

Rev. Dr. C. Christy

Chaplain of the 78. Penn. Vol.

The Chaplains entitled to their share of the glory of victory — Father Gallitzien — Father Christy's early life and missionary labors as a priest — Selected Chaplain of the 78. P. — His services to the sick and wounded in and around Louisville — His voyage in the dug-out — sufferings at Stone River — The influence of the Chaplains on Rebel and officer and soldier — its feeling conversions — Complementary services — An involuntary bath — The Column with his arguments and is mustered out of service.

If it be praiseworthy to rescue from oblivion the names of those who fight valiantly, or do great deeds for the sake of their country; it cannot be the less commendable to hold up for public gratitude, the labors of those who worked for the salvation of souls, and the greater glory of the Kingdom of God.

The warrior finds his guerdon, and receives his laurels from the hands of an admiring and applauding people; the other, whose deeds are hidden from the eyes of men, neither ~~seeks~~ nor ~~desires~~ cares for the thanks of an admiring world; the one looks for, and receives his reward in this world; the other, humbly hopes for a recompense hereafter.

If it be the duty of the historian, to write the actions of those who deserve well of their country, especially in great emergencies, like that of the late <sup>Civil War</sup> ~~Revolution~~; then, all who <sup>took part in</sup> ~~acted for~~ the grand ~~cause~~ should be equally portrayed. ~~The glorious~~

~~achievement was the work of many hands. Great but~~ these are fought and won, not by the soldier only; the humble teamster, <sup>often</sup> ~~plays~~ <sup>apart</sup> as an important and <sup>essential</sup> necessary ~~part~~, as he who <sup>wears</sup> ~~carries~~ a sword on a <sup>shield</sup>.

An army carries in its midst, all the essentials that go to build up a nation. The soldier, the lawyer, the artisan, the laborer, the doctor, the divine, have each their appropriate duties to perform. All labor in unison, and <sup>for</sup> a common result; ~~that to be obtained~~ and when the battle is fought, the victor obtains, a due share of praise should be attributed to him, who by his prayer and council, and burning zeal for the world's welfare, bore up the weak, and <sup>gave help to</sup> ~~strengthened~~ the despairing; strong, strong

and encouraging also; so that in the day of trial, there should be fearless hearts, and strong arms, ready to dare, and do ~~all~~ <sup>what the battle might be worth</sup>.

To the subject of this sketch, especially ought the thanks be given of a united people. For, among the many worthy Catholic chaplains of the army, none labored more steadfastly and zealously for the soldier's welfare; none, showed more energy and determination in laboring to crown the contest with a glorious victory; ~~from the beginning, from end to end, an ever-constant, a true gentleman, an unselfish friend.~~

The subject of this memoir, was born Oct 14<sup>th</sup> 1829, in the mountain village of Loreto, Cambria County, Pennsylvania; a place forever to be remembered as the home of the illustrious Prince Gallitzen; the second priest ordained in the United States, and one of the pioneers of Catholicity west of the Alleghenies. He was baptised by Father Gallitzen, who was also his sponsor; under whose care the embryo missionary was brought up, and was living with him as his altar boy, when his <sup>teacher</sup> ~~father~~ and ~~paternal~~ guardian, died, May 6<sup>th</sup> 1840.

Young Christy, was partly educated at the common schools of the borough. The classics were commenced under the care of the Rev. D. P. Gallagher, now of San Francisco California; and were continued under the charge of the Franciscan Brothers, who then lived in a little hut, but now occupy a magnificent college on the summit of <sup>the</sup> Alleghenies. In the year 1849, the youthful mountaineer ~~was~~ entered St Michael's ecclesiastical seminary; where he finished his classics and philosophy. Afterwards,

~~under the auspices of,~~

he spent three years in St. Mary's, Baltimore, ~~under~~  
 and was finally ordained priest in Loretto, August  
 29 - 1845; by the Rt. Rev. M. O'Connor, being the  
 first American priest of the new diocese of  
 Pittsburgh.

