

Antietam Battlefield

National Park Service
U.S. Department of the Interior

Antietam National Battlefield
P.O. Box 158
Sharpsburg, MD 21782



Mumma Family Claim Record

At the time of the Battle of Antietam, the Mumma family had owned and successfully operated a farm near Sharpsburg for more than a quarter of a century. Two days before the Battle of Antietam, Samuel and Elizabeth Mumma and their children evacuated their home. When they returned on September 19, they found only the smoking remains of their house, barn and outbuildings. They later learned that during the early stage of the battle, Confederates positioned in the vicinity were ordered to set the Mumma house on fire in order to prevent Union soldiers from utilizing it as a sharpshooter position. This was the only deliberate destruction of civilian property during the battle. Though they filed a claim with the federal government to be reimbursed for the damage, their claim was denied, as the damages were caused by Confederate, not Union, troops. The year after the battle, the Mummas rebuilt their farm, which still stand today.

A DETAILED EVALUATION OF BATTLE DAMAGE TO THE MUMMA FARM IS FOUND IN CLAIM No. 334 CONGRESSIONAL CASE SUBMITTED BY SAMUEL MUMMA, JR., EXECUTORS OF SAMUEL MUMMA DECEASED VS. THE UNITED STATES FILED MAY 29, 1885, IN THE COURT OF CLAIMS:

ONE HOUSE DESTROYED BY FIRE	2000.00
ONE BARN “ “	1250.00
ONE SPRING HOUSE AND HOG PEN	100.00
STOCK TAKEN	460.00
GRAIN OF DIFFERENT KINDS	537.25
HOUSEHOLD FUNITURE AND CLOTHING	422.23
FARMING IMPLEMENTS WAGON ____?	457.00
FENCE DESTROYED	590.00
HAY “	480.00
LAND DAMAGED BY TRAVELING & BURIAL	150.00
FIFTEEN CORDS WOOD	37.00

TOTAL \$7472.18



Field Hospital

Antietam National Battlefield



Wooden Cane

Carved by soldier recuperating in Antietam field hospital.

This wooden cane was carved by a convalescing soldier at the Smoketown field hospital. Wood.

L $36 \frac{7}{8}$, Diam $1 \frac{3}{4}$ in.

Antietam National Battlefield, ANTI 111



Medical Instrument Case

These implements and case were used by Dr. William B. Wheeler, a Marylander who served as an Assistant Surgeon in the 8th Maryland Infantry.

Wood, Steel, Fabric. L 10 ⁵/₈, W 3 ¹/₂, D 2 ³/₄ in

Antietam National Battlefield, ANTI 353.







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Lesson Two: "One Vast Hospital"

September 22, 1862 (Battlefield Hospital near Sharpsburg)

My Dear Wife; Day before yesterday I dressed the wounds of 64 different men - some having two or three each. Yesterday I was at work from daylight till dark - today I am completely exhausted - but shall soon be able to go at it again.

The days after the battle are a thousand times worse than the day of the battle - and the physical pain is not the greatest pain suffered. How awful it is - you have not can have until you see it any idea of affairs after a battle. The dead appear sickening but they suffer no pain. But the poor wounded mutilated soldiers that yet have life and sensation make a most horrid picture. I pray God may stop such infernal work - through perhaps he has sent it upon us for our sins. Great indeed must have been our sins if such is our punishment.

Our Reg. Started this morning for Harpers Ferry - 14 miles. I am detailed with others to remain here until the wounded are removed - then join the Reg. With my nurses. I expect there will be another great fight at Harpers Ferry.

Carrie I dreamed of home night before last. I love to dream of home it seems so much like really being there. I dreamed that I was passing Hibbards house and saw you and Lud. in the window. After then I saw you in some place I cannot really know where -you kissed me - and told me you loved me - though you did not the first time you saw me. Was not that quite a soldier dream? That night had been away to a hospital to see some wounded men - returned late. I fastened my horse to a peach tree - fed him with wheat and hay from a barn near by - then I slept and dreamed of my loved ones away in N.H.

Write soon as you can. Tell me all you can about my business affairs and prospects for the future in Bath. Will Dr. Boynton be likely to get a strong hold there. One thing sure Cad, I shall return to Bath - if I live - and spend my days there. I feel so in that way now. Give me all news you can. Tell Parker and John and the girls to write although I can not answer them all. Tell Parker I will answer his as soon as I can.

