, alas, say that all, or even a majority of our soldiers have become religious men; but we can affirm that at every station where tract distribution, prayer meetings and the preaching of the gospel have been regularly carried on, general morality has been promoted and numerous conversions have been granted. God has given the harvest wherever the church has sown the seed.

Expenses for a Month.

The cost of all these expenditures for the past month is $127,421 from the central office, that of the branches would increase it to over $180,000, or six thousand dollars per day. But we have not yet reached all our soldiers, nor done for any of them all we are in duty bound to do. The field and post hospitals must be supplied with large print testaments, and hundreds of thousands of pocket scriptures and hymn-books must be furnished to the new levies, and to the brave men who have lost their copies in marches and battles.

The friends of the Bible should see that the American Bible Society is supplied with funds for this large demand. Then the soldiers ask eagerly for the regular religious newspapers; and the Commission is making arrangements to treble their present army circulation. But a copy of a paper weekly to each man in the pay of the United States—and surely to men who seldom have any other reading whatever, this is little enough—will demand one million of dollars per annum. Chapel tents, so greatly blessed as the scenes of the revivals last winter, must be provided, and should be in each brigade. They will cost six hundred dollars each.

Extensive Demand for Stores.

The impending conflicts at Richmond, Charleston, and Mobile, will make sudden and extensive demands for battle-field stores. As we write, extensive shipments are going forward for the relief of the heroes who have cleared the enemy out of the valley of the Shenandoah, under SHERIDAN, and for the naked and famished exchanged prisoners at Savannah. Unexpected contingencies are continually arising.

A Million Dollars Needed.

To meet the expenses of the winter's work, the Commission needs not less than one million of dollars.

The amount is trifling compared with the outlay of the nation in this war, being less than a single day's expenditure. The Church is amply able to give it. Let every gospel hearer only contribute the amount of his taxes. The plan proposed, of a liberal thanksgiving collection in every congregation in the land, will raise that sum, even although the amount from many congregations should be small. Last year, though only a few days' notice could be given, $90,000 were contributed.

An Earnest Appeal.

Christian ministers and people, this work is yours. These soldiers are your brothers and your sons, fighting for your country and your God. It is high time for you to wake up to an earnestness like theirs, who are giving their blood, their lives, for you. Soon they may be in the deadly strife, and smitten suddenly down on the battle-field. Oh let not your tears for them be embittered by the gall of regret that you neglected an earnest effort for their soul's salvation. Next month may be too late. God is honoring our army by the presence of his Spirit as never was an army honored before.

Let not customary trivial contributions throw their blight upon such a Pentecost. The universal revival of our army would be the universal revival of all the churches and villages and cities of our land, to which our converted soldiers would carry the holy fire. Rise, then, we beseech you, to the magnitude of this great occasion, by a supply of means to work while the war lasts. Make a thank-offering worthy of your gracious God, your loving Saviour, your great country and her brave defenders.

We know you will; for we have faith in the outpouring of the spirit of God upon the Church of Christ, no less than on her soldiers. The $500,000 which you have contributed since the first of January are a pledge of still larger donations. On Thanksgiving day give your people an opportunity of subscribing, each according to his ability, even although you may have recently taken up a contribution for the Commission. Unite in this blessed communion of saints, with your brethren in all parts of the land, who will on Thanksgiving day unite in this thank-offering for Christ and our country.

GOVERNMENT APPROVAL.

From President Lincoln.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Dec. 12, 1863.—My Dear Sir.—Your letter of the 11th instant, and accompanying plan, both of which are returned as a convenient mode of connecting this with them, have just been received. Your Christian and benevolent undertaking for the benefit of the soldiers, is too obviously proper and praiseworthy to admit any difference of opinion. I sincerely hope your plan may be as successful in execution as it is just and generous in conception.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

GEORGE H. STUART, Esq., Chairman United States Christian Commission, Philadelphia, Pa.

From the Secretary of War.

Letter from Hon. E. M. STANTON to Rev. Dr. DUNN, New York Branch United States Christian Commission.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., April 16, 1864.—Dear Sir—Among the benevolent associations organized by patriotic and charitable men, during the present war, none have surpassed, and few, if any, have equaled the Christian Commission in zeal, energy and disinterested devotion to the humane objects of their institution. Their efficient labors in the field, in the hospital and in the camp, have been felt by soldiers and officers, and I have frequently been brought to the notice of this Department. It is not only a pleasure, but I regard it as an official duty, to commend the Christian Commission to public confidence and respect, as an institution whose labors cannot fail to contribute greatly to the welfare of our armies. Yours, truly,

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

From the Assistant Secretary of War.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 27, 1864.—Dear Sir—I have read with great interest the report of the doings of the Christian Commission during the year 1863, which you have so kindly sent me. Some of the facts which it narrates I had myself witnessed, but the comprehensive view of your noble enterprise which the report presents is deeply interesting. God bless the Christian Commission, and may its efforts be as successful as they are admirable. Yours, faithfully, C. A. DANA.

GEORGE H. STUART, Esq.

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION IN WASHINGTON.

"Carleton," of the Boston *Journal*, thus graphically describes the work and location of the Commission in the Capital:—

Clerical Uniform and Work.

"Come up to our rooms and see us," was the kind invitation of Rev. Mr. THURSTON, of Newbury, in charge of the Christian Commission Rooms at Washington. I accepted the invitation, and reached the small one-story brick house at the corner of I and Ninth streets. A wagon stood before the door. I peered in and saw some cans of prepared milk, bottles of jellies, oranges, lemons, syrups, wines, cordials, shirts, drawers, slippers, newspapers, magazines and hymn books. Entering the rooms of the Commission I found twenty or thirty men. They had on woolen shirts, old clothes and straw hats. Some were filling boxes; one was giving to the bottom of a barrel, delving for a bundle of tracts. Some were not taking bottoms from casks, and were covered with hay and straw. They did not look like ministers. I did not see a white neck tie or a nice black broadcloth coat or kid gloves. They were more like a party of stevedores and waiters than men from the pulpit.

