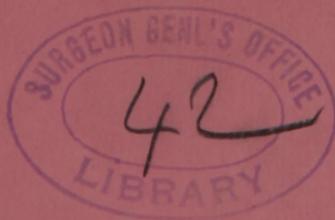


CARVALLO (C.)

TEN DAYS

IN THE

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.





Carvallo.

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IN THE

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC;

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF MY ADVENTURES IN THE FIELD  
DURING THE CAMPAIGN OF JULY, 1863.



RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

DR. AND MRS. THOMSON, U. S. A.,

BY

ACTING ASSISTANT SURGEON, CARLOS CARVALLO, M. D.

APRIL, 1864.



# DR. CARVALLO'S EXPERIENCES

IN THE

## ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

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In compliance with a desire expressed by the Surgeon in Charge of Douglas Hospital, Dr. Wm. Thomson, U. S. A., I have the honor to give in writing a veritable and authentic account of my adventures in the field, whilst on detached duty in the Army of the Potomac :

On the memorable day of July 7, 1863, whilst conversing with the Surgeon in Charge, in his room, an Orderly made his appearance, bringing despatches of the most vital importance. They were papers from the Medical Director, ordering Dr. Holly and myself to the Front. I heard this unexpected change in my future career with the most cordial eruption of unlimited joy, and was inclined to receive the happy tidings with sensations similar to those which the Virgin experienced when it was announced to her by the Arch-angel Gabriel that she was to become the Mother of God. I looked upon it as a Heaven-sent message, and already did I hear in my vivid imagination, the rattling of drums, the noise of fifes, the roaring of cannons, the groans of wounded and dying men, the commands of officers, and believing myself in the midst of a warm contest, so ardent my desire had been for several years past to witness a battle. My enthusiasm, was however, somewhat abated by continual fears that the order might be recalled, and I thereby be deprived of the realization of my long relished hopes. Quite otherwise was the effect produced upon my worthy colleague, Dr. Holly, upon the receipt of this unexpected sum-

mons to our patriotic feelings. This was not what he bargained for, nor did he feel so weary of life that he desired to give it up unceremoniously for his country's cause. He was suddenly attacked with pains in his abdomen (of which heretofore no symptoms had manifested themselves) and the poor Doctor seemed to suffer terribly from mental anxiety as to his personal safety in this hazardous but unavoidable undertaking. His fears were a source of great mirth to my joyous and light heart.

The following morning was employed in furnishing myself with the necessary equipments for this exciting expedition, and in a jubilee of joy and with a light heart did I leave "Douglas," the seat of many happy hours and many pleasant associations, in my new but martial costume, with high-top boots and gauntlets.—Puffing smoke from my cigar, in the Ambulance, did I fabricate castles of smoke, air balloons of unheard courage and glorious actions which I was about to perform, and threw a parting glance at the well known houses and streets, many of which were dear to me from the happy associations connected with them. I exerted myself to find, on the way, acquaintances who might be witnesses of my martial bearing, and who might anticipate the news of my undaunted bravery.

At 3 P. M. we arrived at the Medical Director's Office, where we beheld to our great mortification that our fantastical attire was the cause of universal admiration, criticism and amusement to a crowd of men of different ages; some bald-headed citizen Physicians, dressed in their old-fashioned costumes; young Doctors who appeared fit subjects to commence their college studies, and other rowdy-looking personages, apparently ill-fitted to enjoy the title of our profession. My companion's first remark, after a glance through the room, was that "he did not see a respectable looking gentleman in the crowd," in which opinion I heartily coincided. After a short delay we were allowed to remount the Ambulance in order to be transferred to the Rail Road Depot. Here we met Dr. Antisell, Chief of our little Squadron, which gradually increased to the number of forty-six Acting Assistant Surgeons; among whom we recognized our old friend Dr. Burritt, with his experienced and distinguished colleague Dr. Somebody, both members of the august Committee of Examiners at Convalescent Camp. At 5 P. M., we joined the usual train to Baltimore, having a car exclusively for the use of our fraternity.

