

SOME REMINISCENCES OF A CONFEDERATE SURGEON

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In accepting your very kind invitation to read a paper on the experience and difficulties encountered in the performance of the duties of a surgeon in the Confederate States army during those frightful four years of passion and carnage when the people of the different States, North and South, irritated to a point of exasperation by years of political strife incited by both politicians and fanatics, seemed to have insanely divested themselves of mutual forbearance, and of that spirit of compromise which alone rendered possible constitutional union at the very beginning of our national life, and rushed madly into internecine war, I have done so reluctantly and with great hesitation, being not unmindful of the unique position I was to occupy in addressing this body of distinguished physicians whose reputation for medical scholarship and general scientific attainments is not confined to this city of Philadelphia, now as ever in the past a great centre of medical science, nor to the great State of Pennsylvania, but is known to the remotest parts of our greater country and to the world.

I have, however, consoled myself in remembering that wherever my travels have carried me in quest of knowledge, at home or abroad, I have ever, whether provided with credentials or without them, found the most courteous treatment from my medical brethren; and I believe that I shall now, in this poor attempt to relate what I may on the subject to be considered this evening, receive and indulgent criticism.

There are but few authentic publications remaining from which to draw and to substantiate any statements that may be made. the archives of the Confederate Surgeon-General's Office with their priceless records and reports from surgeons in the field and from the numerous hospitals established throughout the South for the reception of the sick and wounded, were all consumed in the conflagration that destroyed so great a part of the city of Richmond upon its evacuation in 1865.

While that great work, the *Medical and Surgical History of the War*, published by the Government of the United States, describes many cases of wounds of Confederate soldiers falling into the hands of Federal surgeons (some of whom have been made the subjects, at least by one of your number, of most interesting fiction), the number has been necessarily limited; but could those burned reports have been saved an immense amount of data, accumulated in the course of those eventful years in that office, might have added much to the statistical value of those volumes. There was published under the auspices of the Surgeon-General's Office, in Richmond, a monthly medical and surgical journal, containing much of interest to the medical officers. There were eighteen numbers of this journal issued, but I have been unable to collect them all, and I shall then have to rely chiefly upon memory, and, though

more than forty years have intervened, I shall not call upon imagination for aid. Some years since, Dr. Joseph Jones, while Surgeon-General of the Confederate Veterans' Association made a most laudable effort to obtain from the Southern State governments and from living ex-Confederate surgeons some positive data as to the number of troops and of the wounded; but the information thus obtained, though considerable, was mostly of a fragmentary character.

From the evacuation of Norfolk, in 1862, to the day before the surrender at Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865, I had kept a diary in which almost daily entries as to occurrences, not only in my own command but in other divisions of the army, obtained from the chief and other surgeons, were noted, especially as to the casualties of the skirmishes and battles, from Seven Pines (Fair Oaks), May 31, 1862; the battles around Richmond in June and July; of the skirmishes on the Rappahannock; in the campaign against Pope and preceding second Manassas. Here I was detailed to collect and care for the wounded of this advance. A vacant but roomy and open church building was secured and these men were gathered in, their neglected wounds cleansed and dressed, splints made and applied, and under water-dressings principally, a hospitable neighborhood having supplied us with everything in the way of food and delicacies. There were but few deaths from mortal wounds, the other cases making excellent progress to recovery. One of these men had been shot through the right lung at Manassas, and with little or no surgical attention had trudged all the way back to our hospital on foot. He suffered but little from difficult breathing, was always cheerful, and soon returned to duty, fought in subsequent battles and is still living and gaining his own livelihood without a pension.

Securing transportation for these patients to the general hospitals, I rejoined the army just after it had recrossed the Potomac after the battle of Sharpsburg (Antietam). The diary notes of the march of the army from the valley, over the Blue Ridge to the neighborhood of Fredericksburg. In the cold, frosty weather of that fall hundreds of our men, many reared in plenty and even elegance, had no covering for their feet other than sandals made of the fresh hides of the cattle slain for their food, fastened by thongs, the hair being inside next to the feet, tolerably comfortable while they were still moist, but galling to the feet when dry and stiff. There were interesting notes of the battle of Fredericksburg, of the great battle of Chancellorsville, of the march again northward into the valley and of the battle of Winchester, of the entry into Maryland and thence into Pennsylvania, where I was astonished to see on the march so many thousands of fighting age in citizen's dress apparently unconcerned about the tragedies of the war and perhaps doing their fighting by proxy; of the battle of Gettysburg, and the leisurely return of the unsuccessful army to Virginia; of the forward movement of Lee to attack Meade in October, 1863, and of that officer's hasty retreat towards Alexandria; of Meade's return to Culpepper, and of his flanking movement to find Lee again across his path at Mine Run, and where Meade again declined battle and recrossed the river; of the incidents in winter quarters of 1863-4, when the younger and men of the artillery of Hill's corps, to which I was now attached, and nearly all of whom expected to return to college again if not killed in battle, sent to the University of Virginia for text-books, had regular hours for study when not engaged in military exercises, and at night by the light of fatted-pine torches (candles not to

be had), when mathematics and Latin and Greek authors were studied with deep interest under the supervision of our chaplain, himself a scholar of no mean pretensions. Joining these classes, I soon found that after a long neglect of the classics the effort to construe Horace was no easy task, especially while seated on a log, and by the light of a pine-knot.

