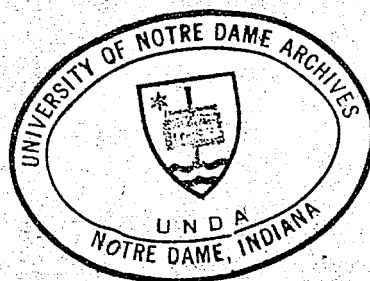


THE SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS

HEROISM OF THE CROSS
or
NUNS AND PRIESTS ON THE BATTLEFIELD

[by David Power Conyngham]



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THE SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS

INTRODUCTION

The Chaplains of the Federal and Confederate armies---
Testimony to their work and services by leading officers
of both armies.

During the late war I had frequent opportunities of observing with what unflinching zeal, fortitude, and Christian charity, the Catholic Chaplains and Sisters ministered both to the spiritual and temporal wants of the sick, the dying, and wounded soldiers. Whether on the battle field or in the hospital, their attention and services were freely given to all alike, regardless of their religion, their complexion, or their nationality. Few who have passed through these trying times, but recollect patient priest, who was always to be found in the front shriving the dying soldiers, if a Catholic or assisting and comforting him if a member of a Protestant denomination. Always at his post, always doing his duty regardless of hardships and dangers, the Catholic Chaplain soon came to be regarded with respect and veneration, even by men brought up in the most straight-lace and exclusive Puritanism. The man who pours back into the wounds of his fellow man, and who in his service, cheering his life ventures is sure to come the respect and admiration of good and generous men, no matter what their religion conviction and opinions. It was with the Catholic Chaplains and nuns; and the highest tribute paid to their charitable services and unremitting zeal in the discharge of their duties have been redereed to them by Protestant writers, officers and privates.

As for the Sisters, their labors and services were only equalled by their meekness and charity, and no one who has spent weary weeks and months in a hospital, can forget the tender care and soothing influence of the quick gentle sister who stood by his bed side, like an angel of mercy and light, ever ready to cool his aching brow, to moisten his parched lips, or to minister to his the prescribed medicine or nourishment. What sweet angelic influence they exercised over the patients is only known to those who have passed under their care. Many a soldier, with coarse words and jibs on his lips soon became docile as a child, and modest in his language, though the sweet example and gentle influence of the Sisters. Knowing and seeing all this, I requested at the close of the war, to set about collecting the necessary materials to add to the history of the great American contest, the record of These soldiers of the Cross, both in the Federal and Confederate armies.

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I do not with any intention of disparaging the labors and services of the Chaplains of other denominations, for there were many noble self sacrificing Christian men and zealous workers among them, but in order that the odor of sanctity and good works might descend to posterity, to stimulate others to take up their cross and follow in the footsteps of their Divine master.

When I had made some progress in collecting materials I communicated with the late learned and truly pious Archbishop of Baltimore, the most Reverend Dr. Spalding, and ~~se~~ laid my project before him. He thoroughly approved of it as appears from the following letter.

Baltimore, Nov. 25th. 1868

D.P. Conyngham, Esq

Dear Sir

I applaud your effort to rescue from oblivion the glorious deeds of our Sisters and Chaplains in the late war. I will do whatever I can to aid you by speaking to those who are likely to know most, and by writing the preface as you desire. Do not be too much in a hurry; gather your facts carefully and be sure of them before you write. I would advise you to write to Mother Euphemia, Sisters of Charity, Emmetsburg, and to the Rev. Paresce S.J. Provincial, Baltimore, as well as to Rev. Father Wissel, St Alphonses Church, Baltimore, requesting facts. You may use my name as reference.

Yours truly

M.J. Spalding
Archbishop.

The mission to Rome as a member of the Oecumenical council, and the subsequent illness and death of this Christian Bishop and learned divine, deprived me of the advantages of his great influence and support.

A very serious difficulty that lay in my way arose from the fact, that as soon as the war was over, the Catholic Chaplains returned to their various missions; some to die by disease contracted from the hardships, exposure and privations of army life; other to be scattered on their missionary labors throughout different countries. As a consequence, it was no easy task to get facts or materials directly relating to them.

Believing that true Christian charity knows no sectarianism, religions or political, and that the Catholic Chaplain was the Soldier of the Cross, and not of the sword, I was also anxious to procure sketches of the Chaplains and sisters serving with the confederate as well as with the Federal armies. If

The congregation of the Holy Cross supplied to the army the following able and energetic Chaplains Rev. William Corby C.S.C. now at Notre Dame, Ind., Rev. Joseph C. Carrier C.S.C. professor at St. Laurents Collegé Montreal. Rev. Paul E. Gillen C.S.C. deceased. Rev. Peter P. Cooney C.S.C. now in Watertown, Wis., Rev. James M. Dillon C.S.C. deceased, and the Rev. Julian Bowiget C.S.C. also deceased. The rev. R.C. Christy Chaplain to the 78th Pennsylvania is now pastor at Freeport, Pa., The Rev. Father Willett S.J. now in St. Johns N. B., Rev. Father Tissot S.J. Chaplain of the 42nd. Tammany regiment deceased.

— The Rev. Michael Nash S. J. Chaplain to Wilson's Zouaves now in Troy N. Y. The Rev. J. McAte S. J. and the Rev. Father Egan and several other missionary priests, who served as Chaplains, are scattered over the country. The Rev. Thomas Scully, Chaplain to the 9th Mass., is at present pastor of Cambridgeport, Mass., Father Brady, Chaplain to the 15th Michigan Vol. died soon after the close of the war; as also Father Brown. Father O'Higgins of the 10th Ohio, returned to Ireland whilst others were sent by their Bishops and Superiors on different missions throughout the world.

These are a few of the soldiers whose mission was not that of hate and strife, but of peace and good will among mankind. Besides these, several clergymen, who were not attached as paid chaplains to the army, rendered invaluable services to the sick and wounded in the hospitals in Washington and elsewhere. As far as I have been able to ascertain, the following Rev. gentlemen were the regularly appointed Catholic Chaplains, with the Confederate.

— Rev. Darius Mubert S. J. was appointed in April 1861, Chaplain to the first Louisiana Regiment, and served with the army in Virginia to the close of the war.

Rev. E. Smulders, of the Redemptorist Order was Chaplain of the 8th Louisiana and served with it until the end of the war. Father A Gache S.J. served as Chaplain to the 10th Louisiana partly in the field and partly in hospital, to the close of the war. The sketch of his services is very full and interesting; Rev James Sheran, of the Redemptorist Order, served as Chaplain to the 14th Louisiana to the end of the war. The sketch of his services is varied and interesting embracing, as it does, the campaigns of Stonewall Jackson and a full and accurate account of the manner in which that Confederate leader came by his death. Rev. Joseph Prachenski S. J. was Chaplain to an Alabama Regiment.

Rev. Dr. John Feeling of Richmond served as Chaplain to the 1st Virginia.

Rev. A. Corrette was for some time with the troops in Mobile Ala.

in some cases, the partiality of the Chaplains for the success of the army with which they were serving, appears we must not forget that we are all more or less influenced by surrounding circumstances and associations, and that the Chaplain with the Federal army was just as ready to administer to a Confederate soldier as to one of his own, and vice versa.

It is well known fact that many of our officers and men in Confederate ~~the~~ hospitals and prisons, owed their lives to the care, the attention and devotion of the Sisters; a fact that is confirmed by the statements and letters published in this work, many of which have been furnished by Protestants. The Sisters of the different Orders, with the meekness and modesty of true Charity, shrunk from bringing their humble labors before the public gaze, and many of them refused to furnish sketches or materials, so that I had to rely on other sources for the information.

In reply to a personal application for materials, the Superior^e of one House said. "I am sorry, sir, we cannot help you, but whatever we have done, we have done for the love and glory of God, and we neither seek nor desire earthly praise or glory. "If God is satisfied with our humble services and labors, we are content, and shall calmly and hopefully await His reward. If, on the other hand, we have not pleased him it will profit us nothing to gain the praise and admiration of mortals. "We have labored for the salvation of souls, and the good of our fellow creatures, not for wordly praise or distinction, we, therefore expect to reap reward only in Heaven."

The Superior^{ess} of another house, writing says: "During the war the constant occupation of the Sisters with the sick and dying left them scarcely time to attend to their necessary exercises, consequently they had none to devote to the recording of deeds of charity they ever esteemed themselves privileged to perform." I did not despair, but went to work with the more zeal and vigor, and finally succeeded in collecting sufficient materials for very interesting sketches of the devoted and self sacrificing Sisters and their services to the sick and wounded in hospital.

The following were the most prominent of the Catholic Chaplains who served with the Federal armies; namely. Rev. Father J. F. Treacy Chaplain of the 4th U.S. Cavalry and private Chaplain to Gen Rosecrans. Father Treacy is now pastor at Bayou de Batre, Alabama.

The record of his services and checkered career, as a missionary priest, is full of stirring and interesting incidents.

Rev. C. Boglioli, now of New Orleans, La., though not regularly appointed, followed as Chaplain the Donaldsonville Battery. Rev. F. X Leary now Bishop of New Orleans attended the troops in Vicksburg during the siege.

The Rev. Father Carius served for some time with the troops in Tennessee.

The following Chaplains with the Confederate armies, have since died.

Rev. Isidore Twigis, whose fearless and gallant services at Shilo, earned for him the esteem of all. Died at New Orleans in March, 1868. The Rev. Father Blummel was killed at the battle of Jonesboro, Ga., while ministering to a dying soldier. The Rev. Frances Machor S. J. Chaplain to the soldiers in the fort on the Mississippi and in Washington La., died in 1867.

The Rev. Dr. Chignon, died in 1867; he served with a Louisiana regiment at Corinth.

In addition to these regularly appointed chaplains, the local clergy were assiduous in their attentions to the wants spiritual and temporal, of the soldiers in and around the cities of Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, Richmond and elsewhere; and to their credit be it said, that the Federal prisoners and sick soldiers found them and the Sisters their kindest and best friends.

It would take volumes to give ample details of the zeal and self-sacrificing devotion of the Chaplains and Sisters in both armies during the war. On this account, and believing that the work should not extend beyond one volume, I confine myself to those presenting the most interesting features and the most attractive point.

In order to lay before my readers the views and opinion of the Generals and Medical gentlemen under whose eyes the Chaplains and Sisters officiated, I wrote to many of the most prominent of them requesting their impartial and candid opinions, relative to the services rendered during the war by the Catholic Chaplains and Sisters. In reply I received many encouraging letters speaking of the good done by them in the most laudatory terms.

As these letters speak for themselves, I here give the most prominent of them.

Hoboken, Oct 26th/69

Maj D. P. Conyngham
My Dear Sir

I cordially approve of your intention to publish a work on the services of the Catholic Chaplains and Sisters with the army during the recent war. My attention was very frequently drawn to their disinterested and most valuable efforts in the cause of humanity, and I think that it is eminently proper that a prominent record should be made of their efforts.

Very truly yours
George B. McChellan

New York, May 28th. 1870

My Dear Sir

Unusual press of business affairs for the past two months have prevented me earlier attention to your letter requesting my views as to the work of the Catholic Clergy and Sisters in the army during the late war.

As far as my observations extended, the Catholic clergy engaged in army work, were eminently distinguished for the self sacrificing and zealous manner in which they performed their duties.

They spared no pains and shrank from no exposure or hardships in their labor for the relief of the sick and wounded.

Wherever there is sympathy for sufferings, there will be gratitude for the self sacrificing labors of these devoted men.

Of the Sister of Mercy there is little need for me to speak. Their good deeds are written in the grateful hearts of thousands of our soldiers, to whom they were ministering angels. I heartily approve of your design to put these benefactors upon record. It is due to those engaged therein; and cannot fail to inspire others to like deeds of love and mercy.

Very truly yours
A. E. Burnside
Late Major General.

To Major D.P. Conyngham

7
New York, June 16th

D.P. Conyngham Esq.
My Dear Sir.

I heartily approve of your intention of writing a work on the Catholic Chaplains and Sisters, and their services, in our army during the late civil war. As to my personal experience I must say that I always found the Catholic Chaplain faithful attentive and zealous in the discharge of his duties. His mission seemed to be to devote himself solely to the spiritual and temporal wants of the soldiers.

In camp, by his pious example and religious teachings, he greatly softened and christianized the tone and actions of the men; while, in the field, he was ever found regardless of danger, where his duty called him and where the wounded or dying soldiers needed his ministrations.

Personally I have had but little acquaintance with the labors and good works of the Sisters, as they were most confined to hospital duties, but on all sides, and by persons of various religious denomination I have heard them spoken of in terms of praise and respect.

Truly yours
Joseph E. Hooker
Late Maj General

Head-quarters Military Division of the Atlantic
Philadelphia January 24, 1870

Dear Sir:

My position as commanding General of the army of the Potomac, did not afford me the opportunity for personal knowledge by intercourse with regimental chaplains so that though I know that the chaplains of the Catholic Church did good services, and are deserving of all commendation, my memory does not enable me to speak of individuals.

I have no doubt if the names and services of some of them were recalled to my mind I could say more than I can of them personally. All I can say of them is in general terms and to the effect that they faithfully discharged their duties to the credit of their church and service

Y^{rs}

Respectfully yours
George P. Meade
Major General

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informing me, that with those of other Generals, you were desirous of getting for publications my views as to the services of the Catholic Chaplains and Sisters during the late war.

Having the good fortune during the war, to have in my command the Irish Brigade and the Corcoran Legion as well as other bodies of troops having chaplains who were Catholics I had favorable opportunities of observing the manner in which the Chaplains performed their duties; and I can safely and with pleasure assert that none were more useful or could have been more devoted to their duties under all circumstances of the service--in the camp, in the conflict, or in presence of the enemy.

They had too the respect of the troops, without regard to their religious views, from the general highest in command down to the drummer boy. The Sisters of the Catholic Church did not I believe at any time in the field, come under my observations.

I am very respectfully

Hancock
Major General.

St. Louis Missouri, Jan 31st 1870

Dear Sir

In reply to your letter of 23rd inst it affords me great pleasure to say that, from my own observation and the unanimous testimony of all whom I have heard speak on the subject, I regard the conduct of the Catholic Sisters associated with the army during the late war as one of the highest and noblest exemplifications of the Christian religion, of which we have any knowledge in our age of the church. The missionaries among the heathens give us, perhaps, the only higher example of practical Christianity.

I was not my fortune to be thrown much in contact with Catholic chaplains, but their individual reputation was, so far as I know that of faithful devotion to their duty.

Yours truly
J. M. Schofield
Major General

Headquarters military Division of the Missouri

Chicago, Illinois Jan 29th. 1870

D.P. Conyngham Esq.

Dear Sir

In reply to your note of the 22nd inst in regard to my opinion as to the efficiency of the Catholic Chaplains and Sisters in the army during the late war, I beg to state that so far as my experience is concerned they were both active and efficient in their several callings, and rendered good services both in the field and in the Hospital.

Respectfully

P. H. Sheridan

Major General

Headquarters Department of the East.

New York City February 25th 1870

D.P. Conyngham

My Dear Sir.

I beg your pardon for delaying so long in answer to your note of the 23rd ultimo. It was received during my absence and was overlooked after my return.

I did not chance personally to be brought into contact with the chaplains and can ~~say~~^{say} of my own knowledge, speak in a general way as to the services of the Sisters. The latter I met in the course of my visits to the hospitals, where I found them as they are ever all over the world, ministering to the sick and wounded in a way to command the respect gratitude and affection of all who saw them, or had the benefit of their pious services. I am respectfully

Irwin McDowell

Major General

Comdg Depart.

Hd. Qrs Dept of Dakota

St. Paul Minn. Feb 3rd 1870

D.P. Conyngham

My Dear Sir,

I have received your letter of the 23rd ultimo

Hr. qrs Artillery School U.S.A.

Fortress Monroe Va Jan'y 25th 1870

Major D.P. Conyngham

My dear Sir.

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your note of 23rd inst.

It would afford me sincere gratification to comply with your request, but strange to say, the beneficent labors of the clergy and Sisters of the Church of Rome--Which I have so often heard spoken of as being so faithfully bestowed in the army during the war of the rebellion--never chanced to fall under my personal observation.

That they were unremitting and self sacrificing must of course to be true, for the concurrent testimony in that direction is very strong.

I am dear Sir

William F. Barry

Col 2nd. Regt. Artillery

Brevet Major General U.S.A.

Washington D.C. Feby 11, 1870

D.P. Conyngham

My dear Sir

I have the pleasure this morning of receiving your note of Jan'y 23.

During the rebellion my duties did not throw me so much with the troops as to become familiar with the services rendered by the Roman Catholic priests but I have heard them spoken of in the highest terms of praise by all. In St. Louis I watched an hospital containing many of our sick soldiers. The Sisters there were assiduous in their attentions and careful to relieve the necessities of our sick soldiers.

At New Orleans also I know that the Sisters were over ready to extend the hand of sympathy and words of comfort and consolation to our suffering soldiers. This is their record on all sides.

Respectfully yours

L. Thomas

Bert. Major General

U.S.A.

11
Army Building New York
Jany 27th 1870

D.P. Conyngham Esq
Dear Sir

I am in receipt of your of the 23rd inst informing me that you are preparing a work on the Catholic Chaplains and Sisters in the army during the late war and asking my views regarding their efficiency.

My duties during the late war were of a character to bring me but seldom in contact with the labors of the Chaplains and Sisters; but so far as my personal knowledge goes it fully sustains the reports constantly made to me of their valuable services, and of their zeal and self denial, and the comfort which their services so largely conferred on the sick and the wounded.

I am glad that you are preparing a work upon a subject of so much interest, not only to the thousands who were benefited by their labors, but to the public at large.

Very respectfully

H.G. Wright

Brevt Major General U.S.A..

Wd. qrs Dept of the Platte
Omaha, Nebraska, Jany 26th 1870

My dear Sir

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 23rd inst desiring my opinion of the efficiency, and services of the Catholic Chaplains and Sisters during the late war.

It was not my good fortune to be brought into close relations with the Catholic Chaplains, or to have any personal knowledge of their services or their work. But I heard constantly of the latter, and always in terms of the highest praise and commendation. But this is no more than is and has always been said of that band of devoted and self denying women.

Your book cannot fail to be interesting and will be welcomed as an act of justice to a class who does not blazon their own deeds, or tell their right hand

the doings of their left

I am very respectfully
C.C. Augur
Brev Major General

What nobler compliments were ever paid to duty and Christian charity than they convey? Here are men of the highest standing and unimpeachable honor, differing in religious opinions and connections from the Catholic Chaplains and Sisters; yet, paying the fullest tribute to the zeal and purity and self-sacrificing devotion of our noble band of Soldiers of the Cross.

These letters are a history in themselves and do honor, not only to the subjects of their just need of praise, but also to the tolerant and generous spirit of the writers. To these we might add General Ben Butter testimony when giving evidence on the conduct of the war he said that the Catholic Chaplains were the only real chaplains in the army.

If the generals of the Federal armies fully appreciated the good officers and services of the Catholic Chaplains and Sisters. They were equally respected and honored in the Confederate Army. As a proof of the high estimation in which they were held by the Confederate leaders as well as by the rank and file, I give the following letters.

One is from General Robert E. Lee, a man whose bravery and military knowledge and genius, commanded the respect and admiration, even of those who fought against him. The other is from General Bouregard, one of the ablest engineers and stratgest whom the late war has produced.

Lexington, Va. 8th Febt 1870

D.P.Conyngham Esq.
Dear Sir

In reply to your letter of the 22nd ult: it gives me great pleasure to state that the Catholic Chaplains in the army of N. Va., so far as my knowledge extends, were kind and attentive to the temporal and spiritual wants of the men of their brigades, and were assiduous in their attentions in encouraging the well and comforting the sick of the army. There were

three regulars chaplains attached to General Stoffords and Heys Louisiana Brigades, namely Father Sheeran Hubert and Smulders. Other Catholic clergymen occasionally visited the army, conspicuous among whom were Bishop Gill of Richmond.

The Catholic Sisters in Richmond devoted themselves to the sick and wounded in the Hospitals and I was told were unremitting in their attentions to the soldiers generally

Respectfully yours
R.E. Lee.

New Orleans, Mar 25th 1870

Dear Sir;

Your favor of the 22nd ult has been received but not answered sooner, in the hope of being able to obtain positive information as to the services rendered on the Confederate side, by the Catholic Chaplains and Sisters of Charity, in the field and hospitals during the late war. I regret that I can only transmit you, herewith the names of the Chaplains who served with La. Regts; those of the Sisters who attended Confederate State Hospitals, cannot now be obtained by me.

The services of both chaplains and Sisters, were most devoted and invaluable during the most trying periods of the war; their efforts to alleviate the suffering of the wounded and sick (Federal as well Confederates) were indefatigable and unremitting. Even Protestant commanding officers were always happy to avail themselves, in our hospitals, of the self-sacrificing, untiring and generous assistance of the Sisters who were so known and devoted to the poor, helpless, sick and wounded soldiers placed under their care that these heroes of many hard battles, looked upon them as their own Sisters or mothers.

I sincerely hope that you may succeed in collecting all the facts necessary to enable you to carry out your praiseworthy design

I remain yours truly
P. G. Bouregard.

As an evidence of the Christian feeling and tolerant spirit, that inspired the chaplains of various denominations in the army, I give the following letter from

14

the Rev Geo W. Pepper a clergy man of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a Chaplain of the regular army, who was all through the war, and who, for his zeal, his devotion and purity of life and actions, commander the respect and esteem of men of all classes and denominations.

Wellington Loraine Co Ohio
October 20th 1869

Major D. P. Conyngham,
My dear Major

I am glad that you are preparing a volume on the Roman Catholic Chaplains and Sisters of Charity. The task is a worthy and noble one. I was well and intimately acquainted with many Catholic Chaplains, and truly express the sentiments of thousands of my own faith, when I say, that, a more unselfish, more devoted, and a more courageous set of men never served in my army. The battle, they splendidly defied the bullets of the enemy, and were always present in the front among the bravest of the brave.

I have beautiful memories of the Rev Fathers Treacy Coony, and also of the brave Chaplain Brady of the fifteenth Michigan; my estimate of these stainless men of God, you will find in my volume entitle "Recollections of Shermans Campaign"

The last time I saw these gifted and gallant priests, was at the battles of Atlanta, with the chivalrous Stanley, where they displayed rare heroism and patriotism. I earnestly hope that you will meet with encouragement and sympathy in your praiseworthy enterprise

Truly and Sincerely
Geo W. Pepper
Chaplain U.S.A.

The Rev. Wm. Pepper paid worthy tribute to the Sisters of Charity, in an address delivered during the war, and published in the Catholic Telegraph, from which I take the following extract. "The war has brought out one fine result, it has shown that numbers of the weaker sex, though born to wealth and luxury, are ready to renounce every comfort and brave every hardship, that they may minister to the suffering, tend the wounded in their agony, and soothe the last struggle of the dying. Scores of these devoted ladies,

Sisters of Charity---are consecrating themselves, heart and soul, spending and being spent, in the service of God and of humanity. If we look at the army of the Potomac, at the army of the Tennessee, we find these angels of piety diffusing gladness and joy in every hospital

Follow them where you will, and you track them not as you track wars, conquerors, by cities laid in ruins, and plains whitened with the bones of the slaughtered; but you track them by their deeds and monuments of love, peace, and good will toward men. God bless the Sisters of Charity in their heroic mission. I had almost said their heroic martyrdom! And I might have said it, for I do think that in walking those long lines of sick beds in giving themselves to all the ghastly duties of the hospitals, they are doing a harder thing than was allotted to many who mounted the scaffold or dared the stake."

Through the introduction to this work has extended much longer than I intended the letters and matter are too interesting to be in any way curtailed.

I will conclude with the following letters from two medical directors of the army proceeds with my work. Dr. Hammond stands so high in his profession, and had such opportunities of judging of the efficiency of the Chaplains and Sisters, while Surgeon General of the Army, that his views are of the utmost importance. In reply to my letter he writes.

New York, Feby 27th 1870

Dear Sir

My experience with the nurses and Chaplains of Catholic faith, who served during the war, was in the highest degree favorable to their skill, devotion and faithfulness.

No one had better opportunities of judging them myself for I inspected nearly all the hospitals; and admired the gentle influence and tender care exercised over the sick and wounded soldiers by the Sister; I can therefore speak in the most unqualified manner of the good they have done.

I understand that in order to meet the demand for their services in the army that Archbishop Hughes had to get a supply from Canada. I should like to write more fully on this subject but my time is so occupied at present that I can not say all on the sub-

ject I would wish in order to do justice to these noble and truly Christian women.

Yours truly
William Hammond.

D.P. Conyngham Esq.

The following letter from Dr. Camp shows how the Sisters were appreciated by the medical faculty out West.

Saratoga Springs Oct 26, 1870

D.P. Conyngham Esq

Dear Sir;

I received your letter here desiring information respecting the services of the Sisters of Charity to the sick soldiers of the United States Army, during the late civil war. Feeling disposed to comply as far as I can with your request I give you a brief sketch of matters which came under my own observation while I was medical director in the City of St. Louis.

Soon after Major General F. C. Fremont assumed command of the army of the West, he wrote me a note saying that fourteen Sisters of Charity had kindly offered their services as nurses in the hospital and expressed a wish that I would receive them and assign them to duty. My office was in the city, but the hospital was four miles distant. The Sisters being ignorant of military rules and being also unacquainted with me, went direct to the hospital and presented General Fremont's note which was intended for me, to the surgeon in charge. By some strange error the Surgeon instead of directing these Ladies to me, took it upon himself to say to them that he had no occasion for their services, as he was supplied with nurses.

The Sisters returned to General Fremont and reported what I have stated.

As was natural the General was disappointed and vexed that his polite request had been so little appreciated, and that the services of such valuable nurses had been lost to the government. He visited the hospital at once, and in no pleasant state of mind, opened the eyes of the offending surgeon to the error he had committed.---The Surgeon without delay came to me, and gave me the facts, in a military point of view the Surgeons offense was one of grave import.--

He being a valuable man to the services, I determined to see General Fremont at once and secured the services of the Sisters in the hospital. I satisfactorily arranged the whole matter and then proceeded to the where I wrote out and issued the following order.

General Hospital. House of refuge
August 23rd 1861

Order No 1

With the view of carrying out the wishes of Major General Fremont, as expressed in his letter to me, dated Augt 21st in which I am informed that the Sisters of Charity have offered to nurse the sick and wounded in the general Hospital. I herewith direct the Senior Medical officer in charge to see that they are treated kindly and respectfully, and that every facility be afforded them for the performance of their official duties, and for their personal comfort. The Sisters will be distributed among the sick, by the Sister who is principal among them.

The Surgeon in charge will give them such a number of male attendants as they may require
(signed)

T.G. DeCamp
Medical Director
U.S. Army of the West.

The Sisters took entire charge of the sick soldiers and the Surgeons in charge often times told me that one of the Sisters was worth more to the sick than all the former attendants put together he had before their arrival.

From this forward I had frequent opportunities of judging of their efficiency and service and I must say that they did more, by their kindness, their gentleness and cheerful devoted attention to restore the sick and wounded to convalescence than all the medicine administered to them.

The influence of kind, cheerful nurses on the sick can only be fully appreciated by the patient themselves, and their medical attendants.

As a proof of the influence, the truly Christian charity, and faithful services of these good ladies

had on me I have since become a member of the Holy Roman Catholic Church as also my little daughter. In all gratitude I say that next to God, I owe this conversion to Sister Florence and her Thirteen associates.

T.G.Q. DeCamp.

The author of this work is greatly indebted to several Catholic Clergymen, officers and private citizens for materials, notes and sketches.

Among the number he would gratefully mention the names D. Dwyer, Dr. Charles B. Gillespie, Freeport, Pa. Dr. William O. Meagher, Harlem; Colonel James E. McGee, New York; and Captain M. H. MacNarre, Boston. In conclusion the writer would state that though the terms "Yank" and Rebs" frequently occur, that they are not intended in an offensive sense, but merely as Colloquial phrases.

Author.

CHAPTER I

Rev. J. F. Treacy
(Now pastor at Bayou la Bahe, Ala)
Chaplain of the Fourth U.S. Cavalry.

His early life-- Adventures among the Indians-- The Garryowen Settlement-- The Knights of the Golden Circle Down in Dixie-- His first adventures Federals and Confederates.

While serving with the army in the field the chaplains had not only to suffer all the hardships and privations of the soldier, but also much of his danger. An instance which came under my own observation, was that of an officer who going into action gave his money for safe keeping to the Catholic Chaplain. In the course of the engagement, he met the chaplain in the front, under the heaviest fire, preparing a dying man. Surprised at the sight the officer approached and asked:

"What brings you here, Father?"

"My duty, of course, Captain", was the reply

"Then, by Jupiter", said the officer, "hand me out my purse, for it is much safer with me than with you? Such a man was Father Treacy. He was as fearless in danger as he was zealous and energetic in the discharge of his duties. He had been with the army from the beginning; his cheering counsel and benign countenance, imparting pleasure and confidence to the officers and men, whether in the camp during the dusty march, or on the battle-field. To the sick, the wounded, and the dying, Catholic or Protestant, his labors and assistance were freely given "without money and without price"

Rev. J. F. Treacy, was born in Ireland in the year 1825, and came with his parents to the United States in 1836. His father who settled in Pennsylvania, had his son educated for the ministry, and in 1851, the young man was ordained at Dubuque, Iowa, where he remained some time on the mission. As the organizer of the "Garryowen" Settlement, twenty miles back of Dubuque, Father Treacy labored during a period of four years, drew around him a congregation, and built a nice stone church. This little Irish Colony came by its name in the following manner. A meeting was held for the purpose of christening the Settlement, but as every one present wanted it called after his native place, there seemed little chance of an agreement, until a Limerick man called out why in the name of St. Patrick don't ye call it Garryowen? The compromise was at once adopted and the Colony was called after this celebrated suburb of Limerick.

In 1854, Father Tracy was sent by Bishop Loras to the Country along the line between Iowa and Nebraska, where he labored for four years and established several congregations

and colonies. While in this section of the country he made frequent visits to the Military posts of Fort Randall,-- Fort Pierre, Fort Gearney, and Fort Leavenworth, and to several of the Indian tribes, amongst whom he became a great favorite

His health being greatly affected by his labors and exposure in the vigorous climate of the Northwest, Father Treacy, at his own request was ordered to the South in 1859. The winter previous to his departure the Yankton and other Indian tribes, located near the Missouri, sent delegates to the Father requesting him to look after their annuities, of which they were shamefully defrauded by Government agents. He charitably took the matter in hand, and was kept running from one official to another for nearly three months, until he found that he could offer no good, as the whole affair was controlled by men, whose avarice excluded their sense of Justice or Mercy.

Whilst in Washington, on this Indian business, he made numerous acquaintances; Among them Many Members of the Knights of the Golden Circle" and the "Knights of Malta."

Being a shrewd observer and some secret movements was on foot he went to work to find out their object, but with all his labor and ingenuity he could only derive the information that their aim was an intended movement on Cuba or South America. Fortifying himself with numerous letters of introduction he left Washington for the South. On his route he visited the principal cities in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia Florida Alabama Louisiana and then started up the Mississippi as far as St. Louis. Everywhere he found the same veiled movement as in Washington, Everywhere the "Knights of the Golden Circle", and "Knights of Malta", were ready to move when called on. He made brief sojourn in St. Louis and then went north into the Indian Country. After a short stay among the red men he made up his mind to return to the South where he intended to make his future home. As we are now about to follow the good father to the South, all beg leave to introduce the following anecdote of his sojourn in the Indian Country as related by himself. While at Fort Pear with Genl H--, in 1855, when the latter was holding council with the Indian chiefs, Father Treacy was one day conversing with a Sergeant of Co. B., Second Dragoons when suddenly A Stentorian voice among the Indians called out in Irish: " A yerhaar will Gaelic agent?" (Brother do you understand Gaelic?) Turning, to find out who asked such a question, Father Treacy was surprised to see only the Indians in their war-paint and blankets. He and the Sergeant were no little astonished. They looked at each

and then, smiling, resumed their conversation. They were permitted to enjoy their tete-a-tete but a few moments, when the same voice interrupted them again, with: "A yerhaar mo hree will Gaelic?" (Brother of my heart do you understand Gaelic?) This was more than the priest could stand, and mustering up the few Irish words he knew, he replied: "Ta cuid de." (I do, some of it). At his, one of the braves stepped out from among the Indians, and extended his hand. The feelings of the priest can be imagined better than described. There stood one of his country man, his face daubed with paint, his body wrapped in deer-skins and blankets, and to all appearance, as much an Indian as any of the tribe! The illusion was gone, however, the moment he spoke, for there came rolling from his mouth a brogue as rich and as racy of the soil as any heard in Ireland.

During the conversation between the chief and the priest, the latter learned that the "Indian" was a Tipperary man-- a landlord killer-- who was obliged to fly his country in the year '38. He and a companion in crime were both followed to New York, which they were forced to leave. They were hunted to Reading, Harrisburg, and Pittsburg Pennsylvania, thence to St. Louis and St. Joseph, Missouri. There the chase becoming to hot, they resolved to make known their circumstances to the Molly Maguires who at once went to work and placed the future Indians Chiefs on board a Fur Company's boat. On arriving at Fort Union they joined the trappers. They soon acquired the Indian dialect, became great friends with the natives, and constantly joined them in their Buffalo hunts. During these sports our Tipperary men distinguished themselves by brave deeds and active exploits; the result of which was they were soon made chiefs. They then took unto themselves wives of the daughters of the forest. Before the good father departed, he baptized not only the squaws and children of his countrymen, but also forty other Indian families, and united the father and mother in the in the Sacrament of Matrimony. Having thus consoled them with the sweets of religion Father Treacy took his leave, followed by their regrets that he could not remain with them. We have since learned that these Irishmen and their families, subsequently settled inside the lines of civilization, and that their children have become wealthy.

In the fall of 1858, Father Treacy left to take up his abode in the South. He went by steamboat via the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans, where at St. Patrick's church, he spent some time, thence to the Diocese of Mobile. By order of Rt. Rev'd Bishop Quinlan he was assigned to duty as Missionary priest throughout the State of Alabama. At Huntsville N. Ala. he found fully half of the inhabitants Catholics and Irish, but with no church within hundreds of miles. He resolved to try to do something for their Spiritual

welfare. His first care was to restore peace to the Souls of almost all who professed the Catholic faith, his next step was to erect a church. He went to work with a will and had it well advanced when the terrible tocsin of war sounded throughout the length and breadth of the land and he was in consequence obliged to defer its completion. Huntsville was made a camp of instructions for the Confederate troops, and Father Treacy seeing that his services, in a spiritual way, were needed, freely tendered them. His first duty therefore as army Chaplain in the late war, was among the Confederate soldiers encamped in and around Huntsville. He next extended Spiritual Consolation to the troops stationed around Mobile Bay, particularly those at Fort Morgan, and Fort Jones. When the troops were moved from these places to North Mississippi, he returned to Huntsville where he remained until after the surrender of Fort Donelson, in Tennessee, by the Confederates. The Southern Soldiers wounded in the attack on the Fort were transferred to Huntsville, and as Albert Sidney Johnston's army which was falling back to North Mississippi, passed through that place in its retreat, Dr Gondel, the Medical Director attached to Gen'l Johnston's Staff, called on Father Treacy and requested him to take charge of the hospitals, and to look after their sanitary condition. This the priest was at first reluctant to do, but on seeing the wretched treatment of the wounded, he charitably consented. Taking with him some Irishmen who were working on the church before the breaking out of the war, he gave all the hospital wards a thorough cleansing, and providing tubs, had the patients bathed, thereby greatly refreshing them: He forbade the indiscriminate visits of ladies with delicacies to particular friends, as he wished all the charities sent to the hospital to be distributed in as fair a manner as possible. This gave offense and the cry was raised that Father Treacy issued the order only for the purpose of proselytizing, and further, that it was for this same purpose that he had schemed to get the hospitals under his charge, hearing himself thus calumniated Father Treacy attended a meeting of the relief Society for wounded soldiers and charged the persons who circulated such calumnies, with being wilful Maligners, and stated that he had taken charge of the hospitals and was ready at any moment to abandon them to other hands; but that he would attend to the Spiritual wants of the invalided Catholic Soldiers at all risks and hazards. Dr Ross, a Presbyterian Minister, and several other protestants clergyman, who were present denounced the maligners and prevailed on Father Treacy to continue in charge of the wounded. Thenceforth everything was left entirely under the care of the priest who continued in charge until the battle of Shiloh when the following Despatch was received from Dr. Gondel. Rev. Fr. Treacy "prepare at once to come to Corinth, Bring all the hospital stores you can: Such as brandy, whiskey, lint, and bandages etc. All the wounded able to bear transportation send to

Atlanta Ga. the blance to Courtland Ala. Bring with you all the nurses you can. Trains are ordered to report to you immediately, D. W. Gondel, S and M.D."

In due time that afternoon the trains arrived and the transportation of the invalids and stores at once took place. Besides the inmates of the hospitals there were numbers of applicants for transportation, among whom were several ministers of the Episcopal, Methodist and Presbyterian churches. The trains started for Corinth which they reached the following morning. On his arrival Father Tracy turned over to Dr. Gondel all the stores and receiving the following pass was ordered for duty.

Corinth Apl, 10th/62

No 110--Pass and repass Father Tracy in and out of Hospitals in and about Corinth at will, until further orders. D.W.Gondel S and M.D.

Dr. Gondel then informed him that Huntsville was in the hands of the Federals. On receiving this news Father Tracey at once started to see his Bishop who had just came to Corinth from Mobile with priests and Sisters of Charity. He communicated to Bishop Quinlan the intelligence he had received from Dr. Gondell. And expressed a determination to return to his people in Huntsville, to which the bishop at once replied "go and God bless you and do all you can for the Salvation of souls: Father Tracy then called on Dr. Gondel to tell him of his determination and received the following pass

No 132

Corinth April 13th 1862

Pass Rev'nd Father Tracy through, outward and back, our lines until further orders

D.W.Gondel S and M.D.W.L.

This fortified the priest started on foot along the railroad for Huntsville. When about then about three miles from Corinth he was fired on by a soldier on picket duty, about a quarter of mile distant, who wished to examine his pass. After the examination he was allowed to proceed. On arriving at Burnsville his pass had again to be shown. Five miles East of Burnsville he was once more shot at, but not being able to discern the sentry or the smoke of the gun, he hurried into the thick undergrowth along which he travelled for more than a mile, when he again took to the railroad to avoid the mud and swamps. He then passed on through the town of Tuka until he reached Bear Creek, where he found the railroad bridge in flames and the valley on the opposite side literally covered with Federal troops, Father Tracy at once left the road, not unnoticed by the soldiers who sent him their compliments in Shape of a shower of bullets. Fortunately, they missed him, although branches of trees in close proximity to his person, were cut off. Finding the place too hot for him he waded through the creek for about a mile when he came to a

crossing South of the old Guscombia road, Here he forded the river, waist deep, and started off keeping the south side of a rocky and broken range of hills until he reached near Buzzard's Roost, Ala. From this point, he directed his course north until he ascended to the Summit of the highest adjacent hill whence he could view the valleys all around him, In that which lay to the West The Federal troops mustered very strong. They were marching over the grounds he had passed, and were advancing toward him. Eastward the valley was covered with the Confederates. Finding it unsafe to remain longer and not wishing to be a prisoner to either side, Father Treacy made his way along the mountain ridge until he came in the rear of the southern Cavalry. Having a full view of the valley before him he struck for Cherokee, where he remained over night with Dr. D-- who in the morning furnished him with a mule, on which bare-backed he rode to Guscombia where he spent the night with Mr. B----. After Mass the next morning his friend loaned him a horse which carried him to the Tennes river at Florence, The bridge at this point had been burned the day before by a regiment of Kentucky Cavalry and Father Treacy was obliged to cross the river in a dugout. On reaching the opposite shore he paid a negro ten dollars to take him on an old mule to Athens. And on the following morning ten dollars more to guide him to the Federal Camp. When the negro came in sight of the Blue jackets he cried out " Say Massa dar dar-dos be Massa I goes no farther de hang me I goes no farther Massa". Suiting the action to the word the guide turned around and started off as best he could. Father Treacy then entered the lines of Gen. Mitchell unnoticed and unmolested passed the General's marquee, and went directly home. As soon as he made himself presentable, he proceeded to the Headquarters of the General, in order to report himself as having come inside his lines.

On announcing his presence in Camp to the General the latter asked "What guard brought you in, Sir" "In coming I have not seen any Guard General," "What road did you come in on Sir?" "On the Athens old road" "Have I no guards or pickets on that road Sir,?" "I have not seen any General" Here the General rang his bell violently, and an orderly instantly entered "Tell the Inspector I want to see him" Said the General The soldier saluted and left and the General and the priest were again alone. "You are from Corinth," said the General, "Yes General", answered the priest, "Is Beauregard there?" He is General", "Did you see him?" "I did," Here an officer entered, "Capt D--" said the General "is it possible that I have no pickets on the Athens Road?" "We have General, I just came in from there", "Why, this gentleman came from Corinth and did not see a picket", "I don't believe it General" "There is the man that came in," The officer turning to Father Treacy asked, "What road did you come in upon?" "I came direct from Athens on the mud road", "Did you see no Guards on that road?" "No Sir;" about a mile and a half back as I was approaching the hill I saw a soldier crossing the road at the top of it, but on arriving there I did not see any," "I don't believe you

Sir, You are like the rest of those d---d Sicesh you skulked off the road into the bush when you came to the post," At this insolence Father Tracy mildly, yet firmly, replied " You state an untruth with regard to me, and do me injustice Captain, I am not aware that I ever did an act that should cause me to flee the face of men, What I have stated Sir, is true," At this firm assestion the General jumped up and sternly Said "Captain go and see to that road and every road around, leading to the Camps of my men, I do not want to be taken by surprise, sitting in my tent," The officer left, The General then addressed the priest, "Your name is Trecey, They call you Father Trecey, How many men has Bragg? " "I do not know General," " How much Artillery have they?" "I cannot say," "What can you say?" "On this subject General I can say but little," "You know I have those other D---d Sesech Preachers locked up and that I can lock you up too", "You have the power General, but do you want me to lie to you?" "No Sir", "Then What I have said is true, I do not know, But were I permitted by you to leave your lines, what would you think of me if I went to your enemy and gave him such information as I might have acquired in your camp, while attending to a sacred and religious duty?" "By G-- Sir if I ever caught you I would hang you," "That then is my position in your camp to-day, Any knowledge that I may have acquired respecting the Confederate lines was while attending to my duties as a priest, Apart from all this I know nothing of what you have asked me", "Well Sir," responded the General, "you speak like a sensible man, you dont set our authority at defiance like those other fellows, who call themselves ministers of the Gospel, I have them locked up and I am going to keep them so, I have a great number of your people in my Camp, and I wish you to see to them". "I shall do so General, with the greatest of pleasure," "Call and see me often Mr Tracy," "General I need a pass", "You shall have it" The following pass was then made out

Guards and Pickets

May 21/62

Required and will pass Father Trecey until further orders in and out lines and through the Camps.

J. L. Ford, A.A.G.
by Command Major Genl Mitchell
Commanding.

Thus fortified Father Trecey saw open to him an extensive field wherein he could render himself efficient for the honor and glory of God, On the news of Father Tracy's arrival reaching the Confederate hospitals wherein were located those who were not able to bear transportation to Corinth, There was a general rejoicing One poor fellow from Louisiana, Named Williams, a Non-Catholic, who was in a rather precarious State, raised himself up in his bed and exclaimed "Thank God one friend at least is allowed to

Following

- * Some of the others than began to make some impertinent remarks on the subject of religion when the good priest turned to leave. They then begged of him to remain longer but he simply bowed wished good-day and remarking that if he could be of service to them to let him know, and left.

is attended
us" and as he fell back on his pillow the tears rolled down his cheeks; A like feeling pervaded every inmate of the hospital. Several gentlemen who were present expressed their surprise at the love and respect shown to Father Tracy by the invalids. Before then some of them looked on him as a haughty overbearing man, but from that day all esteemed him as highly as did the poor wounded soldiers. A few days after he baptized Williams and administered to him the sacraments of the Church and a week later he followed his remains to the City Cemetery. The funeral was attended by the elite of Huntsville and, through the influence of Father Tracy and Captain Halpin of the 15th Regular Kentucky, Infantry also by the confederate prisoners then in Huntsville. These poor fellows felt and acknowledge the favor conferred upon them, of being permitted to accompany the remains of their brother to their final resting place, without guard of any kind whatever, save their word to Father Tracy. In about an hour after the interment of poor William Father Tracy was called upon to attend the funeral of a Federal Soldier. How unlike, those two funerals were! The one attended by a death like silence; the other with martial pomp, and gaudy decorations. Father Tracy preached at both. The Sermons were so effective and the ceremonies so impressive that Captain Halpin sent an elaborate account of the affair to the Cincinnati Enquirer, which was published on receipt, with laudable comments. On the day following the funeral Ceremonies Father Tracy was requested by the Protestant Chaplains, whom Gen. Mitchell had locked up in the Court-house, to visit them. He called upon them and on inquiring if there was any thing he could do for them. One a bishop, replied that there was not, but he would like to know how he got along with the old bear Mitchell." Father Tracy replied that he had no trouble whatever with the General, that he always treated him as a gentleman. "Well", said the other, "he has been more favorable to you than to us" *

Father Tracy untiringly attended to his arduous duties throughout the Camp and hospitals until the end of August when Genl Buell fell back into Kentucky from North Alabama. There were some residents of Huntsville who considered Father Tracy attention to the Spiritual wants of the Federals a sufficient cause for branding him a traitor. And as one who should not be allowed to remain among them. In consequence of this State of affairs the priest was advised by some of his friends to leave Huntsville for a short time; Consequently in the 2nd day of September he started on a Mission to Tuscombia in Alabama. Before reaching his destination he had to cross the Tennessee river in a flat boat, and when about midway in the stream, the Sergeant in charge of the boat squad noticed the address: "J.F. Tracy, Mobile, Ala." on the valise. "So you are from Mobile?" said he---"I was in Mobile some time ago" answered the priest. The circumstance was considered suspicious, and on reaching the bank Father Tracy was informed that he could not land but should consider himself a prisoner. He at once asked to be brought before

the officer in charge. In about an hour afterwards the officer condescended to see him , and accosted him as follows, "What business have you within our lines?" "I am a Catholic priest and on my mission attending to my duty," "The h--ll you are, All you d--n preachers are Sesesh. I like to catch you fellows" "Captain", said the priest "dont be so fast, you might mistake your man," producing as he spoke, two passes, one from General Buell, and the other from General Mitchell; On looking at these the officer asked "why did you not show them to me at first" "No matter", he continued assuming a defiant attitude, "they are of no account, you must stay here to-night"; "I greatly desire to see the Commandant of the post at Tuscombia" said Father Treacy. "Have you any order for him?" if so let me see them?" "I cannot let you see them," "Well give them to me and I will send them up", "If you can send them up, you can send me up," "If I did I should send a guard with you, and I have not the men to spare as I do not know how soon I may be attacked" After a little further conversation, however, a Sergeant was sent with the priest to the quarters of the post Commandant, a Colonel Murphy of a Wisconsin regiment.

This Murphy, as on other occasions besides the present, gave the priest to understand that he was not a Catholic and during their conversation did his best to hurt his feelings. In the heat

of Murphy's vituperations, General D. S. Stanley entered, to learn from the priest, if possible something regarding Buell's Movements; when informed that Buell's army had left North Alabama, and Gen Morgans Brigade had changed its route from Huntsville to Nashville, and that all their Couriers had been Captured Gen Stanley at once telegraphed all the particulars to Major General Rosecrans, then at Gen Rosecrans telegraphed back to send the latter at once to his head quarters. While these dispatches were passing Gen Stanley and Father Tracey became engaged in conversation, and such a favorable impression was left on the general, that he invited the priest over to his headquarters, to spend the night. This invitation stung Col Murphy and he endeavored though unsuccessfully to persuade the General to allow the priest to remain with him, which he refused to do that night. Neither of them could however see the invitation looked favorably at the invitation and both proceeded to the door, to their surprise Father Tracey horses buggy and vestments were gone. Murphy had them safely made away with and it was only through the stern commands of the General that he had them restored. When the General saw the priest again in possession of his property. General Hanly ordered Murphy to send sufficient forage for the horses for that night, which order the infidel Colonel did not obey. The next morning Father Tracey said Mass for the few Catholics in Tuscombia, and then started for Iuka. On the way spent a night at Chickasaw at the residence of Dr. D's celebrating Mass in the morning which was attended by all the Catholics of the place and by almost all the soldiers stationed there, of the later quite a large number approached the Holy Sacraments, during that whole morning before Mass it was both pleasing and praiseworthy to see the Protestants Chaplain of one of the regiments going round among the Catholic Soldiers, urging them to their religious duties.

CHAPTER II

Father Traceys arrival at General Rosecrans's
Headquarters---His reception and mission--
General Hanlys' Conversion--Father Ireland
--Attending to the dying and wounded--
Stone River---Mass on the battle field--
the wounded Confederate officer--

When Father Tracey arrived at the Headquarters of Gen Rosecrans he was met and welcomed by the General in person. Quarters were at once furnished him an orderly appointed to care for his horses. The next day a large hospital tent was pitched on the grounds near the Iuka Springs and a chapel was established therein and word was at once sent to the regimental officers to notify their men of the arrival of a priest. That afternoon and night the latter was kept busily engaged hearing the confessions of penitents, both officers and men. That same afternoon also General Stanley arrived with all his command except that portion left with Colonel Murphy, who was to transport the stores etc., from

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Tuscombia. On the following morning, however, the valiant Colonel ran away, leaving a large quantity of supplies to the Enemy. This disgraceful action on Murphy's part caused great indignation in the camp and loud and bitter were the threats on all sides. One stalwart grenadier on learning how the dastard had treated Father Tracy, exclaimed: "Ah then! None but a poltron would do that, and sure, he must be that, to be ashamed of his religion and to deny his country. It is well he is gone over to them for he was a disgrace to us anyway." For five days, until September 12th, Father Tracy was kept busily engaged hearing confessions. On that day he received General Stanley into the Church and on the following day five others. On the 14th he desired to return again over his Missionary grounds; but General Rosecrans would not permit it, as they were about falling back to Cornith, and expected some fighting, and would therefore require his services. That night and the next morning the army moved for a point between Cornith and Jacinto, called the Big Springs and on the 19th they commenced moving back again to Iuka where Gen Price was in force. About three o'clock skirmishing commenced, and by four the battle raged. Father Tracey was up with the advance, and at one time when there was considerable confusion, it is reported he rode forward, and in his masterly and powerful voice commanded a halt, which was obeyed. He then began upbraiding the officers and men for turning their backs to the enemy and by his firmur soon the occasion, it is said, he stopped a panic at this particular place, however confusion reigned everywhere else and the enemy's artillery made jade hovac demoralized ranks. The priest's attention was now called to the wounded men who were to be seen in swarms going to the rear and on these he remained in incessant attendance until darkness set in, when he repaired to the hospital where he gave his services to such of the wounded as needed them. It was two o'clock in next morning before, tired and weary, he was able to seek some repose. He went to Father Ireland's regiment which was bringing up the reserve line, and found their Chaplain busily at work hearing the confessions of the soldiers who, poor fellows, did not know but that their doom might be sealed in the morning. After getting something to eat, Father Tracey lay down to sleep. Shortly after daylight the two fathers proceeded to the hospital to look after the wounded, Father Ireland remained there, while Father Tracy went to the front. Price had fled during the night, the wounded were moved into Iuka, and both priests had then plenty to do. They were careful to show no favor to Federals or Confederates, but to give their services equally to all, the army then moved back towards Jacinto from which place Father Tracey was permitted to return to North Alabama. He was supplied with the following pass.

"No 879," "I, J. W. Tracy of Inadleon County State of Alabama, do solemnly affirm before God, the Sovereign Judge, that during the war with the so called Confederate States, or any of them that I will truly and strictly behave myself as a peaceable citizen; that I will neither do myself, nor incite others to do, by word writing, or act, anything

prejudicial to the Military forces of the U.S. nor give information about them which will enable others to do them harm or interfere with their operations, nor will I pass within or without the Federal lines except by permission of the Military authorities so help me God, J. F. Treacy Catholic Pert W. M. Wiles Capt. 44th Ind, Vol. Provost Marshall General,

By Command Major General Rosecrans

Sept. 25rd / 62

On the morning of the 24th, Father Treacy started from Jacinto for Iuka, where he arrived during the day and by permission spent a couple of hours with the wounded.

When about to proceed on his journey a man by the name of Condon made his acquaintance and on learning which way the priest was going stated that he too was going the same as far as Tuscombria. The priest was pleased to have Condon's company though surprised to see him with a Government horse and saddle. He explained how he came by they, however, by stating that the soldiers stole his and that the Provost Marshall had given them to him in their stead. When crossing Bear Creek they met a squad of Capt. Roddy's Cavalry, and as Condon became alarmed, the priest asked him what he had to fear. The cavalry passed on and when about a mile distant, Condon, suddenly turning his horse around, started back for Iuka by another road. He had not gone far when he met the same squad of Cavalry who took him prisoner, brought to the Camp of Capt Roddy's Brigade, where he was charged with being a spy. When Father Treacy reached Cheerikee he too, was arrested and would have been taken to the camp had it not been for Dr. D. He was however kept under guard all night, the sentinel, who was placed as guard over him was more than astonished when he saw his prisoner and with an oath said that he would never do duty over him. The priest remonstrated, told him he was a soldier and requested him to do his duty and not get himself into difficulty. "I would sooner have you here" said the priest, "than any one else; it will be all right in the morning." Then changing the conversation he asked: "E---how long is it since you have been to your duty?" "Not since I was with you Father when I made my first communion, over two years ago," "Well now," said the priest, "prepare yourself while you are walking up and down," "See what God has done for you, O boy always my child in what is not of sin," The soldier complied with the request and settled his accounts with Almighty God. The next morning Capt Roddy called on Father Treacy who showed Gen Rosecrans's pass and then made all things satisfactory, after which the Captain offered to give him a pass in case he, again entered the Federal lines. There upon the following parole was presented to him to sign. "I hereby pledge my parole of honor that I will not convey any information to the enemies of the Confederate States this 25 Sept /62 J.F.Treacy.

Pass J. F. Treacy in and out
P.S. Roddy Capt. Commanding

Sept 25th /62

Gordon was sent to Price and condemned as a spy to be hung: but escaped. Father They reached Huntsville on the 28th. The battle of Corinth began on the third day of October 1862, the Confederates under Price and Van Dorn being the attacking party. That day they seemed to have the advantage. The following day the contest was renewed at day break, and for some hours continued to be waged with indifferent success. At length the great struggle followed a struggle exhibiting the master workings of modern generalship in high degree.

For a time the Confederates lay quiet in the angle of the woods near the railroad. Presently two lines were formed, one at right angles to the other--the one destined with its reserves to sweep over the railroad, through the abatis into the village--the other with its reserves to attack battery "Robinett," which was the key to the whole position. If once taken and held, Corinth was undeniably in possession of the South. The line destined for the occupation of the village came rapidly forward at a charge across the railroad, over the fallen timber, driving the Federal line before them like chaff. All that grape and canister could do to impede their progress was attempted, but in vain. They still came onward until they reached the public square where they formed in a line of battle. The Federal line of battle was formed directly opposite.

The two armies advanced. A terrible hand-to-hand fight ensued, and for a time the destruction of the Federal line seemed inevitable. It gradually yielded, and fell back until the Enemy had nearly reached the Corinth House. Here General Rosecrans rode along the line, and with a few cheering words revived the courage of the men. The Confederate reserve at this time was directly in range of the guns on the redoubts to the left, and huge shells began to drop in their midst, creating great confusion and loss of life. At the same time the order was given to Charge bayonets, and the Federal Soldiers springing to their work with a will, the Enemy were soon flying across the public square. The fiery missions from the two batteries hastened their movements, and by the time they reached the cover of the timber their retreat was a rout.

The other line with their reserves were well advanced in the direction of battery Robinett.

In the meantime Federal Price and his principal officers held a consultation to devise means to take the battery. The importance of its capture was admitted, and the danger of the attempt thoroughly considered. General Price not being willing to assume the responsibility of ordering the attack, called for volunteers, and Colonel Rogers of Arkansas at once tendered his brigade as the forlorn hope, and Colonel Ross his brigade as a support. They massed their troops eight deep and advanced under a heavy fire of double charges of grape and canister. A

terrible enfilading and flanking fire was poured upon them from every battery bearing in that direction, aided by incessant volleys of musketry from the supports of the batteries and the Federal regiments drawn up in line parallel with them.

The first shell from battery William exploded in the centre of the advancing column, killing thirty or forty. Every discharge caused great gaps in their ranks, but still they pushed on. Twice did they approach almost to the outer works of the battery, and twice were they compelled to fall back. The third time they reached the battery, and planted their flag upon the edge. It was shot down--raised again--again shot down. They swarmed about the battery, they climbed over the parapets, and for a time it seemed as if victory was theirs. But the Federals who were working the battery fell back behind the projecting earth-works, out of reach of the Federal shells, and immediately all the batteries bearing upon the position were turned upon battery Robinett, and a shower of missiles came hailing down upon the brave invaders. Mortal men could not stand the fire and they retreated. As they slowly turned their steps towards the forest, from which they had started, the order was given to the two regiments supporting the battery to charge, and the miserable remnant of gallant men, who had escaped the batteries was ~~few~~ almost annihilated. The dead bodies of the Confederates were piled up in and about the intrenchments, in some places eight and ten deep. In one place directly in front of the point of assault, two hundred and sixteen dead bodies were found within a space of a hundred feet by four, among them the commanders of both brigades making the assault: Colonel Rogers and Colonel Ross.

So ended the battle of Corinth, leaving General Rosecrans the victor.

The Southern people were called on to attend to the wounded but they responded very poorly as they were afraid of the Yankees. Finally Father Treacy was appealed to, and answered as promptly as ever in the work of charity. He went to Corinth to see Genl. Rosecrans, obtained the necessary permission to bring the Confederate wounded to Iuka, and to buy such stores and hospital clothing as he wanted. Having made the purchases he returned to Iuka to find the hospitals were more like places of amusement for the young surgeons and their friends than a place where nurses were needed. For days the beds of the patients were not cleaned nor were their wounds dressed, Father Treacy sent a full account of the state of affairs to General Rosecrans who soon had everything made right. After remaining a week attending to the spiritual and temporal welfare of these patients the good priest left for Corinth. On the day he arrived there General Rosecrans was ordered

to Cincinnati to take command of the 14th Corps, and requested the priest to accompany him which the latter promised to do as soon as he saw to the welfare of these invalids in the hospitals in Corinth. After remaining two weeks here he remained two weeks at his good work during which time he baptized thirty-two soldiers, ten of whom died and then on the 5th of November he joined Gen Rosencrans at Bowling Green, Kentucky. A week after he accompanied the General to Nashville, to which place the order of March was given for Sunday, but at the suggestion of Father Treacy as there was nothing pressing in the affair, the march was postponed until Monday, during this route the priest had the pleasure of being escorted by his old regiment of the plains, the Fourth Regulars (who were principally Irish). A few days after arriving in Nashville Father Treacy received the following special field order.

Headquarters 14th Army Corps Dept.
Cumberland, Nashville, Tenn.
Nov 24/62

Special Orders No 25.

XI The Rev J. F. Treacy Chaplain at these headquarters is authorized and directed to visit the various Camps Hospitals and Garrisons of this army for the purpose of allowing the Catholics belonging to the same an opportunity of fulfilling their religious obligations. Every necessary facility for the becoming discharge of his duty will be afforded him by the commanding officers at each point.

By command of Major Gen Rosecrans

M. Ledlee Major 15th U. S. Infantry

Father Treacy was at once provided with ambulances, drivers, and orderlies from the 6th Ohio Infantry and first visited the 14th Michigan Infantry then doing duty at Stone river near the Hermitage. He stayed with the regiment six days and during that time was kept very busy hearing confessions, giving instructions and attending in general to the spiritual wants of the soldiers. While here he received five persons into the church and made numerous esteemed acquaintances, among them Dr Sporting of the 10th Mich. This gentleman the priest always accosted by the sobriquet of Charley O'Malley, or the Irish Dragoon; which name stuck to him while he remained in the army. The next Mission was to the Regular Brigade, camped West of the Penitentiary. There he spent ten days as he found both officers and men were almost entirely Catholics. His next visit was to the Cavalry with whom he spent a week. Christmas being near at hand Father Treacy returned to the City to spend the holidays. On arriving at Headquarters he was informed that a move on the enemy was about to be made in a few days, at this news he went around amongst the Camps to hear confessions. On Christmas Eve, he was out along the lines as usual, and came

in late expecting to have a pleasant Christmas, but to his great astonishment

Something
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in late expecting to have a pleasant Christmas, but to his great astonishment was told that a move was to be made at 4 o'clock in the morning. To satisfy himself as to the truth of the report he repaired to the General who confirmed his information. "General," said Father Tracey, "tomorrow is the greatest day in the Christian Era, tomorrow is the birth-day of man's Redeemer!"

"I did not think of it, Father," answered the General turning to Col. Gareschee, chief of staff, who was the only person present, he said, "Colonel, can we countermand it?"

"Oh yes, General," answered the Colonel, "send orders to the Corps Commanders, and all will be right."

The order was countermanded and on the morning of the 26th the army moved forward at daylight. When about eight or nine miles from Nashville on the Murfreesboro pike the Southern army could be seen and shots were exchanged during the whole of that day and the following one, with very few casualties. The next day, December 28th, was Sunday, and the General opposed operations unless it became a necessity. He attended Mass that morning and spent the greater part of the forenoon in religious devotions. After Mass Father Tracy attended to the wounded. Throughout the day not returning to Headquarters until night weary and tired. On Monday he went to Stwarts Creek, stopped there over night, and the next morning after Mass went to the front to find the general, whom he met within two miles of Murfreesboro. The day was spent in heavy skirmishing all along the line, and the priest rode everywhere to see after the wounded, who were few however in number. It was in the arduous discharge of his duties on that day that he first met Father Christy, chaplain of the 78th Pa. Infantry, who was ever afterwards a very fast friend of Father Tracy's. On the following morning, December 31st, the deadly strife was expected, and on the night of the 30th the scenes around some of the camp fires were sad to behold. At one in particular, around which the poor fellows were clustered, the impending battle was the all absorbing topic. "Which of us boys," said a stalwart fellow "will go up tomorrow?" "Not I" said one "Not I" said another. "Nor I" said each and all. However in spite of their assurance some were downcast, and others would glance at a token of friendship presented by some fond friend at home; others again would carry on their games, and even curse and swear just as if they were seated in some New York gambling house.

The morning dawned. A few minutes past 4 o'clock Father Tracey said Mass and Genl. Rosecrans, Col. Gareschee and some others went to Communion. That Communion was destined to be poor Gareschee's last. After Father Tracy having finished the holy sacrifice, Father Cooney said another Mass. A short time after the conclusion of the latter service Father Tracy celebrated High Mass in a little tent opposite to the General's Marquee. The General knelt humbly and devoutly in the corner of the tent, and Garache, no less devout by his side. Soldiers meekly knelt in front of the tent and groups of officers, booted and spurred for battle, with heads reverently uncovered, stood outside. And mutually muttered their prayers. What grave anxieties, what exquisite emotions, what deep thoughts moved the hearts and minds of these pious soldiers unto whom God and their country had delivered, not merely the lives of thousands of men who on that day died, but the vitality of a principle the cause of self government and of human liberty! Mass being over General called the priest to breakfast but they were scarcely seated when firing began. The

general cried "mount gentlemen" The staff were in an instant in their saddles, and galloped away at break neck speed to Harker's front. Every member of this little band was a conspicuous target on the occasion. A tremendous canonading was then heard and the battle was fairly opened. Father Tracy left the General and staff, to look after the wounded after the lapse of a few minutes his faithful orderly's horse was struck and Father Tracy was left to himself amongst the wounded and dying. At one time during the day the army was giving way and Father Tracey was obliged to fall back and join the General. A new line was formed and in spite of the men an incessant shower of shell and rifle balls the General dashed along it encouraging the men. About this time Father Tracy rode to the front, raised himself in his saddle and with a stentorious voice cried out "Men prepare yourselves. I will give you the general absolution." It happened that the command in front of whom the priest stood were all Catholics. He recited the Confiteor aloud for them, and then told them to make an act of contrition while he pronounced the words of absolution. In an instant all the hats were off and the soldiers were on their knees. The scene was indeed striking! The ceremony over, the priest dashed through the line to the rear of the batteries where he joined a portion of the staff. The battle raged, wounded men were carried to the rear and the priest was again at his work. But it was only of the mortally wounded that he took notice, those slightly hurt he did not notice. He carried with him two canteens one containing whiskey and the other water. During this struggle, as in many others, he was frequently seen with some poor fellows head on his knees giving him a reviving draught so as to enable him to make his confession, and prepare himself for eternity. The water which he carried

with him was for the purpose of baptism, for numbers of the protestants in the army were never baptized and a great many of them required the services of the priest on the battle field. At the final charge, Father Treacy joined the General and Staff. The carnage was terrible and Father Tracy and Christy worked near each other till after dark. After attending to the wounded till late in the night they both lay down together on a pile of wet canvass to take a sleep, there being no tents pitched that evening, as the following day was expected to be another of slaughter. The morning dawned it was January 1st 1863,-- The two fathers' had a cup of coffee and were off for the field. They went to places they had not visited before. There lay the Blue and Gray Jackets side by side. As there was little or no fighting that day it afforded the Fathers an opportunity to pass around the hospitals. There were five priests doing duty on that day. The other three were Fathers Cooney O'Higgins and Fusator. While in the hospital Father Tracy was called by Major B,---, Correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial to see a Countryman of his, a rebel, who was wounded, on the previous day. On the priest being introduced the soldier scanned him from head to foot. The priest then asked him if he were an Irishman. "Yes Capt," was the reply. "What part of Ireland are you from?" "Faith from all parts" "What county were you born in?" "Kerry," "What is your name?" "James O'Driscoll Capt" "I am not a Captain I am a priest" "Bad luck to the bit of me you can fool that way. A priest eh?" with top boots spurs and soldiers coat and hat." The priest here opened his overcoat and James saw the black clothes. "James where do your people live?" "In Pittsburgh," "In Pittsburgh Pennsylvania?" "Yes father." "With your people living in the north how came you to be in the Southern army?" "Well faith, father, I will tell you that, I was ditching all winter for a planter and he would not pay me unless I would go into the army. And he said he would present me with 300 dollars was well if I did so". "Well did he give it to you?" "No, sure when I was going he said he'd keep it till I'd go back." "Was that the only thing that induced you to join the army?" "Well now faith I liked a bit of fun, and I saw all the boys going, so I thought to myself I'd go too" "Then you were not forced into service?" "No your Reverend I went into it with a good will, As I'd let no man get fornenst me in that" Father Tracy then bid James good-bye, And as the latter's wound was not serious And the doctor taking a liking to him, he made a nurse of him and as such he drew pay from the Government till the end of the war. On the next morning, Jan 2nd, at about 11 o'clock A sharp musketry fire took place on the left centre It gradually increased till 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when a terrific battle raged. It only lasted an hour but the carnage was fearful. The Confederate loss was far in excess of that of the Federal.

Father Treacy did his Christian work that night with his usual alacrity. Mass was said early next morning and immediately after the priest started off with his posse of mounted men from the Fourth Cavalry, to see that the wounded were removed to hospital. On reaching a high knoll he took out his field glass and took a glance over the ground between the lines. In so doing he espied an object in the furrow of a corn field; which the officers who accompanied him thought to be a log. It however soon moved. In spite of the remonstrance of the officers the priest proceeded to find out what the object was. On reaching it he found it to be a Confederate soldier. "Who are you?" said the priest. The soldier rolled back the blanket that covered him with his right arm, thereby exhibiting three bars on the collar of his coat; he looked at the priest for a moment and then said "My name is Ryan Sir." "Are you an officer?" "I am." "You are a Catholic I presume. To what regiment do you belong?" "To the 12th and 13th Consolidated Louisiana" "Have you a priest with you?" "Not for the last six months or more." "Well, my poor fellow, I am a priest and I suppose during the past night, lying here in this mud, you have made as good a preparation as ever you made in your life. I will hear your confession." The officer at first did not believe that his visitor was a priest from the dress worn by the latter, and he raised his eyes and looked at him in such a manner, as if to say "You cant fool me that way old fellow." The priest dismounted, pulled out his canteen and handing it to the wounded man said "There Captain, take a draught of whiskey. You must indeed stand in need of it after lying here all night." The Captain put it to his lips took a gentle sip and was about returning it, when the priest insisted that he should take a good drink. At the same time the priest produced his stole and threw it around his neck, which on beholding, the soldier actually shed tears; After ~~having~~^{hearing} his confession the priest again handed him the canteen. After drinking the Captain said "I wish I were sitting up by that tree" (pointing to one about fifty yards distant.) "I will help you there" said the priest. The officer then threw one arm around the priest's neck and limped along dragging a broken limb after him and placing him beside the tree he made him as comfortable as possible. No sooner was he seated by the tree than several shots were fired at the priest from the Confederate ranks. Two of the bullets entered the tree not far from his head, which caused Ryan to exclaim "Oh the d----d Rascals, what are they shooting at you for" The priest immediately got into his saddle and fled over the crest, followed by a volley. Having made the rounds of the lines he returned to Head-quarters to report. Having mentioned the affair about the Captain the General said "Father get an ambulance and have that man taken off the field to hospital at once" "General it would be impossible without losing men", said the priest. "Never mind" responded the General "by the time you get there our line will have advanced to drive them out of that skirt of woods" Father Treacy instantly started off and had Capt. Ryan placed in the ambulance and sent to the rear. That night Gen. Bragg left Murfreesboro and on the

*In the annals of the army of the Cumberland, great praise is given to Fr Treacy during his stay with the troops at Stone River and Murfreesboro.

following morning General Rosecrans entered and established his headquarters there. Father Treacy was assigned the Masonic hall for a Chapel and on that same morning after Mass the good priest, as usual, visited all the hospitals. The first was that of the wounded enemy left by Bragg in Murfreesboro. The greatest number of Catholics and Irish whom he found here were from the Commands of Clayburn and Chethen; After seeing to all the Confederate soldiers in danger, he turned his attention to the wounded men of the command in which he was Chaplain, who were just being brought in from the field.

After passing through the hospitals without finding Capt. Ryan, whom he sent to the rear on Saturday, he called on the Dr Swift to know of his whereabouts, but the Doctor could not account for him. Father Treacy then started off in order to find if he were yet alive. He rode back two and a half miles to the Field Hospitals; Searched every cabin and tent without finding him. He returned to Murfreesboro and examined the hospitals again. On passing through those occupied by the Confederate soldiers he asked aloud in each if any one knew of Capt Ryan. He met with no response until he reached that occupied by the wounded of General Chetams command. There in answer to his inquiry a truly lettic voice replied, "Yes sure that is my Captain one of the best men that ever God let live and he was wounded on Friday". "Where is he now?" said the priest, "I had him taken off the field and sent to hospital on Saturday morning and I want to see that he is cared for as his wound is a dangerous one" "Ah then father he is where he will be cared for he is at General Morgans Father-in-laws house, Col Ready's. "I thank you my man may God bless you and keep you from sin." Instantly Father Tracy started for Col. Ready's; On arriving there he went in and said that he wished to go up stairs, when he was informed that he should see Mrs Ready. The latter at first denied that Capt. Ryan was in the house, and said that she was ignorant of the existence of any sick man in her house at all and showed every anxiety that he should not enter. At her back stood a negro woman who raised her hand and pointed to the room where the Capt was. Here Father Tracy requested the lady to let him pass as he was a friend of Ryan's, but it was of no avail. Then said the priest "Madam, I never wish to be rude with ladies I am always inclined to let them have their way when it does not interfere with me in the discharge of my duty. I am a Catholic priest and must see that sick man." The lady instantly stepped aside and he walked up stairs into Ryan's room, who, it is needless to say was in ecstasies on beholding the priest. After examining the wound the priest found that as yet it had but a field dressing and that mortification was likely to set in. He at once reported the circumstances to General Rosecrans who ordered the Captain to be instantly removed and attended to. Father T. saw that every attention was paid him but in order to save his life it was found necessary to amputate the limb just above the knee.

When out of danger the priest obtained permission for him to return home. A few months afterwards a sister of his, on a visit to Nashville, sent a letter to Father Treacy expressing a desire to see him; As he thought it was pass-port business he paid no attention to it being annoyed to a great extent that way by ladies; On the same day he received the letter he accompanied Gen. Stanley on an expedition. When they returned at the end of four weeks the army was being paid off, and the father was called upon to go to Cincinnati with money from numbers of men around Headquarters and on his return he was to conduct to the seat of war five Sisters who were ordered to attend the hospital by Archbishop Purcell. On arriving in Nashville he was handed a note by Father Kelly, then administrator of the Diocese of Nashville. It was from Miss Ryan. He called at Mrs D---- to see the young lady. After giving his name to a negro servant who opened the door, the latter announced it. Almost instantly she ran back and ushered him into the parlor, where he was scarcely seated until three ladies intered. The first two politely bowed, but the other dropped on her knees at the feet of the priest and asked his blessing. She arose saying " Father from my brother, I know you, and as a father I revere you and love you" After some conversation Miss Ryan handed Father Treacy a letter which she requested him not to open till he reached home. The next morning after Mass he read enclosed which was as follows:

Baton Rouge, La.

Very Revd Father Tracy,
Sir,

Under God to you I am indebted for my life. I would like dear father to say much to you But as I believe you a man of deeds more than words, I will be brief by asking you to accept the assurance of one who shall ever cherish and pray for the name of Father Tracy. As my watch and gold you spurned please accept this small token of regard, the emblem of our salvation and which united you and I. My Ma. sends her loving regards to you and hopes she will have an opportunity in person to thank you. My Sister Mary Ann who will hand you this will say much I cannot,

J.S.Ryan late Cap 12th
Louisiana Reg.

Thursday Jan 29th/63

The token of friendship mentioned in the letter was a diamond cross valued at 700 dollars, which we have ourselves seen. Father Treacy proceeded the next day to Cincinnati and forwarded the money as directed and returned to the front with the Sisters (Sister Anthony and four others). The Sisters were

at first stationed at the hospital near the Chatanooga depot, after which they were distributed between hospitals 4 and 12. The good sisters in a few days were found to be so efficient that the surgeons made urgent requests for more of them. After Father Tracy reporting at Headquarters he went with Col. Minty's Brigade to McMinnville, Tenn., in pursuit of some Confederate battalions. In McMinnville the enemy were reinforced and Minty had to return in double quick.

CHAPTER III

On the retreat from McMinnville, Father Tracy got sick and had to give up his horse and saddle and take an ambulance. The road was so rough and he got such a terrible shaking that he was quite exhausted when he got back to Murfreesboro. Arriving at Headquarters he made known his will to quit the army as up to that time he had served without pay.

Father Tracy commissioned as Chaplain in the regulars---The pious penitent---Enjoying Morgans breakfast---A large family---The Battle of Chattanooga---His services under Sherman and Thomas---- His resignation---He returns to his old Mission at Huntsville.

He was requested by many of the general officers not to leave, but to take a Chaplaincy in one of the regiments then in the field. He would not however accept such in one of the Volunteer regiments as he then would be required to take an oath to some particular State. Up to that time he had never been asked to take.

An oath and if compelled to take one at all it should be to the United States at large, as he acted as Chaplain to the 4th W. S. Cavalry previous to the War, therefore accepted the Chaplaincy of the Fourth W. S. Cavalry with the understanding that there would be no objections to him in attending at the Headquarters of the Army of the Cumberland and of visiting those of his persuasion in the regular Brigade, or other commands, whenever the same might come within his reach. On the morning of the 28th of April Father Tracy received a note from General Rosecrans telling him to bring his papers from the 4th W. S. Cavalry with him to headquarters that evening and that he would see about them. Shortly at arriving at Headquarters the following order was issued which again put the zealous priest on detached service.

Headquarters Dep. Cumberland Murfreesboro
May 2nd 1863
Extract,

Special Orders
No 75

Father J. B. Tracy, Chaplain 4th W. S. Cavalry, is hereby detached for duty in General hospitals in the city of Nashville and will report without delay to Surgeon A. H. Thurston Asst. Med. Dir.

By Command Major General Rosecrans
C. Goddard Lt. Coll A. A. Genl.

