“The sister-nurses of the Civil War served valiantly, but quietly, escaping the notice of many historians. Sister Betty Ann McNeil’s compilation provides a treasure of primary source documents, assuring that the lives and legacies of these humble, yet strong women will never be forgotten.”

Rev. David J. Endres
Assistant Professor of Church History
Mount St. Mary’s Seminary, Cincinnati
Editor, *U.S. Catholic Historian*

“*Balm of Hope* is an important collection of recollections and letters that are invaluable to scholars of the Civil War and American Catholic history. It is by far the most important printed compilation of primary sources on the Catholic experience of the war. Sister Betty Ann’s efforts to bring the experiences of hundreds of Daughters of Charity, who nursed soldiers without regard to their political affiliation, will, I hope, finally bring their incredible acts of charity and self-sacrifice into the larger narrative of the war. There is no longer any excuse for ignoring their remarkable story.”

William B. Kurtz, Ph.D.
Virginia Foundation for the Humanities
University of Virginia

“*Balm of Hope* will become an indispensable resource for anyone interested in learning about the contributions made by and the heroic virtue of the religious women who served as Civil War nurses. This book is a treasure.”

Tricia Pyne, Ph.D., Archivist
Associated Archives at St. Mary’s Seminary & University
Baltimore, Maryland

“The Civil War records of the Daughters of Charity are a rich source of firsthand accounts of the conditions in the field hospitals and pavilion hospitals, and of the dedication of the Sisters to attempt to ease both the physical and spiritual pain of the wounded soldiers. *Balm of Hope: Charity Afire Impels Daughters of Charity to Civil War Nursing* brings together all of the records in one volume and will be a wonderful resource for historians and genealogists.”

Terry Reimer
Director of Research,
National Museum of Civil War Medicine, Frederick, Maryland
“Balm of Hope: Charity Afire Impels Daughters of Charity to Civil War Nursing is going to be a treasure for years to come for historians, nurses and many others. It probes many important areas and fills gaps in our understanding of an important piece of our Civil War history. The challenge of care for so many injured soldiers when there were so few nurses is well known but the solutions and what led to them and how they were implemented has never been more than superficially explored. The reality of injured soldiers on both sides of the conflict still has lessons for us today as we still struggle to give our soldiers and veterans the quality of care they need. For nurses Balm of Hope gives such an inspiring and insightful account that again we can rejoice at our history and continue to be motivated by it. This account from primary documents is definitive and so few would have access to them that we are indebted to Sister Betty Ann for unearthing them.”

Sister Carol Keehan, D.C.
President and CEO
Catholic Health Association

“Balm of Hope is an extraordinary resource, compiling dozens of previously unpublished documents pertaining to the Daughters of Charity and their Civil War nursing ministry. It is more than a labor of love; it is a work of exemplary scholarship. Meticulously edited by Vincentian authority Betty Ann McNeil, D.C., this collection of first-person accounts and other materials unquestionably will be of interest to scholars of the Civil War and of American Catholicism, as well as to historians of women and of health care. In an era when the majority of combat casualties resulted from disease and infection, the professionalism and compassion of these “angels of the battlefield” cannot be underestimated. The three hundred or more Daughters who served, suffered, and sometimes died in this era deserve to be better known and better appreciated—though it is likely that they never would have sought such recognition. We are enriched by our encounter with their stories.”

Margaret Susan Thompson, Ph.D.
Syracuse University

“In Balm of Hope: Charity Afire Impels Daughters of Charity to Civil War Nursing, Sister Betty Ann McNeil has given new voice to the Catholic sister nurses who had recorded their compelling experiences during the United States’ greatest tragedy. While countless volumes have covered virtually every other aspect of the Civil War, until now too little has been shared about the sister nurses’ selfless acts of charity in the aftermath of battles during that painful time. By gathering, transcribing, annotating and publishing these accounts and correspondence, Sister Betty Ann helps us understand, and actually feel, charity afire. Researchers today, and for many years to come, will greatly appreciate this effort.”

John J. Fiesler, Executive Director
Tourism Council of Frederick County, Maryland
“These firsthand accounts of the experiences of the Daughters of Charity—set down either during or soon after America’s Civil War—comprise extraordinary insights into both the meaning of religious vocation and the tenacious skills of sister nurses as they sought to do their part in healing the bodies and souls of their brothers on battlefields or hospitals. Caught in the horrendous tide of the nation’s most tragic war, these sisters gave themselves wholeheartedly to the works of mercy. Every soldier became the only object of the sisters’ gifts of healing hearts and bodies. As one Protestant General worded it: ‘The Sisters of Charity had done more for Religion since the war began than had ever been done before (p. 123).’ Indeed, these women used their practical skills of nursing to heal the nation’s debate over religious sectarianism even as they provided for the countless victims of the war itself. The readers’ heart and mind will be enriched by the repeated proof of the contribution of these women. Without a doubt, the Daughters, the largest contingent of sisters who had volunteered to serve, did indeed produce a miracle for our nation as no other human force could ever have been able to do.”

Dolores Liptak, R.S.M., Ph.D.
Professor of American Church History
Holy Apostles College and Seminary, Connecticut

“It has been said that the historian’s first job is to locate the sources. In Balm of Hope: Charity Afire Impels Daughters of Charity to Civil War Nursing, Sr. Betty Ann McNeil, D.C., has accomplished this task and much more. Compiled from a decade and a half of research in church-religious community archives in America and France, this extraordinary collection of documents, many never previously published, demonstrates the varied experiences of the Daughters of Charity as Civil War nurses more fully than any previous account. This handy volume promises to become a key resource for all serious students of the history of American Catholicism, women, medicine, as well as the Civil War.”

Joseph G. Mannard, Ph.D.
Indiana University of Pennsylvania
Beneath the seal of the Daughters of Charity (top center), a stained-glass window depicts Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton (left) and Saint Louise de Marillac (right), St. Francis Xavier, historic church, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Here sister nurses cared for wounded Union and Confederate soldiers. The pelican is a symbol of charity. “Blessed are the Merciful for they shall obtain Mercy.” Matthew (5:7).
“The Charity of Christ impels us!”

—Motto of the Daughters of Charity, 2 Cor. 5:14
Saint Louise de Marillac and Saint Vincent de Paul co-founded the Daughters of Charity in Paris, November 1633. Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton used their Common Rules of the Daughters of Charity as a model for the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph’s, which she founded at Emmitsburg, Maryland, July 31, 1809.

Stephanie A. Mummert, graphic artist. Images Courtesy DeAndreis-Rosati Memorial Archives, DePaul University Special Collections and Archives, Chicago, Illinois.
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Provincial Archivist
Daughters of Charity
Province of St. Louise Archives
341 South Seton Avenue
Emmitsburg, MD 21727 USA
Reference email: archives@doc.org

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Balm of Hope: Charity Afire Impels Daughters of Charity to Civil War Nursing

— A Compendium —
United States Civil War Records
Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul
Province of the United States of America

Edited by
Betty Ann McNeil, D.C.

Forward by
Mary Denis Maher, C.S.A.

Introduction by
Janet Leigh Bucklew

DePaul University Vincentian Studies Institute
Chicago, Illinois
DEDICATION

To my sisters of yesteryear—
Daughters of Charity who fulfilled their mission of mercy in the midst of war, nursing sick and wounded soldiers with compassion, gentleness, cordiality, respect, and devotion, from the first to the last of the Civil War sister nurses:

☞ Sister Consolata Conlan contracted typhoid fever from a patient on the transport boat, and was the first Daughter of Charity Civil War nurse to receive her eternal reward, at age 19.

☞ Sister Mary David Salomon comforted Civil War victims and was the last Daughter of Charity Civil War nurse to receive her eternal reward at age 96.

—Betty Ann McNeil, D.C.

To my daughter and sister—

☞ Stacey, my daughter, who taught me the blessing of unconditional love.

☞ Brenda, my sister of Faith, Love, and Hope.

—Janet Leigh Bucklew
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Courage, Sisters of Charity—
your admirable name must excite in you every preparation to do justice to your vocation.

Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton, 1812
FOREWORD

Having enjoyed the hospitality of the Daughters of Charity at Emmitsburg many years ago when I was researching their sisters who nursed in the Civil War for my dissertation and subsequent book, I can attest to their gracious welcome as well as their expansive archives. While I had access to many of the documents meticulously gathered here, would that I had had this book! So I am delighted to see this volume which will enable future historians as well as the casual reader to understand the wide-spread ministry of the Daughters of Charity to both Union and Confederate soldiers.

Amid the multitude of monuments but dwarfed by surrounding buildings in Washington, D.C., stands a simple 6 feet high by 9 feet long granite and bronze tribute to the Nuns of the Battlefield erected in 1924. The bas-relief depicts 12 life-size figures of sisters representing the 12 orders who cared for the sick and wounded, Union and Confederate soldiers. Sculpted by Jerome Connor, the inscription reads, “they comforted the dying—nursed the wounded—carried hope to the imprisoned—gave in his name a drink of water to the thirsty.” At either end are female angel figures representing Patriotism and Peace.

Among the hundreds of Roman Catholic sisters who nursed both Union and Confederate soldiers in the bloody conflict known variously as the War Between the States or the U.S. Civil War were over 300 Daughters of Charity, based in Emmitsburg, MD, about 10 miles from Gettysburg. Elizabeth Bayley Seton, later canonized as the first native-born saint of the United States, founded the first American community, the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph’s, in 1809. They opened the first Catholic hospital in the United States at St. Louis in 1828. Dedicated by vow to serve persons who are the most needy and abandoned, these sisters started schools, hospitals, and social service institutions across the United States. The Emmitsburg community united with the Paris-based Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul in 1850.

Though Gettysburg may be the best known of the Civil War battles, these sisters not only nursed the wounded on that bloody battlefield but also at 60 sites in 15 states including Pennsylvania’s Satterlee, the Union’s largest hospital; Richmond General Hospital #1 in the capital of the Confederacy, an Alms House transformed into a hospital; Hammond Hospital at Point Lookout, Maryland, and Charity Hospital in New Orleans, as well as prisons, tent camps, and many other locations, north and south.
Many of these sisters wrote letters home during their service and, after the war, additional memories of their ministry. The letters and reflections contain innumerable small details about their duties, which included not only nursing, but preparing meals, doing laundry, “preserving good order and cleanliness,” assisting the dying, writing to the soldiers’ families, burying the dead, as well as their hopes and fears as the war dragged on.

After the war, Rev. Francis Burlando, C.M., their ecclesiastical superior, requested that the sisters write their experiences according to an outline he developed. In addition, various letters from the sisters sent to Emmitsburg along with other correspondence to the superior from political and military figures, doctors, and others requesting the sisters’ services were compiled and forwarded to the general superiors of the Daughters of Charity in Paris.

In a prescient letter in 1900, Sister Mary Antonia Asmuth wrote to Sister Loyola Law, remembering her experiences as a young sister during the mid-nineteenth century, “I often think if we made little journals of all the incidents we experienced, we would have a great volume of reading material.”

Fortunately for historians, these “little journals” and other documents/records have been meticulously preserved in the archives at the Emmitsburg and are available to researchers.

As the 150th anniversary of the Civil War (1861-1865) ebbs, Betty Ann McNeil, D.C., Vincentian Scholar-in-Residence at DePaul University, Chicago, has achieved her long-term goal of gathering all the extant documents related to the Daughters of Charity involvement in the war and gathering them together in one volume.

_Balm of Hope: Charity Afire Impels Daughters of Charity in Civil War Nursing_ includes approximately 146 documents organized in three parts:

- **Notes of the Sisters’ Services in Military Hospitals, 1861-1865 or Annals of Civil War, 1861-1865, War Between the States.** These are from the original handwritten documents.

- Civil War Recollections and Accounts—some of which have been previously published, but most unknown. Arranged chronologically and including some from the post-war period.
Correspondence — 59 relevant items from 1860 through the post-war period, including some previously unknown letters discovered in Paris by Sister Betty Ann in 2011.

In addition, there are over fifty illustrations, photographs, maps, and tables; a glossary of Catholic terminology, and an index. An Appendix contains traditional Catholic prayers, a list of the Daughters of Charity who nursed in the war and the sites where they worked, and other resources such as books and journal articles.

The seminal letter “Advices [sic] at the Time of Civil War,” written September 15, 1861, by Rev. J. Francis Burlando, C.M., lays out the ideal of the sister, who, according to a maxim of St. Vincent de Paul, “refrains from uttering political sentiment,” and recognizes that “every afflicted member of society is their friend and an object of their Solicitude” because the person represents Jesus. “Hers is a ministry of love…and is at home wherever there are miseries to be alleviated; pains to be soothed, tears to be wiped away, and broken hearts to be consoled.” And, indeed, one looks in vain for any comment that might be construed as pro-Union or pro-Confederate.

As one officer commented to a Catholic doctor in 1862, on seeing the sisters come to an area which had hospitals for both Union and Confederate soldiers. “Ah! there comes the Sisters of Charity, now all will be equally cared for, no more partiality.”

Brimming with details of the very human and day-to-day existence of the sisters, the documents bring to life, not only the motivations of the sisters, but the details of their struggles to care for the wounded on the battlefields, in hospitals, and on transport boats.

Subsequent letters from various sisters recount experiences such as a month-long trip on a transport boat going up and down the Potomac River gathering up over 500 soldiers from the banks of the river and eventually taking them to Satterlee Hospital in Philadelphia, staffed by 34 sisters.

In New Orleans, Sr. Regina Smith wrote to the superioress, Mother Elisabeth Montcellet, of the difficulties the sisters had living under a blockade for almost a year and hearing little from the sisters who had been sent to Richmond, Virginia, and Corinth, Mississippi, in addition to struggling to care for the hundreds of wounded brought to Charity Hospital.
The details in these and other letters and recollections enable the ordinary reader as well as the historian to hear the voices of more than 40 sisters identified by name—distinctive Daughters of Charity who sought to share their motivations to see and serve the crucified Christ in the young men whom they ministered to on battlefields, transport boats, make-shift hospitals or other locations.

Sister Betty Ann, in countless scholarly articles and presentations, through one woman dramas garbed in the traditional habit of the Daughters of Charity, various monographs on the history and ministries of the almost 400 year old community, and finally through this compendium of archival documents, has skillfully kept alive the valuable ministry to the sick of the sisters who labored with love and mercy during the difficult years of the US Civil War.

Civil War historians, women’s history scholars, American Catholic researchers will all find a generous and deep compendium to choose from.

Sister Mary Denis Maher, C.S.A., Ph.D.
Archivist, Sisters of Charity of St. Augustine
Author—To Bind Up the Wounds:
Catholic Sister Nurses in the U.S. Civil War
PREFACE

Peering down narrow aisles of archival boxes to find the one sought can result in retrieving well-worn, familiar folders or inquisitively examining another not examined previously. Such was the case on an otherwise routine autumn afternoon early in this millennium. Delving deeply into an archival box of Civil War records, a bulging folder attracted my attention. Gently guiding its contents forward, I was awestruck as I stared at the volume with amazement. *Notes of the Sisters’ Services in Military Hospitals, 1861-1865*, inscribed by hand in ink on the dark blue cover, also had an inscription on its red spine: *The War Between the States*. Opening the volume, which resembled a scrap book, I noticed sisters’ recollections, accounts, letters, and memoranda of the war years.

What a gold mine for researchers interested in Catholic Sisters who nursed sick and wounded Civil War soldiers. The significance of this providential moment dawned as I pondered a notation on the first page of the lengthy compilation, added by a farsighted nineteenth-century sister secretary:

> This collection is valuable for it gives names which have been suppressed in later transcriptions.\(^1\) And are for the greater number, the original notes sent in response to Father Burlando’s requirement—unretrenched—unvarnished.\(^2\)

I was holding a “pearl of great price”—the source material for the Daughters of Charity *Annals of the Civil War*, 3 volumes of transcript copies, which Sister Loyola Law, D.C., had redacted from these the manuscripts by 1904. Over a century later I annotated the *Civil War Annals* for publication, *Dear Masters. Extracts from Accounts by Sister Nurses* (2011).

Appreciating its value, I knew instantly that this treasure must become available for research. Very soon the archives team began the tedious task of transcription, verification, and annotation in preparation for eventual publication as *Balm of Hope: Charity Afire Impels Daughters of Charity Civil War Nurses*.

The original compiler chose a copy of the “Conditions upon which service to the soldiers was accepted in 1861” for the first document, probably to highlight its significance. The original text appears to be

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\(^{1}\) Underlining appears in the original.

\(^{2}\) Rev. James Francis Burlando, C.M., was provincial director of the Daughters of Charity Province of the United States during the Civil War.
thoughts jotted quickly by Burlando in pencil which conveys the urgency of being in a nation of warring regions. The story of heroic charity and compassion unfolds through the pages of this manuscript.

Father Burlando requested in a circular letter October 30, 1866, that the sisters send written accounts of their wartime nursing experiences to Mother Euphemia Blenkinsop by January 1, 1867. Community secretaries copied, compiled, and sent the accounts to general superiors in Paris. *Les Annales de la Congregation de la Mission* published an abridged form in French in 1868 and 1869.

Deciphering nineteenth-century manuscripts by multiple writers was further complicated because some sisters changed their community names for a variety of reasons during the war years. We had the advantage of computer technology to support our research. Fortunately staff had created an excellent database of entrants from 1809 to 1910. This proved an invaluable asset since the alternate names of individual sisters and their missions were in the database, the information was now retrievable. Technology made it possible to identify over 300 sisters who served sick and wounded soldiers during the war years.

Another autumn several years into this project I had the good fortune to be at the motherhouse of the Daughters of Charity in Paris and requested to do some research on another topic. After completing several days of reading and taking notes on the archival records requested, I spontaneously asked about extant correspondence from the United States Province during the Civil War era. I was stunned again as I gazed at the record box of correspondence and realized at once the value of the treasure within. After working on this project for ten years, neither published nor unpublished records had mentioned these documents. Savoring the adventure of discovery, I studied six letters written between September 15, 1861, and October 5, 1864, from various fields of action by different writers.

Recognizing that there were many other Civil War-related anecdotes, recollections, letters, and stories, some passed on by oral tradition but later recorded in the *Provincial Annals*, I began to list and gather them. From this mélange emerged the three-part structure for *Balm of Hope*.

During the research and preparation of the manuscript, four Daughters of Charity provinces in the United States united July 31, 2011, and became the Province of St. Louise USA. Some additional
Civil War material came to light when the previous provinces of Albany, Emmitsburg, Evansville, and St. Louis consolidated their archival collections into a state-of-the-art archives at Emmitsburg, Maryland.

Anyone interested in the contributions Catholic sisters made as nurses during the Civil War owes a debt of gratitude to Sister Mary Denis Maher, C.S.A., Ph.D., the scholar who “broke the story” about sister nurses from all congregations of religious women. Despite the broad circulation of her meticulously researched work, *To Bind Up the Wounds, Catholic Sister Nurses in the U.S. Civil War*, the light has yet to dawn for many documenting public history, particularly the Civil War. *To Bind Up the Wounds* remains ground-breaking and an excellent reference for scholars today.

Betty Ann McNeil, D.C.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Many persons have contributed to the preparation of Balm of Hope: Charity Afire Impels Daughters of Charity to Civil War Nursing, most notably the sister nurses themselves whose voices may be heard in their recollections, accounts, and correspondence, courtesy the Daughters of Charity Province of St. Louise Archives, Emmitsburg, Maryland.

I would like to express my appreciation to the following for making it possible for me to do the research necessary to prepare these historic manuscripts for publication: the provincial leadership of the Daughters of Charity Province of Emmitsburg: Sister Elyse Staab, D.C., and Council; Sister Claire Debes, D.C., and Council; the provincial leadership of the Daughters of Charity Province of St. Louise, Sister Louise Gallahue and Council; Rev. Dennis Holtschneider, C.M., President, DePaul University; Rev. Edward R. Udovic, C.M., Vincentian Studies Institute of the United States, DePaul University, Chicago, Illinois; and Soeur Anne Marguerite Frommaget, D.C., Archivist General, Company of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, Paris. Their interest and encouragement enabled me to transform an idea into reality.

The Daughters of Charity Province of St. Louise Archives, located at Emmitsburg, Maryland, USA, preserves the majority of the records presented in Balm of Hope: Charity Afire Impels Daughters of Charity in Civil War Nursing. Denise Gallo, Ph.D., Carole Prietto, M.L.I.S., Archivists, Daughters of Charity Province of St. Louise, Emmitsburg, no request was too demanding nor were time constraints too daunting for them or their Archival Team to respond graciously. I am grateful for the meticulous research and technical assistance in the early stages of this project provided by the Archivist and Archival Teams of several Daughters of Charity provincial archives: John Diefenderfer, Albany Province; Lois Martin, Evansville Province; Carole Prietto, St. Louis, Province, and my friends and coworkers, Bonnie Weatherly, Selin James, and Mary Anne Weatherly, Emmitsburg Province.

Most importantly a local historian and author, Janet Leigh Bucklew, then a National Park Ranger at Gettysburg Military Park, heard about this project and offered not only to assist but to write an Introduction presenting the historical, scientific, and social contexts of the Daughters of Charity ministries. Bucklew enthusiastically embraced the sisters’ stories and set about absorbing how the Daughters of Charity developed in France, then in America, and nursed sick and wounded...
soldiers without discrimination during the Civil War. Sadly ALS encroached on her life before the publication of this work. My heartfelt gratitude to Janet Leigh Bucklew, my deceased colleague and friend, not only for setting the stage for charity afire to impel Daughters of Charity as Civil War nurses, but also for her exemplary courage and faith-filled final journey. May she rest in peace!

I am grateful to the staffs, docents, and volunteers of several museums and research libraries for clarification of local historical issues, particularly National Civil War Chaplains Museum, Liberty University; Pry House Field Hospital Museum, Keedysville, MD; Museum of the Confederacy, Appomattox, Virginia; Gettysburg Seminary Ridge Museum; Civil War Museum at The Exchange Hotel, Gordonsville, VA; and the Louisiana Division/City Archives, New Orleans Public Library.

Various individuals graciously shared their expertise and time, particularly Rev. John E. Rybolt, C.M., Rev. Edward R. Udovic, C.M., wise consultation and suggestions; Rev. Cornelius Buckley, S.J., clarification about Louis-Hippolyte Gache, S.J., Papers; Ginger Frere, Reference Librarian, The Newberry Library, Chicago; Mary Jo Stein, D.C., and Marie Poole, D.C., translation of original letters written in French; and Edward Young, Research Assistant, DePaul University. T. Juliette Arai, Archives I Reference Section, National Archives and Records Administration, Washington, D.C.; Rachel Frederick, Mary Wolfskill Trust Fund Intern, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.; Linda J. Lipscomb, Museum of the Confederacy—Appomattox; Laura E. Lembas, Curator, Lynchburg Museum System; and Chris Puckett, Archives Technician, National Personnel Records Center, NARA, St. Louis, MO. Others promptly responded to requests and directed me to sources for historic details, which I greatly appreciated: Michael Angelo, M.A., University Archivist and Head of Historic Collections, Thomas Jefferson University, Philadelphia; Cornelia S. King, Chief of Reference, Library Company of Philadelphia; Jean McManus, Catholic Studies Librarian, University of Notre Dame, Hesburgh Libraries; John A. Miller, Washington Township Historian, Monterey Pass Battlefield Park; Carl A. Robin, Hessian Barracks Museum, Frederick, MD; Terry Reimer, National Museum of Civil War Medicine, Frederick, MD; Tricia Pyne, Archivists, Associated, Archives, St. Mary’s University, Baltimore; Rev. William C. Rickle, S.J., the Colombière Jesuit Community, Baltimore, for obituary of Rev. Basil Pacciarini, S.J.; Rose Marie Leone Winiewicz, Archives and
Margaret M. Deaton made available the George Deaton Family Collection of A.H. Guernsey and H.M. Alden, *Harper’s Pictorial History of the Civil War*, (1894) and *Frank Leslie’s Illustrated History of the Civil War*, ed. L.S. Moat (1895) for research and kindly granted permission to include selected images.

I am indebted to the following for their kind words and endorsement for *Balm of Hope* Rev. David J. Endres, Assistant Professor of Church History, Mount St. Mary’s Seminary, Cincinnati, Editor, *U.S. Catholic Historian*; William B. Kurtz, Ph.D., Virginia Foundation for the Humanities, University of Virginia; Tricia Pyne, Ph.D., Archivist, Associated Archives at St. Mary’s Seminary & University, Baltimore, Maryland; Terry Reimer, Director of Research, National Museum of Civil War Medicine, Frederick, Maryland; Sister Carol Keehan, D.C., President and CEO, Catholic Health Association; Margaret Susan Thompson, Ph.D., Syracuse University; John J. Fiesler, Executive Director, Tourism Council of Frederick County, Maryland; Rev. Edward R. Udovic, C.M., Ph.D., Vincentian Studies Institute of the United States, DePaul University, Chicago, Illinois; Diane Batts Morrow, Ph.D., The University of Georgia; Dolores Liptak, R.S.M., Ph.D., Holy Apostles College and Seminary, Connecticut; Joseph G. Mannard, Ph.D., Indiana University of Pennsylvania; and George Wunderlich, Executive Director, National Museum of Civil War Medicine.

Matthieu Brejon de Lavergnée, Ph.D., Visiting International Vincentian Scholar at DePaul University provided constructive critique from his perspective as author, scholar, and professor of Contemporary History at the Catholic University of the West, Vannes campus, France, and researcher at the Center for 19th Century History of the Sorbonne University, Paris.

The sound advice of DePaul University colleagues, particularly Nathaniel Michaud, Publications Editor, Vincentian Studies Institute of the United States, Brian Cicirello, Instructional Technology Consultant, and Amanda Barbush, Publications and Graphic Services resolved many dilemmas with their practical suggestions. Collaboration with Dr. Alex G. Papadopoulos, Chair, Geography Department, DePaul’s College of Liberal Arts and Social Sciences, and Aaron Faulkner, a talented student
cartographer, provided custom maps to enrich the context of the Introduction. Andrew Rea, Vincentian Librarian, DeAndreis-Rosati Memorial Archives, DePaul University Special Collections and Archive, Wendall Sullivan and Kevin Endres, Digital Projects Collection, DePaul University were very generous with their time and expertise as was Katie Latham, Rare Book Collection, Pritzker Library and Museum, in locating historic images and making them available for illustrations.

Jason Tomberlin, Head, Research and Instructional Services, Louis Round Wilson Special Collections Library, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, for permission to publish images from their collection: The great South: a record of journeys in Louisiana, Texas, the Indian Territory, Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, and Maryland by Edward King; profusely illustrated from original sketches by J. Wells Champney. (Hartford, Connecticut: American Pub. Co., 1875).

Stephanie A. Mummert, of SA Mummert Designs, has rendered timely and high-quality service in the cover art and book design for this volume. I am grateful for her willing spirit and creative talent as the cover of this volume illustrates. No request has been too minute for her consideration. This work provides a channel for the voices of the Daughters of Charity Civil War nurses to communicate their experiences publicly, thanks to the support and assistance of The Vincentian Studies Institute of the United States and DePaul University. I wish to acknowledge the untiring and astute proof readers who reviewed and provided constructive input in the preparation of this manuscript throughout its various iterations. The responsibility for presenting these records and annotations accurately rests with me.

I also would like to thank my companions in community, the Daughters of Charity at Mother Seton House, Emmitsburg, Maryland, and Marillac Residence, Chicago, Illinois, for their patience in providing a listening ear, sisterly support, and encouragement during this lengthy project. We are pleased to honor our elder sisters, heroines of yesteryear, in whose footsteps we now walk.

Betty Ann McNeil, D.C.
Unanimously agreed that no personal inconvenience should prevent Sisters of Charity doing what duty and charity require—

—Sisters of Charity Council, August 20, 1814
INTRODUCTION

Sent to Serve

Oh! It was then we saw a mass of human misery, men young and old, besides boys that were mere children, emaciated with hunger, and covered with only a few tattered rags, that gave them an appearance more of dead men than living ones. After these skeleton looking formshad domiciled themselves in the respective barracks and tents; the sick were brought in, numbering over four hundred: (here again was another pang to the heart of the beholder) the majority of whom were half dead calling for food and drink. They told us they had been without anything to eat for thirteen days; except for some green corn which they were allowed to pluck on their march into Maryland. Moreover, they swarmed alive with vermin that served only to aggravate their misery. Now was a field open to us to exercise charity and zeal in behalf of these poor creatures.¹

Sister Matilda Coskery, Frederick, Maryland

Pain and deprivation often characterize recollections of American Civil War battlefields. Women recorded their fears and anxieties in diaries when their patriotic men marched bravely into war where their hearts felt the searing emotional pain of watching comrades die suddenly or linger ravaged by disease. War recollections reveal the human toll exacted by this devastating period of American history. Ideas and loyalties divided families and a nation, resulting in brother fighting brother. Death, disease, and dismemberment followed the tragic, fratricidal conflict.

Some recollections and letters chronicle journeys back to civilian life, while others end abruptly on battlefields or hospitals established to treat male soldiers (and quite a few women), suffering from disease, mutilation, and dehydration, etc. Surgeons occasionally found time to record medical cases in the midst of war, but others penned reminiscences in later years.² Many nineteenth-century American

¹ Notes of the Sisters Services in Military Hospitals 1861-1865, United States History, Military Service, Civil War Manuscripts, B2, #7, Daughters of Charity Archives Province of St. Louise [APSL], formerly Archives St. Joseph’s Provincial House [ASJPH], Emmitsburg, Maryland. (Hereafter cited as Notes—Military Hospitals).

women stepped out of societal conventions to care for war victims in hospitals and even in their own homes.

There was one group of women who quietly walked hospital halls, soothed fevered brows, comforted the sick, held hands of the dying, and were devoted amanuenses for patients unable to write for themselves. These nurses were neither wives nor mothers but Catholic sister nurses—members of more than a dozen communities of religious women who nursed war casualties—seeing in each suffering face the imprint of Divinity. The crisis of the fratricidal war brought the enormous resources to the forefront, including the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, which had the largest membership nationally in 1861. Emmitsburg sent over 300 sister nurses to serve in hospitals and on battlefields. When the war ended, the sisters returned to their respective missions without fanfare, resuming their ministry as teachers, nurses, and social service workers.

The conduct, competence, and charity of Catholic sister nurses was a factor which established nursing as a respectable profession for women. Having witnessed the goodness of the sister nurses, Protestants could no longer condemn Roman Catholics for a religion of witchcraft and superstition, because they had seen the sisters faith in action and their kindly concern for all in need.

After the Civil War, Rev. J. Francis Burlando, C.M., provincial director of the Daughters of Charity province, requested the sister nurses to record their war-time experiences. The sisters responded with letters and recollections full of drama, kindness, and spiritual rebirth, which were redacted and compiled into three volumes, The Civil War Annals. Although selected portions of The Civil War Annals was published early in the twentieth century, availability was limited. This compendium makes the source documents accessible for aficionados, students, and researchers on history, culture, gender, and religion. Balm

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4 The terms Sisters of Charity and Daughters of Charity were used interchangeably for the Emmitsburg community through much of the nineteenth century. The correct title from 1809 to 1849 was Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph's (or Sisters of Charity) but from 1850 to the present, Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul (or Daughters of Charity) is more accurate. There are other Sisters of Charity congregations in North America which trace their roots to the Seton foundation made in St. Joseph's Valley near Emmitsburg in 1809.
of Hope includes additional and newly discovered archival material which enriches the understanding of nineteenth-century views regarding women and their place in American society. The sisters written memoirs and accounts describe their valor amid a sea of misery.

The sister nurses lived within a culture of charity wherever they served, whether among themselves or on battlefields, with the ambulances, or in makeshift hospitals. Their way of life developed in the United States from New York-born Saint Elizabeth Ann Bayley Seton, a woman of extraordinary faith, who founded the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph’s in 1809. Her model for the American community was the Daughters of Charity, co-founded by Saint Louise de Marillac and Saint Vincent de Paul in seventeenth-century Paris.6 The inclusiveness of the Vincentian mission would address the needs of the emergent cultural diversity in the United States.

Culturescape

European colonists came to North America for various reasons—economic and political gain, and religious freedom. Cecil Calvert’s intent was to establish his proprietary colony in Maryland where all settlers could worship freely but opposition to Roman Catholics attacked religious tolerance. The American Revolution, (1775-1783), superseded the issue and eliminated English rule. Catholics could once again practice their faith without fear of persecution. Catholicism developed throughout Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New York. Pope Pius VI established the first Roman Catholic diocese in the New Republic at Baltimore November 6, 1789, and named the first bishop, Maryland-born John Carroll (1735-1815).

The treaty of Paris officially ended the American Revolutionary War in 1783 and produced a new democracy founded on egalitarian principles—life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and religious freedom. Many changes began to shape the economic, social, and political future of the New Republic. Antebellum United States ushered in industrial innovation, territorial expansion, and spiritual awakening during the nineteenth century, which seemed to be a cauldron of suspicion, tension, hate, and ideological conflicts in many cities,

including New York where the intrepid Widow Seton practiced Catholicism amid antagonism.

Elizabeth Seton recorded that “a mob on Christmas Eve assembled to pull down our Church or set fire to it—but were dispersed with only the death of a Constable and the wounds of several others—they say it is high time the cross was pulled down, but the Mayor has issued a proclamation to check the evil.”

About forty years later nativists clashed with Irish Catholics in Philadelphia. The violence resulted in at least twenty fatalities and the destruction by fire of two Catholic churches in 1844. Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace expressed concern for her staff and the ninety-nine children at St. Joseph’s Asylum.

Perhaps, before this letter shall have reached you, many of your poor children and their Orphans may be launched into eternity...We are in the midst of frightful dangers, a great portion of our peaceful city is the scene of dreadful riot and bloodshed: two of our churches burned to the ground...Three police officers now guard our asylum, and we know not what moment our dear little ones must be roused from their peaceful slumber to fly for their lives...The disturbance was chiefly this, many of the citizens had assembled to adapt some resolutions with regard to political affairs when some Irish Catholics insulted them and made such a noise...until a battle ensued...a party of Protestants leagued against the Catholics, under the names of native Americans and the Irish...

When more than one million poor starving Irish in need of medical care, spiritual solace and employment emigrated to North America, many American Protestants despised them because of their poverty, lack of discipline, and strong allegiance to Catholicism. Stalwart sons of the Emerald Isle fought in the Civil War, primarily for the Union. Katherine E. Coon posits that “The Irish Brigade’s bravery

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at the 1861 First Battle of Bull Run [Manassas]…distinguished the unit” and assuaged qualms about Irish immigrants. The war decimated many Irish units causing mergers with other others. Common combat experiences contributed to inter-ethnic understanding and improved tolerance somewhat but many Irishmen succumbed to the acute stress of battle-fatigue.

German immigrants and their sons also enlisted in either the Union or Confederate army. In many cases the sisters sought German-speaking sisters and clergy to minister to them. For example, at General Hospital #1, Frederick, Maryland:

There were a good many Germans in the barracks, and the band of Sisters who were there only spoke English, therefore they could not understand us or we them consequently our Superiors sent a German Sister, who could speak to them and interpret for us. By that means we found out many Catholics who had heretofore been negligent of their duties and who were now eager to embrace the opportunity of approaching the Sacraments. At our request a Tertian Father from the Novitiate who spoke German would come and hear their confessions. Thus we were enabled to assist many in regaining the friendship of God, who had lost it for years.9

Lyman Beecher, a Presbyterian minister, believed that the Church in Rome was conspiring to overthrow the American government and create a satellite state governed by the Pope. Beecher warned Protestants of the threat from priests. Sermons, as well as a vast selection of anti-Catholic literature created paranoia among citizens throughout the nation. Such was the anti-Catholic atmosphere in which Catholic sister nurses ministered whenever they were sent to care for sick and wounded soldiers during the Civil War.

*The Setons of New York and Baltimore*

Catherine Charlton of Staten Island gave birth to her second daughter, Elizabeth Ann Bayley (1774-1821), in Colonial New York. The infant’s father Dr. Richard Bayley, a respected surgeon, lost his young wife, soon remarried, then soon lost his youngest daughter. Young Elizabeth’s earliest remembrances were of those losses.10 Rejection by her step-mother, Charlotte Amelia Barclay, being sent away to live with relatives, and an absent father are painful experiences woven

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9 Notes—Military Hospitals, 131-2.
10 Melville, Seton, 13.
through her formative years. Dr. Bayley spent long periods abroad for medical study. These experiences stimulated her innate tendencies to introspection and solitude which became melancholic at times. Romance transformed her gloominess into vibrant joy.

Courted by the oldest son of William Seton, Sr., a prominent New York businessman whose in-laws lived in Baltimore.\(^{11}\) The vivacious Eliza was living in Manhattan at that time with her married sister, Mary Bayley Post. William Magee Seton won Eliza’s heart. They were in love and married January 25, 1794. When his father died, William Magee inherited the family business in 1798. As the eldest of a blended family of thirteen, he became responsible for his minor half-siblings. In addition, Eliza and William Magee had five children by 1802. Clouds soon darkened their bright future.

President George Washington issued a proclamation of neutrality for the United States in the war between France and Great Britain April 22, 1793. France reacted early in 1796 to the Jay Treaty (Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation, Between His Britannic Majesty and The United States of America), for which John Jay was chief negotiator. As a result, France claimed the right to search and capture all neutral ships if they were traveling to British ports. The French seized more than 300 vessels registered in the United States within twelve months. Among those were probably some which belonged to the Seton, Maitland, and Company. Attacks on neutral ships, confiscation of cargoes, and seizure of vessels on the high-seas ruined the family’s mercantile firm and exacerbated their solvency.\(^{12}\)

Stress and a familial pre-disposition to tuberculosis ravaged William Magee’s health. Physicians advised a sea voyage to a warmer, drier climate. The Setons chose Livorno (Leghorn), Italy, where he had friends. William Magee knew Filippo and Antonio Filicchi of Livorno. He had visited the Filicchi countinghouse and became friends with this highly respected Tuscan family. The Setons would rely on them during their stay, even more so than they imagined. Elizabeth, William Magee, and Anna Maria, their eldest child, sailed from New York City to Livorno on The Shepherdess in early October of 1803. Instead of the warm welcome anticipated, Italian officials detained them at the port of Livorno, fearing that the sickly American might have the dreaded yellow fever, then raging in New York.

\(^{11}\) Richard Curson [Curzon], Sr., and Elizabeth-Rebekah Beker of Baltimore, Maryland, were in-laws to William Seton, Sr.

The distraught New Yorkers endured a month of quarantine in the cold, stone San Jacopo lazaretto with little heat or furniture. Their confinement exacerbated William Magee’s infirmity. Eight days after their release, William Magee died in Pisa. The world of the Widow Seton and her daughter would never be the same—a life-changing spiritual journey lay ahead.\textsuperscript{13}

The Filicchi provided the Setons, not only with hospitality but also a refuge in their sorrow. As Elizabeth overheard them talk about their Catholic faith and observed their religious practices, she also noticed books of devotion in the parlor, prompting her to ask questions. Initially Elizabeth sought information or clarification but later she sought understanding of doctrine. Roman Catholic beliefs intrigued her, as she explained in a letter to Rebecca Seton, her soul-sister:

I am hard pushed by these charitable Romans, who wish that so much goodness should be improved by a conversion, which to effect they have taken the trouble to bring me their best-informed priest, Abbé Plunkett, who is an Irishman.\textsuperscript{14}

Elizabeth and Anna Maria (now called Annina) spent several months with the Filicchi. When the Setons were ready to embark for America in April of 1804, Filippo Filicchi gave Elizabeth a letter of introduction to Bishop Carroll since she had expressed her intent to embrace Catholicism. She carried the seeds of her new religious beliefs in her heart as they sailed on the Pyomingo to New York.

Arriving in New York, Elizabeth faced anti-Catholic antagonism from her Seton in-laws and social networks. Despite the pain of disappointment and soul-searing discernment, Elizabeth followed her heart, making her Profession of Faith in Roman Catholicism at St. Peter’s Church March 14, 1805. Her religious conversion incensed former friends who could have helped her financially but did not. Elizabeth found work teaching, but the school failed financially. Next a housemother position in a boarding school for boys ended unexpectedly. Elizabeth struggled to provide for her children until she providentially met a visiting priest from Baltimore, Rev. Louis W. Dubourg, of the Society of Saint-Sulpice. Intuitively Dubourg realized the widow’s potential.

\textsuperscript{13} Elizabeth Seton was 29 and Anna Maria 8.

John Carroll approved Dubourg’s plan that Mrs. Seton establish a Catholic school for girls in Baltimore, despite the archbishop not knowing details endorsed by her advisors. Mrs. Seton and her three daughters sailed on the *Grand Sachem* to Maryland in June of 1808. The Sulpicians provided the family with a house on North Paca Street where Mrs. Seton began her first school for girls. Her sons transferred from Georgetown College to attend neighboring St. Mary’s College.

Within months Mrs. Seton concurred with the Sulpicians’ desire to establish a sisterhood based on the Daughters of Charity in Paris. Seven devout women united with Mrs. Seton to create the new community, the Sisters of Charity. Mrs. Seton pronounced private vows before Archbishop Carroll and received the title of *Mother Seton*, March 25, 1809.

Samuel Sutherland Cooper, a seminarian and convert with philanthropic interests, donated funds to purchase property located between the town of Emmitsburg, Maryland, and another Sulpician institution, Mount St. Mary’s College and Seminary. Cooper’s educational enterprise envisioned programs for “the advancement of Catholic female children in habits of religion and giving them an education suited to that purpose” and “connected also with the view of providing Nurses for the sick and poor.” He saw Mother Seton as the head of a self-sustaining community of religious women whose members led a consecrated life dedicated to charitable service.

The Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph’s officially began in the old Fleming farmhouse (or Stone House) in St. Joseph’s Valley July 31, 1809. Soon over-crowded, construction began on a larger building within months. Mother Seton named the new structure St. Joseph House in 1810. It accommodated not only the sisters’ residence but also St. Joseph’s Free School and Academy. The natural beauty of Frederick County, particularly the bucolic region by the Catoctin spur of the Blue Ridge Mountains, enchanted sisters and pupils.

Mother Seton pioneered the availability of Catholic education to children of all economic strata. Pupils enrolled from the North and South—their instructors became Civil War sister nurses. Surely none

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16 *Seton Collected Writings*, 1:184.
18 The original buildings, the Stone House and the White House, still stand on the campus of The National Shrine of Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton, Emmitsburg, Maryland.
could imagine that blasts of cannonading would disrupt the tranquility of their valley home. Jane Boyle, who entered the Sisters of Charity in 1820, attended St. Joseph’s and received instructions for her First Communion from Mother Seton. After entering the Sisters of Charity, Jane became known as Sister Bernard Boyle (1820-1879) and was sent on mission to St. Vincent’s Hospital, Norfolk, Virginia. She reported the following:

Our missions in Norfolk, Virginia, had for many years been in peaceful operation, till now; in 1861 the war between the Northern and Southern States of America was beginning to be felt by us also…Soon we beheld what the tolling Bells had announced: the destructive fire. The Navy Yard of Portsmouth [sic] in flames, and large magazines of exploding powder shook the two cities to a fearful trembling.20

Mother Seton sent Sister Rose Landry White (1784–1841) to manage an orphanage in Philadelphia, Saint Joseph’s Asylum, in 1814, and later to New York City in 1817. Mother Rose White succeeded Mother Seton in 1821, and initiated management of Nursing Services by the Sisters of Charity at the fifty-bed Baltimore Infirmary in 1823. Sister Mary Chrysostom Fitzgerald (1808-1853) directed this first hospital-based ministry. Five years later, Sister Mary Xavier Love (1796–1840), led the band of sisters westward in 1828 to establish the St. Louis Infirmary in Missouri, the first Catholic hospital in the United States, and the first hospital west of the Mississippi. The Baltimore Infirmary, a teaching hospital for the University of the Maryland College of Medicine, afforded the sisters, an opportunity to learn about nursing care and treatments from the medical faculty before being sent to nurse ill and injured soldiers as Civil War nurses.

New charitable works spread nationally from such unpretentious beginnings. The Sisters of Charity established more than seventy missions and ministries in twelve states and the District of Columbia by 1839.21 Although the majority were schools and orphanages, the sisters also responded to public health crises, including the 1832 cholera epidemic, but sister nurses also served in cities where the availability of quality healthcare would be critical during the war years: Charity

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20 Notes—Military Hospitals, 87. The Union Navy burned and evacuated the Gosport Naval Yard (Norfolk Naval Shipyard) at Sewell’s Point, destroying nine ships in the process, leaving Fort Monroe at Old Point Comfort as the only Union bastion in Tidewater Virginia, April 20, 1861.

21 Alabama, Delaware, Indiana, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Missouri, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the District of Columbia.
Hospital, New Orleans; The Baltimore Infirmary, Baltimore; St. Louis Hospital (later Mullanphy Hospital), St. Louis; and the Richmond Infirmary, Richmond, Virginia. The sisters growing visibility made the community better known, from the Mississippi to the Atlantic Ocean and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, thereby increasing membership before, during, and after the Civil War. Approximately 2,260 women entered at Emmittsburg between 1809 and 1885.

By 1860 the Daughters of Charity had seventeen missions in what would become The Confederacy (Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Virginia), thirty-one missions in Union states (Massachusetts, Michigan, New York, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin), and fifteen missions in Border States (Delaware, Maryland, and Missouri) where loyalties divided families.

**Daughters of Charity**

For fifty years the Daughters of Charity had been educating, serving, and caring for needy persons of all faiths by 1860. The sisters had made foundations as far north as Massachusetts (1832) and beyond the Mississippi as far west as California (1852). Although Mother Seton died January 4, 1821, her legacy endures. Her sisterhood grew and
developed additional branches. The community at Emmitsburg joined the Paris-based Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul in 1850, uniting them with the international Vincentian family.

Mother Seton’s foundations reflected the vision of Saint Vincent and Saint Louise, particularly the care of orphans, nursing the sick poor, and education of young girls. Over 1,400 women had joined the community at Emmitsburg by the Confederate attack on Fort Sumter. More than 250 candidates, either immigrants or first-generation Americans, sought admission to the sisterhood during the Civil War years. Whether sisters had family roots in the North or the South, they were sent to serve wherever most needed. They nursed in Union and Confederate territory on battlefields, in temporary hospitals, or with the ambulance corps—caring for each sick or wounded soldier without discrimination.

The Daughters of Charity distinctive attire, particularly the large white-winged cornette, had become a familiar symbol of charity and compassion to those acquainted with the pioneer efforts of the Sisters in education, health care, and social services. As the number of Catholics and their institutions increased in the United States, anti-Catholic prejudice receded, particularly after the Civil War when...
Catholic schools attracted children of the emerging middle class and provided an exceptional education.

Genesis of Mission

Forever marked by his earliest years shepherding his father’s flocks in southwest France near Dax, Vincent de Paul understood the rhythm of rural life and valued simplicity as a touchstone. His family was neither destitute nor prosperous but land-owning peasants who farmed their small plot of land. Lacking extra resources, M. Jean de Paul, his father, sold a yoke of oxen to pay for his son’s education. In due course Vincent felt called to serve the people of God as a priest and was ordained in 1600. More than a decade later Vincent was pastor of a small church at Clichy just outside the city gates of Paris. He enjoyed his ministry among the parishioners, regardless of their social or economic status, but change confronted him when the wealthy Gondi family sought Vincent as a tutor for their children.

Soon Madame de Gondi requested him to preach to the peasants on their vast estates, where Vincent discovered the spiritual and material poverty which abounded in the countryside. Madame de Gondi encouraged and supported Vincent to initiate missions and ministries for persons laboring on the Gondi lands.24

Social and economic stratifications limited interaction between classes in seventeenth-century France. The well-being of the peasants depended on the munificence of the wealthy. Sole aristocrats lived

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24 Lady Françoise Marguerite de Silly, Comtesse de Joigny (1584-1625).
opulently, but others, despite social prominence and chateaux, eked a life from reduced resources. The mature Vincent considered the latter as the “bashful poor.” Another stratum of persons were born into poverty and survived only to die without sufficient necessities of life. Persons in need and unseen at the periphery moved Vincent to assist them.

Vincent gave missions throughout the countryside and established parish-based Confraternities of Charity for the Sick Poor, first at Villepreux in 1618, then elsewhere on Gondi estates.\(^{25}\) The Confraternities of Charity (1617) were parish-based outreach programs, which became a seedbed for the culture of charity which emerged from Vincent’s intuitive creativity. He also founded the Congregation of the Mission (1625), a community of priests and brothers, to evangelize and serve poor persons, particularly in the countryside.

A group of noblewomen connected to the Royal Court formed a distinct organization from the Confraternities, the Ladies of Charity of Hôtel-Dieu at Paris (1634). Their mission was to feed, clothe, and serve destitute patients, who had come to the hospital only as a last resort. Seventeenth-century hospitals were neither hospices nor health-giving havens for healing but hopeless places.

In contrast to Vincent’s cohesive family life, Louise de Marillac, never knew her mother but her father, arranged for his daughter’s education at the Dominican monastery in Poissy. There Louise received a classical education which honed her life-long interest in reading and artistic talent. Furthermore, Louise learned that the affluent are obliged to contribute to the common good of society by reaching out to care for those less fortunate.

Seventeenth-century honorable, young women had limited alternatives for their lives. Louise entered an arranged marriage with Antoine Le Gras in early February of 1613. Their only child, Michel-Antoine, arrived in October. Louise visited the sick poor of the parish throughout her married life bringing them broths, remedies, and companionship. Within nine years Antoine Le Gras became chronically ill. His condition caused a disagreeable change in his personality. He was so harsh and difficult that Louise considered leaving him but remained to care for him until his death, December of 1625. Their delicate son, Michel-Antoine, spent three difficult years (age 6-9) in the shadow of a terminally ill father and an anxious mother now a widow.

\(^{25}\) The prototype for the Confraternities of Charity was established when Vincent de Paul was pastor pro-tem of the parish of Saint André, Châtillon-les-Dombes (Ain), in August 1617.
Louise probably met Vincent the previous year sometime while her husband was ill. His compassionate kindness would appeal to her penchant for charitable outreach to neighbors in need. As Louise became active with his charities, Vincent recognized her keen eye for detail, orderliness, and good management. Both believed that efficacious charity required good organization so Vincent sent Louise on her first mission, a supervisory visit to the Confraternity of Charity at Montmirail in 1629. Accepted as his collaborator, Louise traveled frequently to visit the confraternities and facilitate their organizational growth, improve management, and person-centered services.

Vincent realized that he lacked time to screen the young women coming from rural areas to serve the sick poor in the Confraternities in Paris. Marguerite Naseau (1594-1633), was the first to offer her services. Vincent sent her to Louise. Other young women followed; he sent them to Louise to screen, train, place, and supervise until they could discuss each candidate. They concluded that some of the women were coming just to see Paris, while others were sincere in their desire to serve the sick poor. Louise believed that living together in community with a regular spiritual routine would provide them greater support for charitable service. Vincent agreed and asked Louise to form the young women for their mission of service. The first members assembled as a community November 29, 1633.

Initially, the Servants of the Sick Poor worked in the Confraternities of Charity under the direction of the Ladies of Charity. The latter provided funds and other necessities for the individuals and families who were most destitute. The sisters distributed food, prepared medicine, and supervised nursing, first at the Hôpital Saint-Jean in Angers (1640) and assumed responsibility for nursing services in seven other general hospitals by 1660.

The good reputation of the Servants of the Sick Poor spread—soon their duties expanded to include care of infants and young children abandoned by their parents, who were unable to raise them because of extreme poverty. Among the notorious abuses in the only orphanage in Paris was the sale of young children to professional beggars, who maimed and forced them to beg, then surrender contributions to the shysters.

To combat such abuse the sisters began caring for foundlings and orphans. Louise devised a creative system of foster care with reputable families who later saw that the children attend trade schools. Extant
registers list names, admission and placement dates along with relevant notes of observations on health or family situations.

The Daughters of Charity walked the streets of Paris not bound by the confines of a cloister which would have prevented the accomplishment of their mission of service. This was a radical departure for seventeenth-century devout women. The Daughters were neither religious nor cloistered but an apostolic society who humbly sought those in need amid dark recesses of wretchedness.26

Louise and Vincent considered their spiritual daughters as apostles of charity ministering among poor persons in need. Vincent told the sisters that it “was the people who, seeing what you’re doing and the service our first Sisters rendered to the poor, have given you this name [Daughters of Charity], which has been kept as most fitting for your way of life.”27 Louise and Vincent developed a way of life enabling for their Daughters to seek the face of Christ in suffering persons while also remembering their charter:

For monastery only the houses of the sick and the place where the Superioress resides; for cell, a hired room; for chapel, the parish church; for cloister, the streets of the city; for enclosure, obedience, with an obligation to go nowhere but to the houses of the sick or to places necessary for their service; for grille, the fear of God; for veil holy modesty; making no other profession to ensure their vocation and that, by their constant trust in Divine Providence and the offering they make to God of all that they are and of their service in the person of the poor.28

At the end of the eighteenth century new philosophies questioned the old. The Church and its faithful suffered as a result of anti-clericalism and mob violence which targeted religious orders, clergy, the Daughters of Charity, and some laity. Religious congregations disbanded. Those who refused to take the Oath to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy lost their lives by firing squads or guillotine. Among the martyrs were Daughters of Charity and Vincentians (Lazarists).29

The Company of the Daughters of Charity was suppressed for eight years (1792-1800) but throughout the political upheaval, the sisters continued their ministry discretely.

Napoleon Bonaparte needed nurses to care for invalid soldiers in 1801. The government then provided a house where the Daughters of Charity could admit and educate new members for nursing. Over two hundred years later, the Company of the Daughters of Charity, Servants of the Sick Poor, has developed into an international community of 17,211 sisters, and serves persons living in poverty in 2,055 local communities in 94 countries.  

The Daughters of Charity sowed the seeds for a system of skilled nursing care that has helped millions of people around the world. Through their efforts, nursing developed into a profession of person-centered care and warm-hearted service. Vincent and Louise served many while being devoted to One. Twenty years after their foundation the Daughters of Charity cared for victims, soldiers and civilians, impacted by multiple civil wars, first at Châlons (1653), then elsewhere in France and Europe. In time, the American battlefields of Gettysburg, Shiloh, and Antietam became the fields of action for Daughters of Charity in the United States.

Civil War Nursing

The political partisanship among the states exploded into the Civil War, thereby creating the greatest medical emergency experienced to date in the republic. Moral obligations fell on everyone to give of their abilities, talents, time, and even their own lives. The fratricidal crisis brought the enormous resources of the Daughters and other religious communities to the forefront but their story remains under told in public history.

The United States created the Army Medical Department in 1775 to provide medical care to the Continental Army during the Revolutionary War. Until 1861, there was no need for a large, well-trained military medical organization; the United States military comprised approximately 16,000 soldiers. The U.S. Medical Department included “the Surgeon General, 30 surgeons, and 83 assistant surgeons. Three surgeons and 21 assistant surgeons of Southern origin resigned to go with their states, while five surgeons and eight assistant surgeons
whose homes were in seceded states stay on…Consequently the corps
did not begin its war with only 98 officers.” Ninety-eight medical officers
were responsible for the care of 16,000 soldiers, or 163.23 soldiers
per surgeon. When President Lincoln called for an additional 75,000
enlistees to subdue the Rebellion, adequate medical care was not on the
horizon for these soldiers. There was a shortage of surgeons, as well as
a lack of properly educated, disciplined, and experienced nursing staff.

General George McClellan appointed the first Medical
Director of the Army of the Potomac, surgeon, Dr. Charles S. Tripler,
in August of 1861. Dr. Jonathan Letterman succeeded Tripler a year
later. Letterman handled the arduous task of systematizing the Medical
Department for efficient and effective service. He organized an
evacuation and treatment plan consisting of three-levels of care and
instituted the practice of triage, treating patients according to the
severity of their injury. Prior to the re-organization of the hospital
system by Dr. Jonathan Letterman, musicians often served as stretcher
bearers and those less wounded cared for others in the hospitals.

The Provisional Congress of the Confederacy expeditiously
approved the “Act for the Establishment and Organization of a General
Staff for the Army of the Confederate States of America” in February
of 1861. This measure “provided for a medical department of one
Surgeon General, four surgeons, and six assistant surgeons.” Appointed
Surgeon General of the Confederate Medical Service, Dr. Samuel
Preston Moore, labored tirelessly throughout the conflict to improve
medical care by equipping and organizing a new military medical
department.

The medical staff of both armies consisted of surgeons,
assistant surgeons, medical cadets, and stewards. Military Surgeon
contracted with local physicians to attend the large number of wounded
following a battle. Stewards served as clerks, keeping records of
prescriptions, medical stores, and dispensing drugs. Lack of available
wagons, drivers, and stretcher-bearers often hampered removal of the
wounded from the battlefield.

Transportation networks in the South were underdeveloped
compared to the North. The South was less industrialized, but the
majority of fighting took place in southern states, where the supply

32 George W. Adams, Doctors in Blue: The Medical History for the Union Army in the Civil War (New
33 H.H. Cunningham, Doctors in Gray: The Confederate Medical Service (Baton Rouge: Louisiana
State University, 1958), 21.
34 Medical and Surgical History of the Rebellion, Part 3 (Wilmington, North Carolina: Broadfoot
Publishing Company, 1990), 2:576. (Hereafter cited as Medical and Surgical History).
lines were often disrupted. Dr. Moore relied on native plants for drug substitutes and also advocated the development and use of alternative or homeopathic substances to replace quinine to treat malaria, a disease prevalent in the South.  

In addition to supply problems, many medical schools in the South closed at the start of the war, interrupting the education of medical students. A shortage of knowledgeable personnel resulted. The Medical School of Virginia in Richmond, was the only one to remain open during the four years of conflict. Many of the graduates and students served in hospitals in and near the Confederate capital, or with the Army of Northern Virginia. Shortages of doctors plagued the Confederacy on the front lines as well as the home front. Physicians who remained behind to treat civilians often did not have adequate medical supplies because of military priority.

*Catholic Sisters*

The Daughters of Charity had been in American health care for over thirty years. They administered twelve hospitals and had served in several public hospitals. It was a logical decision to invite them into the military medical system. The medical community recognized the sisters for their expertise. Union and Confederate officials, politicians, and surgeons requested them to manage and staff hospitals, travel with the ambulances, and much more. At the beginning of the war the overwhelmed medical profession grappled with their unthinkable challenges. How to relieve soldiers of their physical and mental anguish amid desolation and devastation?

As Catholic sisters became increasingly active in Civil War nursing, doctors began to recognize their worth, often requesting them over civilian women. Members of congregations were accustomed to accepting direction, following through, as well as recognizing and respecting authority. One surgeon noted the sisters did not expect special treatment. They were kind, obedient, and did not write letters home criticizing the work of the surgeons.

Into the maelstrom of war and destruction walked this vanguard of caregivers who very quickly received the sobriquet, *angels of the battlefield*. These women, Catholic sisters had consecrated themselves to God’s service. They moved onto the fields of action to relieve pain and suffering. They understood that warfare was more than artillery

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35 Mary Elizabeth Massey, *Ersatz in the Confederacy: Shortages and Substitutes on the Southern Homefront* (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1952), 120.

36 Hannefin, *Daughters*, 110.
shells and bullets. They nursed the broken bodies of soldiers and min-istered to their spirits. They recognized that while the earthly body might cease to breathe, the spirit was eternal. They felt responsible for the body, mind, and spirit of all whom they touched. Strangers reviled, feared, and berated them because of their faith, yet they continued to serve. The Daughters of Charity, the largest community of religious women in the country at the start of the war, were highly respected for their assistance and care of poor, sick, afflicted and illiterate persons.

Daughters of Charity—Fields of Action

Mother Ann Simeon Norris, provincial superior at Emmitsburg, sent sister nurses to serve in Confederate military hospitals in Richmond in May of 1861; two months previously, Sisters from Charity Hospital, had begun nursing sick Confederate troops in New Orleans. The Federal Government asked for sisters to care for sick and wounded Union soldiers in April. In response to both requests, Mother Ann Simeon sent sisters to serve where needed.

The sisters passed through several picket lines where sentinels from each army questioned them en route to Harpers Ferry, Virginia, June 1861. As they crossed over the Potomac River into the Confederacy, the sisters noticed kegs of gunpowder lining the bridge. They learned later that the Confederate Army had prepared the bridge for demolition in case Union forces advanced against them. Not long after getting settled and beginning nursing care, military orders required the sisters to evacuate by moonlight into darkness for a harrowing escape to Winchester, Virginia.

Tumult came to Richmond after the first battle of Bull Run, (July 21, 1861). The lack of an adequate number of hospitals became obvious quickly. The Confederate government began to construct six military hospitals nearby. The Daughters had opened St. Francis de Sales Infirmary with eighty beds in 1860. The next year they were also nursing battle victims at General Hospital #1 (Alms House Hospital), designated as a hospital for prisoners of war. Sister Blanche Rooney and eight sister nurses discovered upon their arrival, several hundred Confederate and Union wounded soldiers in need of care.

Sister Rose Noyland recalled spending days “scraping maggots and cutting away rotten flesh.” Once wounded prisoners recovered sufficiently, they were sent to Libby Prison to await prisoner exchanges. In spite of their prisoner status, those admitted to General Hospital #1 knew they would receive empathetic, non-partisan care from the sister nurses.
At the advent of the war, both armies exchanged, or paroled enemy prisoners. An army on the march was a logistical nightmare, so paroling back to their homes (where they quickly rejoined their respective armies to resume fighting), was seen as a labor and supply-saving endeavor. It was difficult enough to feed all the members of the Confederate Army without having to guard and feed additional Union soldiers. However, as the war progressed, Union military and government officials realized that the Confederacy did not have a surplus of eligible men to enlist. Therefore, the prisoner exchange protocol was halted. Prison camps were established throughout the country, with many being more like an actual hell than prison. Andersonville, Georgia, and Elmira, New York, have become synonymous with pain, suffering, depravation, and death.

When sister nurses arrived at some military hospitals and prisons, they encountered distrust. There were bigoted patients who reviled them, called them names, and even spit on the sisters, who took the insults in stride, maintaining their kindly manner to all. The Daughters of Charity began visiting the Gratiot Street Prison and Myrtle Street Prison in St. Louis in August 1861. A doctor informed the sisters there that he would tell his family about the good works performed by the Catholic sisters, as his family was “under the impression, that they all wear horns, including priests, nuns and all religious orders.’ The attending sister asked, ‘Well, do you see any horns?’ ‘Oh, no,’ he replied, ‘it is only prejudice on their part; and I can truly say that the only kindness received in the prisons has been from Catholics and Sisters of Charity.”

The Daughters responded to a request for nurses at Camp Warrington, Florida, on Pensacola Bay, August 1861. Recent bad weather made travel difficult, yet the sisters were determined and rode in an old stage all day only to discover bridges on their route were washed away. The sisters had no choice but to turn and re-trace their route until they could find adequate accommodations.

The Confederates had a hospital near Fort McRae at Camp Warrington, Florida, on a hill overlooking the Gulf of Mexico. The camp offered a view of Pensacola and the Isle of Santa Rosa, the site of Union-occupied Fort Pickens. The two opposing forces often fired cannon shots at each other. Typhoid and yellow fever had invaded Camp Warrington causing much suffering. The August heat, humidity, and their heavy wool attire made provided many challenges to the sisters. The soldiers were terrified of being admitted to the hospital, even
though they were ill. They believed the hospital was so contaminated that they many sick soldiers refused treatment. Once the Camp heard about the arrival of the sisters, resistant patients changed their minds. The hospital quickly became overcrowded. “They came in droves & on one occasion over 8 hundred came in with measles & not a vacant bed in the house.” 37 The soldiers knew that the chance of survival increased substantially when the sisters were in charge. Many sick soldiers were content to lie on the floor with only their knapsacks for a pillow as long as they knew the sisters would care for them. The attending surgeon at the hospital was overwhelmed by the number of sick and the care they needed.

When inspecting the wards, one sister noted there were several cases of bed sores and gangrene. Some patients had been lying in one position so long that their wounds had begun to heal. An astonished surgeon learned from nursing notes written by the sister on duty that bed clothes had grown into the backs of those patients. He claimed that he had no idea of the problems in his hospital. One sister commented that the lay nurses at the hospital only did what “suited their fancy.” 38

In addition to the terrible working conditions, Union gun fire could easily reach the sisters, who were exposed to it at Camp Warrington. One day, when dispensing meals to the patients, military orders required the hospital occupants and staff to flee into the nearby woods. Intelligence reports indicated that Union forces at Fort Pickens were preparing to bombard Confederate Fort McRae. Officials requested three sisters to remain at the hospital to mask the retreat from Union reconnaissance. During the day, the sisters walked in front of Fort McRae to present an appearance of normal operations.

Unswerving in their commitment to service, the color of the soldiers’ uniform did not stop the Daughters from caring for those in need. The sisters traveled freely crossing Union and Confederate lines until a few enterprising women dressed as sisters, attempted to smuggle information across the picket lines to aid the Confederates. Keen observers detected the ruse. Union Major General John Dix complained to the Francis P. Kenrick, archbishop of Baltimore, December 1861.

The Archbishop quickly wrote Major General John Dix assuring him that the Sisters would never be “guilty of so gross an act of infidelity to the Government which protects them in their persons

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37 Notes—Military Hospitals, 349.
38 Ibid., 351.
Horrified and embarrassed that their intentions and charitable service would be compromised, the provincial council, the community’s governing body, sent an official response to Dix:

We take the liberty to remark that the duty of the Sisters of Charity is to strive to save their souls by the exercise of charity towards their fellow-creatures, the poor and suffering of every nation, independent of creed or politics.\(^{40}\)

The Confederate Medical Department requested Sisters for a hospital in Georgia, February 1862. The group passed through a southern town en route where the sisters were a novelty for curious onlookers. “Upon one occasion leaving [sic] to wait two hours for a car, the curious examined us closely, saying what, or who are they? Are they men or women? Oh!...surely the Enemy will run from them. Once or twice, they roughly pushed against us to see whether we were human... A Sister spoke to one...many...clapped their hands & shouted aloud: She spoke! She spoke!”\(^{41}\)

The number and frequency of battles increased in the eastern and western theaters, creating a humanitarian crisis—displaced civilians became refugees searching for food and shelter. They gravitated to the capital where food and necessities became scarce. The wounded received whatever meager food supplies arrived in the city. The fighting in the southern states destroyed valuable farm land, further decreasing food supplies for civilians and the military. Destruction of railroads attempted to slow down or cease transportation of the enemy. This tactic hampered distribution of supplies, including food. Foraging and stealing became a survival tactic.

To alleviate pressure on the supply lines in the war’s eastern theater, the Confederate government tried to send recovering patients, prisoners, and sister nurses elsewhere. The sisters arrived at Danville, Virginia, from Richmond via Manassas and Gordonsville, in early May 1862.

Located on the Dan River, Danville provided water access as well as a supply depot for the Richmond & Danville Railroad. Several large tobacco warehouses served the Medical Department as hospitals there. The Confederate Army also established a prison camp for Union soldiers in Danville. “The Sisters had a nice little house, which would

\(^{39}\) Ibid., 483.
\(^{40}\) Ibid., 487-8.
\(^{41}\) Ibid., 216.
have been a kind of luxury had it not been the abode of innumerable rats...During the night, shoes, stockings, and etc., etc., were carried off. Indeed, safe we did not feel for our fingers and toes, which we often found on waking, locked in the teeth of our bold visitors.”

During the Shenandoah Valley Campaign of spring 1862, Stonewall Jackson and the Confederate Army advanced toward Winchester, Virginia. Concerned about the safety of wounded soldiers, Union authorities transferred them elsewhere. Many went to Frederick, Maryland, which became a hospital center for the duration of the war.

The Union established a camp for Confederate prisoners at Point Lookout, Maryland, a peninsula between the Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac River. Hammond General Hospital stood outside the boundary of the U.S. General Depot for Prisoners. The Daughters of Charity cared for patients and prisoners on the almost escape-proof peninsula.

Protestant clergy and physicians protested the presence of the Daughters of Charity, claiming the that the sisters sought to proselytize to gain Catholic converts rather than tend wounds. One of the surgeons at Hammond Hospital warily watched the sisters as they went about their nursing duties. However, he was unable to discredit the work of the sisters.

Sister Consolata Conlon, 19 years old and a Daughter of Charity for just over a year, had nursed patients on the medical transports and contracted typhoid fever. Her early and unexpected death two weeks later wrenched the hearts of staff, patients, and sisters at Point Lookout. In contrast to customary funeral practices, the military staff built a pine coffin. Doctors and officers served as pallbearers for her funeral and burial at Point Lookout.

Dr. Charles S. Tripler, first Medical Director, Union Army, requested ten sisters to take charge of U.S. General Hospital #1 in Frederick, Maryland, August 1862. Upon their arrival at the Hessian Barracks, the sisters believed the American Revolution-era stone buildings too small to contain many patients and were surprised to discover over four hundred men already packed in the barracks and surrounding structures. Protestant women cared for the wounded at Frederick prior to the sisters arrival, but afterwards prejudice toward

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42 Ibid., 97.
Catholic caregivers became apparent. The wounded complained of the poor diet, and it was not until the Sisters received permission to manage the hospital kitchen that food and attitudes improved.

The Confederate Army temporarily took control of Frederick, Maryland, September 1862, immediately before the battle of Antietam. The U.S. Surgeon-In-Charge of General Hospital #1, probably Robert Weir, anticipated that the Confederate army was en route to Frederick and evacuated sick and wounded Union soldiers to York, Pennsylvania. Dr. Weir remained in Frederick and explained that the United States had engaged the Daughters of Charity to care for Union troops at Frederick—not the Confederates. His military order distressed the sisters as did the Confederates imposition of martial law, which prevented entry or exit from the city.

General Robert E. Lee granted the sisters a passport to travel to Emmitsburg and report their handicapping situation to their superiors. Upon return a few days later, the resumption of control by the Union Army and absence of the Confederate Army surprised the sisters. The surgeons now treated the wounded equally, enabling the sisters to care for the Confederates, who were now prisoners of war. Within a week the Battle of Antietam (September 17, 1862), the majority of the wounded were slowly transported down South Mountain into Frederick. The journey must have been painful for the injured men.

When sister nurses arrived at Antietam from Emmitsburg, their first task on the body-strewn battlefield was to provide shelter for those lying in the sun. Locating an ax, the sisters began chopping fence posts for tent stakes, then stretched blankets over the stakes to provide some semblance of shade for the wounded. Some of the injured were fortunate enough to have been moved into outbuildings, but were so crowded that they were unable to move or change position. The straw beneath them was full of vile fluids and vermin.

It was difficult to walk through the battlefield due to the number of spent bullets on the ground, which could be scooped up by the handful. There also was a common threat which tested the fortitude of the sisters on all battlefields where the sisters nursed. Unexploded artillery shells lay buried in soft earth of the cultivated fields where they had landed. Anyone walking or riding over them could detonate them unintentionally. Father Edward Smith, C.M., who had accompanied the sisters from Emmitsburg, often rode through the dark countryside at all hours of the day and night in response to soldiers’ requests to see

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Notes—Military Hospitals, 126.
a priest. These artillery shells could have easily detonated if struck by the hooves of his horse.

In addition to serving in hospitals, many sisters continued their ongoing ministries in schools and orphanages. The sisters operated St. Mary’s Asylum & School, Natchez, Mississippi, one of about seven missions which served as hubs for sending sister nurses to respond to unmet needs wherever greatest. Other similar hubs were located in Emmitsburg, Maryland, St. Louis, Missouri, New Orleans, Louisiana, Norfolk, and Richmond, Virginia, and Washington, D.C.

Two Union gun boats appeared on the Mississippi River in the war’s western theater in September 1862, threatening to bombard Natchez. The sisters were anxious and fearful for the welfare of the innocent lives entrusted to their care and the residents of Natchez. The threats of bombardment were so frequent that alarms repeatedly sounded but absence of bombings yielded feelings of security. Sister Amanda Higdon recalled the courage of William Elder, bishop of Natchez, in the face of grave danger:

We were suddenly aroused by the appearance of two Gunboats…without a moment’s warning we heard the first shell booming over our heads…Women and children rushing through the streets screaming with
terror...immediately our Asylum was thronged by persons...begging just to be admitted within its walls as they would feel secure under the Sisters protection. I can never forget the anguish I felt at the sight of mothers with infants scarcely a week old flying to us begging us to help them preserve the lives of their Babes...Bishop gathered the sisters in the chapel for prayer and the granting of absolution as they were in grave danger...

The shells passed over our heads in rapid succession...yet not one...burst...the stillness of death reigned, no sound was heard...each child with a bundle of clothing passes out [of] the Asylum with the thought they were never to enter its loved walls, five of our sisters accompanied them. Sr. Rosanna and the Babies with two sick children followed in a market wagon...The children and sisters ran five miles without stopping to rest. Once the bombing stopped, word circulated that the gunboats were reloading ammunition to destroy the city.\(^45\)

During the upheaval of the sisters and orphans at Natchez, an agent sent by Confederate General Albert G. Blanchard came to St. Mary’s Asylum to escort three sisters, who had previously agreed to work in the Confederate hospital, Monroe, Louisiana. Blanchard arrived while the Union gunboat was still in the Mississippi. The potential peril impelled the sisters and their escort to cross the river expeditiously before the gunboat could fire on them. The crisis resulted when the mayor of Natchez surrendered the city to Union General Benjamin Butler, who made no further threats to shell the city. The sisters and children returned to their orphanage greatly relieved.

The Union blockade of New Orleans clogged the passage of supplies on the Mississippi River, resulting in food scarcity and prices soaring out of control. In some areas flour sold for two dollars a pound.

In the east John S. Mosby’s Rangers and other vigilantes harassed areas of north Central Virginia and sparked guerilla warfare the last two years of the war.\(^46\) Elements of the Union Army’s Third Corps camped on the Daughters of Charity property near Emmitsburg in late June

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\(^{45}\) Ibid., 363-5.

\(^{46}\) Sister Florence Mosby (1850-1881), a convert to Catholicism, entered the Daughters of Charity in 1871. Sister Florence was a younger sister of John Singleton Mosby (1833-1916), whose his two daughters attended St. Joseph’s Academy, Emmitsburg. Dubbed “The Gray Ghost” of the Confederacy, Major Mosby led his “Rangers” with lighting speed to raid and disrupt Union operations.
1863. General Regis de Trobriand was familiar with the Daughters of Charity and stationed guards around the sisters’ residence to prevent any unnecessary intrusions. The sisters fed the hungry soldiers who also mentioned that St. Joseph's Valley would make an excellent field of battle but soon orders arrived to march to Gettysburg.

Elements of the Confederate Army soon arrived to replace the departed Union Army at St. Joseph’s. The sisters extended the same courtesies to the Confederate soldiers as they had to the Union troops. After their departure, the sisters prayed that no fighting would take place at their valley home but fighting began nine miles northward. For the first three days of July, the sisters listened to the discharge of cannons echoing through the valley, and finally, silence.

On Sunday, July 5, 1863, Father Burlando collected supplies and set off for Gettysburg with a dozen sisters in the first band. As they approached the town, the horses began shying away from the carnage scattered in the roadway. Pools of bloodied water filled the roads, along with the bodies of men and horses. Upon arrival they discovered at least 113 hospitals in addition to the many private homes full of wounded soldiers.

Father Burlando stationed the sister nurses at as many hospitals as possible within hours. When seeing the sister nurses, one doctor remarked: “here are the Sisters of Charity, who will give all the directions; you are only desired to obey.” Hospital management improved along with cleanliness, food, and beneficence.

The sisters assigned to St. Francis Xavier Catholic Church, Gettysburg, found men lying on the church pews, under the pews, and on boards placed across the pews. Blood and bathing wounds kept the straw on the floor constantly wet under the sisters feet. Gangrenous wounds infected the air. Providing even a little cool water to soldiers with wounds of the head, throat, and face prolonged this essential act of kindness, which could be tedious depending on the site of the injury. In the meantime others had to wait their turn just to quench parching thirst.

Both Gettysburg residents and soldiers appreciated the sisters’ tireless work. One merchant stated “You ladies are a matter of respect and admiration by all who see you, even a kind of silent awe strikes the people, so as that they do not look on you as common beings, but, more of the supernatural order &c.-e.”47 The sisters remained in

47 Notes—Military Hospitals, 208.
Gettysburg until the wounded were transferred elsewhere (Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York), and the U.S. General Hospital was fully operational at Camp Letterman.

While the sisters were serving at Point Lookout, a tornadic water spout struck the area, creating confusion, fear, and destruction, when a loud noise like thunder surprised the sisters who looked out only to see spooky spirals of clutter in blustery obscurity, August 6, 1864.

the air was darkened with whirling sand, lumber, bed-steads, stovepipes, roofs of houses, &c., &c., by a raging Tornado & Water Spout tearing & destroying all in its way...Men, sick & wounded, blown out on the ground, and the wards & cottages carried several feet from their base.48

The dead house, where bodies were held for burial, was split apart. A body carried away by the wind was discovered near the ruins of another shop. Storm-blown lumber struck several sisters, one soldier’s leg was broken, yet the hospital was undamaged. Until roofs were repaired, sisters “would stand by the stove with their sauce pan of broth in one hand, and an umbrella in the other.”49

“One night about 10:00 o’clock, several ambulances arrived with badly wounded men; 64 in all; only 8 of whom had all their limbs. Some died in removing them from the ambulance to the Ward,” probably at Lincoln Hospital in Washington, D.C.50 The sisters continued their work in spite of the horrors they encountered during the remaining years of the war, enduring suffering and deprivation everywhere they ministered. Just like Saint Vincent’s spiritual daughters in France so many years before, they looked upon their work as serving their Lord. The wounded became their masters, and they frequently wrote of sharing their food with the men, for they did not believe they should eat while their Masters starved.

The sisters had been sent to serve on a two-fold mission: care for the body and ministry to the soul. While there are many accounts of human misery, there are countless remarks concerning the baptism of indifferent souls. Some physicians were skeptical of the sisters’ reason for being in the hospitals, but their nursing skills soon confirmed their ability to care for the wounded. Some complained of the sisters’ penchant for praying for the wounded. It is interesting to note that complaints

48 Ibid., 170.
49 Ibid., 173.
50 Ibid., 495.
often came from Protestant chaplains working in the wards. Perhaps the chaplains saw the sisters as competition for the souls of the patients. Only God knew their motives. One patient although prejudiced against Catholics, liked the sisters because he did not believe they were actually members of the Catholic Church, while others, wanting nothing to do with the priests, desired to become a member of the “White Bonnet” religion of the sisters. This is understandable, as the men quickly formed a bond of affection for the sister nurses caring for them. The men felt comfortable around the sister nurses, and accepted their altruism as an example of the sisters’ faith.

The sisters remained at their posts as the citizenry evacuated the Confederate capital, April 1865. Confederate President Jefferson Davis received a dispatch while in church from Gen. Robert E. Lee. Soon “commissary stores were thrown open, weapons were broken, liquor emptied in the streets,—gas and water turned off, and fire set to the city,—the city in total darkness save from the illumination of flames.”

Many soldiers tried to repay the kindness of their sister nurses. A patient in Washington, D.C., obtained a pass and spent the day shopping for a gift for “his” sister. Disappointed, he returned to the hospital where a sister noticed his mood and inquired as to his situation. “I am vexed & tired, I got my pass early today & have walked thro’ every street in Washington to buy one of your White Bonnets for you.” Another soldier asked the sisters if they wore clothing in colors other than grey or black, for he wished to buy a new dress for the sister in charge of his care.

The patients, surgeons, and civilians respected the work of the sisters, knowing that the women worked tirelessly on their behalf. They entered the hospitals believing God would protect all within the walls. Although many attempted to disgrace the sisters, soldiers under their care understood the mercy and devotion within the heart of a sister wearing the White Bonnet.

Of all the hardships the sisters experienced in the midst of their war service, they keenly felt the disruption of their usual community routine. The comfort of predictable schedules—rituals, hymns, time for prayer and meditation within their communities—was a great sacrifice for the sisters during the war years. Returning to their beloved, verdant St. Joseph’s Valley, communal life, and ministry was as refreshing as the renewal of dear friendships and former companions in community.

51 Emmitsburg Missions Collection, Richmond, Virginia, St. Patrick’s School, APSL.
The first Surgeon General of the United States, Dr. Benjamin Rush, advocated the “heroic” theory of medicine based on the belief that most medical conditions resulted from an imbalance among body fluids.\textsuperscript{52} Prior to the Civil War, the medical profession was moving away from its encouraged practices like, purging, vomiting, bloodletting, etc., which could cause further debilitation and sometimes violent reactions or death.

Homeopathy, herbal-based treatments, and vegetarianism were introduced as innovative alternatives. “Each emphasized a specific approach to therapy based on unscientific theories, but avoided most of the toxicity from drugs and bloodletting caused by the orthodox profession’s ‘heroic therapy.”

Women’s participation in health care remained largely in the home with only a few women pursuing medical degrees. Dr. Mary Edwards Walker served as a medical professional during the war. Midwives were the main partners in obstetrical cases, and surgeons/physicians attended maternity cases only in the most severe instances. Individuals did not aspire to a medical profession because it offered little economic gain.

Aspiring medical students could satisfy admission requirements by presenting letters verifying their good moral character. Adherence to a standard curriculum and monitored class attendance were inadequately enforced, if at all. States lacked consistent standards for medical school education, regulations for licensing physicians, and examinations for board certification.\textsuperscript{53}

The number of surgeons rose between 1790 and 1850 from five to forty thousand.\textsuperscript{54} At the advent of the Civil War there were approximately forty-two medical schools in the United States. Many were not affiliated with a teaching university, but were organized by a group of physicians who charged students for lectures and anatomy practicums.

Expenses for medical education covered not only instruction, usually a series of lectures repeated annually, but also rent for the space utilized; books, medicines, and equipment; transportation (horse and buggy), apprenticeship and living expenses. The expense of a medical school education ranged between $500 and $1,300 by 1850.\textsuperscript{55}

\textsuperscript{54} Ibid.
\textsuperscript{55} Ibid., 64.
Many of medical school graduates and practicing physicians received appointments in the Medical Departments of both armies. Wide-spread recruitment for medical and healthcare personnel began at the start of hostilities.

Ballistic technology developed before and during the war created horrific wounds. The Minié ball and rifled barrel generated enough momentum to shatter bones, often making amputation the only viable treatment option. Many medics lacked extensive experience in treating maimed patients and their extensive injuries. The Conditions confronting unseasoned volunteers appalled many of them, especially the lady volunteers. Many of these generous women contracted illnesses necessitating them to abandon their benevolent service.

Mid-nineteenth century hospitals were often equated with almshouses, places of contagion and filth, inhabited by the lower classes. Some credit Charity Hospital in New Orleans as the first hospital established in what would become the United States (1736), but others opine that originally it was an almshouse, not a healthcare establishment.56

The type of hospital established during the war related directly to time, demand, supply and conflicting priorities: humane care, respect for fallen comrades and exigencies of the military mission. Qualified surgeons, as well as other skilled, efficient, and compassionate caregivers, met the need. The Daughters of Charity, other religious communities, and civilian women were among those who rose to the occasion.

Sister Matilda Coskery, a nurse and nursing supervisor during the Civil War, had distinguished herself previously as a psychiatric nurse, at Mount Hope in Baltimore.57 Sister Matilda compiled Advices Concerning the Sick sometime about 1840. She used Advices as a manual or textbook for instructing newer sisters in the theory and practice of nursing, both medical and psychiatric. Her practical instruction regarding technical procedures and infection control precautions prepared a generation of Daughters of Charity for their future ministry as battlefield nurses during the war years.


Benevolent Women. Regardless of personnel shortages, neither Union nor Confederate officials actively sought women to work in hospitals due to the prevalent belief “that decent women, especially ladies did not belong in the military in any capacity.”

Social conventions regarded genteel women as too delicate and unstable to handle the horrors of treating wounded soldiers, yet most medical personnel were impressed by those willing to commit to healthcare service.

The patriotic spirit moved many wives, sisters, and mothers to journey to the front either to find their loved ones, or to volunteer to nurse the wounded in a hospital. There were attempts to organize civilians into well-functioning groups to care for the wounded. In their nursing the Daughters collaborated with Sanitary Commissions when possible, but sister nurses worked independently from Clara Barton and Dorothea Lynn Dix. These prominent Civil War women and many local ladies resented the esteem that military authorities had for the sister nurses.

Miss Barton stepped forward during the war to minister to the wounded, circumventing army red tape by working outside the system to organize supplies and personally deliver them whenever possible. One weary surgeon remarked that “in my feeble estimation, General McClellan, with all his laurels, sinks into insignificance beside the true heroine of the age the angel of the battlefield.”

Miss Dix, Superintendent of Female Nurses for the Union Army, had very strict requirements for women whom she determined fit to

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59 The United States Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission provided excellent assistance in procuring drugs and supplies for the Union Army during the war.
nurse the wounded. “A woman must be mature in years, plain almost to homeliness in dress, and by no means liberally endowed with personal attractions, if she hoped to meet the approval of Miss Dix.”61 Some members of Dorothea Dix’s corps of nurses also worked at Hammond Hospital at Point Lookout, Maryland. When orders arrived from Washington requesting all female nurses to vacate the hospital, the Daughters of Charity, also at Point Lookout, were troubled. They knew they were meeting the needs of the sick soldiers, and did not want to abandon their patients. As the sisters prepared to leave, however, a doctor requested them to remain. Soon he received a telegram from Washington explaining that only the sisters were allowed to remain—news that comforted the patients.

Some women appeared at hospital sites offering their help but not understanding that nursing involved humility, servitude, and selflessness. Sophonia Bucklin, a dedicated nurse, became apprehensive of her abilities to care for the wounded. “I had been eager to lend myself to the glorious cause of Freedom, and now, on the threshold of the hospital in which gaping wounds, and fevered, thirsting lips awaited me, telling their ghastly tales of the bloody battle, my cheek flushed, and my hand grew hot and trembling.”62 Bucklin’s experiences mirrored those of countless women capable of nursing their families through the measles and other common ailments, yet had never changed the dressings of a stranger or recovering amputee. Other women demanded spacious accommodations, argued with doctors regarding medications, and care regimens, all the while believing they were aiding their respective causes.

Despite the efforts of Dorothea Dix and Clara Barton to organize nurses, a corps of knowledgeable and experienced nurses already existed. Religious women throughout the country operated at least twenty-eight hospitals.63 Catholic Sisters were the only well-established group which could transmit a heritage of theory, skills, and management capability within an organized system of nursing.

Many of the charitable lay women who cared for sick and wounded soldiers were poorly prepared to cope with the exhausting efforts and repulsive chores sometimes required. The men observed that the sisters’ religious commitment and dedication to serving persons in need would not allow them to leave a patient in distress. Sent to St.

Louis Military Hospital, St. Louis, Missouri, for nursing duties August 1861, the men, also visited weekly by members of the Union Aid Ladies, were quick to show their affection for their sister nurses.

One time they [Union Aid Ladies] came we did not have many sick, a convalescent patient was busy… [arranging] flowers for amusement and to pass time, when these Ladies saw how he was occupied they were very much interested, and told him they would like very much to have some token of remembrance from him, he was much amused at their request. They enquired for whom was he making them, and he told them that they were for the Sisters, he wanted to hear what they had to say, for they [the Ladies] disliked the Sisters very much, they answered indignantly “I am a Sister I think you might give it to me,” the patient replied that he would not, but they said, “I am a Sister; though I have not the White Bonnet,” “no mam,” he said, “I see you have not the white Bonnet and permit me to tell you there is more wanting than the bonnet,” the Ladies were offended and said, “how is it that those Sister[s] can have so much influence over these poor soldiers[?]” but they were answered that it was very easy to account for it, “their appearance will command respect from the most depraved.”

Post-War Years

Sister nurses faced physical danger from the opposing armies and endured personal inconveniences—bumpy, bone-jarring, and mind-numbing roads, hot, and humid weather as well as the biting winter winds, but they never abandoned those in need, remaining unwavering in their mission. They inspired among broken humanity by infusing a balm of hope, boosting the spirit with consolation. The sister nurses continued their nursing care for wounded soldiers at Gettysburg and St. Francis de Sales Infirmary, Richmond, until their patients were ready for discharge in 1867. The Daughters of Charity also cared for Civil War veterans in in their community-owned hospitals in several states.

Many of those who received care never forgot the kindness extended to them during troubled times. Veterans journeyed to religious

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64 Notes—Military Hospitals, 30.
65 See Hannefin, Daughters, 126-8.
communities across the country to visit *their sisters* after the war. Sometimes the expedition led to a cemetery where a soldier tenderly placed flowers or memorials on a sister nurse’s grave who had shown him mercy in his darkest hour. Others sat and chatted with those who once held their hands and prayed with them. In these ways former patients expressed their timeless gratitude for the sisters' kindness.

Nursing developed into a recognized and honorable profession for women in the post-war years. The Daughters of Charity Hospital (Buffalo) and The Johns Hopkins University (Baltimore) Hospital launched the first schools of nursing in the United States, 1889. Schools of Nursing, Colleges, and Universities continue to educate nursing personnel for benevolent, person-centered care in an increasingly technological society.

For four years the country’s foundations shuddered under the tramp of soldiers’ feet and the shock of cannon fire—the green grass was trampled into mud, then soiled with the blood of brothers but the Daughters of Charity quietly ministered in the midst of immense suffering and hellish chaos. The sister nurses endured hardship, deprivations, and even death in rendering selfless service to their God and neighbor, whether of the Union or the Confederacy. In the midst of human distress, not only did the Daughters of Charity care for wounded warriors, but they also initiated twenty new ministries in California,
Illinois, Nevada, and Ontario, Canada, including six hospitals. One of the first to be established, Providence Hospital in the District of Columbia, has been providing medical and nursing care to civilians and military personnel continuously since 1861. Sister Mary Carroll, the first administrator, provided regular nursing care to Maj. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles at Providence. Sickle’s right leg was amputated at Gettysburg due to injury by cannon fire.

Even though Mother Seton envisioned preparing nurses to care for the sick, and teachers to educate children, she probably never imagined the learning center her spiritual daughters would occupy in wartime. The lessons taught by the sisters exceeded conventional classroom curricula. The gentleness of a sister comforted anyone despite despondence, prejudice, or errant ways. On their deathbed many soldiers experienced a soothing balm of hope as their souls entered eternity, while others recuperated and discovered new meaning for their lives. The experiences of soldiers on the battlefields, in makeshift hospitals, prisons, and even in the established general hospitals throughout the nation were interwoven with the heroic lives and fervent prayers of the Daughters of Charity. The sisters probably gave no thought that collective memory would be considered so valuable, much less their own experiences and recollections which inspire us today. They finished their pilgrimage on earth. May they enjoy their eternal reward.

Come, you who are blessed by my Father. Inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink, a stranger and you welcomed me, naked and you clothed me, ill and you cared for me, in prison and you visited me.’ …And the king will say to them in reply, ‘Amen, I say to you, whatever you did for one of these least brothers of mine, you did for me.’

Janet Leigh Bucklew (1953-2013)
Former National Park Service Ranger
Gettysburg National Military Park

66 Mt 25: 34-40.
EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

Organizational Method

This compendium contains 146 distinct documents, arranged in three parts, but unified by a single event, the American Civil War (1861-1865). The Daughters of Charity nursed sick and wounded Confederate and Union soldiers and subsequently cared for invalid veterans in their hospitals.

The types of records vary but each document has a unique number in sequence to facilitate identification and retrieval. Annotations appear in footnotes for each document. One lengthy record comprises recollections, contemporary accounts, letters, a telegram, etc. When a document includes more than one topic, uniquely numbered sub-topics follow in accord with the original record. For example, Sister Felix McQuaid included two topics in her diary:

56. Diary of Sister Felix McQuaid’s War Notes

56.1 Hospital Transports, 1862

56.2 St. Joseph Hospital, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Part 1. Notes of the Sisters’ Services in Military Hospitals, 1861-1865. Sisters wrote their recollections and accounts of wartime nursing for general superiors. Secretaries compiled the information and sent it to Paris sometime in 1867. Part 1 of this work presents the original collection which has been preserved in a nineteenth-century scrapbook with a red spine on which The War Between the States is written with ink. Written in dark ink, Notes of the Sisters’ Services in Military Hospitals, 1861-1865, appears recto.

This collective record includes the names of individuals and gives particulars about the sister nurses experiences. The present generation has had little, if any, exposure to the details of these stories of courage and compassion. Balm of Hope presents the nineteenth-century manuscripts of Notes—Military Hospitals in the order in which they were found, even though there is no discernible arrangement criteria.

Assorted recollections, accounts, and correspondence were inserted into this hand-made book of 58 manuscripts and 523 pages. The dark, hardback outer cover measures 13” x 9” x 2.5”. Most of the sheets are 12 ½” x 8 ½” but additional letters related to the record but written on sheets of various sizes are included. All sheets adhere to a
centerfold, e.g. drafts, copies, and originals, both signed and unsigned. The majority of the scribes wrote in ink but Sister Felix McQuaid used pencil for her War Notes. A few typescripts, produced by early manual typewriters, are in this collection and are identified in footnotes.

Some texts are duplicated in Notes—Military Hospitals. These are not labeled and may be a working draft along with a corrected copy. In cases of obvious redundancy, the document appears only once in this work, but information about alternate texts and their location appears in a footnote.

The sisters went as a band or group when given a mission (assignment) for military nursing. Several sisters at the same site would have had similar experiences. Even though more than one sister described an event, each rendition offers a unique perceptive of their shared experience. Sometimes references to several sites are interspersed in the description of another location. For example, recollections about Manassas, Virginia, also include descriptions of life in Gordonsville, Danville, and Lynchburg, Virginia. The same pattern appears in a document which begins with discussion of Natchez, Mississippi, and includes Monroe, Louisiana. This work includes each location mentioned in order to offer a comprehensive compendium.

Part 2. Civil War Recollections and Accounts. Some reminiscences did not arrive at St. Joseph’s Central House until after the compilation of the sisters Civil War experiences had been sent to Paris. Part 2 includes thirty documents, e.g. anecdotes, accounts, recollections, death notices, and relevant post-war letters. These documents were preserved separately in various archival record groups. The documents are annotated and arranged chronologically 1861-1905 in this work.

Part 3. Correspondence—Civil War Era and Post-War Years. Eighty-eight manuscripts of post-war correspondence, obituaries, and memoranda encompassing the war years through the turn of the century are arranged chronologically (1861 to 1900). Other recollections probably were written in response to a later request by Sister Loyola Law in order to compile the three volumes of the Annals of the Civil War, a redaction of the original Notes of the Sisters’ Services in Military Hospitals. Seven letters, written between 1861 and 1864, were discovered recently in Paris.

The Civil War began just eleven years after the Sulpician priests of Baltimore arranged for the Emmitsburg-based Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph’s to unite with the Company of the Daughters of Charity of
St. Vincent de Paul of Paris. Although the term Sisters of Charity was used as a popular designation until mid-twentieth century, the correct title has been and is Daughters of Charity since 1850.

Editorial Method

Sister nurses and other significant individuals are identified by surname, birth and death years, when possible. The recollections of the sister nurses reflects collective and selective memory related to factors of stress, aging, and time lapse. Numerous sister nurses authored the majority of accounts and recollections. Some sisters nursed at several hospitals, recorded their experiences, and signed the documents but many documents are unsigned.

Ordinarily congregational initials appear after a sister’s name, e.g. “D.C.” after a sister’s name identifies her as a Daughter of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. Congregational initials are used only for sisters who are not Daughters of Charity. Since Balm of Hope focuses exclusively on Daughters of Charity sister nurses, unless specified otherwise, all the sisters mentioned are Daughters of Charity. The format “Sister Marie Louise Caulfield” seems more faithful to nineteenth-century stylistics than the contemporary, “Marie Louise Caulfield, D.C.”

Usually a young sister being sent on mission at the conclusion of her initial religious formation program, the Daughters of Charity Seminary (novitiate), she received a community name. Occasionally two sisters with identical names were assigned to the same mission. To avoid confusion in those cases, the new arrival usually assumed another name but official records rarely include a notation of such changes. Alternate names appear in parentheses in this work e.g., Sister Ellen (Avellina) Leddy and Sister Pacifica (Francis Honorah) Smith. Only Appendix B contains the abbreviation “a.k.a.”

The creators added emphasis by underlining in the original manuscripts. Their underlining has been retained. Some lines and words are crossed out in the original manuscript but it is not known if this was done by the creator, an early copyist, or a later redactor. Underlining and cross outs have been retained in order for the reader to appreciate the nineteenth-century writing style of the creators (and subsequent scribes). Texts which are crossed out in the original version are also crossed out in this work. For example: “We will have this room you select prepared for you by tomorrow morning.” After the arrangements were made, we returned to our quarters.”
Capitalization has been preserved with few exceptions. Lengthy paragraphs have been divided, some spelling corrected, and punctuation added in brackets. Pagination is continuous throughout. Footnote numbering restarts at the beginning of Part 1, Part 2, and Part 3. Annotation appears in footnotes.

A goal of this work is to present the manuscripts as written in the nineteenth century although when deemed important for comprehension some decisions were made to edit lightly. The name Sisters of Charity has been retained. Neither abbreviations, nor spelling, nor punctuation were standardized in the nineteenth century. The nineteenth-century writers used abbreviations abundantly in these texts. The use of abbreviations has been reduced for the convenience of readers. For example, Baltimore is used instead of Balt. or B. The word “and” or “etc.” replaces the ampersand [&] in the text. “Etc.” replaces the ampersand in all its variations. Missing diacritical markings have been supplied in most instances.

Missing words and names, when known, are supplied in brackets, e.g. Captain [John] Smith or they received the [telegram] and departed. Uncorrected errata in the original text are indicated by [sic]. The presentation of “Historical Notes on Satterlee Hospital” includes additional punctuation and format changes for readability, especially division into paragraphs. Sister Emerita Quinlan, Sister Ursula (Euphrasia) Mattingly, were two who kept diaries, which are no longer extant. In some cases their contents were included in publications by George Barton, Ellen Ryan Jolly, and Eleanor C. Donnelly, presumably with the assistance of the Daughters of Charity. Any insertions herein are in brackets and annotated.

Lastly, an unknown scribe, possibly Sister Loyola Law, developed a partial chronology of Civil War experiences. Additions to her list are italicized. Brackets enclose corrections.

May the Daughters of Charity recollections, accounts, and letters provide readers with fresh perspectives about the experiences of heroic women, sister nurses of the Civil War.
Men go to war to kill other men...you go to war to repair the damage they do. What a blessing of God!...you go to restore life or, at least, to help preserve it in those who survive by the care you take of them...See if you don’t need great trust in God to do all that!

— Vincent de Paul to the Daughters of Charity, June 9, 1658
Daughters of Charity nurses wrote their recollections and accounts during or shortly after the war. A secretary compiled those memoirs as *Notes of the Sisters’ Services in Military Hospitals, 1861-1865*. The sisters recorded their own experiences of nursing Union and Confederate wounded and sick along with the range of emotions felt and encountered. *Balm of Hope: Charity Afire Impels Daughters of Charity to Civil War Nursing* presents the corpus of Civil War manuscripts and correspondence as found, respecting the original arrangement and writing style without redaction. This is the first publication of the compendium.
This collection is valuable for it gives names which have been suppressed in later transcriptions.¹ And are for the greater number, the original notes sent in response to Father Burlando’s requirement—unretrenched—unvarnished.²

¹ The sister scribes used underlining for emphasis throughout the original manuscripts. See Notes—Military Hospitals.

1. Memorandum of Conditions upon which service to the soldiers was accepted in 1861.3

As you are so much interested in our [Daughters of Charity] taking charge of the poor sick and wounded soldiers, I will enclose you a list of the conditions required in [sic] our part.

1st In the first place that no Lady volunteers be associated with the Sisters in their duties as such an association would be rather an encumbrance than a help.

2ndly That the Sisters should have entire charge of the hospitals and ambulances.

3rdly That the Government pay the traveling expenses of the Sisters and furnish their board and other actual necessities during the war. Clothing also in case it should be protracted.

4thly That a Catholic Chaplain be in attendance. Of course no compensation is required by the Sisters for their services.

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2. Circular of Rev. J. Francis Burlando to the Daughters of Charity

St. Joseph’s, October 30, 1866.

My very dear Sister,

The grace of our Lord be forever with us!4

Most Honored Father is very anxious that we should send him a report of the facts and incidents in connection with the Sisters’ labors during the time of the last war.5 His desire is my will, and I am sure it is also yours. Therefore I beg of you to send to Mother Euphemia, by the first of January next, a full account of facts, circumstances and incidents in connection with the labors, hardships and privations of yourself and companions.6

3 “Conditions upon which service to the soldiers was accepted in 1861,” United States History, Daughters of Charity Provincial Annals (1860–1862), 503, APSL. (Hereafter cited as Early Correspondence).

4 “The grace of our Lord be forever with us!” Members of the Congregation of the Mission (Vincentian priests and brothers) and also Daughters of Charity used this traditional greeting in their correspondence. See 2 Cor. 13:13.

5 Rev. Jean-Baptiste Etienne, C.M. (1801–1874), was superior general (1843–1874) of the Congregation of the Mission and the Company of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul.

6 Due to difficulties in communicating with sisters on missions in the South, Mother Ann Simeon commissioned her assistant, Sister Euphemia Blenkinsop (1816–1887), to be the official representative of the Daughters of Charity in the Confederacy effective late in 1861.
Please notice the date of your entering on duties at any Military Hospital or Battle Field; by what authority were the Sisters called to such duties; the number of Sisters that shared your labors; the day they were transferred to other Hospitals, and why; and the day a portion of your companions, or the whole number was recalled definitively from these duties, and why? Also, point out the number of conversions, baptisms and Holy Communions, and incidents connected with them. In fact, any extraordinary event, or anything interesting and edifying.

Your report, together with those of other Sisters employed in the armies will be arranged together at the Central House, and the work will be sent to Paris.7

You are hereby requested not to allow any consideration to induce you to delay, much less to omit to comply with this requirement.

I beg God to bless you.

Your truly devoted

F. Burlando, Director

The following Notes were the response to this appeal. They were reviewed, portions scored out, and reappeared in a somewhat abridged form in the French Annales of the Congrégation of the Mission.8

3. [Rev. J. Francis Burlando to Rev. Jean-Baptiste Etienne]

In this form they [the Sisters’ Notes] were prefaced by the following letter addressed to the Superior General, Father Etienne, by Father Burlando.

Emmitsburg, April 10, 18689

Sir, and Most Honored Father,

Your blessing, if you please!

I have the honor to address you some considerations on the subject of your good American Daughters in the course of this unhappy war of four years which has left so many ruins, and caused so many ravages principally in the southern part of our immense Republic.

7 St. Joseph’s Central House, headquarters of the Daughters of Charity province of the United States, was located just south of the town of Emmitsburg, Maryland.
8 See Annales CM. Tome XXXIII (1868), Tome XXXIV (1869). For online texts courtesy of DePaul University, Chicago. For Volume 33 (1868), see http://via.library.depaul.edu/annales/33. For Volume 34 (1869), see http://via.library.depaul.edu/annales/34.
These observations are very incomplete. All is not told. Facts capable of interesting and edifying have been omitted either through design and by prudence, or because God has not manifested to us in all its extent the good He has wished in his mercy that your Daughters should be instrumental in effecting. That which we say however suffices for a general appreciation very proper it appears to me, to penetrate us with the grandeur of our Vocation of Charity.

It was a spectacle worthy of the admiration of angels and of men to see two hundred and twenty [sic] Sisters of Charity multiply themselves as if by miracle north and south to answer to the necessities of so many unfortunate.10 There were some Military Hospitals which counted as high as four thousand beds occupied by poor soldiers whose mutilated and broken members offered the most sorrowful spectacle. From whence draw sufficient charity and spirit of sacrifice necessary to save from death these thousands of victims? By their tears, with words which penetrate hearts and enlighten spirits, our Sisters knew from the first how to inspire patience infusing the balm of hope in wounded souls. Men whom the horrors of war have, as it were, brutified felt themselves moved at the sight of a Daughter of Charity in the performance of her duty. The remembrance of a mother, a wife, a sister was presented to their mind with all the charm of virtue, and their eyes, which the cruelties of war seemed to have dried forever, flowed again with tears of tenderness. Sentiments of nobility, of honor, and of generosity which distinguish man from the brute reappeared. One recognized the dignity of human nature in its resemblance to its Creator. They thanked God for having sent to solace them in their sufferings those whom they considered angels, and they surrounded with respect, with veneration even, these benefactresses whom they honored with the most entire confidence.

In their presence not an oath, no free words, not even a disorderly sound. You would have taken these halls where lay several hundreds of wounded men, for so many cloisters inhabited by religious. Nothing was heard save sighs wrested by the violence of pain from the weakness of nature.

To respect and to confidence was joined the docility of a child towards its mother. It was beautiful to see the General transform himself into a little child, as well as the simple soldier. Behold how, to the

10 As of 2015 computerization of records made it possible to identify more than three hundred Daughters of Charity who were involved in Civil War nursing. Burlando reported only 220 in 1868. The sisters responded regionally to crises, particularly in the Confederacy, where small bands of sisters were formed and dispatched to assist where needs were greatest.
honor of our holy religion succumbed the prejudices of an education opposed to Catholicity, and extinguished the implacable hatred which heresy has vowed, thus to say, from the very cradle. Protestants ask themselves with astonishment and in admiration if these women are really Catholics; some among them do not believe it possible that persons so charitable could belong to a sect so monstrous as Papistry. It is thus they express themselves even in the presence of the Sisters. Meanwhile, not being able to understand the prodigy of a bad tree such as they judge Catholicity to be, producing such good fruits, through the works of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, they wish to know just in what then consists this religion. They devour the books which are lent to them; they search, interrogate, and at last find what they desired in the sincerity of their soul; they embrace this divine Religion, of which they have never heard except in instructions to detest it. Some others, however, not believing their own eyes, would wish to belong only to the religion of these true Daughters of all Charity and not to the Catholic Religion. The Sisters endeavored to enlighten, and with such success, that more than one time in order to calm the inquietudes of the dying, they were obliged with their own hands to administer the Sacrament of Baptism, leaving them thus persuaded that they died veritably in the Church of God.

But, what a spectacle to see these poor invalid Catholics and Protestants all going to the chapel of the Sisters to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, at the Way of the Cross, and other practices of piety! Those who cannot come by the aid of their crutches, wish to have themselves carried there. And, what eagerness to obtain a Medal of our Immaculate Mother, a chaplet, an Agnus Dei, and it is only when furnished with a medal that they return to their regiments. In a word one would have said a most fervent spiritual retreat was kept in our Hospitals by these brave soldiers resolved to save their souls.

Providence accomplished thus its merciful designs. Great and small could perceive the true light—light cast by the brilliancy of deeds of charity. Public authorities made it an obligation to proclaim aloud the exalted virtues and services of your Daughters [of Charity]. Many amongst them instant in their praises braved all prejudices at the risk of sacrificing position. A renowned General went so far as to say that the Government and the American nation were powerless to recompense them according to their merits. The Nation has not remained insensible to this language.

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11 For definitions see Glossary of Catholic Terms.
For the first time Congress has decided to accord appropriations to a Catholic establishment in giving thirty thousand dollars towards the construction of the Providence Hospital at Washington; not undoubtedly so much as the work is Catholic, as because it is confided to the Sisters of Charity. Light will dissipate little by little the clouds which still obscure the truth, or veil the brightness of the full day.

The influence of the sisters extended to the two belligerent factions. The two Presidents seconded alike this policy of charity which occupied itself in ministering to the body having only in view the salvation of souls.

I should not omit to say to you, Sir, and Most Honored Father, and for the greater glory of God, that your Daughters have constantly shown themselves faithful to their practices of piety, in the midst of embarrassments of a thousand different kind, and the trouble, disorder and confusion which notwithstanding the firmest discipline War inevitably drags in its train; above all under the influence of battles incessantly renewed, and forever threatening. After great battles it is by hundreds and by thousands that the wounded are brought in covered with dust and with blood and the greater proportion half dead. How could it be possible under such circumstances not to sacrifice one’s self utterly for the solace of the suffering! They have but time to take their repasts, and at night some instants of repose. Then the great Rule of the Sisters was Charity without limit. Outside of that, there was fidelity to the Rule in its entirety. Exercises were performed at the hour indicated, as if by the clock of the Community, and no one would at this moment dare to trouble the Sister of Charity in the accomplishment of her religious duties.

Catholics and Protestants had faith in the efficacy of the prayers of the Sisters, and they became recollected themselves in seeing them pray. It was at prayer, in effect, that our Sisters drew the courage, strength, and graces, which were so necessary in the midst of many trials. Without doubt in instructing them how to acquit themselves with success in their duty, it was not forgotten at the Central House

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12 Honorable Thaddeus Stevens (1792–1868), chairman of the House of Representatives Ways and Means Committee, supported Congressional appropriations for Providence Hospital in 1866 ($19,700) and 1868 ($30,000). Stevens also was responsible for additional appropriations to Providence annually for healthcare to transient medical indigents. Opponents launched a legal challenge. The U.S. Supreme Court rendered a landmark decision which paved the way for organizations with religious sponsorship to receive federal funds for provision of basic human services. See Joseph Bradfield v. Ellis Roberts, Province of United States, Missions, Washington, D.C., Providence Hospital, Providence Hospital Law Suit: 175 US, 291 (1898); Ruling (1899), United States Supreme Court, APSL.

13 Abraham Lincoln (1809–1865), president of the United States of America (1861–1865), and Jefferson Davis (1808–1889), president of the Confederate States of America (1861–1865).
to prepare them for their mission, and to forewarn them by salutary advice against the dangers to which they would be incessantly exposed; but it is necessary to avow that by the grace of God their exactitude to conform to these wise counsels merits to be proposed as a model worthy of copy. In the visits which I regarded as of obligation to them, I had the consolation of hearing these edifying words: “Father, we follow here all our exercises of piety, Mass, Communion, Meditation, Spiritual Reading, Chaplet, even the observation of silence as at our Central House. My companions are full of fervor and of zeal. I assure you that it is not impossible to live here, with just the same regularity as in a cloister.”

Remarkable words which render sacred to us even to their slightest prescriptions the dépôt [sic] of our Holy Rules. It is why I am led to consign these words to this correspondence, assured that the Sisters who have put them in practice before uttering them, will have sufficient humility, by the grace of God, to conserve their fruits.

Sir, and Most Honored Father, God could not leave without his benediction labors undertaken in such a spirit. Called for the first time to exercise their services on the field of battle, our [American] Sisters were without practical experience; for this reason I did not hasten to acquiesce to the desires and solicitations of many, who pressed me to offer to the Government the assistance of the Sisters for the work of the ambulances. It was to be feared moreover that were they very apt at this kind of service, might they not stray from the spirit of regularity which seems incompatible with camp life. However, the will of God was manifested through the medium of superiors, and I cast aside these fears to count more assuredly upon the succor of God as we conformed the designs of his Providence. In effect, our sisters to the number of two hundred and twenty, dispersed North and South upon the fields of battle, under the floating tents of the ambulances and in the walls of hospitals have been instruments of salvation which the grace of Vocation has pursued everywhere. It was admirable to see young Sisters up to that time engaged only in the works of the schools become all at once expert laborers, guided certainly by a supernatural instinct in their ministrations to the sick. The doctors themselves could not repress

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14 See Glossary of Catholic Terms.
15 Burlando, a native of Genoa, was familiar with the French language. Here he uses depot as a francophone would use dépôt to indicate a depository or storehouse.
17 See footnote 9, supra.
their surprise. Not a regret to admit, Sir, and Most Honored Father, but on the contrary felicitations without number to gather; eternal gratitude from the thousands of victims which they have succored, saving from death of the soul as often as from that of the body.

Such is the triumph which Heaven prepares for the Catholic Religion in the minds and hearts of Protestant populations. What prejudices destroyed. What virtues inspired! How many souls rescued! God alone counts the number. Now one may believe that our holy Religion has germs of life cast at every point of this vast Republic: soldiers restored to health in whose hearts the benefits of charity have cast these seeds are dispersed in all parts. How could it be, in effect, that this sign of charity should not make known the true Religion? It is the word of our Saviour in its splendor: “By this all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love one for another.”\(^\text{18}\) Again the Sister of Charity is as much at home as in the bosom of her family, in these immense regions which she can over-run from one extremity to the other, from Boston to San Francisco without anything to fear, assured of the triumph which gratitude has prepared for her in hearts. The soldiers cared for by the Sisters of Charity make it their glory to proclaim the maternal cares they have received from them. These monuments should be more lasting, we hope, than those of marble and bronze; they express in lively traits the regenerating power of Catholicism upon souls. It is difficult to resist arguments of this kind; moreover they impose silence on calumny, and causes to be respected by its enemies a Religion which they admire, and of which the Pope, whom they do not recognize yet, is however the first Pastor. To insult the Roman Pontiff, after benefits of which they have been the objects of predilection on part of his sheep-fold [sic] would be to cover themselves with confusion, and expose themselves to the malediction of all.\(^\text{19}\)

It is to these miracles of charity, Sir, and Most Honored Father more than to the wonders wrought by adepts in physical sciences that may be attributed the light of truth which now begins to illumine more than ever our America after the bloody catastrophes, the disasters, and chaos of our deplorable civil war. May God be eternally

\(^{18}\) John 13:35.

\(^{19}\) Ibid., 10:1.
blessed, however, for the era of happiness which He opens before us, in his mercy after the overwhelming manifestation of his justice!

Your devoted son in Christ Jesus,
F. Burlando, C.M., i.p.d.c.m.\(^{20}\)

These notes being fuller are judged to be the original notes sent.\(^{21}\)

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### 4. Recollections of Sister Mary Florence O’Hara

St. Louis Military Hospital, Missouri

House of Refuge U.S.A. Hospital\(^{22}\)

**Recollections**

This Hospital in the suburbs of St. Louis, was established on the 12\(^{th}\) of August in 1861, by Major General Fremont, at that time commanding the Department of the West.\(^{23}\) Several battles had taken place, and the hospital was filled with sick and wounded. The General who justly desired that every attention should be paid to these poor soldiers, who had given their lives for their country, visited them frequently, and perceiving that there was much neglect on the part of the attendants, applied to the Sisters of Saint Philomena’s Asylum, for a sufficient number of Sisters to take charge of the Hospital, promising to leave everything to their management of the Sisters.\(^{24}\) He desired us to go as soon as possible, we went the next day to visit the Hospital. No delay to apply to the Superiors [at Emmitsburg] for permission was necessary, as Father Burlando during a visit made a few months previous, foreseeing that probability of such an occurrence had given us directions to guide us in case of such cases on application.

\(^{20}\)This abbreviation traditionally followed the signature of a priest of the Congregation of the Mission. An English translation would read as follows: “Unworthy priest of the Congregation of the Mission.”


\(^{22}\)The House of Refuge, established in 1854, was first an institution which provided care and education for homeless, abused, and neglected boys and girls. Located at the corner of Osage and Louisiana Avenues in the Carondelet neighborhood near the Mississippi River in south St. Louis, the facility was used temporarily by the Union Army as a hospital for sick and wounded soldiers. There were twenty Daughters of Charity nurses assigned to the House of Refuge General Military Hospital by mid-July of 1862. See Notes—Military Hospitals, 9–58.

\(^{23}\)John C. Fremont (1813–1890), commander of the U.S. Army’s Department of the West, was based in St. Louis, in 1861.

\(^{24}\)The Daughters of Charity began Saint Philomena’s Asylum and School in 1846. Sister Mary Florence O’Hara (1827–1906), the sister servant (1855–1873), wrote accounts of the sisters’ experiences at the House of Refuge General Military Hospital and Jefferson Barracks, both in St. Louis, Missouri.
The presiding surgeon at the Hospital received us kindly, and wished to install us immediately, but the apartments which would have suited us, were occupied by the family of the superintendent; we were obliged to return, we reported matters to Gen. Fremont, who went himself to the Hospital, and ordered that eight rooms entirely separated from the wards, should be vacated and prepared for the Sisters. In a day or two twelve sisters went and were distributed among the eight wards of the Hospital. The Ward Masters, stewards, etc., were not at first pleased to have the Sisters placed over them, but finding that they were not disturbed in their duties, became reconciled and satisfied. The Sisters had the superintendence of the wards and all relative to the sick, declining the charge of the washing, cooking, etc., as there were not sufficient number of Sisters to undertake it. They had enough to do to take care of the sick. The number in the Hospital being [sic] generally seven hundred, sometimes over a thousand. Though most of the soldiers and attendants were Protestants and knew nothing of Catholics or their religion they treated the Sisters with every mark of respect, wondering at first at their strange dress and appearance, one asked if they were Freemasons. They soon began to appreciate the kindness and services of the sisters, and to show them gratitude by listening attentively to their instructions and advice. Their respect was such that not an oath or disrespectful word was heard in the Hospital during the three years that the Sisters were there. The Hospital was visited every other day by the *Ladies of the Union Aid Society*, who could not help admiring the almost profound silence observed in the wards, and they could not understand the influence the Sisters exercised over the patients.

The men both sick and well convalescent were as submissive as children to every wish of the Sisters, who were not however, without trials and hardships; the devil raised many obstacles to the good work he could not prevent; but the difficulties were not as numerous as might have been expected and were easily overcome. The Archbishop of St. Louis was delighted that the Sisters were asked for at the hospital, and provided a Chaplain, who said Mass every morning, in an oratory arranged in the Sister's our apartments, and after Mass visited every ward, instructing, baptizing and reconciling sinners to God, we had the happiness of being allowed to keep the Blessed Sacrament in our little Chapel.25 The labors of the priest and Sisters were well repaid by the immense amount of good they were enabled to perform.

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25 Peter Richard Kenrick (1806–1896), archbishop of St. Louis (1843–1895), was a brother to Francis Patrick Kenrick, archbishop of Baltimore.
An exact account was not kept by the Sisters, but the number is as near as we can ascertain as follows. Baptisms, seven hundred, conversions of Catholics who had neglected the practice of the religion, five hundred, many had only been baptized, others had lived years in sin. A great number made their first communion. The greater part of those who were baptized died in the Hospital; several who recovered asked on leaving for medals and Catechisms to instruct themselves and families. Some of the Sisters have kept notes of some remarkable or and interesting events in and conversions, which took place in their respective wards, but most of them were destroyed. The Hospital was closed at the end of the war, the Sisters returned to their former homes, or to other missions. The Hospital, or that portion of it occupied by the Sisters and used as a Chapel, was burnt and utterly destroyed a few months after we left. The building was being fitted up as a House of Refuge, we rejoiced that the place in which our Lord had honored us with His presence, would not be desecrated by being applied to other purposes.

It should be mentioned that though the officers of the Hospital were Protestants, they were glad to see a priest visiting the patients, and sent every morning an ambulance four miles, for his accommodation, and the same for his return to the city. A Salary was paid to the minister who had applied to Government for it; the priest did not ask it and bestowed his service gratis. We were fortunate in having ministers appointed who did not interfere with us. The first was rather zealous, but the Sisters prayed him out; the second and last was a politician. His religion, if he had any, varied with the times; his subjects of discourse were President Lincoln, General Lyon, and other heroes. He was very affable with towards the Sisters, saying to them: “Do all the good you can, Sisters. I do not wish to interfere with you.”

The following are notes written by the Sisters employed in the Hospital. The first remarkable [account] was of a man named Fisk.

This poor man was quite sick when brought to the Hospital and so full of prejudice that he accepted the attentions of the Sisters with the utmost indifference, in spite of all our care. He became more prostrate every day, but his mind was strong and his intellect perfectly clear. He had the disease of the lungs. I think it must have been gangrene; for

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26 The center and east wing of the house were destroyed by fire February 14, 1865.
27 Nathaniel Lyon (1818–1861), the first Union general to be killed in the Civil War, died in the battle of Springfield, Missouri.
28 John W. Fisk (ca. 1816–1862), a lumberman born in Portland, Maine, enlisted in the U.S. Army at St. Louis in March 1862 and died September 8. Corporal Fisk belonged to the 5th Regiment, Missouri State Militia Cavalry (2nd Organization).
the smell was so offensive, that in a short time he saw himself forsaken by all, except the Sisters and good Father Burke. There had not been a word said to him about religion or death so far, but the Sisters placed a medal under his head and left our Immaculate Mother to do the work; soon grace was visible. A few mornings after, just as the lank old minister had gone his rounds giving forcing his tracts on everyone, the poor old man called one of the sisters and said, “Well, Sister, it is done. I am converted. That old minister comes along here forcing his childish trash on me and trying to persuade me that he has only my eternal welfare at heart, but I tell you, Sister, that it is that Almighty twelve hundred dollars salary he has most at heart! How different with your good priest. He gets nothing for his services and yet he is indefatigable and the same with the Sisters. They have devoted themselves for life to the service of poor creatures like us. Is that so, Sister? Is human nature capable of all this, and are you never to return to your friends again?” “No,” replied the Sister, “We have given ourselves to God to serve Him in his suffering members, the poor. Our religion teaches us that what we do to them, He will accept as done to himself.” “I see,” said the poor man, “by their works you shall know them.” “Very good,” said the Sister to herself, “the Immaculate Mary has done her work.”

And so it was in a few days, he asked for a priest, was baptized, received the holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction with the most lively sentiments of faith and lowr. Nothing could exceed the happiness of this poor man; his very countenance seemed radiant with holy joy. “I suffer much, Sister,” he would say, “but I feel that I will go to Heaven. I have found the truth and the truth has made me free. Oh! My God! How have I been tossed about by every wind of doctrine.” He died soon after in these beautiful dispositions and promising to pray for all those who were instrumental in leading him to the truth.

Another striking instance of the power of divine grace one in the beginning was that of a young Methodist, whose conversion was obtained through the power of the Miraculous Medal. This young man was brought to the Hospital in a very weak state. The Doctor entertained no hope for him. The Sister perceiving that he had but a short time to live having learned that he had never been Baptized, endeavored by every possible means to make the patient aware of his danger. The poor creature although thankful for every attention to his body yet refused

29 Rev. Thomas C. Burke, C.M. (1808–1877), ministered to wounded soldiers at St. Louis Military Hospital when he was stationed at St. Vincent de Paul parish.
31 See John 8:32.
to hear anything about death or eternity and said many times, “If I had been brought here when I was first taken sick, or had you Sisters to take care of me, I would have been cured long ago.” The poor man thought only of his body, and not of the danger he was in of losing his immortal soul. He did not think Baptism would do him any good. He believed in Jesus and thought that was all he had to do to be saved. The Sisters seeing him getting weaker, became still more anxious for his poor soul; remaining near him, and offering many fervent prayers for his conversion, without any apparent change in him. The priest who visited the Hospital, saw him daily. One day after remaining with him longer than usual, he told the Sisters, there was no hope for him except in prayer.

The poor man was sinking rapidly, seemed aware of his danger, and waited death with the greatest calmness. Nothing seemed to trouble him except the thought of leaving his poor mother, and of dying so far away from home. There was one of his comrades in another ward, whom he requested to be sent for; he said he wished him to be with him in his last moments, so that he might be able to tell his mother of his death. He was in his agony the Sisters remained with him until twelve o’clock [,] seeing there was no hope of doing anything for his poor soul, we left him with his friend and the nurse, who was to watch during the night. Before retiring, sister placed a medal of our Blessed Mother under his pillow, saying with confidence that the Blessed Virgin, would not let him be lost. Our hope was not in vain. The following morning at an early hour, we went in haste to the ward, but were met by the nurse who exclaimed “come quickly and see the man who died and has come to life again.” He then related that the man having apparently died, he and the man who sat up with him, had washed and dressed him.

The assistant then went to bed in the same ward, leaving the nurse alone with the corpse; the latter was about tying up the jaws, when to his great surprise the man who had been laid out, opened his eyes. You may imagine the joy we felt on hearing this news. We did not pay much attention to his account then, but hastened to the patient’s bed and found him breathing, and with eyes fixed on us said “I am so glad, to see you.” The first words we addressed to him were to exhort him to be Baptized adding that our Lord had saved him through the intercession of His Blessed Mother. He replied, “Sister I desire to be baptized.” We told him that the priest would be here soon, and would Baptize him, he answered “Oh it will then be too late,” and entreated us not to delay, fearing that every breath might be his last,
and the earnest entreaties of several of his companions who had now awakened and were gathered around his bed, after making for him the acts, that all might see with what ardor he desired to receive this most holy sacrament, he tried to repeat them aloud, then with his hands clasped, and eyes raised to Heaven, while the Sister baptized him, he made the most beautiful aspirations of gratitude and love, and said he saw a crowd of beautiful Ladies dressed in white with crowns on their heads, and heard most beautiful music. In half an hour after, he ceased to breathe and went to join the procession and sing forever the praises of her who has never been invoked in vain. The man confirmed all that the nurse had said with regard to his apparent death and everyone who witnessed it, pronounced an evident miracle.

The priest having one day been called in to attend a poor Catholic Soldier, he heard his confession, anointed him and gave him the holy Viaticum. It was the first time that our Lord had deigned to visit our ward, we tried to receive him in the best way we could. All the Catholics who were in the ward having assembled around his bed while those who were not Catholics remained at their places, but all kept strict silence. The poor man received the precious body of his God with the most lively faith and humility, and died soon after in the most edifying manner, invoking the aid of Mary, his last words were “Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.”

Just after the priest had left, the ward master, who was a Catholic, came in the greatest excitement and said, “Sister I am going to find the officer of the day, to have Nicholas (this was the man’s name) put in the guard house.” He then told us that this miserable creature had ridiculing everything the priest had done, having placed himself where he could see all that was going on. I tried to calm him, by telling him not to mind, but pray for the poor wretch that he might be brought to know God; after reasoning with him a long time, he said, “Well, I will do as you wish, if you get the Doctor to discharge him, for I could not remain in the same duty with him a day longer.” I told him that would not be the way to imitate the example of our Lord, who was all powerful and could have punished him at the moment he was insulting Him. He promised at last to forgive him. In a week after the poor man was taken sick, and in a few days was at the point of death. Every effort was made to bring the poor man to a sense of his duty, but no impression could be made on him. His sufferings were intense he could

32 See Glossary of Catholic Terms, *Ave Maria* (Hail Mary).
not sleep, day or night, nor remain scarcely five minutes in the same position. It was distressing to look at him. He had never been Baptized; several of his comrades who had been in the ward for some time, and had witnessed the changes caused in many of their companions by the reception of the Sacrament of Baptism, came to ask the Sisters to try to persuade him to be baptized, thinking it would make him quiet. They, not knowing all that had been done for him, without effect. Many prayers were offered for him and a medal was placed in his pillow. Many said his sickness was a visible punishment, sent from God, for his impiety. He would not mention the name of God in any way, and implored the Doctor most piteously not to let him die. Four days had passed in this manner, without the least change, when one of his companions, who seemed more interested than the rest, came with tears in his eyes, saying he felt so sorry to see him die without any hope.

The Sister thinking that it might be human respect that made him refuse to show any marks of repentance, knowing that his companions had been witnesses of his impiety, Sister asked this man to speak to him of his danger and to persuade him to make his peace with God. He did so and it had the desired effect. He returned soon, saying, “Sister, he wishes to see you.” Having gone to him, he said, “Sister I will do whatever you wish me to do.” I then told him what was necessary to do, and was soon convinced that he was sincere, asked him who he wished to have to baptize him, he replied, “Whoever you wish to send for.” Thinking he might mean a minister, I asked if he wished to have a priest who attended the wards, he said that was the one, he meant. There was no time lost, the priest was sent for, and we had the inexpressible happiness of seeing him received into the fold, by the same priest whom he had but a short time ago treated with contempt, and soon after he died. Before his death, he became perfectly calm, and expired invoking the holy name of Jesus.