My diary also contained notes of the following battle of the Wilderness and its casualties, and of the fire which toward its close swept through the tangled mass of undergrowth to the right of the plank road, and, spreading over the late scene of conflict for miles, almost blinding the moving troops with its dense smoke and incinerating numbers of the dead and helplessly wounded lying amongst its mazes.

Here I may mention an incident. Grant, after the fighting of May 6th, moved off by his left flank. Our cavalry in following came upon one of his large field hospitals with many wounded, and among them not a few Confederates who had been shot down in the charge upon this part of the Federal lines. My friend, Surgeon C.W.P. Brock, went forward to collect our wounded in his field hospital. The surgeon in charge finding himself and assistants captured, inquired of Brock whether he intended to take away his medical supplies, and was informed that the Confederate government did not make war on the sick and wounded, that he only wished to remove his own men and the facilities for doing so. Brock at once paroled the Federal surgeons and men. In return for what he considered such generous treatment he presented Brock with quite a liberal supply of what he most needed. Another incident here. A sergeant, McBane, of Ypsilanti, Mich., fell into Brock's hands, having been mortally wounded by a shot through the bowels. Brock was obliged to tell him that he had but a few hours to live. The sergeant asked Brock to do him a favor, to take possession of his money and portable effects, and whenever he could to transmit them to his old mother. This was done by the Confederate surgeon upon the first opportunity by flag of truce; received by her and acknowledged by a letter of thanks some months later. I may also note here that the rations of our army during the winter and spring had been scant. Beef was rarely dispensed. One pound of flour or cornmeal with one-third of a pound of bacon or pork, with such vegetables as the men themselves could obtain, constituted their subsistence. At the beginning of the campaign, though the men were hopeful, cheerful, and ever ready to march or fight, many were anemic and scorbutic. Out of seven leg and thigh amputations in one command, May 6th, six died within a short time, while out of seven other shot fractures dressed and secured for transportation by long splints, six recovered after more or less tedious confinement.

The scene now changed to Spottsylvania Court House, where Lee again interposed himself across the path of Grant, and the great battle of May 12th, when Hancock's corps under cover of early dawn and fog desperately assaulted that famous angle occupied by Johnson's weary men (many of whose guns were stacked during the night while they rested, and the barrels of which filled with water of the heavy rains that so often succeeded the heavy firing of battle, were almost useless at the time most needed) and captured nearly the whole division with its guns. The line being soon readjusted it was thereafter held. It has always been a mystery to me how these brave assailants ever got those captured guns to the rear, as the roar of musketry

and artillery was continuous at this point from early morn till night. This assault, or series of assaults, by Grant's men rendered ever memorable this salient where was done the fiercest fighting of the war.

The surgeons were kept busy for several days. Amputations and resections were numerous, the latter of which were in many cases remarkably successful.

Grant now crossed a force over the North Anna River, but finding us in battle array, recrossed, only to meet Lee again at Cold Harbor, where his army recoiled from the slaughter of his columns charging upon the hastily constructed earthworks of Lee's wan and worn men. Here our losses were comparatively light, though my own immediate commander was severely wounded and my young and gallant friend, Lieut. Rives, one of the winter-quarter students, was killed. To show the concentration of the fire at one point on our line, one of Poages' gun carriages was marked by one hundred and forty-odd bullets and all of his horses of the exposed batteries killed.

The diary told of Grant's change of base by crossing the James; of the long siege of Petersburg with its many flanking battles and some daring assaults; of the battle of the Crater and its hand-to-hand fighting and where bayonets were freely used, and finally of our retreat towards Amelia Court House, only to be disappointed in getting food and supplies previously ordered to be at that point; of our continued march or retreat toward Appomattox Court House. Many a time since then would I have given thousands to have saved that diary and the exact facts it contained, but alas! it was also burned with my supply wagon on the evening of the 8th of April, 1865, the evening before the surrender. I had many rough experiences during the four years of the war, but that evening brought to me the climax of disaster.

