

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.

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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, number-