

## Chapter XXXII

Sisters of Mercy Continued

~~Sisters of Mercy Continued~~ - A Unitarian Minister tributes to the Sisters - The life of Christ perfectly exemplified - Writing letters for the Soldiers - What a dying man wanted - Science and Religion at variance - Anecdote of the battle of Gettysburg - How sadly missed the Chaplain - A Soldier's faith - How Mackey lost his leg - The story of a dead Soldier - A father's gratitude - A virgin's thanks - The grief of a loved one for her betrothed -

In the spring of 1863 a Unitarian Minister was deputed by the City of Boston to inspect the Military hospital in North Carolina for the purpose of ascertaining their real condition and of discovering whether the supplies it had sent for the sick and wounded soldiers of the State of Massachusetts, were honestly appropriated to their use. After having seen most of the other hospitals he came to that taken care of by the Sisters of Mercy, and having had no previous experience of their mode of managing matters of the kind was more than usually suspicious.

He spent a great ~~deal~~ of time among the sick, and when his information with regard to them was complete, he called on the Sisters and told them honestly that he had expected to find the men under their care, undergoing a sort of persecution for their faith, as very few of them were Catholics, and that he had been led to entertain the worst opinion of them in general. "But" he added, "I am disabused of my error and I must say that I never thought the life of Christ was so perfectly exemplified by any class of Christians as I have seen it by the Sisters of Mercy, for they like our divine Master 'go about doing good'." He ~~told us~~ <sup>said</sup> that where ever he went he would endeavor to lessen the prejudice existing in the minds of non-Catholics.

against the Sisters.

The gentleman in charge of the stores of the Sanitary Commission, having been applied to by letter for supplies for the Sisters hospital, replied that he would be most happy to furnish them. Knowing from personal observation how carefully they would be husbanded and how impartially distributed. The hospital Steward, who was a New Englander and a Protestant of some denomination, told the Sisters that when they first came to Barrington he watched them closely, even staying up till midnight for the purpose, as he believed had been led to believe entertain strange suspicions of all Nuns; but that after a time he gave up the practice having found that the Sisters went through an amount of labor and fatigue that even the soldiers employed to nurse the sick would not undergo, and in fact he became <sup>their</sup> ~~his~~ most steadfast friend.

At first the patients who were for the most part Protestants and New Englanders were very shy of the Sisters, and took even <sup>expressions</sup> ~~comfort~~ from their hands in a stiff ungracious manner, but this so completely wore off that they used to apply to ~~and~~ <sup>them</sup> in all their wants and employ <sup>them</sup> ~~to~~ write their letters when unable to do so themselves even when these ~~concerned~~ concerned their most private family affairs.

One of these poor fellows having witnessed the death

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of a Catholic soldier, who received the Rites of the Catholic Church with all the solemnity that could be given to them under the circumstances, and by whose bed the Priest and the Sisters kept constant watch during his agony, called the Sister to him next day and, <sup>said</sup> "Sister I'd like to die as P. died"; a long conversation ensued and the result was that the man resolved to send for the Minister and enquire what preparations he would recommend him to make for the death which he felt <sup>the</sup> was surely approaching. This he did at the Sisters suggestion. The Minister, a very eloquent and popular clergyman, came; the question was put to him and he said, "well my friend I shall read you a chapter of scripture". "Oh thank you" said the man "I can do that myself, and I do so every day". "Then I shall pray with you". "Pray" said the dying soldier "why any one can pray with me, it does not need a Minister to pray. That is not what I want; I want you to prepare me for death". "Now I know how it is" said the Minister "There is something on your mind would you like me to write to your wife or to any of your friends, I see you are anxious about your affairs". The Sister has done all that for me answered the man, and I believe she understood what I am anxious about better than you do"; so he dismissed

The Minister without further parley. It may be inferred that he received the instructions of the Sisters and became a Catholic — He did the former fully and freely but the latter if done at all was only an implicit act, for though he declared his willingness to embrace the <sup>Catholic</sup> ~~true~~ faith at any cost, and made implicit acts of faith and explicit acts of hope and charity, yet he could not be convinced that the Catholic was the true, <sup>Weyou and</sup> could not overcome, in his weak suffering state, the long entrenched prejudices of his people and his associations. Yet he died in true sentiments and in contrition.

"May he rest in peace"

The following anecdote has been related to the author by Sisters of Mercy, who were at the battle.  
Anecdote of the battle of Gettysburg.

As the Southern army was approaching the scene of conflict, one poor fellow seeking like many others, for food or clothing, went up to the house of a Catholic clergyman, and asked him to provide him with a coat and hat. The poor fellow was an evidently Irishman with a rich brogue, still on his tongue. The father, who was of the same race and land, did his best to supply the many wants of his countryman, and having nothing more military on hand, gave him a long clerical coat and a hat to suit; the poor fellow laughed at his own appearance as he walked off in his strange outfit.



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A few days after, that dreadful battle was fought and the Priest almost exhausted his energies in ministering to the wounded and dying men.

Six days after the battle, he re-visited the scene and walking thoughtfully along was accosted by an Irish soldier belonging to one of the Northern regiments. "Your Reverence" said he "would you come and see where I buried the Confederate Chaplain." "Why" said the Priest, "there was no Chaplain killed in the battle, I made inquiries and know there was not." "Fair, then there was your Reverence", said the Soldier, "an it is myself that buried him here below — Come an see." The Priest went with him and in answer to his enquiries found that the supposed Confederate Chaplain had all the equipments of a Southern Soldier, except that he wore a clerical coat and hat, and <sup>he</sup> at once suspected that it was the poor fellow to whom he had given the renovated articles before the battle. —

They came to a quiet spot, apart from the multitude of graves and there under a tree was the decent grave of the supposed Priest with this inscription in black paint on a deal board: "Here lies his Reverence, the Confederate Chaplain" — The Priest turned away with tears in his eyes, and had not the heart to undeceive the poor soldier, who made the coffin with his own hands, and painted the inscription.

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in uncounted characters.

A Soldier's faith

There was a tall country Irishman, named Mackey, in our hospital, one of whose legs had been shot off above the knee, and when he began to recover, he gave the most graphic account of the way in which he met his loss — "In what battle did you lose your leg Mackey?" "In no battle at all Sister dear, only in a bit of a scrimmage. I sure, I was on picket duty myself and two more of us, away out at the last post, and we had orders in case any suspicious persons came along, to arrest them; but if a body of men passed, to fire one volley as a signal to the next picket guard, and then protect ourselves as well as we could. — Well in the dead of the night we heard the tramp of a body of men & began to discuss about what we should do. — One man declared he would simply obey orders & after he had fired one shot, secure his own safety by lying down behind the trunk of a tree which lay near our post — but myself and my comrade swore we would fire while we had a grain of powder & so we did — The Southerners came on five or six hundred of them, & when they were pretty near we all three fired. We that is myself and Jim, did as we said — we fired and fired & they fired big volleys at us —

and they forced soon we found our ammunition giving out & so we began to retreat ~~towards~~ the ~~Kuon~~, firing back at them as often as we could get our guns ready; at last we got to the rivers edge which is soft and marshy & often firing two good shots we rushed into the river hoping to swim to the other side, but before we got into deep water a shot struck poor Tim and he fell and rose no more, I heard him struggling in the water, & says I "I'll let fly at them once more" I fired and the next min - ute a shot struck me above the knee, and that's how I lost my leg".

"But how did you save your life? and how did you escape a fate like poor Tim's" Well Sister, "sure I knew the Blessed Virgin would help me & I called on her." "How could you expect her to have pity on you when you were so bent on revenge & had just been committing sin?" "Arrah shure I had the Scapular and know she promised not to let any one that has it die in mortal sin so I thought that the more sin was on my soul the more chance there was she would let me die without a priest. I stood out in the water with my arms supporting me till I was almost falling into it entirely when I heard a low whistle - I answered it &

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pretty soon our comrade who had lain down behind the tree waded out to where I was & helped me to the shore - He fixed up my shattered limb as well as he could & I lay there wrapped in a blanket till they came to relieve the guard & then they took me to the hospital & here I am'. Are you not sorry for firing so foolishly at those Southerners? Faith I am not ~~ashamed~~, I'd be more ashamed if I lay down behind the old tree & I warrant you the Blessed Virgin will pray for me after all."

Copy of a letter found

Found in the pocket of a dead soldier at  
Newberne N.C. - Stanley Hospital 1862-3

About fourteen years ago the writer was but small in size but he went from his home to earn his own bread the reason of this was because his father had left his mother without any property, whatever; the writer will not at present relate the reason of the separation, knowing it to be enough that they did separate in about the year 1847, leaving my mother with three children of which I composed one of the number; after leaving home I went far away from my folks where I remained for several years, not hearing from them but twice in the whole time, in about the year 1860 I took it into my head to return to my mother but I found it a hard thing to do, leave those who for my last acquaintance but I resolved to see my mother. I started on my journey, which was long and tedious, not seeing any one I knew for a long time before I found my mother she had got married and had two more children, I did not know her nor she did not know me, but we were not long together before we knew each other, two sons which I knew nothing about appeared very handsome to me; the eldest one was about eight years old his hair was nearly red; the lively motion which he had told me that his

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Father must have carried a stout misadventure in his younger days; the other was about <sup>thirty</sup> 6 years old, his hair was nearly white, or a silvery color, otherwise he resembled his brother very much. I had not been ~~there~~ <sup>home</sup> long before an oldish man came in, perhaps he was 70 years old. ~~more~~. I was introduced to him as being his ~~step-son~~ <sup>step-son</sup>, after being introduced to me he took a seat and I did the same; he lit his pipe and began to smoke, when the youngest boy came running in and "John, you have not been gone long" said my Mother, "have you seen Jane?" speaking of my sister who was ~~not far from~~ <sup>not far from</sup> a year older than myself. <sup>you</sup> ~~he~~ said the boy, <sup>and, Jane herself</sup> as ~~he~~ stepped into the door she knew me not, but when being told, she grasped my hand and shed tears of joy, she said that she did not expect that it was me, for she said that she heard that I was dead and then my Mother went on to tell the whole history which I shall not stop or relate at present.

I remained at home for some time when I heard the dreadful news of the rebellion, of which I saw a good chance to ~~save my~~ <sup>leave my</sup> country, by enlisting. I thought of course that it would not last long, and so did my new Father, and he wished to have me stay with him to help him tend to his farm, for he said that he was getting old and he did not believe



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that the war was a going to last long, two or three months <sup>at most</sup> and no sign of its being and the country calling for more help and I told my folks that I must go for my country's sake, but they said that I was foolish for thinking so, but I told them that if every body said the same what would our country come to in time of such a dreadful rebellion as this was; but they said that there was men enough that could be spared from their homes better than I could, ~~but never~~ <sup>the less</sup> I had got it into my head that I must enlist, therefore I took leave of my new Father, and my Mother, who was sure to give me some good advice, which I listened to with an anxious ear; my Sister wept and so did my <sup>poor old</sup> mother and my Father told me that I would wish myself <sup>home</sup> more than once before I could get back this was more than ~~half~~ true, but I heeded it not. I started and crossed the Lake from Vermont into York State ~~here~~ I found myself in Ticonderoga, a small village, where I found an enlisting officer, I had my name put down to go to the war there I stayed <sup>there</sup> for a couple of weeks and then we started for Albany, which is a large town on the Hudson river, the first day after we arrived when we left the cars we marched back through the town or city as it is sometimes called, for it being the capital of the State,

back on a small hill where there was some <sup>barracks</sup> ~~barren~~ built for the purpose of sheltering <sup>the</sup> soldiers until they were prepared for going farther ~~southward~~ we remained there for some time, of ~~which time~~ <sup>nothing</sup> very interesting occurred, except that we had to learn a soldiers fare, by sleeping on slats about three inches wide and four inches ~~apart~~ <sup>apart</sup> and our meals were pretty hard for a northern soldier to tell about, but I have found out since that I did not know anything about hardships, so you will soon find <sup>out</sup>

I had not remained there over three months and our company was not full, and there being an other company in the barracks which was not full and our company was split up and put into the other company, and then the two companies were called the "Rocket Battalion". I was put into the second company, which was called company B our majors name was L. W. Lion, after we consolidated, we started for Washington. on the road we stopped in New-York sitting over night. The next day we started on our journey, ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~night~~ <sup>night</sup> we got as far as Philadelphia. at twelve o'clock that night, we took supper at the Philadelphia Cooper shop which was a refreshment furnished by the Union ladies in that place. we marched after our supper about four miles after we ate we fired a salute for the good people in that place then got aboard of the cars and started once more. I will write more when I have time. - Arthur M. P.

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Letter from the Father of a young Soldier who  
died in the Stanley Hospital Newberne N.C.

Lowell March 19<sup>th</sup> 1863  
Sisters of Mercy

Dear friends

Your letter  
of 27<sup>th</sup> Feb'y, bringing the sad yet not wholly  
unexpected intelligence of the death of my  
dear boy, came by regular mail - sad it is  
indeed that one so young should be taken just  
as it were in the bud of manhood we could  
bair without it otherwise but alas! it was so  
ordained - and it behoves us to bow in  
meek submission to the decree of an alwise  
Creator who doeth all things well, and we  
would <sup>fairly</sup> believe the master had need of  
him and hath called him hence -

We followed him to his last resting place  
beside his mother, his battles of this world  
over, his race early run.

We sent you by last weeks steamer 4 doz  
1 lb cans of condensed milk to be by you dis-  
tributed to the sick under your charge (we  
were unable to obtain more as it was sold  
in advance to the Medical department of  
the Govt.) directed to The Convent of Mercy Newberne  
N.C. There are but a few friends in this

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neighbourhood who have sons in the 44<sup>th</sup> but  
to those I will intrust them in the wants of the  
sick in your care,

and with renewed assurance of very great  
respect and prayer for the choicest blessings  
to the noble Sisters of Mercy, who are always  
so ready at the post of duty to alleviate the  
pains of sickness and ease the couch of the  
dying.

I am with sincere thanks

your faithful servant

D Braith

Letter from a woman about her husband

Harmedville

January 25<sup>th</sup> 1863

Dear friend, for so I must call you, for your  
kindness in writing to me the sad and sorrow-  
ful news <sup>about</sup> of my dear husband I thank you  
kindly for writing although it was bad news to  
me, My dear friends, you may imagine how  
I felt when I heard that my dear husband  
was dead one of his company wrote to me  
after he was wounded but <sup>said that he</sup> was doing very well  
and in two months he would be at home  
with me again, and before I got that letter  
my dear husband was dead, It almost  
breaks my heart to think of it, but I will try

and console myself with the thought that although his body lies far, in distant lands unknown to me, that his soul is in heaven and I will try to meet him there where war is not and where we will never part again.

