

The Oregon Sentinel.

PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY MARCH 26, 1864.

VOL. IX.—NO. 10.

O. O. F.—Jacksonville Lodge
No. 10 holds its regular meetings on Friday of the first week in each month, and on Saturday of each intervening week, at the Masonic Hall, at 11 o'clock P. M. Brothers in good standing are invited to attend.
Geo. B. DORRIS, N. G.
Geo. P. FINE, R. Sec'y.
Trustees—Jas. M. Sutton, Henry Dealing and H. Dorris.

Warren Lodge No. 10, A. F. & A. M.
HOLD their regular communications on the Wednesday Evenings on or preceding the full moon, in JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
ALEX. MARTIN, W. M.
H. Bloom, Sec'y.

OREGON CHAPTER NO. 4, OF ROYAL ARCH MASONS, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Will hold its regular communications on the First Saturday Eve. of Every Month. All sojourning Companions in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
W. H. S. HYDE, H. P.
L. Sachs, Sec'y. Dec 27 '62

JACOBS, & RUSSELL, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Office opposite the Court House. All business committed to their care will be promptly attended to. July 29, '62.

B. F. DOWELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Will practice in all the Courts of the Third Judicial District, the Supreme Court of Oregon, and in Yreka, Cal. War Scrip promptly collected. Oct. 18.

J. GASTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Special attention given to collection cases. June 19, 1863. 49

GEORGE B. DORRIS, NOTARY PUBLIC FOR JACKSON COUNTY.
Office with B. F. Dowell, Esq.

J. S. HOWARD, SURVEYOR & CIVIL ENGINEER, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Residence near the South end of Oregon street. January 2, 1864

PETER BRITT, Photographic Artist,
Is prepared to take pictures in every style of the art, with all the late improvements. If pictures do not give satisfaction, no charges will be made. Call at his new Gallery, on the hill, examine his pictures, and sit for your likeness.

G. W. GREER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Office between Express Saloon and Ryan, Morgan & Co.'s Store.

L. SACHS, S. SACHS, SACHS BROS.'S WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

BRANCH STORE, PHENIX, OREGON.

DUGAN & WALL, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Brick Building, Cor. Front & F streets.

CRESCENT CITY, CAL.
Will attend to the Receiving and Forwarding of all Goods entrusted to their care, with promptness and dispatch. Consignments solicited. Merchandise received on storage.
Crescent City, April 11, 1863. 15
N. B.—No goods delivered until the freight charges are paid. D. & W.

To the Traveling Public,
My Ferry on North Umpqua River is closed for two years from this date, Feb. 8, 1864.
F. R. HILL,
Willam, Feb. 10, 1864, 1627 w 8

The Sanitary Commission.

In nothing does the Sanitary Commission more palpably exhibit its competency for the office it has assumed than in its celerity of movement and its spontaneity of action in every exigency. No matter where a battle may be fought, its surgeons and nurses are sure to appear instantly with needed supplies; no matter what difficulties may stand between it and desirable results, or how slightly other bodies may move, the Commission moves forward always with a swift and steady pace, overcoming all obstructions with a resolution and faith in itself which holds all things to be possible in the name and service of humanity. The work performed by the Commission at Chattanooga strikingly illustrates this truth. The battle of Chickamauga, it will be remembered, was fought unexpectedly; the means of communication were, moreover, very limited, neither land nor water routes meeting the sudden exigencies of the service; the depots of supplies, too, were far removed from the scene of action, inasmuch that for a time the army suffered materially from the want of rations; but notwithstanding all this, long before the battle had ceased and the shattered columns had found pause in their bloody work, the nurses of the Commission were at work on the field, performing just the service demanded by the occasion. Within ten days after the action, two thousand packages of sanitary stores were distributed. This illustrates the promptness and availability of the Commission. Another fact illustrates with equal emphasis its thoroughness. The battle of Chickamauga was fought on the 19th and 20th of September. Between that time and the 17th of November, seven thousand additional packages and boxes of staple battle stores, such as stimulants, fruits, vegetables and clothing, were forwarded for the relief of the sick and wounded.

Probably in no considerable battle since the commencement of the war have the wounded been so well and promptly cared for as at Chattanooga. The agents of the Commission were everywhere. They fitted up rooms for the reception of the suffering, supplied them with clothing, bandages and cibles, procured and put up stores, dressed the wounds of those requiring immediate assistance, and superintended also the cooking of the rations for the men. On the second day of the battle these agents made comfortable nearly two thousand men, doing what it was impossible for the Government to do. One incident will clearly attest their usefulness and efficiency. Returning from the field on the evening (Sunday) of the second day of the fight, one of the principal agents found the steps of a church in Chattanooga, where services had been held during the day, crowded with wounded men. Entering the building, he found the whole interior filled with a congregation from the battle-field, crippled with every variety of wounds, with no medical or other officer in charge, without food of any kind, without water, and without even a candle to send a glimmering light over their destitution. The agent at once carried a quantity of concentrated beef to a house near the church, and there prepared immense cauldrons of soup, which, with candles, bread and water, the nurses carried to the sufferers and distributed, all receiving the gifts with the most grateful satisfaction. The next day they were supplied with vegetables and other food; comforts, shirts and blankets, were provided for the destitute; medical assistance was furnished, and hundreds of lives that would, but for this timely intervention, have been lost, were saved to the Nation, to share in the triumphs of liberty through long years to come.