Rations.

It was the dinner hour, and I went down with the delegates into the cellar through a bulkhead. The Commission does not dwell in marble houses. Its rooms are not spacious or gorgeous. There was a joint of mutton, soft bread, applesauce, potatoes, tomatoes, pickles, tea, coffee and water, for a game, for dinner; plain, simple, wholesome fare. There was no ceremony, no sitting after dinner, for there was no time to spare. Each man was up from the table, and at his work, unpacking boxes just arrived, selecting parcels needed for afternoon use, and then away to the hospitals. They had been their morning rounds, and were off for the afternoon.

In that unostentatious manner, in four small rooms, the Commission carries on its operations at a very small expense and on a rigid system of economy, not niggardly, but measuring means with ends. The delegates sleep in a large chapel tent on Tenth street. The Commission has taken firm hold upon the hearts of the people. It is seen that its ministrations reach the soldier. Its supplies go where they are needed. The Surgeon-General has entered heartily into its work. General GRANT, General MEADE, General PATRICK (the Provost Marshal of the army), General BURNSIDE, General HANCOCK, General BUTLER and other commanders have given their testimony in its favor. General BURNSIDE called upon the field agent in his corps, Mr. SHEARER, and thanked him personally for what the Commission had done for his men, not only in the hospitals, but in the field and in the trenches.

Buildings.

The work has arrived at such a magnitude that the Commission has been forced to enlarge its quarters; but instead of leasing blocks of fine buildings, it is erecting a large wooden building on Tenth street. It is built economically. It is spacious and airy, more than one hundred feet long, two stories high, and will contain room for stores, bath room, cook room, dining and sleeping rooms. The entire cost of the building will be twenty-seven hundred dollars, not more than a year's rent for such a room as would be needed to accommodate the increasing operations.

Delegates' Work.

I was present at the tent on Sunday evening last, when the delegates came in and narrated their experiences of the day. From my note book I transcribe a brief report. There were about fifty delegates present. Their narratives were condensed. Their work is washing and dressing wounds, aiding the sick and wounded in every possible way, distributing reading matter, writing letters for those unable to write, conversation upon religious topics and religious exercises, all with the permission of the Surgeons in charge. No delegate is allowed to give jellies or wines as food, or to hold meetings in any ward, unless permission is first obtained from the Surgeons. It is a rule of the Commission, and not of the medical department. The principle is to do anything possible for the good of the men, and nothing for their hurt.

One-third Christians.

The Carver Hospital delegate reported that he found full one-third of the men in his wards professing Christians. They were glad to see him. Very glad to get religious reading. A few days before he gave an old man the little book entitled the "Blood of Jesus;" saw him to-day. The old man greeted him with a smile. "I have found Jesus, and oh, he is so precious!" said the old soldier.

Can't Keep Track of Sunday.

Another delegate from the same hospital:—I found among the patients a minister who enlisted as a private. He has been in the hospital sixteen months, and has maintained his Christian character through all the trials of camp and hospital life. I found some convalescents playing cards. "My boys, you don't play cards on Sunday, do you?"

"It isn't Sunday, is it? Why, hang it all, Chaplain, we can't keep track of the days in the army."

I talked to them of home, and of their mothers. The tears rolled down their cheeks. They put up their cards, and read the papers I gave them.

Wants to be a Christian.

The Emory Hospital delegate said:—I never saw men so ready to receive religious instructions, or who were so easily impressed with their truths. I am satisfied that this is a golden opportunity to the Christian Church. I found a young man to-day who said, "I want you, Chaplain, to tell me just what I have to do to be a Christian." It was a sincere desire. I find that the Catholics are just as eager to have religious instruction as others.

Another delegate of the same hospital said:—I found Sergeant ——, of Massachusetts, very low, but he met me with a smile: "It is all right; I am happy, and I die content. Tell my friends so."

Another delegate said: I have been over the river to see some detached regiments—men who are not in hospital. I asked one noble-looking soldier if he loved Jesus.

"No, I don't."

"Are you married?"

"No; but I have a sister. She isn't a Christian, but she wrote to me that she wanted me to become one, and I wrote to her that I wanted her to be one; and I guess, Chaplain, that everybody who believes the Bible feels just so. If they ain't good themselves, they want their friends to be."

I found another soldier writing a letter on a little bit of paper. I gave him a full sheet and an envelope.

"Are you a Christian Commission man?"

"Yes."

"You are a d——d good set of fellows."

"Hold on, soldier, not quite so hard."

"I beg your pardon, chaplain. I didn't mean to swear; but darn it all, I have got into the habit out here in the army, and it comes right out before I think."

"Won't you try to leave it off?"

"Yes, chaplain, I will."

Another delegate:—I went among the men and they all gathered about me with great eagerness. They were a little disappointed, however, when they saw that I was a delegate of the Commission. They took me to be the paymaster.

"But I have something that is better than gold."

"Give me some of it," said one, the son of a Baptist minister, a tender-hearted Christian.

A Gospel Drum.

Another delegate just returned from the army at Petersburg, said that he had come across a drummer boy of one of the Massachusetts regiments, a member of the Sabbath school at home, who had lost his Bible during the campaign, but had written the heads of his drum all over with texts of Scripture from memory. He beat a Gospel drum.

An hour was spent in hearing the reports, and the meeting closed by singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

The Private Soldiers' Commission.

These notes will show the friends of the Commission what the delegates are doing. I may add that I have seen its operations in the hospital and in the trenches, and can speak in unqualified terms of its efficiency and power to do good. There are some surgeons who are opposed to it. There are some indiscreet delegates, but it has a strong hold upon the affections of the men. It reaches them. The supplies contributed do not go to the officers, but are placed in the hands of the men by the delegates, and by the chaplains of the regiments. It is entitled to the fullest confidence of the community.

THE SPECIAL DIET KITCHEN.

