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MARYLAND

AND THE

GLORIOUS OLD THIRD

IN THE

WAR FOR THE UNION

REMINISCENCES IN THE LIFE OF HER "MILITANT,"
CHAPLAIN AND MAJOR

SAMUEL KRAMER.

BY HIS ESTEEMED FRIEND AND CO-LABORER.

WASHINGTON:
F. J. BRASHEARS, PRINTER,
1882.

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THE REBELLION.

“Mine eyes had seen the glory of the coming of the Lord—
He was trampling out his vintage where the grapes of wrath were
stored !”

THE iron-throated guns of Sumpter had belched forth their mutterings, and their reverbrations were heard around the world and over all seas! There was no place where their voice was not heard, and their sound had penetrated to either pole! The old effete nations of the East were startled from their sulien stupor as with the crack of doom, and they looked out from their eyrie on the impending struggle that should forever settle the question of Republican experiment on the American continent. This settled the principle of the perpetuity of Kingly domination in continental Europe, and presaged the settlement of Kingly rule throughout the world's dominion. The great battle of the centuries was now to be fought, and the test whether monarchic or Republican forms of government were best calculated to subserve the masses of men in the rule of the world for the generations to come, was now to be made. The gauntlet thus thrown down was accepted, and the challenge to fratricidal combat, backed by foreign capital, and foreign diplomacy and greed, met its Waterloo on the fair and fertile fields of the South; and American Christian civilization, as opposed to centralized government, asserted its sway, and coming forth triumphant from the “battle of the clouds,” settled the question for coming time. And the very blow they attempted to strike at us and our institutions in the darkness did but recoil on themselves, and changed the course of empire.

THE QUEEN OF THE RIVERS.

Nowhere in the whole South-country was disunion and secession more rife than in our old border State, which was itching to join the Southern sisterhood in their terribly

suicidal march out of the Union. Baltimore, that beautiful city, sitting like a queen amid the surrounding rivers and bays, had long been secretly fanning the flame of treason and rebellion. And gladly would she have severed the silken cord that bound her to the Northern sisterhood, and flung herself headlong into the vortex from which there could have been no honorable return.

THE FATAL 19TH OF APRIL.

When the fated morn of the 19th of April dawned upon her and it was noised abroad that a regiment from the hated State of Massachusetts had entered the city on the east, and were quietly treading her streets to press forward to the protection of the National Capitol from the hand of treason, her anger knew no bounds, and the tempest rose to its height. The insane mob, well knowing that they were to be conveyed through her streets, as no other way was at hand, set their base ingenuity to work to devise means either for their destruction, or turn them back from whence they came, and thus leave the capital at the mercy of traitors. Finding they could not be changed in their purpose of passing the city, the mob gathered in front and menaced them with threats of violence and ribald jeers. Seeing this did not avail, one more bold than the rest, raises his traitor hand and hurls the first stone at the troops! Then, the ice broken, another and another follows, until the mob rises as one man; and, as the cars are attempted to be moved upon the streets, towards their destination, shout after shout is heard, and volleys of stones assail them. Shouts for the "Confederacy," and hisses and groans for the Union break forth around them. Now they begin to block up the passage, and hinder the progress of the cars in which the troops were quietly seated. Pratt street was literally barricaded with human beings, and as they slowly wended their way the mass thickened and the tumult increased.

UNION BLOOD AROUSED.

As they passed the store of the subject of our sketch, situated at the corner of Pratt St. and the wharf, the turbulent mob was at its height—crowding, elbowing and jeering. He undaunted, rushed from his store to the street and cried out to the better portion of the citizens, who seemed to be only

idle lookers-on: "Citizens! friends! this is a terrible outrage, and ought to be stopped. If you will join me we can stay this tide and arrest these ruffians." Not a man stirred, but eyeing him with the supremest indifference, they cried out: "You had better look out for yourself, or we will hang you up to the lamp-post." Says the Chaplain:—"This warmed my Union blood to the quick, and mounting a barrel in front of my door, I cried out at the top of my voice: I fear none of you! My father fought in the war of the Revolution by the side of Washington, and four of my brothers in the war of 1812, and *I am in for this!* and they dared not molest me, nor touch a hair of my head, for they knew me, and I cheered and encouraged the troops to persevere!" The way was now blocked, and the position of the troops was one of the most imminent peril. The progress of the cars was now extremely slow.

A TRAIN DRIVEN BACK.

A train immediately following this, filled with unarmed troops, had been driven back from the President street depot, on the road towards Philadelphia; and those which were now attempting the passage of the city, would also have been, had they not fortunately for themselves, been armed, and supplied with a few rounds of ammunition. This fact, the howling mob being undoubtedly suspicious of, operated as a salutary check, and kept them off at a more respectful distance, until frenzied and emboldened by the fresh arrivals of others, secretly armed, they jammed up directly against the cars, forbidding their further passage. The cars had now become, in consequence of this, widely separated, whether with design or otherwise, judging that they could better manage them singly, in case the pieces of the troops were charged.

"YANKEE HIRELINGS."

Every moment now, as they attempted to move the cars forward, the mob, growing in number and violence, began to tear up the paving stones of the streets, and to pelt the cars in which the soldiers were seated. Each side street poured forth its torrents of half drunk, half frenzied demons, who blurted out their curses and jeers at the detested "Yankee Hirelings." They tore up the rails from the track, and

all of the cars which had not been fortunate enough to reach the depot were now brought to a stand still.

Those occupying the cars now wedged in the debris, and fairly caught in the trap set for them, knew there was no way but taking to the street. They filed out in the best order they could command, and began their march. They were greeted with demoniac yells, and as they proceeded they were assailed by a shower of stones. Many were knocked down. Soon pistol shots were fired into them, and some were struck. States flags were now flung out, and waved defiantly in the face of the troops, while the air resounded with the huzzas of the Confederacy and groans and curses for the Union.

FOUR HOURS FROM DEPOT TO DEPOT.

Over four hours had now been consumed in attempting to force the passage of the city, when thirty minutes was the usual time. Still onward the beleaguered troops pressed their way, attempting a "double quick." Not desiring to force on open hostilities upon the people, they mercifully withheld their fire, as windows and doors, and every available space was alive with human beings. The rabble continued to yell and jeer at the troops and pelt them with whatever they could lay hands on, besides occasional pistol shots. One young soldier here had his gun wrested from his grasp, and was instantly shot down with it. This, the already irritated soldiers could stand no longer, and several of them discharged their pieces, some into the air as a warning, while others aimed at the ring leaders, who fell. This only for an instant stayed the torrent. Through all this our heroic Chaplain fought his way fearlessly beside the beleaguered troops, encouraging and aiding them to clear their way through the mob.

A REBEL CHIEF OF POLICE.

At this point he says: "Col. Kane, Chief of Police, whom I had known from a boy, said to me, a few days before, we will teach these Yankees from the North, that they cannot pass through this city." "Never," says the plucky Chaplain, though past the three score and ten usually allotted to men, "had I beheld such patient endurance under such a fiery ordeal, when our troops could have swept the streets as with

the besom of destruction and run the gutters with blood! It was the spirit of ancient Sparta, and the passage of the Thermopylæ enacted over again!" Says the Chaplain:

"Now, as they pressed forward, a young soldier was struck to the sidewalk and kicked into the gutter, his knapsack was torn from him, and he was again kicked and thrown across the street. Some kind friends aided us in rescuing and caring for him within doors. Others, also, were likewise maltreated. The bodies of those who were killed outright, were taken into the stores of friends, to spare them from mutilation by the mob, as the troops were too much engaged for their own safety to attempt to either succor their wounded comrades or care for their dead. But thank God friends were raised up for that work! A Captain Dyke was shot down near me, and a few of us sprang forward and lifted him from the street and carried him to a place of safety, from whence he was finally restored to friends and home—but maimed for life."

THE DEPOT REACHED.