In this letter I send you a bit of gold lace such as the rebel officers have. This I cut from a rebel officers coat on the battlefield. He was a Lieut.

I have made the acquaintance of two rebel officers - prisoners in our hands. One is a physician - both are masons - both very intelligent, gentlemanly men. Each is wounded in the leg. They are great favorites with our officers. One of them was brought off the field in hottest of the fight by our 5th N.H. officers - he giving them evidence of his being a mason.

Now do write soon. Kisses to you Clint & Kate. Love to all.

Yours as ever

W.C. William Child, Major and Surgeon with the 5th Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers

"A man lying upon the ground asked for drink--I stooped to give it, and having raised him with my right hand, was holding the cup to his lips with my left, when I felt a sudden twitch of the loose sleeve of my dress--the poor fellow sprang from my hands and fell back quivering in the agonies of death--a ball had passed between my body--and the right arm which supported him--cutting through the sleeve, and passing through his chest from shoulder to shoulder." [Clara Barton](#).

“A strong, sturdy-looking Reb was coming laboriously on with a Yank of no small proportions perched on his shoulders. Wonderingly I joined the group surrounding and accompanying them at every step, and then I learned why all this especial demonstration; why the Union soldiers cheered and again cheered this Confederate soldier, not because of the fact alone that he had brought into the hospital a sorely wounded Federal soldier, who must have died from hemorrhage had he been left on the field, but from the fact, that was palpable at a glance, that the Confederate too was wounded. He was totally blind; a Yankee bullet had passed directly across and destroyed both eyes, and the light for him had gone out forever. But on he marched, with his brother in misery perched on his sturdy shoulders. He would accept no assistance until his partner announced to him that they had reached their goal - the field hospital. It appears that they lay close together on the field, and after the roar of battle had been succeeded by that painfully intense silence that hangs over a hard-contested battlefield; where the issue is yet in doubt, and where a single rifle shot on the skirmish line falls on your ear like the crack of a thousand cannon. The groans of the wounded Yank reached the alert ears of his sightless Confederate neighbor, who called to him, asking him the nature and extent of his wounds. On learning the serious nature of them, he said: "Now, Yank, I can't see, or I'd get out of here mighty lively. Some darned Yank has shot away my eyes, but I feel as strong otherwise as ever. If you think you can get on my back and do the seeing, I will do the walking, and we'll sail into some hospital where we can both receive surgical treatment." This programme had been followed and with complete success.

We assisted the Yank to alight from his Rebel war-horse, and you can rest assured that loud and imperative call was made for the surgeons to give not only the Yank, but his noble Confederate partner, immediate and careful attention.” J. O. Smith (Roulette Farm Field Hospital)

Sunday Sept. 21, 1862 Sharpsburg, MD

Dear Wife,

Your letters 3 in number reached me 1st evening, and it gave me much pleasure to hear from you. I should have written you before, but did not know for a certainty where to direct. You will doubtless have learned the details of this great battle before this reaches you. The loss of the 11th is dreadful.

I followed in the rear of the Regt. Until it reached the fatal bridge that crosses the creek, this bridge is composed of 3 stone arches and the stream is about the size of that one just west of Berlin. The enemies sharpshooters commenced the action being posted in trees and under cover of a wall on the high ground on the other side of the creek, the order was for the 11th to take and hold the bridge until the division of Genl. Rodman passed.

The action soon became general all along the lines, language would fail me to describe the scene. I was in company with the surgeons and we laid ourselves down between the hills of corn and in a lot west of the bridge being a corn field. I had a bag of bandages and some few other things in hand, we lay low I can assure you and the way the bullets whistled around us is better imagined than described. The shells also bursting over our heads and on the ground around us. The attack was perfectly successful, we fell back to a brick house Vi a mile in the rear and established a hospital.

I took off my coat to dress wounds and met with a great loss. Some villain rifled my pockets of several packages of medicine, my fine tooth comb and what I valued most my needle book containing the little lock of hair you put in. No money would have bought it. It was not the value that I cared for, but the giver. Can you replace it. I should be pleased with your photograph which you spoke of. I think that it will be so that I can get a little box by express soon. I am still in the hospital near the battle ground the Regt. having moved about 3 miles. I will tell you where to send the box soon. You need not put Co. K on my letters in future, but simply Dr G. Bronson 11 Regt. C Burnside division with name of place (Washington) for the present.

