A YEAR WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

* Diary of the Reverend Father Tissot, S. J., Military Chaplain.

THE 37th Regiment New York, State Volunteers, known under the name of "Irish Rifles," was organized at the end of May and beginning of June, 1861. At first they were stationed somewhere in Central Park, but later moved down to the Battery, where they were numbered into the service by Captain Hayman of the regular army. The staff officers were: McCunn, Colonel; Burke, Lieut. Colonel; Minton (?), Major; Hoyt, Quartermaster; McNulty and O'Meagher, Surgeons.

The regiment being composed mostly of Catholics, the colonel applied to the Archbishop for a chaplain. The Archbishop applied to Father Tellier, who offered me the appointment, and I accepted.

The first man whom I met was Surgeon McNulty, who, as soon as he learned who I was, made up his mind, as he told me afterwards, to give me a wide berth. But he soon changed his mind, and we became great friends.

*The above diary is the record of a year spent in the Army of the Potomac with the 37th Regiment, New York State Volunteers, by the Reverend Peter Tissot, S. J., Military Chaplain. Father Tissot was for a time Rector of St. John's College, and it is thought that the publication of his diary will prove of interest to the readers of the MONTHLY.

Of the ten companies, two (H and I) were composed mostly of Protestants. The eight other companies numbered, in the winter of 1861-62, about 622, including the privates and non-commissioned officers. Of these, 41 were Protestants, and 581, Catholics. Of this number, 227 were married, 15 were widowers, and 380 were single. Their places of birth were as follows: New York City, 35; England, 1; Scotland, 6; Wales, 1; Troy, 2; Michigan, 2; Philadelphia, 2; Rochester, 1; Williamsburg, 1; New Jersey, 3; Massachusetts, 1; Nova Scotia, 1; Sandy Hook, 1; Germany, 5; Alsace, 1; on the Ocean, 1. The remainder were from Ireland.

The men were of various occupations, including bakers, butchers, bricklayers, blacksmiths, boilermakers, carpenters, cooks, clerks, coopers, chemists, druggists, engineers, farmers, gardeners, etc., etc.

June 23, 1861.—We had Mass in the morning, the day being Sunday. At 3:30 P. M. we made our way through a close-packed throng to the North River and took our departure southward. We reached Philadelphia about 11 P. M., and were received with great demonstrations of good-will by the people, who offered us refreshments, etc.

June 24th.— Reached Washington at 12 M. We walked from the depot to the White House. Heat oppressive, and dust knee deep. We spent some time about the entrance and gardens and were led away to find lodgings. Here I parted with the regiment and went in search of the Jesuits' house Gonzaga College. Not knowing the place, I inquired at a priest's house, the first I met. It happened to be Dr. White's. Learning that I was a Northern chaplain, he received me very coolly and
presumed to read me a very stiff homily on the
abomination of my position. My answer brought
him down a peg: "I was sent by my superiors; I
take no part in politics, and seek only to do good
to souls."

June 25th.—Said Mass and went to look for my
regiment. I found them along Penn. Ave., some in
the street, some in houses, some sober, some drunk.
Met Richard F. O'Beirne, 1st Lieut., 14th Reg.
Army, a great friend of M. McMahon. In the
afternoon I visited our church, slept at the college,
where I was treated very kindly by our Fathers,
although most of them strongly sympathized with
the South, as was natural.

June 26th.—Went to my regiment, which was en-
camped at about one and one-half miles in the rear
of the Capitol, near the poor house. Our camp
was called Camp Mary, in honor of Mrs. Lincoln.
Found my luggage all right, and was given a tent.
Felt very low spirited. Came back to sleep at the
college.

June 28th.—Mass in camp at 7 A.M. Went to see
battery at Benning Bridge, about one mile from
my regiment—80 men, a hard set, under Capt.
Mott, son of Dr. Mott, formerly at Georgetown,
brother to Mrs. Van Buren; Second Lieutenant,
John V. Bryant. Had a long talk with W. W.
Clarke, who has no position in the regiment, but
corresponds with the newspapers...... Agreed
to say Mass three times a week in my camp. Met
H. M. Grivin (?), for six years in St. Francis
Xavier's College, now in the 69th Regiment.

June 29th.—Saw again Mott's men. Nothing
could be done with them—one of the hardest
crews I ever met. Saw Capt. Driscoll of the 12th
New York, friend of Father Edward Lynch

saw also Lieut. Ramson of the Sherman's Battery.
Got leave to see and talk to his men.

June 30th.—Baptized Thomas Oliver and heard
confession of Capt. Mott.

As chaplain I was subject to camp regulations as
well as any other officer; I could not leave camp
or be away at night without leave. Against this I
rebelled from the beginning and proclaimed my-
self free from such restraint. Once, and once only,
an attempt was made by an officer of the day to
prevent me from leaving camp but I went in spite
of him and dared him to arrest me. No one ever
after interfered with me—I mean anyone belong-
to my regiment.

July 1st—Went to Georgetown. Rather
unwell.

2d—Baptized Capt. Mott in St. Aloysius' Church;
gave him his First Communion and took breakfast
with him at our Fathers'. Saw Capt. Duffy of the
2d New Jersey and Capt. Whelan of the 3d New
Jersey and in the evening Sergeant Carroll of Sher-
man's Battery. Sherman's men were lodged in a
house near the Capitol.

3d—Visited the regiment known as Garibaldi's
Guard, a hard set of men of many nationalities.
In the evening talked to Sherman's men and heard
the confessions of fifteen of them.

6th—Baptized Capt. Johnson and private Pelzer
of my camp.

13th—Preached at night on the Last Judgment,
the whole regiment being present. My pulpit
was a barrel. Heard confessions from 8 to 11 P.M.
14th—Sunday. Gave Communion to 55. At-
tended High Mass at St. Aloysius' church. Went
to see the Rhode Islanders; was introduced to
Gov. Sprage by Fr. Quinn, the Chaplain.
15th—Visited Congress.
16th—Dined at Georgetown.
17th—Under marching orders, i.e., we may break camp any day.
19th.—We received the visit of Gov. Morgan. I was introduced to him.
20th.—We were to start at 6 P.M. for Harper’s Ferry. Changed to 9 A.M. to-morrow. Great excitement.
21st.—Said Mass at 6. Broke camp at 9:30. Riding in an ambulance. Our destination changed. We take boats at Washington for Alexandria at 1 A.M. At Alexandria we could hear distinctly the booming of the cannon—it was Bull Run day. Father Krones, whom I visited, did all he could to keep me with him and prevent me from going with my men. This I could not do.

We left Alexandria at 4:30 P.M. The weather was warm but beautiful. The men went in a cattle train; I rode in an ambulance along a road parallel with the railroad track. There were several in the ambulance with me. One Baillet, a Lieutenant, of French origin, was emphatically denying the existence of hell. “If I die,” he said, “pray for my wife, not for me. If I have done wrong I am not afraid to trust myself to the justice of my Maker.”

Some distance this side of Fairfax Court House, we met with the first runners from the battlefield. They were in an awful plight and told the wildest tale about the defeat of the North. One big Dutchman, it is said, ran all the way from Bull Run to the Potomac. “Mine Gott, the devil behind and a big river in front!”

We reached the Court House at 8 P.M. and a little after we joined the regiment which had halted at the station. We went from the station into the nearest wood. We were about 2½ miles from the enemy’s nearest pickets. People were under great apprehension and talked only in whispers. Some of the men imagined that they sniffed the smell of decaying flesh—wonderful power of imagination—since we were some four or five miles from the battlefield! No one thought of eating, much less of sleeping.

(To be continued.)
JULY 22d, 1861.—At 12:30 A. M. a telegram ordered us to retreat. The men walked back on the track. I with six or eight others rode in an ambulance or on horseback. We kept away from the main road for fear it should already be occupied by the enemy; but none of us was posted as to any other road. For a long time we rode at random, not knowing where we were going. In fact, for some time we were going straight towards the enemy. On several occasions our course was interrupted by felled trees. At dawn, 5 A. M., we halted before a house and inquired where we were. We were 12 miles from Alexandria. We thought ourselves safe from any pursuit, took breakfast and continued our journey towards Alexandria.

We found our regiment, together with two or three others, in Fort Ellsworth, about a mile outside of Alexandria. Rain had fallen the greater part of the morning. The men were huddled together in the mud without food or shelter. I remained there for a little while and then went to Alexandria. I found Fathers Clark and Welch, who had come from Georgetown to attend to the wounded.

July 23d—I found my regiment in the suburbs.
of Alexandria, in a slave pen. We had "Pay Day" and of course drinking. Such a picture of hell I had never seen. I refused to take charge of the men's money—though I did so afterwards as it could hardly be avoided. Some one had to take the money packages to the Express Office; no one cared to do so, and the men would hardly trust another besides the Chaplain.