"But the most terrible sight now met our gaze," says the Chaplain, "as we neared the depot on Camden street, when we beheld the immense throng that filled the entire streets, blocking the very entrance. All now thought the crisis at hand. If the crowd gave way and allowed the troops to pass this point in safety, all would be well; but if not, the only next alternative would be to fire into the dense mass of human beings, and press in at the point of the bayonet * * * Our soldiers took in the situation at a glance, and by a determined resolution, they pressed their way through into the depot, the crowd giving way before them! Never was relief greater than when we saw the last man shoved safe within, and our hearts went up in thankfulness that we were spared the mortification and shame of a blood shedding, that must have forever been a blot upon the glorious escutcheon of our fair city.

A CHANCE SHOT.

"The troops at once entered the cars in waiting for them, and soon steamed out of the depot. Just as the cars had cleared the houses, out of the city, a man was seen with a gun ready to fire into them, when a soldier in the car saw him,

and taking aim with his gun shot him dead before he had time to fire his piece. He was a merchant doing business on Baltimore street. This proved a timely warning and undoubtedly saved others from attempting so foolish an exploit, and perhaps much innocent blood from being shed.

“MARSHALL KANE.”

“After the troops had left the depot, Marshall Kane was loudly called for, and coming out on the steps proceeded to address the rabble; and he promised them a mass meeting such as they had never yet seen, that night, in Monument Square, and that they should be addressed by ‘men true to our cause,’ upon which only, the mob could be quieted and dispersed.

“The meeting was held, and thousands filled the Square. Flaming speeches were made in favor of Secession, while cheer after cheer thundered out on the midnight air! and Baltimore was in the hands of traitors.”

A LOYAL GOVERNOR.

At this point, Governor Hicks, that noble champion of freedom and law, was beset by the enemies of the Government with the most powerful reasoning, to induce him to convene the Legislature of the State, but the Governor stood firm, and neither feared their threats nor was captured by their insinuating blandishments, for, finding their cajollery vain and ineffective to move him, they threatened him with the rope! He defied them to do their worst.

A “PINE TREE FLAG.”

The State flag still floated at the Pratt street wharf, and the “Pine Tree flag” within the “Serpent’s coil,” floated from the mast-head of a vessel lying at Smith’s dock. The city was wild with excitement. Troops paraded the streets, and were preparing to leave the State and cross to the seat of war in the Old Dominion! Men were sent out to burn bridges, cut wires, and intercept succor from the North or West.

THE LOYAL SAILORS’ “BETHEL” AND THE REBEL PREACHER.

“But,” continues the Chaplain, “the Sabbath dawned, and but for the peal of a single Church bell, one could not be aware of its presence. Houses of worship were deserted, and

companies of soldiers paraded the streets. The churches of the city were all closed, except the little Sailors' Bethel near Light street wharf, where the Chaplain was accustomed to worship, and was instrumental in building—the glorious little church for sailors, true to the Union. In her bosom beat true and loyal hearts. The preacher of that first Sabbath day of the Rebellion in Baltimore, happened to be a rebel from Virginia! And now came the test of loyalty in the little church! The preacher entered, followed by another, a well known rebel sympathizer of Baltimore; and as they marched up the aisle, casting their eyes to the right and left, to feel the temper of the little Spartan band, every gaze was instantly turned upon them! The Chaplain knew every heart in that assembly to beat to the tune of the Union; and just before the preacher rose to begin the service, the Chaplain, rose in the altar, and addressing the congregation, said:—We are aware that this is a time of great excitement! Our country is in danger; war and blood shed is in our midst, the very air breathes treason! But our trust is in God, and in the men true to our Government. When the forces of old England threatened our country, 'God heard the prayers of his people and delivered them from the paw of the Lion and Bear,' so will God hear our prayers to-day. All of you who love your country, and are true to the Union, come with me to this altar and unite in prayer to God to aid us to overthrow this Rebellion."

Says the Chaplain:—"They at once crowded the altar and the benches surrounding it, when the power of God filled the place, and the Chaplain offered up a prayer that brought forth loud "Amens" from a hundred hardy throats. It was a day and an hour long to be remembered in that little band!

"The whilom preacher and his friend immediately filed down out of the pulpit, and left the church as fast as their legs could carry them, and never more returned. The preacher, Rev. John W. W——, (with a singular appropriative cognomen,) left for his home in Virginia, and joined the rebels. This little band gave some good soldiers to the cause."

A TIGHT PLACE.

"On Monday," says the Chaplain, I attended the prayer meeting of the Young Mens' Christian Association. It met in the Lecture room of the Charles street Methodist Church.

There was a crowd present and many were there who were in sympathy with the South. Near the close of the meeting, I involuntarily fell upon my knees and poured forth a fervent prayer to God for the Union! That the stars and stripes might never be trailed in the dust, but wave over the whole land. The meeting closed; a brother came to me and said: Brother Kramer, you must not pray that way, you will get into trouble. I said:—‘My trust is in God, the ever living God! My God and my country are my motto!’”

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER ON “FEDERAL HILL.”

“On the afternoon of Friday the 19, some fisherman hoisted the stars and stripes on Federal Hill. Kane’s police were sent up to pull it down. The fishermen fought and drove them off several times. They finally pulled down the flag, but it was hoisted again! We sung the Star Spangled Banner, and our fisherman were victorious. One of the policemen tore off his badge and declared he would not fight against the old flag! During the darkness of night the flag was stolen away.

A COMMISSION TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

“These fishermen joined the army the moment we commenced recruiting for the Union, on the 7th of May, permission having been obtained to recruit. The State would not recruit men to aid in the suppression of the rebellion. I had joined a few friends in aiding a commission to Washington to see President Lincoln and get his permission to raise troops. He gave us an order, and on the above day, Captain McConnell opened an office on Baltimore street, opposite the office of the *Sun*. The rebels howled when we flung out the stars and stripes to the breeze from the upper windows. Men crowded the street, swearing vengeance, but we kept the flag at the mast, bidding them defiance. The State flag was pulled down, and the rebels continued their threats; but the timely arrival of Gen’l Butler’s troops—being within nine miles of the city—had a remarkably quieting effect.

A VISIT FROM “UNCLE BEN.”

“On the night of the 13th of May Gen’l Butler entered the city, occupying Federal Hill. When he trained his guns

upon the city a deep sigh of relief escaped from every heart. The rebel authorities called on the general, and were the most profuse with their protestations of loyalty and friendship. But the general was not to be caught by sweet words, after the scenes of the fated 19th! And he did not hesitate to let them know it. Some of them immediately left the city and joined the rebels, over the Potomac, while the others were polite enough to take back seats, considering it better to absorb good government contracts on this side than, poor ones on the other."

A TRIP SOUTH.

The chaplain now resolved to visit the seat of hostilities, and crossing the Potomac in June, proceeded direct to Winchester, Va., and then to the rebel General Stewart's camp, conversing with him in his own tent. Starting back *via* Harper's Ferry, he attempted the passage, and only succeeded by falling in with some confederate officers. Of them he learned that a raid was contemplated into Frederick, Maryland. The legislature was then in session there instead of at Annapolis, the proper place for it. One can at once see the cause, as it would be in a better position both to communicate with the enemy, and to concoct measures for carrying the State out the Union—the majority being in favor of the scheme. Governor Hicks was their only impediment, and they wanted to have him captured and carried beyond the lines, when they could pass an act of secession and get away themselves.

ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE THE STATE.

"Having learned their plans," says the chaplain, "and well aware that if that were accomplished, it would not only be a terrible blow to Maryland itself, but add strength and force to the rebellion, it did not take long to decide duty. For had this succeeded, Butler would have shelled the city before he would have permitted it to fall into their hands, and the State would have been the battlefield instead of Virginia. Therefore, to save Gov. Hicks from capture, and Washington from falling into the hands of the rebels was my first and greatest desire, so I at once started for Frederick to see him. The river was guarded, and I made my way to Shepardsstown. After parlying a little with the guard on

the bridge, I was permitted to pass. I then started for Boonsboro, and so over the mountains, to Frederick City, saw the governor and communicated to him all the designs of the enemy as well as their positions and force. At his request I went to Washington to communicate with Gen'l Scott, the governor sending his private secretary, Mr. Wilson with me, in order that I should not be delayed in my mission, and that it should be more effectual. The old war general was glad to see me and of the information I furnished. When I had done, he exclaimed, almost starting, in his chair. 'Is it possible P—— is deceiving me?' 'He is, sir,' I said. And so it proved, when he failed to follow up Johnson, and thus let him slip away to Bull Run, and turn the tide against us. Said the general, 'P—— is at Hagerstown with 30,000 men as a check on Johnson, and to watch his movements, and yet, says he has no guard on the Potomac, and the rebels can cross and recross into Maryland,'—(and bringing his hand down upon his knees with force,) exclaimed: 'P—— must move!'

