

**STORIES OF  
HOSPITAL  
AND CAMP**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649182046

Stories of hospital and camp by C. E. McKay

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**C. E. MCKAY**

**STORIES OF  
HOSPITAL  
AND CAMP**



STORIES  
OF  
HOSPITAL AND CAMP.

BY  
MRS. C. E. MCKAY.



PHILADELPHIA:  
CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFELFINGER,  
624, 626 & 628 MARKET STREET.

1876.

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

E621

M2

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by  
CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFELFINGER,  
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.



COLLINS, PRINTER.

TO THE  
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

**Dedicated**

*TO THE GREAT HOST OF WOMEN*

**GOOD AND TRUE,**

**WHO, AT THEIR HOMES OR IN HOSPITALS, REN-**

**DERED TIMELY AND VALUABLE SERVICE**

**TO OUR SICK AND WOUNDED**

**SOLDIERS.**

1 \*

v

M204177





## INTRODUCTION.

---

IT is now more than a decade of years since the close of that great conflict which, beyond anything else in the history of our country, tested our national character, and by its results gave us a right to call this land a land of freedom. When we say that it was a stupendous struggle, which gave to every man, woman, and child in the country something to do and something to suffer, calling on each to renounce some pleasure and take up some burden, — to surrender the present, the personal, tangible good for advantages that were general and to some extent ideal, — our words do but faintly set forth the reality.

The call was imperative, the stake nothing less than our national life, and the response equal to the grandeur of the crisis. Everywhere throughout the loyal States was set up the altar of sacrifice, and everywhere was that sacred altar glorified by gifts of what we held most precious.

But while we who live to see this day may rejoice if we, too, were privileged to lay some humble gift on the sacrificial altar, shall we be so recreant to honor, gratitude, and

love, as to forget those who gave themselves? Who did not hold life itself too dear a thing to lay down, when rebellion threatened the dismemberment of our Republic. Who were not behind the martyrs of olden time in courage on the battle-field, patience and self-renunciation in fulfilling the new and hard duties of a soldier's life, fortitude under suffering, meekness and submission in the hour of death. Should we not often call to mind the bodily pains and perils, the mental anguish and bloody deaths, through which these grand souls wrought out for us a new national life? And ought we not carefully to teach the children of the present generation,—charging them not to let their children or their children's children forget what it cost their fathers to leave to them a united country; and, to this end, gather up whatever may be within our reach that can render the impression more vivid and durable? It is with a sense of this duty, and in the hope of preserving a few fragments of this most interesting though sorrowful history, that at this late hour I turn to some very inadequate notes of service in military hospitals, and, with such help as memory still affords, endeavor to make them worthy an humble place in the records of those eventful days.

For the active campaign and the battle-field were not always the greatest hardships of a soldier's life. Even on the field of carnage, the perilous picket-line, and trenches, or in long and weary marches, there was that

within of hope, or that without of excitement, to nerve the arm and bear up the spirit to meet the crisis. But with what sinking of heart must a man who was yesterday rejoicing in the glory of an active and adventurous career, find himself all of a sudden lying on the narrow bed of a hospital, maimed for life by the loss of a limb, or with the warm life-current ebbing away through a wound in some vital part? It was here that the true spirit of the Christian martyr arose triumphant and faced, without blenching, the last enemy. Can the records of our Revolutionary Fathers show anything more heroic than this?

My story consists strictly of personal observations and experience, and is but an imperfect record of incidents connected with forty months' service in our military hospitals, during the period intervening between the early part of March, 1862, and July, 1865.

WAKEFIELD, MASS., April, 1876.