My, first duty after entering the service of the State of Virginia, in April, 1861, was at the post of Craney Island, five miles below Norfolk. It was soon well fortified but never attacked by the U.S. naval forces, as was Sewal's Point just opposite and a little below us. The post was healthy, and but little sickness occurred and also little excitement until the naval battle of Hampton Roads, in which the Confederate ironclad "Virginia" (Merrimac) sealed forever the fate of wooden war vessels. My first military surgery was done on the evening of the eighth of March, when for the time being I became a naval surgeon, by boarding the Confederate gunboat "Beaufort," Capt. Wm. H. Parker, to treat her wounded of that day's battle. These men, after receiving their dressings, were soon conveyed to the naval hospital. The killing and wounding on this gunboat occurred while receiving the surrender of the U.S. frigate "Congress," and was done by Federal troops and the shore batteries after that ship had surrendered.

In the early spring of 1862 some thousands of militia went to the department of Norfolk to be drilled and fitted for the ranks and field service. Like all troops drawn from country localities, in a short time hundreds came down with measles, which in the depressed and homesick

condition of these men soon became very fatal and complicated with a form of jaundice and erysipelas. The medical officers of the adjoining camps, completely worn out by the constantly increasing numbers of sick, who were dying in spite of their efforts, appealed to the chief surgeon to be relieved of this extra duty. In casting about for some one to undertake this task, Dr. DeLeon came to our post and entreated me to volunteer, as he averred he was unwilling to issue a peremptory order to such disagreeable duty. I at once told him I would volunteer provided he would honor any requisition I might make, to which he assented.

I found on proceeding to the camp and hospital where the cases were, a plentiful supply of food and medicines. I now sent in my requisition for a barrel of whiskey and the best band of music in the department, to be under my exclusive control. The men were in a desperate condition, ill and hopeless. After a few days' illness a yellow tinge would first appear on the forehead, soon spreading over the face and followed by the blistering of erysipelas. Some were moribund. Separating the worse cases from the others, I went from bed to bed with a bucket of milk toddy and such other stimulants as were necessary; had the band play cheery tunes almost hourly in the grounds, and tried to cheer and encourage them with the assurance that the worst features of their malady were over and that they would soon be well again. From the third day after taking charge there were no more deaths. here was an example of psychic therapeutics practiced forty-four years ago, and which is at the present day said to be entirely of recent origin.

I may mention that at the battle of Seven Pines, May 31, 1862 my command reached the battlefield late in the afternoon, after wading through water in the roads and lowlands from two to three feet deep with which the heavy rains of the day previous had flooded the country. We soon came upon the camp of Casey's division of the Federal army, which had been defeated and driven off in the morning's fighting. The abandoned purveyor's tent, well stored with medicines, liquors, dressings, and other appliances, amazed us, and being fair prey our surgeons soon replenished their depleted supplies.

A grape-shot after rebounding from sapling to sapling, expending most of its momentum, had entered the skin of the neck of a soldier at the thyroid cartilage and passed around to the nucha, from which it was extracted without doing serious injury to the man.

After this battle, in which General Joseph Johnston was wounded, General Lee having taken command of the army, the troops were ordered to resume their former positions. Our losses at Seven pines were 4,798 killed and wounded, but little less than the Federal loss, and shows how hotly contested was the fight. Our wounded were rapidly transported to Richmond in all sorts of conveyances, from a one horse cart to the family carriage, as we had not yet been furnished with a complete supply of wagons and ambulances, as was subsequently done by our army's great quartermaster, General N.B. Banks.

There were numerous large tobacco warehouses in Richmond, the most commodious of which,

together with the old Exchange Hotel, were converted into hospitals for the care of these wounded. Another interval now elapsed, both sides preparing for the struggle that was surely to come. McClellan now greatly extended and strengthened his lines, and shipped to the rear his large numbers of sick, for his advance up the peninsula was attended by thousands of cases of malarial fever and intestinal disorders.

We also suffered from these causes, as many of our unacclimated confederates came down while traversing the marshes and slashes of the Chickahominy. While lying behind earthworks about two or three feet in height, erected just within a body of dense woods, and having in our front a field about a third of a mile in width, on the far edge of which the picket lines were established, and between which and those of the Federal army there was frequent and annoying firing, I shall never forget these cold June nights preceding the battles around Richmond. Sunshine rarely penetrated the shades of these woods. On one occasion I was sent across the muddy field in our front to attend two men on the picket line reported as being poisoned. I found the men sick from frying their food on a newly varnished spade. In returning to our lines I took the York River Railway, accompanied by a drummer boy who carried my field knapsack, in order to avoid the mud of the field. We had scarcely gone two hundred yards when a Federal battery heretofore concealed opened down the railway. Each side of the railway was too steep and slippery to ascend, so we quickened our pace to get under cover of quite a sharp curve in the road to escape the shell. The first shot went over our heads, the second fell short, but the third struck the knapsack in the right hand of the drummer and whirled him around violently into the ditch, doing little harm to the boy, but playing destruction to the knapsack. We were now not long in getting around the curve. On another occasion while here a severe fusillade broke out on the picket lines and demoralized men came in reporting our lines broken. The General's aides had been sent off on other duty, and being near him, he ordered me to get to the front, ascertain the real condition, and report to him. I merely remarked as I went that this was novel duty for a surgeon, trudged through the mud in the darkness, and expecting to be shot every minute by the excited men for a Yankee, soon found both ends of the broken lines, urged the officers to close them up, and returned to report, and received an apology from the General for having sent me on such a unpleasant duty. In all subsequent engagements he cared for my personal safety by directing me to a sheltered position when the firing became hot, that I might perform my duties with more serenity of mind.