His first mission was in Tappan, Armstrong Co. Pa., where  
 he labored zealously and successfully; and when his  
 name is still loved and remembered, not only by those  
 amongst whom he ministered, but by protestants  
 likewise, who soon learned to appreciate the noble  
 qualities of the young catholic priest.

The breaking out of the late <sup>War</sup> ~~Rebellion~~ found him  
 in Clearfield, Butler County, Pennsylvania; where he  
 had been for some years, laboring as usual, with unti-  
 ring energy in the cause of religion. Here, ~~far~~ far  
 removed from the busy marts of men, in <sup>he was passing his days</sup> quiet seclu-  
 sion, and busy labor; serving, and ministering to a  
 large and devout congregation.

Though shut up in the woods of Butler County,  
 Father Christy, was a constant reader of the literature  
 of the day. Being consequently well <sup>informed</sup> ~~versed~~ on all the  
 great <sup>public</sup> questions, of the day, he was well prepared  
 for the shock, and uncertainty that paralyzed the  
 popular mind, when the late <sup>War</sup> ~~Rebellion~~ was un-  
 wated under the battlements of Fort Sumpter.

~~His parishioners being all of a piece, and generally promising  
 democrats their sympathies in great measure were  
 with the South. Father Christy, himself, a thorough and  
 determined patriot, at once took a decided stand  
 in <sup>combating</sup> ~~discussing~~ the prejudice of his people, and <sup>of the</sup> ~~speaking~~  
 earnestly of the duty, and the right of the govern-  
 ment to use coercion, in order to ~~bring~~ <sup>bring</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~Union~~ <sup>Union</sup>~~

When the news of the first disaster at Bull Run

Will hence paralyzed  
with counteraction,

was flashed throughout the country; ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~Robert~~ <sup>church</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>bell</sup>  
~~into the church, and ringing the bell~~ <sup>the church bell</sup>, rung out an  
alarm that startled the whole country side; and soon,  
from far and near, came gathering to in, the wonder  
stricken country folks & ~~men~~,

"What tidings did these braver lips foretell?"

As soon as the people had assembled; <sup>father Christy</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> told them  
the news; and then spoke to them of their duties as  
christian, and Catholic citizens; of the peril of the hour  
of the necessity for exertion of the right of the country  
to the services of her children in a ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup>, infusing  
a portion of his own heroic spirit into the ranks  
of his hearers. The spirit of this, can speak for his  
own ~~possessions~~ <sup>possessions</sup> of the decided and active ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> of the  
Catholic truth in ~~stimulating the patriotic spirit~~  
of the ~~young men of the congregation~~ <sup>young men of the congregation</sup>. Under his  
direction, all the warlike spirits <sup>spirits</sup> ~~warlike~~ <sup>warlike</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> gathered  
into a company; and an old militia captain <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~  
pleased to teach the rudiments of <sup>military</sup> ~~military~~ <sup>evolutions</sup>.  
~~or Charles B. Gallaghy of Newport Pa. nephew of Father Christy says:~~  
"When, in the summer of 1861 I visited San Marcos,  
the home of father Christy, in order to raise recruits for  
Col. Simmell's regiment then forming at Hitternburg;  
my eyes were delighted to see a company of stalwart  
young men, drilling on the green ~~in front of the~~  
~~church~~. The old captain was putting them through  
the mysteries of "right and left face"; keeping time  
with the "left foot foremost"; and wheeling, and  
countermarching to the music of John Green's Mar-  
tial and effective band. The gratification and ~~amusement~~  
~~interest was not dissuading the exertions of~~  
~~the mighty men of war; and doing every thing~~  
~~in his power to encourage, and stimulate them~~  
to become familiar with the teachings of their  
doughty captain."

As soon as my errand was made known, Father Christy approved his determination of going to the field himself; and ~~owing to his example~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~many~~ <sup>over</sup> ~~times~~ <sup>numbers</sup> of stalwart soldiers <sup>volunteers</sup> from among the hills of Butler County, & I were the ranks of the Regiment then forming at Kittanning."