26th—Went to the 23d Regiment, New York, encamped a little way outside of the town. Prepared 39 for Communion, 10 of these for their First Communion. Heard confessions in one of the tents, sitting upon a knapsack. Dined with several of the officers, among others with Capt. Fish of Maryland. Returned home with Capt. Lyon of the 17th Regiment, son-in-law of Mrs. Harrison of Morrisania.

27th—My regiment moved some two miles away from Alexandria, to a place called Bellevue, the residence of Powell, U.S. Navy. The whole family had moved away, leaving the home and property to the care of an Irish family.—Went to a sick call to the 3d New Jersey, some 2 or 3 miles off. The man died in the best dispositions.

28th—Sunday. Said a first Mass for my regiment and a second one for the Mozart's Regiment. Remained with them the whole day; preached at Mass and in the evening; heard confessions the whole afternoon; prepared 75 for Communion, 12 of these for their First Communion. There were among the officers, Capt. William O'Sullivan of Lawrence, Mass., for two years a student at Worcester, and Col. O'Reilly, of the Assumption Church, Brooklyn. Both received Communion.

29th—Mass at six A. M. in the Mozart's camp.

30th—Went to Washington to be mustered into the service and take the oath of allegiance. The Government paid me from that day. The pay was that of a Captain of Cavalry, about $1,400 a year. I spent very little and kept no servant. I paid a trifle to one of the men to take care of my horse when I had one.

Many of the men would give me fifty cents or a dollar when intrusting me with their money for the express, saying: "This is for the Church." When any asked: "How much do you charge?" I invariably answered: "Nothing." Occasionally I received something from other regiments which I attended, but rarely, and very little.

August 2d, 1861.—Called on Col. Murphy near the Episcopal Seminary. A soldier was hanged in the afternoon near Fort Ellsworth. In his drunkeness he had abused or killed a woman in Alexandria. Several regiments had been called in to witness the hanging, which was intended to strike terror into the men. The man had been attended by Father Kroe; however, I said a few words to him. I would have addressed the crowds, but I had come, not expecting anything of the kind, too shabbily dressed to face such a large audience. Col. Murphy had been one of the judges who condemned the man and he felt a little uneasy. He had made his men pray for the condemned man, and had brought holy water to give to him when about to die.

Saw Chase, Chaplain to the 4th Maine, and Carven of Brooklyn (High Church), Chaplain to the 17th N. Y.

About this time I began to have morning and evening prayers with my men and to make use of a small bell to call them. This bell I carried in my
pocket every where, even on the battlefield. When I wanted to have prayers I gave my bell to the first man I met and he would ring it through the whole camp. I was thus independent of the officers when I wished to assemble the men.

3d—Went to Fort Ellsworth, about a mile from my camp, to hear the confessions of the 17th N. Y. Heard from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.; prepared fifty-two for Communion. The thermometer stood at 98°.

Saw Lt. Kelly of Fordham.

4th—Brought Communion to those I had prepared in Fort Ellsworth. Thermometer at 92° at 8:30 A.M. In the afternoon went to Alexandria.

5th—Went to the second Artillery, Capt. Arnold. Was called upon in the afternoon by Col. Kerrigan of the 25th N. Y. Regiment. He was at the same time a Member of Congress, and had been formerly with Walker at Nicaragua. One of his men had committed suicide and he wished me to bury him. This I could not do but promised to talk to his men. The whole regiment was assembled in a field and formed into a square. In the centre was a box from which I addressed the men.

7th—Went to Kerrigan's regiment and prepared fifty-four for Communion. More were anxious to come. Heard them in the basement of the house which was the Colonel's headquarters. The Chaplain of the regiment was a kind of comedian. He received me very kindly and gave me my dinner. Most of the men and some of the officers were Catholics. Kerrigan was anxious to keep me in his regiment. Young Tierney belonged to this regiment, also Captains Johnson and Maxwell. Visit from F. Gillen of Notre Dame du Lac.

8th—Gave Communion to the fifty-four of Ker-

rigan's regiment. They were brought to my camp by two officers, the distance being short. They heard Mass around my tent.

I had now been over six weeks from home and was anxious to see our people. I mentioned the subject to Col. McCunn. "All right," he said, "you may go to New York when you like." It was easy then to obtain a furlough but it was very different afterwards.

23d—Left New York at 6 P.M. to return to my regiment. Was at Philadelphia at 11 P.M.

24th—Reached Baltimore at 5 A.M., Washington at 7:15 A.M. Said Mass and took the boat for Alexandria; in the afternoon went to Camp Bellevue. My regiment was gone. They had removed some days previously to camp Albany, some two miles from the Virginia end of Long Bridge. I stopped over night at Alexandria.


26th—Visited the 2d and 3d Michigan regiments, and had a long talk with Dr. Cummings, Chaplain of the 3d Michigan.

27th—Went to Washington; called on Burnside. He was brigading the regiments. I wanted him to put my regiment in the same brigade with other Catholic regiments, but either it was too late or it could not be done conveniently. We were brigaded with three Michigan regiments, the 2d, 3d, and 5th. Our brigadier-general was Richardson, of the regular army, a rough but good natured man, very fond of the 37th regiment, which he preferred to the other regiments of his brigade.

28th—Went to Washington on foot. Heavy rain all day.
30th.—Dined at Georgetown. Came back on foot.

Sept. 1st, 1861.—Sunday. Said an early Mass in my camp, and a second one at Kerrigan’s, where I preached. In the afternoon visited the 39th regiment, Garibaldi Guard, also the 27th regiment, in which there was an Irish Company under Capt. Kelly.

4th—Called on Father Scully, a secular priest from Boston, Chaplain to the 9th Mass., a large regiment, mostly Catholics. Visited the 14th N. Y., Col. McQuade; Adjt. John Mc Quade, a Fordham graduate. In the afternoon a movement was expected but did not take place. Heard confessions until 11:15 P. M.

13th—Whilst I was waiting for some one at the corner of Williard’s Hotel, a country gentleman, Mr. Slatter from Carroll Island, Md., approached me and saluted me. “What makes you take me for a priest?” I asked, “my dress is not clerical.” “But your countenance is,” he replied.

19th—Visited the 22d Regiment, New York.

21st—Visited several camps around Washington with Father Wiget, S. J.

22d—Said Mass in front of the Colonel’s tent. In the afternoon heard the confessions of the 5th Michigan, mostly of the company of Captain Sherlock.

26th—Pay Day. Paymaster was Major Whitney, who had known some of our Fathers among the Indians and thought the world of them.

27th—Went to Fort Washington, 8 miles below Alexandria. Maj. Haskin commanding. Rev. Harris, Chaplain; Storrows, Surgeon. Was treated very kindly; took my meals with the commanding officer. The Chaplain insisted that I should occupy his room for the night. I had a soft bed and enjoyed a sound sleep.

My regiment, without as yet breaking camp, occupied Munson’s hill. It was at this time that we got a new Colonel, Capt. S. B. Hayman, who had mustered the regiment. McCunn was a good-hearted man and an excellent politician, but knew nothing about military matters; he could not drill the regiment. The Lt. Colonel, Burke, did everything as well as he could. He himself was not a military man. McCunn was frequently away from the regiment, which was to some extent going to ruin.

When McClellan came to power, after Bull Run, he determined to strengthen discipline. Many of the officers were constantly loafing in Washington, loitering about the hotels. McClellan instructed the Washington Provost Marshall to arrest any officer who would not have leave to be away from his regiment. One day McCunn, standing in front of Williard’s hotel, was asked by the Provost Marshall. As an answer, he sent the Provost Marshall to a hot place. This was not considered a sufficient answer and McCunn was arrested, tried and reprimanded. The reprimand was to be read to all the regiments at parade time.

McCunn did not think he, should brook this tamely. What could he do? Resign? But he did not want to leave the army. He saw Cameron, the Minister of War. They agreed that he would tender his resignation but that it would not be accepted. Unfortunately the resignation reached McClellan first instead of Cameron, as was intended. McClellan at once accepted the resignation and poor McCunn was ousted against his will.
He remained for some time in Washington, often crossing over into Virginia to see his regiment. His presence was more or less a cause of disorder. He would make speeches and breed mischief. This came to the knowledge of McClellan, by whose order a file of soldiers arrested McCunn at midnight, took him to the depot, saw him leave for New York, and warned him not to be seen again in Washington or he would soon find himself in the lock-up. His horse and luggage were sent after him. Such was the end of McCunn's military career.

As soon as Hayman made his appearance amongst us, the regiment began to look different. There were a few worthless officers of whom he got rid in a very nice way. At his suggestion a board of examiners was established with power to send for any officers they wished and dismiss them, or recommend that they should be dismissed, if found incompetent. He thus got rid of all the officers he did not want. Four were dismissed and better men appointed in their places.

