

New York Times, 21 May 1864, p.9:

OUR WOUNDED AT FREDERICKSBURGH.

What the U. S. Sanitary Commission is
Doing.

Correspondence of the New-York Times:

FREDERICKSBURGH, Va., Wednesday, May 18, 1864.

Thank God for the raising up of the United States Sanitary commission—for the great fairs, and the willing hearts and hands that have put money into its treasury. Few of the contributors not actually in the field to see for themselves, can begin to appreciate the real good being done with their money. Those of us here both see and feel, as we take our frequent day and night rounds among the many thousands of wounded men who crowd the floors from basement to attic, in hundreds of houses in this city, to say nothing of the hospital camps in the field. Over 150 of us are at work here, each in his appointed district, embracing sundry smaller houses, or parts of churches, etc. To show the character of the work, and how the supplies are dispensed, I give from my memorandum book the items for only three hours past, and I am but one of a hundred and fifty engaged in the same way, and working 18 to 20 hours a day. (There are on my beat several surgeons and a well soldier for each five to twenty wounded, who draw upon the Government rations, etc. *Our work is only supplementary.*)

My three hours' dispensations—Warm, clean woolen shirts and drawers, one or both, to thirteen men having none, or only those blood-soaked or badly dirt-soiled; arm-slings to seven men wounded in the arm or shoulder; crutches to 4 men having wounded legs or feet (many more needed;) ring-pads or cushions for eight, who are compelled to lie in one position until a sore is produced, these are to shield the sore spot or to place around a wound on the back, and are very useful; six pillows for wounded heads, or to support stumps of amputated limbs; socks for nine men without any or having only those soaked in mud; cotton head-dresses for two men lying near windows, whose hats were lost in battle; a pair of slippers for the blistered feet of a man who was otherwise able to walk; tea or prepared coffee, with sugar and condensed milk, to some thirty or more; soft bread or crackers to a like number who are unable to eat “hard tack;” cooked farina, with flavoring extracts, to several needing this; milk punch, or brandy and water from my canteen to those exhausted by surgical operations or in wound-dressing; left with nurses four cans of condensed milk, twelve lemons, a paper of cocoa, some dried fruit, some bandages and lint, a can of preserved tomatoes and a cup of pickles; gave paper, envelopes and pencils to those able to write home, and took memoranda from either who are unable to write, for whom I will prepare letters to-night; gathered into my haversack twenty or thirty letters ready to be mailed; gave out some pipes and smoking and chewing tobacco to those longing for this, to them a luxury. All these things were drawn from the central stores and tents of the commission here as wanted, part of them being carried along in haversacks slung over my shoulders. In the same round, I have noted to be supplied, as soon as we can, 3 bed-pans, 5 urinals, 21 blankets, (for those without any, or

having only one to lie upon,) 40 to 50 clean shirts and drawers for those already badly soiled, sponges for 9 rooms, brooms for 10 rooms, 6 pails, towels, as many as possible, &c., &c. So much for one-sixth of a single day's work on the part of only one out of 150 men similarly engaged.

The above are only to meet the first and most pressing wants of the wounded. When we recall how much we can do for *one* wounded man at home, we can appreciate the demand where it is desired to do all we can to comfort thousands upon thousands of brave fellows, distant from home, and lying packed on floors or in tents, without even bedding or change of garment. Last midnight a long train of ambulances came from the enemy's lines, bearing famished men. Quickly our "Relief Corps" were [sic] passing along the train, carrying hot coffee, crackers, milk punch, &c., and these trains were almost constantly arriving from our own lines. At Belle Plain, whither 10,000 to 12,000 wounded have already gone on foot or in army wagons, a portion of our Relief Corps are [sic] at work, night and day, with coats off and sleeves rolled up, giving to all that come in coffee, tea, punch, food, &c., as most needed—some at the feeding stations, others visiting those unable to leave the wagons, bearing with them great coffee-pots filled, cups, canteens, baskets and haversacks loaded with comforts.

Thirty-two heavy wagons and 130 horses, purchased by the commission, are engaged in hauling the commission's stores to Fredericksburgh and to the front, where other relief-men are caring for those unable to be moved at all. Two steamboats, two barges and two schooners, costing over \$500 per day, are bringing forward stores from the ample stock gathered at Washington, Baltimore and elsewhere, in anticipation of the present emergency.

I only speak of this particular branch of the service which has come specially under my own observation. The work is done faithfully, carefully and energetically, mainly by those whose hearts are in the enterprise, and who will take no fee or reward. There is a paid corps of men trained to act as nurses, and to advise in the dispensation of the stores by the minute-men or temporary volunteers. Teamsters, porters, etc., are required in considerable numbers.

After the above brief epitome of *what* is doing and *how*, and with what good results, does any one regret the work or money he or she has given? Does not every one feel like doing *more*? The funds raised at a few points seem large; but what is all this among so many, and over so wide a field? Let us all keep on doing. The good work of the commission will only be limited by the means supplied. For one, I am exceedingly gratified at being able to help administer directly to the wounded, and I also feel that every dollar I have given is a rich treasure placed where it is yielding me most glorious returns, in giving direct solace and comfort to those noble heroes who fall fighting for our country, for me and mine.

ORANGE JUDD.