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You feel inspired all over again—war inspired—here at Jacksonville. It is all bustle and activity and soldiers, and, what is particularly noticeable at first glance—clean. It is the only town of the south—in my summer peregrinations—where I have not had—from bird's-eye view and alfactory introduction—the inclination to run away from pestilence. This town evidently has a mayor. Your respect goes out to him involuntarily as you note the way in which he keeps house. And you, sensibly, expect to find comparatively little sickness here among the soldiers. You really answer your own question—almost—as you ask about it. You are told, "Oh, five hundred or so"—not bad at all with about 16,000 of the army mobilized here. A little while afterward I was knocked off my feet, as it were, by hearing one of the surgeon-majors say:

"We have so much commutation money in the hospitals we don't know what to do with it—I think we shall have to buy champagne for the soldiers to use it up."

"How much have you?" I asked.
At least \$25,000.

"That means 60 cents a man—you must have considerably more than 500 sick?"

And so they have. On investigation I find that the official list of sick at this morning of visiting is nearer 2,300 than 500, and there are, in addition, 3,000 men away on sick furlough.

The hospital equipment, however, is complete. Lieut.-Col. Louis M. Maus, the chief surgeon of General Lee's staff, has worked and is working day and night. Nowhere have I seen such conveniences for taking care of the army sick as here. Eighty seven trained women nurses are here in the second division hospital, with orderlies galore in attendance; temperature, pulse, and respiration are taken, and sponge baths and tub baths are given, under the same regime as in the best modern private hospitals. Of course the prevailing sickness is typhoid. You hear the same objection to "milk and limewater" from the patient and hear the same suffering in the cold bath from the stricken one whose temperature is persistently above 103 degrees. It would seem brutal—this awfully cold bath—and a part of "war," is lately I had not seen the same treatment given to patients who were paying

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high prices in private hospitals and know it to be life saving. At this second division hospital are operating tents; tents to isolate cases where delirium would disturb others; tents to perform autopsy; special diet kitchens; ice boxes; surgeons' quarters and nurses' quarters; an abundant supply of night-shirts, sheets, and pillow-cases, and mosquito netting, and I must add—flies.

Flies! Flies! It seems incredible, the number of them. With every precaution taken, with nothing left around to attract them, where typhoid is in this climate, there they are, in batches of millions. I asked several surgeons how they accounted for so much sickness at Jacksonville, where apparently nothing in sanitation was neglected. Drilling in the hot sun, the devitalizing in the southern climate and gradually being weakened into the condition that cannot throw off the poisonous germ is the invariable answer.

Miami was condemned as a mobilizing camp before any regiments were sent there. Colonel Maus went there and looked over the site carefully. He brought away a bottle of the drinking water.

Dr. Maus condemned the water as unfit to drink, but Mr. Flagler "won out" in some way and our soldiers went into camp at Miami.

They commenced to die like sheep. They were ordered back to Jacksonville and typhoid has developed continuously among them ever since.

One of the most perfect camps here is that of the One Hundred and Sixty-first Indiana. It is perfectly laid out perfectly "policed," and all refuse burned, and yet the percentage of illness in that regiment is not much less than in others.

A regiment that goes as it pleases is the Third Nebraska—Col. William Jennings Bryan's regiment. It knows no discipline. Yesterday, down town and having a good time, were the officer of the guard and the officer of the day. The regiment was evidently taking care of itself. When roll is called in the different companies men are reported present that are away and haven't been heard of for hours. They are taken sick and have died without receiving medical treatment in places around town, and "unknown" can easily mark their graves. They boast of their ability to run the guard, and look upon discipline as correction or punishment instead of an officer's desire to protect his men from the dangers they themselves, run into.

The officer who is the strictest disciplinarian is the best friend of the soldier. This line between the volunteer and the regular is very distinct. It would take about eighteen months to make first class soldiers—soldiers who respect discipline from the standpoint of its being for their own good—of a goodly share of our volunteer army.