We had the happiness of seeing received into the church a Scotch Presbyterian who, when first brought to the Hospital, was a very bitter Protestant, and who held all Catholics and religious in abhorrence, priests and nuns, he thought, were the worst people in the world. After his conversion, he acknowledged that he had often watched the Sisters, to see if they treated all the patients alike, and seeing there was no distinction made between Catholic and Protestant, he began to conceive a favorable opinion of them. He had never been very sick and, therefore, did not require much attention from the Sisters. He was taken with the small pox and had to be removed to the
Island, which was some distance from the Hospital. He requested the Sisters to give him some Catholic books, saying that he intended to become a Catholic, if he got better. I gave him a Catechism and some other instructive books. In a few months after he returned to the hospital and asked to see the priest to be received into the church, and before leaving for his Regiment made his First Communion.

There were many of those poor sufferers that hardly knew there was a God and for baptism, they never heard of such a thing. They were entirely ignorant of the necessity of it, but when Sister spoke to them of the goodness of God in instituting a sacrament that through it we might be made the children of God and regain the title that we had lost by the sin of our first parents, they did not harden their hearts to the voice of God but would shed tears. One said, “Sister, do not go away. Stay and tell me more of that God I ought to love. How is it that I have lived so long and never heard anything or anyone speak that way to me before? What is it I will have to do to become a child of God?” Sister said, “only believe and be baptized.” “Well,” he said, “Cannot you baptize me?” I told him since there was not much danger of death that night, I would get Father Burke to do it in the morning, but he said that he did not like to wait so long, that he was then so weak, and if he would die without it he would never go to heaven. To satisfy him I told him that I would watch and if I saw the least change that I would baptize him. “Then,” he said, “now I am satisfied and will depend on you to open the gate of heaven for me, for it is through you that I will enter there.” There was not any change in him that night and the next morning Father Burke baptized him. He had with beautiful sentiments when the crucifix was placed in his hands, he kissed it and said, “Oh, my God, I have never known or loved you till I came to this hospital. Sister,” he said, “I forgot that prayer you told me to say sometimes, then I repeated it with him, “Father into thy hands I commend my spirit.”

While the priest was engaged with him, his companion in the next bed called me and said, “Sister what is that old gentleman doing to that patient.” I replied, that he was baptizing him; then he asked, “What good is that? Will it keep him alive longer?” I told him it might and that it was also to prepare him for a happy death. I enquired if he had ever been baptized. He said, “No,” so I told him of the necessity of it. He listened very attentively to all I had to say and then said, “Sister, to

33 During a smallpox epidemic the government established a separate hospital on an island in the Mississippi River for care of soldiers afflicted with the disease.
what religion do you belong?” I answered that I was a Roman Catholic, that seemed to surprise him for a minute moment and he said. “Sister, I have always had a horror of the Catholic religion but all that hatred has gone since I came to this ward. What religion is that old man?” I replied that he was a Roman Catholic priest; he asked me if his form of baptism was my belief; I said, “Yes.” “Then I would like to speak to him for I want to be baptized.” He was baptized the same morning and died a most edifying death. These were companions on earth and were also to be united in Heaven. I could never have believed that there were so many poor souls that never knew there is a God.

When we received a new set of patients it was amusing to see them on entering the ward; they would stare so hard at our dress. It appeared so strange to them for some had never seen a Sister before and would say “I do not want to stay in this ward for I do not like the looks of that woman that wears that bonnet,” but he would be answered by another, that he had nothing to fear for she was a Sister of Charity. When they would get very sick, we would procure for them all that was necessary both for Catholic and Protestants. There was one patient in the ward; he was very sick when he first came in. He was there only a few days when he became very low and I saw that it was time to begin my work. I spoke to him of baptism, then he said, “Sister, whatever you say I will do, for I know whatever you tell me to do is right.” He was baptized. He then said to me, “Ah, Sister, but you are more than a Sister, for you have done for me what my Mother would never do.” In the evening he called me and said, “Sister, I want you to stay and say some prayers for me. It will not be long for I feel as if my days in this world are at an end; then I will pray for you.” In a few hours after he breathed his last.

The Evil One could not rest any longer for he saw that there were too many souls snatched from his grasp. You could see him almost visibly working in the person of his ministers. We labored in the day, but they in the night; some times in the evening when we left the ward we would have one or two patients prepared for baptism with most beautiful sentiments, but to our great surprise, we would find them changed. What were we to do, to give them up? We could not think of such a thing. When everything else would fail, I would show them the cross on my beads and say, “ungrateful soul, do you see what your sins have cost, will you refuse to be baptized?” and they have died edifying deaths. The devil did not stop here and tried new means since the former had failed.
There was a patient who was very bigoted against the Catholic religion, but he liked the Sisters for he said that he did not consider them Catholics. They were too good; they were self-sacrificing women. He had often heard of such people, but had never seen them before. He became very sick and Sister did not know what to do for he was so much opposed to Catholicity. Sister would make the acts of Faith, Hope and Charity. Although he would not repeat them with her, yet he paid every attention while she recited them[,] particularly the Act of Contrition he thought that was a beautiful prayer. One day he was a little better disposed to listen to me than on former occasions so I thought I would profit by this opportunity. I enquired whether he had ever been baptized or not; he said he had not and he did not intend to be either. This part of the conversation was not as agreeable as you might expect. He said “baptism would never save a man that had always lived in sin.” It was almost a blasphemy to think of such a thing, he did not believe in any baptism much less in Catholic baptism. Such a baptism as that does not amount to much but if there is anything true that is true baptism it is immersion. He thought when he would get well, he might join some church, then perhaps he would be baptized; but he was not going to bother his head about it now. How often was I under the necessity of leaving the poor sufferer with a sad heart. I would go the second and third time, but with as little satisfaction as the first. He would tell me to go away from him, that I was killing him by inches. There was little time now as life was sinking, I asked Father Burke to speak to him; he did so, but it was of no use. When all things else had failed I placed a medal under his pillow and begged our Blessed Mother to intercede with her Divine Son for this poor soul.

The next morning the attendant, when making the bed found the medal. He wanted to bring it to me thinking that I must have dropped it, but the patient would not give it up, and told him to ask Sister if he might keep the little image, that he found on his bed. I told him yes that he might keep it; he was very much pleased and would keep it in his hand all the time. He got worse that evening and I remained up with him, but he was too sick to notice anyone. He called one of the attendants and told him to go and tell Sister that he wanted her. From what a burden was I relieved of, for I knew our dear Mother was going to do something. I went to him, and he said, “Sister, you told me some time ago that I could not be saved without baptism. Now I want to be baptized for I want to be saved. Who are you going to get to baptize me? I told him that I would get the priest to baptize him. He was very well satisfied. After Mass the next morning, I told the priest
that our poor patient wanted to be baptized, but he would not believe it and said he would not go up that morning. After much persuasion, I induced him to go to the ward. When the poor sufferer saw him, he said “Father, I was waiting for you. Why did you stay so long? Have you come to baptize me? I want you to do it now.” The priest baptized him; he died a few hours after.

There was also another man in the ward about the same time who was very low and would not hear of baptism. He did not have such a horror of Catholics as the former. He said he had never heard of such Sisters, till he came to this hospital and that he knew there were no such women in the world. He thought that there must be something good in the Catholic Church to have such good members, although he would not like to join it. He became worse and I spoke to him again of baptism, but he would not listen to it, but said when he would get well and go home he would join some church, but it would not be the Catholic Church. Although, he said, “I have nothing against the Sisters, for they have been more than a Mother to me since I have been sick.” I asked Father Burke to go and see what he could do. He did so, but the patient would not listen to him, so he had to leave him. I went to him again and recited some prayers with him. He repeated them after me. This time I had almost got his consent for baptism. He said if he thought that he would not get well, he would be baptized, but he did not want to be bothered now about it, for he was too sick, I did not say any more to him that day, but the next [day], when the priest was going through the ward, he went to this patient again, but he was sent away with an oath, and the sick man said that he did not want to see the priest, any more. If he had to die, that he wanted to die in peace; he did not want to be bothered any longer. When the priest told me he could not do anything with that man, that he had done all in his power, and he would not listen to him, I knew that his days in this world were almost numbered.

I was distressed to see him die that way, and I knew that it was not well to annoy him too much. I said some prayers with him before I left the ward and told the nurse that if the patient got worse, to come for me, but he rested very well that night; the next morning at four o’clock I went up to the ward[;] he seemed to be resting very well[.]
I then left, but during morning prayers I was called and told that the patient was worse.35 I went to him as quickly as possible and found

35 Saint Vincent de Paul taught the early Daughters of Charity: “If you have to leave prayer to go to a patient, go ahead, and in that way you’ll leave God in prayer and find Him with that sick person.” Conference 100, “To Four Sisters Who Were Sent to Calais,” August 4, 1658, CCD, 10:445.
that he was entering his agony[,] what was I to do, I knew not. I spoke to him again about baptism, he said, that he was too far gone, but I assured him that there was time enough yet, if he would only profit by it. I spoke to him frequently of the love of God and asked him if he would continue ungrateful to so good a Father, that he had imitated the wanderings of the prodigal child long enough, now it was time that he should imitate him in his repentance. I hardly finished speaking when he began to weep, and said, “Yes, Sister, I have imitated the prodigal in his wild conduct and I want to imitate him in his return.” Will you get me baptized?” I said yes that I would have him baptized; the priest was coming to say his mass and he would baptize him. The time appeared so long and he would frequently say, “Sister, do you think he will be here soon?” “Yes.” When he came and was told that this patient wanted to be baptized, he could not believe it and said it could not be, for he had sent him away from him the morning before. He went however out to the ward and baptized him; he died a most edifying death.

It was customary in our Hospital for Ladies to visit once a week. They went by the name of Union Aid Ladies. One time they came we did not have many sick, a convalescent patient was busy pertiens flowers for amusement and to pass time. When these Ladies saw how he was occupied, they were very much interested, and told him they would like very much to have some token of remembrance from him. He was much amused at their request. They enquired for whom was he making them, and he told them that they were for the Sisters. He wanted to hear what they had to say, for they disliked the Sisters very much. They answered indignantly: “I am a Sister. I think you might give it to me.” The patient replied that he would not, but they said, “I am a Sister; though I have not the White Bonnet.” “No, mam,” he said, “I see you have not the White Bonnet and permit me to tell you there is more wanting than the bonnet.” The Ladies were offended and said, “How is it that those Sisters can have so much influence over these poor soldiers?” But they were answered that it was very easy to account for it. Their appearance will command respect from the most depraved. (The Sister was in the ward during the conversation, but neither patients or nor Ladies knew it).

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37 Cornette.
December 9th 1866

The first conversion that took place in Ward A after I began my duties there, was a poor soldier named William Let, he was about 20 years of age and knew nothing about his God or about religion. Seeing him growing weaker every day, Sister thought that while she lavished her care and attention on the wants of the body, the poor soul was in a state yet more sad. She began to speak to him of God and of his immortal soul. She saw that her words had made an impression on him, and was encouraged by it to continue; after she had explained to him the truths of our holy religion and recommended him to the intercession of our Immaculate Mother, she felt convinced that he would not be lost. Shortly after In a short time he called for a priest and was baptized; he died shortly after showing beautiful sentiments of piety and after repeating the acts of faith, hope, charity and contrition, recommending his soul to the protection of our Blessed Mother.

Indeed it was too much consolation for the Sisters to snatch these poor souls from the Evil One, that were almost within his grasp. We counted our labors and fatigues nothing, the joy of seeing one soul return to God more than repaid us for all. It was really astonishing to see the change of some of these poor rough soldiers. I could scarcely believe it if I had were not [sic] witness of it. When they were first brought to the hospital, as to what with regards to religion, they were more like Indians or Africans than persons brought up in a Civilized Country. Some of them hardly knew that there was a God, and yet in these the grace of God was most visible. There was a poor young man brought in named William Hudson who would not at first hear of baptism, he held out a long time saying that he did not think it necessary to his salvation, still Sister did not despair. She put a medal around his neck, recommending him to the intercession of our Holy Mother. He soon became more docile and Sister profited by every chance to speak to him of the judgments of God and the danger of dying in sin. And as she saw that he listened with the greatest attention, she explained to him the sacrament of baptism and the necessity of it. A little while after he called Sister her and asked, “who is that old gentleman that comes here sometimes,” meaning Father Burke. Sister replied that he was a Catholic priest. Our blessed Mother finished the work she had commenced, he was baptized shortly after and died a most beautiful and edifying death. A few moments before he died, he
repeated the acts of faith, hope, charity and contrition, and invoked the assistance and protection of our Blessed Mother by whom, I cannot doubt, his soul was conducted to heaven.

About the same time several others had been prepared for death. The incidents of which, I do not remember, except one poor soldier who was a Catholic but only in name and who did not practice his religion. When Sister gave him a medal and asked him to wear it, he did not know what it was, and asked her if that was a check for his trunk. Sister explained to him what it was. And after instructing him sufficiently in the sacraments and in the mysteries of our holy faith of which he seemed almost ignorant, he received the sacraments of Penance, Extreme Unction, and the holy Viaticum expressing beautiful sentiments of contrition.

Mr. Huls a man about 35 years of age would not at first consent to be baptized. Although he believed in baptism and said that he would not die without it, but kept putting it off from time to time. As I saw that he had not long to live and as I knew that in the beginning he was not very well disposed towards Catholics, I did not like to offer him a medal, but I put one under his pillow and left our Blessed Mother to take care of him do her work. Next morning I went to his bed as usual, and after giving him a drink and saying a few words to him, I was returning, when he called me back saying, “Sister, what must I do before I leave this world?” I told him that he must be sorry for all the sins of his past life because sin was a great evil and had been the cause of the sufferings and death of our dear Lord Jesus Christ, who is so good and who, notwithstanding our ingratitude, is ready to pardon us even at the last moment if we sincerely return to him. Telling him to cast himself now into the arms of a Merciful Father who impatiently awaited his return and who was ready to open for him the gates of heaven, etc., adding that it was absolutely necessary to be baptized. He believed all with a firm faith repeated with me the acts of faith, hope, charity, and contrition and some other prayers to implore the mercy of God, saying that he was ready to give up all since such was the holy will of God. His constant prayers were, “O God be merciful to me a sinner” and “Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit.”38 A little while after as I saw that he was entering into his agony, I baptized him. No sooner was the water poured on his head, than he seemed to understand all the grace of the sacrament he received a little, began to pray of himself and made unassisted the most beautiful aspirations

of love and gratitude to God, of resignation to the divine will and of repeated acts of contrition as if each word was whispered by his good Angel. As I remained by his bed helping him sometimes to pray, when I would stop, he would say “Sister I am able to pray longer,” and in these beautiful sentiments he gave up his soul to God as if he was going into a peaceful slumber.

William Barrett, a young man about 19 years of age, was brought to the ward very low. After I had prepared every comfort possible for the poor body, I began to enquire gradually into the state of the soul. I found it most deplorable, not indeed for having been guilty of any great crimes, but with regard to the ignorance and error in which he had been raised. He knew nothing about religion, never said a prayer, and scarcely knew that there was a God. When I spoke to him of God or of his immortal soul, he did not at first relish it much, because he did not understand it, but after some explanations he became greatly moved and wished to hear more, but when I told him of the love of our dear Lord in becoming man for us, and how he suffered to save us, he could not retain his tears. “Oh!” he said, “Why did I not know this before? Why did I never hear any one talk in that way before? Oh! Why did I live so long and not know and love God?” I then explained to him the sacrament of baptism and entreated him not to despise the grace that our Lord now offered him, telling him what a favor our Lord granted him in bringing him to the hospital, where he could prepare for death, etc. He understood all and more that I could tell him. Grace indeed had touched his soul; he was truly penitent. “Oh!” he said, “I wish to love God but I am so miserable, I wish to pray, but I do not know how, Sister, will you pray for me?” I told him that I would, and that I would engage the Mother of God to pray for him, if he would consent to wear her medal. At the same time presenting him one, which he gladly accepted. [I] put it round his neck and repeated the prayer “O Mary, conceived, etc.” and some other prayers begging the Blessed Virgin to obtain for him the grace of a happy death. Then he asked if I wanted to take him to the river. I told him, “No,” that baptism was given by pouring water on the head of the person, etc. “Well,” he said, “I want to be baptized.” I told him then to try and prepare during the time that remained to receive it worthily because it was a sacrament instituted by Our Lord Jesus Christ to wash away sin, and that it would open for him the gates of heaven provided he was truly sorry for his sins.

39 The traditional prayer of the Daughters of Charity, “O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to you,” appears on the Medal of the Immaculate Conception received by Saint Catherine Labouré (1806–1876), a Daughter of Charity in Paris in 1830. Popularly called the Miraculous Medal, believers obtained many blessings and Divine favors which they attributed to this devotion.
“Sister” he said again, “I want to pray but I don’t know how. Will you pray for me?” I told him that I would. “Well!” said he. “Come nearer so that I can hear you.” I said some prayers for him, and he prayed himself with all the ardor of his soul. Then I told him that the priest would be there next morning to baptize him. “Oh” he said “I will be so glad if I live until then.” He did not wish any one to trouble him or to talk to him but the Sisters. The attendants went to ask him the address of his friends; he said to them. “Do not talk of my friends now, the Sisters know their address. I want nothing but to pray and to be baptized.”

He repeated almost without interruption: “O God, be merciful to me a sinner!” As he was very low that night, we were afraid to leave him. So, we remained with him until three o’clock in the morning; then (as we feared that every breath would be his last) Sister baptized him. Still he did not die till the priest came at six o’clock. As all the Protestants around heard him ask to be baptized the previous evening, they expected to see the priest coming to the ward and seeing no signs of him and the danger of the sick man, they asked me if the priest had not come yet. I answered that he would be there very soon, as I thought it better not to tell them that Sister had baptized him, for fear of scandalizing any of them. I asked the priest to come to see him; he came and talked with him a long time, and said some prayers with him.

The poor man was failing very fast, still he kept his mind fixed on God. He could not enough thank Him for the graces he had received. He poured forth his whole soul in gratitude. He prayed continually although he could scarcely breathe. He asked several times what time it was, and what time we thought he would die, so impatient was he for the moment that was to unite him to his God. Sister repeated for him the little hymn, Jesus Saviour of My Soul; he repeated the two first verses with her, and then calmly gave up his soul.

The Protestants were standing around, and one of them opening his book said, “Sister, there is the hymn you repeated for him,” another said, “If he had been baptized he would have died last night,[,] as much as to say that our Lord had prolonged his life till the priest came. All said, that they had never witnessed a more beautiful or edifying death, even the priest who had been speaking to him a few moments before, said that he had no doubt that, that man would go straight to heaven [and] that he had never witnessed more beautiful dispositions.

A few days after his death, his poor old father came to the Hospital; finding that his son was dead he was inconsolable. In losing him, he said, he had lost all. He was the staff of his old age; there never was a better son.

The poor old gray headed man, wrung his hands, and could not be comforted till they took him to the grave and had the coffin opened. He would have buried himself in the same grave with him, if it were possible. He, however, became more reconciled when he had seen the decent manner in which his son had been laid out and buried. It showed, he said, that he had been cared for although far away from his home. On his return from the grave he came to thank me for it. On leaving the Hospital, he took some books with him to study the religion in which his dear son had died so happy.

And is it possible, they would ask each other, that these people are Catholics? Is it possible that these are they whom we have been taught to avoid, and abhor? There was one poor old man who told me himself, that in his neighborhood the people were so prejudiced that they would not give a traveler a nights lodging to a traveler, if he was a Catholic—that as to himself, he never knew anything about them till he came to the Hospital. What he had seen there was enough to convince him of the truth of the Catholic religion—that he had seen there what did not exist amongst Protestants. He himself was a member of the Presbyterian Church but that he would be a Protestant no longer and asked for a Catechism. I gave him one and some other books; he studied very diligently.

When he found himself getting weaker, he asked me to send for the priest to baptize him and prepare him for death. As he had a large property, he said, if it was the holy will of God he would like to live and enjoy it longer but if the Lord willed it otherwise he was ready to give up all. His constant prayer was: “Not my will, O Lord, but thine be done.” He tried to profit by every moment he had to prepare for death. The days on which he felt able to read, he employed his time in studying Catechism or his prayers. When he was too sick to read, he prayed and meditated continually. A few days before he died, I went to his bed to give him a drink. He pulled out his medal, “Ah!” he said, “there is my Mother.” And as the big tears of gratitude rolled down his cheeks, he kissed it, saying, “I kiss it every hour.” When he was no longer able, either to eat, or drink, or sleep, he was still able to pray. One day being very much fatigued after the attendants

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had turned him in bed, he fainted away and was near gone. They ran to me and told me that he was dying. I succeeded in forcing a few drops of wine down his throat. After a few moments he breathed again, and as soon as he was able to speak he said, “Sister, why did you not let me go then? I was going so nicely.” Afterwards he said to the Attendants, that, he supposed Sister would not let him die for another month. He died however a few days after—a most beautiful and edifying death perfectly conscious to his last breath.

Mr. [Milton] Nelson would not consent to be baptized. He said he did not think it would do him any good, since he never had any religion. After I had explained to him as well as I could the necessity of the Sacrament of baptism, he burst into a flood of tears. “Ah! Sister[”] he said, “I am afraid it is too late!” He covered his face with his hands and shed tears in abundance. I told him it was not too late; that Our Lord was at that moment more disposed to pardon him, than he was to ask for pardon, etc. “Ah!” he replied “I am twenty-two years of age and never have I done anything for God, or the salvation of my soul. Oh! if I die now I know I shall go to hell.” I reminded him how our Lord had lived thirty-three years on earth in humiliations and sufferings, how he ended his life by dying on the cross for his salvation and that of all poor sinners—of his goodness to pardon the penitent thief the moment he turned to him on the cross, etc.

I had scarcely finished, when he began to pray like the Publican, and with as much humility he repeated over and over, “O God, be merciful to me a sinner!” He repeated also the acts of faith, hope, and charity, with all the fervor of his soul. He asked to be baptized, but said he did not think the priest would satisfy him, that he would prefer a Baptist or Methodist [minister]. Well! I told him to prepare till next morning and if the priest did not satisfy him on every point, I would send to town and get whomever he wished. He put on a medal and asked me to pray that he might live till morning, saying again that if he should die now he would go to hell. I told him that he must have more confidence in the goodness of God—that as soon as a person is disposed to do what Jesus Christ demands of him, and is truly sorry for his sins, that is all is required of him. I had no doubt but that his sins were already pardoned and that there remained for him only to be

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42 Milton E. Nelson (1840–1862), a private, was one of many Union soldiers in Company F, 12th Iowa Volunteers, who contracted pneumonia while training at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Missouri, during the winter of 1861–62.

43 See Luke 18:9–14. The right to collect taxes in ancient Rome was auctioned to the highest bidder. Tax collection agents (publicans) employed lower-level collectors who often used severe methods to exact taxes.
baptized to be in the friendship of Almighty God. He then felt more calm. He prayed and asked me to pray for him during the night. As soon as the priest came next morning, he baptized him, and was so pleased with his disposition. He said he had no doubt but that he would go straight to heaven. After he was baptized I went to him, to ask him if he was satisfied. I found him more than satisfied. He could not contain his transports of joy and gratitude.

He could not thank the Lord enough, for the graces he had granted him in receiving into his fold such a sinner as himself—and in his humility referred all the glory to God and acknowledged in all but his goodness and mercy—He died in two days after a most beautiful and happy death. Six more were baptized and died in the same good dispositions.

Mr. Haynes, an old man about fifty years of age, who had been a long time in the Hospital and a constant and close observer of the actions of the sisters was converted and baptized. He had been a member of the Baptist Church before his conversion. A few days before his death, a minister came to him to give him some consolation. The sick man said to him, “Sir I do not need your services. I have been baptized and prepared for death by a Catholic priest; that is sufficient. I am happy.” He showed great signs of repentance. He tried to pray continually, begging our Lord to show him mercy, and to pardon the errors of his past life. Often during his illness did he express to others, his particularly to the priest, his surprise and admiration of at the devotedness of the Sisters, which he said was the cause of him entering into himself, and examining the articles of the Catholic faith, and finally of his conversion. He told the priest that fourteen years before he had made a Vow never to see a priest or minister, even on his dying bed but that the kindness and devotedness of the Sisters had gained him.

Another was baptized and was dying near him. I asked him if he was trying to be very good—to love God, and to raise his heart often to Him. “Oh yes, Sister!” he said. “I am trying. I wish you could stay here with me for one hour and teach me how to pray and to love God. He repeated the act of contrition, “O Mary, conceived without sin, etc.,” and then calmly expired.

About the same time five more were baptized and died in the same beautiful dispositions. There was one who appeared to be about sixteen or seventeen years of age. He was very innocent and good but

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44 Jonathan Haynes (1815–1862), a private in the Union army, died of typhoid fever.
did not want to be baptized till he went home to his Mother because he said his Mother had been so good to him. He knew it would be a great satisfaction to her to see him baptized. He held out a long time; still he believed in the necessity of baptism and said he would not like to die without it. He became weaker every day, and as I saw that he had not long to live, I told him that he would soon appear before Our Lord, and advised him not to defer his baptism. “Well,” he said “You have been a good friend to me. I will do whatever you think best.” He was baptized and half an hour after, he was a corpse.

These are a few of the conversions that have taken place in Ward A. I am sorry that we cannot remember all; it is now three years since we left there. There have been also a great many Catholics brought back to their duties and a great many even who made in the Hospital their First Confession and First Communion. One poor man after he had made his First Confession and Communion, said to me, “Well Sister you have accomplished in a short time, what my wife has been all her life trying to do.” He then told me, that his wife was a very good Catholic. She had often implored him with tears, but could never get him to go to his duty. “How delighted she will be,” he said “when I write and tell her.”

He was about thirty five years of age, and was a pretty hard case. As he was slightly wounded, he kept around the premises most all the time. And we had to watch when he came in the Ward to get his meals to speak to him of his duty.

The demon tried to raise many obstacles, but they all turned to his own confusion. The ladies of the Union Aid Society, who visited the Hospital twice a week became jealous of the good that the sisters were doing. They feared, they said, that everyone would become Catholic. They would like to take the sisters place there, if they could, and have everything their own way. They even tried to make the patients call them “Sisters,” telling them, that, they were charitable ladies who went about doing good, but they could not succeed. The poor patients knew how to distinguish between real merit—and big talking. Then they would go and consult with the most pious of their creed that they could find to take measures to prevent so many conversions to the Catholic faith. They even proposed and agreed upon holding their religious meetings in Ward A, but I put a medal in the door case and they did not advance a step further. They could not see nor understand, they said, how the Sisters could have so much influence over the patients. They showed the Sisters, however, the greatest respect. They would often say, “How
happy the Sisters look! and they make all around them look happy also.
I wish my presence could be a sunshine somewhere.” The poor patients
really thought there was nobody like the Sisters. They would often
say. “Indeed it was not the Doctor that raised me—it was Sister.”

When returning to their Regiment they would say: “Sister, we
may never see the Sisters again but, be assured you will be ever
gratefully remembered.” Others would say: “Sister, I wish we could
do something for you, but you don’t seem to want anything; besides
it is not in the power of any poor soldier to make you anything like
recompense. All that we can do for you now is to fight for you—and
that we will do till our last breath.”

They would rather apply to the Sisters in cases where they
could do so, than to the Doctors. So that we had to encourage them
to have confidence in the Doctors. I was accustomed to visit every
evening a tent, that was a few yards distance from the Hospital, where
the gangrene and worst wounded cases were put. One evening I found
a poor man (whose hand from the wrist had been amputated) suffering
very much, the arm being somewhat inflamed. He complained to
me that the Doctor had that morning ordered a hop poultice, and
that he did not get it. I called the nurse and wound dresser, to inquire
why the Doctor’s orders had not been attended to. They told me that
there were none in the Hospital. The steward had gone to town that
morning before they knew it, and that there was no other opportunity
of sending to town that day. I immediately sent across the yard to the
Bakery and got some hops and had the poultice put on. The poor man
was surprised. The Sisters, he said, found ways and means of relieving
every one; and those who made profession of the business, did not even
know where to look for them.

When a strange Doctor would come to the hospital, it was
from the poor patients that he would learn to appreciate the value of
the Sisters. At one time a big country Doctor came to Ward A. He
was so rough in appearance that I was almost afraid to look at him.
He went around the ward talking to the patients. He found one poor
man very low and suffering very much. He tried to encourage him,
by telling him that he would go to Sister, and get her to make him
something nice. “Ah!” said the poor dying man, “I know that anything
Sister will make will be nice for, she is the nicest person I ever met with
in my life, but I do not want anything now, Sister has left nothing
undone for me.”
The Doctor opened his big eyes and looked in the direction which I was; that same evening he picked up courage to come and speak to me, saying “Excuse me, Sister, we are not yet acquainted, but I came to introduce myself,” etc. I afterwards found him very agreeable, as long as he remained in the Hospital.

When the patients would return to their Regiments, they would say to their sick companions: “If you go to St. Louis, try to get to the House of Refuge Hospital. The Sisters are there; they will make you well soon.”

One day we were going through the wards of one of the Hospitals in the city, which we were requested to visit. A poor soldier half-raised himself up in bed, saying, “Ah! Sisters, how glad I am to see you, ah! if you were here to take care of us, that poor boy,” pointing to one of his companions, who was dying in the next bed, “would be well long ago.” Some of them even looked on the Sisters as superior beings. They could not understand, they said, how persons could live in the world and not care for the world. One man expressed himself thus, (and he was a non-Catholic) that the Sisters of Charity were like gold tried in the fire, while nuns and other religious orders were like gold that was not tried in the fire. One evening I went to the Ward after night prayers to see that nothing would be wanting to the sick during the night. I found one poor man suffering intense pain in his forehead and temples. He had taken cold in camp. The inflammation went to his eyes so that he became entirely blind. The pain of his forehead and temples was so intense, that he thought he could not live till morning. I asked him to let me bind up his forehead with a wet bandage. “Oh! Sister,” he said, “it is no use to do anything for me, the Doctor has been bathing my head with spirits of Ether and other liquids, but nothing will do me any good. I cannot live till morning, my head is splitting open—but you may do so if you like.” I took a wet bandage which unknown to him I saturated in a little chloroform, bound up his head, and left him. Early in the morning I went to ask him how he spent the night. “Ah! Sister,” he said, “I have rested well. From the moment you put your hands on my head, I felt no more pain.” He never thought of attributing his relief to the chloroform because he did not know it. I left him in his ignorance.

Sister Mary Florence O’Hara

45 See 1 Pt 1:7. See also Zech. 13–9.
4.2 Recollections of Sister Mary Florence O’Hara
House of Refuge Hospital, Ward C, St. Louis

The first conversion that took place in Ward C was that of a person, a poor Catholic who had not been to confession for seventeen years, nor did he wish to go. When Sisters would speak to him of his duty, he would say that he was an old soldier who had been in many battles and that he had not been killed yet. Still he had faith in our Redeemer and Blessed Mother, saying that she would not let him die on the battlefield and it was so. As he was walking about quite well, the sisters feared that he would be sent to his regiment. They redoubled their prayers and persuaded him to wear a medal of our good Mother. 46 At first he did not want to do it, fearing it would put him under some new obligation. He took it, however, and in a short time after he made his confession and his peace with God. It was done in good time, for in a day or two after he took suddenly ill, became unconscious right away and died the same night.

A young man about 20 years of age, a Universalist in belief, was brought into the ward quite sick. At first he did not wish to hear anything about baptism, believing, as he said, that all would be saved at the last day, for he would contend that there was no hell. He believed that God had created a heaven, that no matter how wicked a person was, that God would permit him to be only slightly punished and then that he would take him to heaven. I put a medal under his pillow and from time to time gave him a few drops of Holy Water by way of medicine. Shortly after, he asked me if I could come and read for him. I did so. Then he asked me to explain to him our purgatory. He paid the greatest attention, and said that was his belief, but that he believed in no other hell. Almost every time I went to him, he would have some explanation to ask of some part of our worship. He began to relish it more and more. There was an old preacher who came to him every day to convert him, He [the preacher] annoyed him, so that in the end, he would not listen to him. One day he sent him away altogether. The poor preacher came to me and complained that the patient would not listen to him, but sent him away and asked me if I would not speak to him. I promised that I would, and so I did, but it was not to the preacher’s advantage. He [the patient] was satisfied with the explanations of the mysteries of our holy faith. He had never looked at them in that light before. He convinced himself, of the truth and shortly after called for a priest to baptize him. When the priest was beginning the ceremonies, 46 The Blessed Virgin Mary.
the sick man fearing yet that he might be one of the ministers of some other creed, said to him “Sir, stop one moment! Do you belong to the holy Catholic Church?” “I do,” replied the priest. “Do you?” he asked again, “belong to the same church of that lady with the white bonnet?”47 “To the very same,” replied the priest. “Well, then,” he said, “you may baptize me.” After his baptism, he kept his mind united to God by prayers and by the most beautiful aspirations. Sometimes he would ask me to help him to thank God for the lights and graces he had received. When he was alone, he prayed continually himself. If the preacher went to trouble him, he would turn his head from him and say: “Leave me. I have long enough listened to error, it is time now that I should begin to relish truth. I have the Sisters to instruct me and a Catholic priest has baptized me. That is all that is necessary.” He lived several days after but they were days of edification to all around him, and of merit to himself. His death was most beautiful and edifying.

A Patient who had been very sick but, like his companion, had no religion whatever and also was quite careless about having any religion, Sister twice attempted to speak to him about the necessity of baptism, but with very little success at first. Placing a medal around his neck, the Blessed Virgin soon done her work. In a short time, the change was visible to all. He would pray of his own accord and also beg the others to pray for him. He then asked to be baptized. The priest wishing (to satisfy himself) got him to repeat the creed. The priest said, “I believe in the holy Catholic Church.” The patient, surprised to think he said so. “Stop, Sir,” he said. “I believe in the ‘holy Roman Catholic Church’ and it is the only one that I wish to have anything to do with. If you do not believe in that, I wish to have nothing to do with you. I wish to be baptized in the Catholic faith.” The good priest hastened to tell him that he was a Catholic. At that, he replied, “Please, baptize me,” which he did. He died a most happy death.

Another who had been in the Hospital some time, became very sick, but would not listen to any thing concerning baptism, because, he said, he did not think it necessary to salvation. I placed a medal under his pillow; gave him occasionally some drops of holy water, and recommended him to the intercession of our good Mother. In a few days, he not only asked to be instructed, but also begged me to have prayers recited frequently for him, and asked for the priest to baptize him. The priest was so pleased with his dispositions, that he thought proper also to administer to him the sacrament of Extreme Unction.

47 The soldiers referred to the cornette worn by the Daughters of Charity as a “white bonnet.”
The poor man who had not been instructed in this sacrament, did not wish to receive it without my approval but as soon as I gave it, he was disposed for all. [He] manifested beautiful dispositions and died [a] very edifying [sic].

Mr. [?] Saunders, a person professing no religion of any kind remained some time in the Hospital, but was not very sick. He was, however, a close observer of the actions of the Sisters, and seemed to be a close take notes of everything. When he was returning to his Regiment, he came to thank me for the kindness he said, I had shown him, and the services I had rendered him, although I had done nothing [extraordinary]. Judging him well disposed, I thought I would profit by the occasion to offer him a medal and a little book called the Catholic Instructor, which he accepted with gratitude, and left the Hospital. In one year after, he came back and related to me with joy how he became a Catholic—how he had went sought out a Catholic priest and begged him to instruct him and receive him into the Church, that God in his mercy had received him through the intercession of his Immaculate Mother, and your prayers. “And now” he added, “in my turn, I have the happiness of bringing souls to God.” And so it was. He was employed in an [sic] Hospital where there was no Catholic but himself. He was constantly and zealously employed in exhorting, instructing, and encouraging the sick to receive the sacrament of baptism, and procuring a priest for them. Thus he had the happiness of sending many souls to heaven.

Sister Mary Florence O’Hara

4.3 Jefferson Barrack’s Hospital, St. Louis

In visiting Jefferson Barrack’s Hospital, we were also witnesses of many beautiful conversions. One day, among others, we found a young man about seventeen who was very sick. We spoke to him of God, and of his immortal soul, but he seemed to know very little about either. After some instructions, he became so anxious for baptism that he begged us not to leave him, until we would make him a child of God. We saw that he had not long to live, and that it was impossible to get a priest then, it being nine miles from the City, we Sister baptized him. The remainder of the day and during the night, he prayed aloud,

48 Located near St. Louis, Missouri, the Jefferson Barracks Military complex dated to 1826 and was the oldest military installation west of the Mississippi River. Due to the escalation of illnesses and causalities by March 1862, the United States Army Medical Department enlarged Jefferson Barracks to accommodate 2,500 patients. Steamboats became floating hospitals and also transported wounded soldiers from the battlefields. Dr. Clinton Wagner, (1837-1914), surgeon-in-chief of the Second Division, Fifth Army Corps, Army of the Potomac, with rank of Lieutenant Colonel, organized the first floating hospital in the western theater of the war on the Mississippi.
and frequently called for the ladies with the white bonnets. To try to pacify him, one of the lady nurses endeavoring to represent the Sisters put something white on her head, and went to him. At first he was deceived, but he soon discovered his mistake. He sent her away telling her that she was not the one he wanted. He did not die that night. When we went back next day, he told us how they tried to deceive him and to make him believe they were Sisters.⁴⁹ When they were not even Catholics, adding, “How glad I am, Sister, to see you once more, and to hear words of consolation from your lips.” He would beg us to remain with him as long as we could, and to talk to him of God. We were not witness of his death but all who were in the ward convinced us that it was happy and edifying. In the next ward, we found another whom when we first saw [him], we thought he was already dead. We ventured, however, to speak to him. What was our surprise when he answered us with in a clear, strong voice and begged us to baptize him. We questioned him and finding his dispositions very good, we did not delay to open for him the gates of heaven.

Another was dying in the greatest agony for several days but could not die (because he was not baptized). As soon as he was baptized and prepared, he died calmly and beautifully.

These incidents will give you an idea of the good feelings and dispositions of the patients, towards the sisters. When we first went to the Hospital, the authorities enforced it, and gave themselves the example in everything. When the Medical Director would visit the Hospital, he would stand in the middle of the ward, and tell them aloud to whom they owed their comfort. “The good order, cleanliness, and regularity that reigned there” he would tell them, “were owing to the Sisters”—and this respect with which they were all inspired in the beginning, never diminished but went on increasing while the Hospital lasted. Without it so much good could not be effected.

Sister Mary Florence O’Hara

5. Recollections of Sister Matilda Coskery

Harpers Ferry, Virginia⁵⁰

June 7th 1861 a telegram from Harpers Ferry a town of Virginia on the border line, asking for Srs to serve the sick soldiers reached our

⁴⁹ Lay nursing staff.
⁵⁰ Notes—Military Hospitals, 59–74. There are several versions (almost identical) about the sisters who served in Virginia. For duplicate accounts, see ibid., 75–93; 245–8. Harpers Ferry was located in the portion of the Commonwealth of Virginia which became the state of West Virginia in 1863.
peaceful home, St. Joseph’s asking for Sisters to serve the sick soldiers. Nearly every Sister that could be spared was already engaged in the various locations where War’s misery had begun, but our zealous Superiors did their best sending three Sisters from home and another would join us on the way.

On the 9th we left by stage for Frederick City, with a good outfit of prudence and caution from our dear Mother Ann Simeon lest we might meet trouble on our way, as we had the Northern Army and sentinels to pass. An Escort had been sent for us, but the telegram had left him far behind and we met our guide without knowing his errand. Our Lord, it seemed, wished the work to be all His own.

An expected engagement kept all quietly at home on our route, and men expressed themselves in cautious whispers. Some had heard canons a few hours before, others had seen one from Frederick City, and things were of most exciting nature. As matters were thus, we tried to be hidden in the stage, lest surprise might cause questions to be put to us; no one thought of daring to advance towards the Southern line. But halting in a little town for change of mail, some of the Villagers saw us and were astonished at the venture to travel then. We hoped we were still safe, not knowing that even our driver knew our business, when lo! Presently he opened the stage door and said aloud: “Sister, here is a letter was handed to me to give you for the Southern post office after you cross the line!” All eyes were fixed on us. We passed on, however, without being questioned. The heat was excessive and one of our horses gave out. After some delay, we reached Frederick. There a few sentinels stood about, but no one noticed us, for the Sisters of Charity were so often on the road, that no one minded us much. However, the knowing men of the City gathered round our carriage saying! “Why, ladies, where are you going?” Several asking some questions at the same time. We answered those more easy to answer, and then made our purpose known to a worthy friend who had to get another stage for us, as hostilities had stopped the car.

About 1 o’clock we left Frederick City in company with a lady who was trying to get home and a gentleman also who was returning from the Holy Land, both Protestants. Now again one of our horses must drop down from the heat. We passed a portion of the Southern army who lay a mile or two distant on the Maryland Heights. Part of

51 General Benjamin Franklin Butler (1818–1893), had placed Baltimore under martial law. Maryland, a border state between Pennsylvania and Virginia, maintained neutrality despite strong pro-Union sentiments among the citizenry. Travelers in stagecoaches from Emmitsburg en route to Harpers Ferry had to deal with Federal pickets in order to pass through Frederick, Maryland, to their destination.
our road was bounded by high rocks on one side and the Potomac River on the other. Here our stage wheels got locked in and another delay. At last, about twilight we begin to espy the Southern pickets. Each in his turn and well armed, stepped to our carriage and asked our intention. The gentleman replied by saying these Ladies come to serve your sick men. This other Lady and myself are Southerners returning to Richmond, Virginia. This picket would then give signal to the next to pass that stage onto Northern lines. Each picket however made the same questions and got the same replies. When we had reached the last picket he said it was not in his power to pass us on, but he would send word to the officer of the guards. This officer was soon on the spot; he was very pleasant; got in the stage and told the driver to cross the Bridge: we were now to cross the Potomac—the Battle Line—In this bridge, kegs of powder were placed here and there so that in case the Northern Army approached, it could be instantly blown up.

We alighted at the Military Hotel which was to be our headquarters also, if it suited us. An officer handed us from the stage, saying: “You are not here too soon. As it was the Medical Director and Officer in charge that had asked for us, they had sent a watch to the outposts with passports for our approach, but these happened not to be present when we were delayed, for late and rigorous orders had just been sent that no one should cross the line coming or going. No one had ever seen our cornettes, and we saw none scarcely around us but soldiers and Negroes. The officers told us our apartments would be ready in a few moments, and we were to go to the sick in the morning. Presently, however, the worthy Catholic pastor: Rev. Costello came for us telling the officer that he had prepared private lodgings at a friend’s house for us much nearer the Hospital. Then again we started up the street of this little, once busy, thriving Village. Every step was ascent; but the stage had gone back again not daring to stop on hostile grounds.

Harpers Ferry: the Town was at the junction of the Potomac and Shenandoah Rivers, the Potomac separating Maryland and Virginia, the Shenandoah running into the Central Virginia both bounded by extremely high mountains called: heights. Then midway between these rivers, about a mile distant was another height called: Bolivar Height [sic]. On this stood our Hospital and Headquarters

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52 The other version of this account reads: “We alighted at the Military Hotel, the whole Town, nearly, was a Barrack, and, soldiers and Negroes were by far the majority of human beings to be seen.” Notes—Military Hospitals, 76.

53 Rev. Michael Costello (1833–1867), pastor of St. Peter’s Catholic Church in Harpers Ferry, Virginia (now West Virginia).

54 Bolivar Heights.
for the head officers. In and around the Town lay encamped about 40 or 50 thousand men just assembled after long, rough routes of march. A cold, wet spell had preceded the excessive heat, and they had contracted measles, sore throat, fever, etc., and pneumonia. With these were taking victims from the [canon] balls and sword that awaited their surviving brethren. Supper and beds were prepared for us, but no sleep came to refresh us. Our own voices and footsteps and voices were the only sounds we heard—the stillness and darkness were frightful. Not a light gleamed from any window in or around the Town. That wretched army, not in Tent Hospitals, slept on their arms, and the first sign that day was near, was the horn that woke them from their painful sleep, or perhaps, happy dreams.

While at breakfast the Medical Director, called [sic] with Rev. Dr. Costello. He took us up to the Hospital which was every step an elevation for about a quarter of a mile. Here was our work and as fast as one would die, or could go out, some others from the Tent Hospital would fill up the vacancy. The Medical Director and physicians of the Hospital took us thro’ the house introducing us to the sick, telling them that they would get their nourishment and remedies in time and proper manner now as the Sisters would do all these things for them. They showed us the rooms and asked us what we would prefer. Lodging would be secured for us apart from the Hospital. We said, “No, we ought to be nearer the sick than those lodgings were.” We preferred apartments in the Hospital. “Then,” said they, “we will have this room you select prepared for you by tomorrow morning.” After the arrangements were made, we returned to our quarters—In the evening, however, we felt as if we must ascend that steep, steep mount again, tho’ indeed, not rested from the fatigue of the day before and the morning’s rounds—One of the Srs. had observed a very sick ill man, and felt afraid to wait for the next day—We started up again and carefully looked for this man, whom we spoke to him of his condition, baptism etc. 55 He had never been baptized, and after a few words explanatory of its necessity, consequences, etc., he desired it most earnestly. We then sent Rev. Dr. Costello to him, and the poor man was not only baptized but formally christened. He prayed most devoutly and turning his dying eyes on the Sister who had first spoke to him, he said: “God Bless you!” We left him and returned to our room. The next morning when we went up, he had already been removed, I suppose buried also.

55 The redactor crossed-out this material: “One of the Sisters had observed a very sick ill [sic] man, and felt afraid to wait for the next day—We started up [the steep hill] again and carefully looked for this man, whom” the sisters spoke to about his condition. Notes—Military Hospitals, 63.
Our other Sister now arrived, and our duties commenced. Poor, poor men and poor Sisters, too. The 1st day, when dinner was ready, the Doctor in charge asked us if we wished to dine alone. We said we did. He then took us to the dining room where a very, very good dinner was prepared. We were completely surprised at the rich variety of the food. But it was our first and last meal there, got up for the occasion, for by supper with all following repasts, were on the other extreme, Poor Doctors, they would have been glad to have kept it good for us and themselves.

Things in and around the Hospital were improving some even in those few days, and they were in constant expectation of Battle, when suddenly telegraph dispatch ordered everyone to leave the place immediately and go to Winchester, a more central and larger Town about 30 or 40 miles distant. The army began to move, taking down tents, burning what they could not take. Provisions were thrown into the river, and by noon all were ready to leave, but new orders made delay. The sick were taken to the depot to await the different arrivals of the cars. Some we instructed for baptism who were not ill enough to baptize without better time and information, but we told them if they should be dying before an opportunity would offer, they knew now how to desire it, and offer this desire to God. O! How many straightened circumstances surrounded us regarding baptism and its requirements as to dispositions, etc. I believe two such died on the way to Winchester that day, tho’ they seemed not so ill.

Except the good first dinner we had eaten, the other few days we were there was all fast days by necessity. The place having been by turns the property of both armies, not even bread was to be had, and now the cause of removal was owing to a move of the Northern Army to cross the Potomac above and below us. Thus surrounding us cut off all provision supplies for our Bread came 20 or 30 miles for about 40 or 50 thousand people. Here now was the people told to wait awhile and [throw] provisions in the river, this, tho’ was not known by the authorities. The body of the Army was on March but the working body and sick remained scattered around until some room in the cars would admit of our leaving. We were taken to a Catholic family to be out of danger of the several explosions that were to be made that night. So while we were about a mile from those buildings, they, with

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56 Possibly Sister Ann Patricia Morgan (1820–1903), of the Baltimore Infirmary.
57 Winchester, Virginia.
58 Trains.
59 Confederates feared a sudden attack and threw eight car loads of provisions into the River. Harper’s Weekly, June 29, 1861.
the great Potomac Bridge, were set fire to. The neat little church, was surrounded and filled by the frightened people while the poor Pastor was their courage and trust. He [sic] sick from fatigue, hunger, and anxiety, trying to save his better church ornaments, ran here and there; the Sacred Host\textsuperscript{60} on his breast as the only unmolested spot. The little Village with its high boundaries, the very cascades seemed agitated by the repetition of explosions. We looked at the awful destruction, and felt ourselves encompassed with desolation. We now heard that some Protestant devotees of Winchester had written to the Medical Director not to have the Sisters of Charity to serve the sick. We knew also that the Ladies of Winchester were enthusiastic in providing for them, and not knowing why we were still here, we told the Doctor that we had learned of the great services those Ladies were rendering the suffering members of the army and also of their desire to labor without our assistance, and that if the delay was owing to any embarrassment he and his medical friends, they would come for a favor on us by the exercise of that candor which would set us free to return home. We told them not to fear paining us. The Ladies were not wrong in wishing to labor without us etc., etc. They said: “No, that unless we insisted on returning home, they held us to our first undertaking, that they feared nor cared for nothing concerning the Ladies, that they could never be to the sick and wounded what the Sisters were, etc., that we must therefore not leave the Town, so as to be ready to move at the given signal.” This point settled, we waited hour by hour, little thinking that our poor sick were lying down at the Depot waiting like ourselves for “the moving of the waters” for something to set us to work again.\textsuperscript{61} Eleven o’clock came, we who had so many times expected to start saw now [,] it was absolutely necessary for us to retire for rest.

Two of the Sisters had laid down, the third was in the act, when the Lady of the house came in and said: “My poor dear Sisters, the wagon is at the door with your baggage ready to take you to the cars. We dressed quickly and left our kind Hosts who wept to see us pursuing hardships. With the wagon we found our worthy Pastor, who was determined not to lose sight of us, placed among strangers, privations, etc., as we were. A farm wagon with two Negro men to drive it; the wagon had no cover, and no seats but our trunks. The night was dark, except between the broken clouds. Here and there a bright star and a half-moon that was dimmed also by the misty spray from the two Rivers formed by the dashing waves over the many pointed rocks that rose in their beds.

\textsuperscript{60} A reference to the Blessed Sacrament which Catholics believe is the Body of Christ in the Holy Eucharist.

\textsuperscript{61} See John 5:7.
At every short distance a sentinel would ask for our Counter-sign which the good Pastor gave them. Not a light was to be seen, save the dark lantern[.] An officer met us with on our leaving the wagon. He told us to follow him, that he thought he could procure a shelter from the damp night in a hut on the side of the river. We walked carefully for a good distance on two boards raised high up—crossing water on one side but too dark to see on the other—and only as the poor dim lantern would help us. No lights were used, lest the ambushed enemy would fire on us. At last we found a little cabin that the poor people opened at the request of the officer. They, like ourselves, were waiting for the cars to take them away from the Enemy, who, it was said were only 10 miles distant; all that saved us was the destruction of the Bridge, little canoes, etc. Here then we sat resting our arms or heads on the end of our umbrellas, till 4 in the morning. Then what a scene! Except the car we were in, which was almost filled with women and children flying to some place of safety. The other cars were without tops so as to put all kinds of things on it: beds, tents, sick men etc., etc., etc. When they would stop for water or fuel, we would hear the distress of the suffering men. We were 5 hours going, where, usually, 2 were sufficient.

6. Recollections of Sister Matilda Coskery
Winchester, Virginia

We went to a large Hotel, but, it was filled with the wealthy friends of the different officers belonging to the army.62 These Ladies, with those of the Hotel, received us even with affection, and were delighted to know our mission. Never had a Sister of Charity, a Child of Saint Vincent, trod that land. Weary and exhausted as we were, there was no place to rest, except for a few hours on the bed of the Lady of the Hotel. “There was no room in the Inn.”63 The Hospitals seemed not ready for us.64 It was Saturday.

The good Pastor Father [Michael] Costello, took us with him to the poor miserable Church and then taking the Sacred Host from his breast, he laid it on the altar.65 Standing an Altar Card before it and

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62 The other version of this account reads: “Nearly the entire town was occupied by the Soldiers, so that Hotels were scarcely to be made use of. The one we went to seemed filled with the families, wives or sisters of the wealthier officers of the Southern Army, who came to be near them, for, a vast Army now lay around the Town.” Notes—Military Hospitals, 80.
64 The Taylor Hotel, northeast corner Cameron and Fairfax Lane, and the Union Hotel, 302 North Cameron, were the largest hospitals in Winchester at the time.
65 Rev. Michael A. Costello was also pastor of Sacred Heart of Jesus Chapel, Winchester, Virginia, until it grew into an independent parish in 1870.
lighting a candle. A crowd of ignorant children and men had followed us as we went along, the Church being in the suburbs. These crowded the door of the church, and others went around to peep thro’ the cracks at us while we were in a recess of the Church making our confession. Peeping right in our face during our accusation. While we made our thanksgiving, the Rev. Father went in search of lodgings for us until the Doctors would send for us to go to the Hospital.

He locked the Church door without perceiving it, and after we had been a long, long time there, we tried to get out to see whether indeed, he was returning. For truly we thought trouble and weariness with continued loss of rest had fevered his mind. To our consternation, we found ourselves prisoners, prisoners with our dear Lord it was true but, He seemed to be as forlorn and friendless as ourselves. We could not help smiling, as we read each other’s dismay and wonder in the countenance. We returned to prayers, and after another long time, he returned saying he had found a plain but worthy Catholic family who could take us for the present. We followed him. Well, we were kindly received, and a comfortable repast was made for us. Two slept in one large bed, the other had a bed on the floor.

Another apartment was for the Pastor, on a couch, or long chair. The next morning, start again for the Church, 7 o’clock mass. As we approached the well known gate, a company of soldiers were just entering and we halted and made the rear point. Several had to make confessions, and much dusting and fixing about the altar itself, before the Holy Mass could be began. At last the Divine Savior was given to the Communicants and a very appropriate instruction was made to all. All felt its force. In that Town there were perhaps, 25 or 30 Catholics. In the evening some of these fervent gentlemen asked the Pastor to allow them to bring to see us the little class of Sunday school children, about 12 in all. We spoke to them, giving them and their Teachers [religious] pictures, beads, medals, etc.

Monday and Tuesday passed without any word from the Doctors or from the Hospitals. Our good Pastor calling from time to time on them saying we were anxious to be among the sick, instead of sitting with folded arms, looking at the several little bands of soldiers who passed with a dead fellow soldier to his grave. All was silence except the muffled drums used for these sad occasions. I believe we had now been there about 3 days and still no word from the Doctors. We resolved to make our efforts for returning to St. Joseph’s tho’ we knew this must be difficult for the Potomac Bridge was gone and the Rail
track had been destroyed in that direction to prevent pursuit. However, that evening two doctors, one was the Doctor we had been with, the other, the Medical Director of all that country, or environs of the several encampments. As the first Medical Director, who had asked for us, had been since joined to the head General’s staff and no longer acted in any other capacity, these two, therefore, told us they would be ready for us in the morning. They asked us whether we would each one take charge of an Hospital or would we remain [together] at one. We said we would attend to one, that we did not separate the number being so small.

A room was appointed us in the Hospital and every corner of the house was filled with sick. Provisions for the poor sick here also of the roughest kind. The whole Town (quite a large one) seemed to be but one family of men and as silent as death almost, not an unnecessary loud word was heard either in the Hospital or along the streets. Scarcely a female was to be seen, except for such as generously presided over their own houses, which they had offered as to many Hospitals taking as many [patients] as they could accommodate and being Mother, nurse, etc., to the sick.

They were Protestants, for, Virginia is not Catholic and especially that part of it. While we had been at the Catholic house, waiting for Hospital duties to be ready for us, we had been called to see a very sick Lutheran woman whose husband was Catholic. The poor woman was glad to see us, but although’ very doubtful of her eternal safety in point of creed, obstinately refused to accept ours, tho’ she believed in it. Her danger increasing, a medal was offered her. She received it but remained for sometime as obdurate as ever, but, then said: “I was confirmed a Lutheran, and then I took a oath never to disown the same.” Here again we tried to help her, but to no purpose. Our good Pastor had gone a great distance in to the country and was not expected for some time. However perseverance and the grace of God triumphed over Satan, and the poor woman died really very piously, doing all that could be done without the help of the priest, which was impossible for her, but her desires to see one and confess her sins was extremely ardent.

Several, but we took no account, were baptized in the two months the Sisters were there. Finding our small number of Sisters, giving out

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66 Probably Dr. Thomas H. Williams (?–1904), medical director, C.S.A., Army of the Potomac.
67 The other version of this account reads: “The Mother of these staying at their house in Town and receiving and serving as many sick soldiers as they could. We received much kindness from these Ladies; for, they knew the common rations of the soldiers were, thro’ quantity and quality very, very wretched. Indeed our greatest distress as to the duty was, that we had not for the poor men what their suffering condition called for.” Notes—Military Hospitals, 83.
from fatigue and want of nourishment, we told the Doctor we must have more help. He said there was no mail [route] open. There could be none sent for, tho’ he saw the necessity. We toiled on. One day a great contest began among our colored men in the kitchen of the basement. Two Sisters ran to the spot and found a cook and a nurse fighting. We forced them apart by stepping, as we could, between them and they quietly returned to their duty. Our Medical Director told us that he had taken the trouble to inform himself as to the dispositions of the people concerning our being in their Hospitals and there was but one objecting voice—that of a prayer-meeting old maid—the rest all felt towards us as our warmest friends could have desired.

Later finding it impossible for the Sisters to continue [considering] their constant fatigue, we saw one [of us] must try and home in order to get help. The evening before she was to leave, another Sister went out to buy a piece of Bread for her to travel with, as that of the Hospital was half raw—with [anticipation of the journey involving] part car then stage, and a dangerous crossing the Potomac in a kind of flat canoe. She reached Frederick City that night, nearly exhausted. After landing on the Maryland side, she had to run on foot one mile to reach the Northern cars; and they being unwilling to take any one from across the line, kept threatening to leave her — only the Cornette, I believe, gained place for her. The next day in the evening she reached St. Joseph’s, where she was received as if from the grave. The anxious Superiors had heard nothing from, or of us, except as public news told the movements of the two armies.

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68 The other version of this same account reads: “The Sisters forced them apart by stepping between them, and mildly requesting each man to calm himself. This was soon done.” Ibid.

69 Home to Emmitsburg, Maryland.

70 Sister Matilda Coskery (1799–1870) was probably the courageous sister.
Our dear Sister Euphemia [Blenkinsop]: (now our Mother), was then sent with three companions, to relieve those already there. They telegraphed at the same time to dear Sister Valentine [Latouraudais], then at St. Louis to come on immediately to replace our dear Sister Euphemia [assistant at Emmitsburg] who was destined to proceed further, as in Richmond, the capital of Virginia, the poor Sisters were beginning to be overcome with duty, the severer battles having occurred in that region. 71 We always remarked that never was there a profane expression uttered by any of the Southern Soldiers. Our dear Sisters 6 in number continued to labor in Winchester until the sick were either cured or dead, with the consolation of seeing our holy Religion making its happy influence among the people as well as becoming a passport by Holy Baptism to the several who were baptized. The healthy army was called to Richmond, and when but 10 or 12 sick remained in our Hospital in Winchester, the Sisters told the Doctor they must go to assist the Sisters in Richmond, who were sending for them. The Doctors said no, they did not wish them to go while one sick man remained, however, they consented and they took leave of Winchester after about two or three months stay there.

[Sister Matilda Coskery] 72

71 The community elected Mother Euphemia Blenkinsop to succeed Mother Ann Simeon in 1866. Sister Valentine Latouraudais (1812–1895), was caring for orphans at St. Mary’s Orphan Asylum, St. Louis.

72 Sister Matilda Coskery wrote the accounts of Harpers Ferry and Winchester. Patients and physicians highly respected her skills as a nurse, nursing educator, hospital manager, and administrator. See Enlightened Charity, 286-96.
Our missions in Norfolk, Virginia, had for many years been in peaceful operation, till now; in 1861 the war between the Northern and Southern States of America was beginning to be felt by us also. April 28th brought its first violence: a bombardment of the two cities, divided by a very narrow neck of the Sea, or Bay.\(^{74}\) The Establishments of the Sisters were, one Hospital, an asylum and day school.\(^{75}\) The first thing to be done on hearing the terrible news, was to place ourselves confidently in the arms of Divine Providence, then, placing a [vigil] light before the several statues of our Immaculate Mother, thus claiming her powerful assistance, we felt prepared for the issue.\(^{76}\) Soon we beheld what the tolling Bells had announced: the destructive fire. The Navy Yard of Portsmouth [sic] in flames, and large magazines of exploding powder shook the two cities to a fearful trembling.\(^{77}\) This occurred on Sunday a.m. A heavy track of powder had been secretly lain, intending an entire overthrowing of the place, but an Infinite Power, said, here as formerly “thus far thou shalt go, but, no further,” and they were spared.\(^{78}\)

The confederate troops were filling Norfolk and our Hospital was crowded with sick, and many died, but Baptisms and conversions were numerous. Those who recovered and left us, have given evidences that a true idea of our holy Religion [Roman Catholicism] had done its salutary work on their souls. Soon, however, Norfolk was evacuated

\(^{73}\) Sister Angela Heath (1830-1912); Sister Ann Louise O’Connell (1819-1879). See Barton, *Angels of the Battlefield*, 87-92.

\(^{74}\) The Elizabeth River, an arm of Hampton Roads at the southern end of Chesapeake Bay along the southern side of the mouth of James River, forms a short tidal estuary between the cities of Portsmouth and Norfolk, Virginia.

\(^{75}\) The Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph’s (Emmitsburg) founded St. Mary’s Asylum and Academy in 1848, and later, as Daughters of Charity, the community began the first Catholic hospital in Virginia at Norfolk: St. Vincent’s Hospital, 1857.

\(^{76}\) The Blessed Virgin Mary.

\(^{77}\) The Union Navy burned and evacuated the Gosport Naval Yard (Norfolk Naval Shipyards) at Sewell’s Point, destroying nine ships in the process, leaving only Fort Monroe at Old Point Comfort as the last Union bastion in Tidewater Virginia, April 20, 1861.

\(^{78}\) See Job 38:11.
and Norfolk and Portsmouth [were] taken by the North. As all that could leave before the coming of the Northern troops, did leave; our Hospital was now empty. The [Northern] Soldiers crowded in the City and great confusion followed for some days. Soon the Marine Hospital in Portsmouth was prepared for the sick and wounded, and the Northern authorities now asked for our Sisters to attend them. The necessity being urgent, the Sister Servants [local superiors] here sent as many as could be spared from their houses until Superiors could relieve them.79 Two days previous, hundreds of soldiers had arrived from the Battlefield, and in a deplorable condition.80 There was no time to be lost as regarded body and soul, for, for many we had cause to fear, both [armies] had received many mortal wounds.81 Some scarcely seemed to know who God was; some were too low to understand their own misery. Day and night our Sisters were constantly administering by turns, to soul and body. Nourishment, remedies and drinks to the body, and as best they could, “living waters”82 to their immortal souls. Indeed, as far as possible, our dear Sisters subtracted from food and rest, the dying and suffering state of these poor men making all sacrifices even joyful to them; they, the Sisters, being only as a drop, or cipher compared with the crying duties before them. While attending to some, others would be calling them most piteously to give their wounds some relief. Thanks to our good Lord, many were baptized, apparently, in good dispositions.

79 Sister Servant refers to the local superior in a community of Daughters of Charity. Saint Vincent de Paul (1581-1660) and Saint Louise de Marillac (1591-1660) wished to connote the service dimension of the coordinator or leader of each mission.

80 The U.S. Navy established its first hospital at Portsmouth, Virginia, in 1827. The Portsmouth Naval Hospital served the Union and the Confederacy during the Civil War. The Union requested the services of the Daughters of Charity after the Battle of Hampton Roads, often referred to as the Battle of the USS Monitor and C.S.A. Virginia (Merrimack) March 8–9, 1862. After Virginia seceded from the Union, the Confederacy used the hospital until Southern forces abandoned Portsmouth May 10, 1862. The Union maintained the hospital during the remainder of the War. Merrimack may also be spelled Merrimack.

81 This may refer to victims among Union troops who were injured immediately prior to evacuating Norfolk when they destroyed ships at Gosport Naval Yard.

82 A reference to the sacrament of Baptism. See John 7:38.
In a few days several more Sisters came to their aid from the Central House. As if the enemy of souls wished to oppose their labors, they met with delay on the way by being denied passports, and again barely escaped being lost in crossing a river in too small a boat for the number of passengers. But Divine Providence saved them. the God of Saint Vincent, was there also their God, and saved them.

With the assistance of this addition to their number, they were enabled to effect more good, tho’ Satan was always present, as obstacle in some way. Many Protestant Army Chaplains attended these wards: Some of these zealously accompanied us from bed to bed, and would speak in bland tones to the dying men: “How are you my friend?” “Will you have the morning paper?” “The morning paper” to a dying man? and, by a minister of the Gospel...

A Sister was applying cold applications to the head of a fevered man, when bursting into tears he exclaimed: “Oh! if my dear Mother could see your care of me, She would take you in her heart!” A man of about 23 years, saw a Sister in the distance, and raising his voice he said: “Sister, come and pray awhile by my bed.” He was dying. Sister had but just arrived at the Hospital and felt, as yet untutored, but she knelt by his bed, made suitable aspirations for him in a low voice. He repeated all in a very loud tone with clasped hands, begging God to pardon him. Then to our Blessed Mother, his Angel Guardian, etc., to all the angels to conduct his soul to Paradise. Sister said: “I will go away if you pray so loud.” “Ah! Sister,” he replied: “I want God to know that I am in earnest.” Sister showed him her crucifix, saying: “Do you know what this means?” He took it kissed it reverently, then said: “Jesus hammered on the cross for me! Jesus whipped to death for me, will you receive me?”83 Sister continued to assist his dispositions, not knowing that others were near, till presently the dying man perceiving a companion, said: “George, come and hear what Sister is telling me.” She looked up and saw a wall of human beings around her, drawn by the loud prayers of the poor man. In this crowd and on his knees was one of the Doctors (a Protestant), who being on his round among the patients, and seeing Sister on her knees praying, involuntary knelt and remained so until Sister rose to prepare a table near the bed, as the priest had been sent for to minister to him. While Sister was getting other things ready, the good Doctor had brought a Table, covered by with a pillow-case, and two black bottles for candle sticks, common tallow candles already lighted, in them. The poor man crying out as loud as he could: “Sister, come Sister come.” As soon as the Sister had left him, a minister went

83 See Matthew 27.
to him and said: “My friend, I perceive you are dying, let me assist you by prayer to go to Heaven.” The dying man interrupted him with: “Begone from me. I would never reach there by your hands.” The poor preacher, (who but a few days previous was a carpenter) turned away disappointed. The assembled crowd was present at the last anointing and reception of the holy Viaticum and deeply attentive. Some asked Sister to show them Scripture for these sacraments. The Doctor applied to the priest for information concerning Catholic doctrine. The sick man died begging God to bless the Sisters, and calling on the angels to present his Soul to God.

This was followed by several other edifying deaths, for the faith and resignation of such excited others to desire the same hopes of salvation.

A poor wretched man, who seemed to hate the Sisters, refused his medicine and would try to strike them when they would offer it to him, as also to spit on them, but after often acting in this way and finding the Sister still hoped he would take it, for his life depended on it, he said: “Who, or what are you, anyhow?” Sister said: “I am a Sister of Charity.” “Where is your husband?” he said. “I have none,” said Sister, “and I am glad I have none.” “Why are you glad?” he said, still very angry. “Because,” she replied, “if I had a husband I would have to be employed in his affairs, and consequently could not be here to wait on you.”

As if by magic, he said, in a subdued tone; “that will do” and turning his face from her remained silent. Sister left him but presently returned and offered the medicine to him. He took it and motioned to her to sit down. Tho’ he seemed near death, the medicine cured him and he was very soon a true friend to all our Sisters but so ignorant of religion in any way whatever, that he hardly knew he had a soul. Here again, however, our good Lord accepted our efforts to gain Him another soul. The poor man, with instruction, became as fervent as he had been indifferent.

A fine looking man dangerously wounded was the object of the Doctor’s deepest interest and they begged the Sister not to leave him alone. The Sister spoke to him of God’s infinite goodness, His Tender Providence of the human family and etc. He listened attentively and seemed to enjoy the remarks, she made. Sister withdrew and presently another approached him and enquired as to his condition, comfort and, etc. He said he felt better, and much consoled in an entertainment
with a pious Lady of his own persuasion. “Where is she?” said Sister. There, he said, pointing to the one who had just left him. “Judging of your costume, I take you to be one also.” Sister replied, “Yes, we are alike in creed.”

He raised his eyes to Heaven, saying: “Thank God I am surrounded by own true people”. “What,” said Sister, “Are you a Catholic?” Shocked thro’ all his frame, he said: “I, no, no, I am a Methodist.” Later he seemed thoughtful; in the end was baptized and died, we hope, in good dispositions.

A young man in dying state, said to Sister: “Write to my Mother and tell her I was cared for in my sufferings by a band of Ladies who were as tender Mothers to me.” He asked for baptism, and said afterwards: “Where will I be tomorrow morning?” Sister said, “I hope in Heaven with your Heavenly Father.” “Oh!” he exclaimed, “in Heaven with God!” He entertained himself with God in most fervent acts, and died in a consoling manner.

Were we to relate each one separately, the narration, would be too lengthy; it will do to say and to know, that very many were baptized, and among these several conversions.

We had been at Portsmouth but about six months, when the Hospital was closed and the authorities pointed out other locations [for the Daughters of Charity to serve]. Several of our Sisters were disposed of in more pressing miseries; a few were bound for the Central House. The cars took them to Manassas, stopping in the midst of an extensive encampment, where they were told they could not pass the Potomac [River], as the Enemy was firing on all who appeared. There was there a little hut and a Protestant family dwelling in it. There the Army Chaplain celebrated holy Mass; one of their trunks serving for Altar.84

They were obliged to go to Richmond. It was two weeks before a flag of truce could take them to Maryland. When all were on board an officer visited the Passengers in the cabin. Several Southern Ladies were among them, and some of us also had been south for some time.

When he saw us he exclaimed, “I need not question you Sisters; all is right with you.” “You mind your own business and don’t meddle with government affairs. Your Society has done great service to the Country, and the authorities in Washington hold your Community in high esteem.”

This officer was the Judge Advocate, and showed the Sisters every kind attention. When the papers belonging to the Passengers were asked for we offered our letters, he said resentfully: let me see the man who would dare touch papers belonging to a Sister of Charity, I would give him cause to regret it. Then suddenly, he said: “Hand me your papers,” and taking them, he wrote in large letters: “Examined”. Now, he continued, take them they are safe now. Taking register of the names, some of the Ladies looked out of humor; so on coming to the Sisters he said: [“]Ah! Here are faces I like to see. They are cheerful as if the peace of Heaven rested in their hearts, no gloom, no frowns here…”.

When we reached Fortress Monroe, we wished to take the boat direct for Baltimore, but, our kind friend said No, he did not often have the honor of having Sisters of Charity on his boat, and, as we were Rebels we were not overstocked with money, therefore, on his boat we could travel free of expense, whilst we would have to pay a high fare on the other...We reached Annapolis too late for the train for Baltimore, but our kind old friend chartered a train for our accommodation, and paying our way through, bade us farewell. We felt his kindness the more as he knew we had been nursing the Southern Soldiers. To be sure, he may have seen us also at Portsmouth serving the North. At least he knew, that “party” did not influence us in our labors on the poor men. We arrived home safely.

8. Recollections of Sister Angela Heath, Central Virginia

8.1 Manassas

A. M. D. G.

Left Richmond for Manassas on the 9th of January 1862 at the solicitation of Dr. Williams, Medical Director of the Army of the Potomac. We were five in number and found on taking possession, 500 patients, sick and wounded of both armies. Mortality was very great, as the poor sick had been very much neglected. The wards were in a most deplorable condition, and strongly resisted all efforts of the broom to which they had long been strangers. The aid of a shovel was found necessary. At best, they were but poor protection against the

85 Partisan political party. Notes—Military Hospitals, 95. This page is blank.
86 Notes—Military Hospitals, 95–6. For draft account, see ibid., 245–8. Sister Angela Heath wrote accounts of the Daughters of Charity at Manassas, Gordonsville, Danville, Lynchburg, and Richmond. See Barton, Angels of the Battlefield, 109-118.
87 Dr. Thomas H. Williams, surgeon and medical director, C.S.A., Army of the Potomac (renamed the Army of Northern Virginia).
inclemency of the season and being scattered, we were often obliged
to go through snow over a foot deep to wait on the sick. For our own
accommodation we had one small room, which served for dormitory,
chapel, and etc. When we were fortunate enough to get a chaplain, the
Holy Sacrifice [Mass] was daily offered in a little corner of our humble
domicile. The kitchen, to which what we called our refectory, was
attached, was, (I do not think I exaggerate when I say a quarter of a mile
from our room) and often it was found more prudent to be satisfied
with two meals than to trudge through the snow for a third, which at
best, was not very inviting. The culinary department was not under
our control, but under that of Negroes, who had a decided aversion
for cleanliness. On an average, ten [patients] died every day and of this
number, I think I may safely say, four were baptized, either by Fathers
Smulders and Teeling,\(^{88}\) or by our Sisters. It happened several times that
men, who had been until then totally ignorant of our faith, and I may
say even of God, sent to us in the middle of the night, when they found
that they were dying, and begged for baptism which astonished as well
as consoled and edified us. On the 15\(^{\text{th}}\) of March we received orders
from General Johnson,\(^{89}\) to pack up quietly and be ready to leave on six
hours’ notice, as it was found necessary to retreat from that quarter. Oh
the horrors of war! We had scarcely left our post than the whole camp
was one mass of flame, and the bodies of those who died that day, were
consumed.

8.2 Gordonsville\(^{90}\)

Our next field of labor was the Military Hospital [at] Gordonsville.\(^{91}\) We were but three in number and found 200 patients
very sick—Pneumonia and Typhoid fever prevailing. Here again
privations were not wanting. The sick were very poorly provided for,
though the mortality was not as great as at Manassas. We had a small
room which served again for all purposes. One week we lay on the floor
without beds, our habits and a shawl loaned us by the Doctor, serving
for covering. The refectory, as far as distance is concerned, was more
convenient, but accommodations were even less extravagant than at
Manassas. The trunk of a tree was our table and the rusty tin cups and
plates which were used in turn by Doctors, Sisters, and Negroes, were

\(^{88}\) Father Egidius (Giles) Smulders, C.Ss.R. (1815–1900), and Rev. John Teeling (1823–1870), of Richmond.
\(^{89}\) Probably Brigadier General Joseph Eggleston Johnston (1807–1891), C.S.A.
\(^{90}\) Notes—Military Hospitals, 96. For duplicate account, see 246, note 88.
\(^{91}\) The Exchange Hotel, located by the tracks of the Virginia Central Railroad and the Alexandria Railroad, became the Gordonsville Receiving Hospital, Gordonsville, Virginia. The historical site is preserved as the Civil War Museum at The Exchange Hotel.
very far from exciting a great relish for what they contained. Father Smulders, who was chaplain at that time received about twenty-five into the Communion of the Church, some of whom died shortly after. One morning as Sister Ann Estelle [Gibbons] was visiting her patients before mass, one called from the lower end of the ward, “Oh! Sister, Sister do come and save me, let me die in the church that you Sisters belong to. I believe all that you believe.” Father Smulders, who was vesting for mass, was at first unwilling to wait on him until after, but as Sister insisted that no time was to be lost, he went and baptized him, and as we knelt at the “Et verbum caro factum est,” he expired. The approach of the Federals compelled us to leave Gordonsville on Easter Sunday, and we retreated “in good order” to Danville.

8.3 Danville

Having been obliged to stop in Richmond sometime, we did not enter the new field until the 2nd of May [1862]. Here we found 400 sick much better provided for than in Manassas or Gordonsville. The Sisters had a nice little house, which would have been a kind of luxury had it not been the abode of innumerable rats, of whom we stood in the greatest awe, for they seemed to be proprietors of the mansion. During the night, shoes, stockings, and etc., etc., were carried off. Indeed, safe we did not feel for our fingers and toes, which we often found on waking locked in the teeth of our bold visitors. Most of our patients were Catholic, at least in name; many had almost forgotten their duties as such, but it was our consolation to see them entering upon them again with the simplicity of children. The zeal of good Father Smulders led many to a knowledge of our holy religion and about 50 were baptized.

8.4 Lynchburg

In November the Medical Director removed our hospital to Lynchburg as there was no means of heating that in Danville. Our number had increased to five as the hospital was larger and contained

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92 “And the Word became flesh.” John 1:14.
93 Another account which includes initials of sisters who served at Danville appears in the original. See Notes—Military Hospitals, 247–8.
94 Ibid., 96–8. A duplicate account concludes with “Deo Gratias [Thanks be to God],” see ibid., 247–8.
95 William A. Carrington (1830–1866) was a surgeon and Medical Director for the Confederate Departments in central-southern Virginia.
1000 patients, whom we found in a most pitiful condition.\textsuperscript{96} The persons who were in charge, had a very good will, but not the means of carrying it out. Although the fund was ample, the poor patients were half starved owing entirely to mismanagement. As we passed through the ward the first time accompanied by the Doctor, a man from the lower-end called out “Lady, Oh Lady, for God’s sake give me a piece of bread.” To give you an idea of the care the sick had received, it will be sufficient to say that though the whole establishment had been cleaned for our reception, some of the Sisters swept up the vermin on the dust pan. The Doctors soon placed everything under our control, and with a little economy the patients were well provided for. Order began to prevail. Father Gache, a zealous and holy Jesuit, effected much good and removed many prejudices from the minds of those whom a faulty education had made enemies, bitter enemies of our holy faith.\textsuperscript{97}

During the three years that we remained in Lynchburg he baptized 100. Of those who resumed the practice of duties long neglected, we kept no account but scarcely a day passed without witnessing the return of some poor prodigal. During the year 1863 the Methodists and Baptists had a grand revival in Lynchburg and every day members of both, ladies and gentlemen came to induce the officers and privates to attend, hoping to effect their conversion. Meeting one in whom they seemed to take a particular interest, I asked if their zeal and perseverance had not made at least some impression. He answered no, that the modest silence of our Sisters spoke far more loudly than the enthusiasts even of his own [religious] persuasion. The approach of the Federals placed our hospital in imminent danger and it was decided to move the sick and hospital stores to Richmond. The Surgeon General of Confederate Army begged that we would take charge of the Stuart Hospital in that city, which we did on the 13\textsuperscript{th} of February 1865.\textsuperscript{98} Father Gache accompanied us and continued his mission of zeal and charity. We were then 10 in number, and as usual, we found plenty to do to place the sick in a comfortable situation, which we had just accomplished when the city was evacuated on the 13\textsuperscript{th} of April. The hospital being dispensed with, we left Richmond for our sweet valley home.

\textsuperscript{96} The Daughters of Charity worked in the following hospitals in Lynchburg: Ferguson’s Tobacco Factory, Old College Hospital (the city’s largest hospital), and the Pest House/House of Pestilence. Dr. John Jay Terrell (1829–1922), a Quaker physician had been treating quarantined patients with contagious diseases at the Pest House. The sisters were sent from Richmond to work with Dr. Terrell and also to nurse sick and wounded soldiers. The latter increased after the battle of Lynchburg, June 17–18, 1864. The Daughters of Charity remained in Lynchburg to nurse convalescents and veterans until 1865.

\textsuperscript{97} Rev. Louis-Hippolite Gache, S. J. (1817–1907), C.S.A., chaplain of the 10\textsuperscript{th} Louisiana Infantry.

\textsuperscript{98} Dr. Samuel Preston Moore (1813–1889).
In May 1861, all hearts and heads were busy with thoughts, some hopeful, some thoughtful anxious; events were stirring, calculated to arouse the heroic in those whose one aim was to devote themselves entirely to the souls of men by caring for their bodily wants. There were many such spirits throughout the Community, and among them those who had until now enjoyed the tranquility of the peaceful routine of dear St. Joseph’s, but with the secret longing of one day exchanging “the piano lessons,” for the active service of the sick and dying in the Hospital. As news came of uprising here and there, bridges demolished, troops recruiting, states seceding, hearts were anxious and sought refuge in prayer for the safety and guidance of beloved ones, more or less exposed to the danger that threatened. Saint Philomena is a powerful helper, it is said she is generous in helping her clients to a goodly share of the cross, but what matters said one devoted to her. Saint Philomena will also obtain for us the graces to bear our cross!———

A novena was proposed by some of the class Sisters, permission obtained. The Sisters interested were to meet in one of the rooms where a relic, already noted for favors obtained by its veneration, would stimulate confidence and piety. One among the band, an unpromising specimen, felt an ardent longing to go to the field of action, but what hope could she have! It would seem ridiculous to propose the thing; yet, would she pray. Yes, for that intention! On the fourth day it was told, Saint Philomena granted favors.

99 Notes—Military Hospitals, 99–110. Sister Juliana Chatard (1833–1917), wrote this account. She also served on missions of the Sisters/Daughters of Charity in Emmitsburg, Maryland; Richmond, Virginia; Mobile, Alabama; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and in New York at Utica and Troy. Sister Juliana was also responsible for the religious formation of new members for many years after the war ended.

100 This refers to music lessons given to pupils at St. Joseph’s Academy, Emmitsburg, Maryland.

101 Devotion to Saint Philomena was popular in the mid-nineteenth century. This virgin and martyr of the early Christian era in Rome was acclaimed as a Wonder Worker for heavenly favors.

102 Sisters who taught classes of children in school (as opposed to sisters who were nurses in hospitals).
On that fourth day the poor longing Sister was as usual at the piano lesson, when a message came.103 “Mother [Ann Simeon] wishes to see you.” Her surprise equaled her pleasure as she heard: “We have decided Sister Juliana, to send you to Richmond to the Asylum.”104 The Sister listened, only, did say in her heart; “Yes, but there is also an Hospital in Richmond.” This was only a thought unexpressed. With a smile she told Mother Ann Simeon of the secret intention of the Novena. This impressed our Mother as she said: “It was today, walking through the corridor, the thought came to me, with force, to send you there. Go and tell this to Father Burlando. The Sister did so and heard from our venerated Father’s lips: “You have two proofs of the will of God. Your mission comes from obedience and is an answer to prayer.” Preparations began, two of the young ladies of the Academy and a young person from the Seminary were to go South; the occasion to bear Sister company, was embraced.105 The journey offered nothing remarkable, all seemed favorable. The boat was the very last one to leave Baltimore for Norfolk until the bloody fray was over and peace restored. But we did leave.

When in sight of the Fortress [Monroe] at Old Point [Comfort] we were commanded to stop. The boat was not to proceed but after nearly 24 hours delay, the passengers might be put on shore by means of row boats and then get on as best they could. Charge and baggage, the Sister and her young Companions, got in the little boat; “Have you any friends to see to you on the shore?” an old gentleman asked. None, but those Providence will send was the Sister’s quiet reply. The party landed safely [,] found themselves at Hampton and from there must make way to Norfolk. How? The poor Sister asked and information poured in so many ways that the more she learned, the less she knew. So she said within herself, I’ll wait till all these people get off, then I will find some way to do it. At night fall, a young officer of the Marine Service came up saying, “Sister I am going to run the blockade in the morning, I will take a small vessel. I have in my charge a young lady and her little brothers who are returning from school. If you will trust yourself to me, I shall be happy to take you and your party. We must be prepared for the worst, we may be taken prisoners—The Pawnee is on the sea looking out for just such prey.”106 I have provided a fisherman’s

103 Sister Juliana Chatard.
104 The Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph’s from Emmitsburg established St. Joseph’s Asylum (an orphanage and school) at Richmond in 1834.
105 The “new person from the Seminary” was a new Daughter of Charity, being sent on her first mission after completing the foundational stage of her religious formation called a seminary (novitiate).
106 The USS Pawnee, a sloop-of-war, named for a Native American tribe.
disguise. We will hope for the best.” “I will be glad to go with you,” replied the Sister. “Well then, I will leave if the wind is favorable.” “Oh! Leave the wind to me,” said the Sister. “You attend to the rest.

So the young officer went off to do his part of the duty and after a while a lovely Virginia supper did its best to help our tired travelers to forget fatigue, and comfortable beds invited to rest, but the elements!——Rain, thunder, lightening—how was fair weather and favorable wind to be on hand the next morning! Hopefully, the poor Sister prayed on, Saint Philomena’s little statue was her companion. Aid must come. So did sleep and the tired frame and brain were at rest for a few hours. Morning dawned, expectation was not deceived. The sun was bright and wind enough to stiffen sail and make preparations almost merry. Many persons now surrounded us with kindly greeting and hopes for success. We embarked—nine in the party baggage and trunks. The sail was brisk. We stretched our eyes over the sea, but, oh luck! No “Pawnee!” The young officer exerted his skill in managing the craft. We got on gaily but all of a sudden he called out to the poor little Sister who was enjoying her colloquy with Saint Philomena. “Hold on, Sister! Stop praying, got more wind than I can manage.”

Before night we had reached Norfolk and were in “Dixie.” We were just one week making our way from St. Joseph’s to Richmond, where a warm welcome awaited us on “the Field of Action.”

10. Sister Aimée Butterly to Sister Loyola Law

Harpers Ferry and Winchester

Saint Agnes Sanitarium
Station D, Baltimore, Maryland,
August 19, 1904

My dear Sister Loyola,

The grace of Our Lord be forever with us!

Your sweet little letter needs a little of correction in the very beginning. On the fifth of June 1861, I wrote my second petition for the first Vows, I was then seated in the Music-room, and this
was a Sunday after the late Mass, when I received word from Mother Ann Simeon to come to her room. There she told me, that the next morning I was going to the Soldiers. She raised her head, and with that beautiful smile of hers, [and] said: “You would like to go out to the Soldiers? Would you not? You need not take any trunk with you; you will be back in two or three weeks. I stayed 6 years without my trunk depending on the charity of good Sister Blanche.\footnote{Sister Mary Blanche Rooney (1824–1884), was the sister servant at St. Joseph’s Asylum and School, Richmond, Virginia.}

Sister Matilda [Coskery], Frances Karrer of Buffalo, and Sister Lycina [Maher] composed our little band going to Harpers Ferry—There we were received most cordially by the good Pastor, Father [Michael] Costello and Billy Roch took care of us, being a true brother to us.\footnote{Entrance records give Sister Lucina Maher (1830–1875), although the name also appears as Lucina, Licinia, and Lycian. A Gettysburg account also mentions Billy Roche (or Roch), probably a worker at St. Joseph’s, Emmitsburg.} When the bridge in Harpers Ferry was burnt, the explosion was so disastrous that the four sisters got in a cart at 11 o’clock at night, making our way down to [the train depot at] Strasburg, the driver, and Father Costello sat on one of our trunks. Father had the Blessed Sacrament, and we were adoring in silence our All, who was blessing and helping us along the dark night. To keep the night air from Sister Matilda, we opened an umbrella over her head; of course we did not laugh on account of our good friend who was there watching us.

I cannot remember what hour it was when we got at Strasburg.\footnote{The Strasburg railroad junction is strategically located in the northern portion of the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia.} All I know is that I got all the chairs upside down to make a reclining couch for our heads and our backs, but we did not sleep much, for we were eaten up with fleas, bugs, etc., etc.; on a floor covered with an old carpet, under which was straw, and dear knows what [could] to make it look something decent.\footnote{I skipped Winchester adventures.} that, together with the chairs \textit{turned up side down} which could serve as a reclining bed, made our night bad enough, not to be exceeded in comfort!!! Missing the car for Richmond, made all that trouble for us, and caused us to take the car, the next morning at three o’clock of the morning for dear old Richmond, where we were glad to land. I cannot tell you how glad we were to see the steeples of the Churches and the different institutions where our dear Sisters were quietly laboring. (I skipped Winchester adventures).

Before coming to Richmond we had a stay of two months in Winchester. The four Sisters, there were Sisters Matilda, Lawrencine,
Frances Karrer, and myself. Sister Ameliana was not in our band at all. She must have gone on the other side. It was in Winchester that Mother Euphemia met us, but, who was with her? I do not remember, only I remember that Sister Matilda brought Sister Lycina home [to Emmitsburg] after her spell of sickness in Winchester, and kept Sister Valentine [Latouraudais] instead of Sister Matilda C[oskery]. We still remained four Sisters in Winchester, and the little Hospital with seventy soldiers was opposite a lady by the name of Mrs. Williams. Sister Augustine Wilson's aunt, who was very kind to us during our stay there. She sent her children all in the country so as to keep them away from the soldiers; for she was a very moral and gentle lady, she did not want her children to see, or hear anything wrong.

Mrs. Williams kindly told us to come across the street in her house, and to make it our home, whenever we could get off of duty. So, to go to Closet, we had to cross the street, and when we were all packed up to proceed to Richmond, the four of us slept at this lady’s house.

She treated us loyally. We had to go to the little farm house, where our good Father Costello said Mass for us, and gave us Communion. He did not keep the Blessed Sacrament all the time in the Church; the place was not the proper place to keep Our Lord. And I would like to be able to describe the Confessional erected in those places; you would have a good laugh. I am sure! But, my pen is not as able as I would like to have it—

I am sorry that I omitted, Winchester and begun to speak of Richmond in the wrong place this may get you astray in your Journal, but, you will remember that Strasburg, came before Winchester. Out of the heart the pen speaketh; I was so happy to get back to our Sisters in Richmond that I never forgot my feelings of joy, now our dear Sister Juliana [Chatard] can finish by telling you all the rest of the Dixie Land performance. She and I left for home [St. Joseph’s] at the conclusion of the war _______

113 Sister Lawrencine (Mary Lawrence) Kane (1837–1868), Sister Frances (Christina) Karrer (1834–1906), and the writer, Sister Aimée Butterley (1837–1908), were in Winchester, Virginia, along with Sister Matilda Coskery.
114 Sister Ameliana Schroeder (1814–1885).
115 Sister Ellen (Avellina) Leddy (1836–1915), and Sister Pacifica (Francis/Honorah) Smith (1836–1917), accompanied Sister Euphemia Blenkingsop to Manassas in 1861.
116 Possibly Mary Louise Lillis Dunbar Williams whose husband Philip Williams II was a prominent lawyer and business leader in Winchester, Virginia. The Williams lived at 25 West Piccadilly Street.
118 Closet probably refers to the water closet or restroom.
119 Within two weeks of their arrival at Harpers Ferry, the Daughters of Charity had to evacuate for Winchester via Strasburg, Virginia, where a sign in the historic train depot now commemorates “The Great Train Raid” (Spring 1861).
Should I remember anything else, I will send it to you. For the present it is all that comes to my mind. I recollect the day that nine Sisters came from home and in the same after noon nine came from New Orleans, Louisiana; one of those was Sister Bertrand Deffrey [sic], who you still have at home. I did not go to Frederick [Maryland] and I did not see Sister Ameliana in our band.

A kind and affectionate message to Sister Matilda, Sisters Mary Louise [Caulfield], Gervase [Poujol], Barbara [Regan], and other friends. Remember to Sister Bernard [Orndorf] and say to her in a whispering that when she comes down, to call here; I want to say something to her in private. 120

Affectionately Yours,
Sister Aimée [Butterley]

Und.of c.s. of the p.

P.S. On the 26th of July that Year, I was exchanged with Sister Phillip who took my place at the General Hospital, and I took her place at the Asylum [Richmond] with Sister Blanche.

11. Sister Annie Swail to Sister Loyola Law

St. Patrick’s School121
Richmond, VA
August 28, 1904

My dear Sister Loyola,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

You will not find dear Sister Rosalie much of a help in the literary line, I’m afraid. 122 She bids me tell you that she has no recollection whatever of what you wish to know. She says she did not come to Richmond till November of 1861 and, in her party were Mother Euphemia, Mother Mariana, Sisters Agnes Slavin, Emily Jordan and, (like a little goose), I was going to say herself, but I told you that already. 123 Sister says perhaps Sister Emily Jordan could help you out. 124 Indeed, I’m sorry I wasn’t born before the War myself, so as to be able to give you a little of the desired information.

120 Sister Bertrand Deffry (1834-1911). Sister Aimée sends greetings to friends: Sister Matilda Coskery, Sisters Marie Louise Caulfield, Sister Gervase Poujol (1861–1942), Sister (Mary) Barbara Regan (1866–1941), Sister Bernard Orndorff (1861–1934), Sister Mary Philip Barry (1830–1890), and Sister Blanche Rooney.


122 Sister Rosalie Harrington (1842–1914).

123 Sister Agnes Slavin (1837–1916). Sister Mariana Flynn (1840–1901), served in Richmond during the Civil War. When Mother Euphemia died in 1887, she succeeded her as Mother.

124 Sister Emily (Arabella) Jordan (1838–1907).
There would have been another advantage, too, in coming a generation earlier, as I suppose I would have sense by this time. Father gave me great hopes last year when he told me, “Never mind, I’d be serious, too, when I am as old as Mother and Sister Rosalie.” I’m continually telling Sister and the rest of them what peace and happiness is in store for them if they only live long enough. Sister Rosalie was too busy in her young days rolling bandages and dressing wounds to be at all concerned about who came and went from Richmond. It would be a blessing if some of those she is raising would imitate such modesty and recollection, but just wait till we’re crawling up towards sixty. We are then going to make up for lost time, but we can get lots of fun in between this and then. I’m grateful for your prayers for my darling [deceased] Papa, and I won’t forget your kindness. Kindly give my love to all the dear Sisters and believe me, in the love of Jesus and Mary.

Your devoted
Sister M. Annie [Swail]126

P.S. I’m glad you didn’t send Father [the] trunk story. I told him all about it when it occurred. He enjoyed it and showed his appreciation by writing me a nice little letter from Cork.

S. M.

12. Recollections of Sister Rose Noyland
Central Virginia, Richmond General Hospital [#1]127

What Sister Rose Noyland has to say about the General Hospital [#1], Richmond, Virginia, in good old Confederate days.128

The “General Hospital” was the Alms House, a new building taken for hospital purposes.129 Sister Blanche Rooney went there July 26, 1861, taking with her eight Sisters: Sister Madeleine O’Brien, Philip Barry, Ellen Leddy, Juliana Chatard, Rose Noyland, Aloysia Kane, Angelica Holloran,—Sister Blanche was the eighth.130

125 The writer may be referring to Rev. Robert Lennon, C.M., director of the Daughters of Charity (1894–1907).
126 Sister Annie Swail (1873–1823) was on mission at St. Patrick’s in 1904.
128 Sister Rose Noyland (1834–1909). For an amusing story about a curious sister exploring available food supplies but inadvertently locking herself in the pantry, see Barton, Angels of the Battlefield, 30–1. At times Barton included events without regard for chronological sequence.
129 The Almshouse, built in 1860, became General Hospital #1 during the Civil War. The Daughters of Charity also referred to this hospital as St. Ann’s Military Hospital.
130 Sister Madeleine O’Brien (1839–1911), Sister Aloysia Kane (1827–1871), and Sister Angelica Holoran (1843–1927).
We found three hundred sick and wounded Confederate and Federal soldiers. Many of those poor soldiers lay on the battlefield several days under sun and rain. Their wounds were filled with maggots and gangrene. We spent days scraping maggots and cutting away rotten flesh. In a few days we got good food and clothing for them. Sunday night, eleven prisoners were brought to the Hospital. Sisters Philip [Barry] and Rose [Noyland] were told to stay up to receive them. They didn't know where they were being taken to, but when they saw the cornettes, prisoners as they were, they gave three cheers for the Sisters of Charity at twelve o'clock at night! We gave them a good supper of good coffee, bread, butter, and ham. They said it was the only good meal they had had since they left their homes. We gave them clean rooms and beds. Many of them were Catholics, [and] had their clothing riddled with bullets; not one of them severely hurt. They attributed their safety to wearing the scapular and medals. Among them were Majors, Colonels, Captains, Lieutenants. Sister Blanche procured them some musical instruments. Playing and singing helped to while away the time. After some weeks, the [Union] officers were sent to the Libby Prison and from there exchanged. Before leaving, one of them gave Sisters $50.00 for the orphans. This one was not an officer, but a musical man, his father one of the largest manufacturers of pianos in New York City. We had been kind to him, and he was grateful. After

131 The wounded soldiers had been fighting near Richmond at Phillippi, Big Bethel, Romney, Rich Mountain, Carrick’s Ford, and the first battle of Manassas (Bull Run), Virginia. See Barton, Angels of the Battlefield, 31.
132 See ibid., 33.
the war, as I passed through New York, his family would have been glad to express gratitude, but I got out of the way fast as I could.

Mrs. President Davis often came to the Hospital to see the Union sick soldiers. She supplied with tobacco, cigars, soap, razors, and anything they asked for. She requested the Sisters not to let patients know who she was. The Confederates she said she knew would want [for] nothing. The soldiers were most grateful and respectful to the sisters.

A Protestant minister who was a constant visitor at the hospital asked me if I was ever tired. I told him I was, very often. “You must get a large salary for what you do?” I told him no less than the Kingdom of Heaven.

Sister Valentine [Latouraudais] replaced Sister Blanche and Sisters. They returned to the Asylum for the opening of school. Sisters Emily Jordan, Aimée Butterley, Stella Mullan were with Sister Valentine, Sister Pacifica (Smith).

12.1 Manassas

January 1862. Sisters left Richmond for Manassas Hospital. Found 300 sick and wounded Confederate soldiers. The men were much neglected. The wards of [sic] temporary hospital were in a deplorable condition. Many of the doctors were careless in treatment of their patients; sick died from over-doses of morphine. The Sisters rectified that abuse. The Sisters before leaving the wards for the night, baptized all who were in danger of death before morning.

12.2 Gordonsville

Left Manassas for this point March 15. Made their vows there in their room, private room; they had no chapel there. Roomed in a hotel which was taken for Hospital purposes, and with some other large buildings taken by officers all were accommodated.

Here Dr. Bell died of typhoid fever.

Remained at Gordonsville until Easter Monday. The Sisters had their one room at the hotel—no more—were without blankets or sheets. The general refectory was a shed, with a kind of stump in it which was used to table. The doctors proposed that the Sisters should

133 Varina Banks Howell Davis (1826–1906).
134 Sister Stella Mullan (1835–1901).
135 The Daughters of Charity nursed at the Gordonsville Receiving Hospital (previously The Exchange Hotel) in 1862.
136 Dr. John Francis Bell (?–1862), a native of Kentucky, formerly of New Orleans, went to Virginia as a Confederate surgeon for the 2nd Louisiana Regiment. Bell also had been the chief surgeon-in-charge at the Moore Hospital, Manassas, Virginia.
occupy it first for their meal, and then be succeeded by Doctors, and last came the dinkies, but this inconvenienced the Sisters in their care of the sick. So it was arranged that the doctors should be first served, then the dinkies, and lastly the Sisters!

It was here Sister Rose [Noyland] administered the rebuke to good Father Smulders. He was inclined to take things free and easy, and used to come to the Sisters one room, and bring the doctors with him sometimes. Sister represented to him that it was contrary to her rule—Saint Vincent wouldn’t approve of it!

“Now, Sister Rose, if Saint Vincent lived in these times, he would live with these times!”

Then she be thought herself of another and surer plan. She made her irregularity in going to bed at the fixed hour, and her irregularity in saying Community prayers, (and the Sisters with her probably), a matter of conscience. This fixed the good Father. There were no visits after that.

12.3 Danville

On Easter Monday the hospital and Sisters moved back to Danville. Dr. Fisher replaced Dr. Bell.137 Father Gache, Father Smulders. The Sisters were all right then! No danger of transgressing rules, but difficulties if they ran the risk.

A very pious, Protestant Virginia lady, Mrs. Stuart, mother of General [J.E.B.] Stuart, Confederate Cavalry, lived up there somewhere abouts, she used to go down to Richmond occasionally, and always found her way to the Cathedral, made a visit and said some prayers.138 One time she forgot her book of “Common Prayer,” and left it in the Cathedral. The Sisters going to Mass next morning, Sister Madeline [O’Brien] spied and got hold of this book, reached over and quietly subtracted Sister Eulalia’s putting Mrs. Stuart’s in its place.139 After Communion, Sister Eulalia [McKenna] took up the book she supposed to be hers and read her prayers of thanksgiving from it. Before leaving the Cathedral, Sister Madeline again exchanged the books, and brought Mrs. Stuart’s home with her to the Asylum. When Bishop McGill came as he did every Sunday evening to pay the Sisters a visit,

137 Dr. Thomas H. Fisher (1822–?), surgeon, Virginia medical department, Provisional Confederate Army; subsequently surgeon-in-charge of General Hospital #3, which also included Division 1, College Hospital and Division 2, Ferguson Hospital (a converted tobacco factory), Lynchburg, Virginia.


139 Sister Eulalia McKenna (1836–1913).
Sister Madeline took occasion to inform him that Sister Eulalia was using a Protestant Prayer Book out of which she said her prayers of thanksgiving after Communion, and produced the evidence. Bishop McGill gave the scolding to the one who deserved it, and took the book home with him.

After the Sisters had been in Danville awhile, Mrs. Stuart called on them, and during the little visit Sister Rose [Noyland] informed her where she would find her lost Prayer Book. It was in the keeping of Bishop McGill, and by writing and giving her address, he would be happy to send it to her. The good lady had many questions to ask about the Community. Who was our founder, who was our foundress! The obscure birth and early employments of Saint Vincent did not appear to please her very much or to awake much enthusiasm; the more elevated rank of Louise de Marillac pleased her better. Sister Rose mentioned that there was attached to the hospital, a chaplain, a Catholic priest. Would Mrs. Stuart like to meet him? Certainly, she would. So Sister Rose invited Father Gache to come and see the lady. He did so, and an acquaintance commenced which resulted in Mrs. Stuart’s conversion, and a most devout, and exemplary Catholic she became. “So,” concluded Sister Rose, “there is one good thing that came out of Sister Madeline’s foolishness!”

141 Saint Louise and Saint Vincent worked together to establish the Daughters of Charity in 1633.
My very dear Mother

The grace of our Lord be with us forever = Frederick = It was with feelings of pleasure that I read the circular of our very Revd. Director expressing the desire of our most Honored Father, that an account should be sent to him of the interesting events that took place during the War.¹⁴³

I was sent from the central house to the United States General Hospital [#1] in Frederick City on the 4th of June 1862 in company with two Sisters. Ten Sisters were asked for by the Medical Authority in charge of the hospital, seven of whom met us in Frederick from the different [Daughters of Charity] schools in Baltimore. When we reached the hospital, we were received by an Orderly who showed us our Room in an old Stone Barrack, formerly occupied by General Washington during the Revolutionary War.¹⁴⁴ On entering the Sisters looked at each other and smiled, for it seemed quite too small for the number of occupants. There were ten beds jammed together, at the end of which was an old table and two or three chairs—the only furniture in the room with the exception of an old rickety washstand, or two affairs that seemed to be fixed up to ornament the place. Meanwhile the Chief Surgeon called to welcome us, and hoped that we would be comfortable in our Military Quarters.¹⁴⁵ He also said that we were to call upon the Steward for whatever we wanted. But, thank God, we had enough when we saw the condition of the poor wounded soldiers, who were almost without food and nourishment, and even that was ill prepared. The medicines were plentiful but badly administered by the male and female nurses, who did not attach much importance to the time or manner of giving it. Our food consisted of the soldiers’ rations and not even enough of them. It was served to us on broken dishes

¹⁴² Notes—Military Hospitals, 125–46. This account is attributed to Sister Matilda Coskery, sister servant at Frederick. Sisters Mary Alice Thomas (1830–?) and Sister Donata Bell (1833–1910) were also in the first group of sister nurses. Sister Donata wrote a brief account. See Provincial Annals (1862), 519. See also Barton, Angels of the Battlefield, 93-100; and Terry Reimer, One Vast Hospital: The Civil War Hospital Sites in Frederick, Maryland after Antietam (The National Museum of Civil War Medicine: Frederick, Maryland, 2001).

¹⁴³ These strikeouts, which appear in the original document, may have been by another hand, possibly Sister Loyola Law, who redacted and synthesized accounts for the Civil War Annals.

¹⁴⁴ General Hospital #1, commonly called The Hessian Barracks, was situated on the edge of Frederick, Maryland. Dr. Charles S. Tripler (1806–1866), Medical Director, Army of the Potomac, believed the rural countryside would afford greater hygiene than an area southward near Rockville. As more sisters arrived at this hospital, some of the Daughters of Charity boarded in town at The Visitation Monastery.

¹⁴⁵ Robert Fulton Weir (1838–1927), was the Union surgeon-in-charge of General Hospital #1 and responsible for the medical care in Frederick until January of 1862.
with old knives and forks, red with rust. The patients often amused us at meal times by saying, “Sister, there is no necessity for the doctors to order us the ‘tincture of Iron’ three times a day. Don’t you think we get quite enough off our table service?”

Alas! We were only in the hospital a few days, when we found that we were in the midst of a prejudiced Community who did not want our services. As the ladies had been attending the sick soldiers before we came, they did not wish the Sisters of Charity to take their places. They had embittered the patients’ minds against us, so much, that often they [the patients] would not look at us, and much less speak to us. We had no delicacies to give them; the ladies had all. Therefore, we could do little for the poor soul[s], while we had no means of nourishing the exhausted body.

At this time we had a sudden and awful death of a Universalist—death of total indifference to every Christian feeling. In vain were Acts of Contrition suggested. “Do not bother me. Let me sleep,” was the only response, Oh! How we prayed for him. He had never been baptized; did not believe there was a Hell! Every effort was [in] vain. He slept about a quarter of an hour and waked in Eternity!

July 4th the day of the National Independence, brought us a reinforcement of sick from the field, about four hundred in number. The majority of whom had Typhoid fever, and dysentery. They came to the hospital unexpectedly. Therefore no preparations had been made to receive them; hence these poor men had to lie in the open yard of the hospital, for nearly a whole day exposed to the scorching heat of the sun until beds could be prepared for them in the barracks. Thus were we doomed to witness a most distressing scene without having it in our power to alleviate their sufferings. But the Sister Servant who, could no longer behold such a spectacle managed to procure some wine, which she multiplied prodigiously, and thereby gave all a refreshing drink, which drew from the lips of these poor sufferers, many a blessing and prayer on the Sisters of Charity.

Here our labors and fatigue commenced. We were up night and day. We had not even time for our spiritual exercises—as the doctors wished us to administer the medicines at all times. The male attendants could not be depended on.

During that period, there were continual skirmishes in the Shenandoah Valley, from whence large numbers of wounded were

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146 Religious prejudice against Roman Catholics was prevalent at the time.
frequently brought. In a short time the hospital was overfilled. And the Chief Surgeon was obliged to occupy two or three public buildings in the City as hospitals, where more Sisters were asked for to take care of the wounded. Hence the Superiors sent a band of eight sisters, who were divided among the various houses that were occupied as temporary wards, until accommodations could be made at the General Hospital, to receive all the worst cases. While the sick and slightly wounded men were transferred to Baltimore, thus leaving the extra band [of Sisters] without anything to do. The Superiors, however, sent word for them to go to the barracks where they could assist us, until they would receive orders to return to their respective missions.

In this war [sic] our labors were lightened for about a week or two, when the Sisters were recalled to resume the School duties they had left during the vacation months of July and August.

A young Quaker was brought to us one day fearfully crushed, one hand and arm mangled to a jelly. Opening his poor eyes he beheld a Sister standing near him. A look of light succeeded the heavy expression of weary pain. “Oh!” he exclaimed, “I wish I was a Christian, I wish I was as good as a Sister of Charity, then I should be ready to die.” There was no time to lose we hastened to instruct him in what was necessary for him to believe, and baptized him after which he calmly expired.

Often during our visits to the wards at meal times, we had much to suffer, in listening to the complaints about the diet which seemed rather to enrage the patients than appease them. In this state of affairs what could we do but pray for them, and silently share their misery? We tried, moreover, to gain them by little acts of kindness or words of consolation which apparently had no effect. Things went on for nearly six weeks in this manner, leaving us in a most humiliating position. But God saw, in His designs, that it was good for us, therefore in His own good time He was pleased to change the aspect of affairs. To our great surprise, one day the Chief Surgeon asked for a Sister to superintend the Kitchen. We immediately united to thank God for such a favor, as it would thereby open a way to us to procure the food necessary for the poor sick. Our good Superiors hastened to send a Sister qualified for the charge. Her silence and gentleness soon quelled the turbulent spirit of the soldiers employed in her office, so that in a short time they became as docile as children. Gradually the people began to tolerate us a little, and they were obliged to acknowledge that indeed there was already an improvement in the hospital. The Steward also said that for the short time the Sisters had been there, their presence in the barracks
had made a wonderful change in the men. It has been observed said he, that they have become more respectful, and are now seldom heard to curse or swear. Even those few words consoled us, and made us feel that perhaps, the day was not distant when our Lord by his grace would enable us to do still more.

A patient one day sent a beseeching message that all the Sisters might pray for him, for said he, ever since I saw the first of your white caps, I felt that there was something for me to do, but I don’t know what it is. Fortunately the corps of doctors then employed in the hospital were in our favor and occasionally through their means we would be enabled to soften the prejudice of the patients, who saw the respect the physicians showed us, by the attention they would give to whatever remarks it was necessary for us to make. By degrees we gradually gained their confidence. Many of them were Catholics, but ashamed to acknowledge it when they saw us so much disliked. But God in his mercy soon changed their hearts. We had the happiness of seeing them in a short time approach the Sacraments and assist at Mass in our little Room.

A Sister was unexpectedly accosted one day, by a convalescent whom she often noticed viewed her with a surly countenance and would reluctantly take from her whatever she offered him. He said, “Sister, you must have noticed how stiffly I have acted towards you and how unwillingly I have taken anything from you. I could not help it, as my feelings were so embittered against you, so much so, that your presence always made me worse. I have watched you closely at all times, since you came to the barrack. But when you came in late last night, with the doctor to see the patient who lay dangerously ill, I noticed particularly that you did not come alone but in company with a Sister. When you did all that was necessary for the patient, you retired. It was then my feelings became changed towards you, as I saw clearly how differently you acted, from the female nurses, who remain at night and at all times alone with the men. Hence I reflected upon the motives that seemed to actuate the Sisters of Charity and I could not help admiring them, and this has been the cause of me speaking to you today.” He concluded by saying, “I thank you, Sister, for all the kindness you have shown me and apparently so disinterestedly.” He was likewise happy to acknowledge that some of his prejudices had been removed, and that the Sisters of Charity had left impressions on his mind that would not easily be forgotten.

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147 White caps refers to the cornettes worn by the sisters.
The feast of Saint Vincent de Paul, formerly celebrated July 19th, but since the Second Vatican Council the feast has been moved to September 27th, the date the Saint died.

Possibly Sister Clara Weber (1842–1894), a native of Germany.

Tertian Fathers are Jesuit priests who have been ordained to the priesthood but have not made final vows. The period of tertianship is an advanced stage of their religious formation.
the army child.\textsuperscript{151} It had been worn through many a desperate battle, and brought him safely through every danger. Who may say how much the Heart of that Mother was touched, to behold that tattered image in the corner of the poor soldiers pocket book.

On the evening of the 5\textsuperscript{th} of September 1862, we were suddenly alarmed by the unusual beating of the Tattoo.\textsuperscript{152} We had all retired to bed except the Sister Servant, who called to us to get up quickly and go to our barracks. The Confederate Army was in Maryland and would be here in the morning. All the patients who were able to walk, including the male attendants and men employed about the hospital, would have to leave the place in about an hour. And at the same time all the United States Army Stores in the City would be consigned to the flames—imagine our feelings at such news. The hour passed like a flash, the soldiers had all disappeared, except a few of the badly wounded who could not be removed. The signal was given and in a few moments we beheld the entire City, as it were, enveloped in smoke and flames—so great was the conflagration of the Military Stores. O my God, may we never again behold such a sight. The Sisters spent the remaining part of the night with the sick who were left alone in the wards. The doctors, who remained at their posts, carried their instruments, money and other valuable articles to the Sister Servant to keep for them. They thought that whatever we had in our possession was secure; therefore they confided all they could to our care without the least anxiety.

The next day was bright and beautiful, but how sad a scene presented itself to our view, compared with that of the preceding day. There was no one to be seen on the hospital grounds but a steward, the Doctors (about four in number), and the Sisters who were going to and from the barracks to attend the helpless men left in bed.

It was then these poor creatures exclaimed in astonishment and in accents of gratitude, “Ah! Sisters, did you stay to take care of us? We thought you would also have gone, and then what should have become of us?” The scene just described was nothing in comparison to what had to come.

About nine o’clock (A.M.) the Confederates were discovered on the top of a hill advancing rapidly towards the hospital. Suddenly the advance guards appeared in front of our windows which were under the doctor’s office—and demanded without delay the surrender of the place to the Confederate Army under the command of Generals

\textsuperscript{151} Our Lady of Sorrows.

\textsuperscript{152} A drum or bugle signal summons soldiers to their quarters at night.
Jackson and Lee.\textsuperscript{153} The officer of the day then on duty replied: “I surrender.” The guards rode off. In about fifteen minutes after the whole Confederate Army entered the hospital grounds.

Oh! It was then we saw a mass of human misery, men young and old, besides boys that were mere children, emaciated with hunger, and covered only with a few tattered rags, that gave them an appearance more of dead men than living ones. After these skeleton looking forms had domiciled themselves in the respective barracks and tents, the sick were brought in, numbering over four hundred: (here again was another pang to the heart of the beholder) the majority of whom were half dead, calling for food and drink. They told us that they had been without anything to eat for thirteen days—except some green corn which they were allowed to pluck on their March into Maryland. Moreover they swarmed alive with vermin that served only to aggravate their misery. Now was a field open to us to exercise charity and zeal in behalf of those poor creatures. But alas a new trial awaited us.

The United States Surgeon called upon the Sister Servant and told her that we could not at that time give any assistance to the Confederates, as we were employed by the Union Government to take care only of their sick and wounded. But, he added, that the Union Army was expected daily. As soon as it would retake the City, that the Confederate sick, would receive the same care and attention as the Union Soldiers. Thus were we placed in a dilemma. The superiors could not be written to or consulted, as the city was under Marshal \textit{sic,} martial law. No one was permitted to enter or leave it during that time. Consequently, we were in great distress for about six or seven days. The citizens were now at liberty to do what they pleased. they flocked in crowds to the hospital distributing food, clothing, linen, etc., at their own discretion, which proved fatal in many cases, as the diet they brought the patients was contrary to what their disease required.

Our only concern was the salvation of the dying, whom we could not assist. But our Lord in the designs of His mercy did not suffer them to die without the saving waters of Baptism and the instructions necessary for them to enter heaven. Meanwhile the young Scholastics of the Jesuit Novitiate volunteered to nurse them; happily their services were accepted by the United States Surgeon, who fixed accommodations for them to stay at the barracks. He also allowed us to give them their meals in our refectory to which they repaired an hour after the Sisters’ repast. It was truly edifying to see the zeal of those school boys, whom

\textsuperscript{153} General Thomas Jonathan (Stonewall) Jackson (1824–1863) and General Robert E. Lee (1807–1870).
our Lord made use of to snatch so many souls from the jaws of hell. Out confessor Father Sourin S.J. was likewise unwearied in his labors, and many were the souls he restored to the friendship of God.\textsuperscript{154} He deeply regretted the restriction we were under, but at the same time we could not help admiring the wonderful ways of God in thus permitting these young Scholastics to gain admittance to the hospital to fulfill the mission of charity that we were so unexpectedly deprived of.

On the fifth day of the invasion the Sister Servant obtained a passport from General Lee, for two Sisters to go to Emmitsburg and to return on the following day.\textsuperscript{155} Thus were we enabled to apprise the Superiors of our situation.

The next day Sept. 12\textsuperscript{th} the Sisters set out again for Frederick but accompanied by Sister Assistant, one of the Sisters remained at home on account of ill health. On re-entering the City our astonishment was great to see that the whole Rebel Army had disappeared. When we reached the barracks, the Sisters informed us, that they had left the city the preceding night, leaving only their sick who were unable to be removed.

Frederick was again in possession of the Union forces; We were now at liberty to exercise our duties in behalf of the poor sick Confederates who were now prisoners at the hospital. The doctors made no distinction between them and the Union Soldiers. They lay by the side of each other, so that we had it in our power to give them equal attention.

It was truly edifying to see the patience and harmony, that prevailed among them; sometimes they would say, “Sister, we are not enemies except on the battlefield.” Moreover they would often express their gratitude for the care we took of them. General McClellan was at this time in command of the Union Army.\textsuperscript{156} On one occasion he visited the barracks and was well pleased with the order that reigned throughout. Before leaving, he expressed a desire to have fifty Sisters sent to the front, but the scarcity of Sisters made it impossible to comply with his request.


\textsuperscript{155} Sister Matilda Coskerly was the sister servant. Sister Euphemia Blenkinsop, assistant, returned to Frederick with Sister Matilda.

\textsuperscript{156} General George Brinton McClellan (1826–1895).
Sept 17th the Armies met at Antietam and there one of the most bloody battles of the War was fought; the slaughter on both sides was terrific. Here again was opened to us a new field of labor, the hospital was too small for the number to be admitted: hence the Government ordered all the Churches, and public Institutions in the city to be taken as hospitals for the wounded (the Catholic Church was excepted). The Jesuits had to convert their Novitiate into an hospital, and the Nuns of the Visitation their Academy. Through a favor they were permitted to remain in the Monastery.

Here was a scene of carnage not to be described—the two armies that had so exultingly passed our windows but a few days ago, were now returned weltering in each other’s gore. What a reflection for the human mind. Could man only comprehend the horrors of Fratricidal War, it would be enough to prevent him forever from engaging in it. A reinforcement of Sisters was now required [in order for us] to go to the various places then occupied by the wounded. The Superiors could only send a few on account of the great demand for them throughout the different parts of the States. Consequently some of the institutions were left to the mercy of the Protestants, who failed not to exult in their privileges. Moreover we had to divide our services between the barracks and tents. It was impossible to do justice to all. Thus were we occupied for nearly six weeks without any intermission of labor, except the few hours that we would occasionally take to repose—even that was frequently interrupted. During that time our spiritual exercises were entirely omitted on account of the numerous deaths that daily occurred; yet we had a continual subject of Meditation before our eyes, as well as the consolation of beholding many of those souls washed in the regenerating waters of Baptism. This was our aim and only happiness, therefore we thought little of fatigue or bodily privations. Often have we passed whole days without food sufficient to support us, but that was nothing to the pleasure we experienced in seeing our poor soldiers get enough. Often would we say to ourselves—how happy we are to know, that we are not better served than our dear sick. At this time I think we had about forty baptisms since the first of September. We kept no account of the Holy Communions or administration of the Last Sacraments although there were many.

The month of November brought us a little cessation of labor yet we had much to endure from the severe cold of the season. The winter set in with heavy rains and deep snow to which we were constantly

157 The Daughters of Charity also nursed sick and wounded soldiers at General Hospital #5, The Visitation Academy.
exposed. The poor patients had likewise much to suffer from the badly constructed buildings, as the wind, rain, and snow, penetrated them, leaving the poor men in a most uncomfortable condition. We called the attention of the Chief Surgeon to their pitiful state, who immediately gave orders for the dilapidated barracks to be repaired in such a manner as would contribute to their comfort. During the Octave of the Immaculate Conception we had the consolation of seeing the first solemn baptism in our little chapel. A patient who had lost both eyes, shot out, also received Holy Communion. And after Mass a wandering sheep ended the infidelities of long years by a good confession.158

We witnessed on one occasion the beautiful death of a child, yet an enlisted soldier, we baptized him. He carried the innocence and simplicity of childhood to the grave. “I want to die because heaven belongs to me now!”

Soon after we had another baptism followed by a beautiful death, it seemed as if this favored soul had a foretaste of Heaven the precious name of “Jesus” trembled last on his dying lips.

Advent advanced and many were the poor Catholics eager to approach the Sacraments; all were anxious to know how they could get to church on Christmas Day, as it would be impossible for so many to obtain leave to go out at once, and at so early an hour. Fortunately the Steward who was a Catholic called upon the Sister Servant and offered to take them all in a band to the Parish Church on Christmas Morning. They were delighted with the arrangement. And our happiness inexpressible to see so many of them approaching the Holy Table [altar] on such a beautiful festival and to know that they were again the favored children of an Infant God.

The Protestant chaplain employed by the Union Government to visit the soldiers, now began to perceive the good already effected, notwithstanding his zeal. It, therefore, made him a little uneasy to see that his loss was our gain. Consequently he commenced to censure our self-sacrificing Father Sourin whom he thought should not be admitted to the hospital. He likewise remarked that the priest would never be able to accomplish all that he did, if he were not aided by the “Sisters of Charity,” who did nothing to assist him in his Evangelical labors. Now he would not rest, until he began to irritate the Doctors against the priest and the Sisters, whom he thought should not be tolerated on account of the proselytes they made. Moreover, he would not be pacified until the Chief Surgeon gave him an old vacated barrack for

a meeting house, where he assembled all the soldiers he could get on Sundays, and also during the week, exhorting them to beware of us, and to pray that we might be delivered from the darkness we were in. This was not enough—his zeal urged him to do still more. Therefore, he appointed days in each barrack where he would hold prayer meetings for the sick men in bed. Besides the Protestant ladies would come and distribute bibles, tracts, etc., to envenom the minds of the patients against us. However, they continued satisfied at the care we took of them. Many were heard to declare, that, for the future there was no religion for them, but the “Sisters religion.”

Although we had a thorny path to traverse, yet we were not discouraged, but renewed our confidence in God who alone enabled us to accomplish our duties with as much cheerfulness and patience, as if we had no opposition to encounter.  

Some of those poor Soldiers were quite amusing with their grateful intentions towards us. A Sister was asked one day, whether we ever wore any other color besides grey, or black, “for,” continued her interrogator, “I wish to present Sister N. with a new dress, she has been so truly good to me.”

While speaking to a poor soldier on one occasion, we asked if he had ever been baptized. He replied that he had baptized himself. “Baptized yourself; how did you do that?” “Let me tell you,” said he, “the minister of our regiment promised to baptize all the men who wanted it when we would get to a certain place. Meanwhile we were ordered to march to Gettysburg, and I was very much afraid to enter the fight, so I took my canteen and filled it with water and dashed it all over my head.” The poor fellow died without any other baptism, it was not in our power to do anything for him, as he was constantly attended by two Methodist preachers, who took good care not to leave him in his last moments.

We were greatly consoled one day by the United States Surgeon who had called upon the Sister Servant, and told her that he was agreeably surprised to find the Sisters so free from the political spirit that disturbed the times. He also remarked that our sentiments had been closely watched since our arrival in Frederick, as it had been rumored that the Sisters of Charity were all Rebels. However, he was happy to attest to them that our conduct proved we took no part in politics.

159 See Hosea 2:8.
160 This may be an obscure reference to the writer herself, Sister Matilda Coskery.
It is thought we had over one hundred Baptisms from July 1862 until February 1863. Although we had many after that date; but kept no particular account of them.

July 1864. Frederick was again visited by the Confederates but only by a division of the Army under General Longstreet, when he reached the precincts of the City, he encountered a detachment of Union troops under General Banks, consequently a battle ensued. The hospital again filled with the mutilated victims of a bloody War. It was truly heartrending to see the mangled bodies of those poor creatures—many of whom were in their agony when brought to the hospital. Then great was our sorrow to see that their consciousness was not sufficient to permit us to offer them some few words of consolation, and to remind them to bear patiently their sufferings for love of Him in whose presence they were so soon to appear—At this time we had about fifteen or twenty baptisms. The poor Soldiers seemed to have the greatest confidence in the Sisters, whose advice they preferred before that of the physicians.

We had among our patients a very pious Lutheran, who had Consumption. The Sister who had charge of him would say a little word occasionally, but he showed no disposition to speak on religious matters, and constantly read the Testament. But after three or four months we had the consolation of seeing him make his confession to our zealous little pastor. As he was sinking the Doctor sent for his wife who arrived a few days before he died. They asked him if he did not want to get well and go home, “he replied that he wanted to die with the Sisters.”

General Hunter had now received command of the Shenandoah Valley. He paid a visit to the hospital, and issued a Regulation that all the prisoners should be placed by themselves in separate barracks, entirely apart from the Union men. Soon after the United States Surgeon in charge of the hospital inspected all the barracks, and unexpectedly found one filled with Confederates and no Sister to take care of them; the sufferings of these poor creatures touched him so much, that he immediately went to the Sister Servant and told her to send a Sister from the wards of the Union soldiers to take care of them until the Superiors could send one to replace her. In this way the wants of all were pretty well supplied and their sufferings greatly alleviated. On one

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161 General James Longstreet (1821–1904) and General Nathaniel Prentiss Banks (1816–1894).
162 Tuberculosis.
163 This meeting must have occurred shortly before August 8, 1864, when David Hunter (1802–1886) resigned his command.
occasion a patient was brought to us very ill. He was a Catholic, but had not approached the sacraments for thirty-five years. Sister spoke to him of confession, but he answered that he was too sick and would have to wait until he was better. However after a few days he consented to make his confession, after which he said to Sister, “I feel so free and happy now.” He died two days after.

The patience of these poor sufferers was the admiration of all. A worthy clergyman once remarked that in his visits to the Hospitals, he was always edified by their resignation for never had he heard the least murmur escape their lips. “I think the intensity of their pains both mental and corporal, might, if offered in union with those of our Lord, expiate the sins of their whole life.”

Think then what must have been our anxiety, when we heard the condition of anyone pronounced hopeless, who would not listen to anything but of his recovery. Others again gave us much consolation.

A poor soldier sent late one evening for the Sister who attended him. She went and found him sinking rapidly. His wound had bled anew and he was nearly exhausted from the loss of blood. On seeing her, he exclaimed “Oh! Sister, I am going to die, and I want to be baptized, your religion is admirable it is truly divine! I feel that without the pale [sic] of your Church there is no salvation” As his life was in imminent danger, Sister concluded that his sentiments were sincere and told him to raise his heart to God to thank him for the great and signal favor. After repeating with him the Acts of Faith and Contrition, she baptized him conditionally as he had no precise knowledge of ever having been baptized. He expired the next day in the most beautiful manner—in fact the interval of his life after baptism seemed to be one of continual act of thanksgiving.

The deaths occurring at an early date after our arrival were either deaths of frightful despair, or deaths surrounded by a mockery of religion, which would have drawn tears from the eyes of Angels. Universalists, Methodists, Presbyterians, etc., etc., dying unbaptized, with assistants around their beds singing of the “glory” into which they were about to enter, and depositing all, good and bad, in the “peace of Father Abraham’s Bosom.”164 The God of Saint Vincent had His own designs of mercy; hence the hearts of [our] patients were changed, and we had the unspeakable happiness of beholding many edifying deaths, as well as Conversions during our stay at the Military Hospital.

A young man was brought to us one day, who had a swelling in his knee. We did not apprehend any danger as he did not seem to suffer much. He told Sister that he was a Catholic, but had not been to his duties for four years, during which time he was in the Army. In about a week after his arrival, the disease left his knee and settled in his chest. Sister perceived that his malady would prove fatal, and advised him to make his confession: the priest who was then in the ward also spoke to him, but he insisted on waiting till later. The next day he was much worse, Sister spoke to him several times, and each time he would say “Tomorrow! Tomorrow!” Two other Sisters went to see him; one of whom spoke his native language, hoping that would have some effect, but before they got near him, he cried out “Tomorrow I will go to confession!” Sister then concluded to send for the priest, and if he would not consent to make his peace with God, she would have nothing to answer for on that point. After the messenger had gone, Sister brought him a medal of our Immaculate Mother, He took it, and pressed it reverently to his lips, and then said “Sister, won’t you send for the priest, I want to make my confession?” The good Father arrived to the great satisfaction of the sick man, who made his confession, received the Last Rites of our holy religion, and in a few hours after calmly expired.
Thus in many instances the Providence of our good God was manifested, for in afflicting us with so many calamities, He chose in his mercy to make them also a source of many blessings by bringing sinners to a sense of their duty, and imparting the light of Faith to those who before dwelt in the shadow of death.\footnote{See Acts 26:18 and Luke 1:79.}

During the month of September 1864 we were recalled by the Superiors to the Central House. Thus ended our labors at the United States Army General Hospital, Frederick City, Maryland.
14. White House Landing, Virginia

Sketch of White House, VA. Occupied by sixty Sisters of Charity from the 23rd to the 27th of June 1862. (And burnt by the Yankees on the 27th of June, 1862).