DR. CRARY:—A few weeks' employ in the Christian Commission recently, brought before my mind a particular feature, which has not received the public attention its importance demands. I refer to the "special diet kitchens" established under its auspices. This department, though humble in its appearance, is accomplishing great good. These kitchens, as they are called, originated with a noble lady, who has devoted her whole time since the war began to caring for our sick and wounded soldiers. (Their diet, especially those who had been long sick, was a matter of great importance. Many, it was thought, might be saved had they just the diet adapted to their cases, prepared by skilful hands.) Many of the older hospitals had established what was called a "hospital fund," with which to procure delicacies needed by such.

This, however, was found to be limited in its application, while for the great majority of our sick no such provisions were made. In our newer hospitals especially, the plan was wholly impracticable, and in every department where success attends our arms new ones were continually being established. The plan, therefore, of a special diet department connected with each of our hospitals, presided over by competent Christian ladies, was entertained. Here every delicacy could be prepared with the same care and skill as at home. The Christian Commission seemed to be the proper field for such an enterprise. Accordingly it was laid before the President of the Commission and other gentlemen of ability and distinction connected with it, and after the most careful consultation the Commission determined to undertake it. The oversight of such an interest was properly intrusted to the individual who first suggested the plan, and nobly has she fulfilled the trust committed to her. Though undertaken with trembling, and everything about it being new, the enterprise has thus far been a great success, fully equal to the most sanguine expectations of its friends.

I found but one physician, from Louisville to Atlanta, where this system of diet kitchens had been tried, who did not say it was one among the best enterprises which had been undertaken for our sick soldiers. Many, both soldiers and surgeons, declared they did not know what they would do without it. Thousands have by this enterprise been fed, and through its influence, in connection with others, will be restored to their families and homes. The importance of that noble band of ladies who have devoted themselves from friends and society, and that is among these narrow ... can hardly be over-estimated. All honor to our Christian patriot ladies. Some of them are connected with the first families of our country.

The Plan of Operation.

A list is prepared and printed, where practicable, of those things which can be had and are suitable for the sick. Each day patients not able for full diet are marked by the surgeon in charge on the special diet list. Then the ward division marks down the kind of diet suited to the individual patients in the ward who are upon special diet. This is handed to the ward matron, who presents it and obtains what is needed. Everything about it works with the regularity and system of clockwork. Though in some hospitals, as at the Cumberland, in Nashville, nearly a thousand are thus daily fed, there is no confusion, no apparent hurry. It would cheer you to see the brightened countenances of these poor, sick, emaciated men, with little or no appetite, as their dishes are brought to them, looking so home-like; especially could you hear their hearty benedictions upon the Christian Commission. The very fact that there are those who thus care for them cheers and revives their spirits.

It will, however, be readily perceived that such an enterprise in an army like ours may be made a work of great magnitude—in fact, is already. In order to carry forward this enterprise according to its spirit and design, means are needed almost without limit. While some things are obtained from the Government, and many from the Sanitary Commission, there is a large and growing surplus that must be supplied by the friends of the Christian Commission. New kitchens are being established weekly, and, of course, involving additional outlay. Will the Christian Church respond with a liberality commensurate to the demand? W.

KEOKUK, Iowa, Aug. 3, 1864.

CONSOLIDATED LIGHT DIET LIST OF UNITED STATES ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 2, CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, FOR SEPTEMBER, 1864.

Rations.

Mackerel	Total	1,418
Soup, Mutton or Beef		15,698
" Vegetable		8,772
" Oyster		6,716
" Chicken		1,429
Fresh Vegetables		2,059
Roast Potatoes		22,748
Bread and Butter		29,655
Toast, Milk		6,115
" Butter		2,101
" Dry		12,785
Jellies, or Preserves		—
Eggs, Boiled or Poached		134
" Fried or Scrambled		—
Kraut or Pickles		11,890
Fruits, canned		10,233
Fruits, Fresh or Dried		15,433
Baked Apples		12,414
Tomatoes		7,300
Pudding, Farinaceous		9,597
Blanc Mange		
Gruel		3,228
Custard, Boiled		
Tapioca		1,502
Rice, Boiled		5,302
Berry		2,863
Mush and Milk		2,137
Cheese		1,769
Tea		30,231
Corn Bread		503
Coffee		8,719
Milk Punch		4,929
		233,408

[EXTRACT.]

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, Oct. 24, 1864.—Special Orders, No. 502. * * * * * *

56. Permission to visit the United States General Hospitals within the lines of the several Military Departments of the United States, for the purpose of superintending the preparation of food in the special diet kitchens of the same, is hereby granted Miss ANNIE WITTENMYER, Special Agent United States Christian Commission, and such ladies as she may deem proper to employ, by request of United States Surgeons. The Quartermaster's Department will furnish the necessary transportation. * *

By order of the Secretary of War,

E. D. TOWNSEND, Assistant Adjutant General.

THE COOKING WAGON.

"As soon as they were come to land they saw a fire of coals, and fish laid thereon, and bread. Jesus saith unto them, Come and dine.—John xxi. 9, 12.

I must refer particularly to one prominent feature of their work for weary, wounded bodies on this day, which, for its novelty and usefulness, deserves especial attention. Some of the newspapers have mentioned a new cooking wagon presented by the inventor to the Christian Commission, which is thoroughly *sui generis*. It is constructed somewhat like a battery caisson, so that the parts can be unlimbered and separated from each other. The "limber" or forward part, bears a large chest, which is divided into compartments, to contain coffee, tea, sugar and corn starch, with a place also for two gridirons and an axe. From the rear portion rise three tall smoke-pipes, above three large boilers, under which there is a place for the fire, and under the fire a box for the fuel. Each boiler will hold fourteen gallons, and it is estimated that in each one on the march ten gallons of tea, or coffee, or chocolate, could be made in twenty minutes, thus giving ninety gallons of nourishing drink every hour. It is truly a most ingenious and beneficent invention.