Dear Sister of Mercy - allow me to ask you a few questions concerning my dead husband. please let me know if he was sensible after he was taken to the hospital and if he suffered much; one thing in particular if he gave any signs of assurance that he was prepared to meet his God, and if he said anything about being willing to die, and also if he said anything about his children or wife that he would like to see us. I thank you very kindly for taking good care of him, and I hope the good Lord will reward you for it. It is very hard to lose a husband at home, but it is much harder to think and hear that he had to die away so far from home; but if he was prepared to die he is a good deal better than to be in this troublesome world, I hope he was buried decent, O how hard it is to think that I could not see my dear husband before he died! please let me know all about him, I sent a letter to him and so did his brother and if there is any letters come in his name you can lift them and do as you please with them. I must now close hoping to meet you as a friend.

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and my dear and kind husband in that glorious  
heaven, answer this letter as soon as it comes  
to hand as my dear husband always lived  
a Christian life at home I would like to know  
how he died.

Nothing more but offer to you my thanks  
and kindest sympathy.

Anna Pullin

~~I will give you my address~~

Direct ~~them~~ to

Anna Pullin

Elk Neckville

Somerset County

C. A.



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Letter from a ~~friend of~~ <sup>the betrothed of</sup> a young officer  
who died, ~~under~~ <sup>the sister's</sup> care, of his wounds

Bridgeport August 30<sup>th</sup> 1862

Dear Madam.

It is with a sad and weary heart that I attempt to pen a few lines to you. I know it was my duty long since to thank you for your kindness to Lieut. ~~Springer~~ and myself. You said in your note to me that Capt. Knapp promised to write me all the particulars but he has never written me one line that I know of yet. A gentleman friend of Charlie's wrote to him directly after his death, but he has never sent a line. I thought I could write to you better than the Capt. So I ask of you to be kind enough to confer on me the favor of giving me every item that you know connected with his illness. You evidently know of the relation that existed between us and I need not feel any restraint in writing as I feel in this sad trial. There was a small gold book with my miniature which he always carried in his bosom. Could you tell me whether it was still with him when he was carried away or not? If it was buried with him I am perfectly satisfied, but if not I would like to have it myself as it is mine by right. I heard of his death the fifth of August, it was indeed a heavy stroke. The note you wrote for him during his illness did not reach me until the following Saturday by 9<sup>th</sup>.

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and I was wholly unprepared - as the last letter I had received from him but a few days previous was in the same buoyant and cheerful spirits as formerly. His parents received the word and forwarded it on to me. This loss is deeply felt by many as he was known and loved by a host of friends. But none can feel it and lament as bitterly as myself. God has afflicted me sorely and naught but time and submission to his divine will can ~~be my consolation~~ <sup>at the my grief</sup>; I have a pleasant home, kind parents, many dear relatives and warm friends, but they fall far short of filling the vacancy. He was my idol and I fear I loved him too well - Loved the creature more than the creator, He was truly noble and honorable as others will testify beside myself, and I trust his spirit now dwells with God, and though we were not permitted to meet on earth we may greet each other in joys immortal, where parting is unknown and may the day be not far distant - Life to me has changed, it is dark and dreary. You thought I was imprudent and not reserved enough. But I have no regret that I wrote to him as I did, I am well assured that by his that my devotion and anxiety was fully appreciated by him and a shield to him in the hour of temptation. We were fondly attached and perfectly understood each other. But I am left to weep but not alone. This cruel rebellion is causing thousands of hearts to wail in sadness for their loved ones.

Yours sorrowing

R. C. Allen

~~Bridgeport - Gloucester Co. New Jersey~~  
 N.B. You will please to write as soon as possible and I will send a handsome thanks.  
 Direct as before. Bridgeport  
 Gloucester Co. New Jersey

This book  
corrected  
by the  
Merrill

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## Chapter -

### The Sisters of the Holy Cross

Their response to the call of suffering humanity - Their devotion, Their services and their sacrifices - Governor Morton of Indiana gratefully accepts the offer of the Sisters' services - The Sisters under charge of Mother May Angela in charge of the hospitals at Paducah - Their zeal not abated by their hardships and sufferings - Scenes and sufferings in the hospitals -

The Sisters' trials and triumphs.

How they <sup>overcome</sup> conquered prejudices by meekness, Charity and good works -

Touching incidents - Mother Angela at Mound City -

Sketch

The good and charitable works performed by the Sisters of the various Orders during the war, in their attendance to the sick and wounded, ~~though~~ they have made a grateful impression on the public mind, and have done much which contributes to remove groundless prejudices against

~~to the~~ <sup>Religious</sup> ~~these~~ orders and <sup>Our</sup> ~~holy~~ religion,  
 still, owing to the retiring disposition  
 of the sisters, they have not been given  
<sup>due</sup> ~~one~~ <sup>modest</sup> publicity, while trifling, but more  
 ostentatious services have been made  
 the themes of poets and historians.

Meek, humble, and retiring; laboring  
<sup>only</sup> ~~along~~ for the glory of God, and expecting  
 no earthly reward for their services,  
 it is no wonder that they shrink from  
 parading <sup>before the world</sup> their Christian labors and  
 good works, ~~before the eyes of the world.~~

On this account we had much diffi-  
 -culty in collecting <sup>for our work</sup> the materials, relative  
 to the Sisters, ~~for our work.~~ Through  
 the aid and influence of kind friends,  
 we have succeeded in rescuing from  
 oblivion enough regarding their gentle  
 ministrations to the sick and wounded  
 in the hospitals, and of that sweetness  
 and gentle meekness, which <sup>overcame</sup> ~~conquered~~  
 prejudice and error, <sup>and we feel will</sup> ~~to~~ make our work  
 not only interesting, but also to leave  
 in history a record, that will live as a  
 theme and a reproach to the maligners  
 of the ~~pious~~ <sup>devoted</sup> Sisters and their holy religion.  
 We know that it is a very different thing  
 to perform good and charitable works, and

quite another to give to posterity an accurate and faithfully written account of them, are different. ~~These~~ The very qualities of mind and heart which enter into the life of a religious, animated the least, as well as the most sublime act of her life of holy oblation, are ~~the story~~ <sup>those</sup> ones which makes her unconscious of their value in the eyes of the world and makes her careless of preserving any remembrance of them in the ~~pages of the~~ <sup>pages of the</sup> ~~history of the~~ <sup>history of the</sup> ~~world~~ <sup>world</sup> of herself. ~~Only~~ <sup>And</sup> the obedience due to a Superior could bring to light the touching facts concerning the part borne by different Religious Orders in the last war; ~~And that~~ <sup>that</sup> part ~~was~~ <sup>being</sup> one so remarkable, attested to by so many officials who had no sympathy with the Grief of these religious ladies, that the public claims a record of facts so honorable to America, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> which will as long as the historian holds a pen, reflect a glory upon the American name, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> these ~~self-sacrificing~~ <sup>self-sacrificing</sup> women who went forth to encounter all the horrors of war, who did not quail before any danger, and who were too absorbed in the work to which they were pledged of relieving the sufferings of others, to remember their own, were actuated by no other motive ~~but~~ <sup>than</sup> a pure love of God. They had no idea ~~and~~ <sup>could tell</sup>

for the applause  
~~how their actions would look to the eyes~~  
 of men; often indeed they had reason  
 to feel that the approbation of heaven was  
 all they could hope for; and a moral  
 courage was required to face what seemed  
 opposition, or, at least, a reluctant concurrence  
 in their works of mercy, ~~which was the~~  
~~sharpest trial of all, and although this trial~~  
~~was lived down, the mere remembrance~~  
~~of it would be sufficient to make them~~  
~~dread publicity.~~

It was only in obedience  
 to the expressed wish of very Reverend Edward  
 Loring, General of the Order, that the Sisters  
 of the Holy Cross have given the material  
 from which this narrative has been drawn.

Some of the facts have been taken  
 from the letters of army officials, others  
 from the letters (unfortunately too few)  
 written by the Sisters to their superiors, while  
 in the hospitals; and others, from the oral  
 narratives of the Sisters; while the most  
 valuable, ~~and still as the most precious~~  
~~have been~~ <sup>and still</sup> ~~as the most precious~~  
 have been ~~sharply~~ <sup>sharply</sup> thrown off, as notes, by  
 the ~~other~~ <sup>other</sup> ~~superior herself~~ <sup>superior herself</sup>. We shall endeavor  
 to give these, as nearly as possible, as they  
 stand; convinced that no pen, however  
 graphic can describe those impressive  
 Mother Superior herself



scenes, like ~~that~~ <sup>the</sup> of an eye witness  
and a participant in their awful reality.

Anxious to render all possible relief to the  
sufferings that would arise from the horrors  
of war, the ~~good~~ <sup>good</sup> Sisters of the Holy Cross  
proffered their services, to the Civil ~~authori~~  
ties, as nurses to the sick and wounded  
Soldiers, almost the instant the Federal  
flag was replaced by the Confederate  
~~one~~ on Fort Sumter, The Mother house being  
at St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Indiana, the offer  
was made to Governor Morton of that State  
through their ecclesiastical Superior The Very  
Rev<sup>d</sup> Father Corbin, it is needless to say that  
The offer was gratefully accepted.

October 1861 saw the ~~the~~ <sup>post</sup> <sup>regiment</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> military hospitals  
at Paducah Kentucky, in charge of a <sup>corp</sup> of  
Sisters ~~of the Holy Cross of~~ <sup>of the Holy Cross of</sup> ~~St. Mary of St. Angelo~~  
Here the cases of extreme suffering from  
Camp dysentery and Measles were to be  
counted by hundreds; whole companies  
were attacked ~~almost instantaneously~~ and  
these diseases, which under ordinary  
circumstances are not dangerous, ~~in the~~  
army, in consequence of exposure and the  
lack of necessary comforts, assume a most  
distressing character, so much so, in the  
present instance that nearly half of the

cases brought to the hospital, before the Sisters assumed charge, proved fatal.

The amount of suffering to be relieved was so great, <sup>the attempted</sup> the immediate needs so urgent, that the hardships and fatigues borne by the Sisters in the performance of their <sup>respective</sup> duties were almost indescribable. However they bore all with <sup>generosity</sup> resignation; but ~~that body~~ despite of the will sometimes <sup>generosity</sup> ~~some~~ <sup>of the</sup> Sisters were prostrated by fever; two of them died <sup>during</sup> the winter and spring of 1862 while several of the others were obliged to return to St. Mary's in broken health, <sup>the</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~fresh~~ <sup>generous</sup> ~~arrivals~~ <sup>devoted</sup> from the Mother House of Sisters, whose courage had not been daunted in the least by the tales of hardships, they had already heard, had filled up the ranks, and <sup>no less than</sup> ~~no less than~~ seventy five Sisters of the Holy Cross were actively engaged during the war as nurses in the military hospitals of Cairo and Mound City Louisville in Kentucky, Washington City & Memphis Tennessee, ~~also~~ in the naval hospitals, <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>Sisters of the Holy Cross</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>in</sup> November 1861 ~~another~~ <sup>some of them</sup> ~~Angela~~ <sup>number</sup> received an urgent request from the Medical Director of General Grant's staff to send <sup>some of them</sup> ~~Sisters~~ <sup>number</sup> to Mound City, where all the wounded had been removed from the field for two days battle field of Belmont.

As this <sup>engagement</sup> battle was a reverse to the Federal  
 forces, the wounded were very numerous  
 and they were <sup>not</sup> ~~unable~~ to be removed from  
 the field for two days. An imposing row  
 of magnificently designed ~~buildings~~ <sup>but</sup> unfinished  
 stores and ware-rooms on the banks of the  
 Ohio river had been appropriated to  
 hospital use and to their vast, <sup>magnificent</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>unfurnished</sup> ~~unfurnished~~  
 and utterly unfurnished apartments, the  
<sup>poor</sup> sufferers <sup>were</sup> ~~had been~~ brought. <sup>numbers</sup> ~~there~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~  
~~Sisters found six or seven hundred wounded~~  
~~soldiers laid in long rows,~~ their knapsacks  
 being their only pillows, the rough board  
 floor their only beds, and the ~~rough~~ <sup>Army</sup> ~~camp~~ <sup>rations</sup> ~~blankets~~ <sup>themselves</sup> ~~their~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~only~~ <sup>no</sup> ~~coverings~~ <sup>hospital</sup>  
 supplies <sup>had been</sup> ~~in the way of food.~~ <sup>recommenced</sup> ~~But there were~~  
~~not the only affliction of the poor wounded~~  
~~and dying soldiers, when about to be placed~~  
~~under the care of the good Sisters. Their~~  
~~wounds during their long exposure on the~~  
~~battle field had not only stiffened but the~~  
~~rough garments, soaked with blood ad-~~  
~~hered to them still, and in many instances~~  
~~they were emaciated and full of worms.~~  
~~When the Sisters commenced to tend the~~  
~~sufferers, the gratitude expressed by the~~  
~~the poor sufferers~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>touching and</sup> ~~expressive.~~  
 The hospital was placed in charge of

Dr E. C. Franklin who with the assistance of the Sisters, soon effected a wonderful change ~~for the better~~ <sup>for the better</sup> in every respect.

The wounded continuing to arrive from the surrounding camps, eighteen Sisters more were telegraphed for to St. Mary's.

Besides the wounded numbers of sick men, now pale and emaciated beings more like skeletons than ~~flesh and blood~~ <sup>human beings</sup> were brought in from the different brigades.

As these men ~~were~~ <sup>were only</sup> reduced by camp fevers, ~~and such diseases~~ <sup>exposure</sup> it ~~only~~ <sup>only</sup> required good nursing and nourishing food to ~~rescue~~ <sup>build</sup> ~~take them up~~ the former they were sure of but the latter was difficult to obtain, at that early stage of the war for the aid societies ~~which did so much good afterwards~~, were not then organized, In that emergency all honor is due to William H. Osborne Esq President of the Illinois Central Rail Road, who authorized ~~the Sisters~~ <sup>the Sisters</sup> ~~to draw upon him for whatever was needed~~ <sup>to draw upon him for whatever was needed</sup>.

