

REPORT
of
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INSPECTOR OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION,
containing a
DIARY
KEPT DURING THE REBEL OCCUPATION OF FREDERICK, MD.
And an account of the operations of
The U. S. Sanitary Commission
during the campaign in
MARYLAND, SEPTEMBER, 1862.

Published by permission of the Sanitary Commission.



New York:
Anson D. F. Randolph,
No. 683 Broadway.
1862.

FREDERICK L. OLMSTED, ESQ.,
Secretary, U. S. Sanitary Commission:

IN ACCORDANCE WITH YOUR REQUEST, I have the honor to transmit an account of my operations as Sanitary Inspector during the last month. The engagements which crowd so thickly upon me just now, prevent that careful preparation which a report, including incidents of such deep interest to every American, should receive from the reporter. The best that I can do is to give you as faithful an account as my diary and recollections, and the reports of other officers of the Commission, will enable me, in as few, words as possible, deprecating all criticism of its style and finish.

On reporting for duty in Washington at the end of August, I arrived the day of the battle at Bull Run. The urgent necessities of the wounded demanding instant attention, at the suggestion of Dr. Jenkins, Associate Secretary, I went out in the ambulance train on Saturday and remained until Sunday evening. The report of my visit was handed in to Dr. J. shortly after my return.

The remaining portion of the first week of the month was occupied in examining the U. S. Military Hospital, known as the Soldiers' Home. A report embodying the result of my examination has been heretofore submitted.

Friday, September 5.—Left Washington at 6 o'clock, under the impression that the Confederate army had crossed the Potomac the preceding evening and were then in Frederick. Anxiety as to the fate of my friends, as well as to the general treatment my native place would receive at rebel hands, made the trip by no means a pleasant one.

Along the road, at different stopping-places, reports reached us as to the numbers of the Confederates that had crossed into Maryland. The passengers began to entertain fears that the train would not be able to reach Frederick. These were, however, quieted by a

telegram received at a station near Monrovia:, which announced the road open. Arriving at 12 o'clock, I found the town full of surmises and rumors. Such information had been received by the Post Quarter Master and the Surgeon in charge of Hospital, that they were busy all the afternoon making arrangements to move off their valuable stores. The citizens were in the greatest trepidation. Invasion by the Southern army was considered equivalent to destruction. Impressment into the ranks as common soldiers; or immurement in a Southern prison—these were not attractive prospects for quiet, Union-loving citizens!

Towards nightfall, it became pretty certain that a force had crossed somewhere about the mouth of the Monocacy. Telegrams were crowding rapidly on the army officers located here, directing that what stores could not be removed should be burned, and that the sick should as far as possible be sent on to Pennsylvania. Here began a scene of terror seldom witnessed in this region. Lieut. Castle, A. Q. M., burned a large quantity of his stores at the depot. Assist. Surg. Weir fired his store-house on the Hospital grounds and burned the most valuable of his surplus bedding contained in Kemp Hall, in Church street near Market. Many of our prominent citizens, fearing impressment, left their families and started for Pennsylvania in carriages, on horseback, and on foot. All the convalescents at the Hospital that could bear the fatigue, were started also for Pennsylvania, in charge of Hospital Steward Cox. The citizens removed their trucks containing private papers and other valuables from the bank-vaults, under the firm belief that an attack would be made on these buildings for the sake of the specie contained in them.

About 1½ o'clock, A. M., it was ascertained that Jackson's force—the advance guard of the Southern army—was encamped on Mof-fat's farm, near Buckeystown, and that this force would enter Frederick after daylight; for what purpose no one knew. Having possession of this amount of information, I retired about two o'clock, being willing to wait: the sequel, whatever it might be.

Saturday, September 6.—Found, on visiting the market in the morning, that a very large number of our citizens had “skedaddled” (i. e. retired rapidly in good order) last night. Every mouth was full of rumors as to the numbers, whereabouts, and whatabouts of the Confederate force. One, old gentleman, whose attachment to McClellan has become proverbial, declared that it was an impossibility for the rebels to cross the Potomac; and another, who looks upon Banks as the greatest of generals, declared that Banks’ force had been taken for Confederates, and that the supposed enemies were friends.

At length uncertainty was changed into certainty. About nine o’clock two seedy-looking individuals rode up Market street as fast as their jaded animals could carry them. Their dress was a dirty, faded, gray, their arms rusty and seemingly uncared for, their general appearance raffish, or vagabondish.