After remaining a month in Nashville he was again called to the front. Shortly after returning to the Camp Father Tracy and Christy gave a Mission to the men of the Brigade. One night Father Christy preached on the necessity of Holy Communion. The Sermon was so very effective, that the next morning a young man, a non Catholic, on seeing the large number of his comrades going to Communion, thought that he should go too. The orderly Sergt, of his Company, a good and a pious man, was terribly shocked at the occurrence and called the soldier to an account. The poor fellow wept like a child. The Sergeant communicated the facts to the priest who at once sent for the young man and asked him about the affair. The soldier said "Father I want to save my soul as well as the other men" "Yes, but you are not a Catholic" "Well father I believe all you and that other priest have said, just the same as any other man in the regiment." "Be not troubled my young friend", said the priest, "God has given us his own wise ways of doing things often times."

Father Treacy then gave the young man a catechism, every word of which he committed to memory in a few days. He was baptized the following Sunday and Gen Stanley became his godfather. He belonged to the 16th W.S.I. and was either killed, or taken prisoner a short time afterwards. About the same time an important artillery man who deserted sometime previous and joined the rank of the enemy was captured with the enemy's uniform upon him. He was tried and sentenced to death. The provost Marshal, Capt Williams of the 19th W.S.I. asked him if he wished to see any minister. The Condemned man replied with an oath that he did not. After a few kind words from the Captain he however said "If I were to have any preacher he should be that old Man Treacy for I think he is the d-----st sensible one amongst them." The Provost Marshal at once sent word to Headquarters to General Rosecrans who without delay sent Father Treacy to him. Arriving at General Roupers Headquarters the good priest was conducted to the condemned man. The latter was at first indifferent and denied having sent for the priest, "He then said I don't know you, I never saw you, but I have heard of you." Father Treacy then had the bracelets taken off and the Provost Marshal had him brought into his own tent, in order that he and the father might converse freely. In a short time he wept so that the guard looked to see what was the matter. The priest spent the ~~greater~~ portion of the evening with the Condemned man, and in the next morning baptized him, and accompanied him to the place of execution. There were two others about to be executed at the same time, one of whom was blaspheming in the most horrid manner and the other was apparently indifferent but the penitent as he moved forward recited after the priest the Litany of the Holy Name. When he arrived at the place where his coffin lay he asked pardon of all around him and asked all to pray for him as he said he should then meet a just God whom he had often outraged. He then knelt by his coffin and the blind was adjusted over his eyes, the good father spoke the last words of consolation in his ears and withdrew. The signal was then given, the volley fired and all was over. A few days after the army moved from Murfreesboro to Shelbyville, where the General expected to encounter Bragg. The latter however fell back across the Tennessee River. After three days heavy march the army halted one morning in order to take breakfast and feed their horses in one of the Mounted Infantry regiment was a tall Irish Captain. He was rather a jocosse and generous fellow but was found of a row particularly with an orangemen and was familiarly called throughout the regiment "the bloody Tip". When ready for breakfast he seated himself on a log and began eating his "hard tack and pork". He was not long in enjoying himself when a volley of solid shot was fired by the enemy and passed over his head. A few minutes elapsed when another volley was fired. This was war being disastrous, as one of the balls struck the log on which the Captain sat and drove it away with such velocity that it swept along with it the skirts off his coat and the seat out of his pants. He instantly leaped

to his feet made the sign of the cross with his left hand and exclaimed "In the name of the Blessed Virgin Mary wasn't it the Lord saved me. May the devil be far from us Father Tracy!" "To mount" was sounded and on that day the brave 14th Irish Michigan did their work magnificently. They took more prisoners than they had men. During the day the father was at one time riding to the rear. He met the Captain, "Father" said he, "those gray friends of ours are likely to get it hot to-day," "If" said the priest "you call them friends they have a poor way of showing their friendship by shooting the behind out of a fellows breeches and make him look like showing the white feather," "Ah father you know me too well for that, and you must know that with God's assistance I'm not afraid of the devil," Seeing the Capt did not like his bravery questioned the priest apoligised and left. During the day the army pressed on and pursued Bragg to Winchester; Morgan the Guerilla and Dick McCunn joined Bragg on his retreat. On reaching Winchester the army pursued the retreating Confederates to Minnville, and early one morning captured their rear guard just at the limits of the town; Among others Dick McCunn was here taken. As usual Morgan got away. In the house where he made his headquarters was found a magnificent breakfast placed on the table. The Yanks entered so quickly and so unexpected that the Confederates had not time to resist an attack nor to enjoy the luxurious repast laid out for them. The Caterer to the general was not slow in discovering Morgan's breakfast which he secured for the Chief and staff. After a few minutes they all entered followed by Father Tracy. As the good father entered the officers saluted him in various ways such as "Father are you tired," "Good Morning father" etc. All the ladies of the house were present and looked wondrously at the Father of so large a family of sons. The old lady of the house seated herself close by the General and exclaimed "God blessed and are all you men sons of that man. Is he indeed your father." "Indeed" said the General, "he is my father and these are his children" "Gory be to God" she exclaimed, "I would like to see his wife" "Oh then" said the General you can see her" "Well then she is along" By this time the eyes of all the ladies were turned upon Father Tracy who could not any longer, withstand from bursting out into a fit of laughter, which he smothered by another fit of caughing. He then left the room for a few minutes but the General and staff enjoyed the fun until breakfast was announced. When all were seated the old lady deputed herself as a committee of one to see to Father Tracy and his wants at the table. As soon as a vacancy occurred she seated herself along side him and began a conversation with him, as follows. "Your son the General says your wife is aing with you" "Oh yes Madam I never travel without her" The Lord be praised some of your sons look as old as yourself" "Oh it is nothing uncommon to see a son as old looking as his father or a daughter as old looking as her mother," "Oh dear me that is true there is my Nelly, my second eldest how old shee

looks" then turning to the priest and staring him in the face, said, "Now I want you to bring your wife till I see her," "Oh Yes, oh yes," exclaimed the daughters bring her up to see us" We would like to see her very much," The priest having some business to attend to at headquarters started off but returned in a few hours. He was then asked why he did not bring his wife along with him, to which he responded that he was a Catholic priest, and that his wife was the Church. "Spiritually" said he "Those you see here as well as those with whom you conversed this morning are my children. The countenance of the old lady fell, the daughters rose and left the room greatly disappointed. The priest and the old lady remained some time in conversation with which she expressed herself as delighted and invited him if ever he came the way again to be sure and call to see her. She then hinted if his sons accompanied him, that he would request them to have their shooting irons at home. During the conversation lively skirmishings was heard Father Tracy bidds the ladies goodbye and all the soldiers are in their saddles in an instant and are off. The enemy retreated and the general was ordered with his command to Alabama. On the way Father Tracy saved several buildings destined for destruction and also frustrated the arrests of numbers of persons whom enmity had caused to be suspected. On entering the City of Huntsville the negroes who knew Father Tracy during his residence there ran along the streets exclaiming, "Bress de Lord," "Lord be praised," "dar is Massa Tracy," and they run off the side walks to shake hands with him. While making hands they would say Massa Tracy is my friend", "Massa gave me books," "Massa, Father tells me whats right," "Bress God I loves him," "Massa Father you stay now teach nigger again", "you are our friend". The Priest had to leave the line at the head of which he was with the general. The officers as they passed laughed heartily and while numbers of them exclaimed "Father is a prisoner in the hands of his friends" It was his kindness to these negroes previous to the war that caused this attachment. ~~On~~ Sunday previous to leaving Huntsville an order was issued to allow all negroes inside the picket lines but none outside. The consequence was the negroes flocked into the City in swarms and all dressed up in their best attire. One of them who was a preacher finding that he could not return approached Father Tracy with tears in his eyes beseeching his interference to get him permitted to return and bring with him his wife and children. "You knows Massa Tracy" said he "I likes you and believes all you tell me. You knows I goes your Church when you preach for we niggers, and while you away I preaches. You tells Bless God Massa I dis Massa I loves be free but I loves my babies Massa, hable de Gent bring my wife and children" Father Tracy interfered in his behalf and an escort was furnished him to go five miles up, ~~the way~~ in the country for his wife and children. The next route of the army was for Winchester. On nearing Salem Father Tracy observed as he passed by a house some ladies screaming at the windows. Inquiring the cause he learned that some soldiers were inside and were acting rudely. The priest remonstrated

with the soldiers and endeavored to remove them. His entreaties were of no avail they would not stir. He then had them arrested. In a few hours they were tried by court-martial, disarmed, stripped of their uniforms and one half of their beards and head were shorn, and drummed out of service. Near Bridgeport, Alabama a rather amusing scene took place between an old Irish woman and the priest. The latter had some occasion to call at her residence. On entering it he said, "God save all here," "and you too" responded the old woman after the salutation. Father Tracy passed around and shook hands with the children saying to each as he did "God bless you" "Are you then maybe you are an Irishman and a Catholic," said the old lady. By this time a soldier had said to one of the boys, "Thats a priest," The young lad instantly stole over to the old lady and said in a loud whisper, "Granny thats a priest" "Arah Musha begor then be coming none of your tricks on me" Exclaimed Granny striking the boy on the shoulder, "Grandmother" said Father Tracy speaking up, "The boy tells you the truth I am a priest". "Ah then you may quit your hathering, and lave off your blasphemy; shure no one would take you for a priest with that long black-goats beard on you;" (then making the sign of the cross she continued) "A priest, Ah God stand between us and harm but you are the purty priest." Her son who met the priest the day previous at the general's Headquarters now entered and addressing the old woman in Irish told her that he really was a priest. This put an end to her doubts. She instantly fell on her knees clasped her hands and raised her eyes to heaven in the most fervent prayer, then turned to the priest and asked him in ~~the~~ most suppliant tone to forgive her for what she had done and said. During that day Father Tracy baptized two of her grandchildren, and next morning said mass and had ~~Brady~~ of the residents to Holy Communion. Early next morning the army moved across the Raccoon Mountain and rested the following night at Tenton a small town in Wills Valley, Ga. About the middle of the night the Most Rev Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Father Jacquette arrive. At 5 o'clock next morning word was received that Bragg had fled to the Rigion Mountains in Georgia and orders were instantly given to move without delay ~~for~~ Chattanooga. His Grace expressed a desire to say Mass in Chattanooga. Father Tracy accompanied by Col Ducatt and Capt. Kelly of the General's staff went in advance of the column in order to have the Church in readiness. On arriving at the sacred edifice they were horrified to learn that it had been entered the night before by soldiers of General Wagner's Brigade and rifled of everything. The Tabernacle was broken open, the altar stone smashed to pieces, the stations of the cross and the crucifixes broken and strewn around, the vestments torn to pieces and the altar linens was carried off. The archbishop and General arrived and witnessed the spoliation. Father Tracy then instituted an active search for the pastor, the Rev Father Neales D.S.P.. After some time he was found on a sick bed

suffering from a dangerous wound received at the hands of two miscreants while in the discharge of his duty amongst his country men in the coal mines on the Raccoon Mountains. Passing between two houses about a mile apart he was met by two ruffians who called themselves soldiers of the Confederate army. They ordered him to a halt and inquired who he was, what he was and what was his business there? In response he inquired of them who they were who thus demanded him to give such an account of himself, "If" said he, "by authority you are here I will show you my pass. My name is Neale's, I am a Catholic priest---" Before he could utter another word one of them seized him by the collar of the coat and drew out a long corn cutting knife and raised it over his head and swore he would cut his head off. Father Neale's tore away from his grasp and was about to defend himself when the other raised his gun and shot him through the side. At Father Neale's house the vestments were had, and the Archbishop celebrated Mass with Father Tracy assisting. After mass a guard was placed in Ambush near the church in order to discover if possible who the sacrilegists were. While they were watching seven menpersons entered. Word was sent to Father Tracy who with a squad of men proceeded to the church. On entering they found the seven men about to renew their work of spoilation. They were arrested and brought before the General. He was about to have them court-martialed but Father Neale's begged them off. Two of them were found to be Irish Protestants. The evening of the day following this occurrence the army moved from Chattanooga South along the Pigeon Mountains. At about ten miles off the army was joined by General Crittendon commanding the Twenty first corps. General Bragg was about this time reinforced with troops from Virginia and Alabama and drew up in line of battle at Chickamauga. General Rosecrans advanced to the attack. The battle was bloody and fearful. During it Father Tracy had many narrow escapes. On Saturday the first day three bullets passed through the cape of his great coat and his vestments were captured but retaken during the day. He did not however get them for eight days after when they were sent to Headquarters. On Sunday the hat was blown off his head by a solid shot while attending a patient. ~~xxxxxxatxxxx~~ The wounded were so numerous that the chaplains had not a moments rest during the engagements or for several days after the battle General Rosecrans was relieved from duty and proceeded to Cincinnati. Father Tracy accompanied him. When the latter was returning Gen Thomas sent him an order to attend the dying in hospital at Nashville. He did so and found them in many instances very much neglected by the persons appointed as hospital stewards by Gen Thomas. During the days of the battle and within the following two weeks Father Tracy baptized over one hundred and fifty persons.

The battle field of Chikamauga, was in every sense a desperate and bloody one. Father Tracy and the other Chaplains found their hands full, in attending to the spiritual wants of the Catholics, as well as in trying to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded ~~averted~~ army--a lost battle field--are fearful sights to contemplate. The one presents to you a disorganized mass of men without hope, vainly taking safety in flight: the other the fearful spectacle of dead and dying men, the former shattered and torn out of all human semblance; the latter gasping in all the fierce agony of torture. Such were the scenes that the chaplains and doctors who remained on the field after the retreat of the army witnessed. Now our chaplain was near losing his life. While preparing a dying man, he remained behind the troops until the enemy had just come up to him. Having heard the man's confession he rose to go when a sharpshooter took accurate mark of him and put the bullet through the breast of his coat. The priest hurriedly mounted his horse, but as he did so a perfect shower of bullets rained around him but he miraculously escaped with a few slight scratches on his horse.

The services of the Chaplains were sorely tried in attending the hospitals in and around Chattanooga and in offering up the Holy Sacrifice for the soldiers.

At the opening of Sherman's remarkable campaign Father Tracy attached himself to his old command the Fourth Regular Cavalry; but soon after at the request of General Stanley, he found his headquarters as Chaplain.

General Stanley as stated elsewhere became a convert and was ever after remarkable for his truly Christian piety and zeal. Though Father Tracy engaged a kind of moving commission in the army, passing from Command to Command attending to the spiritual duties of the soldiers he had his headquarters with General Stanley. He also spent much of his time with his old command, the 4th Regular Cavalry. The further history of Father Tracy with the army is the history of Sherman's brilliant march and campaign against Atlanta. During the hundred days campaign the Father was incessant in his ministrations to the sick, the dying and the wounded, and was as well known and in a manner as much respected by the Braves as "Old Sherman" himself.

After the capture of Atlanta while we lay encamped there preparing for our March to the Sea, Father Tracy was devoted in his attendance and duties and frequently said Mass just for the benefit to the troops and citizens. When Hood struck out for Nashville, with Thomas in pursuit, Father Tracy accompanied Thomas' army with General Stanley. He rendered invaluable services to the wounded along the line of march, particularly after the battles of Franklin and Nashville.

At Franklin he was beside General Stanley when a bullet tore across the latter's neck, just touching the carotid artery. The General put up his hand and felt that the string of his scapular was cut by the bullet; in his faith and religious belief, he turned to the priest and said, "Father, this blessed scapular, through Lord's mercy has saved my life."

After the surrender of the Confederate Armies, though Father Treacy held a Commission as Chaplain in the Regulars, he at once resigned and returned to his Mission at Huntsville, Alabama, where he set to work to repair the injury done to his church and to reestablish his mission. He has been so far successful and before long, the Catholics of Huntsville to his labors and exertions of their energetic pastor, will possess a church worthy of their zeal and piety and of the service of the Most High.

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Chapter IV.

Rev. Joseph C. Carrier, C.S.C.

Chaplain 6th Missouri Cavalry -----.

The order of the Holy Cross -- What it has done -- Sketch of Father Carrier's early life -- He joins Grant's army in front of Vicksburg -- His reception by General Grant, Sherman and Ewing -- His next visit to the camps and hospitals.

Perhaps no other Catholic order in the Country supplied so many chaplains to the army as that of the Holy Cross of Notre Dame, Indiana, while its co-religious establishment gave a long list of faithful sisters, who fervently devoted themselves to the attendance of the sick and wounded in the various hospitals.

The Rev. Father Carrier, who is at present Superior of the House of Studies at Notre Dame and professor of chemistry, Physics and Natural Sciences in the University there, is a native of France. He was born in the year 1833 of very respectable parents in one of the South-eastern departments of that Country, and from his tenderest age, he manifested sentiment of deep piety and religious thoughtfulness. The

One of the most striking characteristics of his early youth was an increasing desire to acquire knowledge. From a sketch furnished us of the early life and career of the reverend gentleman, whose name heads this article, by an old friend and fellow student of his, we take the following extracts.

When not more than six or seven years old, he made it a special object to ransack every private library in his native town, at the same time as he would spend every penny he could procure in buying books, particularly works treating of things not generally known - in the physical sciences or natural history. Nor were his readings, for he was always careful to read attentively, and to take copious notes of what he wished to remember. At the age of four years, he was a good and fast reader, and wrote a beautiful small hand; he also could speak French, Italian, or rather Piedmontese (his maternal ancestors were Italians; as the name of his mother -- Maria Canelli -- indicates) and a kind of patois which he had picked up in the company of other children. For the three following years, he was placed under the direction of a private tutor. When eight years old his father sent him to the Collège of Belley-- a famous institution founded more than two centuries before by the Oratorians, but directed, at this time, by priests of the secular clergy. Such were his diligence and progress during the eight succeeding years, that he invariably carried off the first honors of his class. And at the age of 19 finished his course of studies.--

He traveled through France, Switzerland and part of Italy. He received that year an appointment as Professor in a college, not having as yet determined to embrace the ecclesiastical state. The late Bp. of St. Paul -- Dr. Cretin -- prevailed on the young Professor to accompany him to America, and to prepare himself for the sacred Ministry. M. Carrier made up his mind, then, to become a Missionary Priest. Accordingly he arrived in the episcopal city of his protector and friend in the early part of the year 1855 -- being only 21 yrs of age --. The Bishop had

Copied twice Omit

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When eight years old his father sent him to the College of Belky--a famous institution founded more than two centuries before by the Oratorians, but directed at this time, by priests of the secular clergy. Such were his diligence and progress during the eight succeeding years, that he invariably carried off the first honors of his class. And at the age of 19 finished his course of studies.--he traveled through France, Switzerland and part of Italy. Received, that year, an appointment as Professor, in a college, not having, as yet, determined to embrace the ecclesiastical state.

The late Bp. of St. Paul--Dr. Cretin--prevailed on the young professor to accompany him to America, and to prepare himself for the sacred Ministry.

Mr Carrier made up his mind, then, to become a Missionary Priest. Accordingly he arrived in the episcopal city of his protector and friend in the early part of the year 1855--being only 21 yrs. of age--~~The Bishop had~~ long cherished the idea of forming a Petit "Seminaire" or small College in his episcopal city; he laid the foundations for one and he naturally cast his eyes on Mr Carrier to take the direction of it, as he had some experience in teaching and could speak English quite fluently, having learned the language in France.

The Catholic Schools for Boys taught by some Brothers lately arrived from France, were also placed under his direction--- Shortly after the Bishop died. This ended together with the long vacancy of the See ruined the projects of Mr Carrier with regard to establishment of a Great House of Education in the North-West. On the other hand, observing that the condition of the secular clergy in this country was extremely precarious, he felt loth to lead the life of a secular priest.

He accordingly sought, and readily found admittance in a Religious Order. In the beginning of the year 1860 he entered the Congregation of the Holy Cross--Made his profession at Notre Dame, the following year, and since that time has been almost constantly connected with the University of that name.

Father Carrier has filled various and responsible positions in the Order and in the University, but none proved more acceptable and congenial to him than his present position. For offices of mere honor and preeminence, or of responsibility, he feels, and always felt an invincible repugnance. Father Carrier is a strong hater and an unforgiving foe of all hypocrisy, shallowness and humbuggery. His sympathies are true, strong and enduring and it is as difficult to lose his confidence and friendship when once secured as it is unavailing to regain his esteem when once forfeited, for good and sufficient causes.

Thus writes his friend, of his early life, his studies, his success, and of his great ability as an accomplished scholar and brilliant professor.

Though these qualities are, no doubt, meritorious and laudable in themselves, still I have to deal with his career simply as a Chaplain in the army.

Nothing but a strong sense of duty to his God, his fellow man and to his adopted country, could induce a man of his scholastic retired habits, to resign the lecture halls for the field, and the days abstruse researches of Science for the war and din of battle, accompanied by all the hardships and privations of army life.

Obedient to the call of duty and the cry of distress, he and several other members of his order, joined the army as Chaplains, while the good Sisters poured forth from the silence of their cloisters to tend the wounded, soothe the afflicted and the minister to the dying, and even to pay the lost tribute to the dead.

A very well written but broken and decomputed, Journal, of Father's was placed in my hands by the friend aforesaid to whom he had transmitted it for safe keeping, in the shape of letters during the war. The Journal, or diary, was occasionally broken by the intermission of several weeks. This is accounted for by the fact that much of it was lost in its transmission and more of it captured on the March. I have used it as far as practical, but for most of the facts I am indebted to other sources. In the diary were only complete it would make a most valuable work in itself; but as it is, I occasionally make extracts from it.

From the notes in my possession it would appear that Father Carrier did not join the army as Chaplain until 1863. When Grant's army lay in front of Vicksburg. The following are the copies of the approbation or order of his as also of the general pass given to him by General Grant.

The Bishop writes.

"This is to certify that the bearer of this, the Reverend Joseph C. Carrier C. S. C. goes with my full approbation and consent to attend to the spiritual wants of the soldiers in the army of General Grant as well as of all others who may need his services.

As he is a clergyman of excellent standing I herely recommend him most cordially, and sincerely trust that he will meet with that attention and kindness which he merits and the cause which he is engaged in deserves.

John Henry ^{Luers} Luers
Bishop of Fort Wayne.

After receiving this complementary letter of approbation from his bishop Father Carrier immediately started to join Grant's Army, then in front of Vicksburg. On his way he remained ~~in~~ a few days at Mound City where the good Father Bourget had just fallen a victim to his devotion and attention to the sick in the hospitals; and where some fifteen of the Sisters of the Holy Cross were left without a priest, and consequently without spiritual ministrators. During his stay here Father Carrier was the guest of the Dr. Casey and his amiable lady.

He joined the army in a few days and the high opinion entertained of him by General Grant is evident from the unlimited pass in the General's own hand-writing given him of which the following is a copy.

Headquarters, Dept of the Tennessee

New Vicksburg, June 15, 1863.

The Rev. J. C. Carrier will be permitted to pass all guards and visit through all the camps of the "Investing Army" of Vicksburg, and the troops at Hairis Bluff until otherwise directed.

Haines

U.S. Grant.
Major General.

For a commanding general to write and issue such an order himself was no small complement and must have been deeply appreciated by the reverend recipient of such a mark of favor and confidence.

As a proof that General Sherman and the various corps and division commander intertained the same high regard for Father Carrier as General Grant did we have before us letters written by them in which they speak of him and his valuable services in terms of the highest respect and admiration as we have said it is greatly to be regretted that Father Carrier's valuable diary of events and operations in front of Vicksburg previous

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to the surrender, have been, for the most part, lost or destroyed. However the following sketch, the materials for which has been partly supplied by the friend aforesaid and partly taken from notes will be found most interesting.

To this are added his letter to the Father Provincial and some from his own diary which have been placed in our hands. The following sketch goes back to his first connection with the army as Chaplain.

On the 14th May (Ascension day) 1863. the Rev. Father Carrier then residing at the College of Notre Dame, Indiana received orders from the R.R.J. Provincial (R.F. Sorin) to hold himself in readiness to start at a moments notice for the army of the Mississippi in the capacity of Chaplain. After receiving the orders Father Carrier apprised his parishioners at Lowell that his connection with them as their pastor was at an end. The children whom he had been preparing at that place for some time had made their first Communion and after two lengthy sermons to his beloved parishioners he started to the College there to meet the students whom he had prepared also for their first communion. He took dinner with them at the priest's novitiate, towards the close of the repast the Rev. F. Provincial entered and announced that a Chaplain was wanted in Sherman's Command, that he had just received a letter from Mrs. Sherman requesting him to yield to the oft expressed desire of several Generals in sending priest to Vicksburg, (The Father Provincial then requested Father Carrier to read the letter aloud. After dinner he took Father Carrier and Father Granger to another apartment, and there said there was much good to be done in the army around Vicksburgh, and requested the former to go. Father Carrier consulted and at the request of the Father Provincial wrote instantly to Mrs. Sherman stating that he had accepted the proffered position in her husband's command; and requesting her to forward him a letter of introduction and a pass from General Burnside. On the 28th a package directed to the Father Carrier was handed to him. It was from Mrs. Sherman and contained the pass and letters of introduction to Gens. Grant, Sherman and Ewing, and to Capt Ch. Ewing, together with a kind letter from herself enclosing a \$20 bill. Father Carrier immediately carried the package to the Father Provincial who was then in St. Marys with Bishop Luers. Having found everything satisfactory Father Carrier was told to hold himself in readiness for his departure to the army the following day. The next morning the Father in order to be prepared for any eventuality made a general confession, and after requesting the blessing of the Bishop and Father Provincial he took leave of his confueries and friends and started to minister to the spritual wants of the Catholic soldiers serving in Sherman's Command and then engaged in deadly strife around the intrenchments at Vicksburg. The next after-noon he arrived in Mound City (8 miles from Cairo) visited the hospitals heard the confessions of the sisters in charge and prepared some of the wounded soldiers for death. He preached that evening in the church which was crowded

principally by soldiers and started next morning for Cairo. During the day he visited General Buford, the Cairo hospital then in charge of the Sisters and Father Lambert the parish priest. On the afternoon of the following day he left for Memphis where he arrived the next morning. As soon as the steamboat was moved to the wharf Father Carrier directed his steps towards the Overtown hospital where the Sisters were. Meeting with Sister Flavina, he announced to her that he wanted to say Mass as that was a great festival (Corpus Christi) she showed him where the Catholic Church was. Going there Father Carrier met with Father Kelly who kindly told him that he should make his house his house for the time he should remain in Memphis. After Mass Father Carrier took breakfast with Father Daly, and then went to see General Harbut who received him with readiness, free transportation to Vicksburg. After taking leave of the General he returned to the Overton Hospital, saw all the Sisters (ten in number) and addressed to them a few encouraging words as he had also done to those in Mound City. There were about eight hundred wounded in the hospital here of different religions, but all were glad to see the Catholic priest. After bidding the Sisters and Communion Fathers good-bye, Father Carrier left for the boat, which started that evening for Vicksburg. On the 6th of June they arrived at a place called Chickasaw Bayou on the Yazoo River, where men provisions, ammunition etc. destined for Sherman's army, were disembarked. Innumerable wagons and mules were constantly stationed there on an open prairie for the purpose of transporting the materials to the different corps then around Vicksburg. On landing Father Carrier directed his steps to the General commanding at that point for the purpose of procuring the necessary pass as well as an ambulance to convey him to Sherman's Headquarters. The drivers of the wagon were Irishmen and had of course every respect for their priest. The wagon Master (a sergeant) was the nephew of the Rev Father Curley of Georgetown College. The distance to Sherman's headquarters was about six miles, and during that short ride the sufferings from thirst and dust which Father Carrier endured were indescribable, his lips were fearfully parched and he dared not drink the turbid water the men had with them for fear of getting sick. In spite of its extreme muddiness the soldiers highly relished it and pronounced it excellent; and were quite astonished when the Father begged to differ with them. Ah Father, they would say, happy we if we could have such fine water" and they drank of it with real gusto. Near Vicksburg they had only mud hole water; thirst however was not the Father's greatest torment. He was continually enveloped in a high dense cloud of dust that extended around to such an extent that the foliage of the trees was of sally brown instead of its natural lovely green.

When he arrived at Sherman's Headquarters he was quite exhausted and his appearance quite altered. His would be black clothes had turned to a dirty yellow brown and his features

could scarcely be recognized. As soon as he saw the General's flag waving in the breeze he jumped out of the vehicle and without thinking or caring of washing himself he entered into the tent and exclaimed "General for God sake give me something to quench my thirst and I will tell you, after, whom I am," "Porter or wine" said the General. "Porter" replied the Father. At the same time the General saw his large cross protruding on his breast and said "You are Father Carrier" "I have been expecting you for the past few days. You left Notre Dame on the 29th did you not?" By this time a fine glass of porter had cleared the Father's throat and he answered the General's queries. They then indulged in a general friendly conversation for over an hour. After the General inquiring about his wife and children Father Sorin etc. etc. he without awaiting enquiries concerning the operations of the army before Vicksburg, kindly explained to the Father the positions of the troops, what they had done and what they expected to do. The General then introduced him to Dr. McWilliam, the Medical Director of the corps, who at once informed him that he had been for several years the physician of Fordham College, N. Y. After being introduced to the staff Father Carrier started to Gen. Ewing's Headquarters in order to see that worthy soldier. Entering his tent he said "Here is a soldier General a soldier of the cross" Hea! Hea! he exclaimed rising to greet him you are Father Carrier," "Yes, General," said the Father. Very well replied the General, you shall remain with me, and share with us whatever our peculiar situation can furnish. To-morrow morning early; I shall have a tent erected for you to dwell in and say Mass in," Tomorrow is Sunday General" said the Father. "I desire to say Mass for your men," Very well" the General replied, "I will send word to all the Colonels of my brigade to that effect" After a pretty long conversation the Gen ordered two horses to be saddled and both rode to Capt Charley's tent. After a short conversation with the Captain, they returned to the General's headquarters.

Early in the morning twelve men were engaged in leveling a place on the hill side close by the General's tent and fitting up two tents adjoining each other, one for the Sanctuary and priest's residence and the other for the church. At 10 o'clock all was ready and a great many soldiers had assembled to hear Mass. Mass was commenced, The General and his brother and some other officers and several soldiers were present. During the Holy Sacrifice the Father delivered a splendid military exhortation which had a telling effect. After Mass a Sergeant stepped forward and told the Father that there was another priest in Grant's command who was sick for some time past. On hearing this the Father resolved to go and see him instantly and after a great deal to do found Father Migusault (the sick Father) in one of McPherson's hospitals. He was very ~~xxx~~ much enfeebled and was suffering badly, from chronic dysentery. After remaining sometime with the sick priest Father Carrier left for Headquarters. The following morning he said Mass and gave Communion to several

soldiers. After breakfast he wrote a letter to the Sister on board the Red-Rover to apprise them of his arrival and of his intention to visit them in a few days. He had scarcely finished it when General Sherman came to venerate him and Gen Ewing to visit him. The Father greatly desired to obtain from the Governor of Ohio a regular commission as Chaplain in one of the regiments of the 3rd Brigade with full liberty of ministering where he pleased within the limits of the 15th Army Corps or throughout Grant's Command. His objects were manifold, 1st to remain in the army and be recognized by the army at large as a commissioned officer acting in an official capacity, 2nd to defray his own expenses, with the salary which such a position would bring him, as his means and of his order were limited. Having made known his wish to General Ewing the latter not only approved of it but said that he was thinking the same matter over himself and that he would attend to it immediately. The General then had Father Carrier's name proposed to the officers of the 6th Missouri who unanimously elected him their Chaplain, although all the officers (numbering 20) who signed the petition to the Governor of Ohio were non-catholic. The afternoon of the election Gen Ewing called on the Father and asked him if he did not wish to be introduced to Gen Grant. Having received an affirmative answer the General ordered four horses to be harnessed, one for himself one for the Father and the others for two officers of the staff. On the way towards Gen Grant's headquarters they passed Gen. Sherman's tent. The party called on the General but he was absent being on business of importance at Grant's Headquarters. Under these circumstances Gen. Ewing thought better not to proceed any further and the party resolved to spend the day with Gen Frank Blair.

CHAPTER V

Few Catholics and a number of infidels in hospitals---Pious soldiers saving their temporary church from destruction---On board the Red Rover---His reception and services there---Celebrating Mass under fire.

Father Carrier having been fortified with the following pass commenced to visit all the hospitals.

"Rev. F. Carrier will be permitted to visit all hospitals of the 15th army corps until further orders."

By command of Major Gen Sherman. H. Ewing,
Brig. Gen

Having reached the division hospital the surgeon in charge received him kindly and was polite when he showed him Gen. Sherman's pass. He accompanied the Father through the different wards and explained the diverse complaints or wounds of the sick soldiers. The Father approached every patient, and inquired of him how he felt, where he was wounded, or

what was the nature of his ailment, his name, the regiment he belonged to, and the like at the same time, giving him a chance to see the large cross suspended on his neck. No sooner would the cross be seen than the patient would recognize him as a Catholic priest, if a Catholic he would say so, and if an Irishman, he would say, "Oh your Reverence is a Catholic Clergyman, God bless you, I have not seen a priest so long." After going through all that ordeal he only found out of one hundred and thirty five patients twelve Catholics whose confessions he heard. The great majority of the rest were complete infidels who were never baptized and who were deprived of all religion instructions or ideas. Among those whose confessions he heard was an Irishman who after receiving absolution said, "Oh! Father what a happy day for me, I would have given the whole world when I fell wounded on the battle field to have a priest at my side for a few moments only. Thanks be to God, and to you Father; I am now at peace with my Maker and with myself. I desire nothing more." After returning from the hospital the General kindly offered the Father his chief of staff to accompany him on a visit to the surrounding country. The trip was delightful and the party returned about dusk laden with the most choice floral selection of every kind and description. That same evening a terrific tempest took place; notwithstanding which, numbers of soldiers attended the confessional; and were it not for the presence of these Christian soldiers the Chapel tents would have been blown away. They held fast to the cords and held them in spite of the hurricane, rain, flashes of forked lightning and peals of terrific thunder which were then raging. After a short time the fierce storm ceased but the rain kept falling in such torrents that the floods threatened to carry into the bottom of the ravine which was a short distance off, all the tents contained. The pious soldiers who held fast by their temporary, yet sacred edifice during the hurricane, now turned out and dug deep trenches around the tent, and succeeded in preventing its utter destruction. Having had a letter of introduction from the Rev Father Lambert, pastor of Cairo to Gen Talor Father Carrier resolved to call on that worthy soldier, and General Ewing and Capt Cornyn volunteered to accompany him. The trio had a smart ride before reaching his headquarters, where they found the gray haired and good natured old general in his dishabille. He received the party as old friends and felt highly gratified at their visit. In addition to seeing the General personally, who was a fervent Catholic and an exemplary and true soldier, Father Carrier wished to find out if there were many Catholics in his brigade and to make known his presence among them so that in case of need they might know where to find him. After about two hours conversation with the General the party left for home, That evening and next morning a large number of confessions were heard and in the afternoon Gen Ewing invited the Father for another ride, viz, to visit Steele fortifications, in order he said to inure him to the hardships of war, and to make him proficient in the art of horsemanship. The following

company started riding two abreast, Gens. Sherman and Steele Gen Ewing and Major Hammond; Capt Cornyn and Father Carrier; Capt Sofland and Lt. Eddington and three orderlies. The company rode up to the very works though the firing on both sides was brisk. They rode all around the fortification under the lead of acting Brig. Gen Woods, till they arrived at a defile quite unprotected from the enemies sharpshooters, when some soldier shouted at them not to stop there. They immediately turned to the other side of the defile where they halted and took a peep at the enemy's breastworks. The father having an eager desire to see the enemys works put his head over the parapets when a bullet from the rifle of a sharpshooter struck the parapet within a foot of him. Having to cross the defile again, the Father turned to Gen. Sherman and said, "General one who is not accustomed to the music of the balls and finds no entertainment in them, would as well not hear them at all." "Well" said the General laughing, "Such Music is rather strange and unusual for professors or civilians, but to old troopers there is still a good deal of harmony in it." All the party agreed in the General's remarks except the "civilian" who begged the privilege to differ from them in "toto" The ride to Headquarters was a perfect race and the Father was much jaded, not being skilled in equestrianism. On entering the tent he threw himself on his cot and fell into a sound sleep from which he did not awaken till the following morning, and then he found himself scarcely able to leave the bed. While he was considering the possibility of arising, there came peeping into his tent an Irishman who said, "Is there Mass this morning your reverence, there are four of us here who wish to go to confession," Here all possibility of further repose vanished from the good Father and he arose said Mass and heard numerous confessions. At dinner (which took place at noon) Gen Ewing again invited him to another ride, in the afternoon to General Logan's headquarters which he hesitatingly accepted on the condition that the General would ride slower than he did the day previous. They rode under the cover of the breastworks but their course was marked by showers of bullets the whole way with an occasional shell bursting over their heads. On entering Gen Logan's tent the Father, to his great surprise was introduced to Maj. Gen. U. S. Grant the able commander of the Department of the Tennessee. The Father was also introduced to Gen McPherson, Gen Logan and numbers of other officers. As the Father shook hands with Gen Grant he said "I am happy to meet a great soldier and a successful general. Victory follows you wherever you go; The Nation's hopes are now on you General Grant." The General in reply thanked him two or three times in a quite embarrassed and modest manner. The General then made the Father sit by him on a little cot and both engaged in a somewhat lengthy conversation. He asked the Father if he came directly from the North? On receiving an affirmative answer he said, "You are attached as professor to a college in Indiana" "Yes General," replied the Father, "I have been years in the college of Notre Dame and I am still attached to it." "Well" said the Gen, "You will find that the life of a

soldier is quite different from that of a professor and that our tents are not so comfortable as the halls of a college," "General" replied the Father, "I understood that before I left Notre Dame, I did not expect to find in the soldiers camp all the comforts the conveniences and ease of home." "Very Well" responded the General, "I am glad to find you prepared to meet the hardships of war I hope you will remain with us as long as you can," Then changing the conversation he asked the Father how he liked the Federal breastworks to which the responded "Very Well, General, I am perfectly astonished to see how much has been done in so short a time. The Father then took the liberty of asking the General when he hoped to be in Vicksburg, to which the latter responded by saying that as everything was working well he hoped the siege would not be long. When the Father expressed his fears with regard to Johnson's army coming upon them in the rear, he said with great composure; "There is nothing to apprehend from him. I have troops enough on the Big Black and at Haines Bluff to prevent his further advance towards Vicksburg" After some further conversation the Father handed him a letter of introduction from Mrs Sherman; After reading it he said, "I thank you Rev Mr. Carrier for the letter, I will be happy to afford you every facility to fulfill your praiseworthy purpose, I am going to give you a full pass," Suiting the action to the word he stepped into the adjoining tent to the adjutants office and wrote with his own hand a general pass.. When the General was handing the order to the Father he said "Rev Sir, I will be always happy to give you every facility in my power," "Thank you General, you are extremely kind" responded the Father. The General then said, "Let us see what Gen Logan has been doing of late," The four Generals walked first and the rest accompanied by the

Father followed. They went along the extensive lines of approaches and fortifications built by Gen Logan. Having visited every nook of Gen Logans fortifications all the party went away in different directions; Gen Grant returned to his Headquarters and accompanied only by one orderly and one aid-e-camp, Gen McPherson went to inspect some other works in his division and Father Carrier and Gen Ewing retraced their steps towards their tents, taking care to avoid certain dangers which might await them at different passess on the road.

The following day being Sunday, the Father heard numerous confessions before mass which he offered up at 10 o'clock. He preached after the first Gospel; and after the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice he vested with the Scapular those who had that morning received Holy Communion. After dinner he visited the hospitals of the 2nd Division and addressed to every patient a few cheering and consoling words regardless of his creed. They all kindly thanked him except one dark despairing infidel who desired to be left alone, "I come here" said the father "as a friend who desire to cheer, with the consoling truths of religion those who like you are suffering and infirm (he had lost one of his legs) and who soon might experience the realities of a future life" The wretched and hopeless man then turned toward the wall and said not a word. After remaining three days at Headquarters hearing confessions, writing communications and the like, Father Carrier resolved to visit the Sisters on board of the hospital boat the "Red Rover". Having procured an ambulance he started for the landing point via Chickasaw Bayou, in order to take the boat for Young's Point. It was about 3 P.M. when the boat reached Youngs Point, and there was the "Red Rover" lying just at the junction of the Yazoo and Mississippi Rivers. Being landed on the Louisiana side of the Mississippi and not a single craft being about the place Father Carrier did not know what to do in order to reach the "Red Rover". A thought then struck him and he hoisted his handkerchief as a signal to the boatmen of the Red Rover to come for him, but all in vain, as they did not see him. A stalwart Irishman was passing by and the Father requested him to hail with all the powers of his lungs the boatmen of the Red Rover. Although the Irishman made the surrounding hills echo and re-echo repeatedly it was of no avail, the distance was too great. Again he resumed the waving of the handkerchief and again he despaired and was about to fold and pocket the unrecognized flag, when two navy surgeons approached and seeing the colors floating in the air, one of them with great politeness, and pointing to the direction of the Red Rover said, "We belong to the boat Sir, and have a bark on this side and will ferry you over if you so desire." "I thank you very much gentlemen"

responded the father. "You ~~will~~ greatly oblige me in taking me with you," On reaching the place where the bark was lying the kind physicians took the Father's travelling bag and umbrella and placed them in the boat and then helped himself in just as if he had been a lady. Four vigorous marines, armed with oars, soon landed them on board the "Red Rover" There the same Surgeon, who had spoken to him first on the bank of the river, took hold of his baggage and bade him to follow, and conducted him directly to the Sisters parlor, although the Father up to that time had manifested no desire to see them nor indeed had he even told who he was; But the physician readily guessed at and introduced him to the Sisters, having asked the Father's name just before entering the parlor. None of the Sisters knew of the existence of a Father Carrier, nor were they expecting a priest from Notre Dame, nor had the letter which he wrote them the day after his arrival at Gen. Sherman's Headquarters reached them. So they were quite taken by surprise. Yet, it was an agreeable surprise.

Although the Father had lost his credentials from the Principial still the good Sisters believed him to be a priest and made their confessions under such an impression. Towards evening he went to the surgeon, Dr Bixby, who the Father had by this time learned was Director, and acting Head Surgeon of the boat Hospital, and asked him, the privilege of remaining in his floating hospital till the Friday following, "Certainly he answered"any length of time, We would be glad to have you remain with us for a much longer period." The Father then expressed a wish to see the Captain of the boat, who by the way, was only third officer on board, Dr Pinkney the Medical Director of the Mississippi Flotilla was the first in rank and Dr Bixby the Chief Surgeon was the Second, Dr Pinkney generally stayed on board the Steamer but at that time was absent in Memphis. The Captain was a jolly old sailor talkative and would be witty, a great historian with having read little apparently.

Dr Bixby, having assigned a splendid room for the Father he retired there early and slept soundly during the night. The next morning the Father arose early, and said Mass at 5 o'clock on a neat altar the

Sisters had prepared. After Mass he breakfasted with Dr. Bixby, and his assistant surgeons. The Father asked permission of the chief surgeon to visit the sick on board; the request was instantly granted, so he went to every bed and spoke a few consoling words to every man. After dinner which he also had with Dr. Bixby he returned to the Sisters parlor where several sailors and invalids were waiting for him to hear their confessions and it was late at night when he got through with them. Early next morning the Father after reciting his prayers went to hear the confessions of some poor bed stricken sailors. After which he celebrated Mass, and gave communion to some forty persons. The large majority of them had not been at confession for years, some for ten or twenty and one for forty-eight years. All the Catholics that were on board went to their duty excepting two and even one of them asked the Father to hear his confession just as he was going away. The singular and wonderful workings of the grace of God which was witnessed that day in many a remorseless yet guilty heart was beautiful to behold. It was one of the greatest if not absolutely the greatest harvest day of the Father's life. After bidding his friends good by, and imparting a blessing to the Sisters and promising to return again in about a month, he jumped into the little boat and started off. Six robust darky sailors rowed the little craft and soon landed him on the opposite bank of the river by the packet boat "Oidigent" which was returning to Chickasaw Bayou. At the latter place he found one of Gen. Ewings orderlies with his horse which he immediately mounted, and rode to Headquarters. Early the following morning the Father was awakened by the noise of a constant and heavy cannonading. All was in a blaze. Hundreds of pieces of Artillery all along the extensive line of the Federal fortifications and many thousand discharges of musketry from innumerable covered roads, rifle pits stockades etc. were vomiting destruction desolation and death on the Confederates and undoubtedly spreading consternation and terror through out the doomed City of Vicksburg. The Father instantly dressed himself and ran full of excitement to the General's tent, but there was no one there. All the tents in fact were deserted and the horses gone excepting the Father's own, which stood solitary and restless. Meanwhile the cannons were playing most briskly and dreadfully, their savage music, and the Father thinking no doubt that a terrible fight was going on determined to go wherever his men were. During his uncertainty he met one of the General's men and asked him where his chief was, who told him that the Gen was at the head of his brigade leading his men to another assault on the enemy's works. The Father instantly took his hat and some holy water for baptizing purposes and started off with all the enthusiasm and fire of a Frenchman "born to be a soldier of the Cross" He had not proceeded far when he met with Lieutenant of the General's staff who asked him where he was going so hurriedly; to which the Father responded that he was of course going on the battle field and follow the men into Vicksburg. "Stop, Stop, Father Carrier, we are not ready yet to go there" said the Lieutenant, "there is no engagement", "What" replied the Father, "are you not fighting

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now?" "Oh we are only shelling the City and firing at the enemy's works." "Well even so my presence is probably required there" "Not at all, not at all, there is no danger of our men, the Rebels keep pretty silent. As the Lieutenant was soon to return with the General the Father requested him to tell him that if he could be of any use where he was to let him know it by one of his orderlies as he was holding himself in readiness to go wherever his duties would call him. Meantime the Father thought he could not do a better action than to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the souls of those who were falling under the murderous fire. Suiting his thoughts to actions he did so in the presence of some soldiers and amidst the continual and deafening discharge of the artillery and musketry on both sides.

CHAPTER VI

Father Carrier visits a sick priest--
his labor and services among the soldiers
Moralizing over a dead soldier---
The explosion of a mine--A negroes surprise--A surgeon brought to his levels--
A fair convert.

At 10 o'clock the firing ceased and shortly after the general and staff returned. On meeting with the General Father Carrier asked him, "What was that infernal noise about" and was informed that General Grand had issued an order the day previous that all the batteries of the investing army should open fire from 3 to 10 o'clock that morning a brisk and continued fire on the Confederate fortifications. The General further told the Father that he was about taking him with him to witness the effect of the bombs on the enemy's works but it being so early in the morning he thought proper not to disturb him from his sleep. The following day was St. Aloysius day, (June 21) a day of rejoicing to the Father on account of it being the anniversary of a happy event in his life. He rose early in the morning and heard confessions till 9 o'clock when he celebrated Mass and preached and distributed medals to all the soldiers who had received communion on that day. In the afternoon he paid a visit to Father Mignault who he heard was worse and on the eve of leaving the army. He found him very weak, prostrated by fever and dysentery and preparing to leave for Montreal in a day or two; not knowing when he would have another chance to see a priest Father Carrier availed himself of Father Mignault's presence and made a confession. After which they bid each other good bye. On the way home Father Carrier visited the Division hospital during the short time he remained there he met two Catholics one an Italian and the other a German, who desired to go to confession; he heard the latter but as the former had not been at his duty for upwards of twenty years; he could not undertake to hear him that evening, but went the following day to do so. After attending to the spiritual welfare of the Italian

the Father, who had been suffering from dysentery for a couple of days thought he could rest himself during the remainder of the day, but he had no sooner reached his tent than he was sent for in a great hurry to attend a dying soldier, who had been wounded a few hours before. The dying man, he found to be a Canadian and a Catholic. After hearing his confession, anointing him, and vesting him with the Scapular he consoled him as best he could and finally left him in the agonies of death. When the Father returned he found a gentleman in his tent; on being interrogated he gave his name as R. Parcell Bomer and said that he was surgeon of the 41st Ohio, that he was a Catholic and baptized after the name of the Archbishop of Cincinnati, that he had not seen a priest for two years, that he was desirous of going to his duties for he had always been a practical Catholic, and was still anxious to fulfil the obligations of the Roman Catholic Church. At Mass the following morning there was a large number of communicants among them General Ewing. On the afternoon of the following day a young soldier, a mere boy, was shot through the lungs by a stray bullet while he was standing at a grave reading the epitaph of his former Captain who was killed at a charge made on the 22nd of May before Vicksburg. The wounded boy being a Catholic, and knowing the gravity of his wound sent immediately for the Father, who hastened to where he was lying, unconscious and almost lifeless. He could not utter a word, yet when he was aroused from his lethargy and made to look at the Father he evidently manifested signs of recognition, but he would fall asleep immediately and just as the Father had finished giving him the absolution and extreme unction the poor wounded lad gave up the ghost. Early the next morning Capt. Smith of the 13th Regulars sent the Father a note requesting him to perform the funeral rites as used in the Catholic Church over the remains of a young drummer who had been killed the day before by a negro. The burial was to take place at 2 p.m. and the Father did not know what answer to give. The dead youth had been baptized in the Catholic Church, but he never went to confession and of course never made his first communion; besides the Father had heard that he was not a very edifying youth in the Camp. However as he was young not over 14 or 15 years of age, and as he used to call himself a Catholic the Father thought proper to accept the invitation of the Protestant Capt. Smith, and at the appointed time went. The body was laid in a rude coffin and surrounded by all the men composing the company to which the boy belonged. They were under arms and in grave and profound silence. The Father put on his stole and commenced the recitation of the usual prayers after which he addressed a short exhortation to those present principally on the necessity of being always prepared to appear before God. After the usual ceremonies both spiritual and military a cross was placed over the grave, and all returned to their quarters. That evening the Father not having much ^{as} wrote a petition to President Lincoln to have him appointed as Chaplain in Grant's army, no action having been taken so far on his former. This

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step was taken in order to give the Father a larger field for his labors and place him in a position where in which he need not be dependant on any one. He also wrote a letter to the Archbishop of Cincinnati requesting him to endorse it, and showed both to Gen. Ewing before forwarding them. The General highly approved of the Father sending them without delay and wrote a letter himself to the Archbishop for the purpose of recommending the measure in question and also requesting him to send them without the least possible delay to the President in Washington. During that afternoon and all the forenoon of the following day, almost a solemn silence reigned in both armies. During dinner the latter day the General said to the Father jokingly, "Monsieur Carrier, if you come with me this afternoon at 3 o'clock you will see something grand." "What is it, and where is it to be?" "Oh I won't tell you now, just make up your mind to come." "Well, be it so then." At 3 o'clock the horses were brought to the tents and the party mounted and galloped away towards an eminence inside of Gen Lightburn's fortifications. Before starting however the General told the Father the scene they were to witness was the explosion of an undermined fort under Gen Logan's supervision whose men had been working at it for several days. The explosion was to take place at 4 p.m. But it did not come off before 5 on account of the fuse being made of materials that burned much slower than was anticipated. The Confederate soldiers, who were in the fort never suspected anything of what was going on underneath them. When the party approached the eminence commanding Fort Hill they left their horses at its foot under shelter and then ascended the steep declivity at a double quick. As they were directing their steps towards a certain observation of ground General Lightburn who was standing at some distance beside a tree, cried out, "Leave that road gentlemen quick. I just had one of my men killed on that spot." The party at once cleared out and Father Carrier went to see the man hoping that he was not absolutely dead; but vain hope had been shot through the brain, and never uttered a word after. The Father was much moved by the terrible sudden and perhaps unprovided death of the soldier and sadly turned away and went and sat at the foot of a tree. There instead of gazing on the doomed fort and holding himself ready to witness fully the effect of the explosion, as all those present were doing, he fell into a deep and irrepressible reverie; for the scene he had a minute before witnessed had too strongly impressed his mind to care about explosions or the like. Finally becoming disgusted by being in such a place, he abruptly left and returned home on foot and when he reached the tent threw himself on his cot. He however did not remain long there when he felt some remorse of conscience. Not knowing but his services might be required he returned to witness the explosion. It was now near 5 o'clock and no explosion yet. Gen Blair came and sat by him and offered him his field glasses in order to view the Confederate troops in the fort. The Father witnesses them moving leisurely and apparently as unconcerned about danger as if they stood on an unshakable rock, and yet it frightened him to think how many of them would in a moment be hurled into eternity.

Still viewing them he commenced to tell the General the result of his observations when all at once a loud explosion accompanied by a huge upheaving of the earth took place and bales of cotton, mules, men, and implements of every sort were cast into the air; then a dreadful dust and smoke followed which almost shrouded the remainder of the scene. Although the mine succeeded well, yet it failed to meet the expectations of the bystanders. Among the incidents which occurred during the explosion was that of a negro who was thrown from the Fort inside the Federal lines, and when asked how he came there replied, "I don't know Massa, some machine carried me off." How far up were you thrown? "Oh about three miles." He was not the least hurt. There were altogether only a few killed and the Federals gained little advantage by it. The following morning as the Father was going to Gen McPherson's hospital to attend a number of soldiers belonging to the 7th In. (an Irish Catholic regiment) who had been wounded the day before at a charge made upon the enemy after the fort had been blown up, he was met on the way by a young boy mounted on a mule, who gracefully and politely saluted him saying "Good morning Father, you are a Catholic priest are you not?" "Yes my little friend, but how did you recognize me as such?" "Oh I saw your cross, only Catholic priests carry it." "Are you a Catholic yourself my fine fellow?" "Oh yes Sir and my mother too." "Where do you live?" "In the country five miles from here, My father is a planter but he is not a Catholic." We have a chapel in our house, the priest of Vicksburg and the Bishop Elder of Natchez used sometimes to come before the war and say Mass for us. My Mother would like to have you come to say Mass too in our Chapel." "Well did you Mother know that I was here?" "Wh! No we did not know that there were Catholic priests with the Yankees. We only thought that they had preachers with them." "Why, I am a preacher too." "Oh! but you are not! a Protestant preacher" answered he laughingly, you are a Catholic Priest, a Catholic preacher." "But I am a Yankee" "Oh I know all about that" said he smiling. "Catholic priests are not Yankees." "So you would like me to go and say Mass at your Father's house?" "Yes Father" "Well, I will go tomorrow." "Well all right I will tell my mother of it and my Father too," "Do so, good-bye my little fellow" and both parted. On entering McPherson's hospital the first thing that the Father's attention were numbers of hands, legs, fingers, toes etc. thrown about in the courtyard. A human limb cut off from the body and kept with decency is even then painful to look at, but when it is thrown away to be eaten up by dogs or hogs human nature, shrinks and revolts at such an abominable affair. The Father went into the house full of indignation, and horror and immediately inquired for the chief surgeon. After being shown his room he entered and as he appeared before him said with an air of severe rebuke, "Are you aware Sir that the amputated limbs of our soldiers are cast into the courtyard exposed to be devoured by dogs or swine?" Vexed sorely at this inquiry the surgeon dryly and abruptly answered, "Yes Sir what about it?" "What about it! Sir it is

shameful and criminal on the part of a hospital superintendent to leave a leg, an arm, or a hand sacrificed in the service and for the good of the country before dogs, why not bury them?" This severe rebuke made the doctor very impatient and he angrily answered, "Chaplain, if you care so much about amputated legs and arms, go and bury them yourself." "Doctor," replied the Father, "Your inhumanity is only excelled by your impudence." "If," he continued, "there were no one to do it, I would not come to you to see about it, but I must tell you one thing, I am going to visit this hospital with or without your permission these orders (showing him General Grant and Sherman's passes) from high authorities leaves the hospitals of the army open to me at all times, and if these amputated limbs are not removed from the court yard before I leave this place, I shall have you directed to General Grant, and if I do not obtain any satisfaction there, I shall most assuredly write to the Surgeon General of the U. S. A. or even to the Secretary of War." The Doctor never said a word and the Father retired. He had however scarcely left the ward when the surgeon stepped towards him and apologized saying that he did not know a thing about the amputated limbs being carelessly thrown away and unburied, and that it was the business of the Wardmaster to attend to that; however I have given orders for their immediate removal and burial." "Very Well," said the Father and that was the end of it. The next morning according to promise the Father started to see the family of Major Cook. Following the directions which the little boy had given him the day before he experienced no difficulty in finding out the plantation and entered a large and splendid mansion that stood alone in the middle of a fine and extensive farm containing at least two thousand acres. Upon inquiring if that was Major Crooks' house he was answered in the affirmative, and at the same time was ushered into the parlor, where he found the Major engaged with an officer of the army. The Major received the Father very kindly offered him some refreshment, said he was happy that to have him in his house, and that he was expecting him since morning. Mrs Cook came next, and seemed full of joy at seeing the Father at her house. She said "we were in hopes Father, that you would have come this morning to say Mass for us at our little Chapel, and I am sorry you did not bring your vestments with you. Wont you come another day to say Mass for us all for we are quite a number of Catholics in our house. Oh do come?" "Thank you very much, but wont see our chapel?" invited the lady. The Father was struck with the beauty of the Chapel and the taste with which it was decorated. After returning to the parlor the Major asked him how he liked Mrs Cooks Chapel, "Very well indeed" replied the Father. "It is neat tasty, and fragrant." The Father was then introduced to several members of the family including Mrs. Bolles, and Miss Holmes, Sisters of Mrs Cook and a protestant young lady, a sister-in-law of Mrs Bolles and all Mrs Cooks children. After spending a pleasant day and promis to call the following Monday and say Mass for them, the Father left. As he was going away through the garden accompanied by all the folks in the house, Miss Bolles the Protestant young lady ex-

Father said
would it
be possible.

pressed a desire to speak to him in private; The Father at once consented and bade Miss Fanny to go with them, Miss Bolles then told the Father that she had read of late many good religious books, that she was not satisfied with the Protestants sects, that she had for sometime a strong desire to see a Catholic Priest who might explain to her some points of the Catholic Church that were not very clear to her and that she had a strong tendency to become a Catholic. The Father then told her that he was at her disposition and would be glad to render her any services especially when such would be the means of her conversion to the Catholic Church. Continuing he said, "If you are earnest sincere and singleminded in seeking after the truth, and at the same time, you pray to God and the B. V. Mary, you will find the truth and will yet be in the Catholic Church." After advising her to prepare herself and telling her that he would call tomorrow and stay two days, he mounted his horse rode off to Camp. The following day (June 29th) he rose early and heard numerous confessions, preached, and after Mass distributed medals to the communicants. The firing was very brisk but particularly from the Confederate side. Their musketry was especially disagreeable and annoying. A few balls fell harmless within one or two feet of the fathers tent, one even fell in it, and several struck the tree to which the tent was attached and buried themselves a couple of inches in it. A cannon ball fell within fifteen feet of the tent, and another struck a large sycamore tree with such violence that it cut it in two and a broken limb in falling came very near killing the General and Captain Cornyn who were sitting in their tent. As the Father had promised to go to Major Cooks this day to instruct the neophyte he started accompanied by Capt Cornyn and an orderly. As soon as the Father arrived there he commenced his instruction to Miss Bolles which continued for three hours after which she said she was fully convinced that the Catholic Church was the only true Church of Christ. The next morning the Father heard the confessions of all the Catholic inmates of the house, and none appeared near so penitent as Miss Bolles. Just as the priest had finished imparting an instruction for her benefit the General arrived. All then assembled in the Chapel where the Baptism took place, Miss Fanny being God-mother for nearly all the converts for fifty miles around. Mass was then celebrated and the General served it, after which the new convert was invested with the scapular. After breakfast the Major took the party to his garden to show them his floral selections. The garden contained fully two acres of land, and was laid out with the greatest taste and skill. The party bade farewell to Major Cook, his wife and to the other persons that were in the house, and rode off at a brisk pace to the Camp. The next day the Father and the General paid a visit to Frank Blair the General Commanding the division, Gen Blair never before manifested so much kindness and familiarity than on this occasion. He felt evidently flattered by the visit and tried to show his appreciation of it by a great display

of wines as well as politeness, amiability and goodness generally.

It is to be regretted that the writer has not had materials to follow this sketch all through the memorable siege of Vicksburg. The following is a portion of Father Carrier's diary and evidently commences with the reception of the news of the Surrender of the City of Vicksburg. It is the only portion placed in our hands and as the writer has not material to follow Father Carrier career with the army to its close our sketch of the Reverend gentleman must in consequence, end rather abruptly.

CHAPTER VII

Father Carrier's diary--Welcome intelligence
Surrender of Vicksburg--His letter to the
Father Provincial--Father Carrier and his
birdies--Father Renzi--A fatiguing march--
The conclusion.

July 14th-- Immediately after this most welcome announcement (towards evening of that day and whilst I was in General Sherman's tent with Gen Hugh Ewing and several other general officers the news reached us that the Confederate General Pemberton had sought and had an interview with General Grant and agreed to surrender unconditionally Vicksburg and her garrison of 32,000 men) nearly all the general officers and their staff went to Vicksburg, for the purpose of getting as soon as possible an insight into the works and witnessing the damage which our guns had done to the City, General McPherson was appointed governor of the City with General Logan's division to protect and guard it. All the Confederate soldiers who had been previous were ordered to stack their arms and occupy the new quarters assigned them. (in a little pleasant valley in the rear of the fallen city and outside the corporation limits) General McPherson had no sooner taken possession of his important office than he vigorously commenced the operation of paroling the whole Confederate forces and at the same time distributing rations to the prisoners and the starving inhabitants of the city. I did not go to Vicksburg that day notwithstanding many pressing invitations to do so, as I wanted to write some letters (to my old Father in France, and to my Superior and friends at Notre Dame) besides I desired to pack up my things in order to be ready to move early the next day. I wrote to M. W....to whom I had promised to write when Vicksburg would fall. The following is a copy of the letter to my Superior written on wall paper.

Rev. and Dear Father Provincial:----

I send you this trophy from Vicksburg. I obtained it from the pious and devoted assistant Pastor (the Pastor is following the Confederate army somewhere in Alabama) of the Catholic church of the City. Please to preserve this memento of a beleaguered but now fallen stronghold: it will show to all future generations to what extremities the Confederates were reduced---having to print their only paper (daily) on wall paper!! This was the last no. issued.--

The Catholic Church of the City--the largest and best edifice of the place was but slightly injured, but the Priests house is very much shattered. The barn and stable are completely destroyed. Good Father Henz lived for 15 days in his cellar not daring to occupy his ordinary apartments for fear of the shells. There is not (at least ~~in~~ where not seen any) one single house in the whole city which has not been more or less camaged. It really saddens one to see so many mins. Father Henzi is a Breton, and esteems our Congregations. He even has some notions of joining our House. We fraternize most agreeably and amiably he provided me most generously, with a bottle of genuine wine and some hosts. The bottle of wine costs him \$15.00!-- To day the "Red Rover" was just before Vicksburg, at anchor, but I had no time to pay a visit to our Sisters who are still on board of her: we have just been ordered to move immediately towards Jackson. Miss....

I take advantage of a halt to finish and forward my letter to you. We are now camping on the bank of that sluggish dirty river called Big Black. General Sherman is the Commander in Chief of all the moving forces. I took supper with him last night with a crowd of General officers; we had marched that day twenty miles under a scorching sun, and through a most dense column of fine dust that penetrated our very pores!... I felt very much exhausted. Nevertheless, my health is pretty good, and am in excellent spirits..I passed the night under a tree without other bedding than the bare ground, and other covering than the canopy of heaven. So did Genl. Ewing, and all. We shall march again today. --Everyone treats me, here, with the greatest distinction and respect. I dont know why; but it is really so.

I have to correct a statement sent to Notre Dame two days ago, regarding the capture of Vicksburg. We actually took 30,000 prisoners, 50,000 muskets; 136 field guns; 104 siege guns, and a large amt. of powder and other small amunition. The Confederates have lost, it is asserted 55,000 men since Grant moved in May last. We are going on.. on to Mobile maybe. I have sent several letters to you and other persons at Notre Dame; did you recieve them all? Send your letters in care of General Sherman.

Yours respectfully
J.C. Carrier

July 5th---- At 4 o'clock A.M. I awoke with the thought uppermost in my mind--that the keys of the rebel city were in our hands; but it took me several seconds of time to fully realize that that thought was a reality, a fact, and not a dream or the result of a dream. I immediately got up; dressed quickly, and prepared myself to say Mass (a duty I never missed during my stay in the army). It was Sunday a good many soldiers were outside of my tent, sitting on a little knoll fifteen or twenty feet from the entrance of my double tent. (one serving as a chapel and the other as a residence) awaiting for his "Reverence," to awake of the "portals" of the Holy of Holies and hear their confessions. All this having been duly done, I celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass--good Captain Cornyn serving at the altar. I addressed a very brief discourse to my congregation and dismissed them with my blessing. It was seven o'clock when I took my breakfast. Having supplied my soul and my body with their respective needs, I directed my faithful orderly (an excellent Irishman) to saddle my fine black mare and get ready to accompany me to Vicksburg. This was done instantly. As General Ewing was expecting, he could not accompany me to Vicksburg, but he gave me, besides my mounted orderly, a young man, a civilian, the son of the Hon. Mr. Hunter of Lancaster, Ohio, and a convert to the Catholic Church. We started together at a rapid speed towards Vicksburg where we arrived about 9 o'clock.--My first object in reaching the City was to pay a visit to the pastor; but I was told that he left the City in April with the Sisters of Mercy and gone to Selina, Alabama. However, I found in the Pastoral residence his worthy assistant, a pious young priest, who had suffered terribly during the siege both for want of sufficiently nutritious food and of care during a severe and protracted attack of malarious fever. He relieved me with open arms. His poor emaciated countenance brightened up instantly as I told him that I was a Frenchman (he had left France but a few months before) and a Religious of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. He introduced me to a "confrere," Father B. of St. Louis, and Chaplain of a Missouri Confederate Regiment, who was about to say the high Mass in the fine, and imposing Catholic Church and which had been but slightly damaged by our guns. Father B struck me as much by his stalworth form and distinguished features as by the intensity of his abhorrence of the Yankee and of Yankeedom. He said a low Mass and I preached the sermon (I several weeks afterwards had occasion to preach and lecture many times in Vicksburg having gone there to recover from an attack of malaria that had threatened my life). In the afternoon of that day I recieved a note from General Ewing apprizing me that he had recieved orders to move immediately his brigade towards the "Big Black" (a small river not far from Vicksburg) and that I should meet him there the next day.

orders to move
his brigade toward
Jackson

July 6th--At 6 a.M. General Ewing began to move his Brigade and by 10 o'clock when I returned to our former pleasant head-quarters nothing remained save the beautiful little terraces we had made on the declivity of the deep ravine for

the cliff-swallow which the birds had built on the South west corner of my tent, besides the many pleasant associations which the spot recalled, all contributed to render the place most dear to me... and I really felt loath the depart. For instance it seemed cruel to pull down my tent and leave unsheltered the little family of five newly hatched little birds. But I had to do it. Then farewell my little birdies! -- I left Vicksburg at 1 o'clock P.M. to the great sorrow of good Father Henzi who had most urgently implored me to stay with him and aid him in the ministerial duties of a priest, which his imperfect knowledge of the English language made it difficult for him to discharge properly; but I owed my services to our Catholic soldiers---especially to the soldiers of the 15th army corps; and I resolved to accompany them wherever they would go. I was bound to do it: So, giving a warm hand and a hearty farewell to my friend, I turned my face from hospitable Vicksburg and proceeded towards Jackson, whither our army had been ordered to rendez-vous. But where was the 15th army corps? where were the headquarters of either Sherman, or Ord, or Blair, or Ewing. (For anywhere I would have been at home?) That was indeed the question. Well! I trusted to my star; but more particularly to the devotions of my big hearted orderly, and the indefatigable zeal of my young.

tents. But all was gone and deserted; and where the day before all was life and bustle there now reigned the silence of death. Not one soldier, not one horse, not one wagon, not one tent, could be now discerned where hundreds could be seen twenty four hours before. How grandly dismal the scene now appears. An indescribable sense of melancholy oppressed you; you dream vaguely, the world seems empty and life itself undesirable; you are half enshrouded in a mantle of death. We go hence slowly, silently, musingly until we come to Jacksons road, and then our drooping spirits revive; for we again meet life in various forms a straggling soldier here; and a negro there; a four mule ambulance yonder, dust everywhere, dust so fine, so palpable that it rises high in the air, like a column of smoke and penetrates through the texture of your clothes and coming in contact with the abundant perspiration of your body, makes a kind of dirty and irritating deposit on the skin, which makes you long for a pailful of clear and cool water!It is dark, nearly nine o'clock, and we are close by. Turning to our right under the guidance of a friendly Colonel we pass through a little grove, and presently we are before General Sherman's tent, who immediately rises and heartily greets me then. "How do you do Father Carrier! we thought you had fallen into the hands of the enemy; come in and have supper?" "Having passed a pleasant hour or so with the General I inquired of General Ewing where were our wagons. (Regimental wagons) "I am Sorry to say I do not know where they are Father." "But General what will I do my breviary is with my effects and I must say my office for tomorrow; besides, I certainly desire to say Mass tomorrow! and my cot!"...."Well Father I have sent several orderlies

for our tents.--

Well shall I say it?--It really had been painful for me to pull down my tents and leave my nice cosy quarters! I had become strongly attached to the place; its wild aspect, the beautiful and spacious terrace built by our Catholic soldiers for the tent--chapel and their "Father's" ~~tent~~, the winding foot paths through the deep precipitious ravine; the shade of the grand magnolias and the large forest trees which had not been totally shattered by the enemies bombshells, (not a few were sadly wrecked mere skeletons of their former gorgeous foliage and transcendant glory) and most especially a nest--the nest of my young scout Wm. Thomas Hunter, who had become ^{insert X} attached to me, ^{much}

P Before leaving the city we visited many of the Confederate works; then we passed through a cluster of big trees, not one of which had a single branch left, besides being all decapitated at various heights. These trees stood just between the guns of the two armies and of course had passed through the terrible and truly "fiery" ordeal of a two months constant fire. No wonder that they were dismally shattered. It was indeed a sight most striking and most painful to behold, I cannot forget it! I had yet a longing desire to see the place of our long and somewhat eventful encampment; we turned from the Jackson road in order to view, a last time, the spot where we had pitched our tents. But all was gone and deserted; and where the day before all was life and bustle there now reigned the silence of death. Not one soldier, not one horse, not one wagon, not one tent, could be now discerned where hundreds could be seen twenty four hours before. How grandly dismal the scene now appears. An indescribable sense of melancholy oppressed you; you dream vaguely, the world seems empty and life itself undesirable; you are half enshrouded in a mantle of death. We go hence slowly, silently, musingly until we come to Jacksons road, and then our drooping spirits revive; for we again meet life in various forms a straggling soldier here; and a negro there; a four mule ambulance yonder, dust everywhere, dust so fine, so impalpable that it rises high in the air, like a column of smoke and penetrates through the texture of your clothes and coming in contact with the abundant perspiration of your body, makes a kind of dirty and irritating deposit on the skin, which makes you long for a pailful of clear and cool water!It is dark, nearly nine o'clock, and we are close by. Turning to our right under the guidance of a friendly Colonel we pass through a little grove, and presently we are before General Sherman's tent, who immediately rises and heartily greets me then. "How do you do Father Carrier," we thought you had fallen into the hands of the enemy; come in and have supper?" Having passed a pleasant hour or so with the General I inquired of General Bwing where were our wagons. (Regimental wagons) "I am Sorry to say I do not know where they are Father." "But General what will I do my breviary is with my effects and I must say my office for tomorrow; besides, I certainly desire to say Mass tomorrow! and my cot!"...."Well Father I have sent several orderlies

to inquire where our wagons were, and, when found, to bring them here. I expect them every moment." But they were not to come before three or four o'clock next morning and consequently, I as well as the General had to sleep "ala belle etoile" (in the open air and on the ground) with our saddles for pillows!.....

July ----- I will content myself with simply copying a long letter written in French to my Provincial describing my journey to Jackson covering a period of five days. I wonder if that letter will ever reach its destination, as it is not prepaid, not having any stamp with me, and no body has any!.....

Here it is: Tout n'est pas rose ici bas, tout s'eue faut." ("all is not color of rose here below, far from it")

The heat becomes so excessive and so oppressive that our soldiers could hardly bear it. Often were we obliged to halt in order to betake ourselves under the shade of thicket of wood or solitary trees by the way side. But we cannot always do so for we have frequently to pass through immense fields of Maize (no Cotton has been planted this year in the South: only corn and beans, and nothing else) and of course not a tree could we find to rest a while under the shade of its foliage... We made but little progress the second day of our march (the 7th of July) either on account of the fervid heat, or because of a crossing we had with the 9th army corps (General Parkes) which had anticipated us a little. It took at least five hours for that army corps to defile before us, with its long columns, wagons, and field artillery. We then resumed our march; but we had not advanced two hundred furlong when an order came to us from General Blair to halt: the enemy had engaged the division of Osterhans. Whilst we were waiting for further orders, the rumor spread that Osterhans had had many of his men killed or wounded. Thereupon I felt it my duty to immediately proceed to where the skirmish had taken place; and that was not far from where we stood as I learned from General Steele. I consequently went off with an aide-de-camp of General Ewing; but when we reached the field of combat, Osterhans had moved on, and we could not learn what had been done with the wounded (only four or five of his men had been killed, for the engagement had been most grossly exaggerated). I was forced therefore to return to camp without doing anything. When I reached General Ewing's brigade I found them all encamped. We lit a little fire (for it was forbidden to make large fires) as such might serve as signal for the enemy to attack us during the night). We supped, I said a little of the office of the day and went to sleep all dressed under the broad canopy of heaven, and with Mother Earth for a mattress. I fell asleep almost immediately, for I was half dead with fatigue.

July 9th...We had not last night our Head Quarters commissariat wagons up. We had neither tents nor beds but we had the canopy of heaven for tent and the bare ground for a couch. I could have borne it better had I been fatter; but alas! every joint in my frame forms a most acute angle!...Still I can assure you, that "Terra" is not so hard a mother after all that a body cannot rest upon her, and sleep soundly. Yet so tall, than a man as I cannot find a position where his pointed bones do not cause him a sensation most unpleasant.

Bah! this is, for a follower of the Holy Cross a mere bagatelle. The following morning, not a cracker to crack; no provisions and no cook. AS good ~~Christians~~ Christians we took our departure, or rather resumed our march strictly fasting, although it was neither Lent nor ember day nor vigil. We had made the preceding day sixteen miles and were nearing the river ("Big Black"). Arriving on its right bank, we were detained nearly a full day, awaiting the completion of the bridge our "Corps de guerre" were throwing across it. Towards evening we crossed the celebrated river (a mud-dier river I never saw in my life) and bivouacked a few miles off at one o'clock in the morning of the next day! It took us not less than six hours to reach a certain position where we were to pass the night--three miles only east of the Big Black. Never in my life have I been so exhausted for want of food, sleep and rest. Oh! those interminable halts! Well we slept as we did the night before, minus a supper and plus a little bed of leaves which my excellent and devoted orderly (a good and pious Irish soldier) made for me.

At six o'clock we got up, I said a little of my breviary and went to take a little breakfast which consisted of a few ears of fresh corn, cooked on a slow fire, and a few hard crackers, and departed shortly afterwards. A day of extreme heat, several soldiers were sun struck, and also many horses, and nearly all who were struck died. We dined on hopes but not victuals, and reached Bolton, the midway R. R. Station between Vicksburg and Jackson) at about six o'clock P.M. It was indeed, high time to stop for I verily believe, I could not have gone any farther, so exhausted did I feel. Five days on horseback had stiffened me like a piece of dry wood. I had yet nearly all my office to say; I bravely took hold of my Breviary, and God aiding finished the office for the day. Our good God lest it rain that night, a veritable deluge. Happily we had foreseen the storm and were able to put up two tents, and two only: one for the General Captain Cornyn and myself, and the other for the rest of the staff officers (which tent being low built was entirely submerged during the night and put the poor fellows in a most pitiable, if not, actually ludicrous position! The following day was devoted to rest (although it was not Sunday) and we needed it, most of the men were as wet as drowned rats. General Ewing and Capt Cornyn were

also pretty thoroughly drenched, as they had put their little cots too near the borders of the tent. As for me, I was nearly all right. At 4 o'clock P.M. an order came to resume the "March". We stopped for the night, two miles this side of Clinton. This night's march was if possible still more harassing than that of the 7th. Again we went to sleep supperless and bedless. I was no sooner stretched out on the bare ground, than a terrible intesting "was being waged within me. Hunger wrangling against sleep, at last after many sharp "passes" the latter got the victory: famine surrendered unconditionally. "Ventre affamé n'a point d'oreilles" say the French adage. The following day the 10th July we started at 10 o'clock en route again for Jackson.

Adieu! dear Father,
Yours in trust,
J. L. Carrier.

CHAPTER VIII

Rev. B. C. Christy, Chaplain of the 78
Penn. Vol.