Acting upon their own knowledge of the pressing wants of the hundreds of sufferers <sup>they</sup> made such demands upon the great and generous heart of the noble President of the Road as might have struck with consternation the ~~heart of~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>less</sup> most liberal, <sup>person</sup> Yet, never

she  
 once did ~~they~~ fail to receive even more than  
 was asked, every thing in the way of food  
 fruit, food and wines <sup>was</sup> sent ~~every week~~  
 to the Sisters' address; also ~~large~~ <sup>many</sup> numbers of  
 blank passes, which ~~Mythor Angel~~ <sup>Mythor Angel</sup> ~~was to fill~~ <sup>asked</sup>  
 and give for ~~any~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~invalided~~ <sup>Mythor Angel</sup> Soldiers who wished  
 to return home to recruit ~~his~~ <sup>their</sup> health; in  
 this manner ~~the lives of~~ <sup>the lives of</sup> ~~many~~ <sup>many</sup> soldiers  
 were saved, and the thanks of the nation  
 should be tendered to that noble benefactor  
 as well as to other gentlemanly officers of the  
 Ills Central R R <sup>Road</sup>. During the month of December 1861  
 the numbers of sick and wounded in <sup>the</sup> Mound  
 City, and Cairo hospitals were so great that  
~~three~~ <sup>the</sup> Sisters ~~had to be sent for to the hospital~~  
 at Paducah. <sup>was referred to this point</sup> Good old Sister M. De La R.  
 one of the most efficient nurses was among  
 those called ~~on~~ <sup>as the</sup> ~~on the~~ <sup>on the</sup> ~~Steam Boat~~ <sup>Steam Boat</sup> about to leave for her destina-  
 tion some of the Protestant army chaplains  
 seeing her, came forward to express their re-  
 gret at her departure, and to thank her for  
 the untiring care she had bestowed upon  
 the sick, "I'm at a loss to know" said one of  
 the Chaplains addressing one of his companions  
 "to know where this good old Sister ever took  
 any rest I have gone to the hospital at day-  
 -break to look at some of our sick boys"

and there was the Sister engaged in her work of energy, I have been there at noon and she was still at her post, and I have sometimes gone late at night and found her there still, consoling the last moments of some dying Soldier, "It is a mystery to me" he continued "how these Sisters can stand at their post without ever giving up." Addressing Sister P. he said "how do you account for it?"

But she simply smiled and pointed to the ~~beads~~ <sup>rosary</sup> hanging by her side. ~~This panting answer~~ <sup>from the good brother Sister</sup> seemed to confuse him, and ~~the sister~~ <sup>the sister</sup> ~~travelling~~ <sup>travelling</sup> ~~to her~~ <sup>to her</sup> ~~office of interpreter~~ <sup>office of interpreter</sup> ~~that our strength is sustained and even~~ <sup>in few simple words explained</sup> increased in the daily discharge of hospital labors by ~~our~~ frequent meditations on the life and sufferings of our Lord, ~~when~~ <sup>our</sup> minds dwell upon the love he manifested for us in his sacred humanity it is the most natural thing in the world ~~for us~~ to find strength and joy in relieving for his sake the sufferings of some of those for whom he died, Now the beads we carry at our side are to us replete with <sup>an</sup> ~~elegance~~ <sup>elegance</sup> beyond the power of human words, being an epitome of our Lord's life in his sacred humanity from the moment that the archangel



50.12

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declared to the Immaculate Virgin of Judea  
that she should be the mother of God, to the  
morning of his glorious Resurrection and Ascension.  
~~The death continuing long in~~  
~~then in as grief~~ but ~~horrible~~ and touching &  
manner as possible ~~other things~~ passed before  
~~from the~~ Mysteries attached to the different  
decades. "Now," said she, you can understand  
what Sister P. means, <sup>namely</sup> ~~which is that~~ when  
worn out with fatigue she passes a decade  
through her fingers, meditates upon the agony  
in the garden, or the painful fall in the  
streets of Jerusalem she feels a new strength  
and a new courage to perform her duties.

When the details of the sick bed are cal-  
culated to disgust ~~us~~ <sup>her</sup> and beads help ~~us~~  
to recall the bitter portion of vinegar and  
gall (the draught for that poor sufferer  
as well as for us) when ~~our~~ <sup>her</sup> own head throbs  
with the weariness and <sup>the</sup> excitement attending  
such terrible scenes, the mere touch of ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup>  
beads, reminds ~~us~~ <sup>her</sup> of the agony endured  
by the crowning with sharp thorns, and this  
does a great deal towards soothing ~~our~~ <sup>her</sup> own  
pain, or making ~~us~~ <sup>her</sup> indifferent to it." The  
Chaplain listened attentively and then ex-  
claimed, "Well now that is indeed Christianity,  
I ~~used to think the~~ <sup>always thought the</sup> ~~papists'~~ beads were great  
mummery, ~~now~~ <sup>in France, I</sup> ~~always~~ regard them with

Not really

respect, they remind me myself of what I often do, when I am at home, and am going down ~~the~~ street, my wife tells me to bring something for the family, although I think a great deal of what she says, yet to keep it in mind, in the midst of other affairs that may <sup>absorb</sup> attract my attention I always tie a cotton string around my finger, "Yes" he continued. "I am fully convinced that there <sup>is</sup> a good deal of Christianity in those beads." ~~The Chaplain then left and the boat started with its freight and the Sisters on their way to their work of mercy.~~

When the news of the battle of Fort Donelson arrived at the ~~the~~ Mound City hospital. all the ~~sick who could be removed from the latter place~~ <sup>congregants</sup> were transferred to St. Louis <sup>in order</sup> to make room for those wounded in the late bloody strife. Throughout the whole day and later at night the good Angelic nurses were <sup>personally</sup> busy for their <sup>fresh</sup> work of mercy, which was to commence again that night. After midnight several boats ~~arrived~~ <sup>came in</sup> literally ~~crowded~~ <sup>packed</sup> with ~~cargoes~~ <sup>loads</sup> of wounded men.

After the sufferers were placed in the hospital ~~wards~~ <sup>wards</sup> which ~~one of the wards in particular~~ presented a scene more than usually appalling. It was filled by the wounded of



Letters from friends of the dead, would be also received by the Sisters inquiring for information concerning the last sickness, last words, and dying dispositions of the departed, ~~and it was~~ <sup>very</sup> touching to read their expressions of grief, for the beloved dead, as well as their gratitude to the Sisters for the services rendered to them in their last hours. Throughout the hospitals the Sisters were every where greeted with, "God bless you Ladies!" "O Sisters what good you are doing here!" How happy we are to see you here among our poor fellows," would be the exclamation of the Officers and Surgeons, while the poor patients would say "I don't know what we, boys, would do if it were not for the Sisters!" ~~The Protestant & Catholic officers but the Protestant Ministers~~ <sup>The Protestant</sup> ~~Ministers always expressed a ready good will~~ <sup>Ministers</sup> ~~who on all occasions showed the greatest deference~~ <sup>Ministers</sup> ~~towards them, and the soldiers engaged~~ <sup>Ministers</sup> in the different departments always showed them great respect and evidently felt that the Sisters presence was necessary if only to keep the Soldiers to their strict line of duty in attending to the interest of the sick. In the midst of all their suffering the wounded exhibited the brightest feature of humanity, the sentiments of courage which had inspired them upon the battle field <sup>were</sup> in beautiful

contrast to their meekness and nobleness in the hospital. <sup>How surprising to remember</sup> Their preparation for death <sup>by suffering so silent about their great</sup> ~~could not have been made with better~~ <sup>dispositions even if dying quietly at home,</sup> often and often would a soldier say to a sister while ministering to his physical sufferings, "Sister I know I must die & tell <sup>me</sup> what is necessary to believe, and do, by way of preparation, for I am sure what you tell <sup>me</sup> must be true." Then again with all of manhood's earnestness, and childhood's simplicity ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup> would emphatically say, "Teach us what to believe and we will believe."

And as such <sup>sentiments being</sup> ~~seemed~~ <sup>almost</sup> universal throughout the hospital few very few breathed their last <sup>but on</sup> ~~without~~ a spirit of lively faith, a firm hope and sincere contrition, in less than eleven months <sup>over</sup> fully nine hundred of those who died were baptized and prepared for death, ~~and~~ this preparation for a happy death continued through the whole course of the war, in those hospitals of which the Sisters had charge. <sup>During the 18 months</sup> ~~There~~ <sup>There</sup> were full fifteen hundred <sup>sick or</sup> ~~wounded~~ <sup>incurably</sup> under the charge of the Sisters at Round City Hospital alone, and although their labors were unceasing still they never wearied in <sup>ministering to the</sup> ~~doing good,~~ <sup>wants of suffering humanity</sup> ~~in addition to the nursing and caring for~~

But out of

The physical wants, and tending to the spiritual needs of the dying, ~~gave a third assignment~~ welfare of the Soldiers, the sisters had another task devolved upon them, which was as penurious and perhaps as laborious as either of the other two. Many and many an affectionate brother, loving son, and faithful husband wished to transmit a note to the loved ones at home, bidding a last adieu in this land of misery and toil, it was here again that the good Sisters' kindness <sup>extended</sup> struck deep into the gratitude of the wounded <sup>& dying</sup> Soldiers' hearts. Several of the most rapid writers were appointed to pass from one ward <sup>ward</sup> to another making it their special charge to go to those on whom the shadows of death were falling fastest, giving to them all the consolations which that supreme hour required, or at least all in their power to bestow. <sup>What a</sup> ~~to have a faithful~~ <sup>to transcribe</sup> ~~to the Federal and Confederate~~ <sup>in the North</sup> ~~to their loved ones far away~~ <sup>the same</sup> or South, their last dying words, their farewell to parents, wives and children, and when the <sup>great act</sup> ~~agency~~ was over and the face of the dead Soldier settled in the repose of death, before the camp blanket was drawn over it, the sister in attendance <sup>would take</sup> ~~took care~~ to enclose in the letter, <sup>to the bereaved ones</sup> a lock of his hair as a last memorial of one so dear, who would



be deeply mourned by the loved ones at home, the lock was severed by a scissors which always hung at her side with her seven dolorous beads, on which beads a few moments previously her hand lingered in his <sup>behalf</sup> ~~care~~ <sup>and</sup> through his passage across the cold valley of death.

Three days after the battle of Pittsburgh landing there ~~was an additional number~~ <sup>of the wounded</sup> of two thousand brought to Mound City hospital, at the same time several eastern surgeons arrived to assist the regular corps in charge. Among them was a young physician D. P. M. who attracted attention by his great devotedness to the sufferers confided to his care, after a few weeks he was missed from his wards and was supposed to have been removed to another post, one afternoon however an attendant informed the Sister Superior that Dr. M. was quite sick and wished to see her, she went immediately to the suite of rooms assigned to the Surgeons where she found him in bed and surrounded by several of his brother physicians.

On <sup>seeing</sup> beholding her he exclaimed in an excited voice. "Oh Mother how glad I am to <sup>see you</sup> ~~see you~~, I am going to die, tell me do you





<sup>seriously</sup>  
~~really~~ thought of the next world, ~~but~~ I came  
to the west full of high ambitious dreams of  
winning fame and renown in the surgical  
ranks. The devotedness of the sisters to  
the suffering and the dying attracted my  
attention from the first, and now when I  
am dying myself I turn to you for some  
consolation." She then listened ~~with the~~  
~~docility of a child~~ to her instructions, and  
when ever she left the room, he would say  
to the other sister in attendance. "Sister con-  
tinue to repeat those little prayers, so that  
they will not pass from my mind!" There  
being no priest in the village a letter was  
written for the one at Cairo, but did not  
reach him in time; and as the claiming  
hand of death ~~was~~ setting on the brow of the  
sick man, <sup>at his earnest request</sup> the same sister who had in-  
structed him then baptized him.

After death the countenance of the young  
~~and~~ physician bore a beautiful and heav-  
-enly expression, and all who saw him  
were deeply affected by it, and the sisters  
whispered low to each other ~~that~~ "How could  
he look otherwise when the Blessed Mother  
Virgin Mary heard their requests and obtained  
for him the grace of a happy death!"

Among the patients in the hospital at Ground  
 City was young W. who had been brought  
 up the river with some twenty or thirty of  
 his regiment all sick with <sup>of</sup> typhoid fever,  
~~from the moment of their arrival it was easy~~  
~~to see what a~~ <sup>the med</sup> general favorite ~~he~~ was in his  
 company, for all his comrades appeared as  
 much concerned in his recovery as they were  
 in their own. ~~The Soldiers who had~~  
~~been detailed from the regiment to assist~~  
~~in nursing them were so attentive to W.~~  
~~that a stranger would suppose him to be~~  
~~a relative to all of them, but in spite~~  
~~of all the kindness and attention~~ <sup>shown</sup>  
~~to him~~ <sup>proof against death's claim</sup> he grew weaker ~~and weaker~~ every  
 day, seeing this, the sister in attendance  
 (as usual when any of the patients would be  
 in danger) slipped a medal under his pillow,  
 and at evening prayer, beads were said in  
 common for his conversion. W. had never  
 been baptized and when the Sisters spoke  
 to him of his danger and the value of his  
 immortal soul, ~~he listened with the docility~~  
~~of a child who had never wilfully done~~  
~~wrong; and with an earnestness that delighted~~  
~~and edified all who heard him, he would~~  
~~frequently say~~ <sup>the conversion</sup> Sister I want to believe just  
 as you do, I know you will teach me what

is right, only tell me what I must believe and what I must do to be saved, and I will ~~gladly~~ believe and do it." ~~As if inspired~~ ~~nothing seemed more easy or more natural~~ to him than to love the Blessed Virgin Mary, ~~there being no priest near, the Sisters had~~ ~~not only to instruct him, but to baptize him.~~ This death was affecting <sup>in the extreme</sup>.