They shouted for Jeff. Davis at the intersection of Patrick and Market street, and then riding to the intersection of Church and Market, repeated the same, strange, jubilant shout. No one expressing an opinion, as to the, propriety, or impropriety this proceeding, they countermarched and, trotted down the street. Then followed some fifty or a hundred horsemen, having among them Bradley T. Johnson; soi-disant Colonel C. S. A. These were received with feeble shouts from some secessionist sympathizers. They said, “the time of your deliverance has come.” It was plain that the deliverance they meant was from the rule of law and order. The sidewalks were filled with Union-loving citizens, who felt keenly that their humiliation was at hand, and that they had no course but submission, at least for a time.

As this force of cavalry entered the town from the south, Capt. Yellot’s company retreated west from the town, and disappeared no one knew whither. One ruffian cavalry soldier rode up to Sergt. Crocker (in charge of hospital stores in Kemp Hall) and accosted him with “Sa-ay, are you a Yankee?” “No, I am a Marylander.” “What are you doing in the Yankee army?” “I belong to the United States army,” said the old man, proudly. “If you don’t come along

with me, I'll cut your head off." Having waved his sabre over the unarmed old man's head, he demanded his keys, and rode off with the sergeant as a prisoner. This display of chivalry did not infuse great admiration of the Southern army into the hearts of the bystanders.

A force of cavalry entered the hospital grounds and took possession of hospital and contents. All the sick were carefully paroled, not excepting one poor fellow then in a moribund condition. After some hours, the medical officers and hospital stewards were allowed to go about town on passes.

At ten o'clock Jackson's advance force, consisting of some five thousand men, marched up Market street and encamped north of the town. They had but little music; what there was gave us "My Maryland" and "Dixie" in execrable style. Each regiment had a square red flag, with a cross, made of diagonal blue stripes extending from opposite corners: on these blue stripes were placed thirteen white stars. A dirtier, filthier, more unsavory set of human beings never strolled through a town—marching it could not be called without doing violence to the word. The distinctions of rank were recognized on the coat collars of officers; but all were alike dirty and repulsive. Their arms were rusty and in an unsoldierly condition. Their uniforms, or rather multiforms, corresponded only in a slight predominance of grey over butternut, and in the prevalence of filth. Faces looked as if they had not been acquainted with water for weeks: hair, shaggy and unkempt, seemed entirely a stranger to the operations of brush or comb. A motlier group was never herded together. But these were the chivalry—the deliverers of Maryland from Lincoln's oppressive yoke.

During the afternoon a Provost Marshal was appointed for the town, and he occupied the same office which had been the headquarters of the U. S. Provost Marshal. Guards were posted along our streets, and pickets on the roads leading from Frederick. Our stores were soon thronged with crowds. The shoe stores were most patronized, as many of their men were shoeless and stockingless. The only money most of them had was Confederate scrip, or

shinplasters issued by banks, corporations, individuals, etc.—all of equal value. To use the expression of an old citizen “the notes depreciated the paper on which they were printed.” The crowded condition of the stores enabled some of the chivalry to take what they wanted, (confiscate is the technical expression,) without going through the formality of even handing over Confederate rags in exchange. But guards were placed at the stores wherever requested, and only a few men allowed to enter at a time. Even this arrangement proved inadequate, and the stores were soon necessarily closed. The most intense hatred seems to have been encouraged and fostered in the men’s hearts towards Union people, or Yankees as they style them; and this word Yankee is employed with any and every manner of emphasis possible to indicate contempt and bitterness. The men have been made to believe that “to kill a Yankee” is to do a duty imperatively imposed on them. The following incident will illustrate this: A gentleman was called aside, while talking with some ladies, by an officer who wished information as to shoes. He said he was in want of shoes for his men, that he had United States money if the dealers were so foolish as to prefer it, or he would procure them gold; but if they wouldn’t sell, he was satisfied to wait until they reached Baltimore, where he had no doubt but that shoes in quantity could be procured. No reply was made. Changing the subject, he inquired how the men were behaving. The answer was very well; there was no complaint, although some few had been seen intoxicated on the street. “Who gave them the liquor,” said the officer. “Townsmen who sympathize with you and desire to show their love for you.” “The only way to do that,” said the officer, “is to kill a Yankee: kill a Yankee, sir, if you want to please a Southerner.” This was uttered with all imaginable expression of vindictiveness and venom.

