

Crack of a picked rifle would fall upon the ears but above and beyond all the ~~rich~~ ^{rich} and powerful voices of the Solder Choir would ascend to the Heavens - its solemn strains ^{breathless} affecting every heart upon that martial scene.

The arduous duties of Father Scully went on without cessation. In the afternoon Mass was said in camp and the holy utterances of the many God greatly attended to by the men. In the evening confessions would be heard - indeed the good Priest's time was fully taken up in this, and a score of other ways, in a manner foreign to the duties of his sacred work.

His church in Virginia was succeeded by the desperate fights of the Peninsula; by Camp California, better known as Camp Misery; by Yorktown's bloody port; and the battle of Hanover Court House where fell the first victim of the Ninth Regiment, Sergeant Regan who was eminently a good soldier.

Chapter X

Heaps and Confession in Camp - Burial of Sergeant Regan - Praying under difficulties - Hearing the confessions of the men under fire - Service on the Peninsula - His address to the "Home Guards" - His capture and escape - A night in the stocks - A prisoner again - A brutal officer - Taken to Richmond - His release and return to army life - Surprising incidents - His failing health - He leaves the army and returns to Boston.

Father Tieling

and a good man. Of course he was the first victim of the war, so far as the 9th was concerned, he was buried with military honors. His funeral was grand and impressive; his grave was blessed and an affecting discourse delivered by the Chaplain. ~~whose Memorials are here vividly~~ ~~standing~~. A short time before he was killed, ~~as if~~ as if anticipating his approaching end, he took from his finger an engagement ring, which he bequeathed the Rev. Father to forward to his betrothed in the event of his death - ~~he did so~~ ~~fortunately~~, and Father Reilly complied with his request.

At Yarmtown our unflinching Chaplain continued the services of the Church - Rosary being said every evening in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Cannon balls fell thick and fast about the Monastery; death held ~~high~~ carnival in the air and on the ground, and here and there the groans of the wounded and dying might be

heard - but the voice of the Priest, ²³
 could be heard as calmly, calmly
 uttering the divine word as if he
 had been secretly ensconced in
 his own Church in Roxbury. The
~~dist. as given & would be played~~
~~as he stood; yet like the~~
~~man around him, he followed~~
~~not but preserve the even tenor of~~
~~his way!~~

We recall another instance of this
 calm terrorism at the first Bull Run
 to which friend Father Seely had been
 invited by Colonel Cameron. Here, in
 a dry ditch ~~the voice of God~~
 heard the confessions of the men of
 the 69th nor bade his body nor
 bowed his head, except to the name
 of Jesus, more potent than bullets -
 though the deadly missiles of war
 shrieked and struck around him
 all impatient to harm.

This calm, enduring, brooding witness
 upon scores of occasions, could not

fail to win the admiration and respect of Protestant officers and men ~~who witnessed it~~. In fact, it did much to elevate the character of these men of God, who could, upon all occasions, be seen in the thick of the fight valiantly and un-ostentatiously doing their ~~the~~ holy duty. It was not long before the name of our Chaplain became well known among all classes of men and many who before had been prejudiced against a Catholic now gave them their full meed of praise and respect.

Among all the Chaplains of the Army the Catholic Priest stood highest for bravery, devotion, character and every ^{other} element of worth.

The onerous duties of a Priest upon the Peninsula could not be other than extremely distressing; a lack of anything of ~~decent~~ decent accommodations; continually moving about from here to there; marching and fighting, and almost all the

time without shelter in a rainy season, it is little wonder that even the indomitable Father Scully, would succumb; he fell very sick, and leave was granted him to return to Boston to recruit. The Rev. Father ~~reluctantly~~ reluctantly took leave of his brave boys and for a short time ~~sojourned~~ sojourned in Boston; upon arriving there, being bearded like a pard, he was mistaken for an oriental Priest when he said mass in one of the city churches. When it was learned by the Public that it was Father Scully of the 9th - there was a furor to see him; the fighting Priest became the rage, and the non fighting Americans thought him an excellent "card" to help them recruit with from the pink element, so he was invited to speak in Tremont Temple, Edward Everett was to address the public from the same platform. Father Scully saw through the little game and he determined to season them with their own salt.

So when he ascended the platform - he
genially referred to the brilliant manner in
which Irish men had taken up the gauntlet
traitors had flung down; how bravely
they had shouldered their muskets - and
gone to the front - a general to the leg at
at Bull's Run, to the Irish gth on the
Peninsula; to the thousands of ~~the~~ ^{the}
sons of Ireland giving up their lives for
the Union, and then proudly told
his American hearers that the Irish
men having opened the ball, wished
to see the Americans take a hand
in keeping it rolling - "Come forward
then American Citizens; enroll your
selves ^{as} and help your Irish fellow-citizens
already in the field, to beat back
the foe from the front of your capital!"