At his earnest request two of the Sisters said the prayers for the dying while all his companions in arms, who were <sup>able</sup> ~~called~~ to leave their beds, were either kneeling or standing around him; those who could not rise were propped up to take a last look at their <sup>beloved</sup> ~~com-~~panion who was partially supported in the arms of two soldiers, so that he <sup>could</sup> ~~would~~ be seen by all. ~~As~~ <sup>As</sup> long as his strength lasted he joined <sup>with</sup> the prayers, and he seemed to have more than ordinary strength at that supreme hour, as he exhorted his companions to embrace the true faith and thereby find ~~in~~ life and in death the consolation he then felt. He died invoking <sup>perfect</sup> the names of Jesus and Mary; and his death touched the hearts of many among his comrades leading them to think seriously and effectually of their own eternal salvation. In addition to the labors which the good Sisters

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The dainties necessary for the <sup>poor</sup> sick was to lay aside their "own share" as the authorities understood it; and then <sup>but</sup> seeing that this was only an aggravation of existing evils, to have a clear understanding, as to the absolute plainness of their own table and then <sup>to</sup> ask for what the sick soldiers must have if they were expected to recover. Great was their indignation and disgust of the kitchen officials upon hearing such a declaration of the plans of the Sisters for the soldiers, and they were not slow to deny to them the means <sup>consequently</sup> to carry out <sup>as well as</sup> these charitable intentions, so ready to do so indeed, that the <sup>morally mistaken</sup> head cook found herself obliged (unless she made open complaint to the corps of Surgeons which she was averse to <sup>do</sup> doing) to go out to the market herself and run up a bill for <sup>varieties</sup> articles suited to the pressing wants of the sick; trusting to the Army officials, under Providence to liquidate her debt, there came another difficulty, it was not found easy, under this silent contest for the soldiers' right to secure a place at the "Kitchen stove"; and the only stove which the "head cook" could peaceably set her hands on, was one which the best of housekeepers, for a family of two, would have found inconvenient, in order to prepare the breakfast for the <sup>early</sup> ~~morning~~ <sup>early</sup> ~~morning~~, in time the cook and her

When a kind self-sacrificing Nurse has what his sick needs - much of his anxiety is removed but such was not the consolation of the Sisters had to undergo in the sick wards of the hospital, their duties in the kitchen, attached thereto would to some persons be almost incredible.

The following graphic account given by Dr. C. C. Rogers, one of the gentlemen sent from Chicago to enquire into the needs of the hospital will perhaps be read with interest. <sup>needs of the poor</sup> Well the

Arriving at Ground City and seeing at a glance the necessities of their position, <sup>Myra</sup> ~~another~~ <sup>Angel</sup> ~~Angel~~ installed herself as chief cook to the soldiers; convinced that nothing was more needed than wholesome diet. To do this at first was not so easy as our lady friends may <sup>suppose</sup> ~~think~~, who are accustomed perhaps to oversee the nice cooking for their own table, or even to put their own hands to it, in the first place there was, as we see from her own account nothing to cook; and in the next; nothing to cook with. But this was not all. There was a settled determination on the part of those already engaged in the soldiers' kitchen to resist this innovation; they wanted the Sisters to behave "like other Ladies; i.e. eat the good things provided for them and let the soldiers alone". But little did these good people understand how to gratify the Sisters. At first, the only way to screen



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assistants must rise between three and four o'clock, boil one tea-kettle of water for the oatmeal gruel, make it and set it one side, boil another tea-kettle for the corn-starch, make this and set it one side, and so on, until the needed varieties, to suit the appetites and necessities of each, were all prepared. The patience required for this during one week every house-keeper can appreciate, but when we remember that it was persevered in until the visit of the commissaries late in the winter 1861-1862 there is something in this perseverance which will be acknowledged to pass quite beyond the bounds of ordinary female endurance and long suffering. The "head cook tells an amusing story" and every woman can understand the sharpness of the anguish when "one unlucky morning the corn-starch having being duly set one side, and the tea-kettle set to work again, a sister happening to walk rather more rapidly than usual across the rough floor, the tea-kettle being jolted from its insecure perch on the stove fell to the floor and struck the pot from its fire - beginning its career into the open pan of <sup>muddy porridge</sup> ~~corn~~ starch. This was the head-cook declared the sharpest trial of her patience during the war!"

Matters were going on in this way when the



Medical inspectors from Chicago, visited the Mound city hospital. They were taken through all the wards and were charmed and gratified by the manner in which Dr. Franklin and his staff of nurses had taken advantage of every thing in their power to increase <sup>the</sup> comfort, and ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~final~~ recovery of those under their charge. The first <sup>load</sup> ~~cook~~ of edibles for the sick had been relieved, as Mother Angelo told us, through the efficient kindness of individuals and corporations; but the facilities for preparing these edibles remained the same, in the words of Dr. Rogers. The medical gentlemen passing ~~under~~ <sup>through</sup> the rounds of the wards, were constantly invited by Mother Angelo to visit her kitchen: ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> It occurred to them for the first time during their visit, that perhaps the kitchen of the Sisters might be worthy of so distinguished an honor. What was their surprise, when the narrow space allotted to the culinary operations of these good ladies met their eyes; still more, when the wretched little appolligy for a cooking stove which would have disgraced a "third hand" to say nothing of a "second hand" dealer in iron wares stood, as a comical witness of the way in which the "nice dishes" served up to the soldiers for these successive

months, had been prepared! ~~Dr. [unclear] said~~  
~~the Dr. "when I found it, but at one word~~  
~~of complaint was uttered, then the Mother Angels~~  
~~insisted upon our taking a cup of tea, which~~  
~~had been prepared for their own collation,~~  
~~we were inclined to excuse ourselves, but the~~  
~~urgent hospitality of the Lady Superior was~~  
~~too much for us, and we complied with all~~  
~~the good intentions at our command, the rather~~  
~~questionable concoction called tea, which she~~  
~~handed to us in the camp tin cup; evidently~~  
~~the only one in use by them, but this would~~  
~~not satisfy her, we must have some of her~~  
~~delecta of black sugar in the tea, I must con-~~  
~~fess" and the Dr. that it was the very worst~~  
~~medicine I ever took, and I hope I never shall~~  
~~order a more trying one to the stomach of any~~  
~~patients. \*~~ But there was something more to be  
 shown, ~~As we~~ had ventured to make some  
 severe comments ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup> ourselves, upon the rather in-  
 adequate cooking ~~instruments~~ <sup>instruments</sup>. The Lady Superior  
 exclaimed laughing, "If you find fault with our  
 cooking stove Doctor what will you say to our  
 washing machines, and held up her little fists  
 with their ten digits raw from work at the <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>laundry</sup>  
<sup>hospital</sup> wash tubs. This was too much for civilized  
 humanity, we could only beat a retreat,  
 with a tearful assurance to the laughing

~~& the good Sisters left the Hospital~~  
 sisters, that ~~we~~ <sup>did</sup> never rest until we  
 knew they were provided with every thing  
 necessary for carrying forward their sublime  
 work of charity and self denial.

In April 1862 the Mississippi and Ohio rivers  
 had a grand overflow and Grand city as  
 well as other places was affected by the swell  
 - even the hospital came in for its share of  
 deluge, after several days watching with  
 anxiety from the Sisters, physicians, and employ-  
 -ees, the waters <sup>continuing to rise</sup> began to ~~rise~~ <sup>seep</sup> through the  
 floors, this caused great inconvenience and  
 can easily be imagined. Many  
~~occasional~~ <sup>many</sup> comical expressions of vexation,  
 X ~~should~~ <sup>heard</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>amusing</sup> that  
 the officials exclaiming they were writing with  
 their feet in their desks and their coat tails in  
 the water, while the nurses would declare that  
 they were wading to the dining rooms, and rowing  
 themselves through the kitchen. The good Dr.  
 Franklin whose energy always exceeded his  
 patience, was beset on all sides with difficulties  
 and questions; and one day being so annoyed  
 that he declared that ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> could not run an  
 institution under water unless he was him-  
 self "a fish and <sup>his</sup> patients oysters" I don't mind  
 said he but these people; why they must think  
 I can turn back the Ohio" - Drs. Mewards,  
 Clerks, - Stewards, cooks, ward masters, nurses and  
 washerwomen beset me on every side.

## The Inters

Mother ~~Angelica~~ at once tried to pacify him, by reminding him how necessary it was for one of his energy and experience to have command during this trying and perplexing event, but the good Doctor went off reiterating his resolution of giving up <sup>his</sup> ~~the~~ commission, if the Ohio did not back down first. On Low-Sunday the water being an inch above the level of the first floor, it was decided that <sup>all the</sup> ~~the~~ sick should <sup>in the time of flood</sup> be removed to St Louis. Accordingly Dr Thomas was appointed officer of the day to superintend the landing of the hospital boat and <sup>the</sup> transfer of the wounded men. It was a <sup>painful</sup> sad sight to see the poor fellows who though so very weak, and weaker racked with pains had to be racked carried on stretchers down the stairs and then lifted into the boat, and then again into the steamer, while others were limping on crutches or supported by attendants. The nurses worked faithfully and showed great patience in assisting the poor sufferers. Some of the slightly wounded presented a grotesque appearance, the property room was so beset with applicants for clothes it was impossible for each individual to find his own uniform, and he had to take the next one to hand, and many were obliged to leave in full hospital uniform.

As the poor fellows left the hospital many an expression of gratitude was tendered to the Sisters for the services rendered them during their sickness, and as a last good bye was given, many a bitter tear coursed down a rugged but manly cheek. Those who were very feeble appealed so very earnestly to the Sisters sympathy, that it was decided that twelve of ~~them~~<sup>them</sup> should accompany them.

The patients left in the hospital numbered about one hundred and fifty. They were either in a dying condition, or wounded in such a manner as to make removal dangerous. After these were all cared for ~~brothers~~<sup>the Surgeons</sup> began to make arrangements for their ~~comforts~~<sup>with a view to</sup> the Sisters. Their ~~had~~<sup>in the first place</sup> the apartments lately ~~occupied~~<sup>vacated</sup> by them were vacated, as they were in fear of being deluged by the rising waters, nor was ~~it~~<sup>any</sup> too soon in ~~the~~<sup>this</sup> ~~providential~~<sup>wise</sup> ~~case~~<sup>mode</sup> for the water began to ooze through the floors <sup>while new occupants</sup> and the rats having been floated out of the cellar took refuge in the vacated apartments and even ventured to the next floor. While the water was yet below the first floor, the Sisters in the hospital in Cairo left by the advice of the Surgeon who feared that the ~~land~~<sup>levee</sup> would give way and the whole town be inundated.

They ~~flocked~~<sup>went</sup> to Mound city and the only place where that could be afforded them was the floor of the little sitting room next to the chapel.

One morning one of the refugee Sisters was missing from prayer. Hearing she was sick from the effects of her damp lodging, Mother Angelo went to see about her. She found her sitting on a trunk in a most lugubrious state of countenance and thus addressed her, "What is the matter with you Sister?" "Why Mother was the response, the rats have nearly eaten my cape, here is all that is left of it," and she held up a fragment of cloth which was certainly only a very small part of a cape. Mother ~~Angelo~~ smiled and went and borrowed another for the poor Sister, and thus released her from her awkward dilemma, at breakfast that morning nearly every one had some ridiculous adventure to relate, and as they ate their frugal meal some had their feet in the water and others had drawn them on to their chairs to see if possible, to keep them dry, and all this was borne in a spirit of perfect resignation and even with jest and merriment.

## Chapter

The Sisters under water. A Soldier's Bath —  
A ~~Death~~ — Death of Sister Lodevig — The bid of



## Chapter

~~Heaven~~

A boiler explosion —

A touching incident — A trying scene — The Sisters greeting a ~~very~~ angry crowd — The triumph of faith and religion — The Statue of <sup>Our Lady</sup> the Mother of Peace — The Sisters in Cairo — Patience and faith work miracles — The Sisters' attendance at the pest house hospital —

When the water was about three feet deep in the cellar, and Sister P. busy in one of the lower wards removing the curtains, a very trim Soldier's nurse came in with a bucket of lime to throw on the cellar steps as a disinfectant "Does this door lead into the cellar" asked he "Yes" replied <sup>the</sup> Sister & without turning from her work, Presently she heard a splash, ~~and then~~ it occurred to her that the steps had been removed, ~~Now Sister P.~~ is very nervous and excitable, and imagined at once, that the ~~Nurse~~ <sup>Man</sup> had been killed ~~with~~ the fall, so rushing to the door, tossing up her hands in the most distracted manner, she cried out in tones of the deepest distress, "Oh, Thomas where are you? are you dead? Oh dear me? are you down there?" Thomas who by this time had found a footing as he ~~spat out the dirty water and wiped the lime~~ <sup>in the lime</sup> ~~from his face~~ <sup>gave</sup>, said rather gruffly, "Yes I'm here"



where else could I be? I think you might have told a fellow there were no steps here." Enter ~~the~~ satisfied that he was not mortally wounded, ~~started off for some~~ <sup>men for some</sup> one to fish him out; and ~~certainly~~ he did not look very trim when he came out of his lime bath. Every one seemed to think it a very funny affair except Thomas; who had to bear the jokes of those who were pretending to harpoon him while helping him out of the water.

Another ~~amusing~~ <sup>amusing</sup> scene ~~occurred~~ <sup>took place</sup> in the hospital yard, or rather where it used to be, everything having to be brought to the hospital in skiffs. <sup>as</sup> The milk-man coming with his cans, the ~~convalescents~~ <sup>convalescents</sup> undertook to fore-stall the sick men, and secure the milk for themselves.

Harvey, ward master of E who always enjoyed anything exciting, <sup>men</sup> called on "Wisconsin Jim" his head nurse to help him ~~to~~ recapturing the contraband milk and both jumped into the boat with the buyers and sellers; declaring that the Sisters should not be cheated out of the milk needed for the sick, ~~and~~ laid hands on the cans, held by the ~~convalescents~~ <sup>convalescents</sup>. ~~Then~~ <sup>Soon the engagement</sup> what a ~~bussle~~, which ended in a sudden immersion of of pans, cans, milk man, convalescents and valiant defenders of the Sisters rights <sup>at</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> one fell swoop out of the boat, but ~~in a short~~ <sup>soon</sup>.

~~Time~~ all was right again. The water at this time had risen so high that a ~~person looking from the windows of the hospital would imagine~~ <sup>person</sup> ~~himself in~~ a great boat becalmed on a large lake; the ~~chapel and apartments on the second floor~~ became submerged, and ~~some of the Sisters, who were provided with long boats, were allowed to go below.~~ The <sup>Mend.</sup> Camp hospital dwelling was as may be imagined, injurious to its <sup>residents</sup> ~~inhabitants~~, and among the victims to its effects was the good amiable and faithful Sister Fidelis, <sup>my friend</sup> who was one of the first Sisters that volunteered to nurse the wounded.