The Chaplains entitled to their share of the glory of victory--Father Galletzen--Father Christy's early life and Missionary labors as a priest--Selected Chaplain of the 78 Pa.----His services to the sick and wounded in and around Louisville--His voyage in the dugout--Sufferings at Stone River--The influence of the Chaplains on Protestant officers and soldiers--A feeling conversion--An involuntary bath--He returns with his regiment and is mustered out of service.

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

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

If it be the duty of the historian, to write the actions of those who deserve well of their country, especially in great emergencies, like that of the late Civil War; then, all who took part in it should be equally portrayed. Great battles

are fought and won, not by the soldier only; the humble teamster often plays a part as important and necessary as he who wears a sword or shoulders a rifle. An army carries in its midst, all the essentials that go to build up a nation. The soldier, the lawyer, the artisan, the laborer, the doctor, the divine, have each their appropriate duties to perform. All labor in unison, and for a common result; and when the battle is fought, the victory obtained, a due show of praise should be attributed to him, who by his prayers and council, and burning zeal bore the soul's welfare, bore up the weak, and gave hope to the despairing; strengthening ~~the~~ and encouraging all; so that in the day of trial, there should be fearless hearts, and strong arms ready to dare, and do. To the subject of this sketch especially ought the thanks be given of a united people. For, among the many worthy Catholic chaplains of the army, none labored more steadfastly and zealously for the soldiers welfare; none, showed more energy and determination in laboring to crown the contest with a glorious victory.

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

Young Christy, was partly educated at the common schools of the borough. The classics were commenced under the care of the Rev. W. P. Gallagher, now of San Francisco California, and were continued under the charge of the Franciscan Brothers, who there lived in a little hut, but now occupy a magnificent college on the summit of the Alleghenies. In the year 1849, the youthful mountaineer entered St. Michaels ecclesiastical seminary, where he finished his classics, and philosophy. Afterward he spent three years in St. Mary's, Baltimore, and was finally ordained priest in Loretto, August 29th, 1845; by the Rt. Rev. M. O'Connor being the first American priest of the new diocese of Pittsburgh.

His first mission was in Freeport, Armstrong Co. Pa., where he labored zealously and successfully, and where his name is still loved and remembered, not only by those among whom he ministered but by Protestants likewise; who some learned to appreciate the noble qualities of the young Catholic priest.

The breakin out of the late War found him in Clearfield, Butler County, Pennsylvania, where he had been for some years, laboring as usual, with untiring energy in the cause of religion. Here, far removed from the busy marts of men he was passing his days in quiet usefulness, and busy labor

serving and ministering to a large and devote congregation.

Though shut up on the woods of Butler County, Father Christy, was a constant reader of the literature of the day. Being consequently well informed on all the great public questions, he was well prepared for the shock, and uncertainty that paralyzed the popular mind, when the late War was inaugurated under the battlements of Fort Sumpter.

When the news of the first disaster at Bull's Run was flashed throughout the country all seemed paralyzed with consternation, the church bell rung out an alarm that startled the whole country side, and soon, from far and near, came gathering in the wonder stricken country folks.

"What tidings did these brazen lips fore tell." As soon as the people had assembled; Father Christy told them the news, and then spoke to them of their duties as christian, and Catholic citizens; of the price of the hour--of the necessity for exertion and of the right of the country to the services of her children. Under his direction, all the war like spirits gathered into a company and an old militia Captain was employed to teach them the rudiments of Military evolutions. Dr. Charles B. Gillispie of Freeport, Pa. writing of Father Christy says. When, in the Summer of 1861 I visited Sam Ricards, the home of Father Christy, in order to raise recruits for Col. Sirwell's regiment then forming at Kittanning; my eyes were delighted to see a company of stalwart young men, drilling on the green. The old captain was putting them through the mysteries of "right and left face"; keeping time with the "left foot foremost;" AND wheeling, and countermarching to the music of Johnny Green's Martial and effective band. As soon as my errand was made known, Father Christy avowed his determination of going to the field himself; and owing to his example, numbers of stalwart soldiers volunteered from among the hills of Butler County, to swell the ranks of the regiment then forming at Kittanning."

At the organization of the regiment in Oct. 1861, such was the popularity of Father Christy, that he was almost unanimously selected by the officers as their chaplain, though he had for competitors many protestant clergies, who were noted for their virtues, and accomplishments. This selection, appears the more surprising, when we consider, that out of the thousand men comprising the regiment, there were not over fifty Catholics. In the history of the regiment comprising the armies of the Republic, I do not believe there is an instance like to this. It speaks well not only for the wisdom, and unprejudice of the soldier of the valley of the Alleghenies; but also, for the character and qualifications of the Catholic priest, whom the popular voice had selected as chaplain of the 78th.

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

presence; a candid and youthful countenance; resolute and determined; fearless of all personal danger; always cheerful and hopeful; in sickness the best comforter, and kindest ~~new~~ of nurses; a genial companion, no wonder that the soldiers of all denominations soon learned to love and revere him, as their best ^{Counselor} ~~adviser~~, and kindest. ^{friend} Among the officers of the regiment there was only one that expressed sentiments upri~~er~~adly to the selection of Father Christy. It was not however through any fault of his, for he came from a neighborhood where a Catholic was seldom seen, and where all knowledge of their faith, and teaching, was gleaned from "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," or works of like character. This officer, as good and kind a soul as ever lived expressed himself to many; that the only cause of regret he had in leaving his home, and family, was, that he was going away in company with a Catholic priest! Poor fellow before he was many months in company with a Catholic priest he threw aside his prejudice and was eventually one of Father Christy's ^{warmest} ~~nearest~~ friends.

The 78th, in company with the 77th and 79th, all of Pennsylvania were formed into a Brigade at Pittsburg, in under the command of the chivalrous and gallant Wepley. This Brigade, for a long time known as "Wepley's" Brigade, left Pittsburg about the middle of Oct. 1861, for Louisville, Ky; which was then threatened by the Confederate army under Buckner. Several months were spent in drilling, and in camp duties at Nolin and Woodsonville. The weather towards the middle of the Winter was bad, and inclement; the soldiers badly fed, and housed, eight and ten, occupying a wedge tent that was only intended to accommodate six. Disease, soon grew into a pestilence and death followed after, striking down many who had lately appeared to be the healthiest and strongest in the regiment. At Camp Wepley, near Nolin, hundreds were prostrated with sickness; and when the regiment was finally ordered to Green River, it left with wasted and depleted ranks. Father Christy was sent back to Louisville in company with the sick; and on this journey by rail, and after their arrival, he it was on whom the soldiers relied for relief and succor. The surgeon in charge, whose business it should have been to have provided for all their wants neglected his duty and when the train arrived at Louisville was too helpless to be of any use. The consequence was, that the sick had to be laid out upon the floor of the depot, and there through the cold of a long winter's night had to remain until morning. So soon as the Chaplain, who had gone into the city found out how matters were, he hurried back to the depot, and soon with the assistance of the hospital steward Mr. Barnaby, had them all carried to the different hospitals and properly cared for.

At Mundsville, the Brigade was suddenly ordered back to the Ohio River to embark on steamboats at West Point and hurry to the assistance of Gen. Grant at Fort Donaldson. A great many sick were here left in the field hospital and such was

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the confidence in the energy and ability of Father Christy, that every thing was placed in his charge. Not only had he to move the sick, and procure transportation, but he had also to provide further necessities; acting in the triple capacity of Priest, Quarter Master, and Commissary.

On the forced march to Bowling Green, and Nashville, the lusty Chaplain had no horse, and consequently had to paddle his own canoe, not however a very easy job, when they had such men as Negley to hurry them on. An officer speaking of this advance writes, "Our first hard march was from Bowling Green, starting at 1 o'clock P.M. and marching continuously till 12 o'clock^{at night}. Hundreds of soldiers fell off by the wayside utterly done up. Only sixteen, out of my company of eighty men, came into camp; and but three of the line officers of the regiment. What became of Father Christy, during that terrible race towards Nashville I never knew, but after resting a day and a night at Edgefield when I crossed the river to the City but just evacuated by the Confederates, I found Father Christy safely domiciled with the bishop having got into the City before us."

The greater portion of the year 1862, was passed in Tennessee, with occasional expeditions into Alabama. Father Christy, when not with his regiment, was attending the different hospitals at Franklin, Columbia, and Pulaski.

At one time, the regiment was encamped for a while at Rogersville, Alabama. Whilst there, an event transpired that nearly put a sudden end to the useful career of our Catholic Chaplain. The Confederate General Adams, with his cavalry, occupied the country on the other side of the river; their headquarters being at Courtland, about seven miles away. Two companies of the 78th, were sent one day across the river in boats, in order to make a reconnoissance of the surrounding country. Father Christy who always accompanied such expeditions, happened at that particular time to be otherwise engaged. As soon as possible however, he hurried after them hoping that he would be in time to cross with the soldiers. When he arrived he was too late for he saw them climbing the opposite bank of the river.

The only vessel left was a small dugout, or canoe, in which the venturesome priest resolved to attempt the passage. The Tennessee, at this place is deep, and fully a mile wide; even to an old and experienced boatman, it would have been a serious undertaking. As the Chaplain had never before made any attempt at navigation, the result could have easily been foretold. He had gone but a few yards from the shore when being entirely ignorant of the science of aquatics the canoe began to turn to all points of the compass; as he afterwards expressed himself, "The light headed thing, would not go the right way." and over it went submerging the rash voyager in turbid waters of the Tennessee. The canoe floated away,

Father Christy could not swim--there was no one within sight or call--despair gave him energy--the shore was almost within reach--he struck out manfully but all would not do--down he sank still struggling hopelessly against the overwhelming water. After what seemed an age, he struck the bottom, straightening himself upright for another effort, when to his unspeakable relief he found that the water was but just up to his chin; he succeeded in wading out and forever afterwards had a perfect disgust for ~~the~~ dugouts, and a wholesome dread of the Tennessee.

At another time, when seated at the foot of a tree and quietly gazing out upon the water, a rebel sharpshooter, on the other side of the river, happened to perceive him; and taking deliberate aim, succeeded in planting a minie ball in the trunk, only a few inches above his head. These are but two, of the many incidents that befell our worthy chaplain, during his many journeys from one part of the State to the other.

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

This being the first great battle in which the regiment was engaged; the soldiers, who always admire pluck, especially in their officers were delighted with their heroic Chaplain. "What a pity," said they, "he is a priest, wouldn't he make a bully General?"

During the five months that the army remained in the neighborhood of Massafressboro, Father Christy busied himself attending to the spiritual wants of the Catholic soldiers. In Negley's division he was the only Catholic Chaplain, and consequently had a great deal to do. In connection with Fathers Cooney, Tracey, and Higgins of the 10th Ohio, a church was procured in town, where Mass was celebrated every day by one or the other; and on Sundays sermons preached in addition the soldiers of Rosecrans division, had erected a large rustic pavilion covered with hemlock and cedar; with circular seats, capable of accommodating almost the entire division. Here Fathers Christy, and Tracey (the latter being lately assigned to the 4th Regulars,) held divine services on alternate Sundays.

The religious fervor of the army, was much strengthened and quickened by the zeal of these good men. Many careless ones were recalled, and not a few converted. The good example of their General, and other prominent officers, who were zealous and practical Catholics, did much to quicken the zeal of the Catholics and disarm the prejudices of the Protestants Soldiers. Sundays always found hundreds of the latter assembled to attend Mass; and listening with the greatest attention to the practical exhortations of the good missionaries.

The few years of the war did more to allay the bigotry of the protestant mind, than fifty years of civil life could have possibly done. The few Catholic chaplains that were in the army, were zealous and efficient men. The protestant soldiers, at first, distrustful and suspicious, soon learned to respect and love the priest, that knowing no differences labored so faithfully for the comfort and welfare of the sick, and wounded he found that whilst the protestant chaplain barely exposed himself to danger in order to succor the helpless, or wounded the Catholic priest was always at his post; laboring night and day in the hospital, and in the field; with an entire abnegation of self, that soon made the protestant soldiers regard him as their best, and warmest friend. The feeling the soldier has carried with him home; and the good seed that sown in war and pestilence, has grown and matured beneath a peaceful sky; until it has multiplied steadily and is now scattered into all the hidden nooks, and corners of this great country.

When the army left Murfreesboro for the brilliant campaign against the Confederates in Tennessee; Father Christy was assigned to the Brigade then commanded by Col. Sirwell. The campaign was short and effective. There was no general battle until after the passage of the Tennessee river. Dr. Gillespie says, "during our march across the State, for fourteen days we had an almost uninterrupted rain. The streams were all changed to raging torrents; the army, like a huge animal was floundering in the mud; the quarter master, and commissary trains were totally engulfed in the vicinity of Tullahoma; officers had to dismount and help their struggling horses out of unfathomable quagmires. Each field piece had a double team and then could scarcely swim along. Officers swore lustily; the men grumbled. The only pleasant and genial face to be seen was that of Father Christy. Always in good humor himself, he managed to impart some of his equanimity to those immediately around him. The first good laugh we had, was, when Father Christy's horse suddenly wakened up a nest of yellow jackets. How that horse leaped and plunged among the bushes. The rider calmly smiling all the time sat perfectly at home, notwithstanding all the animals frantic efforts to dislodge him; finally, when the horse with a scream of agony broke out into a gallop and dashed over a six rail fence into a corn field, his rider still erect, the cheers of the soldiers attested their admiration for the intrepid horseman.

At dry Gap, Pigeon Mountain, Georgia; almost the first notice we had of the approach of the enemy was the sudden opening of a rattling fire upon our Chaplain; who had ridden out in the morning, to a house immediately in the rear of our pickets. The sharp shooters from his appearance mistook him for a general officer; and silently crept up under the shelter of the woods, untill they had him apparently completely at their mercy. I was among a group of officers on a little hill in an open field, when the firing attracted our attention in front. The first thing we saw was our gallant Chaplain on his black charger dashing to the rear. The bullets were striking and kicking up a dust all around him. Fortunately neither rider nor horsemen were touched, and when he reined his horse in our midst we all felt greatly relieved at his narrow escape. Dismounting, he hurried back to the picket line and succeeded in bringing back the wounded; tearing his handkerchief and under-thing into bandages. By his energy and personal strength succeeding in saving him from capture by an advancing and exultant foe. In a day or two afterwards, one of these same men happened to be captured. He was an Irishman and Catholic; and when he found out that the big officer on the black horse whom he had tried so zealously to kill, was a Catholic priest! his look of holy horror caused us all to burst out into uproarious laughter, and no one seemed to enjoy it more than Father Christy himself."

In the battle of Chickamauga, his daring zeal as usual carried him out to the point where he was busy attending wounded men and became separated from his friends, and for a considerable time was between the fire of the opposing armies. A good Providence watched over him, and he came out of that "feu d'enfer" entirely unscathed!

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

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

At the battle of Missionary Ridge, the 78th being thrown into fort Negley; father Christy, would not remain where there was no fighting, and consequently no wounded to attend to. He accompanied the 14th corps in its magnificent charge up the mountain slopes, and continued on as far as Ringold, Georgia, giving his services to Federals and Confederates alike.

After the battle of Missionary Ridge, the regiment was put into winter quarters on the Summit of Lookout Mountain. The duties of the Chaplain were here very light in comparison with what had been done when the army was cooped up in Chattanooga.

Col Sinvile had taken charge of the Brigade at Murfreesboro and wishing to have father Christy with him had induced him to remain at his headquarters; from which he could more readily attend to all the sick calls of the command. Through some oversight of the commanding officer, or owing to a little leaves of prejudice, or both; father Christy was reported as absent without leave. In consequence of this report, his pay was detained by the paymaster, until the charge could be brought before the Court Martial. During all this time, for a period of several months, father Christy being without pay, was rather "hard up."

It was at this time that the boys of the 78th without distinction of creed, clubbed together and raised him a handsome sum of money; which succeeded in keeping him afloat until his pay was restored by the highest official authority.

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The Following is taken from the Democrat and
Sentinel publication in Ebensburg Pennsylvania

Loretto Pennsylvania April 7th 1864

Mr Editor

Dear Sir

"The following which I take from the Louisville Journal" of March 23 is certainly a very nice compliment to one of "Little Cambria's" sons and one of which we can feel proud.

When the War broke out Father Christy notwithstanding his delicate state of health was among the first to sacrifice the endearments of home and brave the hardships and exposures of the battlefield for the sake of his country and I am happy to say his labors have been appreciated. The Resolutions below speak for themselves. Father Christy is a native of this place born and raised and ordained in this village, But at the time the war broke out he was residing in Butler Co when he joined the Army."

Loretto

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

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

"Lookout Mountain Tennessee"
March 11th 1864

"Honor to the Iron Soldier"

"The following preamble and resolutions accompanied with a purse well filled with greenbacks were presented to the Rev. R. C. Christy Chaplain of the 78th Pa.

Chaplain of the 78th Complimented.

The Louisville Journal says: "Rev. Mr. Christy, Chaplain in Gen. Negley's Brigade, preached to a very large congregation at St. Patrick's Church, Thirteenth street, on yesterday. The discourse was highly spoken of for its solidity and clearness of argument and its felicity of chastened language; in a word, as typical of the Quintillian standard of the public speaker---Docui et Placuit. The Rev. gentleman is en route for his brigade having just returned from a short visit to his relatives in Pennsylvania. No chaplain in the great armies of the west is a greater favorite among his acquaintances, military or civil, than the Rev. Mr. Christy, who, to the graces and virtues of the Christian minister, adds the accomplishments and acquirements of the scholar." Mr Christy was formerly assigned to St. Paul's Cathedral, in Pittsburgh, and at the time he was chosen chaplain, had charge of a congregation in Butler county. He is a mild, unassuming gentleman, and calculated to make friends wherever he goes.

below

Resolved, That we will ever keep green in our memory your valuable services on the bloody field of Stone River where unmindful of the storm of iron hail that rained on that day you stood manfully as a Christian Soldier in the discharge of your duty: and not alone on the blood-stained field of Stone River but on every battlefield that the Army of the Cumberland trod since October 61.

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

Resolved that these resolutions be published in the "Louisville Journal."

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On the morning of the Second of May, 1864, the regiment descended from the heights of Look Out Mountain, and rejoined its brigade at Graysville; in the vicinity of which General Sherman's veteran army was concentrating, preparatory to its great march to Atlanta. There was a battle almost every day. Three months of constant fighting, made a terrible gap in that army of over one hundred thousand men. As a matter of course, there was much suffering among the wounded; and a great deal to do for these who had charge of them. Chaplains, Surgeons, and Nurses, were kept constantly on the go night and day. Among the daily events that happened some times incidents, that cheered the soldier

Volunteers by the non-commissioned officers and privates of that gallant (Iron) Regiment.

"Whereas "Reverend Sir we the non-commissioned officers and privates of the 78th Pa Volunteers have heard that you have been deprived of some of your payon the misconceived idea that you were absent from the Regiment during the march from Murfreesboro to Chattanooga. We knowing that you accompanied the regiment and desiring to acknowledge our estimate of your valuable services do hereby put on record our sincere and honest convictions.

"Resolved" That the 78th Pennsylvania Volunteers do hereby acknowledge the beneficial services the unremitting zeal and constant attention which has at all times characterized you.

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

Resolved, That we will ever keep green in our memory your valuable services on the bloody field of Stone River where unmindful of the storm of iron hail that rained on that day you stood manfully as a Christian Soldier in the discharge of your duty: and not alone on the blood-stained field of Stone River but on every battlefield that the Army of the Cumberland trod since October 61.

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On the morning of the Second of May, 1864, the regiment descended from the heights of Look Out Mountain, and rejoined its brigade at Graysville; in the vicinity of which General Sherman's veteran army was concentrating, preparatory to its great march to Atlanta. There was a battle almost every day. Three months of constant fighting, made a terrible gap in that army of over one hundred thousand men. As a matter of course, there was much suffering among the wounded; and a great deal to do for these who had charge of them. Chaplains, Surgeons, and Nurses, were kept constantly on the go night and day. Among the daily events that happened some times incidents, that cheered the soldier

and made him laugh even in the heat of battle. An event that kept our Chaplain, was the cause of much merriment among the soldiers of the brigade.

Whilst fording the Etowah river, which was wide, and swift; there were many involuntary duckings, that, however unpleasant to the sufferers, were a source of much amusement to the lookers on. The water was quite muddy, with a very swift current. from three to four feet deep; the bottom being covered with boulders which made the footing very unsecure. Most of the officers were mounted two on a horse, in order to get across without the necessity of wading. The horse of father Christy being a very diminutive, weak kneed animal, was scarcely able to carry his weighty master; but to be of some service to the soldiers, the chaplain took several of their muskets on the saddle before him. All went well, until the middle of the river was reached, when his horse stumbled on one of the hidden boulders, and over he went, head foremost into the boiling current, ~~carrying~~ his helpless rider with him. For a while there was an unusual splashing in the water and a great struggling of man and beast. Father Christy, having a wholesome fear of rivers ever since his plunge into the Tennessee. Thought he had fallen into a deep hole, far beyond his depth: he therefore made some desperate efforts to keep himself from the bottom. The river was alive with officers and soldiers; who at first, were a little concerned for the chaplain's safety; but when they saw him finally raising his head Tantalus like above the turbid waters, Shout after shout of hearty laughter greeted his appearance; and many a witty jest was made at the expense of the good natured chaplain, and his baptism in the Etowah river.

On the 27th of May, the battle of Hope Church was fought. The 78th Pennsylvania and 37th Indiana were on the extreme left, and suffered terribly from repeated fire and charges of a confident and overwhelming foe. An officer writes, "During the whole of the afternoon, there was not a staff officer to be seen; we had no communications with our general, save through the Chaplain of the 78th. The enemy were swarming in our front, and overlapping us in the left. There were no Surgeons, no stretcher bearers, to attend to the wounded. Father Christy, undetured by the terrible cross fire was continually moving along our line, keeping the wounded into the woods, in our rear; and these men too badly hurt to help themselves, he took up in his arms and bore ~~to~~ to a place of safety. About sunset, our amunition began to fail; we, on the right, were advanced into the middle of an open cornfield, and if the enemy made another charge, it was doubtful about the result.

I called to father Christy, and urged him to hunt up Col. ~~Seymour~~ ^{Seymour}, our brigade commander, and make known our situation, and the absolute necessity for our instant supply of amunition. All this time the firing was becoming every moment heavier, on our front and left. Our chaplain, soon returned with the information, that the amunition was far in the rear, and that the Col. said, we must do the best we could. Father Christy however, had begged some amunition from a regiment in our rear, and his pockets and handkerchief were stuffed with the much needed supply. Along the line he went eking out his cartridges to those who needed them most. The enthusiasm of the soldiers was raised to its utmost, at this brave conduct of their Chaplain, through whose assistance we were able to maintain our position until night put an end to the battle."

From Marietta, the regiment, along with the 104th Ohio, was sent back to Chattanooga to act as train guards on the rail road. It was a dangerous and laborous duty. All of the supplies for Sherman's grand army were conveyed over one line of rail road, one hundred and forty miles in length, running through a mountainous, and thickly wooded country in the recesses of which, were many bands of guerillas, whose constant aim was to capture and destroy supply trains.

When Sherman entered Atlanta, the capacity of the war was stretched to its utmost, in order to rush in supplies, sufficient for his army before his contemplated march to the sea. In this duty, officers and men were constantly on the go, night and day. Officers were scarce, and when one became sick it was hard to fill his place.

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

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

"Why," said he complacently, "I would have told the boys to pitch in!"

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

After the war, father Christy was sent to Ebensburg, where he still remains, an honored, and a well lived pastor. Resolute, and energetic, loathing ease, he began and with but little assistance, his already almost completed a magnificent church; which for size, and architectural beauty, promises to excel every other in the diocese.

Chapter IX.

Rev. Thomas Scully.
Chaplain 9th Mass. Veb. Vol.

A pen picture of Catholic persecution in Massachusetts-- Grand attitude of the Catholic Church and people of Massachusetts -- Colonel Cass and the 9th Mass.-- Father Scully volunteers to be their chaplain -- Father Scully's birth, education and ordination -- At Arlington -- Governor Andrew's visit -- the Chapel tent.

We are impelled by the peculiar nature of our work to refer to a period anterior to the late war in order that we may present the Irish priest and the Irish soldier, not in his strongest but in his purest and highest light. This necessarily is peculiarly apparent from the fact that this chapter on "Catholic Chaplains in the Army" will be devoted exclusively to the sedate old commonwealth of Massachusetts where once was made a most vigorous attempt to ostracise the foreign element, and especially the Irish and Catholic portion of it in the well remembered years of 1852 and 53. Indeed, did we wish, we might go back a few decades and present scenes of each riot, ~~war~~ and horror as might well embitter the Catholic heart against a state which has since been so well and bravely defended by the Irish and Catholic citizens of the old commonwealth.

We might picture in these pages the lurid glare of burning convents - the awful desecration of religious houses; of holy nuns flying from sanctuaries sacred no longer in the eyes of a bigoted mob; of churches assailed; Priests hunted - as fiercely as ever they were by the wildest of Cromwell's Soldery-ay, we might present pen pictures so degrading and so infamous as would fill the most callous human heart with horror and make the very wretches who occasioned them, were they living today, crazed to look back upon their frightful deeds. The demolished convents of Massachusetts however, are part and parcel of the history of the commonwealth, and the bloody crimes of those benighted days have left upon the once bright brow of Massachusetts a mark as indelible as that which desfigured the forehead of Cain!

But thank heaven, the times have changed! To picture such scenes is not for us -- to mar the pages of our book with the unholy deeds of lowly minded bigots is not the purpose of our pen; we simply design to write of the later times when the warm and kindly hearts of Irish Catholics were filled with indignation at the narrow minded conduct of a Hiss whose name is infamous to search the Catholic female seminaries for mysterious trap doors and subterrenian passpages, where it was supposed were ~~immured~~ immured unwilling religious and implacable enemies of our holy religion.

The embers of the Know-Nothing fire were still aglow with life, when the mutterings of War came down to Massachusetts from the South. The Tubal Cains of the nations

began to fashion the spears and swords for the coming combat -- the rattle of arms in the arsenals, and the rumbling of artillery upon the streets proclaimed that war had allied himself with death; that soon the private and public buildings of the land would be draped in mourning! The grave digger sharpened his tools and increased his force; and, in a sudden moment, the black thunder of War fell upon the nation, and the nation looked to her sons for protection!

What was the attitude of the plundered and insulted Catholic Church of Massachusetts in that hour of national peril?

Where stood the Irishmen of the state at that solemn moment of the Union's life? Though they still smarted with the fierce wounds inflicted upon them by the bigots of New England, they were not idle spectators of the drooping folds of "old glory"-- they beheld the grand young flag which had never gone down in defeat before a foreign foe, falling to the ground to be trampled under the feet of men who had sworn they loved it well! It was then that the sons of Ireland leaped to the front - insults and ostracism - burned convents and hunted priests, all were forgotten; and, when the grand old Irish 9th on Massachusetts prepared to march forth to stand before and to defend the life of the Republic, the Catholic Church of Massachusetts all grand and forgiving-forgetting the past, and fervently praying for the future, stood behind her Irish heroes and with uplifted hands flowered their footsteps with prayers and benedictions!

Such was the attitude of our Church and people when the Irish 9th, as it is familiarly called, was organized by Col. Thomas Cass, and when its officers shortly afterwards applied to his excellency John Albion Andrew for a Chaplain to accompany them to the field; the application of the officers was referred by Governor Andrew to Bishop Fitzpatrick* who was sadly puzzled how to comply with the request owing to the scarcity of Priests at that time in the Diocese.

It chanced however, that the Rev. Thomas Scully, the subject of our memoir, was then of a visit to the Bishop, and, learning the desire of the 9th, immediately relieved the Right Reverend Father in his difficulty by volunteering to fill the place in question.

The Bishop was both astonished and pleased at the alacrity of the young disciple, as well he might be, having himself a large knowledge of the dangers and trials which his young friend was certain to encounter for ~~the~~ many times had he listened to the stories and Military anecdotes of venerable Father McElroy, when he recounted the terrible trials he experienced in his own person in the romantic but bloody campaigns of Mexico!

*Bp. Fitzpatrick died on the 13th of Feb'y, 1866.

The Right Reverend Bishop did not allow the ardor of the young Priest to cool; he accompanied him almost immediately to the state-House and he was there sworn into the services of the Union; almost before he knew the situation, the unfaltering Soldier of the Cross, became a soldier of the great Republic. Governor Andrew was as much pleased as the Bishop was overjoyed; but the joy of the Bishop and the pleasure of the Governor did not exceed the satisfaction of the boys of the 9th when they learned that their application had been successful.

When the knowledge arrived at the camp at Long Island in Boston Harbor, the boys felt themselves soldiers in every sense. By a thousand excuses they would get down to the Transport when it arrived and, if asked what they were doing there, would reply:

"Arrah, sure we want a look at our Saggath Aroon!"

"Dp ye know Jim, is he an ould man?" one would query.

"How should I know; ave course he's an ould man; why shouldn't he?"

"Yes, my bouchal; but an ould man can't stand a Soldier's life."

"Bah! what do ye know about it--sure God looks out for His own -- an' we can look out for Him too!"

To say that the lads of the 9th were astonished when they beheld their Priest for the first time would hardly express their sensations. Instead of an old man, they beheld a slender, modest looking young gentleman, little more, if any, than a hundred and forty pounds in weight, with a bright eye; a handsome face and general physique which eminently well fitted him for the position which he had been assigned.

The critical eyes of our boys soon took his measure.

"Well, he's a quiet looking man, God bless him, but its quare to me if he hasn't a mighty stiff back bone!"

Not only the 9th boys, but even Southern officers, afterwards found that he did have not only a "stiff back bone", but a heart as replete with courage, and a spirit as uncompaining of suffering as the best man that ever battled under the flag!

We say no more than the facts warrant when we assert that a better tone permeated the Regiment; a ~~more~~ higher and nobler spirit animated the men; a finer idea of discipline took possession of them, after Father Scully arrived, than ever the brave fellows had experienced before.

Prior to the celebration of the first Mass, the camp of the 9th presented a curious scene. The soldiers were ~~engaged~~ ^{engaged} in cleaning their clothes; pipe claying their brasses, "putting a polish" on their boots; every face shining with a new light - preparing to worship at the Altar of God, before laying down their lives of the Altar of their country - for the preservation of the Union -- and for human liberty!

The camp was crowded with hundreds of visitors. No edifice in the world held a truer or more fervent congregation that the magnificent Church of Long Island! The brush of Michael Angelo aided by the most brilliant of human imaginations had not adorned the dome of Saint Peters at home a tithe as wonderful as that which looked down upon the assembled

thousands at that Island camp.

The roof of the Church was a sky of glorious beauty! The green fields and the vast expanse of sun-shed waters was the floor fashioned by God's own hand! 'Twas there, about their brave Priest, the soldiers knelt, and in their gleaming brasses and uniforms of blue worshipped the ever-living God, as they had never worshipped Him before. Around them, forming an outer circle, stood the visitors, friends and relatives of the kneeling braves, garbed in a thousand colors, with bowed heads adding beauty to the solemn scene. The voices of the Choir sweetly ascending; the strange and, otherwise solemn silence of the scene; the young Priest equipped for his sacred office, -- Ah, it was a scene for an Angelo to paint, not for a feeble pen to picture.

The Altar held no work of art. It was ornamented simply by the flowers of the field; And, at the elevation of the Host, by a strange coincidence, was heard the solemn roll of drums, as if music too had bowed her head in solemn joy that Mass was served where Mass had never been served before!

In writing of the associations of our priest, our pen sometimes hesitates, as if to remind us, that we should say a kindly word of the dead who appreciated him so well, and upon whom he looked with a priestly and martial affection.

So then, let our pen ramble on; we are curious ourselves to see what it will tell; the dead Tom Mooney! He was the leader of the little choir. He, in his own unassuming way, would suddenly improvise. "Quartermaster Mooney of the 9th." How familiar the words we hear them echo from a hundred camps-- we hear them sounded after a score of battles - and we remember that the gallant fellow could never say twenty words consecutively without breaking in with --

"But boys, that's nothing to do with it -- where's Father Scully?" Few Priests in this world have a better or more devout friend, than had the subject of this memoir in poor, kindly hearted Tom Mooney, killed at Stoneman Switch on St. Patrick's Day, by being thrown from his horse during the festivities of that occasion. Truly he was a good son of the Church, and a finer Priest than Father Tom, or a nobler Regiment than the "Bloody Ninth, in his estimation never existed!

We have felt it necessary in this memoir of the Chaplain of the 9th Regiment, Mass. vol's. to dwell somewhat on matters which may appear autobiographical; we have felt it necessary, however, from the fact that we are writing here of that most exclusive of States Massachusetts, and of a citizen of it who, as a member of the 9th, is in a measure identified with its past and its present history.

For that reason if we have proved prosy to our readers will excuse us, and for another reason that we are now about to enter into the active life and military experiences of its Chaplain.

The Rev. Thomas Scully was born in the city of Limerick-- the grand old city of the "broken treaties" on the 24th day of March, 1833. This youth was schooled in two of the finest

cities of Ireland -- Cork and Dublin and, probably, that is the reason why he is so lacking of the fine Irish brogue. He began and finished his collegiate career in England at one of the principle colleges, completing his education in Philosophy and Theology under the beautiful skies of Italy. A desire to practicalize the studies of the Closet led him to visit America, where he arrived early in 1859, and was shortly afterward ordained Priest in Saint James Church in Boston by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick.

The first mission of our young Priest was in Roxbury (now known as Boston Highlands) and Dedham; which, at that time, comprised his Parish. Here he remained arduously engaged in fathering the interests of his flock until the breaking out of the War in which, as recorded before, he immediately assumed a place. We can have no better proof of the remarkable energy of Father Scully, than the fact of his short sojourn in the country and his immediately volunteering to leave a comfortable mission, and a well beloved flock, to encounter perils, fierce sufferings and probably death in order that the brave men who went forth to defend the Union might not die without the rites of their Church. We can have no better proof of the appreciation of his Bishop than the simple fact that he was immediately assigned to the grave and responsible position he voluntarily assumed - a thousand times more responsible than the cares of a mission, and in which he won for himself a name of equalled, certainly unsurpassed, by the brave and devoted soldiers of the cross, who so grandly associated themselves with the battles, miseries and tribulations of the Sons of the Church.

The appreciation of his bishop was still farther indicated by his visit to Long Island shortly after Father Scully had assumed his duties as pastor of the camp. On the occasion of his visit the Bishop seemed impressed with the onerous undertaking of the young clergyman, and felt more than ever satisfied with his selection of a chaplain - for in Father Tom he saw all the necessary elements combined for this peculiar phase of his holy vocation -- youth, courage, indomitable energy; a thorough contempt for difficulties and a natural faculty for winning the affection of his men. During that visit the Bishop bestowed his benediction on the troops; encouraged the men of the 9th to be true soldiers of Jesus Christ, as well as of the Republic, and distributed to every man a medal of the blessed Virgin Mary. He instructed them to love and obey their young Chaplain, who had sacrificed more than they, in honor and preferment in his Church, to be with them in their times of danger, and who would calmly follow them though every peril. In every possible way the good Bishop of Boston showed his anxiety for the young disciple and for the future of the gallant men with whom he had embarked his fortunes.

The story of the departure of the Chaplain and his regiment until their arrival at Fortress Munroe we need not tell. The pathetic incidents of separation; the cheers; the "good-byes"; the sweet and thrilling music of the band; a week's life aboard the Cambridge and Benford - the names of the transports -- all this our readers may imagine but our pen would

fail to describe.

Upon the arrival of the transports at Fortress Munroe Chaplain Scully accompanied Col. Cass and his officers to the fort and was then introduced to General Ben. T. Butler, since Governor of the state, at that time in command. The General was greatly pleased to see a Catholic Priest in the army, and expressed the wish that he had one with himself and his men, saying that "an army blessed with Priests could always fight well". The following Saturday the Regiment debarked at Washington, marched to the Arsenal yard and then encamped. The 9th at that place went to the Church of the Dominican Friars, where Mass was said by Father Scully and devoutly attended to by the officers and men.

We cannot pass this portion of our narrative without relating a comical incident, which illustrates the position occupied by the different Chaplains (Protestant and others) in the army during that early period of the war.

While in Washington, at the time above referred to, Father Scully received an invitation to be present at a meeting of Chaplains. The purposes of the meeting were not stated. Father Tom of course imagined that it was a gathering of Catholic clergymen to organize a system and uniformity of organization which might be of moment to themselves and their military flock after entering into active service in the field. In this belief he attended the gathering - or, it might be better styled, convention - and was somewhat surprised to meet a great number of Protestant ministers holding council together upon the following, to them, truly important issues ; to wit:-

"I. Army Chaplains should be graded as follows. Luet's. Captains; Majors; Lt. Colonels; colonels; Brigadier Generals (none of them to be privates however!)

II. Said chaplains to be paid according to rank.

III. The uniform to be similar to that worn by the army - the insignia of Rank however, to be worn embroidered upon the breast."

Such was the basis of the call of this convention. Such the platform upon which they had, in caucus, determined to stand.

Having elected a president and other necessary officers, the meeting was formally called to order.

"Mr. President!" were the first words that fell upon the ears of the assembly. A tall, gaunt, dark visaged man, robed in garments somewhat the worse for wear, with a soiled white linen gathered under his chin, syllabled the above portentous words.

"Mr. President:

Of the importance of this occasion no man among us can doubt. The country is in a difficult situation; who is right or who is wrong none of us need take the responsibility of judging - the Amerikin bird is in danger - our lives air precious and having a stake - Rank an' money, that's the stake, an' feller ministers, that stake must come from the rump of the country! Generals air gettin' big pay; politishuns air speculatin' - an' if we keep on, our meat will come from the horn of the Keow! This meeting is called for elevatin' ourself, an' Lord knows we need elevatin'!

So I purpose the follerin petition:"

And the Rev. Gentleman presented a paper asking to be graded as above and paid according to grade. He had no sooner resumed his seat than another assumed his place.

"There's ~~any~~ a time tew fix oneself better than when the enemy is in danger -- whar's the danger an' whar's the enemy? I hev left a congregation of nigh on a hindred folks who air charmed with my gospil talk and whold give a selery of 'bout three hundred dollars -- but I'd rether come here an' fight for the Kentry than take it. Neow I agree with Brother Silas - we hev the country on the hip - Now's the time to strike for ay en rank -- I indorse them air resolves!"

Others followed in the same strain ; but the importance as well as the grave matter of this chapter will not allow us to dilate upon what followed; our design being simply to present the reader with the part taken in this convention by Father Scully who was an amused spectator of the scene.

During the debate upon the petition many eyes had been turned toward him; every man in the meeting saw in a moment that he was not one of themselves - but they imagined that the almighty dallar influenced him as well as the other members of that memorable body. The President of the Convention finally called upon the Rev. Mr. Scully, chaplain of the 9th M.V. Father Tom arose; he spoke as solemnly as if he were addressing his people from the Altar:

"Gentlemen: I cannot join you in your movement upon the Government. She has enemies without - I am sorry to learn that She has foes within. I have a higher rank than the President or the Congress of the United States can give to man! I am a Catholic Priest! I labor in the service of God. He is my paymaster. My men will support me, and I need not to trouble the Government of this nation. Now sadly troubled indeed to do that which my Church commands me to do without money and without price; but if my vote will be of any use to you gentlemen, for I know you have families depending upon you, I hope that you may be all Generals and be paid as such!" and with a quiet bow and quizzical smile, Father Tom went from among them.

The stay of Father Scully and his Regiment in Washington was of short duration; for, a day or two after their arrival, they took up their march for an available spot called Emarts Farm, and afterwards, Wool's Hill; here the men soon fixed themselves comfortably and awaited events.

In a few days they were startled by the thunder of the guns at Bull Run. The news came to them that the Union arms had experienced an overwhelming and disasterous defeat!

We remember well the condition of Washington at that time. The stores were deserted and the doors flung open, nobody to sell goods and nobody to steal them. Wounded soldiers lying about on every hand; where the people had disappeared to it was impossible to tell. The day too, was wet and dismal when the news of the defeat reached the 9th Regiment. It had but little effect on the boys however; they were only anxious to come in contact with the enemy and give an additional touch to the magnificent picture painted by the glorious 69th Regiment of New York, under the gallant Corcoran, upon the men-

orable occasion referred to.

At Emarts Farm the 9th was visited by Governor Andrew of Massachusetts. It is no wonder that this distinguished man was a general favorite with Irish officers and soldiers. The domestics in his family were Irish and Catholic, he would employ no others and when he called upon the Regiment in this camp he brought with him blessed medals and prayer books to present to the brothers of two of his domestics enlisted in the 9th. He visited the tent of Father Scully who sent for the men, to whom his Excellency presented the Sacred emblems and expressed the great pleasure it gave him to bring them to the boys in person; he then entered into conversation with them, and when he departed he shook them cordially by the hand, and was loudly cheered as he left the camp.

From Emarts Farm the Regiment crossed the Potomac, pitching its camp at Arlington heights, where the boys were received with bonfires, lighted by the gallant 69th N.Y. -- with cheers and other tokens of joy. Here Fort Corcoran and Fort Cass were built for the better protection of the Capitol. In these labors the two Irish Regiments worked side by side harmoniously together and at one time expected and wished to be Brigaded. This was not to be, however, much to the disappointment of both.

Shortly after their arrival at this camp the men of the 9th Regiment got together a generous fund which they presented to their beloved Pastor, requesting him to purchase a Chapel Tent. This was soon done and the Regiment became the owner of as fine a chapel tent as was in the army of the Potomac. The men were never backward in coming to the assistance of the young Priest, rather anticipating than awaiting an expression of his wishes. Quarter-Master Mooney after the purchase of the Tent became more active than ever, and was soon engaged in organizing a choir; and, as he came from a family of musicians, this work he accomplished most successfully for the 9th could boast many excellent singers. The Chapel Tent was dedicated at Falls Church by a High Mass; and, it was a grand and solemn celebration.

It was not only attended by the soldiers of the 9th Regiment, but brave men gathered from all quarters to worship God and witness the holy ceremonies of the true Church. With the low tones of the priest would sometimes mingle the clash of arms; the roll of drums; the quick sharp words of command from some marching squad performing a necessary duty. Sometimes the sharp crack of a picket rifle would fall upon the ear, but above and beyond all the rich and powerful voices of the soldier choir would ascend to the Heavens -- its solemn strains affecting every heart witnessing that Martial scene.

Chapter X.

Vespers and Confession in Camp -- Burial of Sergeant Regan -- Praying under difficulties -- Hearing the Confessions of the men under fire -- Services on the Peninsula -- the Address to the "Home Guard" -- His capture and escape -- A night in the Swamps -- A prisoner again -- A brutal officer -- Taken to Richmond -- Father Tieling -- His release and return to army life -- Succeeding incidents -- His failing health-- He leaves the army and returns to Boston.

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

Falls Church in Virginia was succeeded by the desperate fields of the Peninsula; by camp California, better known as Camp Misery; by Yorktown's bloody front; and the battle of Hanover Court House where fell the first victim of the Ninth Regiment, Sergeant Regan who was eminently a good soldier and a good man. Of course being the first victim of the War, so far as the 9th was concerned, he was buried with military honors. His funeral was grand and impressive; his grave was blessed and an affecting discourse delivered by the Chaplain. A short time before he was killed, as if anticipating his approaching end, he took from his finger an engagement ring which he beseeched the Rev. Father to forward to his betrothed in the event of his death and Father Scully complied with his request.

At Yorktown our unflinching Chaplain continued the services of the Church, Rosary being said every evening in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Cannon balls fell thick and fast about the man of God; Death held carnival in the air and on the ground, and here and there the groans of the wounded and dying might be heard-- but the voice of the Priest could be heard as calmly uttering the divine word as if he had been securely ensconced in his own Church in Roxbury.

We recall another instance of this calm heroism at the first Bull Run, to which field Father Scully had been invited by Colonel Corcoran. Here, in a dry ditch, he heard the confessions of the men of the 69th nor budged his body nor bowed his head, except to the name of Jesus, more potent than bullets though the deadly missiles of war shrieked and struck around him all impatient to harm.

This calm, enduring bravery witnessed upon scores of occasions, could not fail to win the admiration and respect of Protestant officers and men. In fact, it did much to elevate the character of these men of God, who could, upon all occasions, be seen in the thick of the fight valiantly and unostentatiously doing their holy duty.

It was not long before his name of our chaplain became well known among all classes of men and many who before had been prejudiced against a Catholic now gave them their full meed of praise and respect.

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

The onerous duties of a priest upon the Peninsula could not be otherwise than extremely distressing. A lack of any kind of decent accommodations; continually moving about from here to there; marching and fighting, and almost all the time without shelter in a rainy season, it is little wonder that even the indomitable Father Scully would succumb; he fell very sick, and leave was granted him to return to Boston to recruit; The Rev. Father reluctantly took leave of his brave boys and for a short time sojourned in Boston. Upon arriving there, being bearded like a Pard, he was mistaken for an Oriental Priest when he said Mass in one of the city churches. When it was learned by the Public that it was Father Scully of the 9th there was a furor to see him; he became the rage.

After a short visit to Boston, Father Scully returned to his Regiment, very much against the advice of his physicians, and finding them at Gaines Mills resumed his ~~arduous~~ arduous labors; these labors now became far heavier than ever before for he performed services in two divisions, no other Chaplain being at hand. He might be seen continually going among the hospitals, hearing confession, consoling the wounded and, in a hundred ways, assisting the boys to make themselves comfortable in camp. The enthusiasm of Father Scully in his holy work often led him into danger; this was especially the case at Gaines Mills where the Rev. Gentleman was taken prisoner by the Confederates; Father Scully however, was not the man to remain with them longer than he could help; So, darkness coming on, he put his wits to work and soon found an opportunity. The night had fallen and it was a dreary and cheerless one indeed. Scarcely a star twinkled in the sky, and taking advantage of the drowsiness of his guard, the brave Priest, crept away under the cover of the darkness in the direction of Chickahominy Swamp. Soon he found himself floundering about in that awful bog, desperately striving to make his way in the direction of the Union lines. It was a terrible work, rendered still more difficult by the fact that he lost his boots in the swamp; and, if he lost his way, he might feel pretty sure at least of being recaptured.

Several shots were fired after him by the guard upon discovering his escape, but none succeeded in hitting him; at last towards morning, hungry, sick, and half dead, to his own joy and the unbounded delight of his men, he reached camp where after detailing his adventures, he partook of refreshments and then retired for the rest he greatly needed.

At Malvern Hill Father Tom was again unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the enemy, owing to his earnest desire to be with his boys in the thick of the fight. This time he was captured by South Carolina soldiers. The Colonel of these men was a big brawny brute of a Huguenot (or rather a descendent of that fiercely bigoted race). When this fellow learned that Father Scully was a Catholic priest, and in the Union army, his rage knew no bounds! He abused the young clergyman in the foulest manner! Being unable to upset his patience, he drew his revolver and, (will the reader believe it?) the cowardly brute placed it at the brow of this unarmed follower of God and threatened to blow about his brains! Were this act done to a miserable prisoner of the lowest grade it would have been cowardly; to a man of peace -- a follower of Christ, whose standard was the cross -- it was a thousand times worse than cowardice -- even his own soldiers were horrified at his act and probably that was the reason he refrained from executing his murderous and fiendish threat! This manly? officer, not satisfied with thus abusing Father Tom, turned the vials of his wrath upon the honored name of Archbishop Hughes cussing him roundly and cursing the Irish who were helping the "black hearted nutmeg-peddling Yankees!"

While a prisoner with this man's command our Priest was visited by a sergeant of the Confederates, who beseeched him to hear his confession; this the Priest consented to do -- the man confessing to Father Scully standing in the attitude of conversation to avoid notice. Upon arriving at "Savage's Station" Father Scully was turned over to the General commanding the Brigade at that place and was treated very kindly by him -- his sister being a convert to Catholicity. This officer on his departure gave him a letter to Col. Windor-Provost Marshal at Richmond, asking for our clergyman every indulgence -- this Windor reluctantly granted giving Father Scully permission to confine himself to the pastors residence in Richmond -- The Mission of the Rev. Father Tieling-who had been a chaplain with the Confederates at Bull Run.

Here Father Tom remained. Saying Mass one Sunday, and thereby giving great offence to the Southern Catholic they sent a petition to Jeff. Davis, who forwarded it to Bishop McGill*, of Richmond, who in referring to it from the Pulpit the following Sunday, took occasion to gravely exconate these meddlers, telling that it was not for laymen to interfere with the affairs of the Church which were the affairs of God and warning them in future against such a course.

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

Hundreds of times on the march and in the saddle has Father Scully heard confessions, not only from his own men but from scores who only knew him as the soldier Priest. It

*This learned prelate died on the 14th of January, 1872

would be impossible to enumerate the nature of the various duties this young, energetic and cool headed priest assumed from writing letters for the men to kneeling beside the wounded and dying on the field.

Strange as it may appear he passed unscathed through his innumerable dangers as if protected, especially for his holy work, by God Himself!

Men have fallen dead beside him whilst he was engaged in tendering the consolation of our holy religion to some dying son of the Church. Cannon balls have plunged into the ground, covering him with earth but he faltered not -- his bearing was an example and encouragement to the men and the gallant fellows profited by it. Hundreds of dying men have often said to him on the field of battle after he had listened to their confession, "Ah, Father Scully I can die happy now - pray for me - don't get killed yourself!" And scores of others such expressions which showed how truly his invaluable services were appreciated.

Our Chaplain would visit the hospitals upon every possible occasion, for there, generally, he would find somebody who needed his offices -- The men found great consolation in these visits, and always, no matter how much they suffered, greeted him with a smile of welcome. Upon one occasion he visited an hospital in Virginia filled with negro soldiers. Upon opening the door he said to the inmates, pleasantly. "Good morning any Catholics here?"

"No sar!" exclaimed one of them, "we is all frum Virginny!"

Pay day in the 9th Regiment was always a responsible as well as troublesome day for Father Scully - as he was entrusted with the money to deliver it at Adams Express. We recall one of these occasions which was attended with considerable danger. The road to Fortress Munroe at that time was a very bad one to travel- Father Scully had in his possession 22,000 dollars of the soldiers money, for the express. Shortly after his departure from camp the attention of the Priest was directed to the suspicious conduct of three brawny villainous looking men who had been following him for some time; they were moving on in such a way that he was in a manner surrounded. In an instant Father Scully surmised their purpose -- pulling forth his revolver he cocked it, saying calmly, "My men I am going ahead; if one of you attempt to follow or molest me, I'll drive a bullet through his head!"

The men hesitated a moment and then concluded that probably Catholic priests are about like other brave men when in trouble. Had Father Scully been robbed at that time there is not the slightest doubt but that he would have been murdered too; his body flung into the woods to become food for the hungry half-wild hogs which infested them -- in fact all traces of him would have been lost -- what, let our readers conjecture, would the world have said in view of such a fact? When Father Scully assumed the responsibility of taking that 22,000 dollars to Fortress Munroe he knew the danger he would encounter, but he never shirked a duty and he knew his men had unbounded faith in him.

Father Scully was not satisfied with keeping the men up

to what we call the "mark" in their morals and social duties. He went far beyond that, his aim being to make the men better than he found them and to send them to their homes, such of them as lived, with a higher appreciation of the duties of life and better guarded by the rules of their religion than when they first donned their soldier garb.

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

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

The men leaped to their feet and disappeared leaving quite a heavy stake behind them, together with their artillery in the shape of cards, all of which the attacking party confiscated for the behoof and benefit of the Church:-

"Well, boys" said one of the men one day, after they had been so treated. "He don't do no more than Cromwell did himself -- he used to conwhiscate money from the Church in the same way, and now our Priest is thryin' the same aisy gaine on us!"

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

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

While in the anecdotal humor we may as well relate an incident which happened at one of the Ferrys on the Potomac and which illustrates alike the discipline of the men of the 9th Regiment and the high respect in which they held the Reverend subject of our sketch.

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

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

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Upon being assured that the 9th was the Regiment, he signed the roll with alacrity and proved himself one of the best fighting men among its members -- but to return. Hinckly happened to be on hand when Father Scully arrived, and heard the Captain of the boat tell him that he was crowded. Our hero cast his eyes over the boat and ascertained that there was plenty of room for a few more. Turning to the clergyman he said in his peculiarly quiet way:--

"Neow I aint no Cathlic, but the Irish 9th is my crowd an' my Chaplain's got tew git aboard that air boat -- so here goes!"

And Father Scully having by this time dismounted, Hickly clasped his arms around the barrel of the horse and lifting him bodily from the ground he carried him aboard the Ferry to the rage of the captain and the unbounded astonishment of the passengers. Of course Father Scully was compelled to follow his "natty nag" which he did with ill-concealed delight. Hinckly got aboard also to see that "that air chaplain of his'n shouldn't be interfered with while he was 'round!"

After his wonderful exhibition of strength it is unnecessary to say that both himself and his chaplain were treated with the highest respect.

We might easily fill a volume with anecdotes and adventures of the subject of this sketch but the space allotted to our work peremptorily forbids our dwelling in extenso upon them -- indeed it is not necessary, our design being merely to present illustrations of the trials, sufferings, and patient endurance of the Chaplain of the 9th Mass. Volunteers; of the faithful and energetic manner in which he performed his holy and responsible duties, which won for him a reputation outside the limits of the 9th Regiment which will live long in the military annals of the nation, and gave him a warm corner in the brave hearts of more than a thousand men, among the living of whom, his name today is as familiar as a household word. Few living Priests have shrived as many gallant men as he; few have witnessed such heroic death scenes; few indeed have encountered so many dangers; met them so bravely and passed through them so triumphantly, --until worn down at last by the burden he assumed - broken by marches, and much suffering in the field, to the regret of the gallant men he was at last compelled to leave them and return once more to Boston. In bidding farewell to the Regiment the men were affected to tears he carried home with him the blessings and good wishes of the weather beaten and war marked braves, and hundreds of kindly messages to the friends and relations of the men he so reluctantly left behind him.

After a period of rest and quiet he returned to his pastorate and finally became permanently settled in his present large and important mission in Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, where in the midst of a loving and appreciative people he is now laboring with his usual energy and assiduity.

Chapter XI.

Rev. Peter Tissot, S.J.

Chaplain 37 N.Y. Vol.

The application to Archbishop Hughes for a Chaplain to the 37th -- Father Tissot appointed -- His zeal in the service and obedience to orders -- His narrow escape at Fair Oaks -- The Capture -- His duties in camp and services in the field -- Raising a New Flag -- Father Tissot's prayer and address -- His exertions to raise money to send to Ireland -- How the soldiers loved and revered him.

Long before the complete organization of the 37th N.Y. Vol. formerly known as the 75th Regt of State Militia, or "Irish Rifles." When, as yet, no commissions had been issued to the officers and the men were kept in barracks at Broadway Park, Bloomingdale Road, it was suggested by Adjutant Cornelius Murphy and Dr. O'Meagher that a deputation should wait on Archbishop Hughes requesting him to appoint a chaplain for the regiment. Accordingly a committee of the officers waited on his grace, to represent the general wish of all, at the same time requesting the appointment of Rev. M. Meagher S.J. who had previously when asked by the Doctor, expressed his willingness to accompany the regiment provided he could be spared from his college duties and authorized by his Superior. But other important work had been assigned this reverend gentleman, who was subsequently sent on a mission to Quebec, and, the Rev. Peter Tissot of the same order was at once appointed. Father Tissot then professor in St. John's College, Fordham, N.Y. But, at the call of duty, like a true soldier of the cross, with all the ardor of his illustrious order, he abandoned his books his classes and collegiate quiet for the din of arms, the field of battle, the hardships and privations of a soldier's life, for all of which, surely, there is no one so well adapted as well by tradition as by profound knowledge of human nature and the military discipline reserved by the followers of Loyola, the Soldier Saint. The regiment received him with the utmost respect and he forthwith set to work at his sacred ~~work~~ calling.

Father Tissot was born a subject of the King of Sardinia in the year 1823, in the ancient Duchy of Savoy, since ceded to France to which it originally belonged by right as well as by its kindred population which is chiefly French. That his early life gave promise of more than ordinary grace and goodness no one who has had the happiness of even a casual acquaintance with him could fail to perceive in later years. His preliminary studies were completed at the Jesuit College of Milan, within shadow of the grand old Cathedral of St. Charles Borromeo, when no doubt he distinguished himself by studious habits, devotion to learning, piety, absorbing zeal and patient perseverance, all which qualities he afterwards exhibited on their greatest perfection, and practical application to the Salvation of his fellow men, for whose

spiritual welfare he always shows the most affectionate solicitude, never wavering in his efforts to bring back stray sheep by gentle persuasion to the peaceful pasture and the security of the fold. His classical attainments were of the highest order.

From the almost monastic seclusion of the College of Milan he was sent to the United States, when he arrived in the year 1846, and immediately commenced his theological studies in St. Johns College, preparatory to ordination for the American Mission. At the conclusion of this course he was ordained by Archbishop Bedini, when that distinguished prelate visited the United States, in the capacity of Papal Nuncio.

When Father Tissot first joined the 37th, his health was so much impaired by constant study and close attention to the routine duties of a college professorship, to which his priestly functions were superadded, that some apprehensions were felt and expressed by anxious friends as to his physical ability to endure the hardships of campaign life, but ~~th~~^{his} fears were speedily dissipated, for before the regiment had been long in camp, a gradual and steady improvement taking the place of extreme debility, the flush of health soon irradiating his pale and wasted cheeks, and emaciation resulting from ascetic habits, studious and prayerful visits giving way to a state of physical health to which he had long been a stranger.

He soon adapted himself, with the well-known facility of his illustrious Order to the strictest discipline of a soldiers life, being always one of the first to obey orders, and among the earliest "to pack his knapsack", and fall into line, ready to move, even at the most unseasonable hours, observing a most enviable coolness and self-possession in the midst of the most bewildering hustle and confusion, hurry and excitement, incident to sudden military movements caused by the ~~fe~~^{ear} approach or presence of danger. On such occasions it was an impressive and memorable sight to see the good Father's quarters crowded by a throng of eager penitents, who not only committed to him their spiritual burthens, but fairly loaded him down with deposits of money, watches, jewelry, letters, testamentary deeds, and ~~any~~^{any} conceivable article which it was desirable to preserve for absent relations. The good souls thought that he at least would be secure and sacred from molestation, but with all this, his burning zeal and devotion to duty often urged him into the thickest of the fight, and on more than one occasion ~~at~~^{his} life was in imminent danger for at Fair Oaks his horse was shot under him and again he was taken prisoner and carried to Richmond ~~w~~^{where} he was obliged to go on foot, the enemy having appropriated his horse.

When the orders to move admitted of no delay, and the men could not leave their ranks, he was constantly among them, encouraging, advising, listening to hasty communications, and when immediate action was imminent, and there was no time for even a hurried prayer, he would pronounce a general benediction which all received with bared heads, reverently bowed. After such an inspiration, even a coward learns to be a soldier and the brave man is invincible.

During an engagement he was hovering around the field of battle, riding hither and thither, wherever the indications were that the fight was hottest; ready to succor all, without exception, physically and spiritually, and to the wounded soldier no face was more familiar than that of the chaplain of the 37th. Every one knew and loved him, from the general in chief down to the lowest camp follower.

After the battle, then his labors accumulated to such an extent, and his activity became so energetic, that, for a delicate frame, his physical endurance seemed superhuman; It was sustained only by the most intense interest and zeal he manifested for the service of his Master.

In camp his duties were equally engrossing. Before his own quarters could be rendered tolerably comfortable, his chapel claimed the first attention. Mass was celebrated every morning, and after that confessions were heard, letters written and received, visitors flocking from all parts of the Army to avail themselves of the good father's services -- Among these it was quite common to see officers of every grade from the Major general to the second Lieutenant, kneeling devoutly in the little chapel preparatory to confession and communion. The French princes Jomaille and Chartres were frequent visitors both at Sunday Mass and on other occasions - Numberless converts were received and instructed, among whom even three Major Generals and their families and such was the respect entertained for Father Tissot that crowds attended his services from all the neighboring regiments in preference to those of their own chaplains, and so universal was the feeling of reverence for his character that Protestant chaplains yielded him the palm with an easy grace. But his modesty and humility were such as to disarm even jealousy, and his great tolerance and love for all endeared him to even the hardened and depraved who to please the good man would feign a virtue they could not feel.

With all his intense zeal and absorbing interest in the work of his master, he was never morose, dull or forbidding in general society-; on the contrary, he was quietly gay, and playful as a boy, interesting himself in the conversation whatever it might be, chatty, social, unassuming, full of charity for the great and little foibles of poor humanity, so gentle in reproof that the heart was touched at once and humbled without an effort. A splendid scholar in ancient and modern literature, he rarely showed his great learning, except to a bookworm like himself, and his delight was to puzzle his companion, not so much by a display of knowledge, as by asking for information which he alone could impart. Extremely temperate in eating and drinking, he would be naturally a great restraint on the freedom and indulgence of a military mess-table, but he had the happiest knack of seeming to ignore the little excesses or improprieties of those with whom he associated, so that the fault was corrected and atoned for, spontaneously, as it were, but in reality because of the silent influence of his presence. Thus without seeming to do so he gave tone to his associates who learned, apparently without an effort to adapt themselves to the good

man's example, and the officers mess was always a model of quiet rational employment.

He took a deep interest in everything connected with the regiment, its good name the temporal as well as spiritual welfare of all its members. For all these purposes he kept a roster of the entire regiment which included not only their names, but their addresses at home and the names of their nearest relatives. This he kept with such perfect system that he was frequently referred to for information which could not be obtained from the proper officers.

Into all the patriotic celebration of the turn he entered with the heartiest concurrence, and in this way nothing was ever attempted without his cooperation and approval. Thus, while the regiment was encamped near Alexandria in the early part of January 1862, on the occasion of raising a new national flag, the ceremonial was marked by a most impressive religious ceremonial. An altar was erected at the foot of the flag staff, and after Mass at which the whole brigade assisted, including General Richardson and wife, Father Tissot pronounced a fervent prayer, "begging God to defend the cause of the right and unity against rebellion, war and dissension of every kind. He prayed that peace with its countless blessings would again pervade the land, from the snow clad hills of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and East and West from ocean to ocean. For more than three quarters of a century the stars and Stripes had been the emblem of a united people; had floated proudly amid the boundless wealth of commerce, in every sea and mart, in every quarter of the globe, respected and feared by despots, but to peoples who longed and yearned for liberty, it was a beacon light, guiding them westward to liberty and empire "no pent up Ithaca", but a boundless wealth of continents. He hoped his hearers of the 37th would bring back the flag without a stain of dishonor imprinted on its sacred folds. He exhorted them to behave like men and good Christians, and thereby merit honor and reward not alone from earthly superiors, but from God, the Lord and ruler of all. In conclusion he begged them to persevere in the same line of good conduct for which they were so far remarkable and for this end most desirable he would not cease to offer up his most fervent supplications to the throne of Grace. The good father then blessed the flag in the most solemn manner, every head in the large assembly bared, and bowed in reverence, and the flag was hauled up, a gently breeze unfolding its ample proportions, amid such an outburst of enthusiasm as the hills of Fairfax had never before witnessed. Colonel Hayman was greatly delighted and said he felt deeply moved to behold such an impressive sight. The flag of his country was never before so dear as now when the blessing of God was asked for it by the good and beloved chaplain. After the ceremony, the officers present were invited to the Colonel's quarters where a collation had been prepared. The invitations included Generals Richardson, Ex. Thomas Francis Meagher, Colonels O. M. Poe of the 2 Mich., Wyatt of the 69th Brigade - And the chaplain of course was

there to say grace, and by his presence give the entertainment additional honor".

Again when a subscription for the relief of their kindred in Ireland was started in the regiment, Father Tissot took charge of it and sent quite a handsome sum to Archbishop, afterwards Cardinal Cullen which was publicly acknowledged with thanks and blessings to the subscribers.

Occasionally the good priest would be inveigled into an impromptu race either by the Colonel or some other mounted officer especially if there happened to be any question of his horse's speed or endurance. And, though not a good horseman, he made it a point not to be beaten too often or too much. He thus acquired considerable skill in riding and it served him well in the prosecution of his sacred functions throughout the Army and also in regaining his health and keeping it up to the standard required to sustain his incessant labors.

With these Soldiers of Loyola the devotion is so profoundly intense and absorbing, that earth and hell combined cannot crush it, even martyrdom serves only to inflame it more and make it triumphant in the end; The Jesuits knowledge of mankind is so extensive that he is never at a loss, though his mission may be in the most widely separated regions of earth in the full blaze of civilized intelligence, or the lowest stratum of human existence, when the soul seems to be a mere animal instinct, and the only gleam of intelligence that illumines the dense darkness of the brutal savage is the agent of cruelty and destruction.

Good bye, dear Father Tissot! May you have long to bless mankind and guide the rising generations, who sadly need your example and teaching. And O, remember your poor "Irish Rifles" in your holy prayers. And when sin and temptation shall assail us, your sweet, sad pitying face will rise up before our mortal sight and beckon us once more into the right way and be our guiding star to Heaven.

Chapter XII.

Rev. Thomas Willett S.J.

Chaplain 69 N.Y. Vol.

His reception by the officers and men -- How he cheered the men on board the transport -- Mass at Alexandria, Va. -- Solemnity of the scene -- His raids against gambling, cursing and drinking -- Sending the soldiers money home -- Father Willett in the field -- Preparing the men before battle -- His services under Foster -- A high compliment -- He returns to the 69th -- His zeal and services -- Leaves the army at the close of the war.

When the 69th N.Y. Vols, the pioneer regiment of the now celebrated Irish Brigade, left New York for the city of Washington on the 18th of November 1861 it consisted not only of a full compliment of picked men, but was officered by soldiers many of whom had already seen service in this country and Europe, and all, Field, staff and line possessing the unlimited confidence of the men to whom they were destined to govern and lead through many stormy scenes of warfare and hardship. Of these latter one of the most valuable though at the time least conspicuous was the Rev. Thomas Willett, (called in his own language Onelletto) the chaplain. He was a native of lower Canada of French descent and speech, and his supple wirey physique and quick brilliant eye denoting at once great physical endurance and perpetual watchfulness, bespoke equally his Norman descent and his capacity to perform the arduous duties imposed on him by his calling and by the stern rules of the illustrious order which claimed him as a member. Modest in dress and demeanor, courteous, even winning in speech yet unflinching in the performance of the sacred duties of his office, he easily won the love and respect of all classes.

His entire control over the men of the Regiment was first conspicuous in the occasion of their departure from New York in the steamboat for Perth Amboy, when filled with reports natural to men leaving families and homes to meet many and uncertain dangers, they gave way for the time to all the impulses of their varied natures, recklessness, grief, simulated hilarity, and in a few cases, very few indeed, to profanity. It was then seen how salutary an effect can be produced by the presence of a Catholic priest on a large mass of men so moved to excitement as to be almost beyond the control of their officers. All night long in the deck of the government transport, flitting to and fro might be seen the small lithe form of the chaplain and his voice be heard, reproving in low but emphatic accents the unreasonably boisterous or consoling in tender words those whose soft natures had overcome them for the moment. So efficacious indeed was his ministration during this their first trial that when the morning sun dawned on the regiment as it marched through the streets of Philadelphia, a more steady, contented and even cheerful body of men could not have been seen under any circumstances or any portion of the continent.

The 69th proceeded, via Baltimore, to the national Capital and encamped at Meridian Hill for some days, where a temporary Chapel was quickly constructed and the following Sunday the Divine Sacrifice of the Mass was attended by the Regiment and a large number of officers and men from the neighboring camps. On the last day of November the Regiment was ordered to the front and crossing the Long Bridge, bivouaced for the night near Alexandria, Va. The night was cold and rainy, but the morning, Sunday, broke with all the glorious radiance of a Southern autumn. The field on which the men had courted sleep was quickly alive with groups of soldiers hastily preparing breakfast or adjusting their accouterments previous to marching, when just as the sun's rays brightened Fort Elsworth, the silvery voice of a little bell was heard to resound on the clear air, and laying aside all occupation the soldiers hastened reverentially to a particular part of the field, where but a few minutes before had sprung up as if by magic, a simple wall tent containing an Altar, tabernacle and lighted candles. Here also was Father Willett robed in appropriate vestments prepared to celebrate his first mass in Virginia, in the presence of the uncovered troops who knelt silently on the damp ground of a State which was destined to prove the last resting place of too many of their number. Few who were present on that occasion will forget the solemnity of the scene, intensified as it was by a general sense of dangers and perhaps sudden death before them, nor was their one of that armed host that did not eagerly and deeply drink in the words of warning, hope and encouragement which for more than an hour flowed from the good Father's lips. The perverse were softened, the dejected comforted and all resumed their military labors with better feelings.

Being soon joined by the other regiments of the Brigade the 69th remained in Camp California, four miles from Alexandria until April of the Following year, with the exception of a short time spent in the neighborhood of Manassa, and Warrington Junction previous to its departure for the Peninsula. While thus in Winter quarters a rude but spacious canvas church was constructed, which was crowded every Sunday by worshipers, a large percentage of whom were usually communicants, for the Chaplain was not content with his ordinary duties at the Altar but devoted his evenings to hearing confessions and personally visiting the quarters of the men. Indeed his zeal was untiring for day and night he might be found among the tents, comforting the sick repressing turbulence and occasionally joining in the pleasant conversation of the camp fire groups. Gambling and profanity -- the two besetting sins of the soldiers, -- though generally discouraged in the Irish Brigade, were not unknown, and against them as well as intemperance, the heaviest force of his eloquence and logic was directed, with an efficiency that ~~was~~ almost ~~almost~~ eradicated these vices from the Camp of the 69th. During this time also the regiment received its first installment of pay and by the assistance and under the direction of the Chaplain thousands of dollars were sent home to wives and

children, that otherwise would have been squandered at the gaming table or what was nearly as bad in the Suttler's Canteen. In fact throughout the whole time of his connection with the Army Father Willett paid special attention and devoted much of his time to the transmission of the hard earned wages of the too heedless soldiers, not a dollar of which failed to reach its proper destination, and to his unfaltering efforts many an household in New York and elsewhere were indebted for those periodical supplies of money, which if they did not compensate for the absence of the beloved father or husband, lightened their sorrows and showed that amid the din of battles, home and its comforts were not forgotten.

Father Willett accompanied his regiment in all its battles from Yorktown to Antietam, with the same religious fervor which at first distinguished him. His powers of enduring the fatigues of the march and the bivouac, the pangs of hunger and the inclemency of a climate proverbially destructive of animal life, even such as very frequently to elicit the astonishment and the envy of the most robust soldier, while his disregard of personal danger on the battle field, often excited the apprehension of his devoted flock for his safety. In anticipation of each recurring engagement, it was his custom to bend every energy of his mind to prepare by Confession and Communion the soldiers under his spiritual command to face the coming danger, and then when the hour of actual combat had arrived, and a very few moments might see them in Eternity the good soldier of the Cross unheeding the bullets that fell around him would solemnly pass through the kneeling ranks and administer to the postulants a conditional absolution. This done he took up his position near the scene of action as the rules of the service would permit ready to administer the last rites of the Church to the wounded and dying as they were born from the field. But his labors did not even end here. The field hospital with its thousand of maimed and groaning victims was his next sphere of action, and it is well attested that on many occasions after a great battle he would spend days and nights continuously among the wounded without food or rest, assisting the Surgeons and nursing the sufferers, very often administering medicine and washing their scars with his own hands.

Death and disease having reduced the Irish Brigade to a mere handful, and there being two other Chaplains attached to it, Father Willett, in the winter of 1862-3, left the 69th with the regrets and good wishes not only of his own Regiment but of every officer and man in the entire Division - for he was known to all - and departed for North Carolina to be attached to General Foster's command. Some years afterwards, a member of the 69th happening to be in Washington in conversation with an officer, a Protestant, who had held a high rank in the army, enquiries were being made for old

friends and particularly for Father Willet, when the General turning to a group of brother officers said, "In fact Gentlemen, the only real Chaplains we had in the army were Catholic priests and the Rev. Mr. Willet was the best I ever saw."

Father Willet remained several months in the South, still laboring indefatigably among all classes, military, naval and civil, and being the only priest in that rush department at the time, he had sometimes to travel sixty miles to say Mass for some isolated group of poor Catholics. His health beginning to give way he was ordered back to New York where he ~~remained~~ ^{resumed} the ordinary exercise of his functions at St. Francis Xaviers College in 16th Street. Meanwhile the 69th at length reduced to about a hundred effective men, was sent home on recruiting service and was reorganized by the addition of eight new companies under the command of some of the most efficient officers of the old Brigade who had previously been honorably mustered out of service for want of commands. These gentlemen seconded by the enlisted men were naturally anxious to have a Chaplain return with them to the front and of course preferred Father Willet whose valuable services in the past were the subject of general admiration. At their unanimous request Lt. Col. McGee, then at the head of the regiment, applied to the Superior of the Jesuits in New York to have their old Chaplain restored to them and that distinguished ecclesiastic replied favorably but left the choice of going or remaining in the more tranquil scenes of ~~domestic~~ cloister life to the Rev. Father himself. Though long familiar with the dangers and hardships of camp life the zealous father did not hesitate a moment in his choice. He could not withstand the entreaties of the remnant of that flock so endeared to him by many ties of affection and common suffering, and the regiment feeling safe under his ministration returned to the battle field with renewed ardor.

Before their departure however the returned veterans were to receive a county bounty of three hundred dollars each, and Father Willet entered in his duties by providing himself with paper and envelopes, and might be seen each successive day in the paymasters office hard at work writing and directing letters for the men, in which were enclosed to their relations a very large proportion, in some cases the entire of the bounty money. Considering the temptations to spend money recklessly presented by a large city like New York to men recently returned after years of active service, the results of his presence and advice in this case ^{can} hardly be overestimated, and it is a fact highly honorable to the veterans and their officers that within four hours after the issuance of the order for their departure, and though scattered in New York and the cities in the vicinity, they ~~were~~ ^{were} promptly at the place of rendezvous ready for embarkation, every man answering the roll call, and not one showing signs of the least dissipation, so much to be apprehended from a month's residence in the Metropolis.

The devoted Chaplain, of course, accompanied the regiment on its return and remained with it till the close of the war.

His second term of service presented the same succession of indefatigable labors as the first. His ardor in the cause of religion knew no bounds. Finding that tracts, newspapers and the publications of a delatèrious character was being circulated among the men by sectarian organizations, he wrote to friends in New York for a supply of Catholic books to edify the soldier in his hours of leisure on the field or console him on his sick bed in hospitals. The request was quickly complied with and books, scapulars, gospels and rosaries in great quantities were forwarded to him by many pious men and women who had never enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance.

The war over, the worthy servant of God quietly returned to his original sphere of usefulness and to the companionship of the members of that order which though justly proud of the long list of its distinguished children, can hardly count among them many men excelling, at least in zeal and devotedness, the subject of this sketch. And it was not alone for his regiment or for the Catholic soldiers of the army that he labored and preached. The example of his immediate congregation assembled every Sunday before the rude altar, and his own sermons which were replete with sound maxims and delivered in plain and touching language, first excited the curiosity of soldiers of other denominations, who having lived in remote parts of the country seldom saw a priest and perhaps never were within a Catholic church; the curiosity was generally followed by respectful attendance, many conversions was the result and these who did not have that good fortune found their early Anti-Catholic prejudices corrected and their asperities soften in their intercourse with their Catholic comrades.

Though we have not had the happiness of meeting Father Willett of later years we are glad to learn that he is still in good health and laboring with his wonted assiduity and singleness of purpose; and if the wishes of the surviving soldiers to whom he administered in the hour of peril and suffering, and the prayers of the widows and orphans, for whose comfort and well being he was ^{ever} solicitous are of avail, he will yet live a long life of usefulness and his death shall be like that of the Just.

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Chapter XIII.

Rev. C. L. Egan O. P.

His mission to the army -- Prepares men under sentence of death -- He is appointed Chaplain -- His School of logic -- The visits to the Fifthe Corps and exhorts to the men to attend to their duty -- Father Egan at the Wilderness -- The North suffered dreadful loss -- The soldier priest at his post -- Mustered out with the regiment.

On the 25th of August 1863. A messenger from the War Department called on Father Egan at St. Dominic's Church Washington, handing him a note from Col. James Hardie, requesting him to call at the Secretary of War's office. Accordingly he went up in the afternoon on the same day. Col. Hardie handed him the following dispatch which he was after receiving from General Williams, Adj. General of the Army of the Potomac.

United States Military Telegraph

Dated Aug. 25th 1863

To Col. J.D. Hardie A.A.G.