(To be continued.)
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(Continued.)

5th—Went to Munson's Hill late in the after-
noon. Heard confessions in the ditch; slept in an
ambulance.
6th—Sunday. Said Mass and preached on the
very top of the hill.
8th—Visited the 19th Regiment, Indiana,—Col.
Meredith. Heard confessions.
11th—Left Camp Albany for good and encamped
by the side of Munson's Hill.
12th—Left our new camp at Munson's Hill and
moved to Camp Lyons, near Fort Lyons, on the
brow of the hill rising above Hunting Creek, about
two miles from Alexandria.
17th—Visited 63d Reg., Pa.,—Major Wallace,
Capt. Reid, Capt. Ryan, brother of Rev. Father
Ryan, Lazarist, pastor at Niagara Falls. Visited
also 32d Reg., Pa.,—Col. Lugeans, a hot Garibal-
dian. "I am going to hell," he said to me; "all gen-
tlemen go to hell. Nobody goes to heaven but
priests and old women, if we can trust your pictures.
I know but one text of the Scriptures, 'Cain
murdered Abel'; go do likewise." He seemed to
have some military education, but was odd and was
much disliked by his regiment, who got rid of him
shortly after. A few of the officers were Catholics,
among others, Lt. Doyle, a most excellent Chris-
tian.
18th—Heard confessions in the 63d Pa. Was
introduced to the Colonel of the regiment, Col.
Hayes.
19th—Heard confessions in 32d Pa. Prepared
57 for Communion. One man who made his First
Communion was 45 years old.
20th—Said an early Mass in my camp and a
second one in Col. Lugeans' camp. The Colonel
brought all his men. The 63d Pa. Regiment, being
encamped near, also came. I officiated under a
tree. When about to begin I told them that Mass
being Catholic worship, those who were not Catho-
lies might withdraw, but none did so. At 2 P. M.
Col. Lugeans gave a grand dinner to the officers
of his regiment and to the staff officers of the 61st
and 63d Pa. Many speeches were made.

Visited 61st Regiment, Pa., Col. Ripey's. Several
of the officers were Catholics, among others Capt.
Gerard from Philadelphia.

23d—Went to Georgetown; was introduced in
the evening recreation to Capt. Whipple of the
Regular Army, a convert and a most excellent man.
I met him frequently afterwards. He was made
General and was shot at Chancellorville. He
survived long enough to be brought to Washing-
ton. His last words to his wife were: "I have
but one ungratified desire: that you and my chil-
dren become Catholics." He had two bright boys
and, I believe, one daughter, who was being edu-
cated at the Visitation Convent, Georgetown.

27th—Sunday. In the afternoon, rode with Sur-
geon O'Meagher, Col. Hayman and some others
to Mount Vernon, Washington's place. It is a
beautiful place, full of mementos of the great man.

28th—Baptised the Drum Major.

Nov., 1861, 2d—Awful storm. Rain and wind the whole night and following day. Expected every moment to have my tent blown away from above my head.

4th—Visited Wand’s farm, about four or five miles from my camp. Wand was a Catholic and had a son in the Southern Army. He himself lived in Baltimore.

9th—Heard confessions in the 38th Reg., N. Y.,—Col. Ward.

11th—Dined at Washington with Fathers McElroy and Surin. From this time or a little before, no one was allowed to cross the Potomac unless provided with a pass. This, however, could easily be obtained, as the Colonel had the power to give it.

12th—Sudden death of poor Joe. This was a lad of 16 or 17, a great favorite with the regiment. He had been a newsboy. I had talked with him several times and was about to instruct him for his First Communion. On this day all the men went out with loaded muskets, about five or six miles from camp. It was feared that they might have a brush with the enemy. On coming back they put their muskets in a wagon which they had brought with them. They returned to camp at about dark. Joe was helping to take the muskets out of the wagon when one went off and wounded him fatally. One sharp cry and all was over! Although near him, all I could do was to give him conditional absolution. I felt great grief for poor Joe. He was a good-natured, clever, cheerful lad, whom everybody liked.

A YEAR WITH THE ARMY.

13th—Heard confessions of 22 sailors in Fort Ellsworth, Capt. Wainwright.

20th—Grand review of the whole army at Bailey’s Cross Roads, not far from Munson’s Hill. The whole of Washington was out to see the sight. My regiment, of course, had to go, but I felt no curiosity to accompany them. I went to Washington, where I learned that Father Ouellet had come that very day with the 69th Regiment and was encamped some two or three miles west of Washington. I found him very tired and very chilly. He did not relish much the idea of spending the night in a cold tent, so I took him to Georgetown, where we slept over night.

24th, Sunday—Had a long talk with Lt.-Col. Stevens of the 3d Mich., formerly from Watertown. He was well acquainted with Mrs. Eugene Kelly, niece of Archbishop Hughes.

27th—Obtained a furlough, not without considerable difficulty.

Dec., 1861, 21st—I made my retreat at Fordham and on Saturday evening, Dec. 21st, took the cars for Washington.

22d—Reached the Capital at 6 A. M. Attended High Mass at St. Aloysius’. In the afternoon had a long talk with Mr. Soteldo, the father of one of our students—a learned man.

24th—Walked to the camp of the 69th Regiment, which was nearer than mine. During my absence my regiment had moved to Camp Michigan, some two miles further from Alexandria than Camp Lyons. I borrowed a horse from Father Dillon, chaplain of the 63d Reg., N. Y., of the same brigade as the 69th. Upon reaching my camp I found that my tent was not up. Everything was so cheerless! I rode back to spend the night.
in Alexandria. Said the first Mass at 4 A. M. and preached. I was about to start for my regiment to say a late Mass for my men, when one of them just coming from the camp, brought me word that all the men had gone on picket duty. I therefore remained in Alexandria and said the last Mass at 10:30.

During the whole time of the war a few good Catholic men and women said aloud in the church before Mass the Office of the Immaculate Conception. They did not pray in vain, for they saved their church. While every other church in Alexandria was taken possession of by the government for hospital purposes, the little Catholic church was not molested. Several attempts were made to use it, but were always defeated.

Jan., 1863—26th—Kept no regular diary up to this day. Was in my camp nearly all the time. Once every week, however, I paid a visit to my friend Father Kroes, in order to go to confession. I had no nearer neighbor. The distance was well on 5 miles and the roads generally detestable. There was no Catholic regiment in my immediate vicinity, but I had plenty to do in my own regiment. First, I built a church. The great difficulty for a Catholic chaplain is to find a proper place to say Mass. The government makes no provision for this, gives him a tent only for his personal use. He may say Mass in this, but only about a dozen can be inside. He may sometimes get a large hospital tent, some 25 feet long by 12 or 15 feet wide, but if he gets one it is only through favor. He may say Mass in the open air, but if the wind blows this is hardly possible. I often used one of the government wagons, the altar being inside of the wagon, at the rear end, and I standing outside on a box or platform.

As we were likely to stay some time in Camp Michigan, I tried to have everything arranged as well as possible. I obtained a new tent for my use, had a bed made in it, and procured a mattress, also a small stove and a table for writing. In front of my tent I put up my old tent, which was tolerably good yet. I divided it into two parts: a narrow passage to get into my tent, and the rest of the space, which was about three-fourths of the tent, was turned into a private chapel where I kept the Blessed Sacrament in a wooden tabernacle made by one of my men. There were benches to accommodate about ten or twelve persons. A candle was kept constantly burning before our Lord, day and night. The men supplied me with candles. One candle would last six hours. I made it a point not to leave the Blessed Sacrament without a light even during the night. I generally woke up at about the time when it was necessary to light a fresh candle. It was a great consolation thus to have our Lord near me at all times, day and night. On some occasions later on, when we were campaigning, I carried the Blessed Sacrament about me for several days. But instead of being a consolation it was a martyrdom. I felt that I was not treating our Lord properly. I was necessarily engaged the greater part of the time with things which had no reference to Him.

In front of the tent where I kept the Blessed Sacrament I put up my church. It was 36 by 30 feet, and was inclosed by a palisade some ten or twelve feet high. The roof was covered over with the canvas of old tents, but the part above the altar was covered with boards, thus securing it from the rain. The altar platform was about three feet from the ground. The Quartermaster at Alex-
andria had given me as a favor a load of planks. It was during January that I established the Altar Society. The rules were as follows:

1. Spend every week one hour in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament.
2. Go to Confession and, if allowed, to Communion once every month at least.
3. Hear Mass and attend evening prayer daily, unless prevented by duty.
4. Refrain from drunkenness, profane language, and improper conversations.