Common day conversation, chewing apples and tobacco, getting smothered in tobacco smoke of superfine Habanna cigars, raised in Tenally Town and the neighboring plantations, was our chief occupation until we reached Relay House, where we changed cars and joined a train slower than a mock turtle, loaded with commis-

sary stores, medical supplies, forage, cows, horses, Acting Assistant Surgeons, and pigs. A more heterogeneous mass I never witnessed, a more tiresome journey I hope never to make. A canal boat drawn against a stream, on a bad, muddy road by a bony horse would be infinitely preferable to this tedious, wearisome ride. In vain did the Medical faculty, which was packed up like band-boxes in a crowded, comfortless car, try to diminish the ennui by striking up "John Brown is mouldering in the grave," "Bed, White and Blue," and other similar productions of negro musical talent. In vain did some witty coxcomb appeal to the generous feelings of his fellow passengers by begging for a piece of baked pork and schweizer kase; in vain did a Canadian colleague display his merry humor and extract spells of hysterical laughter from the wretched crowd, for in spite of all efforts we were all miserable; mad with our neighbors for preventing us from sleeping (their tongues were longer than parrots,) with the Engineer for going so slow, with Uncle Sam for giving us such poor accommodations, and with ourselves for being such fools. The passage between both rows of seats was literally obstructed by proselytes of Morpheus, lying in the most fantastic positions, with the legs of one serving as pillow to another, and the feet as a bottle of salts to the olfactory nerve of a third person. No sleep was I destined to enjoy, for every few minutes the train would halt (either because the engine required water or to discharge and obtain passengers) or some brute would slam the door and let a piercing draft of cold air enter the cars.

At 5 A. M. of July 8th, the train was finally obstructed, so that it could go no further, and rather than wait a half day for the anterior trains to move on and give way for us, we decided to foot the remaining four miles to Frederick Junction. Here it was that I first experienced the pleasure of traveling with a CARPET BAG. Not knowing how long my important services might be required, and expecting to be comfortably stationed at Frederick City for at least a month, I had provided myself with complete toilet, which had stretched my valise to the size of an elephant's stomach. I mounted it upon my back, and after a quarter of a mile's walk I had all the skin rubbed off. I then placed it upon my head, but the weight almost drove my caput into the thoracic cavity; I therefore carried it in my hand—continually exchanging sides—until my hands were blistered and swollen and my arms subluxated. I was in quasi desperation; nobody volunteered to assist me, until we tried to manage it by hanging the infernal bag to a stick, held horizontally at the extremities by Dr. Holly and myself, but for the service received I was compell-

ed to take in my free hand his other carpet bag, as also in order to sustain the equilibrium of my body. Finally we got to the bridge across Monococy River, where I met a large number of Contrabands; one I bribed, under promise of a good compensation, to carry my monster of a carpet bag as far as Frederick Junction.—Jonah, when he escaped from the jaws of the whale, did not feel so relieved as I when delivered from this source of eternal molestation in my voyage.

We arrived at Frederick Junction at 7 A. M., where we found another party who had been obstructed in a similar manner by preceeding trains. I paid 75 cts. for a Richmond breakfast, consisting of a beverage of herbs (styled coffee) without sugar or milk, bread without butter and some miserably cooked pork. A Company of the 7th New York Volunteers, in their fancy, gray uniform, was encamped at a few yards distance, on the opposite side of the track. A Private generously invited us to take a cup of coffee, and Drs. Antisell, Holly and myself went to their Camp to accept a soldier's hospitality. A Second Lieutenant welcomed us cordially and gave us seats. He entertained us while the greedy Captain, whose name I have failed to remember, was stuffing himself until he nearly "busted." When he was filled to his heart's content, then, and only then, did he come to offer us some raw bacon and excellent coffee. This we took with gratitude and retrograded to Frederick Junction.

Here the crowd were disputing as to the propriety of footing the remainder of the journey to Frederick City, or to wait until the road should be cleared and take the train at 11 A. M. Dr. Holly and myself joined the former motion and followed the majority of our caravan, which had decided upon trying that species of traveling which Uncle Sam accurately styles "Transportation in kind," viz: our legs. We set off about 7 1-2 A. M., Dr. Holly had two small valises, I had my infernal carpet bag; we hung the latter upon a stick which was held at one of its extremities by each of us, and we both had one of Dr. Holly's valises in the other hand. We were continually changing sides, putting on and taking off our gauntlets—I was overcome, would throw the bag desperately to the ground, and after a few benedictions upon it, I would carry it pending upon one hand and then on the other. I would again pause for a while, then place it on my back, then carry it on my head; I was in excellent humor all the while and hated the man who invented carpet bags. My hands were blistered and painful, my back raw and my head sunken in my shoulders by the pressure of that detestable nuisance—my carpet bag. Finally, when we had reached mid-way to the seat of destination, the train, over-

laden with hospital and army supplies, forage, &c., overhauled us, and we therefore mounted bundles of hay, barrels of pork, barrels of flour, sitting on mail bags and sundry packages; we had a picturesque and amusing ride. We arrived safely to within a mile of Frederick City, when, the road being again obstructed, we were obliged to enjoy another dose of "Transportation in kind" and carpet bag traveling.