14.1 Expense Account, Transportation for 80 Sisters

The United States——
to the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph’s, Emmitsburg, Maryland

Dr. Hammond166

Expenses incurred in the transportation of 80 Sisters of Charity

as per annexed order from Brig. Gen. W. A. Hammond, Surgeon General, U.S.A.167

I hereby testify that the above amount is correct.

F. Burlando [signed]
Superior, Sisters of Charity

14.2 W. A. Hammond, Telegraphic Dispatch

Washington, June 17, 1862

Sister Superior St. Joseph’s

On the information derived from the Archbishop,168 I have to request that you send to this city one hundred, or as many as you can of the Sisters of Charity for nurses in the hospital transports. If they can be here by tomorrow afternoon, they can go down in transports to Fortress Monroe under charge of a Medical Inspector of The Army. Please answer.

Very Respectfully.
W. A. Hammond
Surgeon General

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167 A comparison with the manuscript verifies the accuracy of the transcript which clearly states 68 sisters. The additional 33 sisters, who traveled round-trip from Baltimore to Washington (expecting to sail to Fortress Monroe, Virginia), totals 101. The discrepancy is unexplainable. The manuscript could be a secretary’s draft.

168 Francis Patrick Kenrick (1796–1863) was the sixth archbishop of Baltimore (1851–1863).
My Dear Mother,

The grace of our Lord be forever with us.

This is really the first time I have the chance to write since I left St. Joseph’s. Ever since I had a pretty large share of labor and worriment. First as you are already aware we went to Washington, and we would not have gone there if a dispatch from the Surgeon General had come in time. It was not an easy thing to see about so many baggages and so many sisters. Doctor Dunster had been dispatched to see to the Sisters, and as he was going to Baltimore, we were going to Washington! At last at our return to Baltimore I succeeded in finding him. The direction he gave me was to go to the White House instead, than at Fortress Monroe. We arrived here on Saturday evening about 7 o’clock and to my great annoyance I found there was no place prepared for the Sisters.

We were, however, admitted on board of a steamer kept there as a receiving hospital to the great inconvenience of those in charge of the boat and to our mortification. No one knew here that the Sisters were to come. Sunday came we could have no Mass, first because the trunk with the vestments is lost, then because there was no place to have it. I saw different persons, doctors, officers and to my dismay in answer to my inquiries, nothing could be had for the Sisters accommodation but 3 tents. I cannot describe to you my feelings, nor do I think you can imagine what I did go through during this last Sunday. Add to this the discouragement of the Sisters especially Charitina and M. Gertrude!

At last in a kind of despair, and notwithstanding the consequences I foresaw would follow from my determination, I concluded to withdraw return home. Fortunately I happen to see the

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170 Known as The White House (or White House Landing), Federal troops confiscated this home of William Henry Fitzhugh Lee (son of General Robert E. Lee). General McClellan chose this site, conveniently located on the Pamunkey River, to be the primary supply base for the Army of the Potomac during its operations against Richmond in 1862. It served as such from the third week of May until June 28–29, 1862. Mary Custis Lee (Mrs. Robert E. Lee) had taken refuge here until May 1862 but she left just before the Union troops arrived and took control. The place became a massive hospital as the campaign evolved. See Georgeanna Woolsey Bacon and Eliza Woolsey Howland, My Heart Toward Home: Letters of a Family During the Civil War (Roseville, MN: Edinborough Press, 2001), 252.
171 Edward S. Dunster (1834–1888), U.S. Army Assistant Surgeon under General McClellan, and the medical director of transportation at White House Landing.
172 Sister Charitina Gondain (1812–1879), and probably Sister Mary Gertrude Balfe (1826–1899).
Commander of the place, Col. Butler, to whom I communicated my intention of taking back the Sisters. He asked me if there was any possibility of having the Sisters remain. I answered in the affirmative, if there could be a place to lodge decent females. He gave me a pass to go and examine the very White House itself. I did so and found that it would suit, if some additional accommodation in the shape of tents could be had, and I told so to the kind Colonel. It took all day yesterday and Sunday to come to a conclusion and at last last evening the answer came from General McClennan [sic] that the Sisters could occupy the White House. I forgot to say that Dr. Dunster came on Sunday with Sister Camilla and 30 more Sisters. On his arrival, all the Sisters and myself were transferred to a steam Boat called Vanderbilt which we have it to ourselves to the great consolation of the Sisters and mine. Sister Othelia, and 3 other Sisters are on the transport Commodore where there are 400 sick and left yesterday for New York. The Sisters will go up this morning to clean the White House. Meanwhile beddings will be prepared for the Sisters, and as soon as they are ready, they will occupy it as the headquarters of the Sisters from which place the Sisters will be detailed to the 12 transports as they will be needed. While they are remaining here, they will do what they can for the hospital here where there are 1150 patients. Two priests will by turn come to say Mass for the Sisters.

Things now being thus satisfactory, I can leave with some satisfaction. I must get a pass to leave the Camp. I start tomorrow for Norfolk and Portsmouth. I trust it will not cost me so much there, as it did here. But perhaps God wanted to try us some that we might be convinced that it is He that is to furnish the opportunity to the Sisters of doing good. The occupation of this memorable White House is something venerable, since nobody could occupy it because it belongs to Genl. Lee in the Rebel Army and General McClennan [sic] through respect for his old teacher would not consent that it should be occupied that it might not be abused. Colonel Baller is going to detail a guard, provide persons to cook and work for the Sisters. So that everything considered, the Sisters will be better off in lodging and [sic] that the Officers themselves.

I will now close my letter by begging you and all at home to pray of the Sisters in the Army and for

Your truly devoted, F. Burlando, C.M.

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173 Benjamin F. Butler, U.S.A., later became a Major General.
174 George B. McClellan (1826–1885), a Major General, U.S.A.
175 Sister (Emerentiana) Camilla Bowden (c.1821–after 1892).
This apparently first draught of what comes on next page.

The many appeals to Superiors for Sisters to the various sections of country North and South, where war had smitten had scattered the different members of our home, [and] Council. Dear Mother Ann Simeon home, Revd. Father Burlando trying, like a watchful Father to keep moving from one part to another where our Sisters had been sent, except that his parental care could not extend beyond the Line of hostilities, that is: to the Southern States, but there our good Sister Assistant had been sent early in the war. As no communications could be kept up between the two sides, North and South. The two other Officers, Treasurer and Procuratrix, having gone to other Military Hospitals of the North In 1862, June 14th Surgeon General from Washington wrote for 100 Sisters to be sent to Fortress Monroe and its vicinity to the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers. As their sufferings were very great, tremendous fighting having been around there, the various missions were telegraphed to, and as many from the Central House as possible (about 20) repaired to Baltimore, that they might sail together to their destined station, in all 60, no more could be gotten. Our kind Father accompanied them, determined to see where and how they were to be located. A two day’s sail with every inconvenience to suffer, no Boats being now clean or provided for as all were in the war service. Upon reaching the place, the officers informed Fr that they had received no orders for their

Some few days passed before Hospitals could be put into operation, for the Generals of this section had not been notified on the coming of the Sisters tho’ they rejoiced at seeing them. therefore The Sisters could not immediately commence their duties when suddenly all were told to fly, or they would fall into the hands of the enemy. Our Sisters thinking they expected battle begged to be allowed to remain and do what they could for the wounded, saying they had no fear to remain during the fights. The Officers said no, they must go, that there would be no engagement. All would leave this place. The greatest haste was observed and thousands of sick and well had to be taken by too small a number of boats; luggage provisions and horses were added to these, so that they almost sank.

177 Notes—Military Hospitals, 156–7. Sister Matilda Coskery wrote this account. Although the text seems redundant, some details differ and warrant inclusion herein.
178 Sister Euphemia Blenkinsop.
179 Rev. J. Francis Burlando, C.M.
Then commenced service to the poor men on these Transport Boats, these moving Hospitals. One of our dear Sisters, now we hope in Heaven, had for several weeks 2 or 3 hundred sick and wounded in the lower cabin of a boat, the ceiling low and only lighted by lamps. Her endurance astonished all who saw her. Her zeal for their souls giving animation and vigor to all her energies. Self was forgotten, save in becoming an hourly oblation to God’s honor and the salvation of souls. These two objects having been her only aim thro’ life. These transportations occupied several boats for several weeks, and then our poor Sisters were placed in some of the different Hospitals in which also their wounded men had been left.

About this time a demand was made from Head Quarters that 20 or 30 Sisters of Charity would attend the wounded and sick at Point Lookout.¹⁸⁰

17. Recollections of Sister Matilda Coskery
White House Landing, Virginia¹⁸¹

The many appeals for Sisters, to repair to the War smitten sections of our Country, North and South, had separated also the several members of our House-Council.

Our dear Mother Ann Simeon remaining at home; Rev. Father Burlando visiting as he could the various Military Hospitals where our Sisters were stationed, but his paternal care could not extend beyond the line of hostilities, but our good Sister Assistant, (our present Mother) had been sent to Superintend over our missions in the South, before the Blockade had been in operation.¹⁸² The two other members were in Military Hospitals.

In 1862, June 14th, the Surgeon General, at Washington (Head Quarters) wrote for one hundred Sisters to be sent to a Station called the “White House” in Virginia, now in the possession of the Northern forces. Too many were already among the war stricken soldiers, to admit of that number being sent, but 60 sailed from Baltimore for this place. All travel was now attended with much difficulty, as all means of conveyance were in the War Service.

Their hardships, therefore, for this expedition commenced with the undertaking. The Authorities intended to make in the vicinity

¹⁸⁰ Sister Magdalene Collins (1845-1912) served at Point Lookout, Maryland.
¹⁸¹ Notes—Military Hospitals, 158–60.
¹⁸² Mother Euphemia succeeded Mother Ann Simeon Norris when she died January 16, 1866.
of the “White House” an Hospital Encampment, as many thousands of wounded had been brought here from some of the terrible fights, but the Officers were not yet informed of the Sisters being really on their way there, no preparations for accommodating them had been provided, tho’ the Officers and Doctors were rejoiced at their coming. General McClellan (Chief in Command) at some miles distant, sent orders for every possible care and attention to be offered to the Sisters.

Our kind Father Burlando accompanied us to this place, wishing to see how and where we might be occupied. So, after receiving the assurances of the Doctors and Officers, and learning that proper arrangements were being made for us, he returned. But a few days passed here, when suddenly all were ordered to leave there with the greatest haste. The approaching enemy, they said, being but two miles distant. Here began confusion and additional suffering. The poor wounded and dying men must be put on the transport Boats. And when men, Srs., provisions, horses and etc. were all on Board, we were more like sinking than sailing. The poor sick were to be attended to here, but where were the means of meeting their pressing wants? Here, here misery was in her fullness, and her victims testified to her power by the thousand-toned moans of bitter woes.

183 The Vanderbilt and the Louisiana.
The Sisters in the immediate attendance on these, were desired to accompany them to the several Cities where they would be sent.

After assembling all to in a place of greater safety, the work of transportation began, and continued for several weeks. Here our Sisters shared with their poor patients, every horror but, feeling his bodily pains. They were in the lower Cabins, the ceiling low, lighted all day by hanging lamps or candles. The men lying on beds on the floor, with only space to stand or kneel between. The Sister in charge of this lower Ward was so persevering in her zealous, untiring attentions that even the Dr. declared he knew not how human nature could endure, or support such duties. But her charity was to her energies, what the oil of her lamp was to her vision. Self was forgotten, save as an hourly oblation of her whole being to God’s glory and her neighbor’s salvation. These two objects had been her only aim thro’ life, being now of about 40 years vocation. But some months later, her transport; was we believe of a holier, and more blessed kind, being called by her Lord to Himself. This dear Sister seemed not to know that she was seen by anyone, it was enough for her, that God was there.

The remaining number of Sisters not engaged with the sick, returned to Baltimore, where demands for Sisters to another point had just arrived. This was “Point Lookout,” situated at the Southern extreme of Maryland, the Chesapeake Bay as one boundary, the Potomac on the other.

18. Point Lookout, Maryland

On the 14th of July, 1862, our Revd. Father Burlando, with 25 sisters, left Baltimore and after 24 hours sail, reached this Hospital Encampment. We were there but about two weeks when our Lord called for a victim of sacrifice, whereby to sanctify His work that Saint Vincent’s children were to perform here. One of our band had contracted typhoid fever on the Transport Boat, and was now called to her early reward.

185 Sister Henrietta Casey (1808–1865), and Rev. Basil Paciarini, S.J. (1816–1884), were instrumental in the conversion of Dr. Albert B. Stonelake. Sister John Mary Crumlish, D.C., Life of Mother Euphemia Blenkinsop 1816–1887, (Emmitsburg, Maryland: Daughters of Charity, 1969), 104, APSL. (Hereafter cited as Life of Mother Euphemia). Copy available APSL.
186 Notes—Military Hospitals, 160–1.
187 Fort Lincoln, officially named Camp Hoffman, included a Union prisoner-of-war camp.
She gave up her whole being, as generously as she had offered her zealous labors. Our dear Father Burlando had returned to Baltimore, but a very pious priest came occasionally to the encampment, heard confessions, baptized the dying soldiers and gave us Mass in one of our little Cottages. Our dear Sister, therefore had received the Sacraments of Penance and Communion a day or two previous to her death, tho’ no danger was then apparent. The priest being stationed 12 miles distant, could not reach us in time after her symptoms alarmed us; arriving there only in time to perform the burial service. Our dear Sister was honored by every effort of the kind Doctors and Officers, they being Pall Bearers. All the Soldiers who had been buried, had only a sheet wrapped around them, having no lumber for coffins, but for our dear Sister a white pine coffin was gotten. The Authorities walked in procession, the Soldiers playing a dead march. There on the bank of the Potomac, rested the worn-out Sister of Charity, but the prayers of our holy church consecrated the spot, by the ministry of one of her faithful sons. A martyr of Charity had become the base of that new mission.

Several cottages, tents and wooden wards to the accommodation of thousands and thousands of wounded and sick, made this narrow strait a thickly inhabited place.

The poor men soon expressed their joy at having the Sisters to attend them. Many of them were in a deplorable state, from wounds, painful removals, as the distance from some of the battle grounds to this place was great.

The young Sister whose death is recorded here was Sister Mary Conlan who entered to community March 28, 1861; received the holy habit September 8, 1861.\textsuperscript{188} Her first mission was Charity Hospital, New Orleans; from there she was sent to the Troy Hospital, and from thence to the ambulances.\textsuperscript{189}

Sometime in the years 1866 or 1867 the remains were taken up [exhumed] and brought for burial to Washington, D.C. Sister Cecilia Livaudais was in Washington at the time, and viewed them with some other Sisters.\textsuperscript{190} Father Boyle would not let the Sisters see them until he was sure their eyes would not be shocked. After being satisfied he

\textsuperscript{188} Notes—Military Hospitals, 162. Typescript. Sister Mary Consolata Conlan (1842–1862), was one of the first sisters named for the School of the Holy Name, Chicago, Illinois. Neither documentation of her arrival in Chicago, nor service in New Orleans and Troy, has been found.

\textsuperscript{189} Sister Mary Consolata Conlan served on the hospital transports in July 1862.

\textsuperscript{190} Sister Cecilia Livaudais (1839–1915), was missioned to the School of the Immaculate Conception, Washington, D.C., in October 1866.
suffered them to look. There the little figure lay clad in her habit which looked like silk, the hands clasped and holding a crucifix, the collar had turned black; the lower part of the face looked dark, but no decay; she did not have on the cornette, but the toquois, and that was black; from under it the long hair had grown, and swept down the figure and then turned up again, shining yellow hair! The finger nails had grown too but she looked so still and nice! The side beads bright.

She came in a box and there was a large wooden cross with her name and date of death.

18.1 A War-Time Saint—Sister Mary Consolata Conlan

Sister Consolata died of fever during the war in the Soldiers’ Hospital at Point Lookout. There was no coffin to be had, so her companions made one from packing cases and buried her near the wharf outside the hospital cemetery. After the war, her community, in Washington, removed her body to give it fitting burial. The box was opened, and Sister Consolata’s body was found in perfect preservation, not a particle changed from the day of burial, her habit and cornette not even mildewed. Her body was placed in a casket and carried into the Sisters’ Chapel, a requiem mass was celebrated and she was buried in the cemetery in Washington.

18.2 “Point Look Out”

We need hardly say that our Holy Founder’s words were not forgotten: “In soothing the pains of the Body, give them Religion, drop by drop,” for a symptom of danger, was to all his daughters the signal for the salutary enquiry, concerning the blessed pass-port to Heaven (Baptism). And facts alone could convince us that so many Redeemed Souls, seemed to know nothing about being saved or lost Eternally!

From the commencement of our labors, therefore, baptisms were very frequent, but, we only handed these reports to the good

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191 Possibly Rev. Francis Edward Boyle (1827–1882), pastor of St. Peter’s on Capitol Hill, near the original site of Providence Hospital, Washington, D.C.
192 The Daughters of Charity wore a long chaplet (rosary), attached at the waist, made of natural beads (like soapberry), strung together from which hung medals and a crucifix.
193 Notes—Military Hospitals, 163. Sister Mary Consolata Conlan’s remains now rest in Mount Olivet Cemetery, Washington, D.C.
194 Sister Consolata Conlan’s exposure to typhoid fever on the transports was fatal for her. She is the only Daughter of Charity who died as a direct result of Civil War service.
195 Ibid., 164–77. For a similar account excluded herein, see ibid., 256–69.
196 Holy Founder refers to Saint Vincent de Paul. “Don’t say a lot at one time, but give them gradually the instruction they need, like those infants at the breast, who you see are given only a little milk to drink at a time.” Conference 85, “Service of the Sick and Care of One’s Own Health,” November 11, 1657, CCD, 10:268.
priest, that he might record them with his own account, for as he often came on Friday and stayed till Monday, he was constantly engaged among the soldiers. Instructing some, baptizing, hearing confessions, and on Sunday mornings say [sic] first Mass at the Encampment, and the second in our little Chapel. Our first mass was said in a Tent, it was surrounded by Soldiers, and the Captain of the Guards being Catholic, he marched his company to Mass on Sundays. At the Elevation a drum was sounded, and all adored profoundly.

Later the Officers gave us more Cottages, and by removing partitions, we had quite a good sized Chapel. The poor Soldiers often kept up Perpetual Adoration there without being aware of it, from early morning till dark they would be there. The zealous Chaplain was very joyful at the success of his labors. Conversions were frequent.

The Doctors and Officers were very kind to us but, for some few exceptions. One of these is the following: A Doctor who had always entertained hard prejudices towards our holy Religion, now finds himself in a daily, hourly intercourse with Catholics. He set himself to scrutinize every movement of the Sisters, thus testing, as he believed they would, to the falsity of their Religion.

For this purpose, he complained of the Sister in his ward, and seemed to wish she would not go around with him to see the patients, but would give the male nurse the directions and make his remarks to him also. Our poor Sister showed no disturbance, but recommending her little trial to our Blessed Lady, she quietly pursued her attentions the best she could to her sick and wounded, omitting, however, her going round [sic] with the Doctor. Things went thus for some days when the Doctor said: “Sister why do you not accompany me as formerly when I go to the beds of the patients?” Sister simply replied, that, she thought he preferred she would not do so. He apologized slightly, but said, “Yes,” he wished her to go with him. She resumed her duty, and received his directions faithfully complying with them as tho’ no interruption had occurred. One day the male nurse said, “Sir, have you no directions for me?” The Doctor answered: “Sister will give them to you.” Sister wondered, and thanked her Blessed Mother for helping her out of her trouble. Sometime after, this Doctor was moved to another Ward. Here again he begins to observe the works and manners of the Sister in this [sic]. He felt sure that their endurance must fail in the end, since he believed that a Religion such as theirs, was not capable of carrying

197 St. Mary’s County Archives, Leonardtown, Maryland, preserves the Baptismal Registers.
198 Intercourse was the conventional term during the nineteenth century for social or business interactions between persons or groups.
them through all they had to suffer. Surprised each day, instead of seeing his expectations realized, he asked a Catholic gentleman in the Commissary to loan him a work on Catholic Doctrine.

He read; was enlightened and goes in search of the good Chaplain for further explanations. Being fully satisfied, he asked for a furlough of a few days, using this time for a preparatory Retreat at the residence of the kind priest. This being done he returns to his post, is baptized in our little Chapel, to the great surprise of the Doctors and Officers. He made also his Communion, and joyful as was the Chaplain and Sisters he, the favored one, was most happy and grateful.

He used to tell the Sisters that if he had lost everything this side of Heaven, by his choice, it would not have caused him any hesitation. And he would say: “Sister, next to God, I owe my happiness to you, for I purposely tried you, to prove your Religion, but, your patience and humility gained the Victory.”

This conversion gave us much encouragement. It was also very consoling to experience the happy influence the presence of the sisters had over the Soldiers generally. With some, swearing was a habit. A check or two from a Sister would be enough, so that an improper word was rarely heard. Others who loved their glass [sic], feared only the Sisters’ knowing it. Our kind Doctors, too, showing so much confidence in the Sisters, was calculated to lighten their labors, and at the same time enable them to do much good. But, as we have already said: there were some few exceptions.

Upon one occasion, a patient had asked for some information of our holy Religion. Our Sister having given him some knowledge of its doctrines the poor man asked for Baptism, never having been baptized. This he repeatedly asked for, till Sister said to him: “As you are not in immediate danger let us wait for the Chaplain, who will be here tomorrow.” When the priest arrived, Sister told the sick man, who said, “Please bring him to me,” then asked the good Father also for baptism. He was baptized and the priest finding such pious dispositions in him gave him the Scapular, as a protection for his faith.

A Doctor who was minister of the Gospel too, hearing of this, was very zealously angry, asked the Sister how she could have him baptized by a Catholic without his permission? That he would report the Sisters to Washington for their efforts to gain proselytes, etc. Sister said the man had asked for Baptism under the Catholic form, that they had no objection that he should inform on them at Washington. If
similar occasions offered they would do the same. He was angry, pulled
the Scapular from the sick man’s neck, and then goes to the priest,
making the same threats and using abusive language. Showing him the
scapular, saying he would let them know at Washington what he the
priest was doing here. Here too, the poor minister met the same replies:
“We fear not your threats, but will do the same again, if called on!” [sic]
that he had no need of asking permission for performing his duty, etc.
This good minister did go to Washington, but he returned quietly and
gave us no further annoyance; sometime after he was removed.

Deaths, removals, and the arrivals of more wounded men,
would sometimes cause our Wards to be empty and filled again in one
day. And Oh! How often would they die faster than we could explain
the necessity of Baptism to them. For often upon arrivals of Boatloads,
many had only like in them. As soon as a Boat would land, a horn was
blown to let the Sisters know they must go to their Wards, and she
would appoint the place to each one as to bed, etc., giving the best to
the most suffering. Then a little broth or wine, as was best to each one.

We should have remarked earlier in our account, that nearly
from the commencement, a philanthropic band of Lady Nurses had
arrived, and showed surprise that the Sisters were there before them.

These would have greatly annoyed us, but their duties were
sufficiently apart from ours. They were as hostile to Catholicity, as were
the North and South to each other. Many among the new arrivals were
prisoners (Confederates) therefore the Officers were cautious as to who
might be admitted among them.

About this time, orders came from Washington, that no female
nurses were to remain on the Point. Our Sisters consequently were
making preparation for leaving, when the Doctor said: “Remain,
Sisters, until I hear from Washington, for we cannot dispense with the
services of the Sisters.” He telegraphed and got as reply: “The Sisters of
Charity are not included in our orders; they may serve all alike at the
Point, prisoners, and others, but all other Ladies are to leave the place.”

Then truly there was a harvest of souls gathered to heaven,
for hundreds after hundreds were brought, that seemed to have been
sustained for the regenerating waters, dying as soon as these were
applied. Some were so ignorant concerning salvation, that much talk
was necessary to let them know what they must do, or be. If you could
have poured the water on them as so many infants, you would hardly
have reached all.
Some, not in present danger, would remain obstinate for weeks, even months, but in the end, the grace of God, seemed to make up for their delay, by greater fervor and earnestness. With such, our Blessed Lady was always the main resource, for She could do what She pleased.

In one day we had the heart-felt joy of seeing one Officer, (formerly very bitter), one Colonel, one Captain and two Lieutenants ask for baptism in our little Chapel, and two days later received this, [sic] the holy Eucharist.

A young man had seemed for some months to be approaching death by Consumption, and occasionally asked some questions on our Religion, which the Sister tried to answer. One day he sent in haste for Sister saying to her: “Sister I am near dying.” Sister said, “you are very weak, and you know you are not baptized.” He said, “For this cause I sent for you. So baptize me soon before I die.” Sister put a medal on him, told him to beg Our Lord to bless him and prepare him for becoming His Child, while she would go to get him a little wine. Oh! said he, “Come back quickly, or I may die without Baptism.” As soon as she returned, he exclaimed again: “O baptize me now. Sister gave him a spoonful of drink, and then baptized him.” He lay perfectly composed, like one absorbed in prayer, and presently showed himself stronger. In a few days he was walking around, was prepared for Holy Communion, which he received, attributing his recovery to the grace of the Sacrament, as did all the Sisters also.

His fervor was so lively, that he converted his companion, who asked for Baptism also, he, (the one cured), standing Sponsor for him. They were soon ordered elsewhere, promising the Sisters to be faithful to the grace received, the latter being [a] married man took books with him, saying all his family should be baptized.

On the 6th of August 1864, we were at meditation in our Chapel, about 5 a.m. when suddenly a noise like thunder surprised us, and looking out—the air was darkened with whirling sand, lumber, bedsteads, beds, stove-pipes, roofs of houses, etc., etc. by a raging Tornado and Water Spout tearing and destroying all in its way, taking us in its course, from the River to the Bay. Our Poor little Chapel shook from roof to foundation, doors and windows blown down, and parts of the walls giving way. Men, sick and wounded blown out on the ground, and the wards and cottages carried several feet from their base. Two Sisters not yet risen being terrified at finding their lodgings falling to pieces, ran out[side], and in their efforts to reach the Chapel,

199 The Potomac River and the Chesapeake Bay enclose the Point making escape overland impossible.
they were struck down by the flying boards, etc., and as often raised from the earth by the violent wind. The Sisters were too stunned with surprise to know what to do, tho’ truly nothing could be done. They would only have left one part of the Chapel to go to another, when that they had left would be blown away. In one of these breaks a Sister seized hold of the Tabernacle fearing that its next place would be in the Bay. The Altar was the only spot in the Chapel, the angry elements seemed to respect.

Lumber and Iron bedsteads were carried over the tops of the cottages. The Wards were nearly filled with patients and several of these Wards were leveled with the ground. The men who were able to move about were running in all directions for safety, and many only half-dressed.

The Dead House was seen whirling through the air, and the bodies in it at the time of the storm, were not discovered for some time after.  

The fervor of our Sisters during the time was very ardent. Everyone seemed to have a cry or aspiration of her own. One threw herself before Our Lady’s image, and said: “Am I not thy Child? and will you suffer me to be crushed to death?” Another, crying to Saint Vincent said: “Oh! Our Blessed Father, have you not said, that your daughters shall not meet such violent deaths as now threatens them? Are you indifferent to our distress?”

The storm lasted but 10 or 15 minutes, but in this time heavy were carried through the air like so many feathers. As soon as the wind was quiet enough, we carried the Tabernacle from the ruins of our Chapel, having lighted candles, to one of our Cottages that remained unhurt. Oh! How tremblingly did we bear this Sacred Ark to our own poor dwelling.

The poor priest was deeply afflicted when he arrived next morning, though danger seemed deathly in every moment, yet no one was seriously injured. great as our Confidence in our good Lord had been tested, it was now very much augmented, so as never again to fear, we hope.

New difficulties were the consequences, for it was some time before all could be repaired. The poor patients must be cared for and etc., etc., and the Sisters would stand by the stove with their sauce pan

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200 Corpses remained in the dead house or morgue until burial.
202 Compares the Blessed Sacrament reserved in the tabernacle to the sacred Ark of the Covenant of the Hebrews. See Numbers 10:33.
of broth in one hand and an umbrella in the other, too happy even thus
to relieve the suffering men.

The Sisters going to the Provost one day on some business, he
told them that a Deserter was to be shot the next morning, and they
would do well to call on him. They went to the Prison, but the man
showed no desire to see them; they came home, but the thought of his
awful death, caused them to apply to our Blessed Mother in his behalf.
Later the Prisoner regretted not seeing them, and asked to have them
sent for. The kind Provost sends an orderly telling the Sisters of the
poor man’s desire. It was now dark, the Sisters said, the Prison was too
far off, and being dark they could not go. The orderly soon returned
with a note from Provost saying: “I, on horseback, will be your Pilot,
with the Ambulance, I will send for you. I will show the driver safely
through the little woods we must pass and I will conduct you home
safely. I think circumstances require your corresponding with his
desires, for they are very earnest.” They were soon at the Prison, but
found a minister of the prisoner’s persuasion with him; he continued his
interview for an hour or two after the Sisters arrival. When he left him,
they were taken to the Prisoner, who apologized for not seeing them
earlier. The Sisters not knowing whether the minister had prepared
him for death, hardly knew how to commence, but speaking of his
fate, Sister said: “You have been baptized, I suppose?” “No,” said he,
“Never.” Then Sister informed him of its necessity and advantages, and
also of the terrible effects of its omission. This gave opening for other
points of our Holy Doctrine, and as fast as they were laid down, they
were believed and adopted by their attentive listener. “Oh!” he would
exclaim, “Why have I not known you sooner? This he would repeat
most fervently. “Well, if you can baptize me, do so, I beg you. Oh! why
did I not see you sooner?” They remained with him some hours, giving
him such exhortations as his conditions required, then after Baptizing
him they continued to speak of the holiness of our Religion; at each
new impression made on him, the same regret would be expressed:
“Why have I not known you sooner?”

The Sisters said they would be pleased to bring the good priest
to him, as he occasionally visited the Patients. He too, desired it and
asked if he could not be sent for?

The Provost looking at his watch, replied: “He could not be here
in time; it is now late. The execution must take place in the morning.”
The young man resigned himself fully to his fate, saying: “I deserve
death, and freely pardon anyone who will take part in it. I know I
must die by the hand of one of my company, but whoever it may be, I forgive him.” Then again he would return to his devotions with so lively an appreciation of the Mysteries of our Holy Faith, as left the Sisters nothing to fear for his Salvation. They really felt that God was his Light and Strength. They bade him adieu, promising to assemble before the holy Altar on his behalf, when his hour of trial drew near, and remain in prayer till all would be over with him.

The kind Provost now made all ready for their return, and said, when leaving the Prison: “May I have such help at my death, and die with his disposition!

At the dreaded hour, the Sisters knelt before their humble Altar, most fervently imploring our Divine Savior to receive the Soul of their poor friend. They continued there long after the sound of the fatal fire had told them that, his Eternal Destiny had been decided. The Soldiers remarked that everyone on the Point was present at the execution, but the Sisters, who had retired to pray for the poor Deserter.

Of the thousands who were under the Sisters’ care, we are able to assure you, that nearly all were not only well pleased, but also most grateful for the attentions given them by our Sisters. They who at first spurned our kindest efforts, would tell us afterwards, that our Religion was so calumniated by those who were ignorant of it, that, they had looked on us with horror until they saw for themselves what Catholics were.

Thus you see, we had many, very many occasions of making the virtues and character of our holy Religion better known, where it either had till now, been a matter of indifference, or hated really hated by others.

Without being able therefore to detail evidences of having benefitted these poor men much, yet, with but very rare exceptions, they venerated, respected, and many believed, that our holy Religion was the only right One, the only Religion. Many died bearing with them saving fruits of this, their newly gotten Faith.

Peace being declared, preparations were made for a general removal, but Ah! How many went to their Eternal Home, while picturing to their tenderest wishes, their earthly homes, friends, etc., etc.

The Doctors desired the Sisters to remain until all the sick and wounded had gone. This done, they, too, left the Point. This was
August 1865. Our dear Valley with its many blessed boons was a most delightful contrast with our last three years.\textsuperscript{203}

A young man with Typhoid delirium was brought among other sick.\textsuperscript{204} He had Catholic brethren, but he was without Religion. He had bushy beard when he came, and he was pointed out to the good priest, but the poor man’s delirium prevented his receiving any spiritual attention. Before the priest left the Point, he had been shaven and placed in another Ward. The good Father making his rounds again looked everywhere for his poor man, but to no purpose. The Sister told him in what ward he had been carried to and he goes again, but having lost his beard, he could not now recognize him. But our good Lord knew him with or without his beard, and just as Father (the priest) was passing his bed, coming to himself, he cried out: “Where is the priest, that I may be baptized?” The good Father then asked him his name, and thankful to God and overjoyed, he disposed him for Baptism, and after receiving it he died.

When the Rev. Father found he could have Mass in the Barracks of the Encampment, which at the time had about one thousand men, sick and wounded. A large space was cleared, an Altar arranged, decorated all around with flowers and branches of green trees. The first Mass caused a great excitement, as well as joy to many. Twenty Soldiers served the mass. One hundred received Holy Communion, and all attended. Most likely one-half of the patients present had never before seen the ceremonies of our holy Religion.\textsuperscript{205}

\textsuperscript{203} St. Joseph’s Valley, Emmitsburg, Maryland.
\textsuperscript{204} The next two paragraphs have different handwriting.
\textsuperscript{205} Liturgical rituals.
My very dear Mother

The grace of our Lord be with us forever

At the request of our very Rev. Director Prompted be [sic] a sense of duty I will try and give you some of the most edifying particulars, of the Gratiot and Myrtle Street Prisons. The Sister Servant of the St. Louis Hospital, received an order from the Provost Marshal on the 14th of August 1862, to send Sisters to the above named prisons. Consequently three Sisters were appointed to perform this duty of Charity. Our first visit to the prison was by no means welcome, prejudice greeted us everywhere. The patients would not even speak to us, though bereft of every consolation of soul and body. However, we were not discouraged, but persevered in our work of Mercy. We prepared, at our hospital, the broth and other delicacies that the poor sick stood in need of, which we carried every day to the Prisons at twelve o’clock. It was then that the “porridge pot” was hailed by the poor prisoners, and caused many of them to bless God. Now that we had gained their confidence, they would flock to us like children around a Mother, to make known to us all their little wants, which Providence never failed to supply to their great astonishment. They would frequently ask how we could provide for so many? We replied that our Lord made the provision.

We had to work with great prudence in the beginning, giving only to those who were sick in the hospital and prisons, and sent by others with permission, to those who were confined in quarters, in order to avoid the misunderstandings. After some time we were allowed to visit the sick in their quarters. It was there indeed that we beheld misery, as these poor creatures were destitute of every attention. The officers now saw clearly the good that was about to be effected and they endeavored to carry it out by planning a hospital ward that would contain about one hundred beds. The Sanitary Commissioners also

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206 Notes—Military Hospitals, 178–82.
207 Federal authorities confiscated McDowell’s Medical College. The converted facility became Gratiot Street Prison for Confederate prisoners. Inmates also included: civilians (“citizens”), women, children, confiscated slaves (“contrabands”), spies, saboteurs, political prisoners, guerrillas, bushwhackers, and even Federal soldiers guilty of criminal acts or misbehavior. The Lynch Slave Market became the Myrtle Street Prison, infamous for poor living conditions.
208 George E. Leighton (1835–1901), was Provost Marshal of St. Louis (fall 1861–1862) and Sister Mary Alexis Rayhice (1809–1891) was sister servant at St. Louis Hospital (formerly Mullanphy Hospital).
209 Divine Providence or God’s loving care and provision.
began to approve of the good work, and proposed to give us a place where we could remain day and night to attend more leisurely to the wants of the sick.\footnote{210}

Now, God in the designs of His mercy, enabled us to begin the work of Charity towards those poor benighted souls who groped in the darkness of sin and death. One day a Sister met an eminent physician walking rapidly up and down one of the passages. She saluted him and saw directly that he was excited. She immediately discovered that the minister was preaching. The doctor exclaimed: “Let him keep away from me, I want to hear none of his doctrine!” On a previous occasion, while the minister was making his rounds through the ward, he found the doctor reading a [published] Catholic Work, at which he expressed surprise. The doctor replied, would to God that you would read it, and let me explain it to you as you read! This same doctor also said “Sister: I never knew what the world was until I came here, my eyes have been opened and I am resolved to become a Catholic, but I will wait until I leave the prison, as many would say that I became a convert on account of the Sisters.” He left the prison; and instructed himself more fully in the truths of our holy Religion, received Baptism, Holy Communion and Confirmation, and was also been the means of converting his whole family. Strange to say, that in 1849, this same doctor desired to walk knee deep in Catholic blood!

It was truly edifying to see many of those poor men, whilst awaiting the sentence of execution, instructing themselves in the knowledge of the true Faith. Two were to be executed, but the worthy priest, who daily attended the prison, obtained the pardon of one, while we obtained that of the other. We had likewise the consolation of seeing them both become fervent Catholics.

There was a sick doctor in the prison who was about to leave for home, we provided some Catholic Books to take along, but he said: “Sister, my wife and daughters won’t believe what they contain, or what I will tell them about Catholics, for they are under the impression, that they all wear horns, including priest, nuns, and all religious orders. Sister said, “Well, do you see any horns?” “Oh, no,” he replied, “it is only prejudice on their part; and I can truly say that the only kindness received in the prisons has been from Catholics and Sisters of Charity.”

\footnote{210} Federal legislation created The United States Sanitary Commission in June 1861. This private relief agency coordinated women’s volunteer efforts to support sick and wounded Union soldiers. Established two months later, The Western Sanitary Commission aimed to handle war relief west of the Mississippi.
On another occasion a poor man was sentenced to be hanged but before his execution we gave him a catechism to learn. There was another gentleman in the room with him, who had become a Catholic a few days previous, and in whose care we left the doomed man. On our return, the gentleman told us, that the Methodist preachers had been there several times, and that one of them took the catechism out of his hand, and told him that it contained lies and not to believe it. The poor fellow was determined not to give in to them, therefore, he paid no attention to what they said.

There was an elderly gentleman confined in the prison hospital, whom we noticed always evinced great pleasure in seeing to the wants of his companion. He told us that it made him feel so happy to see them get what they needed most. He obtained his release and afterwards sent us fifty dollars, to supply the wants of the suffering sick. His son became a Catholic, and was afterwards executed. His remains were given up to his family, and his father requested the Catholic clergyman who attended him before the execution, to preach his funeral oration, which he did in a Baptist Church, where his hearers were all Baptists.

A poor boy whom we had been preparing for death, sent the Protestant doctor after us, that we might go and baptize him, for said he, “I want to go straight to heaven when I die.”

Another poor fellow whom we had prepared for death, happened, afterwards, to hear the minister preaching, he cried out at the top of his voice: “Stop him, and call in the Sisters of Charity. Where are the Sisters of Charity?”

All who were in danger of death, we baptized ourselves, the others were left to the chaplain who daily visited the prison, and where he was allowed the privilege of preaching on Sundays to a crowded assembly. During our stay at the prisons there were about five hundred baptisms. We kept no account of them, but sent the names of all to the church of the parish in which the prison was located.211

Many were the difficulties we had to encounter, but aided by the grace of God, we were enabled to surmount them, and we hope thereby we accomplished the work of Charity and Mercy that God in His goodness called us to fulfill on behalf of those poor creatures, who were the victims of a bloody War.

211 The Gratiot Street Prison, was probably located in Annunciation Parish (1861–1952), and the Myrtle Street Prison in Immaculate Conception Parish (1854–c.1902). Both parishes are now closed.
21. Recollections of United States Military Prisons
Alton, Illinois

We will also add here Notes from the Sisters who attended the United States Military Prisons in Alton - state of Illinois.

Colonel Ware, [sic], who was then in command of the Prisons applied to the Bishop of Alton, Illinois, for the Sisters of Charity to attend the prisoners in the above named place. Accordingly, Bishop Juncker applied to the sister servant of Saint Philomena’s School, St. Louis, who immediately informed our worthy Director of the demand for Sisters. One of the [community] officers, (Sister Procuratrix) was at that time in St. Louis at the Gratiot Saint Prison Hospital. She received a dispatch from Father Burlando to go to Alton, and take with her three Sisters. We started early the next morning, March 15th 1864, and reached Alton about 9 o’clock (a.m.). There we were met by the Revd. Mr. Harty, (the Bishop being absent,) who conducted us to the residence of a gentleman, a member of the City Council. He received us most cordially and his hospitality we gladly accepted. Colonel Ware, [sic], soon called to see us, and accompanied us to the Prison, which had been formerly called the Illinois State Penitentiary for Criminals. It had been vacated before the War, for a more commodious and healthy locality.

Before reaching the main entrance, we had to ascend a very rugged road, well protected by guards, who, we thought had never before seen the Sisters, from the manner in which they viewed us. Here a residence would have been provided for us, but we did not think it safe or prudent to accept it. We passed through the yard which was crowded with prisoners numbering about four thousand Confederates and one thousand Federals, the latter being confined there for desertion, and other faults committed in Camp. The two parties were separated except in the hospital, where we now entered. The poor sick were so delighted to see us, that we heard, “Sisters”, re-echoed in every direction, as some of them had previously known us at the hospital prison in St. Louis. It was said that here they died from six to ten a day.

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212 Notes—Military Hospitals, 182–7. See Barton, Angels of the Battlefield, 173-5.
214 Foul facilities existed at the Alton Military Prison, formerly a large Illinois State Penitentiary. Overcrowding, structural deterioration, and embedded infection-causing microorganisms proliferated the spread of fatal diseases, including smallpox, pneumonia and dysentery. These unacceptable conditions resulted from Col. Weer’s mismanagement. Arrested and charged with fiscal misappropriation, insobriety, and neglect of duty, the army cashiered Weer within the month of his court martial.
The place was too small for the number of inmates, who were all more or less afflicted with disease, some were wounded, others a prey to despondency, typhoid fever, diarrhea and the small pox; consequently, the atmosphere of the prison was filled with the most noisome exhalations, fortunately the small pox cases were removed to an Island on the Mississippi as soon as discovered. Arrangements were now made with the Colonel to visit the sick twice a day. As there were no accommodations for us to remain in the prison, we returned to the residence of Mr. Wise, Esq., who had so kindly received us in the morning. He could not accommodate us, but he procured lodgings for us in the house of his sister, where we remained for nearly six weeks.

On our return to the Prison next day, we found written orders of approval of our attendance by Government. We also met there the Attending Physicians, who appeared glad to see us, and said that they hoped soon to see an improvement in the condition of the poor sufferers, who had heretofore been so much neglected. On inquiring about the health of the patients we were told that four had died during the night. A place was now allotted to us to prepare drinks, and nourishment for the sick—it was an old work shop, now used as the hospital kitchen, where we were in danger of falling through the rotten floor any moment.

The attendants, who were prisoners, were exceedingly kind and obliging, so much so, that they would even anticipate what we wished them to do. Two weeks had scarcely elapsed before the sick began to improve. The doctors acknowledged that a change for the better was already visible. There were fewer deaths, said they, and despondency had nearly disappeared. A look of commiseration or a word of encouragement soon made those poor victims feel that they were cared for, at least by the lowly child of Saint Vincent. The prison was frequently visited by a Catholic priest. While he was there one day, a poor man asked for Baptism. The good Father was called to administer the sacrament, but the sick man cried out, “No, I want Sister to baptize me!” The worthy priest told Sister to baptize him, while he stood looking on. The man died soon after.

21.1 Federal Guards Hospital and Small Pox Island

We visited the Federal Guards Hospital, and Small Pox Island, at the request of Colonel Ware. We visited the Guards once a day; and the Island only once a week. Even that consoled the poor patients, as

\[215\] Alton Federal Military Prison received the first prisoners, members of the 13th U.S. Infantry, February 9, 1862. They were assigned guard duty. An epidemic of small pox broke out among the inmates in December 1862. Despite the transfer of infected patients to a quarantine hospital on a nearby island, fatalities exceeded two thousand.
we provided them delicacies and the nourishment they mostly craved. At this place, we were enabled to supply the wants of the body, but the poor soul was unprovided for, as we were not yet able to do anything for them, in a spiritual way.

On the first of May we got possession of a house belonging to St. Joseph’s, Emmitsburg, that had been previously occupied as a school but was then vacated. The United States Government took possession of it for a Hospital and wished us to take charge of it, consequently we repaired thither on the first of May. We were now one mile distant from the prison, but an ambulance was sent daily to convey us thither.

The health of the Confederate sick improved rapidly as well as that of the Federal guards, consequently it was not necessary to occupy our house for Military purposes. At this period we had about twelve Baptisms all of whom died. Now God in the designs of His all wise Providence suddenly changed the aspect of affairs. The Colonel, who had been so kind to us, was removed, and the officer who succeeded him in command of the Prisons, was prejudiced and did all that he could to displace us. We could no longer get what was necessary from the prison resources. New guards were likewise placed on duty, who refused to let us pass to the hospital, some of the old ones happened to be looking on and saw the difficulty. They became indignant and stepping forward, said these are not ladies or women but Sisters of Charity.” Thus were we permitted to go on without further trouble.

During the month of June, we baptized two; both died soon after. We had also the consolation of seeing many of those poor men reading Catholic Books, whilst others evinced an eagerness to receive instruction.

On the first of July, we were notified that our services were no longer required at the Prison. We could do nothing until the superiors were acquainted with our situation. Meanwhile, the citizens were anxious for us to remain in Alton, and to convert our house into a Hospital. Consequently, we received a letter from our venerated Mother Ann Simeon, with full permission to open a Civil Hospital for the citizens of Alton.

We were truly happy at the good we hoped soon to accomplish. The first object of Charity that we received was a poor woman who was

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216 The Daughters of Charity had operated the School of the Immaculate Conception in Alton from 1856 through 1858.

217 The Daughters of Charity at St. Joseph Hospital provided medical care in Alton for a century, from 1864 until 1964.
brought to us in a dying condition, with her two children; her husband was a soldier and unable to support her. Her first request was to ask for Baptism, which she received and died soon after. One of her children was likewise baptized, it died and was buried with its mother.

One day a poor soldier who was wending his way home, stopped with us, and asked for Baptism, he died soon after. On another mission we witnessed a most distressing scene, a priest was brought to...

A young man came to us one day from the prison after being paroled, accompanied by his father. He desired us to baptize him, which we did, and at the same time he requested his father to be baptized. The father promised him that he would comply with his request as soon as he reached home. The young man died and the father left us, taking with him the remains of his son. Some of the prisoners were permitted to visit the hospital on parole. One of them sent for us one day to go to the prison to see him. We went and gained admittance, while there we baptized him, and he died on the following day.

Thus did our merciful Lord make us the means of saving many souls in those frightful dungeons of horror and despair, who would otherwise have died in enmity with God, whom they knew not, and whom they now thanked for His many and signal favors to them.

22. Draft—Account of the Battle of Antietam

September 16 and 17, 1862 [sic]

A terrible Engagement taking place on the Antietam River situated midway between Boonsboro and Sharpsburg, two villages on the Northern side of the Potomac River, not only were thousands killed on both sides but many many wounded left without shelter. Save the farm houses, barns, out-houses, etc., etc., for those especially who could not be moved to either Town. But as the fighting had been over 12 or 15 miles space, the Towns had soon become Hospitals also.

The necessities and sufferings of the fallen soldiers were so great that the General in charge of Northern movements as to grants, refusals, etc., etc., issued orders or grant allowing the people of Northern (chiefly sympathizers) to minister to the distress of the fallen prisoners as well as their own, tho’ Government did for its own, and would have done for all, had they had enough for all. The Battle Ground was about

218 Notes—Military Hospitals, 188–97. This may be a draft of the next account. The battle was September 17. Antietam Creek flows into the Potomac River.
30 miles off in a southwest direction. Our good Superiors with the people of Emmitsburg collected a large quantity of provisions and luxuries, clothing, remedies, with money also, for these poor men. Our overseer was sent to drive Rev. Father Smith, C.M., with 2 Sisters to the Battlefield.\textsuperscript{219} We aimed for Boonsboro and reached there at night fall. Our wagon of supplies with us. Two officers of the Northern Army seeing our cornettes as the lamps shone on the carriage window said one to the other: “Ah! there comes the Sisters of Charity, now all will be equally cared for, no more partiality.”

We were informed that no Hotels were to be had; the officers taking them for their own residences. So were kindly received at the house of a very worthy Catholic Physician whose only daughter had been our pupil.\textsuperscript{220} This house also was the receiving depot for the several supplies of relief. So here our wagon was unloaded. We had only here an hour or so in the house when word came for the priest who was with us to go to one of the Hospitals of the Town. He went, heard the poor man’s confession, who died a few minutes after. The next morning our Overseer drove the Sisters to some of the farms, leaving good Fr. Smith to visit the 7 Hospitals of the Town—4 were of the Northern Army, 3 of the Southern. The Town Hospitals being better provided for than the fields and farms, we went out to them. Miss Smith, daughter of our kind host was our pilot. We passed houses and barns all of which were Hospitals. The neighboring fences strewed with bloody shirts and other clothing. Reaching the field, where great slaughter had been, the wounded of both armies still lay here.

As some remained without even this poor shelter. We first of all looked around for axes or hatchets for splitting rails to continue to roof as best we could, with blankets tied to sticks driven in the earth as we saw the others, an officer seeing us looking for something said: “Sisters what do you seek?” We told him; he called a man and said to him:

\textsuperscript{219} Rev. Edward M. Smith, C.M. (1834–1896), pastor, Saint Joseph Church, Emmitsburg, later founded Saint Vincent de Paul Parish, Chicago. Mr. Joseph Brawner probably drove the wagon.

\textsuperscript{220} Dr. Otho J. Smith (1810–1868), attended Mount Saint Mary’s College (1828–1829) and graduated from the University of Maryland (1833). His daughter, Jeanette Smith (1839–1868), attended St. Joseph’s Academy, Emmitsburg, Maryland, in 1855. After the war Ms. Smith married (1865) Dr. John M. Gaines (1837–ca. 1914), whom she met when he was a Confederate surgeon and prisoner of war caring for wounded comrades after the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. The Smiths provided hospitality to the Daughters of Charity in their home at Boonsboro in 1862. They lived just a few miles from Antietam. (There is no family connection between Otho J. Smith and Rev. Edward M. Smith, C.M.)
“Serve these Ladies in what ever they want.” We succeeded in putting all under shelter for brain fever and lock jaw were their busy enemy.221

The bullets could be scraped up by quantities that lay between them—some almost dying when we got to them, but, trying to rise towards us said: “O! Are you Sisters coming to help us?” We consoled them all we could but what to do, or where to begin we could not see. Many, many had never been baptized, and our only regret was that being but two of us, there was not time for all to be attended to, since to give them idea of the necessity of Baptism, and the essential requirements, tho’ our good Rev. Fr. Smith had prepared us for as to what would be, be enough, in these circumstances. Seeing our cornettes from afar, messengers were being sent from different directions to have us come there. The sun was broiling hot and the poor men depending only on the well-disposed among the less wounded, to bring them water for their canteens standing by their heads.

A Protestant officer called to us to come and see a dying man, a practical Catholic who, when he saw us seemed as if he could revive. We prayed with him and told him a priest would be there presently. When we would leave him, we would soon be called again by the Protestant officer, saying: “I believe he is dying and he has been so brave and valiant, we wish to be able to let his wife know that the Sisters of Charity were with him at his death.” He had not been able to swallow a little wine, but, upon its being offered by a Sister, he drank it and seemed better.

About 2 p.m. we were still going round from one to another preparing the well-disposed for baptism in case Fr. Smith would come. The Medical Director seeing us on his return from the various amputations on the poor men, sent a steward to tell us to come and dine with him on an old broken porch. We thanked him and sent him word we had our lunch with us, but no refusal would do, we, must go. He helped us to a spoiled piece of pork and hard war biscuit, but, the very smell of the meat forbade the stomach’s taking it. We then sent for our lunch basket, without his knowing why, and offering him some good bread, cold ham, etc. etc., he pushed away his own food and partook of ours, expressing great pleasure in the change.

221 The scribe eliminated the following paragraph for the one above: “Many with only a blanket for bed, and another stretched over them by sticks being drivers in the earth at the head and feet of the poor wounded men, lay here and there, sometimes two men lay thus under one shelter, and with every filth their condition occasioned lay around them—their hands and feet sharing the same misery.” Notes—Military Hospitals, 189.
The evening coming on, we returned to the Town, and Fr. Smith, hearing of the state of some rode out and heard the confessions of those most in danger. The next morning we returned to the same field, having left some only half agreed to be baptized. We commenced again as the day before. The Medical Director seeing us, said: “You dine with me today, and” said he, “I will make arrangements for your remaining on the ground, if you will do so.” A few hours later he was called to the Army and we saw no more of him. They began to move all from these parts now in ambulances to Frederick City and Hagers Town. Poor Fr. Smith was never too weary to serve them. He could not take time even to get a little food during our stay on the field. In one Barn the wounded lay so close together, that he had to lie down along side of the one he would wish to hear [his confession], and when he would rise, must pick the vermin of his clothes.

When we would return in the morning, those we had attended the evening before would have been buried. Long ditches had been made soon after the Battle where hundreds had been put, and here and there a foot or hand would be sticking up out of the earth. Piles of dead horses had fence-rails thrown on them and fired; the upper portion of the top [sic] horses would be burned, but, leaving the rest to poison the air for miles around, so that if we awoke in the night we were breathing this air. Under their low straw sheds, they lay all kinds of filth under and around them, and then too, the mucus matter from the lungs of some, but all this being hidden by the straw around them, left your clothes in a poor condition when you would rise from kneeling by the poor men, for sitting was not to be done there, you must kneel to talk to them.

One evening, about twilight, we had been earnestly requested to accompany a corpse to its grave. It was the brave flag bearer, when as we ascended the hill where the grave had been prepared, we saw a body of fine looking officers, war-equipped galloping in that direction, and, 3 of these leaving the main body, (perhaps 2 hundred) one said, taking off his cap or hat at the same time: “I am General McClellan (Chief General of the entire Northern Army) and I am proud and happy to see Sisters of Charity with my wounded men. How many are here?” We replied, only two that we had brought relief to the sufferers, and would return home in a few days. “Ah!” Said he, “Why can we not have more among our poor men? I would like to see 50 Sisters here—whom shall I address?” Fr. Smith, holding a scrap of paper against the breast of the

222 Hagerstown, Maryland.
horse he rode, wrote and handed him the address. Presently he said, “Do you know how our brave Standard Bearer is doing?” We said it is his funeral we are attending.

I have only to add that we went from farm to farm, and Hospital to Hospital in the Town, to see and instruct those who would be instructed. Upon one occasion, when at one of the farms, the steward for the Northern Army distributing beef to a surgeon of the Southern Army for his men, a contest rose as to the full weight—high words first, then fierce threats and preparations for fight, one challenging the other to come aside with him, and seeing them retiring in all their rage to little shed and not a man interfering to check this strife, one of the Sisters seeing and hearing all, ran up to them and said: “Men, what are you about? Is there not blood enough shed yet? Cease your anger and quarrel! You are brethren, stop this ill will, etc., etc.” They listened like docile children and each returned to his post.

One of the stewards of the Northern Army seeing us, came to us [and] said he was Catholic. “How long since you received the sacraments?” said a Sister to him. “Oh! We can hardly go in times like these.” he said. “Yes,” said Sister, “You can, and the priest who came with us, will return from the other encampment soon and then you can go to Confession.” “No, no,” said he, “I cannot.” After awhile, nearly night fall, the good Father returned. We told him he must eat a few bits of bread or he would grow faint. He was about to do so, when this steward came up and said: “Please, Sir, come to me. I wish to speak to you.” Father Smith went to him [and] they walked a few yards from us, sat on a log where he made his Confession of 7 years omission. After that the poor man said to Sister, “I am at peace now, I have made my Confession.” He said he had known our Sisters at the Crimean War.223

Just before the Battle began, but being in the expectation of it, two Catholic soldiers were side by side companions. One said to the other: “We expect Battle, and there is a priest here, let us put our soul in order by a good Confession.” “O!” said the other, “I hate to do so, here are our brave officers who never trouble themselves on such things, I too will not mind it.” The other confessed, and in the early part of the fight a broken bomb cut off one-half of the head of the one who would not confess. He fell by his fellow soldier’s side.

We passed a Sunday there without Mass. Fr. Smith had sent to Hagers Town for vestments etc., etc., but, the Pastor of that place being

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223 The French Daughters of Charity had served on battlefields during the Crimean War (1853–1856).
absent did not get the message, so in the evening of the same day, he came bringing all that would be necessary.\textsuperscript{224}

The next day, Monday, two Masses were celebrated in the parlor of Dr. Smith’s house, and arrangements began to be planned for having Mass in their Town—for never had the Holy Sacrifice ever been offered in that place. But on that morning the soldiers having heard that Mass was to be there, came, went to confession and Communion with us. Since then they have Mass there. We returned home the next day, having been but one week there.

The Battleground presented a bad picture—fields whitened with tents strewed with torn clothes, blankets, shoes, boots, cartridge boxes, bomb shells broken and unbroken—buildings and fences destroyed. In an adjoining field lay General McClellan’s army, with stacked arms, shining like rays of silver in the sun, horses and artillery. All, all looking like the judgment day.

After our little delicacies had been exhausted, we, in passing among the poor men, said to them, we are sorry our refreshments have all been used up. We have only sympathy and kind wishes to offer you now. “Oh!” said one of the Surgeons, “The sympathy of a Sister of Charity is an acceptable boon to our soldiers at any time.”

A Sister having prepared and baptized a man, he died some time after but previous to death, Sister called Father Smith to him and he made his confession and died very peaceably. After a while another man said to Sister: “What did you say or do to that man over yonder? Whatever it was, do the same for me for he died so happily, I am sure what you did must have done him good, and I ask the same from you.” “Well,” said Sister, “I only told him how necessary baptism was and he desired it earnestly and after I had baptized him. The priest came to him and heard his Confession.” “Well,” said the poor man, “do the same for me and then bring the priest and I will tell him everything I ever done. It is true, I knew little or nothing of Baptism or Confession but, what you did for that one that died, I want to have.” He soon had all done for him, and then died. Father Smith said later, “Oh! how happy to be thus employed!” That man who has just died has gone straight to Heaven. Surely he is now there.

Two Protestant ministers lay among them here. One had a long talk with Father Smith, and acknowledged himself in the wrong in every point of doctrine, and Father Smith felt convinced that his

\textsuperscript{224} Hagerstown and Middletown in Maryland, and Shepherdstown, West Virginia, were about ten miles from Boonsboro. Itinerant priests rotated visits to areas where few Catholic families resided in 1862.
conversion would be secured, but not being in danger, he must leave him for others. Another minister called a Sister to him, saying: “You have not been near me today, and when I see one of you, I feel so sad and so glad at the same time, that I am not able to express myself. I hear you are only here in order to relieve us as far as you can. Now I say if your Religion effects this, I have no longer any faith in mine.” “Well,” said Sister, “this doubt obliges you to inform yourself, and then act with your belief or you will not be saved.” He, too, was only slightly wounded. When Sister was leaving him he said: “Now do you pray to God to enlighten me that I may do what is right.”

A Northern Surgeon was rebuking a sympathizing lady for her partiality towards the fallen southerners and he said: “How I admired the Sisters of Charity as to this matter, for, I was in Norfolk, Virginia, when the Sisters there were serving the wounded Confederates with kindest care; when, a few weeks later, the place was taken by the North, and the same Hospital filled with their men now.” The same Sisters being called for to serve again the opposite side. They resumed their attentions as if they were the same poor sufferers they had first ministered to, therefore,” he continued, “I could never fear for any human misery they had charge of, nor will the impressions made on me by their generous devotions be ever effaced from my memory. This, young Lady,” said he, “is what all you Ladies should be.”

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23. Recollections of Sister Matilda Coskery
Account of [Boonsboro], Battle of Antietam

A terrible engagement taking place near the Antietam River, in Maryland, and not far from the Potomac, on the 17th of September 1862, not only were thousands on both sides killed, but as many more remained wounded on the field, [with] the farm houses, barns, etc., their only shelter. But as the fighting had been over twelve or fifteen miles space, the towns of Boonsboro and Sharpsburg were hospitals........

The General in charge of Maryland movements requested the people to aid the fallen prisoners, as the Government provided for the North, and would have done for all, but had not enough. Our good superiors with the people of Emmitsburg collected a quantity of clothing, provision, remedies, delicacies and money for these poor men, and our overseer drove Father Smith, C.M., and two Sisters to

225 St. Vincent’s Hospital, Norfolk, Virginia.
226 Notes—Military Hospitals, 197a. This brief account by Sister Matilda Coskery differs slightly from the previous one. For a duplicate account, see ibid., 504–11.
the place in our carriage. Boonsboro was about 30 miles distant. Our wagon of supplies bore us company. We reached the town by twilight. Two officers of the Northern Army, seeing our cornettes by the lighted lamps shining on our carriage, one said to the other: “Ah! There come the Sisters of Charity, now the poor men will be equally cared for, no more partiality now.”

We were kindly received at the house of a worthy Catholic physician, whose only daughter had been our pupil. We were but a few minutes when word came, requesting the priest who was with us to come to the hospital. There were in this Town, four Northern hospitals, and three used for the fallen Enemy. Rev. Father Smith went immediately, heard the poor man’s confession, and he lived but a few minutes. Next morning we set out for the battlefield, having Miss Janette, our kind hostess, for pilot. We passed houses and barns occupied as hospitals, fences strewed with bloody clothing.

Further on lay the wounded of both armies, still on the ground, except some straw for beds, with here and there a blanket stretched by sticks driven in the earth at head and feet of the poor man, to screen him from the burning sun.

Our first work was to finish roofing the six feet of earth they inhabited. We looked for an axe, then some fence rails, fixing them as the others were, until every sufferer had at least a little shade over him. We distributed our little stores among them, tho’ their wretched condition seemed calculated to destroy all relish for any food or drink. Unable to move or change their position [with] every filth surrounded them, add to these, vermin, maggots and stench. Bullets could be gathered from between them that lay scattered around. One tried to raise himself as we approached saying: “Oh! Are you Sisters coming to minister to us?” We consoled them all we could, but what to do, or where to begin, we did not see. Many, many, as in all other parts of the Armies, had never been baptized, and there were but two of us. Good Father Smith had to tell us at last to baptize them, and not wait for, or expect him to serve all, seeing there would be too many left without [the sacrament] in such case. If we stopped in one place, a messenger would be sent to call us elsewhere. In a wagon shed lay many. One, a good Catholic, mortally wounded, a Protestant officer called us to him telling us of his bravery and valor, as (flag bearer) who had immortalized himself in their minds, in the bloody struggle. We spoke to him, telling him a priest was near who would see him presently. The

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\(^{227}\) Sister Matilda Coskery was one of the two Sisters sent to Boonsboro and Sharpsburg.
poor fellow seemed to gain new life, but, if we left him we would soon be called again by his kind officer, saying, “I fear he is dying, come to him, he has been so valiant. I wish to let his wife know that the Sisters of Charity were with him in his last moments.” Father Smith came to him heard his confession and prepared him for death. Poor Father, was not allowed time to take any refreshment.

A neighboring encampment hearing a priest was here sent for him, and telling us to continue, not waiting for his assistance, as he knew not when he would return.

About 2 p.m. the Medical Director, sent a steward to tell us to come and dine with him. We sent our thanks, saying we had lunch with us. No refusal would do; a second message came. We joined him in an old shed, that seemed to be a general depot—spoiled pork and war biscuit [for] the dinner, with tea in bowls large enough for bleeding purposes—and much we feared they were used for that purpose. The pork proved itself to more than one sense, so that we made happy excuse for introducing our lunch basket, and offering the kind doctor some nice ham and soft fresh bread, he pushed his plate [away] from him saying: “Ah! this is good.”

Again to the poor men. A Sister having baptized a man, who presently was seen by Father Smith who heard his confession, and some hours later died. Passing again among them, she was called by one who had observed what had been done for his companion, and he said to Sister: “What did you say to that man that died this forenoon? Or what did you do for him? Whatever it was, I ask you to do me the same favor, for he died so peacefully that I wish to die like him.” Sister told him what the other had received, and said she, “Did you see the gentleman in black with him also?” “Yes, well, your companion made confession, too, to that gentleman.” “Whatever it was,” he repeated, “let me have; I wish to die as he did. Bring the gentleman and I will tell him all I ever did.” He was gratified, and dying soon after, Father Smith exclaimed: “I believe that soul is now in Heaven! How happy to be thus employed, surely that soul went right to Heaven!”

Two wounded, Protestant ministers lay among them. One of these Father Smith spoke a long time with while we were regretting the time he spent with him, but he replied to us in these words: “That poor man received all our doctrine as fast as I gave it to him and condemned his own. He will return to his neighborhood, and may convert many, or do much good among those that you and I will never see. I repeat, therefore, baptize the men yourselves, and I will do what I can.”
other minister calling a Sister said to her: “I cannot tell you what a strange impression your presence gives me, sad, and joyful at the same time, for, I hear you are here only in the hope of alleviating our distress?” “Yes,” said Sister, “but what should surprise you in this?” “Why,” said he, “if your Religion moves you to this, I have no Faith in mine.” This man also expected to get home, not being in danger. Sister told him that he was obliged to instruct himself, and not continue in doubt, or his salvation would be endangered. “Well,” said he, “Do you pray to God to enlighten me, so that I may do what is right.” A Catholic steward told us he had seen our Sisters at the Crimean War. We spoke of confession; told him a priest was at [sic] neighboring encampment, and when he returned he must see him. “Oh! no,” he replied, “We cannot attend to those things in times like these, tho’ I have not been for seven years.” Sister urged, but he seemed determined not to go. However, when the priest returned in the evening, almost exhausted, and was just about taking some refreshment, the poor steward came and imploringly requested him to allow him to speak to him. Poor Father left his lunch and went with the penitent, who was soon a peaceful happy man, and told the Sister before leaving, that, he was another man now.

A Northern steward and Southern surgeon disagreeing, one challenged the other to meet him in a retired spot [for a duel], both withdrawing, towards an old shed at the same time with loud, angry threats, etc. No man interfered, but, one of the sisters followed them hastily, and speaking to them firmly and reproachingly, they separated like docile children, each retiring to his post.

Night drove us to our lodgings in the town before we were ready for it, but, returning to the same field next morning, those we had assisted the day previous, were consigned to earth, and they that could not consent yesterday to receive baptism, now eagerly desired it. As soon as we arrived, some who were able to walk, came to meet us, and the Medical Director too, said: “You dine with me today,” and, he added, “I will make arrangements for your accommodations here, if you will remain.” But, poor gentleman, in a few hours later he was ordered elsewhere and we saw no more of him. In some barns the men lay so close together, that if one confessed, Father Smith had to lie just by the one, with his face almost touching his, and on rising, pick the vermin off his coat.

228 The act of confessing one’s sins to a Catholic priest for God’s forgiveness is called the sacrament of reconciliation.
229 The deceased had been buried in newly dug graves.
We were requested by an Officer, (Protestant) to attend the funeral of the brave flag bearer.\textsuperscript{230} It was now near dusk, and on our way to the grave, about 8 or 10 following, Rev. Father Smith and the Sisters also, we saw, perhaps two hundred officers on horseback, war equipped, galloping towards us. One of these, with a few, approached us nearer, all taking off their caps, and bowing, one said: “I am General McClellan, and I am happy and proud to see the Sisters of Charity with my poor men. How many are here?” We said, “Two General, we came to bring relief to the sufferers, and we return in a day or so.” “Oh!” he replied, “Why can we not have more here? I would like to see fifty Sisters ministering to the poor sufferers. Whom shall I address for this purpose?” Father Smith gave him the address. He then said, “Do you know how the brave standard bearer is doing?” We told him it was his funeral we were attending. General McClellan was chief-in-command at this time of all the Northern Army.

About this time they began to move the wounded to Frederick City and Hagers Town, the mortally wounded having died. We went during the six days we stayed, from farm to farm, trying to find those most in danger, but we cannot say how many were baptized. One poor man, old and grey haired, was calling to one companion after another to assist him to rise, but one had one difficulty, another had some other, all maimed more or less. Sister then assisted him. She had been speaking to him in the morning, but, he then expected to get well and go home. But now, he no sooner stood erect than feeling faint, he exclaimed: “O let me lie down, for I am dying.” Sister said, “Do you desire Baptism?” “O yes,” she baptized him and he expired.

After our little delicacies were exhausted, we said to them, “We are sorry we have nothing to offer you but poor sympathy.” “Oh!” replied a Surgeon, “The sympathy of a Sister of Charity is a great boon to our soldiers at any time.”

Passing from farm to farm, thro’ woods especially, we were in constant danger, as here and there unbroken bomb shells lay, which only required a slight jar to burst, and our carriage wheels were rolling thro’ dried leaves, straw and etc. The farms were laid waste, unthreshed wheat used for roofing sheds for tents, or beds for the men. Fences that canon balls had spared, were used for fuel. The quiet farm houses had none of their former inhabitants. Stock, that is, cattle of any description, as well as fowl, seemed to leave disappeared, even dogs were either

\textsuperscript{230} This may be one of the brave Irishmen belonging to the Irish Brigade, the 69\textsuperscript{th} New York Volunteer Infantry.
killed or had fled the appalling scene. It was very remarkable, also, that on no Battlefields during the War, were any of those carrion birds seen, not even a crow, tho’ piles of dead horses lay here and there, some half-burned, from efforts made to consume them by lighting fence rails on them. But this seemed rather to add to the foulness of the atmosphere than help to purify it. Long ridges of earth, with stakes here and there told so many hundred of the Northern Army lies here, or, so many of the Southern Army lies here. —

Near by, lay General McClellan’s army, with arms stacked; shining in the sun like spears of silver, then, the artillery, horses, and etc., looking all together most terrible and awful.

We were told that just before the battle began, one Catholic soldier said to his comrade: “We expect battle, and there is a priest here, let us go to confession.” “Oh!” the other answered: “Here are so many of our brave officers who do not mind these things, I hate to do so.” The one who proposed it, went to confession, and in the early part of the fight, a piece of shell cut the companion’s head in two.

A Northern Surgeon was rebuking a sympathizing lady, for her partiality towards the fallen Southerners, and he said: “How I admired the Sisters of Charity, as to this matter when I was in Portsmouth, Virginia. They were called over from Norfolk to serve their own men, the South, in the hospital, and labored with untiring charity, when a few weeks later, our men took the place and the same hospital was filled with the Northern Soldiers. These good Sisters were called on again, where they resumed their kind attentions as if they were the same men. This,” he continued, “was true Christian Charity and, I would not fear for any human misery when they have control. And this, young lady, is what all you Ladies ought to do.”

The town of Boonsboro had very few Catholics, and the Holy Sacrifice of Mass had never been offered in the place. Revd. Father Smith tried to get vestments, and etc. from another town ten miles distant, but did not succeed. The pastor of that place being absent.231 However the following day, Monday, he came bringing all that was necessary, and two Masses were celebrated in the parlor of the house we stayed at. The convalescent soldiers hearing of it, came, went to confession, and communicated with us.232 Even then the Catholics began planning as to how they might arrange for its being continued, until a small chapel would be erected. Since then they have Mass occasionally.

231 Rev. Malachy (Malachi) Moran, O.S.B., was the pastor.
232 “Communicated with us” refers to the convalescent soldiers receiving Holy Communion during the Mass.
We left them on the 8th of October having spent but six days among the poor soldiers, who had nearly all been removed before from this neighborhood.

24. Memorandum Gettysburg Band

List of Sisters

Sister Camilla O’Keefe
Sister Directress
Sister Matilda Coskery
Sister Gabriella Rigney
Sister Aloysia Ring
Sister Angela Walsh
Sister Mary Elizabeth Schroeder
Sister Anna McShane
Sister Cecelia Livaudais
Sister Gertrude Balfe
Sister Mary Oswald [Spalding]
Sister Serena Klimkiewicz
Mr. Roche

Notes—Military Hospitals, 197b. These twelve sisters probably constituted the first band which Father Burlando accompanied to Gettysburg July 5, 1863. Torrential rains prevented them from departing earlier.

233 Sister Camilla O’Keefe (1815–1887).
234 Sister Genevieve McDonough (1821–1864).
235 Sister Anna McShane (1839–1891).
236 Mr. William (Billy) Roche, a worker at St. Joseph’s.
25. ["Gettysburg Doings"] \[238\]

On the 1st of July, 1862, the two armies met for Battle near Gettysburg, about 10 miles distant from our quiet Valley.\[239\] During the 3 day fight, their movements were more and more towards us, so as that the canons shook our buildings.


Friday evening the firing ceased, and it rained powerfully that night and all next day. On Sunday morning after Mass Rev. Father Burlando and 12 Sisters started for the Battle ground, taking bandages, linen, sponge, refreshments, etc., intending to do what we could for them and return that evening home.

The two armies had passed on an already muddy road, but now from the excessive rains, they most impassable. The subdued South having retired, leaving their thousands of dead and wounded behind them, the scouts of the North were stationed here and there watching [for] their return. One of these little bands seeing our carriages, were ready to fire on us thinking we were the enemies’ ambulances. Later we reached a double blockade of zig-zag fence, across the road. We halted, wondering whether we dare go around it by turning into fields, for in the advanced distance we saw soldiers half-hidden in the woods watching us. We alighted and moved about to let them see our Cornettes, and Father Burlando got a stick putting a white handkerchief on it, holding it high, walked towards the soldiers. They watched him closely, for they had resolved to refuse flags of truce, if offered—but seeing the cornettes, removed their doubts. They came to meet Father and when he told them our mission, they sent an escort with him, to open the fields for passage passing on through the woods, we came to another blockade, made of fallen trees, bushes, etc., so that we could not tell whether hidden enemies lay beneath or not. Picking our way around, we came at length in sight of war’s ravages. Thousands of guns, swords and etc., lay scattered around. Going on, we came to that part of the Battle Ground from whence all the dead had not yet been removed. There lay the dead—men and horses—the living from this part having been removed. The roads were filled with water from the rain, and here it was colored with blood—our carriage wheels rolling in blood! Our horses could hardly be made to proceed from the terrific sight of the dead men and horses. The men, flat on their backs arms stretched out like a cross, and the horses limbs spreading and stretched every way—the eyes of some of the dead standing out of their sockets.

Here too, sat the principal officers and surgeons on horseback holding council in whispering voices as to what was to be done. Here men were digging graves while other men were carrying the dead to the places. Others sitting between the dead near a little fire trying to warm or cook a little food for themselves. Here again Father Burlando told [them about our] errand. The Officers seemed very well pleased, told us to go into the Town and we would find material for our kindest
Charity. We found, that, altho’ many remained still on further portions of the Battle Ground, yet many were already brought in. Every Church, the Court house, College, Seminary, Schools, Public hall, etc., were occupied as hospitals, so that in and around the Town of Gettysburg there were 113 hospitals, besides that, they [wounded soldiers] lay also in private houses. On reaching the Town, we were shown where some of the men lay, for they were still bringing them from the fields. We distributed our little comforts among them, and by night our band was nearly all disposed of at the several Hospitals.

25.1 St. Francis Xavier Catholic Church Hospital.

Father Burlando and 2 Sisters returned home the same evening and sent more Sisters and provisions next day. Lodgings we had taken at a hotel but food was scarce. Bed were put on the floor for about 30 Sisters. The morning after our arrival, a Lady called on us saying: “one of the Surgeons requested me to ask for Sisters for his Hospital, (the Catholic Church), which is just now being filled from the Battle ground.” “Yes,” we said, “show us the way to it, we have but 2 Sisters left but we will go.”

As soon as the head Surgeon saw us, he took us to the ladies who had volunteered their services and to the men nurses, saying to them: “Ladies and men nurses, here are the Sisters of Charity, who will give all the directions, you are only desired to obey.” They bowed assent—Gettysburg, with all this section of [the] country were bigoted against our holy religion—but bitterness had now lost its edge, and modesty might have blushed at the welcomes and encomiums that hailed us in the streets as we passed to and fro.

Everywhere the sufferers seemed to think our presence smoothed the barb of pain and anguish. They would say: “We cannot [sic] where they place us, provided the Sisters stay with us.” A middle aged gentleman having come from Philadelphia to seek a fallen friend, enters the Hospital just as a Sister was giving this poor man drink. The stranger stood for a while, then exclaimed loud and emphatically: “May God bless the Sisters of Charity!” This he repeated 3 times, then added, “I am a Protestant, but may God bless the Sisters of Charity who thus care for our poor men.” The station pictures and a very large art painting of Saint Francis Xavier hung on the walls of the

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240 McClellan Hotel.
241 Stations of the Cross are images, often wood carvings, depicting the suffering and death of Jesus Christ.
Saint Francis Xavier was holding a crucifix in his hand showing it to the unconverted pagans of his time; here his image was continuing the Apostolic Mission, for it [the painting] was a book they read in silent attention, for in that hospital we had but one Catholic. The first man put in the sanctuary was soon baptized and died most edifyingly, saying: “I suffer indeed, but what are my pains to those of my Redeemer for me? O my Jesus, save me” and etc., etc. We could only snatch a moment of time to say words of salvation to those nearest death for 10 Sisters would have found enough to do where there were but two. They lay in the sanctuary, in the gallery, on the pew seats,

242 The large oil painting of Saint Francis Xavier (1506–1552) still hangs in the sanctuary of the historic St. Francis Xavier Church, Gettysburg. Dr. William F. Norris (1839–1901). U.S.A., was a surgeon at this site.
under the seats, in the aisles, leaving scarcely space for passing between. Blood and the bathing of their wounds kept the floor with the wet straw, constantly wet under our feet and already gangrenous wounds had began to infect all the air. Wounds of the head, throat and face making it a long and tedious task to give even a little drink to such; then all others must wait this slow process. Others shot thro’ the lungs would cause the bloody water to ooze up and from the breast in the effort of swallowing or breathing: the foul atmosphere thickening by every respiration. Previous hardships had left them ragged and dirty and, added to these, were vermin and corruption, maggots, and stanch [sic]. Many wounds desired their first dressing by our Sisters and as soon as they would see the Sisters enter in the morning they would say: “Oh! Please come to me first, my limb has not been touched since wounded, Oh! come to me when you finish with that man and etc.

A tall Scotchman lay on the floor under the pew with his head only out enough to baptize, for finding him near death the Sister spoke of Baptism to him, which he earnestly desired and answering all her questions so loud and sincerely, brought a crowd about him. He was very fervent, received Baptism and died. How powerfully grace acted on these poor men: for before baptism all their thoughts were of their sufferings and the desire to reach home and friends, but as soon as the regenerating water had healed their soul’s wounds, they seemed only occupied on its well doing. Tubs of soothing water were used for the bathing those of their bodies and yet could not arrest disease and death, but, not so with the immortal soul.

A young cavalry soldier had asked for, and received baptism with much devotion; he having seen the priest baptizing one near him, after several hours he slumbered and waking, partially and seeing a Sister near him, he said (speaking of his horse), “Will Jack die?” The Sister, thinking he was delirious, said: “O no, Jack will live.” By this time he was fully himself and then said: “Will I die?” “Yes,” said Sister. “O, O my! Oh! my! die, O! to die! to die!” “My poor Brother,” said Sister, “were you not baptized, which makes you a Child of our good God?” “O yes,” he said, “but judgment! Oh! judgment! O death and judgment!” His countenance [was becoming] more and more despondent, [and he said]: “I have no Religion. I must have Religion, I must feel religion” and etc. Sister tried to compose him enough to hear hers when she again said: “But why did you desire baptism? Was it not for your soul’s sake? To please God and gain Heaven?” “O yes, but, I must feel religion, O judgment.” “Were you sorry for your sins?” said Sister again, “and resolved to serve your Heavenly Father better?” “O
"yes." “Well, my poor Brother,” said Sister, “this is Religion.” Then she spoke of God’s fatherly love for us, and what a Father He was to all His creatures, and etc. etc. He listened, and little by little a heavenly joy seemed replacing the gloom and despair that had bespoke his terror. At last, he looked at Sister with animated, joyful expressions, saying: “I do believe I have Religion!” He remained tranquil till death.

Another youth being very low, a zealous Sister had endeavored to secure Heaven for him by exciting him to good dispositions, but in vain. At last she remarked to a Surgeon: “This young man has never been baptized, and has no desire for it.” The doctor said: “Sister, baptize him whether he wants it or not.” We thought most likely, the poor doctor himself had never been baptized. After a while the [sic] father came, and, Sister spoke to him, saying: “Your son will hardly recover and he seems indifferent about his soul, that is: as to baptism.” “O as to that,” said the old man: “My son is a good boy; he volunteered in the service of his country, he dies in her cause and this is enough. All is right with him.” Sister said, “but, my dear friend, were you, yourself never baptized?” “O yes, but my son does not need it.” So, when he died, he took his “good boy” home to bury.

For the Protestants that had been baptized, we suggested: submission to our good God’s will, (on permission) regarding our sufferings, made acts of Faith, sorrow for having broken God’s Holy Law, hope, love and good intentions for the future. It was a great
consolation for their friends to know that these consolations were given
to them by the Sisters.

25.2 The Methodist Church Hospital

There were Sanitary Stores in the town, where a Sister of Charity \[sic\] could obtain for her Hospital what supplies she needed. One from the Catholic Church had just ordered some, when soon after one from the Methodist Church Hospital went also for goods. On her being ready to leave, the merchant said, “Where shall we send these things? I believe you belong to the Catholic Church Hospital.” “No,” said Sister, “I belong to the Methodist Church [Hospital].”

This gave us some recreation. On Sundays, the parsons would preach and pray in the different meeting houses, during which our Sisters would go to the Catholic Church where, only Hymns would be played on the organ and sang in the evening for the poor men. These seemed to lull, with divine composure the broken hearts of wounded and dying men.

25.3 Pennsylvania College Hospital

For some days, four Sisters went to the College, (Protestant) which contains about six hundred badly wounded prisoners. None of the Hospitals had surgeons enough, so that the worms would be in piles in and around the wounds of the poor men before a first look or attention had been given. Every morning the Sisters would see on the porch at the entrance, 8 or 10 dead men who had died in the night, and waiting there for removal. As others in this Hospital were giving the poor men food and, etc., etc., our Sisters only attended to their wounds, dressing them from morning till night. Our dear Sisters would be worn out each evening with the fatigues of the day, and tho’ resting only on the floor at night, [they] would feel quite refreshed next morning. We kept no account of baptisms (or conversions), but, we do believe the number would have been in proportion with their being more Sisters, for very rarely did anyone in danger, reject our information as to baptism, its necessity, advantages, etc. It was only [for us] to hasten all day long from one poor creature to another, run as it were from the soul to the body, and from the body to the soul.

A Protestant General told one of our Sisters that the Sisters of Charity had done more for Religion since the war began than had ever been done before, “Yes,” continued the General, “and even the Presbyterian ministers admit this, and you know they do not often praise you or your Religion.”
Passing one day through a woods encampment, 2 youths were lying under one stretched blanket, and a little ditch of an inch depth surrounded the spot of earth they lay on. One seemed in the danger of death, the other not. A Sister spoke to them; asked them if they had been baptized. They said no, and seemed to be unconcerned about it. However, her further remarks, caused the sicker one to say, he would not like to receive baptism, having never entertained Christian sentiments, etc., etc. In other words: “he had not Religion” that he “must have religion before he could be baptized. The accustomed explanation was here given, and sentiments of Faith and compunction animating him, he said, “Baptize me.” As the Sisters carried phials of water in their pockets, this was soon done. And in the same moment he threw out his arms and said, with great fervor: “Thank God” his eyes filled with big tears. We passed on, never hearing of him again. At another encampment near to this, a priest was in constant attendance and was called on night and day to perform this holy act for the poor men, giving them their passport from a warring Land to a Land of Peace, (Jerusalem). This poor priest had been with this portion of the army all the war, and was nearly worn out, but, still unmindful of self.

Many Hospitals were being closed now in order to collect them all in one general hospital, (an encampment in the woods), and the Sisters not being asked for there, they were returning in small bands. A Protestant chaplain about this time seeing a sister in the street, ran several squares to overtake her and then said: “I see Sisters of Charity everywhere but out at our General Hospital. Why can they not be there also?” Sister said that they had not been asked for by any of the Surgeons, or officers of the different Hospitals not yet closed—But that we would go there, as well as where they [the sisters] had been. “Well,” said he, “I will go now to the Provost, I feel sure he will send for you to come to us there.” But no word came, so, in about 8 or 10 weeks our Sisters had all reached our home, or returned to their missions.

Many of the convalescing soldiers of whom several officers read Catholic Books, seemingly with such advantage as may result successfully hereafter. A Sister having asked a Protestant General (whose wound seemed dangerous) whether he had been baptized. He said, “O yes!” He had been carefully raised by Episcopalian parents. A little further conversation followed on the subjects, when presently finding himself on doubtful grounds as to argument, he wished to save

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his credit saying: “Ah well! The Episcopalian is nearest to the Roman Catholic Religion,” and replied the Sister very coolly, but triumphantly, “You prize it on its nearness to ours, why not go to it?” But, before she could fairly finish her remark, he cried out, “Stop, stop! I unsay what I have said.” There were officers and Doctors in his room who enjoyed the embarrassment of the poor General, who later took from the Sister, Hay’s *Christian Instructed From The Written Word* and reading it with much attention, he told her he had been agreeably informed on the subjects of our holy Religion and would continue his pursuit. He was removed soon after and she saw him no more.

The Sisters would be met in this formerly bigoted Town, by residents and strangers who would say: “O Sisters you are in the right place and in the right time.” While we, knowing how opinion had been, felt all the time that they looked upon us as the prejudice of the place made us suppose they would. One day getting some clothing for a poor man, the merchant said: “Madam, I wish to let you know that you Ladies are a matter of respect and admiration by all who see you, even a kind of silent awe strikes the people, so as that they do not look on you as common beings, but, more of the supernatural order, etc., etc. On account of our holy Religion we were glad to think some of their objections and dislike were yielding to Charity.

In one of the Sanitary Stores, the Sister asked the merchant if she could give supplies to those out of the Hospital as sometimes messengers came from farm encampments to the Sisters for help, when on their petition they could not obtain [items] elsewhere. He said, “Sisters, we would entrust our whole stock to your distribution. Give as and when you please, providing they are those who suffered by the Battle.”

In our Hospitals, ladies with large hoops on and well supplied with perfumery to bathe the fine looking men’s temples would come and ask to aid us. As their hoops would catch the foot of a poor broken limbed man lying on the floor, so that they feared to see them come too near. The Sister told the Ladies, that if they would take their hoops off, their services could be useful. One only accepted the proposal, to whom a basin, soap, and towel was given that she would go from man to man and wash his hands. We said [that] Sisters, have washed, or are still washing their feet, as we got time. The poor lady did well for an hour or two, but then disappeared and failed to apply again.
In the Catholic Church Hospital the room adjoining the sanctuary, was our mess room, so that every man we served, would have to pass thro’ the sanctuary. The Altar was table for the tin cups they drank from, and on the platform stood the tubs of ice-water for the men. One Methodist man that lay in the sanctuary called the priest to him, was converted and made a long confession there. He recovered.

One day a Sister was returning to her Hospital loaded with matters [sic] for her sick, when she found a long line of cavalry just where she must cross the street. She had no time, to wait, and too weary to stand, so looking up at the horsemen she said, “Please let me pass.” They instantly drew up their horses and made passage for her passing.

25.5 Gettysburg Courthouse

In 4 weeks, 2 Sisters there, about 33 or 34 were baptized. One day Sister hearing and seeing a group of men preparing to fight near the door, guns raised and, etc., etc., she hurried to the spot, stood in the midst of them and putting her hand on the one they were angry with, she pushed him towards the doctor’s door, and [with] the other hand, she stretched out to prevent the others from following him, saying at the same time: “What are you doing here? Must you kill and cripple more men still?” Seeing the man safe and the others disposed and that a dead silence prevailed, she quietly resumed her duty and was arranging something in her mess-room, when the doctor came to her. He stood awhile, then said: “Well Sister, you have surprised me so, I can never forget what I have seen. I was afraid to go among those men, and did not know what to do. You came and made [it] all right without noise or trouble. Indeed I will never forget this. It would have been well if there had been a Company of Sisters of Charity on the Battlefields, the War would not have lasted 4 years. If all the women of Gettysburg had attempted the same, they would have been powerless, but a Sister can do anything. I shall ever remember this.”

A soldier first repulsed the Sister who tried to minister to his pains, he would accept of nothing from her, but she was never abashed, but often repeated her kind enquirers, till at last he deigned to receive drinks, etc., etc., from her, and even asked them of her. Finding him weaker, she ventured on asking him about baptism. He said he had not been but could not be immersed now. “No,” Sister said “that is not necessary. Baptism can be given under other forms, and Heaven cannot be gained without it.” “Well,” said he, “in an hour I will tell you.” At
the time she returned and he said, “Why Sister, you Sisters are [not] the only ones that say baptism is necessary. A Protestant minister just came to the bed at the moment and he said: ‘Yes, young man, baptism is necessary. I am a minister and will baptize you if you desire it.’” Sister had disposed him for it and had seen that Protestant minister baptizing other soldiers. “Well,” said the sick man, “if you do it as Sister would, you may baptize me, but Sister you must stay and see if he does it as you would do it.” “Well,” said the minister, “I baptize so and so, is that right?” “Yes,” said Sister so the minister performed the ceremony and when done the patient asked Sister if the minister [had] done it rightly, Sister satisfied him. He was unwilling to have Sister leave him, saying, “Stay with me while I am dying.” He prayed fervently, and in his last moments cried out in a loud voice: “O Lord, bless all the Sisters of Charity.” This brought a crowd around him. Sister was kneeling by him, as he was lying on the floor. She prayed by him, presently, when he had expired. She wiped his face with a wet towel and tied up his jaws, then turned to leave the body. A crowd was around her. One said to another: “Was that man her relation?” “No,” was the reply, “She is a Sister of Charity,” meaning, this is their way. “Well,” said a gentleman, “I have often heard of the Sisters of Charity and, I can now testify to their having the right name.”

A poor man with one limb off, was taking lock-jaw and seemed to be left to his fate, as scarcely one lived after this. A Sister said to the doctor: “Can you tell me what to do to ease this poor man a little?” “No, indeed, Sister,” said the doctor. “See, lock-jaw is setting in, he is partly insensible to his condition, and cannot live long. Poor fellow. His sufferings will soon be over.” Saying no more he passed on. Sister felt at liberty to lessen his agony. If possible, since he was to get no more remedies (being to all appearance near his death); so taking a mild opiate and repeating it at certain intervals, besides placing a kind, trusty man by him to keep his face, especially his jaws, cheeks, neck, and face constantly warmed by applying hot sponges to these parts, kept hot water often renewed, then dry warm blankets kept around when these would cease—mustard plaster, etc., etc.—so she worked with him and after 12 hours he was well to the great surprise of the doctor, who coming to Sister said: “Sister, tell me, what you did for this poor man? For you have saved his life.” Sister told him. “Well,” he replied, “I will tell the poor man, he owes his life to you.” The sick man was very grateful and promised Sister to become a Catholic, at least to receive instructions to this effect and embrace the Religion if he were convinced. A Sister giving a medal of our Blessed Mother to a
Catholic who suffered much, his comrade in distress, seeing the young man more composed, as he thought, asked Sister what she had given to his companion, for says he, he has not groaned since, and I would like to have the same. Sister gave him one; explained it to him, showing him the little sentence to be said. Sister occasionally spoke to him in passing, but found that he endeavored much to bear his pain without noise. At last he said to her: “O Sister, I only wish to get well that I may send my money to my dear parents, for, no one can do it but myself. The doctors say my only chance of living is from amputation, and this I cannot bear.” Sister then asked the doctor concerning him, he said amputation was his only hope, tho’ even now it would be late as he had refused till now. Sister then told the man he had better take courage. “Well,” he replied, “I will, but first baptize me, and promise me also that the doctors will not take the medal off of me while they operate.” Sister not knowing whether he would endure the pain, baptized him and promised him as to his medal. It lay on his breast where he could see it, and objecting to the lulling potion, he suffered most courageously, saying only twice: “O my Mother! O, my Mother!” The poor fellow got well, and while confined to his bed, she would send a Catholic to teach him prayers and catechism. Later, when walking around with his crutch, and seeing Sister he would say to his companions: “See, that is the Sister that saved my soul and my body.”

Another, for two weeks obstinately refused to do anything for his soul, saying: “I am too old to talk of baptism now, and I will not be plagued about it. Sister understanding that his wound was mortal, ventured by every occasion some little word. Late one evening she was kneeling by his bed, it being on the floor, and holding her beads in her hand without thinking of them, she began the Remember. Presently seeing the medal of our Blessed Mother, she loosed it quietly from her Chaplet and placed it under the sick man’s pillow unknown to him, but saying to our Mother: “I have done my best, I leave him to you.” The next morning he said to her, “Please give me drink.” She did so, then he said, “I want no breakfast today, but I wish to be baptized.” “Well,” said Sister. “be very sorry now for all your sins.” “O,” said he, “I have cried all night over my sins, as also for my obstinacy towards you. Will you forgive me?” Sister composed him and was hardly done baptizing him, when he expired.

Another, an old man tried to rise from his straw in an old shed, called first to one then another to aid him. One said, “I am like yourself, having but one foot——another says, I cannot, I have one arm off and

244 The prayer to Mary, The Memorare.
so on - presently Sister assisted him raise up a little, when suddenly he said O let me down - O I am dying - Sister had spoke with him in the morning and he then expected to go to his family and now he is dying. Sister said do you not wish for b-m[baptism]? O yes, yes, baptize me. She did and he expired.245

When the soldiers were moved from the Courthouse, to another larger building in the suburbs, the Sister who was last leaving, heard a groan, with efforts to say: “Sister, Sister.” She turned in that direction, and saw a dying man, who as soon as he saw her, said: “Are you the one who was to come and baptize me?” There was a lady here last night, who said, that she would send someone to baptize me. Sister prepared him and after having finished she said, “But, my poor man, why are you here? Why were you not moved with the others? I did not know you was [sic] here, we are the last leaving the house.” “Oh!” he answered, “I thought I might as well die here as on the road.” Someone was left to wait on him and he died a few minutes after the Sister left him. The day before we left this house, the doctor seeing us busy putting up our provisions carefully, said to a Sister: “Have the Sisters dined yet?” It was now about 4 p.m. Sister said, “We will take our dinner presently.” “No,” he answered, “take it now, day after day this is the case. You forget no one but yourselves; you labor for others with a two-fold strength, where it comes from I know not, but, you care not about preserving your health.”

25.6 Field Hospital

A gentleman seeing the Sister he said to those near him: “Can it be that these are the persons that I have almost hated, and now see serving our poor men with motherly kindness. A priest stationed [sic] 50 converts and 200 baptisms in 3 weeks. At one field Hospital we saw on a card: 2,500 wounded here, for miles around was as one Hospital—one cemetery—500 Sisters would have found themselves busy among them. A man asking the Provost for a pass for the Sisters to the prisons, “Yes,” he said: “The Sisters of Charity have my confidence, they may go where they please.” A Protestant General told a Sister that the Sisters of Charity had done more for Religion during the war than ever was done before and he added: even the Presbyterian ministers admit this and they, you know, are not often clever in your regard.
26. Recollections of Various Battle Grounds in the South

The Army becoming more accustomed to hardship, became more healthy, and there being no more fighting near Richmond, the Sisters told the Officer or Surgeon in charge that there did not seem further occasion for remaining longer, therefore, if he would get them passports they would return to Maryland. He said they could not consent to their leaving, [and] that he knew they were wanting in other places. The next day a letter came from Georgia, from the Military, begging for Sisters of Charity to be sent to their Hospitals there.

26.1 Marietta, Georgia

Five Sisters left for this place February 24, 1863. Terrible fighting took place here, therefore we were warmly received. We were, to many a great curiosity, so as that wherever we stopped, a crowd gathered round us, of men, women and children. Upon one occasion leaving to wait two hours for a car, the curious examined us closely, saying: “What, or who are they? Are they men or women? Oh! what a strange uniform this company has adopted, etc., etc. Surely the Enemy will run from them.” Once or twice, they pushed roughly against us to see whether we were human beings or not. A Sister spoke to one, and, many at this, clapped their hands and shouted aloud: “She spoke! She spoke!”

On arriving in one of the Towns, we did not know where to look for lodgings, therefore going to the Catholic pastor’s residence, we enquired where we might be accommodated. The dear old Father had never seen our costume, and everyday having its impostures to avoid, he was reservedly cautious. Even unwilling to direct us to any house. At last tho’ his pity got the better of his prudence and he said slowly: “I will show you where the Sisters of Mercy live.” He took us there. The good Mother received us with open arms: saying: “O the dear Sisters of Charity! Oh! you are truly welcome to our House.”

Sister Anastasia O’Donnell (1832–1918), was probably in this band. A Confederate druggist instructed her thoroughly in pharmacy during the Civil War. She used this knowledge in her care of wounded and sick soldiers in Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, and after the war as a pharmacist. Provincial Annals (1918), 118–9.
This encounter probably took place at Savannah. The Sisters of Mercy distinguished themselves during the Civil War at Augusta and Savannah, Georgia. Catherine McAuley founded the Sisters of Mercy in Ireland (1831). The community came to the United States and settled in New York, Pittsburgh and San Francisco by 1854. The congregation made a foundation in Marietta, Georgia, in 1866. For a brief history of the Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy at Savannah, an 1845 outgrowth of the American Sisters of Mercy of Charleston, South Carolina (now Sisters of Charity of Our Lady of Mercy), see St. Anthony’s Catholic News 14, no.1 (March, 1945), 4–8.
Baltimore, when some distressing community trouble had obliged her to ask a favor.

The poor abashed Father had kept near the door, fearing he had put trouble on the good Sisters of Mercy, but when he saw our reception, he brightened up and approaching Sister, said, stretching out his hand at the same time: “Oh! let us make friends, I thought you were imposters.”

Continuing our journey one night, suddenly there was an alarm cry: “The cars have gone thro’ the Bridge, and we are in the River.” We found ourselves still, but learned that the accident was with the train we were meeting. Except by the help of torch-light, nothing could be done until day-light. Two Sisters then crossed over and gave suitable attentions to the sufferers. None were killed or even in danger. —— We reached by 12 in a Town, but no refreshments were to be had, the work of devastation had preceded us. Fortunately our little basket prepared for five Sisters offered some support, but by this time our band had swollen to eleven— these and several strangers also with whom we shared our supplies ate, and truly our Basket still was full. At nine, [the] same evening, a poor soldier near us in the car said: “Oh! but I am hungry, I have not had one crumb of food this day”. We gave him something, and immediately others asked for food. The two following days we had 6 soldiers to supply and ourselves, and yet the generous Basket was true to all demands. On the 3rd day’s journey we reached our field of labor. In this Town (Marietta) a very fine building had been prepared for Hospital purposes, and the whole place with its wants and workings was placed in our hands. We were 5 weeks without Mass. Two Sisters at last went to Atlanta where there were two priests, tho’ one wack [sic], but the army calls made all ordinary customs uncertain. The Sisters begged that they might at least have Mass at Easter which was near. This was agreed on and, not only ourselves but many poor soldiers made their Easter [sic]. We also received [sic] our Holy Vows at that time, it being the 25th of March. We made an earnest appeal then for a Chaplain, and Head-Quarters appointed one, but before he arrived orders were given to remove the Hospital, as the enemy was advancing. We had just received many badly wounded men, and, they grieved bitterly to see the Sisters leave them. Oh! how much had been done there in these brief months for soul and body by the tender providence of our good Lord. Now we, too, grieved to leave any suffering behind us.

250 This may be a different accident from the one at Falling River, near Richmond, Virginia, which involved southward-bound Sister Euphemia Blenkinsop and St. Joseph’s Academy pupils in July 1863.
26.2 Atlanta, Georgia

On the 24th of May we reached Atlanta, where all Houses were already filled, and only tents could be raised for our poor family. We had 500 in tents wounded and sick, and fresh numbers added daily. We had a little log house with two small rooms. The mice ran over us at night, and the rain was so constant that thro’ the day our umbrellas were always in our hands. Two Sisters got sick, and the others seemed to be lacking vigor. The Surgeon told us to keep in readiness for a move, but that the patients were so happy, and doing so well under our care, that he could not think of our leaving them.

In one of our temporary Hospitals, one of the Hospital officers was at first very bitter towards us, made use of his leisure moments to take notes on the conduct and words of the Sisters; but he did not proceed far before he asked for some Book that would tell him of our Faith. The result was his own fervent entrance into the Church he had so much despised. To see him later, before the Tabernacle was really a sermon. Upon leaving this Hospital, he knew not how to thank the Sisters as the means his good God used for his conversion.

A poor old colored woman, a domestic said she always believed the Catholics were right and now as she had the chance, she wished to become one. She was soon, a very grateful and pious Catholic. A little girl whose parents lived near us heard the instructions given to this woman, whose daughter, too (I forgot to remark) became a Catholic with her mother. The little girl told Sister that she had learned what she taught the others. Sister showed the child some encouragement and she continued coming, till at last she came jumping into the room saying: “Sister, Sister; my Pa says I may be a Catholic. I want to be baptized in your Church.” “But, my child,” said Sister, “it is not enough to be baptized, is your Father willing that you be brought up in the Catholic Church?” “Yes, yes,” she replied, “he says I may belong to the Sisters’ Church.” In a few weeks she was baptized by our good Chaplain.

About this time some other sick and wounded being brought in, seemed to prove obstacles to our closing this hospital. Among these there were several lying near each other, and, the conversation falling on the subject of Religion, all were ardent in declaring how they [were convinced of the] detestation of the Catholics. Sister passed among them, helping first one then another; they, on their part, respectful and thankful, till at length she said: “How much you surprise me. You say the Sisters of Charity are like pure Gold, but the Catholics ought to
be burned alive for their badness. The Sisters of Charity are Catholics, and if they were not Catholics they would leave you to yourselves and go home and enjoy themselves.” “Oh! Oh!” they exclaimed, “you all cannot be Catholics. Oh! that is impossible” She then explained a little the maternal teachings of our Holy Church, and they really wept for shame and sorrow for having thought or said such hard things of such a Church whose children were lavishing a Mother’s kindness on them so deprived of all other care. For some time they could not look at a Sister without tears. In less than two weeks five of these men died. The first said: “If any souls go to Heaven, the Sisters of Charity will, and if their Religion takes them there, it can take me there, too.” He received instructions and the rites of the Church as also his four companions. All dying in very edifying sentiments. Two others of that band said: “When the war was over they would become Catholics.” The remaining number said, they had learned to admire our Holy Faith, but had not courage to embrace it.

A poor, badly wounded man had been very cross and abusive in his words to the sister who served him, but, she increased her kindness and seemed not to understand his rudeness. At last he became very weak, and one day while she was waiting on him she saw he was weeping. She said: “Have I pained you? I know I am too rough, but pardon me this time, I will really try to spare you pain again, for I would much rather lessen, than augment distress in this house of misery.” He burst into tears and said: “My heart indeed is greatly pained at my ingratitude towards you, for I have received nothing less than Maternal care from you, and I have received it with repulsive severity. Oh! pardon me, if you please, I declare I am forced to respect your patience and Charity. Sister felt very joyful at this change, hoping she might after a while speak to him again of Baptism. But when she did, he refused as he had done before. She knelt and said the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity and Contrition with some other prayers. These he listened to attentively, but said nothing. Presently Sister left a Medal under his pillow, recommending to our Lady the soul she felt so anxious for. After some time he sent for Sister saying to her: “Please say those prayers for me again you said this morning, and then Baptize me, but do not leave me. Stay by me and pray till I am dead, until you are sure I am dead.” He died soon after, with devout aspirations of faith hope and sorrow.

In those temporary Hospitals, God alone knows what and how the Sisters endured, but He alone likewise could give the powers for such endurance.
27. Richmond, Virginia

The Southern Confederacy seeing their cause likely to fail, resolved to concentrate their Hospital families in or near Richmond. Upon our arrival here we were immediately called on begging we would take the Hospitals under our care and charge. Here again recommences our endeavors to save the soul to God by and while trying to revive the poor body. And here again, the grace of a loving Redeemer was still abundant for the work. On our return here we had at once a pious Chaplain, and the Holy Mass four days in the week. But for the first three years of the War, we had Mass only on Sunday, and very, very often only time for vocal prayers, then read the Meditations and away to the dying men.\textsuperscript{251} Thus passed the day, and after heavy Battles we could not retire before 10 or 11 p.m., called during the night, short as it was, but always rose at 4 o’clock. When the condition of our sick would admit of it, our Blessed exercises would be resumed with renewed fervor. The army having surrendered, set many prisoners free, and our poor Sisters hailed the Peace that seemed about to dawn once more on a Blood-washed Land.

\textsuperscript{251} Saint Vincent de Paul instructed the Daughters of Charity: “If you have to leave prayer to go to a patient, go ahead, and in that way you’ll leave God in prayer and find Him with that sick person.” Conference 100, August 4, 1658, \textit{CCD} 10:445.
28. The Naval Hospital near Portsmouth, Virginia

Buffalo Hosp. Sisters of Charity
September 28th 1904

My dear Sister Loyola,

The grace of our Lord be forever with us!

Sister Frances [Karrar] received your letter asking for items relative to the Civil War, a few days ago, and as she is suffering from her eyes, she asked me to write in her stead: the task is rather a difficult one after the lapse of 43 years and I fear that the information on that account will be rather sparse and unsatisfactory, however we will do the best we can.

I think I was in the first band that was sent to the Confederate Soldiers. We were 5 in number, Sister Olympia, Sister Directress, Sister Amelia, I think her last name was Davis, Sister Angela Heath and the 5th I am not quite sure of it might be Sister Vincent Foster. We left St. Joseph’s in the middle of August, going by the way of Frederick, where we were to remain with the Visitation Nuns that night, and proceed on our journey the next day; the Naval Hospital near Portsmouth being the point of destination. We could not go of course without passes from the Authorities, but when we applied for them, there was so much difficulty in getting them, we were afraid we would be obliged to return[.] Sister Olympia was our leader, and when she found there was a possibility of our not getting the passes, she told them, if it got out amongst the soldiers, that the Sisters were not allowed to go on such an errand of Mercy, there would not be an Irishman in the ranks who would shoulder a musket for them. We went to bed in suspense that night, not knowing how things would turn out; but the next morning our hearts were gladdened, by the reception of the necessary Pass. On our way we had to cross Harpers Ferry, and one man, with an oar in each hand attempted to take us over—5 Sisters, remember, and our trunks. In the middle of the stream to our great consternation one of the oars broke and we were in imminent danger of being drowned in by the current and rushed into the rapids a few hundred yards distant. The boatman realizing the danger, which we were blissfully ignorant of, plied his remaining oar with all the strength he could command and finally we reached the shore in safety. This danger passed we

Notes—Military Hospitals, 224–8.

Sister Olympia Boyle McTaggart (1802–1869) had responsibility for the service of this group: Sister Genevieve McDonough, Sister Amelia Hess Davis (1814–1896), Sister Angela Heath, and possibly Sister Vincent Foster (1838–1820).

The Irish Brigades were primarily U.S.A. Infantry Regiments of Irish-Americans with a high percentage of Catholics fighting for the Union.

The sisters crossed the Potomac River which separates Maryland and Virginia at Harpers Ferry.
proceeded safely on our journey and reached the Naval Hospital on the 24th of August. We were there only a few months, and I was sent to the Infirmary in Richmond, from there I went to Lynchburg, which I suppose you remember.256

28.1 Lynchburg, Virginia257

The College Hospital and the sisters who were there are all known to you.258 I was at the Ferguson Hospital, which if you remember was a Tobacco Factory,259 consisting of two frame buildings, one two stories high, the other three. Sister Aloysius [sic] Kane was the Sister Servant, and Sister Dorothea Hanigan or some such name, Sister McAlhenny [sic] and myself took care of the sick.260 Sister McAlhenny is still in Albany. Sister Kane and Sister Dorothea both gone to their happy home in Heaven and Sister Angela Heath the old septuagenarian still cumbering the ground hoping for her eternal reward, too, when the good Master sees fit to call her.

When the Mission in Lynchburg was broken up, we were all sent to Richmond. I had the Officers Ward—and remained there till the close of the war. This ended my mission life amongst the soldiers.

Sincerely,
Sister Angela Heath

28.2 Winchester, Virginia261

Sister Frances says that “Sister Ann Patricia, Sister Aimée Butterly and Sister Regina whose family name she does not remember, were sent first to Winchester.262 They were there only a short time, when dear Mother Euphemia, being anxious about the condition of the Sisters resolved to visit them taking Sister Frances along with her. They went by the way of Harpers Ferry where they were detained a few days, then started for Winchester where they had plenty of hardships—shuck mattresses, no pillows and everything else in accordance.” “Dear

256 Infirmary of St. Francis de Sales, Richmond, Virginia.
257 First addendum, Sister Angela Heath to Sister Loyola Law, Buffalo, Sisters of Charity Hospital, September 28, 1904.
258 Old Lynchburg College (1855–1861), transformed to care for sick and wounded in 1861, admitted more than 20,000 casualties during the war, making it the largest Confederate hospital in the area.
259 Ferguson’s Tobacco Factory was located at Main and 13th Streets according to the names of the streets in the 1920s.
260 Sister Dorothea Hannigan (1832–1915), and Sister Clothilde McElhinney (1837–1922), and Sister Aloysia Kane, Sister Servant.
261 Second addendum, Sister Angela Heath, amanuensis for Sister Frances Karrer to Sister Loyola Law, Sisters of Charity Hospital, Buffalo, September 28, 1904. Sister Frances Karrer was seventy when she provided these recollections.
Mother Euphemia how good and kind she was, striving in every possible way to make our condition a little less rugged. She could not remain with us long however, and, sent Sister Valentine to take charge. She could give you lots of information about this first beginning. Suppose you ask her, for after the lapse of 43 years, you may easily imagine things are not very fresh in my mind.

“We were in Winchester only a short time when we were all sent to Richmond. The new Alms House a commodious and well ventilated building was converted into a Hospital. Some of the Sisters who were detailed to nurse the sick there came from the Orphan Asylum in Richmond the others came from the South and most of them remained there till the close of the war.” 263 “Mother Euphemia removed me to the Infirmary in Richmond where I remained till peace was proclaimed. With regard to the Sister who made her way back to St. Joseph’s alone to get the assistance the Sisters so much needed. I can give you no information. It is a consoling thought is it not? That all of those good deeds have been recorded in the Book of Eternal Life and that our dear Lord forgets nothing and rewards all that is done for his love.” Praise be to his Holy Name!

I am sorry dear Sister that I cannot favor you with more information, but this is the best I can do after so many years.

Affectionately in our All
Sister Frances per S. A. [Sister Angela]

29. Recollections—The Infirmary of St. Francis de Sales, Richmond, Virginia

The Infirmary of St. Francis de Sales had been in operation by the Sisters for the sick in general, when the War having commenced, this house was soon made use of for the sick soldiers. May 16, 1861, the first appeal was made to the Sisters by the Medical Authorities, to admit their men for treatment. 265 But very soon this building was too much crowded for their benefit. Government then took a very large House, or houses, making this a Hospital. They thought their male nurses would serve their purpose, but, in a few days, the Surgeon and officers in charge, came to the Sisters of the Infirmary and Asylum, begging them to come to their assistance, as the poor men were much in need of them.

263 St. Joseph’s Orphan Asylum.
264 Notes—Military Hospitals, 229–44.
265 Wounded and sick Confederate soldiers.
We went to this Hospital June 26 \[sic\] same year. All kinds of misery lay out-stretched before us. It was 10 a.m. but not one of these several hundred [patients] had had any nourishment up to this hour. Our first lesson received, was of patience, for in this field of suffering, scarcely a moan was heard, except that attendant on the last struggle of death.

Their poor, two-fold nature, or existence, claiming assistance in an imperative voice—our poor Sisters, seemed only as means of a tender, merciful Providence, moving, and suggesting to each one what to do, or what to postpone—as for reflection or consideration, there was none. God directed, and He needed not to deliberate.

New arrivals of wounded men added much to our distress, as no more beds were unoccupied, so these were laid on the floor, and the poor Sisters were happy to place even a bundle of shavings, or old paper under their wounded heads for pillows. Weary as the Sisters were, they could not sleep, when indeed they were able to leave the dying men, for the heavy smell of death that seemed to fill their lodgings. They at last looked for the cause of this horrid stench, and found in an adjoining room, amputated limbs of a week standing, falling, even into corruption.

Sometimes the good Sister Servants of the Asylum and Infirmary would send by turns Sisters to aid us a little—upon one of these occasions, a man speechless and dying gave strong evidences of desiring baptism and received it.\(^{266}\) The next day another Sister waited on that Ward, and finding this dying man, the same efforts to aid his poor soul was made by our zealous Sister. The conclusion was, the good priest was called, and the dying man was again baptized after which he died. We could only console ourselves in the hope, that the Providence of our dear Lord directed the matter.

Baptisms and conversions were numerous, and it was glorious to hear the dying men invoking our Blessed Mother so devotedly, tho’ for the first and last time in their lives. Late one night, a Protestant doctor called us and asked if we could not do something for a wretched man who was dying awfully. He was in great anguish mentally and bodily. We spoke of baptism to him but to this he would say: “What do I know of it?” He seemed to be possessed by an evil spirit. A Sister gave him blessed water in his drink. Presently one took the relic of Saint Vincent put it under his head, and in a few seconds a decided consent for

\(^{266}\) The sister servants in Richmond at this time were Sister Juliana Chatard, St. Francis de Sales Infirmary, and Sister Rose Noyland, St. Joseph’s Asylum.
baptism was obtained, and accordingly given.\textsuperscript{267} He became composed, and the Sisters continued making aspirations, hardly knowing whether he heard or understood, when presently they heard him invoking Jesus and Mary. We left him, but in the morning the nurse told us he had continued to call on the Holy Name of Jesus to the very last. A poor negligent Catholic was so touched by the admonition of a Sister, that he really began his confession to her. She stopped him and the priest was soon with him and prepared him for death. A lad was spoken to of baptism, some little instruction followed on the Blessed Trinity, the Incarnation, the Sacrament of Baptism and, etc., etc., when he suddenly cried out: “O Sister, baptize me, baptize me in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.” He occupied himself in prayer after his baptism, saying often: “My God, this is a death-bed repentance, but Oh! have mercy on my poor soul”

During August, same year, several, Sisters from St. Joseph’s came to our relief, but as hostilities progressed, so also did our duties multiply. A nurse meeting with contradiction one day, cried out impatiently: “I am neither an angel nor a Sister of Charity, and will not put up with this thing.”

One poor soldier seemed determined to die as he had lived, but at last told the nurse to call a minister to him. He came, looked at him, and finding him sinking, said: “Nothing can be done for this man, he is dying!” Then walked away. Opposite to this poor fellow, the priest was preparing a dying man for death. The other gaining a little strength, called Sister and said to her:” I heard my minister say, he could do nothing for me, while my companion there, has every hope in the spiritual helps he has received. Therefore, if my church can do nothing for me when I am dying, I renounce it.” He was soon prepared by our holy Religion for his happy exit.

Other Hospitals in or around Richmond are now commenced and Government demanding Sisters, but, all this side the Blockage were in Military ports, except for those engaged with our Orphans. The day-schools having been closed for the time. As our Sisters were to be sent to these different Hospitals, the number for each was small. Some continued only for some months, circumstances calling for change of place and, etc. In preparing for one of these temporary labors, the head Sister said: “Oh! let us not forget our little Bell, for we cannot do much

\textsuperscript{267} The sisters sometimes carried small reliquaries for devotional purposes.
good unless we get our Spiritual Exercises,” but, alas! We were there several days before the Bell was heard to sound. Mass, Meditation, Chaplet, reading, and etc. were included in our heart-felt efforts to gain Heaven for the poor wandering, but redeemed souls of Jesus Christ. We can say, that in each and every location of the kind, there were many Baptisms for the dying, conversions among the convalescent, and sincere returns of the careless Catholic.

30. Recollections—General Hospital #1
(The Alms House Hospital)
Richmond, Virginia

A Sister would say to another—“Do you know how many have been Baptised, [sic] or converted?” “No,” truly, was the reply. “I began to keep account, but I feared our dear Lord would be displeased, and I discontinued it.” Upon our arriving at one of these Hospitals, a man lay dead whose interment was about taking place. Sister said to the Steward: “this man must have died in terrible agony.” “Yes,” said he, “he died, blaspheming God! and cursing everyone around him.” But, thanks to our Sweet Jesus, we witnessed no such horrible scenes not another death like this occurred here.

One of our Stewards was very gentlemanly in his manners, and a scholar, of about 40 years of age. He called himself like to Saint Paul as to zeal, in his hatred of Catholicity. He said to a Sister: “I admire you Ladies for your great Charity, but, I despise your Religion.” Sister calmly replied: “Without our Holy Religion, Sir, we would have no Charity.” He left the army some time after, and on his arrival, his brother gave a dinner and invited friends. The conversations fell upon Catholic errors, absurdities, and etc., of which, formerly, our Steward had been the warmest in his bitterness, but to their surprise, he suddenly interrupted them saying: “Gentlemen, in my presence I will allow nothing said against the Catholics, I once thought I gave glory to God by opposing that Religion, but I am changed on this matter. You may think me crazy, but I watched those Sisters of Charity day and night, waiting on our sick and wounded men, and never did a frown darken their features, and, I now feel convinced that the Catholic Religion alone

268 A small bell summoned the sisters to spiritual exercises. Saint Vincent taught the Daughters of Charity: “When the bell rings and calls you to prayer you must leave everything, for it’s God who is saying to you, ‘Come, Sisters.’ That’s why you must obey the sound of the bell as the voice of God, believing that when you come to the chapel Our Lord will look on you and be pleased to see you there.” Conference 99, “Fidelity to the Rules,” July 21, 1658, CCD 10:435.
can give such proofs of heroic virtue as I have witnessed in those Sisters, and I intend to embrace their Religion.”

Soon after going to one of these new Hospitals, the Surgeon in charge [Gibson] said to us: “Sisters, I am obliged to make known our difficulties to you, that you may enable me to surmount them, for you Ladies accomplish all you undertake. Until now we have been supplied in the delicacies necessary for our patients from Louisiana, but the Blockade now prevents this, and I fear to enter the wards. The poor men are still asking for former refreshments, and they cannot be quieted. We dislike also letting them know the straits we are in, tho’ this hindrance may be of short duration.”

The poor Sisters hardly saw how to aid matters, but proposed that wagons might be sent among the farm houses and gather fowl, milk, butter, fruit, and etc. This was done, but in the meantime complaints had been made to Head Quarters, that since the Sisters had come to the Hospital, all delicacies had been withheld from the poor sick. The Surgeon and Sisters knew nothing of this, until a Deputy arrived to learn the truth of the charge. They visited the wards during meals, after which they entered the room where the Sisters dined. They then told the Surgeon the motive of their visit. He was glad to explain to them the cause of the complaints. The Deputy informed the soldiers that the good Sisters were not the cause of their suffering, that their fare was always worse still than they gave to them, for when there is not enough of what is good, they take what is worse for themselves.

A terrible engagement commencing near the City (Richmond) this Hospital being more convenient, was made the Field Hospital, where all the wounded were first brought, their wounds examined and

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269 Dr. Charles Bell Gibson (1816-1865), C.S.A., was the surgeon-in-charge at General Hospital #1 (1861–1864). Delicacies that the soldiers could enjoy may have included good beef essence, wines, jams, or jellies.
dressed, then sent to other Hospitals to make room for others. This Battle lasted seven days, commencing about 2 a.m. and continuing to 10 p.m. each day. The bombs were bursting and reddening the Heavens, while the Reserve Corps ranged about three hundred yards from our door. While these days lasted, our poor Sisters in the City Hospitals were shaken by the cannonading and the heavy rolling of the ambulances filling the streets bringing in the wounded and dying men. The entire City trembled as if from Earthquake during the whole week, with exception of the few short hours between 10 and 2 o’clock. Memory is surfeited over these days, hearts overflowing with anguish at the bare remembrance of them, but, to lay the scene truly before you, is beyond any human pen.

The soldiers told us, that they had received orders from their Generals, to capture Sisters of Charity if they could, as the Hospitals were in such great need of them.

One night the Doctors called us to go and see a man whose limb must be amputated, but he would not consent to take the lulling dose without hearing the Sisters of Charity [sic] say he could do so. The Sisters said, it was dark and the crowd was too great to think of going. They left, but soon returned declaring the man’s life depended on their coming, since he would not otherwise comply. Two Sisters then, escorted by the good doctors went to him, who seeing them said: “Sisters, they wish me to take a dose that will deprive me of my senses, and I wish to make my confession first and the priest is not here” Sister told him that he might safely take it, and she would try and find the priest for him. She then sent for the good priest, who soon was able to put the poor man at peace. We continued our visits to him during his days of martyrdom, and greater virtue we never saw better evidences of. We thanked our dear Lord for allowing us such an example of Christian patience.

Another poor man was dying, the nurse called us up to go to him, several Doctors were around his bed. Sister spoke to him of Baptism. He earnestly desired it, and after a preparation for it, Sister baptised [sic] him. One of the doctors. said: “Sister, do you think that will do him any good?” Sister answered him very calmly: “I think nothing, I know it will help him.” We could rarely ask them if they wished to become Catholics, for so many, early objections were then recalled to their minds that they felt deterred. But simply, when death

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270 General Hospital #1 (The Alms House Hospital).
271 The Seven Days Battle lasted June 25 to July 1, 1862.
seemed near, and after the essentials were gained, we asked them if they
did not wish to become children of God in the Religion established
our Divine Savior. Though many also said: “Sisters altho’ I have heard
many terrible things against your Church, yet, the Religion that teaches
what I see you do, must indeed be a true one, and I wish to belong to
it.” These remarks were of very frequent occurrence.

A youth was very low and not baptised. Sister said, “Did you
never read in the Bible that you must be baptised before you could
enter Heaven” He answered: “I cannot read.” Then Sister gave him
some instructions. Some hours after a minister talked and prayed by
him, but said nothing of baptism. Later Sister asked him if he desired
baptism? He did, and received it. The minister coming again to see
him, the poor boy only said to him: “I do not wish you to visit me.”
This surprised us, for we had said nothing of the sort to him. He died
soon after.

A dying man, a Protestant, was requested to make his peace
with God one evening, but, he begged to postpone it for the morning.
Sister said, “You are very low.” “Yes,” he said, “but I cannot speak strong
enough now, let me wait till tomorrow.” “Oh!” said Sister, “Will you
live till then?” “If you say a prayer to ask that I may, I will,” he replied.
She could not insist for fear his forced compliance might be injurious
to him, so all she could do was truly to pray, as he had told her. In the
morning he was able and very desirous to make his preparation for
Eternity after which he calmly expired.

One poor man positively refused all observations concerning
his soul’s welfare. Sister secreted a medal under his pillow. He soon
became restless, and bade the nurse remove that pillow and give him
another. The nurse being a good Catholic told Sister. She told him to
drop the medal in the case of the other. Soon this pillow was objected
to, and he would have none. Then the medal was fastened to the
mattress. In a very short time he declared he could not rest on the
bed either, and would lie on the floor. He died there in a little time after,
as he had lived.

A Protestant minister passing round, said to a young soldier:
“What is your religion, my son?” “I have none,” was the reply. “What
were your parents?” “They were Baptists.” “Ah! that is the true Religion,”
he said. “These Catholics sprang from the Baptists” He then goes to the
next bed, saying to another youth:” What is your Religion?” “I have
none” he said, “and my Parents also were without any.” “Well, my son”
said the good minister, “you must pray hard and hold fast to your Religion, or you will lose your Faith.” “How can I lose, what I have not got?” said the boy, but he passed on to a third one. Beginning his questions here also, the boy said, with quickness: “I do not wish you to speak to me of Religion.” “Will you have a drink, my son, or, what can I do for you?” “Call Sister to me,” he answered. Sister came, and the poor boy burst into tears saying: “Please, Sister, send him away. I do not care for his Religion. I am a Catholic.” The poor minister bowed, and left them. Sister then said: “You have not told me you was [sic, were] a Catholic.” “When I was a child,” he said, “I was very sickly. My parents lived in the wild woods, and no minister lived near us. A traveling priest called one dark night at our door and asked for lodging, or shelter. They expected me to die that night, and my mother finding he was a minister of the Gospel, asked him to baptise me. He did so, and the next day I was well. My mother, therefore always told me; the good gentleman had baptized me a Catholic and that was all I knew of the Catholics till I came here. But now, Sister, I have resolved to live as a Catholic, so please give me a Book that will tell me what I have to do.” The catechism soon became his hourly occupation, truth was making such active progress on his young heart. He soon made his confession, and was preparing for Communion when he was removed to the convalescent corps. But we have cause to hope for his perseverance.

These, tho’ many, are still but few, of the numberless conversions, baptisms at death, and, returns of the careless Catholics, our Sisters witnessed in and around Richmond in the various Hospitals they were occupied in.

Memory cannot retain detailed instances, but, it can vouch to the pleasing fact, that refusals to the spiritual assistance offered to them, were exceedingly rare. Scarcely one to fifty during those days of slaughter and death.

Sometimes the poor men were brought to us from encampments of great scarcity, or from Hospitals, from which the able body [patients] had suddenly retreated, and left perhaps thousands of wounded and prisoners, who in their distress had fed on mule flesh, rats, even the entrails of cattle after the meat had failed to be sufficient. These poor creatures on arriving among us looked like dead men, and almost without desires, at least, without voice sufficient to express them. For many such, it seemed as if the Angel Guardian of each had kept life flowing till the saving waters of or words of Salvation had been applied.
Our Hospitals were often also extremely scarce of the necessaries of life, but, we thanked our dear Lord that our Sisters seemed not to feel their own privations if they could obtain something for the sick, wounded, and starving members of our Jesus. For our own table [meals], rough corn bread and strong fat bacon were luxuries provided the dear sufferers were better served. As for beverage, we could not always tell what they gave us for coffee or tea, for, at one time it would be sage or some other herb, roots, beans and etc. But thro’ all we seemed to be refreshed, or supported by that invisible Bread: the Divine Will; for, some constitutions among the sisters were most weak and delicate.272

As the war continued, Government made use of the Sisters’ Hospital also: (St. Francis de Sales) for their soldiers.273 Here all things were directed by the Sisters, and, Government paid them so much. Here, too, our Sisters could do much more for their patients. During the time their House was thus occupied, about 2,500 patients (soldiers) were admitted, of whom but one hundred died. Many, many were brought to know their duty to God and their own souls. The Blessed Sacrament was kept in our little chapel, and, often a sick [soldier] and chaplain would share our hospitality and thus, we had Mass more frequently, and the sick likewise, more instruction. No negligent Catholics rejected the kind persuasions of the Sisters, who urged them to a return of their Christian obligations. Even the friends who visited them, were induced to observe their Religious duties. We had also the great satisfaction of seeing our poor men enter earnestly into the spirit of the Church, by return of her various festivals, in this, our own Hospital. This house continued to be thus occupied until the close of the War. Every day brought some new incident before us, but, the poor daughters of Saint Vincent trusted only to the graces of their holy vocation to meet and discharge them properly.