It would be out of place here to describe the series of battles around Richmond from June 26 to July 2, 1862, ending with Malvern Hill; the daring attacks of Lee's forces, or the splendid resistance under Fitz-John Porter, who commanded the Federal right wing. Having in these battles always to attack the most skillfully constructed field works and abatis, the Confederates were the heavier losers, the capacity of our hospitals was fully tested, being soon filled with wounded by shot and shell, and the skill of our surgeons was now to be demonstrated. They had become more expert in their art, and worked faithfully day and night until all had received the aid of the best surgery that day could devise. The best and most skillful operators in the South were called in to assist and advise the officers of the hospitals.

These improvised hospitals, originally intended for the manufacture of tobacco, the comfort and solace of the soldier and sailor, as soon as the summer heats succeeded, became infected. The severely wounded began to show evidences of putrid conditions - erysipelas, gangrene, etc. Many were lost, but an astonishing number slowly recovered. The Confederate wounded were also received and treated in many private residences in Richmond, which policy, owing to its manifest danger, was afterward discouraged. The intense local congestion preceding those conditions was in many cases sought to be controlled by ligaturing the principal arterial supply of the parts affected, initiated by Dr. Henry F. Campbell of Georgia, who was complimented by Dr. Druitt on the procedure. The operation proved beneficial in a number of cases but not in all, as the later view of infection would readily explain.

Had the illustrious Pasteur, who was engaged during this war, 1861-1865, in proving to the world *the truth* of his theories of the causation of fermentation and putrefaction, in demonstrating the agency of germs in such processes, established his facts a few years before, how many brave men of both armies, might have been saved to their country! Oh! what war he had to wage, chemist as he was, but destined to become the greatest revolutionary every known in medicine, against the French Academy of Medicine, the very men who should have commended instead of bitterly opposing him. How slow were medical men in Europe in comprehending Pasteur's great argument. But one great man across the channel, Lister, listened with a receptive mind to what was stirring scientific medicine in Paris, inaugurated a system of treatment (1867), and, creating antiseptic surgery, was not long in publishing his successes to the world (1869-70). Yet so little progress had Pasteur's established truths, and Lister's methods, which were instituted as a consequence, made in France itself, that in the first battles of the Franco-Prussian war (1870) its teachings were entirely neglected, and a horrible mortality amongst their wounded in battle followed and the fetor of suppuration and gangrene was recognizable wherever they were. France now felt in that brief but terrible war of heartless conquest all the bitterness of defeat.

So conservative are the leaders in medicine, that notwithstanding Pasteur's work in 1860 and 1865, Lister's experiments and reports in 1869-70, and Tyndall's great lecture in 1873, giving full credit to the French scientist, and his second public lecture in 1871 on "Spontaneous Generation," reiterating his faith in Pasteur's experiments, still Dr. Pepper, whom we all revere for his scientific acumen, in his *System of Medicine*, published in 1885, treated the whole subject of germ causation of disease as *sub judice*, and only publicly acknowledged his change of belief in 1893.

To return from this digression. The experience of this summer of 1862 with infected hospitals led to the erection in Richmond of capacious open pavilion hospitals built of lumber, allowing at every point free access of air. The Howard Grove Hospital had a capacity of 2500 patients, Camp Jackson 2500 cases, Chimborazo Hospital 7800 cases, and Camp Winder 7800 cases. These hospitals had divisions, each for 100 patients, with a surgeon and as many assistants as were necessary for each division. The Richmond Almshouse (capacity of 500), was the

hospital for the Federal prisoners. One of these hospitals was also established in Manchester, opposite Richmond. The old Seabrook warehouse alone was retained as a distributing hospital.

Until the latter part of 1863 the supplies of quinine, chloroform, and other medicines were quite sufficient, and only subsequently, when blockade running had become irregular and finally suppressed, did our sick and wounded really suffer for the proper supplies. Then it was that barrels of decoctions of the various indigenous tonics, containing whiskey enough to prevent fermentative changes, were distributed in lieu of quinine, from one fluidounce to two fluid ounces being the ordinary dose, repeated as necessary in intermittents and as a tonic. Having always had an eye to future scarcity, I had systematically economized and was rarely without either quinine or whiskey and chloroform. One gallon of whiskey and an ounce of quinine, and such chloroform as was actually needed, were the monthly allowances for a regiment or battalion.