The services rendered by the Commission agents after the recent battles about Mission Ridge were no less important than those already rehearsed. Stores to the value of \$75,000 were distributed within a week after the battle, and hundreds of instances are recorded showing the benefits of its noble work.

The gallantry of our men in the assault upon Mission Ridge is attested by hundreds of incidents which came to the knowledge of the Commission workers, as they toiled in the wake of the army. A few of these may be recited here. A soldier falling in the difficult ascent, and lying with a shattered shoulder, thus urged forward two comrades who had halted to carry him to the rear: "I'm of no account; don't stop for me; for God's sake push right up with the boys;" and on they pressed, leaving him in his bloody vestments, more royal and grand than kingly purple. At another place a colonel, toiling up the mountain, encountered two brothers, one wounded and the other bending anxiously over him. The colonel, not seeing at first, the fallen man, ordered the other to move on. "But this is my brother," he said with a sob in his voice. The poor dying fellow on the ground rallied in an instant: "Yes, that's right, George; go on, go on!" George, turning a sad look on the dying brother, clasped his musket and crowded on, fighting bravely until the summit was reached. Then, hurrying back, he knelt again over the prostrate brother, but he was dead; in the tumult of the battle his discharge had come, and calmly, gladly he had been mustered out and gone home.

At the first line of rifle-pits, in the grand advance of our columns, the Colonel of the Forty-first Ohio Regiment fell, terribly wounded. A General rode up as he fell, exclaiming, "I hope you are not badly wounded?" The Colonel only said, "Do you think we will make it, General?" "I do," the General replied. "Then," said the gallant fellow with a smile, "I can stand this." And there, perfectly content, he remained while the battle throbbed and beat along the hills, with the shouts of the ascending heroes "speaking to him comfortably" now and then through the din.

In the charge upon the second range of rebel works a captain fell, and two men came to his aid. But he would not suffer them to remain. "Don't wait here," he cried; "go back to your places. One useless man is enough; don't make it three." Just then a cheer floated down the mountain, as some new success was achieved by the resistless columns. "Don't you hear that?" he cried. "March!" And away went the loitering soldiers, leaving their captain where he fell. With such a spirit animating rank and file, rousing to sublimest heroism in the hour of peril, what wonder that all dangers are overcome, all opposition beaten down, and the flag of the nation carried lustroously wherever duty points the way!

A prominent and most useful feature of the Commission in its work among the soldiers is its Hospital Directory, which was originated in a humane desire to supply a record of the inmates of army hospitals, whether becoming such by disease or from wounds received in battle, in order to meet the inquiries of the friends of the soldier unable to obtain any knowledge of the name or the locality of his hospital. The benefit, however, conferred by the Directory has not been merely to friends of the soldier, but also to the soldier himself, he coming, as it has, a medium of communication for husbands and mothers searching for husbands and sons; a channel through which has flowed messages of love, and cheer, and hope, more grateful to the fevered brain and agony of wounds than the tenderest care of surgeons and nurses. The total number of names on record in this Directory on the 1st of December last was 513,437; the total number of inquiries 12,884; and the number of successful answers rendered 9,263, or seventy-two per cent upon the number received. In these nine thousand two hundred and three answers lies a history which only the Day of Final Assize can reveal. But the gratitude with which their receipt is acknowledged is not hidden nor concealed. Mothers write of "their undying gratitude" for the simple announcement that their boys are doing well in hospital; others "invoke the bless-

ings of God upon the labors of the Commission;" while others still declare that while life lasts they will cherish warmest memories of the service it has rendered.

Incidents illustrating the usefulness of this Directory might be cited by the volume. A few, however, of the more entertaining will serve our purpose here.

A poor woman from Wisconsin, whose husband and son were in the ranks, learning that the latter was wounded at Look-out, made her way to Louisville, whence she was sent by the Commission agents to Nashville. Owing to the interruption of railway communications it was impossible to send her further front, and the Nashville office accordingly telegraphed to the Commission agent at Chattanooga for information. The next day, which was Thursday, it was answered that her son was severely wounded, and had been placed in a hospital which was subsequently captured by the enemy, in whose hands he then was. It was sad news, but better than none. It was communicated to her as kindly and gently as possible; but gently as the intelligence was imparted, it almost drove her frantic. Several times during the day following she visited the office to hear more, but there was nothing more to tell. And so two days more slipped away, each a blank. The suspense became terrible. Was he alive? were his wounds cared for by the rebels? was he dead? Such were the questions which the poor mother dinned constantly into the ears of the agents. "Oh that I could hear!" she cried. "Even the worst would be better than this suspense." At last on Sunday night the words so prayed and waited for came. It was this only: "Dead." It was a terrible blow. A very agony of grief settled upon the mother's heart, and for hours her sufferings seemed beyond all human endurance. After a time, carrying her great sorrow with her, she went away; but the next morning she returned to the office, but calmer than before, and said, pointing to the flag over the door, with tears in her eyes, "That flag is doubly dear to me this morning. It has cost me something." Her means were exhausted, and the Commission defrayed her expenses home. Think you the memory of its work will not be forever side by side in her wounded heart with recollections of her boy slain in the battle's front?