Our houses were besieged by hungry soldiers and officers. They ate everything offered them with a greediness that fully sustained the truth of their statement, that their entire subsistence lately had been green corn, uncooked and eaten directly from the stalk. Union families freely gave such food as they had. “If thine

enemy, hunger, feed him," seemed the principle acted on by our good people. But few of our secession citizens aided them. They seemed ashamed of their Southern brethren. The Union people stood out for their principles, and took care to remind them that they were getting their food from those they had come to destroy. A gentleman relates the following : "In the evening, after having had one of their officers to tea—one whom I had known in former days—two officers came to the door and begged that something might be given them for which they wished to pay. On giving them the last biscuits in the house, one of them offered pay. The reply was, 'No sir; whenever you meet a Federal soldier wanting food, recollect that a Union man in Frederick gave you the last morsel of food in his house when you were famishing.' The officer's face flushed up, and he replied, 'You are right, sir, I am very, very much obliged to you.' The coals of fire had been heaped on his head."

Outrages were committed on the National flag whenever one fell into the hands of the soldiers. These simply strengthened the Union feeling, and made the men and women of Frederick more attached than ever to the National cause for which their fathers had fought and died. Stauncher, stouter, stronger did Unionists in Frederick grow with each passing hour. We were conquered, not enslaved—humiliated greatly with the thought that rebel feet were pressing on our soil, but not disposed to bow the knee to Baal.

An attack on the *Examiner* Printing Office, being anticipated, a small guard was placed at the door. About nine o'clock, P.M., a rush was made on the guard by some of the Southern soldiers, the door was driven in and the contents of the office thrown into the street. W. G. Ross, Esq., a prominent lawyer of Frederick, called on the Provost-Marshal, who soon arrived with a strong force, suppressed the riot, and, having obliged the rioters to return every thing belonging to the office, put them in the guard-house. During the continuance of this disturbance, the oaths and imprecations were terrific. Every one in the neighborhood expected that a general attack would be made on the Union houses. Fortunately, a quiet night ensued.

Sunday, September 7—The rebels obliged most of our shoe-stores to be kept open during the day so that their men could obtain shoes. The reign of terror continued, although no personal violence was done to any citizen. Pickets are posted miles out of town. The Main body of rebel troops is said to be encamped about Urbana. General Robert E. Lee is in command, and there are three divisions or, it may be, four, commanded by Jackson, Longstreet, D. H. Hill, and some one else. Forage is obtained by taking it and offering Confederate notes in payment.

At the Evangelical Reformed Church, the pastor, Rev. Dr. Daniel Zacharias, offered up prayers for the President of the United States, notwithstanding the presence of a number of Confederate officers. In the evening General Jackson was seen asleep in the same church.

The Commissioner for the Enrolment of the State Militia was seized to-day and made to hand over the enrolment books. No further requirement was made of him, except that he should report himself daily at the office of the Provost Marshal.

During the afternoon one of those incredible incidents occurred, which have been occasionally reported in our papers, but have always been disbelieved by those who have faith in the humanity of rebels. Several young ladies were standing in front of the house of one of our prominent citizens, when a rebel officer rode up and, halting his horse, said, "Ladies, allow me to make you a present. This is a ring made from the bone of a dead Yankee." A gentleman, near the curb, seized the article before the officer had finished speaking and handed it to the ladies, who quickly answered, "Keep your present for those who appreciate such presents." The only reply of the chivalry was, "Ah! I supposed you were a Southern ladies!" This incident is instructive.

Monday, September 8.—General Robert E. Lee issues a proclamation, announcing that the Southern Army enters Maryland to restore her to freedom, that she has been downtrodden for a long time, and that her Sister States of the Southern Confederacy have

sworn to set her free from the influence of Northern bayonets,—free to decide for herself whether she will go with the South or no,—and promising protection to all of whatever opinion. Colonel B. T. Johnson, emulating the example of his superior officer, calls upon the citizens to unite informing companies and regiments to join the Confederate States Army. Captain E. V. White announces that he is empowered to raise a regiment of cavalry. Mr. Heard (former Editor of the *Frederick Herald*—a secession paper) issues a card calling for recruits to a company he is forming. Thus we are flooded with proclamations.