There was a call for coffee. A party of delegates at once volunteered to respond to the call. The fires were lighted, the water boiled, the coffee made, and soon the vehicle, drawn by two powerful horses, and attended by half a score of willing laborers, was on its way, from division to division. Up the hospital avenue it rumbled and rolled, passed the long rows of white tents, stopping at this cluster and that, giving to all from its generous supply.

You should have seen the wondering look of the men as it passed by. They rolled themselves over to get a glimpse of it. They stretched their necks for a sight at it. The wounded heads forgot to ache, and the wounded limbs almost forgot to cry for nursing in that moment of eager curiosity. Was it a new sort of ambulance? It didn't look like one. What did those three black pipes mean, and those three glowing fires? Is it a steam fire engine, and are they going to give us a shower bath? But the savory odor that saluted their nostrils, and the delicious beverage the engine poured into their tin cups, soon put the matter beyond all doubt. They soon found that there was no mystery about it, for it had a substantial ... in each one of them, and they gave it their blessings in return. One by one such as were able, crowded about it with curious faces, and the wagon, ... steaming and glowing in the midst, was the theme of many affectionate comments.

"I say, Bill, ain't that a bully machine?"

"Yes, sir, it's the ... st institution I ever saw."

"That's what ... call the Christian Light Artillery," says a ...

"Good coal ... ammunition in it than the Rebs ..."

"Well, Doctor," said a delegate to a surgeon, "what do you think of this?"

"I think the ... it. That's all I can say," was the reply.

And so, on ... the new invention was crowned with ... and benedictions of the admiring crowd, ... a marked feature in the work of the day, ... be set down as one of the "peculiar institutions" of the Commission.

Coffee and Biscuits for a Division.

Mr. J. A. COLE has put the Cooking Wagon to a new use, refreshing our battle-worn veterans on the field. He says:—

"The Coffee Wagon was kept at work, and was really a means of giving a great deal of comfort. It was taken to the lines, where bullets flew about it, and every soldier in the division that made the charge, capturing the fort on Chapin's farm, had a good drink of hot coffee, what they had not had for three wet, muddy days. The machine is getting to be very popular.

STORES

Continual and pressing applications are made to the Commission for hospital stores. Just now the approach of winter causes many a poor wounded man, chilly from loss of blood, to shiver in the hospital tents. Our brave fellows, who have been chasing EARLY and HOOD, and those who have hurried across Arkansas and Missouri, in pursuit of PRICE, have had no time for washing. Said one of these modestly to the writer last week at Winchester:—"Sir, could you supply me with a shirt? The one I am wearing is *a little rotten*." It was even so. From a commanding officer of the noble cavalry, who have done such good service to the country, we have the statement that a number of his men were in need of shirts, but, owing to some informality, failed to procure them; and that he knew of no means by which they could be supplied for several weeks.

To meet such emergencies, and prevent the sickness, and perhaps death, of a number of valuable soldiers—every one of them some mother's son, and dearer to her than life—is the delight of the delegates of the Christian Commission. Even matters of less value send a thrill of joy and new life through the soul of a poor sufferer. A bite of cheese, a pickle, a piece of bread and butter, awaken remembrances of home and friends, and bring down blessings on the senders.

"Look here, boys," said a wounded lad in Martinsburg, holding up a slice of bread, on which the Rev. Mr. Swann had spread a spoonful of honey; "Look here. Who wouldn't fight for his country!" One needs to live on hard-tack and salt pork for a year to know the value of small delicacies; and more especially to the sick and wounded.

We would especially ask the Ladies' Aid Societies and Ladies' Christian Commissions, to exert themselves to the utmost, before the intense cold of winter sets in, in forwarding coverlids, quilts, dressing-gowns, drawers, shirts, socks and mittens; the two last in large quantities. Dried and green apples, onions, good cheese and boiled cider are invaluable as anti-scorbutics, as is every preparation of cabbage and tomatoes. We would earnestly beg every farmer to contribute liberally of these indispensable vegetables.

IN THE TRENCHES.

Every day after I went to the front I found as much as six times more than I could accomplish, and although it was a time of comparative quiet, and never did not present those marks of deep pathos, the power which are met with in great battles or in isolated instances, yet the work grew in interest and in its evident importance. I could but ask myself every day, if enough had been done in the trenches, It seems to me more is needed. There are naked men, their shirts having been torn off by accident; there are pained feet, there are blisters. Thread and buttons needed, and all the little comforts of camp life which the postponed pay-days have not permitted the soldiers to buy; and above all a thirst for the word of life, which Chaplains cannot supply unless they are sleepless and omnipresent. I usually distributed my reading matter in regiments without Chaplains, with the aid of pious soldiers, always choosing privates if I could get them, thus helping them to an agreeable change of occupation. My words were few in giving out these things. I found the men more ready to converse half an hour afterwards, and I generally returned soon on my path and sat down on the banks with them, talked with them just as I should be talked with, and was never once turned off by indirect answers. I was received unkindly three or four times, not more than that. These best conversations were close personal application of some truth, generally of the Christian inward life, as I thought I had better success in impressing duties from that direction. I went also with cordials and medicines for incipient cases of diarrhoea, going as often as I could to fatigue parties on the works; then they would always gather round me, and I'd gather up a few moments to speak of the water of life, or cry to the thirsty. Isaiah lv. 1, showing them in very few words how unreasonable to be without religion; as I could do with such ready illustrations as their eager thirst always gave me; and sometimes would be fain to be ordered to sit down, and ten or fifteen men gave it me, in which to address them. Many such a party I have seen bathed in tears, none trying to conceal their feelings.

I have described the work I tried to do thus at length, for it seems to me more delegates should be all the time doing it. I know there is danger in it. I've heard the song of too many sharp-shooters' bullets not to know it. But there is the work, and he is not a true Christian delegate who won't do it, if permitted. I've never seen one flinch yet.