After one week the Society numbered 223; it hardly increased after. I tried to have some singing at Mass on Sundays, for I had some good singers. They sang once or twice and then gave it up.

(To be continued.)

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(Continued.)

FEB. 1st, 1862.—Was called upon by Gen. Meagher, Major Worrington, and O'Mahony of subsequent Fenian celebrity.

2d.—Sunday. Gen. Richardson and his wife attended Mass and behaved very respectfully. She is rather a young person, from Detroit. She has been spending some time with her husband, living with him in a log house, not far from our regiment.

I preached on the Bible. The substance of my remarks was as follows: 

*Biblion—The Book.*

Many peculiarities—oldest book—by many writers—covering a long period—in many languages—

An important question. Was it the means by which each individual was to know what he was to believe and to do to save his soul? It was not.

1. Not the plan of *Christ,* or He Himself would have written the book; but did not. Instead: *Docete—teach!* 2. Nor of the *Apostles.* They preached. Few wrote and, as it were, through accident. 3. Not an adequate means. *Useless* to those who cannot read, have no time to read, or are not scholars. *Insufficient* even to scholars, for 1. How can they know it is the word of God? 2. How can they make out the meaning with certainty?
One of my officers remarked afterwards: “I guess the General never heard such sound doctrine about the Bible.”

9th.—Sunday. Sermon on the Rule of Faith.

14th.—Was invited with two officers of my regiment, the Surgeon and the Colonel, and two or three officers from the other regiments of the brigade, to dine with Gen. Richardson and wife. We had quite a pleasant time.

16th.—Sunday. Preached on the marks of the true religion. There is a true church or religion, only one, for truth is one. There can be but one true account of a fact, though there may be different accounts of it. It is obligatory to belong to this one true church.

Marks of the true church: 1. Descended from the Apostles without interruption; any church starting later is not the true church. Answer to the objection that the church had fallen into error and been reformed by Protestants. 2. Unchangeable. Eadem semper et ubique. 3. Unity of faith and principle of unity. 4. Universal.—Nothing local or national. 5. Uncompromising. 6. Deeming itself alone right. 7. Opposed by all, opposing all.

The Col. was present. He was not pleased and hardly ever came to Mass afterwards. Col. S. B. Hayman is an Episcopalian, a fair, honorable man, a great chess player, though he never plays on Sundays. He was at West Point with Grant. He is a widower (1862); has two sons; has been about 20 years in the regular army, in which he has the rank of Captain. He was invariably very kind to me. He was to be made General after the battle of Chancellorsville in May, 1863. Lincoln had given him a formal promise to that effect. On the strength of this, I made him a present of a general's shoulder straps. His promotion was to come from Washington at the same time with that of Gen. B., who was to be made Major General. Gen. B. went to Washington and told Lincoln and others: “Hayman is a 'copper head;' do not promote him.” He was not promoted. In reality he was a war Democrat but not a 'copper head,' as those who favored the South were then called. He subsequently went back to the regular army. In course of time he became Lieut. Colonel and was put on the reserved list, with that rank. In Jan., 1875, he came to New York. One of his first visits was to me. I was ever so anxious to make him a Catholic, but I am afraid he will never become one.

(To be continued.)
A YEAR WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Diary of the Reverend Father Tissot, S. J., Military Chaplain.

(Continued.)

MARCH 1st, 1862.—We are under marching orders. The idea of a campaign soon to open makes a great impression on the men.

6th.—During the past six days I gave Communion to 364 of my men.

9th.—Sunday. Men absent on pickets. Mass at 10:30 for the few that were in the camp and some strangers. In the evening I had a long talk in my tent with Dr. Adams. He is connected with the 5th Mich., but without any regular position, a kind of nurse or assistant surgeon. He is from North Carolina and, if I mistake not, the son of a minister. He is a graduate of Princeton.

After some random conversation, he said: "A gentleman should, as an accomplishment, know the tenets of the Catholic Church. What course of reading would you advise?"

"I could tell you in a short time more than most books," I answered. Then I began to unfold to him the Catholic doctrine. He listened most attentively, his head down and his chin resting on his cane, putting in a question from time to time. Thus, he asked: "Why is not confession to Christ as good as confession to man?"

"Because Christ has established it so."

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"On what grounds is the Pope infallible?"
"On scriptural and traditional grounds."
"Which principally?"
"Both together."
"What would be required of a man like me to become a Catholic?"
"Accept the Catholic doctrine, go to confession, and receive conditional baptism."

He called again the following day. I do not think he had any serious intention of joining the Church. The next time I met him was in 1872 or 1873, on Ward's Island, where he had charge of the inebriate asylum.

14th.—We break up camp and leave Camp Michigan with regret. We have spent here some three months very quietly. The conduct of the men during that time has been very good. There was but very little whiskey drinking; it could not be gotten. True, most of the men cursed, but they meant no harm by it. "Curse like a trooper"—nothing more true. One thing, however, I can vouch for—the Catholics did not curse nearly as much as the Protestants. Some of the men received Communion weekly.

As regards persons living in the neighborhood—farmers, etc.,—they had little cause for complaint. Property and persons were respected. There was very little stealing, even of chickens. As to abuse of persons, I never heard of any. It was not so, however, in the whole Army of the Potomac, though the whole army was most remarkable for its morality and honesty. Around our camp any farmer could obtain on application one or two soldiers to act as sentries or guards on his premises. For this he had nothing to pay; all he was expected to do was to improve a little the
food of the man or men who protected him, which was neither a difficult nor an expensive matter. A bit of fresh pork with potatoes and some good bread and butter was quite a feast to them.

After walking some two miles towards Alexandria the men were left to spend the rest of the day and the following night in the open air, on the cold wet ground, without any other protection than the shelter tents. A shelter tent is a piece of canvas about 6 feet square, put up with a couple of sticks, in such a way that one may be able to crawl under it. One can lie under it, but not sit comfortably as it is not high enough. It is the only thing the men have on the march and when campaigning to protect them against the rain.

As my presence was of no service to my men at this time I left them and went to Alexandria. In the evening I took tea with General and Mrs. Richardson. After tea I had a talk on religion with Mrs. Richardson. She was decided in her opposition to Catholicity.

Late in the evening the Bishop of Boston and Father Early of Georgetown arrived from Fairfax.

15th.—Breakfasted with the Bishop. He spoke about General Butler, who is reported to have said: “There is nothing that stands but the Catholic Church and the military profession.” His daughter is being educated at the Georgetown Convent.

My poor men remained in the same place the whole day under a beating rain. I spent the day in Alexandria.

16th.—Sunday. Went early to see my men. Found them near Camp Lyons in a very poor plight. Could not say Mass for the want of a suitable place.
Church by Father Hitzelberger, S. J., and that I hope soon through God's mercy to make my first Communion?

"During the last four long, and sometimes dreary years, wherever I have been, or whatever I have done, thoughts of the little church in the woods and her active, earnest, hard-working priest would continually rise in my mind, and something told me: That is the true Church; in no other will you ever find comfort and peace and rest for your soul. I obeyed the voice (can I doubt it was the voice of God?), and the last three days have been the happiest of my entire life. Now I can say I know what I believe; I have something sure to rest upon—a rock which can never be shaken. Now I can feel that the sins of my past life are blotted out and that I can begin again with a clean heart and conscience to serve our dear Lord. Oh! how can I ever be thankful enough for this great mercy.

"If my dear husband could have taken the same step before his death, it would have added a hundredfold to my present happiness. But you know that he loved to attend your services, that he would go to Mass in preference to any other services held in other regiments, and that there was no intolerance or prejudice in his mind. And I have no doubt myself that had he not been so much occupied with his military duties, and had the opportunity occurred, he would have become a Catholic. How much I would give now if he had only done so!

"My dear little boy is now three and a half years old, and a bright, noble little fellow. I wish very much you could see him. He has been baptized in the Episcopal Church, but I shall have him conditionally baptized here in a short time."

(To be continued.)
A YEAR WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Diary of the Reverend Father Tissot, S. J., Military Chaplain.

(Continued.)

MARCH, 1862.—In my answer to Mrs. Richardson's letter I expressed my joy and astonishment at her conversion, because on the only occasion I spoke with her on religion, in fact the only time I talked with her alone, she seemed so much opposed to Catholicity. To this she replied, Oct. 30th, 1865.—"You speak of my being strongly on the defensive when you spoke of religion. Ah! my dear Father, all the time I was more than half persuaded to be a Catholic, but the natural perversity of my heart and the temptations of the devil prompted me to speak as I did."

18th—At 1 P. M. we left Alexandria for Fortress Monroe. We were about ten thousand and occupied ten steamboats. On the boat I made the acquaintance of Dr. Bliss, from Grand Rapids, Mich. He was surgeon in one of the Michigan Regiments.