Thus "played out" we arrived in Frederick, about 1 1-2 A. M. We directed our steps to U. S. A. General Hospital, where Dr. Weir, U. S. A., Surgeon in Charge, received us cordially and gave us an excellent breakfast, served up by Darky women. Whilst he was providing further transportation for us, we had time to inspect his well conducted Hospital, where I observed that the diet was marked on each man's bed by a moveable card placed in a tin box, of a certain color denoting a certain diet—much resembling a moveable calender—a custom well worthy of imitation. Dr. Holly and myself, as well as others, went also to enjoy a view of the city. We called upon a cousin of mine, who I had not seen for nine years, but failed to find him at home. We passed the window of a very pretty coquette, whom we amused by repeatedly passing her house and kissing our hands to her. The streets of Frederick were literally blockaded with ammunition, forage and transportation wagons, artillery, ambulances, teamsters, government wagons, cavalry, infantry, stragglers and other requisites of a grand army. A more lively, exciting scene I had not yet witnessed. The mud was knee deep, and our clothes and faces were sprinkled with it. I was an initiate in the use of cavalry boots, which had already made my feet sore, and I went to a rebel shoe-maker, who after vainly endeavoring to extract from me contraband news, had the malice to charge me fifty cents for cutting my boots so that they pained me more than before. I was therefore obliged to increase my wardrobe with a pair of large shoes and a Burnside hat. Not desiring to abuse Dr. Weir's hospitality we determined to dine somewhere in the city; eventually we went in corpore to a hotel, where the proprietor, a rebel, refused to give us dinner, under the excuse that he had none. We had to walk a considerable distance before we found a restaurant, where we could obtain something to eat.

At 5 1-2 P. M. we were accommodated in seven ambulances, crammed in just as snug as Darky's in a Methodist meeting house, so that we could not stretch hand nor foot. The road was filled with cattle, army wagons, troops, &c., &c., and represented a lively panorama. We passed some 15 or 20 dead horses, some of

which were being roasted and sharpened our appetites with the delightful flavour dispersed in the vicinity. We passed through Middletown just before dark, and after a second long, tedious ride we arrived at Head Quarters, then at South Mountain, at 11 P. M. The scenery before our arrival was novel and attractive. We found tents thickly dispersed on either side of the road, at irregular distances, in groups—some at the apex of a hill, others at the foot of the same; horses, artillery here, cavalry there, ammunition camps, ambulance camps, commissary camps, &c. All were passed as we rode for nearly four miles amidst the accompaniments of a great army.

We were let out in the road, and waited until Dr. Antisell reported our presence to the Medical Director, he soon returned with the tidings that we might "roost" wherever we thought fit. I was only 100 yards from the Head Quarters of the Signal Department, where I would have been heartily welcomed by friends, but I was then too "green" and sought, with my companions, a soft bed beneath the vast and beautiful canopy of the Heavens. After vainly searching for a desirable shelter we resolved to lay under a large oak tree, whose foliage protected us from the moon-shine. Dr. Holly kindly divided with me his India rubber blanket, and having taken off our boots, we "slept the Soldier's rest." I will not mention what we had for supper that night, for I did not even smell, much less taste a hard-tack.

JULY 10, 1863.—Awoke early, arose and after putting on our boots and washing our face and hands at a neighboring pump, I left my carpet bag in the custody of a man in whose house I had a cup of coffee and some bread at Richmond prices. I therefore went to announce my arrival at the tent of Captain Norton, of the Signal Department, whom I found asleep. Having learned that he did not breakfast until 8 A. M., I told his Darcy that as soon as he awoke he should be informed of our presence and intention to come with a friend to breakfast.

Captain Norton and Lieutenant Stryker, Assistant Adjutant, received us cordially to a hearty meal, and after enjoying a very exquisite ration, we left them to join our colleagues who had assembled at the Medical Director's tent to report in person. I found him in his tent passing orders to groups of four and five Doctors. Dr. Thomson, U. S. A., had kindly given us a hearty recommendation to the Medical Director, requesting that Dr. Holly and myself might be kept together if practicable, but we handed it in after an order had been issued by which we were detailed to different Army Corps. We soon learnt the contents of our various orders and dispersed in various directions as the rays of a reflected light. Holly and

myself parted from each other with a sad heart, well remembering that this might be the last time we should meet on this earth, and each generously desiring good fortune to the other. I, with five others, was detailed to the 11th Army Corps, and ordered to report to its Medical Director—Dr. Campbell—then stationed at Boonsboro'. Ambulances were then going in that direction and after procuring my carpet bag and quarreling with the driver, we got into one and rode to that town.— On alighting our first effort was to find the Medical Director's Head Quarters; we received the most contradictory accounts as to its locality. We walked to the distance of about two miles beyond the town on the main road (which was thickly covered with moving troops) thinking that every barn with a red flag was our seat of destination, but we were repeatedly disappointed.