Give me love to all our friends. Very Truly yours George

September 26, 1862 (In a hospital near the Battlefield of Antietam)

Dear Wife,

Thinking perhaps that you would like to hear from me. I now have a few moments in writing to you to let you know of an accident which happened to me on the evening of the 18th. One of the 135 P.V. boys

accidently shot me through the back. The ball passed through my lungs and lodged some where and is in me yet. I suffered considerable pain for the few first days but now I am more comfortable now and am not in much pain. Our brigaid did not get along from Washington soon enough to be engaged in the Battle of the day before. There was a hard fought battle and many lives lost on both sides but I think the loss of the Rebels were more than double our loss. I hope that you will not grow uneasy about me for I am doing as well as can be and have good care for brother William is with me taking care of me and as soon as I get well enough I am coming home and to be with you again, I do not want you to write until you hear from me again for a letter would not come

through. I am now 10 miles from Middletown Md and as soon as we get moved I will write to you to let you know where we are moved to. As I do not think of any thing more that will interest you I will bring this letter to a close and write to you again in a few days.

From your affectionate and loving husband,

Erred Fowles

(Erred Fowles died on October 6, 1862. He is buried in Grave #3724 in the cemetery at Antietam. His daughter, Ida May Fowles, was born October 10, 1862.)

September 21, 1862

8th Florida Volunteer Infantry Regiment

Shepherdstown, Jefferson County Virginia

My dear wife,

I write to let you know that I am now in this place badly wounded, was shot on Wednesday the 17th near Sharpsburg Washington County Maryland, about three miles from this place. The ball entered my left shoulder and lodged in my brest here it still is. I want you or my brother to come to see me Come by Richmond in Virginia then on to Winchester where you will only be twenty two miles from here. You can then get a conveyance to this place probably by the railway which comes down to Harpers Ferry where a connection is made to a station called Kearneys Ville that is only five miles from here and by the time can here from me and get to this region of country the stage which runs to that place in times of quiet about here, may be running again. We have had hard marching to do, and desperate fighting, our Captain was killed the same day I was shot.

I remain as ever

your Devoted husband

Bird B Wright

"My barn was crammed very soon and Dr. Reber of the 48th Pennsylvania, a good surgeon and plucky and cool, came in to help me. A singular thing happened here. Our amputating table consisted of a small door mounted on two barrels. I had just severed the Cap-tain's leg. . . and I had an artery of the stump in a pair of

forceps, and Reber was adjusting the ligature on it, when two fragments of one of the numerous shells that were bursting over and coming through our thatched roof came down between our heads and hands and the stump, without touching anything, and plunged into to the blood and straw at our feet. (Reber afterwards hunted them out and washed them, and we each kept one as a memento of Burnside's Bridge.) The men I sent up in the Beginning found the barn filled with straw bundles and made a very good barricade against bullets from the front but, of course, all large missiles would come through above. Fortunately, no shell burst in the barn and it did not take fire.

"One man was brought in who was in an uncontrollably restless state, constantly throwing himself about unconsciously onto others lying beside him. I had to strip him and wash him, for he was covered with faeces, to find his wound, when, behold, he had no wound discoverable, and no bone broken and yet he looked as if he was dying. Stimulants had no effect and he died in half an hour. This was, doubtless, one of those cases that used to be called 'windage. ' He was doubtless struck on the chest or over the liver or abdomen very obliquely by a cannon shot which, though it does not tear the clothes or show marks upon the skin, yet the parts underneath are found in a state of disintegration. . . "The action, so far as we were concerned, began about 11 A. M., for I was looking at my watch just before I went down and it was then just 11. About two, as we had finished dressing all in the barn and provided for them as well as we could, I went out to look around. The firing had held up in our vicinity and gone over the other side of the river.

"On going towards the bridge, I saw bad signs for the 2nd (Maryland). There were dead -en all along the row and up at the head lay the Adjutant and numbers of others. Just behind was a farm road and in this I found what was left of it resting. (The Assistant Surgeon had joined the Regiment and was busy looking after those who had been taken up the farm lane, and not brought to the barn.) My friend, Captain Wilson, was killed, a cannon shot striking him in the forehead and carrying away all the top of his head. There were 400 in line that morning, and 150 had been killed and wounded. Duryea and Howard escaped without a hit. The troops were all over the river and I now learned how it was."

Dr. Theodore Dimon,

Acting Surgeon

2nd Maryland

[From the Rochester Democrat And American newspaper, December 9, 1862.]