Two of the five soldiers of the 15th corps sentenced to be shot tomorrow, but the execution of whose sentence has been suspended until Saturday next are Roman Catholics; and are exceedingly anxious to have the services of a Priest. So far as I can learn there is no Roman Catholic Priest with this army at the present. Cannot you ask one of the priests of your acquaintance in Washington to come down and see these unfortunate men and prepare them as far as may be for the solemn event that awaits them? I am sure the visit would be one of Mercy. If the Priest comes please let him telegraph the time of his departure from Washington to Rev. Wm. O'Neill Chaplain, who will meet him at Rappahannock station to which place he should proceed on the cars. The ~~xx~~ trains leave Alexandria at 8 and 11 A.M. and 2 and 4 P.M. and are about four hours in reaching Rappahannock station. You would have to provide the pass in Washington.

Please answer

S. Williams

A.A.G.

After reading the above dispatch Father Egan told the messenger that he would very willingly go on that mission so he procured a pass and started on the next morning, and arrived in the afternoon in the camp of the 118th Penn. Vol. The Colonel introduced him to the prisoners who were under guard and handcuffed in a tent. The prisoners under sentence of death were two Italians (Catholics) and three Germans two of whom were Protestants, and one a Jew. On being introduced to the prisoners, one of the Catholics shaking him by the hand very affectionately remarked that now he was not afraid to die since he had a Priest with him. A tent was put up for him within the enclosure of the guard. So that he

could be free to talk to the two unfortunate men. After exhorting them to go about the work of their salvation, that there was no hope for them but to turn their thoughts to another world, and make their peace with God. The poor fellows complied with his exhortation, made their confessions, and went to holy Communion on the morning of the day of their execution in the tent where he celebrated mass for them. These five men were shot on the 28th of August 1863.

The crime of which they were accused was desertion from the Regiment.

Immediately after the execution Father Egan was requested by Col. Guiney to visit the camp of the ninth Regiment, at Beverly Ford to hear confessions, etc., having had no regular chaplain since the final departure of Father Scully. The Rev. Father joyfully complied with the request and remained with the Regiment about a week, when he remarked to the Colonel and others of the officers that he liked camp life better than the easier but desultory life of a Friar, and intimated that he would become Chaplain of the Regiment if he could get the appointment. Col. Guiney was overjoyed at the offer, and forwarded the nomination to the war department, and in due time Father Egan was installed as Chaplain. He soon won the respect and affection of the officers and men by his zeal and interest in their behalf.

He organized a school of Logic for such officers who were not versed in that branch of study and in a short time made his school one of the most interesting features of camp life. Father Egan was peculiarly fitted for the career he had so strangely adopted; genial and confiding in disposition; dignified yet familiar with officers and men - possessing a fund of anecdotes and inexhaustible good humor, it would be strange indeed if our boys did not reverence and love him.

The winter of '63 and the spring of '64 found the Regiment at Bealton, Va. at which place Father Egan visited all the Regiments of the fifth corps exhorting all the members of the Catholic faith, and showing them the necessity of attending to their religious duties and begging of them to visit the camp of the Ninth at any and all times, more particularly on Sundays as the Regiment had erected a large log house for the purposes of religious services. The effects of his labors in this direction were shortly afterwards seen, for crowds of soldiers of other Regiments thronged the chapel Sunday after Sunday, and to his efforts in a great degree was due the excellent discipline of the 5th Corps.

From this camp the Regiment moved in May to take part in the campaign which culminated so far as the 9th was concerned in the memorable battle of the Wilderness. In this battle nearly thirty of the officers of the 9th were placed hors de combat - and a great number of our gallant men. This was the more to be deplored as the 9th had but about half dozen more days to serve out the full term of their enlistment -- three years.

In those bloody days Father Egan proved a ministering Angel. On the field and off the field - amid the hiss of bullets and the crack of shells -- amid the groans of the wounded and the sighs of the dying calm cool and consoling he performed the duty of the soldier priest! He remained to the last with the Regiment, and on Boston Common was mustered out with it.

Father Egan arrived in Kentucky from Ireland a poor boy and

was taken in by the Dominican Friars and educated in the institution at that place; after five years study he was prepared for college and finally ordained a priest. A branch of the same institution was established in Washington during the war to which place Father Egan was transferred and from which place he happily came to the 9th Regiment.

The soldiers of the old 9th hold his name and kindly deeds in the most affectionate remembrance. We wish that space would allow us to dwell more at length upon the life and works of this truly good man; but wherever he may be, the warmest wishes of those he served so well will be ever with him!

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CHAPTER XIV

REV. PAUL E. GILLEN

He joins the army at the beginning of the war---His services in and around Washington---His services in the field---His attention to the sick and wounded. ---Mass in camp---The 42nd. Tammany---Corcoran Legion---Dr. Dwyers sketches of Fathers Gillen, Dillen and Mooney---Chaplain's life in camp---Heroic endurance and forbearance.

THE REV. PAUL GILLEN AS AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

New York, Nov. 20, 1862.

MY DEAR MR. O'REILLY:- I read the announcement a little while ago of the death of Rev. Paul Gillen and I think it appropriate to mention something of his great services in the army. He served as Chaplain of the 15th, N.Y. Volunteers Engineering Regiment under Col. John McLeod Murphy who was afterwards in command of the Gunboat Carondelet. The old gentleman at his death was upwards of eighty years old and his devotion to his men while in the field was most remarkable. During the heat of battle, he would frequently expose himself to great danger in order to administer the rights of the church to the dying men and at last his commanding officer was obliged to order him to the rear as he was constantly in danger of death from the fire of the enemy. He gained the greatest love and respect of the men of his Regiment both Catholic and Protestant, for his sincere devotion to them on the battle field and in the hospital.

I ^{will} remember the dear good old priest when the Army of the Potomac lay camped before Richmond on the Chickoheminy River going around among his men ringing his little bell to summon

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CHARLES J. MURPHY.

REV. PAUL E. GILLEN, C.S.C.

Far from his college home, the beloved Notre Dame, Ind.,

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THE REV. PAUL GILLEN AS AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

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I ^{will} remember the dear good old priest when the Army of the Potomac lay camped before Richmond on the Chickoheminy River going around among his men ringing his little bell to summon them to their evening devotions which he held every night in his tent where his neat little Altar was fitted up and where he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass every morning. He was latterly stationed at Notre Dame, Indiana ^{and} ~~and was frequently~~ a welcome guest at my house in Brooklyn. He would take great delights in talking over reminiscences of the war which were so interesting. He was a good and holy man and has now gone to his reward.

CHARLES J. MURPHY.

REV. PAUL E. GILLEN, C.S.C.

Far from his college home, the beloved Notre Dame, Ind.,

the Rev. Paul E. Gillen, C.S.C., died at the residence of his nephew, Degraw Street, Brooklyn, Friday evening, Oct. 20th, at an advanced age.

Father Gillen was known in all parts of the country, and wherever he went he made innumerable friends, who ever looked up to him as a true friend and guide, and who, now that he is no more in the land of the living, cannot help repeating; "May the God whom he served so long and so well deign to receive his soul into everlasting peace! Amen."

Father Gillen was more than an ordinary priest. The priesthood was his highest ambition, was his soul's desire from the tender age of childhood, and in that sacred calling his labors were so grand, that now that he has been gathered to his fathers, we can say, without hurting the tender soul of "Father Paul," that he was an extraordinary priest.

He was born in the North of Ireland about the beginning of this century, and came to this country when young. After years of trials and difficulties, during which time he never misplaced confidence in his Heavenly Father, he was at last raised to the sacerdotal state, and soon he offered the Adorable Victim of Calvary's merit as a Father of the Holy Cross at Indiana. Before he was raised to the dignity of the priesthood, Father Paul was a missionary in the world, and if space would permit, numerous anecdotes could be told of his adventures in that direction. But if he gained souls to Christ while in the world, in religion his success was much greater.

When the late Civil War broke out he entered as a chaplain, and continued during the whole time of the rebellion having a portable altar erected in an ambulance wagon, which could be moved as the regiment advanced. His story of life among the soldiers was as interesting as it was instructive and the good that he achieved was very great. Among his greatest friends of those stormy times-- and they continued their friendship till his death---were Generals whose name were renowned for valor and bravery, and who, when they met the priest, thought nothing too good for the old friend and companion of eventful days. And to none will the sad news of Father Gillen's death bring more genuine sorrow than to those brave warriors who were witnesses of the good wrought by this devoted man.

When the war was ended, Father Gillen returned to his home, and continued in the ministrations of his sacred calling, bringing back hardened souls to make peace with God, solacing the weak and the infirm, and rendering assistance wherever needed. Of late years, old age began to tell on

the venerable priest, and, though unfitted for all the hardships of the sacred ministry, still he persevered, with a zeal worthy of him, in the discharge of his duties; and when death came to him he died, to use a familiar expression, "in the harness."

Father Paul's life was so beautiful, such grand lessons could be learned from it, that repeatedly was he asked to write it, but he would not hear of such a thing. Perhaps, now that he has gone to receive his reward, some good soul who knows will tell of the work of Father Paul---of how he labored in the Master's vineyard, in season and out of season; of the many trials and disappointments which he met during his eventful career; of his services in the late civil war; of the grand work he achieved for his beloved Notre Dame and St. Mary's Academy.

Father Gillen was not feeling well last summer, and though he wished to come to Brooklyn on business, his health would not permit it. He gained strength later on in the season, and obtained permission to visit his friends in New York. Whenever he came to Brooklyn he usually celebrated Mass for the Daughters of Mary, in charge of deaf mutes, and it was on that errand of mercy that the aged priest of God was bent when his death-sickness seized him. He was borne to his nephew's residence, where all that could be thought of was done for the poor sufferer. Father Walsh administered the last Sacraments, and, oh! it was a spectacle worthy of the occasion to see the old priest receive his Lord for the last time. He tried to robe himself, feeble though he was in his cassock, as in days gone by, to receive the Divine object of his love, and the effort nearly cost him his life.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, the Poor of St. Francis, and the Daughters of Mary were constant in their attendance upon the dying priest; and Dr. Freel, Father Drumgoole, Father Walsh, and Brothers Paschal and Jarlath, of Notre Dame, were his companions. All that love could do was done by Mrs. McGuinness, and the consecrated hands of the dying priest were raised in benediction in behalf of this most estimable lady.

The end came on Friday morning, Oct. 20th, just at the time when it was his wont to celebrate the Divine Mysteries.

James McKenna, in the Sunday Democrat

Father Gillen has probable done more service than any other chaplain in the army of the Potomac, being the oldest Chaplain in the army and the longest attending to the field and hospitals. He served in the army from July 21st., 1861 to the close. The memorable day of the first Bull Run battle until the mustering out of the Corcoran Legion after the close of the war in the end of July 1865.

Rev. Paul E. Gillen is a native of parish of Moville Imishown, CoDoueal Ireland----Having studied his classical course in his native country, he came to the United States in 1840. After many vicissitudes in the United States and Canada, he finally setteled at Notre Dame, Indiana, and became a member of the Congregation of the Holy Cross where he renewed and continued his studies and was ordained a Priest of the order.

Shortly after the breaking out of the war, he chanced to be visiting New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, on business, and hearing that Catholic Chaplains were so scarce in the army, and knowing that numbers of souls would be launched into eternity, without the opportunity of a reconciliation with their offended God, he resolved to offer his service. Having obtained permission from his superior, he determined to visit the army, and obtain faculties from Arch-bishop Kenrick for the Dioceses of Baltimore, Richmond, and Wheeling. He proceeded to Washington where he arrived on Saturday July 20th the eve of Bull Run battle, and visited fort Corcoran, but the gallant 69th had gone towards Bull Run except a few left to keep garrison. He also visited the 9th Mass, Rev. Father Scully had just returned from Centreville where he had been assisting Rev. Father Bernard O'Reilly to hear confessions under the trees near Bull Run. Next day (Sunday) he celebrated a morning mass with the Sisters of the Holy Cross who had charge of St. Josephs Male orphan-asylum in Washington.

So after dinner a Mr. McGuire (who was a red hot secessionist but a very charitable gentleman) took him in his buggy out to where the 22nd Regt. N.Y. Vols. was encamped, and there Father Paul commenced to hear confessions in the army. Crowds of attended the confessional until about 7 o'clock when the news of the disaster at Bull Run had reached Washington and the danger of the Rebels following the retreat into that city.

The rollwas beat in all the camps and the regiment was under arms in ten minutes. Numbers of those who had been crowding the confessional came to Father Paul saying "O Father we have been waiting to go to confession and now we must be off, what will we do?" "Kneel down my brave boys, and make an act of contrition from your hearts for all the sins of your

life, with the intention of coming to confession if you come back, or as soon as you can, and I will give you absolution," The men obeyed immediately and in a few minutes regiment after regiment was marching down to Washington.

The 9th Regt. Mass (Irish) with their green flag, also got under way playing "The Girl I left behind me." on arriving at Washington, their march was stopped and all returned to their camps. The 9th Mass playing on its return the very appropriated tune "Jenny put the Kettle on for a Cup of Tea." On returning the boys came to confession, with grateful hearts, and all came to holy communion at mass in the little tent next morning. Father Paul next visited was to the 33rd. Regt. N.Y. about a half a mile off, especially to Capt McGrath and his Irish Company, from Seneca Falls, N.Y. Then the 34th N.Y. stationed about a mile still further on where a large number came to confession.

After the battle of Bull Run the greater part of the army was encamped on the west or Virginia side, of the Potomac. In the whole army of the Potomac there was at that time no Catholic Chaplain, but Fr. Paul and Rev. Father Sully of the 9th Mass. Father Paul could have got many regiments that would be glad to have them as their Chaplain, but seeing the great scarcity of Catholic Chaplains in the army, and knowing if he got mustered in with any regiment, he must remain with it, except by permission, he therefore preferred not to take a commission so that he could attend to either field or hospital without restraint when he saw the greatest need.

He next crossed the river and commenced his labors on the sacred soil of Virginia, beginning at Fort Corcoran, with the Jackson Guards, an Irish Company 2nd Maine Regt. He next visited the 14th Brooklyn, which had been in the battle of Bull Run, and was encamped beside the Arlington house. He then went among the various regiments from there to Alexandria on that side of the Potomac. Having met with some of the 15th. N.Y. under McLeod Murphy he was invited to visit them where they lay at that time in Fairfax seminary four miles outside of Alexandria.

Note

"Now Father" said the Colonel "it was God I hope sent you here this night, I will go to confession before I go out, and you will go with us and give a blessing to our dear boys." The confession being over the whole Regiment was under arms.

They came to where the men were in line of

life, with the intention of coming to confession if you come back, or as soon as you can, and I will give you absolution," The men obeyed immediately and in a few minutes regiment after regiment was marching down to Washington.

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Col. Murphy was highly pleased to have the Father visit his Regiment and made a bed for him on the floor, just beside his own, but they had scarce gone to rest when the roll was beat in all the Regiments on that side of the river, and all hands were called to arms. "Father Paul had no horse at the time. "Now Father" said the Colonel as you have no horse, get on the horses back behind me, boys lift his leg, get on, and hold on by me;" and off the Colonel dashed with the Priest behind him until they came to where the men were in line of

battle with rifle in hand bayonets fixed and all lying flat on the ground "Now Father" said the Colonel we may dismount The Colonel having given his horse to an orderly, proceeded with Father Gillen through the regiment and called out thus "CO A stand up, and all of you who are Catholics kneel down and receive the Father's blessing." But Protestants were on their knees as quick as Catholics. After proceeding over all the companies and continuing until the break of day, the Rebels did not attack although we heard they were ready to come, when they heard the drum in the Union Camps one of the men says afterwards. "By dad myself was a little afraid getting into the line of Battle before day, for the first time, but when I saw the priest riding behind the Colonel my heart got up, and I would fight as many Rebels, as would stand before me" said the Irishman.

After stopping some days with the 15th Regt. N.Y. Father Gillen returned to Washington, where new regiments were pouring in rapidly every day from the north. These he attended going from one Regt. to another. A large number of these raw recruits had been some length of time from confession, and after enlisting had no more opportunity offered them, but were marched off to Washington and thence to their encampment, and were most anxious for a priest by whom they would be reconciled with their offended God, before the day of battle arrived. Hearing that the 24th N.Y. (many of whom had been with him at confession some time before) were now on the outside lines next to the enemy, four miles west of Washington, he got a Mr. Talty to bring him with his buggy out to them, and when Mr. Talty wanted to come home, he had no pass, so Father Paul was obliged to convey his good friend back the whole way, and over the long Bridge(with his general pass) into Washington.

On returning Father Paul was fortunate in meeting with Mr. Gibson's boy going home with a wagon to the next house to where the 24th N.Y. was stationed where he had left his satchels and altar affairs. Mr. Gibson was a convert and had an Irish girl lately arrived from the Emerald Isle, whom he used to take to mass every Sunday in Washington.

On hearing that the stranger was a Priest he called out ~~to his~~ ~~his~~ Irish servant "Hallo Bridget, you'll not need to go to Washington to mass tomorrow, here is a Priest" "A priest" exclaimed Bridget running out, arrah goodness where is he?"

"O you are welcome Father, and will you be hearing confession tomorrow?" "O certainly, but I will come over and hear your confession at home, and then you can go to mass at

at 10 o'clock and holy communion with the soldiers."

A large number attended the confessional that evening. Next day he visited Col Corrigan's regiment and both regiments attended mass at a deserted brick church, which Fr. Paul used as a Catholic chapel, and Bridget received holy communion among a large number of the soldiers, like a lily among thorns. Father Paul continued hearing confessions during the afternoon and in the evening there came on a tremendous rain storm until the countersign was out, and he was obliged to remain in the church alone all night, having nothing but his boots for a pillow, the floor for his bed and the roof his only covering.

The next Sunday he was with General Couche's Brigade, at Bright woods, five miles north of Washington, consisting of four regts 36th N.Y. 2 R I. 7th and 10th of Mass---General Couche that excellent and liberal gentleman was highly pleased to see the Father visit his Brigade, and sent an orderly to notify all his regiment to be at Catholic worship at the headquarters of the 36th Regt N.Y. Vol. Next day, where large bodies of Irish soldiers came from each of the Regiments making a splendid congregation under the green trees. In consequence of the army being scattered so far apart, Father Paul had some difficulty in having his altar affairs carried from place to place, in the hot season of August and September and wrote a petition to Major Gen McClellan describing his situation namely that he was a priest of the holy Cross, from Notre Dame University, Ind., and was serving those of his religion without any government pay, that if he had a horse and vehicle to carry such necessaries as a Catholic Priest requires it would enable him to continue his services throughout the various camps and hospitals of his armies and wound up by saying this would give so much satisfaction to those noble hearted soldiers who had left behind them Parents, Brothers Sisters, Wives and Families in order to fight for the flag and Constitution of their country---Seeing so much done for their Priest---their hearts would glow with gratitude and thanks, and would conquer or die under the standard.

Before presenting it, he showed it to Major Garrishy, Asst. Adj. Genl. That excellent Catholic officer enlaid it stating that the greater portion of the rank and file was composed of Catholics; that the Catholic soldiers were the only ones who cared any thing for a Chaplain. That Catholic Chaplains in the army were so scarce that were it not for the exertions of the Rev. Father Gillen and a few other zealous missionaries, this want could not be supplied and without some mode of conveyance he would not be able to exercise these acts of charity, so much wanted in the army at that time. Gen McClellan granted the request immediately, reporting it by Gen Van, quartermaster

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Gen, who gave Father Paul a horse and ambulance, with two wheels, the only sort of carriage in the army at that time-- But the cover overhead being rather low, it was rather uncomfortable, and having got some money from the boys he bought a horse covered carry all (or carriage) himself and then he could go independant. He also invented a light altar with springs that could be folded up which he could erect or take down in one minute

He also got a spring bed which he could double up and spread out at once, and a tent made of the strongest kind, Factory sheeting two and a half yards, wide, the two end poles and roof pole he could take apart in the centre making six short pieces instead of three which he would roll up in the tent and put into his carry all. Thus having got his necessary equipments of altar, bed, tent satchels bedclothes, provisions for Man and horse, he proceeded, with excellent success, among the different camps in the vicinity of Washington on both sides of the Potomac. After getting along for some time among these, he proceeded up the Potomac to where Gen Banks, with a large portion of the army was encamped. After visiting these regiments he proceeded up to Poolville about 40 miles from Washington, where Gen Stones, that excellent Catholic was encamped with three brigades, or twelve regiments,

He was overjoyed to have Father Paul visit his command, for there was no other Catholic Chaplain from there to Washington. Among his troops were the 42nd Regt. N.Y. Vol., Tammany Regt. principally Irish. Three miles further up was the 69th Pennsylvania Vols an Irish regiment under Col Owens, both these he had attended in the vicinity of Washington before their coming up. On Sundays he celebrated two Masses frequently from three to ten miles apart, and there on Sundays he celebrated first mass with the 69th Pa. and last mass at 10 o'clock with the 42nd Tammany which was attended by men from eight regiments. Among them was Gen Gorman's 1st Minnesota Vol.

On Sunday Oct 20th Father Paul in order to have a grand turnover visited all the Regts the day previous notifying them that the second mass would be at the Tammany. Colonel Devin of the 15th Mass was highly pleased, and gave orders for the Captains of Irish companies to have their men attend Divine service at 10 A.M. at the Tammany Regt. Headquarters. But the Col of the 20th Mass would not let a man leave his camp, although many Irishmen in his ranks were anxious to go. "What is the objection said Father Paul, "They will get whiskey," said the Colonel. "There is not a house between this and the Tammany Regt" said Father Paul "It will come out of the woods to them" said the Colonel with a sneer.

On coming from the 69th Pa to the Tammany regiment he met with Capt Garrity, and after him Capt O'Mara with their companies

going to the river on picket duty who felt very sorry that they could not stop for mass, but they had to obey orders----

A large number attended mass, among others Gen Stone. In the afternoon the troops had orders to prepare for crossing the Potomac River next day at Balls Bluff. Some companies of the Tammany Regt. were on picket along the river, and Father Paul stopped with them that night, hearing confessions, and sleeping in a small log cabin that had been riddled by the bullets days before. He celebrated mass there on Monday morning, (a large number went to confession and communion) and after mass, he resolved on visiting Washington on business, when the cannon opened on Balls Bluff, on the other side of the river. The troops commenced crossing in a rather tedious manner; they had one boat which they ran to an island in the river, and an other between the island and the Virginia shore. This was a tedious operation as the men could not get over quick enough to relieve their companions. Father Paul could not get his horse and carriage over, but determined to cross the river himself. Before crossing each company of the Tammany regiment received absolution and benediction from Father Paul. The 69th Penn, Colonel Owens were overjoyed to see Father P. waiting for them; each company knelt down to receive his absolutions and benedictions. Having attended to the spiritual needs of all he got a man detailed to take charge of his horse and wagon, and taking his oilstock ritual, and stole, he determined crossing to the other side, where the sound of artillery and musketry were swelling into a chorus. As he was advancing to the scow ferry boat an officer called him to stop, saying the battle is over and we are beaten but dont tell that to the boys, also that the boat was sunk on the other side of the Island, and no one could cross. "There is the lifeless body of Col Baker coming over," he said, pointing to a stretcher. All returned to their camp.

Father Paul carrying three wounded men to the Tammany Regt. Had Father Paul gone over the river he would most likely be either shot or a prisoner, or have to swim the river. Next day he had business enough on hand attending to the wounded and dying, no other Catholic chaplain being within forty miles of him.

At the battle of Balls Bluff, Capt O'Mara, with his company fought valiantly against a powerful force of the enemy until there was no hope of succeeding, he then withdrew down the steep Bluff to the river edge, and the boat being sunk got a skiff and came to the Island in order to get the other boats hauled across the Island, but could not get this effected, and the noble O'Mara who would not desert his company in this crisis went back to them when all were taken prisoners, and marched off for Richmond, where he shared the hospitality of Libby Prison, with his esteemed friend Gen Corcoran, who had been there some months before him.

By the way, the same Capt. O'Mara had a green flag with stars and shamrocks blessed by Father Paul, the Sunday before, which he kept close buttoned under his clothes, safe from view during his years imprisonment, and showed it to Father Paul safe after his liberation from prison---This same noble officer (it may be recollected) by Gen Corcoran's recommendation became Col of an Irish regiment in Chicago 92nd Ill. (I think) and fell mortally wounded fighting at the head of his command on Lookout Mountain, Col Devine of the 15th Mass. (who sent his Irish soldiers to mass) swam the river with his horse, and the Col of the 20th Mass (who would not let his men go to mass) was taken prisoner and marched off to Libby prison.

After the battle of Balls Bluff the Rev Father Martin of Philadelphia became chaplain to the 69th Pa and continued with them until after the battle of Fair Oaks the June following. He attended to the soldiers in the vicinity of Poolville, and Father Paul came to Washington, where he met his old friend Col McLeod Murphy and the 15th N.Y. just then going to the engineer corps, and then encamped beside the Navy yard Bridge on the east side of the Potomac. Here the Col got Father Paul to make his headquarters with his regiment giving him a tent, cared his horse, and detailed a private to attend to him.

He made the 15th N.Y. his home during the winter. Celebrated two masses every Sunday, the first at the 15th N.Y. and the second at either Couches Brigade at Brightwoods, or Grahams Brigade beyond the Soldiers home. Both these were stationed about seven miles from the 15th N.Y. which in deep muddy roads made it very fatiguing, also he attended the various hospitals on the Washington side of the Potomac.

There were a few days of dry weather in December. Father Paul taking advantage of them crossed the river to see some of his old friends; After visiting a number of them, he learned that the Buck tails and the Pennsylvania reserves under General McCaul had no Catholic Chaplain among them. He started off, and to get to these he went some miles beyond the Union lines along the Leesburg turnpike until he was stopped by the Union pickets, but he presented his pass and said he wanted to visit the regiments there, "There is no Regts here" said the guard, "Yes there is" said Father Paul, "Bucket Tails" "You are right," said the officer of the day, "let him go down to the Buck Tails." "This regiment was from the mountainous regions of Pennsylvania and each man had his cap surmounted with a Buck Tail. They were one of the noblest and best fighting in the army and were commanded by Col Kane.

After visiting a number of regiments he fixed his station in Colonel McDougough's tent of the 2nd Penn reserves as the most convenient for Buck Tails and all the Regiments to convenient, and never had he a greater crowd of Cols, Majors, Capts, Lieuts, and to say nothing of the privates at confession.

Next morning he had mass very early and a large number of of communicants but immediately the drums were beat to arms, and many of them had scarce time to have any breakfast when they were off for the battle of Drainsville. Father Paul was off immediately, but the Bucktails and Pa. reserves swept all before them, taking a number of prisoners, horses wagons artillery and etc. On returning after the battle Father Paul came on briskly ahead of the expedition, and meeting with Gen Reynolds and his staff with some cavalry, who stopped him, taking him for a rebel, he being some miles beyond the Union lines, but seeing his pass and learning he had been with the boys in the field and was a priest asked if he was not afraid of being captured, being in the rebel lines. "Not in the least," said Father Paul, "I have strong force at my back of cavalry, Artillery and Infantry" "Go ahead," said the General, ---adding after his departure to his staff, "That is one of the d---est venturesome old clergyman I have ever saw."

He next proceeded to Washington and intended visiting them again when the roads would be hardened by frost, but there was no day during that winter that the mud was hard enough to carry a horse or wagon.

On Christmas day he celebrated his first Mass at 7 o'clock with the 15th N.Y., at 9 on Meridion hill with 4 Brigades, and at half passed ten with the Pennsylvania artillery in a beautiful camp between Couche and Grahams Brigades, near the Soldiers Home, five miles from Washington. At the last mass he hunted up some who could sing, and had a high mass, probably the) only high mass in the army of the Potomac on that day. We spent the evening with Captains Flood and Brady, who entertained the Father to a most elegant dinner.

The writer of this work failed in collecting the necessary materials and details to write an elaborate or extended sketch of Father Gillen, who served faithfully and zealously unto the close of the war. Dr. John Dwyer, who was Brigade Surgeon to the Corcoran Legion has furnished the following short sketch of the chaplains of the Brigade.

The Doctor says--- "As you are aware the Corcoran Irish Legion was so designated in contradistinction to Meagher's Irish Brigade, both *organisations* being in service at the same time and for the same object equaling each other in their noble deeds and reflecting equal credit of the land of their birth as on the land of their adoption.

The Corcoran Irish Legion (to which I had the honor to belong as Surgeon of the celebrated sixty ninth) consisted of the 69th, 155th, 164th, and 170th. New York regiments.

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There were two chaplains connected with the Legion the Reverend James Dillon chaplain of the 69th and the Reverend Paul Gillen chaplain of the 170th. Father Dillon was for some time our only chaplain and resided at Headquarters where usefulness was well known and where he established the custom of night reciting the Rosary in which General Corcoran and his staff joined. How salutary this example was, was proved by the sequence of one of the staff an intelligent and leading American Protestant afterwards being received into the Catholic Church and giving as his principal reason for thinking of this step, that the earnestness and unity of the little Catholic friend at Head quarters as well as the good conduct of the whole command made a great impression on him.

Father Dillon was a young impulsive able priest and a ready practical preacher, his sermons were extempore and fitted to his audience and the occasion and the chapel tent was always full on Sundays.

Father Dillon was always ready to take part in a skirmish on a ride thru the enemys country and there is a story (which I believe) that on one occasion while attached to General Meagher's brigade that all the officers of a certain regiment being ~~How~~ *du Combat* while in action at the priest was seen to rally the men and lead them until a more fitting officer relieved him and then the priest saw for the first time that he had outstepped the lines of his proper duty.

Father Dillon was a great favorite with the Legion but exposure while in the service superinduced a Disease of his lungs which compelled me to advise him to resign in August, 1864. Since then he travelled seeking for health that did not come and he died in 1868, I think at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

Father Paul Gillen was chaplain of the 170th and when Father Dillon left the Legion, Father Paul had all the duty devotions on himself, this duty he religiously and faithfully performed---early and late at his post I dont remember that he even had one days leave of absence.

My first interview with Father Paul was at Newport News in December 1863---a tall thin spare old gentelman of clerical appearance asked me the way to Headquarters and introduced himself as Father Gillen of the 170th---While Father Dillon always rode on horseback, Father Paul Gillen always rode in his carriage, and such a carrage, and such a horse, as he had Don Quixote Rosemante has a Dexter in comparison but Father Paul loved this horse nevertheless for by some peculiar con-

struction Father Pauls horse and carriage was a combination of a Plimpton beadstead a Cathedral and a restaurant all combined---in the twinkling of an eye his establishment was converted into a chapel and he was never at a loss for a covering or place for his altar wherever he travelled , if a large barn or building was to be had well and good or if the large chapel tent was up with the Quartermasters stores he used it but if not no matter whether we were on a march or a scout, the Holy Sacrifice of the mass was always offered every morning at Father Paul's establishment.

At Suffolk Father Paul was accommodated with a room at Hospital Headquarters and to my own knowledge that room was morning, noon, and night besieged with soldiers from every regiment in the Division who eagerly took advantage of the opportunities offered them by the untiring chaplain of the Irish brigade.

Father Paul came to us from Col McLeod Murphy's regiment of New York Engineers the 15th (I think) and so was already an old campaigner and looked upon as an authority in military as well as religious matters and I am indebted to him for good advice on at least one occasion.

The Legion being engaged at the Battle of Deserted House near Suffolk which commenced while it was yet quite dark on the morning of January 30, 1863 and the wounded being brought to the rear the surgeons had to operate by candle light, our duties being of a serious nature we devoted our entire attention to the wounded and did not notice either the approach of day light nor the fact that by the change of troops our position was becoming dangerous until Father Paul coming up gently advised us(~~that-the~~) to go further to the rear and reminded us that the candles were not needed now. Father Paul had just walked over the whole field exposed to a crop fire and had given conditional absolution to an immense mass of kneeling soldiers who were counselled by him to his act on the battle field.

Father Paul served faithfully and laborously all thru the war and was mustered out with the regiment---I have known many instances of his kindness of heart and he was the medium of corresponding with the families of many of the soldiers cheering them with the advice and friendship.

Father Mooney of St. Bridget was also the wellknown chaplain of the Sixty ninth in the early Bull Run days and on one occasion at Suffolk paid a visit to his old regiment and offered up mass and preached a stirring sermon to us the large chapel tent was fill to overflowing for Father Mooney was familiar as a household word with all.

I only happened to meet the Sisters of Charity on one occasion while with the regiment and that was when Lieut. Tracy of the Staff was compelled thru sickness to accept their kindness at the Sisters Hospital at Norfolk and I will remember the air of holiness and quiet which abounded there and which made the hospital seem to me at the time the beau ideal of a sick man's paradise and the self sacrificing Sisters ministering angels.

Sincerely Yours
John Dwyer M.D.
Late Brigade Surgeon--Corcoran Irish Legion

CHAPTER XV

Reverend Innocent A. Bergrath

Born in Prussia---His parents migrated to America---
His early career-- His desire to go as a chaplain opposed
by his bishop--- His mission among the Federal and Confed-
erate soldiers----He is cut off from communication with
his bishop-- The celebration of Mass in the little church
of S.S. Peter and Paul in Chattanooga the morning of battle--
His services given to Federals and Confederates alike.

Rev. Innocent A. Bergrath

Was born at Moeningen, a little village in Rhenish Prussia on the 24th of November 1836. In 1842 his parents emigrated to America where they located themselves for a time near the present town of Fremont in Ohio. In 1848 however they concluded to remove to Michigan, where they purchased a homestead on the outskirts of the village of Westphalia Clinton County. From here the subject of our sketch was sent to St Vincents College, in 1852, at Westmoreland Co, Pa. Where he finished his classical studies with distinction, in 1858. His health having suffered in the mean time he was obliged to return home to recruit ~~§~~, after which he attached himself to the diocese of Vincennes and entered the seminary of the Rt Rev. Bp. de St Palais at Vincennes in the fall of the same year. At this seminary he remained for one year devoting himself to the study of Theology, and other kindred studies. At the end of the year however his health made it again necessary for him to go further south. Having acquaintances in Nashville, Tenn, he went thither, and was adopted into the diocese by Rt Rev Bp Miles, and continued his studies under private teachers, chiefly the Very Rev Fr. Birmingham V.G. of the diocese, and was ordained Priest on Palm Sunday of 1860. For the first eight months, he was assigned pastor of the German Church of the Assumption in the City of Nashville. Toward the close of the year he was sent to E. Tennessee to take charge of the congregation at Knoxville together with the extensive Missions attached to the same.

When the war had broken out and hearing that the Catholic volunteer regiments from Tenn, required chaplains, he begged repeatedly of his Bishop to be permitted to go with them, but was refused on the ground that he could not be spared from his parish and Missions. The more so as already out of the very small number of Clergy in the State some had been sent out with the army.

The Bishop therefore charged him to remain at his post but at the same time to perform the duties of a Chaplain towards any regiment or army that might pass through or be

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stationed within his district, and who had no priest with them. The importance of this charge was a serious one, as the entire country, lying between Chattanooga and Bristol, Va., and extending from Kentucky, on the north, to Georgia and Carolina on the South, were comprised in his Mission.

At first, and before East Tenn., was seriously threatened, by the enemy, it was easy enough, for the Camps of instruction were confined to the principal plains along the railroads, and were all easily accessible. But when the invading armies began to draw near the borders, and it became necessary for the C. S. Government to station its troops along the distant mountain passages on the border in most cases, many miles from any railroad. Then Father had a hard time of it. Generally he would start out on Mondays, and after traveling on horse-back or otherwise, for a day or so would reach the camps. Here he would remain for two or three days as the case seemed to require, saying Mass hearing confessions, preaching or cheering the "boys" up amidst their many privations, and then he would return again in time to reach home for Saturday where he had the same routine of duties to perform again for the members of his congregation. His duties were still yet more increased when the extensive army hospitals began to be established in and around Knoxville principally after the retreat of General Bragg from Kentucky. These hospitals it was necessary to visit almost every day.--a days work in itself. After Father Nealis-- the pastor of Chattanooga, was shot and disabled, Father Bergrath's duties became still more arduous, for then he had not only his own mission to attend to but also those of Chattanooga which reached as far as Bridgeport Ala. Thus far there had been at least, a constant means of communication between himself and his Bishop in Nashville. But when the latter place fell into the hands of the Federals he was even deprived of this consolation. From this time forward he had to be his own Bishop in a measure, until the Federals succeeded one and a half years afterwards in occupying E. Tenn. From this time forward he had to perform the same duties towards the U. S. armies camped, doing duty, or lying sick within his district, as he was ordered to do towards the Confederates previously.

Having occasion, and with the permission of the C. S. government, to cross the lines a little before the surrender of E. Tenn, for the purpose of consulting with his bishop on certain points of importance, he returned by way of Chattanooga and reached that place just a few days before the memorable battle fought there by General Rosecrans. At the request of the General he remained for the battle, and said mass--The General attending in the little Church of S.S. Peter and Paul on the morning of the battle.

Having at last reached home again he passed through the siege of Knoxville under General Burnside, and was finally relieved at his own request---his health having gone away again-- of his difficult just one day before the fall of Richmond.

He was a good and zealous priest and worked equally as in his ~~attendance~~^{attendance} to the Spiritual and temporal wants of the Federals as he had done previously for the Confederate soldiers.

Like a true Soldier of Christ he believed that his mission was not of the sword, but of the Cross, and that he was bound to uphold this peaceful symbol of Man's redemption, in the Service of Federals and Confederates alike.

Their bloody conflict was to him only a device of grief, Their eternal salvation his only object and ambition.

CHAPTER XVI

Rev. Peter Cooney, C.S.C.

His birth and early education---his connection with Notre Dame, Indiana, --- The order of the Holy Cross-- He joins the 35th Indiana as Chaplain--- His popularity with the troops--- He saves a man from being shot--- His mission of mercy--- Carrying funds for the soldiers under difficulties--- A perilous trip to Nashville--- Irish wit and humor--- The March--- Its trials dangers and hardships-- Gallant charge of the 35th Indiana--- Father Cooney's conduct in the camps, the hospital and the field.*

Among the many Catholic Chaplains, who had distinguished themselves by their zeal and devotion in the discharge of their duty during the war, few more loyally distinguished themselves than the subject of this sketch.

He was cool and brave and never intimidated by fear or danger from the faithful discharge of his duties to the sick and dying and the wounded.

Father Cooney was born in the County Roscommon; Ireland in the year 1832; He emigrated, with his parents, to his country at the early age of four years. His parents settled near Monroe, Michigan. This place was the scene of Father

This sketch is mainly taken from a work entitled "Indiana's Roll of Honor"

Cooney's school boy days. Here it was he prepared to enter college; and in the beginning of 1851, he marriculated at the University of Notre Dame, near the town of South Bend, Indiana. In this institution he remained three years, prosecuting his studies vigorously. At the end of these three years, he sought the shadows of the theological seminary of St. Mary's Baltimore, Maryland, where he remained and completed his literary and theological studies, returning to Notre Dame, Indiana, in 1859. He was ordained a Priest in July first, 1859, and at once joined the order of the Holy Cross. Immediately after his ordination, he was sent to Chicago, where he filled the honorable and important position of Vice-President of the University of "St. Mary's of the Lake." He continued for two years in this position when, on learning that an Irish regiment was being organized in Indiana, and of Gov. Morton's application for a Priest as Chaplain, Father Cooney tendered his services to the country, and was commissioned as Chaplain of the Irish regiment on the fourth of October, 1861.

Notwithstanding he left his native land at an early age, he loves and cherishes with affection the memories of Ireland. The flutter of the "Green Flag," or the sweet strains of "Patrick's Day," or "Garryown," arouses his Irish blood and for a moment he forgets he is a Priest, and thinks himself a soldier. United to a kind heart, he has a deep fund of wit and humor, and many an hour is pleasantly passed in listening to his native wit and risible anecdotes. He knows human nature thoroughly, looks leniently upon the frailties of mankind, mildly censuring the misconduct of the men, and zealously urging them to a faithful performance of their duty to God and country. To say that he is much respected by the men of the regiment, is saying too little; he is loved by them. to illustrate this we will relate an incident.

Around a blazing camp fire sat a few comrades smoking their dhudeens (short pipes) and discussing strategy with all the intensity of controversialists. Father Cooney came hurridly along, evidently bent on a visit to some sick soldier. The little squad instantly rose to their feet with the hand to the cap. "Good evening boys" said the Father with one of his pleasant smiles, as he hurried towards the hospital. "There he goes" said one of the group "he's always where he does good and never idle. The likes of him, God bless him, is not to be found betwixt here and the Giants Causeway". Thru for you, ~~Live~~^{Live}, by gorra; his match could'nd be found in ye traveled from Dan to Barsheeba" said his comrade. "We'll be saying hisbeades among the stars, when many of his callin will be huntin a dhrop of water in a very hot climate". This last remark was received with a hearty acquescence by the entire group. Rough and witty

as it was, it expressed the feelings of the Soldier for the Chaplain.

In the discharge of his duties, Father Cooney does not confine himself to his own regiment. Wherever and whenever his services are required then and there are they freely bestowed. This gives him a reputation co-extensive with the army of the Cumberland, and makes his friends of the Thirty Fifth Indiana that much the more proud of him. A short time after the battle of Stone River, while the regiment was at Murfreesboro, an incident occurred, which showed the kind heart of the Chaplain.

Michael Nash, a private in the Thirty fifth regiment Ohio volunteers, was sentenced to be shot to death at Nashville on the Fifteenth of June 1863. The Sentence was to take effect between the hours of two and four P.M.. Father Cooney, hearing of the affair, started for Nashville, to be present at the execution, and administer the rites of his Church to the condemned man. Having prepared the unfortunate soldier for his final march, the Chaplain made enquiries respecting his case. The facts were these: on the morning of the Thirty first of December, when Johnsons division was surprised, and McCook hurled from his position by a superior force, the Sixty-Fifth was thrown into momentary confusion. Nash, being separated from his command, fell into the tide of fugitives who were retreating towards Nashville. By the irresistible current of panic-stricken soldiers, he was carried back to Lavergne. Here he was arrested. From the evidence it appeared that Nash did not intend to desert. He might have been brave as those, who stood the galling fire; but having been caught by the rushing current of a panic, he was swept from the field. It was now half past twelve, m. If the unfortunate man be saved, no time must be lost in communicating with the General. Without making known his intentions to any one, Father Cooney telegraphed to Gen. Rosecrans, at Murfreesboro, the facts of the case, and the circumstances supporting them, and concluded by saying:

"Were I under the impression that he intentionally deserted, I would not say a word in his behalf; the good of the service would require his death. But I am convinced of the contrary. I respectfully beg, therefore, for him some other punishment than death.

"Signed,

P.P.Cooney,
"Chaplain Thirty Fifth Ind.Vols."

Two o'clock arrived, but brought no answer to the dispatch. The detail to fire upon Nash assembled; their guns were loaded; the ground for his execution was selected, and about

three thousand persons were assembled to witness the tragedy. The open coffin awaited its victim, and an artisan unfastens the heavy shackles from the culprit's limbs, that he may take his last march on the great highway which leads from Time to Eternity. A messenger enters the cell and hands to the jailor one of those "Yellow covered" communications. "His death warrant," whispered some one, and all was still as death. The jailor broke the seal and read aloud:

"Michael Nash, sentenced to be shot to-day, is relieved.

"By order of

Maj. Gen. Rosecrans."

The prisoner, heretofore calm and collected, now became pale and agitated. Instantly those around him rushed forward and clasped his hands in hearty congratulation. The prisoner, looking intently on Father Cooney, knew the source of all his mercy. Tears of joy rolled down his manly cheeks. But another trouble. Nash under the direction of his confessor, had written a farewell letter to his mother, informing her of his sad fate, and saying his last farewell. That letter had gone, carrying news which would break her heart. "Not a bit of it." Father Cooney keeping his secret, had that letter in his pocket. Nothing now remained to complete the soldier's happiness; he walked from his prison a free man---Thankful to God and the good Father, and grateful to his General, whom he now knew to be merciful as well as just and brave.

A Chaplain has more than one duty to perform to the men of his regiment. Whilst the spiritual welfare of the men is primary importance, he is not at liberty to neglect the Soldiers temporal comfort and happiness. To the duties of the Priest, Father Cooney adds the Kindness of Father and Friend. On every pay day he receives money from the Soldiers and becomes banker without fee or discount. It is a difficult work faithfully and honestly to discharge the duties of banks to a regiment.

A certain amount is ordered to be sent to the dear ones at home, a few dollars kept to be drawn at will for a "bit of tobacco" or may be drawn for "dhrup of the dhrink to warm the heart." Of this latter commodity the good Chaplain is extremely jealous. He has often declared that this same "dhrup of dhrink" is the curse of Irishmen, and in order to guard against its baleful influence, Father Cooney has organized a temperance society, of which he is

the President. This society does not embrace all the members of the regiment, nor are its members "life members." The pledge is generally taken for Six months or a year, and to their credit be it said, it is rarely if ever violates.

Through the practice of temperance and economy, the Irish regiment, on three different occasions, has sent home by the hands of Father Cooney alone the round sum of forty thousand dollars. To be the custodian and messenger to carry such sums of money is at once a responsible and perilous position.

In November, 1862, the regiment lay in camp at Silver Spring, eighteen miles from Nashville. It was after the severe campaign of Buell versus Bragg and Bragg versus Buell: when each in turn, to use the phrase of Emil Shalk, "had recourse to the offensive-defensive strategy." During the repose at Silver Spring the Paymaster visited the troops, and the Thirty-Fifth Indiana placed in the hands of Father Cooney the snug sum of twenty-three thousand dollars, to be carried home and distributed to their friends. The road between Silver Spring and Nashville was thronged with guerrillas, and many a blue jacket, unconscious or careless of the danger, was taken prisoner. Col. Mullen having business at Nashville---where Gen. Rosecrans then had his headquarters---placed an ambulance at the disposal of Father Cooney to carry himself, companions and treasure to Nashville. The party, consisting of Col. Mullen, Father Cooney, the Colonel's Orderly, and a Mr Korbly, formerly sutler of the regiment, expecting to overtake Gen. Crittenden and escort, boldly pushed forward. After going four miles it was ascertained that Gen. Crittenden and escort were not on the road. The came the question, "Shall we go back or go on?" "We'll go on," said the Colonel. And away the party dashed believing there was safety in speed. On the road were courier posts about three miles apart, but this gave no security to our travelers. Our party, with fresh caps on their pistols, moved forward. Duck river, hemmed in by bluffs, was to be crossed. The enemy had destroyed every bridge, and the party was compelled to take water. They met and overcame every difficulty---for the stream had to be crossed many times on the route--- until they arrived at the last ford.

In crossing the river the ford was missed, and a steep bank presented itself. Jimmy Welch, the driver of the ambulance, was bold of heart and had unbounded confidence in his team. He "made a run on the bank"---"the bank broke,"---Jimmy and his team rolled gently back to the river; his horses, that "couldn't be matched either at Doncaster or a circus," wouldn't pull a pound. Night was fast approaching. What was to be done.

"Arrah, give them their wind and they'll come out o that like a daisy," said the ever confident Jimmey. A few moments were allowed the beasts to rest; all put their shoulder to the wheels, but the off horse would not move. Jimmey applied the whip and the party yelled, but the "off horse" still refused. The sun was setting, the party had yet to travel eleven miles, and carry twenty three thousand dollars, which were locked up in Father Cooney's trunk.

"Hallou, gentlemen," said a courier, dashing up, "you must get out of here; there is a party of Sixty or Seventy guerrillas a Short distance over here, and you'll go up." Just then a sharp rifle crack added to the persuasive speech of the dragoon. A council of war was called. "Father Cooney" said the Colonel, "divide your money among us four, and we will run when we can and fight when we must." This did not meet with favor only as a last resort. Two or three other propositions were made, all in quite an unparliamentary manner, when the spattering picket firing, in the rear and on the flank of the road, suddenly broke up the council of war. Emergencies developed men's genius. A small mill being near, the long rope which had been used for the purpose of dragging logs from the river, was pressed into service, likewise two yoke of oxen. One end of the long rope was fastened to the tongue of the ambulance; the oxen were hitched to the rope; up came the wagon and its treasure. Bang! Bang! again went the rifles of the guerrillas. "Come Jimmey hurry up now and let's be off." "Dont be hasty said Jimmey, drawing his pipe out of his mouth and coolly throwing over his nose a column of smoke. "Go easy I'll take yeas to Nashville inside an hour, or I'll not leave hide enough on the horses to make a pair of brogues for a tinker"

And Jimmy kept his word. Within the hour the party were safe inside the lines at Nashville. Was there really any danger? The post in the rear was attacked and dirven in; the whole line was broken up, and the army moved and concentrated at Nashville.

These sketches and incidents are given to show the reader what is necessary to make up, in detail, a campaign, and we take those of the Irish regiment because of its perculiar institutions" With its

"Fighting and marching,
Pipe-claying and starching."

The sorest trials and severest sufferings of the soldier are on the march. Toiling beneath a burning sun, dust shoe-mouth deep, water scarce, the soldier marches and suffers.

A battle to him is a thousand times preferable to tramping and marching. Sometimes he presses through the choking dust, his lips and tongue being dry and parched and crisped. Again he struggles through the tenacious mud, with knapsack on his back, and forty rounds of ball cartridge in his box-- "arms at will--route step." With all the fatigues of the march, there are many little occurrences which give life and spirit to the troops. The light hearted members of the Irish regiment will cheerfully respond to the enthusiastic calls for a song-- a merry, rhyming, chiming lilt, that raises Irish blood to boiling heat--- and the response is received, as usual, with a cheer.

"Come Dennis, ye sowl, give us a song."

"Oh the bad luck to the one iv me can sing a bit. Shure me throat is as dhry as a magazine," was Dennis' reply, as he evidently wanted "Coaxin."

"Can Dennis sing?" asked another. The question was propounded only to provoke discussion.

"Is it him? he sings like a Mavish; (Mavis) he has a voice that would brake up a female boardin school or a nunnery," was the reply. This last supberb compliment caused Dennis to clear his throat. After a few coughs, shifting his musket to the opposite shoulder, he gave to his comrades a history of Irish courtship in verse. At the end of every verse, there was loud applause, but when that which recounted the fair one's shyness and coquetry, as,

"Arrah Paddy, says she, don't ye bother me,
Arrah Paddy, says she, don't ye taise me,
Arrah Paddy, says she, would ye smudther me;
Oh the devil go wid ye be aisy."

The applause was "Tremendous" shaking the column from Company A to the rear guard of the regiment. Such occurrences as the one narrated frequently occur--- They lighten the heart and quicken the steps of the soldiers.

It is astonishing the number of miles traveled by Indiana regiments since the opening of the war. As an example the Irish regiment marched from January the twelfth to December first 1862 wleven hundred and forty-five miles. On the twenty second of May 1862. The Thirty-Fifth and Sixty First and Second Irish regiments---were consolidated. Col. Mullen of the Sisty First, became Lieutenant Colonel of the Sixty Fifth. Soon after the consolidation, Col. Wilker resigned, and was succeeded by Lieut Col Mullen.

The march from McMimville, Tennessee, to Louisville, Kentucky, was the most severe the regt ever experienced. The weather was extremely hot; no water could be obtained, save from stagnant pools. The men were on half rations. Officers and men exhibited great Stamina, and herioc endurance.

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At Franklin, Tennessee, the enemy appeared on the flank and frequent skirmishing was the result. As the "flanks" opened fire, the column came to a halt, ready to deploy into a line of battle. A few rattles of musketry, interspersed with the hoarse barking of a howitzer, settled the affair; and along the line was heard the soul stirring command "forward."

At Louisville the Irish regiment was in the brigade commanded by Col Stanley Matthews--Vancleve's division and Crittendens corps. From Louisville to Wild Cat the march of the army met with continued resistance. At Perryville the enemy gave battle. The Thirty Fifth was not seriously engaged.

On the morning of the eight of October; heavy skirmishing on the left and front gave evidence that the enemy intended to stand. The occasional rattle of musketry was drowned by rapid battery explosions. All doubts were now removed. The gallant Crittenden pushed his corps rapidly forward. Nearer and nearer sounded the rattling musketry and the heavy reporting howitzer. The men cheered and pushed forward.

"Steady, boys, steady; you'll get enough of it directly," said the Colonel.

"Be the holy poker, then, it'll take enough o' that same to go round the Thirty-Fifth," replied one of its members.

"Where's Col. Mullen," asked a staff officer, dashing up, his horse reeking with foam.

"Here he is, sir," replied the Colonel.

"Colonel, you will occupy the extreme left of your brigade. There is the line on the crest of that hill"--pointing with his sword. "Now look out; the enemy is about turning McCook's right. Be ready to change front on tenth company," and away he dashed.

The men heard the orders, and were in the best possible spirits. Jokes passed freely among the dauntless, light-hearted Irishmen. "All were eager for the fray." A little incident here occurred which we must relate.

At Munfordsville some of the men took "a dhrop too much;" and while the regiment was resting in column by companies, a difficulty occurred between the officer of the guard and those that had been drinking. The guard was about being overpowered--the mutineers cocked their rifles to fire. Col. Mullen, seeing the guard in peril, and discipline violated drew his sabre, and dashed into the midst of the mutineers. The guard fired, killing the ringleader, and wounding one of his followers. A mutineer, who aimed his musket at the Colonel, was promptly arrested. This man (Daley) was tried and court-martialed but his sentence had to be approved---which led to the opinion that the sentence was death--before

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it could be made public. He was handcuffed, and ordered to march in the rear of the regiment. As the orders to get into the line of battle at Perryville were given, the Colonel rode from front to rear of his regiment. Daley was ironed and surrounded by the guard. "Lieutenant," said the Colonel to the officer of the guard, "take those irons off the prisoner." The order was promptly obeyed. "How do your wrists feel, my man, asked the Colonel. "Pretty well sir" replied Daley. "Can you shoot with them?" "I think I could sir if I had a gun." "Orderly bring this man a musket and equipments, and Forty rounds of cartridge."

"Now Daley" said the Colonel you have been tried by a court martial for mutiny and attempting to take the life of your superior officer. I don't know what that sentence is; you can judge as well as I. Take that musket and on the field a head of us, wipe out that sentence, and, by the blessing of God, I'll help you to do it." The poor fellow rushed forward, and seizing the hand of his officer, covered it with tears. "There, there, now go. You are a free man and a soldier once more." Daley has since proved himself, on more than one occasion, to be a soldier.

"Forward the Thirty-Fifth!" and away went the regiment to its position. The battle raged furiously. The line of the third brigade was formed, and ready for the enemy, or for orders to go to him. From two o'clock until five P.M. the storm of battle raged. All our left were engaged. McCook, Gilbert, Jackson, Rousseau, Lytle, and the gallant Starkweather, were there. Here comes a staff officer. "Send forward two companies of your regiment as skirmishers, and clear that underbrush, Gen. Woods division is coming up to occupy your left." Said an officer of Colonel Matthews staff. Co. D. under Lieut Fassan, and Co. B. under Lieut O'Brien, were ordered to that duty. Major Dufficey commanded this battalion of skirmishers. He kept his eye well to the front, and marched upon the enemy's deployed line. The enemy fell back making but a feeble resistance. Wood approached in fine style, and entered the conflict; but it was too late. The sun had gone down, and hostilities ceased.

"Night threw her mantle o'er the earth
And pinned it with a star"

The next morning the enemy fled, and were pursued by the victorious Union army. Crittenden in advance. Nothing of importance occurred until the Thirty-Fifth approached the little town of Crab Orchard. Here it was reported the enemy would make a stand. It was three o'clock, A.M. The round,

full moon made everything light as day. Vancleve's division is ordered to march and dislodge the enemy, who is said to be three miles ahead. Skirmishers are thrown out, and the column moves. "Bang, bang!" The enemy is found. The fire of the platoons in reserve is instantly answered by three rapid shots from the enemy's artillery, posted beyond a creek. The Seventh Indiana battery, in the rear of the first line, replies, but their shot and shell whiz over the Thirty-Fifth and fall a few yards in advance. The contending batteries wax warm, and the road is literally plowed up.

"Did you see that?" said Father Cooney, as a shell burst immediately in front of him. "I think I did," replied the Colonel. "This must be stopped," said the Chaplain, referring to the Indiana battery's bad range. "That's what I am going to do," said the Colonel, referring to the enemy; "if I can only get across that narrow bridge." Orders were received to cross the bridge, and take position. "Now, every mother's son of you keep your mouths shut until we cross the bridge, when you may yell till your hearts' content," said the Colonel. "Fix bayonets and forward," and away they go. A short turn in the road saves the regiment, the enemy shelling the road. The Thirty-Fifth debouches to the left, until the creek is reached. Instantly they rush to the right for the bridge. The head of the column is over. "Double-quick and with deafening yells the Thirty-Fifth, closely followed by the Fifty-First Ohio rush for the battery. The artillery fly at their approach, leaving two artillerymen, and a few infantry skirmishers, in the hands of the assailants. Not a man of the Thirty-Fifth was injured in this little affair.

From this time till Gen. Rosecrans assumed command of the army, nothing of special interest occurred."

CHAPTER XVII

Rev. John Brady
Chaplain 15 Michigan Vol.

At the request of a deputation from the regiment he becomes their chaplain. --- His services in the field night and day---A war of words---His services in Vicksburg and Chattanooga---After the battle of Nashville his regiment proceeds to North Carolina---His regiment disbanded at the close of the war---Father Brady's death from disease contracted in the service.

"This good and zealous priest was a native of Ireland, which country he never ceased to love with all the yearning of a true patriot. He came to America in charge of a colony of Sisters of the Order of St. Bridget, and was assigned to a mission at Grand Rapids, State of Michigan. Here, for several years previous to the breaking out of the rebellion, he labored faithfully, attending to the spiritual wants of his flock, and, by his piety and zeal, greatly tended to the advancement of Catholicity. The Fifteenth Michigan was mainly an Irish and a Catholic regiment, and was among the foremost to respond to the national call for troops. A deputation from the regiment waited on Father Brady, requesting him to become their chaplain. He at once consented, provided the Bishop of the diocese gave his consent. This was soon obtained, and the patriotic priest at once prepared to encounter the numerous fatigues, dangers and perils inseparable from the life of a Catholic chaplain in the field, in order to minister to the spiritual wants of his fellow Christians and countrymen. It was the soldier of the Cross following the example of his Divine Master, volunteering to embrace all kinds of hardships and perils, in order to alleviate the sufferings and pangs of the victims of the soldiers of the sword.

His first services in the field with his regiment was in Kentucky, where he labored night and day, both in the camp and in the hospitals, hearing confessions, nursing and consoling the sick and wounded, and cheering the last moments of the departing with the rites of his holy Church and the promise of a glorious resurrection. In the hospitals and on the field, he acted the good Samaritan, and freely rendered assistance to all alike, regardless of religion or politics. From Kentucky, he removed with his regiment into Tennessee. At Memphis he met with considerable annoyance, even from members of his own Church, whose devotion to the Confederate cause blinded them to the Christian duties of a Catholic chaplain. These extremists assailed him as a Yankee priest and

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a supporter of the Yankee invasion. The good Father bore all this with humility, and, by his acts and example, soon convinced them that he was the soldier of Christ, not of any earthly power. The regiment was next ordered to Vicksburg, and was accompanied by its devoted chaplain. Among the many camp incidents that varied the lives of chaplains, the following occurred to him:-

An Irishman and a German, both wounded, occupied contiguous beds, near the door of the hospital. Father Brady, on entering, used the Christian salutation of "God bless you all" "Amen, and you, too!" said the Irishman. "Vat you mean?" asked the German. "I be in von hell now mid there pains, and me wants no other hell; mine wound is as much hell as I vant. I bees no d---d Christian."

"Faith, in troth, you're a nice chap!" said the Irishman. "I'm thinking the d---l has a lease of you, anyway; but, troth, you must be a Jew. Ar'nt you, Dutchman?"

"So I bees, and ish as good as you,"

"Yiz, faith; but you never heard me grunting as you do, like an old woman with a tooth ache."

"Yoh, yoh, a tamp nice place mine tooth be, in mine back."

"Och, your back;" said the other, with contempt; "did you ever know a good sodger to get shot in the back?"

"Och, mone broder bees one fool!" exclaimed the other; at which there was a roar of laughter from the other beds.

Father Brady took advantage of this diversion to give some seasonable advice, which had its effect, not only upon the wordy combatants, but, also, upon the other patients.

After rendering good services at Vicksburg, and contributing towards its surrender, the Fifteenth Michigan was dispatched, by General Grant, to reinforce the Army of the Cumberland under General Rosecrans. The regiment participating in that arduous march across the States of Alabama, Mississippi, and part of Tennessee, which General Logan's command, and others, had undertaken, in order to hurry to the support of Rosecrans, who was hard-pressed at Chattanooga. On arriving at Huntsville, in Northern Alabama, General Logan received orders, in obedience to which the command rested for some time. As the Catholic inhabitants of the place had not the services of a priest for some time, for Father Tracy, the pastor, and missionary priest of Northern Alabama, was serving in Chattanooga as chaplain to General Rosecrans, Father Brady extended his ministrations to the Catholic inhabitants. His offer was coldly received, particularly by the ladies, who seemed for more bitter against the Northerners than the men in the field. Father Brady met this bitter hostility with mildness and firmness. To an Irish lady, who showed her ignorance by refusing to shake hands with a Yankee

chaplain, he simply said--"My dear lady, it is not the duty of the chaplain, the minister of Christ, to take part with either side in this unnatural conflict. Our duty is to shrive the penitent and dying, to attend to the sick and wounded, and try and alleviate their sufferings--no matter whether they are Federals or Confederates." She commenced a virulent abuse of the Yanks, but was stopped by the Chaplain who simply replied:--"Madame, I do not want to argue politics with you; to me it is not a pleasant subject, and it ought to be much less so to a lady, if she has the feelings and instincts of a lady. Pray tell me, have ye a church here?" "No, sir, Father Tracy commenced one here, but gave it up when the war broke out and is now chaplain to the Yankees." "Where then did Father Tracy celebrate Mass when he was here?" "In the upper part of the Callahan building, which he had temporarily fitted up as a church." Madame was a very bitter rebel, and did not attend Mass, because celebrated by a Northern priest--thus showing her Christian humility and obedience.

The regiment accompanied by its chaplain, marched for Chattanooga, where a new and extensive field awaited him, though the Rev. Fathers Tracy, Cooney, Christie, O'Higgins and Fousettees, were located in and around the town, with their commands, and rendering all the aid in their power. The hospitals were full of sufferers after the battle of Chickamauga and the engagements around Chattanooga. So that the chaplains found unceasing labors, night and day in ministering to the spiritual and temporal wants of the inmates. Here rather an amusing incident occurred. Father Brady, on entering the hospital one morning, gave his usual salutation of "God bless all here!" "If he does," said one of the men, "I rather guess you'll come in for a fair share; for I never saw a preacher who had not the best furnished table, and come in for more than his share of all the good things." "Shut up!" cried out a sergeant of Minty's Regular Brigade; "shure, he is a priest and no preacher." This doubtful compliment reminds us of the officer, who, being dressed as Mr. soldier, haughty replied--"Sir I am an officer," "Oh I beg your pardon, Mr. officer and no soldier," replied the other. Father Brady, without heeding the remark, quietly sat beside the cynical invalid, and meekly asked him--"Where are you wounded, my friend?" "Under the arm, sir," replied the other; "I got a bullet hole there, but it's nothing worth talking of." The Father entered into conversation with him, and soon learned that he belonged to no religious denomination, and had never been baptized. "Be gad!" exclaimed the sergeant, who had quietly listened to the conversation, "he is a pagant; d---l a bit of the grace of God about him. Lord deliver us!" The ardent sergeant was silenced by the priest; but occasionally he showed his contempt for the other's ignorance on religious matters,

by a shake of the head and a wink to his companions. Father Brady talked for some time with the other on religious subjects; and so great an impression had his solemn advice and warning upon him and others, that, after a few days, they asked to be received into his Church, to the no small delight of the Pennsylvania sergeant, who took upon himself the full credit of having discovered "the pagant." This is only one of the many instances of the good effected by this pious priest in the hospitals of Chattanooga; and many a man, living today, can date his awakening to the truths of religion, from his impressive discourses and Christian ministrations.

The Fifteenth Michigan followed the fortunes of General Sherman in his grand campaign through the Southern States. Father Brady had been detailed to attend hospital duty in Chattanooga, and, therefore, did not participate in the Atlanta campaign. He again joined the regiment in front of Atlanta, but was again sent back to attend the hospitals in Chattanooga, which affected him sorely, as he had a kind of paternal affection for his own boys, as he called the men of the Fifteenth, Michigan.

General Sherman had now cut loose for the sea, and General Thomas had fallen back through Alabama to counteract the movements of General Hood upon Nashville. As General Hood, in his movements, threatened Chattanooga, a considerable force was concentrated there under command of the lamented General Thomas F. Meagher. Between Father Brady's attendance at the hospitals and his ministrations to the troops, he had a busy time of it in Chattanooga; indeed, so overpowering and laborious were his duties, night and day, that his health gave way, and he began to break down rapidly.

After the battle of Nashville, and discomfiture of General Hood's army, Father Brady accompanied the troops detached to Wilmington, North Carolina, to co-operate with Sherman. He rejoined his regiment at Raleigh; and the men were overjoyed to see their faithful chaplain once, more. He marched with them from North Carolina to Washington, and had the satisfaction of seeing the gallant remnant of his old Celtic regiment proudly march in review before the President of the nation. The regiment, having fulfilled its mission and earned for itself a high reputation, returned home, and was disbanded in the City of Detroit, Michigan.

Though the good father's health had been failing for some time, the excitement of active, hard duties, and the pleasure of being again united with his favorite regiment, had sustained him. The reaction soon proved fatal; for, in three days after the disbandment of the men, he sickened, and was removed to the Sister's hospital, where he died in eight days afterwards.

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Thus had the good priest fought the good fight, and worked untiringly in the vineyard of God, who now rewards, with a crown of everlasting glory, His good and faithful servant!

CHAPTER XVIII

REV. WILLIAM CORBY C.S.C.

His connections with the Irish Brigade---- A rustic chapel in the field---The service---How faithfully the men attended to their spiritual duties--- The priests as the soldiers' banker and amanuensis--- Father Corby at the battle of Fredericksburg--- The wounded Chaplain--- The officers' indignation at finding Father Corby in the front of battle--- His failing health--- He resigns and returns to his University in Indiana.

The Irish Brigade, which was almost entirely composed of Catholics, was indeed fortunate in the good and pious chaplains who accompanied it during the war. The Rev. Thomas J. Mooney was chaplain to Corcoran's, 69th until after the battle of Bull-run, and men of the new brigade found in the Rev. William Corby a worthy successor to him. We know little of Father Corby's early career, except that he is a native of Michigan, but as soon as the war broke out, and when a demand was made for chaplains to accompany the Catholic Soldiers to the field, he and several other members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana, at once corresponded. The parent house at Indiana sent forth no less than six of these soldiers of the Cross to attend the sick and wounded and to cheer them by their presence and advice, and to console their last moments by administering to them the Sacred rites of their holy religion.

Nothing could give the poor soldier greater pleasure than to find that the priest, who had always been his guide and friend, had even volunteered to partake with him all the hardships, dangers and privations of a soldier's life in time of war. It was to him a great consolation indeed to hear Mass in the rustic chapel, formed of a few tents and green boughs, and to know that even if he fell, he would be fortified by the Sacraments and would most likely, receive the final absolutions from the Minister of God as his spirit winged its flight to stand in judgment before its maker. A religion of ceremonies and no sacraments can never make such a solemn impression on the mind as one that combines both as the Roman Catholic religion does; on this account, we too often found in the army, that while Catholics paid reverential respect and obedience to their chaplains, soldiers of other denominations, in too many cases, treated their Chaplains with discourtesy and indifference. It is not in any sense the writers' intention to attempt to ~~complain~~ ^{deprecate} or undervalue the services of the Chaplains of various other

denominations, among whom were many truly pious and good men; but it did not tend to improve the moral of the men, not to impress them with reverence or respect for them as was often the case, illiterate men, who ~~se~~ professed to have a religious calling, stepping from the ranks into all the sanctity and dignity of army chaplains.

General Butler felt this when he said that the chaplains in the army were a nuisance and a pest except the Catholic chaplains, whom he always found attending to their duties, and ministering to the Spiritual and temporal wants of the sick, the dying, and the wounded. From a work published in 1864 entitled "Battle-field of the South" written by an English officer in the Confederate service, we take the following account of the services of the Chaplains, not to reflect upon anyone, but simply to show the opinion entertained of their respected merits by an English Protestant, speaking of the Chaplains, he says

"Another class who patriotically rushed to Richmond and obtained salaries to which they were unaccustomed, was a race of long-jawed, loud-mouthed ranters, termed for courtesy sake ministers of the Gospel. With profound respect for a class "called of heaven" for the administration of holy offices, I may be allowed to observe that, taken as a whole, these long-bodied individuals who were saddled on our regiments simply considered themselves "called" to receive one hundred and twenty dollars per month, with the rank of captain, and the privilege of eating good dinners wherever chance or Providence provided--to be terribly valiant in words, and offensively loquacious upon every topic of life, save men's salvation. Where they all came from, none knew or cared to know, especially as but little was seen or heard of them, save when some fortunate "mess" had turkey or chickens, and then, of course, the minister was sure to put in his appearance, and fuss about until invited to dine. Most of these gentlemen were particularly condescending in their small talk, could wink at "trifles" after a few days' residence, and sometimes betrayed alarming proficiency in handling cards at a social game of poker.

The Sermons preached to us were decidedly original. One occasion I was almost petrified to hear one of the most popular of these camp-preachers confess before an audience of a thousand intelligent beings that "it has never yet been positively known whether Christ came down from heaven to save the body or the soul of man!" I also remember having heard such words of wisdom from the lips of some of these worthies as the following: "It is certain that God is infinite, and therefore He requires some infinite habitation-- therefore space is infinite, and was possibly prior to God." Another quietly remarked to his hearers: "Man cannot fulfil the law-- all you have to do is to believe, trust to God for and in all

things, and as to the rest you may do as you please." Again another said: "If I disagree with my brother upon points of religion, it is not much matter; he may believe in universal salvation; another denies that Christ was God; one believes in infant baptism, and another does not; but all these little things are not of much consequence, my brethren; all are trying to get to heaven as best they can, and all no doubt will finally reach there---at least, we hope so!"

It is hardly necessary to say that little or no good was effected in the army by these "gospel ministers," (as they termed themselves,) their conduct was not as correct as it might be; and they seemed so eaten up with indolence that they were usually considered as bores and drones. They were seldom or never found administering to the sick or dying; service was offered occasionally; but in time of battle or in the hour of anguish at the hospital, they were looked for in vain. Little, however, could be expected from such a class of men. The majority had received "calls to retire from blacksmithing or wood-chopping to preach the Gospel, and as they enjoyed but little celebrity or remuneration at home, they patriotically offered their services to Government, and were assigned duty among us. The proof of their "divine vocation" is seen in their subsequent conduct, for when Government, in its calmer moments, reduced their salaries, these spiritual heroes for the most part resigned, alleging as reasons that eighty dollars per month and rations was insufficient remuneration (!)

Nevertheless, truth compels me to add, by way of exception to this general condemnation, that many good and true men were to be found, who, by their upright conduct, self-denial and zeal, counterbalanced much of the evil here adverted to. Among others who were distinguished for their correct deportment, persevering industry, unaffected piety, restless activity and sound moral instruction, I would mention the Episcopalians and Roman Catholic priests. The latter especially, were remarkably zealous; their services were conducted every morning in tents set apart for the purpose; and on Sunday large attendance and devout in their behavior; and I have not unfrequently seen General Beauregard and other officers kneeling with scores of privates at the Holy Communion Table. Such an instance occurred on the morning of Manassas, and I could not help remarking it, as I rode past in the twilight on that eventful occasion.

(crowds of the more Southern Soldiers were regular in their)

The Jesuits were perfect soldiers in their demeanor; ever at the head of a column in the advance, ever the last in a retreat; and on the battle-field a black cassock, in a bending posture, would always betray the disciple of

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Loyola, ministering to the wounded or dying. No hospital could be found wherein was not a pale-faced, meek, and untiring man of this order. Soldierly in their education and bearing, they are ready for any thing-- to preach, prescribe for the sick, or offer a wise suggestion on military or social affairs. It is to the foresight and judgment of one of them that Beauregard and Johnston escaped death or capture at Manassas, for had they not met one of these missionaries during the heat of the conflict, and heeded his modest advice, one or other of these calamities must have inevitably ensued."

While the Irish Brigade lay encamped around Washington previous to the Peninsula Campaign, the duties of the chaplains were pleasant enough, and consisted merely in celebrating Mass, hearing confessions and writing letters, ~~for~~ such of the men as were unable to write themselves, to their families. The chaplain was kept busy enough when the paymaster came round, for then he became the soldiers adviser and banker they consulted with him as to how much of their pay they should send home, and in all cases strictly followed the priest's advice. Being entrusted with remittances to the amount of several thousand dollars, the chaplain proceeded to Washington to forward it according to instructions it is a fact that during the war hundreds of thousands of dollars were entrusted to the Catholic Chaplains for remittances, and yet, we believe there is not a single instance on record, where a dollar of all this was either misappropriated or lost.

The Irish Brigade spent its first Christmas day in Camp California, near Alexandria. Though the officers and men enjoyed the holidays in as jovial and festive a manner as if they were in New York, they did not forget their religious duties, and commenced the days celebrations by attending the Midnight mass in camp. It may strike our readers as absurd to keep up this solemn ceremony of the Catholic Church in the tented field where there was no stately temple nor Cathedral dome to cover the pious worshippers.

But had they seen the rustic chapel that the piety of the Irish Soldier raised to the worship of God, they would change their opinion. The Chapel was a really picturesque structure in itself. A dense cluster of pine and cedar trees was selected for the site. The brush in the Centre was cleared away for the body of the house, many of the large trees were left standing, so that their thick foliage would answer as a roof and their trunks as pillars to support the huge branches that were piled overhead for a covering. A stockade, or wall of cedars formed the sides of the house, while a large tent at the end answered for altar and priest.

Such was our chapel and though not a stately or grand one,

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there was something more solemnly simple and imposing in that Midnight Mass celebration under the shade of those old forest trees, than if it were the Stateliest edifice ever raised by the hand of man to the worship of God. The Mass was celebrated by the three chaplains of the brigade namely Fathers Corby, Willett and Dillon, and as their voices rose in psalmody and hymn, and as the prostrate worshippers humbly bowed their heads in response and muttered their silent prayers, there was something wierdly grand in the ceremony. The glare of the candles suspended from the trees, the flickering, feeble light barely making the gloom of the night visible, the sigh of the wind and the gentle pattering of the falling snow and sleet, the surpliced priests the soft tinkling of the bell, and the low responses of the attendants and pious worshippers, all combined to add a solemn sanctity to the celebration that we have never experienced inside the walls of the most stately edifice. It reminded us of stories we had read about the White robed Druids who collected their followers to join in Midnight worship under the shade of some mighty oak trees.

Father Dillon read the beautiful gospel from Saint Luke, giving an account of the journeyings of Mary and Joseph, and the birth of the infant Savior in the manger at Bethlehem after which he delivered a short and telling address to his hearers, who, at the conclusion of the ceremony quietly retired to their tents.

Such was Christmas morning, 1861, in the camp of the Irish Brigade, and this did these fearless soldiers of the sword bow in pious submission to the teaching of the cross, and in honor of this holy festival, which is laden with the richest freight of human blessings and happy recollections. This first Christmas day in camp was spent pleasantly enough. The men and officers crowded into hospitable tents; the materials for toasting old friends and loved ones, absent but not forgotten, were plenty, and in song and jest and story "Auld lang Syne" was not forgotten, and the day and night were spent as happy and as merrily as they possibly could be under such circumstances.

The Irish Brigade formed a portion of the army corps commanded by General Sumner, an accomplished veteran of more than forty years military experience. Their first experience of real service in the tented field was in the spring of 1862 when, after General McClellan taking command of the army of the Potomac, a reconnaissance took place towards Centreville and Manassas in order to develop the enemies strength and position. The enemy fell back across the Rappahannock so that no engagement more serious than mere skirmishing took place. During this movement the chaplains of the brigade, in a very impressive ceremony placed their regiment under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin and Saint Patrick.

The Brigade took a prominent part in the Peninsula campaign, in its fighting as well as in all the hardships of the marches by night and day, and in the horrors of the retreat from before Richmond. While the army lay in front of Yorktown the Brigade had provided itself with comfortable quarters, and the men made an effort to celebrate May day, according to Catholic custom, by decorating the rustic chapel in the most gorgeous manner with the wild flowers that grew in such luxuriance, even at that early period, and by attending divine service. The chaplains were kept busy for the confessional was crowded by pious worshippers--Men, who felt that for many of them this would be their last confession, for all the symptoms indicated that a bloody and fierce campaign was inaugurated.