We returned to Boonsboro', where, after roaming about for some hours, we were informed by the troops of the 2d, 3d, and 5th Army Corps, which passed us, that our Corps were following them. We stood at the door of a church which had just been ordered to be converted into a Hospital, and vainly waited for our long expected Corps. Not knowing the army badges we let it pass unperceived, and after becoming aware of this fact we set off at full speed to catch up to it. I had already been completely overcome by going to and fro, vainly searching for our Head Quarters, with the weight of my bag, and being unable to keep pace with my comrades I ran towards an ambulance which was going in the same direction, and on finding out that it belonged to our Corps, I endeavored to throw my carpet bag into it from behind. This I did not succeed in doing at first, for the ambulance was going on a trot and I running after it. The curtains on the sides were down; after the second or third trial I noticed that somebody's soles impeded the disputed entrance into the wagon. I immediately supposed it to be one of the many insolent drivers or privates of the Ambulance Corps, whose impertinences we had had enough at South Mountain and Boonsboro. I therefore (determined not to suffer any more such outrages to my dignity) threw my carpet bag with renewed force on the rider's feet, he pushed it out however before it had completely entered. I then threw it OVER HIS FEET, when the rider, who had been lying on his back, with his head towards the driver, raised his body up and in quick, angry tones exclaimed:—"Who the devil are you?" I was still running to keep pace with the ambulance, and enraged at the idea of being thus addressed by an ambulance man, I sharply replied in an angry and firm tone—"And who the devil are YOU?" Upon which he immediately ordered me under arrest, and told the mounted Orderly who was

leading his white horse, to make me follow the ambulance in which he was riding. The Orderly was on a slow trot and requested me to walk briskly in order to keep pace to the ambulance. I then made an effort to mount the white and noble charger he was leading, but was very impertinently informed that it was the General's horse and not to dare touch him. I threw my carpet bag to the ground in a passion and swore I would not move another step with it; that if he wanted me to follow him he should take my baggage, as I was too weary and "played out" to be able to move with it. The ambulance had left us considerably behind, and the Orderly seeing he was losing sight of his commanding officer, consented to take my bag; while I, as a convict, followed this mounted Cavalier of an Orderly, walking pretty briskly to keep near him. He was constantly looking behind to see that I did not desert. Several times I was tempted to run off as a fugitive slave from his cruel master, but I reflected that I would thereby be unable to obey the order which I had in my pocket—to report to Dr. Campbell, Medical Director of the 11th Army Corps—because when I should do so I would get caught and doubly punished.

For three hours I dragged myself along a dusty road, under a scorching sun, bathed in perspiration, being exposed to be trampled upon by careless riders. I was tortured during this extra dose of "transportation in kind" with the most harassing thoughts as to what would be my fate. I vividly imagined myself summoned before a Court-martial composed of the General's friends, where charges of disrespectful conduct towards my superior officer would be preferred against me, and that they would be easily proved, and I unmercifully condemned without a hearing or friend, and be dishonorably discharged from the service. These thoughts and presentments were more fearful than the tortures of hell. Was this to be the realization of my dreams of life, the air castles of glory and happiness which I had built during so many dreary years of study and hardship I had undergone in a foreign land, separated from friends and relatives, in order to distinguish myself? Was this to be the reward for so much suffering? This was a cruel destiny! and I confess it, I bore it with pusillanimity. Here it was that I found out how easy it was to get into a scrape in the field and the necessity of keeping cool on all occasions.—The virtue of a soldier is obedience; I was a "green-horn" on military affairs and had given free vent to my Spanish blood, well proving that if a General could get into a passion the national pride of a Spanish descent could also reveal itself, even adulterated in the person of a miserable private Physician, under contract. This

vent of Spanish passion came near giving me some trouble and molesting my future greatness. The exhaustion, faintness and hunger, soon however, dispelled the above mentioned fears, and before I had reached my place of destination all my sentiments had been changed into despair and indifference as to my future.