Then there should be more soldiers' woolen shirts, socks, &c., for distribution. They lose them on marches, get them spoiled by accident; are without money, and must wait for drawing or pay-day, wait and suffer. I gave out of my own pocket, not charging it to the Commission, over ten dollars in little sums; not over eighty cents at any one time, I believe, in cases where there could be no doubt. I verily believe nothing would so inspirit the dispirited as a few cents in money when they have none. I remember one man from Northern New York, with the doleful face of a man in despair, whom I had met quite often, and always impressed with his sadness, who had not been paid for six months, had sent it nearly all home to a needy wife when he received it, and was then without a cent. I gave him twenty-five cents, and it had as magic an effect as it would on a little boy. He said he had come to the conclusion nobody cared for him or the poor privates, and was about to despair of the good of fighting, till that mite made an opening through which the light of friendship and sympathy gleamed.

I hope I shall be excused for this length, but I want the work in the front increased.

Respectfully, C. S. NICHOLS.

Princeton, Oct. 24, 1864.

NO GRUMBLING.

I have the consolation of knowing that I have been the means of cheering the heart of many a soldier in affliction. It has been my privilege to converse with him, and pray by his bedside when living; and when dying, to point him to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

In their sufferings they exhibit the aim of fortitude and heroism. I did not deem it possible to find a class of men who would bear such suffering as I have witnessed with so little murmurings or complaint. It is a rare thing to hear a groan, or the language of complaint from any one of them. And then they manifest so much gratitude for the smallest favors.

These noble men who have periled their lives, and shed their blood to preserve the liberties of our country, and have stood as a wall of fire between us and the enemy, deserve our sympathy. And what is done for them must be done quickly. We ought not to consider it charity, or the bestowing of alms to aid such men, but a sacred debt, which we should labor faithfully, to discharge.

ALLEN T. GRAVES,

Delegate of U. S. Christian Commission.

AXLE GREASE.

The mistake of our Boston brethren, in supposing that city to be the "hub of the universe," has just been demonstrated by an enterprising Yankee, who has discovered in California the subterranean deposit of an unctuous substance intended to lubricate the axis of the earth, which therefore must be near that spot. It has been applied to mail coach and other axles with great success. The owner, desiring to facilitate the movements of the Christian Commission, sends one hundred barrels of it with a patriotic letter, from which we extract the following admirable sentiments, as a specimen of the feelings of the people of our Pacific States:—

SAN FRANCISCO, October 18, 1864.—To George H. Stuart, Esq., Chairman of the Christian Commission.—Respected Sir:—Through the kindness of J. W. Raymond, Esq., we have forwarded, freight free per *Moses Taylor*, one box, containing twenty-four samples of our Patent California Axle Grease.

The object of these packages is to have the same placed in the hands of competent judges, in order to test its merits prior to the arrival of the ship *Garibaldi* which brings a consignment of one hundred barrels or half-barrels of the same, weighing over twelve thousand pounds, and selling in San Francisco for twenty cents per pound.

The design of the subscribers is to donate to the Association over which you have the honor to preside, the entire amount of this consignment whatever it may realize, less expenses of freight, &c., and which is offered as a humble tribute of grateful admiration of the benevolent and praiseworthy cause in which the Christian Commission is engaged.

Whilst the Sanitary Association has been so liberally responded to by all classes, and in all parts of our mighty favored State, we have preferred reserving our contribution to the aid and support of your God-like mission.

We might have sent the cost price of our shipment in United States gold-coin; but have thought the manufactured article would realize so much more, as to cover whatever trouble might attach to those whose duty it would be to see it properly disposed of, and would leave a surplus in your favor.

It will here, perhaps, be proper to say that although our "Axle Grease" has never before been sent to any of the Eastern States, it has, for the last ten years, acquired a widely extended reputation, and is now almost universally adopted by the coaching and teaming interests of California and neighboring States.

In conclusion, we beg to say our warmest, heartfelt wishes go with you in all your humane and Christian undertakings; and whilst we humbly and fervently pray that final and complete success may attend the efforts of all engaged in suppressing this terrible and wicked Rebellion, we also hope and pray that the time is not far distant when the cruel and sanguinary conflict now raging may be ended; that universal and perpetual peace may follow, and that the present may be the first and last struggle which the great American nation may ever have to make against any section of its glorious Union.

We remain, dear sir, yours and the Association's earnest well wishers, HUCKS & LAMBERT.

A NOVEL CONTRIBUTION.

The Christian Commission draws its resources from a daily increasing territory. Below we print a letter from Mr. Sinclair, of Central City, Colorado Territory, offering to make title to a Colorado mining claim for which he has been offered five hundred dollars. The claim is located in Central City, near improved territory. G. H. Stuart, Esq., is authorized to sell it for the benefit of the Commission, and the title will be given as soon as the purchaser's name is made known. Here is a legitimate opportunity for aiding a grand national charity, with some certain return to the purchaser and the possibility of a fortune. It would be pleasant to know that this offering commanded the highest possible premium. We refer it to the consideration of our philanthropic business men:—

CENTRAL CITY, Colorado Territory, November 8, 1864.—G. H. Stuart, Philadelphia.—Dear Sir:—Having a desire to contribute my mite to the United States Christian Commission, and not having money to send, I thought perhaps I could not do better than to send a certificate of a mining claim, as I believe, at present, Colorado mining claims are selling at fair figures in the eastern market. Last spring I could have sold the claim for $500, but I reserved it, intending to work it myself, but have not done so yet. Now, if you can sell it for the benefit of the Commission I will make a deed to whoever you shall order, free of all expense, and put the same on record.

The lode is situated in Central City, and the claim is about two hundred yards from the Eureka foundry, on the opposite hillside, near the Castle. Any persons who may have been here will readily know the location.—Wyandott Lode, No. 4, southwest.

Hoping that some one receiving in Colorado mining claims will give a good price for it to the Commission,

I remain yours truly,

E. W. SINCLAIR.

A DAY AT THE FRONT.