One day a clean, stout-faced farmer from Danvers, Massachusetts, appeared at the Nashville office, seeking information of his son. He was furnished with passes, and, with necessary directions, sent on his way. A few days afterwards he returned, carrying a sword and haversack, and with a long white box in his care—a very quiet box, but very precious to the old father. The sword and haversack were his sons, and the son's corpse was in the quiet box. It had been recovered through the agency of the Commission Directory; but for that there never would have been in a Danvers churchyard the headstone which tells now to the days as they go the story of that farmer's sacrifice in the country's cause.

Another illustration of the value of this Directory is furnished by the following incident. On the 12th of November the following inquiry from a northern city was received at the Nashville office: "Sanitary Commission. Answer immediately. Is Henry Ford, Company F, Thirty-fifth Ohio, alive? Hospital 13—FATHER." Inquiry was at once made at the Nashville hospital, and this answer promptly returned: "Henry Ford, Co. F, Thirty-fifth Ohio, is alive—slightly better; says, Tell father to come as soon as he can." Thus father and son were brought together, as they probably would not have been but for this Directory.

Some of the scenes witnessed at the offices of the Directory at Washington and other central points are touching in the extreme. Thus, at the Washington office: A father presents himself—a strong man, and still young in years—asking for news from his son. The record is referred to—the boy is dead. The announcement, coming with the

suddenness of a bolt from heaven, goes with sharpest agony to the father's heart, and he steals away weeping, with a shadow on his life that only the sunrise of some great hope can ever brighten. Another, with white face and trembling voice, pressing to the office desk, begs for information of his boy: "He was a noble fellow! no father ever had a better son; can't you tell me something of him?" He is told that the "boy" is in a hospital but a little distance off; he grasps the hand with both of his, tears running down his cheeks the while, and without uttering another word, leaves the room. Still another comes—a woman, who with almost breathless voice exclaims, "I want to find my husband! I have not heard from him for months! Can you tell me where he is?" His name and the number of his regiment is ascertained, and the answer is promptly returned, "You will find him at Lincoln Hospital." A momentary shade of incredulity appears on the anxious face; then, turning her full eyes, swollen with emotion, she gives one look of gratitude—a full reward for years of labor—and in an instant is in the street, flying with swift feet to embrace the husband of her love. Thus, day by day, the varied scenes go on, each new incident adding fresh testimony of the value of this admirable system.

At the Louisville office scenes equally affecting have been presented almost daily, ever since the advance of Rosecrans from Murfreesboro. One day an old man from Northern Ohio entered the office. He had traveled the long distance to meet his son, and applied at the office, as he had been told to do, for direction to the hospital in which his boy was quartered. While the clerk examined the books, the old man chatted of his son and home, telling of the different articles in his carpet bag, placed there by mothers and sisters at home; each had sent some little comfort. He was all animation and hope, possessed of pleasant anticipations of a speedy meeting with his boy. Also for his high hopes! the record said, "Died"—that very morning. It was a terrible shock, but it was better than to grope on in the dark, never knowing how, or where, or when the son of his love had been called away. He had found his boy; it was a consolation to look into his face even though the death-dews were upon it. So slowly and sadly the old man went away, a clerk going with him and procuring a coffin for the dear remains, with which that same day he started for his Ohio home—in which, henceforth, one voice would be missed, one step would nevermore be heard on the threshold.

A sprightly young wife appeared one day at the Louisville office, asking to have a dispatch written for a permit to visit her husband in Nashville. The clerks turned to consult the records for his name, which she at once pronounced a useless delay—"she knew he was in Nashville, and all she wanted was a dispatch written, and would be obliged for as much haste as possible." "But," said the clerk, "are you quite sure he is in Nashville?" "Certainly; nothing is more certain." "You would have no objections to meeting him here?" the clerk inquired again, his eye resting on an open page, with his finger at a particular name. The woman flushed, as if annoyed, "You are playing with me, sir. Will you give me the dispatch?" "No, you will not need it. This 'abstract' will please you better. These are directions where to find your husband—a few blocks off," the clerk rejoined, a smile breaking over his face. With one look to be sure that she was not the victim of deception, the young wife darted away, and a few minutes afterward found that, after all, the one she sought was not in Nashville, but right within reach of her loving arms. Had she not gone to the Directory, possibly she might have procured a pass to Nashville and gone, or failing in that, might have gone home without seeing her husband at all, leaving him among strangers, longing through day and night for a glimpse of the face which made the sunshine of his home.