ITS DENOUEMENT.

"Gen'l P—— did move, and on the 1st of July the battle was fought below Martinsburg. This saved Maryland to the Union—the legislature was dispersed, several members being captured and imprisoned."

A GENERAL'S PERFDY.

The chaplain now returned to Baltimore and engaged in enlisting and sending volunteers to the front. Two regiments were thus forwarded, when orders were received to recruit a third. In July the chaplain made several trips to the valley of Virginia, visiting Gen'l P——'s command at Martinsburg, and satisfied himself of the infidelity of that officer.

"About the 15th," he continues "Gen'l J. E. Johnson evacuated Winchester, and marched on Bull Run. Gen'l P—— was well informed of this, and could have followed him, *and saved us the Bull Run defeat.* But he was a traitor to the Union, and intended that defeat. The enemy, themselves, acknowledged that we had the advantage up to two o'clock of that fatal day, as they were really beaten, their regiments cut up, and they were falling back in disorder and confusion.

Our forces were anxiously looking for P—— to come to their aid with his 30,000 men.

“About two o’clock a rebel staff officer galloped up from Manassas and reported that ‘Gen’l P—— was within four miles of our left,’ coming to our aid, when in fact, it was Johnson coming up to their aid. Gen’l P—— *was resting quietly at Charlestown, thirty miles away.* He heard the firing all of Sunday, and on that night moved down to Harpers Ferry, though his men clamored to be led against the enemy and cursed him as a traitor. I had been in his camp on Saturday, while he lay at Charlestown, and his troops were then dissatisfied with his movements, as they thought when they left Martinsburg they were to pursue Johnson; (for when they had come to the turn in the road at Bunker Hill, he ordered them to Charlestown.) He lay there from Friday until Sunday night.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

‘As I passed through his camp on Saturday I went to Summit Point, about six miles, and stopped at the house of a good Union man, and on Sunday, several rebels met in woods and consulted about my arrest, and informed Col. Moseby of my presence. It was decided that my arrest should take place on Monday: and a friend made known to me their plans. I said, if they will only put it off until Monday morning I will give them the slip, for my God will deliver me out of their hands. My cause is a good one, and God will see me safe through. I thanked my friends for their kindness, and retired for prayer and to plan for my escape. At eight o’clock, upon retiring, I informed the family of my host of the intentions of the enemy, and of my plans, when they became very much alarmed. I said: ‘Give yourself no fears, God will deliver me.’ I requested them all to retire and put out every light. I told them I should go to bed and sleep until midnight; that they must remain perfectly quiet. Said they, you will not go to sleep. I repeated, ‘I shall go to sleep, for I felt like David when he said—I will lay me down and sleep, for the Lord maketh me to dwell in safety—my trust is in the Lord, my times are in his hands, and He will deliver me.’ Seeing my confidence, they became composed, and after prayer with them, I retired and was soon fast asleep and slept as soundly as if no

danger was near. At half-past eleven sharp, I awoke, and rising, dressed myself for my journey. Kneeling a moment, I thanked God for his help, and rising took up my valise and started through the woods for Charlestown, six miles distant, expecting there to find P——'s army. He had left for Harpers Ferry. I went on and came up with them during the morning."

A "SUPPLY TRAIN FOR THE ENEMY."

He then called upon Gen'l P—— and informed him of a train of cars up the railroad loaded with valuable supplies that must, if left there, fall into the hands of the enemy; that they could be brought down as well as not, if he would let him have twenty men, (as they were without steam,) the grade was down, he would bring them to the Ferry. He made an excuse that his men "were three months men, and their time was out," and he left the cars loaded with supplies to fall into the hands of the enemy, which they did in due time.

CHEATED OUT OF A "CHAPLAIN."

Says the Chaplain—"I learned from Summit Point that on Monday morning a squad of rebel cavalry paid a visit to the house I had just left to arrest me. I was not there. I was safe at the Ferry. And instead of a forced visit to Richmond prison, I was on my way to Baltimore."

RECRUITING THE "THIRD."

On his arrival at Baltimore, he engaged in recruiting "the Maryland Third." It proved to be hard work, as was also the preceding attempts in that city. The rebels were jubilant. The Bull Run disaster had set them in high glee, and had it not been for the wholesome effect of our guns on Federal Hill and Fort McHenry, they would have broke into open revolt. Fear, only held the city in check."

\$50,000 FOR THE TROOPS.

From the position assumed by the Chaplain on the 19th of April in the streets of Baltimore, his trade at his store came to a stand still, and he was compelled to suspend business. He had now spent months, at his own charges, travelling from one point to another, and aiding every way

in his power to give information and send men forward into the field. He even paid men to enlist and aided their families from his own property. The State not then having fallen into line, he bought a vessel load of wood (fifty cords) and gave it to the families of the men in camp, and other supplies of groceries and other needful articles, visiting the families to understand their needs, the government not having paid them any money, and they would have left the camp had he not done so. He decided to visit the Legislature, at Anapolis, and induce them to pass an act for the relief of the families of those who had already enlisted and gone or were going to the front. For, let it be said, that there were some good Union men in that body. He succeeded in getting them to pass an act appropriating \$50,000 for the purpose of aiding their families.

A LONG JOURNEY.

One night while he was intent on this, closeted with the committee, he neglected to look at his time and found on reaching the depot that the train had left for Baltimore where he must be in the morning. He started on foot, and traveled the 30 miles that night, reaching the city before daylight. It was through a hard country and a way with which he was unacquainted, and once during the night, on coming suddenly to a fork in the road, being undecided which to take he clambered up the sign post and learned the way, as he did not dare, in the face of doubts and dogs, attempt to disturb the peaceful slumbers of the inhabitants.

Says the Chaplain—"I thanked God that I accomplished the task I went for, and that so many hearts were made glad thereby; and it paid me all it cost to be a Union man, to see others made happy. That, although sneered at by rebels and threatened, it was glory enough for one day; the dark clouds were rifting and hope beamed on us.

READY FOR THE FRONT.

"The dreary winter was now passing, and the spring of 1862 found us with regiments filled and equipped, having enjoyed the wintry weather, as best we could, in preparation. We built a fine large chapel, had it comfortably warmed—and grand old meetings in it, Sabbath after Sabbath, with the families and friends of the soldiers with us, and had all

learned to love and trust each other. We did all we could to make all happy and contented.

“In June of 1862, we were ordered to join Gen’l Banks, in the Valley of Virginia. Our regiment being raised by order of the War Department, were U. S. troops, for the State was not prepared to take the initiative. She could only furnish a few home guards to protect property, telegraphs and bridges.

REGULAR “BACK SET.”

“When we were about to march for the Seat of War, we needed about a hundred men to complete our quota. Capt. McG——, at Ellicott City, had the required number, and they were ordered to join us. When we had arrived at the Potomac the men with Capt. McG—— at their head refused to cross, saying that they would not go out of the State, as they were State troops. They were permitted to return. When they were ordered to York, Pa., they made no objection, although out of their State. There, they were sure of good quarters, no fighting, but to guard hospitals and graveyards *to keep the dead from rising.*

GEN’L. C——’S “SCARE.”