At the organization of the Regiment in Oct. '61, such was the popularity of Father Christy that he was almost unanimously selected by the officers as their Chaplain; though, he had for competitors many protestant clergies, who were noted for their virtues, and accomplished men. This selection, appears the more surprising, when we consider, that out of the thousands men comprising the Regiment, there were not over fifty Catholics. In the history of the Regiments comprising the armies of the Republic I do not believe there is an instance like this. It speaks <sup>not only</sup> well for the wisdom, and ~~unprejudice~~ <sup>unprejudice</sup> of the soldiers of the valley of the Allegheney; but also, for the character and qualifications of the Catholic priest, whom the popular voice had selected as Chaplain of the 78<sup>th</sup>.

The appearance, and manners of Father Christy, were well calculated to win the public heart.

Of a fine, and manly presence; a candid and youthful countenance; resolute and determined; fearless of all personal danger; always cheerful and hopeful; in sickness the best comforter, and kindest of nurses; a genial companion; no wonder that the soldiers <sup>of all denominations</sup> soon learned to love and revere him, as their best counsellor, and kindest friend.



Among the Officers of the Regiment, there was only one that expressed sentiments surprisingly to the selection of Father Christy. It was not however through any fault of his, for he came from a neighborhood where a Catholic was seldom seen; and where all knowledge of their faith, and teaching, was gleaned from "Foirs Book of Martyrs," or works of like character. This officer, as good and kind a soul as ever lived, expressed himself to many; that the only cause of regret he had in leaving his home, and family, was, that he was going away in company with a Catholic priest. For fellow, before he was many months in company with a Catholic priest he threw aside his prejudice and was eventually one of Father Christy's warmest friends.

The 78<sup>th</sup>, in company with the 77<sup>th</sup> and 79<sup>th</sup> all of Pennsylvania, <sup>were</sup> joined into a Brigade at Pittsburg, under the command of the Chevaliers and General Mepley. This Brigade, for a long time ~~was~~ known as "Mepley's Brigade," left Pittsburg about the middle of Oct 1861, for Louisville Ky; which was then threatened by the ~~Confederate~~ <sup>Confederate</sup> army under Buckner. Several months were spent in drilling, and <sup>in</sup> camp duties, at Moline and Woodsonville Ky. The weather towards the middle of the winter was bad, and inclement; the soldiers badly fed, and housed; eight and ten, occupying a wedge tent that was only intended to accommodate six.

Disease, soon grew into a pestilence, and death followed after, striking down many, who had lately appeared to be the healthiest and strongest in the Camp Regiment. At camp Mepley, near Moline, hundreds were prostrated with sickness; and when the Regiment was finally ordered to Green River, it left with wasted and depleted ranks. Father Christy was sent back to Louisville in company

with the sick; and on this journey by rail, and after their arrival, he it was on whom the soldiers relied for relief and succor. The surgeon in charge, whose business it should have been to have provided for all their wants, ~~neglected his duty~~ <sup>neglected his duty</sup> during the whole trip; and when the train arrived at Louisville, he was too helpless to be of any use. The consequence was, that the sick had to be laid out upon the floor of the depot, and there through the cold of a long winter's night, <sup>had to remain</sup> ~~there~~ until morning. So soon as the Chaplain, who had gone into the city, found out how matters were, he hurried back to the depot, and soon with the assistance of the hospital steward, Mr Barnaby, had them all carried to the different hospitals and properly cared for.

At Munfreville, the Brigade was suddenly ordered back to the Ohio river, to embark on steamboats at West Point, ~~Missouri~~ and hurry to the assistance of Gen. Grant at Fort Donaldson. A great many sick were here left in the field hospitals; and such was the confidence in the energy and ability of Father Christ, that every thing was <sup>placed</sup> ~~left~~ in his charge.

Not only had he to move the sick, and <sup>provide</sup> ~~procure~~ transportation, but had also to provide for their necessities, acting in the triple capacity of Priest, Quartermaster, and Commissary.

On the first March to Bowling Green, and Nashville, the lusty Chaplain had no horse, and consequently had to paddle his own canoe; not however a very easy job, when they had such men as he, to hurry them on. An Officer speaking of this adventure, writes, "Our first hard march was from Bowling Green; starting at 1 o'clock P.M. and marching continuously till 12 <sup>o'clock</sup> at night.

