extent limited and do not entitle the author to a very high position among the poets. His imitation of those who had gone before him, disguised so well in his prose writings, stands out boldly in his verse. In his prose, as we have seen, he succeeded by imitation in distilling a style wonderful and original. In his verse the last stage does not seem to have been reached—the stage which blends the compound into a new thing, and does away with the feeling that it is a mere unassimilated mixture. In the verse signs of the sedulous-ape process are always cropping out. The latest volume of Stevenson's works, a series of social letters written to his friend and patron, Sidney Colvin, will soon appear in book form.

Since the collection of works which this eminent author has left us so clearly demonstrate his great abilities as a writer, it is a source of deepest regret to all that he did not enjoy a longer life, when the fruits of his later labors and more mature years would have eclipsed all former efforts, and raised still higher the standard of his productions. However, we may safely assert that his reputation as a master of English is securely established.

"It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars, that come in sight
Once in a century.

But better far it is to speak
One simple word which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men;

To write some earnest verse or line
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith in manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

He who does this in verse or prose
May be forgotten in this day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye."

J. V. Dunlevy, '98.

CHAPLAINS IN THE CIVIL WAR.

II.

FATHER PETER TISSOT, S. J.

The name of Father Tissot is a more familiar one to old Fordham boys than that of Father Ouellet, by reason of his later, longer, and more intimate connection with the college. He came to Fordham in '46, and made the greater part of his scholastic studies at the old seminary, at the same time acting as prefect in the college. In '54 he finished his studies, and was a member of the faculty until '57. He returned the next year and was engaged in teaching until shortly before the war. Passing over for the moment his two years in the Army of the Potomac, i.e., from the Summer of '61 to the Summer of '63, we find him vice-president of St. John's in '63-64 and acting Rector in '64-65.

From '65 until his death on June 19, 1875, he was chiefly employed in giving missions about the country. Toward the end of his life, when painful sicknesses left him little able for external work, he occupied himself in writing, and among other things, started to recopy the diary he had kept during his time in the army, adding here and there bits of the after-history of the persons with whom he had come in contact. Though he did not get beyond the account of his first year's service, still the sixty-three closely written pages he has left us afford a most satisfactory view of his work among the soldiers.

In the beginning of June, '61, the Thirty-seventh Regiment of New York Volunteers, known as the Irish Rifles, was formed in the city. Eight of its companies, numbering 625 men, were almost entirely Catholic, all but 78 having been born in Ireland. The colonel petitioned Archbishop Hughes for a chaplain, and he in turn applied to Father Tellier, S. J., the Superior of the Jesuits in New York State and Rector of St. John's. Father Tellier offered the post to Father Tissot, who accepted and departed with his regiment for Washington on June 23d, '61. On its arrival the regiment was sent to Camp Mary (so called in honor of Mrs. Lincoln) about one and a half miles from the Capital, where it remained until July 21st. During this month Father Tissot was far from idle. Besides caring for his own men, he visited several of the neighboring camps for the purpose of hearing the confessions of the Catholics. He mentions Capt. Mott's battery at Benning Bridge and the Garibaldi guard, each of which he terms a hard set of men. Better success attended his efforts in Sherman's battery and some companies of the Twelfth New York and Second and Third New Jersey. On the 21st of July his regiment was ordered to Bull Run where the battle was then being fought. They crossed over to Alexandria at noon, and at 8 p.m. reached Fairfax Court House, some five miles from the field. They entered the nearest wood, awaiting further orders. At 12:30 a.m. a telegram ordering a retreat reached them, and they immediately set out for Alexandria.

A greater part of the volunteer militia remained in the vicinity of this town until the opening of the next campaign in March, '62, and but for an occasional change of camp, and three or four alarms from the enemy, the soldiers were undisturbed. McClellan availed himself of this time of quiet to strengthen his forces by weeding out all worthless officers and substituting for them men from the regular army, who drilled the volunteers and instructed them in the
necessary military discipline. With a like energy Father Tissot busied himself in disciplining their souls to the observance of God's law. To this end he was indefatigable in urging his own men to make their confession, and so to live as to be ready at any moment to meet the death which everywhere threatened them, and unwearied in his efforts to do the same for the Catholics in the other regiments about Alexandria. Thus the 17th, 23d, 25th, 27th, 38th, and 39th New York, the 32d, 61st and 63d Pennsylvania, the 19th Indiana and the soldiers at Fort Washington benefited by his services. As most of these regiments had but one or two Catholic companies they were without a Catholic chaplain. To gain access to the men, Father Tissot would visit the officers, and ask leave of them to speak with the soldiers. His request was readily granted, especially if, as was usually the case, there were any Catholics among them. He would then hear the confessions of the Catholic soldiers and on the following day say mass in their camp and give them Holy Communion, or have them brought to his own camp for mass. But while laboring so hard for the Catholics, he neglected no opportunity of doing good to others whom he met. His zeal in this respect was rewarded by the conversion of several officers and privates of his own and other regiments.

He said mass almost every morning, either in his own or in a neighboring camp; and as soon as winter set in and there was little likelihood that his regiment would be called away, he had a chapel built for the purpose. It was a rude wooden affair 36 x 30, enclosed with a palisade some 10 or 12 feet high. Over the altar the chapel was roofed with boards; the rest was covered with old tent canvas. During the campaign months, when the regiment was liable to receive marching orders at any moment, or was actually on the march, a chapel was, of course, out of the question. The chaplain had to set up the altar in his tent or in the rear of a government wagon.