At about 3 P. M. we came to a halt and there I had an exchange of courtesies with the General, through his Aid-de-camp. I was interrogated as to my name, position and occupation. I informed him that I had orders to report to Medical Director Campbell. He gave me permission to present them to Dr. Campbell, to whom I related the circumstances of my arrest and requested him to arrange the affair, which he kindly did. He spoke to the General and obtained my release. I was then ordered to join the Ambulance Corps of the 3d Division, 11th Army Corps, and await further orders. I went to the General and notified him of my orders, and after explaining the unintentional mistake I had made, I was excused and received permission to obey the orders I had just received. I immediately rejoined my comrades in the ambulance and related to them my adventures. I soon forgot my past troubles under the influence of the great friend of all in distress—whisky.

Now it was, oh Whisky, that I became acquainted with thy mighty faculties of giving strength to the body and courage to the soul; now it was for the first time that I recognized thy dominion over mankind, and perceived how thou soothest the misery of the wretched and giveth courage to the brave. I soon felt under thy benign effects as if I could fight ten thousand Brigadier General's. I also perceived that it awoke the generous feelings of my ambulance driver, for as long as I provided him with good Kentucky whisky he would mitigate my wolfish feelings with hard-tack. Oh! what a reform in my career! Until then I had been deaf to the calls of Bacchus, and though often urged upon by Washington friends to touch the "Balsam of Life," I had always refused stubbornly to acknowledge his sway over the human race. I therefore have to thank this, my adventurous campaign, for the acquaintance with "Massa Whisky."

But to continue. The Ambulance Corps halted on a neighboring hill near the turnpike road, and the men pitched their tents, whilst the troops continued their march forward. I was informed by the Lieutenant in command of our Corps that he and several of his men were about to go several miles further to see a skirmish which it was reported was in progress not far in front, between the 3d Army Corps and the Rebels. Constant roaring of cannon, not unlike distant thunder, and

interspersed with the sound of musketry, confirmed the report. We at a quick pace soon overhauled the weary troops of our Army Corps, which was marching, it was said, to reinforce the above mentioned 3d Army Corps, which was supposed to be in action.

I was so eager to witness a conflict that in my excitement I lost sight of my friends, and passing artillery, infantry and numerous ambulances, I went diagonally across wheat fields with numerous stragglers and detached soldiers, in order to reach the front. After six miles of fast walking and running I came to a prominence where the Head Quarters of the 3d Corps were located. Here I beheld for the first time a most beautiful and novel military display. The vast mass of soldiery, comprising one and a-half Army Corps, were drawn up in line of battle on a range of hills, formed in a semi-lunar shape; the infantry below protected by cavalry, and the artillery overlooking both. The Rebels were at some distance, in their rear was a dense forest behind whose lofty tops the sinking sun was beaming its last and most beautiful rays. I arrived too late to see fire, for on the decline of the sun the Rebels fell back into the woods and our troops slept under arms. After saturating my sight with this charming scenery I felt the annoyances to which human frailty is heir to—hunger and thirst—without means of satisfying either; tired and debilitated I arose from my revelry and found myself among thousands of men, busy in cooking coffee, enjoying their night's rations or asleep; in vain did I search for a sympathizing countenance of whom I might beg a hard-tack; disconsolate, weary and hungry, did I march six miles back, often halting from exhaustion, to my Head Quarters, where with difficulty I obtained a cup of coffee and some baked pork, and after smoking my pipe and relating my adventures, I laid down in a most comfortable tent in company with the two Lieutenants of the Ambulance Corps and my five companions.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1863.—Remained all day encamped awaiting orders; four of my comrades was ordered off to different Regiments on detached duty, Dr. Ensign and myself alone remaining. Troops were continually passing to and fro on the main road; some going front to re-enforce their companions, others returning to the rear to rest themselves. I met Capt. Norton, of the Signal Department, who was going to join General Meade's Head Quarters at Antietam.

SUNDAY, JULY 12, 1863.—At 9 1-2 A. M., received orders to report to Surgeon-in-Chief of 2d Division—Dr. Britton—for duty with the 134th New York Volunteers, which was 2 1-2 miles up the road. I went there in an ambulance and

Dr. Britton received me cordially and ordered me to report to the 1st Brigade Surgeon, Dr. Van Arnum. The latter ordered me to report to Dr. Hoagy, Assistant Surgeon of the 134th New York Volunteers. I found him with his Regiment, lying under a tree. I had walked upwards of two miles to his camp and hardly had sat down to rest my weary limbs before the Regiment received marching orders, and Dr. Hoagy politely informed me that the Quarter-Master was many miles in the rear and consequently he could not possibly accommodate me with a horse; he further advised me to walk back to the ambulances, which were two miles in the rear, he kindly gave me however, an Orderly to show me the way and assist me in carrying my bag. The latter prevailed upon me to buy a piece of torn blanket for which I paid him three dollars.