It would be impossible to express
the disgust of the getters up of the meeting
upon receiving the eloquent invitation
of our Captain to go to the front - it
wasn't the kind of speech they desired

They felt nearly as bad as the poor
Chaplains at Washington - in the matter
of rank and pay - so during the re-
mainder of his stay in Boston, the Home
Guard left him severely alone!

After a short visit to Boston, Father
Scully returned to his Regiment, very much
against the advice of his physicians,
and finding them at Gaines Mills re-
sumed his arduous labors; these
labors now became far heavier than ever
before for he performed services in two
divisions, no other Chaplain being at hand.
He might be seen continually going among
the hospitals, hearing confession, consoling
the wounded and, in a hundred ways, assis-
ting the boys to make themselves comfortable
in camp. The enthusiasm of Father Scully
in his holy work often led him into danger;
this was especially the case at Gaines
Mills where the Rev. Gentleman was
taken prisoner by the ^{Confederates} ~~Rebels~~; Father Scully
however, was not the man to remain with
them ~~Butterworth~~ longer than he could help;

So, darkness coming, on he put his
nibs to work, and ~~at~~ soon ~~found~~ ^{found} an
opportunity. The night had fallen and it
was a dreary and cheerless one indeed.
Scarcely a star twinkled in the sky, and
taking advantage of the drowsiness of his
guard, the brave Priest, crept away under
the cover of the darkness in the direction
of Chickahominy Swamp. Soon he found
himself floundering about in that awful
bog, desperately striving to make his way
in the direction of the Union lines. It
was terrible work, ~~still more~~ rendered
still more difficult by the fact that
he lost his boots in the swamp; and, if
he lost his way, he might feel pretty sure
of death, or at least ^{being} recaptured.

Several shots were fired after him by the
Red Guard upon his discovering his escape,
but none succeeded in hitting him; at last
towards morning, hungry, sick, and
half dead, to his own joy and the
unbounded delight of his men, he

reached camp where after detailing his adventures, he partook of refreshments and then retired for ~~the~~ rest he greatly needed.

At Malvern Hill Father Tom was again unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the ~~Rebels~~ ^{Enemy}, owing to his earnest desire to be with his boy's side in the thick of the fight. This time he was captured by ~~the~~ South Carolina Soldiers. The Colonel of these men was a big braving brute of a Huguenot (or rather a descendant of that ~~ferocious~~ ^{ferocious} big game race) when this fellow learned that Father Peully was a Catholic priest, and in the Union army, his hell-inspired rage knew no bounds! He abused the young clergyman in the foulest manner. Being unable to suppress his patience, he drew his revolver and, (will the reader believe it,) the cowardly brute placed it at the brow of this unarmed follower of God and threatened

to blow out his brains! Were this
act done to a miserable prisoner of
the lowest grade it would have
been cowardly to a man. Place
a fellow of Christ, whose standard
was the Cross, it was a thousand
times worse than cowardice - even
his own soldiers were horrified at
his act and probably that was the
reason ~~the masses~~ ^{he} ~~refused~~ ^{begged} ~~refrained~~
from executing his murderer, and faithful
threat! This Manly (?) officer, not satisfied
with thus abusing Father Tom, turned
the vials of his ~~rather~~ wrath upon the
honored name of Archbishop Hughes
cursing him roundly and cursing the Irish
who were helping the "black hearted
niggers peddling Yankees!"

While a prisoner with this man's com-
mand our Priest was visited by a
Sergeant of the ~~Confederates~~ ^{Confederates}, who beseeched
him to hear his confession, that the Priest
consented to do - the man confessing

to Father Scully standing in the
 attending ~~congregation~~ to avoid no-
 tice. Upon arriving at 'Savages Station'
 Father Scully was turned over to the
 General commanding the Brigade at
 that place and was treated very kindly
 by him - his sister being a convert to
 Catholicity. This officer on his departure
 gave him a letter to Col. Winder - Provost-
 Marshal at Richmond, asking for any
 clergy man every indulgence - this Winder
 reluctantly ^{granted} ~~gave~~ giving Father Scully permis-
 sion to confine himself to the pastors
 residence in Richmond - The mission of
 the Rev. Father Telling - who had been a
 chaplain with the ~~Confederates~~ ^{Confederates} at Bull Run.