“As Maryland awoke to loyalty and to duty, other regiments were recruited, sent to the front, and did nobly for the cause of the Union. So, the three regiments raised by us for the U. S. were at length credited to the State, though she bore no part of their expense. Gen’l C—— was placed in command. We crossed the Potomac at Harper’s Ferry and encamped on the Virginia heights. We had our tents, our commissary stores, &c. One night it being reported that the enemy were advancing, the general became frightened, and calling a hasty retreat, hurried us across the river into Maryland, leaving our tents standing, and everything behind us.—All the lights were ordered out, and perfect quiet was to be observed. In the morning, we found ourselves looking down upon our peaceful camp, without an enemy within twenty miles for aught we knew, with the graceful river rolling between. And for days the Gen’l did not dare recross the river and secure our supplies, but left them at the mercy of the disunionists, who carried everything away at their leisure, while we remained the innocent

spectators of their amusement, and the laughing-stock of our rebel confreres. 'The General' had simply neglected to put out scouts, by which he might have informed himself, and saved himself and us the extreme mortification incident to our position, as well as something for a rainy day in the shape of tents and hard tack."

The government, upon being informed of this direlection of C——, displaced him, and sent him on to recruiting duty.

A RIDE TO WINCHESTER.

Says the Chaplain—"We now proceeded down the Valley and encamped on Cedar Creek. Gen'l Bank's headquarters were at Winchester, and rebels were planning to cut him off from above. Having preached on Sabbath morning to a little country church on our outpost, I had learned this fact, from good Union authority, and confiding it to our colonel, it was concluded that something must be done to counteract this at once. Some one must attempt to carry the news to Banks. The road was infested with bushwhackers, and it would be a dangerous experiment. It was finally decided that 'the Chaplain,' as he was the youngest and spryest in the saddle, (!) should perform the feat: "Having a good horse, that could be relied on, as swift and sure of foot, I mounted and put spurs to him, and after a brisk ride of several miles I reached the general's headquarters, and motioning an orderly to me, I demanded at once to see the General. I communicated to him the oral order I had received, (for I never carried messages in writing, for fear of capture.) The Gen'l thanked me, when I turned my horse homeward and rode back to camp, reaching it in good time, never once having left the saddle. The joy of the regiment was great when they saw the horse and his rider return in safety." His entrance into camp just as the sun was setting, was as grand a triumph as that of the twin brothers, 'Castor and Pollux,' when they suddenly appeared seated on their splendid charges lashed with foam, amid the fainting defenders of Rome on the plains of Regillus!

OFF FOR FRONT ROYAL.

The Third was now ordered to Front Royal, with the brigade again under command of Gen'l C——, who seemed now to haunt us particularly, as they had no other use

for him! "This march," says the Chaplain, "resulted in much good to our men, as they were suffering from dysentery, and along the road were the most delicious cherries, of which they partook, despite the protest of the surgeons, and all got well. We had started at day dawn with a first-class guide, and by night we found our brigade just where we had left in the morning to the great mortification of the 'heads of department.' "

We expect that the old Chaplain was a little too much for the military fledgling, "General" C——, for "the gen'l" now sought to get rid of him, and appointed a friend of his own to come on and take his place in the Third regiment. But the plan didn't work, as the regiment took too readily to the "old man eloquent," and liked his exploits. Besides, certain little "regulations" stood in the way; the officers and men had acquainted Governor Bradford of the little game, when he wrote "the general" that chaplains were *chosen* by the officers and men, and appointed by *him*, and that Mr. Kramer having had that honor, seeming to "fill the bill" pretty lively, thought that one to a regiment was amply sufficient. Of course somebody had to back water—and it was'n't the "*fighting Chaplain of the Third.*"

A BATTLE.

In August, Gen'l Pope assumed command. Says the Chaplain, "On the 8th, Crawford's brigade (the 3rd Md. regiment being a part of it) was ordered to Slaughter Mountain. Early on Saturday morning, it being the 9th, Banks arrived with his force of 7,000 men, Gen'l Seigel following in support of Banks. About 5 o'clock General Jackson advanced on Banks, and opened his batteries on us from Cedar Mountain and made terrible work. At 6 o'clock we were ordered to charge at 'double quick.' Our men sprang forward, and just as we had reached the edge of the field, the rebels poured forth from their batteries a most deadly fire of grape and cannister. Our men reeled and staggered. Whole ranks appeared to be swept down. Yet on they rushed, over wounded and dying. Our major fell dead. The slaughter was terrible. At length the terrific fire from their masked batteries compelled us to retreat, leaving many of our wounded upon the field till midnight. On Sunday morning the rebels continued in full force on our front, but

gradually fell back with a purpose to draw us into a trap. They left their dead on the field. "Gen'l Pope had been momentarily expecting Gen'l Fitz John Porter with his splendid army of 30,000 men, to reinforce him, while the whole of Lee's army, 150,000 strong, was menacing his front. Fitz John Porter's failure to support him, left Pope to the superhuman work of keeping back the whole force of Lee, with his small army. Pope finally fell back in perfect order towards Alexandria, fighting all the way.

"On Sunday, the 31st of August, our troops destroyed the cars on the railroad together with all the stores and supplies, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the rebels."

While this work was going on the Chaplain had a finger broken at the hand, the bone protruding. No surgeon being near, he worked it back into its place, and wrapping up the hand in a stocking he picked up, kept at his post until the next day when it was cared for in a proper manner.

THE BATTLE OF CHANTILLA.

"On the 1st of September, as we were falling back to Alexandria, Gen'l Bauks was suddenly taken ill, and when the rebels were reported to be advancing for battle. Quite a panic was caused and came near being a general rout, when the Colonel called my attention to it, and we put spurs to our horses and headed off the stampede. Shortly after this, at about 5 o'clock, the rebel force struck us at Chantilla. The rain now fell in torrents; the most terrific peals of thunder I ever heard, accompanied with the most vivid flashes of lightning, and with the blending of the cannonading and musketry below, it seemed as if heaven and earth had met in mortal combat in a battle of the giants and the Gods. Darkness alone put an end to the contest. Gen'ls Stevens and "Phil." Kearney, on our side, were killed. As the rebels fell back, we lay all night on our arms. The day had been hot, but after nightfall the cold became intense, and which with our wet clothing, gave us the greatest concern.

"We now continued our march to Alexandria, and encamped in view of the city."

THE CHAPLAIN MAKES A CAPTURE.

In a few days the brigade began its march to Maryland,

arriving at Frederick on Saturday, September 13, 1862, and passing thence over South Mountain, down to Antietam, it reached Boonsboro and the south side of the mountain on Monday. They had nothing to eat from early morning, and as the colonel of the regiment and the Chaplain were riding along side by side cogitating as to how they were to obtain this needed supply, they espied a farm house over near the foot of the mountain, when it occurred to the Chaplain that he would ride over and capture a loaf or two to enrich their now exhausted commissary. With the colonel's permission, he started off on a run, with his fleet of foot charger, in an old grey coat and slouch hat. He reached the house and entering it, met the good woman of the house and begged to buy some bread. She replied that she had but one left. "Well," said he, can you not bake some more? What will you take for that one? The price struck was a dollar; the Chaplain paid for it bound it up hastily with his one unwounded hand, and putting it under his arm, started out doors. Just as he was about to mount his horse, he looked up and saw a rebel soldier approaching, carrying his gun in his hand. Something had to be done, and there must be no delay about it. So tying the loaf to the saddle, the Chaplain took a strange fancy to the man's gun—as he himself was without one.) Advancing, he saluted his unsuspecting victim, who took him for the "man of the house," and during the brief conversation that ensued about "commissary supplies," etc., etc., he put his gun at rest; when "the Chaplain," still eyeing it closely, said—"My friend, that's a fine gun you have," (putting his hand upon it.)

"Yes," he replied, "it's a fine piece." "I just lifted it," says the Chaplain—"and casting an admiring glance along the smother barrel, I just stepped back quickly a few paces and brought it to a "present," at the same time saying to him, 'You are my prisoner.' If ever a fellow on a foraging expedition was chop-fallen and bewildered, he was. Our brigade being just in sight, I started him at a right-about face, poor fellow, and mounting my horse, marched him straight into camp. (He didn't stop to ask a single question, but just obeyed.) The regiment greeted us with a shout. I then introduced my 'Johnny' to the urbane colonel as a member of the 3rd—but the South Carolina, and not the Maryland 3rd."