I reached the ambulance of the Regiment quite exhausted, but had considerable difficulty in obtaining admittance. I had a pass to ride in the ambulance from Assistant Surgeon Hoagy, and insisted upon mounting, but the driver contended that he had received positive orders not to allow any one to ride without a pass from the Brigade Surgeon. At last Dr. Van Arnum arrived and put a stop to "transportation in kind" for a while.

At noon we rode through Funkstown, the Rebels had been there in the morning and stripped the town of all eatables; it was pouring "pitch-forks," the troops were literally soaked in water. I was ravenous from hunger, and devoured hard-tack as the greatest delicacy I had ever tasted. At 5 P. M. we passed the celebrated stream and bridge, the seat of McClellan's great victory. We encamped for the night on the summit of a neighboring hill which had two days previously been the scene of a cavalry skirmish. I witnessed the unceremonious burial of a dead rebel—a ditch was made and he was thrown in head foremost amidst the joyous laughter of our men, who appeared never to have had as much fun in their lives as when they heard the crash caused by the poor fellow's head being driven into his body by the fall. The brains of another Rebel besmeared a large stone which was covered with clotted blood, a letter, scabbard and other souvenirs of one that once was; it was reported that 20 to 30 dead Rebels were lying in a corn field in the vicinity. Volleys of musketry of skirmishers were plainly audible at a mile and a-half distance, and we could sometimes see the flashes and smoke in the out-skirts of a woods. A Rebel shanty was converted into the Head Quarters of our Brigade Surgeon; the owner had an immense quantity of fowl and little pigs, which were being confiscated indiscriminately by officers and soldiers. I, perhaps

more "green" than others, prevailed upon the Rebel owner to sell me a pair of turkeys for two dollars. After they had been paid for I went with a stick trying to knock them down. In the mean while guards had been placed to protect the Rebel's property and one aimed his musket at me, ordering me to stop the pursuit of my purchased property. In vain did I expostulate with the guard my right to obtain my two winged animals, but he was as obstinate as a mule; I therefore had to get the Rebel to go with me to the Lieutenant of the guard and certify that I had paid for the turkeys. I then obtained permission to pursue them. The turkeys however, seeing themselves in the mean time, so nobly defended by Union troops, had begun crowing and fled in triumph. I, exhausted from running so much, offered twenty-five cents to some soldier for the delivery of each turkey, and I at last obtained them after paying the bounty of fifty cents. It rained very hard and there was lightning all night. I slept in the Lieutenant's tent and had a fine repast of turkey for supper.

MONDAY, JULY 13.—Had a "bully" turkey breakfast and to my great surprise and amazement, only a-half turkey was served up; on demanding of the cook to bring in the other better half, he informed me that he had eaten it as his portion for the trouble of cooking it.

Cloudy this morning. A barn fifty yards from our tent was fitted up as a Corps Hospital. Twenty-one Surgeons reported for duty. The amputation table was spread and everything was in readiness; only seven patients made their appearance. Wrote several letters and went to Funkstown on a foraging expedition, having borrowed a horse for that purpose of the Lieutenant of the Ambulance Corps. I visited Dr. Holly at the Post Office in Funkstown, where he is lodging and courting the ugly, plump, Dutch-faced Post Master's daughter. He was gay and lively—quite a different man to what he was at the outset. Having assured himself that he was out of reach of danger, his sudden colic pains left him, and he was in very good spirits. I, on the contrary, who went off in such radiant spirits, was despondent; all my courage had failed me and I fell into a deep state of lethargy and indifference. I begged from door to door like a miserable mendicant, trying to buy fresh bread, for I saw groups of privates with butter, eggs, fowl, bread and other eatables, they were experienced hands in the art of Foraging. At some houses I found Rebel inmates, who had locked their doors and closed their window shutters, and who no sooner beheld my Federal uniform than they slammed the door in my face, others did not open at all, and still others, more charitably

inclined, informed me they had not a crumb of bread to their names. I at last found an army Suttler selling eatables to soldiers at exorbitant prices. I purchased several loaves of bread, a box of sardines, a bottle of mixed pickles and some cheese; thus loaded with the trophies of my expedition I returned to Camp where all participated of my feast to such a degree as not to leave a particle for the morrow.