WORK DONE UNDER THE REBEL GUNS.

The following record of a day's labor at the front, in the service of the Christian Commission, shows prominently one of the most distinguishing and blessed features of the Commission's work. Its place, this here, has never been supplied by any other agency. A result of all the prompt relief given by these men's Christian devotedness, who do the service of a lifetime with the eager hopes of a future, so long the provision for the sick could, hundreds upon hundreds of precious lives would be lost to the country, to their homes, and to the world.

The writer, Walter S. Carter, Esq., is the new member of the Christian Commission for Wisconsin, and Sunday School Secretary for Wisconsin, and is well known as one of the energetic Sunday School agents of the West. We trust that the Christian Commission has done well to select its many workers from the ranks of the Sunday School, and to ensure its leaders from among the generals of the Sabbath School army:—

Thursday, Sept. 29, 1864, the day after our arrival, we were laboring in the general hospital of the Army of the James, near City Point. During the day, heavy firing north of the James, in the direction of Richmond, told us that a battle was in progress. Early the next morning, in company with Rev. Drs. Schaff, of New York, and Chapin, of ..., we went to City Point, and procuring passes from General Patrick, Provost Marshal-General of the armies operating against Richmond, took a steamer for Broadway Landing, on the Appomattox. Proceeding thence towards the general hospital of the Army of the James, at Point of Rocks, about a mile distant, we met several of the guns taken from the enemy the day before, being sent to City Point.

Arriving at the hospital we found that several hundred of our wounded had already reached there. We at once went to work alleviating their sufferings as far as possible, pointing them, as we had opportunity, to the Saviour who suffered for them, until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when, with a considerable reinforcement to our numbers, on top of a large four-horse wagon of the Commission, loaded full of supplies, we started for the front. Emerging from the woods into an open field near the James, the rapid discharge of artillery, intermingled with the continuous crash of musketry, apprised us of a renewal of the contest by the Rebels attempting to retake the works captured by us the day before.

We hurried on, arriving at Aiken's Landing about dusk, crossing the river on the military pontoon thrown across by the 10th Corps on Wednesday evening. Pushing on up the Varina road we soon came across the skirmish line held by the enemy at the time of the advance of our forces, and a little further on another and stronger line, not yet completed. Entering a thick pine wood night and rain overtook us. Ahead of us was a long train of army wagons, behind us a large number of ambulances. By us, every moment, dashed horsemen—some towards the front, others towards the rear. In the woods, on every hand, our men were kindling fires to dry their clothes and make their coffee.

A FIELD HOSPITAL.

Still along we went, until, turning to the right, we entered the ample grounds of the Cox Mansion, where we found the Flying Hospital already established. The yard was full of tents, filled with wounded men—officers of all grades, and privates, loyal and Rebel, white and black soldiers. Hundreds had already arrived, and more were constantly coming. From every quarter moans of agony and cries for help could be heard, but none were there to answer them. Every soldier who had gone through the two days' terrible contest unharmed was standing, that dark, rainy autumn night, without food or drink, with his face to the foe, in the trenches a mile in advance of us. The surgeons had prepared their operating tables, and were already at their awful work.

DELEGATES AT WORK.

Getting permission of Dr. Richardson, Surgeon in charge of the hospital, we immediately pitched our tent, and went to work. An adjoining house was sought, a fire built, a large kettle of water put over, and very soon several gallons of coffee were made. Condensed milk and sugar were then added, pails filled, and, provided with tin cups and lanterns, our seven delegates went forth on the most blessed errand that ever engaged a Christian hand, or enlisted the sympathies of a Christian heart. In every tent they went, until there was not a wounded man but had been abundantly supplied.

Then going back to the Commission-tent, boxes were filled with fresh, soft crackers, and again the circuit of the tents was made, and the men helped to all they would have. Then more coffee was carried around; and after that, in cases where it was thought necessary, Jamaica ginger or brandy was given to the men. Then another visit to the tent was made; a supply of shirts and drawers obtained, and these were put upon such as needed them. "God bless you," "God bless the Christian Commission," were exclamations we heard almost every moment.

REBELS DISAPPOINTED.

"We never expected to meet such treatment as this," said a wounded Rebel to a delegate. "Give me your name, so that when the war is over I can come and see you, and thank you better than I can now," said another. With such opportunities, how could we help telling one, whose wounds were eloquent of the story of his bravery, that while it was a noble thing to be a brave soldier of one's country, far nobler, indeed, was it to be also a brave soldier of Jesus. To one groaning with suffering, how fitting that we should remind him of what the Redeemer had suffered for him. To one asking for drink, how easy to introduce the subject of salvation, by the exclamation of the Saviour on the cross, "I thirst."

Engaged in such a work, the hours went by unnoticed—seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, and one, were gone before we even tried to sleep. Going into the house, we wrapped our blankets around us, and lay down on the floor; but scarcely had we done so, when word came that twenty more ambulance loads of wounded had arrived. Up we arose at once, and again coffee, crackers, &c., were distributed to the sufferers. Making a second attempt to get a little rest, we were hardly asleep when Surgeon Richardson came and informed us that we were so near the lines that, in the event of the enemy renewing the attack at daylight, as was expected, their shells would reach our camp. Immediately our tent was struck, the supplies again loaded into the wagon, and by the time the army train was ready to move we were prepared to take our place in line. Proceeding up the road to the rear of the 10th Corps, we halted two or three hours, when we returned to a large house, some distance in the rear, formerly the headquarters of General Lee, where the hospital was established, and from whence the wounded were conveyed to the Base Hospital, at Point of Rocks.

TRAINS OF WOUNDED IN THE SHENANDOAH.

WINCHESTER, Va., October 13, 1864.—Mr. G. S. Griffith—Dear Sir:—Having enjoyed the opportunity, through your kindness and that of the Baltimore Committee of the United States Christian Commission, of visiting the stations of that Commission at Sandy Hook, Martinsburg, and Winchester, of observing the work of the delegates, and personally assisting in the care of the wounded and the distribution of stores, I have great pleasure in assuring you, and through you the patrons of the Commission in Baltimore, of the efficient and careful manner in which they perform their arduous labors.