The few days rest the men enjoyed here were spent to ~~great~~ ^{good} advantage--making their peace with God--writing letters and sending little souvenirs to loved ones at home. While the brigade was encamped on Tyler's farm the officers got up a race, which came off on the 31st of May, just the day on which the battle of Fair Oaks commenced. The amusement was broken up by an order to march in quick time for the battle field, as the conflict was a fierce one, and as the brigade suffered severly in it, the chaplains soon found their hands full, and all their time was taken up in administering the rights of the church to the sick and wounded and oftentimes too, in acting the good samaritan in attending to the temporal wants of some poor fellow while the brigade was lying in front of Richmond it was honored by a visit from General _____ and also by being specially complemented by General McClellan for its conduct at the battle of Fair Oaks.

After the battle of Gaines Mill, in which the brigade gallantly participated, the army commenced to retreat toward Malvern Hill. This retreat was attended with all the worst horrors of war. The dying and wounded were neglected and abandoned, Brave men seemed to have lost all sympathy for their fellow creatures and to be solely absorbed in trying to secure their own safety. Perhaps, the doctors and Catholic chaplains were the only persons who did not forget their missions of charity, peace and love. Many of them refused to leave the sick and wounded but remained with them until captured by the enemy. We have seen the chaplains take on some poor wounded fellows, who had been left abandoned, behind them on their horses.

When the army commenced following back to the James' River, over ~~25~~ one thousand wounded men were at Savage station, and when these poor fellows found that they were to be abandoned to their fate, it had a terrible effect on them. Some of them, pale and emaciated, rose from their

beds and hobbled on crutches after the retreating troops-- poor fellows! They soon fell faint and wearied by the way side, but most of them were kindly cared for by the enemy. The sight of that long line of ambulances crowded with wounded men, and of these ghostly looking creatures hobbling after them, was heart-rending in the extreme.

The brigade suffered severely at Savage Stations and White Oak, but it lost more men and officers at the battle of Malvern Hill, than during the other seven days fighting together. The sick and wounded were so numerous here that the chaplains found little time for recreation or even to take the necessary sleep or refreshments.

Fathers Scully and Willet, who had remained to cheer and console the abandoned sick and wounded at Savage Station until ~~until~~ captured by the confederates, were kindly treated by the latter and were allowed to return to their command while encamped at Malvern Hill.

While among the Confederates an officer remarked to Father Scully, not knowing who he was, what a fine lot of yanks we have got today!" on finding out his mistake he at once apologized in the most polite manner.

While the troops lay encamped at Malvern Hill, previous to their evacuation of the Peninsula, the men of the Irish Brigade, with their usual attention to religious matter, constructed a cosy rustic chapel in which Mass was daily celebrated and to hear which the men from several other commands continually flocked. The paymaster too had come round, and the survivors of the campaign kept the chaplains busy remitting money to their friends and also in writing to the families of those killed in battle.

Between their duties of celebrating Mass, hearing confessions, visiting the sick and wounded, and writing letters the chaplains were kept busy and had very little time to themselves. Even, many of the men who could write themselves would not be satisfied unless the priest wrote, for they would say. "Shure, your reverence they will think a good deal more of the letter at home if you'd write it!"

There was no resisting this and the kind good natured priest would sit down and write it for him.

While the brigade was encamped at Malvern Hill, General Meagher returned to New York to recruit its ranks.

After the evacuation of the Peninsual, the brigade was sent to support General Pope, whose army of the Virginia was threatened with wholesale destruction by Lee and Jackson.

The brigade was hastily marched about from place to place so irregular and uncertain were the movements of Popes demoralized army that no sooner did it reach Aquia Creek, than it was sent to Fredericksburg, thence to Alexandria, thence to Fair Fax and Bull Run.

Things looked as if the movement was althogether without a head, and the troops completely demoralized.

All this time our chaplains were kept continually on the march, and when the troops halted at night, instead of being allowed to snatch a few hurried hours of repose, they had to hear the confessions of some scrupulous poor fellows, who did not wish to go into battle the following day with their conscience burdened even with the most trivial sins.

When Washington was threateded and McClellan restored to command, the advance of the army to meet Lee, who was marching into Maryland and Pennsylvania, was rapid, so that the chaplains had just as hard a time of it as any officer or soldier.

The brigade suffered fearfully at Antietam, and the duties of the chaplains of its various regiments were proportionally severe. After the retreat of Lee the brigade was encamped on Bolivar Heights. The country around was beautiful, the camp itself had a most lovely and picturesque appearance. There the Potomac and Shenandooh rivers formed a junction, while in front extended a panoramic view of surpassing grandor. The Blue Ridge Mountains rose in front in all their Majestic grandour, while in the distance extended the rich Shanandooh valley, the garden of Virginia.

In this lonely region, surrounded by all that could delight the imagination--a delightful country with unrivalled scenery, a sky of Italian Blue--the men soon forgot all their losses and hardships and began to enjoy themselves as only Irishmen know how.

The battle of Fredericksburg was perhaps, the most disastrous one of the war to the soldiers of the Irish Brigade, and at the same time the most glorious for their military reputation and renown.

The mad charge on Mary's Heights was never surpassed in fierce bravery and reckless daring nor in the wholesale slaughter of the assailants. Fully two thirds of the officers and men of the Irish Brigade lay dead or dying on that bloody field on that cold winters night. The cold snow of December fell silently over the battle field, Thousands lay along the valley and hill side extending from the town, to the enemies entrenchments, whose oozing wounds were frozen and whose limbs were stiffening by the sharp frost.

Masses of dead and dying were huddled together, some convulsed in the last death agonies, others--delirious--writhing in torture--gasping for water--tried to shelter themselves behind the dead bodies of their comrades. Cries, groans and shrieks arose from that battle field like the fearful wails of lost souls. No one could or dare believe them, for the enemy ruthlessly continued to sweep that field with artillery, long after all opposition had ceased.

Some of the Catholic Chaplains ventured forth armed only with their stoles upon their necks, and canteens of whiskey and water. They had to move cautiously and display no lights so as not to attract the attention of the enemy. In this way they saved many a poor penitent in the solemn silence of the night and cooled their parched lips.

But, their mission was not without its danger for we are informed that while so engaged Father Corby received two bullets through his clothes from the fire of the enemy, while another Catholic Chaplain received an ugly wound from a dying soldier, who mistaking him for one of those ghosts who prowl over battle fields to rob the dead, fired at him.

After the battle of Fredericksburg the brigade encamped near Falmouth, where it remained for the winter. There the men erected a pretty rustic chapel, where they attended service and where the chaplains celebrated Mass, heard confessions, and attended to the general wants of the men of their regiment. I recollect often seeing, at early morning, a crowd of men outside the priests tent waiting to go to confession, and in the afternoon another crowd, some sending home money to their friends, others waiting to have him, "Just rite a letter home."

In May 1863 the battle of Chancellorsville was fought and the brigade, as usual took a prominent part in it. Nothing of unusual interest took place. A little incident occurred though which gives a good idea of the dangers incurred by the Catholic Chaplains.

An officer going into battle gave his purse to Father Corby to keep it safe for him. While engaged he met the priest at the front preparing a dying man. The officer halted, looked at the chaplain and exclaimed, "Father Corby what brings you here?"

"My duty, Captain."

"Well, Father, hand out my purse, it is safer with me than with you."

About this time General Meagher left the brigade. At Gettysburg it took an active part in the fierce assault made by the second corps.

Before going into the desperate conflict the remnant of the brigade reverentially knelt down while Father Corby piously raised his hands over them and bestowed his benediction upon them.

The scene was solemn and imposing and forcibly impressed the other command with the piety of the Irish Catholic Soldier.

In January 1864 the brigade returned to New York to be recruited. Father Corby accompanied his regiment, the eighty-eight, and while the regiment was recruiting he paid a visit to the University of Notre Dame, where he was joyfully received. We next find the Irish brigade party recruited, serving under General Grant in the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, where they suffered severely. The Corcoran Legion also suffered heavy casualties in the above engagement. It is needless to follow the brigade through the various battles in which it participated. The chaplains were kept busy all the time attending to the sick and wounded and preparing them for death. Father Corby scarcely got a rest during the restless movements of the army. The fact, so zealous was he in the discharge of his duties and in his attendance, that his health rapidly failed and he was compelled to resign, which he did in the month of September 1864 to the great sorrow and regret of the remnant of the Irish brigade.

He returned to his monastery in Indiana, and is at present Superior of the Mission House at Watertown, Wisconsin.

CHAPTER XIX

THE CONFEDERATE CHAPLAINS

Rev. Henry Gache, S.J.

His services in and around Richmond--He attends the Federal prisoners--At the desire of Bishop O'Din he joined the army as Chaplain of the 10th Louisiana---He visits the camps on the peninsula--His forbearance, mothered and kindness subdue his enemies---A grateful penitent---Father Gache's account of Scenes around Richmond--Interesting incidents and anecdotes---A soldier anxious to be baptized in the latters religion---His account of the treatment of the Federal prisoners in Richmond and Lynchburg.

The Rev. Father Gache is a Frenchman by birth and was a most zealous and devoted attendant on the sick and wounded of the confederate army in and around Richmond during the war. He also administered to the Federal's sick and wounded in prison and hospital and has had a trying and varied experience in the discharge of his duties as Chaplain. He is at present pastor of the Church of The Holy Family, Georgetown. I am sorry that my sketch of him is not fuller, but from the limited notes and information I have received I could not make it more general.

On the 26th of July 1861. Father Gache, at the desire of his bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Din, of New Orleans, La. accepted a commission as chaplain in the Confederate Service and was sent immediately with his regiment, the 10th Louisiana, to Richmond Va---From Richmond the regiment was ordered to the Peninsula and was stationed near Williamsburg waiting the approach of McClellan. There he remained until the retreat from Williamsburg, which took place in April 1862. During this period his ministry was not very fruitful; however, he was able to keep the men alive to the sense of their religious duties and heard confessions, administered the sacraments and celebrated Mass in the humble little chapel improvised for the purpose. The regiment was made up of men of all Nationalities, comprising Americans, Irish, French, Germans, English and even Spaniards, Italians, and Greeks; the majority of whom were Catholics. Father Gache finding his services too restricted, got permission from General Magruder to visit all the camps of the Peninsula as he was then the only chaplain with the army, and as there

were several Catholics in all the regiments, he thought he could be of more service with a roving commission than of being tied down to one particular regiment. He next visited the different hospitals in Yorktown, Williamsburg and elsewhere. This visit was very welcomed to the Catholic patients and he cheered many by his consoling words and by administering to them the Sacraments. The poor fellows were glad to see him and to make their confessions and to use his own words--"for many that confession was a passport to Heaven." As they died soon after without having another chance of seeing a priest."

At first he found too many protestants ready to mock and jeer at him, but after a time they learned to treat him with respect. In fact, his forbearance, meekness and kindness to all induced many of them to become converts, for it often happened that those that come to mock his ministry, knelt and prayed. I will give one interesting instance of this. One day Father Gache was visiting the Louisiana hospital, in Richmond, which was under the care of the good Sisters of Charity. One of the Sisters said to Father Gache, "Father, you have a convert here who will be delighted to see you." "Why, Sister," replied the priest, "I was not aware that I had a convert here." She then told him that a young man had been sent there, very sick, a few months before. Some time after his arrival, he said to the Sister in Charge of his ward. "Sister, I would like very much to see Father Gache, could you send for him?" "Are you a Catholic?" asked the Sister. "No, but I will tell you, I belong to the 10th La regiment, and when I was sick on the Peninsula he used to come to see me very often. I was at first rather rude to him, but he did not abate his attention to me. His manner, forbearance and goodness have made such an impression on me, that I am convinced that his religion must be the true one; therefore, I'd like to see him to beg his pardon, and to be received into his church." As Father Gache was not in Richmond then he consented to be baptized by another priest, but on his return there he was overjoyed to see him. This young man became a good practical Catholic.

He was a fine looking young man and had attracted Father Gache's attention by his general bearing far superior to that of his comrades, and he did all he could to make him as comfortable as Circumstances would permit.

Father Gache devoted more of his time to ministering to the soldiers in the field than to those in hospital. He was always well received both by the officers and men. A large number of Catholics and even several Protestants, availed themselves of his ministrations among them. The Catholics from being indifferant, became zealous and attended Mass and went to confession regularly. Men exposed to all the dangers

and vicissitudes of battle, must naturally turn their attention to God. Death is continually staring them in the face and the most hardened feels that they are liable every moment to be hurled in to the presence of their Creator.

At first, those who attended their duties, were laughed and sneered at as cowards by their comrades; but when they found that these men were the bravest in action, a better feeling prevailed. He found himself unable to meet the demand for his spiritual services during and after a battle for the hundred of Catholics, that lay wounded, eagerly called on him to administer to them the last rites of the Church.

Under such circumstances he did the best he could, and by unceasing labors, he was able to console the last moments of many a brave fellow. The very presence of a priest was an encouragement to them and reminded them of their duties. During the seven days fight around Richmond he was taxed to the utmost for both in the field and in the hospitals, there was constant demand for his services. How often, after hearing poor penitents under the enemies shot, had he to hurry to the field hospital in answer to the call of some dying soldier.

A young South Carolinian Protestant once said to him.

"Father you dont know me?"

"No indeed."

"Well, I thought so, but I know you, for during the seven days battle I have often watched you, on your black horse, riding from line to line attending to the wounded, cheering and consoling them; Do you know Father, you made such an impression on me that I was often tempted to call on you and at least, ask your blessing and benediction, but false pride prevented me, though I admire and revered you none the less." Oftentimes, while riding through the lines, soldiers would step forward, dying "Father, we have no time to make confession will you give us your blessing." From a private letter from Father Gache to a friend, I take the following extracts.

"Speaking of the battle of Richmond I had occasion to render a great service to a poor man of a Connecticut regiment who had fallen mortally wounded at Savage station. He was left with many others on the battlefield, his breast and right arm, were shattered by a piece of shell, and he was in such condition that I cannot undertand how he was alive. I asked him if he was a Catholic; "No, he said, but my wife and children are Catholics.--And you, would you not like to be a Catholic? Yes. Well, if you wish to become a Catholic you have no time to lose, for you are very badly wounded, and I am

afraid you will not live much longer. Have you ever been baptized? "No, sir, my parents were Baptist, they did not care to have me baptized where I was a child. And I never joined any church myself.---Therefore you wish to be Baptized now---Yes---Very well, procure you that favor. Having ascertained by some questions put to him, that he was sufficiently interested, I baptized him with the water of his canteen. No doubt he lived a short time after, for he was very low, and his wound bleeding very much. But my duty would not allow me to stay any longer with him. And I never heard anything about him afterwards. I have thought very often of his poor widow and children, and I would have been very glad to be able to inform them of the blessing which Almighty God conferred upon him, perhaps in consideration of their prayers---That poor man was an Irishman by birth, but he had come very young to this country.

I have said that the presence of a priest in the army was an encouragement to the Soldiers; Sometimes also it restrained them from evil. The next day after the fight of Malvern Hill While riding from one camp to another, I saw a man, an Irishman too, who had alighted from his horse to go in to a garden and steal some cabages. Just as he was getting over the fence, he saw me coming at some distance. Immediately he jumped out of the garden, and he came to me with a ten-dollar note in his hand, saying; "Father, I want to give you this; you have prevented me from committing a sin. I was going to steal cabages, when I saw you, and your presence made me overcome the temptation. I knew that the old dear man who also drank too much sometimes and in order to preserve him from the other Sin I took his note which I gave to St. Joseph's orphan Asylum, Richmond, under the care of Fr. Blanche, now in Washington City.

But it was in the hospitals that the largest amount of good was done. I was in charge of several military posts successively, and I had to take care of many hospitals during the last two yeats of the war. Of all the sick soldiers with whom I came in contact, and who died while I was with them, I remember only three who refused the service of my ministry at their last moments, and they were all free masons. All did not actually become catholics; for a ~~small~~ good number of them were, avoiding to all appearances, protestants in good faith, too, but they listened with pleasure and attention to all my little exhortations they requested with fervor all the acts and prayers which I recited for them such as the Lord's prayer, the Hail Mary, the Apostles Creed the acts of Faith, Hope, Charity and Contrition. The larger number however had become catholics and received, at least, the sacraments of Baptism. But it was in the hospitals entrusted to the Sisters of Charity, or to the Sisters of Mercy, that the most good was chiefly done, and it is to the

influence of those good Sisters that it was due. Infact, no body except those who have seen it, can imagine how efficient was the presence and the conduct of the Sisters to soften those rough nature, and to cheer and console them during their attendance at the hosptials of Danville, Lynchburg and Richmond, Va.

A young Tennessee Soldier, who knew very little about religion, and who had probably, never attended any place of worship, was one day brought into a hospital under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy in Montgomery, White Sulphur Springs, Va. The Sisters received him with their usual kindness and bestowed upon him all the attentions his condition required. While one of them was dressing his wound, he burst into tears,

"Did I hurt you? she asked.

"No, no," he replied.

"Then, why do you cry?"

"I cry" said the poor boy; "because for the last six months I have not had a kind word spoken to me."

Thus we see the Salutary effects of kind attention and edifying behavior on the human mind. The kindness, meekness and devotion of the Sisters removed the prejudices of many and disposed them to become Catholics merely because it was the religion of the Sisters. Father Gache, on one occasion, found a soldier very sick; according to custom he asked him if he were baptized and if he was aware that without baptism he could not be saved.

He said that he had never attended religious duties, but that he had heard that baptism was necessary to salvation and would therefore wish to be baptized. "I am a Catholic priest," replied the Father Gache; "do you wish to be baptized in the Catholic Church?" "Oh, no," he replied, "I dont want to be a Catholic" "In what church then do you want to be baptized?"

"In the church of the Sisters" was the immediate reply.

"But, my dear friend, the church of the Sisters is the Catholic Church".

"Is that so?"

"Certainly, ask the Sisters themselves."

Just then the Sister in charge of the ward happened to pass by and turning to her he asked "Sister is it true that you are a Roman Catholic?"

"Most certainly!" she replied; "If I was not a Catholic I would not be a Sister of Charity."

"I declare," said the young man, "I thought the Catholics were the worst people in the world. I never heard anybody speak well of them--This was enough to convince him. He was baptized soon after, and he died the following night. Once

the brother of a Baptist preacher was in the hospital. As soon as it was evident that he would not live, the Sister who nursed him, asked him if he would like to be baptized and become a Christian; she knew that he had never been baptized. He answered "Yes". As the Rev. brother had come to see him, and was present, the Sister asked him if he wished to be baptized by his brother, or by her chaplain, that is by Father Gache. He answered that he preferred to be baptized by a priest. And he was. And I must say that his brother did not seem to be the least bit displeased at it.

But the greater good perhaps effected by the presence of the Catholic Chaplains and Sisters of Charity or Mercy in the army, was the removal of sectarian prejudices from the minds of thousands, who had never seen catholics before, and knew nothing of them, but what they had heard from protestant preachers, or read in protestant books. The change effected in that respect among the southern people is so great and so striking that it has been remarked by every body. Let me give some instances of it. One evening Father Gache was going from Lynchburg to Richmond, with a young lady who had become a Catholic under his direction, and who had requested him to take her to Richmond to be confirmed by Bishop McGill. They were on the rail road cars and were talking in a tone of voice loud, enough to be heard by their neighbors. The young lady asked Father Gache a number of questions on religion, which he tried to solve the best manner he could. After two or three hours of talking they stopped to indulge in a little sleeping. Their neighbors, who seemed to have taken much interest in the conversation, to which they had listened with attention without making a remark, but as soon as the priest and his companion appeared to be asleep, they commenced talking among them selves and to make their comments upon their conversation.

"Who are they?" asked one of his companions.

"I really dont know, but then I am sure she is the gentlemen's daughter for she called him Father" was the reply of another. It is evident from their conversation that they are Catholics for they are all the time speaking of the Catholic church as their Church and the true one" remarked another. "Well," said a weather beaten man with the learning of a veteran soldier, "I'm doxg gone but I think they are right, before the war I was strongly prejudiced against Catholics. I looked upon them as little better than infidels and heathens, but since I have changed my opinion.

During the war there were several Catholics in my regiment and I had an opportunity of studying them and I must say, that I have found them more sincere and honest and affectionate to their families than those of any other denomination.

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Just think how the Sisters of Charity attended the poor fellows in hospitals. I tell you boys, but for them I would not be alive today. When laid up with wounds in hospital they cared me as kindly as my own wife or sister would, and never asked what religion I belonged to. I asked "could they do all the good they have done; could they be what they are if their church was not the true church?"

"I agree with you;" said another veteran, "I too have been in hospital and the kindness and attention of the Sisters have made such an impression on me that I intend bringing up my family catholics; for if there is any good in religion at all, it is in theirs."

From some private letters ~~of~~ written by Father Gache and placed in the authors hand I make the following extract in evidence of the efficiency of the Sisters and the respect intended for them by the soldiers, Protestants as well as Catholics.

I will tell you another instance of the efficiency of the Sisters of Charity in removing ~~Scot~~Starism prejudices and favorably disposing men towards catholicity. During the first year of the war, two or three sick soldiers belonging to a Company of Texans, were brought to the infirmary of St Francis de Sales, in Richmond, which was under the care of the Sisters of Charity, Sister Juliuna Chatard being the Superiors. Those poor fellows had never seen any catholic institution, and knew nothing of Catholicity, except the ridiculous charges brought against them by protestants, found themselves in quite a new world. But, however, things seemed to them they soon discovered that every thing was right and that it was good for them to be there. After a few weeks they returned to their command in good health, and so much pleased with every thing they had seen at the infirmary that they determined to send to the same place every member of their Company who would get sick. So they did; but in a short time, the applications came so numerous that they good Sisters were unable to accommodate all the applications. Seeing the circumstances, those brave Texans requested Sister Juliana to allow them to put up in her yard, at their expense a temporary frame building exclusively for themselves. The request was granted, and as long as the Texans regiment remained with in reach of Richmond, all its patients were sent there. It is needless to speak of their sarisfaction of their admiration for the Sisters. All I wish to say is this, One night some Texans were on pickett duty on the Chicahaoming, and while some were on guard, the others were making coffee, and as they were

not commanded to silence, they were talking at the same time on different topics. The subject of religion was brought up and they commenced to abuse catholics. One of the men on guard, hearing this, exclaimed "Stop, Stop, friends, I do not know what catholics are; I know nothing of their creed, but from the time I have seen the Sisters of Charity, at St Francis de Sales infirmary and been nursed by them. I have felt my self bound in duty not to allow anyone to speak against them or their religion. So I beg of you not to abuse the Sisters or theri church."

Father Gache, writing of the treatment of the Federal prisoners, says.

"I was ~~in~~ attendance on them as chaplain both in Lynchburg and Richmond. In both cases every faculty was afforded me by the confederate officials to visit them and attend to their spiritual wants, and also to their temporal when I had it in my power to so do.

In Lynchburg a large number died from the effects of their wounds and all the Catholics, and even some Protestants, who desired by ministrations, were attended by me. That many suffered from the want of sufficient food and ~~valment~~ I don't deny, but not one bit more were the Confederate sick and wounded. They were treated alike in hospital and it was not in the power of the Confederate authorities to do better for them. The army was short of clothing and provisions, in fact, on short rations. the hospitals and prisons were full of the sick, wounded, and prisoners of the Federal Army, and, under the circumstances, it was impossible to provide beter for them. I do not enter into the right or wrong of the matter or whose fault it was that there was not an exchange of prisoners I merely give a statement of things as they were. Out of many instances coming uder my own observations, of the kindness of Confederate Soldiers toward their captured or wounded enemies, I will merely cite one.

Three days after the raid of General Hunter, Sister Rose, the Superior of the hospitals in Lynchburg, informed me that she had just heard a Federal Soldier lay out in the woods wounded and asked if there was a possibility of sending men to bring him in if alive. Two men were immediately dispatched to look for the poor fellow. It was then about six o'clock in the evening and about nine they returned with him. He was so exhausted from loss of blood and exposure that I saw he would not live through the night.

He was a Catholic and an Irishman, and after his wound

were dressed and cleaned, I prepared him for death. I can never forget the joy of the poor fellow at receiving the last rights of his church, and being attended by the Sisters and a Catholic priest. He died soon after, but, what a consolation that the poor fellow had not perished alone in the woods.

The prisons of the South were not well cared in a Sanitary point of view and this told very much on the Federal prisoners. I had occasion to observe this particularly after the battle of the Wilderness, but after a time, when the Federals found that the confederates fared no better, they became reconciled to their lot, and bore their trials and sufferings more cheerfully.

I can never forget how my presence and consoling words seemed to cheer them, how warmly they shook hands with me and how humbly and gratefully they received my ministrations.

A young man from New York after having made his confession and received communion, said "Father, I am rich, after the war come to New York, you will see what a beautiful church I will build for you." I am sorry that I did not write down his name and direction.

In Richmond things were not quite as comfortable as in Lynchburg. The hospitals were more crowded, the regulations about them were more strict, though priests were always allowed to visit them. The accommodations not so good. The prisoners were less satisfied, and indeed numbers complained. I remember, once I met a poor Irishman pretty sick; I asked him if he would not like to perform his religious duty (It was at Easter time) He answered in a rather rough manner: "No, Sir," But my dear friend, I said, you are not aware that by neglecting your easter duty, you commit a greivous sin. "Well, if I go to hell, I will not be much worse off then here, was the reply. "Oh my dear, what do you say I replied was there no other difference between this place and hell, but that of duration. it would be a dreadful one. I advise you not make the trial you would be badly dissappointed. The next day when I visited the same man; I thought that the cutaway to bring the poor man to a sense of his duty, would be not to notice him. I visited all the other patients around him, spoke to them, but did not say a word to him, nor even look at him. What I had anticipated really happened. The third day, when going my rounds, I did not mind him as usual. He sent the nurse to me to request that I would visit him as he desired to speak to me. I went to him and said "Well, my friend, I am told you wish to speak to me. What's the matter?"

"Pardon me Father," he said, "for my rudeness to you the other day. Our privations here make us unreasonable."

"I can undertand that, my friend," I replied, "and make all allowances for it"

"Father" he said, after a pause; "you were right, though this place is bad, hell is a thousand times worse, and as one cannot know what may happen, I wish to make my confession

We made it and I was glad to hear that he was exchanged the following day.

A great deal of the privations and sufferings of the Federal prisoners was owing to the carelessness, negligence and incapacity of the prison officials and nurses. As to the charges against the Confederate government in not providing them with better provisions and clothing. I again assert that they could not help it, for they were reduced to the last extremity themselves.

Their army was suffering from the want of supplies, and there were so many thousand of Federal soldiers both in the prisons and hospitals that it overtaxed their already stinted means.

Had the Federal government regularly exchanged prisoners with the confederate, much of this forced, but unnatural, cruelty might have been avoided.

Father Gache enters so fully into the Services rendered by the Sisters and the treatment of the Federal prisoners in Richmond, that the author prefers giving his own statement to any personal sketch.

CHAPTER XX

REV. CHARLES P. HENZE

His mission in Vicksburg---The account of the sieze and of the sufferings and hardships accompanying it---The horrors at Vicksburg surpassing those at Sebastapol--- A shell among the worshippers at Mass---Heart rending scenes in the field and hospitals. Sad picture of want and suffering.

This gentleman was not a regularly appointed chaplain, but was pastor of St. Paul's Vicksburg. The following letter hearing date Feby 7th 1864 giving a graphic account of the sieze was written by him to a friend, who has placed in my hands for publications.

An experienced pen could have written volumes on the subject that would have teemed with thrilling interest, as the french would say; and I can safely say that there is not a man in any city throughout this vast Republic, who has seen and suffered what we have. Sebastapol itself could not have surpassed Vicksburg in horrors. There is not a Priest throughout the North and South who has ever been in the situation of your friend, nor do I say this in the spirit of boastfulness. God has protected us and I fear we are not sufficiently thankful for his goodness. For forty eight days was the city continually bombarded. I only speak of the last bombardment conducted by five iron-clads, mounting ten guns each five inches in diameter: Seven mortars, thirteen inches bore; besides fifty siege guns, varying in bore from six to ten inches; at least 200 field pieces of all dimensions, such were the instruments of destruction. A hundred and twenty infantry regiments. Among whom were many regiments of reffleman always on the alert with rifles carrying from a mile to a mile and a half. We were in the center of a circle of about a mile or a mile and a half in diameter.

The bombs were continually passing over our heads and falling everywhere around us. The rifle balls also played an agreeable accompaniment to the discordant music of the Federals. More than seven hundred cannons, some times playing altogether, may give some idea of the fabulous number of shells thrown at the old capital of Vicksburg. If it had been a city built on the European plan it would have been razed to the ground, but the houses being far apart did not suffer as much as they otherwise would have done. Visitors are surprised to see Vicksburg still the same city. I celebrated mass every day--Sunday not excepted-- The bell can be heard in the distance; so the Federal, and soon a shell comes crashing through the church in the midst of the Mass.

The disturbance frightens us a little but thats all. In the Space of three hours three bombs passed through the church, and three dropped in our little garden. The Sunday following, a bomb pierced the door of the Church and took off the arms of an old man, and another passed through the window and struck before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. This good mother protected us. The splinters fell all around our people---at the side of women praying before the altar of Mary but not an atom touches one of them.

People fly to the church. The same day another bomb comes towards the church. Too much to the left by near a foot. The house gets it all. We were four of us sitting together and not one of us wounded. The shell passed between my legs, cut the rungs of a chair, and a soldier, who was sitting on it at the time, suffered no injury whatever. The chair is now a relic.

The other evening I was eating a supper that had come from a restaurant when a shell piercing the corner of the house, passed before me at the table, saluting me. Well I think you would have done as I did, of course I did not abandon my supper. Oh, no! It was too precious for that especially as I had a mule steak dressed in oil and onions. For a whole week I didn't get anything else from the butcher, but mule steak. I discovered this on the second day and could not eat any more.

The meat is really delicious, which is all I can say for beef. The hard crackers and molasses were considered a fortune. We were gay and contented without being indifferent. But the poor soldiers! Their share was four ounces of bread a day!

Nine shells through the church have finished the work. It is still in the same condition.

I administered the holy *Vaticum* and Sacred Unction to a dying man in a rifle pit and while so doing two shells entered and on returning two bullets flew by me, and three or four rifle balls whistled around my ears. I hastened my steps---A ball struck in front of me. A shell fell some paces in front of me and turned up the earth and filled me with dust--That is all!

I was waiting on two officers while the two legs of one and the thigh of the other were being amputated, I t was near the battle field. The shells respected us. Ah! my friend, do not think me romancing; no! it would take wolumns to relate the horrors of that seige. But the worst terrible horror I ever saw happened in the case of a Louisianian.

His name was Heber of Iberville, La. a young creole, and nephew of General Heber. Poor friend; The same shell that wounded seven of his comrades cut him in two just below the hips; how

terrible! His legs and thighs were left on the battle field and the rest of his mutilated body was carried to the hospital I arrived; Eight doctors and more than fifty persons were anxiously present; The boy was stretched on a table. The blood flowed out almost in waves. The doctors declared it impossible to arrest it, all the arteries being broken. The flesh fell off in shreds, and all the entrails were laid open. His first words, were in creole---"My Father! O, my father I am dying---I am passing away from all these anxious ones! " he then confessed with all the ardor, and sincerity possible believing in his approaching death. Five minutes elapsed and he became as pale as death I gave him absolution and administered Extreme Unction when he cried out "Father I die, may God have pity on me! Jesus pardon me." I then commenced the prayers that follow Extreme Unction---He was no more. The last drop of his blood was spilt in remission of his sins as he himself publicly remarked before his death.

Three brothers, Babinean of the Lafayette parish died here with all the rights of religion. Such examples may be cited by hundreds.

On going out to attend to young Heber, I gave the holy *Veaticum* to two dying persons, attacked by the gangrene after amputation. In the case of one, the mortification went to the heart, and his breast became as black as a negroe's. Poor friend! he was stretched out like a worm. Consider now for a moment, without counting the dead during the seige, when the city surrendered we had 6,000 wounded or sick, many of them Catholics of Louisiana, and also these in the three or four large hospitals before the capture, and all this the result of 18 months We have seen, alas! too much, I never wish you the same.

It was terrible, dear friend, nothing but death. Sorrow and desolation on all sides. War is a terrible scourge. We have had our share of it. My God pardon and pity us if we have sinned for we have suffered fearfully.

Yours and
Charles P. Henze.

CHAPTER XXI

REV. JAMES SHEERAN
Chaplain 14th Louisiana Vol.

This regiment joins *Ewell's* Command---His reception---First appearances in Virginia battles---Stonewall Jackson---A night scene on a battlefield---Jacksons marches---Sufferings and hardships of army life---Father Hubert---At Manassas. The Second battle of Bulls Run.---Scenes and incidents in Frederick City.---How the Fathers of the Society of Jesus and the Sisters acted.--- The battle of *Antietam* and its horrors.

When the first tocsin of war sounded throughout the land the 14th Louisiana volunteered for the front, and the Rev. James Sheeran of the *Redemptorists* accompanied them as their chaplain. The 14th participated in the first battle of Bull Run and almost in all the succeeding battles, which marked the deadly strife between the North and the South. Up to the time of General Butler's entering New Orleans the Rev. Father Sheeran transmitted to the Journals, then published in that city, a full account of the respective battles as each was fought and a general synopsis of all the incidents attendant on army life, occurring among the confederate soldiers either while in the Camp, or on the march. But from the time Gen. Butler got impressions of New Orleans, no communications coming through a Confederate source were allowed publication, and from that time we will follow the father through his life of army adventure until General Lee surrendered.

Scarcely had the 14 th La recovered from the

fatigues of the terrible battles around Richmond which were fought in July 1862, then it along with the 5th La. was transferred to Ewells division then encamped near Gordonsville. On the 1st day of August the train conveying the transports left Richmond and on the following day reached Gordonsville, the two regiments immediately marched to where the 6th, 7th and 8th Louisiana regiments were encamped and with whom they were then brigaded. On arriving at the camp Father Sheeran accompanied by Col. York, Major Zable, and Dr. White, reported to Gen Ewell who received them very courteously and at the same time introduced them to several prominent Confederate officers present, among whom was General Tromble. After the formality of an introduction had been gone through with General Ewell expressed much pleasure in having a Catholic Chaplain in his division and suggested that Father Sheeran's orderly should be mounted in order to give more effectual in time of an engagement.

When Father Sheeran was leaving Richmond he felt a little indisposed, and the want of rest in the cars caused from the crowding and suffocation and the exposure to the dews of the night air, the first night in Camp aggravated his illness seriously. For a day or two all was quiet, and the good Father having somewhat recovered heard a large number of confessions and celebrated Mass each morning. On the evening of the 6th the brigade was ordered to Liberty Bridge. On the seventh crossed it and on the 8th came up with some of the Federal Cavalry and had a skirmish. Shortly after the skirmish Gen Jackson came riding along having crossed the Rappahannock at the ford near a mill which had just been gutted by the Federal troops, and its contents thrown into the river. This was the first time Father Sheeran ever saw him and such was his plain attire that had the priest not been informed as to who he was he would never had taken him for a commissioned officer. After the General passed the report of artillery was heard, and shortly after the news of a further retreat of the enemy. That evening Ewell crossed the Robinson River and encamped that night on a beautiful farm on the banks of that lovely stream. At 8 o'clock next morning orders were given to march instantly to Cedar Creek on Mountain. The day was oppressively warm and as the march was very rapid many of the soldiers got broken down and some were even sunstruck. At twelve o'clock the advance came in view of the Federal Cavalry drawn up in line of battle on the North side of the Creek. There was then a halt of two hours, during which time Jackson was engaged in surveying the position of the enemy; About 2 P.M. he commenced to place his men in line of battle and at 3 P.M. the deadly struggle began. It lasted until after dark and ended by the Federal troops retreating three miles from their first line of battle. After the wounded of the division were brought to the hospital and properly cared for Dr. White and Father Sheeran resolved to ride over the battle field to see if there were any over looked. The moon was full and it seemed to envelope the noble dead with its softest and most refulgent light. Passing down from Cedar Mountain to the rich bottom lands beneath nothing attracted their attention until they came to a cornfield through which runs the now celebrated stream

after which this battle was called, here both killed and wounded lay all around. The Father spoke kindly to the wounded and told them that to have patience till daylight and he would have them ~~care~~ for. One of them who expressed deep gratitude for this kindness attracted the attention of both priest and doctor, and they kindly inquired his name and nature of wound. The name he gave was Pat Sullivan and the latter he told them was a fractured thigh from a musket ball. After the father remained some time attending the religious comforts of the wounded men; enjoin'd the doctor and then sought a hurried repose having for his bed a grassy meadow; for his pillow a fence rail and for covering the blue of heaven. When he awoke in the morning the army was in motion, and the Federal artillery was commencing to shell part of the Confederate lines. Father Sheeran spent the whole afternoon of that day among the wounded attending to their spiritual welfare. On Monday August 11th, Jackson fell back to Camp Wheat, the 14th the Louisiana bringing up the rear. The 12th was a day of rest, but on the 13th a bout of enquiry was held as a precursor to a Court-Martial on all absentees from the late battle. On that afternoon Father Sheeran visited the Camp of the 1st La., and dined with Col. Nolan, and the Rev Father Neubert. Returning that evening he visited the regiments composing the Louisiana Brigade and exhorted them to make use of the rest they were then enjoying to attend to their religious duties. August 14th Father Sheeran celebrated Mass in camp at which he had several communicants. He also delivered a short instruction which had the effect of bringing numbers to confession. On Friday August 15th Mass was at an early hour and there was a large congregation and many communicants. From the large number which attended Mass Father Sheeran cherished a hope that if a few days rest were given he would have an opportunity of preparing all the Catholic soldiers of the Brigade to which he was attached to meet their God. But these fond hopes were not permitted to be realized for on the following morning orders were given to prepare two days rations and be ready to march at daylight. The order was promptly obeyed. At Orange Court House some fifteen miles distant they halted and encamped for the night. The following morning it was expected that the march would be pursued and an early breakfast was prepared. Father Sheeran expecting every moment to get the rout made no preparation to say Mass although the day was Sunday. About 2 p.m. word reached him that two Virginian soldiers were about to be shot for desertion. Hastening to the place of execution he found them surrounded by a crowd of soldiers and accompanied by two Protestant Chaplains. Inquiring if one of the Chaplains if either was a Catholic Father Sheeran was informed in the negative, but was told that he might speak to the culprits. After a short conversation with them he found that neither were baptized, but from the necessary points of the doctrine explained by the Father, both expressed a willingness that they should. On Monday August 20th one of Stonewall's most famous marches commenced. After wending his way some distance through the Mountains he crossed the Rapidain at Sommerville, then crossed Cedar Creek, then Dutch Creek and passed through Stopperville to Mountain Creek,

where there he encamped for the night. Next morning the route was taken up and at eight o'clock the following morning Jackson arrived at the Rappahannock. The Federal soldiers were in force and occupied strong positions on the opposite bank Jackson continued his march along the Rappahannock. After a forced march of some ten miles some of the men felt tired, and began to fall out of the ranks. It was not long before a large number of stragglers were all around. Father Sheeran who expected some work to do shortly waited the arrival of the Doctor and the ambulance corps. While doing so a cry was raised that "the Yanks were coming." Finding that the alarm was too true and that a body of Federal troops were advancing on that spot. The enemy was advancing very cautiously through the woods preparing to give their foe a sudden and warm attack, but General Tremble with his whole brigade anticipated their intent and received them with as hot fire. After the enemies retreat after riding some hours Father Sheeran overtook the doctor who had charge of the Mess Wagon. This was a rather affair for the priest, as he had not broken his fast that day. After a dinner of corn bread and cheese taken on horseback, he pushed on at a rapid rate until he overtook his regiment resting by a road side. The march was resumed, until a small ford crossing the Rappahannock was reached, here Ewell crossed two of his brigades and retired to a wood not far distant and encamped. That night the soldiers had to sleep in pools of water and dry themselves next morning at the camp fires, Father Sheeran sharing the fate of the rest. For two days the men were without rations and were almost savage with hunger. Whilst a battery of artillery was occupying the attention of the Federal soldiers at Warrentown bridge Gen Stuart made a raid into the heart of the enemy's camp and captured some of General Popes private baggage and papers. Jackson's corps resumed its march up the river unobserved by the enemy, and encamped for the night some two miles above a little town called Jefferson. The march was resumed next morning at daylight. The next morning the march was resumed for some fifteen miles to the town of Haymarket and here rested for some three hours. The march was resumed and at 5 o'clock the army arrived at where the Centre ville and Nauassa pikes join the Warrentown turnpike. Turning by a narrow path the army moved at a double quick for some distance after which the La Brigade was moved to the front and then detached with with Jackson at its head and went in a smart run to Briston Station where it destroyed five trains bringing reserves and baggage to Pope. The next morning General Ewell with the Louisiana Brigade and a few batteries were left at Briston Station to keep the enemy in check (for Jackson was then between Popes Grand Army and Washington) Father Sheeran visited General Ewell that morning and conversed with him on many subjects. During the conversation the General bestowed some high encomiums on the Catholic soldiers composing the Louisiana Brigade. While General Ewell was at Briston Jackson advanced to Manassa with his old Division and that of Ap. Hill and took possession of the commissary stores and other supplies at the station. During the day Father Sheeran went among all the men he possibly could reach exhorting them

to go prepare themselves to meet their God. Word was received that the Federal troops were advancing in force and orders were given to retreat on Manassas. On arriving there it was evident what Jackson's attention was in visiting the place. The sacking of the stores by Jackson's hungry and naked men was a scene that beggars description. The army became a perfect confused mob, and some of the officers believed that it would almost take a week to reorganize it again. However they were agreeably surprised to find that when the order to fall in was given it was obeyed and carried out with the utmost promptness. It was near sunset by this time and Father Sheeran felt anxious to learn the whereabouts of his regiment. For some time he watched the moving columns hoping to get a glimpse of the riddled battle flag of the 14th but without success. Whilst thus looking on he received many a warm salutation from the 1st La. Brigade commanded by Col. Nolan. Walking along with his regiment was the good Father Hubert, On seeing him Father Sheeran alighted and after a warm shake hands both retired for a few moments and settled their spiritual affairs as best they could. Having been informed where his Brigade was encamped Father Sheeran rode over to it and found the men busily engaged cooking supper. Colonel York being the first he met made him dismount and partake of a splendid repast. After burning up all the stores which they could not carry off with them as well as the trains already loaded with commissaries, the Confederate Army started for Centreville, which place was reached shortly after sunrise the following morning. The overwhelming force of Gen Pope was now threatening to fall on Jackson's seemingly doomed corps then scattered over the heights of Centreville, but the latter made a flank movement, got behind Pope and took up a position on the left flank of the enemy and disputed the position until after dark. It was here that Gen Ewell received the wound which necessitated the amputation of his leg. Father Sheeran was informed that his regiment had been cut up by N Cuttle. His first impulse was to go to the front he mounted his horse and started off the scene of strife. In crossing Bull Run the morning being dark he saw something which he could not discern paddling in the water. Stopping to ascertain what it might be, he was surprised to learn that it was Father Hubert washing himself. He had been up all night at an adjacent hospital, and was covered with blood and dirt. On reaching the field of strife the Father Sheeran was agreeably surprised to find his regiment in good spirits and eating a hearty breakfast. They were not engaged the night before. All were glad to see the Father but not none so than he was to see them. He breakfasted with Col. York. A short time after breakfast and while conversing with the Colonel a movement was perceptible along the lines. It was then hinted by the Major that he, Father Sheeran, was in a hot place and should better retire. The latter felt no alarm, but rode over the battle field in front of the lines in order to see if he could recognize any of the dead or wounded. He was at that time in a dangerous position being only three quarters of a mile distant from the Federal lines. Soon however he rode up to one of the batteries in order to speak a few words of encouragement. As

he did so a shell passed directly over his head burst some hundred yards in advance. Turning round he saw the Federal troops had a batter place in position on an opposite hill from which they immediately sent another missile. He now looked upon a change of base as the most prudent strategy and with a speed surprising even any of Stonewall's flank movements, he filed to the right and made for a wood some yards distant. During that day, until late in the afternoon the battle waged rather hot for Gen Jackson and his men. At about 4p.m. Longstreet formed a punction, and that evening and next day, a terrible battle raged. During each day and night of battle Father Sheeran was almost incessantly in attendance upon the wounded and did all in his power for them both spiritually and temporally. The great battle of the Second Manassas or Bull Run was now fought, and the hospitals were filled in every direction with the wounded of both sides. On Sunday, August 31st the day following the last one of Carnage, Father Sheeran felt inclined to rest, but was unable to do so as orders were given to remove all the wounded who could possibly bear the change to Aldie and Middlebury. This removal occupied nearly all the day, and the part of it not taken so, the Father devoted to visiting several hospitals and preparing some of the Catholic fellow soldiers for death. That night after a weary toil of three days and nights he sought a needful repose under the shelter of a house not far distant from the scene of strife. The next morning Father Sheeran visited the battle field in order to see if all the wounded Confederate soldiers were taken off, or if any of the enemy needed his services. The Confederate soldiers removed numbers of the wounded enemy to adjacent farm-houses. These men were in a deplorable condition for want of food, drink or medical assistance. Father Sheeran did whatever he could for them in every respect. He met with some Catholics and endeavoured to prepare them to meet their God. Returning back to his quarters that evening Father Sheeran was informed that another battle was fought at Chantilly and started next morning. About 2 p.m. he reached Chantilly sought out his regiment and heard from it the account of the battle. It was here Gen. Phil Kearney was killed. Having ascertained where the dead and wounded were the Father had the former buried and the latter removed to hospitals. He spent the night, up to a late hour, ministering to their spiritual wants, and washing and dressing the wounds of those not yet forwarded to hospitals. On this occasion a Protestant gentleman went around among the wounded in order to discover who were Catholics so that he could tell Father Sheeran they might make peace with God. Having all the wounded cared for Father Sheeran accompanied by this gentleman, started about 10 o'clock for the hospital. As the night was dark and not knowing the way they lost the route, and seeing a light in the distance advanced towards it. On reaching it they found it to proceed from a house. Entering they prevailed on the proprietor to let them spread their blankets on the floor where they slept heartily all night. The next morning at daylight they started for the hospital. On reaching it they found only a few seriously wounded, Major Monahan and Capt. O'Connor were among the slightly wounded.

Having heard that the army was in motion in the direction of Blue Ridge he started off after it. Reaching the army Father Sheeran learned that his regiment was in advance and pressed forward in order to overtake ~~it~~ and in passing along the columns received many kinds of salutions from numerous members of different regiments. A little before dark he came up with the old 14th La, whom he found encamped for the night near the town of Frainsville. Friday morning, September 4th 1862 the army moved toward the Potomac by way of Leesburg crossed Nolan's ford next day, and went in double quick in the direction of Frederick City. The following day about noon the army encamped within a few miles of Frederick City, and Father Sheeran after refreshing himself at a farmhouse, resolved to visit Frederick City before going to camp. By some accident he lost his orderly and had to pursue his journey alone. As this road was often traversed by him before, during his college days the contrast between both periods caused him many sad reflections. The first thing that occupied his attention after entering Frederick was the old barrack, then occupied as a hospital by the Federal soldiers. On riding into the yard he met with one of the Sisters of Charity who had charge of the hospital. He dismounted in order to speak to her, but was surprised to find her very much embarrassed. He was however not long in discovering the cause, as he had on a Confederate uniform and several Federal Officers and surgeons watched him from the gallery of the barracks. The poor sister feared that she might be accused of giving information to the enemy, or showing sympathy for the rebels. Perceiving this Father Sheeran mounted his horse and left. His next object was to find a Catholic Church. In riding through the streets he was kindly saluted by many of the citizens. He met also many acquaintances from various divisions of the army all of whom showed him marked respect. The Louisiana boys came to him to know if he stood in need of anything; but in fact the poor priest stood in need of everything, for he had not seen any of his baggage for three weeks, and a clean shirt, if nothing else would be a boon. Entering a Jew's clothing store with some of the boys they supplied him with a white shirt, handkerchiefs and other useful articles. When the proprietor discovered that he was a priest he invited him into a room and furnished him with water soap and towel wherewith he cleaned himself and then donned his newly purchased apparel. He then repaired to the house of the Jesuit Fathers by whom he was kindly received. Here he had the pleasure of meeting Father Heubert for the first time in some days. He was like himself disguised in Confederate mud. They were soon introduced into the bathhouse whence they returned much cleansed, if not better looking. The good fathers made them change their clothes and then repair to the refectory where they did ample justice to all the good things with which the table ^{was} laden. In the mean time Father Sheeran's horse had been taken to the stable and he was informed that he could ~~not~~ return to camp that night. The next day being Sunday Father Sheeran had the consolation of offering up the holy sacrifice of the Mass for the first time in three weeks. The next day was a gala day in the City

ladies from the surrounding country came in to see the Southern Soldiers and the latter crowded the City and showed off their equestrian skill before the ladies. The good Father Ward, Master of the Novices, was busy as possible waiting on the poor soldiers and giving them refreshments, Father Sheeran had the pleasure of meeting here the Very Rev. Fr. Principal of S. J. and the Rev. Fr. McGuire of Washington, who requested him to procure a passport for their return to Baltimore. In company with the Rev Father McGuire, he then visited the convent of the visitation, a splendid building, directly opposite the Novitiate. Here he found that members of soldiers had also refreshments. When Father Sheeran was returning to the novitiate he met Father Ward with a dozen canteens strung around his neck, and said to him, "What on earth are you doing with all the canteens?" "Well," replied Father Ward, "When I was out on the street I met some of your boys inquiring for molasses to buy, and I thought them to be so jaded looking I took their canteens from them to fill them in my cellar." Father Sheeran visited General Jackson and Lee on business and then returned to camp. Two days after viz. on Wednesday September 10th the army was again on the route and passed through Frederick and Middleton and at 4 miles beyond the latter place encamped for the night. The next morning at the march was resumed by way of the junction of the Williamsport and Hagerstown pike and Beaver Creek to Antietam. Here he met with an old lady who was a singular specimen of inquisitiveness. Among a host of questions which she asked she wanted to know had the priest a family? "Yes mam," was the reply and a large one too." "Ah in deed and how many children have you?" "When I am at home I have over a thousand," "A thousand children," she exclaimed at the same time surveying him from head to foot. During the march that evening the army passed by a splendid mansion adjoining an extensive plantation owned by a gentleman named McGarney. This gentleman had a very interesting family of three accomplished daughters. As Jackson and his staff were passing by, some person informed the young ladies that there was old Stonewall. They immediately dispatched a messenger after the General and Staff, requesting their presence on urgent business. Jackson obeyed the summons and on Mrs McGarney received him with true Irish hospitality. The ladies apologized for calling him back and two of them kept him in conversation whilst the third was making his coat-tail minus his buttons. Father Sheeran was invited to stay over night, which invitation was accepted. After hearing the confessions of all the family Father Sheeran retired to rest and next morning at Hagerstownville in full march to Martinsburg. Father Sheeran visited Dr. Becker the Catholic pastor of the place, and was received kindly by him. He also met Father Heubert there. About noon next day, Sept 13th the army arrived in view of Harpers Ferry and after part of three days skirmishing that town was in the hands of the Confederates. Father Sheeran now took a ride around to see where his services were needed anywhere. In so doing he visited a Cemetery where several Federal soldiers were burying their dead. Many of these men were Catholics and

was off after
the army, when
he overtook it

the poor fellows were greatly rejoiced when they found that Father Sheeran was a priest. Several were of the 12th N.Y. and were very eager to have a chat with the priest and all paid great attention to his remarks. After spending about an hour with the prisoners, Father Sheeran returned to Harpers-ferry and repaired to the house of Dr Costello the Catholic pastor of the place, who treated him very kindly and asked him to remain as his guest as long as the army remained in Harper's Ferry. Dr. Costello introduced him to many Catholic families in the place all of whom treated him kindly. He also showed him John Brown's monument and many other places of note. After dark the same evening Father Sheeran visited Gen Miles who was wounded during the siege and found him unable to speak; on a third visit he was dead. About 8 o'clock that night Dr. Costello and Fr. Sheeran visited Gen Hill in order to procure a pass for the former, Gen Hill was very kind and informed them that he would do anything in his power for them. On the afternoon of the 16th the army moved towards Shepherdstown and crossed the Potomac. The next morning Father Sheeran followed and arrived at the "Bluffs" of the Potomac near Shepherdstown, from which the bloody battle of Sharpsburg or Antietam was visible. He then repaired to the town to see after the wounded and started for the battle field. It being dark and having no one to show him the road, he returned to the town where he attended to both the spiritual and temporal wants of the wounded. Early in the morning he visited the field of battle and repaired to the temporary hospitals. The first visited was that of the 2nd La Brigade. Here Father Heubert was attending to the spiritual and physical wants of his many wounded children. Col. Nolan, Capt o'Rourke, and other officers of the first Louisiana were among them, Father Sheeran next visited the hospital of the Brigade to which his regiment belonged, and found only a few of the members of the latter mortally wounded. The other regiments of the brigade however did not fare so well and Father Sheeran worked hard all day in helping the Catholic portion of them to meet their God. During the night the wounded were being removed to Shepherdstown and the last batch but 17 had gone when about midnight some stray cavalry called at the hospital and told them that the army was in motion across the river.

CHAPTER XXII

Father Sheeran fills Cath with Gens. Army
 His visit to Richmond--His return to the
 army--Gambling in the army--A surprise--
 His services in Winchester--Enroute to
 Fredericksburg--Caught in a snow storm--
 The battle of Fredericksburg--Scenes and
 sufferings both on the field and hospital
 --A generous donation--A day of fasting
 and prayer--Easter days in camp--The piety
 of the poor soldiers--the slaughtering of
 the Irish Brigade.

When Father Sheeran and the surgeons in attendance had heard that the Confederate army was falling back from Antietam they held a council of war and concluded to leave the two surgeons and a sufficient number of nurses to take care of the wounded and to leave the rest to follow the army. In the dead of the night they started off across fields and bye ways and finally reached the rear of the grand army before daylight. On the way Father Sheeran attended to the wounded who were still in the ambulances, consoling them some spiritually and some physically. At Shephardstown he met Colonel Nolan and Father Heubert at the house of a Mr Shephard. Next morning Sunday Sept 21st, Father Sheeran had the consolation of offering up the holy sacrifice of the Mass for the second time in five weeks and he also on that day, aided the pastor by hearing some confessions and performing other sacred duties. On the following day Father Sheeran reached camp near Martinsburg and was there informed that the army would have time to rest for a few days. Believing such to be the case he resolved to take a trip to the Rapidan station in search of his vestments and altar furniture left there by the Quartermaster. That afternoon he was introduced to a Gen Hays who was then in command of the 1st La. Brigade. Having business to Richmond he got a pass from the General and a limited leave of absence. That afternoon he returned to Martinsburg and spent the night with Dr. Becker. He heard some confessions and said Mass next morning, and then started for Winchester. There he met Col. Nolan, Majors Monahan and Neillingan. Capt O'Rourke and Major Zable, and found his orderly whom he lost some days before. The next morning he started for the Rapidan attended by his orderly. On the way they put up at the house of a gentleman named McCormic, with whom they had dinner. After dinner they had some conversation during the course of which he requested Father Sheeran's creed, and McCormic who was a seven day baptist was astonished to find that his guest was a Catholic priest. He instantly retired and after a few minutes entered the room accompanied by his wife and daughter. They both were rather lognacious and instantly introduced religious subjects, but they got enough of the religious topic before an half hour passed, and for once they had formed a rather favorable impression of the Catholic faith. He started for Paris where he spent the night, there he met some of the wounded men of his regiment who appeared rejoiced to have to inform him that some of the

invalided put to flight a whole regiment of Federal Cavalry the night previous on the suburbs of the town. These brave fellows too were countrymen of his own. The next day he reached Middleburg visited the hospitals and prepared several Catholic soldiers for their long homes. That afternoon he started for Warrentown which he reached after dark and put up at the house of a Catholic Gentleman named Pine. Here he met Father Smoulder and Mrs and Miss Sommes, the mother and sister of the Senator. During the evening he was introduced to Dr Fister, who had charge of the hospital at Lynchburg. The next morning he started for Richmond where he arrived the same evening. After remaining in Richmond ten days he returned again to the army. After two days journey by circuitous routes he reached Front Royal on Oct. 9th, where he remained for the night. The next morning he visited Gen Tremble who was under the care of a surgeon at a private house. The General was glad to see him, held a lengthy conversation with him. After wishing the General a good bye he started for Winchester where he spent the night with Col. Zable who was yet suffering from his wounds. Here he met with Capt. Mitchell of the 1st Va. and son of the Irish patriot John Mitchell. Next morning, after breakfast he started for his brigade which was stationed at Bunkers Hill, some twelve miles from Winchester. When he arrived there he found that his regiment had been transferred from the 1st to the 2nd Louisiana Brigades. The 1st La being now in his Brigade Father Sheeran took up his quarters with Co. Nolan as there was no accommodations in his own regiment. The two following mornings he said Mass and notwithstanding the unfavorable weather had a very large congregation. In the evening of the latter day on Oct 14th Father Sheeran visited Winchester and received many pressing invitations from the Catholics to give them an opportunity of performing their religious duties. As he had promised the Marylanders of the Brigade to be with them on the following day he could not grant this request. That evening he returned to camp and the next morning rose early heard many confessions celebrated Mass, gave communion to those prepared and delivered a short discourse to quite a large congregation. On the 16th Father Sheeran celebrated Mass in Camp and heard numerous confessions. He visited Dr. Becker at Martinsburg, who pressed him to remain all night. The following morning he aided the Rev Dr. in hearing confessions and said Mass. He then returned to Camp. On the way he met Gen Stuart, who saluted him kindly smiling at the same time, remembering no doubt that he was once his prisoner by mistake. Early the following morning marching orders were received and the army moved back through Martinsburg in the direction of Williamsport and encamped some two miles from the town. After Mass on the morning of the 28th, the orderly informed him that Jackson's whole corps was in motion and that their divisions were moving to Berryville. It was late in the afternoon before Father Sheeran overtook his brigade. The army passed through Smith field, crossed Happer's Ferry and Winchester railroad, advanced on the Berryville pike some three miles where they encamped for the night, in the woods.

Here they remained until November 3rd when the army began to fall back and after a weary march having no tent of his own he spent that night with Colonel Nean. The following day the army covered 7 miles in the direction of Winchester and encamped that night in an oak forest. Father S. spent the night with a poor Catholic family about half a mile from the Camp. Hearing that there were other Catholics living some three miles distant he sent them word that he would say Mass and hear confessions the next morning. The orderly brought back the news that Father Smulder was over in that neighborhood. This was the first Father Sheeran had heard of him since he left Warrentown. Mass was celebrated every morning at which there were many communicants. The morning of the 9th of May marching order were received and in an hour afterwards were countermanded. The soldiers seeing that they were about to have the day to themselves they intended to spend it in their usual game of cards. Knowing that Father Sheeran had prohibited this vice in the Camp they retired to concealed places for the purpose of carrying on the game. This afternoon knowing that he was absent they played publicly and in some cases for stakes of 150 dollars. Anxious to know how things were going on he visited the camp late in the afternoon and saw a number of the boys surrounding some object that seemed to attract their attention. Unobserved he advanced to the crowd and looking over some of their shoulders beheld two of them with cards in their hands and countenances very serious. Between them was a pile of bills. By this time he was observed by all around but not by the card players who were too much engrossed with their stake to notice anything else. Slowly he bent forward until within reach of the money when by a well directed grasp he secured some \$60 of the stakes. The gamblers not knowing who was there made a very rough exclamation, but finding out who it was took to their heels amid the shouts and laughter of the whole camp. This money he afterwards gave to the orphans of St. Josephs in Richmond. On the 10th the army got the route and on the 11th the Division passed through Winchester in the direction of Bunker's Hill. On the 12th Father Sheeran followed it, fearing that his services might be needed and overtook the brigade some eight miles below the town. As it was wet and cold and having no tent in camp he resolved to take up his quarters in town. He was also glad of an opportunity to remain about Winchester as there were Catholic families in the place who had no opportunity of attending to their duty for some time; and besides there were many Catholics of the Maryland line and Irish battalion then stationed around Winchester. He made his headquarters at the house of a Mr Hassett, who gave him his parlor for a Chapel and who had vestments and all the altar furniture necessary for the celebration of Mass. On the following Sunday morning Father Sheeran said Mass in the church and preached a short sermon to a very large congregation mostly soldiers. After Mass a large collection was made which was left for the repair of the church. During his stay in Winchester, the Maryland battery and several regiments

principally Louisianians availed themselves of the opportunity offered to settle their peace with God. On Nov 29, being informed that the whole army was in front of the Federals and that Burnside was marching towards Fredericksburg Father Sheeran resolved to proceed to his regiment. On the morning of the 30th several of the Maryland boys were at confession. December 1st was also spent in hearing confessions. Father Sheeran bid adieu to Winchester and started for the army. During the day he passed through Kernstown the only place where Jackson was defeated and that too by the gallant Irish soldier General Shields. About 5 p.m. he arrived at Woodstock a town some twenty nine miles from Winchester and put up for the night at a hotel the proprietor of which was a Catholic. Here he met several Maryland refugees and Confederate officers, several of whom embraced the opportunity of attending to their religious duties. The following morning the town was all in commotion. The Postmaster of Winchester had arrived during the night with the contents of the Post Offices. The Federals had advanced to within a few miles of Winchester and the Confederates were retreating. That morning Father Sheeran left Woodstock and passed through Edinburg, Mount Jackson, and Newmarket and arrived in Harrisburg after dark, and spent that night with a Catholic family named Scanlon. The next day he started for Gordonsville and after a terrible ride through the lonely paths of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and in the midst of a terrible snow storm was obliged to put up at a farm house on a lonely hill. The next morning he resumed his journey and reached Gordonsville in the evening and spent that night at the only hotel in the place. Here he met Col. Goodwin and Majors Brady, Nelligan, and Wilson on their way to join the army. The next morning all started off together. They stopped the following night at a splendid mansion, but all had to sleep in one room. The next day about noon, feeling hungry they repaired to another mansion where they were served with a splendid dinner, and where Father Sheeran was treated with highest honors, the host believing him to be the Governor. This false impression Father Sheeran was several times about to remove but feared if he did so he might betray some of his companions. That night they stopped at another mansion about twelve miles from Gaines Station. Here the army was stationed and was only within eight miles of the afterward bloody field of Fredericksburg. After a little inquiry Father Sheeran found his regiment encamped some two miles from the station. That afternoon December 10th he received a letter calling him to Richmond and next morning after procuring a pass he started off. He remained at Richmond till the morning of the 13th when hearing that a battle was likely to take place he started back for the army. He did not reach the old camp ground till the afternoon and then found that the terrible battle of Fredericksburg was raging. The next morning he said Mass at daylight and after borrowing a horse started for the scene of Carnage. Approaching the battle field he observed a hospital flag in the distance. In riding up to it he found it was the hospital of Father Smulder's

Brigade, but the Father was at some of the other hospitals attending to the wounded after having first cared for his own. Father Sheeran found the hospital of his brigade some half mile distant, where he had plenty of work but not so much with his own men as with those of other commands. After attending to the spiritual wants of the Confederate Soldiers he went around among the Federals and prepared several of them for death. Having attended to the spiritual wants of those who needed his services he rendered all the assistance in his power in helping to dress the wounds of the soldiers. That afternoon orders were given to have all the wounded transported to Richmond as soon as possible. Father Sheeran took charge of the ambulance train, and had those belonging to his own brigade transferred first, that whole afternoon he worked inmidful of blood and mud in relieving and transporting the poor fellows. After dark he took his rounds of several hospitals and then fatigued and weary lay down to rest. The next day he took a ride over the battle field and then made his way to his regiment, the boys greeted him heartily on his appearance. In the morning he proceeded to the hospitals and attended to the wounded incessantly for four days until the 22nd. This day he announced he would begin to hear Christmas confessions. The following two days he was busily engaged in hearing confessions preparatory to the great feast of the Saviour's Nativity. On that day he said three Masses one after another and gave eloquent instructions at each, and after Mass the men of his command made up a splendid collection for the orphans of St. Joseph's Asylum in Richmond. The following paragraph taken from the Richmond paperst at the time speaks for itself.

"The sisters and children of St. Joseph's Female orphan Asylum gratefully acknowledge the receipt of twelve hundred and six dollars from the esteemed chaplain of the 14th Louisiana regiment it being the Christmas gift of that noble and brave body of heroes."

Christmass day was spent with all the festivities of a New Orleans home. During the day Father Sheeran received visits from numerous Catholics of A. P. Hills Division, The following five days Masses were offered up every morning both by Father Sheeran and Father Heubert. On the 1st of January 1863 Father Sheeran procured a pass from Col Nolan then in command of the Brigade and started for Richmond for some necessary articles. After arriving in Richmond two of the clergymen there took sick and the Bishop requested him to remain till one of them would get better. Having left Father Heubert in the camp and knowing that he would attend to the spiritual wants of the soldiers till his return Father Sheeran complied with the Bishop's request, and remained in Richmond till the 26th of March, on which day he returned to the camp in order to give the soldiers of the Brigade a chance to comply with their Easter duties. The following day was appointed by President Davis as one of fasting and prayer and an unusual large gongregation attended Mass. From that day till Easter Sunday (April 5th) Father Sheeran and Heubert were as busy as possible hearing confessions, and on Easter Sunday Morning when they went to the camp to offer up the

the Sacrifice of the Mass the crowds of soldiers were standing knee deep in snow awaiting the celebration and almost every man of them received communion. He visited the Washington Artillery, the Madison Artillery and the Donaldsville Artillery, all Louisiana Men and nearly all Catholics. About on the 17th he reached Father Smoulder's Camp and both priests visited the Irish battalion then acting as provost general to Gen Jackson. The members of this battalion were all of Irish birth and Catholics. They had done some very hard fighting up to this time and were the particular favorites of Gen Jackson, as he was entrusting to them the most important duties. As Father Smoulder's visited this battalion regularly Father Sheeran's visit was one of friendship more than business. After spending a few pleasant hours with the officers and men of the battalion they returned to camp. The next morning wishing to visit the Wilcox Brigade among whom were a large number of Catholics both priests rode over the bloody field of Fredericksburg. Although terrible were the imaginations of the priests as they rode over that field of slaughter, still no part of that bloody theatre presented such a melancholy spectacle as that known as the slaughter pen of the Irish Brigade. The boarded fence in front of the Stonewall's behind which General Cobb's Brigade were posted, could be compared to nothing but a sieve, so thickly perforated were the boards with musket balls. Here it was that Meagher's Irish Brigade, made those desperate charges which have immortalized their name. Many of those brave heroes were buried on the spot where they fell, but a large number of them were thrown into an ice house a short distance in rear of the battle field. After giving the men of Wilcox brigade a chance of complying with their Easter duty Father Sheeran visited the 8th Alabama where he received Lieut. R. J. Scott into the church. He afterwards visited Posey's Brigade, Mahone's Brigade and on April the 25th he returned to Fredericksburg in order to give a mission there, but soon after had to join his command on account of the advance of the Federal Army.

CHAPTER XXII

Father Sheerans account of Stonewall Jackson's death--The battle of Chancellorsville--Jackson's Council adopted--The attack on Hookers right--Jackson wounded--The terrible sufferings His last orders on the field--"you must hold your ground, General Penser."--Jackson's last words --"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

So many and such various and conflicting statements as to the manner in which Stonewall Jackson came by his death have been published that the following account written by Father Sheeran who had such close connexion with his command and who, consequently, must be thoroughly conversant with the manner of his death will be read with deep interest. The following account which has never been published is taken from a diary of Father Sheeran's which was placed in the author's hands. Father Sheeran says:

"The spring of 1863 witnessed a large Federal army assembled on the both banks of the Rappahannock and on the first day of May General Hooker, its commander had crossed and firmly established himself at Chancellorsville. Gen. Lee's forces were opposite Fredericksburg, a small body of infantry only watching the upper fords. (The latter was compelled to fall back before Gen Hooker's immense force, and Lee hastened by forced marches from Fredericksburg towards Chancellorsville to check the further advance of the enemy.) This was on the first day of May. The Confederates advance force under Jackson, on the same evening attacked Gen. Hooker's entrenchments facing towards Fredericksburg. These were found impregnable, the dense forest having been converted into an abattis and every avenue of approach defended with artillery, Gen Lee therefore consulted with his corps Commanders as to future operations. Jackson suggested a rapid movement around the Federal front, and a determined attack upon the right flank of Gen. Hooker, west of Chancellorsville. The ground in his left and in his front gave such enormous advantages to the Federal troops that an assault there was impossible, and the result of the consultation was the adoption of Jackson's suggestions. Every preparation was made that night and on the morning of May 2nd Jackson set out with Hill, Rodes and Colton's divisions in all about 24,000 men, to accomplish his undertaking. Chancellorsville was a single brick house of large dimensions situated on the Plank Road from Fredericksburg to Orange, and all around it were the country known as the Wilderness. In this tangled undergrowth the Federal works had been thrown up, and such was the denseness of the woods that a column moving a mile or two to the south was not likely to be seen. Jackson calculate upon this but fortune seemed against him. At the Catherine farm a mile or two from the Federal line, his march was discovered and a crash attack was made on his rear guard as he marched past. All seemed

now discovered but strange to say such was not the fact. The Federal officers saw him plainly but the winding road which he pursued chanced here to bend towards the south, and it was afterwards discovered that Gen Hooker supposed him to be in full retreat for Richmond; such at least was the statement of Federal officers. Jackson repulsed the attack upon his rear and continued his march striking into what is called the Brook road then turned the head of his column northwards, and rapidly advanced around Gen Hookers right flank. A cavalry force, under Gen Stuart had moved in front and on the flanks of the column driving off scouting parties. On reaching the junction of the Orange and Germantown roads a heavy Federal picket line was forced to retire, Gen Pitts. Lee then informed Jackson that from a hill near he could obtain a view of the Federal Works and proceeding thither Jackson reconnoitred. This reconnoissance showed him that he was not far enough to the left, and he said briefly to an aid, "Tell my column to cross that road," pointing to the Plank road. His object was to reach the old turnpike which ran straight down into the Federal right flank. It was reached at about five in the afternoon and without a moments delay Jackson formed his line of battle for an attack. Rhodes division moved in front, supported at an interval of two hundred yards by Colstons, and behind these A.P. Hill's division marched in column. On account of the almost impenetrable character of the thickets on each side of the road, Jackson's assault was sudden and terrible. It struck the 11th Corps Commanded on the occasion by Gen. Howard which line completely surprised retreated, in confusion upon the heavy works around Chancellorsville. Rhode and Colston followed them took possession of the breast works across the road, and a little after eight o'clock the Confederate troops were within less than a mile of Chancellorsville preparing for a new and more determined attack, Jacksons plan was worthy of being the last military project conceived by that resolute and enterprising intellect. He designed putting his entire force into action extending his left and placing that wing between Gen Hooker and the Rappahannock. Then unless the Federal Commander could cut his way through, his army would be captured or destroyed. Jackson commenced the execution of his plan with vigor, and with the determination to strain every nerve, and incur every hazard to secure a decisive success. Rhode and Colston were directed to retire a short distance and reform their lines now greatly confused and thinned and Hill was ordered to move to the front with his division. On fire with this great design Jackson rode forward in front of the troops towards Chancellorsville and then the bullet struck him which was to terminate his career. The details which follow are given on the authority of Jackson's staff officers, and one or two others who witnessed all that occurred in relation to the most tragic portion of the scenes, there remained as will be seen but a single witness. Jackson had ridden forward on the turnpike to reconnoitre and ascertain if possible in spite of the darkness of the night the position of the Federal lines. The moon shone but it was obscured with dark clouds and afforded

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troops were within less than a mile of Chancellorville, preparing for a new and more determined attack, Jackson's plan was worthy of being the last military project conceived by that resolute and enterprising intellect. He designed putting his entire force into action extending his left, and placing that wing between Gen. Hooker and the Rappahannock. Then, unless the Federal Commander could cut his way through, his army would be captured or destroyed. Jackson commenced the execution of his plan with vigor, and with the determination to strain every nerve, and incur every hazard to secure a decisive success. Rhode and Colston were directed to retire short distance and reform their lines now greatly confused and thinned, and Hill was ordered to move to the front with his division. On fire with this great design Jackson then rode forward in front of the troops towards Chancellorville, and there and then the bullet struck him which was to terminate his career. The details which follow are again given on the authority of Jackson staff officers, and one or two others who witnessed all that occurred, in relation to the most tragic position of the scenes, there remained as will be seen but a single witness Jackson had ridden forward on the turnpike to reconnoitre and ascertain, if possible in spite of the darkness of the night, the position of the Federal lines. The moon shone but it was obscure with dark clouds, and afforded but a dim light through the gloomy thickets, on each side of the turn pike, looking more wearied and sombre in the half light.

Such was the scene amid which the events now about to be narrated took place, Jackson had advanced with some members of his staff considerably beyond the building known as Mezzi Chancellor's, about a mile from Chancellorsville house, and had reached a point nearly opposite an old dismantled house in the woods, near the road, whose shell torn roof may still be seen, when he reined in his horse and remained perfectly quiet and motionless listening intently for any indications of a movement in the Federal lines. They were scarcely two hundred yards distant in front of him, and seeing the danger to which he exposed himself, one of his staff officers said General don't you think this is the wrong place for you?" He replied quickly, almost impatiently "The danger is all over! the enemy is routed go back and tell A. P. Hill to press right on," The officer obeyed but had scarcely disappeared when a sudden volley was fired from the Confederate infantry in Jackson's rear and on the right of the road, evidently directed upon him and his escorts. The origin of the fire has never been discovered and after Jackson's death, there was little disposition to investigate an occurrence which occasioned little distress to all who by any possibility could have taken part in it. It is probable however, that some movement of

of the Federal skirmishers had provoked the fire. If this is an error the troops fired deliberately upon Jackson and his party under the impression that they were a body of Federal cavalry reconnoitering. It is said that the men had orders to fire upon any object in front, especially upon cavalry, and, the absence of pickets or advance posts of any kind on the Confederate side, explains the rest. The enemy were almost in contact with them. The Federal artillery fully commanding the position of the troops, was expected to open every moment, and the men were in that excited condition which induces troops to fire at any and every object they see. Whatever may have been the origin of this volley it came and many of the staff and escort were shot and fell from their horses, Jackson wheeled to the left and galloped into the woods to get out of the range of the bullets, but he had not gone twenty paces beyond the edge of the turnpike in the thicket, when one of his brigades drawn up within thirty yards of him fired a volley in their turn. By this fire Jackson was wounded in three places. He received one ball in his left arm, two inches below the shoulder joint, shattering the bone and severing the chief artery, a second passed through the arm between the elbow and wrist making its exit through the palm of the hand, and a third ball entered the palm of his right hand about the middle and passing through broke two of the bones. At the moment when he was struck he was holding his rein in his left hand, and his right was raised in the singular gesture, habitual to him at time of excitement or to protect his face from the boughs of the trees. His left hand immediately dropped at his side and his horse no longer controlled by the rein, and frightened at the firing, wheeled suddenly and ran from the fire in the direction of the Federal lines.