TUESDAY, JULY 14.—At 9 A. M., received orders to be ready for the march at 11 A. M. All the sick and wounded were sent to Frederick city. We passed Hagerstown and were very kindly greeted by hosts of handsome Union ladies who waved their handkerchiefs and cheered us. In its outskirts the Rebels had built extensive breast-works and fortifications which they had abandoned. It rained very hard during the march.

At 5 P. M. encamped three miles from Williamsport and heard that the Rebels had escaped the day before, having forded the river. As the Lieutenant of the Ambulance Corps had expressed some very ominous remarks as to our partaking of his mess too freely, I determined not to abuse his hospitality, and sought in vain for shelter from the rain in other quarters. After roving about in the mud for over an hour I endeavored to obtain permission to sleep in one of the Ambulances, but found them all crammed in with the drivers and their friends. As the ground was completely saturated with water, and it was still raining hard, I found no other resource than to steal some hay, lay it UNDER an Ambulance, cover myself with my blanket and lay there. I was hardly dosing when I felt the snout of one of the horses (which was attached to the wheels of the Ambulance) endeavoring to rob me of my mattress and pillow and making a supper thereof. In vain did I seek to get more in the middle and reduce my bulk to half its dimensions, with the hope of being left in peace, but the horses and mules were indefatigable in their efforts; they pulled here and kicked there at such a rate that the peace of my mind, if not personal security, was endangered, and I retreated in search of a more peaceful if not a more comfortable shelter.

After walking three-quarters of an hour in a violent rain and wading knee-deep in mud in the dark, another Doctor, a private and myself arrived at a barn which we found packed with men so that we could not have found enough square inches to make ourselves a grave. Finally we came to another barn whose doors we with difficulty forced open and found protection from the inclemency of the weather and a plank for our bed. Here I was very contented for I was out of reach of both rain and hungry mules.

## DR. CARVALLO'S EXPERIENCES

WEDNESDAY, JULY 15.—Awoke at 5 A. M., and hastened our steps to rejoin the Regiment in time to obtain some breakfast, not having had any food (except coffee and hard-tack) since the previous morning, but to our great dismay we found that the troops had departed a-half hour previously. We ran as fast as our weary and stiffened limbs would take us, and after some time rejoined our Regiments.— We mounted the ambulance and obtained some hard-tack for breakfast. We marched back much disheartened. Our men were constantly cursing their officers for having allowed Lee to escape through their fingers untouched. At 11 A. M. we passed through Hagerstown and took our dinner some miles distant therefrom. We were marching towards Middletown. “Why?” was the universal question, which none could dissolve. We passed South Mountain by a side road, the turnpike being obstructed with troops.

This day's march, under a scorching sun, I will most probably never forget; the Ambulance became so full of venomous and dirty soldiers that we preferred taking “transportation in kind.” I walked nearly all day. We encamped at 6 P. M., this side of Meyersville, where I succeeded in buying a little fresh milk, which was as manna sent from Heaven. Here I met Dr. Ensign and prevailed upon him to accompany me to that Village in order to obtain lodging there. Before arriving there however, we came to a farm house, here we asked for something to eat and shelter for the night. They gave us a hearty supper for twenty-five cents and invited us to sleep in their barn; this we found filled to repletion with stragglers and others, and were about to leave in disgust when we met a Darky, who invited us to a bed in his negro quarters. His wife was consequently driven out of her bed and transferred to another room in order to furnish accommodations. My feet were so swollen and painful that I was afraid to take off my boots in dread of not being able to put them on again, so I jumped in bed with my shirt and boots.

THURSDAY, JULY 16.—We gave the negro (who was a slave) twenty-five cents each for his hospitality and hastened to our Head Quarters which again was on the move, so that we lost our coffee and had nothing but hard-tack for breakfast. We passed Middletown and Jeffersonville in the morning. Whilst on the march I borrowed a horse from a cavalry Sergeant for fifty cents, in order to ride in advance of our Corps and obtain a breakfast at a neighboring farm house, which I received on paying for. At noon we encamped ten miles from Harper's Ferry; I paid an Ambulance driver one dollar for cooking me some coffee after he had had his own

supper. I walked one mile to the Commissary to buy some meat (all the men had received meat for three days) but he refused to sell me any—Acting Assistant Surgeons being “nobody.” I borrowed a horse and rode to another Commissary, several miles distance, who sold me three day’s rations of sugar, coffee and hard-tack for two dollars. On my return to Camp my haversack fell to the ground, while riding, and spilt half of my sugar and coffee in the dust.