Hundreds of soldiers fell off by the way, and were

done up. Only fifteen, out of my company of eighty men, came into camp; and but three of the line officers of the regiment. What became of Father Christy, during that terrible race towards Washville I never knew? But after resting a day and a night at Edgefield, when I crossed the river to the city but just evacuated by the <sup>Confederates</sup>, I found Father Christy safely domiciled with the bishop, having got into the city before us."

The greater portion of the year 1862, was passed in Tennessee, with occasional expeditions into Alabama.

Father Christy, when not with his regiment, was attending the different hospitals at Franklin, Columbia, and Palaskin.

At one time, the regiment was encamped for a <sup>while</sup> ~~short time~~ at Repressville, Alabama. Whilst there, an event transpired that nearly put a sudden end to the useful career of our Catholic Chaplain.

The <sup>Confederate</sup> General Adams, with his cavalry, occupied the country on the other side of the river; their headquarters being at Courtland, about seven miles away.

Two companies of the 78<sup>th</sup>, were <sup>sent</sup> one day across the river in boats, in order to make a reconnaissance of the surrounding country. Father Christy, who always accompanied such expeditions, happened at that particular time to be absent. As soon as possible, however, he hurried <sup>after them</sup> ~~to the river~~, hoping that he would be in time to cross with the soldiers. When he arrived <sup>he was too late,</sup> for he saw them climbing the opposite bank of the river.

The only vessel left was a small dug out, or canoe, in which the venturesome priest resolved to attempt the passage. In Tennessee, at this place,



<sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ deep, and fully a mile wide; even to an old and experienced boatman, it would have been a serious undertaking in such a ~~thick~~ <sup>rough</sup> as Ch. of. As the chaplain had never before made any attempt at navigation, the results could have easily been foretold. He had gone but a few yards from the shore, when being entirely ignorant of the science of aquatics, the canoe began to turn to all points of the compass; as he afterwards expressed himself, "the light headed thing, wouldn't go the right way" and over it went, submerging the rash voyager in the turbid waters of the Tennessee. The canoe floated away - father Christy could not swim. There was no one within sight, or call - despair gave him energy. The shore was almost within reach. He struck out manfully, but all would not do. Down he sank, still struggling hopelessly against the overwhelming water. After what seemed an age, he struck the bottom - straightening himself upright for another effort, <sup>where</sup> ~~he~~ to his unspeakable relief, he found that the water was ~~not~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~10~~ <sup>12</sup> ~~feet~~ <sup>deep</sup> ~~up to~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>up to</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> chin; he succeeded in wading out, and forever afterwards had a perfect disgust for dry lands, and a wholesome dread of the Tennessee.

At another time, when seated at the foot of a tree and quietly gazing out upon the water, a well sharp shot, on the other side of the river, happened to perceive him; and taking deliberate aim, ~~though at a considerable distance~~, succeeded in planting a <sup>ball</sup> ~~bullet~~ in the trunk, only a few inches above his head. These are but two, of the many incidents that befell our worthy chaplain, during his many journeys from one part of the state to the other.

At the battle of Stone River, Father Christy was with his regiment during during the whole of that terrible week of continuous fighting. The weather was dreadful. Through sleet and snow, wading through mud and mire, the army struggled gloriously on, fighting the elements as well as ~~the enemy~~, was shivering with cold, hungry; without fires at night; lying down on the muddy ground to snatch a short and hurried sleep; their supply trains hopelessly ~~lamed~~ away in the rear; no wonder, that the soldiers, at times were almost ready to give up in despair. Our worthy chaplain, by word and example helped to encourage, and sustain the spirits of the wearied soldier. He trooped away to the Quartermaster's wagons in the rear, and brought blankets and overcoats to the shivering ~~soldiers~~ <sup>soldiers</sup> in the front. Regardless of that and more, he went back and forth over the blood stained fields, attending to the wounded, and in many instances carrying them away himself to the extemporized hospitals in the rear.