19th—I said Mass in my stateroom on my washstand. It would hardly do to be without Mass on St. Joseph's day. During my two years stay in the army I was but very seldom deprived of this happiness. Even when on the march, if the regimental wagons reached the regiment in the evening, I would at once pitch my little tent, drive into the ground three stakes and nail a board on them. That was the altar. The stakes and

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board were carried in the wagons. It is rarely that Mass can safely be said in the open air. The valise containing my chapel articles was very small. My cassock was without sleeves. The vestments, white and red, were of silk and hardly occupied any room. They were a present from Manhattanville Convent. One bottle of wine lasted me a full month.

20th—Landed at Fortress Monroe at about 12 M. The Monitor was playing about at a little distance, quite proud of its late exploit. We were led to Camp Hamilton, some two miles from the Fortress. There was accommodation for neither man nor beast, so I came back to the Fortress and put up my horse in the government stable. Then I looked about for some shelter for myself. There were some Irish masons employed by the government, who lived outside of the Fortress walls, and I put up with them. Of course they did the best they could for me—gave me the softest mattress and cleanest sheets,—which was not much.

21st—Said Mass in the chapel near the Fortress. In time of peace, Mass was said there on Sundays by one of the Norfolk priests. Went to the camp to see my men; came back at night to my friends the masons.

22d—Visited the 1st Delaware; saw Major Smith. I got from him, as a gift, a small tent which was of great service to me. There was indeed a Sibley tent for the use of the staff, but I could not well say Mass in it as it was always occupied by some one or other of the staff.

(To be continued.)
A YEAR WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Diary of the Reverend Father Tissot, S. J., Military Chaplain.

(Continued.)

MARCH 23d, 1862.—Said mass in a large hall erected by the 16th Mass. My regiment, which was encamped at about one-half a mile off, was marched to mass by the officers. Most of the 16th Mass. were also present. I preached a sermon on the end of man. Saw Major Lamson after mass. Major Lamson is a convert from Western Mass., a great friend of Father Bapst. He received his education in France, where he became a Catholic. He is greatly opposed to the use of pagan authors in the education of youth.

24th—Moved to a new camp beyond Hempsted, further from Fortress Monroe.

28th—Heard confessions in the 9th Mass., Father Scully’s regiment. Prepared 34 for Communion. I did this at Father Scully’s invitation, who was with the regiment at the time.


April 1st, 1862—Rode to the Fortress with Father Scully. We put up our horses in a stable and walked about for a long time. We attracted attention and were taken for Southern spies, but nothing was said to us. On our return, as we
were crossing a bridge about one-half a mile from
the Fortress, the sentinel looked very sharply at
us, but said nothing and let us pass. We had not
gone far when we were overtaken by a horse-
man, who arrested us. We must go back to the
Fortress and take the oath of allegiance. Father
Scully was very wroth. "An oath was a sacred
thing; he would not take it." I reasoned with
him: "If it was no harm to take the oath once,
it will be no harm to take it a second time.
Besides, we have no choice; we have no one here to
identify us. Either take the oath or spend the
night in the lock-up." He yielded. As we were
riding back to the Fortress, the horseman said to
the sentry at the bridge: "Why didn't you stop
them?" "I was told to stop two men on foot," he
replied. As soon as we had taken the oath we
were let go to our regiment in peace.

2d—Saw Father Martin, chaplain of the 67th
Pa., also Major John Devereux of the same regi-
ment. Devereux is a Fordham graduate, ('48).

4th—Broke up camp at 8:30 A. M. On the
march until 9:30 P. M., and yet we made only six
miles. Halted for the night beyond Big Bethel.
This was the beginning of the famous Peninsula
campaign. As a general thing during this cam-
paign the marching was badly organized. There
seemed to be no plan at all. Often we had to
start very early and after walking for a little
while we had to wait on the road to let other
troops pass, or for some other reason. We were
halted sometimes for hours under a pelting rain
or scorching sun.

The first part of the day was beautiful. The
men were carrying heavy loads on their backs,
one or two blankets and an overcoat. They were
not accustomed to this and found it fatiguing.
After walking a mile or two, at a halt, they would
look at their big bundle and say: "After all, I
do not need two blankets," and would throw away
one or some other article of clothing. This was
some relief, but the load was heavy yet, and they
would still diminish it at the next halt. The
whole road, for miles, was thus covered with
clothing. When the night came, the poor fellows
were very sorry thus to have parted with their
clothing, for they had but scanty means to protect
their bones against the cold.

When we halted at night there seemed to be
but slender hope of a comfortable rest. There
was, it is true, a house; but it was small and some
people lived in it. I had made up my mind to
spend the night sitting in some corner, when Dr.
O'Meagher called me. He had discovered a
small room near the garret, where, with the per-
mission of the mistress of the house, we spent the
night.

5th—On the march again at 6 A. M., till 11
A. M., under heavy showers. I was well pro-
tected against the rain. McClellan passed us
with his staff; he was cheered and cheered. In
the afternoon the weather cleared up. We
marched through very muddy roads until 5 or 6
P. M., when we halted in the neighborhood of
Yorktown. One of the regiments had a band
which began to give us some music, but this drew
the fire of the enemy, for we were within shell
range; so the musicians had to hush.

We had a considerable number of troops, but
were poorly prepared to stand a sudden attack.
One thousand determined men would probably
ave swept away the whole of us. The night
was very cold. As our wagons had not yet arrived we had but poor means of keeping warm.

6th—Although it was Sunday, we had no mass, because our chapel was behind in the wagons; but I preached and said prayers. Heard confessions the whole afternoon and late at night, until 12:30, in a small tent, without fire and on the wet ground. I prepared 102 for Communion, mostly from the 63d Pa., 2d Maine, and 38th and 40th N. Y. The men had the fear of the Lord, for they did not know how soon they might have to fight. I was obliged to put off hearing the confessions of my own men.

7th—Cold rain and even snow. Gave Communion to those whom I had prepared yesterday.

9th—Dr. Gesner of the 38th N. Y. said to-day in the presence of three Protestant chaplains: “These chaplains are all humbug; they had no service last Sunday, except the Catholic chaplain, whom I saw preaching from a barrel. I am the brother of an Episcopal minister, but if ever I want to get religion I’ll apply to the Catholics.”

10th—Moved our camp a little way into the woods, where it was safer, though swampy. There was stagnant water within six feet of my tent. We remained there nearly one month. I enjoyed pretty good health, though several of the men got sick.

13th—Sunday. A Captain of Artillery passing by my tent called out: “Chaplain, are you going to have service?” “Yes; are you a Catholic?” “No, but no matter; we have no time now to examine differences; we take the first we come across.” It was Palm Sunday.

In the afternoon went to McClellan’s headquarters, about a mile distant. Was introduced by
Many things that I had seen led me to this conclusion. The union was not effected.

19th—Met for the first time Father O'Hagan, S. J., chaplain of Sickle's Brigade.

20th—Easter Sunday. The heavy rains compelled me to say mass in my tent. The Count de Paris and others were present outside. He came into my tent after mass. I called on him a few days afterwards; found him writing at the door of his tent. He rose to receive me and kept standing. I remained but a few moments, not wishing to intrude, and did not speak about confession as I had intended.

27th—Colonel Hardy of McClellan's staff and Captain McMahon came to hear mass.

28th—Pay day. Brought the men's money to the express office at Cheeseman's Landing. Had about 200 packages. During my two years stay in the army I brought thousands of packages to the express. Only one was ever lost, and in this case the money was refunded by the express company.

(To be continued.)
sion. Time and again during winter, while we were in Camp Michigan, I had urged him to make his peace with God, but to no purpose. Finally one day I told him: "I have done my duty in regard to you. If anything happens to you; if you are killed and go to hell, you will have no one to blame but yourself." "That is true," he replied, "you have done your duty; I take the whole blame on myself." The day of the battle he seemed very sad, and said to some one that he thought he would surely be killed. And so he was, at the very beginning of the battle. I remember distinctly giving absolution when he was but a few paces ahead of me, after he had handed me his money. If he was contrite then, he may have been pardoned in time.

I distinctly remember to this day (Feb. 9th, 1875) the awful impression made on me when we were told that we must "go it." I felt as if my heart were sinking into my boots. Many of my poor men seemed to feel pretty much the same.

The fight was going on in the woods. There was a deafening rattle of musketry and the booming of a few guns, but we could see nothing. I halted with the surgeon in the rear of the battlefield. We were within reach of the enemy's muskets, but as the place was a kind of hollow we were pretty safe. A few balls whistled among the trees, but no one there was hit. Very soon they brought us wounded men and I was kept pretty busy.

