WHATSOEVER there is to be told of Father Nash, the last of our trio of army chaplains, has a twofold claim upon our attention. For, besides having been professor and prefect at the college in its early days, he was a student of old St. Mary’s in Kentucky, the forerunner of St. John’s. The brief notice of his life which appeared in the November issue of the Monthly suffices for a general acquaintance with him, and allows us to turn immediately to the events of his chaplaincy.

As in the case of Father Ouellet and Father Tissot, here likewise, we regret to say, no complete account has been left. The diary in which he noted the incidents of camp, march and battle has been lost, so that our only sources of information are the letters written by him to his friends, and covering but eight months of his two years’ service.

The regiment to which he was assigned was the 6th New York Volunteers, known by the name of “Wilson’s Zouaves,” then encamped on Staten Island. It was made up of the class known as “New York boys,” and had a somewhat unsavory reputation. Mostly all its members were Catholics, but, owing to the influences of their surroundings, their faith had remained undeveloped and bore little or no fruit in their lives. A powerful movement of grace was needed to set such men aright, and God supplied it in the fear of death which the near prospect of battle brought along with it. Gladly then, though after their own rough fashion, did they welcome the Catholic chaplain when he came among them.

On the third of June ’61, Father Nash, armed with the requisite papers, presented himself before Colonel Wilson, who received him with unbounded cordiality and led him out to introduce him to the soldiers. “Taking me by the hand,” he writes, “the colonel said to the hurriedly assembled boys: ‘Come, let us take a good look at this man and tell me what you think of him. He is to be our chaplain, and is just the man for me; how do you like him?’ Not knowing whether I was Protestant or Catholic, they asked: ‘What is his color?’ ‘He is a priest,’ the colonel answered, ‘a Roman Catholic priest.’ I was thereupon welcomed by these poor fellows with shouts of acclamation.” During the ten days which elapsed between this event and the embarking of the regiment for the war, Father Nash lived near the camp in order to be at the service of the men. Many of these, however, were not disposed to go to confession, as they were bent on having “their fun” while near New York and their old associates. This was not an encouraging beginning, but the colonel assured the Father that things would change as soon as the boys left New York.

A few days previous to the departure of the regiment Father Nash called on Archbishop Hughes to ask his blessing on himself and soldiers. His Grace, who was in council with his suffragans at the time, summoned him into the council chamber, clasped him in his arms and gave him from his heart the blessing he asked. The order to break camp and go aboard the Vanderbilt, a large transport awaiting them in the harbor, was received on the morning of the 15th. For reasons, which it would take too much space to set forth, the carrying out of this order was attended with many unhappy circumstances. It was not until the night of the 14th that the greater part of the regiment came aboard, and then most of the men were mad with liquor. Through all that night they fought among themselves; some jumped overboard, others were thrown into the water. In the morning it was found that there were not ten sound men among them. Those who were dangerously wounded were taken back to New York, and the rest, as Father Nash puts it, “completely humbled, or perhaps better, thoroughly tamed,” became submissive. Father Nash was on the Vanderbilt during the entire melee, and, though at midnight friends in Brooklyn sent out a boat to take him ashore, he would not think of abandoning his post.

The transport left New York in the afternoon of the 15th, and when it had been a stated time out of port Colonel Wilson opened his sealed instructions and learned for the first time that their destination was Fort Pickens in the Gulf of Mexico. This news was disappointing to the men, as most of them had never heard of such a place. It brought home to them, however, the perils of their position, and they thronged about Father Nash’s cabin in order to prepare themselves for those dangers by a good confession. During the trip to Pickens, Captain LeFevre of the “Vanderbilt” and his steward, Mr. McHenry, both Catholics, were most attentive to the chaplain, doing him many kindnesses for which they positively refused to receive any remuneration. Indeed, throughout the whole of his service he was treated with the highest regard by those in authority, for they respected in him his dignity as a priest, and admired and loved him for the zeal with which he devoted himself to the men.

Nine days of steady sailing brought the transport in sight of Fort Pickens. A word about the situation of this important post. It stood on the extreme western end of Santa Rosa, a sandy island forty-seven miles in length and averaging
three-fourths of a mile in width. It lay opposite the city of Pensacola, whose large navy yard and two forts, MacCrae and Barrancas, had fallen into the hands of the Confederates at the beginning of the war. Pickens, in consequence, was the only fort in southern waters left to the Union, and the government was determined to retain it at any sacrifice. For holding Pickens, Pensacola's well-stocked navy yard and Pensacola Bay, the southerners could build and organize a fleet which would render the success of the Union army very doubtful. The United States accordingly reinforced the place with volunteers and regulars and stationed a fleet in Pensacola Bay.