Upon one occasion Lady prisoners were brought to us for safe keeping, who, otherwise must have been consigned to a common jail. Another time, a female soldier is brought to us, that she might be taught to know her place and character in life. The apprenticeship of this poor girl, had been novel reading. One leap more, and she stands in soldier’s ranks, flushed with thoughts of the laurels that await her. However, Saint Vincent sees her afar off. He instructs her on better things and she is soon the humble Christian, ashamed, and, tutored for Heaven by the edification she continues to give. And, O, how many were taught to know the love and honor due to the Holy Mother of our

272 See John 6:33.
273 The Infirmary of St. Francis de Sales.
Redeemer. All desired to have her medal. The Sisters told the soldiers, that we loved her, as they loved their flag; and that if we honored her she would protect us, as they hoped for all good from their flag. One, after his return to a far distant State, wrote to the Sisters for a medal saying he had lost his.

We may, perhaps, make some remarks on our condition at the time the City was evacuated, and the surrendering of the Army took place. Notwithstanding the foresight of the Authorities on the coming defeat, still its arrival was of most appalling excitement. Medical stores, commissary departments and houses of merchandise were thrown open. Liquors flowed down the streets, that by preventing its dangerous effects, some confusion might be spared. Stores became public property. Our poor City was trembling from the blowing up of the Gun-boats in the River that bounded the City on the east.274

Toward morning we thought it better to secure the Holy Mass early, for fear of what a few hours more might shew [sic] forth. We were preparing for it, when suddenly a terrific explosion stunned, as it were, the power of thought. The noise of the breaking of windows in our hospital and neighboring dwellings added greatly to the alarm, as it seemed, for the moment, as an entire destruction. Fearing it might be the bursting of the first shells, the good chaplain thought it better to give the Holy Communion to the Sisters and then consume the Blessed Hosts.275 Presently, however we learned that the Confederates had blown up their own supplies of powder, which were very near us. These followed the explosion of all the Government buildings. We passed that eventful day with as much composure as our trust in our good Lord enabled us to do, tho’ from time to time, we were in evident danger of having our House, with its helpless inmates all destroyed.

After the surrender, a Federal Officer rode up to the door, told us we were perfectly safe, that property should be respected. He would send a guard to protect the house, and etc. His visit was fortunate, for presently a band of Negroes came and ordered our doors to be opened. The Sisters pretending not to understand them, were slow to obey, and this caused one to say out very imperatively, “Open dem gates, whose property dis?” [sic] “Oh” said Sister, “This belongs to the Sisters of Charity. Colonel D—has been here, everything has been attended to, all is right.”276

274 The James River.
276 Among the first Union forces to enter Richmond, April 3, 1865, was the 5th Massachusetts Colored Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Charles F. Adams, Jr., (1835-1915). General Godfrey Weitzel (1835-1884) remained in command at Richmond for about two weeks. See Godfrey Weitzel, Richmond Occupied: Entry of the United States Forces into Richmond, Va. April 3, 1865—Calling Together of the Virginia Legislature and Revocation of the Same. Ed. Louis H. Manarin (Richmond: Richmond Civil War Centennial Committee, 1965). The original Weitzel manuscript is preserved by The Cincinnati Historical Society, Cincinnati, Ohio.
He immediately passed the words to his comrades, and they rode off.

Our Sisters from the various Hospitals took home-ward directions, with hearts, and minds still more weary than their bodies.

31. Sister Angela Heath to Mother Euphemia Blenkinsop

St. Francis de Sales Infirmary

December 20\textsuperscript{th} 1866

My beloved Mother,

The grace of our Lord be forever with us!

Though the task you have imposed on me, in requiring the Hospital notes, is next to an impossible one, I will nevertheless in the spirit of obedience make the attempt to comply with your request shewing [sic] thereby my good will at least; had I known your wishes on the subject, I should have kept a journal of events and thus enabled myself to be more explicit than I can possibly be as it is; in the first place, I am not blessed with a very retentive memory, in the second place, but little of note transpired in my wards, apart from which I know but little, and in the third place, I have been contented with letting our Lord keep the accounts of the little good that has been done through me, feeling pretty sure, that in doing so, I have not given him a great deal to do. Honour to begin.

Our joyous little band, nine in number, left our peaceful valley home for scenes of war and bloodshed. August 21\textsuperscript{st} 1861. We took the Frederick route and encountered no difficulty on the way, until we came to a station, within a few miles of the famous “Point of Rocks” where to our great astonishment and disappointment too, we were coolly informed that we could go no farther without a pass from the Military: now what was to be done? In vain did Sister Olympia and Sister Directress exert all their eloquence.\textsuperscript{278} It was useless. Orders were strict, they could not disobey them. There was no alternative, therefore, for us, than to submit soldier-like to the military necessity, and travel the same road over again, willing or not. So out we got, bag and baggage, rather crest fallen, it is true, but determined one and all, to do anything, rather than return without accomplishing our mission. When we returned to Frederick the nuns sent us a pressing invitation to partake of their hospitality for the night, which we gladly accepted.\textsuperscript{279}

\textsuperscript{277} Notes—\textit{Military Hospitals}, 249–56. Probably addressed to Mother Euphemia Blenkinsop.

\textsuperscript{278} Apparently Sister Olympia McTaggart and Sister Genevieve McDonough could be quite persuasive but the military was unrelenting.

\textsuperscript{279} The nuns of the Visitation Monastery.
While here, Sister Olympia was told that an old friend of hers was in the City, who, I believe, was acting at the time, in the capacity of Surgeon General in the Federal Army. She therefore determined to make good use of him. In the emergency sent for him, and told him the state of affairs; he immediately proffered his services and wrote a note to General Banks, which changed the tide of affairs at once; a flaming pass came back, with directions to the officers, to see us across the lines, with every honor, military and otherwise.

So the following morning saw us rejoicing on our way to Richmond, well pleased at the unexpected turn of events; nothing more of note happened on our journey, until we reached Harpers Ferry, which was well nigh proving a watery grave. We were indeed in the most imminent danger; the nine of us had embarked in a small ferry boat, with one boatman only to ply the oars. In the middle of the stream, one of the oars broke; the current was so swift, that for some moments our little bark was unmanageable, and our fate seemed inevitable. Those on the opposite shore who had come to welcome us, closed their eyes, that as they said themselves, they might not see us drift to the Rapids—but kind Providence was watching over us and rescued us from our danger. It seemed that our poor boatman, who was terrified beyond measure had more than human strength imparted to him for the occasion. He tugged so lustily at his one oar, that in a few moments the danger was over and we reached the opposite shore in safety. Much to the relief of the friends who were awaiting us, who were even more alarmed than we were, as we did not realize the danger in all its extent until it was over.

We arrived in Richmond on the 25th and were welcomed with open arms by Sister Blanche, who was then Sister Servant at St. Joseph’s Asylum in that city. Here our little band was divided; some of the sisters going to the General Hospital, which had already been opened; the rest, five in number, being destined for the Naval Hospital in Portsmouth, which we took possession of on the 29th of August; two of our sisters from Norfolk had already been enlisted in the service of the sick here and were worn out with watching and fatigue when we arrived. There was a large number of patients in the Hospital at the time, some of whom, were dangerously ill, requiring constant attention. We therefore entered on our duties in the wards without delay and for the first time in my life I had the opportunity of realizing

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280 Sister Frances Karrer also recounts the dangerous crossing of the Potomac. See Notes—Military Hospitals, 225.
281 Sister Blanche Rooney welcomed the travelers to Richmond August 25, 1861.
my happiness in a practical way, that I was indeed the servant of the poor sick. The Hospital had never been regularly organized. There were no such things as nurses. The Sisters were everything. Our duties to the sick left us no leisure hours; we were in our wards, we might say, from morning till night. The time for our exercises excepted, verifying the curt remark of a stalwart Georgian, who though sick enough to be confined to his bed, was busily occupied in making his comments on what was passing in the ward. “Man works from sun to sun, but woman’s work is never done.” During our sojourn here, we had the consolation of seeing many receive the sacrament of Baptism, in their last moments; while others who came to the hospital bitterly prejudiced and against our holy religion, confessed that their stay in the hospital had removed many prejudices and determined them to take the resolution of examining into the truth of the Catholic religion. Many of them on their departure received the medal of our Immaculate Mother promising to say the prayer in her honor, every day.

I remained in the hospital until the early part of December, when my strength gave out and my labours closed in Portsmouth; so much for the Naval Hospital.

31.1 Lynchburg, Virginia

My next military mission was in Lynchburg. We left Richmond for this place August 16th 1863, our little colony numbering only four. Here we could not complain of want of opportunities of practicing mortification and poverty. We had plenty of inconveniences and hardships, too, to endure; the cold during the winter was intense, and as the hospital had formerly been used for factory purposes and was built in accordance, we had full benefit of the wintry blasts. We often laughed among ourselves and said, that whatever fault might be alleged against our hospital buildings, we certainly could not blame them for want of ventilation, but in the midst of our privations, we were as happy as bird [sic]. Our patients were so grateful, so happy, and contented, that it made us happy, too. We forgot everything else in the happiness of serving them; here also we had the happiness of seeing many receive the sacrament of Baptism in their dying moments—the

282 Vincent de Paul and Louise de Marillac taught the early Daughters of Charity that “their chief concern will be to serve the sick poor, treating them with compassion, gentleness, cordiality, respect and devotion, etc.” See Conference 85, “Service of the Sick and Care of One’s Own Health,” November 11, 1657, CCD 10:267.
283 Professionally trained lay nurses.
284 Spiritual exercises include prayer, rosary, and reading Sacred Scripture, etc.
285 “O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to you.”
286 Tobacco factories require large open space for hanging and drying the tobacco leaves.
Sisters administering it themselves when there was danger of death before the priest could arrive.

I must not neglect to tell you here, dear Mother, of the edifying conversion of one of the hospital attendants, that we had the gratification of witnessing. It was that of a young man who was serving the Hospital in the capacity of steward. He was, by no means, favorably prepossessed either towards the Catholic religion or the Sisters of Charity and made it a duty to take notes on the sisters proceedings whenever he could make the opportunity. We had not been long in the hospital, however, when his sentiments began to change, and to our great surprise, he one day asked for a catechism that he might instruct himself in the teaching of the Catholic Church. We lost no time, you may be sure Mother, in getting him the Catechism, which he made such good use of [so] that in a few weeks, he was sufficiently instructed to be received into the Church. He was an edification to every one. To see him kneeling in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, was as good as a sermon on the Real Presence of our Blessed Lord in the most holy sacrament. He became a monthly communicant and in leaving the hospital he seemed to have no words to express his gratitude, saying that he could never repay the Sisters for what they had done for him—for after God, he was in debt to them for the gift of faith.

Grace also touched the heart of a poor old colored woman, who was employed at that time in the Culinary Department. She expressed an earnest desire to become Catholic, saying that she always thought the Catholic Church the true one, but never had the opportunity of joining. The sisters therefore commenced the pleasing task of instructing her for the reception of the sacraments, which she received at the hands of our good Father Gache, who was Chaplain for the Hospital. Her little girl also, about 8 years of age, petitioned for instructions, that she, too, might be baptized. She came regularly every day to the Sisters to have the Catechism explained. Our Lord, it seems, made use of this means, to draw another little lamb to the fold.287 There was a dear little girl in the neighborhood who took a wonderful fancy to the sisters, who always managed to drop in just while instructions were going on. One day in hearing the acts of faith, hope and charity recited, she said, in her earnest, child-like manner, “Sister, I can say those!” The Sister turned in astonishment to the child and said, “Well, Bettie, let’s see how well you can say them.” And to her astonishment, she repeated the acts perfectly, and was right well instructed in the simpler parts of the catechism; such an opportunity was not to be lost. Well persuaded

287 See John 10:1.
that our Lord had designs of mercy on little Bettie, young as she was, we said some kind words of encouragement to her, hoping that the good seed was not dropping in a barren soil. The little creature still continued to come to us and at last one day, she came bounding into the room, bonnet in hand, “Sister____,” said she, “My Pa says I may be a Catholic. I want to be baptized in your Church.” “But Bettie,” said the Sister, “Is your Father willing for you to be brought up Catholic? It isn’t all to be baptized.” “O yes,” she broke in, “Pa says, I may belong to the Church the Sisters belong to.” As there was no obstacle now, to her being regularly instructed, we took her in hand and in a few weeks she was sufficiently instructed to receive the sacrament of Baptism at the hands of our good Father Gache. About this hour, our hospital was broken up. The authorities fearing the downfall of the Confederacy, resolved to concentrate their hospitals in Richmond. We were therefore transferred to that City and our mission ended in Lynchburg. From Lynchburg we removed to Richmond, where the Stuart Hospital had been organized for the reception of sick and wounded officers. We were installed in the month of February and had the happiness of continuing our services to the suffering members of our Lord until the surrender of the city to the Federal forces in April. It was in this hospital that we met with Capt. Ryan, Emily’s husband. He was brought in with a large number of wounded officers, after a desperate battle in the vicinity of Richmond, terribly wounded in the thigh; he had not been long with us, when he introduced himself telling us at the same time of his marriage with Emily—and the anxiety he felt on her account having heard repeated rumors of her being carried off by the enemy. On leaving the hospital, as his wound was of too serious a nature, to admit of his removal, he was obliged to remain after our departure, but implored us to make every inquiry possible upon our return to St. Joseph’s regarding Emily. Imagine my joy and surprise, dear Mother, when I found Emily and her babe safe at St. Joseph’s and was enabled to send the glad tidings to her anxious husband. She, as you already

288 See Mark 4:5.
289 Previously called the Old Fair Grounds Hospital, Fort Stuart Hospital (Barracks Hospital) had served as a drill and assembly ground. The Confederacy converted Richmond City Guard barracks into Stuart Hospital in June 1864 in honor of General J.E.B. Stuart. Its sixteen buildings could accommodate five hundred patients. Dr. S. Meredith, surgeon-in-charge, was succeeded by Dr. R. A. Lewis. The facility became a Post Hospital with Dr. William H. Palmer as surgeon-in-charge when Union troops occupied Richmond.
290 The sisters met Captain Ryan at Stuart Hospital. Emily Northrop, from Charleston, South Carolina, had been a pupil at St. Joseph’s Academy and sought sanctuary there when her home was devastated during the Civil War. A secretary recorded the following note about her arrival: “Mar. 26 [1865]—Arrived at St. Joseph’s, Mrs. Claudian (née Bennett) Northrop, and her step-daughter, Mrs. Ryan (née Northrop), both former pupils of the Academy, bringing with them babies and their respective nurses. Their homes in the South had been burned by the enemy and they came for shelter to their old home, They were kindly received by Mother Ann Simeon, clothing and lodgings prepared for them.” United States Community History, Chronological Table (1766-1891), March 26, 1865, APSL.
know returned with us, to St. Francis de Sales Infirmary, Richmond, where we had the gratification of witnessing the happy meeting. In the month of September following, our Infirmary became the Asylum for the disabled prisoners of war, who at the time of the evacuation, had been removed to a hospital, some miles out of Richmond. We had the consolation of seeing eight of these enter the true fold; among the number there was a young boy about 18 years of age, who suffered amputation and was near losing his life, as well as his limb. His misfortune, however, as is not unfrequently the case, proved for him, a blessing in disguise. For while on his bed of suffering, God blessed him with the gift of faith—he was baptized soon after his recovery in our little chapel, is still with us and a monthly communicant and a source of edification to every one. The remainder of our young neophytes returned to their respective homes in the far South, where we hope the good Master will bless them with perseverance and make use of them to extend Catholicity.

These, my dear Mother, are the principal events, that have fallen under my notice during my military career. I could have wished, that some one else had been selected for the recital, gifted with better descriptive powers, than those at my command; hoping however, that others will make up for my deficiency, I remain satisfied with having complied with your request——

Sister Angela [Heath]

32. Circular Letter, Rev. Francis Burlando to our Dear Sisters of the Military Hospitals

To our Dear Sisters of the Military Hospitals

The number of Sisters employed in the Military Hospitals has increased to such an extent, that, it justly claims a large share of my solicitude. Divine Charity having called upon our Sisters to assist the poor sick and wounded soldiers, it is evident, that the object of this merciful device is to procure the glory of God by the salvation of numerous souls as well as your own advancement in perfection. These Military Establishments are so many avenues that lead to a blessed immortality such of the sufferers who know how to avail themselves of the favorable opportunity afforded them; whilst they are for you new fields of labor, in which you are as efficient instruments

292 The Daughters of Charity had served in military hospitals in Florida, Louisiana, Maryland, Missouri, Pennsylvania, and Virginia by late summer of 1863.
in the hands of Him who ardently desires to save all men, and who touches their hearts through your works of benevolence. The many conversions you have already witnessed in these hospitals, are evidences of this unbounded Mercy for mankind, and unmistakable proofs of His predilection for The Little Company, of which it is your blessed privilege to be members. They are convincing facts of the great influence which Charity possesses over the human heart, and pledges of still greater results, known only by Him who knows all things.

But my very dear Sisters, you must not lose sight of the fact; that if God is pleased to give you so signal a mark of his predilection, if He entrusts you with this great work of His boundless Mercy, if He grants you extraordinary graces to render you equal to the noble task, it is on condition that you will endeavor to render yourselves more worthy of that predilection, that you will be generous laborers in carrying on the good work, and that you will faithfully correspond with His graces. You will comply with these conditions, by rendering the Little Company acceptable to God. Among the virtues that Saint Vincent recommended, is, that of humility. This virtue must continue to be the basis of the spiritual life of the Community. It was this virtue that drew down the favor of God upon our Blessed Mother, and His favors will be extended to the Community as long as humility shall be faithfully practiced by the members thereof. It is humility that will open the treasures of divine graces to a Sister of Charity, whereas the vice opposite to it; must draw down upon it the displeasure of God, for it is written “He [sic, God] resists the proud.”

Notes—Military Hospitals, 270–85. Gender neutral vocabulary was not in vogue in the nineteenth century. Burlando’s use of “men” implies all humankind. For a duplicate (also undated), see Provincial Annals (1860–1862), 506. That account appears immediately before the one by Sister Donata Bell on Frederick, Maryland, dated 1862, indicating the possibility that Burlando could have composed the letter between the fall of 1861 and summer of 1862. Ellin M. Kelly dates this circular in September of 1861. See Kelly, Ellin M. Numerous Choirs. A Chronicle of Elizabeth Bayley Seton and Her Spiritual Daughters—Expansion, Division, and War 1821–1865, 2 vols. (Evansville, Indiana: Mater Dei Provincialate, 1996), 2:215. Burlando was at St. Joseph’s by the end of September 1862.

293 Refers to “Conditions upon which service to the soldiers was accepted in 1861,” Provincial Annals (1860–1862), 503.

296 See James 4:6.
It is humility, therefore, that obtains for the humble Saint Vincent, the spirit of her vocation, that enables her to act, speak, and think in accordance with that spirit, and that renders her worthy of her holy calling. “I beseech you,” says Saint Paul, “that you walk worthily in that vocation to which you are called in all humility, meekness, and patience.”

Humility only will prompt a Sister of Charity to work for God, to have in view the glory of God, to attribute all the good she does to God, as the one who alone is worth working for, worth pleasing, worth loving. The work in which you are engaged is God’s own work, the poor sufferers whom you are endeavoring to relieve are God’s own children, and are you not also the cherished children of God? For what other object, would you, could you, reasonably work except for God? Would a transitory gratification of vanity, would the deceitful approbation of creatures be worth the least of your good acts, the least of your privations, the least of your labors, or of your solicitude? Is not a single mark of approval from your heavenly spouse, of more value than the approbation of the whole world, without that of our Lord?

Humility will not only prompt you to do all and bear all for God’s sake, for his honor and glory, by purifying your intention, in the discharge of your duty, but it will also prevent you from losing any of the many merits you are treasuring up in working for God. It will be a faithful sentry at the door of your heart, to prevent the intrusion of vanity, self-esteem, or desire of pleasing creatures, those spiritual thieves so active and so skillful in the repeated efforts they make to spoil your actions, by vitiating our intentions and blinding our hearts. Humility watches at the gate and keeps the treasures of merits undiminished and undisturbed. This holy virtue will also practically convince you that the success of your endeavors does not depend on you, but on the grace of God, who is pleased to reward the humble daughter of Saint Vincent for the fidelity with which she observes her holy rules and attends to her spiritual exercises. This is for the child of Saint Vincent the spiritual food that gives her energy, zeal, piety, charity, and renders her pleasing to God, and a fit instrument in the hands of His Mercy to procure his honor and glory.

Without the most scrupulous fidelity to these holy practices, the soul and heart become languid; the understanding is less apt to receive these salutary impressions arising from the union of the soul with God in time of prayer. These impressions, as they are less frequent, are less vivid, the beauty the nobility of your vocation are less esteemed, because

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297 Ephesians 4:1–6.
the supernatural light by which the mind sees, has been rendered dim, and observed by a lack of zeal and fidelity, in your exercises of piety. Hence also the will is less ready to appreciate what the mind so faintly apprehends, hence a decrease of that holy determination to perform energetically, unflinching, and unreservedly the duties of your holy calling. Hence the memory instead of dwelling on the beauties of virtue, the bounty of God, the happiness of serving Him in the person of the suffering members of Jesus, this memory becomes engrossed with a thousand frivolities, which bring with them no real satisfaction. And the heart, the poor heart feels that [it] is wandering in a kind of labyrinth, is discontented, troubled, restless, and in danger of seeking for the shadow only, while the truth, the reality, the supreme good is nearly lost sight of.

You understand then, how important, how necessary it is to be faithful to your spiritual exercises. I have dwelt on this point particularly, as it is easy in places, such as Military Hospitals, where so much is to be done, so many sufferings to be alleviated, and so many things that require the attention of the Sisters, it is easy, I say, to find pretexts and apparently plausible pretexts to dispense oneself from some of the exercises. It is true that occasionally the necessity occurs of omitting one, or more, of your daily pious practices; in such cases the Sister Servants’ permission should be asked, and she should not give it unless she sees that the nature of the cases requires such a dispensation. In cases of emergency Saint Vincent himself would allow a deviation from the general order of things; he would tell you that in such contingencies, it is well to leave God in the Chapel and serve Him at the bedside of a suffering member of our Saviour.298 But strict attention should be paid lest the necessities for such deviations be only imaginary, prompted by a misplaced charity, or false zeal.

To the exercise of humility and fidelity to your spiritual exercises, you should add, my dear Sisters, the spirit of faith. This is the light that enables us to see objects not as the world and self-love represent them, but as they are before God, as He sees them, and as He values them. This spirit of faith will impress you very forcibly, that the poor sufferers who claim your services, your sympathy, and your charity are the suffering members of Jesus, your heavenly spouse. They are human beings for whose souls the Son of God shed the last drop of His precious blood and died upon the cross in order that they might be saved. Your heavenly spouse is so much pleased with any act of

kindness you bestow on them, that a glass of water given them in His name is accepted by Him as given to himself. 299

From the heavens above he looks on you with complacency and counts every benevolent act done by you in ministering to them, numbers every effort to relieve them, and places all to your credit. The more arduous these services are, the greater is the reward he attaches to them, the more repugnant to nature, the more are they agreeable to Him. From this you may judge with what respect, with what modesty, with what zeal, and with what charity you should serve these poor sufferers. When you bandage a wounded foot, or hand, think of the sacred hands and feet of our Lord pierced by sharp nails; when you smooth the pillow under the head of the dying soldier, think of the agonizing head of your Redeemer, then you may justly hope, that these will be genuine acts of charity and you may be sure that your respect, your zeal, your modesty will be such as to challenge the admiration of the very angels, who witnessed the agony and death of the Savior of the World; you may be confident that our blessed Mother will present these holy actions to her Divine Son and obtain for you graces and blessings in abundance.

I need not remind you, with what modesty, with what circumspection you should serve the poor sick, and wounded soldier. Your holy Rules, the lessons of Saint Vincent on the subject of holy modesty are clear and explicit. You have only to follow them, never departing from them in the least; no reasons will justify you in violating any of them, as at all times and in all places they are binding. I shall only add on this subject that in Military Hospitals these precautions are more necessary than elsewhere. Many scrutinizing persons are watching every movement, every word, and even trying to penetrate the thoughts of a Sister of Charity. Many of the patients are innocent and well raised young men who would be shocked at the least deviation from the strictest rules of female delicacy; the least indication of lightness, vanity or the spirit of the world, would cause them to lose that reverence which your holy habit commands. Others, on the contrary are far from being innocent, and these will be still severer judges of your actions and deportment, and put malicious constructions on the most innocent actions. Strange as it may appear, these people, although they themselves are bad, are the most exacting, and the most unmerciful censors of those whom they suppose to be virtuous. They will pass over many things and almost every thing in those whom they consider of the same cast, but never will they

299 See Matthew 25:35.
make any allowance for a soul consecrated to God—judge of their impressions, should they perceive that in serving the patients, a Sister of Charity, would show more kindness to one than to another, should they detect any preference, or should they observe her speaking to any of them more than is required, or find that any nurse, ward-master, or doctor has more to say to her than the exigencies of the circumstances connected with her duty would demand, and especially if they should discover that their conversations were countenanced by her!!! Not only your Rule teaches you, but your own sense of propriety must dictate to you, that no precaution can be too great in a matter so delicate as this!

The enemy sees that notwithstanding all the opposition arising from prejudice and hatred against our holy Religion, much good has been effected by God’s grace through the instrumentality of the Sisters’ ministry in these Military Hospitals. He sees also, that the salutary impressions produced, the unaccountable influence over the hearts and minds of all connected with these establishments, is the result not only of the exterior kindness and charity of the Sisters, but also of the grace of their vocation, and of their simple and modest behavior [sic]. It is the aggregate of all these good qualities that draws a particular blessing on the charities they bestow, that commands the respect and reverence of patients and doctors, for the poor country girl, clothed with the holy habit of the Daughter of Charity.

The enemy knows this and is foaming with rage at seeing so many souls snatched from his grasp; he will leave nothing undone to diminish and, if possible, destroy that salutary influence by venting his indignation on the Sisters. In his malignity he will endeavor to lessen that influence by tempting them to relax in the spirit of their vocation, to be less watchful over themselves, or in any possible manner, that would aid him in his malignant designs. But he will work in vain, he will be disappointed in his wicked attempts, if the Sisters are watchful, obedient and faithfully observe their holy Rules. God is with them as long as they are with God, and He will not permit them to deviate from that path that leads to eternal happiness, for he is their support, their comfort, their guide and their father. A faithful child of Saint Vincent has nothing to fear, for as she works for God and with God so his divine grace works for her, in her and with her.

300 Satan.
In order that no misunderstanding or confusion may arise, the Sisters will endeavor to act and speak alike, and how could it be otherwise, since they have the same Rules and the same maxims to follow and since it is the same spirit that animates them. Every one shall scrupulously obey the directions of the Sister Servant, who is commissioned by superiors and consequently by God himself to direct the Sisters under her charge. Let each one remember that no action in connection with her Mission of Charity is acceptable to God, unless done in the spirit of obedience.

No one is permitted to ask any doctor or officer of the Establishment for anything except through the Sister Servant, who will ask or not, according to her judgment. No one will make any complaint except through the Sister Servant, nor comply with directions not closely connected with the duties assigned her by obedience, unless that direction comes to her through the Sister Servant, much less will she undertake any thing new or different without the express permission of the same Sister Servant. Each one will every week, or as often as is judged necessary to do so, give an account of her duty or of any thing extraordinary to her Sister Servant, even oftener should the nature of the occurrence require that it should be immediately reported. In order that the Sisters may not feel embarrassed, they should know that arrangements have been made, either by myself or others, with the doctors, that all orders and directions are to be communicated to the private Sisters by the Sister Servant. Should any uncalled for, or unreasonable question be put to them, either about the time they have been in the community or concerning duties performed therein, they should avoid giving a direct answer, without being rude, and refer them to the Sister Servant, and ask her advice how to act in similar occasions.

Guard against finding fault with the doctors' treatment of the cases entrusted to him, or in any way attempt to advise him. If your opinion about the nature, or treatment of cases be asked, you may give it modestly, without evincing any desire that it should be adopted. When a Sister is changed from one ward to another, she should not ask for any of the attendants, or ward master to be transferred to the ward to which she is sent. While a ward Sister should endeavor to do her duty to her patients, she should be careful not to wound Charity, by importuning those who have charge of distributing clothing, or food, to select the best for her patients, she should remember that there are patients in other wards, who are also suffering, and perhaps more so, than those under her care, therefore she should be satisfied with what
is allotted her for her patients. Donations from charitable persons are to be remitted to the Sister Servant, or to the one who is charged with such articles, that they may be equally distributed to the most needy among the sufferers, no matter who they are, or whence they came. This recommendation is more important than at first appears, and will greatly contribute to peace and charity among patients and among themselves.

You should never permit yourselves to make the least remark that would tend to lower your companion in the estimation of doctors, or patients, nor venture to reprove a companion in the presence of externs, whatever be the cause of provocation she may give you. But if the glory of God and the good of any of your Sisters require that her fault should be corrected, you will in the spirit of humility and charity refer the matter to your Sister Servant, who will do as she may judge advisable before God.

One word more, my dear Sisters. Let Charity reign supreme among you. Forget not that being Sisters of Charity you should first practice this virtue among yourselves. God is Charity and those that abide in charity, abide in Him.\(^{302}\) It was through Charity that the son of God came down from heaven; it was on Charity that he founded his Church; Saint Vincent was urged by Charity to establish your community and it was Charity that prompted us to send you to your Mission of Charity. Should any thing but Charity exist in the intercourse of Sisters of Charity with one another? I place this letter under the protection of our Blessed Mother, begging her to obtain for you from her Divine Son, the grace of being deeply penetrated with the truths and maxims it contains, and enable you to reduce them to practice.

While you, abroad, are toiling and laboring in the service of the sick and wounded soldiers, endeavoring to gain souls to God, we, at home, are raising our hearts and hands in fervent supplication, that the God of Charity whom you serve, will bless you and your endeavors, and confirm you in the spirit of your holy vocation and, that an eternal crown may be the reward of your Mission of Charity.\(^{303}\)

Such is the prayer of your truly and devotedly,
F. Francis Burlando, C.M.

\(^{302}\) See 1 John 4:16.
\(^{303}\) Abroad does not imply a mission outside of the United States. Any sister serving beyond Emmitsburg during the nineteenth century was considered to be abroad, i.e., not at St. Joseph’s.
Buffalo, December 24th 1866
Sisters of Charity Hospital

At the commencement of the war our beloved Mother Ann Simeon having received dispatches from the South to send some Sisters to nurse the sick and wounded of the Confederate Army, nine were sent to Richmond; we started from St. Joseph's the 21st of August [1861]. When we arrived at Frederick, not being able to obtain Passports we attempted the journey without, after having traveled a short distance the officers came on the cars to examine the passes, as our party had none to show, they without the least ceremony put our baggage in the middle of the road, and left us to follow it. Being obliged to return to Frederick and remain there until such time as passports could be obtained which was not done without the greatest difficulty on the part of some gentlemen who interested themselves in the matter. At length they were obtained; the following day we traveled under Military Escort; the officers and indeed all showed us every possible mark of respect, the escort not leaving us until we reached the Enemy’s Line.

The officers before they left us, got boats to take ourselves and baggage across the Potomac; in crossing which, we were in imminent danger of being lost, as nine of us were crowded into a small boat not large enough to hold more than half of us; the Boat was too heavy to be managed by one person. We were carried down the current until we were within a short distance of the rapids. In less than five minutes we would have been dashed to pieces if the man had not succeeded in rescuing us out of our perilous position or rather Mary Star of the Sea whom some had invoked, knowing of the danger, came to our deliverance.

Richmond. After landing on Confederate soil we got conveyances to continue our journey, we arrived in Richmond on Sunday the 24th after a most fatiguing journey. All our dear Sisters were overjoyed to see us, especially as they had had no communication with our beloved Superiors for a long time. A band of Sisters had just arrived from New Orleans to assist the Sisters in Richmond. In a few days all were sent to the different Hospitals. I was sent to the Naval Hospital Portsmouth with two other Sisters where we found nearly two hundred sick soldiers attended by two Sisters; in that Hospital we found absolutely nothing. The soldiers were in want of the necessaries of life; they had not even

304 Notes—Military Hospitals, 286–97. The last page bears the name of Sister Ann Louise O’Connell.
food enough when eatables were sent to the Sisters for their own use they deprived themselves of them, to give them to the sick, the poor men seeing the Sisters could get nothing either for themselves or their own wants feared they would leave them; many begged them not to leave them, at least until their recovery. One poor man who was ill from a very bad fever while I was applying wet clothes to his head—burst into tears. When I asked the cause he exclaimed: “O! if my mother could only see you now. How she would hug you up, for taking care of me now.” In similar ways did they try to show their gratitude. We never heard Mass or received holy Communion except on Sundays when we were obliged to walk through mud and rain, about a mile and a half.

Not having a sufficient number of Nurses the Sisters had to do almost every thing that was to be done, so that our labors were very great. I remained in this Hospital only four weeks, when our dear Superiors called me home to St. Joseph’s. It was with the greatest difficulty that I once more reached St. Joseph’s House. We attempted the journey by the land route; upon arriving at Manassas we were told that we could not continue our journey without the danger of losing our lives as the Enemy on the opposite side of the river was firing on all who appeared on the other bank of the Potomac. The cars landed us in the midst of the camp. On all sides, as far as the eye could reach, nothing could be seen but Tents. There happened to be a little hut belonging to Protestant woman who gave up her bed to us which we both occupied together. Every thing was bustle and confusion in the Camp as they were preparing for a great Battle which they expected to take place in a day or two. The next morning we assisted at Mass said by an Army Chaplain. My trunk serving as an altar. At the conclusion of which we witnessed the baptism of a little recruit only a few hours old, then returned to Richmond by the eight o’clock Train where we were obliged to remain about two weeks before Passes could be obtained.
Having succeeded, we started a second time for St. Joseph’s, where we arrived safely after three weeks fruitless attempt to get there.

After remaining at the Central House three weeks I left there a second time in company with Sister Euphemia and seven other Sisters for Richmond on the 3\textsuperscript{rd} of November. We were detained in Baltimore about two days until a Passport could be obtained; which was not procured without much difficulty from the authorities in Washington, at length one was given. Immediately our passage was taken on board the Steamer \textit{Adelaide}.\textsuperscript{305} At the moment of departure our hearts were sad enough at parting with our beloved Superiors, particularly as it was doubtful at that time how soon it would be in our power to correspond with them as communication between the North and South might at any time be stopped; however, one and all made, I think, a heartfelt offering of the sacrifice to God.

The Boat started at 6 in the evening and anchored at 7 o’clock next morning in Chesapeake Bay where we had to remain until 1 o’clock in the afternoon. We were treated respectfully by the Federal Officers. After the boat anchored an Officer demanded our keys to examine our baggage which he said was only a matter of form and to comply with the orders he had received. Upon opening the trunks he merely raised the corner of one or two articles. The other passengers did not fare quite so well to the great annoyance of a stiff old maid who saw the contents of her trunk scattered on the deck of the boat; all her papers were taken and never returned. About two o’clock we were conveyed on board a Confederate boat to Norfolk. We arrived there at three o’clock where we remained about two days. On the morning of the 8\textsuperscript{th} we started for Richmond; the sisters were all delighted to see our dear sister Assistant and hear from our beloved Superiors. \textit{[sic]} welcomed us with open arms. On Monday the 12\textsuperscript{th} I went with Sisters Euphemia and Blanche to the Louisiana Hospital.\textsuperscript{306} There were about two hundred sick soldiers in the house, all with a few exceptions were of the Baptist persuasion many of whom had never seen or heard of a Catholic. Among them there was a boy about sixteen years of age whom we foresaw could not revive. The sister who had charge of him made several fruitless attempts to induce him to receive Baptism, but

\textsuperscript{305} The \textit{Baltimore Steam Packet Company} purchased the sidewheel steamer, \textit{Adelaide}, to provide overnight service along the Chesapeake between Baltimore, Maryland, and Norfolk, Virginia. Known as the \textit{Old Bay Line}, passenger service began two years before the outbreak of the Civil War and continued until the Union Navy detained the vessel in May 1861. Service resumed after the war until 1962.

\textsuperscript{306} Richmond College Hospital (Baptist College Hospital), opened June 4, 1862. The Confederate government took over the main building, Columbia, for joint operation with the Louisiana Hospital Committee. The large facility had only 120 patients in September 1864. Union officials renamed and administered the facility as Camp Casey during the occupation by the federal troops.
he resisted all her efforts and even when speechless shook his head, when again urged to receive that Sacrament. He had behaved very disrespectfully to her whenever she spoke to him of the necessity of preparing for death. Upon one occasion after Sister left the ward an Englishman who had been in the Crimean War and had seen our sisters there administered to him a sharp reproof telling him that if he spoke in that manner again he would report him and, sick as he was, have him sent from the house; that he did not know to whom he spoke; that she was no ordinary woman but an Angel of Charity and that he did not deserve to be attended by a lady if he could not address her in more becoming language.

Another soldier in the same ward, witness of her gentleness towards this boy and her untiring attention to her patients asked the surgeon in charge, who Sister was; he replied she was a Sister of Charity and a Catholic. He asked what was a Catholic, the doctor explained in a few words the meaning of “Catholic”. That religion said he must be the true one that could prompt a weak female to such Godlike acts of charity and that he would embrace it, which he did, and died in the most edifying sentiments of piety. It was singular to behold the disrespect with which they treated their own minister—generally feigning sleep when he would approach their beds, while the Catholic Chaplain was treated with the greatest respect. When he entered the wards all who were able would rise to salute him and scarcely could he answer the various questions proposed to him, showing him as much affection as he had been their own Father. On one occasion I was urging a young man to be baptized. He had just consented and I was instructing him upon the dispositions with which he should receive it, when the minister approached him and asked him if he should pray to Jesus for him; though very weak he succeeded in turning his back to him; as the minister persisted, he requested the men to call the Sister who had been praying for him when this man entered the room. He was baptized that same morning and died in the most edifying manner. I never heard a more beautiful act of contrition than that which he pronounced while the water was pouring on his forehead, his last words were, “I die happy.” Another in a dying condition requested me to bring him writing materials as he wished to write to his mother. I offered to write for him, and asked what he wished to say, he replied, “Tell her that I was cared for by a band of Ladies who are called Sisters of Charity and who were more than mothers to me.” He also asked to be baptized and die in my religion. After having been baptized he asked me where he would be next morning. I said that having become
a Christian and a Child of God by baptism, I thought he would be in Heaven with God his Father, he exclaimed, “O! in Heaven with God how good!” When I suggested to him acts of faith confidence, and etc., he would beg me to repeat them. He died in the most edifying sentiment the next morning. I could relate many more instances, those will suffice.

The Festival of Christmas arrived and was a sad day to us. Some of us did not hear Mass or receive Holy Communion on that day, as some had to remain at home for the service of the sick and reached the Church to find the last Mass concluded. Indeed there was scarce a dry eye in the house that day, and to add to our trouble, all the nurses became intoxicated in the afternoon. They were so unmanageable that the guards could do nothing with them, but the Sisters finally succeeded in quieting them—

**Manassas.** New Hospitals having been established at Manassas, the [Daughters of Charity] houses of Richmond had to come to their aid; three of our Sisters left us on the 10th of February for that place where they remained until the 1st of March, when the Army being obliged to evacuate the place. Our Sisters returned bringing with them all their sick, which filled our Hospital to excess and rendered our labors very great.

**Seven Pines.** About the middle of June a terrible battle was fought at the Seven Pines which lasted seven entire days. The Confederates fought in swamps up to their waists in mud; the roar of canon and musketry could be distinctly heard while the house shook as if agitated by an earthquake. Everybody was on the alert, anxiously expecting news from the battlefield.

When suddenly we heard a rumbling sound as of thunder which filled us with alarm nor could we for some moments discern the cause but at length a number of ambulances drove up carrying the wounded and we discovered the cause of our terror. What a spectacle met our eye—many of the poor men were terribly mangled, and in a dying state. Some died as soon as they were placed on the bed and before the sacraments could be administered to them, others died immediately they had received the rites of the Church; there were many conversions among them. All that week they continued bringing in the wounded.

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307 Union troops launched the Peninsula Campaign in southeastern Virginia resulting in the Battle of Seven Pines (Battle of Fair Oaks Station), May 31 and June 1, 1862, in Henrico County; and the Seven Days Battles June 25 to July 1, 1862, closer to Richmond, Virginia.

308 The writer may be referring to the battle of White Oak Swamp (Glendale/Frayser’s Farm), fought June 30, 1862.
The house was so crowded that we were obliged to spread mattresses in the halls, and even in the basement story in order to be able to accommodate all the wounded sent to us. In order to make more room, our sick had to be removed into tents struck in the Hospital yard. Our Sisters being so few in number, Sister Blanche sent one Sister from the Asylum to assist us. In the following battle, some of our men told us their generals had told them whoever might escape to capture the sisters, if possible, as they were very much needed and indeed we were most anxious to see them, particularly as our good Father Burlando was with them.

Our superiors of the Central House had written to me in July to return to St. Joseph’s but I only received it in November. I applied at the War Department for a Passport where I was told a Flag of Truce was not expected from the North for six month, and perhaps a year, as passes were no longer granted by the Federal Authorities, and no exchanges of prisoners but that as soon as they heard a Flag of Truce Boat would sail they would send me a pass.

After waiting three weeks, we were informed there would be a Flag of Truce in a couple of days. We started about the 8th January [1863] for Baltimore. After we set sail, the officers visited the passengers in the Ladies Cabin where all of whom belonged to the South. When the officer in charge of the boat saw us, he exclaimed, “It is not necessary for me to ask you any questions. All is right with you. You mind your own business and don’t meddle with Government affairs. Your society has done great service to the Country;” that we [the Daughters of Charity] were well known in Washington by the Authorities who had the highest esteem for our Community. This officer was the Judge Advocate. He left nothing undone to show us every possible mark of respect and kindness. We were the only persons on board the boat that he gave himself the least trouble about; some Ladies had had nothing to eat from the time we started until landing, which was two days and a half, except a Lunch they had for the first day. When the papers belonging to the passengers were to be examined, I asked him if he wished my letters. He answered rather abruptly and as if the question made him angry. “No, I should like to see the man who would dare touch papers belonging to a Sister of Charity. I would make the fellow feel he did something very wrong to show so little respect for Ladies who had rendered such great service to Government.” He asked me to give him the letters and he would put it out of the power of any one to see what was in them. He then marked them, “Examined,” in large

309 St. Joseph’s Asylum, Richmond.
letters. When we reached Fortress Monroe, we wished to go with the other passengers, on board a boat sailing direct to Baltimore [but] the Colonel said no, he did not wish to part with us so soon. It was not often he had the honor of having Sisters on his boat, and as we were, Rebels, he thought we were not troubled with too much money; that on his boat we could travel free, whereas on the other we would be obliged to pay a very high price. So we concluded to remain, much to his satisfaction. When he registered the names, some of the Ladies looked very sullen and scornful, as each one presented herself to give her name. When it was our turn, he made us take seats and exclaimed, “There is a countenance upon which I love to look; it is cheerful, as if the peace of heaven rested in your hearts. Your faces are not gloomy and full of frowns enough to fill the beholder with honor [sic] like those others.”

We arrived in Annapolis too late for the morning train for Baltimore and being Sunday there was no other that day, but our kind old friend came to our aid, he sent an Officer off at once to charter a train for our accommodation. The officers did not intend leaving for Washington until the following morning. The Colonel gave us free tickets and having placed us in charge of an officer, and bid us farewell. While waiting for the cars to leave, fearing we would find the time tedious, he hired a very fine carriage, drawn by two magnificent white horses and told one of the officers to show us all the hospitals around Annapolis, but the Gentleman not understanding the orders given him, to use the carriage, we walked. The Colonel hearing of the mistake, gave the poor officer a good scolding made the poor man feel very badly. He then asked him if he had gallantry enough to give us something to eat, he replied with much embarrassment, “No.” He exclaimed, “poor Ladies, I gave you into very bad hands.” He took us back to the boat where we found a very good dinner waiting for us. At two o’clock we started for Baltimore; arriving at the junction we met very unexpectedly Father Burlando, I can assure you all our fears were forgotten as soon as we saw that well known face.

Sister Ann Louise O’Connell

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My very dear Mother,

The grace of our Lord be forever with us. I have received our dear Father Burlando’s circular, requesting me to send some accounts of the interesting occurrences that took place in the Hospital in which we were engaged during the War. I regret that I do not remember all, for we had many interesting conversions but unfortunately, I did not keep any account of them; for the first three years of the war, we had neither pen, ink, nor paper, and I had no great desire to keep an account, as I know well that our good God was keeping a strict account of all we did for these poor sufferers. On the 29th of June, 1861, I received a telegraph dispatch from our dear Mother Ann Simeon requesting me to come immediately to St. Joseph’s. I did so and arrived there on the 4th of July, and left on the morning of the 5th for Virginia. When I arrived at Harpers Ferry, I was detained several hours, before I could obtain permission to cross over to Virginia; the next morning I went to Winchester where I found our dear Sister Assistant with three others waiting patiently for my arrival. There we had only a small house crowded with very sick soldiers, and but one Catholic among them and he was a nurse of course. We were of great curiosity to these poor Georgians, who were from that part of Georgia, where [sic] was no Catholic.

34.1 Prison Hospital, Richmond

We remained but a short time, as the Army retreated to Manassas. On the 3rd of Aug. we left for Richmond and on the 5th we went to the Prison Hospital, where we found our dear Sister Blanche, with several of her Sisters, giving all the comfort they could to the poor prisoners. We soon distributed all the pen, ink and paper we had to the prisoners, to write to their friends, as the Hospitals were not organized. We had many difficulties, sometimes we had more provisions than we could use, and at other times not enough; and during the last 18 months, we were many times in want. We would try to keep something for our sickest patients, and were often obliged sometimes to take our own money to buy bread for our poor sick. Many times we had only corn bread and strong bacon on our own table. As for the removal of the

310 Notes—Military Hospitals, 298–305. The name Sister Valentine appears at the conclusion of the letter.
311 The General Hospital #1 (St. Ann’s Military Hospital).
Sisters dear Mother you made them yourself, you did not give me your reasons. It would be impossible to tell you the number of conversions for I kept no account whatever, but you have our dear Sister Stella who was with me during the whole time, and I think she made some notes, I will however relate one or two, that I remember of.\textsuperscript{312}

A poor man who had been sick for a long time with typhus fever; Sister had spoken to him several times, about baptism, and found his disposition good, I saw him and found him much worse, I told Sister after supper, not \textit{sic} leave that man that night without baptism. After Sister had finished all that was to be done in the ward, she went to this poor man, as he had become so deaf she could not make him hear, she thought to herself, “I will baptize him as he has expressed a desire, and Sister told me not to leave him tonight without it”. So she baptized him; the next morning, I went to see him, his first word was, “Oh! what was that, that Sister poured over me last night? I felt it all over me, and it made me feel so good.” I told him it was the water of baptism, the poor fellow died the next day. A few days after his brother was brought in badly wounded, he was obliged to have his leg amputated. Two days later a hemorrhage took place, at 12 midnight the nurse came to our door, to tell us he was dying; two of us went immediately. There were several doctors with him, I said to him: “Mr. Brooks you are very bad off.” He replied, “oh! yes Sister I must die.” I said, “well are you resigned to God’s holy will? And now you must do something for your poor soul.” “Have you ever been baptized?” “No, never.” “Do you believe in baptism?” “\textbf{Yes, I do.}” “Do you desire to be baptized?” “Oh, yes, Sister I do.” “Do you desire to be baptized in the Church that Christ has established?” “Yes, I do.” By this time all the doctors were looking with all their eyes, to see what was coming next. I turned towards them and said, “We take care of this poor body in order to do something for the soul, which has been purchased by the precious blood of our Saviour, and as he desires baptism, I will baptize him.” I took the towel and some water, I then said to the sick man, “Now ask pardon of our good God for the sins of your whole life. Tell Him you are sorry for having offended him.” I then pronounced the words aloud. After I had finished, one of the doctors said, “Sister, do you think that will do him any good?” I said, “I do not think anything about it; I know it will. I do not say he will go straight to heaven, but it will put him in a fair way to get there.”

In speaking to our patients we could never say, “Do you want to be baptized in the Catholic Church?” because they had been taught

\textsuperscript{312} Sister Stella Mullan.
from their cradle to hate Catholics and to believe all that was wicked and bad originated from the Catholics. Some would say to us, “Well Sisters, I have heard many bad things about Catholics, but if that religion teaches what I see you Sisters do, it must be a good religion, and what I have heard, cannot be true.” Many of them never saw a Catholic before, and they wanted to know if all Catholics dressed as we did. When some of them heard we were Catholics they would scarcely speak; and if they were obliged to do so, it was in a very few words. When they saw the devotedness of our sisters they soon changed and wanted us to do every thing for them; and always preferred us to dress their wounds to the doctors. There was one that had lost his arm; he became very sick. The sister that was dressing his arm said to him, “Have you ever been baptized?” He said, “No, I don’t know anything about it.” “Why, did you never read in the Bible, unless you be baptized with water and the Holy Spirit you shall never enter the kingdom of heaven?”

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He replied, “it is hard for a fellow to read, when he does not know how.” The Sister said that is true, but do not be discouraged about that, God will not ask you if you know how to read, but if you have loved and served Him. A few days after a Protestant lady who was very kind to the soldiers, bringing them little delicacies brought a Protestant minister who prayed over him for a long time, but never enquired about baptism. A few days afterwards he was much worse. I told Sister to speak to him again and see if he still desired to be baptized, and if he did, to baptize him at once. Sister spoke to him and he expressed a great desire to receive it. She then baptized him the next morning the same Protestant minister came, to see him again, but the poor dying man said to him, “I don’t want to see you any more, I have nothing to say to you;” this was his own idea for no one had told him to do so. As the soldiers became accustomed to camp life, the army became very healthy, and as there was not much fighting near Richmond, they were obliged to close many of their Hospitals, and combine them in one. The one we occupied had been built by the city for the Alms House it was taken by the government in order to able to accommodate the poor, who had greatly increased in consequence of the war; so our services were no longer required. We then went to the Surgeon General for permission to cross the line and return home; he would not listen to that, but wanted us to take another Hospital. I told him that all the Hospitals in the city, had matrons and most of them were of good families and had no other way for support; but that was not the case with us. We had our home to go to, but he would not listen

313 See Mark 1:8; John 3:3–5.
314 See John 13:35; 1 John 4:7–21.
to that. He said the Sisters of Charity were of too much service to their cause, to let them leave; that we must wait a few days, and he would let us know. A day or so after our dear Sister Blanche received a letter from our Sisters in Montgomery telling her that their Surgeon of that Post, wanted some Sisters for a Hospital, and if she could possibly spare three, he would be most grateful for they were needed there. I went to the Surgeon General and told him. He at once gave us transportation and on the 24th of February 1863 we left for Alabama.

34.2 Montgomery, Alabama

We were five in number, when we arrived in Montgomery we found many difficulties. The Surgeon in charge of the Hospital at that Post was a very bitter man, he hated the Catholics and he told me plainly that he did not want us in his Hospital. He had his own servants there and a matron. We then sent for the Surgeon of the Post, I told him we preferred not to take that Hospital, I saw plainly that we were not wanted. He said, “Oh! Sister, believe me, that is only prejudice and that will soon be removed, when he sees the devotedness of the sisters.” I told him the Doctor had said too much to me to think that me for he said he knew the Sisters in New Orleans, and wanted nothing to do with them. “Well,” said the Doctor, “I must tell you that I have just received a letter from Dr. Stout, medical director, of Georgia, and he accused me of having stolen his Sisters, that the Surgeon General from Richmond wrote to him that he had five Sisters, and if he wanted them, he would send them. And he will send his assistant tomorrow to see you; he wants you in Georgia, that was the very place for you. As they expected very heavy fighting in that direction, we saw the doctor, who was exceeding kind. He told me to take one Sister and go to see the place myself. I did so, and was kindly received by all of course. We were a great curiosity, and when we would step in any place, the people would gather in crowds around us; then we took a Hospital in Marietta It was a beautiful place and was the [incomplete].

[Sister Valentine Latouraudais]

315 Dr. Samuel Hollingsworth Stout (1822–1903), Surgeon and Medical Director of Hospitals for the C.S.A. Army of Tennessee.
My very dear Sister,

The grace of our Lord, be forever with us!

My dear Sister, as you desired me to let you know all I can remember of our journey to Richmond with our beloved Mother Euphemia. I shall do so with all my heart but I regret most sincerely that my ignorance will not allow me to do it as I ought. Well, on July 3rd 1863, we left St. Joseph’s remaining overnight at St. Mary’s Asylum, Baltimore, where Sister Anacaria gave us a warm welcome and next day accompanied us to Annapolis. We had with us six of St. Joseph’s pupils, at that time it was feared that the Central House would be taken as a hospital for the sick and wounded soldiers and it was seemed advisable to return as far as possible the pupils to their families. No mother could have cared for a loving child with more affection and love than our dear Mother Euphemia showed for those dear children. Sister Angeline Davis, Sister Treasurer’s sister, was one of the pupils. An old lady, a Protestant observing mother’s kindness towards them asked Mother to take charge of her also, as she was going to see her son. Sister left us on the second day and we were obliged to remain two or three days longer notwithstanding dear Mother’s great fatigue. She went every morning to the Redemptorist Church to Mass and also called on the Father and begging them to bless and pray for the Sisters. During our stay at this hotel every one yielded to the charm of our dear Mother’s kindness and motherly manner and seemed only anxious to do every thing in their power to render our stay as pleasant as circumstances would permit. We were told that to reach Petersburg, we would have to go under a flag of truce after submitting to an examination of our trunks personal effects, clothing, etc. As we had our pockets well filled with needles, cotton, etc. for the Sisters, we feared very much. I can almost see her now—How she prayed! How she feared it. As we had seen a woman refused admittance with her four young children because she had in her trunk a pair of boots which she

317 Sister Anacaria Hoyer.
318 The Union and Confederate armies engaged in the battle of Gettysburg within ten miles of the Daughters of Charity headquarters, July 1–3, 1863.
319 Georgianna Davis of Mobile, Alabama, may have been the pupil. Her name appears on the roster of St. Joseph’s Academy, 1858–1862.
320 Probably St. Alphonsus Church which has been a landmark in downtown Baltimore since 1845.
was bringing to her husband. To our surprise on approaching us the Officer said without touching our trunks “pass on Sisters,” and saluted dear Mother with respect.

On entering the boat we found we had not even standing room. The state rooms were filthy and we could not enter them. Nothing remained but to sit on the open deck. Dear Mother made me sit on her lap, and when I tried to avoid doing so, she seemed pained at it. Every one was cared for but herself; her kindness to me during that trip, I shall never forget. On reaching Petersburg we were obliged to remain there for four days more. Everything was enormously dear but never a word of dissatisfaction. We had to fast over Sunday in Petersburg. Everything in and around the place seemed sad and it seemed too as if every body there had lost some dear friend. The sight of a Sister to those poor people was apparently a real God send. Quite a number of them called to see our dear Mother; each and everyone had a sad story to relate. The poor lady who had the Hotel was a refugee. All her property had been confiscated. To each one, dear Mother had a kind and consoling word. Her care for the children—they had to be with one or the other of us. She feared [sic] let them from under her eye. She had it so [sic] first that the room they slept in was near her own whilst I occupied the same room and bed with herself. I think it was on eighth day we were told the car would be going to Richmond. A good gentleman got our tickets and glad we were. The next day we were soon at the place, but on our way to Richmond our train met with a very severe accident. The boiler burst and the engineer's head was blowing in the air seven feet and others killed.

On entering the train we had tried to enter the first coach but found it already filled and we were obliged to enter the last coach. This was providential, as ours was the only car that escaped destruction. After the accident, we left our car and dear Mother went here and there among the dead and wounded saying a kind word to the latter, baptizing with her own hands those wished—among the number two men whose moments of life were counted. On reaching Richmond we could get no traces of our trunks. You may imagine dear Mother's distress but good Bishop McGill sent to Petersburg. Our trunks were found not even broken notwithstanding the rough treatment they had met in the baggage car. You may also imagine her delight on seeing them. Our trunk was filled with shoes and clothes for the Sisters. O

321 Operated by the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad, the boiler of the engine, Jefferson Davis, exploded causing the accident at Falling Creek, 6th mile post from Richmond. Hugh Burns, engineer, James Trent, fireman, and paroled sailors, former prisoners of war, were among the several fatalities. Richmond Examiner, Richmond, Virginia, July 8, 1863, XVII, #10, 1.
what a fervent thanksgiving she made on seeing everything all right. Then her next care was how to get the dear children to their homes, as some of them had to go on to Georgia to reach there; soon her anxiety was at ease. A gentleman took them in charge and in two weeks we were told they had all reached their houses. The old Protestant lady, too. Dr. Fisher of Lynchburg heard of Mother’s being in Richmond. He came to see her and got four Sisters for the Ferguson’s Hospital in Lynchburg. I was one of them. By this time, dear Mother had to give up and was obliged to remain in bed for some days. As we had to leave for Lynchburg immediately, we went to her bedside to receive her last words of advice and farewell. Never shall I forget it. I thought my heart would break. Her look of love and tenderness [sic] me goodbye. Her advice to me was to be very guarded in my intercourse with the surgeons and the sick, and never to remain longer with one more than another. Her last words were, “May God bless you, my dear.”

Now, my dear Sister, this is my very best. I hope it will be of some use to you. I really cannot take time to write it as I ought. but think you can make it [out] and please give my best love to my dear Father and to dear Sister Visitatrix. Will you have the kindness to wish them for me a Happy Christmas. And your own dear self, too.

Affectionately,
Sister Clotilda McElhinney

36. Recollections of Sister Ann Patricia Morgan
Harpers Ferry, Virginia [West Virginia]

It was I think on the 11th of June the first year of the war that my good Sister Servant Mary Ann received directions from Superiors to send me to Harpers Ferry. The measles, pneumonia, dysentery and other diseases having broken out among the southern soldiers who had lately encamped there. So alarming were the reports of the state of the roads at that time that I had much difficulty in calming the fears of my good Sister Servant which I endeavored to do by telling her that nothing would happen to me while I was in the practice of obedience by executing the wishes of our Superiors. Next morning committing

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322 Dr. Thomas H. Fisher requested Daughters of Charity for Ferguson’s Hospital, Lynchburg, and accompanied them to Danville and Lynchburg. Dr. John F. Bell contracted a fatal case of typhoid at the Receiving Hospital, Gordonsville, Virginia. Dr. Fisher replaced Dr. Bell.
323 Rev. Alexis Mandine, C.M. (1832–1892), Director, Daughters of Charity Province of the United States (1877–1892), and Mother Mariana Flynn, provincial superior (1887–1901).
324 Notes—Military Hospitals, 316–21. Sister Ann Patricia Morgan probably compiled this account.
325 Sister Mary Ann McAleer (1815–1889) was named sister servant at The Baltimore Infirmary in 1860.
myself to the care of Divine Providence and our Immaculate Mother I set out. In many places the roads were guarded with soldiers, at the [railroad] house every thing was searched even the basket in my hand. About twelve o’clock we reached Frederick and took the stage for the Ferry. Passengers 3 gentlemen, one lady, and myself. When within about a mile of our destination we were surprised by armed soldiers, descending from the heights and firing shots a signal for the stage to stop; after a short delay and searching of the men, the stage and passengers were all conducted prisoners into the Ferry. After sitting sometime anxious to know the result, a gentleman stepped up saying to me, “Sister, alight if you please. I have your pass from General Johnson.”326 This was Dr. Raburg [sic] who then took me to the hospital where I met dear Sisters Matilda and Anna, who preceded me there the previous day.327 I now leave to dear Sister Matilda to tell you of our kind reception, short labours, and troubles there. Also that of Winchester. Sister Ann Louise I am sure will give you interesting notes of the Louisiana Hospital as she kept a journal.328

326 Probably General Joseph E. Johnston.
327 Possibly Dr. Samuel Raberg, an assistant surgeon of the Maryland 1st Infantry.
328 This journal may not have survived.
New Orleans then Corinth, Mississippi

In the spring of 1861 the number of our patients having very much decreased and not being able to return to Maryland, two other Sisters and myself were sent to New Orleans to supply the places of the Sisters who were in different places attending the soldiers.

Shortly after my arrival in New Orleans, dear Mother Regina was solicited by the most Revd. Arch Bishop and others for Sisters to send sisters to Corinth in Mississippi where a terrible battle had just been fought. Dear Mother always anxious to come to the relief of the suffering hastened to collect a small band for that purpose. On Wednesday in Passion Week we set out 5 in number. The cars were densely crowded with passengers of all kinds, soldiers, doctors, nurses and ladies in pursuit of their wounded husbands. All expressed much pleasure in seeing us go to the relief of the soldiers. We were treated by all with the greatest kindness and marked respect. About twelve o’clock on the first night the train was stopped at Canton in Mississippi for the purpose of affording relief to a train of cars laden with poor sick and wounded soldiers coming from the battlefield. Here commenced our labors.

The Doctors hearing that there were Sisters of Charity [sic] in the cars, came to us with bandages and other things to fix for the poor sufferers. There was a venerable old priest from Vicksburg whither they were going, in charge of these poor men, many of whom must have died before reaching there. In the morning we went to see them and found them in a most piteous condition some almost famished for want of nourishment that they could take for then there was but few delicacies to be had; trusting to Providence for ourselves, we distributed our provisions with the most needy, and tried to console them the best we could. After they had breakfast and their wounds dressed, their train prepared to start; and we through the mud, were endeavoring to return to our car when we were met by a priest and a gentleman who invited us to go to a respectable Catholic family a short distance out of the town, as our cars would not start till seven that evening. We thought best to accept the kind invitation as the weather was extremely cold and unpleasant. They soon returned with two carriages and took us out to a very beautiful country residence where the good lady received us most kindly, and after sitting a short time invited us into an other apartment to take off our bonnets. In the evening she sent her sons with her own private carriages to take us to the cars. Next day, about nine o’clock

329 Sister Regina Smith (1806–1864), provincial superior of the Daughters of Charity (1855–1859), was a native of Grand Coteau, Louisiana. At the expiration of her term she returned to Charity Hospital, New Orleans. Jean-Marie Odin, C.M. (1800–1870), was archbishop of New Orleans (1861–1870).
we reached a place called the Junction, where having missed the cars, we were obliged to remain till six that evening. When it did arrive, the regular cars did not suffice to hold the passengers; so they were obliged to put on one or two more. We went along pretty well till about 11 at night when all at once we found our cars standing still, having got detached from the others; the locomotive had ran twenty miles before missing us. We were obliged to remain here till 3 or 4 in the afternoon. Meantime we were well taken care of. A kind gentleman who then was a stranger to us, left the cars in the morning and soon returned with a servant carrying a pot of coffee and biscuits for our breakfast, he also procured us a good dinner at a farm house a short distance from the railroad. This gentleman, we afterwards found to be Captain Robinson, Provost Marshal at Corinth. It would be too tedious to dwell on the other three days of our journey, which were a continuation of delays and disappointments. On the night of the seventh day, we arrived at Corinth, a journey we should have made in less than two days. Every house and hotel being then a hospital and filled with sick wounded and dying, we were obliged, accompanied by guides to make our way through the woods, nearly two miles to the General Hospital where our Sisters were. It was 11 at night when we reached there. Good Sister Philomena and companions kindly left their cot beds and gave them to us. I could not tell you the state of destitution in which we found the poor wounded and sick soldiers at the Louisiana Hospital.

Although the house was abundantly supplied with liquors and there is no kind of misery that did not come before us here. Many of those poor creatures, altho speechless, we induced by signs to solicit baptism. It would be vain for me, dear Mother, to think to describe to you our labours, fatigues and privations here. When we heard Mass we were obliged to go to

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330 Sister Philomena Pitcher (1812-1892).
the General hospital two miles through swamps and filth that I could not describe.\textsuperscript{331} We always took one or two of our good Irishmen nurses to go before us and find the best footing. We might have had an ambulance but found it safer to walk, as almost every morning we found a wagon or two broken and the mules lying dead, so terrible were the state of the roads. Altho passing through camps, sentinels, and regiments of soldiers on march at so early an hour, never have we received the least insult. The last attempt the southern army made to drive the enemy from their position having proved a failure on account of General Van Darn [\textit{sic}] having missed his way to the battlefield and having taken his troops through the woods—a wrong direction, thus leaving his position on the field vacant the entire day. They returned in the evening tired and disheartened and resolved on evacuating Corinth.

36.2 Mobile, Alabama

The ensuing days were busily employed in tending of the sick and wounded whose only regret seemed to be to part with the Sisters. Two days before the evacuation Dr. Shopan [\textit{sic}], came to tell us to be ready to start for Mobile in the morning, saying they feared the enemy would be in, if all possible expedition was not used. We were not slow in our preparations, and were at preserves and other delicacies. Yes. the poor patients were in utter want of all comfort. Here we had sufficient field to exercise our zeal. The place was filthy; the poor soldiers were delighted to see us. Many of them said to us, “O Sisters, surely God has sent you here to relieve us.” The persons entrusted with the management of their liquors and provisions were retailing them. By applying to our friend Dr. Shopan [\textit{sic}] who belonged to General Beauregard’s staff, his own physician, we soon had things right and good nourishment for our patients, who could not sufficiently express their gratitude. \textsuperscript{332} They would say to us, “O Sister, if you had not come, we would have been dead long since.” We had many conversions and baptisms here. One of the most interesting was a Scotch Presbyterian who was carried in wounded through the lungs, in his agony of two weeks sufferings, we spoke to him of the agony and suffering of our Divine Lord. Gradually the poor man became so disposed that I ventured to ask him to see a priest. He consented, was baptized, receiving Viaticum, Extreme Unction with touching sentiments of piety and in a week afterwards died, kissing the crucifix and invoking the holy names of Jesus and

\textsuperscript{331} Rev. Patrick Francis Coyle served as chaplain during the battle at Corinth, Mississippi, while the sisters cared for the hospitalized patients. \textit{L-H Gache War Letters}, 30.

\textsuperscript{332} Dr. Samuel Choppin (1828–1880), Medical Inspector, served on the staff of General Pierre G.T. Beauregard.
Mary. This is only one in many. At this time the two armies had so nearly met that they were constantly skirmishing so that men wounded in a horrible manner were constantly brought into the hospital some with limbs hanging off, others with their brains falling out, in truth.

[Sister Ann Patricia Morgan]

37. Recollections—The Marine Hospital, New Orleans

This hospital being opened in the summer of 1862 was not in a very prosperous condition for the poor soldiers of the Federal army who then occupied it. On the tenth of August of the same year; Dr. Bache, Medical Surveyor of the Military Hospitals of, called on Sister Regina, Sister Servant, of the Charity Hospital in our city, and requested her to send some Sisters to the Marine, to receive the sick soldiers then on their way to New Orleans—for he had been notified that day, that sixteen hundred had left the Mississippi Swamp, where they had been encamped for several months. He stated, that not being able to make suitable provisions for such a number, in so short a time; he found himself greatly embarrassed, and that he would be obliged to her, if she would send at least a few Sisters to receive them. Sister Regina conceiving great sympathy for him in his unpleasant situation, and still greater compassion for the destitute sick; sent three Sisters to the Marine, that day, (for it was not understood then that we would be permanently fixed at the hospital). The unfortunate [sic] poured in rapidly all day, at the arrival of every train of cars.

We fell to work, cleaned the cooking utensils, made the fire, and had all in readiness when the store-room would be opened, for by some misunderstanding it was not to be opened until the arrival of certain officers. Not being able to prepare any nourishment for the sick, we endeavored to render ourselves as useful to them as we could. We began to dress their wounds and ulcers, to console them by kind words, and to inform ourselves, to the best of our power of the state of their souls, for we saw that many would die that day. We had brought

333 Notes—Military Hospitals, 322–39.
334 The writer first wrote 1861 erroneously but corrected it to 1862.
335 Surgeon Thomas Hewson Bache, M.D. (1826–1912), Medical Director, Department of the Gulf and great-great-grandson of Benjamin Franklin, the American statesman.
336 Dr. Bache’s request related to The Marine Hospital. The previous day General Butler had ordered the impressment of Charity Hospital for a General Military Hospital due to “military necessity” but reserved the internal management of nursing services to Sister Regina Smith and the Daughters of Charity already there. See General Butler, Special Orders No. 560, Headquarters Department of the Gulf, New Orleans, August 9, 1862, Private and Official Correspondence of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, 5 vols., (Norwood, Massachusetts: Plimpton Press, 1917), 2:525.
some linen cloths, lint, and various little comforts, as much as our small conveyance would permit us to carry. These were, however, soon exhausted. We were so taken up with the sufferings of the unfortunate, that we forgot our own necessities and returned home without having thought of dinner, although it was sent to us by our dear Sister Regina. We could not eat when we saw our masters hungry, and we divided our dinner among them as far as it would go.

We remained all day distributing ourselves among the sick to the best of our ability, attending chiefly to those in immediate danger of death; assisting them to make acts of resignation to the Divine Will; until six o’clock in the evening, when we were obliged to depart, without having administered any great bodily comfort to this multitude of suffering who still continued to crowd in, even at that hour. I know not if they got any thing to moisten their feverish lips that night. The following day we did not visit the hospital, as we did not know if such were the wish of the Medical Surveyor. Not finding us there that day, he called on Sister Regina in the evening and begged her to continue to send the Sisters, until he would receive orders from the Surgeon General in Washington to have them permanently fixed at the Marine. In a few days, word arrived to that effect. Our mission yet remained to be confirmed by Superiors. The following day we returned to the hospital, and resumed the holy work of charity with renewed zeal. And, Oh what a field of miseries lay before us! Every kind of disease prevailed—dysentery was at its height; typhoid fever, jaundice, gangrene, scurvy, loathsome ulcers and neglected wounds, all! All met your eye and claimed immediate relief. Our number was inadequate to the wants of the suffering! We did not suffice to assist the dying in their last passage out of this world. We knew not how to divide ourselves among the afflicted, who filled the naked wards, passages, galleries, and every nook that could shelter a human being.

Besides the colored people lay around the out-houses in the most piteous condition, dying like animals. Beds were not seen, but a few for officers. A pillow made of a knap-sack, to raise the dying soldiers head from the hard floor, or bare earth, was considered a comfort. Many died as soon as they were brought in, from exhaustion and fatigue of traveling. Others remained senseless for a few days and then died. In fact, the greater number, were so weakened for the want of proper and timely nourishment, that it was impossible to restore them. They seemed to long for death to release them from their present suffering. “It often happened, (says one of our Sisters,) that on my
way from one ward to another, I would find so many dying; that it would be some hours, before I could get back to the first dying patient I addressed in the morning. And then, I would be asked, ‘Oh Sister! where were you? I thought you had forgotten me!’ To which I would answer ‘oh no; my good man, I did not forget you; but I found so many ill and dying; and as yet, have not been able to speak to one tenth of them.’ ‘But where is the tea mam, you promised to get me?’ Would continue the patient, ‘Ah my good sir, I did get it, but I saw a man who had not moistened his feverish lips today and he looked so wishfully at the tea, that I could not refuse it to him.’” Perhaps this act, had been repeated many times since our Sister saw the first dying patient. ——

“It so happened,” says our Sister, “that when I would descend to the kitchen for some little necessaries for a patient in the ward, those who lay in the passages, were sure to get it first.” And indeed it was difficult to refuse them; since their state was equally weak and suffering.

Amidst this accumulation of human miseries, deprived of almost every means of comfort for the sick, judge what must have been the feelings of our Sisters! who fain would have multiplied themselves by some omnipotent power to alleviate the temporal and spiritual maladies of their dear masters. We were not discouraged! Our zeal redoubled in proportion to the wants of the sick. Notes were sent to all the houses of the Sisters soliciting help. All! all were ready to bestow their services and exercise their charity in this great harvest of souls. The Sisters came in turn, every day from the various establishments of the city, to assist as much as their pressing duties would permit. They who could not come, redoubled their labors at home, and resumed the duties of those, who left to serve the dying soldiers. They would prepare the lint, linen and many delicacies which they begged from charitable persons, and have them ready for the Sisters to carry next day to the hospital. And oh with what gratitude did not these poor sick receive our little gifts!

We passed thus two weeks in visiting the hospital and doing all in our power to alleviate the pains of the unfortunate before taking up our residence in the Marine [Hospital]. If the bodily afflictions of these people were great, their spiritual miseries were much more deplorable. Men in an enlightened country, knowing nothing of God; others believed in him, only to blaspheme and murmur against him, accusing him of injustice in thus afflicting them; and diabolically attributing all the calamities of war to the unmercifulness of their creator, instead of the unruly passions of men, and their own individual sins. Catholics dying

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337 Refers to several missions of the Daughters of Charity in or near New Orleans.
without the sacraments, or even seeing a priest; because there was no one to send for him, or to interest himself about the soul of his neighbor.

Even they themselves, were totally indifferent, or did not wish to believe they were dying and physicians flattering them falsely with life in the very agonies of death—never thinking of their immortal souls. Others were malicious enough to thus deceive them, and make use of every stratagem to prevent the priests entrance into the hospital. Notwithstanding all the artifices of wicked men, and the combined powers of hell, the divine goodness penetrated here. Many souls were snatched, in the agonies of death, from the jaws of the infernal foe. Numerous conversions were wrought and the strongest prejudices were weakened, or entirely removed.

“My first act, the first day on entering the ward,” (says one of our Sisters who nearly lost her life in the service of the soldiers) “was to grasp a cup of water from a nurse and baptize a poor soldier as he was expiring.” This poor man had expressed a desire for baptism the day previous, but as he did not seem so weak, the Sister to whom he spoke, told him to wait until the next day, hoping to have an opportunity of bringing a priest to him.

“Thus was I happy,” continues our Sister, “to commence my mission at the Marine.” She adds, that on the same day, “As I was leaving the hospital, the wind blowing violently, and the atmosphere becoming suddenly cool; I perceived a man lying in a remote passage in an upper story and apparently dying. I approached him, and said, what are you doing here my good man, so far from the others? What is the matter with you?” He answered after a few moments, seeming quite confused that I had discovered him. ‘Madam, I am so filthy; so offensive, being afflicted by a tedious dysentery, that I have found this place, where I may die without being a trouble to any one.’ I hastened to look for some spot, where he might find a little comfort and attention during the night. With the aid of an attentive little ward-master I procured him a cot in the best ward then open. The kind nurse took him in, promised to wash and put clean clothes on him, and put him to bed. It was late, and I was obliged to depart without seeing the duty fulfilled.” I believe the man died a Christian. Our greatest pain was, that while we were away from the patients during the night many would die, and no one to whisper a word of consolation to them, or excite them to sorrow for their sins. It seemed as if they died faster during the change of atmosphere at night, than during the day. It was very afflicting to

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338 An unsigned account in different handwriting but with the same details appears in the original manuscript. I have omitted the duplicate herein. See Notes—Military Hospitals, 328–33.
enter the ward in the morning with the hope of administering comfort to some patient we left quite weak in the evening—and find their cot occupied by another, or their place on the hard floor vacant. Our first and greatest means to convert these poor souls who seemed so near the port of eternity, was the “Miraculous Medal” which indeed may here, be termed “doubly miraculous”! The Medal was had recourse to, in all cases; and it never failed to carry grace with it, and convert the most obdurate sinners or dispose them to do so at some future time. It became so public by the devotion of the new converts, and so many asked for the Medal that we found it difficult to supply all the demands.

It was the custom of every Sister, to supply herself with a string of Medals or bag of the same, with Agnus Deis, scapulars and etc., each morning, as she entered the wards—and she was sure to return with her bag empty in the evening. Some would ask for this holy image through a spirit of curiosity, and examine it, as if it contained a species of witch-craft but they were regularly taught, our Blessed Mother was not to be mocked, and she conquered them by letting them see the goodness of her Divine Son! They were nearly always converted. Some left the hospital with good impressions and wished to retain the medal, at least, they would say “as memento of the kindness of a Sister,” and wore it ever after.

Among the latter was Englishman who had served in the Crimean War, and who being among our soldiers, was so touched at the heroic charity of our Sisters, that on leaving the hospital he came to ask for a medal of the Blessed Virgin and to be remembered in our prayers. Often those who were not Catholics and knew but little of the Sisters, would say, when turning from their bed-side, “Oh my good lady! or my dear Madam come soon to me again. You remind me of my good Mother, or of my kind Sister!!” Our dear Sister Cyril who attended in turn, relates her first essay in the Marine thus:339 “Attempting to speak to a poor soldier who seemed quite neglected, he burst into a torrent of tears, and could not answer; when pressed by her more earnestly, to tell his pain and that she would do all in her power to relieve him, he said ‘pardon me mam; I am not suffering so much perhaps, as you imagine; but I have been overcome by your kind manner of accosting me, for it is the first kind word spoken to me since I left my mother’s house in Baltimore, and it is now two years.”

You may be sure, that our dear Sister took great interest in him from that time. The same Sister relates “that after endeavoring

339 Sister Mary Cyril Ward (1808–1890) was sister servant of the band of sisters sent to Holly Springs.
for a long time to get a cot for a very sick patient who lay upon the
door, reclining on his carpet-bag, I succeeded; and then seizing an
opportunity, I persuaded a convalescent soldier to convey him, with
a comforter about him, across the room to the cot. The sick man,
was unwilling to go, as he was unable to carry his carpet-bag and his
boots which lay near him and not knowing whom to ask, thought they
would be stolen, and kept a watchful eye on the legacy behind.” Sister
understanding the glance, and the reluctant movement of the patient,
picked up the carpet-bag in one hand and the boots in the other, and
followed. An Irishman near and seeing it, exclaimed ‘Arrah; didn’t I tell
you now, she’d do that.’ The poor man was, however, very much struck
at the humility and charity of the Sister, and said later, “that he could
not understand how these women could work that way without pay.”
“Oh!” (replied our dear Sister), “My good man! our pay is in a coin,
more precious than gold: It is laid up in a country more desirable, than
earth!” I know not what became of the patient, but he was evidently
edified, and no doubt, sooner or later, this impression produced good
fruit.

On another occasion our Sister met one who had not been
to confession for some years; and who was then in the last stage of
dropsy. The poor man could not resolve to go to confession. Our good
Sister, who was always most persevering, when obstacles became more
numerous; never failed to say some word of encouragement to him in
passing. At last she succeeded in her great object—he determined to
embrace the first opportunity that offered. Sure enough, one morning
before she reached the hospital, he had made his confession, and was
so happy, that as soon as Sister entered the ward, he seized her by both
hands, exclaiming, “Oh I am through! I am through! The Father has
put me through this morning.” Meaning he had gone to confession
and every time she met him in the ward, he would say “Thank God,
Mother! Thank God!”

Our Sister relates, “that another old soldier who had neglected
his duty to God for many years, and who impatient under his afflictions,
was continually murmuring against his Creator. At last through means
of the Miraculous Medal, determined to be reconciled to his God, after
which, his countenance that before, seemed demonical, assumed the
mildest aspect; and he died edifyingly.”

Another Sister relates, “During the first day that I visited the
Marine [Hospital], I perceived a poor man, (among the many who
lay in the bleak passage) apparently weaker, than the rest. I stopped
to speak to him; he could scarcely articulate a word. I saw that he was evidently dying. I offered him a drink, for which he faintly uttered, ‘Thank you.’ Tears of gratitude stood in his ghastly eye, his strength reviving, I inquired, if he had been baptized to which he answered, ‘No, that he knew not what it was,’ but would be thankful to be instructed on it. Seeing his immediate danger I explained as briefly as possible, the nature of the sacrament, and his obligation to receive it without delay, as his moments were few. The poor man listened eagerly. I passed to another patient, leaving him to reflect awhile. I watched him, however, and saw his eye follow me everywhere. At last he made a sign to me, but could scarcely raise his hand, I hastened to him. He said in a broken voice, ‘I wish to be baptized! make haste.’ There was no time to be lost. I baptized him; he soon breathed his last.”

Many instances of similar conversions were wrought during the first weeks of our labors at the Marine. Truly did we see verified the words of Saint Vincent that when we perform charitable works for the body, through pure motives they will surely reach the soul. How the little attention our few Sisters could bestow on the unfortunate, bore no comparison to their pressing wants, or the ardent desires of the sisters, but that little was crowned by consoling success in souls. Amidst this profusion of grace God sometimes manifested his justice, but it was on souls who had abused great graces.

“On one occasion,” says a Sister, “I met a reckless sinner, who seemed proof against all sensibility. In all respects he resembled an apostate. The very name of God seemed a torture to him; his language would chill your very blood his bodily structure and forbidden countenance were an indication of his infidel heart. I made an effort to reclaim him for I knew he would die, as he had heart disease. He seemed as if he could devour me with one look of his eye: had I met him any where else, I might have shrunk before his defying glance, but here, I had him in my power. I spoke to him kindly and endeavored to soften his flinty heart. He listened with restlessness; I tried to gain him by kind offices to relieve his pains, he refused them. Yet, I persevered, and prayed to God for him. He seemed to become more softened; improved on this, yet there was little hope. At last he began to accept the little comforts I presented him, and one evening, just as I was leaving the ward, he called me, and said, ‘Sister, please, do bring me some preserves tomorrow when you return to the hospital.’ I was too glad; my heart began to swell with joy and after promising him to procure what he asked for, I said, Now, my good man, tell me, will you

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not acknowledge the goodness of God, and say that he has sent you these afflictions for the good of your soul, and will you not pronounce with me these words: My God, I believe in you, and resign myself entirely into your hands which he articulated in an audible tone, word for word. I could say no more, it was late, the other sisters were waiting for me: but I looked upon this as the aurora of great grace, and determined to see him first, in the morning; to manifest the interest I took in his temporal and spiritual welfare. Alas! when I entered the ward his bed was gone, no trace of him was there. I was told by a patient next to him, that ‘after standing up firmly in the bed he fell instantly dead.’ Perhaps the act of resignation was pleasing to God, and perhaps, God only gave him a glimpse of his majesty to see the miserable state of his soul at the hour of death.”

At the expiration of a few weeks it was determined by Drs. Bache and McCormick, at whose instigation we were brought there, that we should have separate rooms allotted for the use of the Sisters, and take up our abode in the hospital without further delay; that we might be able to devote ourselves more to the sick without, the fatigue of coming and going. By this time too, the mission was confirmed by Superiors—Sisters Avellino, Theonella, Agnes, M Frances and Jerome were appointed as missionaries, while all would endeavor to send help to the best of their ability and during the month of September we found ourselves permanently established at the Marine. About this time, things began to wear a more cheerful aspect. The patients were a little more comfortable and strongly attached to the Sisters. But we had noticed all along, that our success was viewed with a jealous eye, by some wicked and worldly minded officers and physicians in immediate charge of the hospital. They were all New Englanders; and did all in their power to oppose the progress of the Sisters there, but Drs. Bache and McCormick being the principle men, and gentlemen, who held the Sisters in great esteem; we determined to proceed quietly and by meekness and kindness, to gain those who misinterpreted our motives or otherwise opposed our entrance into the hospital. In this, however, we did not fully succeed, as you will eventually see.

Suddenly, after our establishment there, and unfortunately for us too, the military authorities were changed, and Drs. McCormick and Bache with their staff left the city. We found ourselves then very

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341 Charles McCormick (1831–1877), a surgeon, worked with Dr. Bache at the Marine Hospital until January 1863.

342 Sisters Mary Avellina McDermott (1820–1871), Theonella Connolly (1822–1899), Mary Agnes Carroll (1831–1903), Mary Frances Smith (1844–1873), and Mary Jerome Brogan (1829–1884).
unpleasantly situated; as our adversaries had more scope. We were not discouraged at first appearances, knowing that many souls might be saved through our instrumentality and this was the height of our ambition. We knew too, that works attended with trying difficulties in the beginning succeed best in the end, and produce most fruit. Much good was effected indeed through thorns and briers—and the little attention we could render the sick, was bestowed through constant self-denial, without any earthly recompense, save the gratitude of a dying soldier. The poor sick saw that the Sisters could not do the good they wished, and this served to reconcile them better to their sufferings. Never was there a time in which the Sisters needed more prudence, and light from heaven; for the protection of all our institutions, and the subsistence of the orphans depended upon the deportment of the Sisters towards the sick soldiers. On the one hand the sick expected much kindness from us, and their miseries claimed it. On the other hand, the prejudices of some officers were so strong, that they would prefer to see their men suffer, and even die; rather than to gratify the Sisters, by giving them comforts for the sick. We scarcely knew how to compassionately their sorrows, without endangering ourselves, by disapproving of the conduct of the physicians; or leaving the sick under the impression that we did not exert our sympathy sufficiently in their regard.

The unbound charity of our ever attentive and kind Sister Regina [Smith] extended itself, to all our wants. Her ever watchful heart thought of us all when we were absent from her, and found means to convey to us various comforts. At this trying time her solicitude could not be confined either to us alone, for her dear Sisters were scattered over the whole Confederacy, wherever the Federals had planted their arms. Yet, each of us could say and feel too, that we held a favored place in her heart. She would inquire after each one in particular—send her some little token of affection, some special word of encouragement. Often would she gather together the remaining then strength of her weak body, to visit our various hospitals, for fear that some of us might be in want of any thing—and then she would almost anticipate the expression of our wish. Oh how glad she would have been, to ascend the steps of the hospitals and administer relief to the sick—but this she was totally unable to do. I believe her solicitude was greater than we could imagine. It was understood only by a few who knew her best.

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343 The Daughters of Charity established ten ministries in New Orleans between 1830 and 1865: five orphanages for infants and children; four schools, one vocational training program, and two hospitals.
The meekness of our dear Sister Avellino, towards the most contemptuous, was a striking lesson to us. One which, even now, we remember with admiration. The conversion of so many to the Catholic faith seemed to pique more, the enemies of the Sister. The ingenuity of the Sisters in bringing the priest to the dying, which was done chiefly by the generosity of our dear Sister Regina in sending the priest in some conveyance of her own—and seeing so many convalescent soldiers benefitting by his presence to go to confession and receive Holy Communion in the Sisters’ room (for we had no chapel), made them determine to annoy us all they could. We struggled as long as we could to see if things would change, but we found that difficulties and prejudices, only multiplied and that, we could do very little more for the patients, even at the expense of much suffering. After some deliberation and prayer, we concluded to follow the advice of Saint Vincent, “not to remain where we were not wanting [sic, wanted]”—and left the Marine quietly, after a few moments notice to the Officers and Physicians. On the 8th of April 1862, each one returning to the House from which she was sent.

38. Recollections of Sister Cyril Ward
Holly Springs, Mississippi

Charity Hospitals
November 27th, 1866

In answer to the circular just received I write the following short sketch of the three months which I remained at Holly Springs attending to the soldiers.

At the earnest request of some of the gentlemen of New Orleans, Mother sent us (four in number) to Holly Springs, where they were about to erect a temporary Hospital for the sick Confederate soldiers. On the 27th March 1861 we started, and arrived there on the 28th where we found a large building which had formerly been used as a Methodist Academy. On entering it to our great astonishment we found it in the most disorderly condition, I myself and my three

344 See Mark 6:11. This is a paraphrase based on Sacred Scripture and the maxims of Saint Vincent de Paul.
345 See Notes—Military Hospitals, 342–45. The addressee would have been Mother Euphemia Blenkinsop in response to Father Burlando’s request for information about the sisters services during the war. For the unsigned duplicate account, see ibid., 346–7.
346 Sister Regina Smith, sister servant, arranged for three Sisters from Charity Hospital and one from the New Orleans Infant Asylum to nurse Confederate soldiers at Holly Springs (Marshall County), Mississippi.
companions on seeing the state of things, we immediately set about our new work by placing all in the hands of our Immaculate Mother. Some proposed to hang one of her Medals over each door which immediately all the Sisters consenting to, thinking it the best plan invented, whereby, we could draw down the blessings of God upon our new labors. We then proceeded to make some arrangements concerning the order and regulations of the House as it was just about the time of that dreadful battle at Corinth and not knowing at what moment the soldiers might be brought in to us.\textsuperscript{347} We endeavored to be prepared. After the conclusion of that battle we received about 300 soldiers. Indeed it was then that we truly had an opportunity of serving our dear masters the poor, the poor things!\textsuperscript{348} I never shall forget all they suffered; they had been so much neglected when they were brought in to us, that, it seemed utterly impossible to afford them any relief, but, however we did all in our power to procure for them the last consolations of the dying. That of making peace with their God by receiving the Sacraments and there were many who had not been for a great number of years, and others of whom told us that they had never been to confession since their First Communion. We then endeavored to prepare them in the best manner possible for the reception of these sacraments. Oh! how manifest the mercy of God towards those poor creatures, just perhaps to say a few kind and consoling words to some of them would be enough to recall all the good instructions they had probably received in their youth. There were others who seemed perfectly ignorant to all that concerned religion. Many of those also became desirous to hear something about our religion, that they might be baptized and die Catholics, so as often as we could, we gave them a little instruction, and presented to them such motives as would most likely excite them to contrition. We then had the happiness of seeing a great number dying the most edifying deaths and the others when leaving told us that all the prejudices against the Catholics, they had been brought up in, were entirely removed. One evening all of us were very busy, I perceived a gentleman coming up to the door, so I remained to see what he wanted. I asked him very politely what he wished, for he made no reply, but, asked me my name. I was in a great hurry so I told we were called, “Sisters of Charity”. He then said, “Your design”—I told him to assist suffering humanity, to which he raised his hands and begged the blessings of God upon us, and said your names have spread far and wide and then telling me he was

\textsuperscript{347} The battle at Corinth was October 3–4, 1862.

\textsuperscript{348} Saint Vincent instructed the early Daughters of Charity to have great respect for those whom they served and to “honor the sick as well and always look on them as your masters.” See Conference 1, “Explanation of the Regulations,” July 31, 1634, CCD 9:7.
Protestant minister, he retired. Every evening the officers would send from the camp the sick soldiers, and we would send out those who were able to return. So, one evening there was a young man brought in who attended in the Army as a physician, and the Officers paid great attention to him particularly a Methodist minister. At length all their skill being exhausted, there was no hope of his recovery. The Sister in the ward told me that he would soon die and that she had not said a word to him to prepare himself for it. She also stated how closely the minister watched her; she said she had made several attempts to speak to him but every time the minister was there to afford him all the assistance he needed. Just at that moment the bell rang for dinner, so I told her to stay up, and when the minister would go down to his dinner, then to do what she could for him. On entering the ward, the young man tried to raise himself up in the bed, so when I approached him he said, “O Sister I am so glad you came this time. I know I will soon die, please let me [sic] baptized. I know that the Catholic religion is the only true one.” So sister seeing there was not a moment to be lost, she made him recite the creed and the Acts and endeavored to excite him to contrition. Fortunately, it happened that the priest was in the house, so she brought him in and after a little instruction, he baptized him; shortly after he fell into his agony, and expired in the most edifying manner. There were many similar to this, but would take too long to relate. The ignorance of the poor soldiers was indeed astonishing. There was one, whom Sister saw that he would die; she thought she would speak to him and by that means find out if he had ever been baptized. She went over to see him and took him a drink as an excuse. The beds being so close she spoke to him in an under tone, as that ward was filled with those real bigoted and ignorant ones, who really dreaded the sight of a priest, so Sister asked him if he wanted to die? “O, Yes.” He was “all ready,” was his reply, then Sister asked him if he would not like to be baptized, to which he answered in a thundering voice, so that all in the ward heard him distinctly, he said he did not want to be dipped, he said his Father wanted to get him dipped before, but he would not let him, and now he was too sick to be dipped, so Sister left him alone; and happened to pass by his bed as she was going to see some other patients, she saw he was near his last. She tried then to make him say he would like to be baptized, but, “No.” Sister told him everything that she thought would induce him to consent, but,

349 The account about the “young man brought in who attended in the Army as a physician” appears in the original manuscript, written in the third person and signed by Sister Cyril Ward.

350 This is probably a reference to the Apostles Creed, an early statement of Christian beliefs. Acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity are traditional Catholic prayers related to the theological virtues.
“No.” All was useless, so she left him, she thought, for the last time. Well about time for bed, we heard loud screaming in one of the wards, the Sisters wanted to go and see what it was, but I made them all go to bed because they had been going continually all day, and that was the only time they had to rest; sometimes we could not find time for our spiritual exercises, we would have to supply them in other ways. Just about a half of an hour after that, down came one of the nurses after Sister, saying that that man was dying and wanted to be baptized, and please to hurry, because he had frightened all the men in the ward. When Sister went up he look quite calm and said, “O Sister, baptize me quick, I’ll die.” Sister then prepared him, and baptized him herself, as the priest was not there. We frequently had to baptize them ourselves as the church was a good distance from us, and the parish priest was so delicate he told us not to send for him during the night unless we could not possibly help it; then we baptized all that were in danger of death. Indeed we had to admire the docility of those poor soldiers.

We used to go to Mass to the little parish church all that had time during the week, and some of the soldiers were very anxious to go also. I told all the Catholics they would have to go on Sunday, all that were able, so when Sunday came all of them were ready and a great number of the Protestants wanted to go, too. It was too amusing to see all those soldiers going two by two, they formed their rank just as though they were going through some of the ordinary exercises of the Army. After arriving at the Church I found we nearly occupied the whole of the Church. It was so small fortunately there was not many of the congregation there. We were then there about three months and had the house quite well organized when we were compelled to evacuate it. We then received orders to remove all our stores to Canton thinking that we would be able to erect one there, but the morning soon overtook us, and then we were obliged to go to Mobile and remain there with our Sisters until we would get a pass to New Orleans. We
were there for nearly two weeks, at last receiving our pass, we returned
to our old Mission in New Orleans just on the eve of our Holy Father
Saint Vincent. 351

Sister Cyril

39. Recollections—Camp Moore, Louisiana 352

New Orleans Charity 353

December 11, 1866

In compliance with the request of our Revd. Father we send
you the following account of the short mission of our Sisters four
in number. Three from the Charity Hospital and one from Saint
Vincent’s Infant Asylum of this City. Camp Moore situated about
eighty miles from New Orleans was a Camp of Military Training for
the Confederate soldiers. 354 Generally from three to five thousand
soldiers were encamped. In October 1861 at solicitation of General
Tracy and the Medical Director our Sisters went there to care for the
sick soldiers. 355 As a great deal of Typhus Fever and many other diseases
prevailed. Our Sisters done much good, particularly with the dying.
Many were baptized and it was astonishing to find so many men
entirely ignorant of religion. In this mission our Sisters had very little
to suffer except what is inseparable from such circumstances. They had
very comfortable quarters part of which served as a Chapel they had
Mass nearly every morning. The Chaplain resided with the General
about a mile distant from the Camp. 356 They had everything that was
necessary for the sick for at this time the Confederacy was in the height
of its glory—delicacies and everything necessary was in abundance.
The General and in fact all concerned seemed to be continually on the
alert that nothing should be wanting to the Sisters and the sick; the
best order prevailed throughout the Hospitals, we may say the entire
Camp. Some military necessity having arisen, this Camp was given
up and our Sisters returned home in December the same year almost
regretting that their mission ended so soon.

351 The feast of Saint Vincent de Paul was celebrated July 19 in the nineteenth century.
352 Notes—Military Hospitals, 346–7. The addressee would have been Mother Euphemia Blenkinsop.
353 See John Salvaggio, M.D., New Orleans’ Charity Hospital, A Story of Physicians Politics, and Poverty
354 The jurisdiction of Camp Moore encompassed Confederate military operations in eastern
Louisiana and southwestern Mississippi from May 1861 until its destruction in 1864.
355 Elisha Leffingwell Tracy (1800–1862), C.S.A., brigadier general.
356 A note at the top of the first page in different handwriting and difficult to decipher, reads: “Father
Alizeri was at Camp Moore.” This refers to chaplain Rev. Joseph Alizeri, C.M. (1822–1893). See Notes—
Military Hospitals, 346.
At the urgent solicitation of the Commanding General and Surgeon in Charge, we started for Warrington, six in number on the 12th of August 1861 accompanied by the Chaplain. Although the weather was very unfavorable for such an overland route it did not in the least retard our determination to go and to do all in our power for the poor distressed fellows. After traveling all day in an old dilapidated stage and the rain pouring in torrents, we found to our dismay that the bridges had all been washed away and no alternative but to return five and twenty miles to an Inn. Our lodging was anything but comfortable. We started the next day and met with better success; and arrived on the eve of the Assumption.

40.1 Warrington, Florida

As the Surgeon had not been informed of our coming, no preparations had been made. We made the best of it. The Officers

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357 Ibid., 348–52. Sister Mary Agnes Kelly signed these notes written at the Female Orphan Asylum, Mobile, Alabama, December 3, 1866. The addressee would have been Mother Euphemia Blenkinsop.


359 August 14.
received us very cordially and offered very kindly to do anything in their power for us or the poor sick. The hospital stands on an eminence of about one hundred feet and commands a fine view of the Gulf of Mexico, Bay of Pensacola, and Isle of Santa Rosa occupied by the Federal troops. The scene which met our view was heartrending in the extreme Typhoid Fever being the prevailing epidemic among its inmates; sad was the havoc it made among them. Each state had its wards, the Alabamians were placed in my care. Nearly all of them were from the interior and they had little or no religion, the crucifix or the name of Saviour was a mystery to them. Although each regiment was accompanied by a minister of one or another denomination and which interest alone induced to remain, they therefore kept a vigilant eye on us for fear we might elude from their grasp one of those poor souls and bring him into the true fold. They had such a horror of the hospital. They thought death was inevitable when once within its walls, would remain in their camps until it was too late to assist soul or body; but that idea soon vanished when our presence was announced in camps. They came in droves and on one occasion over 8 hundred came in with measles and not a vacant bed in the house. They were satisfied to lie on the floor with their knapsack under their poor heads and one blanket for covering and it fairly alive with vermin and fleas but not a complaint escaped from them. A number of them took other diseases in the hospital and died as they had lived. The next day being the feast of the Assumption and obliged to hear Mass, we set to work to arrange an altar and a rustic one it was; two old boxes and our sheets and two bottles for the candles composed the ornaments. After hearing Mass and receiving Holy Communion in that filthy place, we partook of some rye coffee and bread for our breakfast. We then started to work—for work, we had plenty. The poor sick having the same, we had little or no trouble in dispensing it, for all who could partake of that poor fare, were not allowed to remain in bed. They were obliged to descend three flights of stairs to receive their portion. It was heartrending to see them move like skeletons than human beings. The physicians treated them with the greatest indifference they prescribed without inquiring if their orders were executed or not.

A few days after our arrival, I asked the daily physician if he knew that nearly all the fever cases had very serious bed sores. Some were fetid and gangrene and two their clothing had grown in their backs. He seemed to be a little astonished, but it ended there with him.

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360 The structural remains of the hospital at Fort San Carlos de Barrancas stand in the same location. One can see Fort Pickens across the bay on the Isle of Santa Rosa.
On investigation I found for seven weeks they had been lying in same position without a change of clothing, and owing to the fetid smell when removed we could not induce one of the men to assist in clearing or purifying their sores. The nurses were not detailed, therefore, they done only what suited their fancy. As they were all more or less delirious when brought to the hospital, we could absolutely do nothing for their poor souls.

Our good Father to encourage us would say we were sowing seed that would one day yield an abundant harvest. Our devotedness had taught thousands the great blessing of knowing and serving God; hundreds of them who seldom or ever thought of their poor souls and knew not what entitled them (the noblest of God's creatures) opened their eyes to their true interests and resolved to search into the truth, for the religion which taught such self sacrificing Charity was worthy of investigation. In my wards I merely had two private baptisms and one Communion—all died. One morning at the hour of one we were aroused by loud and repeated knocks, it was the Chaplain come to tell us to pack, and then he would celebrate Mass before day[break]. Our troops had made an attack and it was expected the enemy would open
fire as soon as it was day. We were in great suspense on account of our poor sick, as all their guns were pointed directly at the hospital, but it was deferred owing to their force being weakened by the attack.

One of our troops gave the General, as one of his trophies of war, the crucifix which he so kindly presented to our little band.\textsuperscript{361} The chaplain to whom it belonged on his bended knees begged them to spare his life for God’s sake, as a few profess the same religion as the good Sisters; we will spare a few for they have saved many of our lives and that is the least we can do in return.

A few days after, as we were engaged giving out the supper when we received the word to fly to the woods with all the very sick, as it was to be bombarded; the sick were put into wagons and carried about two miles into the woods with three Sisters, at the request of the General. Three remained at the hospital in order to hide our retreat. From time to time during the day the Sisters would pass and re-pass in front of the enemy’s fort to let them see the place had not been evacuated. Our abode in the woods were temporary sheds erected in case of an emergency. All the cooking was done by the side of a log or stump; for weeks we had almost continual rain. Our poor sick died one after another from exposure. Our sheds were about forty yards apart and going from one to the other our cornettes had to suffer; and obliged to cook over a few wet embers, they were well smoked at times. As it was deferred again and nearly all the poor fellows had died that we removed to the woods, we returned to the hospital.

We were merely settled when to our astonishment they opened fire on the hospital without the least warning. Our good Father being away, our first thought the tabernacle. Two Sisters removed it to some distance from the danger; one remained to guard it and the rest went to assist in removing the sick. Three balls passed through the hospital and one through the clothes room where one of the sisters was engaged in removing the linen, but it respected her holy habit and turned to one side. It was miraculous as it was such an immense ball and was sufficient to have torn the room to pieces. Now once more we had to take refuge in the woods and where we remained until the evacuation in March. On one occasion they were quite a number came into the hospital, sick. When we went into the wards, they covered their heads with the blankets and nothing would induce them to uncover them while we were in the wards, for three or four days, as they were so frightened at our appearance or so (scared) as they used to say they were very anxious

\textsuperscript{361} General Braxton Bragg, C.S.A. (1817–1876). The Daughters of Charity Archives preserves this precious memento.
to know to what Regiment we belonged to, or if we had been engaged in any battles. For if every *Ave* were [*sic*] the (Yankees) would be more afraid of us than any gun the boys could show them.\(^{362}\) It was laughable to hear them, but painful to think there are [*sic*] so much ignorance in this country, that boasts of civilization, living more like savages, than Christians.\(^{363}\)

### 40.2 Montgomery, Alabama\(^ {364}\)

In the above named place our labours were blessed by a number of edifying converts. I’ll merely make some remarks on those whom I had the happiness to serve. The 1\(^{st}\) was a young man by the name of Ross, his nurse was a Methodist minister; and to all appearance he took a lively interest in him, but time showed his depravity. The little delicacy which we would have so much difficulty in procuring, he would put one side for himself and make me believe the poor patient relished them so much. The poor fellow respected his minister, too much too speak of it to me. The Rev. Father who attended to him asked him what had induced him to become a Catholic? “The kindness of those good Sisters has opened my eyes to the state of my soul. Our minister talks beautiful but it ends all in talk, but your religion not only teaches but practices, as I see in the example of the Sisters.” The priest declared in all his ministry he had never seen one with such holy dispositions.

Before the priest heard his confession his features were all distorted with fear, when I returned to the room to prepare for the anointing, his countenance was all radiated with joy and exclaimed, “Sister oh! Sister, I belong to your church. I am not afraid to die. My first petition before the throne of God will be for you.” He turned towards his poor old Father and said, “Father, will you not join Sisters’ Church and mine?” (“Yes, my son with the help of God, your mother, brothers and sisters and myself will seek refuge in that church which consoled my dear son in his last moments.”) He breathed his last shortly after it. I have not heard anything relative to the Father since.\(^{365}\)

The second one received all the Sacraments and when about to expire, I commenced the departing prayers. The nurse was a strict Jew. He remained by the dying man and gazed in astonishment to see the peace and joy that beamed on his countenance; before I had concluded he was prostrate trying to answer the prayers as he had

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\(^{362}\) *Ave* refers to the prayer, *Ave Maria* (Hail Mary). The writer refers to her Confederate patient as “boys”.

\(^{363}\) The army withdrew from Pensacola to encamp at Corinth, Mississippi. The sisters traveled almost four hundred miles to minister to the sick and wounded soldiers there.

\(^{364}\) *Notes—Military Hospitals*, 352–4.

\(^{365}\) Ibid., 388. This work omits two duplicate paragraphs which appeared previously.
beheld the death of a hardened sinner that day, who died uttering the most profane language and contrasted it with the poor Catholic. He arose and exclaimed in presence of all the patients, “My resolution is taken. I will die in that holy religion.” He was sincere. He became a fervent Catholic before he left the hospital.

The 3rd a Yankee prisoner. His entire body was covered with gangrened sores and alive with vermin; the fetid smell was intolerable, I could not prevail on any one to assist in cleansing his poor sores and even if he was removed, the Doctor said he would fall to pieces. For weeks he uttered not a word but the aspiration Jesus and Mary and etc., not a murmur or even a sigh. His disease proceed [sic] from neglect, He had been sick in an old chair factory for three years. It served as a prison and they died there like rotten sheep without any care or attention. The Sisters heard of this poor fellow and begged the doctor to have him brought to our hospital where his poor soul was prepared to meet his God. The other two were merely baptized and died immediately.

In all, five converts and two Holy Communions in the apartment under my care.

Sister Mary Agnes Kelly366
(December 3rd, 1866)

366 Sister Mary Agnes Kelly (1837–1871).
My beloved Father

The grace of our Lord be with us. At your request, I mention a few items of what took place during the War. It would be impossible for me to tell you all that occurred within my notice. It would be very interesting could I give a full explanation of all events.

For the first 12 months, we knew but little of the hardships of the war, nor had we any idea, that it ever would reach us, but unfortunately the enemy made his way little, by little, until they reached our State. When I understood that we were in danger of being cut off from the west, and that all commerce would be stopped, I endeavored to procure all the provisions, clothing, and shoes, that I possibly could, which enabled us to get along for some time. Then the dread of the city of New Orleans falling into the hands of the enemy, caused great anxiety, as that was the only place in which we could procure any thing. I sent for a fresh supply of provisions and clothing which came on the last steam boat that left the city before it was surrendered into the hands of the enemy.

After the fall of New Orleans all communications were cut off. We cannot write or receive letters from our beloved Superiors nor our dear Sisters. This was for us, the greatest privation and sacrifice of the whole war. It was then and then alone that we felt like we had lost our all in this world. If we could have heard from our beloved Superiors it would have helped us to bear all the privations and trials [that] we had to endure. It was then that we abandoned ourselves more and more into the hands of God. We offered ourselves with our dear orphans, the house, and all under our care, to Him. We placed all our confidence in Him and our Immaculate Mother, who never abandoned us, but protected us safely through all the dangers to which we were exposed. Oh! yes to our dear Mother Mary, we owe much. She sent us many friends when we were in need. We had daily recourse to her, and she never failed to hear our prayers and to grant our petitions. In some months we were uneasy, fearing our provisions would give out. The

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367 Notes—Military Hospitals, 355–60. For duplicate accounts about Monroe, Louisiana, and Natchez, Mississippi, see ibid., 380–4. For duplicate accounts about Charity Hospital and the Marine Hospital, New Orleans, Louisiana, see ibid., 385–7.

368 Mississippi.
Confederate Soldiers took up a subscription and sent it to us. They also sent shoes and clothing for our dear orphans.

The officers who were employed to purchase provisions for the Confederate Army were so kind as to buy for us at the government price and bring them to us. Our dear Sisters at the Military Hospital in Monroe also bought provisions and had them sent to us. So that we had sufficient for ourselves and often shared with our neighbour who could not get them for any money.

In August 1862 General Blanchard wrote to our good Bishop Elder, to see if he could get some Sisters of Charity [sic] to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers. He said he could make any arrangements required. If he could only get them, he would send the Rev. Pastor for them: The General was a good Catholic, him and his family, assisted at the holy Mass, every morning, and he went to Holy Communion every month. I consulted my dear companions, we thought that three could be spared, as one had gone to Richmond before. The Bishop wrote to the General who was delighted to know that he could have the Sisters. He immediately sent the Rev. Father and a conveyance for them. He arrived here the 24th of September, two days, after the city was shelled. Every place, was in confusion, as the enemy was to return and burn the city. Our dear Sisters were in the country with the children. On the 5th of September Sisters Geraldine, Emerita, and Vincentia, in company with Father left for Monroe, at 10 o’clock in the night. They were obliged to go then, as the Gun Boat that was to destroy the city was in sight. Oh, my dear Father, what anguish filled my heart on that night to see my dear companions cross that dangerous river in the night and in a skiff and perhaps we would never see each other again. It was almost more than I could bear. Our good Bishop went over the river with them. He returned about one o’clock and told they got off safely, which relieved me very much. As some of the Sisters have written about the bombarding, I will say no more.

In June 1863 I went [sic] see our dear Sisters at the Military Hospital. It was a great undertaking, as it was very dangerous to travel. I started in company with one of the orphans. I rode 28 miles in a

369 General Albert G. Blanchard (1810–1891), C.S.A. William Henry Elder (1819–1904), bishop of Natchez (1857–1880) and later of Cincinnati (1883–1904), descended from William Elder, the founding patriarch of Catholicism in the Emmitsburg area. One of the bishop’s siblings, Eleanor, became Sister Helena Elder (1802–1891) of the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph’s.

370 Rev. Louis Gerguard.

371 Sister Geraldine Murphy (1829–1913), Sister Emerita Quinlan (1832–1889), and Sister Vincentia Leddy (1834–1919).

372 The Mississippi River.
stage, the rest of the way on a boat, I arrived safely at the Hospital. You may imagine how delighted we were to see each other after a separation of nine long months. I remained with them one week. I saw several baptized and die very happily. During my stay I purchased medicine, cookery utensils and provisions. I paid two dollars a pound for flour, ten dollars a pound for salts, and every thing accordingly an enormous price for wax for candles as they had none at the cathedral for the Holy Mass. I started home with a light heart having so many things we needed but when I got half way an order was issued the boat was to go no further. There I was in a strange place. I could get no wagons to take my provisions, nor no stage to travel on. I told my Immaculate Mother all. I begged most earnestly to help me. The next day about ten o'clock the General sent me word he would let the boat go as far as Trinity with me. When I arrived there, I met with friends, who took charge of all my provisions, and sent them home free of charge. I arrived home safely. You may imagine how delighted our dear Sisters and [sic] were to see me and three loads of flour, tea, meat, lard, ladle, pans, coffee pot and etc. The latter, when we unpacked them, were filled with flour which our dear Sisters in Monroe had put in them.

In July 1863 the Federal soldiers took possession of our city. The day they arrived they came to see us. They heard we were in need. They brought coffee, candles, flour, meat and all that is needed. During their stay they treated us with the greatest respect; gave us many donations in money, besides plenty of provisions. The first steam boat that went to New Orleans the General gave us a free passage on it and a note to General Banks in that city. He gave me three hundred dollars and all the provisions I asked for. He told me to go in six weeks that he would give me more provisions. I did so, and he gave me all, the provisions I asked for. He sent them home on a Government boat, after that we got them in Natchez. Some times we had great difficulty in getting them, but our Blessed Mother always helped us out of every difficulty. I often walked two and three miles in mud and water over the ankles to get provisions for our dear orphans, and oh! how many sleepless nights and anxious days, I spent watching over the dear ones entrusted to me, fearing that something would happen to them; but as all was placed under the protection of our dear Lord and our Immaculate Mother, thanks be to them, they brought us safely through all dangers. I will be ever grateful to them. I could say much more but as some of the dear Sisters have written, I will conclude by begging a share of your prayers.
for my dear companions and myself. I am as ever your very grateful and devoted child in our [sic]

Sister M Thomas McSwiggan

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42. Recollections of Sister Amanda Higdon, Natchez, Mississippi

My very dear Mother,

Our dear Sister Mary Thomas having made known the wishes of our most Honored Father in regard to the details of the late war of the Confederate States, requesting each sister to write all they could remember of interest or edification on the subject. Although I may not hope to write anything worthy of your notice, yet to prove my desire to comply with the wishes of my honored Superiors I make at least the attempt to do the best I can. It would be impossible for me to undertake the recital of the privations, hardships and difficulties to which we were subjected with all the rest of the people of our city, from the time of the closing of the Port of New Orleans.

Before this we [in Natchez] had felt but in a very partial manner any of the effects of War. But as soon as the Federal Forces entered the City of New Orleans then our real trials were commenced. Provisions of every kind were failing; famine seemed the only thing to be expected. And but for the exertions of our good Sister Mary Thomas whose simple trust and confidence in our Blessed Mother was never shaken. I am sure many a time, our orphans and Sisters would have been without food or clothing even that of the most necessary kind, for we had bread made of corn meal and rye for coffee when others in the city could not get those articles for any amount of money. Also our good Sister Servant had managed to save a little flour and tea for the sick, and many of our good friends in the city owe their restoration to health and strength to her kind charity in sharing with them these luxuries which could not be obtained for any amount of money at that time.

373 Sister Mary Thomas McSwiggan (1818–1877) was the sister servant at St. Mary's Asylum, Natchez, Mississippi.

374 Sister Amanda Higdon (1828–1891). Notes—Military Hospitals, 361–70. In a circular letter (October 30, 1866), Father Burlando requested the sisters to send him a written summary of their war-related experiences of military nursing and incidents (battles, bombardments, occupation, skirmishes, etc.) which impacted their ministries.

375 Sister Mary Thomas McSwiggan.
I could not attempt to tell you of the fatigue and labors our good Sister Mary Thomas went through. Every energy was taxed and her tender heart sorely tried day after day by the many fruitless endeavors and trials she encountered in trying to obtain food for her numerous household. But our Lord never failed to bless her maternal charity for we continued to have bread made of corn meal and water though often without salt and various substitutes for tea and coffee during this whole fearful time. But I am sure our dear Sisters greatest privation of all was being cut off from all communication with Superiors for so long a time. No word could reach our Mother House on account of the Blockade and you may imagine how heavily this bore on the heart of our dear sister as it was at this time she most needed their advice and support in the discharge of her most responsible duties. The only ray of consolation during this trying period, dear Mother, was your short visit to us. It served to delight and cheer as many a long month after, and even nerved us to go through the terrible times which followed soon after.

Throughout the time we were continually harassed by the gun boats of the Federals ascending and descending the River filling every heart with dread and terror by their threats of shelling and destroying the city, on the least provocation from the Rebels, who unmindful of threats and undaunted by superior force and skill sought every opportunity to fire on the enemy from every hill, wood, or place of concealment, on both sides of the river. The threats of bombardment had been so often and our alarms repeatedly without their being executed, we began to feel somewhat secure. When we were suddenly aroused by the appearance of two Gunboats whose near approach to the city seemed to threaten more imminent danger than heretofore this was on the 1st of September 1862, tidings were immediately sent to Sister Mary Thomas, who assembled the Sisters and informed them of the impending danger, saying at the same time she thought it best at all events to be prepared for the worst. Accordingly the Sisters were directed to put on their best habits and make up the others in bundles to take with them to a place of refuge which she had provided several months previously for the Sisters and orphans, if they should be forced to leave their home. A bundle of clothing was also prepared for each of the children. This preparation occupied all the forenoon of the next day, at recreation several of the Sisters ridiculed the idea of our being shelled saying they did not apprehend the least danger, but the preparations still went on according to Sister’s orders who seemed to be impressed deeply with the thought of impending evil.
On the 2\textsuperscript{nd} of September we had just finished our adoration prayer at three o’clock. Without a moments warning we heard the first shell booming over our heads. The reality at first seemed to fill every one with consternation. The scene that followed after, is beyond any description. Women and children rushing through the streets screaming with terror. Immediately our Asylum was thronged by persons of every description and color, begging just to be admitted within its walls as they would feel secure under the Sisters’ protection. I can never forget the anguish I felt at the sight of mothers with infants scarcely a week old, flying to us, begging us to help them preserve the lives of their babes without a seeming thought as to their own safety.

At the sound of the first shell our honored and good Bishop had hastened to our assistance to help personally in sending our dear Sisters and children to their place of shelter out of the reach of the bombs, being about five miles beyond the city.\footnote{Bishop William H. Elder.} The Bishop was surrounded as soon as he appeared and nothing could be heard but cries of “O Father, hear my confession! Bishop please, Baptize me—do not let us be killed without Baptism!” The Bishop kindly went into the confessional, but soon perceived he would be detained there too long. He directed Sister to gather all in the chapel and He would give a General Absolution as the danger was so imminent. Soon in eager haste all were assembled, cries and sobs were suppressed. Our good Bishop after a few most touching words to all, commending us to the protection of our Immaculate Mother, urging us all to raise our hearts with faith, love and confidence to Heaven, bade us remember not one shell could harm the least one, without the Divine permission—directed all to make an act of fervent contrition aloud with him after which he gave General Absolution to all present. This scene dear Mother in our little Chapel during this time was beyond description, but will linger in my heart as long as memory will last. The shells passed over our heads in rapid succession, while we were there kneeling and some fell even in the adjoining yard. Yet not one was permitted to burst sufficiently near to injure anything; the stillness of death reigned. No sound was heard but the fervent aspirations of our holy bishop and the suppressed sobs of the smaller children for some moments. Then giving a last blessing he told Sister to hurry the children off. Soon all were ready. Each child with a bundle of clothing passed out the Asylum with the thought they were never to enter its loved walls. Five of our sisters accompanied them Sister Rosanna [Morgan] and the babies with two sick children followed in a market wagon, the only vehicle that could
be procured.\(^{377}\) While Sister Rosanna and the little ones were being placed in the wagon, a shell passed over the horse’s head so near as to frighten and startle him, but it fell some distance without exploding. Our poor children had to run more than five miles without stopping to rest, so great was the danger. Ah! it was a sad sight to see them. It would have touched and softened the hardest heart. Many persons have remarked since that this was the most affecting sight throughout this sad time. Sister Mary Thomas, Sister Emerita, Sister Josephine, and myself were to remain in town, as long as we possibly could.\(^{378}\) We felt no fear for ourselves, only for our dear children. It was a great relief to us when we felt assured they were beyond danger, the shells no longer affected us. Our dear Sister Mary Thomas went busily to work packing up all we could hope to save, as a kind friend had promised to send his team to remove our Beds, clothing and etc. The bombardment continued till sundown. It then ceased. A communication was sent to the authorities stating the boat was going for fresh ammunition; they would return and destroy the City. Thankful for any respite, we continued throughout the night to send out the greater part of our most necessary furniture with all the articles belonging to our precious Chapel, as we were desirous to preserve as much as we could. You may imagine our dreadful fear and suspense during the three succeeding days, expecting every moment to hear the return of the fearful Boat announced. To add to our distress, the priest sent by General Blanchard to escort our three Sisters Geraldine, Emerita and Vincentia to the Hospital in Monroe, came for them first at this time.\(^{379}\) They had been promised to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers previously. The General was so much delighted at an affirmative answer to his petition that he sent Father Gergaud immediately with directions to comply with every arrangement.\(^{380}\) Sister Mary Thomas wished the Sisters had to be hurried off at midnight, as a dispatch was received to the effect the Boat was on the return and it would be impossible for them to cross the river after it was in sight. Our good Bishop and Sister Mary Thomas accompanied them and saw them safe across in a skiff as all the [other] boats had been sunk for many months. The Bishop crossed with them and Father Gergaud and then [the bishop] came to assure Sister of their safety and assuage her grief for this seemed the most severe trial to our dear Sister’s affectionate heart—to be separated from our Sisters under the circumstances of this time. We continued our packing and sending

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\(^{377}\) Sister Rosanna Morgan (1802–1877).

\(^{378}\) Sister Emerita Quinlan and Sister Josephine Lantz (1837–?).

\(^{379}\) Sister Geraldine Murphy, Sister Vincentia Leddy, and Sister Emerita Quinlan.

\(^{380}\) Rev. Louis Gergaud (1832–1873), was pastor of St. Matthew Roman Catholic Church, Monroe, Louisiana.
off teams to the country through this fourth night. In the morning as we were returning from Mass, the town alarm bell gave the signal by tolling to announce the approach of the boat. A few hours after, orders were sent to the Mayor for the removal of all the women and children from the City, as the Bombardment was to commence in three hours and the place was to be destroyed. This was a mournful time. Soon the long processions began. Crowds going out every street in continued lines like a funeral procession in perfect silence.

Sister Mary Thomas had determined to be the last to leave the House. I would not consent to leave her exposed to danger, although I saw she was annoyed by the thought of my being exposed to it. She urged she could walk faster and get out of the city quicker than I could on account of my weak strength; but I was self-willed and would stay, unless she would go too. At length, yielding to her wishes which she got the Bishop to enforce, I consented to go a little in advance and wait for her about a mile out, resolving in my own mind to return if she did not come at the appointed time. Sister Josephine and two of the largest girls were with sister. Another child was with me. I did not wait very long at the designated place before the arrival of our dear Sister. With fresh courage we hastened on for three miles when Sister [sic] me to get on a dray going out with baggage for the remainder of the way, which I did to gratify her as I did not feel tired in the least; my strength seemed renewed entirely. We arrived safely at our place of refuge and rejoiced to meet our Sisters and children all again, but it was a sad meeting to know all were homeless. Yet heartfelt thanksgivings ascended for the preservation of our lives and safety of all. Very soon Sister Mary Thomas began to think of the comfort of others we were all crowded together. Every place had to be dormitories except one room which served as refectory and kitchen. Sister was busily engaged arranging to the best advantage when good Father Miller came out at full speed with the good tidings the danger was over. Some compromise had been made with the surrender of the City by the Mayor which satisfied the Officer in command, and it was agreed to remove the boat to some other point, thus leaving Natchez without further molestation. Conceive dear Mother our joy to know after so many harassing threats and fears, our Blessed Mother not [sic] preserved our city but the lives of all its people, as only one child and a cow had been killed during the fearful shelling which lasted more than three hours. Our holy bishop, in sentiments of thanksgiving, announced the Forty Hours adoration

381 Father Frederick Miller (Müller) (ca.1815–?) served in Natchez (1861–1865) where he was in charge of D’Evereux Hall for Boys.
for the following week to return thanks for our wonderful escape. Not a single building was destroyed although many were struck by the bombs.

Several weeks elapsed in quietness and our Sisters and orphans returned to the Asylum. Our household was not broken up again, though we continued to have repeated alarms. On one occasion particularly, we were aroused in the night by the alarm bells. A dispatch had brought the news of a speedy attack on the City. Our dear Sisters and poor little children were taken from their beds, dressed in their sleep and all assembled in the Chapel before two o’clock, waiting for the signal gun which was to be the time of departure. Again the good tidings came that the hostile boats had passed on without even stopping and this was the last period of excitement. After the Federal Forces entered Natchez the city was fortified and unnecessary alarms ceased.

The Sisters were treated ever with the greatest kindness and consideration by both Confederates and Federals, both parties evincing equal sympathy and desire to aid and befriend the orphans on all occasions. At the time, the terrible disease of Small Pox broke out in the midst of our children. They kindly permitted our sick ones to remain and be nursed at home simply on the representation of our doctor who assured the officer that no fear of contagion need be apprehended from the Asylum, as the Sisters would use every means of precaution and nursed the orphans themselves without the least fear of danger. So we were exempted from the order which obliged all to remove infected persons on the first appearance of the disease.

I think dear Mother I have taxed your time sufficiently, although you will find much repetition and many defects in this, yet I send it, and hope your charity will excuse all, as Sister says there is not time to copy it over. That you may deem some incident edifying in the recital and worthy of communicating to our Honored Father is my most ardent desire. Dear Sister Mary Thomas and all our dear Sisters are well and send much love to you. With many affectionate congratulations and wishes of the present joyous and holy season.

Your most unworthy, yet affectionate
Sister Amanda Higdon, u.d.o.c.s.t.s.p.

42.1 Recollections, Military Hospital, Monroe, Louisiana

On the 5th of September 1862 three days after the Bombardment of Natchez, three Sisters went from the establishment here to nurse the sick Confederate soldiers in the Military Hospital at Monroe,

Louisiana. We were obliged to leave in the night in consequence of a
dispatch which was received that announced the approach of the Gun
boat Essex, the same that shelled us three days before, and which might
have prevented our departure had we remained till the next day. We
were obliged to cross the Mississippi River in a skiff at Eleven O’clock
at night, together with the Pastor of Monroe who had come after us,
and the Bishop of Natchez who had the goodness to see us safely across
the river, where an ambulance awaited us. We traveled the remainder of
that night and the two following days over a very rough and dangerous
road, but thanks to the protection of God, and the skill of the driver,
we arrived safely at our destination on the feast of the Nativity of the
Blessed Virgin. Father Gergaud, the Pastor of Monroe, had previously
given us his little house which was fitted out very comfortably for us,
and took for his own quarters a little office near the church. He was
extremely kind during the whole of our stay at Monroe. Many times
when he found we had no wood cut, he would cut some himself, and
carry it to our back door. Many other instances could be related in
which he showed himself a true Father.

The Hospital was at that time conducted principally by General
Blanchard, who was commander of the Post, and a good Catholic, and
at whose request we were sent there. He was a good, pious, charitable
man, and wished his sick soldiers to be treated with every care and
attention. He had a matron, and nurses employed he discharged the
former and made arrangements for the Sisters to take charge of the
hospital the day after our arrival. We found the sick suffering greatly,
from filth of every description; their temporal wants were very much
neglected, but those of their soul were almost entirely forgotten; the
generality of those we met with knew nothing at all of the Catholic
Religion. Some barely knew there is a God and nothing more. The day
we entered on duty we found a young man in a dying state; his father
was sitting by his bedside. He was of no religion, was never baptized.
In a day or so he received holy Baptism, and died shortly after in most
beautiful sentiments. Another poor man was brought in soon after we
went there. We saw that he could not live long; there was not time to be
lost. We learned from himself that he had never been baptized, and that
he wished to die a Christian. We sent for the pastor who baptized him,
and although he was suffering intense agony, he showed very edifying
dispositions. He died that night. There was in the employment of the
hospital a very rough but seemingly kind hearted young man, without
any religion whatever. He was afterwards employed as a nurse, and
whenever he saw a man very low he showed as much anxiety about him
as a good Catholic could have done, manifesting the greatest eagerness to have him baptized. If the sick men resisted at first, he would beg Sister to come and speak to them again. Who could not help admiring so much faith in one who seemed to have none; however this nurse was taken sick and in a few days he seemed to be in danger. One who was so solicitous about others was not negligent about his own salvation. He eagerly called on Father Gergaud when he found he was in the ward, to come and baptize him. He died soon after in most edifying disposition.

Another nurse a very good simple man, but like the other without any religion was taken sick but not dangerously. He had witnessed Sister’s exertions and zeal with regard to the dying. On his recovery some one asked him if he had thought of death while he was sick, he answered in his own simple way, “O I was not afraid, I knew Sister would fix me off.”

We were amused at a young Jew who was an errand boy around the hospital [who] showed as much anxiety about the dying as a Christian could have done. He would even run after the priest himself. It was surprising to see those nurses who, for the most part professed no religion at all, show so much goodness towards the dying, as to go in the night for the priest if any of the sick were taken worse.