We often read of chaplains flying about on the battlefield from one wounded man to another through the thickest of the fight. I doubt whether it was ever done; at all events it should never be done. It is customary at the beginning of a battle for surgeons to choose a place—a house, if there be one, or a cluster of trees, where they hoist a red flag to show that it is the hospital, where the wounded are gathered. It is an understood thing that the guns of both armies respect the red flag. That is the post of the chaplain. He should expose himself as little as possible. If he does expose himself he may be of service to a few—which is doubtful,—but if in so doing he is killed, he will deprive numbers of others of his services after the battle. But even with the greatest precautions a chaplain may be very much exposed, owing to the shifting of the battlefield. A place which is very safe now may become the hottest in a very short time.

My experience has taught me that there is not much good to be done the day of a battle. Most of the wounded are left scattered on the field. Even when they are gathered in one place the first thing they want is a nurse or surgeon, someone to attend to their wounds. Then they are generally packed so close, especially if it be in a room, that it is out of the question to hear a confession, independently of the din, shouts, yells, "confusion worse confused." It may be easier in an army wholly Catholic, where the chaplain wears a cassock and is recognized by all at once. There is a better chance of doing good after the battle, when the wounded are distributed in houses or tents. The place for a chaplain to do good is in the camp. If he does no good there, he had better stay at home.

The fight lasted until about 6 P. M. We went into the fight (8 companies) hardly 600 strong. Of these, 30 were killed on the field; many were wounded, and of these some died of their wounds.
The men had to spend the night in the woods, without fire, among trees dripping with wet, on soft, wet ground, without any other supper than a cracker and a piece of pork, many without anything at all, and most of them drenched to the skin.

After having done what I could for the wounded I rode some distance to the rear, out of the woods, to find some place to spend the night. It was then dark. After riding about a good while I found a house, which I entered. It was small and full of wounded men, with a few soldier nurses to attend to them. I was very tired, but could find no place to lie down. It was cold; the wind was blowing through several of the windows which were broken. Sleep was out of the question. The wounded were constantly asking for drink, moaning, lamenting, etc. There was a fire near the house where several were warming themselves. Some had been wounded and were uttering piteous sighs. I longed so much for daylight! I did what I could for these men.

6th—At daybreak I rode back to my men. The day was beautiful. After a few hours we moved out of the woods and encamped near Williamsburg. The battle was known as the battle of Williamsburg. I was the only Catholic chaplain present. Only a small portion of the army was engaged, but those engaged suffered severely. We rested the remainder of the day; we needed rest sadly. I was lucky enough with a few of my officers to get possession of a shed where there was some straw, and had a long and sound sleep.

7th—Spent the whole day in riding about from house to house, within two miles of the fight, to visit the wounded. Found it very unpleasant business. I would get into a room or barn where perhaps there were fifteen or twenty men. None knew me, except when there might be one from my regiment. The first thing was to ascertain whether there were any Catholics. That required some conversation. Often there were only one or two Catholics, and unless dangerously wounded they did not care much to make their confession while in close proximity with many Protestants. There is probably as much good to be done any day in Bellevue hospital.

8th—Visited the hospitals in Williamsburg, both Northern and Southern. There were but few Catholics among them.

9th—On the march again. Halt late at night. Sleep, or try to sleep, on a board by a fence. Never could sleep on the bare ground.

10th—On the march. Camp near brick house, in the neighborhood of Permonkry Creek.


14th—On the march.

15th—On the march. Rain the whole day. Reached Cumberland Landing in the afternoon. A few days rest.

19th—Leave Cumberland Landing at 7 A. M. Move two miles towards New Kent court-house. In the evening we heard a locomotive whistle. Cheered it as we would a friend who had been long absent. All the woods around are alive with whippoorwills that keep up the whole night their dismal song, which is enough to make the most cheerful man feel gloomy.

20th—On the march at 5 A. M. Encamp near Baltimore Store.

23d—Broke up camp suddenly in the afternoon.

Crossed the Chickahominy over Bottom Bridge; encamped in the woods.

27th—Sent our luggage to the rear, over the Chickahominy. No Mass. All seems so gloomy.

30th—Change of camp to a short distance.

June 1st—New change of camp. We were hardly ten miles from Richmond. At about 1 P.M. we were startled by a sudden and fearful rattling of musketry. It could hardly be a mile distant, in the direction of Richmond. The battle of Seven Pines or Fair Oaks had begun. Casey's and Couch's divisions had been surprised by the enemy while at their meal. The fight came nearer and nearer. Our regiment was detailed to occupy rifle pits dug along a woods, at the lower end of a large opening, not far from our camp. While the men were there I rode along the line, outside of the pits, and gave the men absolution.

At 4 P.M. we were suddenly called away from there and led into the fight. I halted near a house with the surgeons. My regiment was soon out of sight in the woods. Five or six spent balls struck near us, but did no harm,—also a few small cannon balls. After a while a crowd of stragglers began to rush by like sheep. Some officers had hard work to rally them, threatening them with their swords. I remained alone with a man who held my horse. We were some six hundred yards from the opening into the woods. Suddenly heavy fire was heard at the entrance into the woods. I said to the man who held my horse: "Fall back with the horse. I'll wait here. I'll probably have work after a while." I remained alone. After a few minutes five or six balls whistled by me, evidently intended for me. Luckily there was a deep ravine close by, through which I hurried away. I was soon with the man who had charge of my horse. We were standing near a house, and as it was somewhat of a hollow we thought ourselves safe.

After a few moments four or five balls hissed by. One struck my horse. He fell, got up, walked as far as the other side of the house, fell again to rise no more. I took off the saddle and walked with it in the direction of the rifle pits.*

It was nearly dark when I reached the rifle pits. My regiment was there before me. They had come back by another road. The Government afterwards paid me for the loss of my horse.

The result of the fighting, as regards my regiment, was—twelve killed and several wounded.

2d—Attended the wounded men on the cars from 2:30 P.M. to 1:30 A.M. Slept on the floor at Heintzelman's headquarters.

3d—Went back to the camp. Baptized Tillerson in a ditch.

5th—Went to the White House, some fourteen miles, I think, to procure express envelopes. Cars off the track several times. They were only freight cars. People travelled inside, if there was room, or on top.

6th—Pay day. We made a collection for those whom the battles of Williamsburg and Seven Pines had made orphans. There were twenty-five orphans, the children of eleven widows. I put down my name for $25. We raised $675, which was over $30 for each child. When in

*This action was witnessed by one of the staff-officers of General Berry, the Brigadier General. The officer reported it to General Berry, who, in his report of the battle, mentioned Father Tissot as the model chaplain of the Army of the Potomac.—Editor.
New York, in August, I went with Mr. McGrath, a man in the service of the commissioners of public charities, to hunt up the various families.

7th—Brought the men's money to the express at the White House. Reached the place late. There were many before me. The receipts were all written out, but they had to be signed. It was near midnight when we were through. I took a bite of something which the expressman kindly gave me and snatched a few hours sleep in the express office on a mattress given me by one of the expressmen.

8th—Pentecost Sunday. At 4 A.M. I started from the White House for my camp. I was with my men at about 10 and was about to begin Mass when there was a sudden alarm. We had to move about a mile forward. It was a false alarm. Could not say Mass, but was able to hear it in Father Ouellet's camp.

(To be continued.)
time I cannot, without protection, stand a hot sun as I could before.

19th—Saw Felix, alias Alphonse David, of the 1st N. Y., who had been a servant at the Manhattanville Convent. He committed suicide after the war. Entering a gun factory in New York, he asked to try a revolver, under pretense of buying it, and blew out his brains.

25th—Sick. Could hardly get anything which I could eat.

26th—Continue sick and very low.

27th—Still sick. Much firing all day on pickets, but no one hurt. My poor men were half dead,—five days out of seven on picket duty, which was very hard on them owing to the constant anxiety and the necessity of being at all times on the lookout, as the enemy might be on them at any moment. Then it was very unhealthy being out at night. The days were very hot, but the nights were cool and the dews heavy.

Asked for a furlough. It was granted only in case of almost certain death. I obtained it, but before I could use it the enemy had intercepted our communications by taking the White House. This was the first of the seven days. The fight was going on at our extreme right, some six miles off. In the evening the rumor spread that we had gained a great victory and there was much cheering and rejoicing.

28th—Early in the morning I sent a messenger to Father O'Hagan to come to see me. He was encamped about a mile off. I left the camp in the course of the morning, never to return to it again, and went to our Quarter-Master's headquarters, about a mile in the rear. I expected to be more quiet there and more likely to get some-

thing to eat. It was a nice dry place in the woods, by the roadside.