They passed the prisoner along to General Green, commanding the column, who, after learning the facts, ordered that the Chaplain be entitled to the gun and trappings for his heroic exploit, and at his request, the custody of the prisoner! And during the pleasant confab between them, over night, he found him a gentleman of intelligence and ability--and was extremely mortified at the manner of his capture, by an unarmed Chaplain.

Says the Chaplain—"I shared my supper with him from the 'commissary supply' he helped me bring in, and provided him a good blanket for the night and breakfast in the morning. And altogether the fellow had a better time with me than he would have had 'out in the cold,' with his own troops, for, on taking leave of me, to join the provost guard, he heartily thanked me for my kindness, and we parted the best of friends. He acquainted me with his city and residence. The 'capture' I made—the gun and equipments—it was agreed by the colonel and all hands, should be sent a present to our Governor, Bradford."

THE FIGHT AT ANTIETAM—MC CLELLAN AGAIN IN COMMAND.

On the 16th of September, after a hasty breakfast, the brigade continued its march for Antietam.

"At 3 p. m.," says the Chaplain, "we came to a halt; each man had dealt out to him about sixty rounds of ammunition, and all loaded, ready for action. Pickets were stationed; beef were killed and distributed among the troops, who enjoyed a square meal—the last that many a poor fellow ever ate. The night grew dark and the rain fell in torrents. We had no sooner encamped for the night, than, at 9 o'clock the bugle sounded an advance. We were soon in line, and marching down to Antietam creek, picking our way, together with the heavy artillery, plodding along through mud and mire, we came to a brief halt for rest and reconnoitre. Just as the daylight was slightly tinging the East, the rebels began pouring their fire into us. Our brigade formed into line, and filed into action splendidly—'fighting Joe Hooker' and Gen-Mansfield at our head! It was hot work for a short time, and the ground around was literally bathed in blood. Soon General Mansfield was struck down and carried from the field to a small house not far distant, where he died about noon. Soon after, 'fighting Joe Hooker' was hit in the heel,

but stuck to his saddle; and when the surgeon rode up and proffered his services, he said: "No! I haven't time now, I can stand it; and having asked him for a little brandy, he drank it, and putting spurs to his horse rode off and was seen encouraging the men in the fight, but soon after, he was, from the loss of blood, compelled to leave the field.

"I was much concerned," says the Chaplain, "for a young captain of one regiment, about 19 years of age, W. A. Hacker, from Mass.; he had fallen at the head of his company. As the enemy were driven back a number of us started in to see if we could get at him, as well as some others we had missed. We found Hacker in an old farm house, that had been vacated by its occupants when the fight began. It had become an extemporized hospital during the fight. He had been struck with a minnie ball in the breast, and the wound was very dangerous. We secured an ambulance, and at once removed him to better quarters, as the firing was in that direction, for as the house stood between the two forces it would set the house on fire. The dead, wounded and dying, were strewn about us on every hand, and was a sickening sight to behold; and the cries of the latter, as they writhed in their pains, we could hear above the din of battle. The enemy in retiring had left them, strewn in every direction over the field.

"Darkness now enveloped us as with a mantle, and leading my horse, I went through and through among our fallen braves, and did everything in my power to aid and succor them, as they lay bleeding and dying. Thought I, 'Oh! cruel Rebellion! what hast thou done? and this but a drop in the measure of thy crimes! Thousands the homes that have been made desolate and drear! Would God I could die if it could but save all this!'

AMONG THE SLAIN.

"All night long I plodded around among the slain, and into every nook and corner where I hoped to find our men, to render them comfort. I sat down, worn out and utterly exhausted with the night of toil—holding the bridle of my horse, waiting quietly for the daylight, to resume my search. I arose, and went almost into the rebel lines, when the Colonel sent for me to retire as I might draw their fire.

“But the rebels remained quiet, though every moment we expected orders to advance and open on them; but not a soul stirred, not an order given! And we all wondered that we were not to follow up the success of the preceding day. We queried: ‘What could be the design of our Commander-in-chief?’ with Fitz John Porter and his 15,000 fresh troops near in support, that had not yet been led into the fight—were we to let the enemy escape? We could not understand it, but the rebels were allowed to

Quietly ‘rise and steal away,
And live to fight another day.’”

and we were left with the wounded. The rebels generally made us the hack-horse to furnish them with supplies, and care for their wounded and bury their dead, while they ran off to strike us in another direction! They *fought* as if they meant it! We, to spare the men, but save their trousers! They were allowed to retire, in the best of order—wagon trains and all; and I don’t know but what they took some of ours along, for our chief seemed to be satisfied to let them ‘depart in peace’—if they’d only go away.

“But, thank God, the nation soon learned, by the perpetration of blunders, to put fighting men in command, and we soon had them, and the result is before the world!

“After laying two days at Antietam—the enemy having in that time full opportunity to slip away, we marched down in good order (!) on Sharpsburg, arriving Friday evening. We filed along through the field still strewn with the unburied dead. On Saturday, we passed Pleasant Valley and over the Maryland Heights, and on Wednesday down the Potomac to Harpers Ferry and to Loudon Heights. On Sunday, we had rest; we had a large rock for our pulpit, and spoke from the 140th Psalm:—‘Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle!’ It was a solemn time. While so many thousand of our brave comrades had been left dead on the field, and others writhing in pain in their wounds, God had shielded us who remained! And what joy would fill the hearts and homes of our families when they should have received the news of the terrible battle, and our letters should reach them of our preservation. But alas! what sadness was left for those of our comrades, when the news should reach them of ‘dead on the field of battle!’ Long will we carry with us the memories of that Sabbath day after the now historic Antietam.

When the services closed there went up from a thousand throats on the old Loudon Heights, that awoke the echoes of the hills and swelled to the skies, the grand old doxology:

'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

THE FIGHTING CHAPLAIN BECOMES MAJOR.

We will now have to introduce to the reader our hero Chaplain as "Major."

The Major of the regiment having been killed at the battle of Cedar Mountain, it was now in contemplation to appoint the Chaplain to fill the vacancy thus created. The Colonel wrote a special letter to the Governor on the subject, and, as they had canvassed his record, and had decided that as well as Chaplain he also possessed the fighting qualities requisite for Major, he was at once inducted into that office to the great joy of the 'boys.' The following is the letter:—

HEADQUARTERS 3RD REGIMENT MD. VOLS.,

BOLIVAR HEIGHTS, HARPERS FERRY, VA.,

November 2, 1862.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, GOV. A. W. BRADFORD:

Sir:—I have the honor to beg of you a commission for the following officer, Chaplain Samuel Kramer, to be Major of the 3rd regiment Md. Vols.

An order from the headquarters of the army requires to have this office filled, and as there is none more worthy to fill this office than Chaplain Samuel Kramer, and as his bravery, shown on many occasions, and his experience acquired in the service warrant his appointment.

I herewith most respectfully recommend Mr. Samuel Kramer to be commissioned by your excellency, Major of the 3rd regiment, Md. Vols.

I remain most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOS. W. SUDSBURG,

Colonel Commanding,

3d Reg. Md. Vols.

Upon going into camp after the recent fight of Antietam, it was found that the regiment could only muster about 200 fighting men, and that they must not only have rest, to bring up the energies of the balance who were saved, exhausted from the battle, but they must recruit. Our Major was now ordered to proceed to Annapolis, to lay the matter before the Governor, which he did, and received an order on General G—— at Easton, Md., for 200 drafted men. Quartermaster Belger furnished the steamer *Balloon*, and he proceeded to Easton for the troops. The following is Major Belger's order:

“QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE,

BALTIMORE, *January 6, 1863.*

CAPT. JAS. TILGHMAN,

Steamer Balloon,

CAPTAIN:

You will proceed with your steamer at sunrise to-morrow morning to Easton, Talbot Co. Md., and take on board 200 drafted militia, and return to this port, by direction of the Major General Commanding at once.