Sometimes the general of the brigade to which the Thirty-seventh belonged, a man named Richardson, attended mass accompanied by his wife. Whenever he was present Father Tissot chose for his discourse some point touching the Church. The general felt somewhat displeased at the position the priest claimed for the Catholic Church in a sermon on the marks of the true Church, and, though he ever remained a warm friend of Father Tissot, he rarely came to mass after that. These sermons, however, were not without effect, for they brought about the conversion of General Richardson's wife some four years later. The following is an extract from a letter written by her to Father Tissot in October, 65, and inserted in his diary.

"I cannot bring myself to think that you have yet forgotten the old days in the Army of the Potomac, or the log-house on the hill where you were always a welcome guest. Am I mistaken in thinking that those days and your companions and friends of that time still have a place in your memory? Will it give you pleasure to learn that the seed which you then scattered has at length sprung up and borne fruit in one heart at least, and that last Sunday I was baptized, and hope soon, through God's mercy, to make my first communion? During the last four years 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 find comfort and rest for your soul.' ... If my dear husband had taken the same step before his death" (he was killed at Antietam), "it would have added a hundredfold to my present happiness."

Before passing to the account of the campaign of '62, we must mention his custom of having morning and evening prayers, using a small bell to summon the men. "This bell I carried in my pocket everywhere, even on the battlefield. When I wanted to have prayer, I gave my bell to the first man I met, and he would ring it through the whole camp. Protestants were very fond of evening prayer; they could understand them. I generally said them standing on a barrel or box by my tent facing the men."

On March 18th, the Thirty-seventh and other regiments to the number of 10,000 men sailed for Fortress Monroe in ten steamboats, where they landed at noon on the 20th. Here they remained until April 4th, when they began the march toward Yorktown. On Sunday, May 4th, it was ascertained that the Confederates had evacuated the city, so the Union army passed on and halted in the woods beyond the town at nightfall. The next morning, May 5th, they were early on the march under a heavy rain. At 7 P.M. they rested, and at 3 were suddenly called on and hurried through a wood to the relief of Hooker's division, which had been fighting for many hours with the rear-guard of the enemy, and was nearly played out. It was the battle of Williamsburg. According to his agreement with his men, Father Tissot gave them absolution as they passed into the battle. He then went to where the surgeons were and gave his attention to the wounded that were being brought in from the field. During the three days following he was busy visiting the hospitals and houses to which the wounded had been conveyed. On the 9th of May his brigade was again on the march and reached Cumberland Landing on the 15th. They left this place on the 19th, and on June 1st encamped about ten miles from Richmond. At 1 P.M. the battle of Seven Pines or Fair Oaks was begun. The Thirty-seventh was ordered to the rifle pits dug near a large opening in a wood. Father Tissot rode along the line outside and gave the
men absolution. At 4 P.M. they were called away from the pits and led into the fight. On this occasion Father Tissot narrowly escaped being shot. "I remained alone with a man who held my horse. We were some six hundred yards from the opening in the woods. Suddenly a heavy fire was heard at the entrance of the wood. I said to the man, 'Fall back with the horse; I'll wait here; I'll probably have work to do after a while.' After a few moments five or six balls whistled by me evidently intended for me. Luckily there was a dry ravine close by, through which I hurried away. I was soon with the man who had charge of the horse. As we were in a hollow I thought we were safe, but soon four or five balls hissed by. One struck my horse. He fell, got up, walked a few yards, and fell again to rise no more. I took off the saddle and walked in the direction of the rifle pits. This was witnessed by a staff officer of General Berry, who had succeeded General Richardson as our brigade-general. He thought it a rather cool piece of work, and told it to General Berry, who, in his report of the battle, mentioned me as the model chaplain of the Army of the Potomac."

The fight was renewed the next morning, but was over by noon. Father Tissot attended the wounded men on the cars from 2:30 P.M. to 1:30 A.M.

About the 11th of June McClellan drew up his army before Richmond. The Thirty-seventh occupied the last place on the extreme left. Here they were stationed until the retreat began on the 28th. It was a hard time for the soldiers. "My poor men are half-dead," writes Father Tissot on June 27th, "five days out of the seven on picket duty, which is very hard on them owing to the constant anxiety and the necessity of being at all times on the lookout, and who might be on them at any moment."

And all this time they were in an unhealthy swamp, in a position where the enemy could easily shell them or successfully advance on them by a road across the swamp. The intense heat and the noxious fumes from the marsh made Father Tissot deathly sick, and on the 28th he sent for Father O'Hagan, S. J., chaplain of Sickel's brigade, who early the next morning brought him to the house of a Dr. Carter. Carter gave the Father what medical aid he could, and offered him a room in the upper part of the house, which was gladly accepted.

All that day the retreating Northern army was passing along the road some few hundred yards in front of the house. The next morning when Father Tissot awoke he looked out the window and saw troops still passing. They were the Confederates in pursuit. At 8 A.M. a file of soldiers marched up to Carter's and made the Northerners they found there prisoners and ordered them on to Richmond. As Father Tis-