Father O'Hagan, who was away when I sent for him, learning on his return that I wished to see him, came to my camp at once and from there to my new place. It was early in the afternoon. He asked me what I would like to take. "Some fresh milk," I answered. With the true devotedness of a brother Jesuit he rode seven miles under a burning sun to the farm of Dr. Carter, with whom he was acquainted, and procured a champagne bottle full of milk, and to be sure that it was pure, he wished to be present himself at the milking. He gave me a tin cup full of the milk, which revived me considerably. Before we parted for the night we agreed that we both would go to Dr. Carter's early the following day.

I spent the night alone in that place, sleeping but little, though comfortable enough, for I was in a tent and had a mattress or something equivalent, but I was full of anxiety and gloomy thoughts. I did not know at the time that we had lost another battle and that we were going to move away the following day; I knew, however, that all was not right. I would hear at times in the dead silence of the night a distant solitary shot. I wondered whether it was not the signal for an attack, and whether the enemy might not be on me at any moment, for their advance pickets were not much more than a mile distant. I was not afraid, however, for I did not care what became of me. Father O'Hagan's brigade was between me and the enemy.

29th—Up at daybreak. I waited for some time for Father O'Hagan, but as he did not come I
rode to his camp. Riding was very painful for me. We started together for Dr. Carter's. The retreat had begun; the road was full of men, officers and privates, cavalry men, wagons, etc. There was no rush, however, nor any disorder. All had to pass in close proximity to Carter's house, and travelled in view of it for a good distance.

Dr. Carter was at the same time a physician and a farmer. He had studied at Philadelphia. His wife, I believe, was a Northern lady. Although the Northern troops had been in his neighborhood about a month, very little or no harm had been done to his property. It is true, some sick officers had spent some time at his place; there were one or two at his house then. Dr. Carter at once examined me and gave me a good dose of blue mass. I took possession with Father O'Hagan of the only room on the upper floor, where we were quite comfortable. The Northern troops were passing along the whole day. A few would step aside occasionally and come as far as the house to fill their canteens, for there was a magnificent spring just by the house. They behaved remarkably well; there was no stealing or injury of any kind. In the afternoon I told Father O'Hagan to leave me and follow the army. It might be too late the following morning. But he insisted on staying with me until the following day.

Meanwhile my poor men were on the march also, but were proceeding by another road, somewhat shorter. That morning they had come to the camp from their pickets at about dawn. They were given about an hour to rest a little, eat what they could, take what they could carry, and then start. They were loaded with 150 rounds of ammunition and with rations for eight days. My chapel and other possessions were put into one of the wagons. Unfortunately the man who drove that wagon got tipsy and stuck in the mud somewhere in White Oak swamp, and I lost all. I had with me only my shawl, a bag containing a few small articles, and a fair supply of money (gold).

30th—When we woke up in the morning after a sound sleep, the first thing was to look out of the window. Soldiers were passing still; but on closer inspection we noticed that they wore grey instead of blue. The fact was, that the Northern army had done passing and the Southerners were after them. To be sure, we would be prisoners. At about 8 A. M., a file of soldiers, led by a sergeant, surrounded the house and formally made us prisoners. We were all ordered to walk or ride to Richmond. I answered the man that I could do neither the one nor the other, and I was allowed to stay. I gave my horse to Father O'Hagan's servant, and remained alone with one of Father O'Hagan's officers who had been left behind like myself. Mrs. Carter was very kind, gave us chicken broth, etc. We could not have been better treated.

In the course of the day I was visited by a Dr. Barry of the 4th Alabama Regiment. He was from Baltimore, had a pew at the Jesuits' church, and a son at their College. We had a very friendly chat. He tried several times to bring politics into the conversation, but I as often kept them out. Looking under the bed, he saw my boots and took them. "Drop those," said I, "those boots are mine." He put them back and
seemed very much ashamed. In the evening the chief Confederate Generals, Hill, Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, etc., took tea in the house. I kept out of their way.

*July 1st, 1862.—* I woke up much improved in health. In the course of the morning a man came, stating that he had positive orders to remove every one from that place. “Very well,” said I, “but I can neither ride nor walk.” He said nothing, but came back after awhile with a country cart. This time I had to go. After taking an affectionate leave of the Carters, and paying my bill, I started with one or two more. We were taken to Savage Station, about five miles from Carter’s and eight or ten from Richmond. Several times we met with soldiers; there was not a word of abuse, not a remark.

Savage Station was the late headquarters of General McClellan. There were about 200 Northern soldiers there, mostly sick or sickly, with a few wounded. They were in tents around the house, which was small, and were left to shift for themselves as best they could. Some had food, others none; I was one of the latter number. The forty or more Confederate soldiers, with a major at their head, who had charge of the place, did not interfere with any one. I found a room upstairs occupied by a wounded officer and his nurse. There was a vacant corner near the window, where I squatted and took possession; nobody objected. I left my shawl there as a sign that the spot was occupied, and then went about trying to do something for the sick, hear their confessions, etc. I could not do much. There were very few Catholics among them, and I was so weak. There was a supply of ice in the place.

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*A Year with the Army.*

I got about a half-pound of it and ate it for my supper. It did me much good. In the evening, until late at night, we heard the guns of Malvern Hill, for the battle was then going on. Although the distance was considerable, probably more than fifteen miles, the noise was awful.

*2d.*—Breakfasted on some dry potatoes and a piece of salt pork which some of the soldiers gave me. In the course of the morning I called on the commanding officer, told him who I was, and expressed the wish to go to Richmond. He received me very kindly and told me to be ready by 2 P.M. The cars would pass then and he would introduce me to the conductor. I did as told, but the conductor said he had no room, as he had to fill the cars with wounded, then arriving fast from Malvern Hill. I took my stand on the platform outside, determined to stay there unless forcibly ejected. After some delay the cars started and I with them. Nobody said anything to me. When reaching Richmond, I stepped off without being molested or questioned by anyone.

After walking some time through the streets, I inquired for the nearest Catholic church. I happened to be quite near the Cathedral. I was received very kindly at the Bishop’s residence, where Father O’Hagan had preceded me. Besides the Bishop there were three priests at the Cathedral: Father Hagan, a young man; Father Mc Mullen, an ex-Jesuit; and Father Andrews, a young convert from Alexandria, an excellent man. None of them seemed to care about politics. It was not the same with Father Teeling of St. Patrick’s Church. He and one of the Southern chaplains were rabid Secessionists. There were then four
Southern chaplains in Richmond: three were Jesuits, Fathers Hubert, Gage, and Bixio; the fourth was a Redemptorist. They were frequently at the Bishop's. There were three Northern chaplains, Fathers Scully, O'Hagan, and myself. Father Scully stopped with Father Teeling, but often called at the Bishop's.

Father Teeling, finding me alone one day in the Bishop's library, began to read me a homily on the North, the war, etc. I listened for awhile without answering him. When I thought he had said about enough, I continued my reading, which he had interrupted. This brought him to a dead stop.

I was especially careful to avoid talking politics with the Bishop. He was very kind, but very strong in his Southern convictions. It would have been very unwise to pick up a quarrel with him. When Corcoran was taken to Richmond after Bull Run, the Bishop called on him. Corcoran made some complaint regarding his food and lodging. "Well," said the Bishop, "you gave us no warning of your coming. We did not expect you; did not know that you were coming. You must not be astonished if we have made no preparation to receive you."

Before leaving Richmond I asked him for faculties in his diocese. It was an understood thing that we had faculties when we could not apply to the Bishops, but that we should apply if we had a chance. He readily granted me faculties for the Northern soldiers, but did not seem inclined to give them for civilians (Southerners). This did not satisfy me. I explained how I might be in some place where there might be Catholics living. Why could I not hear their confessions?
A YEAR WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.


(Concluded.)

JULY 2d, 1862.—I was sick about ten days, saying Mass in the morning, but keeping my room pretty much the whole day. But the other chaplains enjoyed excellent health and were not idle. They visited several Catholic families. One of the chaplains, who was a strong Northern man, went so far as to say that the only hope of the South was in entire submission. This gave great offence; for the Catholics of Richmond, if we except the Germans and a few Irish, were strongly for the South. Anonymous letters were written to General Winder, complaining that Yankee chaplains were loose through the city, that they were saying Mass, and that one of them was expected to preach the following Sunday; that Catholics, whose obligation it is to hear Mass every Sunday, were thus compelled to attend the ministrations of Yankee chaplains.

Winder communicated these to the Bishop, with the request that these worthy chaplains should not say Mass and should be kept at home. The Bishop read me the General's letter. "Well, then," said I, "I suppose we shall have to abstain from saying Mass." "Oh, no," said he, "I am master at home. You can say Mass in my house at all events, and you can say it in the church on week days; as to Sundays, we shall see." The following Sunday he preached a beautiful sermon on charity, which was like oil poured over the waves. He did not allude to the chaplains' trouble, but every one could easily make the application. After a few days all restriction as to our movements was taken away.