Major Kramer of the 3rd Md. regiment, will be in charge of the men.

Respectfully,

J. W. BELGER,

Colonel & Qm.”

These men were mostly substitutes, having received good pay therefor, and their discipline was rather lax. Besides, they had left with the general in command about half the amount they had received, and many were deserting, being sure of the part payment they held—as only half could be given them until they went into actual service.

Says the Major: “The general was surprised at the order, and it was only after several days delay that he at length was induced to furnish 100 men instead of the 200 called for. I at length got the men on the steamer and started for Baltimore, and on arrival reported to the Quartermaster General

for transportation to Harpers Ferry, which was furnished without delay. On the way up to the Ferry, many of these men being 'bounty jumpers,' tried to desert; but I took the precaution to have the car doors guarded, with orders to shoot any that should attempt it. On arriving at the Ferry they fought with the guards and several were wounded, and they had us nearly overpowered when the provost guard came to our assistance. We succeeded in marching them to the regiment, and several of the leaders were placed in confinement.

THE REMOVAL OF GEN. MCCLELLAN.

The authorities now became satisfied that a change in the leadership of the army of the Potomac was advisable. McClellan was removed, and General Burnside placed in command, November 5, 1862. Says the Major: "We now made preparations to move, and early in December marched to Fredericksburg, and took part in the memorable battle of that place. We crossed the river under a murderous fire from the rebel guns placed there to intercept us.

"I was now ordered back to Easton for the other one hundred men, included in the former draft. I visited Easton, and made the demand, which General G—— after various excuses refused to comply with, and I was forced to return without them. I reported the fact to Governor Bradford. This, connected with my former visit to his camp, and the causes which seemed to me to operate in his refusal to comply, awakened the suspicion of the Governor, and he gave orders for the closing of his camp, and transferred the men to that commanded by General Shriver, at the city of Baltimore. My order for the hundred men on General Shriver, was immediately honored without either equivocation or evasion. My next trouble was to manage their safe transportation through Washington to Stafford, C. H. The general furnished me a guard of five men, with which to manage a hundred of the worst bounty jumpers. It was late in the afternoon when we took cars for the South,—arriving in Washington too late for the Acquia Creek boat, we were quartered in an old building just east of the Balto. and Ohio R. R. depot. We had supper and turned in, barring and guarding the doors and windows closely to prevent escape.

We breakfasted at daylight and immediately marched for the steamboat landing and 7th street wharf.

A PLAN TO ESCAPE.

“While the men were at breakfast, I privately learned that a plan was being made to desert, while on our way to the wharf, and it took but an instant to decide me what course to pursue. As soon as the men had finished eating, I had my guards posted, and gave the command for the men to fall in. This done, I mounted a box in front of the building, and thus addressed them:—‘Men, you have been paid as substitutes, but I have heard that some of you have been forming plans to desert on our way to the boat.’ And pulling a seven shooter from my belt I said, looking at them so that they knew I meant it, ‘the first man that leaves the ranks without orders will be shot as a deserter on the spot; you will march by fours; right about face, forward march!’ and off we went in the most perfect order and reached the boat in safety. In due time every man of them was safely escensed in the regiment.

DEAD ON THE FIELD.

“Many of them, poor fellows, were either killed or wounded subsequently at the disastrous battle of Chancellorsville, Virginia.

“GEN. G——” AGAIN AND THE “SUBSTITUTE FUND.”

“While in winter quarters at Falmouth, Va., I was detailed to proceed to Easton, Md., and try and secure the funds placed in General G——s hands by the substitutes; and which was now due the men by engagement.

OPPOSITION TO COLORED SOLDIERS.

“The U. S. Government having ordered the enlistment of colored troops, a camp had been established at Baltimore. Officers were sent to Easton to recruit. They succeeded in getting about fifty men, mostly farm hands. They had marched them to the steamboat, to transfer them to the camp at the city. It became known that they were leaving, when the citizens gathered at the wharf in a threatening manner, and warned the captain of the steamer in case he persisted in taking the men on board. He becoming frightened, refused

to permit them to embark. Chancing in Easton at the time and about to return on the same boat, the officer having the men in charge, seeing me in a Major's regimentals, came to me for assistance. I asked him, 'have you enlisted these men in due form for the U. S. service?' He replied in the affirmative, showing me his papers. I immediately declared that the men should embark, and so ordered the captain. I was requested to assume command, which I did; and amid the turbulent crowd gathered around the dock of the steamer, I ordered the men into line, and the citizens, to fall back, which they did with alacrity, and I embarked the men in safety.

A FUSSY INDIVIDUAL.

"An officer in citizen's dress was at the head of the opposition. I went up to him and said: 'Sir, by what authority are you here opposing the embarkation of these men?' He answered that they were our servants. I said: 'But, sir, they are free, by the act of the Government, and hereby are free to enlist in its service, and I shall take them to Baltimore.' He said 'I am an officer of the U. S.' I replied: 'If you are, your duty is where your services are needed—not here trying to interfere with its orders; these men shall embark, and turning around I said: 'I command in the name of the U. S. that these men embark,' and I said to the officer in command: 'officer march your men aboard, and place a guard over them,' and it was done—the officers having them in charge guarding the gangway with their swords drawn. I now approached the captain, who knew me, and informed him that it was time to leave. He declared that he feared a libel, and did not dare do so. I replied: 'Captain, you know me, I am acting for the Government, and in its name I now take command of this boat; I give orders to cast loose and proceed.' He obeyed, and we were soon steaming away, while the chagrined and mortified rebels stood gazing in mute astonishment at the receding boat, bearing off 'their servants' as they called them.

"The boat reached its destination in safety, and disembarked its first cargo of 'colored U. S. soldiers,' and never again was we interfered with in the conveyance of troops, either white or colored. They soon found we had a stable Govern-

ment, at least north of the Potomac; and the 'officer of the U. S.' learned a lesson of duty and loyalty to his government.

THAT TRUST MONEY.

"I returned to my regiment, carrying with me from Easton several thousand dollars of the substitute fund, which had lain in the hands of General G——. Several of the men were missing, and there remained in my hands, after paying those who were entitled, the sum of \$3,126.25.

MONEY FOR THE FAMILIES.

"I was now detailed to go to Baltimore with a large sum of money to distribute among the families of the men of the command—the troops having been paid off at Stafford C. H. I gave notice in the daily papers of my arrival, and requested the representatives of the soldiers to meet me at the Union Relief, on Eutaw street, with their orders and sign the pay-rolls, and get their money, which they did. Many a heart in that city was made glad.

THAT 'SUBSTITUTE' 'TRUST FUND' AGAIN, AND WHAT BECAME OF IT.

"Having brought with me the balance of the 'substitute' fund, before referred to, I called on Gov'r Bradford, and stated the facts in connection therewith, and asked him what I should do with it. He stated he would inform on the morrow.

WHERE IT COMES IN.

"I called on the governor as per agreement, and was ordered to place the money in bank to the credit of Gen'l G——, who was charged with the 'substitute' fund, so that if the men turned up it could be drawn on. I made the deposit as ordered by the governor, in the Mechanic's Bank.

RECEIPT.

'Mechanic's Bank of Baltimore.

'Received of Major Samuel Kramer, on deposit, \$3,126.25, placed to the credit of Gen'l G——, in trust as substitute

funds, less discount on eastern funds, \$3.97—net \$3,122 46-100.

(Signed,)

C. R. COLEMAN, *Cashier.*

BALTIMORE, *January 5, 1863.*

“I turned over this receipt to the governor, and, after transacting my business, returned again to my command.

“At length many of the substitutes to whom this fund belonged, were at their places in camp, some being afterwards killed, and others wounded, at the battle of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg.”

“I had assured these men that their money was safe in bank and would be paid them upon the expiration of their term of service.

“After the Gettysburg battle, in August, 1863, their term of service having expired, they were sent home to Baltimore. I was detailed to aid in mustering them out of service.

“GONE WHERE THE WOODBINE,” &c.