On the 18<sup>th</sup> of April <sup>when the waters were at their highest</sup> ~~when the well was at the highest flood mark~~ the soul of that dear and <sup>beloved</sup> ~~loving~~ Sister went forth to meet its <sup>Creator</sup> ~~maker~~. What a contrast in the surroundings of her death bed to the peaceful one she had ~~no doubt~~ anticipated among the beautiful scenes and the spiritual privileges of St. Mary's. While lying in the shadow of death in that Island hospital, the pace of the military guards echoing through the long halls, the beat of the military reveille taking the place of the holy Angelus bell; the half-submerged little chapel of ~~St. Raphael~~, on that Good-Friday morning contrasted gloriously <sup>more</sup> with the chapel of Loretto, where sweetly warbled

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the birds on the trees under which she had so often lingered to say an extra decade on her rosary or her seven Dolor beads. How solemn too the wooden clapper of holy week was striking the quarter and half hours; all this passed through the imaginations of the Sisters around the dying bed of dear Sister Fidelis, and passed too no doubt in some mystical and pathetic way, through the minds of the dying Sister herself, but she made no complaint. herself. At the call of her master she had gone forth to gather in ~~the~~ a harvest of souls to his honor, and to glean here and there some grace for a dying soldier; now her turn had come and to her the voice of the bridegroom was one neither strange nor unwelcome. He had come a little sooner than she expected, but was not this a mark of his love, He had come and found his spouse willing and ready, for she was the bride of heaven.

Though dying far from her beloved ~~Congregat House~~ <sup>St. Mary's</sup> ~~St. Mary's~~. The death of Sister <sup>M. V. M.</sup> Fidelis was rich in consolations, in those very consolations for which the dying thirst more than the water that moistens their parched lips. Rev. Fr. Borgiel, of the Order of Holy Cross, was in Mound city; and from him Sister



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During ~~these~~ <sup>all the</sup> ~~days~~ <sup>incessant</sup> of <sup>unrelenting</sup> ~~unceasing~~ <sup>manful</sup> ~~labor~~ <sup>patient</sup> & ~~studies~~ — at this period when not only the Hospital but the entire village of Mount City was submerged the health of many of the Sisters became so impaired that they were obliged to be withdrawn for a time from the scene of their great labors — And the faithful <sup>devoted</sup> ~~devoted~~ <sup>also</sup> ~~also~~ Father Braget ~~who~~ had ~~been~~ <sup>also</sup> ~~fallen~~ <sup>fallen</sup> a victim to his unceasing care and attention to the spiritual wants of the suffering & dying



Although the record of  
his short but <sup>devoted</sup> devoted  
career belongs by right  
to the Chapter in the  
"Fathers of the Holy Cross  
during the war" yet  
we cannot omit a  
passing notice of his  
great & pretty and  
holy death.

In company with  
the V. Rev Father Gorrie  
he visited the Hospital &  
seeing the great need  
of a priest at such  
a post he volunteered  
to remain; for two  
months he was unceas-  
ingly ministering in his  
ministry at the

bed of death — then when  
 the flood came — and  
 the efforts of the tender  
 air of the Hospital <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~  
 strengthened by the <sup>unnatural</sup> ~~unnatural~~  
 mode of living, day after  
 day in a house so near  
 the river — was wholly  
 submerged in water — His  
 health failed and he  
 was attacked with <sup>an</sup> ~~an~~ fever  
 which proved fatal. His  
 last days were char-  
 acterised by the same  
 spirit of abnegation so  
 beautifully displayed in  
 life — All his care  
 & solicitude was for  
 the sick in the Hospital  
~~which was the~~  
 while



(With the)  
 Not fear coming through  
 his veins, - he would attempt  
 to rise from his bed,  
 to go to "My poor Sufferers"  
 as he always called them.  
 After ten days of intense  
~~suffering~~ <sup>pain</sup> he died with  
 the names of Jesus &  
 Mary on his lips.

His precious remains  
 were taken to the same  
 for interment

Represent in place

If it ~~costs~~ ~~long~~ ~~time~~  
in ~~the~~ ~~low~~ ~~cost~~.  
Will you ~~take~~ ~~in~~  
New ~~York~~ ~~of~~ ~~your~~ ~~paper~~  
them - let the

~~off with muffled oars, from the hospital, across~~ <sup>silently</sup>  
~~the dark expanse of water. The sisters had come~~  
~~proceeding, they (and of the Paschal Moon~~  
~~forth and at each on the horizon, in the deep~~  
~~contrasted with the columns of the scene~~  
~~blue sky, but the paschal moon had not yet~~  
~~risen, as, one after another, the boats glided on~~  
~~and the torches shone ruddy over the silent~~  
~~sleepers, and over the solemn faces of the row~~  
~~as well as~~  
~~and the still more solemn faces of those who were~~  
~~to accompany the departed to their last resting~~  
~~places, while the sister ship the defuncts as they were~~  
~~ions, designated purely for effect, either to~~  
~~honor a great man when borne to the leafy~~  
~~graves of a Mount Auburn, or to render more~~  
~~imposing the funeral pageant of a hero; but~~  
~~here was one formed by the powerful genius~~  
~~which waits upon necessity, and made still~~  
~~more impressive by the very circumstances which~~  
~~required it. Never will that solemn picture~~  
~~be effaced from the minds of those who be-~~  
~~held it, and as the last torch disappeared,~~  
~~and as the paschal moon came up over the~~  
~~dark and silent waters, the sisters returned~~  
~~to their duties with a stronger sense than ever~~  
~~at their hearts, of the smallness of all human~~  
~~things, and the greatness of divine and eternal ones.~~

(insert here the acct of Rev John Byrnes)

In July 1862 The Federal troops under the command of Col Fitch of Indiana attacked

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In July 1862 the Federals under the command of Col Titch of Indiana, attacked Fort Charles on the White river. Col Titch was supported by the gun-boats of the Western Flotilla, which bombarded the fort from the front, while the land troops acted in the rear. After a sharp contest the commander of the Fort "Col Fry" being severely wounded the Confederate forces surrendered. During this engagement occurred one of the most distressing aggravations of the necessary horrors of war, with which the Sisters came in contact while in the hospital.

The Confederate commander, seeing that the naval forces from some of the iron-clads were attempting to land in small boats, gave orders to fire upon them. At this moment the boilers of the gun boat, Mound City, exploded, severely scalding the Commander, Capt Kilty, and about fifty of his men; most of whom, in the frantic agony of their suffering sprang into the river, <sup>and in all haste to reach the shore</sup> and received through their par-boiled bodies, the shots fired from the forts. With almost superhuman energy on the part of the crews in other boats, nearly all of these <sup>poor</sup> sufferers were rescued from the water. As well as the names to this disaster reach

As soon as the news of this disaster reached Commander Davis at Cairo, he telegraphed to the Sisters at Mound City to send if possible some ~~of the Sisters~~ <sup>of the community</sup> on the hospital boat to the scene of the disaster. There it was that the following touching incident took place. A Federal Officer of high rank

A Federal officer of high rank,  
discovered in the wounded commander of the  
#1st Regt subsequently commended the ill-fated Virginian  
during the battle of Gettysburg Aug 1873.

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Confederate forces, one whom he had known well in by-gone days. And at such moments all the best feelings of the human heart display themselves. Seated by the wounded man, he forgot the foe, and remembered only his friend, in tones of the most earnest sympathy he asked what he could do for his relief, in that quick hurried utterance that ever tells how the ball has touched the lungs, he answered:

"I shall be most grateful if you shall write a letter to my wife, informing her of my situation."

The Federal officer beckoned to an orderly to bring writing materials, and the Confederate officer continued; "Tell her that the medal she placed around my neck, when I bade her good-bye has saved my life. The Surgeon says that it rested on my left lung and turned aside the bullet, which <sup>glanced</sup> ~~glanced~~ from it, inflicting a ~~serious~~ <sup>slight</sup> but not a dangerous wound."

"Ah!", interrupted his <sup>amanuensis</sup> ~~amanuensis~~, "that must be ~~some~~ <sup>the</sup> medal of the Virgin; I fully believe in its wonderful effects; I wear one constantly myself, and would not go without it, <sup>in the mean time</sup> ~~and at the~~ <sup>mean time</sup> the wounded man, with trembling hand drew forth his shield to prove, <sup>by the light of the</sup> ~~what~~ <sup>by the light of the</sup> he had said, <sup>while in his</sup> ~~by the~~ <sup>while in his</sup> the dust on its surface, so did the Federal officer reverently draw forth from the bosom of his military coat, <sup>which was decorated</sup> ~~which was decorated~~ with the insignia of his <sup>Officer's</sup> ~~High~~ Rank and bravery his buckler. The bright rays of the summer sun shone on those two little miraculous medals medals of the Immaculate Conception, which in the midst of the sufferings, carnage and instruments

of war gleamed like a sign from ~~the~~ heaven! while both officers, non-Catholics as they were, and deadly foes on the battle-field, at that moment cordially united in one feeling, namely "that the medal of the Virgin" given to one by a Catholic wife, to the other by a Catholic friend, was their powerful protection, amid the horrors and dangers of war."

~~The Sisters soon arrived at the scene of~~  
~~tragedy and as quick as possible returned with~~  
~~a large number of sufferers to Mound City Hospital.~~

A few days after the arrival of the sufferers to Mound City Hospital, the Sisters realized for the first time by their own senses, how terrible are the angry passions of men when fully roused in times of civil war! Previous it was with patient suffering they had to deal, and among all the soldiers well or wounded they saw but the best side of their charities, among the latter they saw fortitude and patience under intense ~~and highly aggravated~~ sufferings, ~~amongst the former they saw the tender sympathy~~ <sup>the well manifested</sup> for <sup>their</sup> sick and wounded comrades and respectful regards to them ~~for~~ <sup>Sisters</sup> for to the honor of the soldiers both North and South, be it said that never did they utter an angry still less a profane word in presence of a sister.

But one summer afternoon ~~all this was~~ <sup>the scene was</sup> changed, a report had spread that the brave Capt. Ritty was dying from the effects of his severe scalds and ~~as~~ a mistaken opinion had

got abroad among the gun-boat men, the employees of the hospital, ~~and~~ a company of soldiers stationed at Mound City, to the effect that Col Fry had ordered his soldiers to fire upon the scalded men, when in their frenzy they were sure to jump into the water. <sup>In the morning the rumor</sup> All the men around the hospital were roused to a fearful fury against the commander of Fort Charles.

The rumor was not true, but it was firmly believed at the time, and in this belief, without any further reasoning ~~on the subject~~, all assembled in front of the Hospital, declaring in loud angry voices. "The moment Capt Kilty breathed his last, that moment we shot Colonel Fry as he lies in his bed!"

The Sister in charge of him was ordered to leave his room, and the door was locked, several Sisters were in Capt Kilty's room expecting every moment to see him draw that last sigh which was to seal the fate of ~~another humanitary soul~~. <sup>Dr. Smith</sup> ~~When Mrs. Smith~~ <sup>regarding the</sup> ~~who was in charge of Col Fry~~, came to the other Sisters, all in tears to report what had happened. Not a moment was to be lost. Leaving Capt Kilty in the care of Sisters, ~~fully equal to the emergency in that quarter~~, <sup>Dr. Smith</sup> ~~several others~~ <sup>hastened to the Dr. in charge</sup> and asked for the key to Col Fry's room.

"It will be at the risk of your lives <sup>My dear Sisters,</sup> to approach, much less to enter that room," said the Surgeon, with an expression <sup>on his countenance</sup> which ~~made the Sisters feel~~ <sup>carried conviction</sup> that he spoke what he knew, as well as feared to be



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true

Then they replied "We must all without delay leave this Hospital, ours is a mission of mercy and of charity. We know neither North nor South, nor can we remain where the spirit of revenge is the ruling spirit even for <sup>one</sup> hour. Give us the Key and ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> remain, Refuse it and we leave instantly!"

Then replied the perplexed Surgeon, "Then all the danger to which you ~~expose yourself~~ <sup>expose yourself</sup> rests upon yourselves, If I give you the Key I do not feel certain of your lives for a single moment. These men are terribly roused for they are honest in the belief that all the rules of honorable warfare were violated by ~~Col. Fry~~ <sup>Col. Fry</sup>, and we have no force at hand to prevent their acting up to the full measure of this conviction at any moment."

But every word uttered by the kind hearted Doctor only convinced the Sisters where ~~their~~ <sup>her</sup> post was in this <sup>hour of</sup> awful danger and peril, not only to the helpless man who seemed to have been abandoned to the vengeance of those who supposed him to have been guilty of inhumanity, but to the souls of those who were on the point of committing a great crime, and ~~as well as~~ <sup>as well as</sup> wounding the national honor, and disgracing the national flag.

"Give us the Key" was the Sister's reply to his well intentioned warning; and reluctantly he put the Key into ~~their~~ <sup>her</sup> hands.