The supplies in our stores having nearly given out, some of the Union merchants resolutely closed their stores to the soldiers, and sending for their customers asked them to take what they required at the usual rates. The wealthiest grocer in the town raised the price of coffee to seventy-five cents, and brown sugar to forty cents per pound, to be paid in gold or in our own currency. This outrageous attempt to take advantage of the troublous condition of the community has excited considerable indignation in a quiet way all around.

We are still importuned by the rebels for food. It is furnished whenever asked, but the Union citizens take care to inform them that they are fed by their opponents. How the rebels manage to get along no one can tell. They are badly clad. Many of them without shoes. Uncleanliness and vermin are universal. The odor of clothes worn for months, saturated with perspiration and dirt, is intense and all-pervading. They look stout and sturdy, able to endure fatigue, and anxious to fight in the cause they have espoused, willingly or unwillingly. The movement they have now made is believed by them to be a desperate one, and they must “see it through.” They all believe in themselves as well as in their generals, and are terribly in earnest. They assert that they have never been whipped, but have driven the Yankees before them whenever they could find them. They have killed so many Yankees and have gloried therein to such an extent that one would almost think them veritable Thugs. Bragging is a favorite game

with them, and they do it well. Their army is plainly intended for an advance into Pennsylvania, and they speak freely of their intention to treat Pennsylvania very differently from Maryland. I fear there will be great destruction of property as they move forwards. Many a citizen will lose his all of this world's goods in this raid, for devastation is meant to be the order or disorder of their march when they cross the border.

Tuesday, September 9.—Recruiting goes on slowly in the town. We are told that three companies are to be raised here. It may be so, but one "can't see it." If ever suicide were contemplated by any one it must be by those civilians who propose to attach themselves to Jackson's corps. His men have become inured to hardships by long training, and are now on one of their most difficult undertakings. New recruits, taken from the comforts of social life, altogether unused to hardships, will readily sink under the fatigues of camp and field life.

A clergyman tells me that he saw an aged crone come out of her house as certain rebels passed by trailing the American flag in the dust. She shook her long, skinny hands at the traitors and screamed at the top of her voice, "My curses be upon you and your officers for degrading your country's flag." Her expression and gesture as described to me were worthy of Meg Merilies.

The Confederates have been seizing horses from our farmers, tendering Confederate scrip in payments. They allege military necessity in justification of this seizure. Military necessity is a convenient cloak for any outrage whatever.

As an offset to these operations of the rebels may be mentioned the sale of a horse to a Confederate by a smart Frederick boy. He had purchased a condemned Government horse for thirteen dollars, with the hope that by careful feeding he might so improve the animal's condition that he would command a profit. Food and care, however, proved vain. The horse refused to eat for two days, and was manifestly "sinking." A rebel asked the youth if he had

a horse to sell. "Well, yes; I have a very fine horse, worth two hundred dollars to any man who can prize a good horse."

The rebel proposed entering the stable to examine the horse. "No sir! he is a spirited animal and might do a stranger some injury. Let me bring him out for you." By some special stimulus the horse was induced to come out, and the proprietor stated that on reflection he would let his valuable animal go for eighty dollars in money—not Confederate scrip. The rebel remarked that the horse held one foot off the ground, resting the weight of his body on three legs. He inquired as to the cause of this phenomenon.

"Why, Lord bless you! don't you understand that? He is a natural racker; all natural rackers stand on three legs that way—always." The enunciation of this physiological law settled the question. The money was paid over. The rebel mounted his newly-purchased steed and rode away, somewhat to the seller's astonishment. He remarked to the by-standers, "I pledge you my word, gentlemen, he will last about three quarters of an hour at least. Any other gentleman wanting a natural racker can be accommodated at the shortest notice, if he will only call on me."

Wednesday September 10.—At four o'clock this morning the rebel army began to move from our town, Jackson's force taking the advance. The movement continued until eight o'clock P.M., occupying sixteen hours. The most liberal calculations could not give them more than 64,000 men. Over 3,000 negroes must be included in this number. These were clad in all kinds of uniforms, not only in cast-off or captured United States uniforms, but in coats with Southern buttons, State buttons, etc. These were shabby, but not shabbier or seedier than those worn by white men in the rebel ranks. Most of the negroes had arms, rifles, muskets, sabres, bowie-knives, dirks, etc. They were supplied, in many instances, with knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, etc., and were manifestly an integral portion of the Southern Confederacy Army. They were seen riding on horses and mules, driving wagons, riding on caissons, in ambulances, with the staff of Generals, and

promiscuously mixed up with all the rebel horde. The fact was patent, and rather, interesting when considered in connection with the horror rebels express at the suggestion of black soldiers being employed for the National defence.