This being the first great battle in which the regiment was engaged, the soldiers, who always admire pluck, especially in their officers, were delighted with ~~his conduct~~ <sup>conduct</sup> and hearing of their heroic chaplain. "What a pity," said they, "he is a priest, wouldn't he make a bully general?"

During the first months that the army remained in the neighborhood of Mooresboro, Father Christy busied himself attending to the spiritual wants of the Catholic soldiers. In Gen. Negley's division he was the only Catholic chaplain, and consequently had a great deal to do.

In conjunction with Fathers Cooney, Tracey, and Higgins of the 10<sup>th</sup> this a church was procured in town, where mass was celebrated every day by one or the other, and on Sundays, sermons preached in addition. The soldiers

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Rosecrans  
of ~~his~~ division, had erected a large rustic pavilion,  
covered with hemlock and cedar; with circular seats,  
capable of accommodating almost the entire division.  
Here, fathers Christy, and Treacy, <sup>the latter</sup> (being lately assigned  
to the 4<sup>th</sup> Regulars) held divine service ~~on~~ alternate  
Sundays.

The religious fervor of the army, was much ~~then~~  
gathered and quickened by the zeal of these good  
men. Many careless ones were recalled, and not a  
few converted to the true faith. The good example  
of their general, and other prominent officers, who  
were Catholics zealous and practical Catholics,  
did much to quicken the zeal of the Catholic and  
disarm the prejudice of the ~~Cat~~ protestant soldiers.  
Sundays always found hundreds of the latter assembled  
to attend mass, and listening with the greatest  
~~attention~~ to the practical exhortations of the good  
missionaries.

The few years of the war, did more to allay the  
bigotry of the protestant mind, than fifty years of  
civil life could have possibly done. The few Catho-  
lic chaplains that were in the army, were good  
and efficient men. The protestant soldiers, at  
first, distrustful and suspicious, were soon learned to  
respect and love the priest, that knowing no difference  
labored so faithfully for the comfort and welfare of the  
sick, and wounded. He found that whilst the protest-  
ant chaplain, ~~scarcely~~ <sup>carefully</sup> ever exposed himself to danger,  
in order to succor the helpless, or ~~distressed~~ <sup>wounded</sup>; the  
Catholic priest ~~in the country~~, was always at his  
post; laboring night and day in the hospital, and  
in the field; with an entire abnegation of self, that  
soon made the protestant soldiers regard him as their best  
and warmest friend. This feeling the soldiers had

carried with him home; and the good seed thus sown in war, and pestilence, has grown and matured beneath a peaceful sky; until it has multiplied itself, and is now scattered into all the hidden nooks, and corners of this great country.

When the army left Murfreesboro for that brilliant campaign against the <sup>Confederates</sup>  ~~Rebels~~ in Tennessee; Father Christy, was assigned to the Brigade then commanded by Col. Sowell. The campaign was short, and effective. There was no general battle until after the passage of the Tennessee river. <sup>By Gillespie's Gap, Tenn.</sup> ~~East of Dover, V. T.~~ During ~~over~~ the march across the state, for fourteen days we had an almost uninterrupted rain. The streams were all changed to raging torrents; the army, like a huge animal was floundering in the mud; the quartermaster, and commissary trains were totally engulfed in the vicinity of Ellipton; Officers had to dismount, and help their struggling horses out of unjathenable quagmires. Each file piece had a double team, and then could scarcely drive along. Officers drove lustily; the men grumbled. The only pleasant and genial face I have seen was that of Father Christy. Always in good humor himself, he managed to impart some of his equanimity to those immediately around him. The first good laugh we had, was, when Father Christy's horse suddenly wakened up a nest of yellowjackets. How that horse leaped and plunged among the bushes! The rider calmly smiling all the time, sat perfectly at home, notwithstanding all the animals frantic efforts to dislodge him; finally, when the horse with a scream & a gallop, broke out into a gallop, and dashed over a six rail fence into a corn field, his rider





~~At Rossille~~, <sup>at Rosville</sup> When the Army took up a new position the day after the battle, a touching incident occurred in the conversion, and baptism of a dying <sup>Confederate</sup> ~~Confederate~~ <sup>boy</sup>, and half a dozen of others were shot down, a few yards in front of the 78<sup>th</sup>. This soldier, was still alive when brought in; a beardless stripling of fourteen! when asked why he had entered the army, he said his mother had made him so! Father Christy was, as usual, on hand; and when the wounded boy found out there was a priest in the crowd, he desired him to be brought. It was a sad yet soul-winning sight, the baptism of that dying boy, in the field of battle.