Here then, in full view of the forts and batteries of the enemy, the "Vanderbilt" dropped anchor on the morning of June 24th. They found the fleet of United States men-of-war in the bay, their masts lowered, decks cleared and in full readiness for action. Under cover of this fleet the zouaves were landed on Santa Rosa. The disembarking was a dangerous and daring exploit, on account of the natural obstacles to be encountered and the necessity of passing under the enemy's guns. However, as the hostile forts did no more than threaten, the landing was safely effected; but it took three days of vigorous and steady labor to accomplish it. The immediate presence of the enemy had a salutary effect on the men. They all were anxious to get to confession before leaving the ship and kept Father Nash busy far into the night.

The chaplain was the last to be brought ashore. As he left the "Vanderbilt" in Captain Lefever's own gig, which the big-hearted mariner had placed at his service, three hearty cheers were given by the transport's crew and three lusty blasts by his whistle. After a long row the gig came as near the shore as the breakers would allow. Immediately the "boys" rushed into the boat to the wave, and in their eagerness to have the honor of carrying the "Father's things," almost upset Father Nash and his chapel in the waves. He gave the trunk containing the chalice, vestments, etc., to the tallest soldier, who, steadied by two strong companions, brought the "Catholic church" dry to the shore. Then a number of brawny arms lifted Father Nash himself high out of the boat and amid the loud and repeated cheers of the zouaves bore him to the land in triumph.

(Zeugma.

The Episcopal Title of Rt. Rev.

John M. Farley, D.D.

By Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, D.D.

According to the rhetoricians, zeugma is a figure of speech by which two or more subjects are joined to a verb in such a way that this agrees properly with one of them, and by suggestion or implication with the other. An instance in this point would be the following: "This was his home, these his fond pursuits," where the word sea, in the singular number, is to be added, mentally, in the plural, as agreeing with the second substantive. Many a student of Virgil or of Homer will recall the embarrassment sometimes caused by the use of this figure, when, in order to make the translation clear or elegant, two different meanings had to be given to the governing verb. At all events, he will remember that the Greek term zeugma signifies a yoking or joining together; and this general idea supplies the reason of the name given to the ancient episcopal see which has recently been conferred on the Rt. Rev. Bishop Farley.

The ancient city of Zeugma was built on the banks of the river Euphrates, 38° north latitude, in Mesopotamia, now Turkey in Asia. All the authorities agree in the fact that Zeugma was built on a spot at which the river Euphrates was usually crossed, and where a bridge of boats had at some time been constructed to unite it with the other bank of the river. A village, and afterward a city, gradually grew up on this site. According to Theodoret, in his account of St. Publius, a monk and native of Zeugma, whose feast was formerly celebrated on the 25th of January, the founder of the city was Xerxes (B.C. 485-465), who is known to have made a famous bridge of boats. According to Pliny (Natural History, book XXXIV, chap. XV, alius 43), Dio Cassius (lib. II, p. 128), Terzi (Siria Sacra, p. 104), this bridge was made by Alexander the Great (356-323 B.C.), in order to transport his troops into Mesopotamia. According to still other writers, Zeugma was founded by Seleucus Nicator (B.C. 312-281). At all events, Seleucus is considered as the builder of a notable stone bridge across the river at this spot, the remnants and massive ruins of which are said to be still extant. The city consequently, in any hypothesis, is more than two thousand years old.

The see of Zeugma was established in the beginning of the fourth century. It was subject to the Archbishop of Hierapolis, and belonged ecclesiastically to the province of the Euphrates, which again was included in the patriarchate of Antioch. If one will look at the map of Mesopotamia, he will see in the vicinity of Zeugma the towns of Samosata, Edessa, and Hierapolis, and his memory will connect these places with various incidents and heresies that figure.
CHAPLAINS IN THE CIVIL WAR.

III.

FATHER MICHAEL NASH, SJ.

(Continued.)