In fact from the fall of 1862 till the surrender, the Army of Northern Virginia was an extraordinarily healthy body of men, though often worn out, with insufficient food, sometimes ragged and shoeless, but always willing to do their utmost. The opinions of all the Confederate surgeons with whom I have consulted coincide in the statement that the percentages of losses in our hospitals since 1862 were much less for all classes of wounds than those reported in the U.S. government *Medical and Surgical History of the War*. All of the Confederate surgeons were examined by a board as to their qualifications and re-examined for promotion. The incompetent were finally gotten rid of in this manner. Battle wounds received in winter were less successfully managed as a rule than wounds in summer. These remarks apply more particularly to the Army of Northern Virginia, but it is well known that the armies of Johnston, Bragg, Hood and others were under the care of many of our most competent surgeons having equal facilities for supplies.

In Chimberazo Hospital between 40,000 and 50,000 cases of wounds were treated during its existence as a hospital. In it there was never a case of gangrene and but little erysipelas; not a case of smallpox ever developed in its divisions. It had a system of force-pump baths accommodating 300 men at the same time. It also had hot sulphur baths for skin diseases, in which the camp-itch was successfully treated. Smith's anterior splint was generally used in shot fractures of the thigh, but when unmanageable by this splint the leg was simply extended and thus retained so that the dressings could be frequently changed. It was the custom of all of these hospitals to remove all and every threatening case out into tents. Vaccination was constantly practiced in all hospitals. There were provided at Howard Grove Hospital accommodations for smallpox cases when they occurred. Out of the number of wounds treated as above mentioned at Chimberazo eight thousand died, during its existence - a moderate mortality. When medical supplies were becoming scarce the Surgeon-General, S.P. Moore, had laboratories established, two being east and one west of the Mississippi, where medicinal extracts of excellent quality were manufactured and castor oil and peanut oil were made in quantities, the latter as a substitute for olive oil. Shot wounds of the skull, sometimes

appearing insignificant, where no fracture could be discovered and operation was deemed unnecessary, often resulted in death from cerebral abscess. Surgeon Porcher, of South Carolina, edited and published under the same auspices, an invaluable epitome of the choicest medicinal plants and roots of the Southern states, including the mode of curing and preparing them for market and their therapeutic value. Under the same auspices was published in Richmond, a small volume on operative surgery, to which was appended correct wood-cuts illustrating almost every practical operation likely to occur in military surgery, including the various amputations, the ligaturing of arteries and resections, which were briefly but clearly described. This book was sent gratuitously to every Confederate surgeon, and was very much appreciated by them.

Chemical works were established at Columbia, South Carolina, under the charge of Dr. Julian Chisholm, and were beginning to demonstrate their value when Sherman made his practically unobstructed march to the sea, during which remorseless destruction was the order of the day, and Columbia with all it contained was destroyed by the torch.

I omitted to mention an interesting incident, occurring during the siege of Petersburg, while General Butler was endeavoring to dig his canal at the great bend of the James River at Dutch Gap, to save six miles of circuitous navigation below Richmond, Poages' battalion of artillery was sent to the river bottoms on the right bank of the river to annoy his work by shelling his excavating machines. The battalion of four hundred men was thus engaged for five or six weeks, in July and August, 1864, when malarial fevers of every type attacked our men, so that scarcely enough of the whole number could be had to man the two mortar batteries in use upon the banks of the river. There was no quinine issued at that time and the men were treated with decoctions internally and friction of turpentine to the spine and twenty drop doses internally. These cases all recovered. I shall ever thank Dr. George B. Wood for my knowledge of the value of turpentine as a remedy, and especially in typhoid fever, notwithstanding that a later popular author (Osler) dismissed it as being inferior to salol. The fact is that Osler knew nothing of turpentine as a therapeutic agent. While the men were thus suffering with malaria (we knew nothing of the plasmodium then) the horses became affected with blind staggers and many died. Without horses the artillery could not be moved, and they could not be replaced. I made autopsies and found the brains and meninges affected from simple congestion of the latter to abscesses of the former. I became convinced that the same or a similar poison was acting on both men and horses, and rode to Richmond, reported the facts to the Surgeon-General and appealed to him for an issue to myself of a dozen ounces of quinine with which to treat the horses. He at first declined to issue the quinine for horses when he could not issue it for the men. I replied very earnestly that this was a most extraordinary condition which should be combated with every possible available means, and that I should be obliged to report to army headquarters the object of my visit and its results. Seeing the intensity of my conviction he finally relented and gave me the quinine, with which I speedily returned to the bottoms, to drench each horse as soon as the symptoms appeared with one ounce of quinine to the quart of water. But one such dose was given to each sick horse. I am glad to relate that not another horse died, and I subsequently had them removed a mile back from the river to the pines, when

the cases of staggers ceased to occur.