There was but one priest in Monroe and his parish extended far over the country[side], and consequently we were sometimes without any priest to attend our dying patients. On those occasions we were often obliged to give private Baptism. Once during the absence of the pastor, I had in my wards two poor men who seemed to be very low. One of them was entirely ignorant of the truths of religion. He had, I believe, some idea of God. When I showed him my crucifix and told him what it meant, he said to me, “I did not know that I have no education.” I was absent from his ward for sometime on other duties, and when I returned he was much worse. I had very little experience so I hurried away after Sister Emerita. As soon as she looked at him, she said there is no time to be lost; so relying on the dispositions he had previously shown, Sister took a cup of water and baptized him after which he breathed but once or twice. The other man was also very low and we thought, from all appearances, that he could not live through the night; he showed very edifying dispositions. I baptized him with a trembling hand as it was the first time I ever performed that duty. On arriving at the hospital in the morning after, I learned that he died during the night giving marks of a happy death. It would be impossible for us now to tell the number that was baptized.
We regret that we did not take an account of all the edifying incidents. We know that very few resisted baptism when brought in their senses and we think that the number Baptized was about one hundred and fifty. We met with very few Catholics but those who died received the sacraments and those who recovered were very grateful for the care that was taken of them. The greater part of the soldiers in those parts were Methodists or hard shell Baptists—that is, if they professed any religion, and generally very much prejudiced against Catholics but notwithstanding they seemed to like the Sisters. Our Hospital at first could accommodate no more than about one hundred. It was afterwards enlarged so that twice the number could be received. Many times we were obliged to let the sick lie on the galleries, porches, and in the passages, so great was the number that was sometimes brought in. Once there was a company of Negroes, that was working on the fortifications, brought in and many of them received Baptism and showed a great deal of fervour.

We found the hospital in a very distressing condition. It required considerable tact and management to know where to begin or what to do first, but whatever Sister Geraldine [Murphy], proposed was readily agreed to by the Officers. They made any change that she judged necessary, and procured every thing in the way of nourishment or clothing for the sick, or any convenience whatever, as soon as she would name a want, it was attended to directly. In fact they all showed the greatest confidence in our community. The Surgeon of the Post said that there was no keeping of a hospital without Sisters of Charity.

The steward who seemed to know nothing of our manner of living, proposed on our going there, that the Sisters, should go to the same table with himself and the other officers but Sister Geraldine excused herself, of course, by saying that it was contrary to our custom. Those among them who had never come in contact with the Sisters before could not understand how we could do so much without being recompensed for our services. The officers would sometimes enquire of the servants what the Sisters had for dinner. Thereby finding that our meal was much inferior to theirs, would frequently cut off a good share of their own dinner and send it down to us.

We were highly amused at them sending on one occasion a pitcher of eggnog, which sister sent back with many thanks, saying the Sisters did not make use of liquors. We were often asked the most ridiculous and foolish questions by those poor men, so little did they know of Christian charity. Although our sleeping rooms were very
comfortable and retired, we had everything to the contrary to put up with during the day. At the hospital we had one room which served for community room, refectory, and pantry, it was the common clothes, reception room for strangers. In very cold weather, we used it as a mess room.

The nurses and others around the place did not seem to welcome us. At first, it was amusing to see them dodging, peeping, and staring. They did not seem at all pleased to see us, but they very soon changed, and always showed a great readiness to do all they could. Some ladies were going through one day and noticing a considerable change in the wards, asked some nurses how it was that they kept things in better order than formerly—to which they replied, that the lady managers commanded but the Sisters persuaded. General Blanchard sent on to Richmond for a chaplain—but instead of a Catholic priest, they sent him a Methodist Preacher. He was a great annoyance to us for a while, with his noisy manner of service, and his train of visitors. The Surgeon considered him a perfect nuisance, a disturber of the sick. I think he forbade him to hold any meeting in the wards. The Officers, ‘tho not Catholics, showed the most decided preference for Father Gergaud, and treated him with the greatest respect.

A remarkable occurrence took place on the 8th of January 1863 which shows the protection of God over the daughters of Saint Vincent. 383 Sister Emerita had in one of her wards a patient who soon became convalescent. He was a very conceited fellow imagining himself of more consequence than the other men. He seemed somewhat piqued at Sister for not showing him any preference. She always felt afraid of him, as there was something repulsive in his appearance. However, she kept him in his place and showed him that he was to be treated like the rest. One day after saying the three o’clock prayer, 384 she went, as usual, to give out her medicine and as she was passing the ward in which he was she heard him utter most terrible oaths. She passed on but on her return asked him what it all meant, and why he was disturbing the sick in that way. He made every apology for his conduct; it was a very unusual thing to hear the like noise or disturbance in the hospital. Sister went in, having a bottle in each hand, she stopped to say a few words to one of her patients who had been wounded [and was] at a very short distance from where this man was standing. She happened to look at him and noticed that he put his hand back under his coat

383 The next two paragraphs are duplications. See Notes—Military Hospitals, 377–8; 381–2.
384 The Daughters of Charity recited a prayer daily at three o’clock in the afternoon in honor of the passion and death of Jesus Christ.
and at that instant a pistol exploded; the ball going through the front of her cornette within an inch or two of her forehead. The poor man with whom she was talking thought he was wounded again; jumped up in his bed and clapped his hand on his old wound, as if to assure himself of its escape from harm; but Sister still held her bottles, and made her way through the cloud of smoke caused by the pistol, and the crowd that had gathered at its report. The man was arrested but at Sister's request, he was let off. He said it was an accident. We found out afterwards that he was a worthless gambler and that he had loaded the pistol to shoot an enrolling officer down town. One of the patients who was an Irish Catholic said that even if he did try to kill Sister, her cornette would save her. Sister said that she never addressed herself so fervently to our Blessed Mother as she did that evening in thanking her for her protection over her.

The Sisters visited the sick out [sic] of the hospital some times. Once on going to see a sick woman, we happened to meet the lady of the Mayor who was on the same errand. She was a Catholic, but had not practiced her religious duties for twenty years. The circumstance had a good effect on the lady. She said afterwards that she then took the resolution to return to her duty so that the Sisters would come to her when she would be in danger of death, for she seemed to think that we visited none but good Catholics; however, she kept her resolution. She and her husband both who had not been to their duty for so long a time were good practical Catholics in a short time.

During the year that we were there every thing in the hospital was upset several times and removed, in order to escape the enemy, which was said to be advancing. Once when the town was threatened with being bombarded, some of the sick were too low to be removed, we were to stay with them. The head Physician volunteered to stay, also, but when the enemy did come, the authorities of the town met them with a flag of truce and nothing serious took place. Another time all the poor sick were put on board of an old steamboat, so that they might put up steam whenever it was necessary to get out of the reach of the enemy. We had no permission to go farther than Monroe, so we were not going with them; we waited on them while they remained on the boat, which was two or three weeks; but the danger passed for that time, so the poor sick were all brought back to the hospital again. They were not to be left quiet very long, for soon after that the hospital was removed on towards Shreveport so as to be more secure. Communication was broken off between us and our sisters in
Natchez, so nothing remained for us but to make the best of our way back to Natchez again, though General Blanchard was no longer there. The Doctors were very anxious for us to continue with the sick, and promised to procure a Catholic chaplain if we would do so, but as we could not hear from Sister Mary Thomas, we were obliged to refuse. We came home on the 26th of September 1863 after being absent a little more than a year.

42.2 Recollections, St. Joseph Hospital
Alton, Illinois

I was sent on my first mission to St. Joseph’s Hospital to wait on the sick and wounded soldiers from the battle of Winchester. Few of these poor sufferers had the happiness of being baptized; four lived to make their First Communion, and died in a few days after, thanking and praising God for the graces bestowed upon them. One night, as I was sitting up a poor sufferer addressed me as follows, “Sister, do you think I will see that good God whom you serve in us.” Having replied in the affirmative, he continued, “Oh, then Sister, I will ask Saint Peter to let you in for I heard he keeps the keys of Heaven.” Another poor man about 18 years of age while suffering intensely said, “Sister, can you not give me something to relieve me?” After doing all in my power to afford him some relief, I spoke to him of the goodness of God. The poor boy seemed pleased, and replied, “Sister, do come again, and tell me all you know about that good God. I never heard of such a Being before.” He also asked why I carried those beads by my side, and what the cross meant, and whose image it bore etc. After a few instructions on the subject, he then asked if that good God died for him, too. I had the happiness of seeing him baptized, and die on the following day, thanking God for his goodness and mercy to him. A few days after, another poor man who was a Methodist called me to his bed side and said, that he was suffering intense pain from gangrene in both legs. He inquired if I would allow his wife to call a minister to see him. I told him he could. The next morning the minister called and read the Bible to him. Soon after his departure the priest came to prepare a poor Catholic for death who was lying in the bed near the Methodist. He watched the priest with the greatest attention while administering the last rites of the Church. About three o’clock in the afternoon, I knelt to say the departing prayers for the poor Catholic.

386 The Daughters of Charity established St. Joseph Hospital, Alton, Illinois, July 24, 1864. The third battle of Winchester, Virginia was some weeks later in September.
387 The sisters wore a long chaplet (rosary) attached at the waist of their skirt. It was made from wooden beads, strung together, from which hung medals and a crucifix.
After finishing the prayers the poor Methodist asked me to tell him something about my religion. I replied, surely you do not wish to hear anything about our religion, it is only a short time since you called your minister, and no doubt your mind is now at ease. The poor man replied, “Ah sister, I cannot go to Heaven in this state of mind. I believe there is no consolation to be found out of your Church. I wish to be baptized, I believe all that you do; should I recover I will be a good Catholic.” This he said in presence of his mother and wife. He begged of them to become Catholics so as to meet them in Heaven. The poor man received the sacraments with the most lively faith and gratitude to God, and I had the happiness to hear him make a public profession of our holy faith the next morning to the minister who called to see him—and who immediately left the ward with feelings more easily imagined than described. There was a poor man in my ward whose name I could not learn, I called him Blackbeard from a large mustache that he wore. He never would ask for anything, nor take any thing that was given to him. After urging him to take some nourishment he replied, “Sister, I do not wish for any thing. There is only one thing and that I do not think you can procure for me” I enquired what it was and assured him if it was in my power I would try and get it for him. He then said, “Sister I would like to have a Lily, I think it would do me so much good.” The wish was a strange one; nevertheless I determined to gratify him which the kindness of a friend enabled me to do so. The little act of kindness was not without effect. Much to my surprise, one day in passing through the wards I found the priest in conversation with our patient. The visits and instructions were continued, and the poor man had the happiness of dying in the true Church. In Saint Peter’s Ward[^388] of which I had the charge there were several prisoners of war. Among them a poor Union soldier, prisoner of war, who was in the hospital on suspicion. A clergyman of our city went bail for him. He was indeed in a most pitiful condition—stiff, cold, and exhausted for want of nourishment. As he was dangerously ill, I advised him to prepare for death. He replied, “Oh, yes, Sister, I wish to die a member of your Church.” Immediately the priest was sent for who administered to him all the sacraments. In a short time his health improved and he was soon able to attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass daily. In the course of a few weeks he was ordered to repair to his Regiment having proved innocent to the charges laid against him.

A poor family who had been banished from their homes took shelter in our city. Their misery was so great that three died from

[^388]: In some hospitals where the sisters nursed each ward had a different patron saint.
starvation, but as soon as their distress was made known to the parish priest he procured for them immediate relief. Finally the mother and grandmother died; the others were brought to my ward quite sick with the exception of two little girls who were taken to the Asylum. It was a pitiful sight to witness the poor dying man entrust his orphan children to the good pastor. One of the children died. The whole family were baptized and the surviving members have proved themselves good and dutiful. At the termination of the war in 1865, the prisoners received their discharge; but, O what a sight! The streets of our City were lined with them. The sick were brought to our hospital and Saint Peter’s Ward again filled. They were indeed objects of commiseration. One poor man received baptism and died a few hours after his entrance. At this time eighteen persons received baptism in Saint Peter’s Ward.

43. Recollections, St. Louis Military Hospital
St. Louis, Missouri

An officer from Jefferson Barracks (a military Post) received a furlough for one day only but was led off, and indulged a little too freely in the inebriating glass and returned to his hotel. As he did not go to his room the proprietor met him and requested him to leave the place, meaning that he should go to his room, but the poor man was on the verge of having Delirium Tremens and misunderstood him. He then rushed into the street, stopped the cars, and told the conductor to take him to some hospital where he would be well cared for. The conductor let him out at our hospital saying he would receive every kindness from our Sisters. He recovered entirely under our care, and before he left he was baptized and had the happiness of making his First Communion, which he received with sentiments of faith and devotion. Shortly after his return home, he wrote that his wife and children also had the happiness of being admitted as members of the true Church, and that they were preparing for confession and their First Communion. He wrote again about seven months ago and expressed his pleasure at soon having a Catholic Church near, and that he contributed towards its erection as far as his means would permit. There was another poor man who was in great agony and it was visible that our good God prolonged his sufferings only to promote his eternal welfare. His minister visited him occasionally but appeared to afford him no consolation. The Sisters, seeing this, inquired if he would not like to see a priest. Having replied in the affirmative, the good Father was sent for. He was baptized and

389 Notes—Military Hospitals, 392–3.
appeared quite another person. Sister enquired what he would do when
the minister would come. He replied that he might sing and read over
him but it would have no more effect on him than it would on a dead
carcass. Meantime the minister came and as usual went to exhort him.

Seeing the patient treat him rather coldly he inquired into the cause.
“Sir” said he, “I have this day found true peace. I have found my God.
I have been to day baptized by a Catholic priest, and I now belong to
the one true Church. I no longer require your services. The sick man
soon took his flight towards Heaven and, I trust, is now praying for the
one who was the means of his conversion.

44. Recollections of Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace
Satterlee Hospital, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Notes.

On the 25th of May 1862 a requisition was made by Surgeon
General Hammond through Dr. I. I. Hayes, for 25 Sisters of Charity to
nurse the sick and wounded soldiers in the West Philadelphia Hospital,
afterwards known as the Satterlee, of which Dr. Hayes was named
surgeon in charge.

The Hospital being as yet unfinished the Sisters’ services were
not required, but we were requested to keep ready to repair there within
twenty four hours’ notice:

Wishing to have us on the spot to make preparations Dr. Hayes
requested us to be there on the 9th of June. 22 of us arrived on the
grounds at 10 o’clock. The place was so large that we could not find the
entrance. The workmen looked at us in amazement, thinking perhaps

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390 Ibid., 394–467. For another account, perhaps a draft, see United States History, Military Service,
Civil War, Historical Notes of Satterlee Hospital, APSL. (Hereafter cited as Satterlee—Historical Notes).
For financial matters, see ibid., #18b Account Book Satterlee Hospital, 1–77, APSL. (Hereafter cited as
Satterlee—Account Book). Appendix D and Appendix E of this work include a roster of sister nurses.
Several published renditions on Satterlee Hospital have been available since late in the nineteenth century:
“Notes on Satterlee Military Hospital, West Philadelphia, Penna., from the Journal Kept at the Hospital
by a Sister of Charity [sic] from 1862 until its Close in 1865,” ed., Sara Trainer Smith, Records of the
American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia. 8 (1897), 399–449. Available APSL. Barton,
Angels of the Battlefield, 144–71. Eleanor C. Donnelly, Life of Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace of the Daughters of
Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, (Philadelphia: privately printed, 1900), 106–202. (Hereafter cited as Donnelly,
Sister Mary Gonzaga). These works confirm that several sisters wrote war diaries but most are no longer
extant except for a few published excerpts. For example, Jolly includes selected content from the diaries of

391 Dr. Isaac Israel Hayes (1832–1881). Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace was sister servant of the Daughters
of Charity at Satterlee Hospital, which was also called Satterlee Heights. For Hayes letter gratefully
acknowledging the sisters for the “faithful and efficient manner” and “the gratitude of every true soldier,”
see Donnelly, Sister Mary Gonzaga, 198–9. The present-day Clark Park occupies a portion of the site where
Civil War’s largest hospital (Satterlee) stood.
that we belonged to the *Flying Artillery*. After stepping over bricks, mortar, pipes, and etc., we were ushered in to an immense ward while a good Irishman went in search of the surgeon in charge; he and his staff welcomed us, showed us our quarters and desired us to order dinner to suit ourselves. He then showed us through the hospital, of which 8 wards only were finished; their number when completed was 33—each capable of accommodating comfortably 75 patients, each having a table and chair. Attached to each ward were two small rooms, one for the chief nurse, the other for the Sisters, to keep her medicines, little delicacies, and etc. The hospital grounds covered a space of fifteen acres, giving our sick ample space to move about and recreate themselves.

At twelve o’clock we repaired to the kitchen for dinner and could not help smiling when we saw the tea served in wash pitchers, and the meat and potatoes in the basins—but there was neither knife, fork, nor spoon—upon asking the cook for some, he answered [that] he had only four for the officers, but as they would not dine till later, he would lend them to us. So we used them by turns.

By the time dinner was finished we found some sick were being brought, there were about 150: all went to work to prepare some nourishment for the poor fellows, they looked at us with amazement not knowing what kind of beings we might be; among them was a French soldier named Pierre, who recognized the Daughters of Charity, when the patients found the Sisters waiting on them so kindly they readily offered their assistance.

In a short time our number was increased to nearly nine hundred [patients]. Many were ill with typhoid fever, swamp fever, chronic dysentery, and etc. On the 16th of August, over 1500 sick and wounded soldiers were brought to the hospital—most of them from the battle of Bull Run.392 Many had died on the way from exhaustion; others were in a dying state, so that the chaplain Father McGrane was sent to administer the last sacraments.393 We took care to furnish them with some good beef essence. Spent much of their leisure time in making the stations,394 which some of their comrades had bought and placed at their own expense.

Our new refectory was so arranged that between it and the chapel we had temporary doors which, when removed made our chapel

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392 The armies engaged in the Second Battle of Bull Run (Manassas) in Virginia August 28–30, 1862.
393 Rev. Peter P. McGrane (1815-1891), a Redemptorist priest until 1861 when he received dispensation to join the diocesan clergy, was assigned to Saint Patrick’s parish, Philadelphia. Father McGrane served in the U.S. Volunteers as a hospital chaplain (1862-1865). McGrane entered the Trappist Order at Gethsemani, Kentucky, in 1881. Ten years later he died at St. Mary’s College, Kentucky, and was interred in the apse of the monastic church, Abbey of Gethsemani.
394 Probably the Stations of the Cross which is a meditation on the Passion and Death of Jesus Christ.
over 100 feet long. These two rooms were crowded every Sunday and festival, and it often happened that many of our invalids came before meditation was finished to secure a seat.\textsuperscript{395} Protestants were also attracted by the short but beautiful exhortation of Father McGrane who gave us Mass three times a week. At first we were obliged to borrow all that was necessary for the divine service, but our soldiers, after receiving their pay, made a collection among themselves, requesting Sister to purchase ornaments for the Chapel. They did the same at different times until we had a good supply of everything. They even wished new settees and sanctuary carpet saying, when the hospital is closed the Sisters must take everything we bought for the orphans.\textsuperscript{396}

In April 1863 Rt. Rev. Bishop Wood did us the honor to administer Confirmation in our little Chapel to thirty-one of our poor soldiers, most of whom were converts, and two upwards of 40 years of age.\textsuperscript{397}

In February 1864 forty-four received this sacrament, and one being unable to leave his bed, the Bishop had the kindness to go to the Ward in his robes to confirm him.\textsuperscript{398} All behaved with the utmost respect during the ceremony. Wines, broths, or other little delicacies that might revive them or which they might fancy, of these we had an abundant supply in our Donation Room, furnished by the charitable ladies as well as by the Sanitary Commission, Christian Commission and Pennsylvania Relief Association.

The Wards being now crowded, tents were put up to accommodate over 1,000[.] We had at that time not less than 4,500 in the Hospital.

When we first went to Satterlee our quarters were very limited, we had one small room about seven feet square, which served as a chapel, another somewhat larger answered the purpose of dormitory by night and community room by day. When we had Mass, only a few Sisters had room to remain inside and at time for Holy Communion, they were obliged to come out after receiving, to let those who were in the entry come in. It was beautiful to see our dear sick kneeling around the door and even up the stair steps—the maimed, the lame and even the blind <gathering> drawing near our dear Lord in his Holy

\textsuperscript{395} The Daughters of Charity spend an hour daily in prayer (meditation). The writer refers to meditation in common in the morning and afternoon, each for a half-hour.

\textsuperscript{396} Sister Gonzaga Grace was in charge of nursing service at Satterlee Hospital and simultaneously remained the administrator of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, located in Germantown, Philadelphia.


\textsuperscript{398} Ecclesiastical attire for liturgical functions.
Tabernacle. Our good Dr. Hayes, who was all kindness to us, soon had built four more rooms, one of them expressly for a Chapel, which he supplied with seal [sic], and told me to order the carpenters to do anything we wished to make it convenient. This was called the “Sisters’ Chapel”, for the Protestant chaplain had his preaching in the corridor or wherever he could collect an audience, Liberty was granted to the soldiers to come to our chapel whenever we had service, many pious ones. When Mass was finished Bishop Wood distributed prayer books, rosaries and medals which he had previously blessed and then told the Catholics to approach the railings. To his astonishment as well as great satisfaction all in the chapel came. He addressed a little exhortation and dismissed them. Mass was at 6 o’clock and many of the patients were in the Chapel at 4 ½ in order to secure seats. This was generally the case on great festivals, although some being crippled had to be carried in the arms of their comrades.

At 3 o’clock on Sundays and festivals we had Vespers and the Rosary. The patients felt quite privileged to join in: in Lent we had the “Way of the Cross” and also the Devotions of the Month of Mary, both at 7 in the evening. The Chapel was always crowded at those times; many took great pleasure in bringing candles and flowers for the altar of our dear Mother. When the month of May was ended they expressed regret at not having some devotions in the evening when the Sisters had theirs.

Our pious soldiers took great delight in decorating the chapel at Christmas, with green boughs, festoon, rosettes, and etc. They sat up a great part of the preceding nights preparing them—indeed it always gave them great pleasure to help the sisters, in any kind of work, even preventing them, whenever they found them at laborious duties.

In May 1864 the Jubilee was celebrated at Satterlee Hospital.399 Our poor sufferers were so happy to have it in their power to obtain this great indulgence. Many received the sacraments who had not approached them for 10-15 and some for 25 years. One had been over 40 years without going to confession, he had lived in bad terms with his wife and sent for her that he might be reconciled before finishing the Jubilee.

The soldiers wore with the greatest confidence—the scapulars, Miraculous Medals and Agnus Deis, many attributed their preservation to one or other of these. On one occasion a thin, pale looking young

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399 There was no Jubilee Year proclaimed in 1800. Possibly the Jubilee celebrated in 1864 was associated with the return of Pope Pius VII to Rome or the dedication of the Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul, Philadelphia. Clarification requires further research.
man came to the door of Sister’s room one morning for some medicine, appearing to suffer, as he placed his hand on his breast. Sister asked if his wound was very painful, he answered no, but he knew it would have been mortal, were it not for a pair of scapulars his dear Mother had given him before he left home. The bullet had gone through his uniform, battered his watch to pieces and lodged in his scapulars, leaving only a little soreness. He now wished some instructions that he might be invested with them by the Chaplain before he returned to his regiment. Another, a Protestant said a Catholic friend of his, had put the scapular on his neck the morning he left home, telling him the Blessed Virgin would protect him and bring him safe through all dangers if he said a prayer to her every day. He did so and although his comrades, he said, fell on all sides and shells tore up the ground quite near his feet, he remained unhurt and even fearless. He said to Sister, “I wish to be instructed and baptized,” but as he was ordered to his regiment, there was no time for him to do so. His good dispositions, however, gave us reason to hope that he was faithful to grace.

We distributed great numbers of medals and Agnus Deis; even the Protestants would ask for them before returning to the field, promising to wear them with respect and to say their prayers every day, because they said, the Catholic soldiers who wore them, escaped so many dangers.

Cases of small pox had occurred in the hospital from time to time, but the patients were removed as soon as possible to the Small Pox Hospital which was some miles from the city. The poor men were more distressed on account of their being sent away from the Sisters, than they were for having the disease. It was heart rending when the ambulance came to hear the poor fellows beg to be left, even if they were entirely alone, provided the Sisters would be near them to have the sacraments administered in case of danger.

We offered our services several times to attend these poor sick, but were told the Government had ordered them away to prevent the contagion spreading.

At last our surgeon in charge obtained permission to keep the small pox patients in the camp some distance from the Hospital. The tents were made very comfortable, with good large stoves to heat them, and flies (double covers) over the tops. The next thing was to have a Sister in readiness in case their services should be required. Every one
was generous enough to offer her service, but I thought it most prudent to accept one who had had the disease.\footnote{Probably Sister Josephine Edelin (1842–1869). She stayed with the patients who had contagious diseases. Sister Josephine had extensive knowledge of therapeutic agents and held classes for the the sister nurses to learn more about curative measures, e.g. “Pitcher Plant” tea.}

As soon as the soldiers heard a Sister had been assigned to the camp, they said, “Well, if I get the small pox now, I don’t care because our Sister will take care of cured them.”

From November 1864 to May 1865 we had upwards of ninety cases, about 9 or 10 died; two had the black small pox and were baptized some time before they died.\footnote{Hemorrhagic smallpox (also called black pox) is a severe form of the disease accompanied by extensive bleeding into the skin, mucous membranes, and gastrointestinal tract. The skin does not blister, but remains smooth despite the appearance of being charred and black as a result of subcutaneous bleeding.} We had I may say, entire charge of these poor sufferers as the physician who attended them seldom paid a visit, and allowed us to do any thing we thought proper for them. They were much benefitted (and very little marked) by drinking freely, of tea made of “Saracenia Purpura,” or Pitcher’s Plant. When the weather permitted, I visited those poor fellows almost every day; like little children, at these times, they expected some little treat of oranges, cakes, jellies, apples or such things, which we always had for them. They often said, it was the Sisters that cured them and not the doctors, for they believed they were afraid of taking the disease. Our patients appeared to think the Sisters were not like other human beings or they would not attend such loathsome and contagious diseases which every one else shunned.

One day I was advising an application to a man’s face for poison. He would not see the Doctor because, he said, he did not do him any good. I told him this remedy had cured Sister ____ who was poisoned.\footnote{May refer to circumstances surrounding the death of Sister Mary Xavier (Mestezzer) Clark’s father, Guillaume Mestezzer, a prominent planter poisoned by the overseer on his plantation during a time of insurrection in San Dominique. See \textit{Life of Mother Augustine and Mother Mary Xavier} (Emmitsburg, Maryland: St. Joseph’s, 1938), 98. The writer would have known Sister Mary Xavier as a teacher at St. Joseph’s Academy and later in community.} The man looked astonished and said, “A Sister!” I answered, “Yes.” “Why?” said he, “I did know the Sisters ever got any thing like that.” I told him, “To be sure they do. Are they not liable to take diseases as well as any one else?” “To be sure not,” he said, “for the boys often say they must be different from other people for they never get sick and they do for us what no person else would do. They are not afraid of fevers, small pox or anything else.” They had more confidence in the Sisters’ treatment than in the physicians. They who themselves acknowledged they would have lost more of their patients, had it not been for the Sisters’ watchful care and knowledge.
of medicine. Sometimes they did not know one thing from another, and yet our dear Lord prevented any serious accident from occurring. The officers, as well as the soldiers, showed the greatest deference and respect to the Sisters. The Surgeon in charge, Dr. Hayes, often remarked with pleasure that the Sisters had such great influence on the soldiers—no matter how rudely they were behaving, as soon as the Sister of the Ward, or any other made her appearance, they were quiet and orderly. They have often refused to go on night watch or detail duty for the doctor, but never refused when Sister asked them to do so.

The Surgeon in charge on our first going to the hospital gave orders that any want of obedience or respect should be immediately reported to him and the guilty one should be severely punished. Happily there was not a single instance of either.

One occurrence will show the good feeling of all towards the sisters. One of the patients in Ward N. had been in town on pass and, of course, had indulged too freely in liquor, but on his return went quietly to bed. Sister not knowing this went with his medicine and touched the bed clothes to rouse him; the poor man being stupid and sleepy, thought his comrades were teasing him, gave a blow—sending Sister and the medicine across the room. Some of the convalescents seized him by the collar and would have choked him, if Sister had not compelled them to desist. However, he was soon reported, and sent under an escort to the Guard House where stocks were being prepared for him. Nothing could be done for his release as the Surgeon in charge was absent. As soon as he returned, we begged [that] the poor man might return at once to his ward and also [be] freed from all other punishment, as well as from the Guard House. The Surgeon said as he could refuse nothing to the Sisters; their request must be granted, but in order to make a strong impression on the soldiers, he dispatched an order to all the Wards which was read at roll call to the effect that this man was released only by the earnest entreaty of the Sister Superior and the Sister of his ward, otherwise he would have been dealt with the utmost severity.

When the poor man came to himself and learned what he had done, he begged a thousand pardons of Sister, and promised never to take liquor again. On great festivals, such as Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving Day, etc., at our request, all the prisoners in the Guard

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403 Sister Aloysia Daly (1836–1926) was in charge of Ward N.
404 The Daughters of Charity provided nursing care for approximately 80,000 soldiers at Satterlee Hospital during the three years the sisters served there.
405 Probably Sister Aloysia Daly.
House were liberated. The Officers often came to us to solicit favors of Dr. Hayes for them, as they knew he would not refuse the Sisters whatever they asked.

Amongst the visitors at the hospital, some in the beginning were very prejudiced and one day asked Dr. Hayes why he had the Sisters of Charity to nurse in his hospital, when there were so many ladies who would be happy to do that service. He answered, because the Sisters of Charity were the only women in the world that he knew capable of nursing the sick properly.

Another time a committee of ladies from an association waited upon him with letters of recommendation, accompanied by a large donation of clothing, fruits, preserves, etc., and offering themselves as an organized body to attend to the affairs of the hospital and take turns to nurse the sick. The doctor thanked them saying, he had an excellent organized body, working under his own eye so well, that he was unwilling to change it for any other. This body was the Sisters of Charity who had his entire confidence but if they wished to do some good, they might take the place of some outsiders, who were disposed at time, to be rather troublesome. He then directed his orderly to take what they brought to Sister in the Donation Room. The ladies left rather embarrassed at their cool reception.

From our taking charge of the hospital June 9th 1862 to our leaving, August 3rd 1865, ninety-one Sisters had been on duty there. The changes, with the exception of three or four, were made by the Superiors.406

The war being over the Government only required our services until the convalescents could obtain their discharge. The Physicians, however, begged we would remain until all the sick were removed either to the Soldiers' Home, or, well enough to return to their own home.

I am happy to say that during our sojourn at Satterlee Hospital there never was an unpleasant word between the Physicians or Officers and sisters, except once that a Sister spoke in a rude manner to one of the protestant chaplains, who had treated us with great respect, I thought it required an apology and made it, this removed the bad feeling and they were again on good terms.407

The eve of our departure the executive officer, said to me, Sister, allow me to ask you a question: “Has there ever been any misunderstanding or dissatisfaction between the officers and Sisters

406 Superiors reassigned (changed) sister personnel as needed.
407 Satterlee—Historical Notes, 122. This statement is crossed out in the original.
since we came to this Hospital?” I answered, “None at all, except once between Chaplain N. and S. F.” He said, “Oh! that fellow, he has no sense! Well, I'll tell you why I asked. The other evening we were at a party, the conversation turned on the Sisters in the Hospitals. I said there had never been a falling out between any of us at Satterlee. That we were all on the same good terms as the first day we met. Some of the City Hospital doctors said they did not believe that forty women could live together without disputing, much less be among such a number of men.”

The number of Baptisms noted were fifty-seven, some of whom were numbered in the memorandum sent. The number of communicants could not be ascertained as some approached the Holy Table almost every Sunday.

After the Battle of Gettysburg we received a large number of patients very badly wounded. In all we had nearly six thousand; the wards were densely crowded and three hundred tents were erected on the grounds; additional physicians and nurses were on duty, but a considerable number died from their wounds; many converts among them died in the most edifying dispositions: the greatest number of Sisters in the Hospital in those times when we had so many sick was forty-three.

**The memorandum belonging to this will be known by commencing at page 57 or 58 [sic] and ending with a letter from Rev. Thomas R. Butler, Vicar General of Covington. I did not put any name on it when I sent it to Baltimore, as I thought Father Burlando only wanted to look over it, as Sister Louise had told him we kept a journal.

Yours,
Sister Mary Gonzaga

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408 Possibly Sister Felicite D’Aunoy (1844–1892), who was the younger of two siblings with identical names in community.

409 In the original manuscript on Satterlee Hospital.

410 Satterlee—Historical Notes, 57–116. Probably Sister Marie Louise Caulfield, who served at Satterlee in Ward I, and would have known about the journal. In another version of this account, Sister Gonzaga wrote: “I am sorry to say 56 pages of the first part have [been] lent or mislaid, but we did not keep a regular journal.” The copyist apparently located the missing pages which are included in Part 2 of this work.

411 This notation is added on the reverse of this account and signed by Sister Mary Gonzaga.
45. [Memorandum Sent to Father Burlando]412

Indeed it seemed to rouse his failing strength each time that anyone would talk to him about that beautiful home to which he was so rapidly hastening. Mr. P. was constant in attentions towards him. The doctor was astonished that he could have lasted so long after the last hemorrhage. Yet he lingered two weeks longer in the greatest sufferings. His poor back was one entire bedsore; his wound was such that he was obliged to lie in one position, and he was reduced to a mere skeleton. Yet not a word of complaint escaped him. He was always cheerful sometimes he would sing which Sister laughingly said was the last remains of Protestantism. He desired to be anointed and receive the last Benediction after which his whole heart and mind seemed to be in heaven; he was anxious for his last moments that he might see God. On the evening of the 12th about five o’clock he commenced singing the Our Father in a sweet, clear, tone loud enough to be heard at the entrance of the Ward. Sister went over to his bedside as he ceased singing, but he was already gone. He breathed out his last sigh with the last word of Our Lord’s own prayer on his lip; and we felt sure that his pure soul had indeed gone to heaven.413 My poor capacity will not permit me to describe, as I would wish, how interesting he was how childlike and confiding in his intercourse with Father and the Sisters. How zealous in professing his faith in the presence of doctors, former companions who laughed at his fervor, how he used to watch for Sisters coming; how he looked up to and depended on her for every thing as a most affectionate child would do with a kind and tender mother. It was strange to see how everyone was attracted to his bedside; everyone acknowledged that he was one of the most interesting cases that had ever been in the hospital, and although all loved him so much, we prayed (if it was Our dear Lord’s will) that he might die as he seemed so ripe for heaven, that it would be wrong to wish to keep him.

Many deaths have also occurred out in the tents caused by the frequent hemorrhages which take place in their wounds. Although every precaution is taken to prevent it, many died as they had lived—without any fear of the future and unbaptized. It was heartrending to witness their suffering and feel that you could do nothing for them. Some again showed signs of sorrow for sin and a desire to die well, although they would not consent to be baptized until (as they said) they would get well and return to their families.

412 Notes—Military Hospitals, 407-9. For entries from diaries no longer extant, see Donnelly, Sister Mary Gonzaga, 123–29.

One poor Catholic an old man, white and shriveled with year, just received the last sacraments in time to breathe his last sigh. He had been a sailor all his life had never gone to confession before, and was not instructed in his religion. Sister sent for a very kind priest (the same who baptized Charlie) and who assists Father in the duties of the Hospital. He found him in excellent dispositions and prepared him at once. Thus at the close of a long life spent in sin, this soul found that grace and mercy justly denied to some.

Such are the ways of an all wise God. Praise be to His Holy Name forever.

August 8th

A very sad death occurred a few days since in Ward T. His name was Peterson. He was a veteran of many battles and had his arm torn out from the shoulders by a ball. The wound looked favorable during the first six days, but then commenced sloughing afterwards the artery gave way; he had two severe hemorrhages. It was then decided in consultation that an incision should be made higher up in order] to secure the artery in a healthy part. All again looked bright for the poor sufferer during several days and he was very grateful. Stimulants and tonics were frequently given to sustain life, and Sister was constant in watching the least change or movement. But alas while washing his face, the artery again burst forth splattering the wall, bedside, and the face of the poor patient. What was now to be done? Another incision could not be made without the loss of life, and could not be again tied otherwise. As a last resource it was decided that the artery must be compressed tightly by the fingers until a thick clot would be formed. This duty was assigned to the cadets (fourteen in number), who were to take turns day and night—thirty minutes at a time. The least change (from the proper place) of the fingers would cause the blood to again flow (and as the sufferer himself remarked), the next time that he would bleed he would surely die. He lay on his back all the while perfectly conscious of his danger and yet no prayer escaped him. No desire for Baptism; no thought apparently but the longing, anxious desire that he might live, expressive on his pale and sunken features. It was very sad to see him dying thus and Sister Elizabeth did all she could to excite him to contrition to make the sacrifice of his life to God, who is the Good Father of all and to place all confidence in Him, continuing from time to time to make aspirations for and with him. He continued in this

414 Sister Mary Elizabeth Frasa (1833–1892) and Sister Euphrasia Wittenauer (1840–1914) served successively in Ward T.
state from eight o’clock in the morning until six of the next morning when the moment arrived for the cadet to change his painful position with another. But at the raising of the fingers, as was feared, the blood spouted forth afresh sprinkling all around. All that could be done now was to hastily snatch a handkerchief and stuff it into the open wound. At this moment Sister again asked him if he did not desire Baptism and thereby become a Child of God. He replied that he did, and assented to her doing so. A moment more and he was gone, leaving but a faint hope to us that he was saved. He never professed any religion and knew very little of the goodness of God, therefore we trust that He accepted this—his weak desire for Baptism in his last moments.

August 16th

A patient in Ward Z named Henry Curren was baptized last night, the feast of our Blessed Mother’s Assumption. He had suffered much, particularly during the last two days, and could not take any nourishment, still Sister thought that he was not in immediate danger. She spoke to him in the evening about his salvation and asked if he desired to see a clergyman. He replied that he did not as they could not do him any good. She then reminded him that he could not be sure that he would recover and that if he died without being baptized, he could never go to Heaven. He promised that he would reflect on her advice, saying at the same time, that he had never attended church, or professed any religion, that his parents were Methodists but did not live up to it. Sister made a few other remarks, then bid him good night. About half past eight a message came from the ward for Sister to hasten back as quickly as possible, that Henry was dying and desired to see her. Sister Julia [Fitzgerald] went with Sister Angela [sic] immediately and when they arrived at his bedside, he said to them in the most supplicating tone, “O pray for me, Sisters, for I am dying.”

Sister desired him to place all confidence in our good God, that he was a good Father to the repentant sinner, and that He never rejected anyone, even in the last hour if they returned to Him with their whole heart. She then asked him if he wished to be baptized, and he replied that he desired to be baptised in the religion to which she belonged. He repeated with her, the Our Father, Hail Mary, Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition most fervently then professed his belief in the principal mystery of religion, after which she Baptised him. He then

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415 Probably Sister Angeline Reilly (?–?), who served in Ward Z, and Sister Julia Fitzgerald (1840–1920) in Ward K. The Entrance Book does not list Sister Angeline Reilly although her name appears on a contemporary handwritten roster of sisters assigned to Satterlee Hospital. Satterlee—Account Book, 78-82. See Appendix D and Appendix E.
asked Sister Julia her name and requested that she would pray for him, also. He then said, “O Lord have mercy on me!” and repeated again with Sister, “Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, have mercy on me!” Then falling back gently on his pillow breathed his last sigh about ten minutes after receiving baptism. Was not this a consoling death. Praise be to God!

September 8th [1863] We had a grand time in the Chapel this morning on account of the double wedding of Sister Mary Joseph t] and Sister Maria, who had the happiness of making their Holy Vows for the first time. The Altar was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The sisters sung their best and Father gave us Benediction after Mass. At one o’clock the brides were crowned and conducted by Sister Gonzaga and the brides-maids to the seats prepared for them in the work room, as is done in the Seminary. The Sisters then sang the appropriate verses, cake, coffee, and sugar plums were served us afterwards and we had fine recreation.

Sister Angela thought it was only right that we should have a little music and dancing before concluding. She accordingly made a violin of her own construction composed of a new comb wrapped in tissue paper, then putting on a pair of old slippers, she announced herself ready for performing. Truly we had music and dancing in good old Irish style to perfection, to the no small amusement of the Company. Could the great ones of the world take a peep at us just then, they might well envy us; or did they but know of the true happiness that exists amongst those who have left all, for the service of our good God.

September 14th Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross

This morning we had the happiness of witnessing another baptism which evidently shows the workings of Divine Grace. The subject is a German named Paul Hegan [sic], aged 27 years. He came to the hospital on the 5th July and was severely wounded in the arm. However, it healed rapidly and in a few weeks he was able to frequent the Protestant Chapel, two weeks since he asked a little

416 Sister Mary Joseph Sinnott (1835–1881) and Sister Maria Noonan (1840–1915).
417 Sister Angela Mahoney (1840–?), a native of Cork County, Ireland, worked in the laundry at Satterlee until November 18, 1864. She withdrew from the Daughters of Charity and married a soldier named Hamilton of the 19th Maine Volunteers. See Mary A. Gardner Holland, *Interesting Sketches, Address, and Photographs of the Noble Women who served in the Hospitals and on Battlefields during our Civil War*, (Boston: B. Wilkins & Co.), 336–41.
418 Matthew 19:21.
419 Paul Hagen.
Catholic boy who slept next him in the ward, to go with him to [sic] meeting on Sunday afternoon. The boy replied that he could not go, but would he not come with him to the Sisters’ Chapel. At first he refused, but afterwards consented. They are greatly attached to each other and belong to the same regiment which, I suppose, was the cause of his yielding so readily. Our devotions on Sunday afternoons are, as you are aware, the Rosary and Vespers, which of course, he could not understand as he cannot speak a word of English. But our Blessed Mother must surely have interceded in his behalf, for he left the Chapel determined to come again and asked his little friend when there would be meeting. He told him on Tuesday, and Paul was one of the first in the Chapel that morning, blessing himself and taking Holy Water like the others. He remained kneeling with his head bowed down nearly all the time. He told his little friend (whose name is Fred) that he would like very much to see a German priest and that he intended going to the Sisters’ Chapel in future, which he visits now daily. Little Fred, who acts as interpreter for him, came quite delighted with the good news to Sister and wanted to know when the German priest would come here again. She told him on Thursday, He said that he would be here to hear Confessions German and that he would then have a good opportunity to see him, if he wished. Paul repaired to the Chapel at two o’clock that day and remained waiting until nearly five, but no priest came, having been unavoidably detained in the City.

However, the next morning, he said Mass for us and afterwards heard Confessions. Paul remained in the Chapel all the time but did not go in to speak with him, as the thought occurred to him that he must begin his Confession at once and not knowing what to do, he thought better to defer it until he was better instructed. Sister gave him a German Prayer Book, and Medal of our Blessed Mother. The following Thursday he had a long conversation with the German-speaking priest who said that he found him in most excellent dispositions and would send him a Catechism to instruct him on Baptism.

On the Monday following September 14th he was baptized. The Sister in whose Ward he was, with little Fred, acted as sponsors. Immediately after he made his First Confession and requested some books that would enable him to prepare for First Communion. He remained but a few days longer in the hospital, as he was considered well enough to return to his regiment. So we had not the happiness of seeing him make his First Communion as he had heard that he must go, only about ten minutes before leaving.

420 The penitents were native-German speakers.
Two or three others have made their First Communion within the last few weeks. One of them, a youth named Michael Davis in Ward N was born in Ireland, and lost his mother while very young. He came to this country shortly afterwards with his Father whom he says has always been a drunkard.

He was employed with a sea captain soon after his arrival, and from that time was in the company of those who professed no religion. It was not much wonder then that he ceased the practice of his. He entered the Army about two years since and was brought here from the Battle of Gettysburg, with a very severe wound in his hand.

He told Sister at once of the careless life he had led and promised her that he would begin now to prepare for a General Confession. Sister gave him a prayer book, catechism and medal desiring him to put himself under the protection of our Blessed Mother. A few days later, having been put under the influence of ether in order that his wound might be probed, he imagined while in that state, that he was going to Hell, and that those who were standing around him were devils waiting to receive his soul. Then he would cry out most pitifully, “Don’t kill me yet, I am not ready to die. I want to see the Sister.”

He said afterwards that he could never forget the horrible feelings he then experienced, and that if it was all reality, he could not have been more frightened. He was now more anxious than ever to prepare for his First Communion and often said, when Sister would ask him why he did not avail himself of a pass to the city in the afternoons like the others. That he refused lest he might yield to temptation like so many of his companions, who so often came back drunk.

On another occasion when he was pressed to go to the reading room where there was a grand concert to be given, he avoided answering until watching his opportunity. He asked Sister if there would be anything wrong in his going, fearing, as he said that it might be a snare to draw him to their meeting. His companions often made him the subject of ridicule and would attack his religion indirectly. Then again they would pretend that he was influenced by the regard which he entertained for the Sisters. But to all their taunts he would not answer a word. He made his First Communion on the 19th of September and from that day forward until he left the hospital, which was a few weeks later, he continued as edifying and fervent as he had commenced. [He]

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421 Another version gives Ward W.
422 Probably Sister Aloysia Daly.
promised Sister at leaving that he would always try and be faithful to the practice of our Holy Religion. We have great reason to hope that he will. God grant it may be so.

September 26th

Robert McGill a patient in Ward P was baptized this morning. He had been sick a long time with an attack of Typhoid Fever. He was a Protestant and had always entertained much prejudice toward the Catholic Church, although his wife was a practical Catholic. She was constant in her attentions to him but avoided speaking on the subject of religion, fearing that it would only irritate without doing any good. But she often begged of Sister to mention it to him, saying that he understood the Catholic religion very well and that pride and regard for his family kept him from embracing it. Doctor West (The Protestant chaplain) had been with him the day before, praying and exhorting him to place all his hopes for his salvation in the Lord Jesus, then took leave promising to come again. His poor wife was in great distress she could not make up her mind to see him die a Protestant. Although she said nothing, but continued praying with Sister to our Blessed Mother that she might obtain his conversion.

The same evening the doctor said he could not last through the night. Therefore Sister remained with him until twelve o’clock. When all had become quiet in the ward, she asked him if he was perfectly satisfied to die as he had lived, or did he not rather desire to be baptized in the one true Church of which his good wife was a member.

He replied, “I do and wish to see a priest at once.” Sister sent for Father immediately but he did not come before morning. Therefore after a brief explanation at this request, she gave him conditional Baptism herself, as his wife was not present. He became a little better towards morning and was now very anxious to see the priest.

As soon as he arrived he went to the ward and performed the ceremonies of baptism, afterwards heard his confession, gave him Holy Communion and anointed him. Then said some little prayers and aspirations which he repeated most fervently. He bid him good-bye in this world, expressing his hope that they would gain [sic] meet in a better one, bidding him be of good courage and keep himself calm and recollected. He left him in the very best dispositions.

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423 Sister Philippa Connelly (1834–1920) and Sister Genevieve Kavanagh (1844–1898) were in charge of Ward P successively.
424 Nathaniel West, D.D. (ca.1800–1864), was a Protestant chaplain at Satterlee.
Some hours later the minister came in to see him as usual, saying as he drew near, “Well, my Friend, how are you this morning?” to which the sick man immediately answered, “I do not want to see you now, Sir, for I was baptized in the Catholic Church last night.” This he said in the presence of his wife who was then with him. The minister soon left and coming up to Sister repeated what had been said and enquired if such was the case and, if so, it was very strange.

Sister replied that all enjoy liberty of conscience here as elsewhere and that her patient wished to become a Catholic, believing that in it alone he could be saved. The minister looked nettled and went off saying he wished her patient God-speed. His poor wife went home again in the evening, as he was apparently much better with the promise that she would come out soon the next day. Sister also left him for the night after seeing that everything was provided for him during the night and our convert George Steward\(^{425}\) who is still in the ward took her place by his bedside.

About 12 o’clock he had a change for the worse and before one, he breathed his last sigh. His wife, on her arrival next day was inconsolable to think that neither herself or Sister was with him, when he died. But afterwards became more reconciled remembering that if he had died at home, as she at first desired, he would have been surrounded by his friends, and might in all probability have died a Protestant contrary to his convictions. May he rest in peace.

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September 27\(^{th}\)

Sunday Father gave us an instruction on the death of Saint Vincent,\(^{426}\) with Benediction this afternoon. He recommended us to hold fast to the spirit he had left us in spite of every obstacle and that we would at the hour of death be able to repeat as our Blessed Founder had done those beautiful Words of Holy Writ: “With joy I enter into thy house, O God!”\(^{427}\)

Quite an excitement was created about two o’clock, caused by a visit from Generals Sickles and Hammond.\(^{428}\) The former lost a leg in one of the late Battle [sic] of Gettysburg, and has been, since that

\(^{425}\) George Steward, a patient, had converted to Roman Catholicism the previous May.

\(^{426}\) Saint Vincent de Paul died September 27, 1660, in Paris.

\(^{427}\) See Psalm 45:16.

\(^{428}\) General Daniel Edgar Sickles and General William Alexander Hammond. Both were present during the Union encampment St. Joseph’s Central House, Emmitsburg, Maryland, in late June 1863.
time, under the care of the Sisters in Washington. He is now able to
go about with crutches.

Doctor Hayes with all the principal surgeons, accompanied
him in making the circuit of the hospital. The patients who were all
eager to see once more their good old General, that had stood by them
so valiantly in that terrific engagement, came out of the wards as best
they could; many of themselves on crutches, also, and crowded in the
corridors to cheer and welcome him as he passed along.

One poor young lad, however, who was very sick and who
Sister thought would feel the privation of not being able to see him,
replied to her, words of consolation: “Do not feel sorry on my account.
I would rather see a Sister at any time than a General, for it was a Sister
who came to me when I was unable to help myself in an old barn
near Gettysburg where I was and she dressed my wounds, gave me a
drink and took good care of me until I came here.” The poor Boy is a
Protestant and never saw a Sister before that time.

Thanksgiving Day [for the Laundresses] ——

October 10th Quite an interesting little party assembled in
the laundry yesterday evening. The poor laundresses had been so very
generous for some time past that Sister Angela consented to let them
have a little party as soon as Sister Gonzaga would return from St.
Joseph’s where she has been for the last two weeks. Accordingly they
came quite early yesterday morning and hastened to finish all their
work by noon. Then washed, and dressed in all their finery which they
brought with them for the occasion.

Sister Angela arranged the tables which were covered with a
snow white cloth, different kinds of cakes, preserves, apples, candies
and graced the board [sic]. In the centre and at each end of the tables
were handsome bunches of flowers. The pitchers looked like silver, and
the knives and forks as if they had never been used. The tea set was
all white, in fine every [thing] looked very nice. and our poor wash
women were delighted. At four o’clock Sister Angela informed them
that all was ready, and sent for Sister Gonzaga who commenced the

429 “In 1863–July and August–while suffering from a serious wound received at Gettysburg, I was
visited daily as a nurse by Sister Mary Carroll, under the advice of Dr. Sim, my attending surgeon. This
service was rendered in addition to her arduous duties as chief of Providence Hospital; and I am persuaded
that I am equally indebted to my surgeon, Dr. Thomas Sim, and to my nurse, Sister Mary Carroll, for my
recovery.” D. E. Sickles, New York, March 17, 1886, to Committee on Invalid Pensions in support of the
petition of Sarah M. Carroll for pension. See U.S. House of Representatives, 49th Congress, 1st Session,
Report No. 2309 [to accompany bill H.R. 8602].

430 Sister Mary Angela Mahoney.
afternoon recreation by a few kind remarks. The doctor (whose duty it is to prescribe for them) with a friend of his were also present. Two of the patients who had violins were previously requested to come and play for them, and they with the exception of two or three small boys, were the only men present. They danced until nearly seven o’clock.

      The old women gave us Irish jigs and reels to perfection, while the younger ones danced cotillions. There was not a loud or unbecoming word spoken all the time, and they acted as nicely throughout, as might be expected from a better taught class. They all seemed much pleased and expressed their thanks for the Sisters honoring them with their presence.

      Sister Gonzaga said grace for them before taking their seats for supper, and afterwards made a few pleasant remarks which they listened to with the greatest respect. The two doctors then took leave, after expressing their thanks to Sisters Gonzaga and Angela for allowing them the favor of being present, which they considered a great compliment.

      After supper one of the girls in the name of all, presented Sister Gonzaga with a large pound cake nicely frosted and a rose in the centre. She was obliged to accept, or if else, she would have wounded their feelings.

      They then bid good night at a quarter to eight o’clock and returned to their humble homes, well pleased with their evening entertainment. I must not omit telling you that they bore the expense of all the refreshments themselves. Each one contributed a little beforehand as of course they knew that they could not have it in any other way.

      Oct. 15th Feast of Saint Teresa. Our dear Sister Generosa made her Holy Vows, this morning and to add to the joy of the occasion, we had a son and heir born to the kingdom of Heaven.\footnote{431} Now what do you think of that? He is a patient in Sister Anne’s Ward, aged about forty, has a wife and five children and has always lived in infidelity; later I will tell you more of his history.\footnote{432} He was baptised in the Chapel about an hour after Mass. We had grand recreation, you may be sure on account of it, and equally as a nice a day as that of last month’s.

      October 25th Sunday, two of the patients made their First Communion this morning. One has been a patient in Ward W since

\footnote{431}{Sister Generosa Foley (1837–1923).}
\footnote{432}{See footnote 432 supra.}
the 7th July. His name is Charles Duken. The other is the patient of Ward N, who was baptised on the 15th. But I must first tell you of the former. When he was first brought here, he was badly wounded in the thigh and suffered intensely. Each time that Sister would go to him or perform any little service for him, he would express his gratitude and say that if he should ever get well he would turn over a new leaf and become a better man, seemed as if he wished that she would speak to him about religion.

A few days later he was very low, the doctor had no hope for him, and he was himself conscious of his danger. He again spoke to Sister of his great desire to live, that he might join some Church. She then asked him if he had ever been baptized; he replied that he had not. She then asked him if he knew how necessary it was in order to be saved and quoted to him that part of the sacred scriptures which commands all to be baptised. He said that he did not know that before, then clasping both hands together exclaimed, “For God’s sake, Sister, do not let me slip out of your hands without Baptism.” She promised him, and asked which of the chaplains he desired to come. He replied, “her Chaplain if he would come to him.”

A few hours later he was Baptised by Father McGrane expressing at [sic] time the most lively sentiments of faith, gratitude and contrition. The same evening the doctor still considered him a hopeless case and appointed a night watch to notice the least change.

Sister went to him shortly afterwards and took from her pocket a Medal of our Blessed Mother telling him of the many miracles that had been effected by wearing it in Her honor, and having confidence in Her protection, and added that if he would wear it with the same confidence, perhaps she would obtain for him his cure. He listened attentively, then eagerly grasped the precious Medal, and promised to keep it faithfully. Then after making a few aspirations with him, she bid him good night, hardly allowing herself to hope that she would see him again.

Thanks to our Blessed Mother she found him much better, but in much trouble because, as he said, he had lost his piece [sic] and feared that some one had stolen it. Sister soon found it again which afforded him the most childlike joy.

433 Sister Magdalen Groëll (1835–1919), who served in Ward W, added her artistic touch by creating lovely decorations for festive celebrations.
434 See John 3:5.
The Doctor was astonished on his arrival in the morning to see the improvement that had taken place. Poor Charlie meanwhile procured a string long enough to reach his wounded leg, upon which he put his precious piece [sic]. He is now fully convinced that it was our Blessed Mother obtained his cure. He improved rapidly from that day and was able to walk on crutches in a few weeks. His wounds had become quite clean and already commenced healing. This is more remarkable as there were many others in the Ward whose wounds had undergone the same treatment although not considered, as dangerous, and are supposed to be doing very well although the patients are not yet able to leave their beds.

Charlie’s first visit was to the Chapel, and he rises at five o’clock in order to be one of the first. Could you see his fine open countenance, so very pale and attenuated form bending over his crutches in his efforts to take Holy Water and make his reverence with so much faith and devotion you would say. “What a pious Catholic that man must be, how very edifying he is.”

He listens to Father’s discourses with the greatest attention and delight, and counts the time long till the following Sunday. His wife came to see him about a month after his being here. He told her of his becoming a Catholic and how much happier he was now than ever before. His great fear was then that she would show any displeasure towards Sister. He was delighted when, after her return home, he received a letter expressing her kind feelings towards the Sister.

He petitioned for a furlough a few weeks later, that he might, as he said, have his children baptised at once and, if possible, to convince his wife of the great advantage of being a member of the one True Church. This he readily effected contrary to his expectations. He was always so good and kind that she was willing, she said, to do all that he thought was for the best, now that the Lord had spared him to her. Therefore she consented to apply for instruction at once and to have their little children baptised immediately.

He returned quite pleased and grateful for the many favors which he had received from God through the intercession of our Blessed Mother to whom he believes that he owes every thing, and applied himself at once to prepare for First Communion. Sister Amelia gave him instructions daily in the Chapel. Finally he made it on October 25th in the most edifying dispositions. He and his companion both sobbed like children, and seemed unable to restrain themselves.

Sister Amelia Hess Davis.
The latter’s history is no less interesting. He was very quiet and retiring in his manners and at first avoided speaking to Sister. One day while sitting by the bedside of a young man who was suffering much, he took up a book that was on the table. It was the *Hours of the Passion*, The youth told him that it belonged to the Sister, that she had lent it to him. He asked to read it also.

From that day he sought every opportunity to ask some question about the Catholic religion and desired a book that would instruct him, more fully on the subject. Sister gave him *The Catholic Christian Instructed* and *The Grounds of the Old Religion [proved from Scripture]* proved from scripture besides several others equally instructive.

He requested that Sister take him up to the chapel and explain the devotion of the Stations, for which afterwards he had a great devotion. He commenced attending Mass and Vespers from that time, and almost every day spent an hour in the chapel, although he frequently said that he felt how unworthy he was to go there. We often surprised him bathed in tears and praying most fervently.

At last he told Sister that he was determined to become a Catholic at once, no matter what would be the consequence, that he had never professed any Religion before and always said that he never would join any Church until he could be convinced that he had found the True One.

That he was sure he had now found it, and that he desired to be Baptised at once. Father hesitated, however, telling him not to be in such a hurry. The truth was he feared that Sister might have urged him, which was not the case. Besides his wife not being Baptised either; he dreaded the consequences that might result if he was not sincere.

However the poor man’s fervor and perseverance at length prevailed. Father consented to Baptise him on the feast of Saint Teresa. From that time he became more fervent than ever, frequently spending hours in the chapel and shedding abundance of tears. In truth he seemed to experience some of these emotions of love which made Saint Augustine cry out. “Too late have I known Thee, to late have I loved Thee, O beauty ever ancient and ever new!” He told Sister that he could not express his feelings of happiness, since he had found God in the One True Church, where alone He is to be found.

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436 Stations of the Cross are a devotion to the suffering and death of Jesus Christ.

437 October 15, feast of Saint Teresa of Avila.

438 “Too late loved I Thee, O Thou Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new! too late I love Thee! And behold, Thou wert within, and I abroad, and there I searched for Thee; deformed I, plunging amid those fair forms which Thou hadst made. ‘Thou wert with me, but I was not with Thee.’ Book 10. Happy Life, *The Confessions of Saint Augustine*. 236
He made his First Communion on the 25th of October as before mentioned and immediately after procured a furlough to go and visit his wife and children that he might tell them of his new religion. He told his wife, in answer to her fears, that this change should not separate them, that on the contrary it would oblige him to become a better husband than before. She knew nothing of the Catholic religion, as they had always lived in the country, far from any Catholic church. Therefore she was not much prejudiced against it, and readily yielded to his persuasions, to study and read for herself.

Many of his friends (all good simple country people) also expressed their desire that he would leave them some of his books of instruction, which he did. His daughter insisted on having his rosary, all were pleased at the account which he gave them of the Catholics and of the Sisters. His wife and children, he feels sure, will all become Catholics; and full of these pleasing [sentiments in] anticipation for the future he returned to the hospital, about a week ago. He is now preparing for Confirmation which we hope to have administered here before Christmas.

Two others belonging to Sister Anne’s Ward, have also become Catholics. One of them, (the sick boy alluded to in a former page) was remarkably fervent. When he came to the hospital a few months, since with a very severe wound in the face, immediately below the eye, sister took charge of dressing it herself and during these moments she spoke to him of our Lord’s sufferings and told him to try and offer all that he now suffered, in union with His as an atonement for whatever sins he might have committed during his past life. He listened attentively for all that she said was new to him as he had never been Baptised, and had lost both parents.

Day after day this simple country boy would ask Sister to tell him something more about the sufferings of our Lord, and what he must do and believe so that he could join that Church which taught such beautiful doctrine and often requested that she would read him some of the meditations on the Passion to him. She also taught him his prayers and Catechism.

The other patient (who had received his first impressions of grace at his bedside) also, assisted him much by telling him what he himself had learned by reading and from Father’s instructions. They used to spend hours, conversing on the subject; and whenever

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439 See footnote 432 supra.
an opportunity presented itself they would ask Sister to explain any question which they could not understand.

The Feast of Saint Teresa arrived and poor no. 7 (as Sister calls him) was still too weak to walk up to the Chapel. He had hoped all along that he would have been able to receive Baptism with his friend. The disappointment was almost too much for his weak state. One could scarcely believe that he would regret the delay so deeply. But when Sister reminded him that such a want of patience was very unlike the silent endurance of our Lord under his sufferings, he immediately dried his tears, and endeavored to become more reconciled, but not until Sister promised him that she would be his God Mother, if she would get permission.

It was as he desired and he was Baptised on October 27th, Feast of Saints Simon and Jude. From that time he visited the Blessed Sacrament almost daily and had the greatest devotion to the Stations of the Cross which sister was obliged to explain to him one by one. She also gave him a crucifix which he constantly kept about his person.

We had the Forty Hours Devotion on Sunday the 14th of November and he was one of the first in the chapel that morning. But the effort of rising so early caused him to feel so weak during the remainder of the day, that he was not able to attend the instructions of the afternoon on the Institution of the Blessed Sacrament. However on the following Sunday, Feast of the Presentation, He made his First Communion, and is now preparing with his friend for the Sacrament of Confirmation.

James Cook the third mentioned patient of the same Ward, has been studying and reading much longer than either of the other two and desired to read several works unfavorable to Catholic doctrine before he would decide, although he acknowledged that he believed the Catholic religion to be the only True One. However no one urged him, Sister prayed for him but avoided the subject except when he would come and ask her a direct question.

One circumstance, however, gave her hopes concerning him that was that he believed in praying to our Blessed Mother and recited the Hail Mary every day. How he acquired this practice was by the means of a small white Rosary which he found on the Battlefield after the Battle, and which he supposed must have belonged to one of the dead soldiers. He admired it, and took it with him, without knowing
the use of it. When he first came here, he showed it to Sister, and asked an explanation of Rosary, and this was his first lesson in Catholic doctrine.

He admired the devotion to the Mother of the Savior very much and said that the would now value his beads more than ever and applied himself at once to learn the above named prayer. At length after reading many controversial works for and against, besides holding many conversations with Father, grace finally triumphed and he too was regenerated in the Holy Waters of Baptism on the 27th October and made his First Communion also on the 25th November. He is still here and is a model for some of our own Catholic boys, many of whom also forget to practice the religion of their fathers.—

Another Baptism was effected in Ward L some time ago. Sister could only gain the poor sufferer’s consent to receive it. When about to raise him up a little, agreeable to his request she discovered that he was bleeding to death. His wound had often bled before and it was understood that this bleeding would be the last. Therefore she immediately told him of his state, that he had but a few moments to live. He then desired that she would Baptise him, as he said that he wanted to go to Heaven. He then cried out in a loud voice, “O Lord have mercy on me and grant that since I cannot see my parents again on Earth, I may see them on the other side of Jordan,” and [he] immediately expired. Such deaths, although not as fervent as we would desire, leave us at least some hopes of their salvation.—

December 1st Very many of our recruited soldiers have been obliged to return to their regiments and our wards are becoming thinned once more. We have plenty of time on hand to mend our own, and our dear Masters’ clothing which is the way that we generally are employed during our freedom from our ward duties—together with a holy repetition of chaplets for North and South. But I think that the best share is reserved for the good boys of our own Wards.
Another very interesting conversion has taken place lately. The subject is a young man named Charles Hamilton, aged 23 years. He is a native of Maine and was brought up according to his own statement to regard the Catholic religion as one of priest-craft and superstition. He was wounded at the Battle of Gettysburg last July. On his arrival here he was placed in Ward P for medical treatment. After a few weeks his wound healed sufficiently, so that he could go about and George Steward, our fervent convert of last May (and who was yet in the Ward), asked him if he would like to come with him and see the Sisters’ Chapel, which he did; and afterwards told him of his own conversion to the Catholic religion. Charlie says from that period he felt within himself a strange feeling of curiosity for everything relating to our religion and attended the Chapel unknown to anyone. Later he was transferred to Ward H and put on duty. He used to compare Father’s sermon with those of the Protestant chaplains, for he attended both at that time, but always preferred the former as the most sound doctrine. About a month since he became very sick with Typhoid [and] Pneumonia and in that suffering state was again transferred to Ward N, together with the other patients of his ward as it was about to be closed for the winter.

He regretted the change very much and said that his Sister was so kind to him that he felt with her as with his own mother. After a few days he was more reconcile to the change and asked the Sister of his present Ward while giving him a drink. How did our community stand affected towards the North [Federal Union] when the war first broke out, supposing that very loyal sentiments indeed must have animated the whole order, else we could not have been induced to sacrifice ourselves in this way by taking care of the sick and wounded soldiers. She replied that on the contrary we had no politics, but when we became Sisters of Charity, we voluntarily took upon ourselves the services of the poor, the sick, and the suffering, wherever they are to be found whether friend or enemy—that it made no difference to us, and that we endeavoured, as much as possible, to see only our suffering Lord in their person.

He listened attentively to her remarks, then after a pause, said slowly and with tears in his eyes, “Sister I believe that I am now a Catholic in principle,” and added, “will you make me one promise, Sister before you leave?” She assented. It was that she would pray for him. The next day he was much worse, and his case was pronounced very doubtful. It was supposed that water was collecting on the brain.

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42 Charles Hamilton may have been the soldier who married Miss Margaret Mahoney, formerly Sister Angela, who managed the laundry at Satterlee.
and the doctor desired that Sister would inform him of his danger, and inquire if he wished his relatives telegraphed for she did so after first recommending him to our Blessed Mother, and asked at the same time if he had ever been baptised. He replied that he had not; he was sure, of this, as his parents were Free Will Baptists, but that he could never be convinced of the necessity of it previous to his coming here, adding that he now desired it immediately. She then asked him what clergyman he wished to [be] sent for. He replied, “I would as soon have you, Sister, to baptise me as any clergyman, but if you would prefer it, you may send for the Catholic chaplain. I desire no other.” Sister could hardly realize the good news and feared that in his weak state it might be gratitude towards her that prompted him to speak thus. She, therefore, said, “but are you determined to live a practical Catholic should you recover?” He replied, “I have already told you, sister, that I am a Catholic in Faith and principle, and if I live I mean to be one in practice also.” Father was of course sent for immediately. It was Saturday 19th of December and thanks to our Blessed Mother he was baptised that same evening and received the name of Joseph as his future patron.

Two Sisters sat up with him during the night. He suffered very severely, but remained perfectly resigned, and frequently pressed the crucifix to his lips, repeating the most fervent aspirations as if he had been a Catholic all his life. Sister asked him if he would like to have around his neck the Medal of our Blessed Mother, that she was the consolatrix of the afflicted.443 He received it gratefully, pressed it to his lips and repeated the aspiration with Sister several times. “O Mary conceived without sin,” and shortly afterwards he slept for about half an hour, then woke up much refreshed and asked Sister who it was that had raised his head so gently from the pillow. He had surely felt a hand raise him up several times. Towards morning he again became very faint, and Sister asked Father if he would anoint him. He did so, also gave him Holy Communion by way of Viaticum.

During the day he said that he did not think he would die yet, since he was baptized, that he had thought of a dream which his Mother had regarding him three years before his birth; that she often spoke to him about it previous to his leaving home. It is as follows: She thought that a beautiful Angel in white came to her and told her that she would have a son, who would become a Preacher of the true Faith of Jesus Christ. She was then fifty years old, and her children were grown up, therefore, she remembered the dream only as a strange

443 The one who consoles persons in distress.
delusion. However, three years later he was born, and since that time she has looked forward to seeing her dream verified. In fine, he believed now that her dream was in part fulfilled. From this time, he grew better and we entertained hopes of his recovery until Christmas, when he became again so weak and exhausted that the doctors in consultation thought that he could not survive more than a few hours. Later I will tell you more of his history, as he has once more astonished every one by his prolonged life under so great suffering.—

Christmas

This beautiful [sic] has already gone with its many sweet recollections. We spent with our dear Sister Gonzaga [Grace], and our poor soldiers most happily. Father came out at five o’clock, and offered the Holy Sacrifice three times successively and preached.\footnote{Prior to the Second Vatican Council priests celebrated three Masses in succession on major Church feasts.} The Chapel was crowded as early as half past four. It looked really beautiful, Sister Magdalen surpassed herself this time in arraigning [sic] the ornaments and simple decorations with which it was adorned. Evergreens and roses, made of tissue paper were in abundance, the latter looked really natural. We had Vespers again in the afternoon, with a sermon and Benediction although crowds of visitors were coming and going all day. The ladies gave quite as grand a dinner as that of last year’s. They also provided tablecloths, which added appearance. There was also refreshments served them in the afternoon in abundance, such as cake, ice-cream, apples, sweet cider, and etc., besides a musical entertainment in the Reading Room. The soldiers expressed themselves much pleased and gratified as indeed they could not feel otherwise. They proved it also by the perfect order and sobriety which they observed through the entire day. They reminded us of little children, so pleased and amused, they seemed at every thing. The hospital was handsomely [sic] throughout, much more so than any former occasion. In a word Christmas Day this year was the perfection of Christmas Day last year.

New Year’s Day

Another year has passed away forever with all its pains and pleasures, its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, and so too will it be with our lives. Father spoke very affectingly on this subject yesterday evening before giving us the Benediction. He came out early in the afternoon so as to hear the confessions of the patients who had not
been able to approach the sacraments during Christmas week. We had therefore the sweet consolation of seeing many receive Holy Communion this morning. How many changes have occurred in our own number within the last year. Only nine of the first Sisters who were here at the opening of the Hospital yet remain, others have come to fill their vacant places, and we too will be replaced perhaps e’re the close of this one. Should we not then endeavor to become detached and live for God alone, and look forward to that bright world that knows no change, that happy Home which I trust will be the reward of our sacrifices here below.

**Winter**

The Winter has passed away without much change except that the Wards on the North Corridor have been all closed on account of the few number of patients that yet remained, as there was room sufficient for them on the other side.445 Also to save the great expense of doctors, attendants, coal, etc., several of the Sisters have also gone to other missions and those who remain off [the] ward only for the present have plenty to do in the mending line for the poor soldiers.

On the 17th of January there were two baptized in the Chapel—one a patient from Ward O named Albert Brian, the other a patient from Ward G named Jessie Robbins.446 He was brought to this hospital from the field. He was at the time previous to his coming here suffering from camp fever and diarrhea, which reduced him very much. After a few months treatment he improved rapidly and was able to go about for some time. When he got a relapse and the doctor gave up all hopes of his recovery. Sister spoke to him of the necessity of preparing to go before our Lord. He told [her that] he was a Methodist but he did not express any anxiety for the future. But our Lord did not permit him to die in this state, for he grew better every day and was soon able to go home on furlough. On his return he told Sister he was delighted to find himself again at the Hospital. He seemed thoughtful and in anxiety for some days afterwards. One evening as Sister was about to leave the ward, he went to her and said for some time past I wanted to speak to you about religious matters but had not the courage. “I would like to belong to your church as I am convinced it is the true and only One.” Sister told him to reflect well on the step he was about to take. He said he had done so and he wished to be instructed and baptized as soon as possible. Sister then gave him books of instruction; in a few

445 The U.S. Army opened Mower General Hospital, Philadelphia, January 1863.
days after Father baptized him. Sister stood for him.\footnote{Sister was his sponsor or God-parent for the sacrament of Baptism.} When he came down he said to Sister, “Oh! I never felt so happy in all my life, I am now ready for any duty they choose to put me at.” In a short time after, he had the happiness of making his First Communion. He continued to go every time the Sisters went [to receive Holy Communion]; if the Sisters went four times in succession, he would go, too. Our Rev. Father told Sister to tell him kindly not to go to Holy Communion so often; that once a month for a soldier was enough. He felt it very much and simply said to Sister, “If I have nothing to reproach myself with I thought I could go as often as the Sisters.” So great was his love for Our dear Lord in Holy Communion that it was a great sacrifice to him [to refrain from receiving]. He led truly an edifying life, continuing to hear Mass regularly not caring what his Protestant companions would say to him. He also wore the medal of our Blessed Mother with great devotion. Sister explained the meaning of it; he promised to wear it with devotion. He was preparing for Confirmation, when an order came for him to leave before our good Bishop appointed the time for confirmation. With regret he left the hospital saying as he bade Sister good bye, “I shall never forget all that God and the Sisters have done for me; and I shall ever with the help of God and his Blessed Mother live and die a good Christian.”

During the holy season of Lent Father gave us many beautiful instructions reminding us that it would be the last Lent for some of us, and that many that were in our midst last Lent, strong and hearty, are now no more but where are their souls if they were faithful? They are with God and that if we expect a glorious resurrection, we must practice a life of penance and of mortification. He spoke in a special manner to the soldiers who would have to return to their regiments as they were favoured by Almighty God in bringing them to this hospital, in preference to others who had died on the battlefield without a moments warning, and others who are in hospitals where they have not the advantage of hearing Mass. He exhorted them to profit by this opportunity or God would call them to an account for abusing his graces.

**Holy Thursday**

Sister Magdalene had the little Repository very handsomely decorated for the reception of our Lord. The Adoration was continued all day and night, the patients coming all hours of the day and at \( \frac{1}{2} \) seven in the evening one of the Sisters said aloud the usual prayers before the
Blessed Sacrament, sung some hymns, and indeed it seemed as if they could not leave Our Lord, so that we had to commence Night Prayers and finish before any of the patients would leave; some even asked to stay all night on being informed that none but the Sisters would stay up. One poor man cried because he could not stay; Sister told him he might come as early as he wished in the morning. Accordingly, he with many others, were already waiting to be admitted at four o’clock and stayed until Father came to perform the ceremonies of Good Friday, at two o’clock the same day; the Stations were said along [sic] aloud by one of the Sisters and the Stabat Mater sung alternately as we went to each station.\textsuperscript{448} Long before the time the chapel was crowded with the patients anxious to join in the devotions and spend their time in meditation on the Passion of Our Lord. They seemed to enter in the true spirit of the Church during this season of mourning.

**Easter**

This beautiful Festival which brought joy and gladness to all hearts especially to those who had the happiness to approach the Holy Table. Many of the patients availed themselves of this opportunity and joy was visible on their countenance. Father gave us a beautiful instruction and finished with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the afternoon we had Vespers and the usual devotions.

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**March 28\textsuperscript{th}**

This morning Father baptized a young man from Ward J named Enos J. Kitchen.\textsuperscript{449} He was a contract nurse here.\textsuperscript{450} Previous to his coming to the North, he was a soldier in the Confederate Army. He took the name of Joseph when he was baptized; he made his First Communion and was confirmed. Similar to our former convert, he would go to communion every time the Sisters went. Father noticed him going so often and told him kindly [that] he must go see him before he went to communion. He still remains in the hospital [and is] a practical Catholic.

\textsuperscript{448} The Stabat Mater is a medieval poem sung during Lent in union with the Sorrowful Mother Mary, who stood by her Son Jesus during his passion, suffering, and death.


\textsuperscript{450} During the war years thousands of surgeons and nurses worked on a contractual basis to treat wounded and sick soldiers in field hospitals and permanent ones.
March 28th. Ward H. 451

Isiah [sic] Wells has been suffering for some time from Pneumonia. The poor boy was unbaptized, and knew nothing of any religion, though he said, that his parents called themselves Methodists. Yet he had never remembered seeing them go to church, but thought they were very good, and would like to go to heaven the way they were going. Sister N. asked him if they had been baptized. 452 He said that he thought not, and was certain that he himself had not been. She then explained to him how necessary baptism was for salvation, but as he was very weak much could not be said to him at a time. Some time after he asked Sister to give him an explanation of her belief, which she readily did. He then said “Ah! I only wish my parents heard that, and I am sure they too would be baptized. Yes, Sister, I wish to be baptized. Will you be kind enough to telegraph to my father, and ask him to come immediately, as I wish him to be present at my baptism.” In the meantime, while waiting for the Father to come, when Sister had a moment, she would explain to him the principal Mysteries of our Holy Faith. He continued to grow weaker every day, and as his Father had not arrived at the appointed time, Sister did not fail to tell him of his critical state, asking him [Isaiah] at the same time, if he had not better be baptized at once, to which he answered, “Oh Sister, I only wish that I had been baptized two weeks ago, when you first spoke to me of it, that I might have spent those few days of my life as a child of God, and an heir of heaven.” Sister then proposed to send for Father McGrane at once, but he said “since I have waited this long, I feel sure that my Father will be here tomorrow morning, but should I happen to get worse, I depend on you, not to let me die without baptism. It was Sister N’s turn up that night. The hospital having been full of sick and wounded, it took quite a long time to visit the different wards. On arriving at her own she asked the attendant how Isaiah was, he replied, “He is much better, he has been quiet since you last left him, and is about, I think, taking a nice sleep.” On hearing this she sent him to wait on some of the other patients, and hurried herself to Isaiah’s bed, whom she found in his agony, but yet conscious. Having intimated to him that his last moments had approached and Our Lord was about to take him to Himself; she asked him if she would baptize him, to which in reply, he bowed his head, and joined his hands to receive it. Whilst he was making an effort to pray, she baptized him, after which she made some aspirations for the dying. He expired in about three minutes after this.

451 Sister Louise Collins (1837–1912), Sister Teresa McKenna (1829–1889), and Sister Sylveria O’Neill (1809–1894) succeeded one another in Ward H.

452 Sister N. may be Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace.
James Wing, who had been its inmate for two months. When he first came he seemed very prejudiced and was short in his answers to Sister; but as he was very low, she was obliged to go to him frequently. After a week had elapsed, he became as docile and childlike as the others, placing every confidence in Sister N. as far as his corporal wants were concerned. For a month, or so, he seemed to improve, during which time Sister entered into conversation with him, concerning his family, etc., but in the course of it, having asked him, in what church he had been baptized, he answered in a rather quick manner: “I have never been baptized, nor do I ever intend to be.” Seeing from this that he did not relish spiritual matters, Sister changed the subject, for something else, and to which, she did not refer in a hurry again, as his state was not alarming. He then seemed to feel quite at his ease, spoke often to Sister of his family, etc. Four months had passed, during which, he had witnessed many edifying deaths. Many who had neglected their duties for years, received the Sacraments, and became reconciled to Our Lord, after which they would proclaim his mercies aloud to their companions for the favor He had bestowed on them, in bringing them to a place, where they could receive the consolations of their religion. One poor man having been from Ireland, but a short time, would call out to every patient as he passed his bed, “For God’s sake go and bring me the priest, for I haven’t been to my duties since I left Ireland, and I want to go to confession and prepare myself to appear in the presence of God.” Sister N. says that in less than ten minutes, there were about twelve patients, all Protestants who begged her to allow them to go for the priest for that poor man, who they feared would die without having seen him. She was obliged to go to him two or three times to calm him, and assure him that Father would be here soon. Finally Father came, and administered to him the last sacraments, after which he became quite composed, and died that same night whilst repeating most fervently some prayers in Irish.

But I must return to poor Mr. Wing, who has been feeling much worse. He suffers from Consumption. On one occasion he said to Sister, “how can you give so much medicine, wait on patients suffering from fever, and so many different diseases, without getting sick? I cannot understand what could have induced you ladies to embrace such a life”. Sister N. whose time was then very precious, as her Ward was full of bad cases, gave him a brief explanation of the motives which actuated them and the reward that they expected for their labors. He
then said, “but Sister do you think that all that is necessary in order to go to heaven?” After having answered his question, Sister embraced this opportunity to speak to him of the necessity of being baptized, to which he now listened most attentively and saying at the same time that he would like to know something of the Catholic religion. He continued to grow weaker every day, and Sister gave every spared moment she had to instructing him. Finally he begged her to send for a Catholic priest to baptize him, as he wished to die in the Catholic Church, because he believed it to be the only True One. Sister sent for Father, but who did not come, as he was not at home. As he grew weaker Sister N. being up that night, went to him about twelve o’clock, and he told her that he was much worse, but felt that he could not die as he was, and begged her to give him private baptism. She hesitated for some time, when on a sudden his agony commenced. He then made a short Profession of Faith, and Sister baptized him. He became speechless for some moments, yet was perfectly conscious. After his baptism, he rallied a little and continued praying, asking me to pray for him, which we did. Towards morning we called again, when he appeared to be a little better. On asking him, how he felt, he said, “I feel happy. I can now raise my heart and eyes to God with confidence, as to a good and merciful Father; my only desire on earth now is, that I might be restored to health, and return to my wife and children, so that I might have them also baptized. It is so hard for me to leave this world, and I know that they are without the knowledge of God.” Sister reminded him that his prayers for them in heaven would be more efficacious, and that our Lord loved them [as] much now than he did. He then replied, “My God thy will be done. To your merciful care and Divine Providence I confide them.” The next morning Father came, heard his confession and gave him Holy Communion. His happiness was then complete, and he expired in about an hour after whilst praising God for His goodness towards him. 

Sister N. speaks of another night which she spent in visiting the Wards.

Having gone into one of the Wards, she saw a lady who was sitting by the bed-side of a poor sick man. When she saw Sister, she arose to speak to her, but when she approached near, she apologized, saying that she thought, she was the Sister who belonged to the Ward. Sister then asked, who belonged to her, was sick in the Ward, she answered “My husband, who I don’t think will live through the night.”
She then asked Sister if she would not go and see him, who said, that was the object of her visit. She stopped to sympathize with the poor lady for a while, and then begged her to go into the Medicine Room attached to the Ward, in which there was a bed prepared for her; that she might take a little rest, promising at the same time that she would see her husband would be cared for. She then inquired if he knew that he was so low, and if he had made any preparation for death. The wife answered, “Oh dear Sister I have not had the courage to speak to my husband of death, or to prepare him to meet the Saviour.” Sister then asked if he had been baptized, she said “No,” that all his family were Methodists, and that he was the only one in the family who had not been baptized. Sister of course made every allowance for her feelings in not being able to speak to him of his last end, but said to her, “would you have any objections if I would speak to him on the subject?” to which she replied, “Oh Sister, I would be most grateful to you, for I know that he is not prepared to meet his Saviour.” Sister then left her, to go to the poor patient whom she found very weak. After giving him some little nourishment which the Sister of the Ward had left prepared, she told him, that she was sorry to find him so low, and asked, how long he had been sick. On his telling her that he had been suffering for a considerable time, she spoke to him of the goodness of God, in giving him so long to prepare for eternity, and supposed that he had profited well by the time. When he heard this, he raised his drooping head, and looking at her said, “This time has passed as the rest of my past life.” He seemed to have been very intelligent, and had received a good education. He then asked Sister, “do you think that I will not get well?” She replied, “I do not wish to disquiet, neither to deceive you by giving you false hopes of recovery, for I think your case is a very critical one at present”. He then cried out, “Oh sister if I could only see a Catholic priest, but it is too late! too late!”——Sister not having even proposed this thought to him in any way, was perfectly amazed, and said, “Why! I did not know that you were a Catholic”, but he said, No! he had not been a Catholic, yet believed that the Catholic Church alone was the true one and in it he had desired to be baptized, but repeated again “I am too late! too late!”

Sister then said that she would send for a priest right away, and he said, “May God bless you, It was our Lord who sent you to me this night, but what will my wife say? She will never give her consent to my becoming a Catholic.” Sister told him that it was his wife who had asked her to speak to him, and therefore did not believe she would have any objections to his acting according to the dictates of his
conscience. He then asked Sister if she would mention it to her, which she willingly consented to do, thinking that she would be delighted to see her husband in such excellent dispositions. On entering the room in which the lady was, Sister told her of all that took place, but she repeated, “A Catholic! never shall I permit him to die a Catholic, and disgrace my family”. She could not believe that he had ever thought of such a thing, and Sister must have, certainly misunderstood him. Saying this she left the room, and on reaching his bed side, said to him, “My dear what do you mean? Did you say that you wished to see a Catholic priest?” He said, “Oh! yes Mary, I do wish a Catholic priest to baptize me, the Catholic Church is the only true one, and in it I wish to die”. Here she interrupted him by saying, “You are perfectly crazy James! You are full of Brandy!” He declared to her that he had not tasted Brandy, the doctor having discontinued it the day before, as it did not agree with him. He continued, “Mary, for God’s sake allow me to follow my conviction, for should I die as I am, I shall never be saved.” She replied, “I shall never consent to your being baptized in the Catholic Church, What! do you want to disgrace me?” Hearing this the poor man turned to Sister and said, “Do you think that I am too late?” After Sister assuring him of the boundless mercy of God, that it is never too late to repent, and that God is ready to receive us even at the eleventh hour, provided we come to Him with a contrite and humble heart, the poor man joined his hands and made aloud an Act of Contrition for his past life, which his wife hearing, reminded him that the scripture says “Do penance and be baptized.”

Now what penance are you able to do? Nothing!” She answered herself, “nothing! so you must die as you are.” At this Sister seeing that the poor man was too weak to talk said to him, “You are willing to offer your life in expiation for your past sins,” here he raised his eyes and hands towards heaven and said, “Yes my God I offer you my body and soul, do with me as you please, Ah! my God, how could I have spent my life in forgetfulness of you. Never again will I forsake you for creature. Should I get well, the rest of my days shall be spent in thy service, but should it rather please Thee not to accept the desire I now feel of serving Thee on earth, then take me, if you please, here I am ready to suffer or to die, just as it pleases Thee”.

453 See Matthew 3:11.
Hearing all this his wife said again, “You are perfectly foolish.” He looked pitifully at her and said “Ah! Mary, it is foolish indeed, to live for the world. Soon my poor soul will be summoned before its Maker, then let me entreat you once more to grant my dying and only request?” But she said, “Don’t ask me that again, my dear, for I never shall grant it.” Here Sister said that the poor man had already talked too much, and we must leave him take a little repose, telling his wife at the same time, that she too was very tired and needed a rest. She then gave the nurse instructions to wait on him, in case she would not be back again that night, as she had several poor patients to visit.

This was joyful news for the wife, but the poor man seemed to be in perfect agony, when he heard it. On this, the accompanying Sister went to talk to the lady to take up her attention while Sister N. told the poor patient, that she would be back in about a half an hour. She then left the Ward and their going so dispersed the good lady’s [sic] and she went off to enjoy a good sound sleep, having directed the nurse to knock at the door in case her husband was dying. Sister returned to the Ward in about a half hour, as she had promised, but it was too late to send to the city for the priest. So after giving him the necessary instructions, she told him that it was not necessary to have the consent of his wife, to be baptized, he then said, “Sister baptize me, for our Lord’s sake, for I feel that I cannot live until morning.” Sister seeing him in a dying condition, baptized him conditionally, at three o’clock in the morning. Sister says that, in her life, she never heard such beautiful aspirations and never saw any one more fervent. On the following morning he told the Sister in charge of the Ward, of his great happiness in being a child of God. He died in the most edifying manner, that same evening. May he rest in peace.

Another Patient of Ward H.

Andrew Hopkins, whose baptism we have witnessed in our chapel this afternoon, after Vespers, had been suffering for two months. As soon as he was able to go around he became Sister N’s—Extra-diet boy, (that is the one who always brings the Extra-diet from the Kitchen, and performs sundry other little offices for the Sister. They are generally boys, who are well disposed, very simple and docile, in every [sic] many such are to be found). From day to day, Andrew would ask Sister some questions regarding our religion, to which he generally received brief answers, as his own, and Sister’s time were so occupied.
He would generally conclude with something like the following, “I wish I was a Christian, but I think that God must have never intended me to become one, for I have tried so often already, but there is so much to be done, to be a good one, that I often think I could never go through the half of it. I never was baptized, and have always been knocked about through the world up to the time of my entering the Army.” He lost his parents when he was very young, and since [then] had no one to take an interest in him. Still he showed signs of a good disposition, and was attracted to the practice of virtue more than many who have had the advantage of a good education. Sister gave him “Catholic Christian Instructed” to read, telling him, that he would find therein the way to know how to love, and serve God, and become a good Christian. After perusing it, he at once believed its teachings, and immediately applied to Father McGrane for Baptism, telling him at the same time that he wished to become a Christian, now that he had found out the right way. Father, after having had a long conversation with him, admired his dispositions very much, and told him to come to him that same evening after Vespers, at which time he gave him an instruction, and immediately after baptized him, fearing that he would be soon sent to his regiment. It seemed really providential that he did so, for on the next day he received word to be ready to go to his regiment the day following.

He regretted having to leave without being better instructed, that he might be able as he said himself to instruct others, should he happen to meet with any like himself; however, he said that he couldn’t complain, our Lord had done so much for him, and with what different feelings he could now enter the battlefield as he felt that he was a child of God, and had a right to his place in heaven. He went cheerfully to perform any duty, offering all to our Lord in thanksgiving for his great favor. Sister N. gave him a medal, telling him at the same time to wear it always, and to place himself under the protection of our Blessed Mother, and that she would obtain all for him, also that in case his regiment would stop in any place for a considerable time, he might apply to the nearest priest, and ask to be instructed for his First Communion. At this he was quite delighted and left the next day for his regiment. Poor Andrew in the bustle of hospital life had been forgotten, when a letter came from the Rev. Thomas R. Butler, showing us that

454 Bishop Richard Challoner, The Catholic Christian instructed in the Sacraments, Sacrifice, Ceremonies, and Observances of the Church by way of question and answer (London: Keating and Brown, 1827).

455 The addressee could have been Mother Ann Simeon Norris or another sister whom he knew from his youth. Rev. Thomas R. Butler was president of Mount St. Mary’s (1834–38) and his sister, Sister Mary Ann Butler (1784–1821), was a charter member of the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph’s.
he did not neglect to profit by every means of being instructed in the
religion, which he so happily embraced. The following is the letter.

46. Rev. Thomas R. Butler to Sister N

Covington, Kentucky,
January 5th 1864.—

Sister N.

Dear Sister,

By the urgent request of one of your good converts, Andrew,
J. Hopkins, I send these few lines to express his heartfelt gratitude for
all your kindness to him during his stay in the hospital, and especially
to thank you a thousand times, and your kind chaplain who baptized
him, for all the instructions and spiritual assistance you have given him.

I find him a very earnest and pious young man. I gave him
constant instructions until he was able to make his First Communion,
since which he has been a second time admitted to that Divine favor.
He asks me to present his compliments to you and your Zealous Pastor,
and assure him that he had faithfully kept his promises to him.

Indeed I regard him as one of the most pious and sincere
converts I have ever known. Be assured that his gratitude to you will
never fail.

Such cases afford you the hundred fold reward here below,457
for it is a great happiness to have drawn a soul to the service of God,
and to have taught it “to seek the things, which are above and not those
which are of the earth.”458 And certainly we have great confidence in
the prayers of such souls, to obtain for us, the graces necessary for our
perseverance in these labors of Charity, by which we serve the Person of
our Divine Saviour, in the persons of his poor earthly Children.

Present my respectful regards to your good Chaplain, and also
Andrew’s earnest thanks; he is quite troubled by forgetting the Revd.
Gentleman’s name.459

Will you kindly reply to this letter, and let me have his name.
Andrew also begs to enquire about John Hughes, a sick soldier who was
in the same Ward with him.

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456 Notes—Military Hospitals, 467–9. See Document 44 herein: “Recollections of Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace, Satterlee Hospital, Philadelphia.” Sister Sylveria O’Neill was the nurse in Ward H.
457 See Matthew 19:29.
459 Rev. Peter McGrane.
He has been in daily expectation of being sent to his Regiment in East Tennessee.

He had been off once, but had to return for want of Officers to direct the men. As he may go at any moment he requests [that] your reply may be sent to me.

With the Highest regard Kind Sister, I am Your very humble Servant In Christ.  
T. R. Butler, V.G.  
Pastor of the Cathedral, Covington, Ky.

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47. Recollection of Sister Marie Mulkern, Satterlee Hospital, West Philadelphia⁴⁶⁰

As I replaced one of our Sisters in her Ward where she was very much beloved by her poor sick and wounded.⁴⁶¹ The sickest of them cried like little children they thought they could not do without her; but after a day or two she remarked that we do the same kind work and thanked God for having such association as the Sisters of Charity for how many poor soldiers’ life she saved how often he heard things said of Catholics that he would never believe again. I was asked by some if we all went to the same school for it seemed that we all do and acted the same, after one of the great Battles our Hospital was filled with sick and wounded. I was sent to one of the wards that was filled with sick and wounded and where there was many things wanted with regard to little delicacies for the sick, and I was very much edified to see the patience of those poor soldiers. When the ladies ask them what they would like to have, they would tell them that the Sisters gave them everything they wished for, the ladies would tell them that they would prefer to tell the Sisters, those good ladies send me anything I need for them.

I was called by my Doctor one day when in the ward to see a patient who was in danger. I went to him and found that he was a Catholic I said a few words to him but he seemed to give up all hopes. He said that his sins were too great to be forgiven that he had not been inside a church for some years and that God would not forgive him, I encouraged him to have confidence in the great mercy of God, said a little prayer for him. I went back to him after a short time spoke to him of confession and he asked me if he could see a priest I sent for our good Father who came and heard his confession and he received all the

⁴⁶¹ Sister Marie does not name the person to whom she refers.
rites of our Holy Church. I had never such kind of patient. I had one Baptism; he died a few hours after.

Sister Marie Mulkern

48. Recollections of Sister Stanislaus Roche,
Cliffburne Hospital and Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D.C.\textsuperscript{462}

Troy Hospital,
November 19\textsuperscript{th} 1866

On the 4\textsuperscript{th} of June 1862, I was sent from St. Mary’s Asylum, Baltimore, to the Cliffburn Hospital where our Sisters (eight, I think) had been sent some days before. I arrived in the evening just in time for supper! Which was served on a long dull table (minus a cloth) set out with large earthen plates and bowls, bread, and tea. This room in which I found our Sisters at supper was used at the same time as kitchen, workroom and refectory. After Night Prayers a Sister whispered me to put on our over shoes and take our umbrella and she would show me to bed! What a novel preparation for bed, I thought, but I found it quite a necessary. One as it was raining and we had to go over a field to a little barrack where two other Sisters and myself slept till a dormitory large enough for us all was provided by the doctor in charge. Our beds were in keeping with the surroundings, the rats were numerous and by way of welcome, sported with our shoes which they dragged here and there till at length, not wishing to be shoeless in the morn, we deemed it safer to place them under our beds of bundle-long feathers.\textsuperscript{463} The rain poured in through apertures in the roof of our domicile. I slept soundly notwithstanding. I was awoke by the sweet singing of little birds that came in as if they knew we had neither watch nor bell to tell us it was 4 o’clock. At six a.m. we had Mass in a tent about eight by ten feet and not high enough to allow us to stand erect. We had not even a board to kneel on, and the ground was so soft that our feet and knees made deep impressions on it! The altar consisted of two boxes covered with muslin, the smaller placed as a tabernacle over which was pinned to the canvas, a crucifix. Two candlesticks with candles and two tumblers with wild flowers were the only ornaments. But Oh! never did I experience such sweet emotions as I then felt when by the rattling of a spoon in a tumbler (as we had no bell), I was reminded that the King of Heaven and Earth was about to descend on this lowly altar and give us the strength of which we had so much need. After Mass Sister gave me charge of five tents, eighteen patients in each, some sick others wounded. Their beds were without sheets or pillows; in place of the

\textsuperscript{462} Notes—Military Hospitals, 473–8. Signed by Sister Stanislaus Roche.

\textsuperscript{463} The writer may mean that the Sisters placed their shoes in bed and slept on them wrapped in their bed bundles and implies facetiously that the length of the bulge resembled long feathers.
later many were resting their weary heads on hard knapsacks. I do not remember [if] there was even one Catholic among that number and as they knew nothing as yet of our Sisters, they were disposed to have but little confidence in me.

I succeeded in getting sheets and pillows and had their beds made as comfortable as circumstances would permit. This seemed to change all hearts, and they declared it was the first kindness they had received since they left home; told me all they had heard of Catholics in general, and priests and nuns in particular, adding that in future they would know better and do all they could for the Sisters. None of them died, but before leaving for their regiments or other hospitals or home, they accepted Medals and some Catechisms, which they said they would wear and study. Two of these same patients tried to desert but were arrested in Washington and put in the “Guard House” from which they sent me word they feared they would be shot. I begged them off, and not only they, but all who heard of it overwhelmed me with expressions of gratitude. I had no conversions from Protestantism but as the patients were sent away; others replaced them, among whom were many Catholics who had lived for years in the neglect of their religious duties but availed themselves of their stay with us to become reconciled with their long offended God. I remember a German who had passed himself off for a Methodist. He became very ill, despair was pictured on his countenance. I exhorted him to confidence showed him my crucifix, which he clenched in his hands exclaiming, “He died for me. I was baptized a Catholic and brought up one by my pious mother but when I came to America I was ashamed of my religion and denied it. etc., etc.” He asked for a priest and would not longer allow the Methodist chaplain to visit him. Mother sent me from Cliffburn to the “Infant Asylum” where I remained a few months only.464

Whilst there, our Sisters and patients were transferred to the Lincoln Hospital, which was much larger and required more Sisters. I had the happiness of returning to the poor soldiers in January, (I think it was), and soon after I went back, I baptized ten or twelve who earnestly begged for that grace. All of them, save one, died and he promised to read, seek instruction and live [sic] a good Catholic. At Lincoln, as well as Cliffburn, many negligent Catholics approached the sacraments. Some of whom died very happily. On one occasion a good Jesuit (Father McGuire) came out to hear confessions and about

464 St. Ann’s Infant Asylum, Washington, D.C.
fifty (Confederate and Union) soldiers went to Holy Communion.\textsuperscript{465}

Our Sisters lived in great union and were very edifying. I left Lincoln Hospital on the 31\textsuperscript{st} of May 1864 for Troy, New York.

[Signed]
Sister Stanislaus Roche

49. Recollections of Sister Gabriella Larkin\textsuperscript{466}

City Hospital, Mobile, Alabama

City Hospital
Mobile,
December 13\textsuperscript{th} 1866

My very dear Mother

The grace of our Lord be forever with us!

In compliance with your wishes, I give you the following details of what happened to us during the late War, although I know it will not be very interesting, yet such as it is, obedience requires it, and I must obey.

During the first year of the War the Confederate Government asked for Sisters to take charge of their sick and wounded. I had to give two of my sisters to form the band.\textsuperscript{467} This was a great sacrifice, having but five Sisters and myself and one of those being an Invalid, I knew that the labor would come heavy on the four or three. I may say for my poor Invalid Sister could not do much, yet I gave them freely knowing that our Lord would help us in the time of need which He did most amply.

About the second year of the War, we had to take in our Hospital the Confederate sick, beside the City Patients, and occasionally Federal Prisoners were sent to us. My Sisters being all young and inexperienced I tried to impress on them the necessity of observing the greatest prudence, not manifesting partiality in any way whatever for either sick, but looking on them all as the wounded members of Jesus, which they did most faithfully I am happy to say. It was a beautiful and sad sight to look on those poor men beautiful to see the union that existed among them in a Hospital and sad to think that, if they recovered, they would be perhaps mortal enemies. Our labors increased daily, and

\textsuperscript{465} Rev. Bernard A. Maguire, S.J., may have been assigned to St. Aloysius Church until he returned to Georgetown University after the Civil War.

\textsuperscript{466} Sister Gabriella Larkin (1814–1883). \textit{Notes—Military Hospitals}, 479–82.

\textsuperscript{467} The sisters were then on mission at City Hospital, Mobile, Alabama.
it was with the greatest anxiety [that] I watched my dear companions, fearing that they would have to give up, as I told you before, dear Father, there were but four of us and we had to multiply ourselves as it were. Each seemed to vie with the other in generosity and our Lord blessed our labor in many visible ways.

It was consoling and edifying to see the number of conversions that were made, and men who had not approached the Sacraments for years, would now receive the Bread of Life, with the greatest devotion. This sight alone made our labors light, and made us feel that our Lord blessed them. About the third year of the War, I had to go to New Orleans to purchase clothing which was very scarce here, and at the same time I took a Sister home, who belonged to New Orleans I also took one of mine to petition for her First Vows, as all communication with our dear Superiors was cut off here. I obtained a pass from the Confederates without difficulty and after ten days hard traveling we arrived at New Orleans almost worn out with fatigue. On our way, we were objects of excitement, at every stopping place; as soon as we were seen, the people exclaimed. We are surely going to have another battle for here are the Sisters of Charity. A lady sat by us in the car and she was very importunate to know on which side we inclined, “Now Sister, I know you are for us. You know our cause is right. Just say it is so.” I said to her, “Madam, we are neutral and whether the cause be just or not, it never gives us a thought, we devote our life to the suffering members of Jesus Christ and whether they be Confederate or Federal when placed in our charge, they are alike cared for by us.” This seemed to quiet her and she troubled us no more. On our arrival, at the Federal line we had some difficulty in obtaining a pass; they wanted us to take the oath. I said, “We never take the oath, for while we are nursing the sick and wounded Confederates here, our Sisters in the North are nursing the Federals.” They said, “Well suppose you cannot pass without taking it, what will you do?” “Well,” I answered smiling, “We will only have to go back.” After some little deliberation, they allowed us to pass with the greatest courtesy. On our return to Mobile, when we reached the Confederate line, the Federal Officers sent for the Confederate Officers and asked them to see us safely home, which they did. Some refugee ladies, who were in our company, said to us, “How is it, Sisters, that you are treated with so much courtesy by both parties while we are totally neglected?” I made her no answer for her question was a humiliation to me. When the Confederates saw that they were obliged to evacuate Mobile, their anxiety was, what would they do with their sick and wounded, who were not able to be removed
from the City. After some deliberation they came to the conclusion to send them to the City Hospital, knowing, as they said, that they would not be molested, while in the charge of the Sisters of Charity. They sent them all to us, and provided them amply with provisions. Our Hospital was crowded, and I hardly knew what to do, when I was told they were going to send them to us; but it was useless to remonstrate with them. The only answer I got was, “Sister, we are ordered to leave them with you.”

Wagon after wagon came, and emptied their sick and wounded at our door, the front yard and street around our Hospital were lined with them. It was a cold rainy day, and to leave them there much longer would certainly cause their death. I had them crowded into every corner of the Hospital, and yet there were numbers still lying in the yard. I asked those in charge, to let us have the Marine Hospital to put the remainder in and we would take charge of them there. They most gladly gave it to us. I asked dear Sister Euthalia to let me have one of her Sisters to go to the Marine Hospital and I sent one of mine over to take charge of them there.468

We cooked for them here, and had to send their meals over every day. This was a great labor but it did not last long, for as soon as the Federals took the City, they also took the Marine Hospital for their sick and our Sisters left it, as their services were no longer required.

Daily our Confederate patients were leaving us, and we began to console ourselves with the thought of getting a little rest after our hard labor and fatigue, but it seemed it was not to be. As we were all in the chapel one evening making our meditations [all] of a sudden the house began to shake, the windows shattered, and terrific noise was heard. Instead of remaining quietly in the Chapel to finish our meditation, we all ran out of it. When we saw the bodies of men in the air and the heavens seemed on fire, we were terrified. I said to the Sisters, this is surely the Day of Judgment and I really thought so. In a very short time we were undeceived, by being told to prepare, and receive those who were wounded, by the explosion of the Magazine. With a right good will we went to work, and we took good care not to console ourselves again with the thought of rest, fearing another catastrophe might happen. During the War we were amply supplied with provisions. Our hardship was hard labor, and our greatest privation, was not hearing from our dear Superiors, for all communication with them was cut off

468 Sister Euthalia Hoye (1825–1867) was on mission at St. Mary’s Asylum and School, Mobile, Alabama.
here. May we never see such another war is my prayer. Your devoted child in the love of Jesus and Mary Immaculate.

[Signed]
Sister [Mary] Gabrielle [Kraft]\textsuperscript{469}

u.d.o.c.s.t.s.p.

\section*{50. Archbishop Francis Kenrick to Very Rev. Francis Burlando\textsuperscript{470}}

Baltimore
December 17\textsuperscript{th} 1861

Very Rev. Dear Sir

Major General Dix has just apprized me that a letter has been referred to him by the Government, charging that ladies in the costume of Sisters of Charity, furnished by the Convent of Emmitsburg have passed the lines into Virginia, for the purpose of keeping up communication with the Confederate States. He professes himself unwilling to believe that they have been guilty of so gross an act of infidelity to the Government which protects them in their persons and property; and with a view to afford them an opportunity of exonerating themselves from a charge so discreditable addresses me. I have replied without delay, stating that the Sisters were stationed at Richmond and Norfolk for many years, and they have extended their services to the sick and wounded, and from time to time visited the parent Institution which supplied them with the dress of their order, and regulated their domestic relations. I inform that these journeys have ceased, a Sister being placed permanently in charge of the rest.\textsuperscript{471}

I also state that their journeys were open and with formal passports from the Government at Washington and wholly unconnected with politics and not intended in any way to aid rebellion—

It may be proper for the Superior of the Sisters to draw up a short statement to the same effect, and have it signed by three or more of the Council, and lastly by yourself. It will be well even to bring it

\textsuperscript{469} See Sister Gabriella [Larkin] to My Very Dear Mother [Ann Simeon Norris], May 20, 1865, APSL (formerly Evansville, AMDP). Sister Gabriella relates that “I know you are anxious to hear from us as I told you in my last letter that I would write [and] give you a more satisfactory one, as soon as the business of the Hospital would be finished. I was very uneasy for fear the Federal Government might make use of it as they did the C.H. [Charity Hospital] in New Orleans; or that they might want to separate [sic] it by giving us rations as they do there but thank God, I have got everything fixed just as I wanted. They also let us have the same Doctor we have had the past five years—please thank our Blessed Mother for I did beg her with all my heart to let us remain as we were. We have some of the Confederate wounded yet but as they get better they return to their homes. Poor dear boys they are delighted to get off.”

\textsuperscript{470} Notes—Military Hospitals, 483–5. See Life of Mother Euphemia, 36.

\textsuperscript{471} Sister Euphemia Blenkinsop.
on to Baltimore and present it to the General.— It is proper that all suspicion should be at once removed——

**Instant tempora periculosa**

Yours in Christ! Affectionately------

Francis Patrick Kenrick, Archbishop of Baltimore

Very Rev. Burlando, Sup. Sisters of Charity

51. Statement of the Council of the Daughters of Charity, Province of the United States to Major General John Adams Dix

Having been informed that a letter has been referred by Government to Maj. General Dix, charging that ladies in the costume of Sisters of Charity from Emmitsburg have passed the lines into Virginia for the purpose of keeping up communication with the Southern States; we the undersigned deem it a duty we owe to the Community of the Sisters of Charity over which we preside, to state that at no time, under no circumstance, directly or indirectly. Have any of the sisters belonging to said Community gone to Virginia. or any other state for political purposes, or carried documents, or messages having political tendencies. The only object for which the Sisters were sent to Virginia was to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers. The Sisters now in Richmond passed the lines at various times via Harpers Ferry, or by Bay to Norfolk, furnished with passports either by General Banks, Maj. General Scott or the Secretary of State. The first two bands that crossed over at Harpers Ferry had no pass, none being then required; two of the number returned to the Central House at Emmitsburg on account of ill health rendering them unable for duty, and one had a number of family letters, principally to their Superiors, which were handed over while crossing, by the same Sister to the officer of the boat from the other side, and afterwards sent to Washington, thence mailed to their destination.

A Sister has been appointed and sent to represent the Superiors in the different establishments in the South, which will prevent further communication under existing circumstances—The fact that the Sisters went to nurse the soldiers in the South, could not be interpreted as a disaffection for the Government, since Sisters from the same

society were at the request of General Rathbone sent to Albany where they took care of the sick soldiers and remained at the Hospital until their services were no longer required, at the request of General Fremont the sisters went and are still attending the sick soldiers at the Military Hospital in St. Louis; they also gave their attendance to the sick and wounded soldiers at the Infirmary in Baltimore until they were removed to some other locality, also at Troy Hospital, Milwaukee and other places; in a word the Sisters have responded to every call without distinction of creed or politics, and are ready at any moment to give their services if asked by proper authority, nay they are willing to suspend their schools, and diminish their number in Hospitals and Orphan Asylums for the purpose of nursing the sick and wounded. Of about 800 Sisters of Charity, there is not one but would readily obey the first summons for the same work of Charity.—

The Superiors therefore are quite at a loss how to account for the odious charge; it may be possible that it has arisen from some ill-disposed source, or that some misguided female assuming a costume similar to that of the Sisters, thereby obtaining a pass and abused the privileges of Government. This may be possible as about the 25th of October last, two individuals alleging to be from the South, dressed like Sisters were seen in Baltimore, feigning to be nieces of the Hon. E. Everett (both of whom are members of our Community). The Sisters were much mortified and felt indignant at the imposition. We take the liberty to remark that the duty of the Sisters of Charity is to strive to save their souls by the exercise of Charity towards their fellow creatures, the poor and suffering of every nation independent of creed or politics.

December 20th 1861

St. Joseph’s House Emmitsburg, Maryland.-----

Sister M. Othelia Marshall, Provincial Officer
Sister Julia Dyer, Provincial Treasurer
Sister Ann Simeon Norris, Mother Superior
Rev. F. Burlando, C.M., Superior
Sister Marie Louise Caulfield, Secretary

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473 General Henry Reed Rathbone (1837–1911), U.S.A.
474 Sister Frances Liguori Everett (1821–1895), and Sister Rose Genevieve Everett (1819–1893), were nieces of the Honorable Edward Everett of Massachusetts. When the military cemetery was dedicated at Gettysburg in November 1863, Everett delivered the keynote address which lasted two hours. Afterwards President Lincoln delivered his succinct but memorable Gettysburg Address of 272 words.
475 Sister Julia Dyer (1822–1892).
52. Request, New Orleans, Jackson, and Great Northern Railroad Company

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL TICKET AGENT.

New Orleans, April 9, 1861

To the Officers Agents, and Conductors
on the Various Routes to Baltimore

Gentlemen

The bearers, Sisters of Charity, attached to our Charitable Institution of this City being compelled to travel by themselves, this is to request that you will extend to them any act of civility and attention, should they stand in need of the same, and you will thereby confer a special favour.

Respectfully
Your Obedient Servant
Isaac Seria, Ticket Agent

53. Correspondence, William Harrell to Sister Bernard Boyle

St. Francis de Sales Hospital
Richmond, December 25th, 1862

Merry Christmas, my dear Sister Bernard, and many of them, both to yourself and all the inmates of that blessed spot, the scene of so many of my happy hours St. Vincent de Paul [sic]. I have thought so much of you all today and would like so much to have looked in on you and your dear little chapel. I trust some prayers went up to heaven for me from that sacred place. Our chapel looked very nicely though I was so disappointed in not getting any flowers for it. I thought I would surprise good Sister Juliana with some handsome bouquets and yesterday I had such a tramp, almost walked my lame leg off trying to get them, but was obliged to come home empty handed—for every florist that I could find said all their flowers were engaged. Sister had a few sent here, however, and displayed them with great taste. I went up to the army a few weeks ago, but the constant marching was too much for my wound; it broke out again and gave me so much trouble, I was obliged to return. I intend to try it again next week as my leg has improved greatly. Sister Juliana says I am not well enough, and that I

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Notes—Military Hospitals, 489.
Ibid., 480–92.
St. Vincent Hospital, Norfolk, Virginia.
Sister Juliana Chatard.
must remain here for some time yet, and though it is very painful to me to disobey her, I am afraid I will be obliged to in this instance, and ask the penalty of a reprimand. There are so many officers and men loafing about the streets who, I am sure, are well enough to return to their regiments, that positively I am ashamed to go down town, fearing people may put me down in the same list. Besides I had rather be in camp with my company than any where else and though by battles and advancement, we have lost a great many of our old members, still then a great number of my old and very dear friends left. Mssrs. Bacon, Drummond, Burke and others whose names I do not now recollect are not with us now, but hold positions at home and in the Departments here. Mr. Henry and Mr. Herpin have put substitutes in their places. Indeed there has been many charges since we left Norfolk and our company is not the well dressed and clearly young men of those days, for they have been where neither clothing or shoes could be procured, and what with marching and fighting, have scarcely had time to attend to their personal appearance or comfort. Through the mercy of God, our company, regiment, and indeed the whole army, is enjoying most excellent health. It is quite wonderful how they stand it without tents and very little covering—not more than one blanket a person and often not that. They have marched twenty and twenty-five miles per day with nothing but flour and meat, and half-rations at that. They never complain but are as happy and light hearted as in the good old Norfolk times. How we do talk about, and bless that spot. It seems like our home almost and everything is dated from the time we left Norfolk. I sincerely trust we may all be spared to see it once more, for ‘tis the dearest spot on earth to us all. I have just finished a long letter to Dr. T unstall and a longer one to my dear mother. So you will, please, excuse the dullness and briefness of this. So with much love to Sister Terentia and all the good Sisters, Believe me

Your devoted friend, Wm. Harrell
My address is Care [of] John L. Harrell
P.O. Dept., Richmond, Virginia

480 Mr. Harrell was a patient at St. Francis de Sales Infirmary, Richmond, Virginia.
481 Probably Robert Baylor T unstall (1818–1883), a prominent physician in Norfolk, Virginia.
482 Sister Terentia Norman (1819–1889).
54. Recollections—Eckington Military Hospital\textsuperscript{483}

Washington, District of Columbia

In 1862 the United States Government asked for Sisters to attend the sick and wounded in Washington.\textsuperscript{484} The Hospital consisted of some frame buildings and war tents. Here, as in most other Hospitals, many hardships were to be endured, but, the one grand object kept in view, these were small, or rather a cause of joy and encouragement. Many terrible battles had filled the Hospital, therefore to begin to alleviate wholesale misery seemed a hopeless enterprise; but He who called our poor Sisters, was there before them, and in and with Him they began.\textsuperscript{485}

We will not entertain you with the various inconveniences, and absence of means so necessary for Hospital duties, tho’ these added greatly to our labors, distress, and, we hope, merit, too. As to our little chapel, only that the Infinite Being we worshiped, had been lodged in a stable,\textsuperscript{486} we would have feared for His residence among us. We had Mass on Sundays, and occasionally thro’ the week. The labors of the priests were great and trying here, especially as sometimes one was hard to be obtained, from the dying state of so many thousands in and around Washington.

In one Ward, lay many [wounded] just brought in, who were in emaciated conditions from various hardships, wounds and etc., dying before receiving any help. The Sister hastening from one to another, when one, using all his voice, said: “I want a Clergyman.” Sister went to him as soon as she could, he continued to cry out until standing by him she said: “What clergyman do you want?” “A White Bonnet Clergyman, such as you Ladies have,” he answered. “You are not a Catholic,” said Sister, “Well I know that, still I want to see him”. The priest had not left yet and was soon with him His compatriots looked with wonder, for they knew he had never been a Catholic. The poor

\textsuperscript{483} Notes—Military Hospitals, 493–9.

\textsuperscript{484} The United States Government asked the Daughters of Charity to serve as nurses in military hospitals in the District of Columbia, 1862. The sisters served at Cliffburne, Lincoln, Eckington and Stanton Hospitals in the federal capital. Dr. Joseph M. Toner headed a delegation of Washington physicians to appeal for the Daughters of Charity to begin a civilian hospital in the District because the Washington Infirmary had been requisitioned for care of the military. A few sisters had returned to nurse at the Infirmary temporarily. The Council of the Daughters of Charity agreed to establish Providence Hospital June 1, 1861, and the hospital began operation nine days later in the Nicholson Mansion on Capitol Hill, formerly owned by Major Augustus A. Nicholson. The next month tents were pitched on the hospital grounds so that the sisters could care for the increasing number of military patients in those temporary wards. See John Mary Crumlish, D.C., 1809–1959, (Emmitsburg, Maryland: St. Joseph’s Central House, 1959), 91. See also Philip A. Caulfield, “History of Providence Hospital, 1861–1961,” Records of the Columbia Historical Society, Vol. 60/62, (1960/1962), 231–49.

\textsuperscript{485} See Dt 31:8 and Matthew 4:19.

\textsuperscript{486} See Luke 2:12.
man reached his skeleton-like hand to the priest, and began as follows: “In the Bible we read, as “the Father has sent me, I also send you and [and etc.], and “whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven and etc.”487 “now tell me, has that order ever been countermanded in any part of the Bible”? The Father replied with a smile, “no, my son, it is the same now, as it was and will ever be.” Well, said the sick man, “I have never disobeyed an order, when the One who gave the order had authority to command, therefore as a true, obedient soldier, I wish to fulfill that order in every respect.” Not being in immediate danger, and a scholar of considerable reading, the Reverend Father told him he would come to see him again soon; telling us to instruct him. Proper care and nourishment gave him strength, and as soon as he could hold anything in his hand, he asked for a catechism, or any book that would instruct him on the “White Bonnet” religion. The Sister told him that what he did not understand in the catechism, he must simply ask what it meant; confession seemed like an awkward thing with him.

Sister, to make him be more simple on this sacrament said: “Suppose that stove was a priest, now I will make a confession aloud, and then you may see that it gives no great labor.” He rubbed his hands, and said smiling: “Well, I will be ready to see the priest tomorrow.” He made confession of his whole life, was baptized in our Chapel, before all present at the Mass on Sunday, for said he: “I do not wish to be baptized behind the door,” meaning, privately, but wished all to know he was a Catholic. While he remained in the Hospital, he would go from one patient to another, reading or explaining to them what he had heard explained. Several Protestants attacked him on the subject of religion, but with the Bible in one hand, and the little catechism in the other, he would put them all to silence. He got well, went into the army again—a different man. One of the Sisters met him two years afterwards, and he assured her, that he firmly adhered to the Catholic religion still.

A young lad, a soldier, occasionally assisted the Sisters in their duties; a companion, a Baptist, asked the lad to go with him to meeting. He refused; then the other offered him money if he would go with him. The boy got very angry, saying, “a bought Religion is no Religion.” He then came to Sister and asked for one of the little books she gave to the other boys. Sister gave him a catechism, pointing out to him what to read, and said, “come to me tomorrow.” Sister was surprised to find next day that he knew his task and the acts of faith, hope and love by heart. He said, that at bed-time he pulled his bed near the night-lamp

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of the ward, and studied them till he knew them. He was baptized, made his communion and was confirmed before he left the Hospital.

One night about 10 o’clock, several ambulances arrived with badly wounded men; 64 in all; only 8 of whom had all their limbs. Some died in removing them from the ambulance to the Ward. Two Catholics among them called for a priest. We were at some distance from a priest, and therefore there was some delay in his arrival. The Sisters were going from bed to bed doing all they could to alleviate their sufferings; and as they could, offering a word for their souls. Two were particularly resentful, using most angry and abusive language, telling them to begone and etc. After a little [sic] another Sister went to them, and asked them if they wished her to write to any one? They did. She wrote as they dictated; then read it to them, and left them. By this time, they began to reflect and believe that the Sisters were indeed their friends.

The priest went to the two Catholics, first to one then to the other; when to the horror-stricken priest and Sisters, both these men renounced their Faith, one declaring he was sorry he had ever been a Catholic. As they spoke in a loud voice nothing could be done for them. The two who had abused us so, also heard them. The poor priest was looking around for someone he might aid, when one of those who had driven us from his bed, called out, “Sister, Sister, come here! Come Sister, I renounce.” “What do you renounce?” said Sister. “The Devil and his works. Bring that gentleman in black to me, I wish to be baptized and to become a Catholic.” The happy priest baptized him, gave him also the rites of the Church. While this was being done, Sister went to the other cross man, who seemed nearly dead. Suddenly he grasped her side chaplet, and devoutly kissed the crucifix. Sister said: “Are you not a Methodist?” “I have been one, he answered, but am now going to be a Catholic Christian, tell that Gentleman to come to me.” He was baptized, asked the Father to hear his confession, and before dying received the holy viaticum with most edifying dispositions. One of the Catholics who gave up his Religion, soon became speechless and remained so till he died; the other became delirious and died so.

Of that band, eight died before noon the next day. Sometimes there would be 30 in the dead house at one time, tho’ two a day would be buried........ At one time our poor patients suffered also from small pox, which added very much to our anxiety and labors, since their wards had to be quite remote from the others. Several died of it. One of the Sisters who waited on them took it [sic], but recovered.488

488 A sister became ill with small pox but recovered her health.
Many of our sick, who seemed to fear and hate us at their arrival, soon showed they had been mistaken, even so as to place their money in our hands when they received it, and would try to find out what we would like to have that they might get it for us. One day a poor fellow obtained a pass, and after spending the day in the city returned at twilight sad and fatigued. The Sister of his ward asked him if he were suffering? He said: “No, Sister, but I am vexed and tired. I got my pass early today and have walked thro’ every street in Washington to buy one of your White Bonnets for you, and did not find one single one for sale.” Sister consoled him, and he gave up the hope of being able to procure what she would accept of.

A Sister approaching a man, found him agonizing in violent pain, so that his face was black, really black. She saw he was dying and proposed a few pious remarks to him, and, in his efforts to reply only uttered: “too late, too late.” As he was fast sinking, she made the acts of faith, hope and charity in a loud voice, also a lengthy act of contrition with as much fervor as possible, he was attentive and as she finished, he said: “I agree to all that you have said in that prayer. Yes, I agree to all that,” and at this, he expired. As soon as he was dead, his face became as white as a child’s face. She believed then, that his violent pain had made him say those terrible words: “Too late.”

Among the convalescents there were some edifying conversions. They would read, or have read to them by others, books of information on our holy religion. Among these, a Colonel, who had read much, felt his mind convinced, and said he would become a Catholic after he had seen his family. We feared for the good seed in this case, but, some months after his leaving the Hospital, the Sisters received a letter from one of his friends that the Colonel and his family had entered the Catholic Church. His being a prominent lawyer also, gave the affair wider circulation.

Independent of what was done for the souls of Individuals, thousands returned to their different homes impressed with kind feelings towards the Sisters, consequently towards our holy faith also, which will benefit not only themselves, but, render, in some degree, our travel more easy thro’ the several states.

489 He gave up all hope of being able to purchase anything Sister would accept.
490 The colonel may have been Daniel Troy of Montgomery, Alabama. Lieutenant Colonel Troy of the 60th Alabama Regiment fought at Petersburg March 1865. Troy was a patient of the Daughters of Charity at Lincolin Hospital and wrote an account “How I Became a Catholic.” Civil War Collection, APSL. (Hereafter cited as CWC).
491 The charitable work of Catholic sister nurses during the Civil War did much to dissipate anti-Catholic prejudice.
and public authorities, all concurring in their unlimited confidence in the Sisters, must have, and had its silent effect on all. In all the wards, printed placards were hung up with these words: “All articles, donations and etc., for use of the soldiers here, are to be placed under the care of the Sisters as also, paper, books, clothing, money and delicacies.” The President’s Lady⁴⁹² was among those, who, personally presented such liberalities. She shewed [sic] much affability towards our Sisters.

One instance more will serve to shew the variety of strange occurrences. Our poor Sisters were often exposed to, trials of best judgment as to right or wrong. A young man was dying; Sister tried to help his poor soul by some suitable aspirations, but to all these he only replied: “I wish you to write a letter for me to my intended bride, and after that, I will hear all you say to me.” The poor Sister thought the soul was worth too much to stop at any terms; [she] asked him what she should say, and wrote accordingly. All the ward was attentive to hear it, when done; it was read to him. He was satisfied now to do as she advised, and being prepared for baptism, died with very pious disposition.

These are among the many, many similar occasions in which our good Lord was pleased to accept from His grateful, happy children, the Spiritual and Corporal Works of Mercy.

The Sisters left this Hospital early in the summer of 1865, after the Hospital was closed.

55. Recollections, Stanton Military Hospital⁴⁹³
Washington, D.C.

We will relate here some consoling facts occurring in another Hospital of the same City, Washington, tho’ its operations were commenced in March, 1865 and closed in October of the same year.

There were ten Sisters engaged there. The capacity of the Hospital was about 600. The Surgeon in charge had long solicited for Sisters but, there were none disengaged, until now, for our dear Sisters were scattered wherever they could be sent.

On our arrival here the Surgeon and Officers of the Hospital were overjoyed. Here we had not the annoyances, we had experienced in the beginning of the War, since now our costume and calling were

⁴⁹² Mary Todd Lincoln, wife of Abraham Lincoln, visited Lincoln Hospital along with the President.
⁴⁹³ Notes—Military Hospitals, 499–503.
better known and understood. We had a good room for a Chapel, and had Mass on Sundays and benediction in the evenings. Our patients generally were very respectful, even kind in their dispositions to aid the Sisters in any manner.

Our house was full of sick and wounded, some very low. A Sister speaking to one of baptism, the poor youth said: “Sister, I have no religion, but I wish to belong to yours, for looking at you ladies caring so for us poor fellows, makes one think you must have the right faith.” Sister prepared him for [sic] and then gave him Baptism; and in some hours after he died very piously. Another poor man, badly wounded, seemed animated with confidence in the Sisters as soon as he saw them, and to the one who served him, he would say, from time to time: “Don’t leave me to myself, Sister, I am only safe in your hands.” He begged for Baptism and after receiving it with great devotion, breathed his last making fervent aspirations.

During May we tried, as much as possible, to have some devotions to our Immaculate Mother in the evenings. After our first decoration of her altar [in the chapel], the convalescent soldiers faithfully supplied her with fresh flowers daily. They formed among themselves a little choir to sing her praises. But, our Blessed Mother urged them to this, that, she in turn might confer favors, for many among them were negligent Catholics, living without the sacraments. These she sweetly drew again to her Divine Son. During this month

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494 Jesuit priests were chaplains at the hospital.
one hundred careless Catholics returned to their Christian duty. Those of more faithful practice also made these devotions a preparation for a fervent approach to the Sacraments. When these would relate to their bed-ridden companions what they had heard and witnessed, they, too, were animated to love a Christian life. During this month five were baptized. Among these was a poor man who had been discharged, but on his way home, his money was stolen, and his wounded leg being tender, it became too sore to move. Some one seeing him lying on the way-side, brought him back to the hospital. His absence and hardships had caused gangrene and fears were had for his life. The Sisters alone dressed his wounds; the nurse declaring he could not. The poor man knew not how to express his thanks to Sister but, she would try to let him know that God had loved and cured him. He said: “Oh! Sister, I do not know how to thank the good God since I have never known how to serve Him. How many thoughts I have had since I am here. I never belonged to any religion, but how glad I would be to be instructed in your Church!” The good Chaplain was pleased with his fervor and by the time his wound was well, he had made his communion in our little chapel.

During the month of July, the Jesuit Fathers were giving the Jubilee in a neighboring Church. The soldiers hearing it, wished to attend. Some spoke to the Sisters who easily obtained passes to this effect. Then these would relate to others what they had heard and seen, so that even Protestants came for passes to attend the Jubilee. The Sister gave all who wished to go, in charge of a Sergeant to have good order and respect observed, and bring them safely home when all was over. They heard all the sermons and instructions, and on the evening of the 2nd day, Sister asked one, if the Catholic soldiers had gone to confessions, “No, Sister,” said he, the sergeant is not Catholic; and if we move to leave our place, he thinks we are misbehaving and will not let us stir from the spot. He is a good man, Sister, but he don’t know what the people go in the confessional for, please tell him to let us go.” Sister told the Sergeant; after that they had no trouble. The good Fathers attended in the Hospital to those who could not go out. The grace of the Jubilee produced much good among our poor soldiers. Many who had just came in sick or wounded, also received the sacraments; others who had been intemperate, took the pledge. One especially was so angry with himself, that he begged Sister to administer the pledge to

495 Possibly St. Aloysius Church on I Street, N.W., which faced North Capitol St., Washington, D.C.
496 Joseph Livesey became a leader of the temperance movement and the author of The Pledge: “We agree to abstain from all liquors of an intoxicating quality whether ale, porter, wine or ardent spirits, except as medicine.”
him, that he had not received the sacraments for 20 years. After a trial, the priest gave him the pledge, our medal, and later, the sacraments. He obtained his discharge and finding employment in Washington, he had opportunity of letting Sister know from time to time, that he had not neglected his grace. After the War, he met Sister and told her he had even lost his relish for stimulants, and strengthened his soul by monthly Communion. Often the poor men would make but one reply when questioned on what concerned their future welfare, which was: “I have not been of your religion, but wish to become what you are, the religion of the Sisters, must be the true one.” “The religion of the Sisters” became a common phrase or sentence among them. A young lad, suffering excruciatingly, but as a martyr in his calm courage, gave us admiration, not a murmur or complaint escaped him. Every evening he recited his rosary and most edifyingly during the octave of our Lady’s Assumption.