In Chattanooga, Father Christy had a Catholic Church in which to officiate; however, he was everywhere, whenever needed; his ministrations were not confined to his own brigade, or division; but, <sup>he</sup> was often called upon to visit the sick in the different Army corps. He was exceedingly popular, throughout the whole army of the Cumberland; and every <sup>the soldiers all</sup> ~~every one~~ knew him by sight, and were always rejoiced at his appearance. A mission, of a weeks duration was given; and during which time, he labored incessantly, in the confessional, when not otherwise engaged, on the altar.

At the battle of Missionary Ridge, the 78<sup>th</sup> being thrown into Fort Negley; Father Christy, would not remain when there was no fighting, <sup>and conspicuously he would be baptisms to</sup> he accompanied the 14<sup>th</sup> Corps in its magnificent charge up the Mountain Alps, and continued on as far as Ringold, Georgia, giving his services to <sup>Federals &</sup> ~~Confederates~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~both~~ alike.

After the battle of Missionary Ridge, the Regiment was

put into winter quarters on the summit of Look Out Mountain. The duties of the Chaplain were here very light in comparison with what had been done when the Army was camped up in Chattanooga.

~~During a some informality in the order issued by Col. Sirmele at Murfreesboro detailing Father Christy as Brigade Chaplain; he had been <sup>reported</sup> by the adjutant of the 78<sup>th</sup> as absent from the Regiment without leave.~~

Col. Sirmele had taken command of the Brigade at Murfreesboro, and wishing to have Father Christy with him had ordered him to remain at his head quarters from which he could more readily attend to all the sick calls of the command. ~~Through some oversight~~

st. of the commanding Officer, or owing to a little leaven of prejudice, or both; Father Christy was reported as absent without leave. In consequence of this report his pay was detained by the paymaster, until the charge could be brought before a Court Martial. During all this time, for a period of several months, Father Christy being without pay, was rather "hard up".

It was at this time that the boys of the 78<sup>th</sup>, without distinction of creed, clubbed together and raised him a few dollars sum of money; which succeeded in keeping him afloat until his pay was restored by the highest official authority. The resolutions are as follows:

The following is taken from the  
Democrat & Sentinel published in Ebensburg Pa  
Loretto Pa April 7th 1864

McEldeter Dear Sir

The following which I take

from the "Louisville Journal" of March 23 is certainly  
a very nice compliment to one of "Little Cambodia"  
sons and one of which we can feel proud.

When the war broke out Father Christy not-  
withstanding his delicate state of health was  
among the first to sacrifice the endowments of  
home and brain the hardships and exposures  
of the battlefield for the sake of his country. And  
I am happy to say his labors have been appreciated.

The Resolutions below speak for themselves

Father Christy is a native of this place  
born and raised and ordained in this village  
But at the time the war broke out he was  
residing in Butler Co. where he joined the Army  
Loretto "

"Honor to whom honor is due - Rev R C Christy  
Chaplain Seventy Eighth Pa Volunteers."

"From the annexed proceedings it will be seen

that the non commissioned officers and privates of  
the 78th Pa Volunteers have presented their  
worthy Chaplain Rev R C Christy with a substantiated  
proof of the sincere regard and esteem with  
which they appreciate his many sterling qualities.  
Rev R C Christy of the Catholic Church is well  
and favorably known to many of our Citizens  
for his acquirements as a scholar, his zeal in  
his holy calling and his unfaltering devotion  
to the sacred cause of his country. We regret  
to learn that Mr Christy is at present suffering  
from Rheumatism but hope that a kind Providence  
will soon grant him power to recommence his  
mission of usefulness.

