

diers' heaven, and his general blessed weight's-worth of glowing gold to all who knew the dear old man, — all these illustrate that there were noble possibilities within the reach of even the not generally venerated army sutler.

Of the army "doctor" I veritably believe I could write several books. We all know something of the exceptional medical upstart who apparently would prefer that the patient should die rather than that a point should be yielded respecting the traditional battle between the "flap" and the "circular" mode of amputation. I well remember our prompt horror of a certain corps of medical cadets who, after that awful battle at Fredericksburg, came down to the front in all the glory of gold lace, inexperience, and bottomless assurance (all in full allopathic proportions), and were protected from instant assassination solely by the fact that they came on a chartered steamer and flourished under the ægis of special permits from the surgeon-general's office in Washington. Their campaign was brief, even if glorious, when they returned to appall spinster listeners at the dinner-tables of their Washington boarding-houses. Presently we felt safer, when authority and facilities returned to the noble surgeons who were loyal and royal men before the war began. How often have I seen their sterling worth admitted and their wondrous skill demonstrated at the field amputation-table, as when a wounded commander's eye that flashed in battle an hour ago meekly and obediently sought the sympathetic face of the skilled surgeon upon whose hands and sympathetic verdicts hung the literal issues of life and death. It is ten times more easy to lead a charge than to assume surgical responsibility when men like Baker, McPherson, Lyon, Kearney, Sickles, and other Achillean heroes fall desperately wounded. Yet I have seen these calm surgeon arbiters minister to patriots amid showering bullets, screaming shell, the rush of a panic, the confusion of advance, or the plucky half-

despair of a retreat. It is singular if our old song, "Come and get your quinine," is omitted when soldiers meet. What bundles of significant issue — and tissue, too, for that matter — are shadowed forth in a character-sketch like that immortal song! The very fact that all commanderies and posts sing it now, reveals some of its interior meaning. I have measured at times a total of almost half-bushels of the pungent delicacy; and while the boys' wry mouths were regaining their puckered powers to whistle, I have heard the "doctor" solicitously weigh the probabilities of saving his charges from invasion and destruction by malarias, fever, typhoid pneumonia, or the gastric plagues that shade from simple ague and chills to dire yellow fever. I have felt the joy of a morning report, "All well and present for duty," and have shared the field hospital's midnight watches when an epidemic of typhoid pneumonia had prostrated hundreds, and was claiming dead dozens of daily victims.

That experience made plain several points not so clear before the war: First, protracted camps cost more lives than do the most sanguinary campaigns; second, the surgeon who preserves average health in a command in camp excels even the most accomplished master of the amputation table; and, third, the skylarking, wakeful and nervous city boy-recruit can out-march, out-watch, out-fast, out-dissipate, and out-endure the rural soldier, and can come up smiling to renewed exposure and hard blows which utterly back down and break down and disable his comrade from the farm. The majority of our soldiers were from the country, while the skylarking city men were a host in more senses than one. Between the two our poor doctor had his hands full. The abundant temptations of the cities and towns overcame the bucolic volunteer; and the delights of abounding green corn, melons, and immature fruits and vegetables were too much for the urban roisterers to whom living fields of green corn, melons, or other tempting edibles were