I went to 12th District - 9th Corps Hospital, found 8 officers of the 87th lying on the floor. A blanket covered them. Moreover, some had some cleanliness on that day. About 200 left of the regiment went to the Old National Hotel. Found some hundreds. Perhaps 400 western Men. Sadly wounded. All on the floor. Had nothing to eat. I carried a basket of crackers and gave tea to the patients. They were very weak and had no food. They had been here from that day and there was none for them. I saw them again at ten o'clock at night. They had had nothing to eat. A great number of them were to undergo amputation. Some were not. But no surgeons yet. They were all lying on the floor. I saw no trace of any hospital, as nor hospital. And it was a day to think that gangrene was setting in and in nearly every hospital. There has been set apart an épidémie ward.

There is not room in the city to receive the wounded, and the wounded came right here. Yesterday, mostly were left lying in the wagons all night. At the mercy of the drivers, it rained very hard. Many died in the wagons, and their companions, where they had sufficient strength, lived.
up, and thrown them out into the street, I saw them lying there early this morning— they had been wounded two and three days previous; I do know that from the front and after all this day still another night without care a good shelter, many dwellers perished after arriving in Frederick's town. The city is full of houses, and the morning broad parties were thrown open, and displayed to the view of the rebel occupants; the bodies of the dead Union soldiers lying beside the wagons in which they perished.

One must slightly wounded have been taken on to it. The roads are fearful and it is the life of a wounded man to remove him from them. A common ambulance is scarce sufficient to get through. We passed them this morning, four miles out of town, full of wounded, with the long column of wheels crushed in the middle of a hill; in mud from one to two feet deep, what was to be done with the morning suffering, one reads only know.

Dr. Hitchcock most strongly and earnestly, and indignantly re-monstrates against any more removal of broken or amputated limbs—he declares it little better than murder, and says the greater proportion of them will die of not better food and afforded more room, and better air. The surgeons do all they can, but no provision for such a wholesale slaughter, on the part of any one, and I believe it would be impossible to comprehend the magnitude of the necessity without witnessing it.

The great difficulty appears to exist in