The horrid strife of War and blood-shed having ceased, preparations were active in trying to restore order, and the poor men able to get home were being sent to their various destinations.

Our hospital was now filled again, from the closing of others; ours being the last to close. The poor men were glad to be left under the Sister’s care until they would start homeward.

On the 1st of October 1865, the last ones left the Hospital.

As we had had the entire charge of all the hospital goods, we made out a general inventory of furniture, groceries, bedding, clothing and etc., and etc.

All ended very satisfactorily, and the surgeons and officers in charge expressed much gratitude, and confidence in what had been done by the Sisters. The first surgeon especially was at a loss to know how to put his satisfaction into words, saying, the Sisters of Charity were able to lessen the cares and labors of the physicians and surgeons in any hospital they might be placed in.

Here again, with our many dear Sisters, we may say: Our sweet St. Joseph’s lulls the sharp sorrows of so much harrowing anguish as we had witnessed during those during those sanguinary months, or even years.
Left Albany Friday, 8:30 a.m. for New York. Reached there at 2 p.m., trunks not checked for Philadelphia rightly; left there, arrived in Philadelphia at 8 p.m. hungry, thirsty and fatigued. Slept at Saint Joseph Asylum, next morning visited Sisters at West Philadelphia Hospital [Satterlee], returned, saw Felixine[,] Felix, James Martin, started for Baltimore at 11:30 a.m., arrived at St. Mary’s Asylum at p.m. Found 24 Sisters waiting to go down the Bay; had gone the day before with Father Burlando.

Stopped at Fortress Monroe about 2 hours, took another boat for White House, which we reached in 7 hours, from noon till 7 p.m. Saw Yorktown, the tall tree where torpedoes were buried, house where Cornwallis signed the surrender of Yorktown, etc. and chimney where skirmish took place, etc., large hospital here and camp. Found Father Burlando and sisters in the Knickerbocker, a very dirty, forlorn boat—nurses on board—very unpleasant—not welcome.

56.1 Hospital Transports, 1862

In the first boat, Commodore Monday: Sister Othelia, Sister Mary Eliza, Sister Pelagia, Sister Rigney. All moved to leave when we arrived and changed his intention, went on board the Vanderbilt, all empty, fared sumptuously on soldiers’ rations—hard bread and

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497 Sister Felix McQuaid (1811–1897), used pencil to make notations in her softback leather-bound notebook (6 ¼ cm. x 10 ½ cm). Later a nineteenth-century copyist wrote a statement to precede a transcript of Sister Felix’s notes: “Amongst the little possessions of Sister Felix, there remained at the time of her death one little slim, old, leather-skinned memorandum book. She did not write the easiest hand in the world to decipher, and whatever was in this book was recorded in pencil. It was not very inviting. Happily, the book was not destroyed, and some years later was looked into and transcribed. The jottings are evidently intended only to refresh the writers’ memory—short, concise sentences, but the words bring the living days of the times before the reader—moreover, intelligence is given nowhere else to be found of the names of the actors in many of those scenes—some names, some sentences are undecipherable; they are marked (?) [sic].” Many heretofore illegible words have been deciphered herein. Notes—Military Hospitals, 512–21. Typescript with handwritten notations added later for clarification, probably by Sister Loyola Law, but not included in Civil War Annals. CWC, Sister Felix McQuaid’s War Notes, 1–27, APSL.

498 Satterlee Hospital was also referred to as the West Philadelphia Hospital. Sister Felix McQuaid had a brother named Felix; Felixine was probably a relative. The Daughters of Charity operated both St. Joseph Asylum, Philadelphia, and St. Mary’s Asylum, Baltimore.

499 The former Lee home confiscated by Federal troops.

500 British Colonel Lord Charles Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, Virginia, October 19, 1781, thus concluding the American Revolution yielding victory to the American colonists in what would become the United States.


biscuit, and salt pork. Father Burlando’s kind considerate care of us, providing, etc. Stayed Monday and Tuesday on board. Wednesday after breakfast went to the White House by permission from McClellan through Colonel Murphy. Priest slept on board. Tuesday night with Father Burlando—table set in Gen. Lee’s chamber on first floor where Sister Austin and Sister Mary Felix slept in the General’s bed (across), while five other young Sisters were on mattresses on the floor. In each of the large rooms, Sr. V, Sr. M, Sr. J, Sr. F de S, Sr. John, Sr. S, Sr. Simeon attic.

Twelve beds on floor to be piled up next morning. Second story and attic same. Sister Charitina usefulness never to be forgotten! Sideboard with marble slab, etc., Sister Oswald, 2 candles in vases with very narrow necks, flowers in holy water vials, a few chairs in each room, rest on floor were to have Father Gillen to hear our confessions, and give us Mass and Holy Communion next morning, when suddenly on Friday, just as our three different parties were arranged for the transports Sister Ursula with 8, Sister Austin with 6, and myself with 6 more,

504 Probably refers to Father Burlando’s decision to reduce the number of sisters on the transports and send more sister nurses to Point Lookout, Maryland.
505 Possibly Col. Mathew Murphy, U.S.A.
506 Sister Mary Austin Mudd (1810–1883) and Sister Mary Felix McQuaid.
508 Sister Charitina Gondain.
news from “the lines” arrived. Genl. Casey and Col. Butler seeming not to be afraid, but the Medical Inspector, Dr. Dunstan hurrying away all his sick soldiers to the Vanderbilt from the Camp Hospital. Later still another dispatch. Two transports to be ready, the Vanderbilt and Louisiana. Sister Ursula and Sister Austin still later, all of us must hurry out of the White House as it might be surrounded in two hours, etc., etc.!!!

Off we tramped to the Vanderbilt, sending all the baggage in wagons. When arrived there, Sister Camilla [Bowden] sent for me with 16 more to go to the Louisiana. Sister Austin had Sister Henrietta, Sister Kane, Sister Cummiskey, Sister Michaella Laurent, Sister Delahunty.


Poor Sister Harbaugh with scalded feet on sofa all the time or in bath. All trunks astray. Sister Ursula’s home, dispatch 3500 wounded soldiers. Dr. Case accompanied us to the boat where we met Sister Austin and her five. Had 330 on board in our trip to Washington. Sister Henrietta and Sister Catherine [sic] Kane in the Lower Regions, (by candle-light all day). Sister Austin and Sister Delahunty on 2nd floor, Sister Cummiskey, Rose and (Michaella) Laurent watched

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509 Sister Mary Oswald Spalding (1824–1890); Rev. Paul E. Gillen, C.S.C. (1810–1882); Sister Euphrasia (Ursula) Mattingly (1808–1874), and Sister Mary Austin Mudd.
510 General Silas Casey, Col. Benjamin Butler, and possibly Dr. Henry Vaughn Dunstan, a surgeon from Virginia.
511 For an excerpt from Sister Ursula (Euphrasia) Mattingly’s diary see Jolly, Nuns of the Battlefield, 72: “When men, Sisters, provisions, horses, etc., were on board, we were more like sinking than sailing. Here misery was in control and its victims testified to its power by the thousand-toned moans of bitter woes. The sisters were directed to accompany their soldier patients on the hospital boats to the various cities where other military hospitals were situated.”
512 Sister Camilla Bowden, Sister Mary Austin Mudd, Sister Henrietta Casey, Sister Lawrence (Mary Lawrence) Kane (1837–1868), Sister Mary Magdalen Delahunty (1835–1908), and possibly Sister Catherine Cummiskey (1842–2).
513 Sister Mary Bernard Moore (1833–1907), Sister Margaret (Mary Frances) Carr (1831–1913), Sister Catherine (Petronilla) Rectenwald (1836–1866), Sister Alix Merceret (1833–1926), Sister Mary Creman (1837–1915), Sister Catherine (Benigna) Driscoll (1839–1900), Sister Cephas Carroll (1838–1892), Sister Miriam Kenny (1838–1921), Sister Turibius Donahue (1828–?), Sister Caroline Eck (1840–1915), Sister Mary John Douglas, Sister Charitina Gondain, and Mary Felix McQuaid. Sister Mary David Salomon (1835–1932), had been in the community for 71 years at the time of her death at age 96 and was the last surviving Civil War nurse of the Daughters of Charity.
514 Sister Catherine (Maria) Harbaugh (1837–1916).
515 Dr. Calvin Case (1847–1923).
516 Sister Henrietta Casey. There is no Sister Catherine Kane. Sister Mary Felix probably meant Sister Lawrence Kane since Sister Catherine Cummiskey watched the stores burn.
baking of stores ‘till very late, then retired. Next day, helped all day with Sister Austin floor, also Sister Bernard. We reached Alexandria in the night, stopped till morning to go up to Washington. About 4 Sisters, Sister Eck, Sister Merceret, Sister Miriam, and Sister Cephas walked up to Asylum (while sick and wounded were carried out of boat) and there they met Father Burlando! Father had just arrived and said Mass for the Asylum Sisters. Sister Juliana and Sister Othelia rode down in an omnibus for us and all except Sister Austin and her Sisters came up at once. We went to breakfast in a few moments, Father Burlando, sitting and talking with us. Hurried off to late Mass and sermon, Father Walter, at old St. Patrick’s Church, met Sister Austin and her company in the carriage at the door. They breakfasted, washed, and changed while we were at Mass. Dined together. Father [Burlando] named me for the transport with Sister Henrietta, Sister Bernard Sister Alix, Sister Rectenwald, Sister Kane, Sister Laurent, Sister Delahunty, Sister Salamon, Sister Douglass, Sister Creman, and Sister Driscoll.

29th [June]. Left for the boat again at 2 o’clock, and here we have remained doing nothing, and not knowing where we were to go. 3 times yesterday we received different orders—1st to White House, 2nd West Point, 3rd Fortress Monroe, and now we are at the Fortress. Dr. McRuer takes a small boat and goes on shore to bring us word that we are to go up the James River.

July 1st Dear Sister Alix wrote Saints and Virtues which we all drew. I got Visitation of Blessed Virgin Mary—virtue, Charity to our Neighbor. Staid all night at Fortress Monroe on board the Louisiana. Had taken in lumber. No news from our Sisters of the Vanderbilt—nor of our trunks! Reached City Point about eleven a.m. Dr. McRuer went in boat to ascertain what orders were there for him. Came to us on his return and said: “Well, we are to take on board 400 wounded soldiers and go back to Fortress Monroe for our final orders.” Beds all fixed, 100 on upper floor, Sister Alix, Sister Douglas and Sister Laurent.

517 Sister Mary Rose Mullin (1842–1885).
518 Sister Bernard Moore.
520 Sister Juliana Simpson, Sister Othelia Marshall, and Sister Mary Austin Mudd.
521 Rev. Jacob A. Walter, pastor, Old St. Patrick’s Church.
523 The town of West Point, Virginia, is located in King William County, at the confluence of the Mattaponi and Pamunkey Rivers.
524 Dr. Daniel McRuer (1802–1873), a native of Scotland, resided in Maine.
525 The sisters randomly drew illustrated holy cards of saints and virtues.
Officers 90 on 2nd floor, Sister Bernard, Salamon, Rectenwald, Creman; 3rd floor 210, Sister Henrietta, with Sister Kane, Sister Delahunty and Sister Driscoll. 526

Encampments before us, thousands and thousands in the field and by the water’s edge. This morning we sat down as usual to tea or coffee without milk, and dry bread and as a luxury, pork and beans in one dish. Only Sister Bernard ventured upon this Yankee dish. 527 9 of the company suffering with bad bowels. 500 wounded soldiers came on board. Sister Henrietta and her three below with a crowd. Sister Bernard and her 3 with so many bad wounds, several amputations, one death after we got off the boat—ball thru neck and out of mouth. Tried to repeat after me little aspirations, blood oozing from the mouth quite black, eyes glazed, I can never forget that scene.

-------- Morris Company 528 --------

Upper floor, officers and chaplain, busy all day, 3 sat up till 12 all so tired, slept well and no complaint of sickness.

Friday, 4th July. Handed round sherry wine to officers, whiskey to men, then breakfast. All having been nicely washed, and wounds sponged. At 11:00 reached Washington; at 11:45 went up to Asylum, $2.50 for carriages. 529

526 Second floor: Sister Bernard Moore, Marcelina Salomon, Catherine Rectenwald, Mary Creman; third floor: Sister Henrietta Casey, Sister Lawrencine Kane, Sister Mary Magdalen Delahunty and Sister Catherine Driscoll.
527 Sister Bernard Moore.
528 The sidewheel steamer, Robert Morris, transported troops between Yorktown and White House Landing, Virginia.
529 St. Vincent’s Asylum remained at 10th & G Sts., NE, Washington, D.C., until 1868.
Father Burlando in town, came directly to see us, dined with us at Sister Lucy’s, so kind and fatherly, we washing and changed nicely, returned in omnibus, ($2.50) to boat at 2 o’clock p.m. Father Burlando in town, came directly to see us, dined with us at Sister Lucy’s, so kind and fatherly, we washing and changed nicely, returned in omnibus, ($2.50) to boat at 2 o’clock p.m.530 Remained at Washington till late, went down to Alexandria to take in coal and marketing; some have fared well, nice fresh beef and vegetables, jelly and concentrated milk in our tea or coffee. Good bread or biscuit rolls. Saw Mount Vernon, one side, Fort Washington the other, Dr. McRuer tells us we will go to Baltimore and stay several days in order to have the ship repaired, new boilers, etc. Only 150 on board from Newport News, not bad. Dr. Mather had them so nice all winter, has had hospital here with no oranges and only six lemons, though promised everything; men had typhoid, etc., etc. but got through—no deaths hardly—mortality not more than one-half what it has been elsewhere owing, he thinks, to the good air, and excellent water, springs all long shore.531 Went all night, reached Baltimore at noon July 7th and warm, dined, drank port, etc. Boat to be repaired; may take a week. Monday dined on board at one o’clock. Got two carriages $2.50 rode to St. Mary’s Asylum. Father Burlando came in soon after, wrote to Sister Aloysia and went to dear Sister Mary Oswald with Sister Bernard to supper, and remained there.532 Accommodated well and so kindly. Sister Clara Webb [sic] there, a dear little soul.533 Three Sisters from the Daniel Webster Sister Gregory from Boston, Sister M. Clare Kelly [sic] from Detroit, and Sister M. Agnes from Buffalo were there. Sister Alix was there before us having gone with Sister Oswald to St. Vincent’s Asylum. Remained a week, visited the Asylum every day till Sunday.534 Saturday went to Infirmary and Mount Hope and the Retreat which is most elegant, especially the chapel, iron stairways, 195 ft. length of corridors, 75 deep by 150 center building, with wings, one for Sisters finished, community room large for 50 Sisters, dormitory and refectory all separate from patients.535 Father Burlando took—Sister Oswald, Sister Othelia, Sister Clare and Sister Felix, met Emily Harper, 

530 Sister Lucy Ignatius Gwynn (1806–1865), was the sister servant at St. Vincent’s Asylum, Washington, D.C.
531 Probably Dr. William H. Mather (?–1888), surgeon-in-charge of hospitals at Baton Rouge, Fort Morgan, and elsewhere.
532 Sister Mary Oswald Spalding, Sister Bernard Moore. The group dined with the sisters at Saint Vincent’s Female Academy, Baltimore, Maryland.
533 Possibly Sister Clara Weber (1842–1894), a native of Germany.
534 Probably Sister Clara Weber; Sister M. Clare Kelly (1829–1904), and Sister Mary Agnes Harris (1833–?).
535 The writer refers to the Baltimore Infirmary, the Mount Hope Institution (formerly Mount Hope College), and the newly constructed Mount Hope Retreat. Sisters from Emmitsburg founded Mount St. Vincent’s Hospital (1840–1844), Baltimore. It was the first Catholic psychiatric hospital in the United States. As the facility expanded and developed innovative treatment programs, it became successively Mount Hope Institution (1844–1856), Mount Hope Retreat (1856–1944), and The Seton Institute (1945–1973). See Enlightened Charity, 35-280.
Sunday, first Mass at Vincent’s Asylum [.] 9 o’clock at the Jesuit College. Church door stairs even with street for colored persons.

7 boys (black) served Mass. A Mississippi sutler played the melodeon, colored men and ladies sang the Kyrie and hymns for Mass and Benediction. The Ave Verum and Graces from My Jesus Flowing, etc. report that the boat would leave at 6 Sunday evening. All collected from Mount Hope at St. Vincent’s, slept five in one room, Sister Othelia, Sister Bernard, Sister Felix in bedsteads, Sister Alix and Sister Douglas on floor on wire mattresses.

Father Burlando came in the Mount Hope carriage and said he would go and inquire of Major Bolger, then he called again, and said he would have to go in the morning at nine o’clock to learn the precise hour of departure. Accordingly, at nine next morning he went but had to call again at eleven, and then he really heard of the Louisiana going at four o’clock. 14 of us dined at [sic] Sister Oswald and about three o’clock here comes Sister Austin and Sister Miriam.

Oh! Such shouting, I was so truly glad to see her. After a few words, we all started, Sister Austin and Sister Oswald accompanying us to Concord Street Wharf in the omnibus. We were here first, but soon Father Burlando and his 20 arrived. Then Father changed the plans, 7 only are for the transport and the other five go with the twenty to Point Lookout, [Maryland].

Had supper in the saloon, (even not many turns at table) sat up till after 9 o’clock, (near ten); slept till near six, found we were at the Point Lighthouse at the extremity Fort and Hospitals. Saw all the Sisters off in the boats to the Point. 4 in the first small boat, 9 and Father Burlando in the second. The boat

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536 Several young Sanders women were pupils at St. Joseph’s Academy, Emmitsburg. Probably these had been with Sister Mary Gertrude Balfe (1826–1899), Sister Servant, St. John’s School, Baltimore.
537 The sisters attended two masses on Sundays before the Second Vatican Council. After participating in Mass at St. Vincent’s, the sisters attended a second liturgy at St. Aloysius Church of the Jesuits, where one entered the main sanctuary by a substantial number of stone stairs. There was also another worship space at street level.
538 Sutlers were civilian merchants who sold assorted provisions to the armies during the Civil War.
539 Sister Othelia Marshall, Sister Mary Bernard Moore, and Sister Felix McQuaid slept in bedsteads, but Sister Alix Merceret and Sister Mary John Douglas reposed on the floor using wire mattresses. Years later someone added this note: “Read this to her.” Sister Felix McQuaid. She laughed and said “Outpatient, that trunk! It was immense, a Saratoga, My uncle got it for me, and had my name painted on it in big black letters! I don’t know what went with it; I suppose they got it from the Seminary to put their clothes in!”
540 Sister Miriam Kenney.
541 Preparations had not been made for the sisters arrival. A condition for the sisters’ services was the provision of a Catholic chaplain but the military seemed unable or unwilling to comply at this time. These factors influenced Burlando to reassign some sisters to Point Lookout instead of the transports.
returned and took 8 Sisters, then in the last boat, 4 and all the baggage, etc. The large trunk, Sister Comstock’s was in the first boat. Here we are hoping to get to Fortress Monroe in an hour, Doctors at dinner. Made gruel this morning in the “cook’s room.” Staid all afternoon at the Fortress—a Doctor’s hat covered with white muslin, then taken off, and white lining put in, just right—delighted. Hemmed handkerchiefs, 1 doz, and made Agnus Deis. Gilbert [?] sick, Sister Bernard made farina for him and now he seems stronger. Boat sailed between six and seven p.m. real storm, thunder and lightning. Retired early, so warm. Sick next morning, breakfasted in bed; dressed at 9 o’clock, and came into saloon. Doctor’s regiments in to be stitched; gold cord on—thermometer at 96 early in the day, at 106 after dinner in the cabin on upper floor where we are. At opposite end everybody overcome with the heat. Sister Delahunty and Sister Douglas suffering today, saw Rebel Fort whence the U.S. Mail boat was shot at Saturday. Captain killed and 3 or 4 others wounded. Still all night, after nine o’clock, at anchor. Now we are at Harrison’s Landing, the Monitor and balloon Intrepid here. Spy glasses to read the name. Dr. Case’s lady on board. Poor Gilbert is ordered up to his regiment; 2 ½ miles farther on we are told that we must expect to sit idle here for eight or ten days. It may be a fortnight!!! McClellan’s head quarters close by. Tents, wagons, etc. all over the place, landing looks beautiful, James River at the front filled with ships, gun boats, transports, dispatch boats, etc. etc. House on slight eminence, with 2 places raised for signals as on the White House. Dreadful storm again at night. One boat struck near shore—mast split from top down—lightning passed through pilot house and glanced downward, but route hurting no one, although pilot in the pilot-house. We are at head quarters, McClellan only half a mile from the house opposite where General President Harrison resided, balloon still here, signals waving from housetop for some time. Vanderbilt steams off, Knickerbocker, Daniel Webster, Commodore, Ariel, North America, Wissahickon, May Queen of Boston, gun boats, ships, tugs, store-ships all around. Summer Sister Henrietta says like the monkey at the mountain, white man jumps in from the Louisiana and calls out—here the Merrimac[k] and the Monitor makes me think of the

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542 Sister Mathilde Comstock.
543 Gilbert had probably been wounded but was now ill aboard the Louisiana.
544 There were skirmishes in the vicinity of Richmond near Herring Creek (or Harrison’s Landing), July 3, 1862. Later in the week Confederate operations attempted to thwart Union shipping in the James River.
545 Florence Baxter Case (1846–1934), spouse of Dr. Calvin Case.
546 One version of this memoir is typed. Internal evidence indicates that the typescript was made when General Benjamin Harrison was President (1889–1893).
same names at St. Mary’s. Thursday warm enough—pants and coat to mend, explained beads and *Agnus Deis* to Dr. McRuer, seems liberal and truly sensible, spoke of Rev. Fr. Bapst, was next day on *Ellsworth* after the tarring and feathering. Scenery here very beautiful, not very high but so clean looking and orderly.

In the arrangement for camps, visit from officer with letter for Sister Camilla, Sister Clowry, Sister Gargan [*sic*] and Sister Gertrude Balfe. None for us, took my name, as I hope to hear from Albany (via Fort Monroe). We had also a little talk with Lt. O’Reilly from Wilmington, 8 years since he was at home; mother and sisters and brother living there. I gave him a few medals for some of his men; has a battery about half a mile from us. Doctor says we may receive orders to go to the White House for exchange of prisoners, who are wounded and thousands are there. The negotiations not fully completed, “nous verrons.” Little Willy’s mother found him out yesterday, the child has gone to his colonel to get papers so as to be left undisturbed upon this boat. Poor Gilbert left yesterday, I gave him a medal which he says he will never part with. We hope to see him return to the *Louisiana*.

Some officers, Captain Wilkens and ___ dining on board. Dinner after three for surgeons and Mrs. Case. Later still for us, but we are all well today, Deo gratias! Sister Bernard hungry, I expect, for she is gone to the stateroom. Conversation at dinner about our men and their officers, too free and easy, play cards and drink whiskey with them every day. Left Harrison’s Landing as soon as negotiations concluded for exchange of prisoners, went past City Point and the *Monitor* and other gun boats. Entered *Rebellion*, sailed up the James to...[*sic*] beautiful house and situation, large farm adjoining and plainer houses with large mill or storehouse, all window blinds closed. Only darkies appear about the premises. Dinner for Doctors ready, Doctors McRuer and Peiffer and son got none, we none; and supper only after eight, bread, tea and jelly. 450 wounded and sick men were brought on board. Many, very many officers, col., capt., lieut., sergeants, corporal, surgeons, sick and prisoners from Norfolk. Doctor from Philadelphia,

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547 Possibly a reference to the Daughters of Charity ministry at St. Mary’s Asylum and Academy, Norfolk, Virginia. *The Merrimack* (C.S.A. Navy Ironclad Ram, 1862–1862) was called *Virginia*.

548 Leaders of the *Know Nothings* vented their anti-Catholic rage against Rev. John Bapst, a Catholic priest and pastor in Bangor, by brutally beating, tarring, and feathering him in Ellsworth, Maine, in October 1854. See *The New York Times* (October 20, 1854).

549 Sister Mary Edmund Clowry (1834–1904), Sister Camilla O’Keefe, Sister Charitina Gondain, and Sister Gertrude Balfe.

550 A shortened form of a familiar expression meaning “we shall see what we shall see” similar to “time will tell.”

551 Florence Baxter Case.
Dr. Morris rooming with Dr. Waller, Dr. Fox, German also from Philadelphia. One very weak, so good to the poor soldiers in camp and in prison. All love him.

One dead this morning, another dying. St. Vincent’s Day on board the *Louisiana*. McClellan on board sitting by Major Clitch. Of the regulars, busy talking, a large group of doctors, officers of every grade, all in uniform looking upon little Mac with as much curiosity and interest as myself with dear Sister Alix Merceret. Sister Bernard in night cap and white apron saying her morning prayers at 9 o’clock. Boat delays here till the visits are paid, etc., etc. Some bread, etc. bought by men getting ginger cakes, fish, eggs and cheese. Doctor gives me port for today for the officers. Dressed a wounded hand, washed faces and arms, much discontent regarding food. Poor men glad to be cared for and have a bed to lie on. We took our meals in our room, hard work for 7 to crowd in, 2 little ones in the bed in upper berth, rest in 2 or 3 stools, side of lower berth or floor. very tired after two hours toasting and fixing sandwiches for 100 officers, some angry at the distinction. Slept well till near morning; slept again till 5:30 AM, jumped up and dressed quickly, hurry washing faces and hands. Doctor very sick from New York (Marshall) so good to soldier in camp, one beside him all the time. Sent 80 by the *Euterpe* to New York. More quiet after we left the Fortress, fine, cool weather, wine, whiskey, brandy and cordial served all around. *Blanc-Mange of Iceland Moss*.553

Reached Baltimore early Monday morning; staid [sic] to see nearly all off, went in omnibus to Sister O’Neil’s. Washed, changed our clothing, dined. In came Sister Austin and Sister Anacaria, staid [sic] till after tea, rode with us to see Father Hickey at St. Peter’s. Sister Henrietta went to confession to him. Rode to [Saint Vincent’s] Asylum, left Sister Rectenwald there. Saw Sister Mary Edward, slept at St. Vincent’s, breakfast and dinner there, left in time for one o’clock train. Reached Philadelphia after a very pleasant trip at a little after five. Came to Asylum, orphans and Sisters all out at West Philadelphia spending the day. Doctor Hayes. and soldiers charmed with the children, begged them to come again.

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552 July 19.
553 A type of pudding served for dessert.
554 Probably Sister Josephine O’Neill (1836-1895) who was on duty at Mount Hope Institution, Baltimore.
555 1st staid [sic] till after tea, rode with us to see Father Hickey at St. Peter’s.
556 A former Sulpician superior, (1830-1841), to the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph’s, Emmitsburg, Rev. John Francis Hickey (1789-1869), SSS, was assigned to St. Peter the Apostle Church in 1861.
557 Sister Catherine (Petronilla) Rectenwald stopped at St. Vincent’s Asylum.
558 Sister Mary Edward Knight (1810-1888).
56.2 St. Joseph Hospital, Philadelphia, Philadelphia\textsuperscript{559}

Wednesday, rode in cars to West Philadelphia saw our Albany Sisters; more buildings going up. Sisters accommodations enlarging, want us all. Dr. Hayes says, “Sisters say nothing to do.”\textsuperscript{560} Sister Gonzaga so kind and good. Dined there, went to St. Joseph’s Hospital, saw Sister Hilary, Sister Inez, Sister Reddy, Sister Quinn, Sister Chrismer, Sister Damian.\textsuperscript{561}

So tired could not sleep. Too late for Mass. Sister Bernard and myself fixed our trunks and carpet bags ready for our W.P. campaign.\textsuperscript{562}

1st night from to Fortress Monroe, July 2\textsuperscript{nd}, \textsuperscript{563}

Sr. Henrietta
[Third floor]
Sr. Cathe Kane\textsuperscript{564}
Sr. Magdalen Delahunty
Sr. Bernard Driscoll\textsuperscript{565}
Sr. Felix
Sr. Josephine
Sr. David Saloman
Sr. Creman
Sr. Petronilla Rectenwald
Sr. Alix
Sr. Douglas
Sr. Aloysia
S. Michaella Laurent

[signed Sr. Felix]

\textsuperscript{559} Notes—Military Hospitals, 521. Founded by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Chestnut Hill in 1849, the Daughters of Charity staffed St Joseph Hospital, Philadelphia, from 1859 until 1947.

\textsuperscript{560} The Sisters were challenged by the slower pace of Philadelphia after the hectic days and nights of military nursing on the transports.

\textsuperscript{561} Sister Hilary Brawner (1812–1871), Sister Inez Hitzelberger (1822–1862), Sister Hermina Reddy (1834–1890), Sister Margaret Quinn (1829–1864), Sister Mary Catherine Chrismer (1836–1862), and Sister Damian Merrigan (?–1884).

\textsuperscript{562} Sister Bernard Moore and Sister Felix McQuaid continued to nurse wounded soldiers at Satterlee Hospital, West Philadelphia.

\textsuperscript{563} Written on the last page of Sister Mary Felix McQuaid’s War Notes, this list has been reorganized for readability because Sister Felix had two or three names on a line without surnames. See Notes—Military Hospitals, 512–21.

\textsuperscript{564} Records indicate that none of the sisters surnamed Kane had Cathe as baptismal or community name. Sister Mary Felix must have written “Cathe” by mistake.

\textsuperscript{565} Sister Catherine Driscoll was known also as Sister Benigna.
57. Recollections of Sister Francis Smith

Some Hospital Service


Sister Ann Louise O’Connell came after Sister Directress started for home.  

Sister Directress opened the Louisiana Hospital.  

Christmas Half of number of Sisters at the Louisiana Hospital went in to hear Mass, and when the last band went in the last Mass by Bp. McGill was finished: The Sisters burst into tears—  

Dr. Formento [sic] drove them in, ---- hired conveyance $ 12  

Sisters made egg nog for all hands, they got boozy  

Sisters Eulalia McKenna, Ann Louise, Pacifica and _____ were the band [which] missed Mass that Christmas day.  

“______ Sisters in Frederick during the War:  


“Two bands of Sisters arrived one night in Richmond; twenty-four came from New Orleans.”  

“In retiring from Manassas, our own sick were removed—not a living one left behind—we took our sick with us.” Sister Rose Noyland

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566 Notes—Military Hospitals, 522. This page was added probably by Sister Loyola Law in 1904.  
567 Sister Pacifica may be inferring also that the trio went together to Winchester after Manassas, Virginia.  
568 The context suggests that Sister Directress probably refers to Sister Genevieve McDonough.  
569 The Louisiana Hospital, Richmond, Virginia, admitted patients June 1862 until September 1864. Dr. Alexander Ignatius Jenkins Semmes (1838-1898), was a surgeon with Hay’s Louisiana Brigade, Stonewall Jackson Corps, and Lee’s Army of Northern Virginia.  
570 Felix Formento, Jr., M.D. (1837–1907), chief surgeon at the Louisiana Hospital in Richmond, Virginia, had known the Daughters of Charity at Charity Hospital in his native New Orleans.  
## 58. Recollections, Chronology of Some Hospital Service

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Month</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1861</td>
<td>May 16</td>
<td>St. Francis de Sales Infirmary solicited to take and care for sick and wounded Confederates.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1861</td>
<td>June 7</td>
<td>Telegram received at St. Joseph’s asking for Sisters to nurse sick and wounded Confederates at Harpers Ferry, Virginia.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Portsmouth, and Norfolk.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1861</td>
<td>June 9</td>
<td>The Sisters went from St. Joseph’s and one from Baltimore, [Maryland].</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1861</td>
<td>July 6</td>
<td>Sister Valentine arriving at Winchester found Sister Euphemia and companions patiently awaiting her arrival.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1861</td>
<td>July 4</td>
<td>Sisters in Richmond, took charge of the “General Hospital.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1861</td>
<td>August 12</td>
<td>Military Hospital, (House of Refuge) St. Louis, taken charge of by the Sisters.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1861</td>
<td>August 12</td>
<td><em>Sisters started for Hospitals Warrington, Florida, and Montgomery, Alabama.</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>1861</td>
<td>August 21</td>
<td>A band of nine Sisters left St. Joseph’s for Richmond.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1861</td>
<td>August 25</td>
<td>The above party reached Richmond.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1861</td>
<td>August 29</td>
<td>Sick and wounded at Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, served by our Sisters.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>October</td>
<td><em>At solicitation Sisters from Infant Asylum, New Orleans, went to nurse soldiers at Camp Moore, 80 miles from New Orleans. Left there in December.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1862</td>
<td>January 9</td>
<td>Sisters left Richmond to go care for the soldiers at Manassas.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1862</td>
<td>March 15</td>
<td>Sisters left Manassas for Gordonsville.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1862</td>
<td>April 21</td>
<td>Easter Monday Sisters left Gordonsville for Danville. During summer Sisters took charge Marine Hospital, New Orleans.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1862</td>
<td>May 2</td>
<td>Sisters entered on duty at Danville.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1862</td>
<td>June 4</td>
<td>Sisters at Frederick caring for northern soldiers. <em>Remained till September 1864.</em></td>
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</tbody>
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*Notes—Military Hospitals, 523. This chronology is incomplete; hand-written additions to the original typescript appear in italics. For an updated version herein, see Appendix C.*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Month</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1862</td>
<td>June 9</td>
<td>Sisters took charge of the Satterlee Hospital.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1862</td>
<td>September 5</td>
<td><em>Sisters went to Military Hospital, Monroe, Louisiana.</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>1862</td>
<td>August 14</td>
<td>Sisters called to Gratiot and Myrtle Street Prisons.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1862</td>
<td>September 17</td>
<td><em>Antietam, Boonsboro, and Sharpsburg.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1862</td>
<td>June 14</td>
<td><em>Surg. Gen. Hammond called for 100 Sisters to nurse soldiers in vicinity of Fortress Monroe, White House [Landing], etcetera, Point Lookout and transports. Left Point Lookout, August of 1865.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1863</td>
<td>February 24</td>
<td>Sisters left Richmond to care for soldiers in Montgomery and other Southern Hospitals.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1863</td>
<td>July 3</td>
<td>Sister Euphemia and party left St. Joseph’s for Richmond.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&lt;1863</td>
<td>August 16</td>
<td>Sisters took charge of Hospital in Lynchburg</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1863</td>
<td>July 1–3</td>
<td><em>Gettysburg Battle.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1864</td>
<td>February</td>
<td>Sisters left Lynchburg for Stuart Hospital, Richmond.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1864</td>
<td>September</td>
<td>Sisters recalled from Frederick.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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As for your conduct toward the sick, may you never take the attitude of merely getting the task done. You must show them affection; serving them from the heart; inquiring of them what they might need; speaking to them gently and compassionately; procuring necessary help for them without being too bothersome or too eager.

—Saint Louise de Marillac
to the Sisters sent to Montreuil, ca. 1647
Civil War
Recollections and Accounts

**Historical Significance**

*Civil War Recollections and Accounts* encompasses the writings by Daughters of Charity nurses about their wartime experiences. These manuscripts echo the voices of women sent to care for soldiers—wounded men, some broken in spirit, most broken in body—maimed in military engagements and initially almost helpless. The heartfelt stories of the sister nurses resound with their compassionate care for human needs amid misery and desolation. This is the first collective publication of these historic documents.
At the request of some of the gentleman of New Orleans, Mother Regina Smith [sent] four Sisters to care for the sick Confederate soldiers, March 27, 1861. The following October she sent three Sisters from the Charity Hospital who, with one Sister from the [St. Vincent’s] Infant Asylum, [New Orleans] went to nurse the sick at Holly Springs, Mississippi.

Another Sister who composed one of the little band, says of this memorable journey,

All our exercises were exactly performed; Sister Euphemia by her example reminding us of everything. She seemed to take a sweet pleasure in trying to make us raise our hearts above the things of earth, and to prompt us to make generously the sacrifices of the comforts and conveniences, which she said would be required of us. How often the remembrances of this journey, and the conversation of our dear Mother, has sweetened the little trials which our dear Lord has been pleased to send me.

59. Recollections, Sick Confederate Soldiers573

60. Recollections, Military Camps of the South574

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573 Life of Mother Regina Smith, (Emmitsburg, Maryland: St. Joseph’s, 1939), 60, APSL. (Hereafter cited as Life of Mother Regina).
“No one,” says Sister Camilla, “could tell the amount of good Sister Euphemia wrought whilst going around, visiting the poor Sisters in the different Military Camps of the South.”  

The little party arrived in Richmond, according to Sister Philip Barry, a Richmond Sister, the latter part of September, staid about eight weeks, and then went South to New Orleans and Mobile—even to Pensacola, says Sister Valentine [Latouraudais], where our Sisters were engaged in the Military Hospital. Sister Agnes Slavin accompanied her, was destined for the Orphan Asylum, in New Orleans, of which establishment she was later to become Sister Servant.

61. Memories of 1861

From Richmond where Sister Euphemia stayed but a short time, she went further South to New Orleans, Mobile, Natchez, and even to Pensacola, where our Sisters were serving in Military Hospitals. Sister Agnes Slavin accompanied her for she was destined for the New Orleans Orphan Asylum of which establishment she was later to become the Sister Servant.

Christmas of that eventful year was spent in New Orleans and Christmas night at Saint Simeon’s School. The words of dear holy Sister Mathilde [Duverney] bring back sweet memories:

“I remember it well. We had a dear little organ, small but with a soft, melodious tone. We asked Sister Assistant [Sister Euphemia Blenkinsop] to exercise her old profession and be organist for the occasion and she consented. Wasn’t it condescending! We had practiced the Mass well so as to have it very nice. It was André’s Mass. Father [John] Hayden, C.M., the Visitor, was the celebrant.”

Well might Sister Camilla [O’Keefe] say: “God alone knew the good that was effected “by this visitation of Sister Euphemia to the sorely tried Southern missions.” Years later a letter came from a Sister in Natchez [Mississippi] alluding to the distress of those bitter

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575 Probably Sister Camilla O'Keefe.
576 During the first days of August 1861, General Bragg, Confederate commanding officer at Pensacola, asked for Sisters to attend the sick and wounded soldiers nearby in the Military Hospital, located at Fort San Carlos de Barrancas. See Notes on Deceased Sisters (1852–1869), 22–33, APSL. Copy available APSL.
577 [Sister John Mary Crumlish, D.C.], Life of Mother Euphemia Blenkinsop, (Emmitsburg, Maryland: Daughters of Charity, 1969), 39, APSL. Copy available APSL.
578 Possibly the writer refers to Johann Anton André (1775–1842), a music publisher and composer whose works include a Missa Solemnis, 43 (1819).
579 Rev. John Hayden, C.M. (1831–1872), at the time of the incident, was the first Vincentian pastor of St. Joseph Church, New Orleans. This account was given sometime while Hayden was provincial of the American Province of the Congregation of the Mission (1868-1872).
times of want and woe. “The only ray of consolation during this trying period, dear Mother,\textsuperscript{580} was your short visit to us. It served to delight and cheer us for many a long month after and nerved us to go through the terrible times that soon followed.”

When the Christmas holidays were over, Sister Euphemia returned to Richmond [Virginia] and it was well for her that she did, for had she lingered in the far South until Spring, she would have found herself separated from her charge of the Southern missions, for on April 23 [sic], 1862, New Orleans fell.\textsuperscript{581}

Sister Assistant’s first visitation from Richmond was at Manassas where a disastrous battle had been fought.\textsuperscript{582} She wanted to see how the sisters were located and to form some estimate of their work. She was accompanied by two young Sisters and she was not a little surprised as she descended from the [train] cars to find herself halted by a good Confederate sentry. He had never seen the costume [of a Daughter of Charity] before and did not know to which command the wearer belonged.

“Don’t you know us?” asked Mother [Euphemia] gently; “we are Sisters of Charity. Some of our Sisters are here taking care of your men.”

The explanation was cut short by the hasty arrival of two medical directors; one had been a student at the Charity Hospital [New Orleans] and the other at the Baltimore Infirmary. They were indignant at the ‘poor soldier,’ but Sister Euphemia sweetly excused him by saying: “He was only doing his duty.”

\textsuperscript{580} Continuing the tradition of the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph’s, the community’s provincial superior was called “Mother” during the nineteenth century. Sister Euphemia Blenkinsop was visitatrix of the Daughters of Charity Province of the United States (1866–1887).

\textsuperscript{581} New Orleans surrendered to Union forces April 28, 1862.

\textsuperscript{582} Sister Euphemia Blenkinsop was assistant to Mother Ann Simeon Norris for eleven years (1855–1866) until succeeding her in office. The text refers to the first major battle fought in northern Virginia: First Manassas (First Bull Run), July 21, 1861.
62. Recollections, Gordonsville, Virginia

The Army was preparing to abandon Manassas. Sister Euphemia remained there only a day or two and then returned to Richmond with one of her companions leaving the other to share the labors and dangers of the Sisters stationed at Manassas. Their stay there had extended over January and February of 1862; soon after Sister Assistant’s visit they fell back to Gordonsville, [Virginia]. One of the sisters of this valiant little band tells us:

We retreated, too. But like a true mother, anxious about the welfare of her children, Sister Euphemia came up to Gordonsville to see how we were situated. She arrived on March 15, the very day on which we were to start for Richmond after our six weeks stay in Gordonsville, so she returned also. While visiting these Camps, Sister Euphemia saw that the Sisters’ opportunities for doing good were greatly hampered; that the Sisters often had to sleep on the ground with only a little straw for a bed; and finally, that they were very much exposed; so she determined to send them either to some stationary hospitals or back to their respective missions. At this juncture, Father [Egidius (Giles)] Smulders, the Army Chaplain and also a Redemptorist [priest], visioned [sic] nearer and more clearly the good effected by the presence of the Sisters in the Camps, and he did not hesitate to put this question to Sister Euphemia: “And who will be responsible for the souls that might have been saved?” He claimed that hundreds of souls would have been lost without the agency of the Sisters, for they instructed these poor fellows, who were so ignorant in matters of faith that in the exercise of his sacred ministry, he would have but little success without their aid. Won by this representation, Sister Euphemia yielded to the urgent need and concluded that our Sisters must remain at the front to continue the good work wherein the Community was reaping so rich a harvest in the salvation of souls. These poor unfortunate men knew so little about the great truths of Christianity that when one of the Sisters was explaining the Passion of Our Divine Savior to them, a soldier voicing his

583 Life of Mother Euphemia, 41.
surprise and sympathy exclaimed: “Poor fellow! I guess if we had been there, those Jews that nailed Him to the cross would have caught something [sic]!”

1862

63. Recollections, Military Hospital, Frederick, Maryland 585

The Sisters sent from St. Joseph’s were Sister Matilda Coskery as S.S. [sister servant] of the little band, Sisters Mary Alice Thomas, and herself [Donata Bell] [4 June 1862].

They were joined by the following seven Sisters from Baltimore: Sisters Maria Kenney, Mary Agnes Kennedy, Ambrosia Morisett, [Mary] Remi Lee, Aloysia O’Keefe, Mary Vincent Doyle, and Serena Klimkiewicz.

Later came Sisters Isabella [Logsdon] (from home) [Emmitsburg], Sister Ambrosia McDevitt, Sisters Maria Landry, Theresa Healy, Mary Thomas Maynes, and Beata McFaul and others from various points.

584 The patient quoted spoke erroneously. Judaea was under the jurisdiction of the 5th Roman Prefect, Pontius Pilate (AD 26–36), who was the judge at the trial of Jesus of Nazareth and authorized his death—not the Jewish people. The Romans used crucifixion as a customary punishment. The evangelist John mentions that Pilate handed Jesus over to the Roman soldiers. They drove the nails into Jesus. Cf. John 19:23.

585 “Sr. Donata Bell’s account of the Military Hospital in Frederick, Maryland,” Provincial Annals (1862), 519. Sister Donata Bell was sent to Frederick from St. Joseph’s Central House.
There was a Hospital at the [Visitation] Convent, and one at some Protestant Church, but the principal Hospital was the one at the [Hessian] Barracks known as “The General Hospital.”

Lee, Longstreet, Jackson all came in and took the place and all in it, as prisoners; she saw all of them. Then they had to depend on the Confederates for supplies, “rations,” etc., and you know “they want much,” she added with a laugh. (Poor starved out fellows!) They remained prisoners for about eight days, when [General] McClellan came in.

64. Recollections, Opening of Satterlee Hospital, Philadelphia Pennsylvania, June 9th, 1862

Twenty Sisters with Sister Benedicta at our head accompanied by Srs. Gonzaga and M. John [Yelley] arrived here about

586 The Daughters of Charity were nurses in General Hospital #5 (Visitation Academy) and General Hospital #1 (former Hessian Barracks), Frederick, Maryland. There were also Protestant Churches which became military hospitals in 1862: General Hospital #3, General Hospital #4, and the Lutheran Church.

587 Satterlee—Historical Notes, 1-166. Part 2 herein omits duplicate texts presented in Part 1. See Rev. Nathaniel West, D. D., History of the Satterlee U. S. A. Gen. Hospital, at West Philadelphia, Pa., from October 8, 1862, to October 8, 1863 (Philadelphia: Satterlee Hospital Press, 1863); and Donnelly, Sister Mary Gonzaga, 100–02. Miss Eleanor Donnelly borrowed the Satterlee manuscripts and diaries to write the biography, Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace. Surviving manuscripts (original and copies), typescripts, and Donnelly’s publication contain notable inconsistencies.
11 o’clock A.M. and contrary to our expectations the Patients had not yet made their appearance at the Hospital. Therefore we had some time to make our observations on this, our new home.588

It is at present only half completed. Crowds of work men may be seen employed in and around all parts of the Building, which is entirely a single board construction of one story. It is thickly plastered inside and outside with white wash so much so, that floors, chairs, tables, in short every thing about the place is coated with it.

The Building is divided into two long corridors with fourteen wards on each, extending parallel right and left. There is a considerable space of green ground between each ward. A two story building in the centre connects both corridors, it is intended for the Doctor’s apartments, Offices, Surgery, etc. The Kitchens, Close–rooms [sic], store–rooms, and are at the extreme end of each corridor, and on the second story over these named are two rooms appropriated to our use for the present. A small one to serve as chapel, and a large one wherein are twenty beds, and chairs, half the number of wash–stands, basins and pitcher and together with the trunk of each sister. This is to serve for our Community room also. Our next question was, where are we to take our meals. But this was soon arraigned [sic] and another small room (down stairs) was given us as refectory. It could accommodate about six with ease, not more and into this we all huddle together to take our repasts, for which we have at all times a very good relish. One knife and fork does the carving for all. Wash–basins and pitchers serve alike as meat and vegetable dishes, tea and coffee pots, and likewise as dish–pans, afterwards to our very great amusement. To our great consolation four–hundred patients arrived at three o’clock, afternoon and the Sisters immediately went about doing all that they could for their comfort. The wards A and B not being yet furnished they commenced with C which they filled continuing up to ward J putting fifty patients in each ward. Sister Benedicta at once named two Sisters for each ward until the others would be filled up, two Sisters also for the kitchen leaving one Sister remaining for all extra calls our own apartments, and, and, half–past nine o’clock that night, saw the first days work concluded. It was amusing to see the Sisters, carrying the supper for their new patients. The more fortunate found wooden buckets in which they carried the tea from the kitchen to their wards, and having poured it into little tin cups for that purpose went back.

588 Extant Daughters of Charity records do not list a Sister Benedicta assigned to Satterlee Hospital. Sister Benedicta Parsons (1797–1876), however, who had held several responsible positions since 1823, was on mission at St. Vincent’s Home, Philadelphia in 1862, and could have accompanied the sisters to Satterlee.
again for bread, added to this was a little Molasses, and this constituted their supper and breakfast next morning, no other provisions having yet arrived. Those who could not procure buckets took wash pitchers, for their tea and carried the bread on their arms, like so many pieces of wood, but this you may suppose was a very slow process, as they were obliged to come back a number of times for the refilling of their pitchers, and until they had a sufficient quantity for their fifty patients. But this way of working continued only three days. By that time every thing was getting in order. Men nurses are employed to do all the works in the wards, carry the meals, washing of wounds, etc., and our duty is to attend to those who are sick in bed, given them drinks, little extras according to their state attend to their diet dispense medicines, etc. Those who are able to go about eat at long tables placed in the corridors fronting each ward, the men attendants serve them. The third day brought us a new Sister Servant also in the person of our dear Sister Gonzaga and you may be sure we were glad (for her own sake) to see such a dear old Sister as Sister Benedicta, relieved from so laborious a duty, as also were we grateful for Her, whom our kind Superiors sent to us.

To our great disappointment no more patients came in until about the 1st July, when nearly a hundred and fifty badly wounded cases arrived. They were put in Ward X, Y and XX, Z not yet being furnished. The catholic soldiers who were able assisted with us at Mass on Sundays in our rude little chapel, although many of them could not
get inside. After Communion we came out of the Chapel and knelt in the other room between the beds to take our thanksgiving, while the poor soldiers crowded in to hear an instruction taken from the Gospel and very appropriate to their condition. It was truly edifying to see these poor men crippled and mutilated as they are, kneeling around on the stairs and passage, many of them shedding tears at Father’s discourse and asking when they could have the privilege of making their confession. Father himself seem deeply affected, indeed who could help feeling. A little table placed in front of Father’s chair served as confessional alike for patients etc. Sisters. Wards S, T, and U were also filled sometime during the first part of the month of July date forgotten, still leaving six wards on the North corridor and eight on the South corridor yet unoccupied. The original design was that the hospital should accommodate two thousand patients, which it can very easily do when completed. New Sisters are arriving every day and we number at present nearly forty. The surgeon in charge seems much pleased at their coming and says that all will have plenty to do after a few weeks. Our dormitory is to be on the South Corridor. It will be large enough to accommodate all. Half our number sleep over there already and the room on the North side which we occupy at present is to be our Refectory. A Chapel is also going up for our use large enough to accommodate the soldiers at the same time. The only inconvenience is that they will be obliged to pass through the refectory in going to it. [sic] being no other way as it is to be on the second story. Since the opening of the Hospital, visitors from all parts crowd the corridors daily and appear to take a lively interest in our poor patients. The Lady’s bring a variety of delicacies. Fruits of all kind, etc., etc., to the Sisters for the very sick. July 4th all seem in good spirits today, crowds of Ladies are coming in already. They have provided an abundance of strawberries and ice–cream for the afternoon entertainment which they intend aiding the Sisters in distributing, the patients are really delighted like so many children. some of the visitors seem very prejudiced towards us. Others again look at us in amazement not knowing what to think of us, (as to use their own expression) they never saw such people before. The same wonder is expressed by many of the patients, particularly the Yankees, who generally call us [“]Auntys[”] when they wish to speak with us, for the first time but immediately give us our proper title when told of it. They ask the most amusing questions regarding us. One asked the other day if the Government provided our uniform while in its service. Another proposed by way of gratitude to buy a silk dress for his sister after pay–day. An Irish woman who visited her son in one
of the wards and hearing from him a favorable account of the Sisters, inquired afterwards of the Sister whose ward he was in, [“]de ye’s over fight at al, at al, and being answered in the negative replied, Och; but ye’s are the happy craturs, och; but I wisht my dockther–in–law was one of ye’s.[“]

There are tents numbering one hundred and fifty put up around the grounds as many more are expected than the wards can accommodate. One sister will have charge of every eight tents, six patients will occupy each tent. One tent will be provided for each Sister where she can keep medicines, and necessary for their sick, also serve the extra diet for the very sick just as the Sisters in the Wards. All that are able to go about will have to take their meals in a long dining–room built for that purpose a kitchen is attached to it where every thing will be prepared. The tent dining–room as it is called can seat five hundred. The Guards, Ward Masters and Nurses are to eat there also, at an hour different from the patients.

The Doctors and Ladies are viewing with each other in furnishing the Sisters rooms annexed to the wards as Pharmacies; indeed some of them look very neat and are well supplied with accommodations for the sick already. Sister Gonzaga receives all the large donations in a room designed for that purpose which she afterwards distributed to each sister proportioned to the number of sick in their wards. The patients are with few exceptions all very grateful for any little service that is rendered them. Many of the Catholics have been to confession and seem very well disposed. God grant that they may continue so, and that we may be able by His grace to gain many souls to His love during our sojourn here. July 28th nine sisters have arrived from the Transports, and are missioned here for the present.589 July 30th our dear Father Burlando has just gone. He made only a short visit. Sister showed him our new chapel just completed with which he was much pleased, and promised that our dear Mother [Ann Simeon Norris] should come to see us shortly. Sunday following Father McGrane dedicated the chapel, before offering the Holy Sacrifice and afterwards spoke most feelingly to the hearts of all. We have now our Dear Lord dwelling amongst us, and can go before Him once more to take our Meditations. This is a happy day for all and we cannot be to grateful. One thing only is wanting to its completion that is seats for our poor patients, as there are but sufficient in it at present for us. After night prayers we carry in all the chairs from our rooms and place them in rows opposite ours, yet

589 Military officials procured boats and had them adapted to transport sick and wounded soldiers to ports near general hospitals.
there are many wanting yet. I trust Our Lord will inspire some good person to provide them before long. All sleep in our new dormitory now with the exception of Sister Gonzaga and two Sisters who occupy the little room that was used as Chapel; it is filled up as Infirmary in case any of the Sisters should be taken sick.

We have to cross over the Front yard in going to the dormitory passing several guard’s posts on our way which is any thing but pleasant. A full Brass Band strikes up some lively tunes just about the time that we are crossing over after night prayers, and continue for nearly an hour. It certainly would make quite a romantic looking view in a Panorama indeed I think the Hospital with its various and ever changing scenes, its corridors with its hundreds crowding to and fro’ continually, Doctors, Officers Guards, in full Military uniform. Ladies old and young, Sunday Schools processions of boys and girls together with Sisters, patients, maimed, blind, lame, legless, and armless, nurses, cooks, and waiters. Add to this, a view of the dress Parade of Convalescent soldiers, its martial music several times a day and, etc. and I think you will agree with me that it could form one of the most interesting Panorama of the age in which we live. In looking at it all I sometimes amuse myself with the thought, that when peace is once more restored to our much loved country, and such a Panorama is in existence, how delighted our dear little orphans, and school children would be in taking them to see it. August 7th About three hundred arrived late this evening. They look very badly and are chiefly suffering from Diarrhea together with their wounds. Some Typhus also.

Aug. 8th. Our dear Mother [Ann Simeon Norris] has just arrived and you be sure we are delighted. She looks very well and is much pleased with our Hospital. She intends leaving us to-morrow, so we are endeavoring to store her bump of memory with many amusing anecdotes about our new mission amongst the soldiers, as she wants to give recreation to the dear old Sisters at Home, about it all. Aug. 10th Sunday, never to be forgotten day. Arrival of 2000 patients sick and wounded. The wards were all filled as were also the tents. Doctors, stewards, nurses, were all vieing with us in procuring every think for their comfort. All who were able had a bath, and change of clothing, nourishment, and drinks, etc. were provided in abundance according to each one’s state, and all had their wounds dressed and were comfortably in bed about eight o’clock. Those in the tents were
attended to. At Sister Adeline’s suggestion the nurses took lamps, the night being quite dark, and went around with the Sisters in distributing drinks, and which they had previously prepared. One Sister held the bucket while another administered the drink, the nurse meanwhile holding the lamp low so as to see the sick man’s face. About 11 ½ o’clock they were also comfortably (as could be) fixed for the night, and we all came in to take some rest, for poor nature was exhausted with the fatigue and great heat of the day. However we were all very grateful to our Dear Lord you may be sure for sending us so many of His suffering members. Monday 11th. All to our numerous duties at once[—] so good bye scribbling [writing] for some time. Middle of October date forgotten the Surgeon General is expected here in a few days and all is bustle in the Hospital. The doctors act after the fashion of the Sisters with the orphans. Each one is busy urging his ward—master, nurses, patients to try and have their own ward excel which they all seem endeavoring to do in good earnest. Tins begin to look like silver, floors white as new boards; pictures of the late Battles are going up in many of the wards, also a quantity of flags, banners, etc.

A few days later the Surgeon has come and gone. He expressed himself much pleased with the appearance of the Hospital, the Sisters, and rooms. He could not cease admiring so he said at least and to ward all he promised the first premium for the great taste and neatness displayed in its decorations. There is a general inspection also every Sunday beginning at nine o’clock. It is made by the Surgeon in Charge and his staff in full dress uniform. Every patient must remain in his ward during the time. All who are able must be up and dressed in a

590 Possibly Sister Adeline Beirne (1832–1863) and Sister Mary Xavier Lucot (1832–1863). Sister Adeline was Sister Mary Gonzaga’s assistant at Satterlee. Both sisters died early in 1863 at age thirty but not at Satterlee.
gray uniform and standing on the right side of their chair at the foot of their beds. When the Inspectors arrive, the ward man calls attention, Salute, they then remain standing while the Inspection is going on. Beds are upturned, bathrooms examined and every nook and corner about the ward. Woe to any poor patient around whose bed anything not allowable is found. He is either sent to the Guard–house or else put on the Black List for two or three weeks. The former is a place of confinement something like a prison where they remain for twenty four hours on bread on water and the later mentioned is to deprive them of passes to go out of the Hospital during that time.

November 25th. Thanksgiving Day. A grand dinner was given today for all the patients by the Ladies of West Philad. Many of whom were present, pies, jelleys [sic], preserves, tarts, cakes, fresh fruit and were sent to the Hospital at an early hour and the tables were handsomely decorated at which some of the Ladies superintended. Afterwards came the turkeys, chickens, ducks, hams, tongues, and all kinds of vegetables in season with plenty of lemonade, milk, etc., etc.

Dinner hour being announced at the fashionable hour of two o'clock, by the lively notes of the full Brass–Band which commenced playing in the centre building the convalescent of each ward proceeded to and to in the nicest order to the tables, and all at the same moment throughout the whole building. You may imagine that justice was done to the grateful viands, as their appetites were sharpened by the lateness of the hour. The house was crowded with visitors who appeared to enjoy the scene very much.

Doctor Hays [sic] accompanied by Sister Gonzaga made the round of the Hospital during the time and they drew all eyes upon them you may be sure more than thousand times was is said, the superioress looks like a real mother to us all. It was a strange contrast the proud Military Officer in full uniform and the humble Daughter of St. Vincent to whom He shows every respect and attention in the presence of that large assembly. At her request he caused the Guard–house doors to be opened and all culprits to be released and pardoned no matter how serious their offences. The poor fellows hardly knew how to express their gratitude to her but their look were sufficient to know their feeling. They immediately proceeded to their wards where they were cordially welcomed by their companions and of course done more justice to the goodly fare than others. The afternoon passed off very agreeable, some entertaining themselves with games, others enjoying home recollections on similar occasions, with some of their
companions whom they had known before, light refreshments were served them in the evening, some of the wards were also supplied with Ice–Cream.

All expressed themselves pleased and grateful for the efforts that were made to promote their happiness, even those who were very sick and who could not take part in the amusement of the day. Thus ended Thanksgiving Day. Oct. 8th Presentation of a large and magnificent flag by the Ladies of West Philad. Great preparations were being made all day for the entertainment of the afternoon. A large arch was erected over the front entrance on which was a platform tastefully decorated, the yards were seated with benches fronting the platform, for the convalescent. At an early hour of the afternoon the Hospital and around the grounds were filled Ladies, Gentlemen, and children from all parts of the City. Our apartments were also crowded as there is a very good view from the windows. Doctor Hayes and Staff Officers, Guards, and in splendid uniform white gloves and made their appearance at two o’clock. The band then struck up in thundering tones Hail to the Chief. A volley of salutes were fired at the same time and loud and prolonged cheering on the part of the soldiers.

Doctor Hayes and several celebrated Gentlemen then rose and addressed the multitude alternately in an eloquent and appropriate manner at the same time bestowing the highest eulogiums on the Ladies of Philad. for the noble and patriotic sentiments which inspired them to make so handsome and appropriate a present to the suffering warriors of their glorious Country which tended at the same time to call forth the most generous and loyal feelings from the hearts of every true soldier. At four o’clock the Flag was then raised on a pole 120 feet high amidst the prolonged cheers and shouts of the soldiers, the roar of musketry, and the sweet thrilling notes of the Band playing “the star–spangled banner in triumph doth wave.”91 As it unfurled its silken folds to the breeze a shower of little Flags fell on the heads of the eager spectators which were immediately grasped up and preserved as a memento of this joyful occasion. The Band continued playing until late in the evening, and not until then did the crowd seem disposed to disperse.

Doctor Hayes had given orders for an Oyster Supper to be prepared for the whole Hospital including Tents, Employees, etc., etc. The rest of the evening passed of very pleasantly amongst the soldiers,

91 Francis Scott Key (1779–1843), penned Defence [sic] of Fort McHenry in 1814 after witnessing the British Royal Navy bombard Fort McHenry, Baltimore. The poem fit well with the music composed by John Stafford Smith (1750–1836), known popularly as The Anacreontic Song. The national anthem of the United States, The Star Spangled Banner, makes use of Key’s poem set to Smith’s musical score.
and we too had our own recreation and a quarter you may be sure in relating to each other the pleasant events of the afternoon.

About the 1st December the Hospital was again refilled with patients, the wards on the South Corridor are nearly double their former length and some of them contain 120 patients at present. The tents are all taken down, and the patients that yet remained in them have been transferred to the wards. The Sisters of tents are very sorry at the change as far as it regarded themselves, for they liked their camp life very much in spite of all its inconveniences, but it would be entirely too cold for the patients during the winter. There are stoves put up in each ward in the corridors, sisters rooms, bathrooms, etc., etc. Workmen are busily engaged in plastering the outside of the building and every precaution is being made to make it comfortable during the winter. As Christmas approaches every one seems to be making preparation for that holy happy time, even here in a Military Hospital, that is as far as regards the temporals. The patients seem like children in their expressions of delight at the decorations they themselves are preparing to put up. Several from each ward have been detailed to go out into the woods, and cut palm and evergreens in large quantities, with the later they are arching the windows, corridors, and entrances of each ward, Sisters, and ward-master’s rooms[,] etc. There are not two wards alike in their decorations which greatly adds to the variety and beauty of the whole. Some of the doctors drew the plan for their own patients, others again left it to taste of those who put them up and they looked just as well some of them even better. A large sized tree was erected in the centre of many of the wards which donators handsomely trimmed. The corridors somewhat resemble a woods, particularly after Gas-light Flags, and Banners are handsomely arraigned [sic] with Evergreens and pictures of the leading Men in different parts of the corridors, Public Officers, Surgery[,] etc. Visitors accompanied by the Doctors began to crowd in already and are in admiration at the appearance it presents, but before I tell you any more about Christmas I must mention about Confirmation which took place a few weeks previous.

December 10th

Bishop Wood accompanied by Doc. O’Hara and our own Chaplain arrived at an early hour this morning to administer Confirmation to thirty-six of our poor soldiers.592 The Chapel and room adjoining was thickly crowded long before he arrived. Many who

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are not Catholics were present and showed a lively interest in all that was going on. The Sisters sang their best, and Father McGrane seemed delighted with his Boys, six of them made their First Communion also. The Bishop gave to each a Chaplet and Medal after His sermon which was short, but very appropriate for the occasion. The newly confirmed were the representatives of five different nations, *viz* American, Irish, German French, and Malay. They were lame, maimed, and blind amongst the number. They were indeed a strangely interesting looking Band two boys are particularly worthy of notice

The first, Michiel McDonnell, aged 17 years. He was one of those that arrived on the 10th of Aug. and had the fore finger of his right hand shot off, the Sister in whose ward he was went to him shortly after he came and asked him if he would not like to go to Mass believing that he was a Catholic, but seeing his surprise at her question, she asked him if she was mistaken. He answered that he did not know that he had never professed any religion. He went to Mass and told Sister afterwards that he had an indistinct remembrance of being at that kind of worship with his Mother when very young, and that he now felt within himself that, that was the right way to worship God, and that he was resolved to become a Catholic at once. This lead sister to make inquiry as to his past life, which was as follows. He was placed in a Protestant Institution, *The Home of the Friendless*, New York, at the age of four years, by his Mother who was a poor Irish woman and a widow. There he remained ten years. The Guardians of the Establishment then considered him old enough to be bound out and accordingly did so. His next home was with a Farmer in the country by whom he was treated with the greatest severity. This determined him to run off and enlist at the time of the War first broke out and thus as he said to be once more free from his hard master. During the twenty months that he served in the army previous to his coming here, he gave himself up to some of the loose habits of the camp although (as he said) he was preserved from all the grosser sins in which a great part of the Army indulge by a special Providence.

True to his resolution, he applied at once to Father McGrane for instruction. From that moment he avoided all unnecessary intercourse with the soldiers, seldom speaking except with the Sisters to whom he disclosed the desires of his heart, which was that he might consecrate the rest of his life to God in some religious community, that he might obtain this his request. He made three visits to the Blessed Sacrament every day recited the Rosary and Thirty days prayer to our Blessed Mother in whom he had most childlike confidence. He looked like
Following the Sisters advice he applied for admission to the Christian Brothers, and obtained the promise of being admitted to their novitiate whenever he could obtain his discharge which was shortly afterwards given to him. Father McGrane and Sister both wrote everything in his favor and the Brothers were anxious for the moment to arrive that his wishes could be gratified. His gratitude towards the Sisters were unbounded whom he called Mothers and it was his only regret at leaving that he might never see them again. We all prayed fervently for our Postulant as we used to call him, particularly until he received the Habit, which was bestowed on him the 6th June ten weeks after his entering the novitiate. He is now one of the most edifying members of their community. See how merciful are the ways of God, Praise be to His holy name forever!

The other youth, Edward Leonard is about the same age and possessing similar dispositions, but has not yet succeeded in getting his discharge. However there is an all wise Providence watching over him thus far, for on eight or nine different occasions that he was named for his Regiment something unforeseen would occur to prevent his going. He now goes to Holy Communion weekly visits the Blessed Sacrament daily, and recites the Rosary as did our little Brother. Not like him however, he was blessed with good Catholic Parents who taught him his Religion. But after having made his First Communion, he left his home and became dissipated. Finally he entered the army and was severely wounded. He now says that he cannot thank God sufficiently for having preserved him on the Battle–Field where if he had died his soul would have been lost. he is praying and waiting for his discharge that he too may serve God during the rest of his life in some religious community. In the meantime he occupies himself in dressing wounds, helping not only his own Sister, but all the other Sisters also. Whenever he gets a pass to the City, his chief resort is to the Christian Brothers or else to the Asylum, and on Sundays to the different churches where he spends the entire day later I will tell you how he gets on in the way which he soon hopes to enter.
The morning was dark and cold notwithstanding our Chapel and room adjoining were crowded at ½ past five, more than half the number I think were Protestants, who were in anticipation of a fine sermon, but we were all disappointed in that respect as Father was obliged to remain in the City, and a strange Priest came out to say Mass for us. Some of our Protestant patients offered some time previous to trim the chapel with Evergreens which they did most tastefully. It looked really beautiful. Every one who saw it said that they could not have imagined it would be half so nice. A grand dinner was given by the Ladies, which quite surpassed that of Thanksgiving Day, although the Hospital contained more than twice the number. The patients at the conclusion of dinner gave three cheers for the Ladies, some also made short speeches, toasts, &, & which on their part was most graciously received. A large number of visitors resorted to the Hospital all which made the day pass very pleasantly for the patients. The Band played all day. Several of our poor patients offered some handsome presents to the Sisters during the Christmas time which of course they would not receive. Our little Edward, spoken of in a former page, bought a very nice picture of the Immaculate Conception for the Chapel. Many others made their little offerings also either for the Chapel or for Sister’s orphans, when they found that the Sisters would not take presents for their own use.

One generous son of Erin, was not to be put off however he was determined to buy something for his Sister that she could wear accordingly he went to the City and purchased a handsome pair of long-drop earrings and brought them in triumph to Sister, saying that he wanted her to have them put in her ears they would look so nice hanging down from under her bonnet. On her refusal of them he repeated [“]t–a–ke him, t–a–ke im, Sisther t–a–ke im,[“] [sic] she still persisting in refusing, he said, well [“]maby, some of th mother Sisters il wear him of t–a–ke im Sisther, maby some of th nothor Sisther ill t–a–ke im an wear him.[“] [sic] She brought them to the work–room to let us see how fine she would look in them and you may imagine what fine recreation we had over Sister Catherine and her Paddy. On her returning them she advised him to have his ears pierced and wear them himself which he accordingly did, then came to show Sister how nice he looked. She sent him to Sr. Gonzaga who was in the donation room. Sister quite astonished asked Paddy who fixed him up so fine, and he delighted, answered, [“]it was Sisther Catherine told him to

593 The congregation of worshippers was unfamiliar with the substitute priest, a stranger to them.
do it, that she was a bully Sisther, ["""] which excited a hearty laugh from the bystanders, who were waiting to be served at the time. Paddy was so proud of his appearance in earrings, and fancy paper cap, trimmed off with roses and ribbons of the same, that he exhibited himself for a month afterwards around the Hospital to the no small amusement of its inhabitants.

Paddy is very short, and broad, very red faced and quite simple as you may suppose, believes what every one tells him, and generally speaks in half Irish. He likes Sister Angela very much, because she will talk to him in his native tongue and thinks of late that he will remove to the Laundry altogether to be Sister’s errand–boy, as he does not intend staying any longer with the bad boys in Sister Catherine’s Ward, and he intends telling the doctor to that effect.  

The Laundry

This is a very important part of the West Philad, [Philadelphia] Hospital at least so thinks Sister Angela, who says that this Diary would be very incomplete without it, so of course I must attempt a description of it, and its inmates, and. It is built back of the kitchen on the South Corridor and is divided into three apartments. The first is used as an ironing room, second wash–room, and third a drying–room. It is separated from the kitchen by a passage and room used as a clothes cupboard. The clothes are boiled, and by steam, and washed and rung by machinery. There are thirty women constantly employed, the representatives of all creeds and nations at present in the country, some among them are young, others old, and add to this that almost every month there are a number of them changed. They come at six in the morning and leave at six evening, their meals are served them in the ironing room at tables prepared for that purpose. There is one girl appointed to wash dishes and etc., keep everything in order. Sr. Angela, of course superintending. If any of the women are taken sick, (which by the way is very often the case) there is a Doctor appointed to prescribe for them, the Grandmothers of the Establishment giving in their experience at the same time. Sister is obliged to count all the clothes as they are brought in, also on returning them to the different departments, namely, Officers, and, Doctors quarters, Sisters, and etc. surgical patients clothing from each ward with their soiled rags, and bandages, donated articles, with a great many odds and ends to numerous to mention. Now I am inclined to think you will agree with Sister Angela and say that the Laundry is a very important part of the Establishment. But I must not conclude without telling you  

594 See note 417 supra.
something of the kind regard which the Laundresses evinced for Sister on her return after an absence of some weeks. During the time that the Hospital was so crowded immediately after the 10th August, Sister Angela was obliged to assist in one of the wards, on account of the scarcity of Sisters. Doctor Hayes therefore placed a reliable Gentleman in Sisters place to act as overseer. Men assistants were also sent to do the more heavy work. It was supposed of course that the Laundry and Laundresses would give even more satisfaction than heretofore but the result proved quite the contrary. It became in a few days a kind of Bentem Bedlam dancing, singing, quarreling, and fighting constituted a large portion of each day’s work, and at the end of the first week, Doctors, Druggists, Clerks, Ward M’s looked for their clothes in vain, all were mixed together and every thing was in confusion. Still it was decided that this plan should be tried another week, but all in vain. Matters had grown worse. The Doctors went to the overseer demanding their clothes and Doctor Hayes to Sister Gonzaga to know if she would not send Sister Angela back to her charge. She consented on condition that all male Laundresses would be transferred. The Doctor sent an order forthwith to the Laundry that all male attendants should leave, Sister Angela repaired to the Laundry soon afterwards, and on her entrance, all hands commenced clapping, and voices raised to the highest pitch in welcoming her return. The men of the kitchen all rushed in to see what was the matter and of course increased the uproar considerably. Sister made her way back upstairs as best she could, to conceal her mortification, and we laughed heartily you may be sure at her recital. Since that time they would die for their little Sister as they call her if we are to believe what they say.
New Year’s Day

We have already commenced the New Year. Two of our Sisters who came with us at the opening of the Hospital did not live to see the close of the old [year]. One died of consumption, the other of Typhoid Fever. Father alluded to their death in his sermon this morning in a most feeling manner. He drew tears from the eyes of all and we could not avoid thinking of them all day which through a feeling of sadness over our otherwise joyous recreation.

The Protestant Chaplains, three in number, and seconded by the Ladies have succeeded in getting Doctor Hayes to have a Chapel built for the use of the Protestant soldiers. It is situated between Ward A and the Laundry extending out into the grounds. It is neatly fitted up, and a sexton appointed to keep it in order. There is to be meeting two or three times every week, besides Sunday. It is to be opened for the first time this New Year’s afternoon, but not as you would suppose, for religious worship, but for a magic exhibition, to be given by the great Signor Blitzs [sic] for the amusement of the soldiers. The Chaplains pious Ladies, sanctimonious doctors, and soldiers (the later [sic] are very few in number) are filled with indignation at the impiety of those who gave such a permission and hope that such a dreadful

596 Signor Antonio Blitz (1810–1897).
abuse will not occur again. The tent dining–room which you recalled seated five hundred, has been appropriated as a reading–room and Library. The Ladies of West Philad aided by the Chaplains are having it handsomely fitted up, and they anticipate that it shall be a grand affair. It is partitioned off into four apartments. The first as Library, second as reading–room, third a room for different kind of games, and fourth a bowling Saloon. The Library is under the entire charge of the Ladies, who take turns on attending in it daily. They came at nine o’clock morning, bringing with them their dinner and leave at six evening. They intend giving a concert twice a week, on Mondays and Thursdays. They have a handsome Piano erected on a large platform for that purpose, around which they have their seats placed as in a regular Concert–Hall. They are some of the first class Ladies of the City, so do you not think that the soldiers will be highly honored. Each soldier ill be provided with a ticket to the reading–room which he will show to the Guard at the entrance, then if he wishes any particular book or game he will present himself at either of the little gates on each side of the Library, giving the Lady who presents herself, his name and the letter of his ward. When he wishes to leave he must return his book or game to the Lady who will provide him with a little ticket which he must show to the Guard before passing out. Lectures are also to be given them once or twice a week by a Gentlemen who will volunteer their services, for the instruction and amusement of the convalescent. All amusements of a Theatrical Nature will also be given there for the future instead of the Chapel. The tent kitchen is now used in preparing the extra diet for the sick. It stands back of Ward T and the reading–room is across building between it and the Chapel. The Christmas decorations are still as fresh looking as ever to grace the New Year and visitors crowd in daily to admire the progress of the Military Hospital. Another improvement of the New Year is a Printing Office and weekly newspaper, furnishing all the news of the Hospital. The patients are all invited to contribute their share of matter for publication either in prose or verse as they shall think proper. It is to be named The Hospital Register. Five copies are to be provided weekly for each ward, gratis, and one for each Sister.

January 6th Our dear Father Burlando has just paid us another visit. He wanted to know how many each one killed during the old year, and how many they sent to Heaven. The first question was readily answered, the later not so easily. Sister M. Joseph told him of a recent death in her ward which was very edifying. The subject was quite a boy only 18 years old. His name was George Durston. The Doctor
thinks that he died of real home sickness. He had been suffering with dysentery for some time and desired anxiously to see his poor old mother once more, but could not yet go home. He grew weaker and more low spirited every day often saying to Sister Oh! if I only could get home and be with his poor mother again, she needed his help so much. Sister spoke some cheering words to him and desired him to place all his confidence in our good God, He would provide for her. Then she asked if he had ever been Baptized he said that he was not, that his mother and sister were members of the Baptist’s church but that he had never been immersed. Sister then explained the necessity of Baptism and warned him of his danger. He said that he desired very much to be Baptized before he would die, but that if there was any hope of his recovery, he would rather wait until he could get home on account of his mother and sister who would like to see him become a member of the Baptists Church. Sister then told him that if he desired a Minister of that church she would have one sent for as there was none in the Hospital, although there were other Protestant Chaplains, He desired that she would send for one and also procure him a Testament. Sister mentioned it to the Doctor who gave him one immediately, and said that he would bring him the desired Divine.

A few hours afterwards poor George calling Sister to him said, if the Doctor has not sent for the Minister tell him I do not want him now, that I would rather have the Catholic Priest. Sister told him she thought the Doctor had sent for the Minister, however that she would see, at the same telling him not to send for the Catholic Priest, in order to please her, or through any other human motive, he replied that he did not wish for him on that account, but that he had been reflecting what a good man his Brother–in–law was and that he was a Catholic, how good the W. M. and nurse were and that they were Catholics, lastly how good Sister herself was, and that she also was a Catholic, and that he thought that religion must be the best that made its members so good for he did not see any other people so good besides that she did not work for pay, so it must be the best kind of religion that made her work so generously. Sister then told him that he must himself tell the Doctor of his change of sentiments, accordingly when the Doctor came into the ward a short time afterwards, he called out to him, loud enough to be distinctly heard, Doctor I do not want you to bring the Baptist Minister to me now. I have changed my mind and I want a Catholic Priest to baptize me. Very well my man replied the Doctor, you shall have one, you shall have any thing you want. Father, a few hours later Baptized him after giving him the necessary instructions.
Bishop Wood paid us a visit the same afternoon and went down to the ward to see him, he said that he found him in very good dispositions, and gave him his blessing. He lingered two days longer and his last words were, thanks to God for the gift of Faith, and praying that as he had not seen his poor old mother again on earth he might have the happiness of seeing her in Heaven.

Sister Julia [Fitzgerald] told Father also about a cavalry soldier in her Ward [K] who had been studying Catholicity for some time, but was ordered unexpectedly to join his Regiment.597 What was he to do, he did not wish to face the Battle Field again without first being Baptized and professing his Faith openly.

Fortunately, or rather by God’s Provident Father had not returned to the City that morning after Mass as he usually does. The soldier repaired to the Chapel and made known his desire to Father, who Baptized him explaining each part of the sacred site as he proceeded. At the conclusion he promised Father that he would live and die faithful to his present engagements and if he should be spared to leave the army he would at once prepare for his first Communion. A catholic companion in Arms acted as sponsor. They both knelt to receive Fathers blessing, then bidding farewell they joined their companions who were likewise going and at eleven o’clock they left the Hospital. We have not since heard of him.

February 1st, 1863. The Winter is progressing rapidly, and has been so far very mild. We have not had many deaths lately. Our patients are all doing well and we get through in the wards by seven o’clock and so have a nice long recreation. Some evenings of each week Sister Gonzaga keeps class for us in *Mythes Dose Book* which we have nearly all of us procured.598 It is very instructive and we enjoy our class exceedingly. Sister takes her seat at a large table drawn out into the centre and between thirty and forty of her young Sisters gather round her, book in hand. Then each one takes her turn at reading a paragraph as is done in the Seminary, which sister explains to us, giving us her

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597 Sister Julia Fitzgerald (1840–1920), was known also as Sister Josephine.
598 At least two medication and dosage reference books were available in Philadelphia at this time. The writer could be referring to either or neither. George W. Carpenter, ed., *Carpenter’s Family Medicine Chest Dispensatory, Containing a Select Catalogue of Drugs, Chemicals, and Family Medicines, with the properties and Doses of Each Article Most Approved of in Domestic Medicine* (Philadelphia: Geo. W. Carpenter’s Chemical Warehouse, 1835), 327 pp. with index; Robert Graves, ed., *A Pocket Conspicuous of The London and Edinburgh Pharmacopoeias: Wherein the Virtues, Uses, and Doses, of the Several Articles and Preparations Contained in Those Works, are Concisely Stated; Their Pronunciation, as to Quantity, is Distinctly Marked; and a Variety of Other Particulars Respecting Them Given, Calculated More Especially for the Use of Junior Practitioners.* From the Second London Edition, Corrected and Improved. (Philadelphia: James Humphreys, 1803), 132 pp.
own experience, and, with regard to Medicines and how the Sisters do in other hospitals, particularly in New Orleans, always making at the same time her instructions as entertaining as possible. These hours spent thus pass by unperceived, until the bell recalls us and we look forward to our next evening’s meeting with renewed pleasure. We feel that Sister Gonzaga is indeed our Mother, guide, and friend, and feel grateful to our beloved Superiors for giving us such a Mother. We often say to each other on those occasions how nice it will be when we are all united again in Heaven after our brief separation here.

The more ancient amongst the Sisters, meanwhile take their seats at a little distance, doing their sewing or knitting and recreating themselves, with pleasant conversation. —— We have Mass as usual three times a week, sometimes oftener. Father hears the patients confessions on Tuesdays, and Fridays, ours on Thursday afternoons. A number of the patients have made their First Communion lately although we have never been able to get up a band on account of their constantly coming and leaving, amongst the latest is a boy quite young named James Doyle. When Sister asked him to go to confession, he looked greatly embarrassed and said, but Sister I have never been to confession in my life and although my people were Catholics I have never been instructed. Sister then promised to tell Father about him, and that he would make it easy for him. she did so, and Father commenced instructing him at once. He made his First Communion a few weeks after and from that time went to Communion every day that we had mass as he saw the Sisters do supposing that he could go to Communion as often as he wished, provided he refrained from all willful sin which he endeavored to do with his whole heart. Father observing it told him not to communicate so often, which was a great privation to him as he said that he never was so happy in his life as since he made his First Communion. Before leaving to return to his Regiment, he again approached the sacraments and received the scapulars of our Blessed Mother promising to be faithful to Her, and to the graces received while in the Hospital until death. When you read this make an aspiration for his perseverance.

Another is a man named James Cassidy aged about twenty two years. When he was about a month here, a Protestant man asked Sister for a medal in his presence and he looked at the same moment as if he wished to have one also, but was to much ashamed to ask it at least so thought Sister, therefore she offered him one which he thankfully...
accepted. Sometime afterwards she asked him if he was a member of any church, he replied that he was a Methodist, but she doubting him asked again what were his parents, and he answered that they were also Methodists. From that time he commenced attending our Chapel occasionally. At last when about three months here he told Sister that he wished to speak with her when she had leisure. He then told her that he was a Catholic and had been raised such by good Catholic parents but that while yet quite young he left his home and for several years had denied his Religion that remorse was nagging at his heart, now, and that he had supposed all along that Sister had mistrusted him. He promised to take her advice and she recommended him to prepare for a good General Confession and promised to speak to Father in his behalf. On New Years Day he made his first confession and on the 10th received Holy Communion. He approached the Sacraments twice afterwards while here and received the scapulars. He left the Hospital with lively sentiments of gratitude towards the Sisters and the latest account we received from him was that he had procured his discharge and is now at home taking care of his widowed Mother.

A companion who was with him in the same ward named James Torney made his First Communion soon afterwards. At first he would not acknowledge to Sister that he was a Catholic and only went to the Chapel occasionally. After some months here, he told Sister that he ought to be a Catholic, but that he had led a very wild kind of life, had never made his First Confession and moreover that he was a member of the Free Mason’s Society for several years, and had not sufficient courage to break off now. Sister gave him a medal and the Prayer Remember and which he promised to say every day for the grace of conversion. He did so and a few weeks later he went to see Father McGrane who was very kind to him, and encouraged him in his good desires. He recommended to him to learn the Catechism and prepare for a good General Confession all which he did after first breaking the bonds that held him captive to the Free Mason’s Society. From that time he persevered fervent to his resolutions while he remained in the Hospital.

Ash–Wednesday

Another Lent is now before us. God grant that we may spend it worthily, Father Burlando will not allow us to fast, except from meat on the days appointed. Father McGrane gave us a Conference on how
to spend this precious time very meritoriously in a Military Hospital. Above all, he recommended to us a strict silence during those days which after all is a harder kind of fast than the former one. However we all intend to do our best, depending on our B. Mother to help us. Father intends saying Mass for us daily during this holy time. Many of our new patients who had not yet approached the sacraments have commenced doing so now, and several of them visit the Chapel daily, amongst them are some of the Guards who come up whenever they are off duty. Three of the patients have also been Baptized lately. One in Ward A, one in F, and one in Y. They have since died in fervent sentiments of contrition and gratitude.

**St. Joseph’s Day**

Father gave us a nice instruction this morning and the Sisters sung their best. We had recreation all day, it was very nice to see so many Sisters together.

**Easter Sunday**

Lent and Passion Week are passed away, and we are now celebrating the beautiful Feast of Easter. We had a large number of communicants this morning. There is no unusual stir in the Hospital. A patient of Ward L’s has been Baptized lately. His name is Stephen Mabury. About three years ago he heard arch Bishop Hughes preach on one occasion, and the thought has followed him ever since that the Catholic Religion must be the true one, although as he confessed he had not courage sufficient to join Her until he came here. His desease which is consumption did not prevent him from going about therefore he frequented our Chapel often and asked the Sister of his Ward to procure him some Catholic Books. Finally he applied to Father for instruction and advice, was Baptized on St. Joseph’s Day and on Holy Thursday made his First Communion. From that time until he received his discharge he visited the Blessed Sacrament daily. We have not since heard of him.

May 1st, 1863

Donations of flowers, and, have been coming up all day, mostly from the patients to decorate our Mothers Altar. Sister Magdelen has been very busy all arraigning them around Her statue. The Chapel looks really beautiful and what greatly increases the appearance is an Arch composed of white roses and leaves, erected over our B. Mother while before Her is a beautiful hanging basket filled with flowers fresh from the country. It is the offering of one of the
clerks, a Mr. I. who is a very fervent Catholic. We are to have the May devotions every evening at ½ past six, with the singing of the Litany, and some Hymns, also Benediction twice during the week besides on Sundays.

May 10th. The patients are regular in their attendance to the devotions and seem very fervent. Our little Edward spoken of before is more so than ever and he brings with him two companions. One has been a very wild youth, previous to his being wounded but has made his First Communion and received Confirmation since he came here. The other has been brought up a Baptist, but professes a great liking for our form of worship, and says that he would like to be instructed in our Religion. His name is George Stuart aged 19 years and is an only son. His mother who resides in the city fears that he is to favorably disposed towards our Religion, and wishes him to leave the Hospital, which he could easily do, as he is not a soldier. He mentioned it to Sister Frances [Griffin], on whose ward he is employed saying that he would stay here until he would be better instructed, as he feared the entreaties and opposition of his Mother to whom he is most tenderly attached.599 Sister desired him to act as he thought best but that he should not allow human motives or affection for his mother to deter him from doing what he thought best for his soul. The next visit he paid his mother she warned him that if he should become a Catholic, she would disown him, never speak to him neither [neither] would she or his Sister look after him any more. He returned to the Hospital in the greatest distress and wept bitterly during his recital to Sister. Still he was more determined than before to become a Catholic. He became more fervent in his devotion to our Blessed Mother whom he prayed to from the beginning of his conversion, and loved to hear those Hymns of the Month of May in her honor. He lingers long after all has left the Chapel except Edward who his constant friend. After our Blessed Mother he looks to Sister Gonzaga for guidance and advice in all his difficulties [difficulties]. Father has promised to Baptize him on Sunday the last day of this beautiful month. May 29th our Catholic boys surprised us this evening with a very handsome set of the stations of the cross for our Chapel besides money sufficient with what small contributions Sister had in reserve, to purchase a Monstrance, ciborium, censor, and Benediction Veil besides other ornaments for the Altar. Edward and a youth named James O’Brien, who also returned to his duty since he came here, were the principal actors in collecting the money. When they had what they considered a sufficient sum,

599 Sister Frances Griffin, (1832–1899), was the nurse responsible for Ward P, Satterlee.
they made Sister Gonzaga acquainted with their secret expressing their desires that she would not inform any of the Sisters of their intended purchases, until they presented them. You may imagine how delighted and surprised we were, as was also Father McGrane and the Boys were equally as delighted as ourselves. So you see our B. Mother has done much for us already, but the best yet remains.

Besides a number of confessions and communions during the month, we had also on the last day of the month of May the happiness of witnessing two Baptisms instead of only one as we expected, which was George, who I told you of in a former page. The other is a middle aged man named William Little. He never professed any Religion although his relatives were Catholics, who died while he was quite young, and he was brought up by an old Sea–Captain who was an infidel. According to his own account he had never been baptized and led a very dissipated life until the age of twenty or thereabouts, then was married to a Catholic girl by a squire of the town in which he lived. Since that time he employed himself in Boating until he enlisted. He told Sister that his wife often begged of him to go with her to Mass, and become a good Catholic, that she herself always went to Mass but not Confession, neither was their children christened, five in number. He came here a few months ago, and since that time he says that he thought more of God, and what he ought to do in order to return to Him with his whole heart. He wrote a letter to his wife to this effect, and saying that he goes to Mass now regularly and is preparing for Baptism and his First Communion. His poor wife replied to him overjoyed, at the same time saying that she could hardly credit such good news, and hoped he had not written so, only to comfort her. He has been twice at confessions and is determined to be married by a Priest and have his children Baptized as soon as he gets home. George and He are both studying Christian Instruction, and Poor Man’s Catechism, Sister Frances [Griffin], and James O’Brien acted as sponsors, James read the act of Recantation as George was too much affected to read it himself, Father gave them a nice Instruction. The Chapel was crowded, and many Protestants were present, the Sisters sung in conclusion. (Mother Dear, O, Pray for Me) and our poor George sobbed like a child and recommended himself to our B. Mother with redoubled fervor. Many of Sisters gave both of them pictures, as mementos of this happy day and we all gave thanks to our Blessed Mother for bringing two such fervent souls into the one True Church.

June 15th There are but very few patients at present in the Hospital and we are occupied during our free time in mending the clothing of the Hospital. June 21st This is the Feast Day as you are aware of our dear Sister Gonzaga, and we spent it most agreeably. All endeavored as best they could, to show some little mark of affection and esteem towards so good a mother, while she on her part, done [sic] every thing in her power to make us enjoy her Feast Day Cake and the customary little refreshments were distributed after supper and we had grand recreation. Our desire is that we may enjoy many such returns of her happy Feat under her mild direction. 22nd Inst. Patients are arriving from Washington now and Ambulances with the very sick are coming out all day.

Sunday 28th Inst. we have now about 2000 patients. All is quiet as usual until four o’clock in the afternoon when great excitement prevailed on account of orders having arrived for every man that was able to resume arms, and proceed immediately to Harrisburg [sic][Harrisburg, Pennsylvania]. For this purpose every soldier was commanded to his own ward to wait the examination of the Doctors, which was done in greatest haste and the result was that over 200 convalescents [sic] left the Hospital at six o’clock fully equipped for fighting and having a three days rations of raw pork and bread in their knapsacks. Poor Fellows they think little of the Eternity to which some of them are not doubt hastening. They seemed with few exceptions, to be perfectly reckless as to their fate. Shouting to their companions as they left, that if they should ever see them again, it would be without arms or legs, and, some indeed looked pale and dejected and could hardly speak in bidding their adieus. The Band played their liveliest tunes meanwhile, I suppose to keep up their spirits. About the same hour our dear Father McGrane arrived to give us Benediction, we hastened to the Chapel together with some of our poor soldiers to beg the Blessing of our dear Lord for those who were going, and whom we never expect to see again until we meet in Eternity.

Monday [June] 29th The City Bells are pealing mournfully all the morning from two until nine o’clock which we thought at first was occasioned by fire but learned soon after that they were rung in order to rouse the Citizens to volunteer their services, and take precautions for the approaching danger by building Fortifications for the defense of the City. Father came out early and said Mass for us, as it is the
Feast of St. Peter and Paul. He gave a short exhortation also desiring us to supplicate the Blessed Virgin and the Sts [Saints] whose Feast we are celebrating that the Holy Will of God may be accomplished in the approaching Battle whatever may be the result. For this intention we then at his desire recited the Litany. July 3rd a few ambulances came in this morning bringing thirty five patients. All is unusually quiet for the approaching 4th and our patients seem very low spirited on account of the late defeats. July 4th 1863 the weather is extremely warm today and the soldiers are disappointed in being deprived of passes to the City as they expected, I suppose to prevent drunkenness, but if so it had not the desired effect. (To repeat their own words)

You cannot cheat a soldier of his grog, no matter what stratagem is resorted to in order to prevent him, and they have proved the truth of this assersion [sic, assertion] today. In one Ward alone containing but thirty five patients, they have drunk twelve qts of whiskey without its being observable in its effects. Having gone into the Extension–Ward for that purpose, they arraigned [sic] tables in the centre, where they placed their bottles, tin cups, and then placing their chairs around each one helped themselves made sham speeches, and sung songs by turns declaring that they would enjoy the 4th like true soldiers, in spite of all who were opposed to it. This they continued all day, coming into the front Ward occasionally to prevent observation. It was nearly the same throughout the Hospital. We knew nothing of it until the next day which was Sunday and asking in surprise why so few were going to Mass, we were told of the secret. It was alas true, more than of our Catholics were drunk and in bed from the effects of their late rioting.

This afternoon Sunday, quite a commotion was created throughout the Hospital by the arrival of several hundred of the wounded from the late Battle at Gettysburg.602 The wards are now nearly all filled. 7th Just many came in today and nearly all have been wounded since the 1st Inst. They told us that those who are more dangerously wounded are still on the Battle Field, there being no means of removing them when they left. we received orders to prepare for two thousand more which will make nearly five thousand patients. The Ladies are becoming generous as ever. Donations have been coming in all day, and Sister Gonzaga has not had a single moment since morning. July 8th four rows of beds are now in each ward the two rows in the centre are pushed together leaving but a very narrow passage on each side. More patients are coming in all day and orders have been given to fix up the Protestant Chapel as a Ward for the worst cases, and

602 July 1–3, 1863.
the reading–room is to serve as meeting house for the present. Sunday 12th One hundred and seventy five Southern prisoners arrived here and were divided nearly equally in each ward. With few exceptions they showed the greatest pleasure at seeing the Sisters and expressed their surprise at how well they were treated. But poor fellows, they were not allowed to remain long with us. On Tuesday they were removed to the Chester Hospital as it was feared that the Ladies of Philad would be too kind towards them and that it would thereby cause jealousy amongst the Federalists. The Hospital is now filled in every hole and corner. With those who have been wounded in the late Battles, and nearly all are from Penn.— The Sisters assist as much as possible in dressing the wounds, as there are but few attendants at present in the wards, and they are mostly convalescents. We have permission while they patients are so very sick to take turns at sitting up for the purpose of going through the wards and watch the most dangerous cases, as many of their wounds frequently bleed during the night, and causes [sic] death. The principal motive which urges the Sisters in desiring to be with them in their last moments is as you are aware the hope that they may be instrumental in leading their poor souls to God but Alas! many of them appear to have no knowledge of God neither have they slightest fear of Eternity, and only show restlessness and pain even to mention the subject. All are not so however, thanks to our good God. Several of the newly arrived have already expressed their desire for Baptism in the one True Church and the poor Catholics with very few exceptions are dying in the most edifying dispositions. Cases of Lockjaw, Gangrene, & have all been sent to the Chapel [now a ward], and the second surgeon in command here (Doctor Schell) has taken them in charge himself. They suffer very much, particularly those who have Lockjaw. Several of them died within the last few days, they were Catholics and received the last sacraments with great fervor. —— July 19th I hope our Blessed Father will be pleased with us today although we have not been making any retreat. We have not time to say any extra prayers even, but instead we are very busy with the poor sick, so we look for a share of His Blessing, together with the rest of His good and faithful Daughters.

July 22nd Our dear mother [Ann Simeon Norris] sent us six new Sisters from the dear Seminary to assist us in our numerous duties, and Sister Gonzaga named them immediately to assist in the different

603 Chester Hospital was located in the town of Chester, on the Delaware River, between Wilmington, Delaware, and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

604 Henry Sayler Schell, (1835–1890), assistant surgeon, U.S.A., designed a bed suitable for use in hospital tents.
wards. We number now forty–three, quite a respectable community

August 1st. A large number of the convalescents were transferred
during the past week to other Hospitals and several also were returned
to their Regiments. Nearly all the Catholics had the happiness of
approaching the sacraments before leaving. It is well that the Hospital
has been somewhat thinned of its immense population as the weather
has become so extremely warm that it was dangerous to have them
so crowded any longer particularly on account of the Stench of the
wounds, as [in] the Hospital[,] Gangrene is spreading amongst them
already. There are tents going up again in order to put those infected
with it, in them, as the open air is the best for them. Each Doctor is
to have a tent for his own worst cases and the Sister of his ward is to
attend them also. One nurse is also sent to each tent and will remain
there with them. They are erected outside the Front entrance and are all
filled with patients already. The middle rows are taken out of the wards
and the sick are much more comfortable by the change.

August 4th A remarkable conversion was effected within the last
few days, thanks to the intercession of our Blessed Mother to whom
Sister M. T. [sic] [had frequently recommended him.605 He is quite
young and has been suffering much from the effects of his wounds,
his arm was taken off a short time since but without any favorable
result and they Doctors decided that his life could not be saved. Sister
therefore asked him if he had ever been Baptized or was a member of any
particular creed. He replied that he was not and had never belonged to
any Religion, that he was an Outcast. Sister then told him of the great
necessity of Baptism at which he appeared astonished, and declared his
ignorance asking what he must do now so that he could receive that
sacrament before he died. He readily believed all that Sister told him
about the mystery of our Holy Faith, and she then desired him to say
which of the Chaplains he profess to Baptize him. He immediately
replied, a Catholic Priest. Sister at once sent for a French Priest who
was in one of the other wards at the time attending to a poor French
Soldier who was dying. Poor Charlie was delighted to see him, and
conversed with him nearly a half hour.606 The Priest then asked Sister
if she would not be his sponcer [sic] but she hesitated saying that if he

605 Possibly Sister Mary Teresa O’Connor (1823–1893).
606 Probably Charles Corbin, a Native American, who spoke French.
should recover and not become a practical Catholic she would feel very much on that account, but the poor dying Boy immediately answered Sister you need not be afraid of that. After asking to be Baptized in the Catholic Religion how could I do otherwise than live up to it. Sister then consented, and Father Baptized him at once and when about to take leave Charlie requested him to pray for him again before going away and beged [sic] that he would come often to see him. Sister spent some time longer with him for he would not get weary in speaking of his new Religion and the Mercy of God evinced in his behalf. He was most anxious to be more fully instructed.

A Catholic gentleman, Mr. P of whom I have spoken before, kindly offered his services during Sister's absense [sic]. He remained with him two hours and agreeably to his wishes, commenced with a brief History of the Creation, Redemption, and Institution of the Catholic Religion, its Sacriments [sic] and Sacrifice, then fearing that he would fatague [sic] his pupil he paused for some time, but the sick one insisted on hearing more about our Lords Last Supper. He seems much better this afternoon and hopes now that he will be able to receive the Sacriments [sic] before he dies. Is not this a remarkable conversion. Sister told him he must have done something very good in his past life, she thought since God had bestowed on him so great a grace, and he after a pause said that he had been always generous. —— He had another Hemorrage [sic] from his wound late in the evening, and Sister thought she had better go down after night prayers and see him again. When we got to his bedside we found that he had been vomiting, and was extremely weak. Mr. P. came in a few moments afterwards and as soon as he perceived him he desired the man who was fanning him to go away that he did not wish to be fanned. The man smiled but did not heed, Charlie then insisted that he must go, saying that he wished to talk with his friend about Heaven, and that he was a naughty boy and must go away. He appeared at once strong again, although a few moments before you would have thought he was about to breath out his last sigh. Next morning he was better and wished to see the Priest. He made a confession of his whole life and received Holy Communion with the greatest fervor and beged [begged] the Priest to come again, although he was not the same that Baptized him, but the fact of his being a Priest was enough for poor Charlie.—— …

June——The hospital is now quite full of sick many are removed to the tents on account of their wounds becoming gangrenous many also are dying from the cause already mentioned. On the 26th

607 Cf. Donnelly, Sister Mary Gonzaga, 125.
of this month we had another grand time in our little Chapel. Again our good Bishop administered confirmation to our late converts and many other catholics who had neglected it in youth. This time there were 43 confirmed and a large number approached the holy table. How edifying it was to see those poor cripples (painful as their wounds were) rising at an early hour to come to the chapel. Our good Bishop made some appropriate remarks on the occasion encouraging all to the practice of holy prayer in all our works and actions.

July this month we had quite a number of baptisms. In Ward W, a young man named Henry Kimble, he suffered from malignant typhus fever. Sister finding that he was not baptized explained to him the necessity of it also the little hopes entertained of his recovery he requested to be baptized as soon as possible. Sister then gave him private baptism thinking he was about to die, but he recovered so as to sit up and read. Sister gave him some books that explained our holy religion he then endeavored to prepare for his first communion intending to make it with a number of the patients who were then about to make it. But a severe hemorrhage of the lungs the day previous prevented his coming to the chapel however father brought him holy communion to the ward, he is still improving but very weak.

In Ward R there was a patient named John Smyth he was a month in the ward and suffered very much. Morally speaking, he was a good man suffered much but was very patient and respectful, he was never baptized and did not know it was necessary for salvation as Sister saw he was ignorant on that point. She explained to him the necessity of it, he dreaded death and could not think it was so near, he was fully conscious to the last. The three last days he was buried in deep thought, Sister said but little of death to him, she saw it was in vain. An hour before he died Sister was passing his bed he called to her and said in a tone of despair Oh! Sister I am going to die. Sister asked him if he was sorry for not being baptized. He answered oh! yes Sister told him it was not too late yet, he appeared overjoyed at hearing this. Sister then asked him who he wished to baptize him. He answered a Catholic Priest, Sr. told him that none was here at present and if I send for one he would not get here in time. But in such cases as yours in the Catholic Church any one can give it, then he said Sister, Baptize me. I want to be a child of God. He repeated some prayers after Sister very fervently. She then said if you recover do you intend to be a faithful catholic, he said oh yes, he said the Hail Mary with her, he was already turning black but very sensible he became quite calm and died in great peace about five minutes after Sister baptized him.
In the same ward another patient an Indian named James Graham. This poor man seemed to have been brought up where God was not known, he knew nothing of him or his goodness. Sister told him of his danger and the little hopes entertained of his recovery also the necessity to prepare for a happy death (as well as he knew how) the poor man tried to prepare himself most fervently. He seemed not to have had any care and the little he received gained him so that he thought nothing was right but what Sister done. He asked to be baptized in the church that Sr. thought was the right one—and in no other. She gave him some short instructions and left him a few days to consider. He wore a medal of the Blessed Virgin he would kiss it and say, my sweet mother, I will soon see you in heaven. A short time after a Protestant minister came to see him. Sr. asked him if that was the one he wanted to baptize him; he said, if that was the one she was going to bring him, she said, no. Well then bring me the right one. The Priest had not yet arrived and he was sinking fast so. Sister baptized him as he earnestly desired begging at same time that God would have mercy on him. He died about two hours after in great peace.

Of the same ward a patient named William Wilson he was very badly wounded. He was very prejudiced and spoke disdainfully to Sr. and appeared not to want her to come near him. However, Sister made no distinction and gave him the same care. He soon changed his manner and became the most docile and grateful. His great sufferings caused him to utter the most pitiful cries and call for Sister to give him something to relieve his pain. This would awake the sympathy of all who approached him. Finally his leg had to be amputated above the knee.

He had now the greatest confidence in Sister and even asked her to explain the meaning of her beads which she did and took the occasion to remind him of the state of his soul. She found he was not Baptized and did not know a prayer. She gave him some short instruction also a Book which he read notwithstanding his great sufferings. He would exclaim oh! Sister I have been such a wild bad boy. He became very anxious to be Baptized. Sister told him to consider well what he was about to do. The Priest came to him and questioning him found his dispositions very good and baptized and anointed him. He made the most fervent aspirations and would press the crucifix to his breast and say my Jesus take me he wore a medal of the Blessed Virgin which he valued very much. Pyemia setting in which increased his sufferings he lingered a few days and died very happy.

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608 Native American.
609 Pyemia, a bacterial infection, causes abscesses of a metastatic nature. The disease was fatal prior to antibiotics.
ways of God Praise be to his holy name. Here was a poor soul who to all appearances on his arrival showed very little disposition to prepare for the last dreadful hour. But God in his mercy was pleased to change his heart and bestow on him the light of faith to which he faithfully corresponded. And oh! What a lesson for us to be faithful to the many graces his Infinite Bounty daily bestows on us.

Towards the latter part of July the coloured patients arrived at an early hour in the evening and continued a greater part of the night. They were put in the lower wards until arraignments [sic] could be made for them in the tents. There were 5 camps consisting of ten tents in each of these camp[s] 2 and 3 were for the coloured patients and part of camp 4 was occupied by them. In camp 2 a patient a catholic was very low Sr. asked him if it was long since he had been to confession, he said he had not been since Easter. His dispositions were good and he expressed a desire to see a Priest. Towards noon he seemed to get worse. Sister sent immediately for Father on his arrival he anointed him as he was then unconscious he could make no confession. he died about eight o’clock that evening.

In the same camp another patient was dying at his request Sister gave him private Baptism [sic] he died in a few hours after. In camp 4 there were three coloured men baptized named James Simmons, William Hopkins, and Joseph White they received private Baptism a short time before they died. 

August—as there were soldiers from many nations among them were a large number of Indians. In ward XX [²⁰] there was a young Indian names James Wise he was very far gone in consumption. The doctor thought he could not linger many days. Sister then sent for Charles Corbin, another Indian that was in Ward U, to speak to him of his condition. (Charlie being a well instructed Catholic), and speaking the French language, also he communicated to Sister the dispositions of the poor sufferer. Finding that the poor sick one did not know he had a soul or that there was a God. In fact to use Charlie’s own words, “he was a perfect savage,” he would not listen to anything Charlie would say. He tried to convince him of the existence of a God and the immortality of the soul. But he would not listen or be convinced. Charlie leaving him that night told Sr. the little hope there was for his conversion.

But how mysterious are the ways of God! On his returning the next morning to see him, he found him in far different dispositions

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⁶¹⁰ Cf. Donnelly, Sister Mary Gonzaga, 130.
⁶¹¹ Notes—Military Hospitals, 130.
than he had left him. The poor sick one had a dream that night he thought he saw our Lord coming towards him with a priest ready to Baptize him and heaven open to receive him thinking also that he was but a mere infant. This he described to Charlie as minutely as if he had seen the priest in reality. At the same time requesting Charlie to bring him to the chapel to be Baptized.

The next time that Father came to say Mass, Charlie brought his “poor little savage” (as he called him) to the chapel. Although very weak he endeavoured to walk up and here I must add the amusing scene that followed. Three interpreters were required in order to have the ceremony performed. First the above named companion who understood the Indian language translated it in French to Sister; who in her turn explained to Father in English the desires of “the little savage”.

He lingered about 2 weeks after he was Baptized. He was buried in the cathedral cemetery. Since he died, Charlie often expresses the wish to be one day as happy as he believes him to be. May he rest in peace.

At the same time that the above named patient was baptized, Louis Smyth, a patient from Ward T, was also baptized. He first came to Sister and told her he was in doubt about his religion she gave him some instructive books which he read he afterwards went to see Father McGrane and told him he wished to become a Catholic. Father gave him some instructions now and then. He being a well educated man he soon saw the errors in which he was brought up in. Convinced as he was of the truths of our holy Religion the more he saw and read the more grateful he was to God for bringing him to the knowledge of his true church. Early in the fall he returned to his regiment and was promoted.

As there is now a large number of sick to be taken care of and I might say our labours are redoubled and where so much good can be done. it is encouraging to labour with renewed ardours when God in his goodness seconds our poor efforts to draw souls to him. In inspiring those whom he has given the light of faith to communicate to their companions the knowledge they have received. The patient, Henry Conklin (before mentioned) has through the grace of God and his great love for our religion instructed one of his companions in the true faith. It was really edifying to see him take his companion John Wellman to a retired place there to instruct and explain to him the mysteries of Religion. He would read for hours some pious Books of instruction. He brought him to see Father McGrane several times who

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612 Possibly the Old Cathedral Cemetery, 48th Street and Lancaster Avenue, Philadelphia.
examined his real motives for embracing the catholic religion. Finding him sincere and persevering in his resolution to embrace it, convinced that it was the only true church. He was accordingly baptized having Henry for his Godfather he was preparing to make his first communion when he left the Hospital. The Sister in charge of Camp Five relates some remarkable conversions and reformations during this month.

The first a man named M. Burke aged about fifty years who had not been to his religious duties for thirty years. He was wounded very badly through the left leg. Though he bore his sufferings very patiently at least in sister’s presence. The wound gradually grew worse and the surgeons who attended deemed it necessary to amputate the limb. Although they thought he would die in either cases. But as they told him that there was more hope to have it amputated so he consented. Before the operation was performed Sister spoke to him of returning to God of the length of time that had passed without him scarcely thinking of God. And that God has brought him here where he will have an opportunity of receiving the sacraments in preference to so many others who are instantly killed on the battle field.

He was so effected that he shed tears and said, Yes Sister how true it is how wicked I have been. But I wish to go to confession. On the morning that he was to see father although he spent a restless night. He made every exertion in order to prepare for confession. Indeed he seemed to be fully impressed with the importance of the action he was about to perform. This was on Wednesday and on the following Friday he was to have his leg amputated.

Thus he wished to see father in case he should die under the operation. He made his confession and received absolution. During the day he seemed very weak though calm. On the following day he was much weaker but had the same resigned look. About four o’clock in the afternoon Sister gave him a drink and as she was turning to go He exclaimed Oh! Sister I wish to speak to you. His dear Brother was standing by his bed. Sister then asked him what he wished to say. He clasped her hand and raised his eyes towards heaven and said Oh! Sister I forgive everybody Oh! that I could go to God, Oh! the beauty of nature looking on the beautiful sky, I desire only the will God. Sister then made aspirations to which he endeavored to repeat with all the fervor of a soul truly converted to God. He died about six o’clock same evening. Sister was with him accompanied by one of the sisters who read the prayers for the departing when he expired. May he rest in peace. She desires all who read this to pray for his repose.
The second one of the same camp a young man aged 22 years he was wounded in the left arm previous to his coming here, he had typhoid fever from which he seemed to suffer more at first than from his wounds (Though it was always very painful). He was naturally very timid and irritable. Though Sister did not consider this a fault in him because he being so young and very healthy, she supposed that it was owing to this. Sister was attending him some time before she knew that he was not a catholic. His actions conversation and simplicity led her to think he was one. He lingered for some time after.

Sister perceiving him growing worse every day. Also the surgeon in charge telling her of his danger, she spoke to him of preparing [sic] for death. What a subject to speak of to one so young and full of life. It indeed was the least of his thoughts for never was one more desirous of life he could not think of anything else.

Sister then assured him of his danger. When to her great astonishment he told her he never was baptized. That his father was a catholic and his mother a protestant consequently she would not have the children baptized or permit them to go to church except with her. As he took the occasion to go several times to the catholic church and was so impressed with the ceremonies that he wished only to go there believing it to be the true and only one.

With these dispositions she prepared him to receive the sacraments of Baptizm [sic], Holy Eucharist and Extreme Unction. Which he received with great fervor truly a happy day for him. After that he became as simple as a child and every word that Sister would say he seemed to receive with so much joy. Indeed he looked to her as he would his mother.

He would say his prayers to her morning and night with so much fervor. Notwithstanding his great sufferings As it was now becoming too cold for him at night and as he had chills so frequently he was removed to a ward where he died on the 14th of Sept. he had the happiness of receiving holy communion again before his death. He was buried in the Cathedral cemetery. “May his soul rest in peace.”

There was in the same camp a coloured man who was injured by the explosion at City Point [Virginia].613 He was injured so badly that his leg had to be amputated immediately after the accident. For want of proper care it had to be re–amputated on his arrival here. Being of a strong and robust constition [sic] to all appearances. There was

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613 Cf. Donnelly, Sister Mary Gonzaga, 137.
great hopes \[sic\] of his recovery But God had willed it otherwise. Sister spoke to him concerning his soul little thinking that he was to die so soon. He told her he was never baptized he believed it was necessary for salvation he said he often tried to be baptized but could not. And would not like to die without it. This was on Sunday evening and on the next morning about eight o’clock Sister was sent for, he was dying. She gave him private Baptizm \[sic\] and he died in a few minutes after.

September

New arrivals are expected consequently all the colored patients were transferred to the Summit House.\textsuperscript{614} In order to make room for the new arrivals. With a few exceptions they were not very sick. But worn out with fatigue of traveling. During this month there were three baptisms one in Ward Q and 2 [two] in Ward U, one of the latter was a patient suffering from chronic diarrhea. He told Sister he wished to be baptized and become a catholic. Sister finding him sinking fast at his request gave him private baptism a few hours before he died.

The other was a patient named H. Jones. He came to the hospital early in the spring—he was in consumption. After a few months he took [became ill with] Varioloid, he was then removed to a tent outside the hospital. He soon recovered so as to be able to go about when he was again taken with a severe attack of small pox.\textsuperscript{615}

However it pleased God to restore him a second time. When he was again removed to the ward. After the elapse of two weeks his cough became so violent and from the weakness caused by his recent sickness he sank rapidly. As he was not baptized Sister asked him if he was satisfied to die without Baptism. He said he believed it was necessary for salvation and would not wish to die without it. Sister then explained the mysteries of religion to him and exited him to acts of contrition she baptized a few minutes before he died.

Oct. 4\textsuperscript{th} Father baptized a patient from Ward E. named Alexander Campbell he is still in the hospital a practical catholic.

Oct. 11\textsuperscript{th} This morning Father baptized two patients one from Camp 3 named George Reely, the other from Ward One named Nathan Paul Bud. The former was a married man about 40 years of age. he was transferred to this hospital after the coloured patients had left.

When about a week in the camp he came to Sister and inquired if there was a catholic priest [who] visited the camp and when he could

\textsuperscript{614} The Summit House was a fashionable summer boarding–house prior to the Civil War. The Daughters of Charity established St. Vincent’s Home and Maternity Hospital on this site in 1909.

\textsuperscript{615} Varioliform is a mild form of smallpox.
see him. She told him he could see Father the next day. He then said
Sister I am not a catholic myself but my wife and children are good
catholics and although we have been married over 15 years she has
never once asked me to become a catholic. But if she did not in words
her good example has been more powerful and I have more than once
experienced the effects of her prayers. When I left home I made the
resolution not to return until I became a catholic and this is the first
opportunity I have had since I left home.

Sister then gave him some instructive books and on the
following day brought him to see Father McG. he questioned him and
found his dispositions so good that he baptized him immediately. One
of the sisters stood for him and on the following Sunday he made his
first Communion after which he remarked to Sister what an eventful
week it had been for him. Oh! how thankful would my wife and
children be if they knew of what had taken place. But I do not intend
to let them know until I go home to share in their happiness. Shortly
after he got a furlough of 20 days. He returned to the hospital and
remained until he got his discharge. He told sister that his reception at
home can be imagined better than described.

The latter [sic] a young man about 22 years of age.616 He was
brought to the hospital in May suffering from consumption. Sister
seeing his case hopeless she spoke to him concerning his soul’s welfare.
He then told her that he was never baptized and did not belong to any
form of worship. She asked him what he thought concerning baptism
and the one true church, he believed that Baptism was necessary for
salvation but did not know which was the true church.

Sister told him our belief of the catholic church being the only
one she gave him a catechism and told him to read at his leisure and
judge for himself. He was very much pleased with it and earnestly
desired to be baptized.

He went to see Father once or twice who found his dispositions
very good and baptized him and on the following Sunday he made his
first communion as he knew he had not long to live he thought he was
unworthy to be Baptized as he could not do enough to thank our Lord
for calling him to the true faith.

The day he was baptized as he was sitting by his bed the
protestant minister came into ward with some tracts. He thought he
was a man that sold books. Accordingly he asked him if he would
bring him a catholic Bible, [a] Prayer Book, and C.C. Instructor

616 Nathan Paul Bud from Ward One was the second patient baptized October 11.
This was not much in accordance with the ministers way of thinking. Nevertheless he performed the generous act of charity and brought the books for him.

He wrote to his mother and sister telling them of his great joy in finding the one true church and of his being baptized. They in their turn congratulated him on his finding the saviour, as they termed it.

While he remained in the hospital his disease still grew worse and often prevented him from attending mass (one of his greatest privations). To see him at Mass you would think he was a Catholic all his life—so fervent and zealous that others bearing the name of Catholic should practice their religion and to one man in particular who had never practiced his religion (although baptized a Catholic) he used all his endeavours to bring him back to the faith that he had so lately embraced. But it was with him as with many others who abuse the grace of God. Who often times takes from the unworthy Catholic and bestows on the poor convert the light of faith to which they correspond, and wins the crown destined for another. How grateful then should we be to God for the least of his graces and fear to abuse his grace least he withdrawn it from us altogether.

Some time after he got his discharge and went home which [sic] he did not live long to enjoy. In the following March, Sister received a letter from his mother announcing his death on the 19th ultimo. He had the consolations of his religion before he died. Although his people were not Catholics they complied with his wishes and sent for a priest. May he rest in peace.

Oct. 23. This morning Father baptized a young man named William Black from camp 3, he also made his first communion with five other young men who had been preparing for first communion some weeks previous. He came to Sister some time before and told her he would like to become a Catholic. She asked him his reasons for embracing the Catholic faith, he said: well Sister, if there is any church in the right way, I think it is the Catholic for it is the most persecuted. I always had a likeness to go to that church than to any other.

Sr. told him that he must expect to meet with trials and persecutions and ridicule from others for embracing the Catholic faith. But if he did it with the intention of pleasing God the salvation of his soul and his firm adherence to it till death his reward would be very great hereafter he then read some books of instruction. Sr. then brought him to see Father McG. He also attended the instructions then given for

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those who were to make their first communion. It was truly an edifying sight to behold those six young men make their first communion. each one held a lighted candle during the mass. we had Benediction and father gave some words of encouragement to the new communicants. Surrounded as they were in this hospital by so many temptations and had examples from their more depraved companions. They should ever be grateful to God for this special favour and to remember that this was one of the happiest days of all their life the great day of their first communion. That the great emperor Napoleon expressed the same to one of his Generals who remarked to him (after they had gained a great victory) that it was the happiest day of his life. But Napoleon replied, no, there was one still happier day and that was the day I made my First Communion. Some yet remain in hospital attentive to their duties and more were sent to join their regiments.

Oct. 26 It was Sister Louise’s turn to sit up with the sick and she relates the following remarkable conversion of a patient in Ward Five named Joseph Carpenter suffering from chronic diarrhea and fever. His wife came to stay with him. She seemed in no way concerned about his soul although he had not long to live. Sister asked his wife if she spoken to him about preparing for death or if she wished her to speak to him who answered in the affirmative. Sister went and questioned the patient and he making answer said, [“]Oh! how often have I wished to see a catholic priest and be baptized Oh! Sister am I too late will you send for one.[”] Sr. then told his wife of his desire who was quite displeased that he should ask for a priest and said he must not have meant to say the catholic priest. Sister then asked her to come and hear what her husband had to say about it. they went to his bed. He asked Sister if she had sent for the priest and to his wife “Jane, what do you wish me to do, my dear?” You must do as your conscience directs you and no other.” “Jane, Jane do you not want me to save my soul? my conscience tells me I cannot be saved in any other church but the catholic church.” “But my dear, you are too weak to be baptized. it would be of no avail to be baptized. Just on the moment you have to do penance and make preparation after so long a life you do not know what you are saying. You are full of morphia [morphine] and brandy.”[”] “Oh! my God! here I am. I give you my life, my body, my soul, do as you please with me, I am sorry for my sins what more can I do to save my soul?” Then Sister asked his wife what was penance and what more could he do in atonement for his sins than to offer himself for life or death and be resigned to the will of God. Is not that penance

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618 Ibid., 145. Probably Sister Louise Collins who remained at Satterlee until February 1865.
enough and all that is in his power to do now? His wife still persisted strongly against his being baptized in the Catholic Church and said to the Sisters as they bade her good night—“how could I go home and say that my husband was baptized a Catholic? No. No, I will wait until morning and the Sister of the ward understands him better than you do.” She then retired for the night and the Sisters went to see some of the other patients who were also in a dying state. Some time after they returned all was now quiet and the poor sufferer was anxiously waiting for the priest. [“]Oh! Sister, am I too late to be baptized?[”] she assured him he was not. He then said [“]Oh! do not let me die without it cannot. I [can’t] be baptized without my wife knowing it.[”] [“]Yes, you can but if I baptize you and you get well, do you intend to live as a good Catholic?[”] [“]Oh! Sister my only desire to get well is to glorify God.” She then baptized him. Now Sister, I am baptized, and raising his hands he said, “Oh! my God I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Now I am ready. Do as you please with me. Give me a drink of the holy water. Sister gave him a drink and although it was not holy water, yet he believed it was. Now Sister I need not tell my wife that you baptized me. Sister told him it was not necessary [but] that she should know. They then left him calm and contented and he died the next day about 12 o’clock; his wife was not made the wiser of his baptism. Sister also remarked that the scene might well be compared to that of the good and bad angel contending for the departing soul. The poor sufferer trying to do what his conscience told him; his wife on the one side trying to persuade him that he was delirious with morphia and brandy. Sister encouraging him in his good resolution and fearing lest he should die before she could get an opportunity to baptize him. But God who saw the sincerity of his heart and who never abandons those who put their trust in him permitted that he should live to be baptized at a time that the Sisters profited by the occasion of his wife’s absence—who went to take a little repose. She of course not thinking that they would return to execute the ardent desire of the dying one.

Oct. 30th A young man named Jeremiah [sic] Vandusen (a patient of Ward E was baptized) he told Sister he wished to become a catholic. 619 She questioned him and found his dispositions very good. She baptized and he died in two hours after. ________

Nov. All the patients who are able to travel are getting furloughs of ten and some thirty days for the purpose of exiting. Very few now remain and the north corridor is closed for the present the camps are

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619 Ibid., 152.
also vacated this leaves a few of the Sisters off duty. We had no baptisms this month but we must be satisfied.

Dec. Many of the patients have returned. the wards are reopened and [filled with the patients who were in the camps.

Dec. 20\textsuperscript{th} This morning father baptized and anointed a patient of ward E named Henry Gilbert he was very low and no hopes of recovery his poor wife came to stay with him. He had never been baptized and would hear [\textit{sic}] to his making any preparation for death his wife was heartbroken at this and prayed earnestly for his conversion but did not ask him to become a catholic. Sister spoke to him about the sacrament of baptism and the danger he was in also that if he died without it he could never enter heaven. He then made up his mind to be baptized but not by a catholic priest, he wished a Presbyterian should perform it. The minister was sent for who baptized him his poor wife was inconsolable at this event still she did urge him to anything [\textit{sic}]. But our Lord heard her earnest prayers for the next day the poor patient was more uneasy than ever and said he was not satisfied at his having had the minister and asked Sister if the priest would come to him. Sister then said to him, what do you want the priest for since it was your own choice to have the minister. He then said Oh! Sister I want to see the priest I wish to die a catholic will you please send for him or do you think he will come to me. She told [him] he would be here in the morning and he could see him then. He waited anxiously inquiring if he had yet come. After mass father came to the ward and examining him closely regarding his desire in becoming a catholic, finding his motives sincere he gave him conditional baptism and anointed him, he died 2 hours after.620

**Christmas [1864]**

As this beautiful festival draws nigh it awaken many recollections of the past. This year we have not our dear Sister Magdalen to decorate our little chapel as on the two preceding years. Sr. Agnes succeeds her in that happy employment of decorating the humble dwelling of our Lord.621 Many are the changes of our dear companions since last year only five remain of those who were here at the commencement of hospital.

Our dear Sister Gonzaga is still in our midst manifesting the same evenness of character in all circumstances prosperous or adverse. The patients are eager to decorate their wards for the approaching

\footnotesize{620 Text missing from the manuscript but appears in the archival typescript (p. 148) and has been inserted herein. 

621 Probably Sister Agnes Weaver (1834–1878).}
festivals. Each one vieng [sic] with the other to have theirs look the handsomest. A grand dinner was given them by a kind lady of Pennsylvania as also to the other hospitals of Phila as they had plenty of everything[.] all past [sic] off most satisfactory and all seemed well pleased with their dinner.

“New Years Day” 1865

Another year has rolled by and almost forgotten and ere this coming year closes we to may pass from this earth and be forgotten. Should not this animate us to begin with renewed ardour to labour for our eternal destiny where we all hope to meet.

Jan. 6th This was a happy day for our dear Sister Vincentia as she had the happiness of making her first vows. we had Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament after mass. In the afternoon we had the usual distribution of sugar plumbs, etc. In the evening Sr. A. Joseph gave us recreation—she took character of an old Irish woman with Sr. Catherine for her husband recently returned from the battle of Bull run wounded in the back which raised a large hump also their child Sr. M Jane who had been in the poor house since the war commenced. all performed their parts well and gave us a hearty laugh.

Towards the end of this month there appeared many cases of small pox in the wards. It was thought prudent to remove them to the [isolation] camp to prevent its spreading. Dr. Mullin [sic] was in charge and Sister Josephine was assigned to take care of the poor sufferers.

Notwithstanding their great precaution it [smallpox] increased rapidly, sometimes to the number of 45 at a time. The first one that died was a patient from Ward R named Louis Rittenour he came to the hospital in May (’64) wounded through the lungs he suffered very much the doctor had no hopes of his recovery and told Sr. he could not survive. She finding he was not baptized told him of the danger he was in and might die at any moment, and if without Baptism he could not enter heaven. He seemed to think he would get well (which he did) and then be baptized. He told Sister that his mother was a catholic but he having lived with a relative from an early age and was never baptized. Sr. gave him a medal of our Blessed Mother which he wore. He recovered and baptism was no more thought of, until he took

622 Cf. Donnelly, Life of Sister Mary Gonzaga, 156.
623 Sister Vincentia Waltzing (1830–1914).
624 Sister Catherine McQuaid (1831–?). Although a “Sister A Joseph Cummin” is listed as #87 of Daughters of Charity Assigned to Satterlee Hospital, further details are not known. See Appendix D.
625 Dr. Henry Mullen (1834–1898), assistant surgeon, and Sister Josephine Edilen (1842–1869).
626 Cf. Donnelly, Sister Mary Gonzaga, 156.
the small pox so bad as his wound was not healed there was less hopes [sic] of his getting well.

Sr. asked him if he was satisfied to die without baptism. To which he replied I do not want to die without it. (But actuated by human motives he expressed himself in these words) If I am baptized the boy's will laugh at me to which Sister replied that he must not mind what any body would say but remember he had a soul to save. She said no more to him that day.

During the night he grew worse he called the attendant to go for Sister as he thought he was dying and wanted her to baptize him. The nurse told him he could not see Sister that night as it was late and circumstances rendered it impossible for her to go down.

In the morning he told Sister he wanted to be baptized in the Catholic Church which question was answered by asking him if he got well would he live up to what the Catholic C. prescribed [sic] which he promised to do. He was then baptized after which he became very calm and on the following morning Father anointed him and gave the last Benediction he died on the 2nd of Feb/1865. Others again died as they lived without Baptism.