The Smoketown Hospital.

Correspondent of the Democrat and American Smoketown Hospital, Dec. 3d, 1862

...Barns and outhouses, door yards, gardens, straw-stacks, dwelling-houses and every spot affording the least accommodation for the wounded, had to be appropriated to their reception. Think of a thousand men lying in a small crowded enclosure, with no covering but the sky, waiting for long desired relief — friend and foe, living and dead, side by side, and you have no picture of the imagination, but the unavoidable result of a sanguinary conflict, in these temporary retreats known as field hospitals.

...It is satisfactory to know that the patients in this hospital are in comfortable quarters; the tents seldom contain more than six occupants; many of the tents are warmed by stoves, and all will be as soon as they can be procured. The Government rations appear to be sufficient for ordinary patients. For breakfast, bread, coffee, and frequently salt fish. Dinner, rich and palatable soup made from beef and vegetables. Supper, bread, tea, rice, and often fruit sauce. The feebler class of patients have eggs, poultry, farina, milk, and stimulants, at the discretion of the Surgeon, which are furnished by the aid associations through the ladies and Surgeon in charge. The Government provision of clothing is subject to delays and conditions which, render a temporary supply often necessary from other sources. The soldiers' greatest privation is warm underclothing -- flanel shirts, drowsers, stockings, & c.-- and such other garments as may serve convalescents in the intervals of their regular supply.

...Nothing, however, that reminds to attract the notice of the visitor, nor any description — graphic though it be — can enable one to realize fully the scenes of that terrible 17th of September. The dreadful reality can only be conceived by those who were called to witness it, and who were so fortunate as to survive the danger.

W.W.S

[From the Union And Advertiser newspaper of Rochester, N.Y., 11/28/62.]

Smoketown Hospital

The extent of the suffering endured by many of the sick and wounded Union soldiers in the small hospitals of Maryland and Virginia cannot be realized except by a personal inspection of what is going on there.

A young lady of this city who is on a visit to relatives in Maryland, has been among the sick and wounded soldiers, and has written a long letter descriptive of what she has seen to a friend here, urging action for the relief of the distressed. She states that she went in company with a lady from Hagerstown — who was devoting much time to the wants of the sick — to a place called Smoketown, about thirteen miles distant, and near the battle field of Antietam. They went in an ambulance, which conveyed many little comforts to the sick. The writer says the lady with whom she went, Mrs. Kennedy, has daily fed hundreds of hungry soldiers, and her house has been filled with the sick and the dying, yet she found time to go thirteen miles distant to minister to those sufferers less fortunate.

Smoketown consists of three small houses and a pig pen. One of the houses is inhabited by a poor family with many children, another is occupied by wounded officers, and contains but two rooms. A school house contains twenty men, and all the rest of the wounded, numbering 600, are in tents, five or six in each. On the arrival of the party they found some; kind ladies administering as best they could to the suffering, and welcomed the coming of more help with joy. The writer says:

"We went into the ladies' tent, while the attendants unloaded the ambulance, and I wish you could have heard the exclamations as the various articles appeared. "Oh, Mrs. K. there is some of your good bread — they got so tired of the hard bread and what the baker brings is so often sour and heavy"! "Onions; we have needed them so much"! "Oh; there are lemons, now we can do so and so," and so on, and I am sure it would have moved you to have seen the eyes of ladies and attendants glisten over the flannel garments, few as they were, and heard their remarks as they took up for instance the grey flannel drawers, (there were only two pairs of them) "won't these be grand for some of those poor fellows who are lying in bed for want of clothes to get up in?" "Won't the men laugh when they see these?" One of the surgeons had just asked imploringly "what they were to do?" The chaplain had taken off some of his own clothing for some one whom he could not refuse."

Many of the wounded were compelled to lie in bed for want of clothing. The writer saw one fellow hobbling about with his crutches, the second time he had been up, arrayed in nothing warmer or more suitable than a pair of light pink calico trousers, and he thought he was fortunate in having these. The men were cheerful, and made the best of what they had.

The description given by the writer of individual cases would be interesting but we have not space for the details. She concludes by urging the people of Rochester to send assistance to the sufferers at Smoketown Hospital. We understand that the ladies of St. Luke's parish have already done something in this way. Supplies may be sent to Mrs. Howard Kennedy, Hagerstown, Md.



Clara Barton

1865 was pinned