By resuming their duties as nurses in the room of the wounded prisoner ~~they~~ <sup>the</sup> felt

that they shielded him <sup>the soldiers</sup> from the immediate fury of  
 Capt Kitty die, ~~still they were not ignorant of~~  
<sup>but ignorant of God's protection</sup> the danger of the steps they had taken, and when  
<sup>you locked the door</sup> they entered the room <sup>How affecting to see</sup> ~~and~~ the once power-  
 -ful chest heaving feebly under the terrible  
 excitement of the hour, the large eyes almost  
 starting from their inactivated sockets, the <sup>perspiration</sup> sweat  
 which he was too feeble to dry from his face ~~was~~  
<sup>was</sup> starting out in great drops all over him. <sup>to these</sup>  
 They heard too, the angry threats and <sup>coarse</sup> ~~coarse~~ <sup>voices</sup> ~~voices~~ below in <sup>the ward</sup> ~~the ward~~ <sup>where</sup> ~~where~~ <sup>was not needed</sup> ~~was not needed~~  
 to realize the awful <sup>responsibility</sup> ~~responsibility~~ of the charge  
 they had assumed. Without <sup>flinching</sup> ~~flinching~~ <sup>moment's</sup> ~~moment's  
 hesitation the window was closed, to shut  
 out, or at least to deaden the noise of the  
 angry <sup>salvo</sup> ~~salvo~~ <sup>without</sup> ~~without <sup>what was the order</sup> ~~what was the order~~  
 appeared at the window to close it, they shouted  
 "Leave the room! Leave the room! He is not  
 worthy to have a sister attend him!" and the  
 threats before uttered in the event of Capt  
 Kitty's death, were renewed, veritably the sisters  
 never prayed more fervently for anyone's <sup>one's</sup> ~~one's~~ recovery  
~~than~~ <sup>than</sup> they did for Capt Kitty and he did  
 recover!~~~~

~~As soon as he was able to know what  
 had occurred he gave his own testimony to  
 contradict the report which had so nearly  
 resulted in a deed at which every one of those  
 brave men would have shuddered in a moment  
 of calm reason.~~

The facts in the case as given afterwards  
 by Capt Kitty <sup>are</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>mentioned above</sup> ~~mentioned above~~, the  
 order to fire on the men who were landing



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Sister Dr. New here more  
arrived before she came  
left the hospital  
Sister Dr.

for Cairo. When they called at the hospital  
They received a hearty welcome from Dr. Burke who supposed they had at last acceded to his request, on finding the hospital in such readiness for them, even to the apartments for their special use, ~~it was not~~ <sup>it seemed almost</sup> ~~impossible~~ <sup>impossible</sup> to refuse him the assistance so much needed. After passing through the ~~whole~~ <sup>entire</sup> building, which ~~had~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~all~~ <sup>all</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~floors~~ <sup>floors</sup> ~~all~~ <sup>all</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~building~~ <sup>building</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~crowded~~ <sup>crowded</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~wounded~~ <sup>wounded</sup> ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> ~~Baharest~~ <sup>Baharest</sup>, and ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~sisters~~ <sup>sisters</sup> ~~thought~~ <sup>thought</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~about~~ <sup>about</sup> ~~leaving~~ <sup>leaving</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~hospital~~ <sup>hospital</sup>. Another ~~sister~~ <sup>sister</sup> ~~turned~~ <sup>turned</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~group~~ <sup>group</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~said~~ <sup>said</sup> ~~"you~~ <sup>"you</sup> ~~will~~ <sup>will</sup> ~~remain~~ <sup>remain</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~you~~ <sup>you</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~you~~ <sup>you</sup> ~~pointing~~ <sup>pointing</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~young~~ <sup>young</sup> ~~sisters~~ <sup>sisters</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~party~~ <sup>party</sup>. ~~Remain~~ <sup>Remain</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~us~~ <sup>us</sup>. ~~Go~~ <sup>Go</sup> ~~straight~~ <sup>straight</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~work~~ <sup>work</sup>, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~smile~~ <sup>smile</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~their~~ <sup>their</sup> ~~perplexity~~ <sup>perplexity</sup>, she took her departure for ~~Munster~~ <sup>Munster</sup>. The decision was so sudden and the sisters having been without sleep for three nights, they were for a moment confused; but this feeling <sup>soon</sup> passed off ~~quickly~~ <sup>quickly</sup> and ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~work~~ <sup>work</sup> they went at once. ~~As~~ <sup>As</sup> ~~soon~~ <sup>soon</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~change~~ <sup>change</sup> ~~could~~ <sup>could</sup> ~~possibly~~ <sup>possibly</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~made~~ <sup>made</sup>, ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~change~~ <sup>change</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~made~~ <sup>made</sup>. ~~Angelo~~ <sup>Angelo</sup> ~~sent~~ <sup>sent</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~Sister~~ <sup>Sister</sup> ~~Angelo~~ <sup>Angelo</sup>, ~~three~~ <sup>three</sup> ~~sisters~~ <sup>sisters</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~experience~~ <sup>experience</sup>, ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~place~~ <sup>place</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~two~~ <sup>two</sup> ~~young~~ <sup>young</sup> ~~sisters~~ <sup>sisters</sup> ~~who~~ <sup>who</sup> ~~left~~ <sup>left</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup>, ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~there~~ <sup>there</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup> ~~sister~~ <sup>sister</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~each~~ <sup>each</sup> ~~floor~~ <sup>floor</sup>. ~~Sister~~ <sup>Sister</sup> ~~A~~ <sup>A</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~faithful~~ <sup>faithful</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~efficient~~ <sup>efficient</sup> ~~coadjutors~~ <sup>coadjutors</sup> ~~continued~~ <sup>continued</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~this~~ <sup>this</sup> ~~hospital~~ <sup>hospital</sup>. Whatever might be the changes going on with Surgeons and officials, and to the end of the war, the ~~hospital~~ <sup>hospital</sup> ~~continued~~ <sup>continued</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~function~~ <sup>function</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~before~~ <sup>before</sup>.

the all night long

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remained in charge of the sisters of the Holy Cross.

It was not without opposition  
from ~~employees~~ <sup>however</sup> that this position was held  
by the good Sisters, but the attempt to create  
dissatisfaction only ended in a more decided  
testimonial in their favor on the part of  
the directors; and at last, even those Surgeons,  
who were, in the beginning of their connection  
with the hospital, opposed to the religious,  
became their most enthusiastic supporters.

Soon after the Sisters were settled into the routine of <sup>about this time</sup> hospital life, two patients were brought <sup>to the Hospital</sup> in whose stories were so interwoven as to make one narrative, the first, whose name was George, was suffering from typhoid pneumonia, and so severely as to be utterly without the use of reason. <sup>His</sup> sickness was one long delirium, with its painful excitement & nervous irritability, <sup>and</sup> <sup>came to</sup> <sup>as</sup> exactingness, and also, that pathetic helplessness which appeals so powerfully to a heart accustomed to act from Supernatural motives of Charity. From the very first the <sup>poor</sup> quarrelsome patient recognized the habit of his nurse. Her garb as a religious had a singular power over him, and when in the <sup>evening</sup> night, the nurses and doctors failed to quiet his delirium, <sup>and</sup> <sup>or</sup> <sup>we</sup> found him unmanageable. The appearance of the Sisters at his bedside acted like an anodyne upon his sufferings, <sup>while</sup> ~~and~~ the storm would die away in the feeble complaints which a child feels privileged to use towards a



mother, ~~and which are marks of affection rather~~  
than of blame; or he would lie back exhausted  
with his rappings and perfectly contented to see  
~~the Sister~~ <sup>the Sister</sup> near him. Yet this singular consolation  
given to him by her religious habit as a nun,  
was the only clue to his feelings on any subject  
whatever. In his delirium he was sometime  
shouting like a Methodist or arguing like a Baptist,  
which again he would talk about the "dear  
parish church" which he called "St. Mary's". ~~He~~  
~~In such a state all that could be done for~~  
~~such an eye, there was nothing to be done, but~~  
~~the poor sufferer was~~  
to supply his wants, console his paroxysms and  
pray for the mercy of God on his poor soul.

The other ~~whose~~ named ~~was~~ Hubert was also  
young ~~and~~ was brought to the hospital the next  
day after George ~~and~~ put into the same ward;  
but unlike George, the very presence of the  
Sister seemed to be painful to him, ~~this~~  
~~He suffered from inflammatory~~  
~~diseases with inflammatory rheumatism, and though~~  
~~suffering much~~  
pained, he did not require the almost constant  
presence of the Sister like his fellow patient  
only a few beds from him. Perceiving that  
necessity alone made her visits to him welcome,  
and ~~that~~ <sup>while</sup> his politeness alone, made him grate-  
ful for her attentions, she endeavored to spare  
his feelings as much as possible; and without ever  
neglecting him, she so arranged things that he  
was seldom obliged to thank her for anything.  
Weeks ~~after~~ <sup>after</sup> week passed on, and the two patients  
with all the care and nursing and extraordinary  
assiduity given to them, were evidently failing,

The delirious ~~one~~, grew more excited, more and more like a spoiled child; The other kept an unclouded mind and ~~never~~ forgot his habitual politeness, ~~and~~ <sup>often</sup> ~~looking~~ <sup>often</sup> turned ~~thoughtfully~~ <sup>thoughtfully</sup> ~~up to ask what Melrose~~ <sup>up to ask what Melrose</sup> ~~was doing~~ <sup>was doing</sup> ~~while attending upon George~~ <sup>while attending upon George</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>perhaps</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~seated to his right~~ <sup>seated to his right</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~looked up at~~ <sup>looked up at</sup> ~~his large eyes upon her with an ever softening~~ <sup>his large eyes upon her with an ever softening</sup> ~~expression~~ <sup>expression</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~without appearing to notice this~~ <sup>without appearing to notice this</sup> ~~change in Hubert's manner she began to attend~~ <sup>change in Hubert's manner she began to attend</sup> ~~upon him personally and found that, although~~ <sup>upon him personally and found that, although</sup> ~~never exacting, he was most grateful for those~~ <sup>never exacting, he was most grateful for those</sup> ~~attentions, At last she tried to do as much for~~ <sup>attentions, At last she tried to do as much for</sup> ~~Hubert as for George, and whenever she found~~ <sup>Hubert as for George, and whenever she found</sup> ~~a spare moment from other patients, which George~~ <sup>a spare moment from other patients, which George</sup> ~~did not claim, she endeavored to cheer poor~~ <sup>did not claim, she endeavored to cheer poor</sup> ~~Hubert. One day seeing that he was suffering~~ <sup>Hubert. One day seeing that he was suffering</sup> ~~more than usual, she bathed his face and~~ <sup>more than usual, she bathed his face and</sup> ~~hands, brushed his hair and smoothed his~~ <sup>hands, brushed his hair and smoothed his</sup> ~~pillow comfortably before going to George;~~ <sup>pillow comfortably before going to George;</sup> ~~who immediately broke out into a torrent of~~ <sup>who immediately broke out into a torrent of</sup> ~~childish abuse at her "neglect of him". She~~ <sup>childish abuse at her "neglect of him". She</sup> ~~saw that poor Hubert was greatly distressed~~ <sup>saw that poor Hubert was greatly distressed</sup> ~~and therefore, when the whole round had been~~ <sup>and therefore, when the whole round had been</sup> ~~made and George was again quite, she went~~ <sup>made and George was again quite, she went</sup> ~~back to <sup>Hubert</sup> to see if he needed anything more.~~ <sup>back to <sup>Hubert</sup> to see if he needed anything more.</sup> ~~She found him with his eyes full of tears~~ <sup>She found him with his eyes full of tears</sup> ~~and his lips quivering, and in reply to her question,~~ <sup>and his lips quivering, and in reply to her question,</sup> ~~he said, "O Sister how can you bear that~~ <sup>he said, "O Sister how can you bear that</sup> ~~abuse and fault finding?" "Oh nonsense!" said~~ <sup>abuse and fault finding?" "Oh nonsense!" said</sup> ~~the sister, laughing. That means nothing, he is~~ <sup>the sister, laughing. That means nothing, he is</sup> ~~a poor sufferer without a ray of reason, and it~~ <sup>a poor sufferer without a ray of reason, and it</sup> ~~is a pleasure to alleviate so far as in my power,~~ <sup>is a pleasure to alleviate so far as in my power,</sup> ~~his terrible <sup>suffering</sup> pain."~~ <sup>his terrible <sup>suffering</sup> pain."</sup> ~~Yes, yes, he said, I see that it is a pleasure to you."~~ <sup>Yes, yes, he said, I see that it is a pleasure to you."</sup>



They had now been in the hospital twelve weeks, and it was becoming daily more evident that they could not endure their suffering much longer. Poor George was in a most distressing condition and required ~~constant~~ <sup>continually</sup> attention from some one, and was never easy if sister was out of his sight. On this night she had remained with him until ~~after~~ <sup>second</sup> the usual hour and finding him ~~comfortably~~ <sup>some</sup> quieter she left a strict charge with the night nurse to call her if George grew worse, and she lay down in her ~~own~~ room in her habit, as she had done for some time. Between eleven and twelve o'clock the call came, and in a moment she was again at her post. The first glance told her that death had ~~come at length~~ <sup>at his last</sup> to poor George; but, with death, had come unclouded reason, ~~as soon as she came to his bed side he exclaimed~~ still recognizing her habit and putting out his hands to her;

"Sister, sister where am I?"

"You are in the hospital George."

"In the hospital! where and how did I come here?" "You have been here a long time George and have been very very ill."

"O sister what ails me that I suffer so dreadfully?"

"You are dying George."

"Dying! am I really dying? Then let me have a priest!"

This was the first ~~thing~~ <sup>thing</sup> which had come from poor George.

lips which made Sister know he was a Catholic. ~~Indeed she thought him as likely to be any~~  
~~thing else.~~ Great as her joy was upon this dis-  
 covery, it suddenly brought <sup>as</sup> a great perplexity.  
 The flood, which afterwards <sup>compelled</sup> them  
 to ~~go~~ <sup>fly</sup> to Mound City, was there rising, and the  
 water ~~was~~ <sup>being</sup> ~~ten feet deep~~ <sup>already ten feet</sup> between them and the  
 town. Logs had been laid ~~in such a way~~ <sup>so</sup>  
 that the Soldiers found ~~no trouble~~ <sup>little difficulty</sup> in going to and  
 fro, ~~and~~ by daylight it was ~~safe enough~~  
 for any sure footed person. But the night  
 was ~~too~~ <sup>very</sup> dark as it could be, and the rain was  
 falling in torrents, the danger to the priest  
~~which carried~~ <sup>carrying</sup> the Blessed Sacrament, ~~flashed~~  
 through ~~her mind~~ <sup>the Sister's</sup>, and turning to the night  
 watch she said,

"What can we do?"

"I will go in no time Sister," and prepared  
 to go by buttoning his coat to the throat, then  
 seeing her hesitate, "There is no danger. I  
 go across twenty times a day!" he exclaimed.  
 Yes; but it is very dark and rainy and the  
 priest does not know the way as well as you do.  
 What if he should be drowned?"

"I will take a lantern, and we will get here  
 safe enough."

The watch was a Protestant Soldier, but no  
 Catholic could have been more earnest than  
 he to bring Father Walsh <sup>to the dying Mary</sup>. Before the Sister  
 supposed it possible for him to have reached  
 the town he was back, bringing Father Walsh  
 with him, who had just come in from a sick

~~Call and had not gone to bed yet. George was, I thank God! ready to make up last Confession, write a clear <sup>will</sup> ~~will~~, receive Extreme Unction and the Holy Viaticum, and before 10 o'clock Sister A — had closed the eyes of her most exacting but in the end most consoling of patients.~~

Hubert seeing the power of faith in patient and nurse, declared that all his previous bitter dislike of Catholics had vanished and that he too wanted to secure the same consolations that had been given to poor George.

He gave the Sister the directions of his relatives, dictated a touching letter to them, and then with the docility, and humility of a child prepared himself for death.