Feb. 25th This morning Father baptized 2 patients one in the small pox camp his name was Adam Williams he requested to become a catholic. Sister told him the obligations he was about to contract in becoming a catholic and that he would need instruction if he recovered (as he was then very low). Having promised to comply with all that proposed to him he was baptized and recovered so as to return to duty he sent to Sister for a catechism to instruct himself with.

The other patient baptized was named Lewis Bruce of Ward E.\(^\text{627}\) The Sister of the ward relates the following trait of his conversion which was brought about by reading catholic books. He told me he was taught to believe everything bad of Catholics. As soon as he learned the truth his faith was so strong that he had no difficulty to believe whatever the church might propose to his belief before he studied the catechism as well as after he reduced to practice the doctrine of the church with the docility of a child. I have often been edified when I go to the ward in the morning he is up and dressed ready to go to mass and awakens all the other Catholics telling them it time to go to mass. He shows the sincerity of his conversion by overcoming a naturally stubborn and ungovernable disposition every person noticed a great change since he made his first communion which was on the 19th of March not

\(^{627}\) Ibid., 158.
quite one month after his baptism….I cannot but see the hand of God in a particular manner in one circumstance relative to his Baptism.

On Saturday evening he told me that the Invalid Corps to which he belonged was going away on Monday. He had not been Baptized nor was he instructed enough yet, but I told him he had better go to see Father and tell him he was going away the next morning and he did not know when he would have a chance again. As it was the first time he saw the [lad], Father did not Baptize him but told him to come to see him on Friday morning after mass. He came and told me what Father said saying at the same time we expect to go in morning. I did know what to do so I went to the chapel and knelt before the Blessed Sacrament and told our Lord that I placed the poor boy in the Sacred Heart of Jesus as in an assured place of refuge, and told our Lord not to let him go away until he was Baptized. I went to our Lord several times with the same prayer and contrary to all human probability, I felt an assurance that he would not go away until he was Baptized. I felt as sure as if I saw him Baptized but our dear Lord has given me more than I asked him. He has given me the consolation to see him well instructed—having made his first communion and is now preparing to make his Easter communion.

April 1st 1865 Sister J. S. Ward E

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65. Recollections, Satterlee Hospital

What a field of labor both for soul and body—Dear old Satterlee I love to think of those happy days.

How edifying to see those poor soldiers severed with scars and marks of battlefield work—trying to avail themselves of the spiritual helps offered them —

We had the H[oly] Sacrifice of the Mass offered in our little Chapel on Tues—Fridays and Sundays. Dear old Father McGrane was Chaplain and faithfully did he perform his duties towards the “boys” (as he used to call them) and many a poor wanderer was brought back to the fold by his untiring zeal—(May God rest his soul). 

628 Possibly Sister Mary Joseph Sinnott (1835–1881), who served at Satterlee from June 20, 1862 until August 3, 1865. This segment ends abruptly but relates to Notes—Military Hospitals, 394–467. See Part 1.

629 Document 65, “Recollections, Satterlee Hospital” differs from the previous Document 64. “Recollections, Opening of Satterlee Hospital, Philadelphia Pennsylvania, June 9th, 1862.” Satterlee—Historical Notes, 1-16.

630 Father Peter McGrane died in 1891, therefore this manuscript was written sometime later.
Sunday afternoon the Sisters sang Vespers, not being able to procure the services of a Priest—After the Psalms were chanted the devotions terminated with invoking Mary under the sweet title or invocation of “O Mary conceived without sin pray for us, who have recourse to thee!” then followed a hymn generally “Wilt thou, look upon me, Mother”—or some other —And Oh what a touching scene—tears were choked down in silence—big sturdy fellows who would have been ashamed to cry, were seen weeping like children, no doubt early lessons taught by their Mothers were recalled to them at that moment—

This also brings a comic incident to my mind—A young Sister was appointed to read the stations [of the Cross] out loud on Fridays in Lent for the soldiers, who wished to avail themselves of this holy exercise: the chapel was fairly packed so eager were they—when the poor Sister arrived at the “Fourth Station—where “Our Lord meets His holy Mother” she was so overcome herself at the thought of her own dear Mother who was thousands of miles away—and a deluge of tears flowed from her eyes—After services, the soldiers were heard to say to one another—“What a pious and devout Sister she must be, to be so affected —

(These same stations are still in use in St. Vincent’s Seminary Chapel, Germantown)

Little did the poor soldiers dream what a farce the Sister was playing—that it was not tears of piety in her case—but homesickness— but this disease has been cured bravely, for she is still living and relates this little incident —

They [soldiers] loved to go to the Chapel—and as there was no restriction—protestants often availed themselves of this privilege—they liked to hear the Sisters sing—so one Easter Sunday all were to be surprised by assisting at High Mass—preparation and special rehearsals of “old Peter’s Mass” had been drilled through for a month previous to the Feast—We had a real genuine dutchman [German] in one of the wards, and hearing that he had a grand voice—and was familiar with Latin, we asked him, if he would kindly assist us—Well the poor man was so eager to do his part the best, hardly gave Father McGrane chance to intone the “Gloria in excelsius Deo”—he struck up with his loud musical voice “Credo [sic] in excelsis Deo” [sic] in an instant

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631 See Glossary of Catholic Terms, “Medal of our Immaculate Mother (Miraculous Medal)”.

632 St. Vincent’s Seminary and Chapel, site of the motherhouse of the Eastern Province of the Congregation of the Mission, was located in the Germantown section of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. These stations may have been relocated as a result of post–Second Vatican Council renovations.
all the Sisters were in convulsions—one playful Sr. being asked how she controlled herself so well in an instant—answered—why you see I thought of all my dead relations to keep my gravity—and then it was time to help the generous Man who was unconscious of his mistake—the soldiers declared that they had never heard finer and with so much spirit, it was “con spirito” in earnest that time—If any should by chance meet with this little narration they found out since how innocent they were then, and what poor judges they were of good singing—

What shall I say about Christmas in dear old Satterlee, how shall I describe its peaceful beauty—The long corridors looked like a young forest—poor men were seen hobbling on crutches all helping a hand—flags were festooned—roses made of cotton or paper—I never had a Christmas equal to the one of 1864 in the Military Hospital—Everybody had a real Christmas dinner—turkeys—etc.—a bill of fare was given to each inmate so that he was sure that Uncle Sam allowed him to have all that was in print—But if the Hospital had its joys it also had its sorrows—When the death of Abraham Lincoln was announced, the order was issued to have the entire Hospital draped. Srs. and patients worked the entire night making rosettes and streamers—as the order was to have three rosettes on each window—The Srs. were real patriots and their sorrow was true blue as the soldiers termed it. Prayers were offered in our modest Chapel for the murdered dead Father of our Country—

Sister Mary Gonzaga (Mary Agnes Grace) was born in 1812, in Baltimore, and baptized in St. Patrick’s Church, same city. In December 1823 she entered St. Joseph’s Academy, Emmitsburg, Md., as a Pupil; on March 11, 1827, she was received into the Community of the So.C.o.S.V.de Paul [sic]. On March 25, 1830, she made her Holy Vows. Father Deluol, being Superior, and Mother Augustine
Decount, Superioress. In April 1828, in company with sister Stanislaus McGinnis, and Sister Lucy Ignatius Gwynn, Sister G [sic] went to Harrisburg, Pa, to open a school. In May 1830 Sister was sent to Phila to St. Joseph's Asylum, situated at that time on 6th street near Spruce adjoining Holy Trinity Church, Sr. Petronilla, being the Sister in charge. On Oct. 24, 1836, they removed to the present Asylum, 7th and Spruce, four Sisters and fifty–one children. The name of the Sisters were Sr. Petronilla, Sr. Theodosia, Sr. Mary John and Sr. M Gonzaga. Sr. Petronilla died Aug. 3, 1843, and was succeeded by Sr. M. Gonzaga who had charge until Oct. 1844, when she was sent to Donaldsonville, La, as Assistant in the Novitiate, which at that time existed in that place for Southern Postulants. Sr. Anna Maria [Hartnett] took charge of the Asylum 7th and Spruce. In 1845 Sr. Gonzaga was transferred to the Charity Hospital in New Orleans. On March 19, 1851, she returned to St. Joseph's Asylum, Phila [sic] to reassume her former charge. In 1855 she was sent to the Mother House in France where she remained until May 1856, when she returned to St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg and filled the Office of Procuration until January 1857. On which date Sr. Gonzaga again took charge of the Asylum in Phila[delphia]—During the Civil War, the Satterlee Military Hospital was established in West Phila[delphia] and the Sisters of Charity [Daughters of Charity] were invited to take charge of it. On June 9, 1862, Sr. Gonzaga [Grace] accompanied by forty Sisters, assembled from different parts of the United States, left the Asylum, and entered upon their duties in the Hospital, (Sr. Gonzaga still remaining in charge of the Asylum, which she visited at regular intervals). During the three years which

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634 Sister Stanislaus McGinnis (1791–1839), and Sister Lucy Ignatius Gwynn (1806–1865), were Sister Gonzaga’s companions at the Harrisburg Free School and Asylum (1828–1831).
635 Sister Petronilla Smith (1791–1843), Sister Theodosia Walter (2–1842), and Sister Mary John Yelley (1808–1882), were companions of Sister Gonzaga Grace at St. Joseph’s Orphan Asylum.
636 Sister Anna Maria Hartnett (1802–1852).
the Sisters remained at the Hospital, they had upwards of forty-eight thousand soldiers under their care, some of whom were Union and some Confederates.

The Surgeon in-charge was Dr. Isaac Hayes of the Arctic Expedition. Dr. Hayes was a kind Father to the Sisters, consulting them upon everything, that would contribute to their comfort and happiness. He even procured a Chaplain, who said Mass for them every week. The Wards of the Hospital were very commodious and comfortable, accommodating at least seventy-five beds.

At the close of the War Aug. 3, 1865, Sr. Gonzaga and the Sisters left the Hospital, the former returned to 7th and Spruce, the latter repaired to their respective missions. April 12, 1877, Sr. Gonzaga celebrated her Golden Jubilee having completed on the 19th of March previous, her fiftieth year in the Community. Many of her old friends among the Sisters, and special friends of the Laity, were present on the occasion, which was a very joyous one. Sr. Gonzaga received on that day the blessing of the Holy Father (Pope Pius IX) through the kindness of Rev. Father Alizeri, C.M., since deceased. Numerous Bishops and Priests sent congratulations for the happy occasion.

Ten years later 1887, Sister Gonzaga was recalled to the Mother House, at Emmitsburg, through the kind consideration of [the] Superior who desired to relieve her of the care and responsibility of her heavy duty. Promptly obedient as Sr. Gonzaga ever was to the voice of authority, she repaired to St. Joseph’s where she remained sixteen months, which were months of mourning for her household as well as for all who knew her. Petitions requesting her return to the scene of her life’s labors, were addressed to Superiors, and Heaven was also stormed by fervent prayers for the return of the Mother of the Poor. The desires of all were at length gratified, and on Dec. 20, 1888, Sister Gonzaga was sent back to the intense joy, not only of her Sisters and her Orphans, but to that of the Managers and the many friends of the house who gave her a royal reception. Although not at the head of the Institution, since her return, as her age and infirmities incapacitate her, she still rules, by her valuable advice and experience.

[Unsigned]

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637 When Dr. Isaac Hayes completed his medical studies at the University of Pennsylvania, he contracted to be the surgeon for an exploratory expedition in the Arctic (1853–1855).
An order had been issued to put fire to the buildings that stood between the Federal fort and the Confederate Army. These buildings that stood between were the church and the priests’ house and the orphan asylum. The reason for the order given was ‘military necessity.’ Notice was given to the Sisters early in the afternoon to evacuate.

They left for Mrs. Winchester’s home, a distance of nine miles, taking with them the necessary clothing and book, but two of the Sisters had the courage to remain and watched through the night, hoping against hope that something might occur to save the house. Early in the morning the first commanding officer, which had suspended all intended operations.

The sergeant who had been ordered to lead his men and apply the torch refused to obey; he was commanded a second time; he remonstrated; the commanding officer then pointed his revolver, and the soldier, anticipating the act, discharged his revolver at the officer, which proved fatal. The poor soldier was arrested and in the course of the week was sentenced to be shot. He was an Irishman by the name of Scott. The priest prepared him for death and accompanied him to the execution.

During the bombardment, lasting several hours, all the women and children remaining in the town took refuge in the Sisters’ house. For greater safety all had assembled in the middle passage, before a stand upon which stood a statue of the Blessed Virgin, two vases of flowers and a small lamp.
All the doors and windows in the direction of the cannon were closed except one door at the end of the passage, perhaps ninety feet from the Blessed Virgin’s stand around which all were praying and in and in opposite direction from the cannon. In the midst of their fervent prayers a bomb exploded in the little yard in front of the open door, whizzed through the passage just over the heads of the many assembled, fell at the foot of the stand whereon stood the statue and left it unharmed except for the jar, which caused the little finger of the Blessed Virgin to fall off and upset the lamp and two vases. All present acknowledged a special preservation. In another interval a terrible crash was heard in the apartment back of them, a classroom. A cannon ball had struck the window shutter shattering it and the sash to pieces. Such was its apparent force that had it gone forward it must have pierced the door leading into the passage, immediately back of the statue of the Blessed Mother. As soon as practicable the rooms were entered. The posts were wonderful to view. The exploded shell had rebounded and fell a few feet from the window in a flower pt. The shock was so great that the covers of the desks were wrenched from the hinges and all the pictures were thrown and shattered to pieces on the floor.

After the wear, owing to the impoverished state of the country, the Legislature could no longer contribute to the support of the asylum, consequently the Sisters were compelled in 1863 to admit boarders, since which time the Institute has continued to be in a flourishing condition.

67. Tribute to Sister Euphemia Blenkinsop

To the Sisters of the South, the remembrance of the War was always associated with the grateful memory of the unbounded goodness of our dear assistant, who in her gentle way soothed the many sorrows they had to endure at that distressing period. She forgot herself entirely and often obliged the Sisters to appropriate what had been intended for her, even her own shoes and clothing.

One day word came from good, venerable Father Goglioli, [sic] that there was going to be a battle on the following day and that without a Flag of Truce which he had no means to procure, he could not reach

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644 Sister Euphemia departed for the deep South November 1861 on the first of several trips there in order to be an official representative of the community and to support the sisters in the Confederacy. Life of Mother Euphemia, 42.
the wounded and the dying on the battlefield.\textsuperscript{645} Sister Euphemia very promptly took some white fichus and fashioned them into a Flag of Truce.\textsuperscript{646} She gave it without any ado to the holy mission-ary, who accepted it with touching manifestations of gratitude.

It was while the Sisters were at the General Hospital at Richmond where Sister Valentine Latouraudais was sister servant, that Sister Euphemia, happening to come out just in time to see the Sisters all decked out in their nice, fresh, white aprons and sleeves, exclaimed: “Oh! I do wish Father Burlando could see you just as you look now; he would be so consoled!” After all, Sister Euphemia was a woman and her feminine mind did appreciate the appearance of the Sisters.

Sometime later, Sister Euphemia returned to the Valley and shared war–time life with all at St. Joseph’s. In that time of anxiety and danger, instances like the following were not uncommon. One day several cavalymen rode up to the front door at St. Joseph’s, dismounted, and entered the vestibule.\textsuperscript{647} They were shown to the parlor, and Sister Assistant went to see what they wanted. As the Northern Army did so much in those days towards provisioning the Southern Army, one was not always safe in judging by the exterior. On the present occasion, Sister Euphemia was at a loss to know exactly how to face the situation and her manner was somewhat constrained.

Finally, one of the [Confederate] soldiers exclaimed: “Sister, I do believe you take us for Yankees!” “Well,” she replied, “it is a little hard to tell. Wouldn’t you like some refreshments?” The bread was just out of the oven, and the poor fellows lunched gloriously on the best that could be placed before them.

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\textbf{1863}

\textbf{68. Recollections of Sister Victorine Petry}

\textit{Providence Hospital, Washington, D.C.}\textsuperscript{648}

“I think,” says Sister Victorine Petry, “that Mother Euphemia...she was Assistant then...came home from the South, in the Fall of ’63,
for I was in the Seminary then, and I remember a commotion in the house, and I think that was it.

“And when I was postulating...you know I postulated with Sister Mary Carroll, at the Providence Hospital, Washington...and I went there in May, and she used to be going to see Secretary [Edwin] Stanton to try and get some pass, and he never would be at home. But one day she took me with her, and just before we got to the house, the paper carrier, went up the steps, and left the paper, and rang the bell, and who should come and open the door, and pick up the paper but Stanton himself, so of course he was ‘at home’ this time; and Sister Mary got the pass. I remember, I thought he was rather rough. (It is not impossible to believe) ‘but Sister Mary said that was his way!’ (worse, and worse) ‘She was so pleased at her success in obtaining what she had been trying so hard to obtain, that she had to come straight home [Emmitsburg] with it; that day! It was in June, or July. And brought Sister [?O’Brien] with her to the Seminary although her time of postulating was not yet up.”

69. Recollections, Train Wreck between Petersburg and Richmond, Virginia

July 1863

In July 1863, the Armies were massing around Gettysburg and on the third of that month Sister Euphemia [Blenkinsop] again left St. Joseph’s for the missions of the Confederacy. An account written by one of the Sisters who accompanied Sister Euphemia on this Southern trip gave some interesting details:

We left St. Joseph’s and remained over night at Saint Mary’s Asylum in Baltimore where Sister Anacaria [Hoey] gave us a warm welcome. We had with us six young girls of the Academy, because it was feared that the Central House would be taken as a Hospital for the sick and wounded, and it was deemed advisable to have the children return, as far as possible, to their own families [in the South]. No mother could have cared for her own child with more affection and love than our dear Sister Euphemia showed towards these

649 Possibly Sister Mary Joseph O’Brien, entered the Seminary of the Daughters of Charity June 14, 1863, and was sent on mission to Mount Hope Retreat the next year. Sister Mary Joseph withdrew from the community later.

650 Life of Mother Euphemia, 44–6.
dear children. Sister Angeline Davis, who afterwards became Treasurer of the Community, was one of these children.

When we passed through Baltimore, we were destined to remain for quite a while as we had to repair to the place where according to military regulations, a strict examination was made of the person and baggage of each passenger. The officer in charge of the women who were employed in searching the women, passed through the room where we Southern–bound travelers were waiting our turns to undergo this humiliation. The girls noticed that he observed Sister Euphemia very closely; finally, approaching her, he said in a very respectful manner: ‘Madam, your appearance seems to me sufficient passport for yourself and those under your charge. I regret this delay, but it was unavoidable. I will order your baggage also to be delivered at once, without search.’ The children felt convinced that it was the serene and peaceful expression of Sister’s face that compelled the Officer to render this valuable service. Sister Euphemia knew that the Providence of God had so ruled these events for her and them.651

Further down the line this same party continuing their journey, so beset with perils, found themselves in the midst of a most distressing uproar, not uncommon in those heartbreaking times. The Captain of the boat vainly strove to reason, to persuade, to comfort; tears, sobs, lamentations followed the forced adieus of wives and mothers from their husbands, sons, and friends. When all his arguments failed, he pointed amid the embarrassing confusion to our placid, gentle Sister Euphemia, whose countenance was full of mild compassion for the bereaved ones, and he repeated several times until he engaged the attention of his listeners:

“See, ladies, there is your model; why don’t you imitate the example set before you?”

And really the spell was not lost even upon that multitude of bruised and broken hearts. When their grief was calmed, Sister Euphemia endeavored sweetly to impart consolation and hope to those afflicted souls. But, was not this her lifelong office? Yes, God be forever

651 Sister Clotilda McElhinney traveled south as a companion to Sister Euphemia in July 1863. Sister Angeline Davis (1844–1903) was born in Mobile, Alabama.
blessed, it is the privilege of every faithful child of Saint Vincent; for, our Holy Founder bequeathed it to his two families: the mission of solacing the miseries of mankind!652

The accompanying Sister continued her narration thus:

We had to go part of the way in a boat flying the Flag of Truce and for two days and two nights we were in this miserable thing where there was hardly sitting room. Sister Euphemia seemed to think that she was the only one not deserving of pity. Sometimes she made us all in turn sit so as to lean our head against her; and when we got to the hotel, she gave countless practical manifestations of her kindness and her thoughtfulness of others. We were delayed a week at Annapolis [Maryland] and during this interval, Sister Euphemia, in her irresistible way, persuaded the girls to spend their time sewing for the poor.

We took the train at Petersburg, [Virginia], but there was not a vacant seat in the first coach, so the Sisters [and their pupils] were obliged to find places in the last coach.653 This was providential; for we had gone only half way when a sudden explosion occurred [in the boiler]. The engineer’s head was blown off and several persons were seriously injured. The car in which the Sisters were [riding], was the only one that escaped destruction. The catastrophe occurred in a deep marsh and the majority of the passengers found themselves absolutely swamped.654 Like an angel, Sister Euphemia went from one person to another trying to afford all possible relief to the suffering and dying victims, two of whom she baptized. Had we not been especially protected by Almighty God, we could never have accomplished this terrible journey. The responsibility of the guardianship of six young girls, the inconveniences, and the alarming circumstances that beset us on this trip never caused Sister Euphemia even once to lose her sweet serenity, or did it disturb in the least, her habitual confidence in God. In these circumstances, as

652 The Daughters of Charity and the Congregation of the Mission (Vincentian Priests and Brothers or Lazarists).
653 The engine was called The Jeff Davis.
654 For details, see note 321 supra.
in all others of her life, she seemed to close her eyes and rest on the bosom of Divine Providence.

Never shall I forget the happiness of the Sisters in Richmond when they saw her. I think if our Blessed Mother had come and stood in their midst, they could not have experienced much greater natural happiness.

70. Recollections of Sister Marie Louise Caulfield, Appearance of the Union Army at St. Joseph’s, En Route for Gettysburg

“It was a Saturday night,” said Sister Marie Louise [Caulfield] in giving an account of the fact. “It was a Saturday night, and the Sisters were all retiring totally unconscious of the approach of the army.”

Sister Marie Louise was at that time secretary of the Community, and occupied the same sleeping apartment as Mother Ann Simeon [Norris] in the southeastern part of what was called the “Gothic Building.” The Secretary communicated by folding doors always left open, and was merely an extension of this room. The southern and western windows commanded a fair, open view, unobstructed as it is now by the Academy building reared in 1872–1873.

Mother Ann Simeon [Norris] was in bed, Sister Marie Louise [Caulfield] not yet. She thought she heard unaccustomed sounds; she listened; they did not cease. She went to the window, and looked out. The confused sounds became clearer, the neighing of horses was distinctly heard and the flashing of lights seen here and there on the

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hill towards the tollgate. Mother Ann Simeon was up in a minute, and both dressed hurriedly. They knew the army was upon them. They came silently over to the Academy building.\textsuperscript{657} There was no means of indoor communication, as there is now, and they came across the porches, ascending the exterior staircase that led from the lower porch up by the children’s Infirmary. Entering [the Bruté Building] that way they stole quietly up to the observatory, over the music rooms followed by Sisters who had also been disturbed by unaccustomed sounds. There they stood, listening and watching through the dark the lights of the vast [Union] army encamping in the fields around St. Lazare’s (the hill house; where the Father’s lived).\textsuperscript{658} The field opposite was in fine clover at sunset Saturday, but when the sun rose on Sunday was barren and bare as a board.\textsuperscript{659} The soldiers did not approach the house that night but went to our overseer’s, Mr. [Joseph] Brawner, then living with his wife in the small house between St. Joseph’s and the tollgate and inquired whose farm that was. On being answered: “the Sisters!” they asked the privilege of turning in their horses, and he knowing the folly of refusing had accorded the request.

The next day being Sunday, they [soldiers] were coming in throngs to the house [St. Joseph’s]. One squad succeeded another, and each squad seemed more hungry than the last. Of course all were bountifully supplied. The General [sic, Colonel Trobriand], a Frenchman, and probably accustomed to intercourse with the Community, stationed numerous guards around the house and over the premises.\textsuperscript{660} Here and there they were dotted, standing on guard two hours, fagged out with fatigue, and hungry as wolves. A Sister approached one and asked him if he wouldn’t like something to eat? “Glad to get it ma’am, but couldn’t take it unless Captain of the Guard give permission.” It was quickly obtained and he and his comrades dispatched bread, butter and coffee with astonishing rapidity.

\textsuperscript{657} St. Joseph’s Academy expanded continuously. Named for Rev. John Dubois, the original 1826 Academy building faced South. An additional wing of five stories, completed c.1838 honored Rev. Louis–Regis Deluol. An 1841 structure, named for Rev. Simon G. Bruté, had a cupola and belvedere for astronomical observation. These buildings were razed in 1965. St. Joseph’s Chapel, constructed 1839–1841, remains. Since 1998 the chapel, (“Building O”) has become the National Fallen Firefighters’ Memorial Chapel.

\textsuperscript{658} The Congregation of the Mission used the former priory of the Monks of Saint-Victor for their motherhouse in Paris since 1632. It was known as Saint-Lazare. In some parts of the world Vincentian priests and brothers are also called Lazarists. The early chaplains to the Daughters of Charity, near Emmitsburg, called their residence St. Lazare.

\textsuperscript{659} For Sister Emerita Quinlan’s description of Saturday, June 27, and Sunday, June 28, 1863, from her missing diary, see Jolly, Nuns of the Battlefield, 63: “Saturday evening the quiet solitude had been broken only by the timid call of the night birds and rustling weave of the wind through the trees. Now, what had been a blanket of clover with wild flowers was a city of tents—an army was encamped at the gates.”

\textsuperscript{660} President Lincoln promoted Colonel de Trobriand to brigadier general April 10, 1864.
During the next few days the Army concentrated thickly in the neighborhood. There were encampments everywhere. A force was stationed in what we call “Pig Park,” the large and beautiful woods contiguous to our garden. General Carl Schurz and staff occupied the [St. Joseph’s Orphan] Asylum (White House); Gen. [George] Meade [sic, Oliver Otis Howard] made the Fathers’ house [rectory] in town his headquarters; Gen. [Daniel] Sickles was at the Bridge; Gen. De Trobiand at “Lady of the Field,” he it was who placed guards; he had his “vivandiere” and left us a beef. Private soldiers flooded the land, but were respectful and polite.

The place being under martial law they could hardly be otherwise. Many availed themselves of the opportunity and went to confession [to the sacrament of reconciliation]. Father [Angelo] Gandolfo heard them in the Stranger’s Chapel, Father [Francis] Burlando in his room [sic, office]. Poor fellows! It was the last chance for many of them. They never returned from Gettysburg whither their steps were tending.

Sisters were engaged all day slicing meat, buttering bread, filling canteens with coffee and milk for the ceaseless tide of famished soldiers, and when were soldiers known to be in any other condition!

And now occurred a singular fact, worthy of record since it gives another instance of the sweet Providence of God ever watching over, and supplying the wants of our Community when those wants grow out of the necessities of our Masters [poor persons]. This fact is related by Sister [Mary Jane] Stokes, the Sister then in charge of the farm. As squad after squad succeeded each other and all going away liberally supplied, she knew that the ordinary quantity of bread baked for the Community could not suffice for such a disbursement and went to the bake house to see if any thing was there for the sisters’ breakfast. To her surprise “the baking of the day was yet untouched.” The sisters had been feeding this vast concourse out of the ordinary portion prepared for themselves!

Father Burlando remained at St. Joseph’s overnight not for one night but for successive nights. A couch was prepared for him in the

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661 The Daughters of Charity raised fowl, animals, vegetables, and other crops on their farm. The pigs wandered about on St. Joseph’s Farm in the shade of a forested area which became known as “Pigs Park.”

662 Accounts differ about who stayed where and when. This is understandable given the circumstances. Some historians debate whether General Daniel Sickles camped at Bridgeport along the Taneytown Pike by the Monocacy River or closer to St. Joseph’s by the bridge over Toms Creek. Both sites had covered bridges in 1863.

663 Rev. Angelo Gandolfo, C.M. (1812–1883), was assigned to St. Joseph Parish, Emmitsburg. The term “Strangers Chapel” is derived from the French La Chapelle d’Étrangères (for those not members of the religious community). Visitors, Academy pupils, and military personnel used this small space adjacent to the main sanctuary of St. Joseph’s Chapel where the Daughters of Charity worshiped.
little inner room adjoining his [office]. He scarcely rested upon it, for his anxieties on the sisters account were so great that at the least sound he appeared in full dress in the corridor. Two Sisters were appointed each night to patrol the house, and all was kept dark after the usual hour of retiring that our [military] guards might not know there were also guards within.664 A soldier was stationed at the foot of the little steps leading down from the kitchen by the “pantry;” another at the back porch of the Gothic building; another at the corner of the infirmary. Sister Marie Louise [Caulfield] stealing out noiselessly all shrouded in a black shawl to secure her from observation, heard from the upper porch a man’s voice call out to the guard, “come farther out, you can’t be seen there.” It was the Captain of the guard. She saw the soldier advance from the shadow of the building farther into the road.665

“Let no man pass here tonight,” continued the Captain. He went on and a few minutes after she heard him say; “Let this man pass.” It was one of our own men [who worked at St. Joseph’s]. The guard repeated by call to [the] next guard.

One evening there came a requisition from a Colonel, or somebody assuming authority, to have a certain amount of bread baked by a given time. The quantity was large, and the sisters were in consternation. Even though they sat up all night and baked, they could never prepare such a quantity of bread as was called for. Father Burlando applied to the officer occupying the Asylum [White House] for a pass to town [Emmitsburg]. It was refused him until he stated with some decision that his house was in town, and he must go there. He did not state however, that his object in going was to see the commanding General who had seized it, and from whom he hoped to obtain a retraction of the order. Arriving in Emmitsburg with a loaf of bread which he took with him, he presented himself at his own door and asked to see Gen. Meade [sic, Howard].666 His secretary answered the call saying the General was asleep, and could not be disturbed. On what business did he wish to see him? Father Burlando then made known the object of his visit producing the requisition. He considered it unjust; the Sisters had been doing so much, and now such an order as that, taking the very bread out of their mouths!

“Well! The General would have nothing to do with it,” responded the Secretary, “would not act in the matter even if he were awake. But, the requisition was made without proper authorization,

664 Sister Marie Louise Caulfield and Sister Loretto Mullery (1839–1903) patrolled the building.
665 For more details about this incident, see Provincial Annals (1863), 526.
666 There has been confusion for years about whether General Howard or General Meade stayed in the rectory. Current consensus indicates that the priests’ guest was Howard; Meade stayed elsewhere.
and if Father would go down the street to the Commissary Scofield \[sic\] he would obtain redress.” He did so. Scofield indignant at the sight of the paper told Father not to fill the requisition; the person signing it had no authority; and moreover, told him not to furnish the soldiers with anything, for those who had the [responsibility of] providing for them were amply supplied with stores.

As day came, a sudden order was given to strike tents and march for Gettysburg—in fifteen minutes it was done, and St. Joseph’s Valley relapsed into quiet.

Father Gandolfo coming out early to say Mass, and unaware of the departure of the Northern Army [and] was “Halted” by some Confederate pickets. “But,” protested the good Father, not knowing his men [sic], “I am going to say my Mass at St. Joseph’s. We have Gen. Meade [sic, Howard] at our house!” This profession of loyalty was not likely to advance his cause much. However, a few more words brought matters straight, and the gallant soldiers discovered probably they might have met worse friends than good Father Gandolfo! The country now changed hands for a little time, and the Southern Grey swept round St. Joseph’s, not in large force, but detachments of cavalry, picket men, etc.

Father Burlando met some on his way from Emmitsburg one day, and was surprised by the salutation: “Good morning, Father Burlando! How is Jennie Butts?” “Jennie Butts” was his sister, a child from the South in the Academy. Sister [Mary] Raphael [Smith] and corps had difficulty when the Northern Army held the ground to force the children separated from their southern homes, and resident at St. Joseph’s into something like civility towards our visitors. She had greater trouble when the Confederates appeared to suppress all demonstration and this was sometimes more than she could do. One evening they set all rules and discipline at defiance when a few [Confederate] cavalry men approached, and called out from the avenue: “Give me a button. I’m from South Carolina!” Another: “And I’m from Louisiana!”...

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667 The Quartermaster records do not list a Commissary Scofield. Despite extensive research, his identity remains unknown.

668 Rev. Angelo Gandolfo, C.M.

669 Sister Mary Raphael Smith (1813–1884), was directress of St. Joseph’s Academy (1847–1883). For a southern pupil’s perspective, see Virginia Walcott Beauchamp, *A Private War: The Letters and Diaries of Madge Preston, 1862–1867* (New London: Rutgers University Press, 1987), 75. Margaret (Madge) Smith Preston (1815–1895) attended the Academy and also entrusted her daughter, May Preston McNeal (1849–1913), to the Daughters of Charity for her education during the years of the Civil War.

670 It is impossible to identify the sister alone in the wash room. There were three sisters from Louisiana in the Seminary (novitiate) at this time: Sister Rosalie Bouligny (1834–?), Sister Felicite D’Aunoy (1844–1892), and Sister Sophie de la Chaise (1826–1871).
It was during these troublous times that Father Gandolfo carefully concealed a certain sum of money belonging to himself, or as some say, to the church in Emmitsburg where he thought it would be safe from discovery. He chose a little culvert just within the graveyard. It was specie [coins], in a box and placed securely beyond reach of harm or observation. He must have been watched, for when the days grew less exciting and alarming, he went for his concealed treasure. It was gone! Mother Ann Simeon pitying the good Father supplied the deficit...

One day several cavalrmen rode up, dismounted and entered. They were shown to the parlor, and Mother Euphemia, then the Assistant, went to see them, and what they wanted or if anything. As the Northern Army did so much in those days towards provisioning and clothing the Southern Army, one could not judge much by exterior apparel who they had to deal with, and the Sisters were very cautious. On the present occasion Mother was at a loss and her manner constrained. Finally one of the soldiers exclaimed: “Sister, I do believe you take us for Yankees!” “Well!” said Mother, “it is a little hard to tell. Wouldn't you like some refreshments?” The bread was just out of the oven, and the soldiers lunched gloriously on fresh bread, milk, etc.

Before the fight at Gettysburg, while sentries or guards were placed around St. Joseph’s, sometimes as many as nine at night, two Sisters were appointed to do duty inside the house, and to patrol it from one end to the other. The beat was from the kitchen pantry to the Church door. The Sisters performed their duty in the darkness, without light. A dark lantern, with its one glass side placed inward was stationed on a window sill in the Community room, the window which is now at the foot of the steps descending from the cells [dormitory], but all that part of the building was then incorporated in the Community room. All the windows were then furnished with inside board shutters, and the room dark as dark could be when they were closed. On one of these night of deep anxiety, Sister Marie Louise [Caulfield] (Secretary) and Sister Loretto Mullery were the two Sisters appointed for patrol, the former, full of nerve and decision, the latter timorous to the last degree. About eleven o’clock or so, they had been to the pantry and found all safe on that side of the house, and saw the sentry on duty outside. They were returning through the old refectory, when just as they approached the door and two steps which led down into the passage way which ran between the Refectory and Gothic Building, there was uttered close by them in a deep, deep darkness, a frightful and unearthly yell, and then all was silent. In terror, Sister Loretta clung to her companion,
and it was a moment before either could summon courage to proceed. However, recovering nerve, Sister Mary Louise insisted that continue they must, and get the light they must and return to investigate and determine the cause of their alarm, they must. Her determination controlled the fears of her companions, and together they returned with light and sought well, even descending the little flight of inside steps which led from the passage way, down to the ground beneath the porch, but not a living creature could be found. All doors were safely secured within, and the mystery was never solved.

Father Burlando remained all night at St. Joseph’s some of these nights of deep anxiety, but it was not to sleep, although a lounge or some sort of resting place was prepared for him in his room. One night as Sister Mary Louise and a companion were on their patrol, suddenly her companion started. In the gloom of the corridor she saw the outlines of a human figure. It was Father Burlando fully habited and hat on head, standing in his door. Sister Mary Louise approached, and told him all was quiet and then urged to take some repose, he needed all his strength to support the anxieties and surprises of the day. But he seemed restless and unwilling; then she invited him to accompany them to the Community room, where they would sit and rest, which he did. And there, a little West of the door leading out on the porch, the three sat down and in the darkness, and cheered each other’s hearts, by companionship and conversation carried on scarce above a breath, that the sentries outside might not hear.

One night the Captain of the Guard came round and the Sister heard the order given to the soldiers stationed at the northeast corner of the Infirmary. “Stand out, stand out from the building, that you may be seen!” Again: “Let this man pass.” (It was one of ours) and the word was passed from one post to the next: “Let this man pass!”

The doors were all kept locked inside during the day as well as the night, by Mother Ann Simeon’s orders. One day two little Seminary Sisters having occasion to go out for something when they came to return, found themselves locked outside. On another, the venetian blind door used in the Seminary for the porch door was opened, and a soldier looked in. At the unaccustomed sight of all those little staid, demure, white capped creatures [young sisters in formation], he seemed dismayed, and left precipitately. A regiment was passing one day between the Gothic Building and the Asylum, and a little Cap [seminary sister], finding herself alone in the wash room peeped out at them. Suddenly she heard at her back the stern tones of the
French Directress [Sister Genevieve] McDonough who had entered unperceived: “My Sister! What are you looking at?” “Soldiers, Sister!” answered the frank Louisianan.

71. Recollections of Sister Camilla O’Keefe, The Arrival of the Union Army

Some remarks on the arrival of the Union Army, Commanded by General Meade, on St. Joseph’s grounds, Battle of Gettysburg, and the fearful scenes after the Battle.

First appearance to our surprise, were the Cavalry located over in the meadows on the hill, as the morning of the 27th June 1863. The large meadows were all ready for mowing, the overseer, Mr. [Joseph] Brawner, had the mowing machine put in one of the meadows ready for work on the following day, but the squad of Cavalry saved him the trouble and completely cleared the grounds of every blade of grass. Well, St. Joseph’s had to make the best of the loss. About 4 o’clock in the afternoon came the troops, some on horseback, making their way up the road from the barn, some up the road from the hill, until the grounds around were actually covered with soldiers. Father Burlando was on the place to meet the Generals. All seemed very kindly disposed, assured Father that the Community should not be in the least molested, that the grounds should be fully guarded and Emmitsburg be under Martial Law whilst necessary. An offering of refreshments to the men was very acceptable, the officers said that they had [nothing] to eat all day except something from the Napsacks, not having located anywhere until they reached Emmitsburg.

Father offered the officers the use of the White house, which they gladly accepted. Dr. [William] Patterson and wife gave the Generals very kind hospitality, the meals were prepared by the Sisters and sent over to Mrs. Patterson. Then the supper or a good lunch for the men was got ready by the Sisters, some set to cutting the bread, others making the coffee. Whilst the Sister in charge of the bread in serving out so much said to the others, I fear we will run short for the

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671 Sister Camilla O’Keefe wrote these notes not very long before her death in 1887. Provincial Annals (1863), 533–46.

672 President Lincoln appointed General George Meade (1815–1872) to replace General Joseph Hooker (1814–1879) as Commander of the Army of the Potomac just days prior to the battle of Gettysburg. Meade received his notification early June 28, 1863.

673 A raging fire destroyed homes along the north side of the Emmitsburg Square June 16, 1863, leaving many families homeless. The Daughters of Charity offered Dr. and Mrs. William Patterson and others shelter in the historic White House. Dr. Patterson was the physician for St. Joseph’s.
supper and breakfast for the house. So she ran over to the bake house to see what bread might be there and to her great surprise found they had all the baking of that day on hand. She could hardly believe her eyes and thought the bread must have multiplied. Well the poor men got a good supply of bread and butter, cold meats as far as it went, with good coffee. It was a pleasure for the Sisters to be able to satisfy the hunger of so many, and oh, with what expressions of thanks did they not receive the meal from the hands of the Sisters. The next thing was a soldier to be heard and interested with a pair of scapulars. Never did we witness such satisfaction as to see those poor men express their hope and confidence in the Mother of God that she would save their souls any way even if they should fall in the terrible battle that they were facing.

The Fathers [priests] got passes to go and return from town so exact was the Martial Law—[that] sentinels were placed all around the buildings.

Before the arrival of the Army, the Artillery passed up the road on its way to Gettysburg, such a sight of canons was terrible. [During] the night [the cavalry went] off quietly about 4 ½ o'clock [4:30 a.m.], the whole of army were [sic] heard going off with their “quick steps” towards the road to Gettysburg, not a vestige of the great army was to be seen anywhere around the place. All had trotted off towards the Battle ground, glad we were to get rid of them. Now for the great Battle of Gettysburg, the most terrific of the war. During the 30th the armies were making preparations for the great fighting! About noon on the first of July we heard very distinctly, the cannonading. Boom! Boom! So terrific, this kept on until the afternoon of the 4th, when the Confederates were defeated and retreated away as fast as they could that night. They had crossed the Potomac [River] before the Federals reached [them]; too late to take prisoners.

On Sunday morning the 5th July, some poor struggling Confederates came down [to St. Joseph’s]. How they cleared themselves was a wonder, for if the poor fellows were caught they would be prisoners. They got a good warm breakfast here after which they set out for what place they did not say. They told us that the battle ended late the evening before on the 4th. Father Burlando and Mother decided that some Sisters had better go up to Gettysburg, so that omnibus was gotten ready and baskets of things for the wounded, bandages and

674 Sister Mary Jane Stokes (1834–1919).
675 Usually a scapular has a religious image or verse on two small pieces of cloth which are joined by thin bands. Devotees wear scapulars as religious reminders. There are numerous types of scapulars but the sisters left no record of what they distributed. Possibly it was the Green Scapular received by Sister Justine Bisqueyburu, D.C. (1817–1903), in France during 1840.
other necessaries. Father Burlando got the carriage, taking two Sisters with him, fourteen were in the omnibus and off they started. On reaching within two miles of Gettysburg, the road was blockaded by some trees that had been cut down and put across the road. On the side were a gang of Pickets who ran towards the fence with uplifted muskets, but no sooner did they see the bus with the Sisters and Father in front than they put down the muskets. Father tied a white handkerchief on the end of his cane and walked up to the Pickets. This white flag represented a Flag of Truce. The men talked a few minutes to Father and in a few minutes the Blockade was removed, then our driver was beckoned to drive on, as we passed, the Pickets lifted their caps and bowed showing their pleasure on seeing the Sisters going up to attend the sufferers.

But on reaching the battle grounds, awful! to see the men lying dead on the road—some by the side of their horses. O, it was beyond description, hundreds of both armies lying dead almost on the track that the driver had to be careful not to pass over the bodies. O! this picture of human beings slaughtered down by their fellow men in a cruel civil war was perfectly awful. The battlefield a very extensive space on either side of the road—the east was Meade’s stand, the west Longstreet’s. On both sides were men digging pits and putting the bodies down by the dozens. One newly made pit contained fifty bodies

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676 Probably Sister Mary Raphael Smith and Sister Marie Louise Caulfield who had returned with Father Burlando to St. Joseph’s in the evening.
677 U.S. Army General George Meade and Confederate General James Longstreet.
of Confederates. By a large tree in another spot might be pointed out where the body of such a General lay until removed to another location. In this frightful condition we found the battle grounds of that fearful Battle of Gettysburg. After some time creeping along we arrived in the town of Gettysburg. Here all was in fearful excitement—the Federal officers sorry enough that Longstreet and his army should have escaped being their prisoners. All those officers who had been here at St. Joseph's were very glad to see Father Burlando and the Sisters.

We kept on till reaching McClellan's Hotel. The parlors of the Hotel were given immediately to the Sisters for their use. This was about 1 o'clock p.m., so long did it take to reach them having to go so very slowly specially passing by the battle grounds where the hundreds of men lay dead. The Sisters wanted to go to work at once. Father, accompanied by some of the officers took us to the different places where the wounded had been just removed. One place was the Court House, then the different churches, the Catholic [St. Francis Xavier] had some of very worst amputated limbs there in the sanctuary even the Blessed Sacrament having been removed to the priests' house. The public school houses, every available building there lay the wounded. Now was the moment to go to work and the Sisters did truly work in bandaging the poor wounded, some fixing drinks, etc. After visiting the different temporary hospitals where lay the wounded, we returned with our dear Father to the Hotel. Father then left us for home, taking back with him two of the Sisters and leaving twelve there. The Sisters then took possession of the parlors of the Hotel as their Military Quarters.

We took some refreshment and went again around to see the wounded whom we now considered our patients of the Battle. Impossible to describe the condition of those poor wounded men—the weather was warm and very damp for some days after the battle, generally the case where there is so much powder used. They [wounded soldiers] were covered with vermin actually that we could hardly bear this part of the filth. We didn't see a woman in the whole place that evening;

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678 Proprietor Mr. William McClellan, permitted the sisters to make their headquarters at his hotel. McClellan purchased the structure in 1808 but it dates to Scott's Tavern (1797). McClellan operated the popular tavern on the northeast corner of the public square under a variety of names in Gettysburg. At the time of the battle it traded as The Gettysburg Hotel and continues to operate under that name today. The name McClellan has erroneously appeared as McClennen. See Robert L. Bloom, A History of Adams County, Pennsylvania 1700–1990 (Gettysburg, PA: Adams County Historical Society, 1992), 35.

679 The Daughters of Charity cared for the sick and wounded in improvised hospitals at the Gettysburg Court House, Lutheran Seminary Hospital, Methodist Church Hospital, Pennsylvania College Hospital, and the St. Francis Xavier Church Hospital. In addition they served with the ambulances and in field hospitals on the extensive Gettysburg battlefields.

680 Sister Marie Caulfield and Sister Mary Raphael Smith returned temporarily to St. Joseph's with Father Burlando and gathered additional supplies to aid victims.
they either escaped away in the country or hid in the cellars, The following day they appeared in their homes frightened and looking like ghosts so very terrified the poor women were during the fearful battle, no wonder! The Sisters lay on the floor that night; did not sleep much. On the following day Mother Ann Simeon [Norris] sent us beds and covering, also cooked hams, coffee, tea and whatever she thought the Sisters actually needed. Sister Euphemia [Blenkinsop], Assistant, had gone South to attend to the Sisters in the Confederate Military Hospitals which was a great comfort to the poor Sisters in the South.

On the second day a reinforcement of Sisters came to our aid from Baltimore.681 Father Burlando kept looking out for his children [sic, the sisters] in Gettysburg, going up occasionally to see the Sisters and sending more help when he could, for in fact it was difficult to get any more. So many there engaged in the West Philadelphia Hospital, in Washington, D.C., and at Point Lookout.682 Only very few remained at St. Joseph’s, even the Procuratrix, Sister Baptista [Dowds], was down at Point Lookout with nearly twenty Sisters and where the services of the Sisters were much needed and appreciated too by the Government.

Think of 16 hundred wounded brought in one day, December 16th, after the Battle of Fredericksburg, Virginia, when the Federals were defeated to pieces.683 Only think of 1600 in one day. Oh, that was a scene of terror.

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681 The Daughters of Charity had several missions in Baltimore at this time: two health care facilities, five schools, and three orphanages.
682 The sisters were nursing at the following military hospitals: Satterlee Hospital, West Philadelphia; Cliffburne Hospital, Lincoln Hospital, Stanton Hospital, and Providence Hospital in Washington, D.C.; and Hammond Hospital, Point Lookout, Maryland.
But I must come back to the Gettysburg. For three miles outside of the town was converted into an Hospital by tents and the farm houses. Ambulances were provided for the Sisters to take clothing, etc., out to the wounded many, hundreds, of whom lay on the ground on their blanket.

Straw would be given from the barns, which the poor boys were glad to get, rather than lie on the ground. We noticed as we were going through the woods a red flag out with a board marked, “1700 wounded down this way.” The driver drove on till the Sisters reached a woods where the wounded were, some were in a heart rendering state. Besides the clothing and jellies to make drinks, we also took a lot of combs which were needed the worst way. O, yes for some were in a frightful condition. The Sisters too brought plenty of vermin along in their clothes! I shudder on thinking of this part of the Sisters sufferings, during the whole of the time that they were in the Military Hospitals, especially in the field tents in Gettysburg. The weather was very warm.684 We noticed one large man whose leg had to be taken off; another part of his body was in such a condition that the big maggots were crawling on the ground on which they crept from the body. Many others almost as bad, but the whole of them were crawling with lice so that the Sisters did a great deal for those poor fellows by getting combs to get their heads clear of the troublesome animals. No easy task either. In one of those field Hospitals, three miles out, three of the Sisters remained there during the three weeks that the wounded were there. As they [the patients] became able to be removed to the regular Hospitals in Philadelphia, Washington, or New York, they were transferred during the time, anyway. There were sixty of the Confederates that were Baptized, this was owing a good deal, no doubt, to the influence of Dr. A. B. Stonelake, a United States officer, who became a convert at Point Lookout, was baptized by the Jesuit Father Pacciarini.685 So this very Doctor happened to step up to the [McClellan] Hotel when the Sisters were putting lots of things into the ambulance to take out to any of the field Hospitals that they might find. The Doctor asked for some of the Sisters who had been at Point Lookout. He was told yes such a sister, naming her was in the room.686 He stepped in and who would be there to meet him but Father Burlando and the sister that the Doctor inquired for. We were more than glad to [see] our friend. The Doctor had his order from the Provost to go out to some of the tents and farm

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684 According to some reports the air temperature fluctuated in the range of 78 to 87 degrees Fahrenheit during the days of the battle.
686 Sister Camilla O’Keefe.
houses where some prisoners were in a bad condition so the Doctor, with the Sisters, set off and found a number of wounded prisoners in great neglect.

The good Doctor not only performed the duty of a physician, but after he had fixed up the limbs, set to work like a carpenter. From the farm house he obtained a saw, an axe and nails, boards too, and a short time he had the men, who lay on the ground, raised upon a kind of frame so that the poor fellows thought they had beds now. The Doctor remained the whole time; [among] those wounded prisoners [there] were many from Georgia and Alabama. They knew no man of Religion [clergy] than a Turk [Muslim]; no Baptist; nor did some of them believe in Heaven, nor hell only to live just as long as they could and enjoy life as it came. But God in His mercy raised up the Doctor who came in their way and became converted himself. He talked and reasoned with them, giving his own experience and that he would exchange for all the riches of earth. Kindness bestowed on them in their sufferings had no little effect; some would say, “The Sisters were Catholics, surely they must be right any way.” The Jesuit Father visited around those localities when he could. The Priests for the College also by the mercy of God no less than sixty [wounded soldiers] embraced the Faith before leaving; some died with good dispositions. The greater number of those men were highly educated, some of them officers in the Confederate army, but no knowledge of God. When told some articles of our Faith—why they would make an exclamation of surprise saying, “We never heard that, never.” As for the necessity of Baptism they never dreamed of such a thing, scarcely any of them had received baptism in any form. I might say not a single one of them (of the Georgians, nor the Alabamians). But to witness the change in those men was evidently the mercy of God over His redeemed Creatures, so often they were heard to say, “Why we never heard of such things.” Baptism, three persons in God, and so on of all the sacred truths of our holy Faith. Now hereafter did those ignorant creatures of God believe in.

But thanks to our merciful God they believe in the doctrine of the Holy Catholic Church before leaving their poor quarters at Gettysburg. Those who died went to our Lord believing firmly all the sacred truths that they had been taught and with Baptism. When removed to some other Military Hospital, they would say to the Sisters when biding good bye, “We are going to prison now, but it would be no prison if we had you along to administer to our wants of soul and body.” The poor fellows were actually in tears when setting out under heavy guard.

687 This probably refers to Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg.
Although the Sisters suffered many privations, still the fact of seeing so many of those men, baptized and embracing the Faith more than paid for all that they had to bear. The officers of the Federal Army treated the Sisters with the greatest confidence, would give them all the privileges possible which they positively refused. To ladies who came on offering their services to nurse the wounded, they refused them saying the Sisters of Charity were caring them. We found out that the Union officers were under the impression that the ladies from Baltimore and elsewhere were all Rebels so they would not accept of their services.

It used [to] amuse the Sisters when they would go to the Commissaries for clothing and other necessaries, the persons in charge would say, “Sisters, I suppose you want them for the Catholic Church Hospital.” No, replied the Sisters, we want them for the Methodist Church Hospital. The officer would look with a kind of smile as well as surprise. Another time that a Sister called at one of those stores to get some clothing for the Prisoners in the Lutheran Hospital. A similar question was put to her to which Sister replied, “We want some articles of clothing for the Prisoners in the Lutheran Seminary Hospital.” The gentleman replied, Yes, Sister you shall have what you want for the prisoners as well as for our own. Your ladies (the Sisters) come with honest faces and you shall always get whatever you need for the suffering men whether Rebels or our own, he continued speaking very kindly and finished by saying, “I sincerely hope we shall all worship at the same altar one day.”

We will notice here a remark made by an elderly gentleman, who came into Gettysburg immediately after the battle to look for his son who was in the army and might be found either killed or living. The old gentleman, with others were seated on a bench outside of the [McClellan] Hotel, upon seeing some of the Sisters stepping out with bundles of clothing, taking to the wounded to some of the Hospitals, the old man exclaimed, “What, good God! Can those Sisters be the persons whose religion we always run down!!” “Yes,” replied Mr. McClellan, the Hotel Proprietor, “They are the very persons that we often run down by those who know nothing of their charity.” Mr. McClellan told us this and that the old gentleman was quite taken back and could hardly believe what he had seen with his own eyes. Mr., McClellan said that he had heard similar remarks from parties seeing the Sisters going around nursing and caring [for] the wounded and that they would almost swear that they would never again believe.

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688 Sister Gabriella Rigney, Sister Mary Ellen (Oswald) Spalding, Sister Anna McShane, and Sister Camilla O’Keefe served at the Lutheran Seminary Hospital.
anything wrong of persons doing what those Sisters have been doing around the battle grounds of Gettysburg.

72. Recollections of Sister Mary Jane Stokes, Multiplication of the Bread

In 1886 Sister Mary Jane Stokes, Sister Servant of the Louisiana Retreat, New Orleans, was home [Emmitsburg] on a visit. At the time of the Civil War she had charge of the farm and [farm] hands at St. Joseph’s. Coming into the secretariat to see the Sisters, one of them asked her to relate to her again the following incident, heard many years ago, when nearly in these words she gave the little history.

The soldiers made their appearance here, as well as I can remember about three in the afternoon. We were going down to the barn, Sr. Camilla [O'Keefe], the Treasurer, and I, to see about them there, when we turned around, and here was a whole pack of them at the house behind us. The poor fellows looked half-starved, lank as herrings, and barefoot. They were on their way to the Gettysburg battle. Well, the Sisters were cutting bread, and giving them to eat as fast as they came for it, all the evening, and I was afraid there would be no bread left for the Sister’s supper. However, they had supper, and plenty. After supper, (I belonged to the kitchen Sisters), I went to Mother Ann Simeon [Norris], and told her I didn’t know what the Sisters would do for breakfast next morning, for they would have no bread. Then I went to see, and the baking of the day was there. I did not see it multiplied, but I saw it there.

73. Recollections of Rev. J. Francis Burlando, “Let us call it Providence”—Sister Appolonia Tiernan’s Two Hours in the Ice House

(Father Burlando to S.M.V.)

Chapter 1st. It was a pleasant morning in 1863, while our late civil war was raging. The booming of cannon from the battle of

Account of Sister Mary Jane Stokes, Provincial Annals (1863), 529. Sister Mary Jane’s choice of words and the inclusion of her remembrance implies neither a miracle nor direct connection with the Gospel according to John 6:1-15.

Provincial Annals (1879), 157–8.
Gettysburg resounding through St. Joseph’s Vale, filled all hearts with sadness. The large kitchen [at St. Joseph’s] was not then supplied with the “Many hands that make light work;” as, every eligible Sister that could possibly be dispensed with, had been drafted into the service of the sick and wounded Soldiers of both armies. As soon as breakfast had been sent into the Refectory, Sister Appolonia Tiernan, then on duty in that department, said to herself, if not to anyone else, “Before my breakfast, I will put all the meat in [the ovens] to roast for dinner!” “Man proposes,” says “I will; but...”

Taking as many large iron pans as she could carry, she went to the Ice House, up the outside steps, passed in the pans, and tried to follow them; but, finding the ladder inside, giving way, as soon as she stepped on it, she had presence of mind enough to throw herself over on the ice, which saved her from going down into the depths, to a certain death.

Finding herself a prisoner, she picked out the meat to suit, and filled the pans. Then, having no further amusement, she called for help; but, no one heard her. Still she sat on her throne of ice, meditating on each report of the Gettysburg cannon, and its direful consequences; on that meat that was to have been cooked so promptly, though yet so far from the fire; on the comfortable warm breakfast that she might have had; on the coolness of the atmosphere which was stiffening her whole frame on that hot summer day.

All these, and other points of meditation, mixed with prayers, [rosary] beads, litanies, and calls, filled up the time, till two hours had passed. Then, a workman going to the kitchen, reported someone in the Ice House; and the poor Sister, was released from her captivity. She tried to get thawed out at the range; but the meat had to be left to other hands. Her head swelled to an enormous size, and she was one mass of pain from head to foot, but not willing to leave her work, and go to bed, until she was obliged by Superiors to do so. Father Burlando asked her if she had ever been sick before: “No,” Father, she said, “I never had anything but a toothache!” “Ah! well my child,” he answered, “you have more than a toothache now!”

Immediately, our good Father of cherished memory, had a door inserted on the ground floor of the Ice House, to prevent such an accident

691 The epigram, “Many hands…” was first in Proverbs of John Heywood (1546).
692 Sister Appolonia helped to serve the Union soldiers encamped at St. Joseph’s in late June 1863.
occurring again. Sixteen years have passed since; but, Sister Appolonia has never recovered from her “Two hours during The Battle of Gettysburg.”

74. Recollections, Healing of Sister Appolonia Tiernan

February 2, [1879]

A fact occurred which should be recorded. Sister Appolonia Tiernan had been brought home on Christmas Eve from St. Vincent’s Hospital, Baltimore. She came with Sister Veronica [Wheeler], (Mother’s Assistant) who was returning from a visit to the northern missions.

The short journey was a very fatiguing one to the poor patient who had not been habited since she left St. Joseph’s for treatment three years before.

Dr. Brawner made an examination some days after her arrival, and found an immense tumor situated in the abdomen, running up under the ribs and pushing the heart and lungs out of place. Her sufferings were intense. Her stomach retained nothing. If a particle of nourishment was offered with one hand, it was necessary to present the basin with the other. A novena was proposed, it is said, by Father [James] Rolando, C.M. Father Lavezeri here, priests in Baltimore, and elsewhere offered the Holy Sacrifice [of the Mass] for her recovery. The Community too, at least that portion of it here, said public prayers as for her cure. She became so much worse as the novena progressed, the vomiting of blood and disgusting matter so profuse, accompanied by utter physical prostration, that Dr. Brawner considered it well to administer the last Sacraments which she received.

During the night of the first and second, she was worse than ever, in an agony. Sister Adele [Durm], the infirmarian had said the day before: “I give her half a day, or perhaps a day more to live.”

So, when at half past four next morning, Sister Stanislaus came to tell her that Sister Appolonia had been in an agony all night, and dared not risk Holy communion on account of the intense nausea,
Sister Adele answered, “Very well; let her do as she likes; if she received it will be on her own responsibility.”

However, Sister Appolonia did receive and was left to make her thanksgiving. An indescribable sensation passed through her. She asked herself if it was death, and closing her hands said, “Well, my God if I am going, I am going with you,” for the Sacred Species were within her. Then finding she did not die, as she says, she thought she was cured.

Sister Stanislaus Friegal [sic] entering the room a few minutes after, found her bathed in tears, and began a little advice about conformity to the divine Will, “You are disappointed now, Sister Appolonia, because God did see well to cure you.”

“I am cured,” said Sister Appolonia through her tears.

“Well,” answered Sister Stannie, “if you are cured, eat your breakfast.”

The breakfast was brought, and devoured. Sister Stannie looked at her. “Get up now, and dress yourself,” she said, sure that any motion would bring on the usual vomiting. She got up, dressed and went into the choir of the Church. What did she not say there to her God! what prayers! what thanksgivings! what tears she shed!

After awhile she came out and asked for a second breakfast. She went to the little refectory belonging to the young Sisters’ Infirmary and there despatched the meal of a person in health, bread and butter and beefsteak and coffee. Then she went to late Mass, it being Sunday and knelt with ease. After Mass she was ready for a third breakfast, but concluded to wait.

Dinner received proper attention and she was up and about all day; went to Vespers, went over to the old Sisters’ Infirmary to see Sister Bernard [Boyle]. The doctor did not come until two p.m. Sister Adele met him with: “Well, Doctor, would you be surprised to hear Sister Appolonia was dead?”

“Not at all, Sister.”

She then conducted him up the infirmary, where he found Sister Appolonia sitting dressed and ready to receive him. His astonishment is hard to depict. He changed color, sat down by her and as his eyes turned to the light they were all moist and shining. He looked at her,

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700 Sister Stanislaus Fuegle (1820–1888).
701 Sister Bernard Boyle died five months later.
felt her pulse, pronounced it “good,” thought it had been nothing but a thread for days and said “he must believe what his eyes saw.”

February 4th.

Tuesday. Sister Adele, who never questioned Sister Appolonia’s miraculous [sic] cure, from the first instant, put her to bed and had her submit to another examination. The Doctor found a hardness, a trace as of a wound where the thing had been, but the immense tumor was gone.

And we thanked God, Who had wrought the miracle in our midst, through the intercession of His most Holy Mother; and Who has in His mercy condescended to reanimate our faith and confidence so that at least we poor Daughters of Charity may love Him with our whole hearts and soul.

75. Recollections, Brother Discovered

Going over a field encampment, we found the brother of one of our Sisters who was in an Hospital in the Town [Gettysburg]. He had been wounded in the chest and in the ankle. The kind officer allowed him to be removed to the hospital where his Sister was stationed. They had not seen each other for nine years.

76. Recollections, Pennsylvania College

Four Sisters were named to visit a large College now converted into a hospital and housing six hundred men. The Sisters could only take time to dress their wounds for surgeons were too scarce every place. Every morning when they returned to the College, eight or ten bodies lay at the entrance waiting for interment. We kept no account of the baptisms there but they would have been far more numerous if we had only had more Sisters. Very rarely did anyone in danger refuse baptism when we could give the time for it, but to hear the men call piteously, “Come to me when you have finished with his wounds,” obliged us to do violence to every other duty.

702 Sister Mary Veronica Klimkiewicz (1837-1930) was on duty at Gettysburg when her injured brother, Private Thaddeus A. Klimkiewicz, arrived at her post. Their sister, Sister Serena Klimkiewicz (1839-1909), was also a Civil War nurse. Sister M. Liguori, H.F.N., “Polish Sisters in the Civil War,” *Polish American Studies*, 7, #1–2 (January–June, 1950), 1–7, CWC. Copy available APSL.

703 Private Klimkiewicz, served in the Confederate Army, 2nd Battalion, Maryland Infantry, Company A and was taken prisoner by the Union forces July 5, 1863. His name appears in the ledger of U.S. Letterman Hospital, Gettysburg, as having been transferred to the Provost Marshal September 16, 1863.

704 Life of Mother Ann Simeon Norris, (Emmitsburg, Maryland: St. Joseph’s, 1939), 138–40, APSL. (Hereafter cited as *Life of Mother Ann Simeon*).
Two youths lay stretched on the ground on an outspread blanket with a little ditch two inches deep dug out in the earth around them to direct the water from running under them. A Sister found that one was in danger and asked each of them if he had been baptized. As they replied in the negative, Sister proceeded to instruct them. The one in danger said that he had never been a religious boy, etc. Sister explained away his doubts and then with a seemingly great mixture of contrition and fear, he asked for baptism. As soon as the Sacrament had been administered, he raised his arms to heaven and exclaimed, “Thank God!” while large tears filled his eyes. God’s grace was almost visible in its workings in this soul.

A Sister hearing a great noise among the patients looked to see the cause and saw a group of men with pointed guns and one poor man standing at their mercy; no one tried to prevent the strife. Sister went directly to them, put her hand on the man at whom they aimed, pushed him back to the door of the surgeon’s room and held out her other arm to prevent them from pursuing him. Dead silence prevailed; she put the man in the surgeon’s room, and the others, lowering their muskets, quietly retired. Presently the doctor came to her, stood a moment in silence, and then said, “Sister, you have surprised me! I shall never, never forget what I have just witnessed, I saw the men’s anger and all the excitement, but I feared my presence would only increase it. I did not know what to do, when you came and made everything right.” “Well,” said the Sister, “what more did I do than anyone else would have done? You know they would be ashamed to resist a female.” “A female!” exclaimed the doctor, “all the women of Gettysburg could not effect what you have done. No; no one but a Sister of Charity could have done this. Truly, it would have been well, if a company of Sisters of Charity could have been in the War, for then it would not have continued for four years. The Sisters can do what they please. I shall never forget this scene.”

77. Recollections of Sister Matilda Coskery, Mount St. Vincent, Cradle of Mount Hope Retreat, Baltimore

But God will not permit his work to fail. Mount Hope is a standing monument of His Providence. It is an Institution that was commenced without one cent of capital; with few to sympathize with

705 This excerpt is from the historical account “Mount St. Vincent—Cradle of Mount Hope Retreat” attributed to Sister Matilda Coskery, pioneer nursing educator and psychiatric nurse. Emmitsburg Missions Collection, Baltimore, Maryland, Mount Hope/The Seton Institute, 60–78, APSL.
706 See note 545 supra.
it and many to oppose it; even Catholic, who imagined that because it belonged to St. Joseph’s (near Emmitsburg) it would be almost a sin to bestow an alms towards its foundation: for many persons erroneously supposed St. Joseph’s House to be rich....

June 26th Alas! Alas! We have lived to hear of such deeds of violence committed by the Northern Soldiery, that we may really suppose the great Day of Judgment is near at hand... Until now the Baltimoreans have only occasionally been in dread of feeling more intensely the effects of war; but now all is commotion, excitement, and terror. Active preparations are going on to prevent the southerners from re-taking the city and driving out the invaders who have held possession of it for more than two years.707

All the streets leading to public roads are now barricaded with huge boxes, hogsheads, and the like, and beyond the city limits entrenchments are cast up: cannons planted and Soldiers stationed on the watch to give the alarm in case the Confederates should approach; and the threat has been proclaimed, that should they venture towards their cherished Baltimore, the city will be consigned to flames rather than surrendered by [Abraham] Lincoln’s party.

For the last eight or ten days there could be no communication between this (Mount Hope Retreat) [on Reisterstown Road] and old Mount Hope without a regular “Pass” from military authorities.708 The Passenger–cars in the city are under guard, and lately three Confederates (in citizen’s dress) just from a neighboring city, were suspected, and detected, in one of these cars; we believe they are now in prison...

Entrenchments have been thrown up between here and Baltimore, near the first toll–gate; cannons planted and officers appointed to guard the road. Last Sunday (21st Inst. [sic, current])709 All men walking about (black and white) were forced to labor all day at these war–like preparations.

Our own workmen prudently kept themselves out of sight... During this time of excitement and danger one of our Gentlemen, an inmate of the Institutions has kindly been acting the part of “driver” for our little “carry–all.” In this and many other ways, Mr. [?] Tyler has ever acted as a father or brother to the Sisters.

707 The Baltimore (or Pratt Street) Riot occurred downtown, between Confederate sympathizers and the 6th Massachusetts regiment, when the troops were en route to Washington for duty April 19, 1861.  
708 See note 545 supra.  
709 These Sundays fell on the 21st of the month during the Civil War: July 21, 1861; September 21, 1862; June 21, 1863; and August 21, 1864.
In spite of all this confusion, many visitors from the city come out here to see their friends [who are patients].

On the 19th Inst. two [Union] Soldiers rode over from the Arsenal, and unceremoniously avowed their intention of surmounting our new Building [at Mount Hope] with their “War–flag.”710 Our master–carpenter (Mr. Adams) happening to be here on business, was obliged to acquiesce and obey their orders implicitly... The ladies in the sewing–room were so agitated that they expressed aloud their feelings of indignation.711 Some scornfully laughed at the intruders, (not minding their swords) while others cried out “Hurrah for Davis,” etc., etc. The Sisters were frightened at this outburst of indignation and with many apologies endeavored to cloak all under the plea of “Insanity.”

To crown all the rest, the soldiers when galloping away, turned and kissed their hands to the incensed party; and this occasioned a second shout of indignation. “But previous to their departure, a real Southern Gentleman, ([Mr. Joseph Gorée] an inmate of our house) accosted the Officer, and with a manly firmness and patriotic liberty, endeavored to put the bold visitors to the blush. At this the Sisters near the door became palpably uneasy, and with some difficulty prevailed on the gentlemen to cease from expostulating.

And now, for nearly a week past, three men under arms have been stationed here, (sometimes six of them) to keep watch by turn, from the house–top, relieving one–another by day and night: having received orders to give a signal to their Commanders at the Arsenal, in case they should espy the enemy (our own true friends for the South)—coming on towards Baltimore. These Soldiers have their lodging and meals here gratis;...Once in a while a change is made, and a new set comes over. These men have not as yet shared in any battle, but have been kept back as a reserve–body; acting here and there as a watch–guard. They own that many of their companions–in–arms have been guilty of lawless violences and depredations; and they moreover assure us that while the Generals and Officers in the Northern Army are well paid and well fed. The private soldiers have a hard time of it and have all the labor and drudgery to endure; and while these latter are heart–sick of the war, those in command are keeping it up for their own advantage and pecuniary profit.

The Officer who had the flag raised here, promised that only the best behaved and most orderly among the soldiers should be sent

710 The Union Army maintained the Pikesville Arsenal at a safe point north of Baltimore on Reisterstown Road.
711 The ladies were inpatients engaged in meaningful work similar to occupational therapy.
over [to Mount Hope Retreat], in case a guard should be placed here... So far we have no cause to complain; they even go so far as to carry their muddy shoes in their hands, in order to save the stair–steps; and their behavior is all we could wish. They try to give no troubles.

Note...The Conversation between Mr. Joseph Gorée and the Northern Officer—

Mr. G. “Are you a Marylander, Sir?”... “No, Sir.”
Mr. G. “From what State are you?” Answer. “From Connecticut”
Mr. G. “Are you and Abolitionist?” Answer. (quite evasive)
Mr. G. As a true Union–Man I might respect you, but as an Abolitionist, arming the slaves against their Masters, I despise you; and all well–thinking and honest men will ever hold you and your party in the utmost contempt...(Here the Sisters coaxed Mr. Gorée to desist).

The Soldiers engaged on picket duty, quietly took their leave on the 7th of July; after watching here two weeks.

On Wednesday morning, July 8th, [1863], the diocese of Baltimore met with a most sad and serious loss, in the sudden death of our Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick...

On the 14th Inst. Rev. Father Burlando left the city, where he had spent a day in collecting alms and assistance in behalf of the poor, wounded soldiers whom he had found in the most deplorable and destitute condition, near Gettysburg. He had started with a company of fifteen Sisters to go to their aid. From Baltimore he took six more Sisters from the different schools, but he had compassion on Mount Hope, finding that the Sisters there all had enough to do, to stay and wait on their own sick...The citizens of Baltimore responded to the call of pity, and gave the Rev. Father all they could possibly spare.

On the day following, Sister Directress [Sister Genevieve McDonough] arrived unexpectedly on a similar mission...Dr. [William] Patterson of Emmitsburg, feeling uneasy concerning the destitute soldiers, rode over to the neighborhood of Gettysburg, and around towards the late battle–field, closely investigating everything.

By this strict scrutiny and human curiosity he happily found out many poor, destitute, half–starved soldiers, who after battle had taken shelter in old barns and sheds, and were left destitute of aid from...

712 Contemporary accounts give fourteen as the number of sisters.
the 4th July until the 12th or later. The sergeant had either died or left these poor soldiers.

He hastened home to St. Joseph’s, carrying the heart rending intelligence to the Sisters, who spent the following night in baking bread and roasting beef, which was sent off next day in barrels to Gettysburg in charge of Sr. Directress [Sister Genevieve McDonough] and her companions. The poor, half famished soldiers knew not how to express their thanks for the supply of provisions, which of course included groceries and whatever else the Sisterhood could afford.

They begged the Sisters to stop near them, and said they would clear out an upper room for them: but of course the Sisters hastened on to Baltimore for further provisions, since all the little villages in that neighborhood and wherever the armies had passed, were left in a sad condition.

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1864

78. Recollections of Sister Antonio Asmuth—
Travel Northward

A party of us, young sisters, just received the holy habit, and left St. Joseph’s at 3:30 A.M. on the early stage, via Gettysburg, July 4 [1864]. All went smoothly! At York, Pennsylvania, dear Sister Alphonsa McBride and I changed cars. The other Sisters remained in the train for their respective missions. Well after looking for our trunk, we could find no man to carry it down to the river, which we had to cross in order to reach the train in Columbia [Pennsylvania]. So not succeeding in finding anyone to carry our trunk, (all the men had gone to the war), we took it between us down to the river and after a great deal of persuasion with the man on a coal boat, he finally consented to take us. Although I [Sister Antonio Asmuth] was only seventeen and Sister Alphonsa my senior, she depended on me to be spokesman. I showed him our pass and told him we were government property. So we crossed the river, sitting on our trunks, under a scorching sun.

On arriving at the other side we took the train, but a worse ordeal was awaiting us. It seems there was a riot somewhere and, on account of our blue–gray color [of the sisters’ habit] it was thought that [we] were the ring leaders. The conductor came and told us that

713 Excerpt from typescript of letter, Sister Antonio Asmuth, St. Vincent’s Retreat, Point Pleasant, New Jersey, to Sister Loyola Law, June 21, 1900 (location of original unknown), CWC.

714 Susquehanna River.
he was obliged to lock us in the other car for safety. When other passengers left, he went and brought two police officers—quite a crowd had gathered and one old woman came and asked what we were. He answered, we were Sisters of Charity going to the battlefield to nurse their sick husbands and sons, but she must have been a maiden lady for her ejaculation was, “Glory be to God, I have none.”

We were then taken to a little hotel and the hostess promised security, but every little while a great noise was heard. Finally, she came back to say that she was no longer able to keep us; her house was in danger. We told her to go find the officers; she returned with one and the mayor of the place. On seeing the cornette his face lit up and he said: “Come, sisters, to my house, until your train is due, which will be at six this evening,” and it was now only 1:00 P.M. (His wife was educated at St. Joseph’s).

The boys had made little heaps of stones ready to pelt at our first appearance from the hotel, but when they saw in whose company we were they looked at us with open eyes and mouth. We had a good supper in the gentleman’s house and the entire family escorted us to the train, a regular bodyguard. We arrived at our destination at 12:30 P.M.

What do you think of this? I often think if we made little journals of all the incidents we experienced, we would have a great volume of reading matter. But our recording Angel, no doubt, is keeping account of all.

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79. Recollections of Sister Victorine Petry—Travel Southward

In February 1864 Mother Ann Simeon [Norris] with nine young Sisters went to New Orleans. One of the party gave this account of the trip:

On February 11 at three p.m. we left St. Joseph’s accompanied by Father Burlando and Sister Mary Raphael [Smith], who were to see us off in New York. We sailed on Saturday and though the weather was very favorable some of us fell victims to sea–sickness. Mother Ann Simeon was so sweet and amiable that she was loved by everyone; even the Captain enjoyed conversing with her.

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715 Life of Mother Ann Simeon Norris, 155–6. Sister Victorine Petry composed this account of the trip.
We stopped at Havana [Cuba] but did not enter the port. What beautiful scenery greeted our eyes! We enjoyed it all the more because we left St. Joseph’s covered with snow and here we found everything in full bloom. Mother Ann Simeon decided to visit the Sisters [Daughters of Charity] in Havana, (they wore the cornette there at that time) but as we had only a few hours to remain, she did not think it well to take all the Sisters with her, so she took me with her as her interpreter. We had to get down into a small boat to reach land. The steward very kindly took charge of us and secured us a “volante” [strong person] to take us to the Sisters at Santa Isabel College. The Sisters were delighted to see Mother Ann Simeon and immediately sent for Father Rubi who was in Havana. He was exceedingly kind to us and escorted us to the Chapel. The Sisters [in Havana] regretted that all the Sisters had not come ashore and sent them a large basket of all sorts of fruit.

We arrived in New Orleans on Monday February 22. It was [George] Washington’s birthday and the city was gay with flags. We made a beautiful procession up Canal Street in our blue aprons and not extra nice-looking cornettes. Sister [Sophie] de la Chaise said when we landed that we were not far from Hotel Dieu and that we could easily walk there, but indeed it was a long walk and we had had no breakfast except a little black coffee. The Sisters in New Orleans had not expected us so we took them by surprise. An annual retreat was going on at Saint Elizabeth’s; Sister Mathilde [Duverney] was making it [the retreat].

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716 Daughters of Charity from Spain established the mission in Cuba in 1847. Ten years later sisters arrived from France. At this time the headdress worn by the Spanish sisters differed somewhat from the French cornette. The writer is stating that the sisters in Havana were dressed like sisters from the United States—in the traditional attire of the French Daughters of Charity with its white–winged cornette.

717 Probably a boarding school for high school girls.

718 Despite frail health, Rev. Miguel Rubi Poevi, C.M. (1835–1907), sailed from New York to San Francisco in February 1864.

719 The Daughters of Charity had been serving at Hotel-Dieu in New Orleans since 1852.

720 St. Elizabeth’s House of Industry, established in 1852 as a vocational school, emphasized dressmaking and allied trades, e.g., fine laundering, cooking, and general education.
Our little band was soon distributed among the different houses [of the Daughters of Charity].

[Note] We knew that Mother was in the city. She came to the house the night before to be with us when the retreat closed. I was in the Chapel when she came in to say her Hail Mary. There was a commotion, of course, but we kept silence until after breakfast the next day [when the retreat concluded]. She brought Sister Victorine Petry with her and said to me, “A nice little French Sister to share your duty.” Poor Sister Victorine! She had a special mission to fulfill in New Orleans in the deathbed conversion of her brother.”

80. Recollections, Death of Mother Regina Smith

New Orleans, Louisiana

In the midst of these painful circumstances, our dear Mother Regina [Smith] approached the term of her earthly pilgrimage. Considering the harrowing events of the past year, we can truly say that each day for her was a preparation for death. She awaited the final summons as a saintly Daughter of Charity, never dispensing herself from any spiritual exercise despite her extreme debility, and manifesting even to the end that sincere piety which had always rendered her a model to her companions; true, she was beloved for her well-known worth, but especially for this admirable piety which spread a charm over all her words and actions. The love of God ruled her heart, and her confidence in our Blessed Mother was childlike and unbounded. Hence, the moment of death found her watching, her lamp filled with

721 Sister Mathilde Duverney (1836–1915), a native of Donaldsonville on mission at St. Elizabeth’s, probably added this note.

722 This custom dates to the seventeenth century. The founders instructed the early sisters to say a prayer before leaving the house to ask God’s blessing on their ministry.

723 Life of Mother Regina, 61–4.
the oil of good works; her soul was purified by sacrifices and sanctified by prolonged sorrows and trials. God who sounds the hearts of His servants and prepares their crown, judged it time to put an end to the afflictions of His faithful spouse, and to complete the measure of His graces by calling her to Himself during her annual retreat.

A letter from her bereaved companions says:

Our dear Mother united with us in the holy exercises which commenced on January eighteenth. Although she was always suffering more or less, she did not at first appear more fatigued than usual, but continued courageous and fervent. At last, however, her strength failed to second her desires and she followed the exercises with great difficulty. On the fifth day of the retreat, she finished her confession, presided at the evening repetition of meditation, and addressed to us a touching recommendation. She then left the Chapel never again to return to it. ‘I am obliged to retire,’ said she, ‘I can no longer support myself.’ She sank on her bed exhausted by fatigue and burning with fever. But when the doctor came the next morning, he found no alarming symptoms, so that we flattered ourselves that this was only an ordinary attack. Alas! it was quite otherwise.

The following night the condition of our dear Mother was most distressing, but she never ceased calling upon Jesus Christ Crucified, imploring His divine assistance. Towards three o’clock in the morning she turned to the Sister who had watched beside her, and said: ‘I have slept well’. Sister arrainged [sic] her pillows hoping she would continue to repose. The eyes of our dear Mother closed as if in response to Sister’s efforts, and she fell into a calm slumber, but it was the sleep of death—the sleep of the just, followed by the bright day of eternity! No one suspected that the last hour had come for our beloved Mother, and the Sister in attendance was taking a thousand precautions to prevent any noise that would awaken her good Mother. More than four hours had passed before the truth flashed upon us. Approaching nearer and examining her features we recognized the

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fact that our model, our staff, our cherished Mother was no more.  

How impossible to describe our grief and surprise!

All ranks and conditions shared our sorrow; the loss was general as were also the regrets. The poor, the rich, the sick, the afflicted, the public officials, the clergy of the diocese,—all sought to pay a last tribute of honor and gratitude to her who had so nobly borne the title of Daughter of Charity and who had so well understood the obligations it imposes.

The public journals proclaimed her praises: her heroic devotedness to her calling, her intrepid courage, her inexhaustible charity, and rehearsed the good she had everywhere effected, the consolations she had procured for every phase of misery, irrespective of creed or nationality. But these praises, just, as they certainly are, would be of little account if the works of our dear Mother were not to accompany her to a better world; she had laid up for herself treasures in heaven, by the purity of her intentions, by her lively faith, and by the ardor and generosity of her charity.

81. Recollections, Sister Winifred Mallon
Violates Prison Security

The Sisters in St. Louis, Missouri, had leave from the proper authorities to visit the Prison of the Confederate Soldiers, and take them nourishment of any kind. Our good Sister Winifred received a turkey already cooked from some lady, who without Sister’s knowledge had secreted a note to someone in prison, under the turkey’s wing in 1865. Sister gave the turkey to the proper officer; when it was cut up, the note was discovered.

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725 Mother Regina Smith died at Charity Hospital, New Orleans, January 26, 1864.
726 Provincial Annals (1865), 581–2.
727 The Sanitary Committee of St. Louis requested sisters to take temporary charge of the detained prisoners of war who were sick. Sister Othelia Marshall and Sister Mary Agnes Kelly were named to visit Gratiot Street Military Prison and Myrtle Street Prison. This account may relate to the Gratiot Street Military Prison located at the corner of 8th and Gratiot Streets. Despite the prison’s recommended capacity of 1200, at times more than 2000 prisoners were held there.
728 Sister Winifred Mallon (1811–1874). The dating of the account may be incorrect. This notation appears some pages prior: “Events chronicled by dear old Sister Martha.” Sister Martha Daddisman (1797–1889), the last surviving companion of Mother Seton, would have been an octogenarian when the Provincial Annals were compiled. The incident probably occurred in 1864 instead of 1865.
Sister was called to account. She said that she was not aware of the note’s being there. Then the officer insisted on her telling the name of the person who gave her the turkey, which she refused to do positively. For this, they censured her very much, and forbid her ever to enter the prison again. All this was published in the newspapers. Soon after, the Sisters were asked for to nurse the prisoners in Alton, [Illinois], so the turkey affair did not do much harm, but, it is well to be very cautious.\textsuperscript{729}

\section*{1865}

\textbf{82. Recollections of Sister Rose Noyland, Fall of Richmond}\textsuperscript{730}

Dr. [Thomas] Williams told Sister Rose [Noyland] in the yard of the Hospital Saturday evening, that next morning at four, General [Robert E.] Lee would surrender.\textsuperscript{731} While speaking to her they were under the eyes of officers and men who watched every motion.

On Sunday the news was confirmed. [The] Yankees came in[to Richmond] on Monday [April 3, 1865].

\ldots There were forty Louisianans suffering terribly down in the Swamp at Camp Jackson.\textsuperscript{732} The Ladies went to Mrs. Lee, and at the General’s suggestion Sister Rose [Noyland] was sent for.\textsuperscript{733} Mrs. Lee was at that time very infirm, and confined to the house. She apologized for sending for Sister giving her infirmities as excuse. General Lee told Sister Rose to address herself to Ord, who was a gentleman, though rough, and said she would not find it hard to deal with him.\textsuperscript{734}

Sister Rose, and companion went and found Ord at dinner. Upon her representation of what the Ladies had said, Ord exclaimed—“The Ladies lied!” and he continued “But, if she wishes she could go and see.”

\textsuperscript{729} Colonel William Weer, U.S.10\textsuperscript{th} Kansas Infantry, was court–martialed in 1864 for embezzlement of prisoner funds at Alton.
\textsuperscript{730} Emmitsburg Missions Collection, Richmond, Virginia, St. Joseph’s Asylum & School, APSL. See Barton, \textit{Angels of the Battlefield}, 178-81.
\textsuperscript{731} Possibly Thomas Henry Williams (?–1904), Confederate surgeon.
\textsuperscript{732} Camp Jackson was a large Confederate camp, named for General Thomas J. “Stonewall” Jackson (1824–1863), located near the marshes of the historic James River in the western outskirts of Richmond.
\textsuperscript{733} Mary Anna Randolph Custis Lee (1808–1873) and her spouse, General Robert Edward Lee (1807–1870), lived at 707 East Franklin Street. The Lee home was approximately a ten minute walk from St. Joseph’s Asylum and Academy where Sister Rose Noyland and the other sisters resided.
\textsuperscript{734} General Edward Ord (1818–1883) of the United States Army.
“How can I get to Camp Jackson?” asked Sister Rose, meeting obstacles with characteristic directness.

“You can go in my ambulance, now at the door, if you like,” was the answer.

So, she went, and found the soldiers in a worse condition even than represented—lousy, sick and starving. She returned to Ord, and told him so.

“I will send them to you tomorrow” said he, and so he did.

Sister Rose and Ord were on very friendly terms after that. At the closing of the Hospitals, he wanted her to remain in Richmond, but in unqualified terms she expressed her delight at getting away and at returning home to St. Joseph’s [Emmitsburg]. She did come home, but was sent right back to take charge of St. Francis de Sales Infirmary, in place of Sister Juliana Chatard recalled to the Academy. The first one she met on the street, was Ord, who congratulated her on her return. He was very kind to her throughout.

She went to Castle Thunder to get out Col. [Lucius B.] Northrop who was incarcerated there, and confined in a condemned murderer’s cell, and some how, she got locked up herself….Col. Northrop’s spirit was unquenched. He exclaimed: “Yes! If the Confederates would conquer, I’d be willing to go in tomorrow for another four years’ service!”

735 St. Francis de Sales Infirmary was sometimes called the Catholic Charitable Hospital.
736 Confederate officials converted a former tobacco warehouse into a prison in Richmond called Castle Thunder, which housed civilian prisoners, Union spies, political prisoners, and persons charged with treason. Edwin M. Stanton, Union Secretary of War, ordered Col. Lucius Bellinger Northrop (1811–1894), C.S.A., former Commissary–General, held as a prisoner of war.
Sunday, President Davis received a dispatch in church from Gen. Lee...Commissary Stores were thrown open, weapons were broken, liquor emptied in the streets,—gas and water turned off, and fire set to the city,—the city in total darkness save from the illumination of flames.

Monday at morning prayers, a heavy thud as of something coming over the house, and falling on the back porch was heard. At the usual time Father [James B.] Sheran [sic] came to say Mass. He was an army chaplain, and knew or surmised what was going on. Between the Epistle and Gospel there was a heavy explosion, windows fell in, and door flew open. Sister Madeline [O’Brien] exclaimed:—‘Father, what is that!’ Sister Eulalia [McKenna]:—‘Sister Blanche [Rooney], what is the matter!’ Father She[eran] said:—‘Go on with your prayers!’ Sister Blanche rose to leave the chapel, saying to the Sisters who would have followed:— ‘Have faith! Go back!’ and went out herself to see about the children Sister Madeline sat down on the kneeling bench her back to the altar, and cried out loud with all the freedom as if in the Community room. Sister Eulalia, who had heart trouble, groaned and sighed. After awhile, Sister Blanche returned, entering the chapel with the words: ‘In the name of God, we’ll go on with the Mass!’ (It had been going on all the time!) At the Domine non sum dingus, what did Sister Madeline do but get up deliberately, and walk up to Communion.

The city was unprotected for [remainder of text missing]

Post-War Years

84. Recollections, Catherine Hewitt and Major General John Reynolds, U.S.A.

Catherine Mary (Kate) Hewitt was born April 1, 1836, in Oswego, New York, to Richard Hewitt, a soldier, and Jamina Maloney Hewitt. In 1860 Kate entered the Academy of the Sacred Heart at Torresdale, Pennsylvania, as a boarder, along with a younger adopted sister, Catherine Dunn, for whom she seems to have been a governess.

737 Emmitsburg Missions Collection, Richmond, Virginia, St. Patrick's School, APSL.
738 Rev. James B. Sheeran, C.SS.R., was chaplain to the C.S.A. 14th Louisiana Regiment from New Orleans.
Shortly before her twenty-fifth birthday Catherine was baptized as a Roman Catholic, March 18, 1861.

In 1863, she was engaged to Union Major General John F. Reynolds whom she had met three years earlier, probably on a sailing vessel when both were traveling from San Francisco to New York. The couple had exchanged rings, she receiving his West Point class ring, and he a delicate gold ring with the inscription “Dear Kate” to wear on his little finger. Their relationship and intent to marry were only revealed after his untimely death at Gettysburg within the first hours of the battle on July 1st. The couple had planned to announce their engagement at a family party on July 8. Kate had promised Reynolds that she would enter religious life in the event he was killed.

Three years later on March 17, 1864, she came to live with the Daughters of Charity as a postulant (candidate) at Mount Hope Retreat, Baltimore, Maryland. When her period of postulatum was completed, Miss Hewitt came to Emmitsburg for her initial religious formation. At St. Joseph’s Central House she learned about the community’s heritage and mission of seeking out and serving persons oppressed by multiple forms poverty, illness, and lack of educational opportunities. When she completed her formation, Sister Hewitt petitioned to receive the traditional religious dress of the Daughters of Charity (a blue-grey dress with starched white collar, and large white cornette) and to be sent on mission.

Neither the exact date of her departure from Emmitsburg, nor her religious name, are recorded, but only that Sister Hewitt was sent to St. Joseph’s School, Albany, New York, where, Kate was described as sick and frail and known by the name of Sister Hildegardis, according to family tradition.

After a Daughter of Charity completes five years of vocation, she may pronounce vows for the first time. The Daughters of Charity do not make perpetual vows but make simple vows privately each year on the feast of the Annunciation. Sister Hildegardis did make vows instead she withdrew from the community September 3, 1868.
85. Petition for Civil War Pension for Sarah Mary Carroll

49th Congress House of Representatives

Report 1st Session, No. 2309
Sarah M. Carroll

May 7, 1886 committed to the Committee of the Whole House and ordered to be printed.

Mr. [John S.] Pindar, from the Committee on Invalid Pensions, submitted the following

**REPORT:**

[To accompany bill H. R. 8602]

*The Committee on Invalid Pensions, to whom was referred the petition of Sarah M. Carroll for pension, submitted the following report:*

First, the verified petition of Sarah M. Carroll, in her own behalf, and second, letters from Maj. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, General P. H. Sheridan, U. S. Army, and Surgeons [William A.] Hammond and [John Shaw] Billings, all testifying in the strongest manner to valuable services rendered by the petitioner as a nurse to the soldiers during the late war of the rebellion.

*To the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled:*

Miss Sarah Mary Carroll, resident of New York City, prays that Congress will grant her a pension, in consideration of her past services as hospital nurse, in charge of officers and soldiers of both armies, in military and civil hospitals, during the late war.

Your memorial respectfully represents that she devoted herself to hospital service in the city of Washington, D.C., during the years 1861, 1862, 1863, and 1864, and that during these several years she was a member of the community of the Sisters of Charity [*sic*], and known as “Sister Mary Carroll.”

The Providence Hospital, in Washington, was established and conducted by Sister Mary Carroll. Although a civil hospital, many officers and soldiers and sailors of the Army and Navy were admitted

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740 Sarah Mary Carroll (1836–?), official report supporting her petition for Civil War pension, May 7, 1886, and H. R. 8602, May 21, 1886, APSL. Ms. Carroll was formerly Sister Mary Carroll, D.C. (1854–1880).

741 The Committee on Invalid Pensions processed petitions for pensions and financial relief related to military service during the Civil War and reported bills to Congress authorizing payments.
and taken care of by her there, as can be attested by many present residents of the capital.\textsuperscript{742}

Maj. Gen. D. E. Sickles, after the loss of his leg in the battle of Gettysburg, although not an inmate of the hospital, was daily visited by Sister Mary Carroll, and he will vouch for the care bestowed on many of his Third Corps officers, who were in the hospitals under Miss Carroll’s ministration.

Besides the government of the Providence Hospital (civil) Miss Carroll was appointed to the charge of the corps of sisters employed in the nursing department of the Cliffburn General Hospital (military). The number of sick and wounded in that hospital at the time she took charge of the nursing in May, 1862, was over one thousand. The sufferers were from the ranks of both armies. There being no adequate quarters in 1862 for sick or wounded prisoners, the stables of the Sixth Cavalry were rudely fitted up for temporary hospital use; Dr. John S. Billings, now in charge of the Anatomical Museum, Washington, asked the Sisters of Charity [{\textit{sic}}, Daughters of Charity] to take charge of the nursing, and Miss Carroll was appointed by her superiors to take charge as afore stated.

In these rude and uncomfortable quarters, Miss Carroll assisted the surgeons in the care and comfort of those suffering soldiers. If desired, your memorialist will produce ample testimony to prove the impartiality of the care and attention bestowed on the Federal and Confederate soldier. As this appeal is made to representatives of a reunited country the fact should be remembered.

Miss Carroll’s loyalty was never questioned, and proof of the confidence reposed in her may be judged from the fact that the Secretary of War (Mr. Stanton) intrusted [{\textit{sic}}] prisoners of war, ill with typhoid fever, who were confined in the Old Capitol Prison, to her care and custody, in the Providence Hospital in 1861, because at that early stage of the war there was not suitable accommodation for the sick in the Old Capitol Prison. Miss Carroll was also permitted to enter the Old Capitol and visit the sick there at will later on during the war, and

\textsuperscript{742} Among the first military casualties treated at Providence Hospital were the following: Leopold Charriet [{\textit{sic}}], Private, Company G, 12\textsuperscript{th} Regiment, New York State Militia, shot accidentally by a comrade while drilling—admitted July 15, 1861; William Behan and George A. Cooke, both of 71\textsuperscript{st} New York Volunteers—admitted July 22, 1861 after the First battle of Manassas/Bull Run; J.A. Wingfield, 19\textsuperscript{th} Virginia Volunteers, a prisoner, suffering from “General Debility”—admitted August 30, 1861, Providence Hospital Admission Register 1861. Charrier was the first soldier granted a pension for service in the Civil War (certificate #9487) at the rate of $4.00 per month beginning August 7, 1861, and later increased to $12.00 until his death in 1906. E.W. Morgan, U.S. Veteran Affairs, Director of Pensions, to I. T. Thomas, April 18, 1933, Missions Collection, Emmitsburg, Maryland, Washington, D.C., Providence Hospital), APSL.
throughout the prison she was called the “Flag of Truce.” Mr. [Wm. P.] Wood was superintendent, and Dr. [Charles R.] Greenleaf surgeon in charge of the prison; if they are living they can verify this statement.\footnote{Dr. Charles R. Greenleaf, an assistant in the U.S. Office of the Medical Director, was the Attending Surgeon at the Old Capitol Prison, Washington, D.C., until August 1861.}

When the Sixth Cavalry barracks (Cliffburn Hospital) was abandoned for the more commodious quarters of the Lincoln General Hospital, Miss Carroll was assigned to the Eckington General Hospital. Dr. Storron was the surgeon in charge; there and at Providence Hospital at the same time she did duty, until ordered to New Orleans in January, 1865, to take charge of the Hotel Dieu (civil hospital), where she labored until the end of the epidemic of 1867.\footnote{Dr. Samuel A. Storrón, assistant surgeon, U.S. Army, was in charge of the Eckington Hospital, Washington, D.C., in 1862 and 1863.} Lieut. Gen. P. H. Sheridan will vouch for the value of her services during the cholera visitation in 1866 and the riots and yellow fever scourge of the year following.

At last, while nursing the worst cases, Miss Carroll was stricken by the fever and has never fully recovered from its pernicious effects. She was recalled North, in the hope of benefit to her health, but very little good resulted. Her naturally strong constitution was greatly weakened by her previous laborious hospital duties and has never since recovered it wonted vigor; gradually her health became so miserable that she was incapable of doing full duty as a Sister of Charity and she would not consent to become a burden on the community she loved so well, for which reason principally she resigned. Up to the present time, Miss Carroll has supported herself by her own exertions and the kindness of old friends, but her health is rapidly failing; hemorrhages of the lungs often prostrate her, and she has no greater dread than that of becoming a burden on relatives or friends.

As a last resort, to prevent such a contingency, she, who aided so many others in the past, now petitions for aid herself from the Government she has always honored and endeavored to serve as much as was in her humble power.

Miss Carroll does not make this appeal, based on her position as a Sister of Charity; she places her petition on the actual value of her services to the suffering soldiers in the capacity of a skilled nurse and Christian woman, as also on the consequent loss of health from her labors in hospital service. Miss Carroll is fifty years of age now.

SARAH MARY CARROLL.
On this 19th day of April, 1886, personally appeared before me Sarah Mary Carroll, who solemnly swears that the foregoing statement is correct, to the best of her knowledge and belief.

[seal.] EDWARD C. EVANS, Notary Public.

85.1 Letters of Testimony in Support of Petition745

The following copied letters are the testimony of Lieutenant–General P. H. Sheridan, United States Army, Maj. Gen. D. E. Sickles, United States Army (retired), Surgeon–General William A. Hammond, United States Army (retired), Surgeon John S. Billings, United States Army:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES
Washington, D. C., March 8, 1886.

I have great pleasure in stating that I have known Sister Mary Carroll for many years. I first met her as a Sister of Charity in New Orleans during the prevalence of the cholera epidemic there in 1866. She was then in charge of the Hotel Dieu Hospital, and attended and administered to officers in the hotel and at their houses. I frequently saw her during that year and during the yellow fever epidemic in 1867. She took care of a number of officers in the hotel, among them Capt. Allen Smith, Fourth Cavalry, and Lieut. Col. M. V. Sheridan, while dangerously ill with the fever, and was finally taken down with it herself.

During the war she was a skillful and able nurse in the hospitals about Washington. She nursed Lieutenant–Colonel [Joseph] O’Keefe, dangerously wounded at Five Forks, until his death.746

Sister Mary Carroll is a woman of great intelligence and refinement and devoted her life during the war and after the war to the care of officers and soldiers when sick or wounded.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Lieutenant–General.

23 FIFTH AVENUE,
New York, March 17, 1886.

I have great satisfaction in bearing testimony to the important services rendered by Sister Mary Carroll (as she was then called) in

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745 Sarah Mary Carroll, Letters Supporting Petition.
746 Major Joseph O’Keefe, 2nd New York Cavalry, was very severely wounded while leading his regiment in a dismounted charge upon Confederates at the battle of Five Forks.
nursing officers of the Army and Navy, and soldiers and sailors, and prisoners of war, in several of the hospitals in Washington, from 1861 to 1865.

I speak of the services of this lady from my own observation and from the statements made to me at the time and since by many of the officers and men of my command, who were inmates of the hospitals in charge of Sister Mary Carroll (as she was then called). Her services and abilities were likewise highly commended by Dr. [Thomas] Sim, the medical director of the Third Army Corps, and by other surgeons on duty with that corps while under my command.

Although devoted to the cause of the Union, and enjoying the confidence of President Lincoln and of Secretary Stanton, Sister Mary seemed to apply herself with peculiar tenderness to the care of wounded and sick prisoners of war.

She was a woman of remarkable aptitude for her vocation. She was gifted with a rare union of executive force and feminine gentleness; she knew how to gain the help of the authorities and of citizens in providing means for her work; whilst her skill and tact as a nurse were gratefully acknowledged by the sick and wounded in her charge, and by the surgeons associated with her at the hospitals.

In 1863–July and August–while suffering from a serious wound received at Gettysburg, I was visited daily as a nurse by Sister Mary Carroll, under the advice of Dr. Sim, my attending surgeon. This service was rendered in addition to her arduous duties as chief of Providence Hospital; and I am persuaded that I am equally indebted to my surgeon, Dr. Thomas Sim, and to my nurse, Sister Mary Carroll, for my recovery.

D. E. SICKLES,
Major General, U. S. A. (retired).

43 West Fifty-fourth Street,
New York, February 3, 1886.

During the time that I was in charge of the Medical Bureau of the Army as Surgeon–General on the active list, I had occasion repeatedly to observe the devotion to duty of Miss Sarah M. Carroll, then a Sister of Charity [sic, Daughter of Charity] and having charge of the nurses of the Providence Hospital, in the city of Washington, and the Cliffburn General Hospital. I then regarded Sister Mary Carroll, as she was called, as the best nurse in the service. Not only was she
indefatigable in the discharge of her duties, but she was gifted with a degree of intelligence that rendered her doubly valuable. I am very sure that many of our wounded owe their lives to her fidelity and kindness.

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, Surgeon–General, United States Army (retired list).

Army Medical Museum, Surgeon-General’s Office, Washington, D. C., April 7, 1886.

Having been informed that Miss Sarah Mary Carroll is now an applicant to Congress for pension, on the ground of services rendered by her as nurse during and immediately after the late war, I take great pleasure in saying that this lady, at that time known as Sister Mary Carroll, rendered extremely valuable service as chief of the Sisters employed as female nurses in Cliffburn Hospital, near this city, under my charge, during the spring and summer of 1862.

These were the first Catholic Sisters employed in the military hospitals in this vicinity, and in requesting their assignment I made special request that Sister Mary Carroll should be sent in charge, being assured of her knowledge, zeal, and loyalty. The result more than confirmed my expectations. Her zeal and devotion to the sick and wounded I have never seen surpassed, and the service which she rendered in assisting in the organization of the hospital, and in bringing order out of confusion, which at first prevailed, were so great that it would be difficult to assign to them a suitable reward.

JOHN S. BILLINGS, Surgeon, United States Army.

There can be no doubt that Miss Carroll (the petitioner) rendered very valuable services during the late war, was an efficient and skillful nurse during long years, and rendered great aid and comfort to the sick and wounded officers and soldiers, thereby impairing her own health, and rendering her now unable to labor longer in her own support. She is needy and in ill–health, the loss of which your committee believes is easily connected with her services as such Army nurse.

They therefore recommend that the prayer of the petitioner be granted, and that her name be placed upon the pension–roll, and that
she be paid a pension at $12 per month from the passage of the bill reported by the committee, herewith submitted.

85.2 Congressional Approval, H. R. 8602
49th Congress House of Representatives

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES
May 24, 1886
Read twice and referred to the Committee on Pensions.

AN ACT
Granting a pension to Sarah M. Carroll

1 Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives
2 of the United States of America in Congress assembled,
3 That the Secretary of the Interior be, and he is hereby,
4 authorized and directed to place on the pension-roll
5 the name of Sarah M. Carroll, a nurse in the late war,
6 and pay her a pension at the rate of twelve dollars
7 and fifty cents per month from the passage of this act.

Passed the House of Representatives, May 21, 1886.

Attest: JNO. B CLARK, Jr., Clerk.

[Notation below added in pencil by unknown writer.]
This having passed the House will in all probability pass the Senate and become a law. It may be of interest to the Sisterhood and hence is sent to the Mother Superior by

A Friend.

86. Notice, Major Henry Seton (1838–1904)
Dies of Tuberculosis

Veteran of the Civil and Spanish–American Wars, and an Indian Fighter of Fame, Succumbs at the Preston Apartments—Grandson of Mother Seton, Founder of the Sisters of Charity, and a Brother of Archbishop Seton, of Rome.

Major Henry Seton, of New York, a United States Army veteran of the Civil and Spanish–American Wars, a noted Indian fighter on the plains with General [George] Crook and a grandson of Mother

Provincial Annals (1904), 70.
Elizabeth Ann Bayley Seton, the founder of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, died yesterday [September 6] at 6:30 o’clock at the Preston Apartments from tuberculosis. Major Seton was 66 years old. About a year ago he contracted pneumonia, while stationed in Arizona, and upon coming East he fell a victim to tuberculosis.

Major Seton came of prominent family on both his mother’s and father’s side, and his career in the army was a brilliant one. His father was a commander in the United States Navy, and Major Seton’s mother was Miss Emily Prime, daughter of Nathaniel Prime, the prominent banker of New York. Major Seton was educated in Austria, and after finishing his schooling he entered the Austrian Army, where he was advanced to a lieutenancy.

Returned to America

Upon the outbreak of the Civil War he returned to America upon leave of absence from the Austrian Army to become captain in the Fifty-fourth New York Regiment, with which he served under General Eliamkim Parker Scammon and Gen. John G. Foster.

After the Civil War Major Seton continued in the United States Army and did service in some of the bloodiest campaigns against the Indians on the Western frontier under General George Crook. During the Cuban War he held a major’s command with the Fourth United States Infantry and was in the Philippines with the Twelfth Infantry. He was advanced to the rank of major on December 23, 1898.

During Crook’s campaign Major Seton was frequently commended for personal bravery, and on one occasion sacrificed his personal interest by refusing a furlough to conduct his five-year-old son to Europe and, in order that he might return to his command, was obliged to send the child alone.

Major Seton married [1870] Miss Annie Moale Foster, daughter of Major General John J. Foster, under whom he served during the Civil War. Mrs. Seton, who survives her husband, is connected with the most prominent families in Baltimore, being a granddaughter of Samuel Moale and related to the Pleasant, Poultney, McLane and other Baltimore families.

Here Since Last March.

Major and Mrs. Seton had been living in Baltimore since last March, when they came East after the death of their son, Dr. William Henry Seton, who was a graduate of the Maryland University Medical
School. Their only other son [John G. Foster Seton] died about five [sic] years ago [1897].

Major Seton is survived by two brothers and three sisters. One of his brothers is Archbishop [Robert] Seton, of Rome, Italy, and another is William Seton, [III], of New York. One sister, [Isabelle] who is living in England, married Thomas E. Jevons, grandson of the famous Roscoe.

Henry W. Jenkins and Son will have charge of the funeral arrangements. The services will be at St. Ignatius Church, and the interment will be at Bonnie Brae Cemetery [Baltimore, MD].

87. Notice, The Late William Seton (1835–1905)749

William Seton, [III], LL.D., the representative of the famous old family of the Setons of Parbroath, Scotland, departed this life March 15, [1905] in St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, fortified by all the sacraments of our Holy Church. After travelling extensively through Europe, he returned to the United States to study law. He passed the examinations for the bar to which he was admitted. Just then the Civil War broke out, he never practiced, but answered President Lincoln's call for troops in 1861. He was a first lieutenant and afterwards captain in the Fourth Regiment U.S. Volunteers, and was twice severely wounded in the battle of Antietam, where the official report says that "he acquitted himself with great gallantry." After recovering from his injuries he was appointed Captain in the Sixteenth Artillery during Grant's campaign against Richmond.

After the war he began a life of study and literary occupation. "Romance of the Charter Oak" and "Pride of Lexington", historical novels; "Rachel's Fate" came from his pen. A poem "The Pioneer", won the admiration of William Cullen Bryant. After a few years he gave up fiction to devote himself to the study of natural history. He made yearly visits to Paris, where he met the most distinguished scientists of the world. Recently he published a small scientific work, "A Glimpse of Organic Life, Past and Present". At the time of his untimely death, he had another work almost ready for publication. Mr. Seton was a member of the Loyal Legion and [received] an LL.D. [in 1890], [and

748 Dr. William Henry Seton graduated from the Maryland University Medical School in 1898.
749 The Seton family plot is located on the hillside of Mt. St. Mary's Cemetery, Emmitsburg, Maryland. William Seton III, was a grandson of Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton and William Magee Seton. Mr. Seton was the oldest son of William Seton II and Emily Prime, and a brother to Major Henry Seton. Provincial Annals (1904), 72.
was an alumnus of Mt. St. Mary’s College. He was a grandson of Mother Seton and a brother of the illustrious Archbishop [Robert] Seton, who resides in Rome.
You will see a great amount of misery that you cannot relieve. God sees it as well and does not want to give those who suffer greater abundance. Share their trials with them; do all you can to provide them with a little assistance and remain at peace.

—Saint Louise de Marillac
to Sister Barbe Angiboust, June 11, 1652
Part 3

Correspondence—

Civil War Era and Post-War Years

Historical Significance

Some of the letters included in Correspondence—Civil War Era and Post-War Years, have been unknown previously and discovered only providentially. The personalities of the writers and recipients, emerges through their nineteenth-century language and style. The majority of the correspondents are Daughters of Charity. The intrinsic historic value of signed and dated correspondence, contemporaneous with events described, enhances the credibility of the message.
Dear Brother,

Not hearing from you since I left home, and fearing you did not receive my last letter, I thought I would write to you again. I suppose you have heard from mother, since she left home. I have not received a letter from her yet. I received some music the other day from Mr. Muller, when you see him thank him for me. We had holiday on last Monday week, it being Mother Ann Simeon’s [Norris] feast day. We paid her a visit in the morning, and presented her two baskets, one of candy, and the other of flowers. The little ones the candy, and one of the young ladies, addressed a very pretty piece to her.

Dear Brother, the girls are learning “Housekeeping.” They began last Wednesday week. The Senior and First Class young ladies made some nice “ginger cakes” and “biscuits,” the second class, some “baked tomatoes,” and the third, some “short cakes” and “baked potatoes.” I am sorry I am not in the cooking class, as I should like it so much. I am in the fourth class, but if I try very hard I can be promoted at Christmas.

Give my love to Fred. Mother did not send me my hood, nor my gum [sic] shoes yet. I must now bid you good bye! I have written you two letters, and now it is your turn to write soon, very soon, to your Devoted Sister, Adeline

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750 Adeline Bayly Muse to Josiah A. B. Muse, October 17, 1860, St. Joseph’s Academy Collection, APSL. (Hereafter cited as SJAC). Adeline Bayley Muse was a boarding pupil at St. Joseph’s Academy. Her brother, Dr. Josiah A. B. Muse, was a Civil War surgeon and attending physician at the U.S. General (Marine) Hospital, New Orleans, Louisiana.
Dear brother,

I thought I would write to you again to day, but I think you might write to me, as you have not done so since I left home. I have not heard from Ma since she left for the south. When you write to her, please tell her to write and tell me her directions [address], so that I may be able to write to her.

Last Wednesday was Sister Raphael’s [Smith] feast day, and as we usually celebrate her day as we please, we concluded to surprise her, so on Tuesday evening about five o’clock, we assembled in the studyroom, and sent for Sister Raphael to come over, at the same time not telling her what for. And as she entered the room, the girls saluted her with a canticle, after which they presented her two baskets of flowers, a box of lace pictures from the girls, and a pound cake made by the young “Housekeepers,” which I am sure she enjoyed very much. She expressed her warmest appreciation of the affection which had been manifested in her regard. About seven o’clock the same evening the little sodality of the “Infants” entered her room, singing a very pretty hymn to the Infant Jesus. On the day of the feast we had a very nice dinner. After which we took a delightful walk. We had supper at five o’clock and that being over we repaired to the Distribution room, where we had a dance, which every one enjoyed very much. After we had danced for some time refreshments were handed around to us, and we enjoyed ourselves very much until near time for bed, which was quite welcome as we were not a little fatigued after our day of enjoyment and fun.

Dear brother, send me some stamps as I have just used the last one, also a hood and a pair of gum [sic] shoes as mother did not say whether I should get my hood here or not. I must now bid you good bye. I remain as ever Your devoted Sister

Adeline

P.S.
Dear brother, I have just this moment received a letter from you, and I am very glad to hear that Ma and all are well. I thank you very kindly for your good advice. I will try my best to profit by it. I do not find it so hard to be good as I thought. I must now bid adieu, it will give me great pleasure to receive a letter from you soon again. Do not forget to pray for your Sister

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751 Adeline Bayly Muse to Josiah A. B. Muse, November 2, 1860, ibid. Muse’s responses to his younger sister did not survive.

752 Sister Mary Raphael Smith was directress of St. Joseph’s Academy. The feast day of St. Raphael the Archangel was celebrated October 24th during the nineteenth century.

753 Probably a reference to the youngest boarding pupils at the Academy.
My very dear Sisters:

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

From various circumstances it would seem that designing fanaticism threatens to sever the union of our beloved Country.

If the Confederacy [union] of the different States of the Republic is preserved, peace, harmony, confidence, and prosperity will reign in our midst and Religion will continue to progress, triumphing over error and prejudice; if on the contrary the union be dissolved, disorder, mistrust, poverty, and civil war with all their sad appendages will be the almost inevitable consequences.

In these critical circumstances it becomes our duty to offer violence to heaven by fervent prayer that God in his mercy will avert the impending calamity.

For this purpose the Sisters in every house of this Province will say the anthem Da Pacem, etc., with the verse Fiat Pax, the prayer Deus a quo Sancta, etc., and The Remember, etc.755

These prayers to be said every day for nine days. During this Novena, they will have an extra Communion on a day to be designated by the Sister Servant of each house.

I am, in the love of our Lord,

Your truly devoted,

F. Burlando, C.M. [signed]
My dear brother,

I received the things, which you were kind enough to send me, and I thank you very much for them. I would have acknowledged them before today, but we cannot write during the holidays. I hope you enjoyed yourself this Christmas. I should like to have been with you. Sister has sent my bulletin to Ma, I hope she will be pleased with it, for I have tried very hard to please her.

Our holidays have passed and we have now begun our second course of study, which is for the Distribution. Dear brother, I was not promoted [at] Christmas. I am sorry I did not succeed for I should like to have been promoted so much, for I know it would have pleased Ma a great deal. However, I will try and make up for it by studying still harder for the Distribution. I must now bid you good bye dear brother, I hope you will excuse this miserable written letter as my hands are so cold I can scarcely hold my pen. Give my love to Joanna and also Fred.

I remain as ever, Your devoted Sister,
Adeline
Respected Sir,

In case of immediate trouble and the entire dismissal of our pupils we would like to know where, or to whose care we would send Adeline. Many of the children’s friends have sent for them, and we do not dissuade them from it, but deem it a prudent step as we fear being annoyed on accounts of our location [Emmitsburg], and there is also a threatening prospect of scarcity of provisions—

I have written to your mother of the state of affairs and asked what we would do with Adeline, saying at the same time I would write to you to know how to act in case of immediate dismissal of our Academy. We trust such may not be the case, but we have our fears, and it is well to take precautions.

Adeline is well—

Respectfully,
Sister Mary Raphael [Smith], Directress

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92. Sister Mary Raphael Smith to Josiah A. B. Muse757

Troops of both armies occupied Frederick one after the other prior to the battles at Antietam and Gettysburg.
Madam

I received your letter inquiring as to what disposition is to be made of my sister Adeline, in the event of it becoming necessary to dismiss the pupils at St. Joseph’s. Should such a contingency arise, please to send her to the care of Mrs. Ephraim Baldwin at No. 57 Biddle St., Baltimore, who has kindly consented to receive her until further provision could be made.

It is absolutely necessary that I should go South in a day or two but circumstances render it impossible for me to take Adeline; but Mrs. Baldwin will receive her as I have already said, should it become positively requisite for her to leave.

Most respectfully,
J. A. B. Muse, M.D.
(Doctor Josiah A. B. Muse)
My Dear Mary Ann,

I have just returned from St. Mary’s Church in Endicott Street. Agreeably with “the Record”: I find recorded your baptism by Rev. P[atrick] Flood. The date of your birth is November 17, 1842. Your father’s name Patrick and Mother’s Catherine [Conley], your sponsors were your uncle, Michael Conlan and Mrs. Charlotte Green.

Signed P. Flood,
Yours Ja.[James] Fitton
Church of Most Holy Redeemer

Among others for whom you will pray, you will remember your brother James who died at Charleston, S.C., about two months ago. He died of fever, the same as Thomas. Michael left Boston two weeks ago enlisted in a company of volunteers and is stationed somewhere in the neighborhood of Washington. When last I saw Mr. Smyth from Framingham, your little brother then was well. Thus, you perceive, I am posted in the movements of your immediate relatives, and while I know you have promised in heart to leave all to gain all, to bid adieu to all kindred in the world to live for heaven, I mention these names that you may pray for them whether living or departed. A devoted daughter of Saint Vincent, the suffering poor of all mankind, is the family for whom you are to live and labor, in whose behalf you are to spend your days and nights in holy obedience to secure the crown awarded to so many of those devoted Sisters who [incomplete]

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759 Rev. James Fitton to Mary Ann Conlon, Church of Holy Redeemer, East Boston, May 6, 1861, CWC. Rev. James Fitton (1805–1881), was pastor of the Most Holy Redeemer parish (1855–1881). Mary Ann Conlan became Sister Mary Consolata Conlan, D.C., who died at Point Lookout, Maryland. See Document 18 and 18.1 herein.
To the Treasurer

St. Joseph’s Academy
Emmitsburg, Maryland

The distracted state of our Country and the duties incumbent
on me, caused by the same with sickness and absence from the city
has caused the delay and apparent neglect in not getting my daughter
Annie [Delannoy] home, and liquidating the amount due for her
schooling. So I am just from a bed of sickness, and will with all possible
haste attend to her removal, if it be possible.

You are aware no doubt of the risk to be run in the undertaking,
as the past and late events have fully proven, the little regard paid by
the Northern soldiers to a female. I shudder at its contemplation, and
until it shall appear to me perfectly safe for her transmission, I shall be
compelled to intrude upon your kindness for her protection.

There is no danger of any Loss to your institution for any
amount that may be due for her as I have ample means, which you can
ascertain by enquiry in this city. Just as soon as I can negotiate, I shall
forward the amount of your account. Please protect my child for God’s
sake—and please kiss her for me. I pray nightly that the ravages of war
may not extend to the neighborhood of your institution.

With respect,
J.D. Delannoy
Miss Annie Delannoy
St. Joseph’s Academy
Emmitsburg, Maryland
My very dear Sisters:

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!!!

For some months past you have no doubt, anxiously viewed the gathering storm which is threatening the beautiful horizon of our Country—you are aware of the conflicting opinions which disturb the peace of our Cities and distract the minds of our Citizens. Friend is armed against friend, and brothers, Fathers, and Sons enlist on opposite sides, in the struggle. Our once happy land is plunged in anarchy and confusion, and deluged with the blood of its own sons.

In this sad and lamentable state of things, I think it my duty to remind you, my dear Sisters, of the maxim of Saint Vincent, which was, to refrain from uttering Political sentiment. This judicious silence he left to his children as a legacy after his death as he had practiced and warmly recommended it during life. You, as his devoted Daughters understand the obligation of adhering strictly to the wise lessons he gave you, and consequently, you will carefully abstain from speaking or writing about political affairs of our Country. It is not the sphere of the Daughters of Saint Vincent to discourse about Politics of which they are, and should be uninformed. Their only duty is to sanctify themselves in the exercise of charity according to their Rules; they leave State affairs to God and to those entrusted with them. They have no Enemy but pride and the evil spirit—North, South, East or West are alike to them; every afflicted member of society is their friend and an object of their Solicitude, because he represents their suffering Saviour, the Immaculate Spouse of their soul and the great pattern of charity

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763 The first battle of Manassas (Bull Run) occurred July 21, 1861.

764 Saint Vincent distributed the first edition of the Common Rules of the Congregation of the Mission, in 1655. The Common Rules stipulate: “No one shall speak against other countries or provinces, since much harm is wont to follow from such actions;” and “In public conflicts and wars that may arise between Christian rulers, no one shall show a preference for one side or the other, in imitation of Christ who was unwilling to arbitrate between two brothers involved in litigation, or to pass judgment on the rights of civil rulers.” See also 117a. “Common Rules of the Congregation of the Mission,” May 17, 1658, CCD, 13a:§15–16, 452. In a letter, Saint Vincent wrote: “Everyone shall hold aloof from conversations about matters of state or kingdom, or other public worldly affairs, especially about war and the disputes of contemporary civil leaders and other such talk of the world. No one shall, as far as possible, even write about these things.” Vincent de Paul to Louis LeBreton, February 28, 1640, ibid., 2:38, n.16.

765 Burlando reflects nineteenth-century mores regarding women in society, particularly the Daughters of Charity as religious women.
whom they should strive to imitate, especially by the performance of deeds of charity wherever holy obedience sends them. This is their particular duty, their noble mission, their life, their existence. Pressed by the charity of Jesus Christ, they have renounced the maxims of the world and consecrated their life to do good to all whether Christian, Turk, or Jew. While the whole world is tossed to and fro by human passions, and the clasping of arms resounds on all sides, the daughter of Saint Vincent is like Moses with uplifted hands and eyes beseeching the Father of Mercy to show mercy; or, she is at the death-bed of an agonizing fellow being, soothing his sufferings or whispering to him sentiments of contrition for sins, love of God and desire of Heaven; or, she is drying up the tears of affliction and giving relief to the widow and orphan. Hers is a ministry of love; she walks as it were between Heaven and earth to drawdown mercy from above and to bring ungrateful creatures to the love of their Creator. She is at home wherever there are miseries to be alleviated; pains to be soothed, tears to be wiped away, and broken hearts to be consoled; these are the objects of her solicitude and charity. Let therefore, no Political difficulties occupy your thoughts or your precious time, except before the Altar of God. He alone can still the storm and give us peace: may he grant it, through Jesus Christ our Saviour; may our Immaculate Mother, the great Patroness of America obtain it. To this effect you will say daily three times Hail Mary, the Da Pacem and the prayer Deus a quo Sancta, etc.

God be with you all
Yours truly devoted,
F. Burlando, C.M.

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766 The motto of the Daughters of Charity is: “The charity of Jesus Christ crucified impels us!” Cf. 2 Corinthians 5:14.
Your two kind letters reached me almost at the same time, my most honored Mother; I hardly dared hope for this consolation having been so long deprived of it, since the misfortunes of our unhappy country. I am truly grateful to you for the sympathy you manifest in favor of your dear Daughters of the United States, and for your maternal solicitude in their regard. I must acknowledge that they deserve it by the courageous magnanimity which accompanies them wherever the charity of Jesus Christ calls them. But, as a reward, the hand of God protects and loads them with blessings, and it is wonderful to see them undergo so many labors, and brave so many dangers without meeting with any accident.

Notwithstanding the general distress, they have found everywhere sufficient to provide for all their wants, and even more, experiencing the truth of these words: “Seek first the kingdom of God and his justice, and all else shall be added unto you.” Matthew 6:33. And wherever it happens that, in the midst of the evils which surround us, a few clouds seem about to gather in the horizon, unexpected means arise and relieve us from our difficulties. There is, even at present, a detachment of troops encamped near enough to the Central House for the noise of the cannon to reach our ears; but we draw still closer to God; we pray and cause prayers to be said, we invoke the Saints and I attribute to their powerful protection and to that of the Queen of Saints, whom we call to our aid, the calm which our family enjoys within, notwithstanding the storm that rages abroad.

F. BURLANDO, Priest of the Mission,  
Director of the Daughters of Charity,  
Province of the United States

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767 Rev. J. Francis Burlando to Mother Elisabeth Montcellet, January 7, 1862, Burlando Papers. Elisabeth Montcellet (1802–1868), entered the Daughters of Charity in 1821, and was elected superioress general (1851–1857; 1860–1866).  
768 Matthew 6:33.  
769 The armies engaged in the battle of Hancock (Romney Campaign) about 55 miles from Emmitsburg, January 5–6, 1862.  
770 Queen of Saints refers to the Blessed Virgin Mary.
My Dear Child,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

Yours of Sunday last was duly received. Its contents were read to the council which decided to accept the offer of Dr. [Meredith] Clymer. You are therefore, hereby directed to take charge of the good work yourself. For that purpose you will take along to help you Sr. M. Lewis [sic, Mary Louise Collins] from St. Joseph’s Hospital, a German Sister from St. Vincent’s Home, to whom Mother Ann Simeon [Norris] wrote to that effect, and two other Sisters from your asylum [St. Joseph’s Asylum], to be selected by yourself. As the Hospital named [Satterlee Hospital] may only be of short duration, so to save expenses to the Doctor and to ourselves we have taken this temporary measure. If in future the necessities of the Military Hospital shall require it, we shall send more Sisters and make more permanent arrangements so as to suit all parties.

As for the conditions, you should require that the Sisters should not be interfered with except by the medical department, whose orders they shall simply execute; that time and opportunity be allowed them for their spiritual exercises—as I suppose the Holy Sacrifice cannot be offered in the Hospital, they must be allowed to go to church for Mass and Communions. You will accept no other charge, especially at first except directing the nursing of the patients, there should be a sufficient number of men nurses under the direction of the Sisters, who should attend to duties in regard to patients incompatible with Sisters’ modesty. When necessity requires that Sisters should sit up; one Sister alone should not do it, but there must be two at a time, who should not lose sight of each other. The Sisters should not speak unnecessarily to patients, Doctors, or orderlies even under pretext of instructing them. They should carefully avoid making any remark to patients or Doctors that would be unpleasant. If duty requires that a Sister should speak about things to be remedied or provided, they shall say it to you and to no other, and you will judge what is to be done. The Sisters should conduct themselves with the greatest modesty

772 Official records include neither a decision nor discussion on this matter. Dr. Meredith Clymer was the surgeon-in-charge at the General Hospital, Fifth Street, Philadelphia.
773 The German sister selected may have been Sister Margaret Hepp (1839–1919), originally from Rothenfels, Germany.
774 Approximately 91 Daughters of Charity nursed at Satterlee Hospital from 1862 to 1865.
and reserve remembering that not only God sees them but, the eyes of every body in the Hospital are on them, while they shall avoid rudeness roughness and especially unkindness, remembering that those patients are God’s own image for whose souls our Lord died and consequently they are to be treated with great respect. They are also to be careful not to listen to tales that some patients might be inclined to tell about their lives and souls or adventures, but as soon as they perceive that what they wish to say is matter of confession the sister should tell them that those things are to be manifested to the Priest in the confessional. In regard to compensation, although the Sisters do not receive any [pay] for their services, nevertheless it is just they should have something for their clothing. The usual rate is too little as there is much wearing and tearing and many little things will have to be provided for their use which will require money to procure. In St. Louis the Sisters receive twelve Dollars a month and experience teaches us that the amount is not too much nevertheless you will make such arrangements as you will think prudent in this respect.775 Sister [Mary] Florence [O’Hara] in St. Louis attends to the Military Hospital and to her own establishment spending the greater part of the day at the former and the balance at St. Philomena’s [School]. You can do pretty much the same. I would have gone down to see you about the matter, but since Father Lasco left us I am tied down here until another priest comes to take his place.776 It is well understood that the Sisters will have private apartments at the Hospital and that sufficient protection will be afforded to them in their persons and in the discharge of their duties.777 It is also understood that they are not to be under Lady Managers. I need not say that proper food and at proper times will be provided for them. Now I have written to you everything that I thought necessary in the matter. You will recommend the thing to God and make such arrangements as your prudence and zeal shall suggest to you, as soon as I can I will give myself the pleasure of seeing you and the Sisters in Philadelphia. Meanwhile I pray that God may bless the undertaking.

I am in the love of Jesus and Mary

Yours very truly,
Father Burlando, C.M.

775 Since 1828 the Daughters of Charity had managed Mullanphy Hospital (later St. Louis Hospital; St. Vincent’s Hospital; DePaul Medical Center) and currently were staffing St. Louis Military Hospital.

