

**THE BOYS IN WHITE; THE  
EXPERIENCE OF A  
HOSPITAL AGENT IN AND  
AROUND WASHINGTON**

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The boys in white; the experience of a hospital agent in and around Washington by Julia S. Wheelock

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**JULIA S. WHEELOCK**

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# THE BOYS IN WHITE.



*Julia S. Wheelock*

# THE BOYS IN WHITE;

THE

EXPERIENCE

OF

## A HOSPITAL AGENT

IN AND AROUND WASHINGTON.

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BY JULIA S. WHEELOCK.

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"Whether on the tented field,  
Or in the battle's van,  
The fittest place for man to die  
Is where he dies for man."

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## P R E F A C E.

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FROM September, 1862, to July, 1865, I was in the hospitals in and around Washington. I kept a journal of my experience, portions of which appear in this volume. The journal was kept for my personal benefit, and not for publication. Much of it was written late at night, when so wearied by excessive labor, anxiety, and excitement, that I would not unfrequently fall asleep with the pen in my hand. I often sat upon a box or some rude bench, and held my book on my lap as I wrote, and now this journal, condensed, is thrown into the lap of the public and of my friends, who have earnestly requested that "The Boys in White" may be embalmed, as well as the "Boys in Blue." My object in going South was to help care for a wounded brother. When I left home I expected to remain only until he became able to travel; but, upon arriving in Alexandria, we found that death had already done its work. A little mound of earth in the soldier's cemetery marked the spot where that dear, almost idolized brother slept, and

thus our bright hopes and fond anticipations were suddenly and forever blighted. I resolved to remain and endeavor, God being my helper, to do for others as I fain would have done for my dear brother. A field of labor soon presented itself which I most gladly entered. Justice to our noble soldiers demands that I should here state that, during my hospital and army experience of nearly three years, I was uniformly treated with the utmost courtesy and respect. I know it was thought and even said by some, that a lady could not be associated with the army without losing her standard of moral excellence. I pity those who have such a low estimate of the moral worth and true nobility of the soldier.

I have sometimes been asked if I did not feel afraid when in the midst of so many soldiers. I can truthfully say that I never knew what fear was when in the army, for I felt that every noble boy in blue was my brother and protector. What cause had one to fear, when brave, heroic hearts and strong arms were ever ready to defend?

Any one, during war's dark hours, whose mission was to do good, was almost an object of worship by those so wholly excluded from home influences. For, if there ever was a time when the better angel of their nature guarded the citadel of their hearts, it was in the presence of woman—when she was a true representative of what that sacred word implies.

I take this opportunity to express my sincere thanks to the officers of the "Michigan Relief Association,"