The country in this vicinity is very beautiful and fertile. I should like to live in such a country. Yesterday I was permitted to go into the city of Frederick. The streets are narrow, but the houses are spacious. I believe the town contains four or five times as many people as in Maryland. There are many churches and public buildings, and all of which are full of wounded soldiers. It is a terrible thing to see so many, they are to be seen by the thousands in all the large towns. The man I see is the man I feel that this terrible war ought to be brought to a close. Everything connected with the hospitals and the war is neat and clean as a parcel. I saw one poor soldier that the doctors thought would die during the night, he was in great distress, he was a Rebel. I saw the doctors commiserating over his case, but in general the wounded looked cheerful, and as though they were doing well. I have said it is a terrible sight to see what I have seen, yet what must it be to visit a battlefield? I wish I might never see one.