"Lookout Mountain Tennessee

March 11th 1864

"Honor to the Iron Soldier"

"Mission of usefulness."

"Lookout Mountain Tennessee

March 11<sup>th</sup> 1864

"Honor to the Hon Soldier"

"The following preamble and resolutions accompanied  
with a purse well filled with greenbacks were  
presented to the Rev H C Christy Chaplain of the  
78<sup>th</sup> Pa Volunteers by the Non-commissioned  
Officers and privates of that Gallant (Hon) Regiment

"Whereas Reverend Sir we the Non-commissioned  
Officers and privates of the 78<sup>th</sup> Pa Volunteers have heard  
that you have been deprived of some of your pay  
on the misconception idea that you <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ absent from  
the Regiment during the march from Murfreesboro  
to Chattanooga, we knowing that you accompanied  
the regiment and desiring to acknowledge our  
estimate of your valuable services do hereby put  
on record our sincere and honest convictions  
Resolved That the 78<sup>th</sup> Pennsylvania Volunteers  
do hereby acknowledge the beneficial services  
the unremitting zeal and constant attention which  
has at all times characterized you.

Resolved That we will <sup>ever</sup> treasure up in our heart  
of hearts your kind and charitable labors in care  
of the sick at Camp Negley Ky in the winter  
of 61 as well as at all other places where duty  
called

Resolved That we will ever keep green in our  
memory your valuable services on the bloody  
field of Stone River where unmindful of the  
storm of iron hail that rained on that day

"You stood manfully as a Christian Soldier in the  
discharge of your duty: and not alone on the  
blood-stained field of Stone River but on every  
battlefield that the Army of the Cumberland  
trod since October 61

"Resolved" That we tender you the  
accompanying purse filled with greenbacks as a  
small, but sincere, tribute to your worth as a  
Clergyman, a scholar, patriot and soldier, and  
we fervently pray that your present disability  
will soon end and restore you to your sphere of  
usefulness.

Resolved that these Resolutions be published in the  
Louisville Journal,

Taken from Armstrongs Democrat.

Pittsburg Pa



Taken from Armstrong Democrat.

Returning Pa

Chaplain of the 78th Regiment.  
The Louisville Journal says: "Rev.  
Mr. Christy, Chaplain in Gen. N. B. ...  
Brigade, preached to a very large congrega-  
tion at St. Patrick's Church, Thirteenth  
street, on yesterday. The discourse was  
highly spoken of for its solidity and clear-  
ness of argument and its felicity of chast-  
ened language; in a word, as typical of  
the Quintillian standard of the public  
speaker—*Docui et Placui*. The Rev.  
gentleman is en route for his brigade, hav-  
ing just returned from a short visit to his  
relatives in Pennsylvania. No chaplain  
in the great armies of the west is a great-  
er favorite among his acquaintances, mili-  
tary or civil, than the Rev. Mr. Christy,  
who, to the graces and virtues of the  
Christian minister, adds the accomplish-  
ments and acquisitions of the scholar."  
Mr. Christy was formerly ~~chaplain~~ of St.  
Paul's Cathedral, in Pittsburgh, and at  
the time he was chosen chaplain, had  
charge of a congregation in Butler coun-  
ty. He is a mild, unassuming gentleman,  
and calculated to make friends wherever  
he goes.

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47  
59  
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On the morning of the second of May, 1864, the regiment descended from the heights of Look Out Mountain, and rejoined its brigade at Grapville; in the vicinity of which General Sherman's veteran army was concentrating, preparatory to its great march to Atlanta. There was a battle almost every day. Three months of constant fighting, made a terrible gap in that army of over one hundred thousand men. As a matter of course, there was much suffering among the wounded; and a great deal to do for those who had charge of them. Chaplains, surgeons, and nurses, were kept constantly on the go night and day. Among the daily serious events, there sometimes <sup>happened</sup> incidents, that cheered the soldiers, and made him laugh even in the heat of battle. An event that helped our Chaplain, was the cause of much amusement among the soldiers of the brigade.