Here Father Tarn remained ~~saying Mass~~
 one Sunday, and thereby giving fresh offense
 to the Southern Catholics ~~who~~ ^{they} sent a peti-
 tion to Jeff. Davis, who forwarded it to
 to Bishop McGill*, of Richmond, ~~and~~
 who in referring to it from the pulpit
 the following Sunday, took occasion
 to grossly exonerate these meddlers, telling

* This learned prelate dies on the 14th of Jan-
 uary, 1872

that it was not for Chapman to inter-
fere with the affairs of the church which
were the affairs of God and warning
them in future against such a course.

This reprimand doubtless had a good
effect as Father Scully had no further
cause of mortification. In due time
however, Father Tan was released from his
uncomfortable situation and was once
again among the lads he loved so well.

Hundreds of times on the march &
in the saddle was Father Tan heard con-
fessions, not only from his own men but
from scores who only knew him as the
Soldier Priest. It would be impossible
to enumerate the nature of the various dan-
gers this young, ~~and~~ energetic and cool
headed priest assumed from writing
letters for ~~long~~ the men to kneeling beside
the wounded and dying on the field.

Strange as it may appear he passed
unscathed through his innumerable
dangers as if protected, especially for this
holy work, by God Himself.
Men have fallen dead beside him

whilest he was engaged in tendering to
the consolation of our holy religion to
some dying son of the Church. Cannon
balls have plumped into the ^{ground} ~~earth~~
covering him with ~~the earth~~ - but he
fattered not - his bearing was an exam-
ple and encouragement to the men
and the gallant fellows prompted by
it. Hundreds of dying men have given
said to him on the field of battle
after he had listened to their con-
fession, "Ah, Father Scully, I can die
happy now - pray for ^{me} don't get
killed yourself." And scores of other
such expressions which showed how
truly his invaluable services were appre-
ciated. Our Chaplain ^{was} would visit the
hospitals upon every possible occasion,
for there, generally, he would find some
body who needed his office - The men
found great consolation in the visits
and always, no matter how much
they suffered, greeted him with a
smile of welcome.

upon one occasion he visited an
hospital in Virginia filled with Negro
Soldiers. Upon opening the door he said
to the inmates, pleasantly: "good morn-
ing any Catholics here?"

"No Sir!" exclaimed one of them,
"we is all from Virginny!"

Pay day in the 9th Regiment was always
a responsible as well as troublesome day
for ~~the~~ Father Scully - as he was en-
trusted with the money to deliver 2 or
300000 dollars. We recall one of these
occasions which was attended with
considerable danger. The road to Port-
ers Munroe at that time was a
very bad one to travel - Father Scully
had in his possession \$22,000 of
the soldiers money, for the expenses.
Shortly after his departure from camp
the attention of the Priest was directed
to the suspicious conducting of three
brazen, villainous looking men
who had been following him

for sometime; they were moving on
 in such away that; he was ^{in a manner} ~~was~~
 surrounded. In an instant Tally
 surmised their purpose - pulling
 forth his revolver he cocked it, saying
 calmly - "My men I am going a-
 head; if one of you attempts to fol-
 low or molest me, I'll drive a
 bullet through his head!"

The men hesitated a moment and
 then concluded probably that Catho-
 lic priests are about like other
 brave men when in trouble - ~~right~~
~~bloody minded~~ & Had Tally
 Scully been copped at that time -
 there is not the slightest doubt but
 that he would have been murdered
 too, his body flung into the woods
 to become food for the hungry half
 wild hogs which infested them -
 in fact all traces of him would
 have been lost - what, let our
 readers conjecture, would the

would ~~have~~ ^{have} said in view of such
a fact? When Father Scally assumed
the responsibility of taking that \$22,000
to Fortres Murroe he ~~knew~~ ^{under} the danger
he would encounter, but he never
shirked a duty and he knew his
men had unbroken deep faith in him.

Father Scally was not satisfied with keeping
the men up to what we call the "Mark" in
their Morals and Social duties ~~as~~ he went
far beyond that, his aim ~~being~~ ^{being} to make
the men better than he found them &
to send them to their homes, proud of them
as ~~would~~ ^{would} live with a higher appreciation
of the duties of life and better grounded
in the rules of their religion than when
they first donned their soldier's garb.

For this purpose he was at work early and
late to do away with that curse of a
soldier's life, gambling. In a great mea-
sure he succeeded in this work but the
boys would sometimes evade him for a
while and manage to play out their
"little game."

We remembered upon one ~~occasion~~, a number of the 9th. gathered together in a wall tent at Gaines Mills, and pegged it down tightly on all sides. so that it was impossible for a person to get a peep within, and then the cards were brought forth ~~and~~ ^{and} quite a lively game began. Father Scully heard of what was going on and determined to take a hand in it himself; so, making his way to the tent, he quietly reconnected, finding that both egress ~~and~~ ^{and} ingress must ^{be} made with a knife - he no sooner ascertained that fact than drawing his weapon from his pocket he drove it into the canvas, and ripped the whole concern to the ground.