Some of the rebel regiments have been reduced to 150 men; none number over 500. The men are stout and ragged, anxious to "kill a Yankee," and firm in their belief that Confederate notes are as good as gold. Their marching is generally very loose. They marched by the flank through the streets of Frederick. Some few houses had rebel flags, to which one enthusiastic admirer of secession had added a white cross on a red ground. Some handkerchiefs waved, but all felt there was no genuine enthusiasm. The movement to Frederick had proved a failure. Their friends were anxious to get rid of them and of the penetrating ammoniacal smell they brought with them. Union citizens had become stronger in their faith. Rebel officers were unanimous in declaring that "Frederick was a d-d Union hole." The ill-suppressed expressions of delight on the countenances of the citizens could not be interpreted into indications of sympathy with Secession. They manifested only profound delight at the prospect of its speedy departure.

This force had about 150 guns with the letters U. S. This rebel army seemed to have been largely supplied with transportation by some United States Quartermaster. Uncle Sam's initials were on many of its wagons, ambulances, and horses. One neat spring-wagon was lettered "General Casey's Headquarters." Each regiment was supplied with but one or two wagons. The men were mostly without knapsacks; some few carried blankets, and a tooth-brush was occasionally seen pendant from the button-hole of a private soldier, whose reminiscences of home-life were not entirely eradicated.

Their apologies for regimental bands were vile and excruciating. The only real music in their column to-day was from a bugle blown by a negro. Drummers and fifers of the same color abounded in their ranks. The men seemed generally disinclined

to insult our citizens. But there were conspicuous exceptions. A drunken, bloated blackguard on horseback, for instance, with the badge of a Major-General on his collar, understood to be one Howell Cobb, formerly Secretary of the United States Treasury, on passing the house of a prominent sympathizer with the rebellion, removed his hat in answer to the waving of handkerchiefs, and reining his horse up, called on "his boys" to give three cheers. "Three more, my boys!" and "three more!" Then, looking at the silent crowd of Union men on the pavement, he shook his fist at them, saying, "Oh you d—d long-faced Yankees! Ladies, take down their names and I will attend to them personally when I return." In view of the fact that this was addressed to a crowd of unarmed citizens, in the presence of a large body of armed soldiery flushed with success, the prudence—to say nothing of the bravery—of these remarks, may be judged of by any man of common sense.

Some of the citizens have been encouraging the Confederate soldiers by assuring them of the sympathy of Maryland, and urging them to push on northward with their offensive operations. One gray-haired man, who had escaped from the military authorities twelve months since by taking the oath of allegiance, was overheard saying to a rebel Colonel, "Make them feel the war when you reach Philadelphia."

Thursday, September 11.—General Hill's division, numbering about eight thousand men, marched through the streets, on their route westward, this morning. This division showed more of military discipline than either of its predecessors; the men marched in better order, lead better music and were fairly clothed and equipped. This division moves more rapidly than either of the others. This was held to indicate the approach of the National army.

Three of the buildings on the hospital grounds were taken possession of by the Confederates for the accommodation of their sick. These soon threw themselves on the beds, with their filthy clothing and boots. In a few hours a marked contrast could

be noticed between the neatness of the wards containing the Union soldiers and those occupied by the rebels. The secessionists collected the ladies of their order of thinking, and, for the first time since the breaking out of the rebellion, the fair forms of female secessionists were seen within the walls of the Frederick hospital, ministering to the wants of suffering humanity. I must confess that they seemed to work with a will. The Union ladies, whenever they found their supplies more than sufficient for our own sick, freely gave them to sick rebels. Charity knows neither party nor religious creed as a limit. to its blessed work.

Rumors of a strong Federal force moving towards Frederick prevailed during the evening. Old and young prayed with fervor that these rumors might be based on truth. The Union citizens were not harboring vindictive feelings towards their secession neighbors, but they longed for the old flag. Bright eyes were growing dim and rosy cheeks pale from anxious watching, day and night, for the coming of our National army. Hope deferred had made the heart sick, but still it was clung to with wondrous tenacity. Dreams of "blue-coats" were the attendants of such sleep as met their eyelids—dreams of a happy restoration to the rights of the old Union. Would they never be realized!