But to continue the disjecta-membra of this ill-digested narrative of my experience. After the Richmond battles, the Army of North Virginia was soon on its way to the Piedmont region again, whither Jackson had preceded us, and at Cedar Run, August 9th, had defeated Pope's right wing under Banks, and as usual gathered the fruits of his victory. When our corps, Longstreet's, was pushing Pope, who had now wisely ordered a general retreat towards Washington, our troops in these forced marches were frequently beyond reach of the commissary wagons. Upon arriving one night at Clark's Mountain to bivouac we were without food, the three days' rations being exhausted. The regimental commissaries had during the day collected many wagons full of green corn from the neighboring fields, the only food distributed to the hungry men that night. Diarrhoea had been quite troublesome on the march, and I feared the consequences. But, strange to say, not a man complained of diarrhoea again for some time. The change of diet worked wonders. After second Manassas, Lee was obliged to leave behind many valuable men, who were without shoes, before entering Maryland.

While skirmishing on the Rappahannock there were frequent artillery duels across the intervening river. On one occasion I found my station near the batteries exposed to an enfilading fire. The roadway to the river had to be crossed before a better one could be secured. Every few minutes a shell would come screaming through the open roadway. Watching the flash of the Federal guns, I ran across safely, but my poor drummer boy followed me too closely, was struck by a shell, tearing and lacerating his left thigh, causing him to sink rapidly into shock and death, giving me great distress as I watched the ebbing away of his brave little life. At the battle of Fredericksburg, Mahone's brigade, to which I was attached, occupied the extreme left of our line and suffered but little, as the heavy fighting was to the right and centre, but I was able to witness the charge of Meagher's Federal brigade against our line at the foot of Marye's Hill, which resulted so disastrously to those gallant fellows. Indeed, it may be said that there are but few instances during the war where American troops, either confederate or Federal, were ever driven out of entrenched positions by direct assault. During the winter and early spring following this battle our brigade was doing outpost duty at the United States ford of the Rappahannock. The cold was trying to man and beast. The roads were execrable and transportation of supplies difficult and irregular, but we managed to exist, the ground hog and wild onions helping out the situation. Much has been said of the inadequate rations served the prisoners at Andersonville, but I feel quite sure that these men were as well and more regularly served than Lee's soldiers on many occasions, who could live on less, march farther, and fight longer without relief than any body of men that ever trod the earth.

When Hooker crossed the river on his way to Chancellorsville, Mahone's and Posey's brigades were the first to feel the sting of his metal. They opposed his advance as long as practicable. A short time after our men became engaged my friend Major Stewart, of the 61st Va., was brought to the rear covered with blood. The breast pocket of his coat, containing his field glasses, had been torn away by a shot, and another had struck the cock of his army pistol

carried in his right hand, and, splitting it into many pieces, had filled his hand and arm with slugs. These were extracted and he returned to the field. In a half hour he was brought back on a stretcher, with shock, his face and hair covered with blood, brains, and fragments of bone. He appeared to be mortally wounded, but upon washing him up, and picking the fragments of bone from his hair, I found no serious wound. A shell had struck a file of men immediately in front of him, killing two men and throwing their brains and the fractured fragments of skull into his face and knocking him down. He soon regained his composure, returning to his regiment, and served gallantly in almost every subsequent battle of the war without again receiving a scratch.

Lee's men in this battle attacking at every step with infantry and artillery the most intricate, well devised, and formidable earthworks and abatis of heavy timber, lost 13,000 men in killed and wounded, while Hooker lost 17,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, 14 field guns, 20,000 muskets and 31,000 knapsacks. Three times the Confederates took these Federal lines, and three times they were driven out by Hooker's brave fighters. The pressure, however, was soon continuous on their front and both flanks, and Lee's artillery so concentrated on his position, now crowded within the confined limits of the Chancellorsville field, that, Hooker himself being wounded, the field was yielded. His left under Sedgewick, who was to have attacked Lee's rear, was now soon disposed of, and the whole Federal army recrossed the river.

Now for some days, while the troops were resting from their herculean labors, the surgeons were the busiest of men, in operating, dressing, and gathering the wounded for transportation to the hospitals. Amputations were done when the wounded otherwise would not bear transportation. Our field hospitals were always selected with a view to a plentiful supply of clean running water.

Not to repeat any reference to the stages of our advance through Maryland and into Pennsylvania, I merely wish to refer to the circumstances of Stewart's crossing the Potomac and making a complete circuit of the Federal army and only rejoining Lee with the information he gathered, and which Lee should have had earlier; only after A.P. Hill, whose corps, which was in advance, had injudiciously attacked and defeated, July 1, 1863, the advanced division of Meade's army, instead of waiting at Cashtown until the other corps of Lee's army were up and in supporting distance, as Lee had intended. The history of the great battle was been written up by competent men on both sides. Both armies were seriously crippled, but it may not be known among you that Lee felt himself strong enough to make another attack after Pickett's disastrous charge had been repulsed, having every field officer in his division either killed or wounded but one, but desisted when it was reported to him by his chief of ordnance that the artillery had expended almost the whole of their ammunition, and which was not replenished until the army returned to the neighborhood of Hagerstown, bringing away with them between five and six thousand Federal prisoners.