Thus was Father Nash landed on the island where he was to remain, with but one short interruption, for the next eight months or more. One of his first cares was to visit the fort for the purpose of ascertaining whether there were any Catholics there. "At the sally-port was a sentry, who saluted my shoulder-straps. Informed that I was the priest accompanying the volunteers, he gave me another salute, and said: 'Father, you are just in time. Some of our poor fellows are at the point of death; two died yesterday without the priest.' Father Nash went immediately to the little hospital, and found what the sentry had told him to be true. After comforting and consoling the sick soldiers, he learned that they were the remnants of a detachment of regulars under Lieutenant Adam J. Slemmer, and portions of Company E, Eighth United States Infantry, and of a battery of Second United States Heavy Artillery, all Catholics.

Slemmer's men were heroes. The little band of twenty, spurred on by the indomitable courage of their leader to superhuman exertions in the midst of privations and hardships, had saved Pickens for the Union. Father Nash tells how these soldiers shed tears of gratitude to our Lord and our Blessed Lady for sending them a priest when they least expected and most needed one.

These companies, together with the Zouaves, the Catholic marines and sailors from the fleet, and some batteries of Second United States Heavy Artillery, lately arrived at Pickens, formed Father Nash's parish, and on Sunday, June 30th, he said Mass for the first time among them. The difficulties attending the offering of the Holy Sacrifice on Santa Rosa were considerable. First of all, there was no possibility of celebrating it for the soldiers on week-days as the most of them were on guard and picket duty. Then, on Sundays it could not be begun before twelve o'clock; for the guard just relieved had to return to camp, go through their inspection, wash themselves, brush their clothing, dry and polish their arms, and, if possible, take a little breakfast. However, the faith and fervor of the men made the difficulties light. When the hour for Mass came, they all, regulars, marines, and volunteers, knelt down on the burning sand under a blazing sun, and remained in that posture throughout the entire service. Every Sunday many of the soldiers received Holy Communion, and among them were always to be seen several of the men that had been on guard all Saturday night and up to a late hour Sunday morning. Those able to serve Mass deemed it an honor to be allowed to do so, and officers, veteran regulars, and young drummer boys contended for the privilege. Father Nash mentions among the servers Lieutenant-Colonel Brooks, second officer of the fort, and two Fordham boys, Goggins and Hickey.

This fervent congregation was, however, to be deprived of its chief consolation on many a Sunday. Often during July and August the rain-pour was so heavy that Mass had to be said in the chapel-tent, which could accommodate only a few persons. Then for the entire months of October and November they were without the means of celebrating the Holy Sacrifice, owing to the loss of vestments, chalice and altar in the burning of the camp during a midnight attack of the enemy. They felt the privation keenly; and, when, on December 3d, a new chapel reached them, they were overjoyed, and manifested such zeal in preparing for the services, that a Protestant regiment felt itself moved by sympathy to offer Father Nash as a church a firmly built wooden shed, which they occupied as quarters. Nor was this all. They immediately set to work to renovate it and fit it up for the purpose. In this they were generously assisted by the quartermaster of the fort, a Protestant, who sent a number of carpenters with tools and lumber to put up an altar and construct seats in the building. In a few days the generosity of Protestants furnished the Catholics with a church that seated one thousand persons. The motive which prompted the officer of the fort to give his aid was his admiration for Father Nash's fidelity and devotion to the spiritual care of the officers and men. What that devotion implied we may gather from the account of any ordinary day in camp and the engagements in which the soldiers took part. After saying portion of his Mass and waiting about his tent in order to be at the service of the soldiers that might wish to see him, he used to set out daily to visit the sick and wounded. These were gathered into three hospitals situated two miles from each other; so that starting from the central building near his camp he had to walk eight miles over the hot and glaring sand. The time required for the round varied according to the number and condition of the patients. He endeavored to make himself agreeable to all Catholics and Protestants alike, and chatted with each individual. In this way he converted several to the Faith. On his return he had to report at headquarters whatever he had noticed worthy of remark in the treatment of the sick. He then returned to camp and spent the rest of the day instructing and consoling the men, hearing their confessions and doing them little kindly offices,
such as reading or writing their letters. The soldiers were at liberty to pass to the father's tent whenever they were off duty. Frequently he was summoned to the hospitals and to the guard and picket lines for sudden cases. Boats, too, from the men-of-war or from newly arrived vessels came from time to time to take him out to attend some dying sailor or marine.