Friday, September 12.—Stewart's cavalry passed through town to-day, on their way towards Hagerstown. It is said to be composed of Ashby's Cavalry and the Hampton Legion. The men are more neat and cleanly than the infantry that preceded them, and their horses, of good stock, are well-groomed and fed. Bragging is the order of the day with the cavalry. They boast that they never met more than one Federal regiment that dared to cross sabres with them, and that was the First Michigan Cavalry. Stewart has been visiting some of our sympathizers with the rebellion. Meeting Hospital Steward Fitzgerald, he asked him to state to the commanding officer of the Federal troops that might come to Frederick, that he would inflict severe punishment on Union men, wherever he could find them, if any punishment was meted out

to the Southern sympathizers in Frederick by such officer. The steward answered that he, as a warrant-officer of the United States Army, could carry no such message, and suggested that General Stewart should remain to deliver it himself. The General did not act on this suggestion.

The joyous news at last reached town that the Federal troops were near at hand. Union people looked up their National flags. Two companies of Stewart's men, still in town, were stationed at the intersection of Market and Patrick streets. Cannonading was heard in the distance. Hearts were beating with joyous expectation. Our Union citizens were assembling at different points, discussing the probable results of the skirmish then taking place. It was evident that nothing more than a skirmish would take place, for the enemy; notwithstanding his boast that our troops would not meet him in a fair fight, was retreating westward towards the mountains. The advance cavalry of our National Army charged into our streets, driving the rebels before them. They were met by a counter-charge of Stewart's men, made in grand style. Saddles were emptied on both sides. Stewart's men fell back, carrying with them seven of our men as prisoners, and leaving many of their own men wounded on the ground. The accidental discharge of a cannon caused the death of seven horses and the wounding of a few men. Martial music is heard in the distance; a regiment of Ohio volunteers makes its appearance and is hailed with most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. Handkerchiefs are waved, flags are thrown from Union houses, and a new life appears infused into the people. Burnside enters amid vociferous plaudits from every one, and the citizens, with enthusiastic eagerness, devote themselves to feeding the troops and welcoming them to their houses, as their true deliverers from a bondage more debasing than that of the African slave.

A little incident connected with the charge referred to is worthy of note. The wife of one of our prominent Union men threw out the National flag from her window just as Stewart's men dashed by the house. It seemed peculiarly fitting that a member of the

Washington family should first unfurl her country's banner as our victorious troops entered a place which had been infested with the armed supporters of treason.

Saturday, September 13.--The town was effervescent with joy at the arrival of the Union troops,--no business was done. Every one felt jubilant, and congratulated himself and neighbor that the United States troops were once more in possession. General McClellan with his staff rode through, about nine o'clock, and was received on all sides with the most unlimited expressions of delight. Old and young shouted with joy; matrons held their babes towards him as their deliverer from the rule of a foreign army, and fair young ladies rushed to meet him on the streets, some even throwing their arms around his horse's neck. It was a scene difficult to realize in this matter-of-fact age, but deep-seated feelings of gratitude found expression in every possible form. The reality of the joy constituted the poetry of the reception. Years of obloquy and reproach might have been considered compensated for by such a reception. The army, as well as its loved general, was welcomed with enthusiasm. To Frederick belongs the high honor of having given the first decided, enthusiastic, whole-souled reception which the Army had met since its officers and men had left their families and homes to fight the battles of their country. It is true that companies and regiments on their way to join the Army had been received with shouts of approval in the towns through which they passed, but the Army, as such, had always trudged along its accustomed line of duty without one word from the people in the way of satisfaction or commendation. But in Frederick it was received as a band of brothers, fighting for the welfare of the whole country and, whether successful or unsuccessful, entitled to the warmest demonstrations of good feeling possible.

Amid all this, there was exhibited no vindictive feeling towards the secession citizens of the town. No arrests were made of so-called Southern sympathizers. Many of these were disgusted with their friends of the Southern Army, and not at all displeased

that they had left Frederick and had been followed by the strong arm of the United States Government.