It again rained like the devil, and not being able to find shelter under a tent I crept under a Sycamore tree; I sat on my carpet bag with my back against the tree with my India rubber coat on and covered with my blanket. Here did I sit shivering and shaking, wet and half frozen to death, meditating how poorly Uncle Sam treated his most faithful men, and how easy it was for one to die of Typhoid fever for his country’s cause, unheeded, unsheltered and unknown. It was a terrible night—the lightning blazed in my eyes nearly every minute, and then could I see how my legs were hourly sinking deeper and deeper in pools of mud and my carpet bag had sunk in the mud so as to bring my body on a level with the surrounding earth. The tortures and exposure of that fearful night will be fresh in my memory all the days of my life. I often thought that I would soon give up the ghost. That night was an awful long one—a premature idea of eternity. I could not keep my eyes closed for a moment though terribly exhausted and prostrate.—Never had I longed with such ardent desires for day. At about 4 A. M. it was still dark but it had ceased raining hard. I arose and jumped into a neighboring brook and bathed myself from head to foot. I tried to put on my clothes but found all the contents of my carpet bag soaking wet—paper collars destroyed, letter paper stained with the dye of my green sash, which was totally ruined. I walked about briskly until the men commenced getting up and making fires to cook their breakfast. I approached these and dried my clothes, my limbs were quite stiff.

FRIDAY, JULY 17.—I, wet, tired, cold and hungry, stood before a fire and saw the men gaily preparing their breakfast after a good night’s sleep—how I did envy them! A Private, because he is an enlisted man, was far superior in rank, station and privileges to an Acting Assistant Surgeon, who, though also under employment of the government, was only a private Physician under contract. For this, it was not until they had finished their breakfast that I ventured to beg for something to eat, for fear of a refusal. Three Acting Assistant Surgeons, tired of this kind of severe treatment, resolved to be relieved from duty. Eventually after

breakfast we started off amidst a violent rain through corn fields, over hills and across valleys to present our petition to Dr. Campbell, Medical Director of the 11th Army Corps. We had to ford a creek, which the rain had enlarged so much that its waters reached a man's breast. We found only a condemned horse near the brook; one mounted him and endeavored to cross over upon him, but the infernal brute halted in the middle of the stream to drink and to look around in amazement. He would not stir, in spite of the kicks and shouts he received from his rider. As soon as he crossed the horse was sent back to us by shouting and throwing stones after him, when another of us mounted. He again felt thirsty and stooped so low that the rider, half out of despair, half involuntarily, fell into the stream and waded the remainder of it. The two remaining companions waded the creek, and we arrived at the Medical Director's, presenting the appearance of half drowned rats. We represented to him our critical position and he informed us that he had already determined to send us back to Washington. Our request hastened his intention and he gave us orders relieving us from duty in the Army of the Potomac, and ordering us to report, without delay, to Surgeon R. O. Abbott, U. S. A., Medical Director Department of Washington.

We consequently hastened with a light heart to our Ambulance Corps, settled our bills and rode to the Military Depot at Berlin, where we saw our troops crossing the river on pontoons. Here we obtained transportation to Washington from the Quarter Master, and awaited the train due at 2 P. M., which conveyed us to Relay House. Here we had an unexpected delay of several hours, which prevented us from reaching Washington until an early hour on Saturday, July 18. On the cars, having requested one of my colleagues to change me a bank note, he kindly swindled me out of several dollars. The hack-drivers in Washington demanded such an extravagant price for bringing me to the Hospital that I determined to take the last dose of "transportation in kind" with my carpet bag, which I dropped like lead on reaching my former room. Next day I reported to Medical Director Abbott, who, through the kind intercession of the Surgeon in charge, ordered me to resume my old duties at "Douglas," the seat of many happy hours and imperishable associations.

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Being on the eve of departing from Douglas Hospital, where I for nearly a year, enjoyed the most uninterrupted happiness and health in my life, I judge it

my duty to express publicly my heartfelt thanks and never ceasing gratitude to Dr. William Thomson, U. S. A., for his incessant kindness, friendly feelings and kind indulgence towards me, as also to his very estimable and distinguished Lady, for the many acts of kindness received from her hands. May they rest assured that my gratitude to them will be a lasting one, and always associated with the recollection of the many happy hours enjoyed in the Douglas Hospital, is the sincere desire of their respectful servant and friend,

CARLOS CARVALLO, M. D.