At Sandy Hook the Diet Kitchen, supplied from your stores, is ably conducted by Mrs. Hyatt and Mrs. Robbins, and the Misses Southgate and Smith. The Revs. McDowell, Nason and Votey, and Messrs. Miller, Gregg, and Young are systematic and assiduous in their attention to the temporal and spiritual wants of our soldiers there and at Harper's Ferry.

At Martinsburg we arrived in time to see the whole force of delegates, under Mr. Miller's able superintendence, turning out near midnight, and laboring till near morning, carrying food and drink to, and dressing the wounds of a large train of wounded, just arrived after sixteen hours, ride in wagons from Winchester. The fatigue of some and the suffering of others were indescribable, and the overworked nurses and surgeons could not have got round them before morning. The delegates, however, were on hand with the big Christian tea pots. Barrels of crackers and bottles of jelly were opened. Bread and cheese vanished with marvellous rapidity down hungry throats.

Papers and tracts, in the morning, for the Saturday's march, were in request, and we had not half enough of Testaments and hymn-books for anxious inquirers. "What is all this for?" said one fine lad; "is all this for the Union?" I explained that it was for the sake of Christ and our country. "I've got more kindness from you men since I came into this house than since I entered the army." When I proposed to those in the Presbyterian church to address them and pray, every head was uncovered. If the Lord hears only one-half the benedictions invoked on the Commission by those one hundred and fifty wagon loads of wounded men, you and we will live happily and die peacefully.

Proceeding to Winchester with Messrs. Wilson, Little, Whittier, Stevens, and McCord, we found Messrs. Brackett, Ewing, Harkness, and Dr. Bigelow, ably supported by Miss Brainerd, of Michigan, Miss Wood, Miss Porter, Miss Short, Mrs. Haverfield, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Schumote, and other Union ladies, who double the value of your farina, tea, &c., by the condiments they supply, and increase it tenfold by the sweet smiles with which they hand the cup to our wounded heroes. Of Mrs. Harris, of Philadelphia, it is needless to say that here, as everywhere, her unwearied and efficient service has saved many lives.

Nor must we forget Miss Bridget Divers, who has had her horse shot under her, has been captured and escaped, marched with our cavalry, and has just come in with our wounded from the battle-field, and is now here with her orderly superintending the packing of tea, sugar, fruit, jelly, cordial, pickles, farina, and books, at the Christian Commission room, for the wounded in the ambulances; the only field hospital Mosby's cavalry will allow our active cavalry commander.

But here is a message from the surgeon to say that a train of wounded is coming in; that he is out of cordials, and can't get any to-night. So the whole force is off with pails of punch, and baskets of bread and hampers of soda biscuit, and there is Mrs. Harris and her servant with custards and fried eggs; and I must close and be off to this scene of groans and blessings.

Oh! for the day when war shall cease,
And peace reign the Prince of Peace.

Affectionately yours,

ROBERT PATTERSON.

BERMUDA HUNDRED.

The Rev. J. W. Harding, of Longmeadow, thus describes

THE COLORED SOLDIERS.

These colored soldiers have strong arms and warm hearts. They carry as respectful as their hearts is soldierly. And the eligibility they can always use is a primer or a first or second reader, or a testament. They are bent on learning to read. It would please you to see me in the capacity of a primary school teacher to some brawny cavalry soldier. He stands by my side, cap in hand, booted and spurred, his sabre swinging at his heels, and eagerly spelling out the words which shall unseal for him the fountain of knowledge.

I could be all my whole time in giving them spelling and reading lessons. And then you should see them on their well-groomed horses and marching in a squad of Rebel prisoners. They say nothing, but they look everything, and so do their crestfallen prisoners, and more than crestfallen. We found some prisoners in the guard-house yesterday who were actually in mortal dread of their colored guard, but, remembering Fort Pillow, may might lay a good foundation. There is no doubt that a salutary fear of our colored soldiers is pervading the Rebel camps. And then you should see those black troopers escorting to their wives and little ones, and sweethearts each loaded on the head and in both hands with the spoils of the Egyptians, and the little smiling darkies who cannot march, nestling in the laps, arms of their protectors.

IN THE TRENCHES.

But to return to our work, it is time for the day's work to begin. My brother delegates go on their several ways, one to the post hospital, whither sick and worn-out men continually come from their several regiments to receive care which they cannot get at the front; another to the convalescent camp, where men nearly recovered from sickness wait to be distributed to their regiments; another goes with a six mule Government wagon, loaded with stores, to an out station; another to some distant camp where there are no chaplains; or if it be too far to walk, and the ambulances are not busy, we load one of them, kindly detailed for our use by the quartermaster, and go to the extreme front, where the men lie in the rifle pits and redoubts and intrenchments, and many of them in their "rat-holes," or bomb-proof huts.

This is intensely interesting work. Our ambulance halts in a wilderness of camps, here on one side a Massachusetts regiment, and there a Connecticut regiment, and the boys crowd around, six and eight deep, and with such a show of hands so eager for anything and everything to read, and as eager for letter-paper, envelopes, pens, pencils, comfort bags. The chaplains come, and they are privileged to get into the ambulance and select for themselves their favorite papers, and books, and tracts. Often I meet very happily and suddenly some old familiar face from Hampden county, and we talk over old times.

A CAMP RIOT.

But what is this tumult outside? There stands a sutler's tent, with a noisy crowd around it. We hear angry words. A white lieutenant, with a squad of his colored soldiers, is attempting to tear the tent down. There has been a previous quarrel, and now the lieutenant is excited by liquor, and his proceedings violent, and the sutler, a respectable-looking Massachusetts man, becomes enraged and puts a pistol ball through his head. The lieutenant falls into the arms of his men, and one of them, his sergeant, they say, by the lieutenant's order, shoots the sutler through the body. He runs by our tent like a deer, though mortally wounded, and the crowd of exasperated colored soldiers after him, and for a moment the balls fly dangerously. But soon order is restored, and I find the two wounded men in their tents. The sutler cannot live long. He asks, "Are you a minister? I wish you would pray for me."