Jackson's helpless condition, now exposed him to a distressing accident. His horse ran violently between two trees, from one of which a horizontal bough extended at almost the height of his head to the other, and as he passed between the trees this bough struck him in the face tore off his cap and threw him violently back on his horse. The blow was so violent as nearly to upset him but it did not do so, and rising erect again he caught the bridle with the broken and bleeding fingers of his right hand and succeeded in turning his horse back into the turn-pike. Here Capt. Wilbourne of his staff succeeded in catching the animal, which was almost frantic from terror; and at the moment when from the loss of blood and exhaustion Jackson was about to fall from the saddle. The scene at the time was gloomy and depressing. Horses mad with fright at the close firing were seen running in every direction, some of them riderless, others defying control, and in the wood lay many wounded and dying men. Jackson's whole party except Capt. Wilbourne and a member of a signal corps. had been killed, wounded, or dispersed. The man riding behind Jackson had his horse killed and a courier near

by was wounded and his horse ran into the Federal lines, Lieut. Morrison Aid-de-Camp, threw himself from the saddle and his horse fell dead a moment afterwards. Capt. Howard was wounded and arrived by his horse into the Federal lines. Capt Leigh had his horse shot under him, Capt Forbes was killed and Capt Boswell, Jackson's Chief engineer, was shot through the heart and his body carried by his horse into the lines of the enemy near at hand. Such was the result of the causeless fire. It had ceased as suddenly as it began and the position in the road side, Jackson now occupied was the same from which he had been driven. Capt. Wilbourn who with Mr Wynn of the Signal Corps, was all that were left of the party, noticed a singular circumstance which attracted his attention at this moment. The turnpike was deserted with the exception of himself his companion and Jackson, but in the skirting of the thicket on the left he observed some one sitting on his horse by the side of the wood, and coolly looking on motionless and silent. The unknown individual was clad in a dark dress which strongly represented the Federal uniform but it seemed impossible that he could have penetrated to that spot without being discovered, and what followed seemed to prove that he belonged to the Confederates. Capt. Wilbourn directed him to ride up there and see what these troops were who had fired on Jackson. The stranger slowly rode in the direction pointed out but never returned with any answer. Who this silent personage was is left to conjecture, Capt. Wilbourn who was standing by Jackson now said they certainly must be our troops to which the general assented with a nod of the head but said nothing. He was looking up the road towards his line with apparent astonishment and continued for some time to look in that direction. as if unable to realize that he could have been fired upon and wounded by his own men. His wounds were bleeding profusely, the blood streaming down so as to full his gauntlets and it was necessary to secure assistance promptly. Capt. Wilbourn asked him if he were much injured and urged him to make an effort to move his fingers, as his ability to do this would prove that his arm was not broken. He endeavored to do so looking down at his hand during the attempt, but speedily gave it up announcing that his arm was broken. An effort which his companion made to straighten it caused him great pain and murmuring. "You'd better take me down" He leaned forward and fell into Captain Wilborn's arms. He was so much exhausted by loss of blood that he was unable to take his feet out of the stirrups and this was done by Mr Wynn. He was then carried to the side of the road and laid under a small tree, where Capt. Wilborn supported his head, while his companion went for a surgeon, and ambulance to carry him to the rear, receiving strict instructions however, not to tell any one but Dr. McGuire or the other Surgeon, Capt Wilbourn then made an examination of the General wounds, removing his field glasses and haversack, which latter contained some paper and

for dispatches and two religious tracts and putting them on his own person for safety he with a small penknife proceeded to cut away the sleeves of the India Rubber overall dress coat and two shirts from the bleeding arm. While this duty was being performed Gen Hill rode up with his staff and dismounting beside the General expressed his great regret at the occurrence. To the question whether his wound was painful Jackson replied "very painful" and added that "His arm was broken". Gen. Hill pulled off his garmets which were full of blood and his sabre and belt were also removed, He then seemed easier, and having swallowed a mouthful of whiskey, which was held to his lips, he appeared much refreshed. It seemed impossible to move him without making his wounds bleed afresh, but it was absolutely necessary to do so as the enemy were not more than 150 yards distant, and might advance at any moment, and all at once a proof was given of the dangerous position which he occupied. Capt Adams of Gen Hill's staff, had ridden ten or fifteen yards ahead of the group, When he called out "Halt surrender fire on them if they dont surrender" At the next moment he came up with two Federal Skirmishers, who had at once surrendered, with an air of astonishment, declaring that they were not aware they were in the Confederate lines. Gen Hill had drawn his pistol and mounted his horse and he now returned to take command of his line and advance, promising Jackson to keep his accident from the knowledge of his troops, for which the latter thanked him. He had scarcely gone when Lieut Morrison, came up reporting the Federal line advancing rapidly, and then within about a hundred yards of the spot, he exclaimed let us take the General up in our arms and carry him off" But Jackson said "No, if you can help me up I can walk" He was accordingly lifted up, and placed upon his feet, when the Federal batteries in front opened in great violence and Capt Leigh who had arrived with a letter, had his horse killed under him with a shell. He leaped to the ground near Jackson and the latter leaning his right arm on Capt Leigh's shoulder, slowly dragged himself along towards the Confederate lines. The blood from his wounded arm flowing profusely over Capt. Leigh's uniform. Hill's lines were now in motion to meet the coming attack, and as the men passed Jackson, they saw from the number and rank of his escort that he must be a superior officer.

"Who is that, who have you there." was called out, to which they replied "Oh it's only a friend of ours who is wounded" It was with the utmost difficulty that the curiosity of the troops was evaded. They seemed to suspect something and would go around the houses which were led along on each side of the General to conceal him, to see if they could discover who it was. At last one of them got a glimpse of a man

who had lost his cap as we have seen, in the woods and was walking bare headed in the moonlight; and suddenly the man exclaimed in the most pitiful tone. "Great God that is General Jackson" an evasive reply was made, implying that this was a mistake, and the man looked from the speaker to Jackson with a bewildered air; but passed on without further comment. All this had occurred before Jackson had been able to drag himself more than twenty feet. but Capt Leigh had the litter at hand and his strength being completely exhausted the General was placed upon it, and borne towards the rear, The litter was carried by two officers and two privates, the rest of the escort walking beside it, and leading the horses. They had scarcely began to move however when the Federal artillery opened a furious fire upon the turnpike from the works in front of Chancellorville, and a hurricane of shell banister swept down the road. The intended advance of the Confederate had doubtless been discovered and this fire was directed along the road over which they would move. By this fire General Hill and Pender, with several of there staff were wounded, and one of the men carrying the litter was shot through both arms and dropped his burden. His companion did likewise, hastily flying from the dangerous locality and but for Capt. Leigh who caught the handle of the litter it would have fallen to the ground. Lieut. Smith had been leading his own and the General's horses, but the animals now broke away in uncontrollable terror, and the rest of the party scattered to find shelter. Under these circumstances the litter was lowered by the Capt. Leigh and Lieut Smith into the road, and those officers lay down by it, to protect themselves, in some degree from the heavy fire of artillery which swept the turnpike.

Jackson raised himself upon his elbow and attempted to get up, but Lieut. Smith threw his arm across his breast and compelled him to desist. They lay in this manner for some minutes without moving the hurricane still sweeping over them. "So far as I could see" wrote on of the officers "Men and horses were struggling with a most terrible death. The road was othe wise deserted, Jackson and his two officers were the sole living occupants, of the spot. The fire of Canister soon relaxed though that of shot and shell continued and Jackson rose to his feet leaning on the shoulders of the party who had rejoined him, he turned aside from the road, which was again filling with infantry and struck into the woods---One of the officers following with the litter. Here he moved with difficulty among the troops, who were lying down in line of battle, and the party encountered General Pender, who had just been slightly wounded. He asked who it was that had been wounded and they replied it was "A Confederate Officer " General Pender however recognized Jackson and exclaimed "Ah Ganeral I am sorry to see you wounded. The

lines are so much broken that I fear we will have to fall back, "These words seem to affect Jackson strongly. He raised his head, and said with a flash of the eye, "Gen, You must hold your ground, General Pender, You must hold your ground Sir". This was the last order Jackson ever gave upon the field. This strength was now completely exhausted and he asked to be permitted to lie down upon the ground. But to this the officers would not consent. The hot fire of artillery which still continued, and the expected advance of the Federal infantry made it necessary to move on, and the litter was again put in requisition. The general now nearly fainting was laid upon it, and some litter bearers having been procured, the whole party continued to move through the tangled woods towards Melezi Chancellors; so dense was the undergrowth and the ground so difficult to pass over that their progress was very slow.

An accident now occasioned Jackson untold agony. One of the men caught his foot in a vine and stumbling let go the handle of the litter which fell heavily to the ground, Jackson fell upon his left shoulder where the bone had been shattered, and his agony must have been extreme, "For the first time," said one of the party, "he groaned, and that most piteously". He was quickly raised however and a beam of moonlight passing through the foliage overhead revealed his pale face, closed eyes, and bleeding breast. Those around him thought he was dying. What a death for such a man. All around him was the tangled wood only half illumined by the struggling moon beams, Above him burst the shells of the enemy "exploding" says an officer "like falling stars" and in the pauses cause the melancholy notes of the Whip-poor-wills, borne on the night air, And in this strange wilderness the man of Port Republic and Manassas, who had led so many desperate charges, seemed about to close his eyes for ever but such was not to be the case. When asked by one of the officers whether he was much hurt, he opened his eyes and said quietly without further exhibition of pain, "No my friends don't trouble yourselves about me." The litter was then raised upon the shoulders of the men, the party continued its way and reached an ambulance near Chancellors and the wounded General was placed in it. He was then borne to the Field Hospital, at the Wilderness Run, Some five miles distant, Here he lay through out the next day (Sunday) listening to the thunder of the artillery and the long roll of the artillery and the musketry from Chancellorsville, where Stuart, who had succeeded him in Command, was pressing General Hooker back towards the Rappahannock. His soul must have thrilled at that sound long so familiar to his ears but he could not take no part in the conflict. Lying faint and pale in a tent in the rear of the "Wilderness tavern," he seemed to be perfectly resigned and submitted to the painful probing of his wounds with soldierly patience. It was obviously necessary to amputate the arm and one of his Surgeons

asked "If we find Amputation necessary shall it be done at once, to which he replied with alacrity, "Yes, Certainly Dr. McGuire do for me whatever you think right" The arm was then taken off and he slept soundly. After the operation, and on waking began to converse about the battle, "If I had not been wounded, he said, or had one hour more of daylight I would have cut off the enemy from the road to the United States for we would have them entirely surrounded, and they would have been obliged to surrender, or cut their way out. They would have no other alternative, My troops may sometimes fail in drawing an enemy from position, but the enemy always fails to drive my men from a position." It was about this time that he received the following letter from General Lee, "I have just received your note informing me that you were wounded, I cannot express my regret at the occurrence, Could I have directed events I should have chosen for the good of the country to have been disabled in your stead, I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy." The remaining details of Jackson's illness and death are known. He was removed to Guineas Depot. on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad where he gradually sank, pneumonia having attacked him, When told that his men on Sunday had advanced upon the enemy shouting "Charge and Remember Jackson" he exclaimed "It was just like them, it was just like them." "They are a noble body of men, The men who will live through this war" he added, "will be proud to say to their children, I was one of the Stonewall Brigade," Looking afterwards at the stump of his arm he said "many people would regard this as a great misfortune I regard it as one of the great blessings of my life."

He subsequently said "I consider these wounds a blessing they were given me for some good and wise purpose and I would not part with them if I could" His wife was now with him and when She announced to him weeping his approaching death he replied with perfect calmness "Very good--Very good. It is all right" These were nearly his last words, he soon afterwards became delirious and was heard to mutter, "Order A.P.Hill to prepare for action, pass the infantry to the front, Tell Major Hawks to send forward provisions for the men." Then his Martial Ardour disappeared, a smile diffused itself over his pale features, and he murmured "let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." It was the river of death, he was about to pass as soon after uttering these words he expired.

CHAPTER XXIV

Father Sheran celebrates Mass in camp---march of the army--
He takes charge of the hospitals around Winchester---Father
Smoulders ---The march to Gettysburg---The battle---The
retreat the hardships---Father Sheeran goes to Mobile---He
besets Braggs army in Tennessee in order to attend to the
Catholic soldiers there---His visit to Savannah and Charles-
ton---A terrible scene---Shells on all beds---He returns to
the song of Virginia.

The battle of Chancellorsville ended after four days of heavy skirmishing and fighting, by Hooker withdrawing his forces across the Rappahannock and falling back to his old camp grounds. This was a trying time for Father Sheeran. Night and day had he to labor attending to the temporal, as well as the spiritual wants of the dying and wounded. Besides attending to his own men he had also to minister to members of the Federal wounded who had fallen into their hands. Among these were several of the Irish Brigade to whom he gave special attention. He also had members of the Federal prisoners paroled as nurses to attend to their wounded companions.

On the 7th of May the army fell back to Hamilton crossing and went into permanent camp. Three days after on Sunday 10th the death of Jackson became generally known and there was universal sorrow throughout the camp. On the following day Father Sheeran offered up the holy sacrifice of the Mass for the souls of the Catholics killed in the late and previous battles. Every day until the 5th the men gave themselves up to religion devotion. On that day the army moved and continued the March till the 9th when the battle of Brandy Station was fought. The next morning the army moved up the valley in the direction of the Blue Ridge, and on the 13th arrived before Winchester then in possession of the Federal General Milroy. Late evening Winchester was in possession of the Confederates and Milroy was retreating to Harpers ferry. The next day Gen Ewell asked Father Sheran to take charge of the hospitals around Winchester. Believing Father Smoulders to be a better nurse he had him appointed in his stead. After having assisted Father Smoulders in setting things to right he started after the army then on its way to Maryland, and overtook it within two miles of Shepherdstown, and continued with it in its march to Plainfield, Pennsylvania, and back to Gettysburg, which place was reached on Wednesday July 1st. and on that same day the famous battle of that place commenced. After three days hard fighting the Confederate forces were compelled to retire, and the labors of Father Sheeran on this occasion were almost unendurable; for between his

this attendance of the wounded on the field, and transporting of the ambulances on the retreat, he scarcely had an hour cessation from work during that time, or the following three days and nights. On the morning of the 7th the army reached Heagerstown and here Father Sheeran introduced the Rev. Father Moran, the pastor of the place and a gentleman named McLeary to Gen. Lee. During the conversation which passed between them the General said he came on a visit to the enemy's country and showed them that he had the power to retaliate on them if he so desired. and that he had always to throw his brave troops against overwhelming members of the enemy. Lee in his retreat determined to cross the Potomac, but that night when he reached it, there was a very high flood and so had to draw up his army in line of battle and prepare the pontoons. These were not ready till the 13th and during the time of preparation much skirmishing took place. On the morning of the 14th all were on the Virginia side of the Potomac. On the evening of the 15th the army encamped at Martinsburg and on the 22nd started for Winchester and on the following day passed through the latter place in the direction of the blue ridge" which it crossed on the 27th. On the 29th Lee went into Camp with in four miles of Madison, C.H. The next morning Father Sheran started for Richmond for Altar breads, and other necessary articles and returned on the 10th of August. On the 17th he commenced to visit all the Catholics of the army in order to give them a chance to make their peace with God before active operations would commence. During this mission he received many converts into the church, and was personally thanked by General Ewell and Johnson for his denunciation of vice. On the 14th Sept, the army was again in motion, but only proceeded a few miles from Orange C.H. where it again halted until the 19th when it would move towards Raccoon Ford right over the same road where Jackson went during his Maryland Campaign the year previous. Jackson's memory now rushed fresh to the mind of every man of the army and several of them actually shed tears. About noon this day the army diverged from the road leading to Raccoon Ford and by a circuituous route reached a place called Morton's Ford, where it encamped Here Father Sheeran visited some battalions which he did not attend before; Among other a Maryland Cavalry regiment, the men of which had sent a special request for him to do so. While here also Father Sheeran washed his shirts and articles of apparel; this however was not his first time to do so. On October 8th orders to March were received and in less than an hour the boys, were on the road and in a few hours were across the Rapidan. On the 12th they crossed the Rappahannock and during that night Father Sheerans overcoat was stolen and he had to wear a blanket next day as the weather was getting cold. In this apparal he met General Ewell and staff. The General laughed heartely at the idea of the men commencing to steel from the priest.

Between Bristow and Warrentown the troops had a brush with the enemy whom they succeeded in routing. As it was evident that the latter were making for Centreville Lee resolved to follow them no further and ordered his wagon trains to be removed to Warrentown. Father Sheeran hearing that Several Catholics were among the prisoners taken visited them. The next day Lee made a retrograde movement in the direction of the Rappahannock which he crossed and went into Camp.

Father Sheeran now being informed that the army would remain in Camp for some time procured leave of absence for thirty days and started for Mobile for articles sent to him there from New Orleans. Some months previous he went by way of Richmond, Macon, Ga. Montgomery and Selam Ala. Soldiers on furlough, refugees from New Orleans or residents whose acquaintance he had previously formed greeted him at every place he stopped. On the 18th he arrived at Mobile and instantly repaired to visit the Bishop who was very glad to see him. Father Sheeran and the Bishop talked over the scenes of the ~~many~~ bloody drains of the war. The next morning after Mass Father Sheeran in company with Father Duncan visited the Infirmary and general hospital which were under the care of the Sisters of Charity. The visitation convent the Gunboat Tennessee, and several New Orleans refugees and Louisiana soldiers stationed there. Father Sheeran remained at Mobile until the 27th when at the request of the Bishop he proceeded to Bragg's army in Tennessee the Catholics of which the Bishop had learned were in a sad state for want of priests. He went by way of Montgomery and Atlanta and arrived at the Headquarters which was then near Dalton on Dec. 7th.

All along the way he met with the greatest respect and attention. At Atlanta he met Gen Cobb who telegraphed to Col Brent, Braggs Adjutant General, in order to announce that Father Sheeran was on his way to the Camp as well as to procure a pass. On arriving at the headquarters he first met Col Brent who received him friendly with many marks of friendship. Having handed him a letter of introduction from Bishop Quinlan the Col said he was most glad to see him, and instantly provided him with a horse and orderly whilst he would stay. Father Sheeran then proceeded to the residence of a Mr. Tucker, a Catholic of the place whose house he made his headquarters while he remained with the army of Tennessee. The following morning he first visited Capt Semmes, Col Ives, Col Brent, and several other officers for the purpose of localities of the various commands in order to make arrangements for his intended visits. These were stationed from three to eight miles from Dalton. The following morning after procuring a horse and couriers, he visited the fifth company of the Washington Artillery.

Fenners Battery and Adams Brigade, and met many an old acquaintance and many a familiar face among them. The next day he met with *Father Blummel a Benedictine Father who had just arrived in camp and both clergymen earnestly went to work. On the 12th they were joined by Father O'Rielly, and never did three missionaries affect more in so short a space of time as did these three priests. They brought sinners to repentance who had not been to their duty for numbers of years, and were the means of checking numerous vices, not alone of the Catholic Soldiers, but of numbers of others as well. Among the Kentuckians, Father Sheeran found many intelligent and well instructed Catholics. After having visited all the commands of the army and given missions to each and hearing that Father Carius was coming to assist the good priests already at work, Father Sheeran thought that he now might leave, and rejoin the army in Virginia. On the morning of the 21st he visited the "Tennessee Camp" a regiment composed entirely of Catholics and introduced Father Blummel to Several Catholic officers of the army.

Next day he started for Macon and on the following afternoon arrived there. Christmas Eve he assisted Father Hamilton in hearing confessions, and preached a Sermon at the Mid-night mass which was celebrated by Father Hamilton. On the 28th he left Macon for Fort Valley, and there visited a number of New Orleans refugees, among whom were a Mr. and Mrs Gleason formerly members of his congregation in the Crescent City. Miss Gleason being a young lady of rare accomplishments; religious, prepossessing gentle and talented. Father Sheeran thought best to place her under the care of the Sisters in Richmond until events would permit her to return to her native City. On Tuesday January 5th 1864 accompanied by Mr and Mrs Gleason Father Sheeran started back to Macon. Mr Gleason there bid the worthy pair good bye and returned to the same evening to Fort Valley. On the following day Father Sheeran had all their baggage booked to Richmond and started with his charge via Savannah and Charleston. On the morning of January 8th they arrived at Savannah and drove straight to Bishop Verot's house. After breakfast Miss Gleason was sent to the residence of a worthy lady named Prendergast, where she stayed while she remained in Savannah. During the day Father Sheeran met at the Bishop's house Fathers Dufast, Whalin, O'Neil and Prendergast. Father Whalen was the chaplain who was captured by the Federals at the fall of Fort Hamilton and who was afterwards detained as a prisoner of war for six months. Father O'Neil was at that time the oldest Missionary in the South and supposed to be the best Mathematician in the country. As Father Sheeran wished to view the city Father Prendergast acted as his Chaperon. After visiting the Barracks the Park

*Father Blummel was shot dead at the battle of Jonesboro near Atlanta, while preparing a dying soldier.

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and other Public places, they repaired to Mrs Prendergast's a resident where they spent the evening. This lady was a pious Catholic of Irish descent. Two of her sons joined the Southern army at the outbreak of the war, one of whom died in hospital from wounds received at one of the early battles. One of her daughters was a nun; and another Son has since joined the priest hood. Such was the family with which Miss Gleason was sojourning. On the following morning in Company with Father Whalin and Father Sheeran he visited the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy the hospitals and the residence of Mrs Prendergast and the mother of his Rev. companion. That afternoon, he heard confessions at the request of the Bishop and the next day (Sunday) preached the Sermon at the principal Mass. After Mass the bishop congratulated him but said he thought he had forgotten something "When," he continued "You commenced your Sermon in the name of Jesus and Mary I thought you would kneel down and say Ave Maria, Yes; I thought you forgot that's the way we do in France." "But, Bishop you know I am no Frenchman" Yes; I know but we do that way in France and I thought you forgot. "But Father it was very good; Come now and let us have some dinner". The next day Father Sheeran in company with Father Prendergast and two other friends, visited almost all the places of note down the Savannah river. including Fort Jackson, Fort Lee, Battery Lawton, or Naval battery. Lady's Gunboat Savannah, and Fort Barlow. In returning home that afternoon he made the acquaintance of Several Confederate officers, among them General Anderson of Georgia. The Following morning Father Prendergast took him to visit the Boneventure Cemetery, The Thunderbolt battery, and the Catholic Cemetery, where at the grave of Bishop Garland the party recited their prayers and then returned to prepare for their Journey to Charleston on Wednesday.

Father Sheeran with his fair charge started for Charleston, where they arrived the same day and drove at once to the residence of Father Sillians of St. Joseph's Church. The Rev. Father received them in most agreeable manner and then domiciled Miss Gleason with a Catholic lady named Mrs Cantwell. During the night the shells from the Federal men of War who were then bombarding the city could be distinctly heard over the lower part of the city. The next morning Father Sheeran accompanied by the Father Sillian visited the Bishop Lynch who was still living near the ruins of his Cathedral. The bishop gave him a cordial welcome to Charleston, but lamented the he could not invite him to stay with him during his sojourn.

as he (the Bishop) was that day compelled to abandon his house on account of the proximity of the shells. Whilst they were conversing a large shell burst about quite near the house. After remaining some time with the Bishop the two clergymen visited the scene of the great fire in 1863, the bombarded part of the city, the breastworks and batteries on the wharves and the splendid Convent and Academy erected by the Sisters of Mercy. These latter, as well as the Chapel thereto attached, had suffered from the dreadful missiles of War and were therefore reluctantly abandoned by the good Sisters. The Chapel was entirely destroyed with the exception of the Altar and Statue of the blessed Virgin, which miraculously escaped any injury. That afternoon the Bishop spent some time with the two Rev. gentlemen at Father Sillian's house, and told Father Sheeran that whenever he came to the diocese he had all the faculties that he, the Bishop could give. In the evening the two Fathers paid a visit to Mrs. Cantwell's residence to see that good lady and family as well as Miss Gleason. At the request of the Bishop on the following morning they accompanied by Miss Gleason, met his Grace at the Cupalo from which could be seen the harbor and, in fact the whole city. The Bishop had with him a powerful glass and showed them the various Islands, Batteries, rivers, position of the Federal fleet, as well as those of the Confederate forces on land. Whilst ~~the~~ reviewing the harbor an engagement occurred between one of the batteries on the wharf and one of the Men of War outside the harbor. It lasted about an hour and a half, but the scene was truly grand to those in the Cupalo as they could see every shot fired. As Father Sheeran had been requested to preach on the following Sunday, he retired to his room after dinner to reflect on his sermon, but was not long in his meditation before he was disturbed by the whiz! ^{whiz!} of a shell coming close over the house and falling some fifty yards distant. As this was a quarter of a mile higher up than any other shell had yet reached it was evident that the Federates had opened a new battery and the whole neighborhood was in great alarm. Soon, another shell came in the same direction, and then ~~a~~ another and another and continued in this way for nearly two hours.

Not caring, however so much for his own safety as for that of his Ward, he had her instantly removed out of danger under the care of the Sisters who were then residing in the Suburbs of the town and removed himself to new quarters. The shelling continued over the lower part of the City all night, which made Father Sheeran feel very uneasy for the good Father Sallion, who remained at his ~~place~~ ^{house} and in the morning, early, he repaired to see if he were yet living. He found him all right. As this day was Saturday Father Sillian sent around word that Father Sheeran was to preach the following day. Father Sallion made the following announcement at the early mass in his broken English, "My brethren the Rev. gent you see now at the Altar is a Redemptorist ^{father} and the Chaplain of Gen Bee's army. He will preach for you to-day at last Mass and I know will tell you many good things. ~~he has~~

He has stood upon twenty battle fields and was not afraid; you must not then be afraid of the shells today; but come and hear the good father; not only come yourselves but bring your neighbours. An immense concourse of people attended the 10 o'clock Mass the celebration of which was ended before the Sermon commenced in order that if any shelling took place the congregation could be dispersed at any time; all having got the full benefit of the holy Sacrifice. The choir sang some of its most beautiful pieces. The sermon was on mortal sin and was listened to with the most profound attention for about half an hour, when suddenly comes a hundred pounds parrot shell, whirring directly over the roof of the church and then ploughs right into the earth some fifty yards distant. Suddenly a wild cry was heard on the organ loft, and something tumbled down stairs. Some half dozen people ran to the door and most of the congregation jumped to their feet. For a second Father Sheeran himself felt panic stricken but soon overcame his feelings and addressed the congregation in an authoritative tone, commanding them to keep their places asking, "What are you afraid of? Do you think God is not able to protect you from shells? Is he not able to protect you in the church as well as out of it? Keep still, there is not one bit of danger." Before giving the congregation any further time for reflection, he resumed his sermon and fused into it as much animation as possible. The congregation seemed to forget all about the shells and not being disturbed by another, they listened during a full half hour with the most earnest attention. After Mass Father Sheeran was visited by Young Soule of Gen. Beauregard's staff and the Bishop dined that day with the two Fathers and then took Father Sheeran out to view the fortification around Charleston. Both returned to Father Sullions ~~xx~~ in the evening where after supper he bade the bishop good bye and returned to his quarters.

On the next morning, Monday, January 18th, after bidding Father Sillions goodbye he, with his charge, left for Wilmington N.C. and at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 19th reached there. After spending a couple of very pleasant days with Dr. Corcoran, a resident pastor of the place Father Sheeran took the cars for Peterburg where he arrived on the morning of the 21st. At the request of Father Mulvey, Pastor of Petersburg, Father Sheeran promised to stay over Sunday and preach for him. His Ward was taken care of by the Miss

where the sisters received them with their usual kindness. The bishop, who happened to be at the Asylum

Having partaken of some refreshments prepared by the good Sisters, Father Sheeran, at the bishop's request, accompanied him home. After having settled Miss Gleason with the Good Sisters, Father Sheeran attended to some business in Richmond

Insert

He has stood upon twenty battle fields and was not afraid; you must not then be afraid of the shells today; but come and hear the good father; not only come yourselves but bring your neighbours. An immense concourse of people attended the 10 o'clock Mass the celebration of which was ended before the Sermon commenced in order that if any shelling took place the congregation could be dispersed at any time; all having got the full benefit of the holy Sacrifice. The choir sang some of its most beautiful pieces. The sermon was on mortal sin and was listened to with the most profound attention for about half an hour, when suddenly comes a hundred pounds parrot shell, whirring directly over the roof of the church and then ploughs right into the earth some fifty yards distant. Suddenly a wild cry was heard on the organ loft, and something tumbled down stairs. Some half dozen people ran to the door and most of the congregation jumped to their feet. For a second Father Sheeran himself felt panic stricken but soon overcame his feelings and addressed the congregation in an authoritative tone, commanding them to keep their places asking, "What are you afraid of? Do you think God is not able to protect you from shells? Is he not able to protect you in the church as well as out of it? Keep still, there is not one bit of danger." Before giving the congregation any further time for reflection, he resumed his sermon and fused into it as much animation as possible. The congregation seemed to forget all about the shells and not being disturbed by another, they listened during a full half hour with the most earnest attention. After Mass Father Sheeran was visited by Young Soule of Gen. Beauregard's staff and the Bishop dined that day with the two Fathers and then took Father Sheeran out to view the fortification around Charleston. Both returned to Father Sullions ~~xx~~ in the evening where after supper he bade the bishop good bye and returned to his quarters.

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Insert

until February 5th and then started for his brigade which was camped some seven miles from Convent house, on the Frederick-sburgh & Clark road. Here he was surrounded by swarms of soldiers who welcomed him back warmly and heartily shook his hands, many of them saying, "We missed you much." The same day the division received marching orders and was instantly on the road, off for Morton's Ford.

On coming up with General Johnson, the Division Commander He and Dr. Coleman and the other members of the General's staff welcomed him back saying, "Father we have missed you!" The General then informed him that the Federals were crossing at Morton's Ford which was nine miles ahead. When about a mile on the way rain fell as if the flood gates of heaven opened. When within three miles of Morton's Ford the loud and frequent reports of Artillery were heard. Soon too the sound of the distant musketry was also audible and the division now pressed forward, regardless of the mud and darkness, at a double quick to participate in the deadly strife. About 8 o'clock the Federal troops had crossed the Rapidan and all was quiet again. Campfires were soon lighted along the Southern lines and as this was a sure signal that no other advance of the enemy was expected that night, Father Sheeran began to look about where he would locate himself for the night. As he was wet, cold and hungry, and as the troops had taken neither tents nor blankets with them, he found himself in a rather unpleasant position. At the request of one of the drivers he slept in an ambulance, but what a night! It was cold and he was wet and without blankets.

Towards morning he fell into a slumber from which he was disturbed by the report of musketry in the direction of the river. He rode to the front and found the boys in good spirits enjoying themselves around the campfires. Hearing that there were some of his regiment wounded he started for the hospital some four miles distant. Arriving there he only found four wounded.

On the following morning the Brigade returned to Camp but, on the next afternoon was ordered for picket duty for a week to Morton's Ford. Father Sheeran, of course accompanied it. After remaining a week the brigade returned to camp. On the way back Father Sheeran visited, by request, Gen. Ewell and lady. The latter although respectful to Catholic Dogmas was very fond of discussing religious subjects. She opened on Father Sheeran and the response of the latter made the General laugh heartily and caused the lady to cut short her controversy. Having returned to camp, on Feb. 17th a mission was opened for the brigade the following morning by Fathers Sheeran and Smoulders. It ended on February 28th when Father Smoulders went to Charleston, to assist Father Sillions with the Easter Confessions. During that time almost every Catholic in the brigade went to confession and Communion. Many converts were also made. On Wednesday 2nd March orders were given to march in the direction of Chancellorville. During that evening the battle of ~~xxxx~~ Mine Run was fought which ended in the retreat of the Federals across the Rapidan. From then until the 16th he heard the confessions each day in the camp of the Irish battalion and accordingly he started to the camp of Father Smoulders Brigade to give a mission there. That evening while walking through the camp in order to

see what was going on Father Sheeran was agreeably surprised to hear the sturdy voices of numbers of the Catholic soldiers in an adjacent tent united in reciting the rosary of the Blessed Virgin. After spending four days with the Brigade and with fruitful results he left for the Pryer battery composed principally of young men from Savannah, Ga. many of whom were Catholics, but had not a priest to visit them since the beginning of the war. They were in Camp at Somerville Ford, and on reaching there he was treated by the Captain (although an ex-preacher) with all possible marks of respect. During that afternoon he provided him with a comfortable tent and a good fire, where he heard confessions during the afternoon. The next morning he said Mass in an adjacent house and gave communion to all the Catholics of the company but three, and had the reverend Captain as one of his audience during the sermon. After bidding the boys goodbye he started for Posey's brigade but the members were so much scattered that he determined to visit his own Camp that evening and return in a couple of days. The day previous, viz March 23, two of the divisions, Johnson's and Rhode's fought a regular scientific battle with snow balls, Gen Walker commanding Johnson's and Gen Rannsmsieur Rhode's division. Johnson's men came off victorious. The two days after returning to camp he heard confessions preparatory for Easter Sunday. On Easter Sunday (March 27) a large congregation attended in the improvised

↓ where they proudly prayed with bowed, uncovered heads and Christian hearts.

left Richmond and visited the Maryland line and the Irish battalion, - The Maryland Brigade, and returned to Camp on April 6th.

On April 8th Father Sheeran left camp again with the intention of giving a chance to the Catholic soldiers of other brigades to perform their Easter duties. He visited Posey's Brigade, the Wilcox Ala. brigade, the Florida Brigade and the Maryland Battery; the Irish battalion, the Donaldsville Artillery, The Montgomery Emerald Guards, the Confederate Battalion, and then returned to his own Camp.

see what was going on Father Sheeran was agreeably surprised to hear the sturdy voices of numbers of the Catholic soldiers in an adjacent tent united in reciting the rosary of the Blessed Virgin. After spending four days with the Brigade and with fruitful results he left for the Pryer battery composed principally of young men from Savannah, Ga. many of whom were Catholics, but had not a priest to visit them since the beginning of the war. They were in Camp at Somerville Ford, and on reaching there he was treated by the Captain (although an ex-preacher) with all possible marks of respect. During that afternoon he provided him with a comfortable tent and a good fire, where he heard confessions during the afternoon. The next morning he said Mass in an adjacent house and gave communion to all the Catholics of the company but three, and had the reverend Captain as one of his audience during the sermon. After bidding the boys goodbye he started for Posey's brigade but the members were so much scattered that he determined to visit his own Camp that evening and return in a couple of days. The day previous, vi. March 23, two of the divisions, Johnson's and Rhode's fought a regular scientific battle with snow balls, Gen Walker commanding Johnson's and Gen Rannsiour Rhode's division. Johnson's men came off victorious. The two days after returning to camp he heard confessions preparatory for Easter Sunday. On Easter Sunday (March 27) a large congregation attended in the improvised chapel composed of tents and branches of trees, with many communicants. So large was the attendance that numbers had to kneel out on the cold slushy ground. After Mass he left Camp for Richmond intending to visit several of the other commands before returning. He arrived there the same day, and on the 31st he left Richmond and visited the Maryland line and the Irish battalion, - The Maryland Brigade, and returned to Camp on April 6th.

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Chapter XXV.

Father Sheeran's missionary labors continued -- An important convert -- An officious officer -- The horrors of a battle field -- A visit to the grave of Stonewall Jackson -- The march to Washington -- General Mulligan's death -- Father Sheeran and Sheridan -- His arrest and imprisonment -- His release -- He leaves the army and returns to Richmond and witnesses its surrender.

During Father Sheeran's mission he received many converts into the church, among whom was a Capt. Cleaveland, son of a distinguished Doctor of New Orleans. Father Sheeran visited Gen. Ewell, who gave him an orderly and a tent for his own use. The General on this occasion asked him if he would not have service at headquarters every other Sunday. Father told him that there were too many Catholics who needed his services but that he might preach for them occasionally.

Orders were given to strike tents and reduce baggage. As there was no provision made for the Chaplain in the orders an officious officer named Boardman a Captain on Gen. Stafford's staff, thought to prevent Father Sheeran from bringing his tent along. Father, however, did not only do so, but General Gee offered him a place at his own headquarters. On April 30th the army got the route in the direction of Morton's Ford. Father Sheeran then started for Richmond on business and returned in a few days.

Hearing that the Federal troops had crossed the Rapidan and Germania Ford, and that the whole Confederate army was in motion the Father pushed rapidly on after his command and the next morning about 8 A.M. came up with the brigade which was then drawn up in line of battle on the right of the Plank Road running from Calpepper to Fredericksburg. After about two hours the troops again advanced and in another hour the terrible contest known as the second battle of the Wilderness commenced. For two days this fearful battle raged and the Federal army suffered terribly. Their wounded were on this occasion principally attended to by the Confederate surgeons. Father Sheeran was kept busy among them; he baptized several and attended them in their last moments. The number of legs, arms, feet and hands amputated was enormous.

On the morning of the 8th the army moved in the direction of Spottsylvania Court House the father accompanying the Medical surgeons and ambulances.

During this forenoon the advance of both armies met near Spottsylvania and had a sharp fight and that night the Southern army camped near by. During the night much skirmishing took place between the pickets of both armies. This was continued all next day with occasional shelling. For the next four days severe fighting took place, during which Johnson's division was partly captured and scattered.

On the next day, Sunday May 15th a change in flank was made and on the following two days heavy skirmishing was kept

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up but no battle except a severe fight between Breckenridge and Siegel's brigade in which the latter was defeated.

During the afternoon of the 17th Father Sheeran visited the Federal wounded. He found that many of them were several days without having their wounds dressed, some of which were complete masses of maggots. There were several Catholics among them who had belonged to the Irish Brigade. He heard their confessions, anointed some, called the attention of the surgeons and nurses to their wounds and aided in washing and dressing them. On the 18th Gen. Grant being reinforced by Corcoran's Irish Legion, the troops from along the R.R. and from the heavy batteries around Washington, Baltimore and other places, made a desperate attack on the Southern lines. That day's battle and a skirmish the next morning gave the surgeons nurses and Chaplains of both armies work enough for several days. On the morning of the 21st the army moved in the direction of Hanover Junction and arrived there the next day. During this march several of the best soldiers broke down,-- men who had never missed a battle or who were never absent an hour from post. The surgeons of the regiment had followed the Brigade that morning so that there was no one left to see after the poor fellows but Father Sheeran himself. As there were a great many empty ambulances the good Father asked Dr. Stephens to let these brave, but now tired soldiers, ride in them. The Dr. replied that they might follow after and if they should break down they might get in as best they could.

Father Sheeran thought this too hard treatment for men who were always at their post and insisted on the men being carried, but the sapient Doctor paid no attention and rode off rapidly. The ambulances followed leaving the poor soldiers to shift for themselves or fall into the hands of the enemy. Being pretty well broken down by the almost incessant labors of the previous three weeks, Father Sheeran was near giving out this night. A hundred times did he recover himself from falling off his horse, as sleep had overpowered him. Being no longer able to remain off his horse without exposing himself to a fall he dismounted and led his old grey. This was no better for he soon fell asleep whilst walking and was in danger of being trampled by the horse or run over by some of the wagons.

Next evening he came up with his Brigade camped in a field. The wagoners and hospital nurses had already commenced cooking supper, and although without food from early the morning before, he threw himself down on the ground and slept till daylight. On awakening his first thoughts were about those poor men left behind and he was satisfied that they fell into the hands of the enemy. Father Sheeran then reported Dr. Stevens to Col. York and Gen. Ewell. The latter settled the affair by telling the Father to give tickets to such men to get into the ambulances and then to let him know who would refuse to carry them. On the morning of the 23rd, a line of battle was formed on the north Anna River, left resting on Fredericksburgh R.R., and the right extending in the direction of the Central. The cause of the rapid march to the junction from Spottsylvania was now evident. The enemy by a sudden movement thought to cross the North Anna and get

possession of the junction. No sooner had they taken up the position than the Federals appeared in force on the opposite side of the river, and instantly the dogs of war were let loose. During the evening and night intrenchments were set up. From thence until the 27th heavy skirmishing and some sharp fighting took place, but no actual battle. On that forenoon Gen Grant moved down towards the Rammucky River and immediately after the Southern army moved, in the direction of Richmond. The next morning on reaching Catlet's Station the Federal army was seen moving toward Coal Harbor and the Confederate wagon train, were then encamped near Yellow Tavern, within seven miles of Richmond. Fathers Sheeran and Smulders remaining with the army while Father Sheeran proceeded to Richmond to say Mass the following day and procure some clean clothes.

On Monday May 30th, hearing that the Federal army had crossed the Rammucky and were reaching toward Coal Harbor on the north side of the Chickahominy, and that the Southern Army was occupying a line between them and the latter river with their right resting on Coal Harbor, and their left some distance west of the Mechanicsville road; Father Sheeran started in quest of his command. Some four miles from Mechanicsville, and when he reached the hospital of his brigade, he found that his services were much needed.

During the forenoon a sharp fight had taken place between Gen. Rhodes' command and part of the Federal troops in which a large number on both sides were killed and wounded. All the wounded were brought to the Confederate hospital. Among them were many Catholics to whom Father Sheeran paid the utmost attention. Battles were now fought every day without any advance being made on either side but with terrible slaughter.

On the morning of June 9th the hospital was removed to James farm, where Mass was offered up. On that night of the 13th a column under Gen Early was ordered to Lynchburg where it arrived on the afternoon of the 19th and attacked Gen Hunter, then in front of Lynchburg. Hunter retreated in the direction of Liberty, and Early pursued him next morning. On arriving at Lynchburg Father Sheeran proceeded to the house of Father Seers, pastor of the place, where he remained till the morning of the 21st when he started after the army. On the afternoon of the following day he passed through Liberty, called at the hospital, and found a good many soldiers wounded - principally Federals. After attending to them, accompanied by his orderly, he again started after the army. That night both slept in the woods, and in the afternoon on the 23rd overtook Breckenridge's corps bringing up the rear of the column, and soon after came up with his brigade. That night the army camped near a beautiful stream, a tributary of the James River, and on the following morning got the route across the James River, via Buchanan. The next morning the army was in motion and marched to Exington. On entering this town orders were issued that all should visit the grave of Stonewall Jackson. Hence the army filed off to the right and entered the cemetery where lay the remains of the Confederate's greatest hero,

It was a solemn scene as they marched past the grave, with uncovered heads, slow paces and sorrowful countenances, which bespoke souls that were deeply impressed. No doubt they remembered the many times the departed chief led them to victory and the long and arduous marches in which they followed him.

The next morning the march was resumed and the route lay through Fairfield, Greenville, Staunton and Mount Sidney to the north branch of the Shenandoah river near Mount Crawford where they arrive after two days, viz on June 28th and encamp for the night. As Harrisburg was only 7 miles distant Father Sheeran started there and stopped over night with a Mr. Scanlon of that place. While here Father Sheeran met Gen Early standing in front of one of the hotels of the place and as usual had a shake hands. "Well General," said the Father, "I have a grave complaint to make for the manner in which you have treated me".

"How is that, Father?"

"Well, General, you took us out of the breastworks at Richmond and never told us where we were going, and the consequence is I left without money or clothes, only what I had on my back and since I have had to live on the charity of my friend."

"I guess, Father, You are better off than I am. I brought with me but one pair of drawers and had to do without them whilst they were being washed. And my Adjutant-Gen. had but one shirt, and he had to go to bed to get it washed. So I think there are people worse off than you, Father."

Father Sheeran came up with his Brigade near Mount Jackson. The march was continued through Strasburg and on the following two days through Lecter Creek and Winchester to within about a mile and a half of Martinsburg, when the column halted and had a skirmish with some Federal cavalry, drawn up in line of battle.

The next day Father Sheeran visited several friends in Martinsburg and took dinner with Gen. York, at Dr. McSherry's. On the following day about noon the troops passed through Shepherdstown, crossed the Potomac, and marched in the direction of Sharpsburg. About half way between the Potomac and Sharpsburg the column turned to the right and made along the Canal in the direction of Harper's Ferry or South Mountain, and on the following morning, July 6th, crossed the Antietam River and moved along the base of the South Mountain, from where the Federal positions on the Maryland heights and around Harper's Ferry, could be distinctly seen.

There was skirmishing that night and some cannonading. In the morning the column was drawn up in line of battle some two miles up the Mountain. That day some skirmishing took place but no severe fight. At night the column retreated and many of the brave soldiers tired and weary lay down on the road side and fell asleep. But a ~~six~~ squad of Cavalry bringing up the rear soon aroused them from their slumbers. On the march a man ran out from the side of the road, caught Father Sheeran's horse by the bridle and said, "D--n you, get off my horse!"

"Do you know to whom you are talking to, sir?" responded

then held a consultation which resulted in Fr. Smulder's

the father.

"I don't care," said he, "who you are. You must give up my horse."

"Now my good friend," said the Father, "let this horse go on. I shall let you know who owns this."

"It's my horse," responded the soldier, "and you took it while I was sleeping."

One of the boys then whispered to him,

"Do you know you are talking to Father Sheeran? That's his horse."

The poor fellow got quite confused, asked the Father's pardon, but said some rascal took his horse while he was sleeping and he thought that that was him.

At half past two the column went into camp pretty well tired and sleepy. The men had not much more than time to close their eyes when orders came to prepare for marching and at four they were on the road again. After a heavy march of nearly two days they reached the suburbs of Frederick City, turned off to the right and crossing some fields got out on the Baltimore pike where they halted. The medical train however entered the City and Father Sheeran accompanied it. After receiving many salutations from the citizens, and paying a short visit to the Jesuit Fathers, Father Sheeran went to the camp. In the afternoon the battle of the Monocacy was fought, and the wounded were brought ~~wik~~ in Frederick and cared for by the good Sisters of Charity. Not knowing that the army intended moving soon, Father Sheeran returned to the house of the Jesuit Fathers in order to say mass the next morning. During the day he made several unsuccessful efforts to purchase some articles of clothing, but however obtained a summer coat and pants from the Rev. Father Callahan.

The next day the army halted within 22 miles of Washington. On the following morning the army was again in motion and had advanced to within five miles of Washington. There was much skirmishing and sharpshooting during the remainder of the afternoon. The next morning the whole column was drawn up in line of battle. In the afternoon the Federals sent out several lines of skirmishers and the Confederates fell back in order to draw them from their works and then gave them battle, killing and wounding several and capturing some. Among the captured were several of the Sixth Corps from Grant's army. This satisfied Gen Early that his mission to Washington was accomplished, viz to draw the Federal forces from before Richmond. That afternoon Father Sheeran had the misfortune to lose his horse by the carelessness of his orderly who allowed both horses to straggle off. At dark the whole column was in motion and the Father mounting on an old carrier joined the cavalcade. The route was taken by way of Rockville to the Potomac which was reached about 36 hours after leaving the heights before Washington. During the march Father Sheeran discovered his horse with an officer of the 5th Alabama who immediately gave it up on being claimed.

On crossing to the Virginia side of the Potomac the men were informed that they would rest for the day. The following morning the column, again on its way, passed through Leesburg and Hamilton in the direction of "Schneckers Gap"; when about half way up the "blue ridge" the Federal troops made their appear-

ance and for three successive days attempted to dispute their return towards Richmond until the battle of Rockford on the Shenandoah fought on the third day compelled the Federal forces to retire. On the following night, July 19th the column resumed its march.

On July 24th a battle was fought at Winchester and Father Sheeran attended to both Confederate and Federal wounded when the day's carnage was over. Among the Federal wounded was the celebrated Gen. W. Mulligan. His body was reddled with balls. Father Sheeran attended to him in his last moments and found him to be a sincere and fervent Christian. He lived but a short time after making his confession and two days after his body was handed over to his wife who went to the Confederate line for that purpose.

~~That night~~ The army continued its march via Martinsburg to Darksville where it rested for a few days. On the day of the route he overtook the army camped near Shephardstown, and found most of the officers away in the town on a frolic. Father Sheeran having had his horse put away and feeling very tired spread his silcloth outside his tent and went to sleep for the night. About 10 P.M. the officers returned, some of them pretty tight and one of them shamefully drunk. He was no less than a Colonel and rode a large horse. The Father was at the time lying on his back and in a kind slumber. He heard the noise of the horse approaching, but anticipated no harm as he was lying close to the tent. Suddenly the foot of the horse was pressed upon his left breast and the whole weight of the animal and his drunken rider pressed upon him. The Father was brought into the tent and having received some stimulants became composed and went to sleep again. The next morning General York, seeing that he was much bruised thought to send him into Winchester in an ambulance but the Father, fearing that there might be an engagement and his services needed, thought better to put up with some personal sufferings and remain with his command. The Col who was near being his murderer went over to Father Sheeran's quarters that morning, not knowing anything of what had happened. The Father rebuked him for his intemperance forgave him the bodily injury unintentionally inflicted but exhorted him to take better care of himself and give a better example to his men.

About an hour afterwards the army was in motion and passed through Shepherdstown, crossed the Potomac and had a sharp fight at Sharpsburg or Antietam, passed through Williamsport next day and across the Potomac (and had a) to old Virginia. There was no hospital erected during this battle near Smithfield, as it was a running fight so Father Sheeran had to go through the neighboring farm houses, and even into the town of Smithfield looking for the wounded. The next day he accompanied the wounded of the Brigade to Winchester, and attended to them punctually.

After remaining two days at Harrisonburg Father Sheeran learned that Gen Early turned off towards Port Republic and that

the Federals were making towards Harrisonburg, thus cutting him off from his command. After a serious reflection he concluded to try an experiment and ride into the Federal lines and ask Sheridan for a pass to go to Winchester to see after the wounded. The next morning Sept. 25th, he commenced his journey. Having travelled some seven miles he met with three Cavalry men dressed in Confederate uniform but was shrewd enough to observe that they were Federals in disguise. One of them halted the Father and proposed the following questions. "Do you belong to the Rebel Army?"

"I belong to the Confederate Army".

"Well, then get in here." pointing to where he should go.

"No Sir, I will not," replied the priest.

Here the soldier drew his pistol. Seeing his object the Father remarked,

"You are perhaps mistaken in the opinion you have formed of me. I am a Catholic priest and wish you to bring me to Gen. Sheridan. I am desirous of going to Winchester to look after our wounded and want a pass from your General."

At this the soldier lowered his pistol saying,

"I am a Catholic myself, sir, and am glad to meet with you."

They were conversing for a few minutes when another Federal soldier came up and taking particular notice of the Father's spurs, inquired if he belonged to the Rebel army. Meeting with the same response as his companion he attempted to take the spurs, when the Father informed the soldier who he was. The first young man brought him to Gen. Wright, commanding the 6th Corps, ~~taken~~ in advance and gave him an introduction. Father Sheeran soon made known the object of his visit and the general having examined his papers ordered his adjutant-general to write a pass for himself and horse. After the General thanked him for the kind manner in which the good Father treated the Federal wounded at the battle of Kearnsstown, and bid him goodbye. Some three miles from the front he met Gen Sheridan and staff riding on the right of the road. In advancing towards him he was met by his Adj. who being apprised of the Father's business said Gen. Wright's pass was sufficient.

That night Father Sheeran stopped with a W.K. Mr. McFall, a very worthy Catholic gentleman of the place. During the evening and next morning he visited the hospitals and heard some ~~map~~ confessions. After breakfast he started for Winchester and after calling at all the hospitals along the way, reached there safely. The following day the Father visited all the Confederate hospitals and told the inmates that he came to stay with them for some time. The poor invalids were highly delighted when he made the announcement. At Mass the next morning there were several Federal soldiers present. During the service the Father gave notice of the object of his visit to Winchester, namely that he came to see after the Confederate wounded, but was willing to extend his services to the wounded of the Federal hospital, and further that he would have mass every Sunday morning and requested all Catholics

to attend, and that he was ready to hear the confessions of all who came with proper dispositions. In conclusion he requested the Federal soldiers that if they knew of any of their companions sick or wounded who needed his services to let him know and he would attend to them. Having procured a pass to visit the Federal Hospital at will the Father made his rounds daily and repeatedly of both hospitals until Oct 12th and caused the invalids to be attended to in a becoming manner. On the day he received numerous visits from Catholics of Federal army, all of whom were kind and respectful and promised to come to Mass on the following Sunday. During the afternoon the Father was called to see a Captain Brady of the 16th Massachusetts, who was lying dangerously ill at the Logan house. He had been wounded at the late battle of Winchester, had a leg amputated and two other wounds. He was very low when the Father visited him but after receiving the Sacraments he rapidly recovered and was soon able to be taken home by his brother, who came from Boston to wait on him. The Father attended him until the day he was removed.

From the 12th to the 19th there was skirmishing between Early's division and the Federal troops around Winchester. On that morning a great battle was fought, in which part of the Federal army was taken by surprise and retreated to Winchester. The same morning Sheridan arrived from Washington and rallying the Federal troops advanced them against Early and for ever routed and disorganized his army. For the following five days the wounded of both armies poured in to Winchester and the good Father attended to them indiscriminately. During these days some of the Confederate wounded were transferred to Martinsburg. On the morning of the 27th after visiting the hospitals a large wagon and ambulance train started for Martinsburg and Gen. Duffer and staff intended accompanying and then join their command of Cavalry in front of Petersburg. About nine miles from Winchester Roseby captured the party who were sent to Libby Prison. Every day until the 31st Father Sheeran visited the hospitals and attended to the wounded. On that day, as General Sheridan was in town and as nearly all of the Confederate soldiers were convalescent and numbers of them removed to Martinsburg, the Father resolved to call on the General in order to know by what route he wished him to return home. Accompanied by Capt Fitzgerald of the 17 Pa. Cavalry, he proceeded to Headquarters. The Capt introduced him to the Adj. Gen of the Post, viz Capt Latta of the 119th Pa. Infantry, the same officer who had refused Father Miller and him the pass. The Father told Capt Fitz. that he had a slight acquaintance with the Adj. and then asked him if he could see Gen. Sheridan. The Adj. told him to take a seat and he would see. Capt Fitz and the Father then took a seat and in about ten minutes the Adj. returned with an armed guard and told him to "take that man", pointing to the Father, to the Provost Marshalls. Arriving there crowds assembled to know the cause of his arrest, but no information could be received. The Marshall on reading a note handed to him by the guard called for an orderly whom he told to take the Father to the military Prison. That afternoon the Father was visited by numbers of citizens and Catholics

soldiers of the Federal army, all of whom deeply sympathized with him, while several of the latter vowed vengeance against the adjutant and those who had a hand in his arrest. The first three nights of his arrest he was allowed, through the interference of some Catholic officers, to sleep outside but on the 4th the greatest strictness prevailed. On the following day, viz Nov 4th, the Father with a large batch of prisoners was sent to Martinsburg. On arriving there he introduced himself to the Provost Marshall and made known his case. That officer having examined the list of prisoners found no charge against Father Sheeran, and allowed him his parole for the night, which he gladly accepted and repaired to Dr. McSherry's where he was received very kindly. His parole extended to the following Tuesday by calling at the Marshall's office every day. During this time he said Mass daily and heard numerous confessions. On Tuesday he, along with a number of other prisoners were transferred to Baltimore which place they reached that evening and spent a most horrible night in prison along with a number of pickpockets and blasphemers, and sleeping on a floor reeking with vermin and filth. The next morning the Father discovered that his present abode was the old slave pen. During the day he communicated twice with the Father Provincial but the latter would not be permitted to respond. Towards evening one of the hard cases appeared to be very respectful to him. On talking to him Father Sheeran found he was brought up a Catholic. He then called the whole party to an account for their conduct the previous night. They all expressed sorrow and promised not to repeat it again, which promise they kept. On Nov. 11th the prisoners were transferred to Fort Mc Henry, where Father Sheeran was detained until Dec. 5th and then released only on condition of not giving any information to the Confederate army. Thence until the 9th he remained around Baltimore and Annapolis, where the Father Provincial prevailed on him to sever his connection with the army and if necessary to take charge of a parish under the Bishop of Richmond. After the Father Provincial giving him the General orders and telling him to take whatever money he and Father Smulders stood in need of, Father Sheeran in company with Fathers Miller and Dennis started by the Cars for Cumberland, and reached there the afternoon of the following day. He remained in Cumberland till the 19th when he left for Martinsburg. There the provost Martial told him he should go by way of Harpers Ferry to Winchester, as Moseby was about the valley pike road. On the 21st he left Martinsburg for Harpers Ferry where he remained with Dr. Costello, Pastor of the place, until the 26th when he left for Winchester and arrived there the same day and repaired to the house of McAssett where he was received with every demonstration of kindness. Being sick, he remained inside dorrs until the 28th when he repaired to the Provost Marshall's to have his pass extended, and to apply for another through the lines, in order to have every thing ready (when his health would permit him) to start for Richmond. The former application the Provost Martial granted, but the latter he referred to Gen. Sheridan. After much fuss, Sheridan permitted him to go. During his stay he was lionized not alone by the

Citizens but also by numbers of Catholics in the Federal army and even some Irish boys serving in 18th Pa. Cavalry attended to his horse while he was in prison, and had him in splendid condition. On January 3rd the good Father left Winchester for Richmond and took his route by way of Woodstock, Jackson, Harrisonburg, and Stanton, stopping with familiar friends in each place, and reached Richmond on the 10th where he remained under medical treatment until the fall of that city suffering much from his breast and eyes. A few days after, the surrender of Richmond when matters had settled down, he obtained a pass and started for Baltimore in Company with thirteen sisters. He then visited Philadelphia and Reading and New York, but finding his health again failing him he returned on My 6th to his own beloved Crescent City, New Orleans, but subsequently returned to New York.

Chapter XXVI

The Sisters in the Army.

How their services were at first received -- All prejudice now disappeared -- True Charity knows neither creed station or persons -- The Charity that teaches us to love our neighbor as ourselves -- What the sisters have done and how gratefully their services have been received, appreciated.

If the services of the Catholic Chaplains in the field exposed them to all the dangers and hardships of a soldiers life, the devotion of the sisters of the various Catholic orders, to their sacred duties as nurses and attendants in the hospitals brought them in contact with sickness, disease and wounds of the most malignant kind, and with men of uncultured minds, who scoffed at religion as a sentiment, an idea, a kind of bugbear if you will, and at the good sisters, as the mere agents of priestly influence and intrigue.

The scoffs, the sneers, and even the insults of such men did not deter them in the least from the faithful discharge of their duties, and hate and prejudice now gone by before the chastening influence of works of mercy and charity.

When the Protestant soldiers found that the sister did as much to cool his aching wounds and to refresh him by delicacies and luxuries as she did for the Catholic patient who occupied the adjoining bed, he began to think that all his bigotry and prejudices were simply the result of his unchristian education, and that it was possible for one to be a Catholic and even a Sister, and still to possess all the noble attributes of true Christianity.

Prejudices gave way to facts, and the most bigoted, when he found the Sister to watch at his bedside with the devotion of a mother, to cool his fevered brow, to soothe his aching head and to minister to his every hurt, began to realize the fact that true Charity knew no distinction of religion or persons; and that the Charity which prompted these good souls to sacrifice all worldly goods for the Services of Jesus Christ, was too noble, too pure, too heavenly to be circumscribed by the narrow and selfish limits of Country, creed or station.

It was the Charity of Christ Himself when he looked with pity on Mary Magdalen and told her to go and sin no more. It was the Charity of Christ when he praised the heartfelt contrition of the poor Publican -- it was more-- it was the charity and humility of Christ when he washed the feet of his disciples. Let sceptics and atheists sneer as they smile at religion, how much purer, better and holier would this life be if we had among us more of that divine charity which teaches us to love our neighbors as ourselves. Instead of this noble, this divine doctrine of love towards your neighbor, hate, persecution and discord seem to be the

controlling principles of the Christian ethics of the day. We see all around us men hating one another for the love of God, and robbing the poor to enrich themselves, yet they walk around with an air of Sanctified purity.

The Sisters labored hard to render all possible assistance as nurses, without regard to the religious opinions or doctrines of their patients. They were as attentive to a Protestant as to a Catholic, without interfering with his religious opinions or prejudices. In fact they knew no religion in the discharge of their duties, but Christianity, and pure Charity; and they made no distinction whatever, in their attendance but such as suffering humanity demanded.

If they removed prejudices from the minds of the soldiers of other denominations, it was because their good works impressed them with the conviction that their mission must have been from on high; and if they made converts it was by the force of example ~~xxxx~~ not by entreaty.

Though the paid and volunteer nurses rendered excellent assistance in the hospitals in Washington and elsewhere, we honestly ask did all these paid services reach the heart of the ~~3~~ soldier or make him feel that he was attended for some motive higher than the sordid consideration of dimes and dollars? Ask the soldier today, who had given sometime in hospital, how he regards his nurses and attendant there, and ten to one, he will burst out into a fit of praise of good Sisters and their services to him.

When the war commenced, these sisters were quietly and modestly attending to their Conventual duties and also to the wants of the suffering poor who want and starve, and die, almost unknown in all large cities. ~~The~~ Few could expect that the poor modest, shrinking sister of Charity would be the first to ~~expose~~ ^{expose} herself to all the hardships privations and rudeness of hospital life. Yet, so it was. She felt that there was her duty - there was her mission - there was where she could do the most good to relieve suffering humanity and she cheerfully went forth on her errand of love and charity.

"She felt in her spirit, the summons of grace that called her to love for the suffering race; and, heedless of pleasure, of comforts, of howse, rose quickly, like Mary, and answered "I come". Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath. Like an angel she moves 'mid the dangers of death; Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword. Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord!"

Such was the humble religious. Whether Sister of Charity - Sister of Mercy - Sister of the Holy Cross, or Sisters of any other order, she cheerfully responded to the call of suffering humanity, and devoted her time, her services, her prayers, and in many cases her very life, to relieve the wants and sufferings of her fellow creature.

Their good works have proclaimed this success of their mission, and thousands today, even of different denominations, bless the name and memory of the good, pious and faithful Sisters. Though the writer has left nothing undone to collect

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materials for the sketches of the Sisters and of their services in the field and hospitals, he must confess that he has not ^{been} ~~heard~~ as successful as he was in the care of the Chaplains; for shrinking, modest, and retiring, the Sisters on the whole declined to furnish much information, on the grounds that they labored for the glory and honor of God and not for the approbation of men. However, the following sketches will give the reader a good insight into what they have done and how gratefully their services, very appreciated.

Chapter XXVII

The Sisters of Mercy of Charleston -- Their attendance on the Federal prisoners -- Their best donors -- Their influence on the soldiers -- Anecdotes and incidents in hospital -- Reconciled to death -- The Sisters provided with a general pass -- Letters from Federal officers and soldiers -- Their generous testimony to their services and kindness -- Protestants and Catholics alike bear testimony in their behalf -- Their Christian Charity and incessant labors.

The Community at Charleston consisted of a Superior and about nine Sisters. Their charity and zeal in ministering to the wants and affording material aid and consolation, to the Federal prisoners in the Stockade and the sick and wounded in the hospitals, have been confirmed by the generous testimony of several officers and men, Protestants as well as Catholics. They made no distinction between Federals or Confederates in their attendance, and many an anxious parent, North, was indebted to the Sisters for the information, privately conveyed, that their boys were living. In many cases they managed to send letters from prisoners, or portraits, to their friends in the North, or in other prisons.

About the time of the attack on Fort Fisher great poverty, and in many cases actual want, prevailed in Charleston; still, the Sisters, from their own scanty stores, and from what they could get from the charitable, and Northern sympathizers, always managed to soften the hard fare of corn bread given to the Federals, by fresh bread and new milk. They often cheered and revived many a sick and wounded soldier with good nourishing diet, such as mince meat, pies, soups and the like. Though the times pressed hard on themselves, they managed to keep all the time three cows, the milk of which went to the inmates of the prisons and hospitals. They collected all the clothes they could and when a ragged prisoner was brought in, they immediately clothed him from their store.

We must recollect that the Sisters had neither public nor Government funds at their disposal for the relief of prisoners. Their liberal supplies of bread, meats, wines, soups, clothing, and the like, were all supplied from their own limited stores, and from what they could collect from the Union sympathizers and charitable people of Charleston. Foremost among the liberal and charitable donors was an Irish Catholic family, Mr. John Kenny and his wife, of Queen Street. These almost exhausted their means in supplying the hospitals with soup, meats, and fresh bread, which was grateful to poor fellows whose allowance was only corn bread. When wounded prisoners came in, Mrs. Kenny tore up her own and her husband's linen to make lint and bandages,

often stripping off the linen they had on for that purpose. Mr. Kenny's brother, John Donahue, was equally charitable. A Mr. Johnson, a Protestant gentleman, was qually generous in furnishing clothing and soup for the prisoners on the race course.

When their own supplies were exhausted, these and other charitable persons went around with the Sisters to collect clothing and provisions; and as they well knew the parties to whom to apply, they were generally successful. Among those whose purse and heart were always open to the claims of the Sisters, we should mention a Protestant gentleman, Mr. James McCarter, now living in Newton, New Jersey. He liberally supplied with money both the Sisters and Mrs. Eliza Potter, who was a daily visitor at the Queen Street Hospital for six or eight months after it was opened.

It is remarkable what influence the quiet, unobtrusive gentleness of woman has even upon the hardest natures. Men who in camp could swear as hard as Uncle Toby's profanest soldier in Flanders, soon become docile; and should an expression savoring of the profane escape them in presence of the Sisters, they would humbly apologize. No child ever looked for the presence of his mother more earnestly than did the patients in hospital to the daily visits from the Sisters; and gratefully and thankfully did they receive from them the cooling fruits and nourishing meats and broths which they helped them to. One of the soldiers went by the soubriquet of "Good for Me", from the fact that when a Sister was feeding a sicker patient with anything nice, the fellow would whine out, "Wa-al, I reckon, Sister, a little of that would be good for me." After the attack on Morris' Island, the sergeant of a New York regiment, named Carrigan, was brought into hospital, badly wounded in the shoulder. He was attended by one of the Sisters, a Southern lady, with strong sympathy for the cause of her people. While the wound was dressing he was insensible, but recovering consciousness, he looked up and exclaimed, "I tell you, we'll take that d--d Island yet."

A fine strapping Michigan soldier named Francesco, greatly prejudiced against the Catholics, quietly watched the Sisters day by day going around on their errands of mercy. One morning a Sister was giving him some wine; seeing the Rosary hanging by her side he said:

"Wa-al, I reckon you belong to some society?"

"Yes, to a religious Order."

"Something like the Freemasons, I reckon?"

"Not exactly; our society is a Roman Catholic Religious order."

"Wa-al, them Roman Catholics are ba-ad people,--very bad people!"

"What makes you think so, friend?"

"Wa-al, I have often heard so and I have read so in books, too."

"Most likely, but we are not to judge from all we hear and read, particularly from those prejudiced against the Catholics; tell me, can you give an instance, yourself, of the wickedness of Catholics?"

"Not 'zactly, but there is a Catholic fellow in the next bed and he swears terribly."

"Now, you shut up!" said the fellow in the next bed, "I'm not a Catholic, but a North of Ireland Presbyterian."

"Wa-all! really, Sister -- do hear that-- there may be some Catholics like you, I'll not think so hard of them after your kindness, for you'er re-ally good!"

"Friend," mildly replied the Sister, "do not judge harshly of those you know nothing about; there are some bad Catholics, no doubt, but many better than I am. Our holy religion teaches us love and charity to all. If we follow the teachings and precepts of that religion, we make no distinction between black or white, race or color, Protestant or Catholic, Jew or Gentile, but distribute our charity alike to all."

Another prisoner says, in a confidential whisper, to the attending Sister:

"Sister, aint you Union?"

"How do you know?"

Well, you are so kind and good to us poor fellows, I know you must be Union; but, "Sister," in a more confidential whisper, "you need not fear telling me, you know."

"Did I ever ask you, friend, whether you were a Catholic or Protestant?"

"Never!"

"Have you seen me, in my attendance on the prisoners, making any distinction on account of religion?"

"No, Sister, I am a Protestant, and I am sure I would not be on my legs to-day, but for you, God bless you!"

"Well, my friend! What I have done for the Federal prisoners, I would do for the Confederate. Charity has neither politics nor religion. We try to alleviate the sufferings of the afflicted according to the teachings of our religion and Our Divine Master, and from Him alone we expect to reap our reward."

A fine young soldier named Markham, who was suffering from pulmonary disease, was removed from the stockade to the hospital; there was something so gentle and unobtrusive about him that the Sisters took a special interest in him. He gradually sank and the racking cough increased to a painful degree, yet he never complained nor murmured. As the Sister sat beside him to help him to his soup or medicine, he loved to converse about home, about his mother, brothers and sisters, until his large luminous eyes would become dim with tears. The doctor told the Sister that his end was approaching, and that it might be well to break the news to him. So, going her rounds, she quietly sat beside him and taking his hand, asked,

"How do you feel to-day?"

"Oh, much better, Sister, the cough is nearly gone, and if I only get a little stronger I'll be all right."

"My dear friend," replied the Sister, "symptoms are often deceitful, we should not be deceived by them, but prepare for a happier exchange, for this world is all vanity."

He raised himself gently in the bed and fixed his dark eyes on the Sister, as he asked,

"Oh Sister! are you trying to break the news to me that there is no hope? If so, do not be afraid to tell me, I can bear it -- but then, I feel so well!"

"My dear, life and death are in the hands of God; you appear to be so good a young man, that I am sure you have no fear of meeting your Maker and Saviour."

He lay still for a moment, with his hands clasped over his face, and the tears trickled through his fingers.

He aroused himself, as if ashamed of his weakness, and said,

"Excuse me, Sister! it is not the thought of death that thus unmans me, but it is so hard to die without seeing my dear mother and family." After a time he became quite reconciled, and talked freely of his approaching end.

"You ought to have a minister and make proper preparations, if you will tell me what minister you desire, I'll send for him."

"The truth is, Sister, I have been brought up in no denomination, and have never had any religious instruction, but, I would like to belong to your religion."

"My young friend, I am a Roman Catholic. A great many who do not understand our Holy Religion, are prejudiced against it."

"Was not the world prejudiced against Our Saviour? I know your religion must be good, otherwise you could not be what you are."

The Sister brought him the priest, who baptised and prepared him for death. A Sister remained continually by him, joining in prayer and other acts of devotion, and in two days, he yielded his pure soul into the hands of his Maker.

The following letter from the Secretary of War, though not in chronological order here, will show that the services of the Sisters were not limited by race or color. There were strong extenuating circumstances in favor of Benton. He committed the murder while in a state of intense excitement, ~~caused~~ caused by the murdered man and his friends. The Sisters having learned the full particulars of the case, laid them, in a forcible manner, before Secretary Stanton, who favorably considered them, and granted a pardon to the prisoner.

War Department
Adjutant-General's Office,
Washington, Dec. 16, 1868

Mother M. Teresa, Superior, and Sister M. Xavier, Convent
Of Our Lady of Mercy, Charleston, S.C.

Ladies;--- In reply to your communication of October 16th, 1865, addressed to Brevet Major General R. Saxton, Assistant Commissioner, regarding the pardon of Samuel J. Benton, colored, 54th Massachusetts Volunteers, imprisoned in Fort Delaware for the crime of murder, I have the honor to inform you that the

release of Benton was ordered by letter from this office.

I am, very respectfully, your ob't serv't,

E. D. Townsend,

Ass't Ad.-Gen'l.

So great was the confidence in the Sisters and so thoroughly did the Confederate officials appreciate their services, that they had a pass to go within the lines at all times and places.

The following is a copy of the pass given to the Sisters at Charleston.

Headquarters, Department of
South Carolina, Georgia and Florida.
Charleston, S.C., Oct. 1, 1864.

The "Sisters of Mercy" have permission to visit the "Federal Prisoners of War" confined in this city, without distinction, until further orders.

By command of

Major Lane Jones,

J.F. Lay

Major and Department Inspector.

A French officer, being placed with some negroes, after arrest, felt very indignant and became very excited. He wrote to the Sisters to come to his relief.

Charleston Jail.

Sister M. Xavier, Convent of Mercy.

Dear Sister:-- I should be very glad if you would be kind enough to come to see me-immediately, in the jail.

Yours, very respectfully,

L. Duverge,

Captain U.S.V.

The Sister did go immediately, attended to his wants, got him better quarters, and finally succeeded in getting him out.

We make the following extracts from letters received from officers, who were prisoners in Charleston, to the Sisters, after their release, thanking them for their care, attention and services.

These gentlemen are, I believe, all Protestants, and, therefore, their testimony to the kind charitable offices of the Sisters, must have the more weight.

Sisters of Mercy, Charleston.

Gen'l. Post Office Department,
Washington, April 6th, 1869.

Sister M. Xavier.

Madam:-- Having, by accident, been referred to a speech of Hon. F.A. Sawyers, in support of the appropriation for the Sisters of Mercy of Charleston, S.C., I

have taken the liberty of penning a brief testimonial of my appreciation of the valuable services rendered by yourself and the Sisters to our suffering and emaciated soldiers, who, like myself, were confined as prisoners of war, at Charleston, S.C. during the Summer and Fall of 1864.

On my arrival at Charleston, S. C., with the "Immortal" six hundred, who were placed under fire of the Union guns on Morris Island, I met you and your noble Sisters in the hospitals and prisons, administering to the wants and comfort of my fellow prisoners, by furnishing them, not only with proper food and nourishment, etc., but even with clothing to those who were destitute. I also witnessed the noble sacrifices you made in nursing our sick during those dark days, when the yellow fever was carrying off our best officers and men--and when Confederate officers were too much alarmed to even furnish water for the sick and dying-- and I know full well, that but for your untiring devotion to our helpless and unfortunate officers and soldiers, thousands to-day would have been sleeping the sleep that knows no waking.

Sincerely yours,
John E. Michener,
Late Captain 85th Pa. Infantry.

Military Prison, Columbia, S.C.,
December 6, 1864.

Sister M. Xavier.

Dear Sister;--I have been sick ever since my removal from Charleston to this place, and I now beg to remind you of your promise, to use your influence to get my name on the exchange list, as I am told there will be an exchange of prisoners next week. I sincerely thank you for the money (dollar) which I received through Father McNeal. I assure you, it was very acceptable, and I hope, if I live, to repay you for all your kind favors.

Gratefully and respectfully yours,
John Dunn,
1st Lieutenant, Co. I, 164th Regt. N.Y. Vols.

The writer of the following was a brave officer and worthy gentleman, and though a Protestant, bears honest testimony to the kind offices of the Sisters.

New York, June 7th, 1867.

I hereby certify that on the night of the 17th of June, 1864, I was captured by the enemy, in an attack upon their works, in front of Petersburg, Va., and, with many others, was soon after taken to Macon, Ga., general rendezvous for officers, prisoners of war, from whence (in August) was taken to Charleston, S.C., and confined in Roper Hospital, on Queen St., and immediately under fire from our batteries. During my stay there, the building was several times perforated by shot and

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shell, and the Orphan's Asylum, standing on the opposite corner of the street, was almost demolished. Being very sick, I was taken to general hospital at Rikersville, near Charleston, which was filled with officers and men of our army and navy, the great majority of whom were dying for want of stimulating food and proper care. It was at this time that I met the Sisters of Mercy, from Charleston, who almost daily visited the hospital, not only cheering us with words of consolation, but substantially administering to our wants, by bringing us food and clothing, procured by them at their own expense, and furnished to us gratis. They saw that our letters were deposited in the proper channel, through which they would reach our friends at home, and attended to the delivery of letters and boxes which came from the North for us, and, in fact, exerted themselves in every conceivable way to render us comfortable and happy. I most cheerfully pay this tribute to the Holy Order of the Sisters of Mercy of Charleston, S.C., who were instrumental in many instances in saving the lives of our officers and men, and whose repeated acts of kindness were so grateful to us--as they were disinterested on the part of the Sisters.

John S. Hammell,
Late Col. of 66th Mich. Vols. and Brvt. Brig.-
General U.S.Vols.

Grand Rapids, Michigan,
July 12, 1865.

Lady Superior.

Madam.---Probably you do not remember seeing, last Summer, at the 1st South Carolina Hospital, a Federal officer, who told you "he had not spoken with a lady in two years." Doubtless, among so many poor, half-starved wretches, no particular one would be likely to make so much impression as to cause you to remember him; but, madam, I assure you, your kind looks and words sank deep into many a heart, and often have I heard both officers and men bless you and the good Sisters of your Order. I was twenty months a prisoner, and the only kindness I saw displayed towards us was at the hospital in Charleston, S.C. I was sent with the rest of the officers to Columbia, and from thence we became a sort of advance guard to Sherman, as we were run about from place to place as he advanced, till at length we were set at liberty on the 1st of March, 1865, at Wilmington, N.C., and once more stood under the protecting folds of our dear old flag. I immediately returned to my regiment, the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, at Petersburg, Va., when I was mustered out of the service after serving with it until the 21st of June last, at Fort Lavenworth, Kansas, together with my whole company. I am now prosecuting my old profession (that of a lawyer) in this place. I beg you will pardon me for thus trespassing on your time, but I wished to testify my appreciation of your kindness to us in the hour of need. I am not of you Church,

and have always been taught to believe it to be nothing but evil; however, actions speak louder than words, and I am free to admit, that if Christianity does exist on the earth, it has some of its closest followers among the Ladies of your order. If not contrary to your rules, and if agreeable to yourself, I should be happy to receive and acknowledge the receipt of this.

Very respectfully your obd't. servant,
S.H. Ballard.

The first pass given to the Sisters of Mercy, Charleston, was from General Beauregard himself, dated June 18th, 1862, and granted them general permission to visit the Union prisoners without restriction.

This being lost, a new one was issued by Mayor Lay giving them similar privileges. Among those who contributed to the relief of the prisoners was General Thos. Jordan, who gave the Sisters fifty dollars and told them to call on him again should their funds get low, and requested them to report to him should they witness any bad treatment of the Union Prisoners.