Thus were passed most of his days on Santa Rosa, for the periods of actual conflict with the enemy were few and of short duration. In spite of several successful night-attacks upon them the Southerners for some unknown reason made no attempt to avenge themselves until the 8th of October, when they undertook to pay the "Yanks" in their own coin by making an assault at midnight on the sleeping camp. Owing to an inaccuracy in their information their plans miscarried. They succeeded, however, in landing secretly on the island, setting fire to the Zouaves' camp and completely destroying it. When Wilson's men perceived the enemy in the light of the burning tents, they quickly drew up into line and opened fire. This bewildered the enemy and they retreated along the middle of the island. The order to pursue was given, and some companies of regulars from the fort joined in the exciting chase. Two or three miles from the camp the Southerners made a charge toward the shore in order to reach their boats, but they did not fire a shot. The regulars and Zouaves let them have a volley as they passed and wounded many. Father Nash remained to console and minister to the wounded, while the troops followed after the enemy along the beach. When he had done all he could in this place, he moved on after the men. He found many a bleeding soldier to aid, and had the happiness of baptizing one who expired a few minutes later in his arms. Soon an ambulance put in appearance on its way to the spot where the Southerners were struggling to regain their boats. Father Nash asked to be taken along; and in a short time he was on the scene of action moving about among the fallen. When the fight was done he returned with the soldiers to what had been their camp, and reached it late in the afternoon. After a course repast he visited the wounded, now gathered into four hurriedly improvised hospitals. At ten o'clock, shortly after his return, he was summoned to be present at the burial of the dead.

From the 10th of October to the 22d of November there was comparative quiet, but on the morning of the 22d the long-expected bombardment of Pickens was begun. The action opened with the firing of the fleet and the regulars of Pickens upon Fort MacCrae and the hostile batteries. The enemy seemed taken by surprise, but after fifteen minutes their guns were hurling bombs and projectiles against Santa Rosa. Shortly after the Zouaves were ordered to the fort and batteries. They marched boldly along the beach, and with shot and shell flying about them reached their posts unhurt. Father Nash accompanied one of the detachments to the batteries. About noon Captain Chalfin of the regular army, a convert, who had charge of a cannon stationed on the parapet, sent him word that he would like to see him. Arriving at the place, Father Nash inquired who was hurt. "No one," replied the captain, "but our situation is most dangerous. We stand in full view, exposed to every shot. Being all Catholics in charge of this gun we have christened it 'The Immaculate Conception,' and we request you to bless it and us." The brave and faithful soldiers knelt down on the parapet and Father Nash gave them a fervent blessing. Our Blessed Lady accepted the act of devotion to her. Early in the afternoon of the following day Father Nash received the information that Captain Chalfin's gun had exploded and killed or wounded all belonging to it. Rushing to the parapet he found only the fragments of the cannon, but the captain and his men were unhurt. There had been a flaw in the casting; and the wonder was that all around the piece were men who realized this, and attributing their escape to the protection of Our Lady they knelt and gave her their grateful thanks.

The bombardment was renewed with increased force and animosity on the following morning. A shell from the enemy's guns struck the edge of a port-hole in one of the casemates of the fort and sent pieces of brick flying with great force upon the men, which cut and bruised them about the face and head. Father Nash was immediately called. He found seven men stretched on the floor, living but bleeding profusely. He heard their confessions and would have anointed them, but the surgeons assured him that there was no immediate danger. On board the "Richmond," a vessel of the fleet, whose surgeon, by the by, was John Murphy, a graduate of Fordham, fourteen men were wounded. After the bombardment was over Father Nash was taken out to the ship to attend them.

As no attempt to resume the engagement was made by either side, the men settled down to the routine of camp life, but in expectation and readiness for battle. They were not disturbed, however, until the 1st of January, when a second and more terrific bombardment of Pickens took place. Father Nash was absent at the time, as he had gone to Key West on the 22d of December, and was unable to return before the 12th of January, when quiet had been again restored. If space permitted, many interesting notes about his trip to Key West might be set down, but we have already exceeded our limits and, we fear, the patience of the reader.

Nothing of further interest occurred up to February 12th, the date of the last of the eleven letters, and so we close our account of Father Nash's chaplaincy, hoping that it may be supplemented by some one who is acquainted with his story after the regiment had crossed from Santa Rosa to the mainland.