

into Union Square in front of the Fresnel light, and see him disporting himself. Like some of HAWTHORNE'S weird creatures, he was strangely like the man who looked at him; a sort of ghost from the "depths of your own consciousness," like the German's camel.

The "Seventeenth-street building" held the Knickerbocker Kitchen, and here evening after evening was a gorgeous tea-party, and many an abused digestion yet remembers in ghastly dreams their waffles, and oley kocks and other monstrous Dutch superstitions. "Mr. Oily Nose dreamed that a rhinoceros slept upon his stomach," and the "Animated Nature" would hardly furnish forth beasts enough to describe those which haunted the dreams of the Modern Dutch Republic, after their attempt to emulate the virtues of their sires.

ANON.

WHAT A SOLDIER SAID.

Along one of our most crowded streets, at high noon, an old gentleman in a genial state of mind was asked by a stalwart youth in Uncle Sam's suit, a direction to a place not far off. As the old man turned to point the way to the soldier, he noticed with pleasure his stout frame, honest face, and manly bearing, and a feeling of pity thrilled him for the hitch in that right leg of the bold boy, as he stood there leaning on a cane.

"What part of the country do you come from?" asked the old man.

"Rhode Island, sir."

"How long have you been in the army?"

"Five years in the Rhode Island —th, and never knew what it was to be sick an hour."

"You walk lame."

"Shell, sir, ripped up right leg at Spottsylvania, 16th of May: but I was taken care of almost the minute I was knocked over; caught up in arms, carried away, never asked 'was I wounded?' or, 'where was I wounded?' but they took me and put me right straight through like men, did them Sanitary boys, and I thank God I learned in Little Rhody the sense of being grateful when I ought to be. I tell you what, sir, you've done big things in Philadelphia in a big-hearted way, and your Refreshment Saloons and this big Fair you're carrying on now for the boys are piling up a crop of good feelings for you all over the Union."

"Have you got any money?" asked the old gentleman, slightly excited.

"No, sir, and didn't have occasion for any. They have done everything for me, and given me everything I wanted since I left, wounded. Besides, I have money due me, which I can draw in a few days."

The old gentleman deposited a greenback in the waistcoat pocket of Uncle Sam's son, with the remark, "Take it, my boy; it's always a good thing to have about you."

"Well, sir, since you will have it, I will take it. It's just one proof more of what Philadelphians will do when they take it into their head."

They shook hands, and parted.

HOW THE SANITARY IS WORKING IN THE FIELD.—No. 2.

[From our Correspondent with the Army of the Potomac.]

WHITE HOUSE LANDING, June 3, 1864.

Arrived at this place before noon to-day. The shrill whistle of our little "Guy" had invited to the landing quite a party of employees of the Commission, who sought the papers and more private mail matter with much eagerness. The approach to the Landing presents a busy scene. The winding Pamunkey, with its stirring fleet, the tented villages on the shore, and the trains of wagons carrying forage and supplies, the naked chimneys of the historic old "White House," and the flags of the country and our country's Commission, give to the whole view quite an unlooked-for appearance of life and earnestness. The flats on the opposite shore, with the low forests behind stretching northward a considerable distance, indicate the home of Pamunkey Indians, quite a tribe of whom still remain. So much for the "situation." The cargo was delivered to Mr. JOHN ANDERSON, and the Relief Agents were received by Mr. FAX, both of whom are completing the organization of their respective departments as rapidly as the continued fluctuations of the time and circumstances will admit.

This is the "Water Base" of the Army of the Potomac. It is supplied with stores from the Washington and Baltimore depots.

The vessels employed for transportation and storage are—

1st. The Kent, a steamer of 250 tons.

2d. The Elizabeth, a large and commodious transport, whose name and reputation are already historic in the service of the Commission during the Peninsular campaign.

3d. The Governor Curtin, a most energetic tug-boat, which is as distinguished among the craft of these Southern rivers, for promptness and certainty, as is the good Governor whose name she bears.

4th. The barge Kennedy, which is used as an issue-boat for the supply of requisitions.

5th. The barge Hoboken, for the shipment of forage.

6th. The schooner Ridley, now lying at Norfolk, laden with onions and pickles, awaiting orders, either from this "Base," or from that in the army of Virginia and North Carolina.

7th. The Guy, already noticed in my letter of yesterday.

A yawl and row-boat, for harbor service, complete the list of the Commission's chartered vessels.

Thus the supplies come to the Water Base. How are they stored and distributed? They are placed in the hands of a storekeeper-in-chief, who has two assistants. One assistant issues the goods and another records the requi-

sition, so that they are enabled every night to make up their stock account, by which the Chief of the Department judges of the pressing and probable wants, a requisition for which is forwarded to Washington daily, where it is filed, so that, at either office, the issues and amount of stock on hand may be determined.

There are forty wagons in the service of the Commission, with the needful number of horses and teamsters. Seven of these belong to the army proper, thirty-three are engaged in transporting supplies to the front, and bringing the wounded from the front to the base.

The Auxiliary Relief Corps are stationed at the base, receive the wounded as they arrive, visit and distribute in hospitals and on boats, and assist generally at feeding-tents, and in all places and ways that they may be useful.

Such is an outline of the mercantile phase of operations. The machinery, when at work, works well. When in repose, its completeness and efficiency must be apparent. The people can alone look at the picture, they can only conceive of the plan as presented by their reading and reflection. How it works, and the good it does, it will be my purpose to demonstrate in future communications.

Allow me to speak of the character of the men engaged in the relief work, and, indeed, in all branches of the service at this base. By all who receive their attentions the testimony is given that, for intelligence and a high standard of morals, with not a few rare instances of self-sacrifice and devotion, the gentlemen who have given themselves to this work have but few superiors. There are but few writers among them, and many real workers. Work is the order of the day, and of every day. But little is said abroad, too little, of the earnest, high-toned gentlemen who are thus employed in doing good to the soldier, to the country, and themselves, by their voluntary service in the army and for the army.

However, they do not court celebrity or glory, like those whose calling is that of arms, but give their whole souls simply to the doing of good for its own sake.

Yours, &c.,

J. P.

LOYAL LADIES' RESIDENT IN LIVERPOOL.—Since our notice of the Department for New Jersey, the committee has received from the "Loyal Ladies' Resident in Liverpool," a large box containing a valuable addition to the collection of fancy articles.

IT IS CURIOUS what a different effect death and nomination to public office have on a man's character. In death all his bad qualities are buried; in politics there is a general resurrection of them.

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