The Rev. Father Pellion and Rev. Dr. Moore were particularly kind and attentive to both the spiritual and temporal wants of the prisoners, Father Pellions, beside the Stockade at Florence every Tuesday, remaining among the prisoners until Friday. In the zealous discharge of his duties there, he contracted camp fever on the 14th of February 1864 and died a martyr to the cause of humanity and Christianity on the 21st two days after the occupation of Charleston. The kind and charitable Rev. Pl O'neil, who was an attendant at the Rickersville hospital and the Race Course, had died, like the good shepherd, tending the stricken flock of Christ, on the January previous. Not one of the then inmates, who read this, no matter what his creed or his politics may have been, can forget the kind, sympathetic priest, whose genial smile cheered him, whose advice and counsel consoled him, and whose timely aid relieved many a prissing want.

In order to make some of the following letters intelligible I must state that the Sisters made application to Congress for the compensation for the injury done their Convent during the bombardment.

We give the following among the many incidents occurring to the Sisters during their ministrations to the sick and wounded.

One of the Sisters brought peaches for one ward and grapes for another, not having a sufficiency of both for each ward.

She said to the men, while distributing the grapes, "Don't carry any of these into the next ward, as I have no more of them."

While distributing her peaches in the next room she found

a poor Michigan invalid actually blubbering, and on looking round saw a one legged Soldier from New York named McCarthy leaning on his crutch at the door, and tempting the poor fellow with the luscious fruit. "Ah," said the invalid, "if I could only get enough of them, how happy I'd be; I need not be drinking bad water."

A prisoner named Boyden, from New York, lost his right hand, and was very weak from loss of blood. As the Sisters were going to the Hospital, they met the Bishop, who asked if they had seen Boyden, and told them to "give him stimulants and see that he did not get a chill, for if he did he would certainly die." Previous to this warning, the Sisters feared to give stimulants to wounded men. Afterwards, whenever the Sisters came, Boyden would ask them if they had any of the "O be joyful?" At first they were at a loss to know what he meant, but he explained by saying, have you not got a bottle in you basket?"

After a while Boyden learned to write with the left hand and the first note in his journal was about "the ladies in black," as he called the Sisters of Mercy.

A colored soldier was brought into the hospital wounded in the arm and knee. When the Sisters came his wounds were still unwashed, and he said not a word, as none of the nurses notices him. The Sisters asked one of them why he was not attended to, and took cloths and water, commencing to wash and dress his wounds. After a while the poor fellow was made as comfortable as the case would admit. On asking him where he was from, he said, "Bermuda, Madame." "Why you are an English Subject; how come you here?"

"Ah! Madame, they gave me fifty dollars."

"Why! I would not give that arm for five hundred," said the Sister.

"Madam," said he, "I would not give it for five thousand dollars."

Poor fellow, both the leg and arm had to be taken off, as there was no chance to save his life otherwise, and he got on apparintly well for three weeks, but afterwards died of jaundice. He was decidedly the most intelligent man in the room and a regular Othello in symmetry.

The Mother Superior gave a shirt to ~~the~~ prisoner, who was in the Hospital, and the nurse could not imagine what caused his great uneasiness, when he allowed her to send it to the wash-kitchen; at last he told her who had given it to him, and added "that it should be kept in his family while there was a shred of it together."

When the first shell fell near the Queen street Hospital, the men who were badly wounded begged the Sister to ask the Doctor to have them removed out of the range of the shells. She did so, and the Doctor said he had already made a requisition to that effect. But when going through the ward he said joking, "What, you Yanks, are you afraid of your own shells?" They were all in a great way to know who had asked the Sister to beg the Doctor, saying, "now it will be in all the newspapers that we were afraid of our own shells." Sister asked them if they did not think their own shells as hard as any others

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Two men were on one occasion brought to hospital from some stockade or prison, and they were so ill that they were laid in the piazza. While two of the Sisters and one of the convalescents were trying to revive the two poor patients, a Confederate officer (Capt. Simons) wept over them, saying to the Sisters, "I could meet these men in the field, but I cannot stand this." It was not a rare thing to see the officers, on guard at the Race Course, shed tears, while they accompanied the Sisters in their rounds among the sick in the Stockade.

An Irishman, named Finton, who lost a leg at Morris Island, and who was always very cheerful during his tedious imprisonment, was asked by one of the Sisters, "What company do you belong to, Finton?" "Faith I'm ashamed to tell you, Sister." "Why so?" "Because I belong to a mighty mean Regiment." "How is that, what have they done?" "Well, I'll tell you; I belong to the 9th Maine, who burned the Catholic Church in Jackson." "How many Irish were among them?" "Nine or ten." "And why could not so many have saved the Church?" "What were you all doing while they burned it?" "Oh! we tried to save it, but we were ordered to be put in irons and carried away, so we were locked up."

A colored prisoner, named Baltimore, was asked, by one of the Sisters, where he lost his arm.

"On the top of Battery Wagner," was his reply. "Why did you go there," said the Sister. "Because the fire was all around," said he, "there was no safety on any side, I had to go forward whether I liked it or not."

A young man from New Hampshire, named Wm. Merrill, who lived sixteen days in the Queen St. Hospital, and died from the effects of a wound above the knee, asked when near death, one of the nurses, to bring him the Sisters' minister. He had never been baptized. Father Moore was called in, and the young man received all the Sacraments, and died blessing the Sisters for their kindness to him and his comrades. He was only one out of hundreds who, of their own accord, made choice of the Faith wherein they had found Charity.

The following speaks volumes in behalf of the appeal of the Sisters of Mercy for the restoration of their Asylum, destroyed during the bombardment of Charleston.

State of Connecticut, County of New Haven, ss.

I hereby certify that I, F. A. Jackson, (formerly a sergeant in company F, 7th Connecticut Volunteer Infantry), lost my left arm in battle, on James' Island, South Carolina, June 16th, 1862 and was then and there taken prisoner by the enemy; I was carried from the battlefield to Charleston, South Carolina, June 19th, 1862, and was there and there placed in a building known as "Mart Hospital" on King or Queen street, (am uncertain which) in which were confined all of the prisoners taken June 16th, who were seriously wounded. Soon after our arrival in Charleston we were visited by Sister M. Xavier, accompanied by another Sister of Mercy, each bearing comforts for us, the wounded

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Union prisoners. Sister Xavier came to the hospital prison daily, accompanied each time by another Sister, and each day went to all our number and gave fruit, corn bread, cake, meat, gruel, arrow root, and sometimes chicken and chicken broth. She brought me daily either a bottle of wine or of brandy--generally a bottle of old Malaga wine. There were eight wounded men confined in our cell, only one of whom, Captain Lawler, was a Roman Catholic. All received the same attentions at the hands of Sister M. Xavier and companion. The great majority of our number were of the Protestant faith, but there was no distinction made between us on account of religion or nationality. The Sisters were, day and night, unremitting in their attentions to us. They provided for all of our wants, and made our prison life in Charleston a perfect heaven on earth, compared to what we experienced after leaving that place. Sister Xavier often brought interesting books of all kinds. Lint, medicines, and money were furnished by her to those in need, and nearly all, if not all, were daily supplied with wine, cordial, brandy, or some stimulating liquor. This kind treatment continued without intermission during the two months we were prisoners at Charleston. I have not the command of language wherewith to sufficiently attest the great benevolence and kindness of the Sisters of Mercy who were in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1862, ministering to the every want of our wounded Union prisoners, nearly all of whom, myself included, were Protestants.

F.R. Jackson
Formerly Sergeant Co. F, 7th Conn. Vols.

The next letter is from U.S. Consul at St. Thomas:

U.S. Consulate at St. Thomas,
March 10th, 1869.

To Sister M. Xavier, Washington.

I received your kind letters of Jan. 18th, and February 3rd, and as per your request I enclose a letter to Congress which I hope will have some effect in your favor and which I recommend you to hand to the Hon. Joseph S. Fowler, member of the Senate, and the Hon. Isaac R. Hawkins, member of Congress, as coming from me, and I must say that I hope you will be able to succeed in your enterprise.

I must also embrace this opportunity to thank you for your kindness to me during my imprisonment in Charleston, which I shall ever remember.

I remain yours very truly,

John T. Robison
U. S. Consul.

The following letters were received by the Sisters from Federal Officers, who had been under their care.

The first is an extract from a statement of Lieutenant Colonel L.S. Payne, 100 N.Y.V., now residing at Lockport, New York.

"While acting under special orders of Gen. Gilmore in the attempt to intercept the enemies communication between Charleston City and Cummings' Point, on Morris' Island, on the night of the third of August, 1863, I was attacked by a superior force, wounded and taken prisoner with nine of my men, four of whom were also wounded.

"The wounded of my party were taken to Queen Street Hospital, Charleston, where there were a large number. Several hundred of those had previously been at the bloody assault on Battery Wagner, and in other operations on Morris' Island, where they had been wounded, and had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

"This hospital was assigned exclusively to wounded prisoners, and all citizens were forbidden permission to visit it.

"The Sisters of Mercy, after much opposition, succeeded in obtaining permission to visit the hospital for the purpose of dispensing their truly Christian Charity, and relieving the sufferings of the wounded and dying. I need not particularize, but I will state that the attention of these Angels of Mercy to our wounded soldiers were at this time incessant and unceasing, never failing to call daily, and some one or more of them--for there seemed to be many of them--calling oftener, and administering to the severer cases. In their supplies of palatable food and changed of clothing furnished to those destitute, and in all their ministrations, they made no distinction between rank, color, or creed, but their relief was directed to all alike.

"The excessively hot weather, the insufficient supplies of medicines and other necessaries, together with the little nursing help, induces me to believe that through the aid of these kind people the lives of many of our soldier-prisoners were saved.

"After being transported from Charleston to Columbia, and since my return home, I have met with many of the officers and soldiers, who had been in Charleston as prisoners, and they all universally speak of the unbounded kindness and goodness of these Sisters of Mercy of Charleston. The lives, occupation and mission of these 'Sisters of Mercy' is truly one of mercy and charity indeed."

The following letter, dated Columbia, S.C., Prison, October 14th, 1864, by John Rourke, of Milbank City, Wisconsin, Captain of Battery L., 1st Illinois Artillery, was addressed to Mother Teresa, of Charleston. Captain Rourke and other officers had been removed from Charleston Prison to Columbia:

Revered Mother:-- The officers, prisoners of war, who came from Charleston here, are all well. We would prefer being prisoners in your city to any place in the Confederacy. I hope Confederate prisoners at the North are as favorably impressed with the kind attention of the Sisters there. The night of the day we arrived here it rained very heavy, and as we had no shelter we had to stand up under it in torrents. It was not pleasant

after leaving comparatively comfortable quarters in Charleston. However, it did not seem to impair the health of the officers. I think that two of them died here; one of them, it is said, of yellow fever. I hope the plague will soon subside in your city. I would like to know how Lieutehant Charles Trowsell is. You undoubtedly remember him; he roomed with me, and was taken sick the night before I left Charleston, and had to remain behind.

Please tender to Sister Xavier my sincere thanks and well wishes; also remember me to Dr. Moore.

Hoping to have an opportunity, some day, to prove my thanks, and liquidate the debt of gratitude to you and your co-workers, for your consoling and kind treatment to me, and also to all the sick prisoners of war in your city, I will conclude by wishing you all the happiness and joys of Heaven.

Col. Henry sends his kind and grateful regards to you.

The next letter is from Adjutant Henry F. Kendal, 50th Pa. Vol., who was a prisoner in Columbia, S.C., inquiring after his brother, Lieutenant Joseph B. Kendal, of the same regiment, who was a prisoner in Charleston. Sister Xavier managed to open a communication between them, which explains the subsequent letter from the brother.

Sister M. Xavier:

Your kind letter of the 13th, in answer to my request, and your recent efforts in brother's behalf, have again placed me under many obligations. I have succeeded in getting some articles of clothing, which will add to his comfort. My only regret is that I am unable, at present, to forward the money he needs. It gives me comfort to think that I will soon be able to supply his wants in this respect. I enclose a letter from brother. I will make application, this morning, to send the articles above mentioned to your care for him.

Camp of the 50th Regt. Pa. Vol.
Near Georgetown, D.C.,
June 17th, 1865

Sister M. Xavier, Convent of Mercy, Charleston, S.C.

Respected Friend:-- I was paroled as a Union prisoner and sent into our lines from Richmond, just three days before it fell. Your letter, written to brother Henry, was received while I was at home in Reading, and I at once mailed it to him at Philadelphia, where he is now at College. He is preparing himself for a civil engineer. I wrote to him at the time, telling him to send the letter to me, and I would reply to it, as I was very anxious to express my heartfelt gratitude for the many acts of kindness received by me, at your hands. I should have written much sooner, but I was then engaged in writing an account of my experience in the Confederacy, and I did not wish to writy before I could enclose to you a copy of it. This embraces a short sketch of my eleven months imprisonment, so I will not speak in my letter to you of my condition after leaving Charleston; it will be a greater satisfaction to you to read the full account.

I entered our lines on the 30th of March, and was taken to Parole Camp, Annapolis, Md., where I remained four days, to get cleaned up, paid, clothed, etc. I then started home on a furlough of 30 days. I was very much troubled on the way. During all my imprisonment, I had never heard one word from home, and numberless questions crowded themselves upon my mind. Would I find my mother alive-- my aged grand-mother--my dear sisters and brothers? I was also troubled about Henry. I knew he had entered our lines in December of 1864, for you wrote to me, stating that he had been exchanged at Charleston. I afterwards ascertained that he had made his escape before you were able to effect his exchange. I feared that he might have fallen in the late engagements before Petersburg, but, it appears that he was mustered out shortly after his return.

I did not write home from Annapolis, to apprise them of my coming. As I jumped from the cars at Reading, I did not expect to see any one I knew, but the first person I saw was Henry, dressed in citizens' clothing. His baggage was already on the cars--his ticket bought, and he just going to start for Philadelphia, but my appearance changed his programme, and he remained in Reading with me for two weeks, before going to College.

Our joy at meeting knew no bounds. For eleven months we had been separated; although, at times, we were so near to each other. At Charleston, we made repeated efforts to obtain an interview, all to no avail, and had it not been for your kind offices of mercy, I should not have known, until arriving at home, whether brother was alive or dead.

Unde, I feel confident that had it not been for your efforts in my behalf, I could not have survived the winter in that terrible stockade at Florence. When I came to Charleston I was almost naked; so much so that when you came to the camp on the "Race Course" I was ashamed to make my appearance before you, but you noticed my condition and clothed me. Those clothes kept me from freezing at Florence. How anxiously I watched day by day for the arrival of that most welcome of ambulances, with the good sisters, at the Race Course. It encouraged me to hope and keep up my drooping spirits.

At the depot I could scarcely muster courage to ask Henry "How are all at home?" but when I found that they were all well and hearty, I made all haste in my power to embrace them. Oh! what a happy family we were that night! I had more questions put to me in half-an-hour than I could answer in a week.

There was no end to the kissing and shaking of hands, and Henry manifested his delight by turning summersaults on the floor. My three sisters clung to me at once, while mother laughed and cried alternately. It was the happiest moment of my life--but amidst all this rejoicing I did not forget my kind benefactress--she, to whom we owed this happy union, and all this rejoicing. I told them all about you and your kind ministrations on my behalf. We all feel that we are under everlasting obligations to you, and mother would give almost anything to see you herself--to embrace you and thank you. Grateful hearts, that night, poured fervent prayers to heaven to reward and bless you;

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who, though of a different religion, have truly acted the good Samaritan.

They had heard of my second escape at home, but after waiting seven weeks to hear from me, they had given me up as lost. At different times I have met soldiers who were prisoners at the Race Course, and it pleases me to hear them all speak in such high terms of the "Sisters of Mercy".

You can never know the amount of good you have accomplished, for it cannot be estimated.

I was very much grieved to hear of the death of Father Fillion. He looked so well the last time I saw him at Florence. I hope Father Moore is enjoying good health; please remember me to him, and tell him I often speak of him and the many favors he has done me.

Captain Telford, of our regiment, who was a prisoner with my brother at the Roper Hospital is now colonel of the regiment. He wishes to be kindly remembered to you. I remained home till the 19th of May when I returned to the regiment as 1st Lieutenant of my company.

I hope our soldiers at Charleston are treating you with the respect due to your noble efforts in behalf of suffering humanity. I should feel bad to hear that they are not doing so. Henry wishes to be gratefully remembered to you. We have often talked together about how we could repay you for your kindness. We thought that you would not accept pecuniary compensation, and then we thought of other plans but could come to no conclusion. For the present, accept the gratitude of a happy, re-united family, for your disinterested goodness and kindness, and may your labors be crowned with everlasting happiness.

Mother often speaks of you and wishes over and over that she could get a small photograph of one to whom she owes so much. Would it be improper to ask you for one for her; if not it would please her so much.

Of 110 of our regiment who were prisoners, but 40 have returned alive.

Will you please write to me?

Sincerely and gratefully, I am your respectful servant,

Joseph A. Kendal,
1st Lieut, 60. R., 50 Pa. Vol.

Chapter XXVIII.

The Sisters of Mount St. Vincent.

(CINCINNATI) (2)

The Sisters at Camp Denison -- Sister Sophia and her assistants -- With the army of the Cumberland -- Their services in Virginia -- Their devotion and attention to the Indiana Soldiers -- The Sisters fired upon -- Their return to Cincinnati -- They attend the wounded after Shiloh and Pittsburg Landing -- Memorable testimonials of service -- The Sisters not subject to general orders issued to nurses.

The services and devoted zeal of the Catholic Chaplains and Sisters, in discharge of their Christian duties during the war, have evoked the admiration and praise of persons of all creeds and classes. In the field, in the hospital, they made no distinction between Federal or Confederate, Catholic or Protestant, but extended their charitable ministrations to all alike, regardless of their religious or political tendencies. Among the noble band of Sisters who were to be found in every hospital, meekly and unostentatiously soothing the sick, comforting the dying, and ministering to the wants of all, the good Sisters of the above community took a very prominent part.

The first year of the war, by request of Dr. McMeenes, Medical Director, Sister Sophia, with six other Sisters, went to Camp Denison to attend the sick soldiers. While there they were quartered in a small Presbyterian Church, around which four soldiers were placed as sentries night and day.

This church was used for the threefold purpose of chapel, dining-room and sleeping rooms. The Sisters employed all their time in visiting the sick in the various tents within the camp grounds. When the regiments were ordered off to the battle-fields, the Sisters returned home. A short time after they were sent for by the Medical Director of Cumberland, Dr. Sukely. Thither Sister Sophia and six Sisters repaired, accompanied by Very Rev. Father Collins, of Cincinnati. The Sisters boarded at a private house, and visited the hospitals. They remained thus engaged about ten weeks. In compliance with the request of Dr. McMahon, they went to New Creek, Va.; there they were lodged in tents on the camp grounds. There was a great number of sick and wounded.

The hospitals here were most admirably adapted for the purpose intended. From here the soldiers were ordered to Strasburg. At times, the Sisters were obliged to travel night and day in ambulances. The soldiers were encamped, for a short time, near Middletown. The doctors and Sisters were hospitably entertained in the house of a worthy gentle-

man, Mr. Dingez, from whence they attended the sick and wounded in the camp.

One night an alarm was given that the enemy were going to attack the camp. Amid the greatest confusion and agitation, orders were given to depart. They proceeded to a town in Western Virginia but were not allowed to remain long, fearing an attack from the enemy. In consequence of which the Sisters, with the sick and wounded, were sent forward. After their departure, a severe battle took place. Again, at the request of Gov. Morton, of Indiana, the Sisters went to Richmond, Ky., to attend the Indiana regiments. The soldiers here were terribly mangled, but had good medical attendance. A terrific battle had taken place a few days previous. The Confederates held the town and the roads leading to it, consequently the Sisters had to pass through their lines with a flag of truce; but once, through mistake, they were fired upon.

The Sisters' hospital in Cincinnati was given for the use of the sick and wounded soldiers, and even their chapel converted into a ward.

In compliance with the request of Mayor Hatch, of Cincinnati, the Sisters from the hospital went, on several occasions, down to the battle-fields of Shiloh and Pittsburg Landing, to attend the sick and wounded, who were being brought to the city in boats. They also went to Corinth for the same purpose, under the direction of Professor Blackman.

After the battle of Stone River, the Sisters went up to the field hospital to attend the sick and wounded, between which place and the Nashville hospitals there were some sixteen or eighteen Sisters constantly occupied, and remained there about eighteen months. Finally Dr. Stone of Mass., requested the services of the Sisters for the camp hospitals in Gallipolis.

Throughout their attendance on the sick and wounded soldiers, the Sisters received, from both officers and privates, the utmost respect, courtesy and attention.

The following general order shows the high opinion held by officials of the services of the Sisters; both the Federal and Confederate authorities exempted them from all restrictions.

War Department
Adjutant General's Office,
Washington, Oct. 20, 1863.

The employment of women nurses in the U. S. General Hospitals will in future be strictly governed by the following rules:--

1. Persons approved by Miss Dix or her authorized agents will receive from her, or them, "certificates of approval" which must be countersigned by Medical Directors upon their assignment to duty as nurses within their Departments.

2. Assignments of "women nurses" to duty in General Hospitals will only be made upon application by the Surgeons in charge through Medical Directors, to Miss Dix or her agents, for the number they require, not exceeding one to every thirty beds.

3. No females, except Hospital Matrons, will be employed

in General Hospitals will only or, after December 31, 1863, borne upon the Muster and Pay Rolls, without such certificate of approval and regular assignment, unless specially appointed by the Surgeon General.

4. Women nurses, while on duty in General Hospitals, are under the exclusive control of the senior medical officer, who will direct their several duties, and may be discharged by him when considered supernumerary, or for incompetency, insubordination, or violation of his orders. Such discharge, with the reasons therefor, being endorsed upon the certificate, will be at once returned to Miss Dix.

By order of the Secretary of War:

OFFICIAL

E.D. Townsend.
Assistant Adjutant General.

"Sisters of Charity" are not affected by this Order, nor are they included amongst the nurses subject to the Order of Miss Dix.

By order of the Acting Surgeon General,

O.H. Crane, Surgeon, U.S.A.

Surgeon General's Office, Washington, January 6, 1864.

A Nashville paper, speaking of the services of the Sisters there, says:--

"The negroes near Nashville were lately attacked with small-pox and would have perished, were it not for the Sisters of Charity who, under the direction of Sister Anthony, visited them in their hovels and camps, and saved many from perishing. We suppose the good Sisters will be called Abolitionists, as we have been, for extending mercy to God's suffering creatures."

A communication in the Nashville Times, says:--

"The following extracts from a letter give the sentiments of many of 'the boys' who have had the misfortune to need nursing at Nashville. *** I am sorry to hear that the Sisters of Charity are to leave Nashville soon. All the hospitals are to be consolidated, and No. 14 goes with the rest into one of the two field hospitals. The building is to be made an exchange barracks. During the last year, next to getting well, a soldier desired to be sent to No. 14. If he got there he thought he was all right. The sisters are the best nurses in the world. They are so steady, so unremitting by night and day, in their attendance upon every want, that they make each patient look upon the Hospital as his own private house.

'The poor boys stretched upon their beds, when they found themselves nursed so tenderly, almost forgot that they were far from home, and that their mothers and sisters were not about them; for neither mother nor sister could do more for their comfort than the Sisters do. Many a poor fellow has lived to bless them, who, but for their care, would now be under the sod of Tennessee: and many a one besides, has felt that under their care he almost got well too soon. Wherever Sister Anthony goes,

she and her companions will carry with them the blessings and good wishes of thousands of soldiers, and you at home ought to thank them for us, when they come back among you. The people gave Old Rose a good reception: the Sisters deserve no less. They have worked as fearlessly, as untiringly, as devotedly for the country, as the bravest of the heroes in the Army of the Cumberland."

The following notice of the Sisters' return from Nashville, after a year's absence, a few days ago. All the hospitals have been reduced to two--field ones-- and, among the rest, No. 14, where so many sick and wounded soldiers had experienced the Sisters' devoted care, was abolished.

These Sisters have written as noble a record in the Civil War as the gallant men they nursed. They were employed at Camp Dennison until the hospitals there were systematized; then they went to New Creek, Pope's campaign they followed Sigel's corps in the ambulances. After the battle of Stone River, they went to Nashville and took charge of Hospital 14, capable of accommodating a large number of patients for most of their stay. A correspondent furnishes us with copies of certain documents dating 700 or 800. It was crowded during which they are regarded by the inmates of the hospital:--

General hospital, No. 14
Nashville, Tenn. November, 1863.

To the Lady Superior and Sisters of Charity in attendance on said Hospital:

The undersigned attachees and patients in said Hospital have learned with regret that you contemplate leaving your present post of labor, and the object of this is to express the hope that you may be induced to forego that intention, and kindly consent to remain with us.

During your stay in the hospital, you have been indeed sisters to the patients, and your uniform kindness to all has endeared you to all our hearts.

Should you leave us, we can only say that, wherever you may go, you will bear with you the soldiers' gratitude: and our earnest prayer and hope is, that, in whatever field you may labor in future, you may be as happy as you have been kind and charitable to us; and may Heaven's choicest blessings be showered upon you, for your kindness to the poor, sick, and wounded soldier.

This is signed by two hundred and thirty-six persons.

Private William W. Nelson, 19th Illinois Infantry, writes that he was passing through the ward getting signatures to the above petition, when "one poor fellow, who was lying on the bed almost dead, aroused himself and said: 'I want to sign ~~it fifty times~~ that paper. I would sign it fifty times, if asked. For the Sisters have been to me as my mother since I have been here, and, I believe, had I been here before, I would have been well long ago. But if the Sisters leave, I know I shall die.'"--and adds: "This is the feeling of every

sick soldier now under their care."

On the same occasion, Dr. A. N. Reade, Sanitary Inspector, under the impression that the Sisters were about to leave to avoid coming into collision with the general superintendent of hospitals, addressed the following note to them:--

United States Sanitary Commission,

Nashville, Tenn., November 7, 1863.

Sister Anthony:-- I learn with great sorrow that you and your associates are about leaving our hospitals. I beg of you not to do it. I have long known of your faithful and efficient work, and have rejoiced at it.

The commission you have received of Miss Dix only secures to you your pay: it in no way places you at her disposal.

And I also take pleasure in assuring you that, with the approval of the surgeons in charge of every hospital, which you can easily obtain, we will freely issue to you any sanitary stores we have. I am, very truly, your friend,

A. N. Reade, Sanitary Inspector

There is no class of people employed in the nation's cause, more deserving of its thanks, than these self-sacrificing women. In the East and West, there have been many who labored faithfully; but there have been none more devoted than Sister Anthony and her associates.

Chapter XXIX.

Mount St. Vincent.

St. Joseph's Military Hospital.

Central Park grounds.

Resolution of Common Council--The Services of Mother Jerome and the Sisters of Charity accepted--Our sick and wounded Soldiers--E.M. Stanton on the Sisters' Services--The Chaplains of Mount St. Vincent--Dr. McGlynn's attention.

Death and imposing obsequies of Sister M. Prudentia Bradley--The benefactors of the establishment--Thanksgiving Day at the Hospital--Feeling letters to the Sisters--The fruits of the good Sister's labor--Mount St. Vincent of today.

In a New York daily of May 17, 1862, we find the following preamble and resolutions as having been proposed in the Committee on national affairs: "Whereas, this Common Council has learned with sentiments of profound admiration and gratitude, of the tender, voluntarily made by Mother Jerome, Superioress of the Mount Saint Vincent Academy at Font Hill, of the invaluable services of herself and the Sisters of Charity in the Community under her charge, in taking care and ministering to the wants of our sick and wounded soldiers; and whereas, in the tender of the services of the Sisters of Charity of the Community, this Common Council also thanks Mother Jerome for the suggestion which resulted in obtaining from the Commissioners of the Central Park, the large, elegant, airy and commodious building formerly owned and occupied by the Sisters of Charity as a Seminary, eligibly located on Harlem Heights, as a hospital and home for sick and wounded soldiers. We are confident that the wisdom and foresight which prompted the suggestion, with the active benevolence, Christian sympathy and charitable motives, which actuated the Mother Superioress in making the voluntary tender of the services of the Sisters of the Community, combined with their proverbial kindness, docility, meekness and perseverance in the work of caring for the afflicted, will be regarded as an earnest of the great good that will result to those of our soldiers who shall have lost their health, or been wounded while engaged in seconding the efforts of the General Government to suppress the present rebellion against its authority; be it, therefore,

Resolved, that this Common Council, speaking in behalf of the gallant volunteers from this city, their families and friends, and, in fact, on behalf of the citizens of our city generally, gratefully accepts the voluntary offer of the services of Mother Jerome, and the Sisters of Charity under her charge, to nurse and care for the sick and wounded volunteers from this city; and we earnestly hope that the offer will be as gratefully accepted by the military authorities having cognizance of the matter; and be it further

~~Resolved, That this Common Council, speaking in behalf of~~

Resolved, That the thanks of this Common Council are due, and we hereby tender them to the Commissioners to the Central Park, for placing at the disposal of the proper authorities, pursuant to the suggestion of Mother Jerome, the buildings in the Central Park, so admirably fitted for hospital purposes, and heretofore known as Mount St. Vincent."

Sater, the following appeared under the heading, "Our Sick and Wounded Soldiers".--A preliminary meeting, or rather interview, took place yesterday morning, at the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum in Prince street, between the Very Rev. Wm. Starks on behalf of the Sisters of Charity: Alderman Farley and Councilman Orton on behalf of the Common Council, and Colonel Bliss on behalf of U.S. Government, in order to consult on the arrangements to be made in regard to the charge of sick and wounded volunteers returning from the seat of war. The buildings formerly known as the Mount St. Vincent Academy, within the limits of the Central Park, will, we understand be prepared within one or two weeks at the farthest, by which time, it is thought that the wounded and sick will begin to arrive. * * * Alderman Farley, Councilman Orton, and Colonel Bliss have been most assiduous in their efforts to forward the human task with which they have been entrusted, and are evidently determined that nothing shall be wanting on their part to render the services of the zealous and devoted Sisters in every way successful."

The following are copies of letters written by Edwards Pierpont, Esq., to the Secretary of War and of the response thereto on the subject:

16 Wall Street, N.Y.
Sept. 9th, 1862.

Hon. E.M. Stanton, Sec'y of War:

The Commissioners of the Central Park of this city, have given a very large building for the reception of wounded soldiers. This building was formerly a Catholic School of high order. The point is this: We want the nurses of this of this Hospital to be the Sisters of Charity.--the most faithful nurses in the world. Their tenderness, their knowledge and religious convictions of duty render them by far the best nurses around the sick bed which have ever been found upon earth. All that is asked is that they be permitted to be nurses under the direction of the War Department and its physicians. Alderman Farley of this city will take this letter. I beg you to consider this matter and to do what is possible, and you will truly oblige your numerous friends and especially,

Your friend ever truly,
Edwards Pierpont.

Surgeon General's Office
Washington, D.C.,
Sept. 10, 1862.

Sir: The Commissioners of the Central Park having given a large building lately occupied as a Catholic school, for hospital purposes, and having requested of the Secretary of War, through Edwards

These words were underlined in the original.

Pierrepoint, that Sisters of Charity should be employed therein, the following copy of the Surgeon-General's endorsement on Mr. Pierrepoint's letter is sent for your information and guidance in the matter:

"The building will be very gladly received and fitted up as a hospital. The Medical Director at New York will be at once instructed to receive it. No one can bear fuller or more willing testimony to the capability and devotion of the Sisters of Charity than myself. Several hundreds are now on duty as nurses under my charge. Those referred to within will also be accepted thankfully.

"You will, therefore, take such steps in connection with the Quarter Master's Department as may be necessary to carry out the wishes of the Commissioners in regard to the building and of the Sisters of Charity.

"By order of the Surgeon-General,

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

James R. Smith,

Surgeon U.S.A.

Surgeon Chas. McDougall, U.S.A.,

Medical Director, 110 Grand St. N.Y.

The band of Sisters selected for the work and placed under the care of Sister M. Ulrica O'Reilly, were for months impatiently awaiting the completion of the necessary Government arrangements which would enable them to enter on their sacred functions. Adverse circumstances prevented the realization of their wishes before the Feast of the Guardian Angels, October 2, 1862. For some months after their establishment the Sisters were subjected to every possible inconvenience and annoyance, but they bore all with cheerfulness and exerted their utmost to serve the gallant suffering soldiers. Dr. Hamilton was for a few months in charge, but after a short time the Government appointed John W.S. Conley, M.D., of the U.S. Army, Surgeon in charge. Under his wise administration the hospital flourished, and the Sisters were able to do that good which they wished. The late Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes was deeply interested in the work. On Thanksgiving Day he visited all the wards of the hospital and spoke with paternal interest to the patients. Rev. Father Kalder was the first Chaplain appointed by him. The Rev. and excellent Father was but a short time at the hospital. He was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. McGlynn, whose amiable presence was ~~was~~ very dear to the soldiers. His gentlemanly manners, his unobtrusive ways, his close and earnest attention to each and every one of his duties, his unwillingness to force the subject of religion on any one, his paternal, peaceful manner by the death-beds of such as sought his care, impressed all in the different wards, and the most profound respect was shown him on every occasion. During the three years of the existence of the hospital not more than one or two died unassisted by him. The Sisters had the consolation of seeing that the dying soldiers not only deeply appreciated his and their kind services, but that they had learned to love the religion they professed, and to whose promptings those poor sufferers knew well they were indebted for the impartial care lavished upon them.

The wards were twenty in number, some of them very large; one was about one hundred feet by eighty with lofty ceilings. This beautiful and spacious ward had been in former times the Sisters' Chapel, and the All-Seeing-Eye, on the stained glass window at the gable end, was at once an encouragement to the Sisters and a consolation to the suffering. I need not dwell upon the pleasure and holy delight experienced by the Sisters in being called back to the cradle of their religious life, to perform golden deeds of charity within precincts already so hallowed in their eyes. I cannot forbear making a quotation from the early records of the Community in 1847 concerning this spot and its surroundings, whose location is thus described: "The property is situated on an eminence overlooking Harlem, Astoria, Manhattanville, and Yorkville, and it is marked on all State maps as 'McGowan's Pass'. The place is of some historic repute, as the main building was occupied, for a time, as Washington's Headquarters." A Franklin stove, which fell into the possession of the Sisters, on the purchase of the edifice, is said to have been in the General's parlor. The premises had been held by the Sisters as the seat of their Central or Mother House until 1856, when it was purchased from them by the Central Park commission.

In May, 1864, a young member of the hospital corps of Sisters died of disease contracted and developed during her service to the soldiers. All of the poor cripples sharers of her cares, and those of her Sisters that were able, attended her Requiem Mass. The choir from Mount St. Vincent sang. The doctor and other officers of the Government were also in attendance; military honors were paid to her as her funeral cortege passed out. Dr. McGlynn preached a beautiful discourse on this occasion. His sermons, simple, ungarnished, but replete with instruction and that unction which accompanies explanations of the Word of God when the interest of immortal souls is at heart, were always very effective.

The following notice of this Sister is taken from the N.Y. Herald.

"On Monday, May 30, a High Mass of Requiem was offered in the Chapel of St. Joseph's United States Military Hospital, Central Park, for the repose of the soul of Sister M. Prudentia Bradley, one of that devoted band of Sisters which has been in constant attendance on the poor wounded soldiers since October 1862. We learned that deceased was in the bloom of life and health when she entered upon her self-sacrificing duties, filled with a noble emulation to be, in every deed,

a ministering angel near the pillow of the suffering and dying. Her services were, no doubt, duly appreciated, since the gentlemen of the medical staff were present, and the chapel was crowded with soldiers. It was affecting to see the latter in their disabled state coming in to pay this last sad tribute of respect to departed worth. The services were conducted by the Reverend Dr. McGlynn, the amiable and highly gifted chaplain of the hospital, assisted by Rev. J. B. Biretta, of Fonthill. The mass was sung with peculiar feeling by the Sisters. The reverend doctor made some very appropriate remarks. He believed that all present were very deeply impressed, since so unusual a degree of interest had been manifested on the occasion. Deaths had occurred at the hospital before, yet he had never seen so large a number collected around the bier of a companion. It was evident a peculiar halo rested around the form of the deceased who was in life a member of the Community of the Sisters of Charity, one of those religious bodies or corporations which had risen in the Church of God, as a necessary consequence, to fully carry out the views of the Savior of men. The deceased has been, then, one of those privileged beings who are called to give themselves unreservedly to God, having been chosen to serve Him in a stricter sense than Christians in general; for, although all are bound to observe the commandments of God and His Church, all are not called to the more perfect life to which the three distinct engagements of religious persons bind them, engagements which this Sister had renewed and ratified on her deathbed, and had seemed, judging from her youthfulness and fervor, so well fitted to exemplify in a much longer life of usefulness. But Providence, he said, had had in view some wise end in thus calling her away, and no doubt it was to give him and them a lesson.

This good Sister had made no such excuses in the service of God as we read in the Gospel were given by men of the world wedded to earthly interests, and they might hope her soul was reaping the reward of its generous devotedness. Her career had been brief, it is true; yet Holy Scripture teaches us that honorable old age and gray hairs are not to be counted by length of years, in a spiritual sense; for a spotless life is old age, and the soul that is made perfect in a short space has fulfilled a long time before God. He added that she had in a manner consumed herself in their service for the love of God, having been filled, not only with a desire to relieve suffering, which is simply philanthropic, but nobler motives had mingled with her views a divine element. She had served the sick and dying through love of God and to please God alone; for they should know that these Sisters of Charity consecrated all their actions to God by prayer, rising in the morning before the generality of persons have left their places of repose

to mediate on the Divine Goodness. They have their other hours of prayer, too, and even while serving others they strive to keep united to God by contemplation, etc., etc.

At the conclusion of the services, the remains were carried out to the hearse, the soldiers being filed off on both sides of the walk. The Sisters sang the psalm "Miserere" as the procession passed out to the carriages. We understand that the remains were conveyed to Cavalry for interment.

In May, 1864, Sister Ulrica, who had devoted herself heart and soul to the interests of this Hospital, was sent by her superiors to lay another foundation of a good work and Sister M. Rosina Wightman was named her successor. About this time the eminent and estimable Dr. Gayley, was removed to another field of professional labor. Dr. Clements was his worthy successor. He continued in charge until within a few months of the closing of the Hospital. In Dr. Gayley's term of officer, this Hospital had been reported, by Government Inspectors, as the best appointed and managed of the U.S. Military Hospitals, and Dr. Clements gave it as high a tone. Dr. Milham Jr. succeeded him in January of the year in which the Hospital finished its mission in behalf of poor suffering humanity. He was possessed of the desirable qualities of his predecessors, as surgeon and gentlemanly director of the Hospital.

The Sisters deem it but just, to have the names of Mrs Charles M. Connelly, Kelly, Johnson, Martin, recorded as lady benefactors, untiring in their provision of delicacies, *etc, etc*, for the poor suffering soldiers. There are, no doubt, other names deserving of a like mention, which, however, cannot now be recalled,--but he who forgets not even a cup of cold water given in His name, bears them in His eternal memory. Another Military Hospital had been ceded to the Sisters of Charity, in Fifty-First Street, by the Government, but owing to some chicanery of one or two self-interested individuals the Sisters never took possession of it, although the official documents of authorization were held by them, as appears by the following:

SURGEON GENERAL'S OFFICE
Washington D.C., Sept, 11, 1862

Sir--The Surgeon General directs that the Sisters of Charity be selected for female nurses in the General Hospital, corner of Lexington Avenue and Fifty-first Street, and the building given by the Central Park Commissioners for Hospital purposes. The latter building, the Surgeon directs you will immediately organize for a Hospital. By order of the Surgeon General.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
James B. Smith, Surgeon, U.S.A.
Surgeon Charles McDougall, U.S.A.
Medical Director, 110 Grand Street, N.Y.

It is but just to state, that the idea of establishing the Central Park Hospital and placing it under charge of the Sisters, is due to Mr Charles Devlin. He took a deep interest in it during its existence, and materially assisted it.

Mr. Anthony Ellis gave his valuable services to the work; My Charles Connolly, Mrs. A. Connolly and Mrs. Daniel Devlin, collected several hundred dollars for the soldiers, among their friends.

The following account of Thanksgiving Day at the Hospital is taken from a New York paper:

"The wounded soldiers in this institution were provided by the Sisters in charge, and by their friends throughout this city and vicinity, with the means of enjoying themselves on Thanksgiving Day. A splendid dinner, consisting of the choicest viands and delicacies, was prepared at the Old Mount, to which the soldiers and their friends sat down about one o'clock. The feast was heartily enjoyed, and after the physical man was satisfied, addresses were made by the Rev. Chaplain of the Hospital, Capt. Tully Hon. Abraham Wakeman and others. Full justice was done to the edifying benevolence of the Sisters of Charity, here and everywhere and also to the excellent ladies who had aided in furnishing the banquet. Various toasts were given complimentary to the soldiers, the ladies of the institution, the lady and gentlemen contributors, and the interesting Orphan Band in attendance from the Catholic Asylum on Fifth Avenue. The dinner was presided over by Dr. Hamilton, the admirable surgeon of the institution, whose lady was also in attendance on the soldiers. The hospital is conducted in a manner most creditable to Sister Ulrica and her assistant Sisters and other assistants."

St. Joseph's Military Hospital is now an institution of the past. It was closed in 1865. Its old inmates however do not forget the kind Sisters who ministered to their wants with such care. Happy in their homes and in the bosom of their families they bless the good Sisters who cared and cheered them in their hours of sickness and affliction. Even the roughest and most depraved of the patients were softened by their gentle influence and learned a lesson of charity, humility and patience which has made them ever kind better men and worthier members of Society. Though the Sisters have received several grateful letters from their former patients, we take one as a specimen, written by a German, who had been fearfully wounded on the battle-field by a shot through the lower jaw. When he came to the Hospital, he could take no nourishment except in liquid form through a tube inserted in his throat while in a recumbent posture. Hence for nearly three years he was literally fed by one of the Sisters. By the skill and address of Dr. Gonley an artificial jaw was adjusted for him by means of which he was able to masticate certain food and his speech seemed more natural.

Hamburgh, March 14th, 1868

Sister of Charity, Ulrica, Mount St. Vincent.

My Dear Sister:-- I thank you much for your kind letter. It was for me the most grateful surprise to receive your greetings across the ocean, and your praying wishes for my wife and child's welfare. May Heaven realize them.

My wife sends her hearty greetings and gratitude to you and all the Sisters, who kept me alive for her. My little John is a source of pleasure to me; he is a sweet child at least he appears to me.

I trust this letter will find you and your Sisters in perfect health and happiness. Give them all my respectful greetings but a special handshaking to Mother Jerome, Sister Mary Teresa, and you, Sister Ulrica. Although it is an outsider who offers this tribute of affection to Sisters of an Order it will, nevertheless, find the sanction of a high and holy God, who suffered death, not only for a creed, but for all, yea, for his enemies. Your charity was the mother of my gratitude. I hear with regret, of the loss of a letter which you wrote me. I never received any since you bade me "good-bye" in 1866, in which you answered me, offering me your assistance. Although sorry for the loss of anything your enclosed, I feel myself under the same obligations as if I had received it. Not the result, but the motive of the act, decided its worth. My hearty thanks for it.

How are Dr. Gouley and poor Dr. Clements? I should like very much to have the photographs of these two men--I owe them a heavy debt. At first I felt inclined to find fault with Dr. Gouley, but I owe him much in every respect, and am sensible of it. Please to tell him so, and beg him to give me his photograph as a personal favor. There are so many inquiries about this operation that I should be glad and proud for this and for my own sake, to have this remembrance of him. As for Dr. Clements, it was my intention to go and nurse him in his mental darkness, but was only prevented by receiving intelligence for my beloved wife. Oh how I do pray that he may be well and happy long before this time.* If so, or if this sickness has intelligent moments, please tell him how deeply and honestly I sympathize with him, and how gratefully I feel indebted to him for all his kindness shown to me. Please to give Father McGlynn my grateful respects. How is that proud little orphan girl? Tell her to be good.

As for myself, I am doing well, considering circumstances. My health is feeble and will never improve I fear, but I have an object to live and work for, and my determination to do my

* Dr. Clements had brain fever, but is now, I believe, quite established in health.

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duty vanishes the feeling of discouragement that sometimes arises from my bodily weakness. I work very hard, but I have a loving wife and child, whose smiles cheer me after my day's toil. My only serious drawback is my having to commence business without any capital, which is a hindrance to me at every step, and often painfully embarrasses me. But my will must make the way, and if I but remain well, in a few years I will overcome all, I hope. I have rented a nice little cottage half a mile from the city, and everything around me looks cheerful--there is no tinsel work and firllefauz, but it is neat, plain and comfortable, and if you or any of the Sisters should ever cross the Atlantic, (and, certainly, none of your Sisterhood would pass by), you will like it I trust.

Sister Mary Teresa has not yet written. What is the reason? I would be content with a few lines if she has not time to write more. Dear Sister Teresa, I esteem her so much. Often while I am sitting and thinking it all over, there is hardly one word or act that does not pass in review on the mental eye. It is for me a fata morgana, and in every picture, true, honest, indefatigable Sister Teresa keeps the foreground, and after that, come to mind every little incident, and Sisters Columba, Genevino, Ann Scholastica, Perpetua, and at length there are so many around em that I feel quite at home once more until the Methodist preacher, with his sugar set face, and arms full fo tracts, enters, and then I feel bitter for a moment.

Poor little "Louy" how is she?† Why are you no longer in New Haven? What has become of the St. Joseph Hospital? Was there ever a picture taken of it? Is the Cathedral on Fifth Avenue still going up, or is it already finished.

Adieu, my good Sister Ulrica. I shall not fail to inform you from time to time, how I am getting along, and remember that a letter from you will at all times be a welcome guest, from dear America. Sister Rosina was kind to me. Remember me to her.

God bñess you, my dear Sister, and all your Sisters, and pray for me that He may bless me too.

With the most respectful friendship, I am very gratefully your obedient servant,

John Shaffler,
Private Co. B.
1st New York Mounted Rifles.

This poor soldier styles this country, "his dear America" but alas, after having bled for it, he has to go home to Germany in the steerage of the vessel, weak and feeble as he was;

† "Louy" was the name of his ring dove."

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the letter enclosing thirty dollars to him, as a donation from persons whom Sister Ulrica had interested in him, never reached him. This letter is only one proof out of the many that could be adduced of the soldiers, gratitude to the Sisters of Charity.

In conclusion we give the following extract from a letter received from one of the patients.

Mother M. Jerome.

Reverend Mother---It is time that I should write and return you, and all the Sisters, thanks for their great and unwearied kindness to me.

I found the hospitals in every respect, all that the most comfortable home could be. The Drs. particularly Drs. Cowley and Clements, gave me, not only the full benefit of their surgical skill, but in every respect treated me as a gentleman, aye, even as a friend.

As I was, to a certain extent, as free thinker, when I went to the hospital, I had strong prejudices against the principals of the Catholic Sisters of Charity; but, the maternal care and self sacrifices evinced by these Sisters, their attention, believing as far as they could, my sufferings. Their tenderness and anxiety in soothing my unsettled mind, and dispelling the dark shadows of insanity that filled me with despair,* removed all my prejudices and make me look back to them with love and gratitude.

As long as I live I shall be a most grateful and determined champion of those good undefatigable Sisters against thoughtless ranting fanatics, who try to cover their indolence and want for good works by avrice and show, distributing and singing hymns, but would turn away, in disgust, if called upon to do the least tiresome of the works performed by the Sisters of Charity. My Mother, wife or sisters could have done no more for me. I cannot give sufficient proof of my appreciation of the thousand acts of kindness, by which the modest Sister---relieved my sufferings and Soothed my weary mind. The Chaplain Father Flyn was also remarkably kind and attentive to me.

What a consoling moment and sunbeam of gladness was he to me in those dark hours of fearful suffering, when the present and the future were shrouded in darkness and despair. He sat by my bedside, gently soothed and advised me, never attempting to prosilifyze me, but by simple words of touching tenderness, he revived hope in my heart and saved my soul from the dark abyss.

* This poor man meditated suicide, but his mind was soon relieved from such gloomy thoughts by the Sisters.

"Every tree shall be known by its fruit". Your works of mercy, charity, and true Christian Zeal to, feed the hungry clothe the naked, and console the afflicted, have produced good fruit, and have turned many a sinful erring man, from the paths that lead to destruction and eternal ruin, to the joyous road that leads to peace and happiness here and eternal blessings hereafter. God bless you, dear Sisters: and please accept the thanks and gratitude of

L. M.

Ten years have passed over sine the docs Sisters ministered so kindly and tenderly to the poor sick and wounded entrusted to their care. God blessed their work, and the prayers of the grateful thousands, whom they relieved seemed to ascend to heaven, like grateful and to bring down upon them and their glorious mission blessings unmeasurable. What God has done for them, and what they are doing shall to assist and relieve suffering humanity, may be inferred from the following sketch of their house, their mission, and their labors, lately published in a New York paper. If good activities bring forth good fruit, great indeed, must have been their works and their pious zeal.

THE CRADLE OF CHARITY

The fashionable and favorite charity of New York is unquestionably the Foundling Asylum of the Sisters of Charity. It is one which has enjoyed the most unbounded popularity among all classes of society from its commencement, and one which has exerted a deeper and more extended influence upon the tone of our city than any other. It has taken the reproach of infanticide almost entirely away from our population, rescuing from a cruel death by murder, at the hand of a parent, or through the instrumentality of a baby farmer, over 3,000 helpless children within the last three years.

The caption of this article asks, "Who are the Sisters of Charity?" The answer to this question is to be found in the numberless religious, educational and protective establishments with which they have labored, not only in Europe, but also in America. They have in their charitable zeal solved the great problem of the best means of putting a stop to infanticide, by relieving unfortunate parents of the responsibility of supporting thier illegitimate offspring, as well as by taking charge of the infants of those too poor to rear them.

This is only one of their numerous missions of God like Charity; but it is the one that concerns us now in connection with the Asylum of Mount St. Vincent.

Every New Yorker, from the time he is nine years old, knows or thinks he knows, who the Sisters of Charity are. He sees them everywhere along the streets, in their long black bonnets and plain black habits, and long shawls; and he knows they are visiting the sick or the prisoners at the Tombs, are on the Island, or the patients at the hospitals, or going to their daily labors in the numerous free parochial schools attached to every Roman Catholic Church in the city. They seem to be everywhere, on every street from the Battery to the Park, and from the North to the East River. They are as ubiquitous as reporters, or policemen, or beggars, or boot-blacks, or newsboys. There is a look of thorough discipline about each one of them, which gives a certain high bred charm to their manner and appearance. But more than that, on the chastened, luminous face of each sister is plainly written, "This is a woman who works, watches, and prays, and enjoys it." They are disciplined---as disciplined as a regiment of soldiers. At

MT. ST. VINCENT'S,

on the Hudson, just below Yonkers, is their Mother House, where their novices are received and trained for the work they are to do in the world. Here the postulants must spend at least six months of their two year novitiate, learning the habits of self-abnegation necessary for a sister; for their's is not an easy life. They must be trained to rise at 4 O'clock every morning and retire at 8 in the evening; to assist at mass every morning before breakfasting; to be employed every hour in the day as directed by their rules, either in work, prayers, contemplation, study or recreation, for when the recreation hour comes they must recreate. Every New Yorker does not know all this, nor does he know that there are over five hundred of those sisters belonging to this Mother House alone, and that they have over sixty charitable, educational and industrial institutions under their charge, dotting the whole City of New York, and extending into Brooklyn, Jersey City, Providence and New Haven, all branch houses or missions of Mt. St. Vincent's. These institutions consists of orphan asylums, hospitals, homes for the aged and homes for destitute children and young women, boarding schools for girls and boarding schools for boys, and free schools for both boys and girls, besides the great Roman Catholic protectories in Westchester County, and the New York Foundling Asylum. Neither do most New Yorkers, particularly those of a tender age, know that this useful association of religious and charitable women was first organized in this country by

A NEW ENGLAND LADY

and a convert to the Roman Catholic Church. In 1806, in old St. Peter's Church, in Barclay street, Mrs. Catherine Seton, a widow, the mother of several children, and a lady who has been distinguished for her remarkable piety as a Protestant, presented herself before the altar to be received into the bosom of the Church. She had not at that time the remotest idea of founding a religious order; but in less than four years the religious element in her character, which had always been marked from childhood, found its development in that direction, overcoming all obstacles in the way of family ties and social influences. She attracted other ladies to her, and together they became the founders of the first new order of the Church for women on the American continent. One of her daughters is now an ex-Superior in a convent of the Sisters of Mercy in this city, while one of her sons is a priest exercising the duties of the Papal Nuncio in this arch-diocese and the diocese of Newark, New Jersey. Her spiritual daughters, the Sisters of Charity, are scattered all over this great Republic.

THE ASYLUM

The asylum was opened Oct. 12, 1869. Since that day over 3,000 children have been found at the door or in the basket. Of these, 1,300 are still living and in the asylum, or out at nurse. It must not be supposed that all of the 1,700 remainder of the 3,000 have died. Many have, for reasons best known to the Sisters, been returned to the parents, but when they have been returned (to the parents, but when) it was generally in case of the marriage of the father and mother. The number that have died is small compared with the statistics of European foundling asylums. The number of living children is in reality, large, when the fact is taken into consideration that many of the children are left in a dying or tearfully diseased condition: and many are brought in with the marks of violence on their little bodies, showing that they have been probably rescued by force or stratagem from a violent death.

WHERE THE MONEY COMES FROM

The expense of taking care of and supporting this number of children is enormous. There are twelve Sisters of Charity in the house and sixty nurses, beside 1,000 nurses outside for most of the children are put out to nurse, the house in Washington square accommodating only about 150. Those outside nurses are under the incessant surveillance and supervision, by visiting, of the Sisters and certain ladies, members of the foundling home.

It costs \$11,000 per month to pay these nurses, purchase provisions, food and clothing for the children, and pay the house rent. That, at least, is the present rate of expenditure. Where the money comes from is a puzzle. The city pays to the asylum about \$1.50 per week for each child. It takes no labored arithmetical calculation or mathematical problem to see that \$2,500 extra must be raised every month. The Ladies' Foundling Aid Society and donations from various sources supply this balance, for as yet there is no fund especially belonging to the institution. It is true that the legislature has given a square of ground in the upper part of the city, valued at \$100,000 on which the buildings of the new asylum are being erected; and besides have appropriated \$100,000 more for that purpose. But that is the building fund, and the support of the institution must be drawn from other sources.

The current expenses of the house for the first year amounted to \$44,848.83. The second year to \$67,798.83, and the third year to over \$100,000. All this money is supplied in the manner above mentioned.

THE NEW FOUNDLING ASYLUM BUILDINGS

in course of erection are located on the square lying between Sixty-eight and Sixty-ninth streets, and Lexington and Third avenues. The main and central building, and four other, front on Sixty eight street. They are all of immense size. The central one has a facade of 90 feet, and extends sixty feet back into the square. The other four, 40 feet apart, to give free circulation of air between them, extend from street to street. The central building is five stories high, with a Mansard roof and bell tower. Under its handsome portal

THE TOWN CRECHE, OR TURNING CRADLE,

for the reception of infants, is constructed. In it the foundling is to be placed, and a bell pull at the side to be rung. As soon as the bell sounds the cradel turns, and the child and its mother are separated forever unless she can identify and claim it in after years.

Back of the main building there will, in course of time, be a chapel. One other building, a laundry and quarantine, is also to be built. This will make seven buildings in all on the premises, and ample room for play grounds. The proximity to Central Park will afford another ample place of recreation for the children and nurses. When completed it will be an institution of which New York may well be proud.

THE FOUNDLING AID SOCIETY

Its members were ladies of the most fashionable, elegant and aristocratic circles of our metropolitan society. Mrs. Paul Thebaud was elected the President of this body, and Mrs. Terence Donnelly, Vice-President. The efforts of these two ladies in their respective positions are beyond all praise. No inclemency of weather, no flagging interest on the part of others, ever keep them from the asylum on the regular meeting days, and there is serious work for all who attend these meetings. On these ladies and their associates devolves the work of cutting out and making the clothing for 1,300 or more babies, besides devising the ways and means to purchase the materials for the garments, the shoes, stockings, and all the various wants of babyhood. And the little ones are well comfortably and prettily clothed. The entire burden of the support and management of the fiscal affairs of the establishment devolves on them. Constituting an advisory and assisting council for the Sister Superior, they with her receive and disburse all the money that is necessary for house rent, nurse hire, food and clothing for all the various inmates and attaches of this expensive establishment.

A VISIT TO THE INSTITUTION

Some of the ladies were present when the reporter made the second visit, and it was evident that the tide of fashionable benevolence was destined to take the direction of the Foundling Asylum. On the door was a plate on which was inscribed "Foundling Asylum," and in the hall a little white box on a tall pedestal, on which in black letters was written, "Foundling Asylum Bank. One hundred per cent, interest, payable in Heaven." A little slip in the top of the box invited the deposit of pennies, dimes or dollars. On this occasion, while the reporter was awaiting the opening of the door, two girls with babies in their arms entered the vestibule. Their faces were marred with the traces of recent tears, and they had evidently come to leave their babies as foundlings in the basket of the asylum. The reporter and visitors made way for them, and then a most touching scene transpired. The poor young creatures would put their babies in the basket crib which had been placed in the vestibule, side by side, and then try to take a parting kiss. One of them, sobbing bitterly cried in a voice choking with grief:

"Oh! my baby! How can I give you up?"

She clasped the little creature to her bosom and started off with it in her arms. Soon she returned, however, and putting the baby in the basket, rang the bell. The portress opened the door. But the poor mother seized the child and started off again, but only to return and repeat the trying scene. This was continued until every Sister, visitor and nurse in the house was attracted to the hall, and stood weeping in sympathy with the poor mother. Finally the child was left. These were two poor girls. They may have been married women;

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for virtuous poverty in this great city, is frequently obliged to abanson the support of its children to this and other institutions. Abject, wretched, diseased vice brings its offspring here also; but not these alone.

WHERE THE BABIES COME FROM

The costly attire frequently seen upon a newly-arrived baby that came in the night before, at midnight's murky hour tell the story of where it came from. Its dainty limbs and rich laces and embroideries look strange amid the neat and pretty dresses of its companions. Such babies frequently have a fancy name, such as "Our little Allie," or "Fannie," or "Charlie," or "Harry," written on a card and attached to their dresses. Sometimes a costly earring of curious workmanship will be suspended to the child's neck and a note pinned upon the dress requesting that the "trinket may be preserved," and when the match is presented in after years they will permit the child to be restored to its wretched mother. Sometimes a broken jewel, the half of a ring, or torn letter, or scrap of cloth of peculiar pattern will be inclosed in a note, with similar request. These momentos are religiously preserved by the Sisters, locked up in the great safe; but nothing of this kind ever makes any difference in the care bestowed upon the child. The baby brought by a poor trembling girl of fifteen, who can only afford a yard of unhemmed muslin in which to wrap her "sister's baby" to bring it to the Sisters, receives as much care and the same attentions as are given to the little dainty midnight foundling.

From week to week the ^{same} reporter visited the asylum for more than a year, and patiently watched the wonderful progress of affairs. It was a very remarkable fact that the first donation made to the asylum was by a protestant lady Mrs. R. B. Connolly. She afterward collected from among her personal friends and acquaintances over \$20,000 and says that she never could have succeeded in raising that amount, had it not been for the public interest excited in favor of the institution mainly owing to the reports which appeared in the New York Sun. From week to week this interest deepened and grew until the matter was taken in hand by the Legislature and placed under the control of the city, and now the New York Foundling Asylum is enrolled among the regular city charities. It is indeed a noble institution, but we must not forget the instrumentality of the Sisters of Charity in the matter. These same Sisters are not, as many suppose, an old European institution engrafted on this country. They are a purely American society, a new order in the church of Rome, born on American soil and offspring of an American mother.

CHAPTER XXX

THE SISTERS OF MERCY ST. LOUIS

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Their convent and school---the hospitals crowded with sick and wounded during the war.---Prisoner and refugees.--- One priest baptized over five hundred prisoners---Liberality of the citizens---Instructing the soldiers in the principles of religion---Soldiers asking to be baptized in the "Sisters religion"---Those that supplied the soldiers with books--Physicians anxious to secure the services of the Sisters. The soldiers gratitude to the Sisters.---Their humility and obedience---An interesting patient.

There are Several religious institutions in St. Louis Missouri, and though we know that the Sisters, in general, displayed a laudable and active zeal in visiting the hospitals, nursing the sick and wounded and *dispensing* to them the luxuries, in both food and clothing, procured by the liberal donations of the charitable and humane; the writer must confine himself, owing to the want of more general information, to the Services of the Sisters of Mercy. The convent of this community number about twenty five Sisters, Sister M. Ignatius Walker, Superior, and has a school attended by about four hundred children. It also provided employment for about one thousand persons annually. and reforms and trains to useful employment a number of young women.

During the war the hospitals of St. Louis were crowded with the Sick and wounded, besides, the city was a great depot for Confederate prisoners and refugees. There was a wide field for the charity and christian zeal of the Sisters, and nobly, did they fulfill their mission. It is impossible to give an exact account of the number and circumstances of these unfortunates who were attended by the Sisters and priests. There was no regular chaplain appointed either to the hospitals or prisoners, but, almost all the priests of the city attended daily without pay and did all in their power to console, aid, and render a spiritual assistance to the unfortunates, who were brought there under such afflicting circumstances. One priest alone baptized over five hundred prisoners, and as priests were not always on the spot, the Sisters baptized several hundred on request occasions. The benevolent citizens of St. Louis, forgetting party spirit, when human suffering called forth their charity, largely aided the Sisters, by their generous bounty, to ameliorate, as much as possible, the dreary lot of the poor captives and patients to whom the Sisters, almost daily, distributed nutritious food, articles of clothing and other little requests.

They made no distinction but treated all alike irrespective of country, religion or politics; the most distressed and suffering invariably calling forth their greatest sympathy. They found hundreds of soldiers, Federal and Confederate, ignorant of the simplest truths of religion and when asked, they instructed them in the principles of religion, and if they demanded it, when the opportunity offered, they brought their chaplains of other denominations.

This, though was seldom the case for the devotion of the Sisters to their wants and their quiet unobtrusive manner made such impression upon them that invariably, when asked if they wished to be baptized they replied-- "We wish to be instructed and baptized in your religion Sister; it must be the true religion, else, you who profess it would not be so good and kind to us strangers to you."

In illness, the poor soldiers used to fancy that anything the Sisters would give them would cure them. They were most grateful for whatever was done for them--if they gave them only a few spoonful of preserves or a piece of cake, or something still more trifling, they would thank them warmly, never omitting to add, however, that their presence was more agreeable than anything else they could confer. "If you never have anything for us, Sister," they would say, "be sure you come see us, we like you to talk to us." It was heartrending for the good Sisters to go among them sometimes. The poor fellows who were from time to time shot in retaliation, were a most pitiable spectacle, crying and sobbing like children. Every one of them asked to be received into the Catholic Church, and thus received the only consolations remaining to them. Some of the Southerners showed great bigotry at first, but it always wore away in a few days, and these used to show most attachment to the Sisters after. The St. Vicent de Paul Society aided to keep the prisoners in reading matter--Mr John York used to send over a hundred dollars worth of books at a time. Mr Barry also an officer of the society, frequently has helped them in this way. In fact all the books and catechisms they asked of these gentlemen, of the society were immediately sent them. They chose entertaining work, and books calculated to increase and foster brotherly love among them. For those who desired to become catholics they had all the standard instructions books. These had the charm of novelty for most of them, and they were so delighted with the information imparted that they often asked to let them keep the book not only as a memento, but also that they might read them for their friends and families if every they should reach home. The influence which Catholic priests and Sisters had over them

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was quite wonderful. It was owing in a great measure to the fact that they came in the name of the religion, and assisted the miserable, whether of north or south, Catholic or non-Catholic. You might see convalescents fall upon the neck of the priest on leaving the hospital, and weep most passionately. Often when an exchange of prisoners took place, men were in tears when they left. Sometimes strangers would watch to see whether the Sisters were as attentive to secessionists as to unionists, to Catholics and to Protestants or Infidels--not perceiving the slightest difference, they would question them, and when the Sisters informed them that their religion commanded them to serve everyone to the utmost of their power regarding all as children of the same Father, and brothers in Jesus Christ, and refusing to look upon human being as an enemy,---some would ask to be farther instructed, and others would say: "If Ever I profess any religion, I'll go in for yours."

So far as I have been able to learn, all the non-Catholic ladies and ministers who endeavored to help the soldiers, required in them similarity of political platform, and that they would read such religious books or tracts as they supplied, some would not help a Northerner, others would not converse with a secessionist. One of the Sisters, who spent four years in the military Hospital, chiefly in Mississippi, gives it as her experience, that Protestants of any denomination whatever had no influence on the soldiers. As nurses the soldiers had no confidence in them, saying they connived at abuses, as they were generally paid by government or otherwise---when patients were neglected, when keepers of military stores neglected to forward necessities, when physicians neglected their duty, when under-nurses became intemperate--and all these abuses frequently occurred -- some paid officials remained silent for fear of losing their places--while Sisters and other Catholic ladies, who took no pay for their services, immediately made, known to the authorities any serious break of discipline that came under their observation, and insisted that those under their charge should get what was allowed to them, and even some culpable officials were discharged on their representations.

On this account physicians of the city remarked to us that as a general rule the only volunteer nurses of any use, were the sisters. Trained to habits of subordination and discipline, they always walked, with unanimity and harmony. While among the volunteer nurses of other denominations, the desire to be considered the head, and other little jealousies often led to much insubordination and trouble. Nothing could exceed the gratitude of the soldiers for the Sisters. In no instance that has come to my knowledge, did they commit the smallest depredation on their property throughout the country, for there was always among them, some men who remembered and

and were grateful for the kindness and services they had received at their hands, who were able to restrain their less scrupulous comrades. In Charleston, Columbia, and other places where their convents were destroyed, it was not though malice, but from the *accidence* of shells on burning houses. So fully sensible were the people of the South of Miss that on the advance of the Federal Army, they were accustomed to place their valuables and daughters in the convents. When the war was at its height, the Sisters were allowed to cross the lines and never were molested either by an official letter de cache or by the most hardened soldier. As an instance, the Sisters of St. Augustine had occasion to go to Columbia, the railroad were torn up, so, they had to make the journey as best they could.

The Federal soldiers escorted them through their lines, through forrest and jungle, until they saw them safely within the Confederate lines, while the latter escorted them to their destination. It was consoling on those occasions to find the horrors of war infused by such kindly acts and to witness the good feeling that existed between the rival soldiers when they met. They shook hands, inquired about old friends and acquaintances and exchanged tobacco, coffee and the like. Poor fellows, they seemed to trouble themselves little about the course of the great quabbel, which was deluging the country with blood. Here they met as friends and brothers, though in a few days they were arrayed against one another as enemies.

simultaneously

They tried with one another in showing respect and attention to the Sisters rendering them every possible little service in their power, and thus endeared themselves to the Sisters who have been among them or attended them in hospitals, or in prison, as the Crimean soldiers did to the Sisters and nurses who attended them during their weary and sickening campaign.

I will now add a few anecdotes to the information already given. One young man in hospital, dying of typhoid fever, was suffering intensely and seemed in wretchedly low spirits. Being asked whether he belonged to any particular church or had ever been baptized. He replied somewhat as follows: No, Sister, I have been a bad man, but I would repent and be baptized, if I thought it would be any use for me to do so, but it is now too late. The Sister spoke to him thus of the sufferings and death of Our Lord, borne for sinners, and the example of the penitent thief who was pardoned at the last hour---while she enlarged on these consoling truths, tears flowed down the poor patients cheeks, and on receiving some instructions, he asked to be baptized, having previously made with her some short aspirations including acts of faith hope and charity.

As his case admitted of no delay the Sister baptized him before she left, and he died that night in great sentiments of contrition.

Another young man who became a Catholic, and was for some time the only Catholic in the ward, on being asked by the Sisters some days after his baptism whether there was any point on which he would like more information, or anything in the Catholic religion to which he was not quite reconciled, replied with great simplicity that only one thing troubled him, and that was his own pride. "I know" said he "that it was wrong to be proud, but I cannot help being proud of my religion, I'm so glad to myself for becoming a Catholic." After his first communion for which he prepared most fervently he left hospital to join his regiment. As it was going to battle he often said that he rejoiced, for he hoped he might be among the fallen, and thus get straight to heaven with his baptismal innocence. Another soldier, who was weakly from recent illness was recommended by the Sisters to say his prayers sitting or lying down, least he should overtax his returning strength. But he insisted on kneeling down to pray morning and evening, and used daily to retire to a corner of the ward--he being the only Catholic in it-- to pray and recite the rosary on his knees. An old man who had been baptized when apparently in danger of death, without receiving the whole of the usual instructions, lingered without any prospect of recovery for over three months, during which the Sisters having taught him to say the Lord's Prayer and make the sign of the cross, fully impressed that it was on account of his acts of devotion and thought the prayers of the Sisters, he recovered. Before being discharged he asked leave to take the Catechism with him that he might instruct his wife and children to become Catholics. A young man under sentence of death for desertion, was dying of consumption; he asked to be baptized and instructed in the religion of the Sisters. He became very religious and frequently said, that he hoped God in his mercy would take him to himself by likeness and spare him the horrors of being shot like a traitor. He did not wish to take food from any one but the Sisters and the doctor kindly humored him and ordered the Sisters to give him whatever he desired. The poor fellow's prayer was finally granted and he died in peace having first received the sacraments.

*he began to get better
& was soon able to leave*

The Sisters were allowed to transfer from the prison for women, to the convent asylum, two girls suffering from measles. One of them died having received baptism; the other was taught to read and expressed a great wish to become a Catholic.

The war being over her father came to collect his scattered family, but found this the only one alive. Though greatly attached to her father and overjoyed to see him, she would

not go until he had to promise that he'd send her to the Sisters School, in the town in Arkansas where he lived. These are but a few of the hundred instances of the reverential attachment of patients towards the Sisters. It was not confined to boys but strong men, who never quailed in the storm of battle, were as obedient and submissive as children in the presence of the Sisters

It is safe to say that thousands recovered that would otherwise have died, owing to their soothing influence; and thousands, who knew not what religion was, died happily deaths owing to their pious ministrations.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE SISTERS OF MERCY, NEW YORK.

The Sisters of the Houston Street Convent in the hospitals-- Their services in New Berne---sufferings of the patients before the arrival of the Sisters---Strong religious prejudices against them at first---The Sisters after landing-- Strange surmises as to who and what they were---Soon changed-- Touching instances of love and confidence---The grief of the patients and Negroes at the departure of the Sisters.

The Sisters of Mercy were among the first to offer their services to attend the sick and wounded in the various hospitals during the late war. Trained up to visit the poor and afflicted, their minds were in some measure prepared for the suffering's endured by the victims of war. Their training and the precepts of charity and self denial by their religious vows had prepared them for their mission and therefore, their attentions and ministrations to the sick and wounded were useful from the very start. No one recognized this more readily than the doctors, of whom, it must be justly said, that they allowed no religious prejudices to interfere with whatever tended most to the comfort of their patients. After a little time, when they had come to fully appreciate the devoted and nice care bestowed by the Sisters on their charges. Protestant doctors were just as anxious to secure their services in the hospitals, as the Catholic doctors themselves.

Among the houses that sent forth its inmates on their work of love and Mercy, was St. Catherine's Convent, Houston Street, New York, over which the grand and saintly Mother Augustine, presides. These Sisters were welcomed by General Foster and the following order was issued by him.

Head Quarters Department North Carolina
New Bern July 22, 1862

Special order No 17

#5 Dr. Upham, Post Surgeon at Beaufort will put the Sisters of Mercy, lately arrived from New York, in charge of the hospital at Beaufort under his supervisions, and assign to them the sole charge of each department as he may deem necessary and they will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

By Command of Maj. Gen. G.J. Foster.

Southard Hoffman, Asst. Adj. General.

Soon after the capitulations of Fort Macon to General Burnside and Foster, a large hotel on the mainland, opposite

fort stands

the Island on which the ~~first islands~~ was converted into an hospital, but not until it had been vompletely rifled by its captors, and used, or rather abused, as their Barracks. There, many of the survivors of that long damp watch at Roanoke come to linger out life's remnant in consumption or the chills; there the brave men who had besieged New Berne and taken it, came to await the healing of their wounds; some of them disabled for life by the Super-human labor of dragging cannon into position after the horses had been shot down; there in fine, came numbers of these young conscripts, who in the zeal of their patriotism, had abandoned the facinations of college life, or had given up comforts of a happy, perhaps of a luxurious home, to endure the effects of Marsh water, malaria, and hard tack.

These poor fellows were their own nurses, and were forced to improvise both means and methods of performing their functions as such.

The Department was then was scarcely organized, and the necessary supplies so difficult to be obtained that those whose duty it was to make the requisitions were disgusted and discouraged.

The patients were almost to a man thrifty New Englanders accustomed to order and comfort and so felt the more keenly the total absence of both. In July the heat became so intense that even the all sufficing sea was not enough to cool the atmosphere, and the filth so accumulated that the waves, which swept against the building on three sides, and even beneath it, were soiled and discolored.

Sickness was raging and misery had reached the extremest edge of endurance. Just at this time the noble hearted General Foster, in command of the Department, visited the hospital and announced to its inmates that he had succeeded in inducing a band of Religious, from New York to take charge of it, and promised that every thing necessary should be finished.

Notwithstanding all they were enduring, the men shrank from the idea of being relieved by Catholics, by Nuns, creatures whose imperious lives and unimagined aims are so wildly misrepresented in that sort of literature in which many of them were well read.

armed

The most injurious opinions were found with regard to the promised succour and every sort of suspicion whispered concerning them. Very soon the religious arrived and it must be confessed that their first appearance was calculated to make impressions semi-tragical.

Imagine a diminutive steamer of southern build, exhibiting the most nonchalant absence of design and the most abstentious application of paint, approaching a low projecting wharf, in a dense rain. Negro and Yankee have united their efforts to secure it, a gangway of the simplest construction is laid down and a band of inscrutable women make their appearance--- Two, Four, Six--nay Seven of those unfathomable veils--- What is hidden behind them? "Widows in search of the mortal remains of their husbands," answered the astonished "Nigger" "Chief mourners over the country peace and happiness," said the unconscious poetical ex-collegian, "Jesuits" sneered the bigots; "female Jesuits carrying all the craft and subtlety of their tribe under those ominous black surroundings----"

Unaware of these and still more extravagant surmises the Sisters made their way quietly over an unsafe causway and entered the hospital.

Little preparation had been made to receive them and no welcome was afforded them. The Doctor, a man of refined sensibilities, felt so much his inability to afford them even the most ordinary hospitality that he kept out of sight and the honors were done by an old Mulatto woman-- good Aunt Clarissey.

I afterwards learned from some of the best men in the establishment, that they watched the new comers most narrowly expecting every day to make some wonderful discovery to find them develop some scheme either of proselytism or of self aggrandizement---Some proof that they formed part and parcel of the very imp~~ly~~ of iniquity itself.

When it is added that the place resounded every Wednesday night with methodist canticles and Methodist manifestations delivered now by white and now by colored orators, the position of the "Sisters of Mercy" may be imagined. How did they fill it?

Simply by endeavoring to do their duty to minister to the comforts of the wretched sufferers around them with womans adroitness and womans tenderness as well as with the gravity and reserve of the religious; by keeping strictly within the enclosure of their rules and observances and no doubt by praying earnestly for the accomplishments of the design of Providence, both in themselves and in the poor suffering confided to their care. They preached no gospel, they questioned no un-Catholic conscience, they inaugurated no crusade against heresy or heretics.

Immediately after the Sisters arrived a General order was issued by Major General Foster, placing the hospital under their charge. They very soon discovered that the poor officials were so wearied in their arduous and tiresome

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employment. That they would be glad to co-operate with any one, willing to relieve them, and that quarter-master, purveyors, and commissaries were ready enough to afford supplies when the order of the General in command backed the requisitions. In a little time, therefore, the whole place had undergone a thorough house cleaning and was furnished with what was really necessary.

The face of affairs brightened up, the first cargo of ice arrived and the very heat was ameliorated.

By degrees, the unacknowledged influence of the church, as represented by the humble and unpretending Sisters, was seen and felt.

Disorderly conduct was given up, habits of cleanliness and even of politeness were resorted, and at last, heretics of the truest blue began to consult the Sisters about their little affairs, to confide to them their family sorrows, and to look to them for sympathy and consolation.

The following is a touching instance of that confidence. A Sister entered one of the wards one morning and at once perceived that the hand of death was laid heavily on one of her patients; an elderly man quiet and uncomplaining, a Bostonian, and of course not a Catholic. She took her place at his bed side and wiped the death drops from his brow; a grateful look of recognition passed over his face and making an expiring effort, he took an old pocket book from beneath his pillow, and placed it in her hand, significantly yet silently, for his last word had been spoken. He was understood. She assured him it should be forwarded to his wife, and with it an account of his illness. He smiled gratefully but she had hardly recommended his soul to God when he breathed his last. Another instance of this complete confidence was that of a poor young quartermaster, who had worn himself out in the discharge of his onerous duties. He was brought to the hospital he had helped to fit up, in fever, and suok rapidly. He was a gentle, well disposed moral young man, although unbaptized and unbelieving, yet when death came nothing soothed him but the prayers of the Sisters and the sight of the crucifix.