As soon as I got tolerably well I went to the Libby prison, where the sick prisoners were. The prisoners were tobacco warehouses. The prisoners were in a very pitiful condition. The authorities seemed to do what they could for them; still they were very poorly off. Some were lying on the bare floor stark naked. And such a stench! They were rather overcrowded, and it was so hot, and the sinks were in the rooms themselves. I called several times and heard some confessions. One afternoon I was obliged to clear out of the room or I would have fainted. Thanks to the exertions of Father Scully, we got some money from several parties and bought a cartload of bread, which we distributed among the most needy. The officers occupied the lower floor, and were pretty comfortable. Among them I saw Col. St. Charles of the Tammany Regiment (42d N. Y.). I met also a few belonging to my regiment. Two of them were employed in the prison kitchen, and they at least did not starve.

Father O'Hagan was acquainted with several of the government officials who had received their education at Georgetown. Through their influence we obtained the favor of taking away our horses. Father O'Hagan's was at the Bishop's. But where was mine? It had been taken from Father O'Hagan's servant on reaching Richmond and nobody could tell what had become of it. I was given full liberty to hunt it up among the
government horses, but to no purpose. Once as I was coming out of the Libby prison, my attention was attracted to a horse tied to a post. That saddle looked so much like mine; it must be mine, for it was of a peculiar make. I made sure it was mine from a peculiar mark, for the bullet which had killed my first horse had pierced a part of the saddle. It was my saddle, but not my horse. On inquiry, I ascertained that the horse belonged to Captain Warner, the prisoners' Quartermaster, the one charged to get their food. He was a good fellow and I had no difficulty in getting my horse. He was a Northern man, from Ohio, where his wife and family were living at the time. He gave me a considerable sum of money (greenbacks) to send to his wife, which I faithfully did afterwards. "Last year," he said, "I was very popular with the prisoners. We had plenty of means; we could feed them well then, but now I have to stint them and I am hated in consequence."

18th—We are to leave to-morrow for Petersburg after a sojourn of 17 days in Richmond. We were not paroled, but simply let go without any condition or promise of any kind. If we were not let go before, it was because there had been no one going north, no exchange of prisoners. But there was to be no accommodation for our horses. Father O'Hagan sold his to the Bishop. I sold mine to Father O'Hagan for $200 in good Northern currency, payable in two years after the war. He gave me his note to that effect; he was the last I ever heard of it. Father O'Hagan is not the man to be troubled often with too much money. I never claimed payment, and it was never offered.

We left Richmond at 4 A. M., under the care of a Captain Baily. We took breakfast at Petersburg, where we halted for several hours. We were visited by Father Mulvey and several Catholic ladies, who brought us food, pies, cakes, etc. The train contained Northern soldiers who were being exchanged. On passing through Petersburg they were hissed by civilians (mostly loafers) in a most ugly way. Soldiers never hiss one another. In the afternoon the cars brought us to the James River where we took the boats. I heard some confessions during the night.

20th—We reached City Point at 7 A. M. At 10 A. M. I was in my camp at Harrison's Landing. Needless to say that my return caused great joy. Nobody knew what had become of me. I had no chapel, but was able to use that of one of the chaplains (Ouellet or Dillon) who was absent.

20th—Went to the 14th Regulars and heard 51 confessions. Saw Captain Coppinger, who had been a zouave and had served under Lamoriciere.

30th—Much sickness among the men. Buried Lemon of my regiment, whom I had baptized whilst he was delirious.

31st—Buried one of my men, Kennedy, and one of Captain Lamson's men in the 16th Mass. During the night the rebels succeeded in planting a few guns on the opposite side of the James River and blazed away at us at a furious rate. They were dislodged by daylight. Very little harm was done. One or two men were killed, and there was considerable alarm. No shell came near our camp.

August 20—Lamson came to hear Mass and receive Communion. On leaving he left a gold dollar on my table. Dined with Lamson in the 16th Mass. and heard 20 confessions there.
I was anxious to get a furlough. I was in want of clothing and was getting sick again. I was anxious to go at once, but were I to obey the regulations, I could hardly expect to get it before six or eight days. My application had to go to my Colonel and then to the Brigade General and Division General, and finally to McClellan, and after being approved by them all, to come back the same way. It was expressly forbidden for anyone to take his own application from one general to another. However, I thought I would try. I had no difficulty with my Colonel, nor with the brigade commander, Col. Dikeman of the 1st N. Y., who was commanding in the absence of the General. I knew Dikeman well. But the trouble was with General Kearney, the Division General. I was afraid of him. He was an awful curser, they said. Once hearing a man curse from his tent, he went to him. “Who authorizes you to curse? Don’t you know that I am doing all the cursing of his Division?”

I applied to his adjutant and told him to present my application. He told me I had better do it myself. “Well, then, announce me,” I said. He did so, and I was told to beard the lion in his den (tent). But he proved to be a lamb. He received me most kindly, sent for wine and cigars, talked about the Catholic religion, about which he entertained romantic notions. He thought the Catholic Church could and should stop the war. He was a brave and generous soul, very popular with the soldiers. He had served in Africa in the French Army. He was killed shortly afterwards. He had been divorced and had married again. His first wife and daughters had become Catholics; one of the daughters joined the Ladies of the Sacred

Heart some years later. Of course my application was granted. From Kearney I had to go to Corps Commander, Gen. Heintzelman. A friend made it all right with him. Finally I went to McClellan’s headquarters, where Col. Handy and Capt. McMahon befriended me. It took me a day to get my furlough, and it was only for eight days.

The following day I went down the James River and in the evening took the boat at Fortress Monroe for Baltimore, where I arrived in the morning and took the cars for Washington. Went at once to the War Department to have my furlough extended to three or four weeks. McClellan had granted me only eight days, because he could not grant a longer time. I called at the Adjutant’s office and saw Col. Gar esch, with whom I was acquainted. From him I learned that Stanton had reserved to himself personally the granting of all furloughs. I had therefore to call on him, which I disliked very much. I had to wait a long time for his coming. I then ventured timidly into his office. There was no chair in the room, but only a table in the middle of it. He took no notice of me. After a while I approached him and stated that I wanted a furlough. He cut me short by saying that he attended to the furloughs on Monday (it was then Tuesday), and went to the next room where some people were waiting for him. I awaited his return and again approached him. “I have been a prisoner in Richmond,” I said. The word “prisoner” mollified him at once. “Oh, you have been a prisoner. Well, what do you want?” “A furlough.” “Well, apply downstairs at the Adjutant’s office.” “I did, but was told that you alone grant furloughs.” “Who told you so? Tell the
party to come up." Garesché and Stanton were on bad terms. I believe Stanton had thrown out some doubts on Garesché's loyalty. Garesché came up, however, for my sake. Stanton offered him his hand, but it was refused. However, Garesché spoke to Stanton, extolling my doings in the army. Stanton then told him to grant me all I wanted.

26th—Left for New York at 6 P.M. Slept soundly in the cars and reached Washington at 7 A.M.

27th—Went over to Alexandria in the afternoon. Met Col. Hayman and Surgeon O'Meagher. Slept at Father Kros's. During my absence in New York the army had returned from Harrison's Landing to Alexandria and had gone to help General Pope. My men were then at the outposts, somewhere beyond Bull Run. Very ugly rumors were floating about.

28th—As it was impossible to join my regiment, I went to Georgetown.

29th—Visited three hospitals around Washington. There was not a single Catholic in them.

Sept. 5th, 1862.—While the great bulk of the army moved to Maryland, where they fought the enemy at Antietam, my regiment and a few others were kept around Alexandria for the security of the neighborhood. On this day my men encamped near Hunters' Creek, below Fort Lyons.

6th—Moved a mile or two away, near the old camp of the 38th Regiment.

7th—Sunday. Rode early to Alexandria in an ambulance. Had a narrow escape. The horses ran away with the driver down a steep road. However, he managed to keep them in the middle-of the road. Half of the spokes of the wheels were broken and I got an awful shaking, but that was all. Said Mass in the rear of an ambulance and preached on charity.

8th—Unwell and low spirited.

10th—Moved to the neighborhood of Fort Worth, near the Episcopal Seminary.

14th—Sick of the jaundice. Yellow all over. Applied to one of the army surgeons. "You will have to take mercury, calomel or blue mass." This I dislike. Applied to another. "Do not take mercury, but some gentler purgative." Applied to a third. "The best thing you can do is to go to Alexandria for a few days and eat abundantly of well ripened fruits, above all peaches." I thought this last advice the best. I ate a great quantity of peaches and was perfectly cured in two days.

End of Diary.*

* Rev. Father Tissot spent a second year with the Army of the Potomac, but his diary for this year is not in our possession. Editor.