“I was now called upon by the men for the money due them of this trust fund. I at once communicated this to Gen'l G——, having it in charge, at Easton. After waiting a reasonable time and receiving no reply, I consulted with the State officials. Many of the men desiring to go home, I settled their accounts out of my own funds, believing that Gen'l G—— would settle the account promptly, amounting to about \$500.

“Placing the receipts in the hands of the Secretary of State, Hon. W. B. Hill, that officer wrote to Gen'l G—— several times and received no answer. Finally a demand was made, when Gen'l G—— wrote for me to meet him at the Fountain Hotel, Baltimore, on a certain day with the papers and receipts, &c. I met him as requested. The general requested me to deliver them to him, and upon his return to Easton, he would send a check for the amount.

“Not suspecting any treachery, I gave him up every receipt, not even retaining copies. That was the last I have ever been able to hear of either my money or receipts. When written to he has always observed that dignified

military silence for which he seems proverbial, and eminently capable of imposing up those who are strangers to him.

“This man has held several positions of trust in the State, and I believe now holds one in Baltimore. Aside from the amount of \$500.00 due me, as above, he has, so far as I know at this present writing, failed to account to *anybody* for the snug little sum of \$3,126.25, ‘substitute of trust funds’ of our men that I placed to his credit in the Mechanic’s Bank of Baltimore, by suggestion of Gov’r Bradford, as the following will show :

‘STATE OF MARYLAND,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
Annapolis, May 22, 1863.

MAJOR SAMUEL KRAMER,

DEAR SIR : Yesterday I had an interview with the Secretary of War about the substitutes in your regiment.

He gave me directions how to proceed to secure their pay from day of the draft, and I will give it early attention.

I shall have to go to Easton to arrange it as I cannot get Gen’l G—— to do anything by mail.

Yours, truly,

‘W. B. HILL,’

IN CAMP AGAIN—AN ACCIDENT.

“Having finished the business for which I was detached, and obtaining commissions and promotions for several worthy officers, I joined my regiment at Stafford C. H. on the 1st day of February, 1863. In the latter part of March, while in command of my regiment, and ordering a review, after manœuvering, and being about to remount my horse before wheeling the men into line, placing one foot into the stirrup, the orderly let go the bridle, and my horse made a plunge and threw me violently against the stump of a tree. I was stunned with the blow, my back was injured, my head severely cut, while the hilt of my sword struck in my right abdomen, inflicting a dangerous internal wound. For three

days and nights I suffered misery untold, my life being despaired of by the surgeons in attendance.

"I was assured that my recovery was entirely due to my strictly temperate habits together with an unusually good constitution.

THE OLD FEELING.

"It was several weeks before I could leave my tent, for I declined to go to the hospital. I soon fell into typhoid fever, and when the army moved on Chancellorsville, April, 28, I was left at the field hospital, and soon after removed to Washington, where I was attended by Surgeons Clymer and De Wit, where, with quiet and good treatment, thanks to a kind Providence, I recovered. However, when in June following, the army was ordered to move towards Gettysburg, the old feeling came on me in such force that I determined to ask permission to join my regiment; but upon consultation of my physicians I was forbidden."

So strong was the old feeling in the Major that he thought to "jump" the authority of the surgeon in charge, and applied in person to Surgeon General Hammond, whom he begged to release him from his surgeon's care, that he might be with the men in the glorious fight at Gettysburg. But he was unsuccessful. Gen'l Hammond saw at a glance, that with the complication of wounds and sickness, he was unfitted for the field, and ordered him home, where his leave was extended to 60 days. As he pressed his claims on Gen'l H——, he said to him: "No!—Major, I have heard of you and your services, I cannot let you—it would be suicide to attempt it. You must rest."

When his leave finally expired, he applied for active service again, but they as steadily refused, when he replied, "Well, if I can be of no further use, you had better discharge me." The general replied, "No, you can do camp duty," and he was ordered to Baltimore to attend to the mustering out of troops whose time continued to expire, as the following orders will show:

SPECIAL ORDER NO. 207.

HEADQUARTERS, MIDDLE DEPARTMENT,
8TH ARMY CORPS,

August 1, 1863.

MAJOR S. KRAMER, 3rd regiment Maryland vols., now under medical treatment in this city, is detailed on special duty to superintend mustering out of service the drafted men of his regiment, whose term of service has expired.

By order of Major General Schenck.

W. H. CHESEBROUGH,
Assistant Adjutant General.

TO MAJOR S. KRAMER,
3rd Regiment Md. Vol's.

MUSTERING OFFICE,
Baltimore, Md. September 5, 1863.

Major S. Kramer, of 3rd regiment Maryland volunteers, has been, and is still employed in my office in preparing the muster-out rolls of the drafted men and substitutes whose term of service has expired, for discharges. His services are still required to complete this duty.

W. H. WHARTON,
Maj. Gen'l U. S. Inf'y, Mustering Officer U. S. A.

Copy of Surgeon General's Certificate of Disability.

I hereby certify that I have carefully examined Major Samuel Kramer, 3rd regiment Maryland volunteers, and find that he is suffering from the effects of a fall from a horse, received in the line of duty, in March, 1863, injuring his back, and that in consequence thereof, he is not fit for active field duty. Not liable to draft, but fit for garrison or light duty with the Invalid Corps.

W. R. DE WITT, Jr.,
Surgeon U. S. Vols., in charge U. S. A.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *September 10, 1863.*

THE "INVALID CORPS."

In due time Major Kramer was recommended to the Invalid corps, as the following will show :

CAMBRIDGE, *August 31, 1863.*

LETTERS OF EX-GOV'R. HICKS AND SECRETARY HILL.

TO THE PROVOST MARSHAL, U. S. A.,

DEAR SIR: I very respectfully ask your favor for Major Samuel Kramer of 3rd Md. vols. Major Kramer has unfortunately been disabled by a fall from his horse whilst on duty with his regiment, and has suffered, I learn, from violent typhoid fever. Not being able, longer, to render active service in the field, his friends, myself among those, desire for him some good place in the Invalid Corps. You will excuse my saying that I feel very anxious in Mr. K's case. I know much of his service to the cause of the Union, and to myself in the darker days of our glorious Union. He came from Winchester, Va., *via* Harper's Ferry, in June, 1861, to Frederick to advise me, as Executive Officer of Maryland, of the doings of Jackson and his confederate forces, then at Harper's Ferry, and on the Potomac. He told me of their contemplated raid into Maryland, and their design to capture me, then only twelve miles from them, that they might carry Maryland with the seceded States. Mr. K. labored faithfully to raise regiments in Maryland, and put them in the field, and was very successful; and this was done at a period when most of our people feared to move in that direction. Mr. K. being a minister of the gospel, I commissioned him Chaplain to the 3rd Maryland volunteers. His history since that time will be shown by your records. If at all proper and possible, I beg that you gratify Mr. K. and his many friends.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, your obedient servant.

THOS. H. HICKS,
Late Governor of Maryland.

TO THE PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL, U. S. A.

SIR: It gives me great pleasure to commend to your favorable consideration, Major Samuel Kramer, of the 3rd

regiment Maryland volunteer infantry, for admission into Invalid Corps. I have known Major Kramer for many years personally and officially, ever since his entry into the service. He has been a good soldier, and is of most excellent character in every respect. I understand that from injuries and sickness incurred in the service, he is no longer fit for active service, and I shall be gratified to hear of his admission into the Invalid Corps, although the transfer will cost the State one of her bravest and most meritorious officers.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

WM. B. HILL,
Secretary of State.

THE CHAPLAIN'S EARLY CAREER.

"MILITARY TACTICS!"

Mr. Kramer quite early in life, took to the sea. He left his home in 1822, being then only 14 years of age, in a merchant ship, afterward joining the "Emily," Captain Cope-land. While lying in Rio de Janeiro, he had occasion one terribly dark and stormy night to "man a boat" and go on shore for the captain. That country was then in the midst of a terrible war. On landing at the quay, he left the boat and proceeded to where the captain was waiting, when he encountered a guard of Portuguese soldiers, who hailed him. Just then a flash of lightning revealed a line of them stretched across the street. In an instant all became dark again, when he made a dive through their line, and soon got beyond their reach, when they uttered the most singular sounds as "Booh! Booh!" They thought it was a spirit from some unknown region, and did not even dare fire their pieces but let him escape. They never had the matter explained, and undoubtedly remained to their dying day in full belief that an invisible being had passed through their ranks. On his return of course the captain had the pass word.