In order to have some conception of the magnitude of the labors performed in the field and hospital service by the medical corps of the Confederate army, Dr. Joseph Jones (from whose

report I quote), a surgeon of acknowledged ability and who was detailed by the Confederate Surgeon-General, Dr. S.P. Moore, to investigate camp diseases and the native remedial resources of the South to supply a demand created by medicine having been declared contraband of war. His services in this respect were invaluable and the estimates made by him entirely trustworthy. Losses of the Confederate army 1861-1865: Confederate forces actively engaged in war, 600,000; grand total of deaths from battles, wound, and diseases, 200,000; losses from prisoners during the period, on account of policy of non-exchange of prisoners enforced by U.S., 200,000; losses from discharges for disability from wounds, diseases, and desertion, 100,000.

If this calculation be correct, one third of all the men actually engaged in the Confederate service were either killed outright on the field or died of disease; another third of the entire number were captured and held prisoners of war for indefinite periods; and of the remaining third at least one-half were lost to the service by discharges and desertion. At the close of the war those fit for duty numbered scarcely 100,000 men.

Of this body of 600,000 men, 53,775 were killed, and 195,026 wounded on the battle field. One-third of the Confederate army was confided to the Confederate surgeons for treatment of battle wounds, and the greater portion, if not the entire body, of the 600,000 men were during the period of the war under the care of the medical department for treatment of diseases. To the surgeons of the medical corps is due the credit of maintaining this host of troops in the field. During the nineteen months from January, 1862, to July, 1863, 1,000,000 cases of wounds and diseases were entered upon the Confederate field reports and over 400,000 cases of wounds upon hospital reports. The number of such cases was greater during the following twenty-two months, ending April, 1865. It is safe to affirm that more than 3,000,000 cases of wounds and diseases were cared for by the medical corps of the Confederate States army from 1861 to 1865. It thus appears that each Confederate soldier was on an average disabled by wounds or sickness about six times during the war.

Such records demonstrate beyond dispute the grand triumphs and glory of medicine, proving the physician is the preserver and defender of armies during war.

"The Confederates held during the war 50,000 more prisoners than the Federals held of Confederate prisoners, yet 15,000 more Confederate prisoners died in Federal prisons than Federals died in Confederate prisons" (Wyeth).

"(The whole number of U.S. troops mustered into service during the war 1860-1865 was 2,789,893, or about three times as large as the entire fighting population of the Confederate States. At the time of surrender, and at the close of hostilities, the Federal forces numbered 1,000,516 officers and men, and equaled in number the entire fighting population of the Confederate States.)"

The same authority estimates the number of surgeons and assistant surgeons, including those of the general hospitals, recruiting and conscript camps, at less than three thousand. No accurate estimate of the condition of the surviving soldiers who were disabled by wounds and disease during the war has been made. Some of the Southern States have no records of their men, some have by law given limited pensions, and in several Confederate homes have been established for their reception, but on a moderate scale and maintained mostly by private subscriptions, with or without State aid.

These matchless soldiers accepted the issue in good faith; they returned to their homes, they resumed the avocations of peace, and engaged in building up the broken fortunes of family and country. They have discharged the obligations of good and peaceful citizens as well as they had performed the role of thorough soldiers on the battle field. It has been well said that no country ever produced braver or more intelligent and chivalric soldiers, or more industrious, law-abiding and honorable citizens that were the soldiers who surrendered with the Confederate flag. The earth has never been watered by nobler or richer blood than that shed by those who fell beneath its folds.

The entire Confederate army was made up mostly of volunteers from every walk of life, and the surgical staff was composed of general practitioners from all parts of the Southern country, whose previous professional life, with some conspicuous exceptions, furnished but little surgery, and gunshot wounds were seldom seen. The study of hygiene of vast armies, hastily collected to repel invasion, poorly equipped, and scantily fed; the frightful experience of the wounded upon the battlefield and in the hospitals, presented a vast field for the exercise of the highest skill and loftiest patriotism of the medical men of the South. They responded to every call of their bleeding country and in all arms of the service labored for every soldier, however exalted or low his rank.