He had in his possession a quantity of papers which he said no mortal eye should ever see, not even his mothers and he entrusted them to the Sister that she might destroy them. Poor boy he died peacefully after a short busy life with the new grace of baptism whitening his soul.---

There was one poor fellow home sick and sad hearted, who had no less than four likenesses of his wife under his pillow, and was constantly engaged in the contemplation of one or other of them. The Doctors scolded him and his comrades laughed at him, so he flew for consolation to the Sister in charge of his ward and flinging all his prejudices to the winds, he declared that she had raised his thoughts to

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better things, and that he would never say a word against a Catholic as long as he lived. This was prejudice overcome and charity and good feeling took its place.

"Ah Sister" said a poor young officer as he took his leave after a tedious convalescence "I hate my self when I think of the false impressions I was under with regard to religious women and of the way in which I shrank from you at first. But I know better now, and I believe that the religion that inspires such indiscriminate charity must come from God no matter what men say"

But why multiply instances. The universal grief of the patients when the Sisters were recalled to the Mother house, some of them broke down completely, and one was actually even despaired of by the Doctors.---are the best proofs.

The poor expatriated Catholics who were scattered here and there among the patients, and the converts recently baptized and full of their fervour did not seem to feel more than the honest Massachusetts men, who declared that they would respect the habit of a Sister wherever they might see it, for sake of those who nursed them with so much care. But I have left the poor Negroes, out of my sketch. Who can forget their sorrow? Child-like and affectionate creatures, their whole hearts were taken captive by the kindness which so astonished them; they were ready to go with the Sisters anywhere, and it seems had a crude idea that they would surely be taken. It was sad to see the big tears rolling over those poor dusky faces and to know that they were likely to be ~~and to know that they were likely to be~~ succeeded by others more burning more heart wrung.

The Sisters left and so great was the respect and almost veneration paid to their very memory that the wing of the building they had occupied was left uninhabited for many months, because the men could not bear to see it filled with the sick and wounded.

Hundreds of patients had passed through the hospital during the stay of the Sisters, yet no one instance of ~~any~~ rudeness or ~~what~~ of respect could be recalled by any of them; not an angry word, not a curse, had ever been spoken in their presence. Time will produce the harvest that was then sown, it is to be hoped by proving the better state of feeling ~~(the current of)~~ between "those who differ in religion" by checking the current of prejudice and by preserving Catholics, from many of the insults it would have produced.

CHAPTER XXXII

SISTERS OF MERCY, CONTINUED

A Unitarian Minister tribute to the Sisters---The life of Christ exemplified---Writing letters for the soldiers---What a dying man wanted--- ~~Prejudice~~ ^{Justice} and religion at bar-
 -iance---Anecdote of the battle of Gettysburg---How paddy buried the Chaplain---A Soldier's faith---How Mackey lost his leg---The story of the dead soldier---A father's gratitude---A wife'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 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 over 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 Nuns in general. "But" said he "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 said that wherever 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 ~~impartially~~ ^{carefully} they would be husbanded and how ~~impartially~~ ^{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 Beaufort he watched them closely, even staying up till midnight for the purpose, as he had been led to 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 their 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 refreshments from their hands in a stiff ungracious manner, but this so completely wore off that they used to apply to them in all their wants and employ them to write their letters when unable to do so themselves even when these concerned their most private family affairs.

One of these poor fellows having witnessed the death 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 ~~x~~ next day and said "Sister I'd like to die as P---- did" a long conversation ensued and the result was that the man resolved to send for the Minister and enquire what preparation he would recommend him to make for the death which he felt he was surely approaching. "his he did at the Sisters suggestion. The Minister a very eloquent and popular clergyman came, the question was put to him and he said ~~(will the)~~ "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 ~~x~~ man and I believe she understands 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 Catholic 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 religion and could not overcome in his weak mind 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"

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The following anecdotes have been related to the author by Sister of Mercy, who was with the army.

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 evidently an 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. A few days after, that dreadful battle was fought and the Priest almost exhausted his energy 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" "Faix, then there was your reverence," said the soldier, "and it is myself that buried him here below---Come and see." The Priest went with him and in answer to his enquiries found that the supposed confederate chaplain had all the equipment of a Southern Soldier, except that he wore a clerical coat and hat, and at once suspected that it was the poor fellow to whom he had given the venerated 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. "There lies his Reverence, The Confederate Chaplain." The priest turned away with tears in his eyes, and had not the heart to undecieve the poor soldier, who made the coffin with his own hands, and painted the inscription in uncouth characters.

A SOLDIER'S FAITH

There was a tall county Meath man, named Mackey, in 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," asked a Sister. "In no battle at all Sister, dear, only in a bit of a *scrimmage* Shure, 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 themselves as well as we could.--- Well in the dead of the night we heard the tramp of a body of men and began to discuss about what we should do---One man declared he would simply obey orders and 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 and so we did---The Southerners came on five or six hundred of them and when they were pretty near we all three fired. We that is myself and Tim, did as we said---we fired and fired and they fired by volleys at us---soon we found our ammunition giving out and so we began to retreat firing back at them as often as we could get our guns ready; at last we got to 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, and says I, I'll let fly at them one more " I fired and the next minute 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" shure I knew the Blessed Virgin would help me and I called on her." "How could you expect her to have pity on you when you were so bent on revenge and 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 wouldnt 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 and pretty soon our comrade who had lain down behind the tree waded out to where I was and helped me to the shore---He fixed up my shattered limb as well as he could and I lay there wrapped in a blanket till they came to relieve the guard and then they took me to the hospital and here I am. Are you not sorry for firing so foolishly at those southerners? "Faith I am not Sister; I'd be more ashamed if I lay down behind the old tree and I warrant you the Blessed Virgin will pray for me after all."

Copy of a letter found in the pocket of a dead soldier at Newberne N.C.-----Stanley Hospital 1862. About fourteen years ago the writer was but a 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, whatsoever, the writer will not at present relate the reason of the separation in knowing it to be enough that they did sepebate 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, About the year of 1860 I took it into my head to return to my mother

edge which is soft and
marking and after firing two good
shots we rushed into the
river.

but I found it a hard thing to do but I ~~x~~ resolved to see my mother. I started on my journey, which was long and tedious, not seeing anyone 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 other was about six years old, his hair was nearly white, or a silvery color, otherwise he resembled his brother very much. I had not been home long before an oldish man came in, perhaps he was 70 years old. I was introduced to him as his step-son. He took a seat and I did the same, he let his pipe and began to smoke, when the youngest boy came running in "John, you have not been gone long" said my Mother, "have you seen Jane?" speaking of my Sister who was about a year older than myself "Ya" said the boy, and Jane herself 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 belate 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 serve my 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 that the war was a going to last long, two or three months at most. 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, 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 poor old Mother and my Father told me that I would wish myself home more than once before I could get back. This was more than true, but I heeded it not I started and crossed the Lake from Vermont into York State 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. I stayed there 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 barracks built for the purpose of sheltering the soldiers until they were prepared for going farther south. We remained there for some time, nothing very interesting occurred except that we had

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to learn a soldiers fare by sleeping on slats about three inches wide and four inches a part and our meals were pretty hard for a ^{northern soldier} while to tell about, but I have found out since that I did not know anything about hardships, so you will soon find out.

I had not remained there over three months and our company was not full, and there being ~~or another~~ 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 over night. The next day we started on our journey, and got as far as Philadelphia at twelve oclock 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.---

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

Lowell March 19th 1863
Sisters of Mercy.

Dear friends,

Your letter of 27th Feby, 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 bear without it otherwise but alas, it was so ordered and it behoves us to bow in meek submission to the decree of our alwise Creator who doeth all things well, and we would fain to 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 week's steamer Four Dozen one pound cans of condensed milk to be by you distributed to the sick under your charge (we were unable to obtain more as it was sold in advance to the medical department) directed to the Convent of Mercy Newberne N.C. There are but a few friends in this neighborhood who have sons in the 44th, but to those I will instruct 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. Braett.

Letter from a woman about her husband.

Barnedville

January 25th 1863

Dear friend, for so I must call you, for your kindness in writing to me the sad and sorrowful news about 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 said that he 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 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.

Letter from the betrothed of a young officer who died, under the Sisters care, of his wounds.

Bridgeport

August 30th 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 Hufty promised to write me all the particulars but he has never written me one line that I know of yet. A gentleman friend of Charlei'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 rights. 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 August 9th and I was wholly unprepared as the last letter I had received from him but a few days previous was in the same boyant and cheerful spirits as formerly. His parents received the word and forwarded it on to me. His 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 sooth my grief. I have a pleasant home, kind parents many dear relatives and warm friends, but they fall far short of filling a 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 besides myself, and I trust his spirit now dewells 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 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.A.

CHAPTER

THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY CROSS

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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----Seemes and sufferings in the hospitals----The Sisters' trials and triumphs. How they overcame prejudices by meekness, charity and good works.

Through good and charitable works performed by the Sisters of the various Orders during the war, in their attendance to the sick and wounded, have made a grateful impression on the public mind, and done much which contributes to remove groundless prejudices, against Religious Orders and Our Holy religion, still owing to the retiring disposition of the Sisters, they have not been given due merit, while trifling, but more ostentatious services have been made the themes of poets and historians.

Meek, humble, and retiring; laboring only for the glory of God, and expecting no earthly reward for their services, they shrank from parading before the world their christian labors and good works. On this account we had much difficulty in collecting for our work the materials, relative to the Sisters. Through the aid and influence of kind friends we have succeeded in resuing from oblivion enough regarding their gentle ministrations to the sick and wounded in the hospitals, and of that sweet and gentle meekness, which overcame prejudice and error such we feel will make our work not only interesting, but also leave in history a record, that will live as a theme and a reproach to the maligness of the devoted Sisters and their holy religion.

To perform good and charitable works, and to give to posterity an accurate and faithfully written account of them are different than of the very qualities of mind and heart which enter into the life of a religious, animate the least, as well as the most sublime act of her life of holy oblation, are those ones which make her unconscious of their value in the eyes of the world and would whisper to her to preserve memorials of them in the heavenly archives. The obedience alone to a Superior could bring to light the touching facts concerning the part borne by different Religious Orders in the last war, That part being one so remarkable, attested to by so many officials who had no sympathy with the Creed of

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these religious ladies, the public claims a record of facts so honorable to America, A record which will as long as the historian holds a pen, reflect a glory upon the American name, These self sacrificing women who went forth to encounter all the horrors of war, who did not quail before danger, and who were too absorbed in the work to which, they were pledged for relieving the sufferings of others, to remember their own, were actuated by no other motive than a love of God. They saved little for the applause 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 recognized to face what seemed opposition, or, at least, a reluctant concurrence in their works of mercy.

It was only in obedience to the expressed wish of very Reverend Edward Sorin, 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 thrilling have been hastily thrown off, as notes, by the Mother Superior herself. We give these, as nearly as possible, as they stand; convinced that no pen, however graphic can describe those impressive scenes, like that of 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 Sisters of the Holy Cross proffered their Services to the Civil Authorities, as nurses to the sick and wounded soldiers. The Mother house being at St Mary's Notre Dame, Indiana, the offer was made to Governor Morton of that State by their ecclesiastical Superior the Very Rev. Father Sorin, it is needless to say that the offer was gratefully accepted. October 1861 saw the post regimented hospitals at Paducah Kentucky, in charge of Six Sisters of the Holy Cross. Here the cases of extreme suffering from Camp dysentery and Measles were to be counted by hundreds; whole companies were attacked. These diseases, which under ordinary circumstances are not dangerous, 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 suffering to be relieved was great, and the immediate needs so urgent, that the hardships and fatigues borne by the Sisters in the performance of their respective duties are almost indescribable. However they bore all with generosity and resignation; but the body despite of the will some-

times claims its own and the Spring of 1862 saw many of them prostrated by fevers; two of them died during the winter while several were obliged to return to St. Mary's in broken health, the victims of their generous devotedness. But fresh arrivals from the Mother House of Sisters whose courage had not been daunted in the least by the tales of hardships, already heard, had filled up the ranks, and we find seventy five Sisters of the Holy Cross actively engaged during the war as nurses in the military hospitals of Cairo Mound City, Louisville, Washington City, and Memphis, also in the naval hospitals. The Sisters of the Holy Cross received in Nov. 1861 an urgent request from the Medical director of General Grant's staff to send some of their number to Mound City, where all the wounded had been removed from the battle field of Belmont.

As this engagement was a reverse to the Federal forces the wounded were numerous and were not removed from the field for two days. An imposing row of magnificently designed but unfinished stores and ware-rooms on the banks of the Ohio river had been appropriated to hospital use and to their vast, unfinished and utterly unfurnished apartments, the poor sufferers were brought, numbering six or seven hundred, their knapsaks being their only pillows, the rough board floor their only beds, and the brown camp blankets their only covering. Army rations then only few as no hospital supplies had been received. Their wounds during their long exposure on the battle field had not only stiffened but the rough garments, soaked with blood, adhered to them still, and in many instances the deadly gangrene had declared itself.

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

Besides the wounded numbers of sick men pale and emaciated more like skeletons than human beings were brought in from the different brigades.

As these men were only reduced by camp fevers and exposure it required but good nursing and nourishing food to build 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 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 to draw upon him for whatever was needed. Acting upon their own knowledge of the pressing wants of the hundreds of sufferers, they made such demands upon the great and generous heart of the noble President of the Road as might have struck with consternation

a less liberal person. Yet , never once did they fail to receive even more than was asked, every thing in the way of fruit, food and wines was sent to the Sisters' address; also numbers of blank passes, which Mother Angela asked for for the invalid soldiers who wished to return home to recruit; these were the lives of many soldiers saved, and the thanks of the nation should be tendered to that noble benefactor as well as to other gentlemanly officers of the Illinois Central R.R. During December 1861 the numbers of sick and wounded in the Mound City hospital were so great that the Sisters at Paducah were transferred to these parts. Good old Sister M DeLa P--- one of the most efficient nurses was among those exalted. When on the Boat about to leave for her destination some of the Protestant army chaplains seeing her, came forward to express their regret at her departure, and to thank her for the untiring care she had bestowed upon the sick. "I'm at a loss " said one of the Chaplains addressing his companions "to know when 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 mercy, 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 hanging by her side. This pantomime answer from the good old French Sister seemed to confuse him and the Sister traveling with her, in few simple words explained how strength is sustained and even increased in the daily discharge of hospital labors by frequent meditations on the life and sufferings of our Lord. How when minds dwell upon the love he manifested for us in his sacred humanity it is most natural 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 an eloquence beyond the power of human words, being an epitome of our Lord's life in his sacred humanity from the moment that the archangel declared to the Immaculate Virgin of Judea that she should be the mother of God, to the morning of his glorious Resurrection and Ascension". Then in as brief but forcible and touching manner she recalled the Mysteries attached to the different decades. "Now," said she, you can understand what Sister P--- means, namely 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 calculated to disgust her beads help to recall the bitter portion of vinegar and gall (The draught for that poor sufferer as well as for us) when

her own heads throbs with the weariness and the excitement attending such terrible scenes, the mere touch of her beads, reminds her of the agony endured by the crowning with sharp thorns and this does a great deal towards soothing her own pain, or making her indifferent to it." The Chaplain listened attentively and then exclaimed, "Well now that is indeed Christianity. I always thought the papist beads were great mummary, in future I'll regard them with respect. That really reminds me what I often do, when I am at home, and am going down 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 absorb my attention I often tie a string around my finger." "Yes," he continued, "I am convinced that there is a good deal of Christianity in those beads."

When the news of the battle of Fort Donelson arrived at Mound City hospital, all the convalescents were transferred to St. Louis in order to make room for those wounded in the late bloody strife. Throughout the whole day and late at night the good Angelic nurses were busy preparing for their fresh work of mercy, which was to commence again that night. After midnight several boats arrived literally packed with cargoes of wounded men.

The sufferers were placed in the hospitals' wards one of which presented a scene more than usually appalling. It was filled by the wounded of one company that had been placed in ambush during a part of the battle. They had received instructions to lie flat on the ground until the cannon had ceased being fired. The order to rise unfortunately being given too soon, sad to relate all or nearly all received the balls in the head, face and neck. Their sufferings were dreadful, some besides deep wounds in the head and face, had to endure additional pangs of starvation not being able to swallow while one or two fellows in the delirium caused by hunger or wounds on the brain frantically pulled the tongues from their mouths. The Sisters went to work with their usual attention and alacrity and from their humane treatment of the sufferers, the gratitude of the latter knew no bounds.

The very name of "Sisters" rendered the services of the angelic women more welcome to the sick, for the latter would say, "When we call you Sisters we feel as if we could ask you for anything we need without fearing that you will be impatient or tired of us." Even in writing to their friends their secrets and family history would be placed in the Sisters trustworthy keeping.

Letters from friends, of the dead would be also received by the Sisters inquiring concerning the last sickness, last words, and dying dispositions of the departed, touching to read their expressions of grief, for the beloved dead, as well

~~as well~~ as their gratitude to the Sisters for the services rendered to them in their last hours. Through 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~~x~~ would do if it were not for the Sisters." and not even the officers but the Protestant Ministers who on all occasions showed the Sisters difference and respected the soldiers engaged in the different departments 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 sufferings the wounded exhibited the brightest feature of humanity. The sentiments of courage which had inspired them upon the battle field were in beautiful contrast to their patience in the hospital. How consoling to remember their preparation for death, so edifying, so silent about their great sufferings, and so resigned to die. Often would a soldier say to a Sister while ministering to his physical suffering, "Sister I know I must die tell me what is necessary to believe, and do by way of preparation, for I am sure what you tell me must be true." Again with all of manhood's earnestness, and childhood's simplicity they would emphatically say, "Teach us what to believe and we will believe."

Such sentiments being almost universal throughout the hospital, few very few breathed their last but in a spirit of lively faith a firm hope and sincere contrition. In less than eleven months over nine hundred of those who died were baptized and prepared for death. This preparation for a happy death continued through the whole course of the war, in those hospitals of which the Sisters had charge. During the 18 months there were full fifteen hundred sick or wounded constantly under the charge of the sisters at Mound City hospital alone. an though their labors were unceasing still they never wearied ministering~~x~~ to the wants of suffering humanity, But out of the physical wants and tending spiritual needs of the dying soldiers grew a third assumed.

Many an affectionate brother, loving son, and faithful husband wished to transmit a note to the loved ones at home, bidding a last adieu. It was here again that the good Sisters kindness excited the deep gratitude of the wounded and dying soldiers hearts.

Several of the most rapid writers were appointed to pass from ward to ward making it their special charge to go to those on whom the shadows of death were falling fast giving to them all the consolations which that supreme hour required or at least all in their power to bestow. What a consolation to have

a faithful religious to transmit to their loved ones in the North or South, for Federal and Confederate were the same to the Sisters. ^{their last dying words,} Their farewell to parents, wives and children. When the great act was over and the face of the dead settled in the repose of death, before the camp blanket was drawn over it, the Sister in attendance would take care to enclose in the letter to the bereaved ones at home 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 the scissors which always hung at her side with her seven dolor beads, on which a few moments previously her hand lingered in his behalf all though his passage across the cold valley of death.

Three days after the battle of Pittsburgh landing two thousand of the wounded were 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 Dr. M. who attracted attention by his great devotedness to the sufferers confided to his care. After a few weeks he was missed from his ward 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 seeing her he exclaimed in an excited voice. "Oh how glad I am that you came, I am going to die, tell me do you think that I shall be saved." "Of course you will, M", soothingly replied one of the physicians. "Oh Doctor said the sick man "I did not ask you that question, keep to your pill boxes, there you are at home, but I fear you know very little about the next world." Judging from his manner that he was under the excitement of fever and not wishing to make the subject of religion a matter of comment for those present, the Sister endeavored to soothe him, and as she left the room, she called aside the surgeon-in-chief to ask "If Dr. M. was really in danger.

Learning that it was impossible for him to live; as ^{rehe} ~~gene~~ had commended its work. On hearing this all the Sisters assembled in their little chapel in presence of the blessed sacrament, and offered up their prayers with the greatest fervor for his conversion. At every leasure moment the Sisters beads passed through her hands, while her heart invoked the Mother of Mercy to be with him at the hour of death. In the mean time the Sister returned to his room when he again exclaimed, "Mother, I have never been baptized, I have never seriously thought of the next world, I came to the west full of high ambitions 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."

He listened to her instructions, and when ever sh left the room, she would say to the other Sister in attendance. "Sister continue to repeat those little prayers, so that they will not pass from my mind." The claiming hand of death began setting on the brow of the sick man. At his earnest request. The sister who had instructed him baptized him.

After death the countenance of the young physician bore a beautiful and heavenly expression. All who saw him were deeply affected and the Sisters whispered low to each other, "How could he look otherwise when the blessed Birgin heard their requests and obtained for him the grace of a happy death." Among the patients in the hospital at Mound City was young W--- who had been brought with some twenty or thirty of his regiment all sick of typhoid fever, he being the general favorite in his company, and all his comrades appeared as, ^{concerned in his recovery} in their own but kindness and attention were proof against death's claim, he grew weaker. The Sister in attendance (as usual when any of the patients would be in danger) slipped a medal under his pillow, and at evening paryer the beads were said 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 answered, "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 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 Sister had not only to instruct him but to baptize him. His death was affecting and deepening. *edifying.*

At his earnest request two of the Sisters said the prayers for the dying while all his companions in arms who were able 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 beloved companion who was partially supported in the arms of two Soldiers, so that he could be seen by all. So long as his strength lasted he joined in 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 there by find in life and in death the consolation he then felt. He died invoking the sweet 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 had to undergo in the sick wards of the hospital, ^{duties} duties in the kitchen, attached thereto would to some persons be almost incredible.

The following graphic account given by Dr. E.C. Rogers one of the gentlemen sent from Chicago to supervise and enquire into the needs of the hospital will perhaps be read with interest and tell the needs of the poor sufferers.

"Arriving at Mound City and seeing at a glance the necessity of their position, Mother Sister 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 imagine 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 the fainties necessary for the poor sick was to lay aside their "own share" as the authorities understood it; but seeing this was only an aggravation of existing evils, to have a clear understanding, as to the absolute plainness of their own table and to ask for what the sick soldiers must have if they were expected to recover. Great was the indigestion and disgust of the kitchen officials upon hearing such a declaration of the plans of the Sisters for the soldiers. They were not slow to deny to them the means of carry out this charitable intention that the newly installed head cook found herself obliged (unless she made open complaint to the corps of Surgeons which she was averse to do) to go out to the market herself and run up a bill for varieties suited to the pressing wants of the sick; trusting to the Army officials, under providence to liquidate her debt, then came another difficulty. It was not 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 housekeeper for a family of two would have found inconvenient, in order to prepare the breakfast for the sick, in time the cook and her 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 process 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

beyond the bounds of ordinary female endurance.

The "Head cook" tells an amusing story "One unlucky morning the cornstarch having being duly set on one side, and the tea-kettle set to work ^{as 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 shook the soot from its fire begrimed sides into the open pan of nicely prepared 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 the comfort, and the final recovery of those under their charge. The first load of edibles for the sick had been received, as Mother Angela 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 gentleman having made the rounds of the wards, ~~over~~ ^{was} ~~consciously~~ ^{was} invited by Mother Angela to visit the kitchen. And it occurred to them for the first time during their visit, that perhaps the kitchen of the Sisters might be worthy of so distinguishing 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 apology 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~~ ^{way} in which the "nice dishes" served up to the soldiers for these successive months had been prepared. But there was something more to be shown. As we had ventured to make some severe comments ourselves upon the rather inadequate cooking implements, the Lady superior exclaimed laughingly "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 in the hospital. This was too much for civilized humanity. We could only beat a retreat with a tearful assurance to the laughing Sisters, that we would 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. Mound City as well as other places was affected by the swell the hospital came in for its share. After some days the water, continuing to rise, began to ooze through the floors. The inconvenience can easily be imagined. Many comical expressions of vexation would be heard among the officials exclaiming,

that they were writing with their feet in their desks and their coat tails in the water, while the nurses would declare they were wading to the dining rooms, and rowing themselves through the kitchen. The good Dr. Franklin whose energy exceeded his patience, was beset on all sides with difficulties and questions; one day being so annoyed he declared "He could not run an institution under water unless he was him-self "a fish and his patients oysters" "I don't mind," said he, "but these people; why they must think I can turn back the Ohio." Drs, Stewards, clerks, stewards, cooks, ward masters, nurses and washerwomen beset me on every side.

The Sisters 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 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 all the sick should be moved to St. Louis.

It was painful to see the poor fellows who, though very weak, and racked with pains had to be 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. 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 an rugged but manly cheek. Those who were very feeble appealed so very earnestly to the Sisters' sympathy, that it was decided twelve of them should accompany them.

The patients left in the hospital 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 the Sisters began to make arrangements for their comforts. Their apartments lately occupied by them were vacated, as they were in fear of being deluged by the rising waters, nor were they any too soon in this move for the water began to ooze through the floors while new occupants, 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 level would give away and the whole town be inundated.

They flocked to Mound City and the only place there 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. Fearing she was sick from the effects of her damp lodging, Mother Angela went to see about her. She found her sitting on a trunk in a most lugubrious state of countenance and this 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 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 born in a spirit of perfect resignation and even with jocularity.

CHAPTER

The Sisters under water----A soldier's Bath----Death of Sister Fidelia----A boiler explosion----A touching incident----A trying scene----The Sisters quelling an angry crowd--- The triumphs of faith and religion---The Statue of Our Lady 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, a very trim Soldier's nurse came in with a bucket of lime to throw in the cellar as a disinfectant. "Does this door lead into the cellar," asked he "Yes" replied the Sister without turning from her work. Presently she heard a splash; it occurred to her that the steps had been removed and imagined at once that the man had been killed by the fall. 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 said rather gruffly; "Yes I am here where else could I be? I think you might have told a fellow there were no steps here." Sister, satisfied that he was not mortally wounded, started off for some 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 scene took place in the hospital yard; or rather it used to be, everything having to be brought to the hospital in skiffs as the milk man, ~~crossing~~ ^{coming} with his cans, the convalescents undertook to fore-stall the sick men, and secure the milk for themselves. Harvey, ward master of H. who always enjoyed excitement called on "Wisconsin Jim" his head nurse to help him in recapturing the contraband milk both jumped into the boat with the buyers and sellers; declaring that the Sisters should not be cheated out of the milk for the sick, laid hands on the cans, held by the convalescents. Then what a tussle, which ended in a sudden immersion of pans, cans, milk man convalescents and valiant defenders of the Sisters rights all at once fell swoop out of the boat, but in a short time all was right again. The water at this time had risen so high that a person looking from a window of the hospital would (again) imagine himself a great boat becalmed on a large lake; The damp hospital dwelling was as may be imagined, injurious to health and among the victims to its effects was the good amiable and faithful Sister Fidelis, one of the first Sisters that volunteered to nurse the wounded.

On the 18th of April when the swell was at the highest flood mark the soul of the dear and loving Sister went forth to meet its Creator. What a contrast in the surroundings of her death bed to the peaceful one she had 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, on that good Friday morning gloriously with the Chapel of Loretto, where sweetly warbled the birds on the trees under which she had so often lingered to say an extra decade on her rosary or her seven Dozor beads. How solemnly, 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 mind of the dying Sister herself, but she made no complaint. At the call of her masters she had gone forth to gather in 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 unwelcomed. He had come a little sooner than she expected, but was not this a mask of his love? He had come and found his spouse willing and ready, for she was the bride of heaven.

Through dying far from her beloved Convent Home, The death of Sister M. Fidelis was rich in consolations, in those consolations for which the dying thirst more than the water that moistens their parched lips. Rev. Father Bouget, of the Holy Cross was in Mound City; and from him Sister Fidelis received the last Sacraments, and the plenary indulgence, though the floor was covered with planks to protect from the dampness, the little community were kneeling around their departing sister to say the last prayer for the dying.

On the morning of Easter Sunday, one of those solemnly beautiful pictures, which only come once in a life time was seen by the Sisters from the high window of their hospital. The remains of Sister Fidelis had been prepared for their final return to St. Mary's and the death of two officers in the hospital occurred so near the same time, that arrangements had been made to have all conveyed to the Station together; thence to go each on its way to those who would expect, so anxiously their silent arrival. The train would pass in the evening and just after dusk, three barges, containing the three coffins each accompanied by another boat, left the hospital for the Station three miles distant. The honor of precedence being given to the humble Sister, who in life, had been always ready to take the lowest place, then followed the two officers. Beside the rowers, were the torch bearers; and thus illuminated, the little procession silently across the dark expanse of water. The stars halo preceding the rise of the Paschal Moon contrasted with the solemnity of the scene. One after another, the boats glided on and the torches shone ruddy over the silent dead and over the solemn faces of the rowers as well as the still more solemn faces of those who were to accompany the departed to their last resting places.

There have been funeral torch processions, designated purely for effect, either to honor a great man when born 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 circumstances which required it. Never will that solemn picture be effaced from the minds of those who beheld it. 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.

During those days of manual labors and painful duties, at this period when not only the hospital but the entire village of Mound 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 and devoted Father Bouget also fell a victim of his unceasing care and attention to the spiritual wants of the suffering and dying.

Although the record of his short but devoted life career belongs by right to the chapter in the "Fathers of the Holy Cross during the War." yet we cannot omit in passing notice of his great piety and holy death.

In company with the V. Rev. Father Sorin he ^{visited} ~~insisted~~ the Hospital, and seeing the great need of a priest at such a post he volunteered to remain; For two months he was unceasing and untiring in his ministrations at the bed of death---then when the flood came and the efforts of the tainted air in the Hospital was strengthened by the unnatural mode of living day after day in a house where lower floor was wholly submerged in water- his health failed and he was attacked ~~with~~ ^{by} high fever which proved fatal. His last days (never) were characterized by the same spirit ^{of} abugations for beautifully displayed in life---All his ^{care} solicitude was ~~for~~ ^{so} the sick in the hospital.

With the hot fever coursing 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 pain he died with the names of Jesus and Mary on his lips, and his precious remains were taken to Notre Dame for intermant.

Requescat in pace.

"In July 1862 the Federals under the command of Col Fitch of Indiana, attacked Fort Charles on the White river. Col. Fitch was supported by the gun-boats of the Western Flotalla, 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 sufferings sprang into the river 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 poor sufferers were rescued from the water.

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 Sisters 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 discovered in the wounded Commander of the Confederate forces, one whom he had known well in by-gone days. And at such moments all the best feelings of the human heart displayed 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 glanced from it, inflicting a ~~serious~~ ^{deep} but not a dangerous wound."

Ah! interrupted his amanuensis, that must be the medal of the Virgin; I fully believe in its wonderful effects; I wear one constantly myself, and would not go without it in the mean time the wounded man, with trembling hand drew forth his shield to prove by the dent on it, what he had said. The Federal Officer reverently drew forth from the bosom of his military coat, decorated with the insignia of his official 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 sufferings, carnage and instruments of war gleamed like a sign from 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."

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 only the best side of their charities. Among the latter they saw fortitude and patience under intense sufferings. They well manifested tender sympathy for their sick and wounded comrades respectful regards to the Sisters. For the horror 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 the scene was changed. A report had spread that the brave Capt. Kilty was dying from the effects of his severe scalds and 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. 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 further reasoning all assembled in front of the Hospital, declaring in loud angry voices. "The moment Capt Kilty breathed his last, that moment we'll shoot 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 Capt. Fry. Not a moment was to be lost. Leaving Capt Kilty in the care of Sisters, the Sister in charge hastened to the Dr. and asked for the Key to Col. Fry's room.

It will be at the risk of your life Mother, to approach, much less to enter that room; said the Surgeon, with an expression on his countenance which carried conviction that he spoke what he knew, as well as feared to be true.

She replied "We must all without delay leave the Hospital our 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 one hour. Give me the Key and we remain, Refuse it and we leave instantly."

Then replied the perplexed surgeon, "Then all the danger to which you expose yourselves. If I give you the Key I do not feel certain of your life, 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 Capt. Fry, we have no force at hand to prevent their acting up to the full measure of this conviction."

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

"Give the key" was the Sister's reply to his well intentioned warning; and reluctantly he put the key into her hand. By resuming their duties as nurses in the room of the wounded prisoner the sisters felt that they shielded him from the immediate fury of the soldiers should the Capt Kilty die. They were not ignorant to the danger but trusted to God's protection unlocked the

DOOR to enter the room and saw the once powerful chest heaving feebly under the terrible excitement of the hour, the large eyes almost starting from their emaciated sockets, the perspiration which he was too feeble to dry from his face oozing out in great drops all over him, and heard the angry threats and loud cries in the yard. They could not but realize the awful responsibility of the charge they had assumed. Without a moments hesitation the window was closed, to shut out the noise of the angry soldiers who were without. When the Sister 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 Kilty's death, were renewed, veritably the Sisters never prayed more fervently for anyones recovery as they did for Capt Kilty's 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 death at which every one of those brave men would have shuddered in a moment of calm reasoning.

The facts in the case as given afterwards by Capt Kilty are, The order to fire on the men who were landing

Note--- part of the manuscript is missing.

incident was particularly gratifying to the Sisters of Holy Cross, took place at this time. While Capt Kilty lay so ill with his scalds at Mound City hospitals, he received daily visits from the officers of the Western Flotilla. During one of the visits the conversation turned the different memorial statues they had seen in Europe, and it was suggested that some thing of this sort should be made in the United States from the captured canons and then as the idea grew upon them. It was proposed that two field pieces, of the largest calibre, be furnished presented to the Sisters of Holy Cross. As a testimonial of the services rendered by them to the sick and wounded. Officers and soldiers acting upon this courteous suggestion. Admiral Davis sent to the Navy Yard in Cairo for the guns specified ordering them to be sent to the address of Mother Mary of St. Angela. Together with a letter stating, that a desire expressed by her should be carried out, namely these cannons to be cast into a statue of "Our Lady of Peace" and placed in the grounds of St. Mary's Notre Dame.

From the time the Sisters took charge of the Mound City hospital Doctor Burke, head Surgeon of the Military hospital at Cairo, was anxious to secure their services. This hospital had been in care of a matron and assistants, but things not going on satisfactorily, repeated applications had been made for the Sisters. In December 1861 had obtained additional Sisters for Mound City on the Journey thither they stopped at Cairo Having even then too few Sisters to answer fully to the needs of Mound City hospital, there was no intentions to give any

for Cairo. When the Sisters 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 seemed almost impossible to refuse the assistance so much needed.

The decision was so sudden and the Sisters having been without sleep for three nights were for a moment confused; but this soon passed and to work they went at once. Two other Sisters experienced were sent to replace the two young sisters. Whatever might be the changes going on with Surgeons and officials and to the end of the war, the Sisters continued to discharge their duties in the Hospital.

However it was not without opposition but the attempt to create dissatisfaction only ended in a more decided testimonial in their favor, on the part of the directors; even those Surgeons who were, in the beginning of their connection with the hospital, opposed to the religious, became their most enthusiastic supporters.

About this time two patients were brought to the Hospital histories whose stories were so interwoven as to make one narrative, the first, George, was suffering from typhoid pneumonia, utterly without the use of reason, His sickness was one long delirium, with its painful excitement and nervous and irritability gained to exactingness, as also, that pathetic helplessness which appeals so powerfully to a heart accustomed to act from supernatural motives of Charity. From the very first, the poor quarrelsome patient recognized the habit of his nurse. Her garb as a religious had a singular power over him, even when the nurses and doctors failed to quiet his delirium and found him unmanageable, the appearance of the Sisters at his bedside acted like an anodyne upon his sufferings, while the storm would die away in the feeble complaints which a child feels privileged to use towards another; or he would lie back exhausted with his ravings and perfectly contented to see her near him. Yet this singular consolation given him by her religious habit as a nun, was the only clue to his feelings on any subject. In his delirium he was sometime shouting loud or arguing which again he would talk about the "dear parish church" which he called "St. Mary's" In such a state all that could be done for the poor sufferer was to supply his wants, console his paroxysms and pray for the mercy of God on his poor soul.

The other named Hubert was also brought to the hospital day after George and put into the same ward, but unlike George, the very presence of the Sister seemed to be painful to him. He suffered from inflammation of rheumatism, and though suffering much he did not require the constant presence of the Sister like his fellow patient. Perceiving that necessity, (absent)

alone made her visits to him welcome, while politeness alone, made him grateful for her attentions, she endeavored to spare his feelings much as possible; and without ever neglecting him she so arranged that he was seldom obliged to thank her. Weeks passed on, and the two with all the care and nursing were evidently failing,

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

They had now been in the hospital twelve weeks, and it was becoming daily more evident they could not endure their sufferings much longer. Poor George was in a most distressing condition and required continual attention, and was never easy if Sister was out of his sight. On this night she had remained with him beyond the usual hour and finding him ~~some~~ quieter she left a charge with the night nurse to call her if George, grew worse, she lay down in her 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 death had come at length to poor George; but with death, had come unclouded reason, 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 what I suffer so dreadful?"

"You are dying George."

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

This was the first time that words had come from poor George lips which made Sister know he was a Catholic. Great as her joy was upon this discovery, it suddenly brought a great perplexity. The flood, which afterwards, necessitated them to go to Mound City was then rising, the water being already ten feet deep between them and the town. Logs had been laid so that the soldiers found little difficulty in going to and fro by daylight, but the night was very dark rain falling in torrents the danger to the priest bringing the Blessed Sacrament all flashed through the Sister's mind, 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. Then seeing her hesitate, O there's 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. What if he should drowned."

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

The watch was a protestant soldier, but no Catholic could have been more earnest than to bring Father Walsh to the dying man. 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. George was thank God ready to make his last confession with a clear mind and receive Extreme-Uction and the Holy Viaticum, and before 11 o'clock Sister A---- had closed the eyes of her most exacting but in the end most consoling of patients.

Herbert 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 consolation 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. A change of surgeons being made in the hospital. ? who was the one who succeeded was not so enthusiastic about the necessity of having Sisters in the hospital. However soon after his appointment, the small pox appeared among the Soldiers, Great was the consternation of the Doctor no time was lost in fitting up a shanty on the edge of town, and transmitting to this miserable abode, those smitten by this terrible scourage.

In 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 Doctors 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 nun who took care of them tried to do the best that 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. He gave her a frank statement of affairs at the pest house, and then said;

"Have you ever had the samll pox Sister?"

"No"

"Are you afraid of it?"

"No"

"Now Sister I should never think of 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 present it is certain death, to be sent, to that pest house. But remember Sister you are to ride, call for the ambulance when ever you make your visits, and take anything and everything you think necessary.

With this wide permission the Sister was perfectly satisfied and without delay visited the pest house herself, found what, or rather every thing was needed, and then returned to take what was absolutely required to save life. Wadded 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 a way to exclude all draughts. Suitable nourishment was also provided and nurses, for the day and night, were instructed how to administer the medicines and stimulates which if too freely given, or too sparingly, often settled the question of life or 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 the Future.

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

Quarantine grounds were appointed beyond the city limits and there the excavations that had been made in the early part of the war, for powder and amunition, 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 did 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 "Iter tab me 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.

Here 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~~ seek 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 many of the Sisters were recalled to St. Mary's among them the two Sisters especially interested in Eddy. It may be supposed that such a change was fraught with sorrow for Eddy, but the Sisters knew the generous heart of Father Sorin too well to suppose he would not welcome this little stranger. and he did welcome him. From the day the Sisters arrived at Notre Dame until the present, Eddy has found here a home; And Fathers and Mothers who would sooner see the streams cut off from their beautiful domain 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 a lisping infant. and there is no limit put to their good intentions in his behalf should he correspond to them, (~~and there is not~~) 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 Sacrifice on some privileged altar of Holy Cross in behalf of his devoted friends and benefactors.

Among the patients brought to Cairo hospital was a young English man worn to a skelton with dysentery. He was very gentle and never was a patient more grateful for every attention. As the Sister would sit and rub his aching attenuated arms, he would say "O Sister if my poor Mother could only see how well I am cared for."

The day before he died he gave the Sister a paper, on which he traced in trembling characters his Mother's name and address. When I am dead Sister will you send this to my Mother It will be a consolation 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 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 gauntlited 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 the mother but the lock of the dear boys hair," which she longed for so much, could not be sent, as his head 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 her precious boy, 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.

CHAPTER

The Sisters of the Holy Cross in the hospital at Louisville Kentucky-- --Prejudice and oppression overcome---Remarkable conversions-----A Sisters death-----The Sister's last home. The silent army of the glorified-----Requiescant im pace. The conversion of an apostate----- Poor ? --- The Sisters of Holy Cross in the hospital at Washington D.C.----St. Aloysius hospital----The labors, sacrifices and works of the good Sisters during the war concluded.

It was not till January 1862 that the Sisters of the Holy Cross commenced their labors in the hospital at Louisville, Kentucky. This was in consequence of a fanatical opposition, Dr. Spalding preferred their services at the beginning of the war, but until Dr. Weed was appointed Head 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 ^{was} 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 were aroused in behalf of the Sisters and means and supplies which had been cut off from the sufferers poured in to an abundant extent, and folks who had hitherto been in opposition

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soon came forward with the most friendly feelings, confessing their previous prejudices pledged and themselves to make ample amends. Even the prejudice against the Priest 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 of the Sisters, by their attention to the sick, and their undoubted sincere Charity.

As the weeks went by, a very intelligent patient in Sisters C---- ward began to ask some questions of the Catholic patients; and once when an officer remarked that it was singular to see the Catholic Church contributed so largely to the ranks of the army nurses Sister C---- patient joined him in his comments. At last he 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 for granted that they were what it was popular to 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 calumniated." There was with this patient no 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. This recovery to health only confirmed him in his faith, and he often expressed the wish; that having imitated St. Paul in his persecution of the Church he might imitate him in his defense of it.

A young man, whose wounds and sickness had ended in hopeless dropsy was brought to the hospital, he made no secret of having been baptized a Catholic in infancy, and his education as a Catholic in neither did he disguise the fact, that he had abandoned his religion for mere worldly reasons. Sister considered this her rightful ground, and did not hesitate to urge upon him the necessity of making amends for so gross a violation of conscience although gully 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 to several other cases and he again went to the bed side of this unhappy man to give him an (poor) opportunity if he desired it, but courage failed and he allowed the priest to leave him without hearing his confession. Good Sister Anthony who

declared that she would rather see a dozen others die than this man who had so despised his birthright of Faith, sat down in her own little room in a state of utter dejection. when she said what she thought was his last opportunity unimproved; for every one could see that he was near his end. It was not half an hour however after the priest left the hospital before the nurse came in breathless terror to Sister Anthony'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," 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 sufferers had just time to receive the rights of his church when he departed.

Several incidents like the preceeding could be cited as well as cases of prejudice which were removed by the treatment given to many a fond son brother or husband. The following is worthy of notice. One of the patients at the Cairo hospital 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 the Sisters as follows. How often have I heard the Catholic Church, its priest and nuns, injuriously spoken of in my own house. 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 Mound City hospital thought to recruit her health by returning to St. Mary's. She was only able to reach Cairo when she grew worse, sank rapidly and there breathed her last. Being attacked by the same disease which she had done so much to relieve in others. Like Sister Fidelis she was taken to St. Mary's for burial; and their modest graves may still be seen in the beautiful little burying ground of the Convent which it was privilege to see. Each sister lies with a black wooden cross at her head on which is written her name in religion and family name followed by "Requiescat in pace."

Beside each wooden cross is a rose tree, and on the grave of each Sister is a living cross of tender green. The high cross, in the center is hung with climbing roses, and beds of nicely trimmed shrubs all planted and taken care of by the Sisters.

It is their privilege to carry the bier on which every Sister is laid when she goes to join 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 reflecting mind than the burying ground of a convent; and in this lovely one at 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 suffering of others. Simple on the black wooden 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; This humble page, is the only one upon which they are recorded. Only among the traditions of the Sisters of Holy Cross at St. Mary's and her Sister's houses, will their names live; but so often as a Sister passes that burying ground a "De pro fundis" is breathed for them, and the strips of narrow board laid along the rows of graves tell how faithfully they are remembered in the prayers of their Sisters. More to be envied than the marble mausoleum of the great commander, or even the red sand stone shaft that marks the place where patriot soldiers sleep, is the humble memorial of the Sisters of Holy Cross.

Like them indeed, she died amid the tramps of guards and within sound of the drums 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 while the stars of Celestial hope lighted her on her arduous way. Sleep, good Sisters, 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 nobles cross of your Divine Master, 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 to incumber, I give the following copy of a letter written by a Sister in the hospital at Memphis to the Rev. 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 manner, I took for granted that it was his way, and gave myself no further trouble on the subject---But it seemed that it was the sight of myself that vexed him.

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Well Mother 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. Dr. 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, Hope, and 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 Dear Lord" so striking that we found nothing repulsive in any duties, but rather a touching tenderness, for the poor unknown. This little act of mercy brought a reward; for our cross surgeon had from a distance been looking at 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 superior motive."

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The surrender of Memphis June 6th 1873 gave another opportunity to the Sisters of the Holy Cross to pursue the work of Mercy at the suggestion of General Strong the commander at 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. When the Sisters arrived at Memphis, every thing was in a scene of confusion. It was not even safe to walk the streets, 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 were restored under the hands of the good Sisters. While the Overton House was 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 placed under the care of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

An accomplished young lady from Baltimore, a Miss H. Sumner was spending the warm months there. On finding out the object of the Mother's mission, Miss Sumner volunteered her services in company with fifteen Sisters who were to accompany the Mother. This noble and intellectual young lady, during the few months she remained at Memphis, shared every duty with the Sisters in the same spirit as if she were one of them, 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 returning to the different wards; conversation which told how sincerely each was interested in the sufferers under her charge.

The happy face of Sister M----however more an expression of sadness although unusual, and she began to tell what had saddened her heart even more than her face. A large number of wounded had been brought to her ward, among them one in a very dangerous condition. The Surgeon said he must die, but the poor fellow was determined not to believe him though most grateful for attentions 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 a something in his tone, and even in his words, which convinced the Sister that this man had been brought up 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 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 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.

He was grateful as before, for every attention paid 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, in the most exemplary dispositions, then turning and was about to leave the room 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 'My 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 pious dispositions. I even entered college to study for the priest hood; but on the death of my parents, I came to this country. Here I grew careless and 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 die. The Sister shed tears of happiness over this revelation and putting a medal around his neck went to the other Sisters to

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communicate

^ this consoling intelligence. The hour was late but a messenger was sent to the priest. When he arrived, this man who, though 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.

The Pickney Naval Hospital at Memphis was also placed under the care of the Sisters. Dr. Pickney who was the head surgeon of the Mississippi Flotilla was the head surgeon of the Flotilla being a man of princely heart, nothing was suffered to interfere with the perfect freedom of the Sisters in the discharge of their duties. 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 national 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 criticise 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 nurse call him "Bony."

He was querulous from pain, and so weak that he could not breath, and could not bear a musquito 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 convalescent youth made himself so agreeable that without themselves being aware of it, the ladies kept very attentive to all his wants and he even had them to fan him.

The Sister of the ward knowing that he was able to help and fan himself begged him to send some of these ladies who waited on him to keep the flies away from the poor miserable patient, whom duty to others compelled her often to leave---To this remonstrance the young convalescent very waggishly remarked "Oh Sister, Boney is too ugly you could never get any body but a Sister to wait on him."

There were some ladies whose motives were appreciated. The Mothers, wives and relatives, who coming to nurse their own dear ones devoted their spare time to the other sufferers who most

needed them. But those were matters of fact women not romantic nor Sentimental.

No one acquainted with the hospital service in the Southwest can forget the work of mercy accomplished by the hospital boat, "Red Rover," from the taking of Memphis until the close of the war. This moving hospital, furnished with the means for meeting every emergency of suffering plied between Cairo to New Orleans and come along the gulf shore, and intermediate landings where soldiers were stationed, taking up the sick and wounded, attending to them while on board, and leaving them in the hospital most suited to their needs. Dr. Pickney made the Red Rover his head quarters, and with Dr. Bigsbee, and Dr. Hopkins; This boat could boast a Surgical and medical staff honorable to Army and Navy. The cabins and storerooms had been made into airy wards where ~~these~~ 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 inconveniences passed upon them by the Surgery.

While they were all Protestants, their courtesy to the Sisters as well as 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.

In October 1862 the beautiful church of St. Aloysius, belonging to the Jesuit Fathers in Washington was taken by the government for a 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 Superior of the community obtained the privilege of building a hospital within a certain number of days, and thus prevent the appropriation of the church and residence, Men, Women and Children, flew at the first appeal made by the venerated Fathers, and every one who could carry nails, still more drive them, volunteered in this work of charity. As the time was so limited, the Superior made no delay, but telegraphed to Very Rev. Fr. Sorin at Notre Dame, to send him a few Sisters; and this despatch was followed by another, still more urgent. Sister A--- who had returned to St. Mary's eleven days before this last despatch to die as was supposed, had recovered so wonderfully that she was the first summoned by Fr. Sorin to know if she would conduct the little band of Sisters, whom he hoped to send to the national capital. Sister's answer was worthy of her religious habit; "Give my my obedience Father and I will do my best to perform it". On the 7th of October five Sisters 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 and fifty patients and over these wards were appointed the four Sister's. 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 hospital 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 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.

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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 this offer of these Sister's Service---The Sisters, under charge of Mother May Angela in care of the hospitals at Paducah. Their zeal not altered by their hardships---Scenes and sufferings in the hospitals---The sisters trials and triumphs---How they conquered prejudices by meekness. Charity and good works---Touching incidents---Mother Angela at Mound City.

Through the good and charitable works, performed by the Sisters of the various orders, during the war, in their attendance on the sick and wounded, though they have made a grateful impression on the public mind, and have done much to remove groundless prejudices against both their order and holy religion, still owing to the untiring disposition of the Sister, they have not been given due publicity, while trifling but more ostentatious services, have been made the themes of poets and historians. Meek, humble and retiring, laboring alone for the glory of God and by expecting no earthly reward for their services, it is no wonder that they shrank from parading their Christian labors and good works before the eyes of the world.

On this account we have had much difficulty in collecting 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 meekness, which conquered prejudice and error, to make our work not only interesting, but also, to leave in history a record, that will live as a shame and a reproach to the maligners of the pious 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 an accurate and faithfully written account of them.

The very qualities of mind and heart which enters into the life of a religious make the most sublime acts of heroism self denial and charity, appear to her as simple acts of duty. She regards not what the world says about her; if she is but conscious that she has fulfilled her mission and done the work allotted to her by her divine Master, she is fully satisfied.

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She courts not the vain approbation of mortals, if conscious that she has done her duty she finds her reward in that inward peace and grace which are the fruits of good and pious action.

Among the many religious houses whose members went freely forth to encounter hardships, dangers perilous and disease in order to alleviate suffering humanity that of Holy Cross, Indiana was not the least conspicuous.

"Of these humble Sisters but faithful soldiers of the cross, it might be justly said in the words of Gerald Griffin

"Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath
Like an angel she moves, mid the vapors of death,
Where rings the loud musket, and flashed the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace.
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him."

Among the numerous religious houses, whose members went freely forth to encounter hardships, dangers, privations and disease in order to alleviate the suffering of their fellow creatures, the house of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana, stands eminent for the number of Sisters it is sent to attend the sick and wounded.

In the early part of the war, in fact at its breaking out, the ecclesiastical superior of the Mother house of St. Mary's, Notre Dame, namely, the Very Rev. Father Sorin offered the services of the Sisters under his charge to Governor Morton as nurses in the hospitals which offer was gladly accepted. In October 1861 the three military hospitals the patients were suffering from camp dysentery and measles, which diseases were much accelerated by the lack of proper attendance and nourishments. The sisters soon effected a total change for the better and the disease rapidly declined after they had taken charge of the hospitals. So great were the labors of the Sisters that two of them died from disease brought on by exposure and fatigue. While several of them had to return to St. Mary in broken health. But their places were soon filled by fresh volunteers, who immediately filled up the depleted ranks, and no less than Seventy Five Sisters of Holy Cross were actively engaged during the war as nurses in the military hospitals of Cairo, Mound City, Louisville and in the Naval hospitals.

In November 1861 Mother Angela, at the request of the Medical Director of General Grant's Staff, sent some Sisters to Mound City to attend to the wounded who had been carried there from the battle field of Belmont. The hospitals were a lot of improvised huts and store rooms, in which no fewer than seven hundred wounded soldiers were crowded, without bed or coverings. Their wounds too, had become from their long exposure on the battle field, corrupted and full of creeping maggots, so that the Sisters had an unpleasant task to perform to clean and wash them.

The hospital was in charge of Dr. E.C. Franklin, who with the aid of the Sister, soon had all their wounds dressed and the poor fellows made as comfortable as circumstances would permit. This was made a general hospital for the wounded from the surrounding camps, so the Rev. Mother had to telegraph to St. Mary's for eighteen more sisters. The men too were poorly supplied with nourishing food, which was necessary to strengthen them, but through the exertions of the Sisters. Supplies soon came in, and to the honor of William H. Osborn Esq. President of the Illinois Central, be it said that he authorized Rev. Mother Angela to draw upon him for whatever she needed which generally she used for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers, and the thanks of the Nation should be tendered to that noble benefactor as well as to other gentlemanly officers of the road. During the Month of December 1861 the members of the sick and wounded in the Mound City and Cairo hospitals were so great that more Sisters had to be taken from the , sent ~~for~~ to the hospital at Paducah.

Good old Sister M. De La P--- one of the most efficient nurses was among those, called on, and as she was on the steamboat about to leave for her destination, Some of the Protestant army chaplains seeing her, came forward to express their regret at her departure and to thank her for the untiring care she had bestowed upon the sick. "I'm at a loss" said one of the chaplains addressing his companion to know where this good old sister ever took any rest. I have gone to the hospital at daybreak to look to some of our sick boys and there was the Sister engaged in her work of mercy, I have been there at noon and she was still at her post, and I have some times 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 those 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 hanging at her side. This pantomime answer only seemed to confuse him and the Sister noticing his mystified look said to Mother Angela "I not speak good

please you tell the gentleman" Sister means" said Mother Angela in her office of interpreter that our strength is sustained and even increased in the daily discharge of hospital labors by our frequent meditations on the life and sufferings of our Lord. When our 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 this sake the sufferings of some of these for whom he died, Now, the beads we carry at our side are to us replete with an eloquence of our Lord's life in his Sacred humanity from the moment that the archangel declared to the Immaculate Virgin of Judea that she should be the Mother of God, to the morning of his glorious resurrection and ascension." Then Mother Angela passed before him the mysteries attached to the different decades. "Now" said she "you can understand what Sister P--- means 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 calculated to disgust us our 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 own heads throb with the weariness and the excitement attending such terrible scenes, the mere touch of our beads, reminds us of the agony endured by the crowing with sharp thorns, and this does a great deal towards soothing our own pain on making us indifferent to it" The chaplain listened attentively and then exclaimed, "Well how" that is indeed Christianity, I used to think the Papist beads were great mummary, now I'll always regard them with respect, They remind me of what I myself 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 many attract my attention I always tie a cotton string around my finger; Yes," he continues" I am convinced that there is 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 Mound City hospital all the sick who could be removed from the latter place, were transferred to St. Louis in order to make room for the wounded in the late bloody battle. Through out the whole day and late at night the good angelic nurses were busy for their fresh work of mercy, which was to commence again that night. After midnight several boats came in literally packed with cargoes of wounded men, After the sufferers

were placed in the hospital one of the wards in particular presented a scene more than usually appalling. It was filled by the wounded of a certain command that had been placed in ambush during a part of the battle with instructions to be flat on the ground until the firing ceased. The order to rise unfortunately was given too soon, and as the men raised their heads they received a volley which almost placed the whole of them Hors de combat. The wounds being all received in the head, face and neck the sufferings of those men were dreadful, some had to endure additionally the pangs of Starvation, not being able to swallow, while one or two others frantically pulled the tongues from their mouths and threw them on the ground. The good Sisters went to work ~~with~~ their usual attention and alacrity and from their humane treatment of the sufferers the gratitude of the latter knew no bounds.

The very name of Sister rendered the Services of the Angelic women, the more welcome to the sick, for the latter would say "When we call you sisters we feel as if we could ask you for anything ~~we~~ need without fearing that you will be impatient or tired of us." even in writing to their friends the whole of their secrets and family history would be placed in the Sisters trustworthy keeping. 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 invariably touching to read their a mission's 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 hospital the Sisters were every where greeted with "God bless you ladies" "Oh Sisters, what good you are doing here" "How happy were are to see you here among our poor fellows" would be the exclamations of the Officers and Surgeons while the poor patients would say "I dont know what we boys, would do if it were not for the Sisters." The Protestant Ministers always expressed a hearty good will towards them and the soldiers engaged 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 interests of the sick. In the midst of all there sufferings the wounded exhibited the brightest treats of patience and resignation.

The sentiments of courage which had inspired them upon the battle field was in beautiful contrast to their meekness and nobleness in the hospital. Their preparation for death could not have been made ~~with~~ better disposition even if dying quietly at home. Often and often would a soldier say to a Sister

while ministering to his sufferings "Sister I know I must die. Do tell us what is necessary to believe, and do by way of preparation, for I am sure what you tell us must be true." Then again with all of Manhoods earnestness and childhood's simplicity they would emphatically say "Teach us what to believe and we will believe". And as such scenes were almost universal throughout the hospital few very few, breathed their last without a spirit of lively faith a firm hope and sincere contrition. In less than eleven months fully nine hundred of those who died were baptized and well prepared for death, and this preparation for a happy death, and this continued through the whole course of the war, in those hospitals of which the Sisters had charge.

There were full fifteen hundred wounded under the charge of the Sisters at Mound City hospital alone, and although their labours were unceasing still they never wearied in doing good. In addition to the nursing and caring for the physical wants and tending to the spiritual welfare of the soldiers, the Sisters had another task devalued upon them, which was as praiseworthy and perhaps as labourous as either of the other two. ~~In~~ 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 struck deep into the gratitude of the wounded soldiers heart. Several of the most rapid writers were appointed to pass from one ward unto 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, on at least all in their power to bestow consoling alike the Federal and Confederates, by writing to their loved ones far away in the North or South, their last dying words, their farewell to parents, wives, and children; And when the agony was over and the face of the dead soldier settled in to the repose of death, before the camp blanket was drawn over it, the Sister in attendance took care to enclose in the letter 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 dollar beads" on which beads, a few moments previously her hand lingered in his call through his passage across the cold valley of death.

Three days after the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, additional wounded to the number of two thousand were brought in to Mound City Hospital. At the same time several Eastern Surgeons arrived to assist the regular corps of in charge. Among these was a young man Dr. 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 Mother 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 beholding her he exclaimed in an excited voice "Oh Mother, how glad I am to see you, I am going to die, tell me do you think I shall be saved?" "Of course you will M." soothingly replied one of the physicians. "Ah Doctor" said the sick man, "I did not ask you that question; keep to your pill shops there you are at home, but fear you know very little about the next world," Judging from his manner that he was under the excitement of fever and met wishing to make the subject of religion a matter of comment for those present, the sister quietly endeavored to soothe him, and as she left the room she called aside the Surgeon-in-chief to ask if Dr. M. was really in danger. He replied that it was impossible for him to live; that he had fallen a victim to his devotedness to others. On hearing this all the Sisters in the hospital assembled in their little chapel in presence of the blessed sacrament and offered up their prayers with the greatest fervor for his conversion. At every leisure moment each Sister's beads passed through her hands while her heart invoked the Mother of Mercy to be with him at the hour of death.

In the meantime the Mother Superior returned to his bed side when he again exclaimed, "Sister I have never been baptized, My parents are both Unitarians. I have never really thought of the next world, but I came to the West full of high ambitions dreams of arriving 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. He then listened with docility of a child to her instructions, and whenever she left the room he would say to the other Sister in attendance "Sister continue 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 clamming hand of death was settling on the brow of the sick man, the same sister, who had instructed him, then baptized him.

After death the countenance of the dead physician bore a beautiful and heavenly 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 Mound City was young W. who had been brought up the river with some twenty or thirty of his regiment all sick with typhoid fever. From the moment of their arrival it was easy to see what a 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 relation to all of them, but on spite of all the kindness and attention shown to him, 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 "Sisters, 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 graciously 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. His death was affecting in the extreme.

At his earnest request two of the Sisters said the prayers for the dying while all his companions in arms, who were able 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 beloved companion, who was partially supported in the arms of two soldiers so that he would be seen by all. So long as his strength lasted he joined in the prayers and he seemed to have more than ordinary strength at that Supreme hour, for he exhorted his companions to embrace the true faith and thereby find in life and in death the consolations he then felt. He died invoking 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 had to undergo in the sick wards of the hospital their duties in the kitchen attached theretowould to come persons be almost incredible.

Dr. E. C. Rogers who was sent down from Chicago to inspect the hospital & of accommodation for cooking provided for by the Sisters. When the Dr. asked how they could cook with such impliments the Lady Superior exclaimed laughingly "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 digets raw from work at the soldiers wash tubs.

This was too much for civilized humanity. We could not beat or retreat, with a tearful assurance to the laughing Sisters, that we would 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 Mound City as well as other places were affected by the swell even the hospital came in for its share of the deluge. After several days watching with anxiety from the Sisters physicians and employees, the water began to ooze through the floors. This caused great inconvenience and occasioned many comical expressions of vexation. The officials exclaiming that 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 was so annoyed that he declared he could not run an institution under water unless he was himself a fish and his patients oysters "I dont mind" said he, " but these people-- why they must think I can turn back the Ohio----Doctors, Stewards, Clerks, cooks, ward masters, nurses, and washerwomen beset me on every side." Mother Angela 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 affair but the good doctor went off reiterating his resolution of giving up his 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 the sick should be removed to St. Louis.

Accordingly Dr. Thomas was appointed officer of the day and to superintend the landing of the hospital boat and transfer of the wounded men. It was sad sight to see the poor fellows who through so very weak, and racked with pains had to be carried on stretchers down the stairs and then lifted into the boat and thence again to the steamer, while others were limping on chrutches or supported by attendants as they hobbled towards the boat.

CHAPTER XXIV

Removing from the hospital--gratitude
to the Sisters--Incidents and Scenes--
Fort Charles and the Mound City affair--
The Men in hospital going to Kill Colonel
Fay--The Sister's interference--Colonel Fay
Vindicated by Captain Kilty perfectly ex-
onerates Colonel Fay from any blame re-
lative to firing on the men blown up with
the Mound City--Close of the hospital
labors of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

The nurses worked faithfully and showed great patience in assisting the poor sufferers from the hospital to the boat. Some of the slightly wounded presented a very grotesque appearance. In the property room was so beset with applicants for cloths it was impossible for each individual to find his own uniform and he had to take the first 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 gendered to the Sisters for the services rendered them during their sickness and as a last good-bye was given many a bitter tear covered down a rugged but manly cheek. Those who were very feeble appealed so very powerfully to the Sisters sympathy that it was decided that twelve of them 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 the Mother Angelo began to make arrangements for the comforts for the Sisters. She had the apartments of the lately occupied by them vacated as they were in fear of being deluged by the rising water, nor was she any to soon in her providential care, for the water began to ooze through the floors 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 advice of the Surgeon who feared that the lands would give way and the whole town be inundated. They flocked to Mound City and the only place there 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. Fearing she was sick from the effect of her damp lodging Mother Angela went to see about her. She found her sitting on a bunk 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 everyone had some ridiculous adventure to relate, and as they ate their meal some had their feet in the water and others had drawn them on to the chairs to see if possible, to keep them dry, and all this was borne in a spirit of perfect resignation and even with jocularly. The water at one time had risen so high that a person looking from the windows of the hospital would imagine himself in a great boat becalmed on a large lake, the chapel and apartments on the second floor became submerged, and two of the sisters who were provided with long boats were allowed to go below. The damp hospital dwelling was, may it be imagined, injurious to its inhabitants and among the first victims to its effects was the good amiable and faithful Sister Fidelis who was one of the first Sisters that volunteered to nurse the wounded. On the 18th of April when the flood was at its highest mark, the soul of that dear and loving sister went forth to meet its 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. Marys. While lying in the shadow of death in that island hospital, the pace of 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 the St Raphael, on that Good Friday morning ~~bearing contrast with the delicate wild flowers opening their petals on the banks of the St. Joseph at the very feet of~~ contrasted wrongly with the Chapel of Loretto where ~~tenderly~~ ~~flushed~~ sweetly warbled the birds on the trees under which ~~of the grove where~~ she had so often lingered to say an extra decade on her rosary or her seven "Dolor heads" How solemnly 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 mind of the dying sister herself but she made no complaint. At the call of her Master she had gone forth to gather in 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.

It was not till ~~April 1860~~ January 1862 that the Sisters of the Holy Cross commenced their labors in the hospitals at Louisville Kentucky. This was in consequence of a fanatical opposition. Dr. Spalding proffered their services at the beginning of the war, but not until Dr. Weed was appointed Head Surgeon could the fanatics in charge hear of

the Sisters being there. And even after Dr. Weed had given notice that the Sisters were coming no place was 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 were aroused in behalf of the Sisters and means and supplies which had been cut off from the sufferers 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 prejudices pledging themselves to make ample amends. Even the prejudice which exists against the Catholic priests vanished to such an extent that if the Catholic soldier stood in need of the services of a priest a Protestant lady would go and tell the priest or Sister about it, and this was all brought about by the meekness of the Sisters, by their attention to the sick and their undoubted sincere charity.

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, Numerous incidents like preceding could be cited as well as numerous cases of prejudices which were removed against the Sisters by the treatment. The following incident is worthy of notice. One of the patients at the Cairo hospital was made happy by the arrival of his good mother who spent three weeks at his bedside before she could take him home; A few days before her departure she addressed the Sisters as follows "How often have I heard the Catholic Church, its priest, and nuns, injuriously spoken of in my own house. I blush to remember it, but I promise that so long as I live such conversation shall be henceforth banished from my house. You and I have not talked much Sisters, but my eyes and a Mothers 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 Mound City hospital thought to recruit her health by returning to Notre Dame. She was only able to reach Cairo when she grew worse, sank rapidly and also there breathed her last. Like Sister Fidelis she was buried at Notre Dame, St Mary's, where still their modest graves may still be seen.

As an instance of the prejudices the Sisters had to overcome and the difficulties they had to encounter. We give the following copy of a letter written by a Sister in the hospital at Memphis to the Rev. Mother.

"Dear Mother---I must tell you something that will please you. Dr-----was speaking in my presence to one newly appointed Medical Director Dr. Holstern telling him that the Sisters had succeeded in overcoming some very strong prejudices 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 manner, I took for granted that it was his way, and gave myself no further trouble on the subject---But it seemed that it was the sight of myself that vexed him. Well Mother 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. Dr. 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, Hope, and 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 mottled. So we had to try to make him look decent like, and as we were working with him the blood was truckling from the wound in his side and this made the resemblance to "Our Dear Lord" so striking that we found nothing repulsive in any duties, but rather a touching tenderness, for the poor unknown. This little act of mercy brought a reward; for our cross surgeon had from a distance been looking at 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.

In July 1862 the Federal troops under the Command of Col Fitch of Indiana, attacked Fort Charles on the White river Col Fitch 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, The confederate officer, Colonel Fry, was the Caplain Fry of the Virginias who was captured in November 1873 by the Spanish gun boat and shot by order of General Burriel, at Santiago de Cuba, being severely wounded, the Confederate forces surrendered. During this engagement occurred one of the most distressing aggravations of the horrors of war, with which the Sisters came in contact, while in the hospital.

Colonel Fry 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 sufferings. Sprang into the river, and received through their par-boiled bodies the shots fired from the fort. With almost superhuman energy on the part of the crews of other boats, nearly all of these sufferers were rescued from the water.

As soon as the news of this disaster reached Commodore Davis at Cairo he telegraphed to the Sisters at Mound City to send if possible, some Sisters 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, discovered in the wounded commander of the Confederate forces Colonel Fry, one whom he known well in by-gone days. And at such moments all the best feelings of the humane heart displays themselves. Seated by the wounded man, he forgot the foe, and remembered only his friends in tones of the most earnest sympathy he asked what he could do for his relief. In that quick hurried utterance that always tells when the ball has touched the lungs., he answered; "I shall be most grateful if you will write a line 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 glanced from it, inflicting a serious but not a mortal wound.

"An!" interrupted his amanuensis that must be I am sure the medal of the Virgin! I fully believe in its wonderful effects; I wear one constantly myself, and would not go without it;" and as the wounded man with trembling hand drew forth the medal to prove what he had said by the dent on the surface so did the Federal officer reverently draw forth from the bosom of his military coat, which was decorated with all the ~~his~~ insignia of his high rank and bravery, his also, the bright rays of the summer sun shone on those two miraculous medals of the Immaculate Conception, which in the midst of the sufferings carnage of war, gleamed like a sign from 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 medals of the Virgin~~s~~ given to one by a Catholic wife, to the other by a Catholic friend, were their powerful protection amid the horrors and dangers of war.

Note: * Captain Fry died an exemplary Catholic and a most edifying death when shot at Santiago. If the above statement made by the Sister herself, that when ^{at the} hospital he was not a Catholic be correct he must have subsequently become a convert.

But one summer afternoon, all this was changed. A report had spread that the brave Capt Kilty was dying from the effects of his severe scald, 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 seen to jump unto the water, all the men around the hospital were roused to a perfect fury against the commander of Fort Charles. The rumor was not true, but it was firmly believed at the time and in their belief without any further reasoning on the subject, all assembled in front of the hospital, declaring in loud angry voices, "The moment Capt Kilty breathes his last, that moment we shoot Colonel Fry 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 room, expecting every moment to see him draw that last sigh which was to seal the fate of another immortal soul.

Sister J.--- 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. Several others hastened to the Dr. in charge and asked for the Key to Col Fry's room.

"It will be at the risk of your lives, to approach much less to enter that room;" said the surgeon, with an expression on his face which made the Sisters feel that he spoke what he knew, as well as feared, to be true.

"Then" they replied "we must all without delay leave the 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 the hour. Give us the Key and we remain, Refuse it and we leave instantly."

"Then," replied the perplexed surgeon, "Then all the danger you incur, 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 their belief that all the rules of honorable warfare have been violated by Col Fry, 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 of immediate action. Having secured the key that at once entered Colonel Fry's room. The sick listened to the terrible threats and menaces of the men underneath him, fully aware that they would kill him in case of Captain Kilty's death. He listened to them call for blood, his powerful chest, heaving under the terrible excitement of the hour, the large eyes almost starting from their emaciated sockets and the sweat, which he was too feeble to dry from his face starting out in great drops all over him. The fierce threats and angry cries from the crowd in the yard below made the Sisters feel the solemn responsibility of the moment. The savage cries for Colonel Fry's death were fierce and louds and the Sisters trembled at the thought that the dreadful crime of murder would desecrate the hospital. The Sisters knelt around and prayed feverently for Captain Kilty's recovery, and it pleased God that he did recover thus sparing them from witnessing the horrors of a cruel murder.

As soon as Captain Kilty was strong enough to be informed of what had happened, he expressed great regret that Colonel Fry should be exposed to such dangers grounded as they had been upon charges without a particle of foundation. Captain Kilty publicly declared that Colonel Fry was perfectly innocent of any blame in the Matter, for the fort had opened fire just as the drum of the boilers had burst and the men were flung into the water, and ceased as soon as the explosion was noticed. He further stated that he had known Colonel Fry in the United States Service, and felt confident that he was too brave and humane an officer to be guilty of anything of this kind, and he also had the report contradicted in Cairo and elsewhere, and to show with what contempt he treated the report; he treated Colonel Fry as a personal friend while they remained in the hospital, together.

From the time the Sisters took charge of the Mound City Hospital Dr. Burket, head Surgeon of the Military hospital at Cairo, was anxious to secure their services. This hospital had been in care of the Matron and assistants, but things not going on satisfactory repeated applications had been made for the Sisters. In the early part of December, Mother Angelo had obtained from St. Marys additional Sisters for Mound City, and on the journey thither stopped at Cairo. As she had even then too few Sisters to answer fully the needs of Mound City hospital she had no (ade) idea of leaving any at Cairo. When they called at the hospital they received

a hearty welcome from Dr. Burke who supposed that 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, Mother Angelo found it impossible to refuse him the assistance so much coveted and certainly so much needed. After passing through the whole building, which had four floors, all of which were crowded with the wounded from Belmont, and as the Sisters thought they were about leaving the hospital, Mother Angelo turned to Sister A--- and said, "You will remain, and you, and you," pointing to two young Sisters in the party. "Remain, Mother?" "Yes". "But what shall we do?" "Go straight to work," and with a smile at their perplexity she took her departure for Mound City. The decision was so sudden and the Sisters having been without sleep for three nights, they were for a moment confused, but this feeling passed off quickly and to work they went at once.

As soon as the change could possibly be made Mother Angelo sent to Sister August, three Sisters of experience in place of the two young sisters for each floor, Sister A--- and her faithful and efficient adjustors continued in this hospital whatever might be the changes going on with Surgeons and officials; and to the end of the war the Marine Hospital remained in charge of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

The surrender of Memphis June 6th 1863 gave another opportunity to the Sisters of the Holy Cross to pursue their work of Mercy and at the suggestion of General Strong the Commander at Carlo 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 Mother Angela and the Sisters arrived at Memphis they found everything in a scene of the driest 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 conditions its walls floors and ceilings were bare, and the suffering soldiers had merely his knapsack for a pillow and his blanket for a mattress, but order and comfort came as if by magic under the hands of the good Sisters. At the same time that the Overton hospital was becoming a home for the sick and wounded in the Southern campaign, the Pickney Naval Hospital at Memphis was put in charge of four Sisters of Holy Cross and the hospital boat running between Memphis and New Orleans was put under the care of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

When Mother Angelo returned to St. Marys to obtain Sisters for Memphis a young and accomplished lady from Baltimore, a Miss H. Sumner, was spending the warm months at St. Mary's. On finding out the object of the Mothers mission Miss Sumner volunteered her services in common with the fifteen Sisters who were to accompany the Mother. This noble and intellectual young lady, during the few months she remained at Memphis shared every duty and with the Sisters in the same spirit as if she were one of themselves, until her impaired health made it an imperative duty for her to return north.

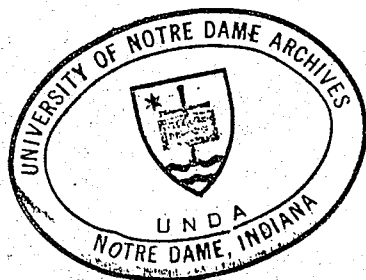
One evening in the summer of 1862, while the full tide of hospital duty was to progress at Memphis, the Sister's frugal supper being over, the Religious were holding a little cheerful conversation together before returning to the different wards; conversation which told how seriously each one was interest 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 saddened her heart even more than her face. It seems that a large number of wounded men had been taken to her ward, among them one in a very dangerous condition. The surgeons said he must die, but the poor fellow was determined not to believe it. Although most grateful for every attention paid him. When 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 for my being a catholic." There was something in his tone, and even in his words, which convinced the Sister that this man had been educated a Catholic

but in the haste mention of a preparation for death excited his anger."

Despite all his professions, when he found death approaching, he became penitent; confessed that he was brought up a Catholic, and died a good penitent after receiving all the rites of the Catholic Church.

Quite a large proportion of the patients were New Englanders and among them was one who at first continually passed sharp witticisms at the expense of the Sisters. Near him lay another New Englander who rebuked him sharply for his conduct. The Sister in charge finding out what was going on said to the man of gratitude to not mind him but let him proceed as he wished and he would soon drop it, when unnoticed Soon the malady of the former assumed a dangerous character and extra attention had to be given him and during this attention the kindness he received from the Sisters not only saved his life but won his heart, and he would ever after to be a sincere friend of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Several of the Sisters of Holy Cross were assigned to duty in the hospital at Washington which continued only one year under their charge. At the end of that time great irregularities appeared with regard to the class of patients sent to the hospital; and great irregularities as to discipline. It was no longer a strictly military hospital under military rule and the superior telegraphed to the Sisters to return to St. Mary's. During all the first year it was a most edifying work of charity, and the little chapel bore witness to the desire of the patients to make some return to the Sisters for their assiduous attendance. In consequence an offering was made by the soldiers of a small sum sufficiently to furnish this humble chapel, which act of courtesy the Sisters have never forgotten.



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