I kneel by his side with another who seems to be a Christian man, and I find afterwards is a chaplain, and we both, at the dying man's earnest request, present his case to the heavenly throne. He confesses his sins, and his unpreparedness to die, but sues now for mercy. I carry mutual messages of sorrowful regret between the men thus laid low by folly and violence. The lieutenant will probably recover, and he, with his sergeant, severely handled by martial law, but the poor sutler lies embalmed for his grave. This will show you the demoralizing influence of the camp in lessening the sense of the sacredness of human life, and show also the importance of Christian men to be near by with the offices of religion. It is gratifying to see what immediate and free access is always accorded us, and the confidence reposed in us as representing the Christian Commission.

THE GUNBOATS.

The Rev. J. W. Harding, of Long Meadow, thus speaks of the work on the gunboats:—

"I must tell you a little about our Sabbath work yesterday. At our tent prayer-meeting, at seven o'clock P. M., each of us reported his labors during the day at separate points. The hospitals, the wagoners, the convalescents, the pontoniers, the prisoners, and the colored soldiers, has all been visited.

"With the Rev. Dr. H. B. Hooker, of Boston, I went on board the gunboat *Eutaw*, lying above us in the James river, at the invitation of her gallant commander, Captain Blake, who fought the *Hatteras* in the famous action with the *Alabama*. We were most cordially received by officers and men; and after enjoying for an hour the freedom of the ship, in conversing and distributing religious reading, by order of the captain all hands were invited to the after-deck to attend to religious service. The men in their neat attire, seated on the guns, and platforms, and railings formed an interesting group; and the officers, closing around us, while we prayed, and sang, and preached, formed another—some of them assisting us in singing, and all most attentive and apparently interested hearers. It was a solemn and beautiful scene, and we hope profitable to all. We made a standing appointment for a Sabbath service, the captain offering to send his boat for us whenever we could come for this purpose, and inviting our Commission to visit his ship at all times. We have similar invitations from other gunboats in the fleet, and find an extremely interesting and useful work in this direction."

WHAT SOLDIERS GIVE FOR US.

October 4th was a day of great suffering in City Point Hospital. The cruel hand of war had been at work again, and many a noble men had poured out their blood for their country's cause, and many family circles were mourning the death of loved ones. With these feelings pressing upon me, I started at quite an early hour for my work, thinking that, by being half an hour earlier, I might alleviate, to some extent, half an hour's suffering of some poor soldier.

No sooner had I entered the hospital than I found I was none too early. Near to the entrance, lying on his cot, was a young man of about 23 years, badly wounded by a gun-shot passing directly through his chest, and coming out through the shoulder-blade. He was suffering considerable pain, but no word of complaint fell from his lips. His name was J. F. Stillwell, of Company H, 141st Pennsylvania Volunteers. He had been in twenty-two different battles, and this was the first wound that he had received. A marked Providence had been about him, and it seemed that this was a loud call to be ready for death. He had formerly been a Christian, and was determined to seek for that love that he had once enjoyed. I conversed with him of home and friends, and wrote his sister, informing her of her brother's condition.

In the adjoining ward, I found a soldier, named Joseph Spear, of the 57th Pennsylvania Volunteers, severely wounded in the breast and back, lying between a couple of army blankets, the sweat rolling profusely down his face, with not a rag of underclothing on him; his shirt and drawers were so completely stiffened by the blood from his wounds, that the surgeons were obliged to cut them off before his wounds could be dressed. This, though a painful scene, was a picture of heroic patriotism.

A noble-looking, bright-eyed young man, of nineteen or twenty years, having lost every article of clothing, and suffering from two severe wounds, lying between coarse army blankets, in a hot October morning (of Virginia), with not only no word of complaint, but hopeful and cheerful, is an example of patriotism worthy of a citizen of the United States. Let those who profess to love their country, yet who will not sacrifice a few of the luxuries of life to save it from destruction, compare their patriotism with that of this young soldier.

I immediately procured shirt and drawers for him, for which he expressed his gratitude as only a man in his destitute condition could. To supply the wants of one such soldier is worth a journey to the Army of the Potomac.

On a bed near by, in the same ward, was a soldier named Shackley, of the 11th Massachusetts Volunteers, severely wounded by a ball entering one of his eyes and coming out the side of his neck, just back of and below the ear. He was in a very destitute condition. I procured shirt and drawers for him, for which he heartily thanked the Christian Commission. Notwithstanding the severe wounds of this man, he was able to converse quite freely.

In another ward near, I found a soldier just brought in from the front, named James Burk, of the 84th Pennsylvania Volunteers, wounded very severely, the ball entering near the upper part of the breast-bone, passing almost entirely through the body, and lodging just beneath the skin between the shoulder-blades. His term of service had nearly expired, but he said nothing of leaving and going home, but remarked (with a little of the Irish brogue) that he "thought he should be able to go in again in a couple of months."

He was suffering for a change of clothing, those that he had on being saturated with blood. I gave him shirt and drawers, and he thanked the kind friends, whoever they were, that provided them.

In the same tent was a young man who had an ugly flesh wound through the thigh. I gave him a clean shirt, as the one he had on he had worn three or four weeks after getting it on. As though forgetting the pain of his wound, he expressed himself thus:—"Oh, that feels comfortable!"

Send Stores to Christian Commission, No. 11 Bank street, Philadelphia.

Send Money to JOSEPH PATTERSON, Esq., Treasurer, at the Western Bank, Philadelphia.

Send Letters to Rev. W. E. BOARDMAN, Secretary, No. 11 Bank street, Philadelphia.