On another occasion at the same place he was sent ashore for the captain, when on approaching the quay, he was warned away by a sentinel armed with a sabre. He persisted on landing, when the sentinel began to make cuts at

him. Young Kramer parried off his cuts with his boat-hook. As usual, Kramer used the "hook" to such advantage as a "parrying" instrument, that he completely nonplused his assailant, and backed out of harm's way, into the stream; The sentinel, meantime, was standing on the quay, gyrating and gesturing wildly at his own discomforture. There were many incidents of the kind in his eventful life while "upon the wave," which we have not the time here to narrate, and which might not be appropriate to the end we have in view, in this little volume.

After spending several years in that service, in various ships, as officer, he joined the U. S. Naval service. The U. S. Schooner "Dolphin," of 12 guns, Captain Anlich, was on the Pacific coast, to which he was assigned. Afterward he served on board the frigate "Brandywine," Commodore Jacob Jones, in which he returned home.

While off Cape Horn in a terrible gale of wind, the Brandywine labored heavily, and carrying away her mizzen topmast, she was in great danger; the captain of the top became so bewildered as not to know what to do. Young Kramer, being in the top, said: "Hold on, take care of yourself," and pushing him aside assumed his place, directing the topmen, cleared the wreck, secured the spars and sending them down, in full view of the officers on the quarter-deck. His seamanlike coolness and nerve at once attracted the attention of the officers, and when all were safely secured and he had come down on deck, the executive officer came up to him and questioned him as to how long he had been at sea, and many other questions, and commended him. He had then been at sea about seven years.

Being a young man of strictly temperance habits, a good sailor, and well practiced in seamanship, and in navigation generally, the officers offered to join in recommending him to the Sect'y of the U. S. Navy, but which he declined, with many thanks. He had in contemplation the command of a merchant ship.

But, soon after, entering the church, he suddenly came to the wise conclusion that his duties lay in a higher and nobler direction. Having spent his early life with those that "Go down to the sea in ships," his sympathies went out after them first, and he engaged in their service, establishing him-

self in his native city, giving over 20 years service without pay.

In 1839 he founded the "Sailors City Bethel," on Light street wharf; and in 1846, he bought the ship William Penn, and fitted it up for the church, and in 1852 he built the sailors' church on Lee street. Our "military history" opens with him on the fatal "19th of April."

In stature the Chaplain is below the medium, small but compactly built—wirey—a perfect "Paulus," with much of the "Wesley" attached. A great worker, and has now for several years performed the most efficient and practical service, as acting Chaplain at the Navy Yard, Washington, as the following will show :

U. S. RECEIVING SHIP "RELIEF,"

NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON,

July 13, 1876.

REV. MR. KRAMER,

DEAR SIR:—

This ship will go out of commission to-morrow or Saturday. Before leaving her however, I wish to extend to you my hearty thanks for the interest you have manifested in the spiritual welfare of her crew, and for your faithful labors among the men attached to the ship. Your attendance on the Sabbath has been regular, and your devotion to the cause for which you have labored has been earnest, and I think much good has resulted from your ministrations. I am sure all the officers and men join with me in thanking you.

Very respectfully,

J. F. MERRY,

Lieut. U. S. N. Com.

NOTE:—Mr. K. preached on board the "Relief" for nearly 15 months on every Sabbath, and the above was sent him unsolicited and unexpected.—Ed.

U. S. S. TALLAPOOSA,

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

May 22, 1879.

HON. SECRETARY OF THE NAVY:

SIR:—I respectfully state that the Rev. Samuel Kramer, has to my knowledge, devoted a large portion of the past seven years of preaching to the sailors of this and other vessels at this Navy Yard.

He is a gentleman of sterling integrity, and practices what he preaches; and from my own knowledge I can say that his efforts in preaching to sailors has resulted in great good to them.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant

D. G. McRITCHIE,

Lieut. Com.

U. S. TRAINING SHIP "SARATOGA,"

NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

March 14, 1880.

TO REV. MR. KRAMER:—

SIR: As this vessel will sail from Washington in a few days, I wish, before leaving, to convey to you the sincere and heartfelt thanks of myself and the officers for the interest you have manifested in the spiritual welfare of the boys and men. Let me assure you, it is with deep regret we part with you, and that we look forward with hope to a renewal of our very pleasant relations at no distant date.

Very respectfully,

R. D. EVANS,

Com. U. S. N. Com.

NOTE:—The "Saratoga" was a school ship, with an average of near 100 naval apprentices—besides officers and men. Mr. K. preached on board 3 winters. He also ministered on

board the U. S. Ship Portsmouth. At the present time he holds divine service on board the "Passaic" and in the Chapel at the Navy Yard and other ships at the Yard.

THE NAVY YARD.

What led to the Rev. Mr. Kramer holding divine service at the U. S. Navy Yard was this:—It had been reported to Rev. J. P. Newman, of the Metropolitan M. E. Church, that no divine services were held at the U. S. Navy Yard for the benefit of sailors on board the ships at the Yard, and requested, as he had several ministers in his church, that he would send some one of them to hold such service there.

As it was well known that Mr. Kramer had followed the sea for a number of years before he became a minister, and had been in the U. S. Navy, and had given much of his life to the cause of the sailor, and was instrumental in securing the abolishment of the "cat" and "colt," for flogging, as, also, the "grog rations;" he having had meetings of the merchants of Baltimore, and was chairman of a committee to wait upon Congress for the removal of these stigmas of the American Navy, (See life of Col. Elijah Stansbury, late Mayor city of Baltimore, pages 161-3-4,) it was decided to send him. And it will be seen that he has faithfully performed such service, by the encomiums of officers and men of the Navy. For several years he did this without pay.

Mr. Kramer's foundness for sea life would have led him into the Navy instead of the Army, had it not been that under the condition of affairs in Maryland, he saw he could do more to aid the Government by helping to raise troops and aiding them and their families, than by going into the Navy, as he did not consult his own comfort, but the good of the Government.

THE MAJOR'S FAMILY AND ANCESTORS.

The Major was born in the City of Baltimore, October 14, 1808. Married and raised a large family of children,—7 sons and 2 daughters.

Four of the sons entered the ministry—three Episcopalian, and one Methodist. One recently deceased, Rev. Wm. Paul Kramer, associate rector of Christ Church, New Orleans, the church of our honored Secretary Hunt, of the Navy. He

was a young man of great promise, and is greatly lamented by his people. He endeared himself to the people of that city by remaining two years in succession of the yellow fever at his post—the last two years of his life—and being sent north to recruit, died in Morristown, N. J., on May 22, 1881.

It may be interesting to know something of the parents of Mr. Kramer. He is of German and English parentage; his mother was from the family of Pauls, who came to this country from England in its early settlement, and settled in Kent County, Eastern Shore, Maryland. Miss Paul was a relative of one of the State of Delaware's first governors. The father of Major Kramer, John Kramer, came from Bremen, before the American Revolution, when he was but 17 years of age, with his brother, aged 19; they both entered the army of Gen'l Washington at Harrisburg, Pa., their names were spelled Kraemer, Creamer, and Cramer. They served through the entire war.

Major Kramer's father was one of Gen'l Washington's body guard, and was a great favorite with him. After the war he settled in Washington, and finally in Baltimore, where Major Kramer, the youngest of the entire family, was born. Four of the elder brothers of the Major's were soldiers of the war of 1812-13-14: he, himself, well remembering many of the events. George, his father's brother, settled in Pennsylvania at the close of the war, and had several sons, one of whom was a member of Congress for three terms from that State. The family has spread all over the States, and the name spelled in the different ways as above, is found in nearly every State in the Union, and they have always been loyal to the government their forefathers fought to maintain.

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**N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962**