In the afternoon I found McClellan with a large portion of his army encamped on my farm, west of Frederick. The nature of the camp and its arrangements prevented one forming any other conclusion than that it was a bivouac and only intended for temporary occupation. Some onward movement of the Army was evidently already in contemplation, but what it might be was kept concealed in the breast of the General commanding.

REMARKS ON THE CONDITION OF THE REBELS.--One thing may be said with perfect truth of the Rebel army, and that is, but few stragglers are left behind as they march through the country. Depredations on private property in this neighborhood have been comparatively rare. This is understood to be the result of some very stringent rules adopted by General Lee with special reference to the invasion of Maryland. Some of our men have been less scrupulous in their treatment of private property. Teamsters, who seem to fear neither man nor God, are found committing depredations on all sides. This evil might be suppressed if teamsters were enlisted men and subjected to military punishments. I do not know what the rule is in foreign service, but it is manifest that the management of this class of men would be comparatively easy, were they placed under the same laws that govern the rest of our Army.

The experience of one week with the Rebel Army satisfies me that the men are in a high state of discipline and have learned implicit obedience. When separated from their officers they do not show the same self-reliance that our men possess,—do not seem able to discuss with intelligent ease the political subjects which claim every man's attention at this time. All of them show a lack of energy and spirit, a want of thrift and cleanliness, which are altogether paradoxical to our men. A constant fear of their officers is associated with their prompt obedience of orders. Many, while they expressed their contempt for "the Yankees," would lament

the war and express a desire to throw down their arms and return to their homes, if they could only do this without molestation. Jackson's name was always mentioned with a species of veneration, and his orders were obeyed with a slavish obedience unsurpassed by that of Russian serfs.

The men generally looked sturdy when in ranks, yet a cachectic expression of countenance prevailed, which could not be accounted for entirely by the unwashed faces that were, from necessity or choice, the rule. Those who have fallen into our hands show worn-out constitutions, disordered digestions and a total lack of vital stamina. They do not bear pain with any fortitude, and their constitutions seem to have very little power of resistance to disease. The rate of mortality in the rebel sick and wounded is double or treble that found in the Hospitals containing our men.

In point of professional ability, their medical officers vary very much. Some few are men of superior talent, but many are without either professional knowledge or social culture. Constant association with hardship and suffering may have made them callous to the appeals of their patients, but this excuse will hardly justify the neglect which some of them show towards the sick. As to medical supplies they rely largely upon captures, upon confiscating whatever they meet with on their marches, and upon paying for medicines with the worthless rags they call Confederate notes. With such uncertain sources for their supplies, the imperfections of their medical and surgical treatment cannot be severely censured.

Sunday, September 14th.—Major-General Banks' corps d'armee, commanded by Brigadier-General A. S. Williams passed through town this morning on its way to the front. The men were in the best possible spirits, all eager for the fray. They are fighting now for and among people who appreciate their labors, and who welcome them as brothers. Brigadier-General Gordon said that "the reception of the troops by the citizens of this place was equal to a victory in its effects upon the men of his command." The

veteran troops were all in vigorous health, and the new levies made up of strong, athletic men, whose intelligent faces beamed with strong desire to press rapidly upon the retreating foe. We had never greater reason to be proud of our army.

During the afternoon of the day, the memorable engagement at the South Mountain Pass took place, in which our new levies vied with the veterans in pressing the Confederates up the side of the mountain, and then over into the valley beyond. Our military commanders will bear testimony, in proper form, to the heroic courage shown by our army in this well-fought action. The rebels had tried to make a stand at several points on the road prior to this engagement, but were gallantly driven forwards by our troops.

On Wednesday the great battle of Antietam was fought, with such a display of strategy and power on the part of our General, and of heroism and daring from our men, that the enemy was glad to resign all hopes of entering Pennsylvania, and to withdraw his forces across the Potomac. A great victory had been gained; the enemy had been driven from loyal soil, and McClellan had shown himself worthy of the love, (amounting almost to adoration,) which his troops expressed on all sides.

The battles fought at South Mountain and Antietam opened up an extensive field of operations for the Sanitary Commission. This had been anticipated at the Central Office, and Inspectors Andrew, Chamberlain, and Smith had accompanied the army on its march from Washington, with wagons furnished with such articles as were most essential in the emergency. After a few days of duty in the front, Inspector Smith returned to Washington, and Inspector Andrew was assigned to duty in the hospitals at Frederick.