When her ports were blockaded, and medicines and surgical instruments and works were excluded as contraband of war, the medical practitioners of the South gave their lives and fortunes to their country without any prospect of military or political fame or preferment. They searched the fields and forests for remedies; they improvised their surgical instruments in many instances from the common implements of everyday life; they marched with the armies and watched by day and night in the trenches; they opposed their skill and untiring energies to the ravages of war and pestilence under all circumstances, during rain and sunshine, in the cold of winter or the burning heat of Summer. In the turmoil of battle, among the flight of bullets and shrieking of shells, the courageous hearts and strong arms of the Southern surgeons were employed for but one purpose, the preservation of the health and limbs of their countrymen. When the end came these officers returned to their desolate homes, resumed their practice, cheered and comforted their distressed countrymen, administered to the suffering, to the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers, and extended their noble and disinterested charities to the widows and orphans of their bereaved and distressed country. "These professional men looked forward to no political preferment by pleading their war records, but were content to serve their distressed comrades, asking and receiving no other

reward than the 'peace which passeth all understanding,' which flows from the love of humanity, springing from a generous and undefiled heart." Among these many surgeons few indeed have been found to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning."

We have seen how these Confederates returned to their desolate homes, for desolation reigned in almost every part of the Southern country ravaged by war, from the beautiful valley of Virginia, where Sheridan is reported to have said that the destruction had been so thorough, that a crow in flying over it would have to carry its own rations; how they had to contend not only with the cultivation of the soil, without means or proper implements, but with changes in the laboring masses, and conditions requiring the greatest firmness and decision to master; how in forty years by their industry and energy they have enriched themselves and the whole country by their contributions to its wealth. If I have dwelt on the spirit of these departed Confederates it is because "*Quorum pars fui.*"

Excuse me for a moment longer for referring to a few statistics of practical value here. The South in 1905 had a population of 25,000,000. In 1880 the rest of the country had a population of 34,000,000. In 1905 the South's railroad mileage was over 60,000, the mileage for the rest of the country in 1880 was 51,000. The South last year made 3,000,000 tons of pig iron, against 4,000,000 for all the rest of the country in 1880, mined 70,000,000 tons of coal against 36,000,000 for the rest of the country in 1880. It made 6,244,000 tons of coke against 3,000,000 for the rest of the country in 1880. It produced 42,495,000 barrels of oil against 26,000,000 for the rest in 1880. The South's capital invested in cotton mills in 1895 was \$225,000,000, as against \$200,000,000, for the rest in 1880. Its immense lumber products were \$250,000,000, as against \$191,000,000 for the rest of the country in 1880. Its annual farm products were \$1,750,000,000, as against \$1,500,000,000 for the rest of the country in 1880. These figures tell of a marvelous progress of development. The progress of the South in the last twenty years clearly indicates that in another quarter of a century it will produce and possess its full share of the nation's wealth. Indeed, I am beginning to fear that our people will become too zealous in the pursuit of material prosperity and fall short, in consequence, of the culture of the humanities, for which they were heretofore noted.

Some years ago I happened to read an article in a journal written by a Northern author of speculative propensities, and perhaps well known to some of your members, in which it was contended that the European races in America showed a tendency to deteriorate after a more or less prolonged residence; that it was necessary to have constant strengthening by the fresh influx of foreign blood in order to maintain their normal condition; that in those sections in which such an influx of foreign blood failed to reach and enrich, this deterioration was more manifest and pronounced.

Now, gentlemen of the College of Physicians, after showing what has been accomplished by the people of the Southern States, both in war and peace, under what seemed almost insurmountable difficulties, a people among whom the Anglo-Saxon blood is less mixed than

in any other part of our great country, and who have not received any marked influx of fresh European blood for nearly two hundred years to freshen and improve its stream owing to circumstances which we may not now be called to explain, is it not fair to attribute to that author an unscientific bias?

The same bias led Mr. Seward to believe that what he called the rebellion would be quelled in ninety days; or that led Emerson, who had been constrained by ill-health to spend a winter in Charleston, S.C. (a city always noted in the past for the hospitality and culture of its citizens), and who had been most cordially welcomed and entertained in a manner corresponding to his merits as a brilliant essayist and man of letters, to say upon his return to Boston, when asked his opinion of the Charlestonians, "that they were as polite as Frenchmen, but barbarians at heart."

Let, then (and I make the appeal to the medical profession as one accustomed to scrutinize every proposition that appeals to them, and to weigh its merits with a scientific mind, avoiding any bias as leading to error and confusion)_, now that we are all parts of an indissoluble union, to respect one another at least for the good qualities possessed by the people of each section of our common country and banish forever those miserable prejudices which have led to so much trouble in the past.

NOTE ABOUT THE AUTHOR: *Herbert Milton Nash received his M.D. in 1852 from the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia. On July 1, 1861, he was appointed Assistant Surgeon, C.S.A., serving with the 9th Virginia and 61st Virginia Infantry regiments and with Poague's Battalion, Virginia artillery. On October 14, 1862 he was promoted to Surgeon, C.S.A.. He practiced in Norfolk, Virginia in 1874 and 1890. Ne died in Norfolk, Virginia on April 26, 1911.*