The men leaped to their feet and disappeared leaving quite a heavy stake behind them, together with their artillery with the shope of cards, all of which the attacking ~~party~~ party confiscated.

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for the behoof and benefiting
the Church:-

"Well, boys" said one of the men
one day, after they had been so treated.

"He don't do no more than Cromwell
did himself- he used to conscript
money from the Church in the same
way, and now our Priest is tryin'
the same airy game on us!"

This kind of sport the boys rather
liked than other wise, if it wasn't
"tried on too often."

The labors of Father Scully for the suppres-
sion of gambling were so successful
that the 9th Regiment was free
from this peculiar fault than any
other in the army.

With in the anecdotal humor we may
as well relate an incident which ^{happened} ~~was~~
~~point~~ at one of the Terrys on the Potomac
and which illustrates alike the
discipline of the Men of the 9th Regiment-
and the high respect in which they
held the Reverend subject of our sketch.

Father Skully had been, as usual, going his various rounds among the soldiers visiting the hospitals &c. and was preparing to return to camp and for that reason was riding towards the Ferry above mentioned; upon arriving there he learned to his great chagrin that the boat was crowded and there was no room for him and his horse ~~staid~~. Now it happened that a member of his regiment was present in the person of one Henickly, ~~said by all~~ ~~known to him~~ ~~himself~~, to be one of the strongest men in the army.

He was a curious fellow. When he enlisted in the Regiment, his first inquiry was before signing the roll, "Now yer sure this ain't goin' to be an Irish Regiment - for I don't want to get into a Yankee one though I'm a Yankee myself. I want to get with the fightin' boys an' them boys air the Irishers!"

Upon being assured that the 9th was the Regiment, he signed the roll with alacrity and proved himself one of the best fighting men among its members but to return. Henickly happened to be on hand when Father Skully arrived and heard the Captain of the boat-

tell him that he was crowded. But here cast his eyes over the boat and ascertained that there was plenty of room for a few more. Turning to the clergyman he said in his peculiarly quiet way: "Now I ain't no Cath'ic, but I think y^r is my crowd an' my Chaplain's got tew git aboard that air boat - so here goes!"

And Father Scully moving by this time dismounted, thickly clasped his arms around the barrel of the horse and lifting him bodily from the ground he carried him aboard the ferry to the rage of the Captain and the unbanded astonishment of the passengers. Of course Father Scully was ~~also~~ compelled to follow his "natty nag" which he did with ill-concealed delight. Thickly got aboard also to see that "that air Chaplain's his'n shouldnt be interfered with - while he was 'round!"

After his wonderful exhibition of strength it is unnecessary to say that both himself and his Chaplain were

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treated with the highest respect.

We might easily fill a volume with anecdotes and adventures of the subject of this sketch but the space allotted to our work peremptorily forbids our dwelling in extenso upon them - indeed it is not necessary, our design being merely to present illustrations of the trials, ~~and~~ sufferings, and the patient endurance of the Chaplain of the 9th Mass. Volunteers; of the faithful and energetic manner in which he performed his holy and responsible duties, which won for him a reputation outside the limits of the 9th-Regiment which will live long in the military annals of the nation, and gave him a warm corner in the brave hearts of more than a thousand men, among the living of whom, his name today is as familiar as a household word. ~~few~~ living Priests have thrived as many gallant men as he; few have witnessed such terrific death scenes; few indeed have encountered so many dangers, met them so bravely and passed

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Through them so triumphantly - until
 worn down at last by the burden he
 assumed - broken by marches, and much
 suffering in the field, to the request of
 his gallant men he was at last com-
 pelled to leave them and return once
 more to Boston. In bidding farewell
 to the Regiment the men were affected
 to tears - he carried home with him the
 blessings and good wishes of the
 weather beaten and war marked braves,
 and hundreds of kindly messages to
 the friends and relations of the men
 he so reluctantly left behind him.

After a period of rest and quiet he re-
 turned to his pastorate and finally be-
 came permanently settled in his present
 large and important mission in the
^{Cambridgeport, Massachusetts}
~~City of Cambridge~~, where in the midst of
 a loving and appreciative people he is
 now laboring with his usual energy and
 assiduity. ~~Further South is now in the company~~
~~of a wife and son, and it is the prayer~~
~~of all who know him that he may be long spared to~~
~~continue his zealous labors in the service of his Lord.~~