Whilst fording the Etowah river, which was wide, and swift, there were many involuntary duckings, the third, however unpleasant to the sufferers, even a source of much amusement to the lookers on. The water was quite muddy, with a very swift current. From three to four feet deep; the bottom being covered with boulders which made the footing very insecure. Most of the officers were mounted, two on a horse, in order to get across without the necessity of wading. The horse of Father Christy being being a very diminutive, weak <sup>kind</sup> animal, was scarcely able to carry his mighty master; but to the glory of some service to the soldiers, the chaplain took service of their muskets on the saddle before him. All went very well until the middle of the river was reached, when his horse stumbled on one of these hidden boulders, and over he went, head foremost into the boiling current, carrying his

helpless rider with him. For a while, there was a great splashing in the water and a good struggling of man and beast. Father Christy, having a wholesome fear of rivers ever since his plunge into the Tennessee thought he had fallen into a deep hole, far beyond his depth; he therefore made some desperate efforts to keep himself from the bottom. The river was alive with officers and soldiers; who at first, were a little concerned for the Chaplain's safety; but when they saw him finally raising his head Tantalus-like above the turbid waters, short after short of hearty laughter greeted his appearance; and many a witty jest was made at the expense of the good-natured Chaplain and his baptism in the Etowah river.

On the 27<sup>th</sup> of May, the battle of Hope Church was fought. The 78<sup>th</sup> Pennsylvania and 32<sup>nd</sup> Indiana were on the extreme left, and suffered terribly from repeated charges of a confident and overwhelming foe. An officer writes - "During the whole of the afternoon, there was not a staff officer to be seen; we had no communication with our general, save through the Chaplain of the 78<sup>th</sup>. The Rebels were swarming in our front, and overlapping us on the left. There were no surgeons, no stretcher bearers, to attend to the wounded. Father Christy, undeterred by the terrible cross fire was continually moving along our line, helping the wounded into the woods in our rear; and then that men too badly hurt to help themselves, he took up in his arms and took to a place of safety. About sunset, our ammunition began to fail; we, on the right, were advanced into the middle of an open corn field, and if the Rebels made another charge, it was doubtful about the results.





To rush in supplies, sufficient for his army before his contemplated march to the sea. In this duty, officers and men were constantly on the go, night and day. Officers were scarce, and when one became sick it was hard to fill his place.

On one occasion, a train was waiting for its guard; the men were drawn out in front of the ~~head~~ regimental head quarters; but there was no commissioned officer to take command. Father Christy, seeing the dilemma, buckled on a sword and reported to the Colonel for duty. His services were thankfully accepted. He faced his men, and marched them off with as much spirit as any officer in the regiment. He conducted his train safely to its destination, and brought his men home in good condition. The boys, who were with him were so delighted with his conduct, that they besought the Colonel, to let them have the Chaplain, for their commanding officer on all subsequent expeditions.

"What would you have done?" asked some one of father Christy "if the rebels had attacked your train?"

"Why," said he complacently, "I would have told the boys to pitch in"; ~~and it was easy to see from the bearing and martial character of~~ father Christy ~~that if the boys pitched in~~ <sup>had</sup> he would certainly ~~pitch in~~ <sup>have</sup> likewise.



In November, 1864, the regiment was mustered out at Vicksburg Pa., after three years of active and laborious service in the field. In the final separation, officers and men expressed themselves for Father Christy, the warmest wishes for his success, and prosperity. Certainly, there was no other officer in the regiment that took home with him, so many prayers, and wishes for a happy future. The boys, stole engine for him; and when a few got together to recount the dangers of the past, of all other officers, Father Christy's name is mentioned the ofttest. It is certain that as long as one of the old 78<sup>th</sup> remains, its chaplain will not be forgotten.

After the war, Father Christy was sent to Ebensburg, where he still remains, and honored, and a well loved pastor. Resolute, and energetic, nothing easy, he began, and with his little assistance, has already almost completed a magnificent church, which for size, and architectural beauty, promises to excel every other in the diocese. ~~May his days be long in the earth.~~