~~At length Dr. Burke left the hospital~~ <sup>the first day</sup> ~~A charge of officers being made in the hospital, they were not so enthusiastic about the necessity of having Sisters in the hospitals. However soon after his appointment, the small pox appeared among the soldiers, great was the consternation of the Doctor and no time was lost in getting up a Shanty on the edge of the town, and transmitting to this miserable abode, those smitten by this terrible scourge.~~

~~On this dilemma Sister A — proposed to the Doctor that some of the Sisters, herself of course first, should pay daily visits to this pest house; but the Doctor's alarm was only increased by this humane proposal. "It is not to be thought of Sister; not to be thought of! The Sister said nothing more about it; but if the Doctor~~

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consternation was great on the breaking out of the disease, it was still greater when he found that every patient sent to the pest house died! How could it be otherwise, when the disease found them weakened by sickness and bereft, too, of all the comforts, even necessary ones, in their forlorn abode? The man who took care of them tried to do the best <sup>best</sup> which could be done, and every effort was made to get women to assist; but the effort was fruitless and the Dr. was glad to remember Sister A's prompt offer. She gave her a frank statement of affairs at the pest house, and then said:

"Have you ever had the small pox sister?"

"No."

"Are you afraid of it?"

"No."

"Now Sister I should never think of <sup>suggesting</sup> proposing this to you if you had not proposed it yourself, then I would not hear to it, for it seemed an unnecessary exposure. Now I see no other way if we are to save these poor fellows at all."

At present it is certain death, to be sent to that place pest house. But remember Sister you are to ride, call for the ambulance whenever you make your visits, and take anything and everything you think necessary.

With this wide permission <sup>the</sup> Sister was perfectly satisfied and without delay visited the pest house herself, found what, or rather everything was needed, and then returned to take what was absolutely required to save life. Padded blankets

were hung between the wide cracks of the open wall and the patients, the windows were so arranged as to secure proper ventilation, and the doors hung on their hinges in <sup>as</sup> a way to exclude all draughts. <sup>Philippe</sup> Proper nourishment was also provided, <sup>as well as</sup> and nurses, for the day and night, were instructed how to administer the <sup>medicines</sup> ~~stimulants~~, which if too freely given, or too sparingly, often settled the question of life and death. From this time a daily, and very often two and three visits a day, were made by the sisters, and only two patients died! This completed the doctor's conversion as to the expediency of accepting the proffered assistance of the Sisters in future.

Towards the close of the war Cairo was crowded with refugees from the South whom lack of means had prevented from <sup>getting</sup> any further; <sup>North</sup> and to add to the <sup>previous</sup> miseries of their condition, small pox broke out among them.

Quarantine grounds were appointed <sup>beyond</sup> the city limits; and there the <sup>excavations</sup> ~~canals~~ that had been made, in the early part of the war, for powder and ammunition, were converted into pest houses.

On one of the visits made by the sisters to these scenes of suffering they found a poor small pox patient and her two children, who had just been brought in from a boat, the mother and both of her children had been attacked by the same loathsome disease. The mother was a well educated person, and died in sentiments of faith, charity, and Christian contrition.

Her babe died also; and the little survivor seeing his mother taken from him, and laid in her coffin, leaned his head wearily upon it, then stretched out his ulcerated hands to the sister, saying "Her tab one home wis you." She could not resist the appeal; but wrapping him up in her shawl and concealing him under her veil, smuggled him into her own room in the hospital.

There the little fellow with several other children left to the care of the sisters, was tenderly cared for until it was safe to have the boy's case brought to the charitable notice of those in authority. When little "Eddy" as he was called, was taught to say his prayers he was told: "Now Eddy you must ask the holy Mother of God to be your Mother and to keep you from all danger." In this atmosphere of charity, and of cheerfulness, under all labors and burdens, Eddy grew until the close of the war, and <sup>many</sup> most of the sisters were recalled to St. Mary's; among them the two sisters <sup>especially</sup> most interested in Eddy. It may be supposed that such a change was fraught with sorrow for Eddy, but the sisters knew the <sup>generous</sup> heart of Father Corin too well to suppose he would not welcome this little orphan. and he did welcome him. From the day the sisters arrived at Notre Dame until the present, Eddy has found <sup>them</sup> a home; And Fathers and Mothers, who ~~would~~ <sup>would</sup> never see the streams cut off from their beautiful



~~domian~~ than the child who held out his little  
 hands to them, under an inspiration of grace,  
 deprived of anything needed for soul, mind, or  
 body. He has grown up in their school as  
 tenderly watched now as when lisping infant,  
 and there is no limit put to their good intentions  
 in his behalf should he correspond to them,  
 and the Mother, who doubtless felt that it  
 was hard to die in this desolate way, may  
 yet see him, from heaven, lifting up the  
 Holy Sacrament on some privileged altar of  
 Holy Cross in behalf of his devoted friends  
 and benefactors.

and benefactors.

Among the patients brought to Sister C<sup>W</sup> ward in the summer of 1863, at the Cairo hospital was a young English man of about twenty years of age, worn down to a skeleton with dysentery. He was very gentle, and never was a patient more grateful for every attention. Sister would sit and rub his aching, <sup>the</sup> ~~aching~~ <sup>quite</sup> ~~stiff~~ <sup>thin</sup> ~~stiff~~ <sup>stiff</sup> arms, he would say, "O Sister if my poor Mother could only see how well I am cured for." He died.

"I am cured for." He died the day before the one which proved his last he gave <sup>the</sup> sisters a paper, on which he traced in trembling characters his Mother's name and address. ~~When I~~ When I am dead sister will you be so good as to send this to my mother? It will be a ~~consolation~~ <sup>comfort</sup> for her to know how and where I died, and that I was not neglected in my last hours." This request was



immediately complied with, and the letters  
 written by his Mother in answer to this  
~~one~~, announcing his death, are still in the  
 hands of the Sisters. They are dated from  
 Green Devon, whose blossoming orchards  
 and ~~ancestral~~ trees made beautiful the  
 old country-seat where the poor youth was  
 born. The crest which her paper bore,  
 was a guarantee gauntleted hand bearing  
 a cross, and both standing on the rising  
 sun. These letters were full of the tenderest  
 expressions of gratitude for the care bestowed  
 on her darling boy, whose fate would have  
 been a mystery but for some faithful hand  
 to record his last wishes. The afflicted  
 Mother asked for a sketch in the rough,  
 of her dear boy's "grave" and even of the  
 hospital bed on which he died. These  
 were sent to her, but the lock of ~~his~~  
 dear boy's hair: "which she longed for so  
 much, could not be sent, as it <sup>was, had</sup> had been  
 closely shaven before he came to the Sisters'  
 hospital. The remembrance of the English  
 Mother's grief and her love for those who  
 cared for ~~the helpless~~ <sup>the poor</sup> ~~sent like a wave~~  
 into their hands, still lives among the  
 Sisters of the Cairo hospital, and her sincere  
 gratitude is dwelt upon by them, more than  
 their own days and nights of watching.

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## Chapter—

The sisters of the Holy Cross in the hospital at Louisville, Kentucky—Prejudice and oppression overcome—Remarkable conversions—A sister's death—The sister's last home—The silent army of the glorified—Requiescant in pace—The conversion of an apostate—Poor Henry—The sisters of Holy Cross in the hospital at Washington D. C.—St. Mary's hospital—The Christmas dinner—The labors, sacrifices and works of the good Sisters during the war concluded—

It was not till the beginning of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> war that the Sisters of the Holy Cross commenced their labors in the hospital at Louisville Kentucky. ~~This was in consequence of~~ <sup>the delay was caused by</sup> fanatical opposition <sup>offered</sup> by Dr. Spalding <sup>to</sup> their services at the beginning of the war, but until Dr. Weed was appointed Mead Surgeon, the fanatics in charge would hear of no Sisters being there. And even after Dr. Weed had given notice that the sisters were coming no place were prepared for them, and the beds on which they were compelled to rest, after their arrival, were miserable excuses. Still they never murmured. It was not long however, before the good people of Louisville

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were aroused in behalf of the Sisters and means and supplies, which had been cut off from the suffering, poured in to an abundant extent, and folks who had hitherto been in opposition soon came forward with the most friendly feelings, and confessing their previous prejudice pledged themselves to make ample amends. Even the prejudice which existed against the Catholic Priests vanished to such an extent that if a Catholic Soldier stood in need of the services of a Catholic Priest a Protestant lady would go and tell the priest or sister about it. And this was all brought about by the ~~meekness~~ <sup>love</sup> of the Sisters, <sup>by their self-sacrificing attention to the sick, as well as</sup> ~~by their~~ sincere charity. After some time

As the weeks went by, a very intelligent patient in ~~the Sisters' ward~~ <sup>the Sisters' ward</sup> began to ask some questions of the Catholic patients; and ~~once~~ when an officer remarked that it was singular to see the Catholic Church contributing so largely to the ranks of the army nurses Sister ~~Cor~~ <sup>the officer's</sup> patient joined ~~him~~ <sup>him</sup> in his comments, & ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> said to Sister, "I have been writing all my life for various newspapers against the Catholic Church and against Catholics themselves, only to come to this hospital and find myself in the wrong. I gave no thought to the matter, but took it for granted that they were what it was popular for believe them to be."

Since I have been in the hospital, I have seen enough to convince me that I have not only done them a great wrong, but myself also, and my only wish is, to be instructed in the religion which I once despised, reviled and even <sup>unknowingly</sup> calumniated; There was with this patient, <sup>his</sup> apprehension of death and he was able to conduct his own researches with the aid of such books as were at hand. In due time he visited Bishop Spalding (afterward the venerable Archbishop of Baltimore) received the final instructions and was baptized. It was his delight to show to visitors his little library of choice Catholic books. His recovery to health only confirmed him in his faith, and he often expressed the wish; that having imitated St Paul in his persecutions of the Church, he might imitate him in his defence of it.

A young man, whose wounds and sickness had ended in hopeless dropsy was brought to the hospital, and he made no secret of having been baptized a Catholic in infancy, and of his education as a Catholic; neither did he disguise the fact, that he had <sup>abandoned</sup> ~~left~~ the practice of his religion for more worldly reasons. Sister considered this her rightful ground, and did not hesitate to urge upon him the necessity of making amends <sup>and preparing himself to receive the Sacrament</sup> ~~for a gross violation of conscience~~ although fully intending to repair his great wrong. The dread of going over the story of those

years of sin inclined him to put off his confession from day to day. The priest was called in to several <sup>other</sup> cases and he again went to the bed-side of this unhappy man to give him an opportunity if he desired ~~it~~ <sup>to confess</sup>, but <sup>the</sup> confessor failed, and he allowed the priest <sup>to</sup> leave him without hearing his confession. Good Sister Anthony <sup>discouraged</sup> ~~disappointed~~ <sup>to see a patient who</sup> ~~declared that she would rather see a dozen others die than this man who~~ <sup>had so despised his birthright of faith, sat down in her own little room in a state of</sup> ~~poor man (Miss Grace & left her when she heard what she~~ <sup>thought was his last opportunity pass by</sup> ~~unimproved; for every one could see that he was near his end. It was not half an hour however after the priest left the hospice before the nurse came in breathless terror to~~ <sup>Sister Ann's room saying O. Sister — is sitting up in bed and calling out "Bring me a priest before I die! Bring me a priest before I die,"</sup>

The priest was sent for and when he returned said:

"How is this Sister? one would think I had nothing to do but to wait your call. Why do you not get your patients together, unless under some sudden emergency, and then save the running back and forth?" "Indeed father, said the sister, I must take my patients as they come. The sufferer had just time to receive the rights of his church when he departed."

Several numerous incidents like the preceding could  
 be ~~cited~~ <sup>magnified</sup> as well as ~~many~~ <sup>many</sup> cases of prejudice  
 against the Sisters which were removed against the Sisters  
 by the treatment given to many a good son  
 brother or husband; The following ~~one~~ is  
 worthy of notice. One of the patients at the  
~~Cairo~~ <sup>Cairo</sup> ~~hospital~~ <sup>General Hospital</sup> was made happy by the arrival  
 of his good Mother who spent three weeks at  
 his bed side before she could take him home.  
 A few days before his departure, she ~~addressed~~ <sup>said</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>and</sup>  
 the Sisters as follows. How often have I  
 heard the Catholic Church, its priests and  
 nuns, injuriously spoken of in my own home  
 I blush to remember it, but I promise that  
 so long as I live such conversation shall be  
 hence forth banished from my house,  
 You and I have not talked much Sisters,  
 but my eyes and a Mother's heart, have  
 told me all I need to know, to refute utterly  
 the calumnies I have heard from Childhood.  
 Sister Elise having fallen sick at Mount  
 City hospital thought to recruit her health by  
 returning to ~~St. Mary's~~ <sup>St. Mary's</sup>. She was only able  
 to reach Cairo when she grew worse, sank  
 rapidly and ~~also~~ there breathed her last.  
 She ~~was~~ <sup>being</sup> ~~suffered~~ <sup>attacked</sup> by the same disease  
 which she had done so much for to relieve  
 in others. Like Sister Fidelis she was taken  
 to St. Mary's for burial; and their modest  
 graves may ~~all~~ <sup>be</sup> seen in the beautiful  
 little burying ground of the ~~Convent~~ <sup>which is upon the</sup> ~~where~~  
 Each sister lies with a black wooden cross



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at her head on which is written, in white  
paint, her name in religion ~~and also her~~  
& family name ~~followed by~~ "the Requisite in place"  
"Requisite in place"

Beside each wooden cross is a rose tree,  
and on the ~~breast of each sister~~ <sup>grave or each plate</sup>, as she lies  
in her well-turfed grave, is a living cross  
of tender green. The high cross, in the  
middle of the hill ~~on which they rest so peace-  
fully~~ <sup>Center</sup>, is hung with climbing roses, and beds  
of nicely trimmed shrubs, all <sup>planted & taken</sup>  
~~make the place a cheerful resort for the~~ <sup>care of by the Sisters</sup>  
stranger within their gates, as well as for the  
Sisters themselves, whose own hands planted  
and watered the flowers of pious remembrance.

It is their privilege to carry the bier on  
which every sister is laid when she goes to  
going those silent ranks; and the same hands  
trim the rose vines and plant the lilies of  
the valley which blossom among the graves.

~~There is no place in the world more touching~~  
~~to a reflective mind than the burying ground~~  
~~of a convent, and in this lovely one at~~ <sup>St. Mary's</sup>  
St. Mary's lie sister Fidelis and Sister Elise.

There is no mention of the sacrifice made  
of their own lives to save the lives, or alleviate  
the sufferings of others. ~~On the black wooden~~ <sup>Simply</sup>  
~~crosses, that mark their resting place. There~~  
~~are no stately records among the Convent~~  
~~archives to hand down the story of their~~  
~~deeds and the deeds of their companions; for~~  
this humble page, is the only one upon which



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They are recorded. Only among the traditions of the Sisters of Holy Cross at St. Mary's and her sister houses, will their names live; but so often as a sister passes that burying ground a "Dei pro fundis" is breathed for ~~the repose of their souls~~ <sup>them</sup>; and the strips of narrow board laid along the rows of graves <sup>as kneeling steps</sup> tell how faithfully they are remembered in the prayers of their <sup>dear</sup> living. More to be envied than the marble ~~mausoleum~~ <sup>mausoleum</sup> of the great commander, or even the red sandstone shaft that marks the place where patriot Soldiers sleep, is the ~~perishable~~ <sup>cherished</sup> memorial of the Sister of Holy Cross. + Like them indeed, she died amid the tramps of guards and within sound of the drum's martial beat; but the colors under which she performed her prodigies of valor and of fortitude were the red of Holy Charity, the white of consecrated virginity and the blue of a true daughter of Mary Virgin and Mother, while the stars of celestial hope lighted her on her arduous way. Sleep, good Sisters, as brave as you were gentle, as faithful as you were pious; and may the story of your sacrifice ever inspire the youngest novice in your Holy Order to bear like you <sup>noble</sup> the cross of your Divine Master, wherever it may be found; to share with Him the Vinegar and the gall of a life wholly given up to his glory!

As an instance of the prejudices the sisters had to overcome and the difficulties they had

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to incounter, I give the following copy of  
a letter written by a sister in the hospital  
at Memphis to the ~~Rev. Mother~~ L. B. Faller  
General

+ +

Dear ~~Mother~~ I must tell you something  
that will please you. Dr. — was speaking in  
my presence to an newly appointed Medical  
Director Dr. Holstern telling him that the  
Sisters had succeeded in overcoming some very  
strong prejudice in the mind of one of the  
Surgeons, who when he found them installed in  
the hospital, had declared his real antipathy  
to the nuns and aversion to having them  
around. Of this aversion I was wholly ignorant  
for though I saw that he was somewhat  
morose in his manners, I took ~~it~~ for granted  
that it was his way, and gave myself no further  
trouble on the subject. But ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> seemed  
that it was the sight of myself that vexed him.  
Well, <sup>Mother</sup> ~~it~~ happened, this same cross Surgeon,  
with several others held a council over a poor  
unknown dying man, who had been stabbed  
in a street fight. The patient was passed  
all hope so the Surgeons left him. S. M.  
and I remained with the dying man for  
we hoped to get some word from him and  
felt that at least we might pray for him and  
suggest acts of Faith, <sup>Reason</sup> Hope Love and contrition  
for if sensible these might cause him to  
raise his soul to God in this terrible moment.  
Then again the poor man was covered with  
mud, and blood and his hair all matted

So we had to try to make him look decent like and as we were working with him the blood was trickling from the wound in his side and this made the resemblance to "Our Dearest Lord" so striking that we found nothing repulsive in any duties, but rather a <sup>most</sup> touching tenderness, for the poor unknown. This little act of mercy brought a ~~quick~~ reward; for our cross surgeon had from a distance been overlooking the scene and knowing that we were ignorant of his presence, he immediately made the reparation that just and honest men always make when they find they have wrongly judged.

He declared to the other Surgeons that his prejudices were removed for he believed the Sisters were working from a truly high and supernatural motive."

The Surrender of Memphis June 6<sup>th</sup> 1843 gave another opportunity to the Sisters of the Holy Cross to pursue the work of mercy and at the suggestion of General Strong the Commander of <sup>at</sup> Cairo, this opportunity was immediately improved. The Overton Hotel had been occupied by the Confederates as an hospital, and before leaving it they took every thing portable away with them;

When ~~the Sisters~~ the Sisters arrived at Memphis, they found every thing <sup>was</sup> in a scene of the ~~most~~ confusion. It was not even safe to walk the streets, and in consequence they were obliged to remain on the hospital boat until some order was restored.

When they took possession of the Overton house it was in a most desolate condition, its walls floors and Ceiling were bare, and the suffering Soldiers had merely his knapsack for a pillow and his blanket for the mattress, but order and comfort came <sup>down</sup> ~~as if by magic~~ <sup>under the hands of the good sisters.</sup> At the same time ~~that the Overton~~ hospital was becoming a home for the sick and wounded in the Southern Campaigns, the Pickney Navy Hospital at Memphis, and the hospital boat running between Memphis and New Orleans were <sup>placed</sup> ~~put~~ under the care of the Sisters of Holy Cross. ~~When the angels returned to St. Mary's to oblige sisters for Memphis a young and accomplished lady from Baltimore, a Miss H. Sumner was spending the warm months there.~~ On finding out ~~the object of the Mothers' Mission.~~ Miss Sumner volunteered her services in <sup>company</sup> ~~company~~ with the fifteen sisters who <sup>needed to accompany the</sup> ~~were to accompany the~~ ~~mother.~~ This noble and intellectual young lady, during the few months she remained at Memphis, <sup>devoted herself most assiduously</sup> ~~shared every duty with the~~ sisters in the same spirit as if she were one <sup>of the sick & suffering</sup> ~~of themselves~~, until her impaired health made it an imperative duty for her to return north.

One evening in the summer of 1862 while the full tide of hospital duty was in progress at Memphis, the Sisters' frugal supper being over, the Religious were holding a little cheerful conversation together before

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returning to the different wards; conversation which told how sincerely each ~~one~~ was interested in the sufferers under her charge.

The happy face of Sister M— however wore an expression of sadness altogether unusual, and she ~~began to tell what had~~ <sup>said</sup> ~~sadened~~ her heart <sup>was</sup> even more <sup>so</sup> than her face. ~~It seemed that a large number~~ of wounded ~~men~~ had been ~~taken~~ <sup>admitted</sup> to her ward, among them one in a very dangerous condition. The Surgeon said he ~~could not recover~~ <sup>must die</sup>, but the poor fellow was determined not to believe ~~it~~ <sup>him</sup>, ~~although~~ <sup>though</sup> most grateful for every attention paid to him. When the Sister heard his name, she exclaimed, "Oh, that is a good Catholic name in the old country."

"Well" said he, very impatiently, "what if it is?" That is no reason of my being a Catholic. There was <sup>a</sup> something in his tone, and even in his words, which convinced the Sister that this man had been ~~educated~~ <sup>brought up</sup> a Catholic, but the least mention of a preparation for death excited his anger. "Now" said the little Sister, "I am sure he cannot live long, and I beg you will all pray for him." This appeal was not forgotten, and as the Sisters repaired to their respective wards they prayed fervently that the blessed Mother of God would be with this poor sinner in the hour of death.

When they assembled in the chapel for night prayers Sister M—'s sorrowful face

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told that there was no change in her patient; ~~and together all the sisters implored the Mother of mercy to obtain for him the grace of repentance.~~ The sister visited the ward once more before retiring for the night.

She was grateful as before, for every attention paid to him, but he was evidently resolved to keep her silent on this one subject.

She passed on to another bed where a soldier was dying, ~~with~~ <sup>in the</sup> most exemplary disposition, ~~then turning to leave the room~~ <sup>as I was about</sup> when the poor man for whom she had prayed so earnestly, called her to his bed side, and said:

"Before you go, Sister I must tell you the truth; you were right when you said that ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> name was a good Catholic one in the old country. There could be no better parents than mine, and in my youth I heard ~~their~~ <sup>their</sup> pious ~~dispositions~~ <sup>instructions</sup>. I even entered college to study for the priesthood, but on the death of my parents, I came to this country. There I grew careless & indifferent; in the course of time I married the daughter of a Baptist preacher; and sister I have even gone so far as to preach from his pulpit against the faith of my fathers, in which I was baptized! Now I know that God has cast me off, and as I have lived so I ~~shall~~ <sup>shall</sup> die. The Sisters shed tears of happiness over this revelation and putting a medal around his neck <sup>went</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> the other sisters to communicate this comforting intelligence. The hour was late but a messenger



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was sent for the priest. When he arrived, this man who, through long years, had denied his faith and even calumniated it, made an humble, full confession of the past, with every sign of heartfelt contrition. Father C... administered to him the sacrament of Extreme Unction, and, for the sake of its saving graces, it was well the good priest had been called that night, for the next morning, before the sun rose to give a new day to the world, the soul of the converted apostate was in eternity.

Chronicle of Father C. of

Observation of Father to  
D. J. L.

The Pickney Naval Hospital at Memphis  
was also ~~like the overton~~ <sup>like the overton</sup> ~~had been a hotel and a~~ <sup>had been a hotel and a</sup>  
The ~~rooms~~ <sup>rooms</sup> ~~opened upon a front or upon the~~ <sup>opened upon a front or upon the</sup>  
inner court and was exceedingly well  
adapted to hospital purposes. The sisters  
say nothing could exceed the neatness of the  
habits of their naval patients, that the sailors  
kept every floor as white as a convent floor.  
Many of the officers came to this hospital, and  
their rooms nicely carpeted, and furnished  
with magnificent bars, presented the perfection  
of hospital life. The building could accommodate  
pleasantly one hundred and fifty patients, and  
four sisters under the direction of Dr. St. John  
presided over the wards. Dr. Pickney, who  
was the head surgeon of the Mississippi Station  
<sup>being</sup> ~~was~~ a man of princely heart, and nothing was  
suffered to interfere with the perfect freedom  
of the sisters in the discharge of their duties.



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~~Notwithstanding the terrible heats of the summer season, the sisters seem to have enjoyed their labors, and the record of Pickney hospital would give a succession of incidents as creditable to the humanity of the Superintendents, as to the Sisters themselves.~~

~~The mere sentiment of pity cannot long sustain nature in the performance of unpleasant duties towards those who have no natural claim on us, and the poetic sentiment however interesting in novels does not work well in hospital nursing. The sick soldiers themselves were ready to criticize those who visited them under those mere sentimental impressions created by reading the light literature of the day. One example will illustrate this fact. A young sub officer who was in the Overton Hospital nearly convalescent after an attack of fever was in a ward with a poor miserable sick youth who having been long neglected in camp came to the hospital so covered with vermin that his head had to be shaven. He was so reduced that the nurses called him "Bony".~~

~~He was greivous from pain, and so weak that he could hardly breathe and could bear no surgical bars over him. Consequently the flies swarmed about him, unless some one sat by him to fan him. When the kind ladies of the place visited the Overton, the almost complaiscent youth made himself so agreeable that without themselves being aware of it, the~~



Dr. Hopkins: This boat could boast a Surgical and medical staff honorable either to Army or Navy. The cabins and storerooms had been made into neat airy wards, and three hundred patients could be taken care of on the "Red Rover" without the least inconvenience.

The hospital arrangements were faultless, and like every thing in the Navy. Cleanliness was the first law. To this Hospital Boat three or four Sisters of Holy Cross were always attached and it would be a pleasure to repeat all the <sup>encouragements</sup> ~~encouragements~~ <sup>given by the Surgeon</sup> ~~given by the Surgeon~~ <sup>XX</sup> While they were all Protestants, their <sup>as well as</sup> ~~courtesy~~ <sup>Courtesy</sup> to the Sisters and the confidence evinced by them on every occasion in their judgment and sincerity, was a matter of eulogy at the time and still continues to be spoken of at the Mother House. ~~One of the Sisters said we could only call Dr. Hopkins a man of God. There was nothing which pleased him so much as to attend personally upon the poorest and most suffering patient, whatever the circumstances more than ordinary trying, while the delicacy of his manner won for him the name of Aloysius from all of us. When more than usually fatigued with his unremitting labors he asked no other privilege than to rest for an hour in the quiet little sitting room given up to the Sisters. They used to say that if there were a brother or two in his own Church he would certainly join them, and he seemed to have a natural vocation; which the~~

Dominican father J. E. also considered true.

In October 1862 the beautiful church of St. Aloysius, belonging to the Jesuit fathers in Washington, D.C., was taken by the government for an hospital. The carpenters had already entered the church and were preparing to remove the pews, while the reception room of the Rev. Fathers was to serve as a kitchen. When ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Superior of the community obtained the privilege of building an hospital within a certain number of days, and thus prevent the appropriation of this church and residence. Men, women and children, flew at the first appeal made by the venerated Fathers, and every one who could carry mails, still more drive them, volunteered in this work of charity. As the time was so limited, the Superior made no delay, but telegraphed to ~~St. Mary's~~ <sup>St. Mary's</sup> ~~Votre Dame~~ <sup>St. Mary's</sup> ~~to send him a few Sisters;~~ <sup>for a few Sisters;</sup> and this despatch was followed by ~~another~~ <sup>another</sup>, still more urgent. Sister ~~St.~~ <sup>St.</sup> who had returned ~~from St. Mary's~~ <sup>last</sup> eleven days before this despatch to die as was supposed, had recovered so <sup>rapidly</sup> ~~rapidly~~ that she was the first one summoned by Fr. Corin to know if she would conduct the little band of sisters, whom he hoped he would send to the national Capital.

Sister ~~St.~~ <sup>St.</sup>'s answer was worthy of her religious habit: "Give me my obedience Father and I will do my best to perform it." <sup>your</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>rules</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>rules</sup> On the 14<sup>th</sup> of October ~~the~~ <sup>your</sup> left St. Mary's

Soon as a shelter in the form of a hospital was ready, they entered upon their labors. The hospital thus hastily thrown together accommodated about one hundred <sup>and</sup> fifty patients and over these wards were appointed (the four Sisters). The hospital at Washington continued only one year under the charge of the Sisters. Some irregularities as to discipline prevailed; the hospital not being under strict military rule and the Superior telegraphed to the Sisters to return to Saint Mary's.

Having gone over as well as we could the hospital grounds occupied by the Sisters of the Holy Cross during the war, we can say that the collecting of these details which may seem too full to some, only let us see how rich a fund of narrative lies hidden in those years of patriotic struggle. These ladies were utterly unambitious of personal distinction, indeed as things looked in the hospitals when they entered them there was no opportunity for anything but privation and obscure hard labor. a patient wearing out of this "mortal coil." With many of the Sisters the sentimental part of their experience never seems to have entered their minds. They were afraid of water, afraid of guns, afraid of everything that women naturally fear. Many of them fainted at the first sight of the ghastly wounds and loathsome ulcers which covered the victims of the battle, and although those days of service

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