776 Reverend Francis Lasco, C.M. (1818–1915), served as pastor (1858–1862) at St. Joseph’s Parish, Emmitsburg, Maryland.

777 The sisters lived together as a community in quarters separate from the patients but not in individual apartments.
My very dear & honored Mother

The grace of our Lord be ever with us[,] as the Bearer of these few lines Mme. Hamond has kindly offered to carry our letters &c

I hasten to write to you in order to let you know that we are all alive and very anxious to hear from our dear Superiors in Paris from whom we have not heard for more than a year[,] this seems a long time but I assure you – it seems double the length of time – it really was. It is now almost a year since we have heard from our Central House at Emmitsburg, Maryland, so you see we have been truly and indeed Orphans.

Our dear Sisters at present are well with the exception of two who are not very well just now, two of our Sisters have been to Richmond nursing the sick soldiers but we were so few in number for the duties of our House that I was obliged to beg them to be sent back to us. We have nearly two hundred Orphans and flour is twenty dollars a barrel and we use about six barrels a week[,] provisions of every kind are very difficult to get. As this is the beautiful month dedicated to our blessed Mother we most ardently hope that she will obtain for us that peace which we most ardently desire for our Country. I intend writing to you again in a few days therefore I will conclude[,] do not forget my most Honored Mother to pray for the spiritual welfare of your Children at St. Elizabeth’s. I hope this little letter may reach you safely[,] all our dear Sisters unite in sending much love[,] Adieu my honored Mother please[,] let us hear from you soon. Your ever affect[tionate] child in the immaculate Heart of Mary.

Sister Angelica Murta
u.d.o.c.s.o.t.p.s.
100. Sister [Mary Ann Gallen] to Mother Elisabeth Montcellet

St. Vincent’s Infant Asylum, June 11th. 1862

As our good Archbishop is going to Europe, I cannot, my most honored Mother, let so good an opportunity pass without writing to you, although I have but little time, as his Lordship has come to bid us good-bye.

Ah! How shall I describe all that is going on around us, and the sufferings of our hearts? Thank God, however, we are as calm as possible in the midst of our misfortunes and those of the country; I am convinced, therefore, that you are praying for us, and that your prayers obtain us many graces. Our poor country is in desolation, my most honored Mother; our own most painful suffering is our privation of all communication with our good Superiors of Paris and of the Central House; otherwise, we may say with truth, that God proportions his grace to our wants.

The Archbishop will tell you how great was our anxiety when the city [New Orleans] was threatened with complete destruction; but we were resolved, no matter what happened, to die in the midst of our poor little children.

The kindness and charity of the inhabitants were manifested in the most touching manner in our regard; they were far more anxious about us than themselves. One of our benefactors offered us his country house as a place of shelter for our little flock; we accepted it, thinking that the fresh air would be beneficial to these poor little children. We were hardly there a week, when the embankment which borders the Mississippi, gave way [land slide] just opposite the house, and we were thus unexpectedly threatened with an inundation [flood]. But a special providence of God watched over us during two weeks the surrounding country remained under water; we were encircled by it on all sides, and yet not a drop entered either the garden or the house, which, like Noah’s ark, rose in the midst of the waters. Our good benefactor had left us his house completely furnished; a garden full of vegetables and fruit was at our disposal, as well as a farmyard well stocked with poultry. Not only had we plenty for ourselves, but several of our neighbors,

779 Sister [Mary Ann Gallen] to Mother Elisabeth Montcellet, June 11, 1862. Ibid. Sister Mary Ann Gallen, sister servant, probably composed this communiqué to the superioress general.

780 Union troops overcame Confederate resistance and took control of New Orleans April 23, 1862.

781 John Mary Odin, C.M. (1801–1870), second archbishop of New Orleans, assumed governance of his new see early in 1861.
whose dwellings were buried beneath the waters, came to beg our aid and we were able to give them provisions. I cannot without shedding tears think of all that our good Master did for us at this time. And thus, my most honored Mother, I may say with truth that we live without anxiety in the midst of all our troubles, so sure we are of being in the hands of God like children in the arms of their nurse. 782 Nevertheless we feel most acutely the sufferings of our poor country.

All our Sisters are well, and are trying to be very faithful and fervent. If we could only receive a few lines from you, how happy should we feel: they would seem like sunshine in the midst of our darkness; but I know that you think of your poor children.

782 Cf. Psalm 131:2.
101. Dr. W. A. Hammond to Mother Ann Simeon Norris

June 17, 1862

Sister Superior,

St. Joseph’s

On information derived from the Archbishop, I request you to send to this city, Baltimore, one hundred or as many as you can of the Sisters of Charity [Daughters of Charity] for nurses in the hospital transports. If they can be here by tomorrow afternoon they can go down [the Chesapeake Bay] in transports to Fortress Monroe [Virginia] under charge of a medical inspector of the Army. Please answer.

Very respectfully
W. A. Hammond,
Surgeon General

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783 Dr. W. A. Hammond to Mother Ann Simeon Norris, June 17, 1862, in Life of Mother Ann Simeon, 100.
My dear Mother,

This is really the first moment I have for writing since I left St. Joseph’s. I have had a large share of labor and wortiment ever since. Just as you are aware, we went to Washington which journey we would have been saved had the dispatch of the Surgeon General [W. A. Hammond] come in time. It was no trifling matter to attend to so many Sisters and their baggage. It seems that Doctor Dunster785 had been notified to see the Sisters, but while he was going to Baltimore we were on our way to Washington.

On returning to Baltimore I succeeded in finding the doctor who gave direction to go to the White House [Landing] instead of Fortress Monroe. We reached here on Saturday evening about seven o’clock and to my great annoyance found there was no provision made for the Sisters. However, we were admitted on board of a steamer kept there as a receiving hospital but this caused great inconvenience to those in charge of the boat and great mortification to us. No one here knew that the Sisters were coming. On Sunday we had no Mass, first, because the trunk with the vestments, etc., is lost, and secondly, because there was no place for it. I spoke to the officers and doctors but, to my dismay, nothing could be provided for the Sisters’ accommodation but three tents. I cannot describe my feelings. You could never imagine all I went through last Sunday, particularly, when I saw that the Sisters were discouraged. At last, almost desperate, I determined to return home although I foresaw the consequences of this step. Fortunately, I happened to meet the Commander, Colonel [Benjamin] Butler, whom I informed of my intention of taking the Sisters away. He asked if there was any possibility of retaining them. I answered, yes, if a proper place could be found for them. He gave me a pass to examine the White House.786 I found it suitable, if some additional accommodations could be provided. This I represented to the Colonel and it took yesterday and Sunday to come to a conclusion. Last evening the answer came from General [George] McClellan that the Sisters could occupy the White House. Doctor Dunster came on Sunday with Sister Camilla [O’Keefe] and thirty Sisters. On his arrival the Sisters and myself were

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785 Possibly Edward S. Dunster, M.D.
786 The White House Landing, was a base for medical transports to deliver wounded soldiers to temporary hospitals. See Georgeanna Woolsey Bacon and Eliza Woolsey Howland, My Heart Toward Home: Letters of a Family During the Civil War (Roseville, Minnesota: Edinborough Press, 2001), 252.
transferred to the steamboat *Vanderbilt* which we have to ourselves, much to our consolation. Sister Othelia [Marshall] and three other Sisters are on the transport *Commodore* which sailed yesterday for New York carrying four hundred sick soldiers.

The Sisters will go this morning to prepare the [White] House; meanwhile their bedding will be ordered and when all things are ready, they will occupy it as the headquarters of the Sisters, and from here they will be detailed as needed to the twelve transports. While remaining here they will do what they can for the patients in the hospital; eleven hundred and fifty in number.\(^787\) Two Priests will alternately say Mass for the Sisters.

Matters now being satisfactorily arranged I can leave here. I intend to start tomorrow for Norfolk and Portsmouth [Virginia]. I trust I shall not have so much to suffer there as in this place. But, perhaps God wished to try us that we might be convinced that it is He Who is to furnish the Sisters with the opportunity of doing good.

It appears that the famous “White House” is the property of General Lee in the rebel Army and General [George B.] McClellan through respect for his old preceptor would not allow it to be occupied [by the soldiers] lest it would be abused.\(^788\) Colonel Butler will place a guard and procure persons to cook and wash for the Sisters, so, all things considered, the Sisters in many respects will be better accommodated than the officers themselves.

I must now close, begging you and all at home to pray for the Sisters in the Army and for

Yours truly devoted,

F. Burlando, C. M.

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\(^788\) Mary Custis Lee (Mrs. Robert E. Lee) sought refuge here until May 1862. Mrs. Lee departed just before the Union troops confiscated the property.
For the last two months I have been constantly traveling about: a great number of Sisters are asked for to attend on the sick and wounded. A good many are already at work. Twenty-nine are at present in the large hospital of Philadelphia.\footnote{Rev. J. Francis Burlando to Mother Elisabeth Montcellet, July 6, 1862, in Notes on Deceased Sisters (1852–1869), 22–3.} This hospital is a whole league in circumference, and contains three thousand beds; the chief surgeon wants fifty Sisters to wait on the patients, and even they would hardly be enough.

In several others we have been able to send fifteen at a time; twenty are employed in the [military] hospital of St. Louis. Besides these numerous bands, the surgeon general [Dr. W. A. Hammond] wants one hundred for the transports: we managed to find eighty, but you may imagine the state of our other works and our poor houses.

I accompanied the first colony, consisting of thirty-three sisters, to the place [White House Landing] where they were expected for this novel sort of service; they had just found a temporary lodging when a sudden movement of the adverse army obliged everyone to take flight. Through the care of the general in command, our Sisters were placed in safely and sent to the transports with the wounded.\footnote{Satterlee Hospital.\footnote{General George B. McClellan.}}

It is not without much opposition that so many hospitals are now under the care of our Sisters: the malice of hell did all it could to prevent it, and Protestants strongly opposed this measure, which was entirely contrary to their views. They dreaded in a surprising manner the influence which our Sisters would infallibly acquire over the patients by their devotedness, and they were not mistaken. Their apprehensions are continually realized: for numerous conversions take place.

At St. Louis they even went so far as to threaten to burn the convents and churches, and to kill the priests; but everything has assumed a new aspect since the Sisters have been taking care of the sick and wounded; they and the clergy receive nothing but marks of the utmost kindness and respect.

In the South difficulties have not been wanting either; but, by degrees charity has become known, and the devotedness of our Sisters...
has obtained general confidence. The influence which they possess over the poor sick is extraordinary, almost miraculous. I have only one fear, and that is, that self-love may insinuate itself into the heart of those who should labor only for God, and lay up treasures in heaven alone. We more than ever need to keep ourselves in humility, so that the miserable incense of the praises which are continually lavished upon us, may never make us lose what we are storing up amid fatigue and suffering.

Pray then hard, my most honored Mother, that God may preserve, protect and sustain us, while he strengthens us in humility: for if we are humble, we are sure he will be with us and will make use of us for his honor and glory.

[Francis] BURLANDO, Priest of the Mission.\textsuperscript{792}

\textsuperscript{792} Priest of the Mission (and Lazarist) are alternate titles in Europe and elsewhere for the Congregation of the Mission.
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 13th instant [July]. Relative to the proportion to be maintained between Catholic and Protestant nurses. We found in the Sisters of Charity a corps of faithful, devoted and trained nurses, ready to administer to the sick and wounded. No such organization exists among the Protestants of this country, and those whom we have employed cannot compare in efficiency and faithfulness with the Sisters of Charity. The latter are trained to obedience, are of irreproachable moral character, and most valuable in their ministrations.

I am a Protestant myself and therefore cannot be accused of partiality.

I know, sir, you would not have me discharge these faithful women to make way for others whose religious faith is different but whose qualities cannot be compared with those of the Sisters. For the future, however, I will endeavor to obtain Protestants; but it will be a difficult task, as they will not submit to the same discipline, nor undergo the same hardships.

My Most Honored Mother

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

We are now only two on this House Sister Connolly and myself the other two Sisters having been called to the wounded and sick soldier's hospitals. We closed our day-school on the 16 of July in which there was 150 pupils. We have still fourteen little ones in the house four of whom have fathers who pay a little for their support the remainder are orphans. Notwithstanding that the flames of war rage all around us the little town in which we live is tranquil as ever excepting amongst those families who have relatives in the war and others who now fear that theirs may go likewise. Money is very scarce here and has been so for the past year now they are passing postage stamps instead of silver but this House through the mercy of divine Providence is now nearly out of debt and we have the necessaries of life in abundance, tea sugar coffee & are uncommonly dear but as there is land here which is not enclosed or cultivated by anyone, we keep four cows without any expense and give the children the milk which is the most wholesome and at the same time the cheapest drink. Clothing is also very dear but we hope to make what clothes we have in the house last until better times. As to flour meat butter vegetables & this is the finest agricultural state in the Union but dependent on Southern trade and this closed on account of the war the farmers in general have the grain of the two last harvests in their granaries so that the place as far as human foresight see will be spared some of the miseries of war. We hear from our Sisters occasionally since they left us. One was on a boat for a month which went up and down the Potomac river gathering up the wound soldiers on the banks. They generally brought 500 in a trip to Baltimore. They are both now in the Military Hospital Philadelphia which is three miles long and served by thirty four Sisters. There are immense hospitals also in New York which are served by the “Sisters of Charity of the black cap” as they are called. But our dear Sisters are scattered over an immense tract of country for the battles are fought in every direction.

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794 Sister Catharine Feehan to Mother Elisabeth Montcellet, August 3, 1862, AFCP, U.S.A.—Emmitsburg. Copy available APSL.
Our Sisters are suffering a great deal but they are full of zeal and courage and blessing divine Providence which has given them so beautiful a mission for my own part I feel that my sins have rendered me unworthy of the happiness of joining them in their noble work and that I am here in comparative ease and inactivity while our good Sisters are gathering such an abundant harvest in the vineyard of the Lord and proving to the inhabitants of this Mammon worshipping country that there is a motive stronger than the love of gold and a charity which distinguishes neither friends nor foes but the image of God in each suffering being. Our Revd. Director is constantly going from one place to another where our sisters are situated consoling them in their pains directing them in their doubts and encouraging them in their trials alleviating their afflictions as much as he possibly can though totally indifferent to his own and endearing himself more and more by his paternal kindness to your daughters of this Province.

Well you my dear Mother have goodness to present the dutiful respects of my Sister and myself to our Most Honored Father and to beg for us his blessing.

I would also solicit the favor of your prayers and those of our good Sisters in the Mother House for our Rev. Director our dear Sisters engaged with the wounded the poor dying Americans who are so occupied this world that they can scarcely think of the next and for.

Your very humble and very obedient Child
Sister Catharine Feehan
U.D.o.C.S.o.t.P.S.
Your precious letter reached me last week, my most honored Mother; I cannot tell you how great was my joy, and that of my dear companions, to hear from the Mother House and our dear Sisters in France.796 We had been deprived of this happiness for a whole year.797 But our Lord has shown himself full of tenderness in our regard in the midst of our tribulations, which are now, and have been, very great: for although we have witnessed sad events and very painful sufferings, we have had the joy of beholding a vast number of souls brought back to the practice of our holy religion; many others converted to the faith, and regenerated in the saving waters of baptism just before their death. Poor creatures! They died far from their families, and among strangers; but they went to their true country, which was opened to them by their misfortunes.798 Oh! What gratitude they displayed towards the God whom they had learned to know and love only on their deathbed!

To give you a slight idea of our situation during the time that we were deprived of all communication with you, my most honored Mother, and with the Superiors of the province, I must go back to the month of June 1861. From that period, we began to feel the results of the blockade: we ceased to receive letters, and those which we ourselves wrote to our Superiors, never reached their destination.799

We lived in continual alternatives of hope and fear. At one time we thought that the happy moment of peace was approaching; then everything led us to fear the contrary, and our apprehensions were only too well founded. Each day widened the abyss which separated the opposite parties and we soon received the sad conviction that our beautiful country was about to be laid waste by the frightful scourge of civil war. During the first days of August 1861, the general commanding [Braxton Bragg] at Pensacola asked for some Sisters to attend the sick and wounded soldiers. Several Sisters went there and found an immense house filled with patients. Fatigue of all kinds was not wanting to them, as you can well imagine, my most honored Mother. Hardly had this first

795 Sister Regina Smith to Mother Elisabeth Montcellet, August 11, 1862, published in Notes on Deceased Sisters (1852–1869), 26–8.
796 The motherhouse of the Daughters of Charity has been located at 140 rue du Bac, Paris, France since the summer of 1815.
797 Events of the Civil War severed communication with superiors in France and Emmitsburg.
798 Eternal life with God in heaven.
799 President Lincoln proclaimed a blockade against Southern ports April 1861. Sister Regina Smith served as Administrator of Charity Hospital, New Orleans, Louisiana.
band left us than we received a telegraphic dispatch from Richmond, where further help was very much needed. It was impossible to have recourse to the Central House, every means of communication being intercepted. We hastened to collect a second colony [of sisters], and the task which awaited them was certainly worth any amount of sacrifice.\textsuperscript{800}

The sick and wounded of both sides, Confederates and prisoners, were piled up in heaps in a large unfinished building. Certainly the number of laborers was not in proportion to the work; but the help of God, courage and determination, can surmount many obstacles. These poor soldiers were wonderfully consoled by the attentions of our Sisters, and many of them had the happiness of embracing the true faith before their death. The greater number of them were, at first, surprised and alarmed on seeing them, but these feelings soon gave way to respect and gratitude.

While your dear Daughters were devoting themselves to their duties in the military hospitals, we were overwhelmed with work in ours; two of our Sisters died successively, and we were not even able to apprise our good Superiors of their death.\textsuperscript{801} Our number was all at once so much reduced by death, sickness and absence, that I was obliged to recall those of my companions who had gone to Richmond. Scarcely had they arrived after many unavoidable delays, than I received a request from the governor [Thomas Overton Moore] of Louisiana, begging me to send Sisters for an hospital about eighty miles off.\textsuperscript{802} Five went, two of whom again belonged to our hospital; but we had the joy of seeing this little colony accompanied by one of our missionaries.\textsuperscript{803} The poor soldiers were in a pitiful condition: the typhus fever, measles, and other diseases were cutting them to pieces, five died every day. The Catholics among them were very few in number; and although our Sisters procured for many the grace of baptism, they also had the deep sorrow of seeing many die in a state of perfect indifference, with regard to their eternal salvation.

Towards January we had again to send fresh succor to our Sisters in Richmond [Virginia]. Then the army withdrew from Pensacola, and encamped at Corinth in Mississippi; our Sisters were obliged to go there also. There was a terrible encounter between the

\textsuperscript{800} The second group of sisters may have been sent from St. Mary's Home, an orphanage in Mobile, Alabama.

\textsuperscript{801} Sister Lydia Donohoe (1829–1861), and Sister Catherine Delahunty (c.1827–1861). Typhoid, malaria, and smallpox caused many fatalities in New Orleans.

\textsuperscript{802} The hospital was located at Camp Moore near what was then New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern Railroad line.

\textsuperscript{803} A Vincentian priest of the Congregation of the Mission.
two armies; the loss was immense on both sides. The Confederates made many prisoners, so many that our poor Sisters being unable to do all that was requisite, we had to make fresh sacrifices in order to assist them. Another band had just left for an hospital three miles from New Orleans. It would take me too long, dear Mother, to relate the many edifying and sometimes amusing incidents which our Sisters witnessed at this new post. What consoled them much was the fact that out of one hundred soldiers whose death they witnessed, seventy-five became Catholics and thus gained the most glorious of all victories.

We have been pretty quiet all this time, notwithstanding the blockade, except some privation of the usual comforts of life; however, what was absolutely necessary has never been wanting to us. We had in fact no cause of complaint, when all at once we found ourselves, on the 25th of April, in the hands of the federals; We were, for several days, threatened with a frightful bombardment; but the hand of God averted this frightful chastisement; and New Orleans passed without any resistance into the hands of her enemies.

Our good Sister Regis of the [New Orleans Female Orphan] Asylum breathed her last on the eve of the capture of the city; God undoubtedly wished to spare her the sad scenes which we subsequently witnessed. Already had her kind heart felt more than one bitter pang on beholding the numerous orphans brought to her house after losing their fathers on the battlefield, and their mothers of grief at so sad a loss. These unhappy times certainly contributed to hasten her death; but her long life was rich in good works, and a numerous family [of] orphans must have welcomed her who had been so truly their mother. We followed her sad funeral amid thick clouds of smoke springing from the burning cotton fields to which the confederates had set fire to prevent the Federals who are in possession of the city, from deriving any profit from them.

The city once taken, all communication was cut off with our Sisters of Mobile [Alabama], Richmond [Virginia] and the temporary hospitals. Oh! How great was our anxiety in their regard, especially when we heard that the troops had evacuated the places in which they were; and yet we received no tidings of them. At length, we heard indirectly that all had reached Mobile. But then we were again at a loss about sending for them to return to New Orleans, every outlet of which was guarded by the federals. We were in great anxiety, when

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804 Sister Francis Regis Berrett (1804–1862), a native of Cuba, entered the Daughters of Charity at Emmitsburg in 1827. Within a few years she was missioned to Poydras Orphan Asylum in New Orleans. At the time of her death Sister Regis was sister servant at the New Orleans Female Orphan Asylum.

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all at once, on the octave of the feast of Saint John the Baptist, whose joyous festival we celebrated almost in sadness, we witnessed the arrival of several of our poor Sisters. They had left Mobile on the 24th, and it had taken them a week for a journey which is usually accomplished in one day.

They encountered innumerable obstacles, but Providence continually sent good angels to their relief. Those of the other hospital abandoned by the retreat of the troops, arrived in their turn before the feast of our Holy Father [Pius IX]. They came just in time, for since then we have had the house [Charity Hospital] full of wounded federals. A great battle took place last week [August 5th] at Baton-Rouge, the capital of Louisiana, situated on the banks of the Mississippi. Sick and wounded are sent hither daily, and are rapidly filling up our hospitals. There are nine hundred at the Naval Hospital [sic, Marine Hospital]; it is an immense building scarcely finished, which had to be given up to the victims of the war. Sisters have been asked for, at least to superintend.

These poor creatures are generally Protestants, and only know catholicity to despise it. Many of them have not even received baptism. There are a good number of Irishmen among them, all of whom ask for the priest. Our good missionaries [Vincentians] gladly accede to their desires; and many souls who have long been estranged from God, are reconciled and slumber in the sleep of peace.

Nothing is so distressing as a war of this kind; we find the son armed against the father, and brother against brother. A poor young man told one of our Sisters that he had a twin-brother on the other side, and, strange to say! The animosity which exists between these unhappy beings seems even more violent than that which animates the two parties. All the feelings of nature seem destroyed by the fire of discord.

We have happily been enabled to renew our intercourse with the Central House [Emmitsburg, Maryland]. The letters are a long time on the way, the mail being carried by sea, which causes much delay, and from one moment to another, this privilege, even such as it is, may be taken from us. We expect fresh disasters.

Our poor Sisters of Donaldsonville [Louisiana], not far from here, have just witnessed the entire destruction of their city by the fire which followed the bombardment. We have been told that not a house

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805 Numerous immigrants and mercenaries enlisted in both armies in the Civil War. The majority fought for the Union.
remains except the church and the dwellings of the Sisters and the Missionaries. We have heard nothing of our poor Sisters. We fear that they and their children have had much to suffer; for, all the plantations being laid waste, it is very hard to find a sufficiency of provisions. But it is our consolation to think that the harder our trials become, the nearer does our Lord approach us; we cannot doubt of his protection.

Allow me, my most honored Mother, to renew my expressions of gratitude for the maternal solicitude which you display in our regard.

Sister REGINA [Smith] 806

806 Sister Regina Smith was the sister servant at Charity Hospital during the war years.
My most honored Mother,

The grace of our Lord be with us for ever!

How happy do I feel after nine long months of absence to be able to resume my communications with my beloved Superiors! Only those who are deprived of this precious privilege can tell how painful it is, to be unable to address ourselves to those whom God has chosen to give us the advice and counsel we need.

However I must acknowledge that consolation from above has never failed us; our good God, filled with compassion for his poor exiles, made us feel that the labors and generosity of his children were pleasing in his sight. Although we were in the midst of contagious diseases, in immediate contact with death, he vouchsafed to spare his servants, whose number was far from being sufficient for the great work of charity displayed before them. But in present circumstances, we must multiply ourselves and endeavor to work impossibilities. Thus, for example, the hospital of Richmond [Louisiana Hospital], where I spent some time, contains seven hundred patients, and only seven Sisters. It is very extensive, and consequently requires a great deal of time for the service. Besides preparing the remedies, the Sisters are entrusted with the clothes-room, the superintendence of the kitchen, distribution of wine, etc. They are nearly always obliged to cleanse and dress the patients wounds themselves, for, otherwise, they would often be forgotten. There is so much suffering and so much to be done!

The Louisiana Hospital numbers three hundred and fifty patients; there are six Sisters there, who are anything but strong; and the patients are scattered about in small rooms, which render the service very inconvenient. Yet, I must say that all goes on very well there.

These poor creatures are so grateful! We seldom see one of them leave in bad dispositions. We have had several touching examples of faith, resignation, and sincere conversion. How often have I been surprised myself, and wished you were there, my most

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807 Sister Euphemia Blenkinsop to Mother Elisabeth Montcellet, August 16, 1862, in *Notes on Deceased Sisters* (1852–1869), 24–6.
808 Sister Euphemia left Emmitsburg November 3, 1861, on her first journey to support the sisters in the Confederacy. She probably returned about July 1862, but went southward again in early July 1863 to escort pupils back to their families.
809 See note 569 supra.
honored Mother, to see for yourself the good that is done by your dear Daughters! Several of these poor soldiers had never seen a cornette, and had heard of Catholics as people who were taught to hate the very name of Protestants. One of them could not control his emotion on learning that the Sister who served him was a Catholic: he wept aloud; but his prejudices soon vanished on witnessing the care that was taken of him, and before leaving the hospital he determined to take away with him books that would give him more ample information on a religion which even then he saw clearly, was the only true one.

One of our greatest trials was to be obliged to refuse our poor soldiers the articles of piety which they solicited with so much ardor. Our Sisters deprived themselves of everything, even of their pocket-beads [rosaries], to supply a greater number of them; all wanted something of the kind before going to the battlefield!

During my stay at Richmond, we were for two long days in the very midst of sounds of war; but incredible calm and tranquility reigned among us. What is there in fact to fear when one belongs to the Almighty! Our poor Sisters, though the shells were flying around them, did not even interrupt their duties, going wherever their presence was needed, under the protection of Heaven. The soldiers seeing this, said with surprise to one another: “How is it that the Sisters do not tremble? As for us, we are used to the noise of cannon and shells; but they are very different, and yet they go about as if nothing were the matter.” Others going further, asked what we should do if the enemy should reach us in triumph! — “We should remain at our post,” replied the sister who was asked: “for then we should be sure of doing our duty. If we were to forsake our patients at the very moment of danger, we should be unworthy to bear our beautiful name.” These words made a deep impression on the poor soldier, and especially consoled those whose wounds, or the violence of disease kept confined to their beds. They exclaimed in a spontaneous transport of joy: “The Sisters will not leave us! Thank God, thank God! Another said afterwards: But, Sister, we could never agree to allow you to risk your own lives for us.” The Sister re-assured him saying: “Fear not for us, good friend, God is watching over us, and even if we were to die, have we not an eternity of happiness as our reward?”

I might tell you many other equally interesting facts, my most honored Mother, if I had been able to bring with me a journal kept by one of our Sisters; but in these times I thought it better to have

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810 The large white-winged headdress worn by Daughters of Charity was recognized internationally as a symbol of charity and compassion.
no writings about me; when peace is proclaimed, I will make up for it.811

We have five Sisters at the hospital of Montgomery [Alabama].812 It contains three to five hundred patients. All are delighted to have Sisters about them, and say to us in the transports of their gratitude: “What would become of us if you were not here?” Their respect, submission and happiness alleviate the fatigues of this hard service. Our Sisters are all admirable in their courage, devotedness, and generosity. All the Southern houses [of the Daughters of Charity] lend each other mutual aid, and overburden themselves to help those who cannot get through. The Sister Servants of Mobile, New Orleans, Mississippi, Albany, and Richmond have manifested so much good will and such constant devotedness, that they cannot fail to draw down the blessings of Heaven on our dear Community.813

The good and venerable Archbishop [John M.] Odin of New Orleans, has been a real father to us. He has been careful to send our good missionaries [Vincentians] wherever our Sisters have gone, and he advised me to send the latter wherever they were asked for.814 We owe him an immense debt of gratitude. I hope that God will reward him by making him find in France, where he has just gone, a number of fervent priests ready to second his zealous efforts.

Our good Father Burlando is now here [Emmitsburg]. Our Sisters everywhere experience the effects of his inexhaustible charity. I cannot tell you the sufferings he endured on the transports, nor all the trouble he took to procure for those who were stationed there, the necessaries of life; the disorder occasioned by the retreat of the troops was so great that their sufferings would have been far greater had he not been there.815 It is impossible, my most honored Mother, to form an idea of the fatigue, anxiety, and trouble of all kinds that this good missionary has undergone for several months past. May our Lord reward him for all, as abundantly as I desire!

Before I left [the Confederacy], our Sisters in the South begged me to express to our venerated Superiors their respectful and filial attachment, and to say all that such feelings must inspire them at the

811 Neither the author of this journal nor its whereabouts are known.
812 The sisters provided nursing care in an improvised hospital and in an isolation camp at Montgomery, Alabama.
813 Some of the sister servants in 1862 included: Sister Euthalia Hoye (Mobile), Sister Regina Smith (New Orleans), Sister Mary Thomas McSwiggan (Natchez), Sister Mary Aloysia Lilly (Albany), and Sister Rose Noyland (Richmond, Virginia).
814 Vincentian priests.
815 A reference to the sisters at White House Landing, Virginia, June 23–27, 1862.
present time. I know not if I am to return to our dear Sisters [in the South]; but you will always find me ready, Mother, to do whatever is required of me by the beloved will of my Superiors. I am sure you have many prayers said for your American Daughters; we need them greatly, for as yet there is no appearance of peace.

Sister Euphemia [Blenkinsop]
108. Sister Regina Smith to Mother Elisabeth Montcellet 816

I, Sr. R. Smith, give some details about the Bombardment of the City of Donaldsonville and say that the Good Lord has spared in a miraculous way the priests and the Sisters. The latter are now with the Madams of the Sacred Heart, but will return to New Orleans

New Orleans, August 27, 1862

Most Honored Mother,

May the grace of Our Lord be with us forever!

Being unable to honor personally, because of my many occupations, the promise that I made to you in my last letter, to give you at least a little of our news, and wanting to keep you updated as much as possible on our current situation, today I will make use of the pen of one of my companions. In sharing with you recently the news of the bombardment of Donaldsonville, I was not able to give you then the details that I would have wished, and which I am certain your motherly heart would have wanted to hear.

Most Honored Mother, here is what we know about Donaldsonville and the Sisters and Vincentians who reside there:

Several Confederates of Louisiana, having formed an undisciplined army, launched an attack on the ships of the opposing side. The latter resolved to avenge the attack by a bombardment. The inhabitants, having been alerted that their city would be destroyed in four hours, hurriedly sought safety elsewhere, and in a few hours Donaldsonville, with the exception of the Sisters and Vincentians, was deserted. Something extraordinary happened, very clearly proving that She whom our Loving Father established as Mother and protector of the double family shows herself always thus: the bombs killed people two miles away, while the Sons and Daughters of Saint Vincent, who saw from their houses the bombs exploding all around them, were kept safe from all harm. Isn’t this miraculous? Nevertheless, Sr. Clara told me that the House was slightly damaged by the bombardment, which only proves all the more clearly the protection of Our Immaculate Mother. After the city was destroyed, our Sisters thought they were safe, but Providence wanted to test them further, and here is how: there were threats of a second bombardment that was to spare neither the Church nor their House. Out of prudence, then, they left Donaldsonville and sought refuge a few leagues away with the Madams of the Sacred Heart who generously offered them hospitality. At the home of these good

816 Sister Regina Smith to Mother Elisabeth Montcellet, August 27, 1862, AFCP, U.S.A.–Emmitsburg. Copy available APSL.
religious, they have a Chapel all to themselves, a community room, a dormitory, and a little House for their Orphan girls. I wrote to our Sisters to tell them to come to New Orleans, that first of all that they would be more at home with us, and also because I thought that there is less danger in the city than in the countryside. However, travel is so difficult at present that if they decide to come, I do not know how they will manage the trip, as it is so difficult to even get a letter to them. I have not yet received any response from the Central House regarding the Navy Hospital. In the meantime, our Sisters go there every morning and return home in the evening; already there have been a good number of conversions.

We are, Most Honored Mother, at a most critical moment: the most sinister threats circulate everywhere, and before our eyes preparations are being made that suggest an imminent and bloody battle. What will happen to us? Only God knows, and our trust is in him, in the midst of disorder and agitation on all sides. We are at peace, continually occupied with the service of our dear Masters.

With an assurance of my daughterly respect, and with my sincere affection, I am

Most Honored Mother
Your humble daughter
Regina Smith
u.d.o.c.s.o.t.s.p.
When I spoke to you lately of the shelling of Donaldsonville, [Louisiana], my most honored Mother, I could not give you all the particulars which I desired, and which I know, your maternal heart longs to hear. We have now received the following account.

Several confederates of Louisiana, having formed an undisciplined army, attacked the boats of the enemy in the neighbourhood of Donaldsonville; the latter resolved to revenge themselves by a bombardment. The unhappy inhabitants apprised that their city would be destroyed in four hours, hastened to seek refuge elsewhere; a few hours later every dwelling was deserted, except those of the [Vincentian] Missionaries and the Sisters. Wonderful to relate, such was the visible protection of her [Blessed Virgin Mary] whom our Blessed Founder has established the mother and protectress of our two families! People were killed by the shells at two miles distance, and the children of Saint Vincent saw them fall around their dwelling without receiving the least injury from them. Will anyone say that this is not miraculous? It is true that the Sisters’ House was somewhat damaged, but this is a further testimony of the evident protection of our Immaculate Mother. After the destruction of the city, our Sisters thought themselves safe, but they were threatened with a second bombardment, which, this time, would spare neither their house nor the church.

They therefore thought it better to retire to some distance, and went to the convent of the Sacred Heart, where the nuns had offered them the most generous hospitality. They have a chapel to themselves, a community-room, a dormitory, and a small house for their dear orphans. I wrote to our Sisters, telling them to come here to New Orleans, thinking that, in the first place, they would be at home; and besides, there is, I think, less danger in the city than in the country: but it is so hard to travel during these times, that if they do make up their mind to come, I hardly know how they will manage it.

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817 Sister Regina Smith to Mother Elisabeth Montcellet, [n.d., after August 27, 1862], in Notes on Deceased Sisters (1852–1869), 28–9. Two battles occurred at Donaldsonville, Louisiana: the first, August 9, 1862, and the second, June 28, 1863.
818 The Congregation of the Mission and the Daughters of Charity.
819 Saint Madeleine Sophie Barat (1779–1865) founded The Society of the Sacred Heart in France in 1800. Saint Rose-Philippine Duchesne (1769–1852) established the first mission of the Society, an international community of women religious in the Catholic Church, in the United States at St. Charles, Missouri, in 1818. The Society operated an academy for girls in Grand Coteau, Louisiana, over ninety miles northwest of Donaldsonville.
It is a critical moment, my most honored Mother; the most fearful rumors are in circulation, and preparations for an immediate and bloody battle are going on under our eyes. What will be our fate? God alone knows, and in him we put our confidence. So, in the midst of the disorder and agitation which is around us, we remain in peace, constantly employed in the service of our dear masters.\textsuperscript{820}

Sister Regina Smith

My Dear Child,

The grace of our Lord be forever with us.

It seems to me that everything considered it is not advisable to rent St. Joseph’s Hospital [Philadelphia, Pennsylvania] to the [federal] Government, whatever the temporary advantage may seem to be.\footnote{Rev. J. Francis Burlando to Sister Hillary Brawner, August 28, 1862, Early Correspondence.} For once the Institution is in the hands of the Military Doctors, the Sisters would have nothing to say to any arrangement that the doctors would deem proper to make on the premises; and the Sisters would then be there as they are at West Philadelphia [Satterlee Hospital], Point Lookout [Maryland], and other places. If your hospital becomes an entirely military Institution, the civilian patients must be excluded for the time being.

When the renting is over, you will have to incur large expenses for repairs, and for a long time after that you will have no patients, as the people will not easily learn again the way to the Hospital of St. Joseph’s, the tide of civilian sick having turned in other directions. If Military authorities decline sending you sick soldiers you cannot help it, the Sisters services will still be employed in nursing the sick that Divine Providence will continue to send, and the Sisters will be at Home.

No doubt, it is in kindness that the Surgeon General [Dr. William Hammond] proposes to rent the hospital, but while I feel very grateful for his good will, I decidedly prefer not to rent the Hospital; and I feel assured he will not insist.

The above is the substance of the answer. I should give if I was in Philadelphia, so it is not necessary I should go. I will soon leave for St. Louis and at my return, I hope to be able to pay you a short visit. Should in the mean time occur anything in particular, you will inform Mother [Ann Simeon Norris] of it.

That God will bless you all is the earnest wish of,

Your truly devoted, F. Burlando, C.M.
Sister Hilary [Brawner], S.S.
St. Joseph’s Hospital, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

\footnote{St. Joseph’s Hospital, established by the Sisters of St. Joseph, Chestnut Hill, in 1849, at the request of Saint Nepomucene John Neumann, C.Ss.R. (1811–1860), bishop of Philadelphia. Ten years later the Daughters of Charity assumed management of the hospital.}
Emmitsburg, August 29th 1862

Respected Sir,

The enclosed was sent to me by Sister Hilary [Brawner], the Superioress of St. Joseph’s Hospital, Philadelphia. Although I feel that it is out of kindness towards the Sisters of Charity that a proposition is made to rent that Institution [St. Joseph’s Hospital] to the United States. Nevertheless, I venture to beg of you, respected Sir, not to allow, if possible, that this measure be carried into effect. First, because from the nature of the title by which the Sisters own that property, I fear that the act of renting it out, would legally endanger the possession of the same hereafter; which risk, I am sure, you would not expose the Sisters to incur. Again, the renting out of that Institution would draw on the Sisters the censure and odium of the people, who would be impressed with the idea, that the Sisters did it to make money on the Government, which would be injurious to the character of their Society.

The Sisters of [Charity at] St. Joseph’s Hospital have thus far discharged faithfully their duties towards the sick and wounded Soldiers entrusted to their care, to the entire satisfaction of the patients, even the most bigoted, and to the approval of the unprejudiced Doctors that attended them. Moreover, I feel confident that the patients at that Institution have been less expensive to the Government, than those in other hospitals.

In a pecuniary point of view, the renting of the hospital would be more advantageous to the Sisters; but money is not their object. They are happy to do good, and satisfied to cover expenses.

The Sisters would be willing to continue to take care of the sick Soldiers at St. Joseph’s Hospital as they have been doing heretofore, if such be your pleasure.

The esteem I have conceived for your respected person assures me, that you will grant the request of,

Your humbly obedient Servant,
[F. Burlando, C.M.], F. Burlando
Maj. W. A. Hammond, Surgeon Genl., U.S.A.
Washington, D.C

Copy of letter to Major W. A. Hammond, Surgeon General, U.S.A.

823 Rev. J. Francis Burlando to Major William A. Hammond, August 29, 1862, Early Correspondence.
Central House, Emmitsburg, September 1st, 1862

In the midst of the disorders of war, your kind letter has brought me some consolation. May God reward you for your kindness! The difficulties of our poor country are not ended; but whilst we experience the rigors of divine justice, the mercies of the Lord are also displayed in our regard. A number of conversions take place in our hospitals and ambulances; and we must say that our holy religion is becoming better known by means of the charity displayed by our Sisters in behalf of suffering humanity. If you were here, you would be truly glad to see our school sisters taking care of the wounded, and that with as much cheerfulness and skill as if they had long been accustomed to it. Even those of the Academy would surprise you. Some of them had to be recalled either for this place or others, and it was quite reluctantly that they left their poor wounded soldiers.

Those floating hospitals [medical transports] were however, very frightful: more than four or five hundred sick and wounded lay heaped on one another; the bottom, middle and hull of the shops were filled with sufferers. Willingly would we have continued our services, but our Sisters were deprived of all spiritual assistance; no mass or communion; even when they entered the port, it was hard for them to go to church, either because they did not know where there was one, or because the distance would not allow them. We were therefore obliged to remove and place them in the organized hospitals on land, where they can at least rely on the

824 Rev. J. Francis Burlando to Mother Elisabeth Montcellet, September 1, 1862, in Notes on Deceased Sisters (1852–1869), 29.

825 Like many in most of their schools during the Civil War years, the Daughters of Charity at Holy Name School, Chicago, spent summer vacations serving sick and wounded soldiers.

826 “Academy” probably refers to St. Joseph’s Academy, Emmitsburg, Maryland, and “school sisters” to those assigned as teachers or other-school related responsibilities.
assistance of a priest. It is true, some were promised me, but their number is too small. The spectacle presented by our Sisters on these floating hospitals, was an object of surprise and admiration amid so much wretchedness and suffering. Everyone is struck likewise by the good order which reigns in the hospitals and ambulances which they attend. If we had a thousand Sisters at our disposal, we should have more than sufficient work for them, merely in attending the poor wounded. The Sisters of Charity are now known everywhere, they can go to any place without a passport, and are everywhere respected. I think that amid all these disturbances I foresee a brilliant future for our province; but we must learn to suffer in the transition. We will let God do his own work, while we pray and fix our eyes on the divine will, holding ourselves ready to follow it in all. In these dispositions we rely on the mercy of the God of heaven, feeling sure that we shall be safe under his protection.

F. BURLANDO, Priest of the Mission.

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827 Burlando's explanation emphasizes the centrality of the sisters spiritual life in order to sustain them in the challenges of ministry, particularly wartime nursing surrounded by suffering.
Sister Ann Simeon Norris to Mother Elisabeth Montcellet

September 11th, 1862
St. Joseph’s, Emmitsburg

Our good Father Burlando has been again obliged to leave us, to go to St. Louis [Missouri]. Since his departure, the Confederate Army has gained ground, and is advancing upon us; it is already in our poor little Maryland, at twenty-two miles from the Central House. Frederick, which is quite near us, was taken without any bloodshed. But we expect a terrible battle soon; perhaps it is even now going on.

We are praying heartily for peace; and we have had perpetual adoration [of the Blessed Sacrament] during the last three days. We fear, my most honored Mother, that our much prized intercourse with you will be interrupted for a time.

Do not forget before God your poor Daughters of the United States.

Sister Ann Simeon Norris

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829 The battle of Antietam (Sharpsburg) occurred six days later. Two grandsons of Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton fought for the Union: Captain William Seton and Major Henry Seton.
830 See Glossary of Catholic Terms.
Executive Mansion,
Washington.

September 22. 1862.

Today, Sister Mary Carroll calls and asks that Father Joseph O. Hagan [sic], now chaplain to 4th Regiment of Excelsior Brigade, be made a hospital chaplain. She says that nearly all the Catholics of his regiment are now in hospital, and that, the Catholic Chaplains already appointed can not possibly attend all the Catholic soldiers in hospital.

Ab. Lincoln


833 Sister Mary Carroll was in charge of Providence Hospital. The many military patients in temporary hospital tents on Providence’s grounds created a need for additional chaplains.
A few days ago I was at Portsmouth in Virginia, and here I am at Washington [District of Columbia]; our hospitals in the South have been closed, as the army was obliged to retreat. My companions are scattered about in various hospitals, and I was sent to this immense place. It [Cliffburn] is indeed a real military hospital, composed of tents and sheds; we have but a plank to shelter us; and in going from one tent to another we have nothing above us but the sky. The Sisters are lodged pretty much like the soldiers. As to the comforts of life, we have as many as can be expected in such times. We have about twelve hundred sick and wounded, tents are [being] constructed to receive those who are continually coming; it is expected that we shall soon have sixteen hundred. We are only fourteen Sisters, and I am afraid we shall have to give up two to a house still more overburdened than we are.

Our good angels will have to become Sisters of Charity, otherwise we shall not be able to get along. We are all young; but we form but one heart and one mind; and our little family enjoys real happiness. I never saw any companions more cheerful and happy, more devoted to all kinds of sacrifices. They say that now they believe themselves real French Sisters, since they undergo the same labors. They repair courageously to the barracks in rain, mud, and all weathers, and with a joy and cheerfulness that God alone can give. Their countenances are radiant with pleasure; but no wonder, so much good is done!

Our poor soldiers are convinced that a Sister has more skill than the best doctors. While we were at [the Marine Hospital], Portsmouth, [Virginia] one of my first consolations, was to assist a poor dying man. Kneeling by his bedside, I suggested to him a few ejaculatory prayers; he repeated them aloud with so much fervor that his bed was soon surrounded by a crowd of convalescent soldiers, officers, and even some of the doctors. The thought struck me to show him our crucifix, and to beg him to tell me all he knew of Him who was suspended on the cross. He took it in his hands, and collecting all his strength, related in a clear and firm tone all that he knew of the Passion of our Lord. He was just finishing when a Protestant minister, making his way came forward and said: “You have your senses, I see, my friend; let me prepare you to...
go to heaven.” The dying man, quite excited, replied: “I can never go to heaven through your hands, Sir; I do not need your services.” Then he immediately added: “Sister, if you are not tired, please tell me more of God, and speak to him in my favor.” His confidence and contrition were really wonderful; everyone wept; and this good soldier breathed his last, begging pardon of God, beseeching the help of Mary, and thanking the Sisters.

This precious death produced abundant fruit and brought back many souls to God. One of the doctors soon after addressed himself to the parish priest to be instructed in our holy religion. Many of our dear patients receive baptism. One of them, of disagreeable aspect and manners, when questioned by one of our Sisters as to whether he was baptized or not, replied in such a manner as to show us that he was entirely ignorant in religious matters; his tone in telling us this, was anything but pleasing, and it was really necessary to have a considerable amount of courage in order to speak to him. He could not make out the Sisters, and asked where they came from, and what they wanted. He even enquired if we were not married and settled in the world. “Oh!” replied one of us, “I am very glad that we are not: for then we should be obliged to remain at home, and could not, consequently come here to take care of you and wait on you.” These words completely conquered the poor man, and we had the joy of instructing him in the truths of salvation.

Yesterday, a young Methodist, seriously wounded, was continually calling out for a priest. The Sister who had charge of the ward, thinking at first that he wanted a minister, at last asked him if he wanted a Catholic priest. “I do not know what you call him,” replied the patient, “but I want one of those belonging to your religion of white bonnets.” Our greatest difficulty is to get a priest when we need one. Two have the sole charge of twenty hospitals, and their parishes to attend to besides, while each of these hospitals has its own Protestant chaplain.

I might mention many other facts illustrative of the goodness of God towards sinners; but I have not the time. I remain, etc.

Sister [Helen] Ryan, D.C.
Central House, September 25th, 1862

I will not describe to you the deplorable state of this poor country, so visibly scourged by the divine hand for the last eighteen months. There has just been a horrible battle about five leagues from the Central House; they say that forty thousand Federals were killed, and fifteen thousand wounded. The Confederates lost fifteen thousand men; I do not know how many were wounded. Is it not frightful to see men of the same nation, who have hitherto lived together as friends, tear each other to pieces like furious tigers. Ah! How much we must pray, that our Lord may put an end to such fearful calamities! Had I two thousand Sisters at my disposal, it would not be too many to take care of the unhappy victims of this frightful war.

[Unsigned]
My Dear Mother,

The grace of Our Lord be with us forever!

It has been such a length of time since I have had the happiness of communicating with you that I fear you may have thought me wanting in the spirit and affection every Daughter of Charity owes to her superioress. I can assure you, dear Mother, that such is not the case. My silence has been caused by the fratricidal circumstances. The blockade of our city for more than a year deprived us not only of the consolation of intercourse with our devoted superiors in France but no less with our sisters of the Central House in America. This has been the most painful trial of friendship far more than the parties use of the blockade there have been so many situations and uncertainties as regards the fate of our letters and so much irregularity in the mails that I have felt timid about writing events and facts, uncertain whether you will receive it or not. Still I determined that I was resigned that our dear Lord may permit you to receive this letter, evidence of our affection and respect, however bad constant reports of the state of affairs from the Central House and I trust we have been remembered by our beloved Superiors and dear Sisters in France. You know something of the misery and desolation of war and can easily form some idea of our situation. Still we have had much to be grateful for to our dear Lord, who takes care of his daughters everywhere and every situation. His sweet Providence over us has been most wonderful. So many homes in our city have borne or at the point of being shelled. I cannot tell you how often we have been alarmed about it—then we would place lights before the statues of our Blessed Mother and thus far we have experienced constant proofs of her maternal love and protection. We know not how long we may be able to hear from our Valley Home. So, dear Mother, if you should think proper to honor me with a letter, please send it to the Central House, as there may be no communication between Norfolk and Baltimore. I wish our dear Sisters in France could help us to pray for peace. This war is truly afflicting so many thousands of souls, too, lost to Eternity, so many sisters made desolate,

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837 Sister Bernard Boyle to Mother [Elisabeth Montcellet], October 15, 1862, AFCP. USA-Emmitsburg. Original. Copy and translation, CWC. Mother Montcellet was also known as Gilberte-Elise Montcellet, but signed her circular letters Sister Elisabeth Montcellet.

838 Norfolk, Virginia. Sister Bernard Boyle wrote on both sides of thin, translucent paper. The ink bled to the reverse making transcription tedious. Punctuation has been added in this work.

839 Mother Ann Simeon Norris.
so many poor little orphans and widows—and the land scoured with the maimed, blind, the armless and families. It makes the heart bleed to know that such things are.

For an entire year our house (which is not very large) was full of Southern soldiers and we had as many sisters as we could possibly do. Though our number was small in comparison to what our Sisters had elsewhere. Part of the time these were a good many Sisters [nursing] in the General Hospital which is just across the river from us. There all the soldiers were received and they were sent to other places. We had the happiness of having some converts, some that had strayed from the path of virtue brought back, and a good deal of prejudice removed. We had a good many difficulties to encounter but our dearest Lord helped us. Since the soldiers left, we have very little to do. We are all anxious to assist the sick and wounded and hope soon to have that happiness. We never can do any great things for our Lord (in Norfolk), due to many drawbacks. Still at some future day the seeds being now sown will, I trust, produce fruit that will promote his honor and glory. And then we have the consolation to know that we are doing his blessed will, and we can practice humility if we can do nothing else to please our good God. I am sure you would hear much to console you from the many Military Hospitals now attended by our sisters, where they [care for] two & three thousand patients at a time. We heard this week that in one Hospital alone, there were five hundred converts. What a blessing and what a happiness for our dear Community to be permitted thus to be the instruments of so much good. Our sisters are in great demand. The dear Superiors cannot supply the wants. Now we are truly united in heart [and] soul with good works with our dear Sisters in France, again like them, following the army. I hope our dear Father, St. Vincent, is pleased and that his accidental glory augmented even by his poor American Daughters. We had a visit from our good Father Burlando. If you only could know the treasure the community possesses in this blessed Father. I never have witnessed such untiring devotion, such self-sacrifice, zeal as he manifests in his whole conduct. Our Most Honored Father was truly inspired by the Divine Spirit, who made choice of him to oversee his American daughters. We can never be grateful enough for all he does for the happiness of the Province. My dear companions are well and desire me to express their love and affection to you. Our grand, Sister Baptista Dowds, and her little

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840 Elizabeth River.
841 Province of the United States.
family are well and all good and happy & send you much love. We received with most grateful love the circular for January ‘62 also our very honored Father’s conference on the Immaculate Conception, but not for many months after the time when they could be sent to us. It is safer while this war lasts to send everything to the Central House.

Now, dear Mother, I just say adieu, whilst apprising you that I am in the love of Our Lord and his Immaculate Mother, your devoted child.

Sister Bernard Boyle
U.d.o.c.s.o.f.p.s.

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842 Sister Baptista Dowds (1814–1871), sister servant, was one of the founding sisters of St. Mary’s Asylum, Norfolk, Virginia.
843 Rev. Jean-Baptiste Etienne, C.M., superior general sent circular letters and conferences to the entire community throughout the year.
Washington, October 18th, 1862

Your kind letter of the 29th of August was a source of consolation to me; and every day since then, I have been hoping to be able to give you some particulars concerning the military hospital of Eckington, where I now am; but my incessant occupations prevented me from realizing my desires.

We have generally about four hundred patients, the greater number of whom are wounded; and we are nine Sisters to attend upon them. The head surgeon is a Protestant; but his respect for the Sisters is very great, and he wishes all those under his charge to show them the same. We are perfectly free with regard to all our spiritual exercises.

A large room which is generally used as a dormitory, is changed into a chapel in the day time. Every Sister, after dressing in the morning, carried her folding bed (for we have no other), and her mattress into a small room close by. A large case which previously contained some clothes sent to our poor soldiers, is our altar; it is covered with some new sheets, a piece of silk given us by a lady, is our antependium. Another gave us a small tabernacle; and such, with a small crucifix which we brought with us, hanging on the wall, and some branches of natural flowers gathered in the hospital garden, is our poor oratory. We have the joy of hearing mass there on Sundays, Wednesdays, and holidays. The President has, luckily, just appointed some catholic chaplains, besides those already serving in the army; therefore I hope that we shall soon have mass every day. What a favor!..At the time appointed, one of our Sisters rings a bell, and all our poor soldiers who are able to rise hasten to leave their beds; the hired men and superintendents also come, at least as many as can; many of those who are not catholics come of themselves, particularly on Sundays.

We have a great many servants and infirmarians; the Sisters have charge of distributing the medicines, of superintending the wards, and preserving good order and cleanliness, and in general of everything that concerns the welfare of the sick, their food, and the little delicacies for the patients. It is very consoling, my most honored Mother, to be able

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844 Sister Camilla Bowden to Mother Elisabeth Montcellet, October 18, 1862, published in Notes on Deceased Sisters (1852–1869), 31.
845 Sister Camilla Bowden was the sister servant at Eckington Hospital, Washington, D.C. Many of the patients were Union soldiers from the 7th Regiment of New York.
846 Dr. Samuel A. Storron.
847 Abraham Lincoln.
to relieve so much suffering. My good companions show themselves in every way worthy Daughters of Charity, and are a continual subject of edification for me.

Sister [Camilla] Bowden, D.C.
My Most Honored Mother,

The grace of Our Lord be with us forever! Allow your American Daughters, to speak with you of their present works, puny indeed in comparison with the glorious doings of our more famous Sisters of Europe, but whose Annals have taught us how to love and endure them, though so new to us.

An engagement of our present war having occurred about 40 miles from our Central House. A battle having lately taken place near the Central House, our dear Superiors, hearing of the distress and suffering that followed, sent two Sisters with food and clothing to the place, directing us to stay some days, or as might seem best for their spiritual or corporal good.

Our Rev. Director sent good Father Smith with us, knowing that no priest was stationed near there.

After day’s travel of mountainous roads, we reached by night the little village in which were seven Hospitals, four for the Northern, and three for the Southern soldiers.

Some officers saw us in our carriage as we passed lighted windows, and said to a Catholic doctor who told us afterward: “Oh! there are the Sisters of Charity! Now both parties will be served alike. Now there will be no partiality.”

As the little town of Emmitsburg had also sent provisions entrusted to our care, we were directed to call on Catholic physician for instructions as to where we should locate ourselves during our short mission.

Rev. Father Smith was immediately taken to a soldier dying of Tetanus, who died a few minutes after receiving the Sacraments.

The next morning he began his visits to the several hospitals of the town while we took some provisions in our carriage to a farm about four miles distant.

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849 Rev. Edward M. Smith, C.M., served at St. Joseph Church, Emmitsburg, Maryland.
850 Boonsboro, Maryland. See Notes—Military Hospitals, 188; 504. Dr. Anson Hurd, 14th Indiana Volunteers, treated Confederate soldiers wounded at the battle of Antietam. Dr. Hurd used the barn on the property of Dr. Otho J. Smith as a makeshift hospital, Keedysville, Maryland.
The Town Hospitals were well cared for by the humane Ladies of this Town, but the farm houses were too far off, and consequently most acute urgency displayed here thousands of mangled victims unaided and unsheltered even from a most burning sun, which they vainly sought to screen their dying eyes from—and some, or all, had been here for twelve days. This farm had been the ground of fierce fighting and here the poor men lay of both armies. Some few in the barn or outhouse, shed, etc. Others with a blanket stretched with little stakes from the head and the feet—these though they excluded the rays of the sun almost suffocated them by hanging very near their face.

Limbs gone or broken, eyes lost, speech destroyed, writhing tetanus pains, etc., etc. Water from their canteen for drink, if source was found that would bring it to those who could not get it.

But, O! My most honored Mother, worse, worse than all these, very few had ever been baptized, tho’ calling themselves Christians.

We scarcely knew where to begin but first of all we looked for an ax or hatchet and called such as were able to help us drive more stakes into the earth over which we might put up blankets over all that were without them. This being completed, we answered inquiries as to their wounds, pains, wants, etc. then spoke to them of God and Baptism, disposing them tho’ best we could against Fr. Smith would arrive, and telling the Catholics found to prepare for confession.

At 2 P.M. the Medical Director, who had been busy anticipating all this, sent for us to come and dine with him.

We were about sending him our Thanks and excuses, when a second messenger came to repeat the request. We dined with him in an old shed on bad meat and sea biscuit except that we opened our lunch basket, of which, he gladly partook.

After dinner to our poor sufferers again. A brave Flag Bearer was dying. He was a Catholic. Some of the Officers called us to him. We prayed with him and told him a priest would come to see him. He came in time and administered the last sacraments and the poor man died very resigned.

Poor Father Smith had no time to eat or drink, except of the water, the canteens offered him. He was called to another Encampment, telling us to baptize in his absence. He returned about sundown then to confessions and anointings again and baptizing.
One officer desired we should follow to the grave the brave Flag Bearer, that he might be able to give this consolation to his widow.

We had gone about half way to the spot of graves the same field where the wounded lay, when the Chief General of the Northern Army with his body guard: two hundred horseman came galloping across the field, and up the ravine where we were. On reaching us they suddenly halted and the General taking of [sic] his cap and making a low bow, as did all his men, said: “I am General McClennan [sic] and I am truly delighted to see the Sisters of Charity here__How many are here?” We said only two that our errand was to bring some relief to the poor soldiers. “And how can I have more Sisters here?” he said, “And to whom must I apply?” We gave him the address of our superiors but added that nearly all the sisters were in the Military Hospitals__He inquired particularly after the Flag Bearer, as he had made himself conspicuous by his valor, but we told him it was his funeral we were attending then.

Night coming on we were forced to leave our poor creatures and return to the Town for lodging.

The following morning to the farm again, guessing same barn [sic] officers__we said to some, we feel very much for you but wish we could make you as comfortable as we wish you to be, for pity does not lessen pain—Oh! Yes, they answered, we like to feel that we are cared for, and the sympathy of the Sisters of Charity is estimable among us__

Our day whilst at one of the farm houses, a high contest arose between a Surgeon and a Steward__their anger was excessive and their expressions most daring and profane

The one set claim to a private part of the yard and urging the other to a fight—tho’ so many eyes were on them, not a man went to stop them. I was near and not knowing whether they were armed or not, I thought I would attempt at least, to prevent bloodshed and sin__So seeing no one disposed to interfere, I ran, myself after the two angry men and followed them until near enough to speak to them, when I said: Men, men, you are brothers, fighting does not become you.851 Stop. Stop. be patient, and with the other etc., I used other such things, I said, truly, My Most Honored Mother, they obeyed as if I had had some authority over them. And each one went his way in perfect silence, and I think there was no recurrence of their disagreement.

851 Sister Matilda Coskery may have intervened. She had extensive experience in mental health nursing at Mount Hope, Baltimore, which required skills to handle aggressive behavior.
As the farms we visited were several miles apart, it was very inconvenient, but still we tried to gather fruit while we could.

Long filled up ditches, here and there, were marked by a post or stake to tell how many hundred killed of such an army lay there.

Limbs severed, fences destroyed, buildings burned, etc., etc., as far as the eye could see. Dead horses in all directions, filling the air with their stench. Piles of horses banded together, their poor shanks making a pitiful stack of War’s destruction.

It was in this weather, My Most Honored Mother, we passed the few days we spent there. We were unwilling to leave them, but they were removing the convalescing to large Cities where they would be better sheltered, and the difficulty of getting to these remote places, all [sic] we could conclude on returning. Nearly everyone we saw in danger of death, we said…died and received a baptism after hearing its efficacy and necessity explained.

Poor Father Smith had to lie along side the wounded men to hear their confessions for they lay so close together in some of the sheds or barns that the next man would hear the other if [sic] took a sitting position and some he mussed the wounds of [sic].

Father sent for vestments and other matters necessary for saying mass, and for the first time, the Divine mysteries were celebrated in that Town or within ten miles of it. The little parlor of the kind family who entertained us, was the Chapel.

Four convalescing soldiers with Sister and myself received Holy Communion____

The priest stationed nearest there came before we left and arrangements were then made for having the Holy Sacrifice offered up there once a month.

We returned home, My Most Honored Mother, right well pleased to be Daughters of Charity.

I have occupied you with a long story, but I feel some of its items, small as they are, will be pleasing to your zealous and maternal heart____

Begging your prayers and the blessing of our Most Honored Father and with sincere love to our dear sisters, I am, My very dear Mother, in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary Immaculate, very affectionately, your ever devoted Child.

Sr. Matilda Coskery, u.d.o.c.s.o.t.s.p.
1863

120. Notice On Our Sisters of the Province of the United State

January 1, 1863

Our dear Sisters of the United States continue, on their side, to sustain with heroic courage the long and cruel struggle, the end of which cannot as yet be foreseen. They show themselves truly worthy to belong to the Company, and are adding splendid rays of glory to the crown of Saint Vincent by the generosity and constancy of their sacrifices. Civil War, with all its accompanying distress, has not wearied their devotedness nor exhausted the energy of their charity. We see proofs of this in every mail coming from this province, and the general edification requires that we should make known some of the interesting accounts which we receive.

852 This “Notice” precedes the sisters’ published correspondence with major superiors during the Civil War. “Notice on our Sisters of the Province of the United States,” January 1, 1863, in Notes on Deceased Sisters (1852–1869), 22–33.

853 The proper name of the community is the Company of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul.
Emmitsburg, Maryland.
June 30, 1863

Dear Friends,

I will again pencil another note to you so that you can keep track of our whereabouts. We stayed at Middletown [Maryland] until the evening of the 28th about 6 o'clock p.m. We started from there to Frederick (about 7 miles) and got there about one o’clock a.m. All that time we were marching (part of the time Double Quickening) our officers trying to get us to our camping place beyond the city without going through it, which they succeeded in doing by marching us until that time of night and going entirely around the city. So I did not get to see the city at all. It is said to be very large and nice. Well at 4 o’clock that morning (the 29th), we began our march to this place (a distance of 25 miles) and arrived last night about 6 o’clock and stayed in that place until this morning when we moved to this place, a Shady Grove, near a Nunnery or rather on the farm and near the buildings belonging to the Sisters of Charity.

The town [Emmitsburg] is a very nice one, hardly as large as Urbana [Maryland], but all fine buildings. About one half of the town was burnt about two weeks ago. The people think it was done by a resident of the town whom they now have in jail. He is said to be a Union man although the town is one of the worst secesh holes in Maryland. But that is not the reason it was burnt. It was in revenge for some private wrong done by some individual of the town. His store was set on fire and burnt the rest with it.

This institution of the Sisters of Charity (whose grounds we are now on) Farm and buildings (especially the latter) is the finest I ever saw. Nothing in Ohio will compare with it. I was astonished to find such magnificence in such a place, a place I never heard of before.

854 Lieutenant William Ballentine to Friends, June 30, 1863, CWC. Lucy E. Howden of Richmond, Illinois, gave a typescript of this letter to the Daughters of Charity, March 28, 1965, with the following note: “The manuscript was found by a neighbor of mine as she sorted the personal ‘treasures’ of her father who had died a short time before at the age of almost ninety. Though he had spent all of his adult life as a dentist here in the Chicago area, his family originated in Ohio. This fact explains the background of the young army officer whose letter is here enclosed.”

855 The pigs roamed for forage in this shady grove of St. Joseph’s farm, which was commonly called “Pigs’ Park.”


857 Secesh refers to secession or secessionists.

858 The writer belonged to the Ohio Volunteer Infantry.
The buildings cover about a square of ground, the same as a square in a town, built entirely of brick and ornamented with marble carvings. The main buildings are 4 stories high, built in splendid style. Before the war began, there were 500 Sisters of Charity of this institution. But all but about 60 are with the army in the various hospitals, taking care of the sick and wounded, and the institution belongs to the Catholic Church and on almost every part of the buildings are crosses stuck on. They have, of course, a Chapel (a place of worship). This is finished beautifully. The room is very large and in the form of an arch. Beautiful paintings are all around the room and a large statue of the Virgin Mary and Child. But the altar is the nicest feature in the Chapel. It is built of the finest marble and on it is a splendid cross with an image of our Saviour on it with a crown of gold (real) on his Head, and angels on either side of Him (the Cherubims). It is a nice room.

Near the institution is the cemetery and in the center of it is a small but beautiful [mortuary] Chapel. Beneath which is a vault with the remains of Mother Mary Seton [sic, Elizabeth Ann Seton], the foundress of the institution. She died in 1821. The Chapel is a little round room with an altar in it similar to the one just described. She left the grounds and money to build, furnish and set to running the institution.

The farm has 400 acres in it and is under the best of cultivation. It is worked by several Catholics, old Irishmen who I suppose are not able to take care of themselves, but who find labor and a home here with someone to take care of them, as there is a directing hand somewhere, although I do not know who it is.

But I forgot something about cemetery. There are 155 graves in it in regular rows and about 10 in a plot with paths between the plots. The graves are all in good condition, very narrow, with the grass growing nicely on each. Each grave has a cross at the head with the name, age and death on it; and all have foot stones. One thing is

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859 All members of the community did not reside at St. Joseph's because they were engaged in educational, healthcare, and social service ministries throughout the country. Many were also involved in Civil War nursing.

860 The Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph's, Inc., owned the property not the archdiocese.


862 A Carrara marble statue of Our Lady of Grace carved by Caesar Aureli replaced one of Our Lady Seat of Wisdom in a niche high above the center of the main altar in 1898. APSL preserves the former.


864 The original graveyard of the Sisters of Charity, St. Joseph's Cemetery, contains the remains of several members of the Seton family, Sisters of Charity, and Daughters of Charity. Many of whom were nurses during epidemics, the Civil War, and the Spanish-American War. The historic cemetery contained more than 1100 graves by 2013.
worth of note, and ages of those buried there (all females) all vary from 18 to 25. All young women in the prime of life. With respect to the fifty or sixty now in the institution (I saw but few of them) they wear black dresses (without any hoops) with white aprons, a cape coming over the shoulders and coming to a peak at the waist. And a white bonnet in the shape of a scoop shovel (only more so). It has a cape also which comes down to the shoulder. The bonnet is the ugliest piece of furniture I ever saw, although it was white as snow as was the apron. The girls are most all young and good looking, while some of them are beautiful. And it seemed to me a shame to keep them immured in a gloomy building like that with no appropriate society.

But to return to the grounds, they are layed out in good style. All around among the buildings and grounds are carriage drives, and springs are plentiful, while here and there are statues, some the Virgin, some of Our Saviour and the Apostles. Every once in a while you come across an iron sofa or seat, among the nice trees. They have also a large garden of about three acres. Everything is laid out in good order and the crop is forward. And the barn is one of the curiosities. It is brick also and a bank barn. At each end of the barn is a very large mow[er] and between them are 3 large barn floors each about 18 feet wide. The barn is very high and the upper part is floored and has stairs to go up into it and there kept the farm utensils. Beneath in the basement are 5 rooms of stalls with a feeding room for each, and each row has a room for eight horses. And there is a shed the whole length of the barn where it (the barn) juts over. Thus you can see what a beautiful barn it is. It never cost less than $3,000. There are two teams belonging to the institution, one of 6 mules and the other of 6 horses. The horses are very large and fine (draft horses) and make me think of Home and old Dr. and Barney. But the teams of mules are splendid. They are six of the largest mules I ever saw and I see a great many in the army. One is 18 hands high and heavy in proportion. Well, I will quit that subject now, and only wishing you could have the chance to see it yourself.

About our army, I know nothing, hardly. Our corps is all of the troops that lie here although the rest are certainly not far off. We know nothing that is going on except in our corps. It is reported that Gen. Hooker has quit and that Gen. Meade is now in command and that the Rebs were repulsed near Harrisburg [Pennsylvania] by McClellan and were coming back this way. And I suppose we are lying here waiting

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865 The writer describes the Seminary Sisters (novices) who wore a black dress, white fichu and coiffe.
866 Constructed about 1840, the barn is now “Building Q” on the campus of the U.S. National Fire Academy and Federal Emergency Management Agency.
for them. We get no papers here and the mail does not come often. We got one today and I expected one letter from you but did not get it, but hope to next mail.

With love to all, I must close hoping that you will write soon. I remain as ever.

Yours truly,
Mr. [William] Ballentine
Lt. Co. E 82\textsuperscript{nd} Regt. O.V.I.
11\textsuperscript{th} Corps
Army of the Potomac

[Addressed to Mr. Luther Winget, Milford Center, Union County, Ohio.]

\footnote{William Ballentine (1842–1865) enlisted in Co. I. 82\textsuperscript{nd} Ohio Volunteer Infantry, February 10, 1862. Some days after writing this letter, Ballentine was wounded severely at Gettysburg. After recuperating, he rose rapidly to become a Major. Mortally wounded at Bentonville. Major Ballentine died in Fayetteville, North Carolina, March 27, 1865.}
Sir and Most Honored Father,

Your blessing, if you please!

You have been informed, without doubt by the papers that we have been visited by the Army of the Potomac, and that very near us has been fought a terrible battle [Gettysburg], the most bloody since the secession. St. Joseph has well taken care of his House, and Saint Vincent of his Daughters; we have not been troubled, or at least we have escaped with the slight loss of a little forage and some wooden palings which have served for the wants of a portion of the army.

The evening of the 27th of June the troops commenced to appear upon a small hill, a little distance from St. Joseph's; regiment after regiment, division after division, all advanced with artillery and cavalry, and taking possession of all the heights, encamped in order of battle; the 28th, the 29th, and the 30th, we were completely surrounded. St. Joseph, and the little village of Emmitsburg were in the center of a part of the army 80,000 strong. General Howard and his suite took possession of our house in Emmitsburg; General Shultz [sic, Schurz] and his suite were close to St. Joseph's, in the house which [had] served some time since for an orphanage; the other Generals took up quarters in different houses along the line of army. This position was taken because it was known that the Southern Army was within a few miles of Emmitsburg, to the west.

For the protection of St. Joseph's, General Schultz [sic] gave orders that guards should be posted in its environs, and Gen. Howard did the same for our little place in Emmitsburg. A great number of officers asked permission to visit the House, and all conducted themselves with greatest respect, expressing their gratitude for the services which the Sisters rendered the soldiers in Military Hospitals. On Monday, this portion of the army departed, and was replaced by another not less numerous, which ranged itself in line of battle as the first. A Colonel of Artillery, Mr. Latrobiere [sic, Trobriand], with

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869 Military historians consider Burlando’s estimate inflated.
870 General Otis Howard occupied St. Vincent’s Residence which was the priests’ rectory of St. Joseph’s Parish, Emmitsburg.
871 Monday, June 29, 1863.
some other officers, took lodging in the orphanage; he also visited the Institution; his manners were those of a man well raised. During this time I heard a good number of confessions, and our Sisters distributed a large quantity of medals, Agnus Deis, and chaplets, as also, be it understood bread, milk, and coffee.

On the 1st of July, the battle commenced about seven miles from Emmitsburg, and continued during three days. About 200,000 men were on the field of battle, and on each side were from 100 to 130 pieces of cannon. The bellowing of these instruments of death and destruction was frightful, and the thick smoke which rose in the atmosphere was black as the clouds which precede a terrible tempest. The Army of the South retired leaving dead and wounded upon the field of battle. What is the number of victims of this bloody carnage? No one yet knows but it is said that the figure amounts to 50,000. Whilst the booming of the cannon announced that God was punishing the iniquities of man, our Sisters were in the church praying, and imploring mercy for all mankind.

On Sunday, I accompanied eight Sisters bearing medicaments and provisions for the wounded. At the distance of six miles we were stopped by a barricade, and at about 300 yards there was another to intercept all communication. At this second one was stationed a company of federal soldiers who perceived us from afar. I descended from the carriage and raising a white handkerchief advanced to the second barricade, and announced the purpose of our errand. Immediately several soldiers were sent to open the way, and the two vehicles continued their route without any danger. At some distance, we found ourselves again in face of another barricade, which compelled us to make a long circuit. Behold us at last upon the scene of combat! What a frightful spectacle! Some ruins of burned houses, the dead of both armies lying here and there, numbers of dead horses, thousands of guns, sword vehicles, wheels, projectiles of all dimensions, coverings, hats, habiliments [clothing] of all color covered the fields and the roads. We were obliged to make circuits in order to keep from passing over dead bodies. Our horses terrified recoiled, or sprang from one side to the other. The further we advanced, the more abundant were the evidences presented to our eyes of a terrible conflict, and tears could not be restrained in presence of these objects of horror. At last we halted in the village of Gettysburg. There was found a good portion of the Federal Army in possession of the field of battle. All the streets and

873 Mr. Latrobiere refers to Colonel Régis de Trobriand.
874 See Glossary of Catholic Terms.
roads around the town were crowded with soldiers, horses, carriages wagons of artillery. The inhabitants had but just issued from the cellars wherein they had sought safety during the engagement; terror was still painted upon their countenances. All was in confusion; each house, each temple, the Catholic Church, the Court House, the Protestant Seminary were filled with wounded; and still there were many thousands extended upon the field of battle nearly without succor; impossible to attend to all! I placed two of our Sisters in each one of the three largest improvised hospitals, I heard some confessions; then I returned to St. Joseph’s.

The next day, I started with more Sisters, and a reinforcement of provisions. Meanwhile some provisions had been sent by the government, and the poor wounded succored; the inhabitants recovered from their terror have lent their assistance to the thousands of suffering and dying. Eleven Sisters are employed in this town transformed into a hospital to solace and relieve suffering humanity.

Sister Ann Simeon [Norris] has gone this morning, and will return this evening; we shall send some Sisters and necessaries tomorrow, if it is possible. Whilst I write you the sound of cannonading reechoes; it comes from the Southwest, where another engagement takes place.\(^{875}\) My God when will you give peace to our unhappy country! We well merit these frightful chastisement, and they will not cease until we shall have been well humiliated. Aid us with your prayers, because the American does not pray; and yet, without prayer how shall we appease the anger of God?

I am, in the love of our Lord, and His Immaculate Mother,

Your very humble, and very devoted son,
Ingis Burlando, C.M.

\(^{875}\) Possibly the battle of Boonsboro, Maryland.
My most Hon. Mother

The grace of our Lord be with us forever

I have been indebted to you, for some time, my most H. Mother, for a most welcome and affectionate letter which should have been gratefully acknowledged long ere this, had it not been for the many interruptions between our Mission of Gettysburg and some other little duties which prevented me from the pleasure of writing to you until now.--- And as your Feast day will soon be here, I was determined not to defer any longer, hoping that this may reach you my M.H.M. by the 19th.

Be pleased, therefore, my most H. Mother to accept our most affectionate wishes for a most happy feast and many, many returns for the same at the head of the dear and big family of Saint Vincent. —

Last year, I spent your feast day, my M.H.M. very pleasantly with my beloved band of companions at Point Lookout, where we remembered our M.H.M. — this year I shall have the pleasure of enjoying it here in this dear Central House with our beloved Sister Ann Simeon and the happy family of Saint Joseph. —

I take advantage of this opportunity, my M.H.M. of saying a little word to your of our ever memorable mission in Gettysburg, as I had the consolation of having been one of the number sent to attend the poor wounded of the terrible Battle fought there on the 2nd – 3rd & 4th [sic] of July ---

I think, you have been already informed, my M.H.M. of the event of the Federal Army having been encamped around St. Joseph’s, and of our having heard the awful cannonading quite distinctly—also of our kind Father Burlando having taken several of us in our own conveyances with refreshments, Linens, Bandages &c up to Gettysburg on Sunday morning immediately after the battle --- But as our dear father, our dear Srs. Raphael [Smith] & M. Louise [Caulfield], who returned in the evening, could only relate what they saw of the dreadful slaughter, which was, in fact, very heart-rending to see the poor bodies lying dead on the road in front of the Battle Field—I thought I would

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123. Sister Camilla O’Keefe to Mother Elisabeth Montcellet 876

St. Joseph’s Central House, Emmitsburg U. States

November 4th 1863

My most Hon. Mother

The grace of our Lord be with us forever

I have been indebted to you, for some time, my most H. Mother, for a most welcome and affectionate letter which should have been gratefully acknowledged long ere this, had it not been for the many interruptions between our Mission of Gettysburg and some other little duties which prevented me from the pleasure of writing to you until now.--- And as your Feast day will soon be here, I was determined not to defer any longer, hoping that this may reach you my M.H.M. by the 19th.

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876 Sister Camilla O’Keefe to Mother Elisabeth Montcellet, November 4, 1863, AFCP, U.S.A.—Emmitsburg. Copy available APSL.
tell you some consoling circumstances too, which your daughters had the happiness of witnessing namely of the many of the poor wounded requesting to be baptized and to die in the true faith, the truths of which the poor fellows had been ignorant of during life.—but let me tell you my M.H. Mother of our arrival at this seat of distress and of war. —we passed along but the memorable field, and Ah what a sad sight did we not behold! Bodies, Yes, the bodies of many of the poor Soldiers lying around side by side of the dear horses—Several men employed digging the graves and as busy as they could be burying the dead—but hundreds were only merely covered over with some shovels of earth—for how could they busy so many thousands, who had fallen in the battle, decently. And such a time as there was there all that time, the Army just starting to catch up, if possible, to the Confederate Army—Several of the officers recognized our dear Father Burlando and had a cordial shake hands with him, expressing at the time great pleasure on seeing himself and the Sisters coming to the relief of their wounded. Some of those officers had made their Head Quarters at the Father’s house in Emmittsburg when on their way up. —Well, we passed along until we came to the Hotel where the sisters generally stop going and coming to Baltimore as it is near the Depot — The family of this Hotel had their two parlors cleared out, ready to give up for the wounded or for government offices, and most gladly did the kind people offer these rooms to the sisters for their special use whilst we wounded remain in the place — the lady of the house, even gave us some beds, which we laid on the floors. – Well after putting our little things aside, we accompanied our dear father Burlando to the different places where the wounded were brought in — the first place was the Court House —A large building—here the poor fellows were lying all around on the floors in every corner – even inside the railing where the Judge occupies – My Most H. M. you could form no idea of the state of those poor men – wounded in every shape and form, some through the Lungs, others through the side face, others through the Eyes and through the Brains – the very thought makes shrink as I did when I saw these poor creatures—From the C. House, we went to the Presbyterian Church, which was filling in as fast as possible all there was the same scene – we took some jellies &c with us which we found so nice to make drinks for the poor sufferers—the Bandages & old linens which we took along were the only things the Surgeons had to dress & bind up the wounds with these articles were as precious as gold that day— The Catholic church was also taken as well as all the other churches in the town – the Public Schools and in fact every private house when
a corner could be found all being converted into Hospitals – we visit several of those places, then returned to the Hotel.

And having taken a little dinner of what we brought with us then father appointed the 2 Sisters who were to attend wounded in each of those Hospitals – for such was the name given them – the Catholic church Hospital &c. – One sister was to remain with me to go around and visit each place and have the meals ready for our dear sisters when they returned to the [McClellan] Hotel—Our father, with Srs. Raphael & M. Louise returned home with much to relate to dear Mother and the rest — Our dear sisters set to work with all their heart and souls to attend to the poor wounded who were delighted, even in their suffering to see the sister around – The poor fellows how gratefully did they express their sentiments! —On Monday, our poor father came again with six more sisters bringing a good lot of provisions and other things—then we were able to extend our help more around — Our dear Mother Ann Simeon came up on Wednesday, went around to the different Hospitals where the Sisters were — And as we both were returning home to the Hotel we heard the word “Sister” on looking around a gentleman stepped up – we could see he was an officer but not a Union Officer, he was Protestant Chaplain of a Confederate Hospital about a mile & a half from town – called the Louisiana Hospital – Oh he exclaimed — do please come out and see our poor men three hundred of them in the greatest misery and no one to attend them, and nearly all Catholics – adding, 2 Catholic Priests from New Orleans & Donaldsonville were with us all the way, but they went on with the Army”--- the poor little gentleman spoke so feelingly and pleased so earnestly for the poor wounded, that Mother, said she would send some Sisters, if possible to their relief – that same afternoon two of our sisters on their way home, were met by the Rev. M. O’Heagan [sic] – the Catholic Chaplain in the government service.877 He begged the Sisters to try an come out to his Hospital about 4 miles from town where seven hundred wounded were in the great want, and specially of some persons to prepare some little things for them – the Sisters told Mother, and you may be sure, my M. H. Mother, that our kind Mother’s heart was moved with compassion for those suffering creatures – Sure enough, on the following day three sisters arrived for the Louisiana Hospital, I accompanied them out out [sic], and Oh, my dearest Mother, could I tell you the smiles that beamed on the countenances of those poor sufferers, lying on the ground and in the stable, when they saw the sisters—the poor fellows!

I shall never forget the scene – There were Louisianans and Virginians in that place – A little higher up lay quite a number of Marylanders, all Confederates, our sisters visited those also — it happened fortunately that near this Louisiana Hospital was a small farm house & a nice old lady and gentleman with 2 daughters, Catholics, they were delighted to see our Sisters and had their largest & nicest room ready for the Srs. having been told that the Sisters were coming—Two S. Servants from Baltimore came to our assistance bringing with them some of their Sisters – so that we were quite a band together or rather located around in the different places in town—they came home at noon & at night which made it very pleasant—But the most interesting part of our Mission was really visiting the Field Hospitals some about 4, five & some six miles from town—In one of those places 2500 wounded were taken from the Battle Field

We visited at least a dozen of those Hospitals around Gettysburg — Some of both Armies together and you would suppose they had never been fighting against each other – Father O’Heagan had the consolation he so much desired of having the Sisters to attend the wounded – As we were putting some things in the Ambulance to take out to some of the Camps, one morn. after the arrival of our Srs. from Baltimore, an officer stepped up to the Srs. asked if they knew S. Camilla [O’Keefe], they said yes, she was there, and asked him to walk in, who should the officer be but one of our kind Surgeons of Point Lookout878 — a convert too having been baptized in our dear little Cottage Chapel by the good Father [Pacciarini, S.J.] who attended the place—Father Burlando was present, having just come with the Sisters, you may be sure, my M. H. M. we were glad to see the good Doctor — He had just recd. orders to go out and attend a great number of confederates about 3½ miles out and were suffering much from want of some attendance—The doctor expressed a great desire that some of he Sisters might be sent out with him—so three got ready and all went out together to the relief of those poor creatures—they found them as had been represented—

During the three weeks that the patients remained there, about fifty received Baptism – some died with the most edifying dispositions— we had the consolation of seeing a great many receive baptism—I could talk to you much long, my M. H. M. of our dear mission with the wounded but I have, I fear made this too long already—Often did we bless almighty God for the blessing our holy Vocation—Now good bye, my M. H.M. I am ever your devoted child in our All --

878 Albert B. Stonelake, M. D.

Sr. Camilla O’Keefe, U.D.o.C.S.o.t.P.S
My very dear Sister,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

Your very welcome letter of the second instant arrived last night, and although I had just dispatched a letter, I must steal a moment to say a word to dear old “Hou-Hou.” Sister Camilla [O’Keefe] will write also. I am sorry they said anything to you about accounts these times, when you have so much to bother you. I repeat now what I said to you when at your beautiful home—the Eden of Louisiana—as far as I saw. Have no concern about St. Joseph’s account until such time as Providence will send you the means. You may yet need the one thousand dollars to live on before the [Civil] War is over—so don’t touch that for us. I suppose dear Sister N... whom you know, could not have slept without letting you see any little error in the account—she is so scrupulous.

I am really very sorry that you cannot pay us a visit. Change of scene after the terrible scenes you have witnessed, would I am sure benefit you much, and I still entertain the hope that you will be able to come—but don’t leave it until Jack Frost is at the door, for I would fear much for your “cold sores” if you were to do so.  

Our good Father is at the moment in the North somewhere; we expect him home next week. Now, my dear Sister, good-bye. May our Lord bless you and each of your dear family is the sincere prayer of

Your sincerely devoted
Sister Ann Simeon, D.C.

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1864

124. Mother Ann Simeon Norris to Sister Mary Clara Trigant

Home, June 18, 1864

My very dear Sister,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

Your very welcome letter of the second instant arrived last night, and although I had just dispatched a letter, I must steal a moment to say a word to dear old “Hou-Hou.” Sister Camilla [O’Keefe] will write also. I am sorry they said anything to you about accounts these times, when you have so much to bother you. I repeat now what I said to you when at your beautiful home—the Eden of Louisiana—as far as I saw. Have no concern about St. Joseph’s account until such time as Providence will send you the means. You may yet need the one thousand dollars to live on before the [Civil] War is over—so don’t touch that for us. I suppose dear Sister N... whom you know, could not have slept without letting you see any little error in the account—she is so scrupulous.

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Our good Father is at the moment in the North somewhere; we expect him home next week. Now, my dear Sister, good-bye. May our Lord bless you and each of your dear family is the sincere prayer of

Your sincerely devoted
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879 Mother Ann Simeon Norris to Sister Mary Clara Trigant, June 18, 1864, in Life of Mother Euphemia, 161. The former Miss Clara Elisabeth Caroline Trigant de Beaumont became Sister Mary Clara Trigant (also known as Sister Mary Lanaux).

880 Sister Mary Clara suffered from chronic rheumatism and changes of weather. She would say “Hou-Hou, rempli de ha-ha! Why, “Hou-Hou” means an old woman and “ha ha,” means full of aches and pain!” Provincial Annals (1891), 35.
My Most Honored Mother

The Grace of Our Lord be with us forever.

I know you will be pleased to receive news from your children in our part of the world, especially because of the sad circumstances under which we are living. We had hoped that there might be an accord between the two large armies in the course of this autumn, but the approach of this season only serves to increase the hatred; and each side makes unheard of efforts to achieve its cause, whereas the good Lord is leaving them, in the end, in a more pitiful state than before. The higher the number of casualties, the greater is considered the victory, even if they have not gained an inch of territory. For, my dear Honored Mother, it often happens that, after having saturated several acres of our soil with the best blood of the nation, neither side has advanced a single step. Moreover it seems that the war is only at its beginning. At this very moment, recruitment of soldiers is being made with as much activity as in the beginning of the Rebellion. All people talk about is fighting, battles, and victories in the north as well as in the south and, to hear both sides talk, each is winning and no one is losing – at least that’s what they would like the people to believe.


464 481 Sister [Helen] Ryan to [Mother Elisabeth Montcellet], October 5, 1864, AFCP, U.S.A.–Emmitsburg. Copy available APSL.
As I write this, a terrible battle is being waged in Richmond. Only God knows the outcome of it. All news is suppressed, until the time when it is no longer possible to hide the horror. In a few days we will see the consequences in the mutilated bodies of the poor victims they will bring to us. Besides the battles with bullets and bombs, another one is taking place in the ballot box regarding the elections. This contest is captivating minds and exciting hearts more than the loss of thousands by bullets and bombs. This is currently the depraved state of our country and our people. It is said that if the current President is re-elected, a revolution will ensue in the North. In this case, the state of the Union and of the people will become even more deplorable. Others say that if the General of the Democratic Party is elected, there will be an armistice, and peace will follow. May God grant it to us!

It is so sad to see so many young lives sacrificed. They have such lack of concern for life, fearing neither God nor man. Drunkenness is on the rise, and theft and murders are becoming common. The cost of provisions is increasing to a level that the poor people cannot meet. For us in the army, we are amply provided with all we need, without knowing, alas, what it costs. We lack nothing needed for the patients, such as food, medicine and linen. We have here a machine, which all in one, washes, dries and spins the laundry, so the linen closet always has a sufficient supply of sheets, shirts, etc. We have about 38 or 40 physicians, a few officers and non-commissioned officers, but the majority of our patients are ordinary soldiers. Our wards can accommodate 3000. Mealtime service in this huge hospital is done by means of several small carts that roll on tracks, like the railroad. It takes only ten minutes to get the food to all the wards in the hospital. The Sisters are responsible for distributing medications, wine, liqueur, and sweets such as fruit preserves, etc. The patients have unlimited confidence in the Sisters’ knowledge of care for the sick.

The physicians themselves frequently tell the nurses—go ask Sister how such-and-such should be done. This gives our Sisters much influence over the patients. A good number of them receive the sacrament of Baptism before they die, and others who leave the hospital say that they were mistaken about what they understood about the religious and the Sisters. They say they know now from experience that everything that has been said about them is false, and that from

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882 Several military engagements near Richmond resulted in thousands of casualties in late September and early October during the Richmond-Petersburg Campaign in the fall of 1864.

883 Democratic George B. McClellan, Lincoln’s former commander of the Army of the Potomac, opposed the Republican candidate, President Lincoln, in the election held November 8, 1864. Lincoln won a second term.
now on they will have steadfast gratitude and esteem for them. In the beginning, the soldiers would never let us mind their money, because they were convinced they would never get it back. But now everything is changed: all of them, regardless of their religion, want to entrust their little savings into the Sisters’ hands, saying: If Sister has it, it will be safe. Sometimes, Most Honored Mother, I am tempted to collect some interesting details about the circumstances we are experiencing to transmit them to you, but I am stopped by the thought that perhaps I might seem too bold, and am seeking to call attention to myself. I know that this is a proud thought, Mother, but I have a hard time overcoming it. However, I will try to overcome myself, and if anything worthwhile occurs, I will be like the simple daughters of St. Vincent, and will let you know about it. Our Sisters have been very tired, having had much to do during the course of the very hot summer. These days they are getting a little rest, as we only have 1200 patients (we are 28 Sisters in number).

Sister [Helen] Ryan
126. Charles B. Noyes to Sister Camilla O’Keefe

Washington
December 10\textsuperscript{th} 1864

Sister Camilla,

Enclosed herewith I send you a draft on Baltimore for One hundred dollars on account of bill rendered September 27\textsuperscript{th}.\textsuperscript{885} In consequence of my being drafted & having to pay $600 for a substitute I was unable to remit before—

Respectfully
Charles B. Noyes

\textsuperscript{884} Charles B. Noyes to Sister Camilla O’Keefe, December 10, 1864, CWC. Sister Camilla O’Keefe was the treasurer for the Daughters of Charity.

\textsuperscript{885} Anna and Helen Noyes, of the District of Columbia, attended St. Joseph’s Academy during the Civil War.
My dear Child,

I wish you all the compliments of the season with many returns: and I beg to send my most cordial and abundant blessing to all my good children of the Valley. And I trust that they may continue to prosper spiritually and temporally, thus realizing the meaning of Saint Joseph which is increase. This is my own feast day, being the festival of the beloved disciple of Jesus, who took Mary for his own mother at the bidding of Jesus expiring on the cross. If my good children in St. Joseph’s Valley wish to be favorites of Jesus, as I am sure they do, I know they will most willingly and lovingly do what my own patron, the first favorite, did under circumstances so affecting.

I thank you for the truly beautiful stole which you sent me as a Christmas present. I will wear it for the first time on New Year’s when I am to preach. Tomorrow morning I will send to Sister Anacaria [Hoey] the large lithograph “counterfeit” of myself, with one of Bishop [Benedict] Flaget, which I think I promised you when at St. Joseph’s, with one also for the [St. Mary’s] Asylum here [Baltimore]. I flatter myself that it will scarcely need this to make my children remember and pray for me, who have so much need of their prayers amidst the continual distractions of my responsible position. I was sorry you could not call to see me when in Baltimore. Sister Anacaria explained it all satisfactorily. Again blessing you all, I remain

Faithfully,

M.J. Spalding
Archbishop of Baltimore

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887 Christmastide.
888 December 27 is the feast of Saint John the Evangelist.
889 During liturgical celebrations clergy wear a stole which is a long and narrow ecclesiastical scarf, made of silk or linen, and usually embroidered.
Sister Gonzaga:

Sister Superior:—

In terminating your connection with this hospital, at its closing, permit me to express to yourself and the Sister who have labored with you, my most sincere and hearty thanks for the faithful and efficient manner in which you have performed your duties.

Joining it, at its foundations, under an impulse of true Christian charity, you have remained true and steadfast to the end; suffering discomfort, working hard, early and late, never murmuring, you have won my gratitude, and the gratitude of every true soldier, and have confirmed me in the profound esteem which I have always entertained for your noble order.

I shall always remember you with the most lively pleasure, and if it should ever be in my power to serve any of the Sisters, I hope they will not hesitate to demand the service of me.

My very best wishes go with you for your future prosperity and happiness.

May the knowledge of the good which you have done to the sick and wounded and weary soldiers of our common country be to you a satisfaction and reward.

Every truly and sincerely
Your friend,  I. J. Hayes
Surgeon U.S. Vols., and Brevt. Lt. Col., Command’g Hospital

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890 Published in Donnelly, Sister Mary Gonzaga, 198-9.
To the Sisters of Charity attached to the Hospital:

Sisters:—

With the most pleasurable feelings I have received from you a beautiful and elaborately-worked match-holder, as a “token of remembrance,” as you express yourselves, for my kindness; and I accept the same with gratitude.

Whatever kindness I may have displayed toward you, has been in the course of my duty.

If any act of mine has been conducive to your comfort, or has aided in your wishes, it is only the result of a desire to benefit or assist, when in my power, my fellow Christians. In my slight professional attendance, I have been gratified by the most happy results, and by warm expressions of thanks.

Since my connection with this Hospital, I have had ample opportunity of watching your devotion to the sick, and witnessing the many acts of kindness, and the beneficial results which have attended your labors.

In parting, permit me to express the great satisfaction I have had in my association with you for the past three years, and to tender you my sincere wishes for your future health, happiness and prosperity.

Very respectfully, Your obdt. servt.,
Ma très chère Sœur,

La grâce de N. S. [Notre Seigneur] soin avec vous pour jamais [sic] 893

As usual, your kind letter, dated March 31st, gave me more satisfaction than words can well express. It came accompanied with so peculiar circumstances! The view of the immense hospital reminded me at once of two things, the one very sad, the other very pleasing. 894

It is sad to think of so vast a ground filled up with patients, victims of a horrid war. It is pleasing to see the daughters of Saint Vincent from ward to ward, like consoling angels, pouring the balm of consolation into the saddened hearts of poor soldiers, thus separated from the affection of their own families. It is sad to see the hand of the demon of strife; it is pleasing to see the work of God in the hitherto unenlightened children of the ward.

How glorious for the community to have been chosen to represent religion in its most attractive form, to give them a high recommendation in the eyes of serious thinking men (and there are many more than we are accustomed to think among Americans) to give such a credit to our holy Mother the Church. I wonder not at what you say, that when God calls us to any duty, he himself gives us the love of that duty. That I knew very well. God never does things by halves, but does things in a perfect manner, with weight and measure, as the scripture says. 895 We see that in every part of the creation, and we may notice that also in the works of grace.

But now thanks be to God the dreadful scourge of war is over, and perhaps you are by this time back at No. 2. 896 If I ever visit Philadelphia, It is there that I wish to see you. There I found you in 41, there I may see you in - - - - - - . If not there, then in Heaven.

892 Rev. Mariano Maller to Sister Gonzaga Grace, September 10, 1865, Early Correspondence.
893 “The grace of our Lord be forever with you!” Also appears as “The grace of our Lord be forever with us.” See 2 Cor. 13:13.
894 Sister Gonzaga must have sent an image of Satterlee Hospital to Father Mariano Joaquín Maller, C.M. (1817–1892), former provincial director of the Daughters of Charity Province of the United States (1850–1853).
I doubt whether the Misses Iturbide remember me. I had so little intercourse with them. I only knew in a particular manner—old Mrs. Iturbide.\(^{897}\) If, however, they enquire of me please to tell them that I do not forget them. As to the Misses De La Cuesta, I do not, and cannot forget them. You do not astonish me when you tell me they are as good and pious as ever. I knew how sincere and solid their piety is. I send you herewith two small pictures which I have blessed, and which you will be so kind as to hand to them when you see them. The third, if you please, for Mrs. Wilcox. And when you see any of the Wilcoxes, James, Joseph, Edward, or Henry…please also to remember me to them.

As to Mr. Lopez and family, Sister Mary Aloysia [Lilly] who knows them very particularly, has written to me all about them. Poor family! They have to go through great trials. If you see and of them tell them that I am far from forgetting them.

Sister Mary John [Yelley] has written to me, and I answer her also by Sister Marie Louise [Caulfield].\(^{898}\)

I beg of you not to send any caps, as the one you sent me two or three years ago, I have it yet, without being able to do anything with it, as we have them made in a different manner. The reliquary purse is good, and will last a long time, so you need not be in a hurry to send another.

Well I must be done, not for want of matter, but for want of time. Please to recommend me to the prayers of all the Sisters that are with you, whether in West Philadelphia [Satterfield Hospital] or at No. 2, and yourself join them in prayers for

Your servant in Christ,

M. J. Maller, C.M.

\(^{897}\) Sister Mary Gregory Davis (1809-1854) and Sister Agatha Quirk (?-?) went to Georgetown (now in the District of Columbia), June 3, 1831, to conduct an asylum and school established previously by Mme Agustín Iturbide, widow of the former Emperor of Mexico. The sisters withdrew four months later because of interference with their management.

\(^{898}\) Sister Mary John Yelley (1808–1882), served for fifty years at St. Joseph Asylum, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Dear Sister Raphael,

Yours of the 25th of May, has been received. I assure you that it is very mortifying to me, to be unable to pay what we owe you, had it been in my power, you would not have been under the necessity of reminding me of it. Your informant, in regard to the “thriving condition of our prospects, could not have understood our affairs if he gave you the impression that we could at this time remit you any portion of the amount due you, for your satisfaction and our justification, I will give you the facts. Last fall Mr. M[aher] leased the place to a man who agreed to furnish the means to carry on the place and give us half the net proceeds of the crop. When the time arrived for plowing, he failed to furnish the necessary tram, procrastinating from week to week until at last, we were obliged to make him rescind the contract, and we mortgaged our home to raise funds to carry on the place ourselves.

We had everything to buy—farming utensils, mules, meat, corn flour, meal, hay oats—hire the making of rails to enclose the field, etc., etc. Already the funds so raised has been almost all used and still we have our [cotton] gin to rebuild and machinery to repair which will cost several thousand dollars. The [farm] hands have to be paid quarterly, and we are paying fifteen dollars for men, ten and twelve for women—from four to six for children, so you may know our expenses are great. We had in the early part of the season a very fair prospect of making an average crop, but for the last month, we have had such frequent rains that that has diminished in a great degree. For the past five days we have been unable to do anything in the field, and the grass is injuring it very much. If the rain continues, we shall be obliged to abandon a portion of that already planted for our [labor] force is not sufficient to tend it. We have not sufficient force under the most favorable circumstances, to cultivate the whole of the place and there are about 250 acres idle already. Freedmen do not work as formerly, and it requires almost two to do what one formerly did. I hope when you will have read this you will be convinced that it has not been want of inclination, but want of

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899 C. E. Maher [Caroline Ewing] to Sister Mary Raphael Smith, June 4, 1866, CWC.
899 Milliken’s Bend was the site of a battle in conjunction with the Vicksburg Campaign, June 7, 1863.
900 Probably refers to Philip Maher, spouse of the writer of this letter.
901 Trams, boxlike wagons, run on rails and haul materials.
903 A person released from slavery was a freedman. The Thirteenth Amendment abolished slavery in the United States and was ratified December 6, 1865.
ability to pay. Be assured that as soon as we can, we will remit you at least a portion of the money due you, for I have always felt that school bills and doctors’ bills should be paid promptly. Your kindness to my children during their stay with you, shall always be remembered with gratitude.

Louise and Ada are both well, but Louise has had several attacks of chills, brought on, I think, by her own imprudence. She cannot be convinced, except by experience that she cannot do as she did at the Vale. She has taken charge of the poultry, and it would amuse you to see her, attending to them. She is as careful of them as if they were children. She and Ada both assist me in housekeeping, although there is not much pleasure in keeping house under present circumstances. The house has been so much defaced by the Yankees that I sometimes wish we had not returned to it, but it was the only thing we could do to try and pay our debts, which have been accumulating during the war. What we made during that time has been only sufficient for our support at the time; for the money we had on hand at the time of the surrender was of course lost, and the place we purchased for a home is valueless for cotton growing. We could not sell it now for a dollar an acre.

The girls join me in love to yourself, and all the kind Sisters. Mr. Maher’s spirits were somewhat improved, until these rains set in. He is now almost as gloomy as ever. I hope God will give us a sufficient crop at least to raise the mortgage for I should dislike very much to have it foreclosed and be sold out of our home in our old age, but I hope for better things.

Your sincere friend,
C. E. Maher

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My very dear Mother,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

In compliance with your wish I send an account of our recent mission in the little town of Marshfield whither your kindness permitted us to go for the relief of the sufferers.  

On the eighteen of April, about five o’clock in the evening, as you are aware a terrible tornado swept over the southern part of this state. In the little town of Marshfield its fury was fiercest, and the destruction of life and property greatest. Those who witnessed its approach describe it as the advance of a material form, black and belching, devastating everything in its passage. In this furious blast were mingled in indescribable confusion, stones, marble furniture, farming implements, machines, fragments of ruined dwellings. In five minutes the work of destruction was accomplished, the little town lay in ruins. Ninety living human beings had been crushed to death, and two hundred lay writing with wounds. The bodies of many had to be dug from under the fallen house, and the wounded, many have since died. Animals lay dead all around and vast forest trees were uprooted, stripped of bark and foliage.

Fortunately, situated as it was immediately on the line of rail way, the town was easy of access and relief came promptly to the aid of the sufferers. Rev. Theodore Kussmann, pastor of the church of the Immaculate Conception, Springfield, in the adjoining county of Green, visited the place the morning after the storm, and at once decided that the presence of our Sisters was required to bring some order out of chaos. There were scores of amateur surgeons, nurses, mercenary and otherwise collected, but no method, or organized system of treatment. Under this impression he wrote to Sister Rose, Sister Servant of the St. Louis Hospital, to ascertain if our services could be procured were they asked for by the “Relief Committee,” and when, after learning your views, dear Mother, he was answered affirmatively, the Committee

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906 Sister Stella Ryan and Sister Josephine Sebold, of the St. Louis Hospital, assisted tornado victims in Marshfield, Missouri.

907 A tornado struck Marshfield, a railroad hub, April 18, 1880. The sisters went to the scene of devastation as emergency relief workers.

instantly telegraphed for six Sisters. Five of us went that same evening accompanied by one of our own physicians belonging to the Hospital. We reached Marshfield next morning and were met at the depot by some gentlemen of the Committee who conducted us to the School house which had been temporarily converted into a hospital. Some boards had been placed on the tops of the desks and on these mattresses. These were the beds of the wounded. Men and women, white and black were lying around without distinction of sex or color. For awhile we could scarcely obtain standing room, for the place was crowded, parked, it might be said with doctors, attendants, nurses and friends of the wounded, all trying without doubt to do their best, but still, effecting little, or no good.

Our appearance, under protection of the Committee manifestly created some sensation, and not altogether a favorable one on many of the by-standers. The town was protestant, no Catholic Church was there, and but two Catholics, both renegades. Prejudice and ignorance combined gave birth naturally to jealousy, and even provoked the question: “What wages per day did we receive?” to which the quiet answer was given, “that we did not work for money, but the relief of the suffering poor.”

Under the direction of the Relief Committee the hospital was resigned into our hands. Dr. Kenneth, the surgeon who accompanied us from the St. Louis Hospital, remained with us, and all the others were dismissed with the exception of one old gentleman who was exceedingly kind to us. The nurses too were dismissed except four of the best behaved.

Our first effort towards making order was to separate the male from the female patients, and then we went to work night and day. I hardly think St. Vincent would have blushed at the accommodations of his daughters. We shared inconveniences and discomforts with our sick. The fault, if any, was our own, for although it had been arranged that we should go to the Hotel of the village for our meals, we went for one only, and then all determined to decline going again, as we could not feel satisfied to be better treated that our masters.

When we took charge of the hospital we found in it one hundred and sixty five patients. They improved rapidly and as fast as they convalesced were removed by their friends. When we left there

909 Sister Mary Rose O’Donnell (1845–1890), sister servant, St. Vincent Hospital (formerly St. Louis Hospital), St. Louis, Missouri
were but ten remaining, all members of one family, and sufficiently restored to dispense with our services. I think we saved the limbs if not the lives of many of the poor creatures by our timely care. We would have returned home two weeks earlier had it not been for one poor man whose arm was in a dangerous condition. Before our arrival the country doctors had insisted upon amputating, it but he resisted, as he had seen them take off unnecessarily the first day the arms of his brother. When we took charge as our own Doctor Kenneth did not consider the operation necessary, of course it was not performed, but the poor fellow persisted in saying we had saved his arm, and wept like a child when we left. All of the patients manifested great gratitude, and in the exuberance of their feelings, our good blacks styled us “angels.” We trust much good was done for souls too, by our stay in Marshfield. We baptized two children who afterwards died, got a promise from those two renegade catholics that they would return to the church. The wife of one of them was dug out from the ruins of his house. It made a profound and awful impression on him. He escaped the same fate by being out of town at the time of the catastrophe.

We distributed medals, catechisms etc. One of the gentlemen of the Relief Committee is now under instruction preparatory to becoming a catholic. Another took his two children to Springfield to be baptized by a priest, and promises himself to study one faith with a view of embracing in. Amongst those who were most favorably disposed to receive us at the time of our coming was an episcopalian minister of a neighboring town who called on us, and expressed his satisfaction at seeing us in charge of the wounded. When we remarked that there seemed to be no want of nurses, there were so many, he replied: “Yes, but not the right kind; they were not Sisters of Charity.”

Our good Archbishop Kenrick, and his coadjutor, Bishop Ryan, were both much pleased that we were sent to Marshfield. When the latter was applied to for dispensations from the obligation of hearing Mass, he said: “Tell the Marshfield missioners I dispense them from everything, and if I had the power, I would give them permission to say Mass.” He thanked Superiors for sending us there, and each Sister individually for the good done there. He also said that in future he would see that a priest would say Mass occasionally in Marshfield to keep up the good the Sisters had begun.

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It may not be out of place to relate something which we heard while in Marshfield from a protestant which will bring its consolation to your maternal heart. There was a Dr. Johnston who frequently visited the hospital, a presbyterian and seemed religious in his way. During the late civil war his professional services in the military hospitals had often brought him in contact with our Sisters and now when he saw the cornette again, he must, if possible, have some conversation with the Sisters. He felt, he said, as if he met an old friend when he saw one. During the war, he told us, the soldiers understood that Sisters of Charity accepted no personal presents, that went from man to man. Well, they formed a little plot to test them. Soldier after soldier offered in turn tempting presents to the Sisters, yet, not one was found off of her guard. Sometimes the present would be of delicious fruit, but the answer was: “If you will give it to me for the sick soldiers, I will accept, otherwise, no!” “Poor Sisters!” added the Doctor, “little did they suspect it was a plot to see if they all acted alike, if all were equally faithful to their obligations.”

Many other little notes I might have collected, dear Mother during our stay in Marshfield, had I the thought that details would have been desired, but being unaccustomed to much writing events came and passed without a note, our urgent duties to the sick driving everything like a record out of our minds. Trusting that this little may be satisfactory I remain in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary Immaculate.

Your devoted children,
Sister Stella Ryan
Sister Josephine Sebold

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911 The Daughters of Charity do not accept personal presents from those they serve. Convalescents informed their comrades about this practice by word of mouth.
My very dear Sister Ann Simeon,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

It is scarcely twenty-four hours since you left us, and it seems as if it were weeks and months. But, that comes from the idea that you are to get this only in about two weeks, hence I trust, at least that you will get it in Philadelphia, where it may even precede you. As I had no time to write to Sisters Lucia and Celina, and as I had a real wish to do so, it came to my mind after your departure, that I might write by post and send you the package and so you would bring home all my letters. I know you will like to do so, and the Sisters will also be more pleased...

I hope you will enjoy a happy voyage and that upon reaching the American shores new consolations shall come to meet you and welcome you home. My prayers to that effect shall company you. Great blessings are yet in store for the Americans—I mean especially the Sisters. The general disposition is very favorable. They are generous and grateful to God, and these two qualities never fail to draw down from heaven the choicest graces. If it be lawful to judge of the future by the past, what cannot we hope for! How wonderful Providence has, been to you—and how faithful the Sisters to follow the inspirations of grace and correspond to the received favors! God had foreseen the woeful war and in the unsearchable depths of His Providence and justice, God had decreed to permit it to come, but at the same time He had prepared you for so solemn a duty as the one you had to be called to perform. Nor do I think all is over, for when peace shall be restored—and may it be very soon! The impression made on the public mind shall not wear off so soon, and your works shall go on; the increase and vocations shall be multiplied in proportion. How beautiful a day comes down on you! Let us adore God's merciful designs and guard from opposing them or be slack in adopting them.

Please to say many things to the Sisters in my name, assure them of my most profound respect and sincere affection. Tell them that I am far, very far from forgetting them, especially every day at the foot


913 Confederate General Robert E. Lee surrendered to Union General Ulysses S. Grant at the McLean home in Appomattox, Virginia, April 8, 1865.
of the altar in the presence of the Divine Victim of our propitiation
and that if my prayers were worth anything, they would be great saints
by this time. Beg them also to pray for me, and you yourself please to
join your prayers to theirs for

Your devoted servant in Christ,
M. J. Maller, C.M.
Sister Aloysia LaCroix died at St. Vincent’s Institution, St. Louis, Mo., March 12th, 1867. In July of this year Mother [Euphemia] received the following communication:

Office of the Chief of Police of the City of St. Louis, Four Courts.
St. Louis, Mo., July 12, 1884

To Sister Superior,

I have for a long time been enquiring for a Sister who was during the war in the years of 1863 & 1864 at U.S. Genl. Hospital, Frederick city, Md. I think she was called Aloise [sic, Aloysia], her parents; name was LaCroix, they lived in Canada. I enquired here at the Sisters’ Hospital and they told me she was dead. I am very anxious to know the truth. I was a Soldier and was sick with the Typhoid fever and at the above named Hospital and she waited and nursed me and to her I owe my life, and if she is dead I know she is in Heaven. God bless her for she was an angel. You may think it strange but I cannot ever forget her, there is scarcely a day passes that I do not think of her. I was a young boy at the time and since the war have had a good many ups and downs, but when I want to be good, I always think of her. Now, if you will be so kind as to let me know the truth whether she is living or dead, and if living let me know where I could find her. I would go a good many hundred miles to see her. She was in charge of Barrack H while at Frederick Hospital.

Hoping you will pardon me for addressing you this letter and hoping to hear from you soon. I am respectfully

Thomas Trahey
4 Courts, St. Louis, Mo.

If dead, let me know where she died and her ailment and when she died and where she is buried.

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914 Thomas Trahey to Sister Superior [Mother Euphemia Blenkinsop], July 12, 1884, Provincial Annals (1884), 61–2. Mother Euphemia Blenkinsop was provincial in 1884.

915 Private Thomas Trahey belonged to Co. H, 16th Michigan Volunteers when he was wounded at Marye’s Heights during the battle of Fredericksburg. See Jolly, Nuns of the Battlefield, 75–76.

916 Sister Aloysia Lacroix (1839–1867) died of typhoid fever and rests in Calvary Cemetery, St. Louis, Missouri. Sister Eloise Lacroix (1835–?), her sister, may have served at Frederick; she withdrew from the Daughters of Charity in 1866. The names are so similar misidentification could result.
“That good and noble Sister”

Office of Chief of Police
St. Louis, Mo. July 25, ‘84

Dear kind Sister,

I received your kind letter on the 23rd inst. and I write this letter to return my thanks for your kindness and promptness in answering my letter, giving me the desired information. I shall visit St. Vincent’s [Institution] and also the grave of that good and noble Sister and will drop a few sad tears on her grave, will give orders to the Sexton to have a few flowers placed on her grave. No wife, no mother, no sister or brother or father could I have as much love for as I had for that dear Sister, and you would not blame me if you were to know how well she took care of me while I was suffering with Typhoid fever for months lay at the point of death, but all I will pray for hereafter is that I may meet her in heaven and I know she is there.

When I was [at the] receiving [hospital] she would come to my bedside and give me words of comfort and good advice and the only thing that I often regretted was that I did not have the opportunity to return her thanks for her kindness, as all the Sisters were ordered away and their places were taken by some old matrons and after the Sisters left I made application to go to the front. I was only a boy then, but I have never forgotten those kind words and that pure angelic face and were she living today, I would go many a mile to see her.

I am at present employed in the Police Department as clerk at headquarters. I have also made application for a pension but as yet have not received it.

Thanking you again for your kindness I will now close.

Your obedient Servant
Thos. Trahey
Chiefs of Office or 4 Courts
St. Louis, Mo.

917 Thomas Trahey to Sister Superior [Mother Euphemia Blenkinsop], July 25, 1884, Provincial Annals (1884), 62–3.
My dear Sister Mariana,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

Your letter with enclosed just received. Many thanks for your suggestion regarding letter; I answered it. I imagine you will be glad to hear that my 70 year old cousin General Hunt whom I asked you to pray for died of pneumonia last Monday in Washington and was buried yesterday. The whole family are Episcopalian but the General consented to see Fr. [Placide L.] Chappelle the Sunday before he died; was baptized conditionally, went to confession and holy communion after which he acknowledged before all the family, that he had done what he had desired for forty years. He wished no military escort, nor parade at his funeral, etc. He had worn the medal of our Blessed Mother for 20 years during which he had had seven horses killed under him in Mexican and Civil Wars. Was not this conversion miraculous? He had much faith in the orphans’ prayers. His wife urged him to have a priest at the request I made in a letter to them when I heard he was so ill. Hence the result—more converts may come from it. (Help me, dear Sister, to thank God).

Sister [Mary] Borgia McGarvey cried outright when she heard of it, for she had met him twice—while I was at Emmitsburg, he called to see me and last summer was here a few moments. I hope you will extend your visitations to our happy little mission [at] Norfolk before you return home.

God bless you and pray for
Your devoted in the Sacred Heart
Sister Mary Louise Hunt, D.C.

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918 Sister Mary Louise Hunt to Sister Mariana Flynn, February 15, 1889, Early Correspondence.
919 Henry Jackson Hunt (1819–1889) was Chief of Artillery in the Army of the Potomac.
920 Rev. Placide Louis Chapelle (1842-1905), rector of St. Matthew’s Church, Washington, D.C., was later Archbishop of New Orleans.
921 Sister Mary Louise Hunt (1843–1922).
922 Sister Mary Borgia McGarvey (1824–1897) and Sister Mary Louise Hunt were on mission at St. Mary’s Asylum and School, Norfolk, Virginia.
137. Obituary
The Late General Hunt

One of the few surviving commanders of the battle of Gettysburg, General Henry Hunt, died recently in the Soldiers Home, Washington, D.C. Born in the State of Michigan in the year 1819, he graduated from West Point at the age of twenty, and some years later distinguished himself in the Mexican War. But it was in the late Civil War, as chief artillery officer of the Army of the Potomac, that he displayed that bravery and capacity which drew from a fellow officer the remark, “If any man ever won his stars it was Henry M. [sic] Hunt.” The conversion of General Hunt to the Catholic Faith took place shortly before his death. Fortified by the last Sacraments he passed away with a smile of resignation on his countenance. May his soul rest in peace. Ave Maria.

I send this for your edification, [the] Sister who contributes to the annals may find it edifying. Wrote to Sister Alix [Merceret] about this. [SML]

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923 Obituary, the Late General [Henry J.] Hunt, 1889, Early Correspondence. Sister Alix Merceret (1833–1926) was the corresponding secretary (1867-1926) for the Province of the United States at the Motherhouse, Paris.
General Fowler,

Kind Sir,

Will you have the kindness to send us the names and address of our late visitors “The War Veterans,” with those of the ladies, wives, sons, daughters, and granddaughters composing the party.

By so doing, you will oblige us, as we wish to have a little memorandum of the visit preserved.

We were more than sorry that you did not meet our superioress, Mother Mariana [Flynn], as the meeting would have been a mutual pleasure; but, her multiplied duties, at this season, keep her pretty closely confined to her office. She was much pleased however, that the Veterans did not forget to call at our Valley Home. She thanks you for your little visit, feeling that we are honored thereby.

Respectfully,
Sister Mary Virginia Joyce, D.C.
Alfred Cranston to Sister Mary Virginia Joyce

Brooklyn, August 7th 1893

Sister Mary Virginia Joyce

My Dear Madam,

Your very kind communication dated July 10 was received in due time and should have been answered before, only that General Fowler and myself have been away from home. The General would have answered but he had not the names of the party you asked for. Your letter was read to many of the pledges and they are very much pleased to know that they are remembered. I now have the honor to give you the names of the party that called at St. Joseph Vale July 4th 1893.

Genl. E. B. Fowler & wife
Mr. W. Baker, wife & daughter
Col. H. W. Mitchell & daughter
Sergt. W. H. H. Prickny & wife
Capt. A. Cranston & wife
Mr. G. Gilmore & wife
Capt. E. A. Flavin & wife
12 Mrs. A. F. Ackly
11 Sergt. C. Bryant, wife & daughter
13 Miss A. Moore
14 W. L. Bond
15 Monroe Johnson
8 Capt. H. Brown & wife

925 Alfred Cranston to Sister Mary Virginia Joyce, August 7, 1893, ibid. Beverly Wright Myers of Belvedere, California, sent this document to Mrs. Adele M. Topper of Emmitsburg, Maryland, in 1982 with the note below: “I am sending these on to be given to the archives because they add human interest to the circumstances. I think history involving people puts some flesh on the skeletons of mere facts. The letter from St. Joseph’s Vale is no doubt original. I believe the pencil copy written by my great-grandfather, Alfred Cranston, is a duplicate of the original response. These veterans were from the Brooklyn 14th Regiment, known during the Civil War as the Brooklyn Chasseurs or Redlegged Devils, due to their red trousers. General [Edward B] Fowler, to whom the letter is addressed was, and a statue was erected to honor him Brooklyn. My great-grandfather was a Lieutenant during the Civil War under Fowler, and they remained friends for their lifetimes. In the reverse, Alfred Cranston became a Captain and was secretary for many years in the Veterans organization, which is how he happened to have these letters, no doubt. As I had surmised, the visit to St. Joseph’s Vale was a side trip of a Veteran’s reunion.”
10 Leut M McLaughlin

9 Capt. Ramen Cordosa & son

All members or the wives, sons, and daughters of members of the 14th Regiment, New York State Militia,

With earnest prayers for yourself and friends, I have the honor to be

Very respectfully,
A. Cranston
NY [State Militia]
14th Regt. War [The Fighting Fourteenth]
Mother Superior of the Sisters of Charity

Dear Mother Superior,

I have been called upon to furnish the Ave Maria an account of my agency in getting the Government to invite the Sisters of Charity to nurse in the Army during the war.

In view of this I want to know if any copies of letters and telegrams have been preserved in the records of your Society, in relation to this matter. A copy of my first letter to Mother Ann Simeon [Norris] dated sometime in April 1861, and her admirable reply, are of the first importance, as it has been asserted that it was through Miss Dorothy Dix, that the services of the Sisters of Charity were obtained, when in fact Miss Dix in a communication to me, through her secretary “declined their assistance unless they were subject to her as their Superior.” Of course, I at once dropped any further correspondence with her on the subject, knowing such a thing to be entirely out of the question, and henceforth addressed myself exclusively to Mr. Secretary [Edwin] Stanton, but nothing was done until just two weeks before Gen. McClellan retreated from the Peninsula to his gunboats on the James River, when I received a letter from the Assistant Secretary of War, written as stated by Mr. Stanton’s request, informing me that the Secretary “had on that day telegraphed to St. Joseph’s for two hundred Sisters who would proceed at once to the Seat of War.”

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926 Ann Dorsey to Mother _________, April 8, [n.d.], Provincial Annals (1860–1862), 505. The envelope has not survived; the letter is undated but was written sometime between 1866 and 1896, most likely to Mother Ann Simeon’s successor, Mother Euphemia Blenkinsop. Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey (1815–1906), a convert to Catholicism, noted writer and novelist of Washington, D.C., may have received communication from Secretary Stanton during the summer of 1861. Mrs. Dorsey’s only son, Private Louis W. Dorsey of the Pennsylvania Infantry, died from battle wounds.

927 The cumulative index of Ave Maria for 1865–1887 and 1888–1900, preserved at the Hesburgh Library, University of Notre Dame, contains many articles written by Mrs. Dorsey but none on this topic.

928 A telegram arrived at St. Joseph’s from W. A. Hammond, Surgeon General, June 17, 1862, requesting “one hundred or as many as you can of the Sisters of Charity for nurses in the hospital transports” to be in Baltimore by the next day. Hammond mentions neither Dorothea Dix nor Anna H. Dorsey but implies communication with Francis Kenrick, archbishop of Baltimore. For a scholarly discussion about Dorothea Dix’s attitude toward Catholic sisters, see Maher, To Bind Up the Wounds, 128–32.

929 For details on Mrs. Dorsey’s claim about her influence, see Jolly, Nuns of the Battlefield, 60. See also The Statesman (Concord, New Hampshire, June 15, 1861), 1. The Statesman quotes an undated issue of the Washington National Intelligencer. The First Assistant Secretary of War at this time may have been Thomas A. Scott. Gen. McClellan retreated from the Virginia Peninsula toward the James River in late June of 1862.
Mother Ann Simeon’s letter with one of my own, were put on file in Secretary Stanton’s Office, but cannot be found. The letter I wrote him, in response to which he telegraphed for the Sisters, I have been able to get a copy of from the War Department and although I remember perfectly all the points of Mother Ann Simeon’s letter in which she gave the reasons why the Sisters of Charity had not pressed forward to offer their services, such being contrary to their rule, I would prefer a perfect copy if there is one to be found.\textsuperscript{930} Will you dear Mother Superior have your records for the years ‘61, ‘62, and ‘63 looked over to see if any data whatever can be found? And let me know the result as soon thereafter as possible for this matter involves much that is of historic interest relating to the part that Catholics took in the great struggle for national life, and I wish the world to know that the Sisters of Charity were in the war

Asking your prayers dear Mother
I am with sincere regards your,
Ann Hanson Dorsey

P.S. I would suggest that perhaps some of the old Sisters who were living “at home” at the time, may be able to recollect dates and events, in case other sources of information fail.\textsuperscript{931}

A.H.D.

\textsuperscript{930} These documents have not survived.
\textsuperscript{931} “At home” refers to St. Joseph’s Central House, Emmitsburg, Maryland.
Edwin D. Newton to Mother Margaret O’Keefe

To the Sister Superior—
Emmitsburg – Maryland –
Dear “Sister”—

I write of the long-long ago when the War Between the States commenced—“The Mother Church” sent “thirteen Sisters of Charity”—(“thirteen” is the number, if my memory is correct)—to Richmond Virginia to nurse the sick and wounded in “General Hospital Number One.” “The Sister Superior” was “Sister Valentine [Latouraudais],” a noble woman, one beloved and honored by all of the Surgeons and attendants of said Hospital. This lady of devoted women remained at this Hospital till after the surrender of “The army of Northern Virginia”—at “[Appomattox]” – As I was “En Route to Baltimore;” after “the surrender;” I met these noble “Sisters;” at “City Point” [Virginia] returning to Emmitsburg.

“Sister Madaline [sic, Madeleine]” (O’Brien) was not amongst the sisters aboard the steamer. She having been ordered to remain in Richmond, or to “the [southern] States.” She is now, after a half century of blessed work for the Blessed Master and the Great Mother Church, on duty in a Hospital in Baltimore.

“The name” of said “Hospital,” I cannot at this moment recall; it is however well known to your Holy Order. To this devoted Sister, I refer with very great pleasure. I desire to preserve the names of each one of these sisters who gave four years of their lives to the sick and wounded of the Confederates Army.

The Surgeon General’s office, [Dr. Samuel Preston Moore, Surgeon General Confederate States Army] in Richmond—was in 1865—on the occasion of the withdrawal of the Confederate troops and the [entrance] of a detachment of the Federal Army destroyed by fire with all of its Medical and Surgical Papers.

932 Edwin D. Newton to Mother Margaret O’Keefe, March 26, 1912, CWC.
933 Mother Margaret O’Keefe (1846-1923) was visitatrix (provincial superior) for twenty-two years (1901–1923).
934 Sister Valentine Latouraudais.
935 Appomattox, Virginia.
936 Located at the confluence of the James and Appomattox Rivers and now part of Hopewell, Virginia, the small port town of City Point had access to both railroad and river transportation to Washington, D.C.
937 Sister Madeleine O’Brien (1839-1911) was on mission at St. Agnes Hospital (1904–1911).
In 1874, I organized here in Atlanta, “The Association of Medical Officers of the Confederates,” Army and Navy. Upon the reorganization of the same in 1898, it was known as “the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy.” Its object was to replace and preserve all of the important medical and surgical facts developed within the [records] of the Confederates during “the War between the States.”

We have had sixteen annual meetings and our great work is almost complete. It is incomplete, however, in only one point. We wish to preserve the names of the noble and devoted Sisters of “The Mother Church” who did such noble-work during “The Great War.”

We would be glad to have a photograph of each Sister of this devoted body. If this is impossible, please find a photograph of “Sister Superior Valentine” and Sister Madaline [sic] (O’Brien). They will be treasured by the devoted Surgeons of “The Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy.”

There are but few “Confederate Surgeons” alive. I am the only survivor of the Medical staff, Head quarters Army of Northern Virginia; and it is also true that of all of the staff of General Robert E. Lee, four only remain:

1. Col. W. H. Taylor, Assistant General, (President of the Marine Bank of Norfolk, Virginia);  
2. [Henry Edward Young] of Charleston, South Carolina, Judge Advocate General;  
3. Rev [Giles Buckner] Cooke of Northern Virginia (near Petersburg, Virginia), who was [staff officer for Robert E. Lee after October 1864.]  
4. And the writer of these lines, Edwin D. Newton, A. M., M.D., surgeon on the staff of Dr. [Lafayette Guild], who was Chief Surgeon and Medical Director of Lee’s Army.  

Please give me an answer at an early day as our “Association of Medical Officers – [Confederate States] Army meets in Macon, Georgia, in May next. Thanking you most kindly and sincerely for the above mentioned request, I remain—

Edwin D. Newton

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938 Major Walter Herron Taylor (1838–1916).  
PS. I am very near to “The Mother Church”—for I am a High Church Episcopalian.

PS. My kindest regards to Sister Madaline [sic] whenever you write to your devoted co-worker in Charity.
Dear Madam:

Will you please do me the honor to read the quotations enclosed taken from the book written and published in France by the late General de Trobriand [who was] in command of the 3rd. Brigade of the 1st Div., of the 3rd. Corps.  

*Four Years With the Army of the Potomac*

By

Régis De Trobriand

Major General U. S. Volunteers

(From the French). Pages 485–486–487.

There is a large convent at Emmitsburg with which is connected a school for young ladies and that which has a reputation extending throughout the United States, it was on the domain of St. Joseph’s that I placed my brigade.  

A small stream made part of the boundary line.

I leave it to you to guess if the good Sisters were not excited on seeing the guns moving along under their windows and the regiments bristling with bayonets spreading out through their orchards. Nothing like it had every troubled the calm of this holy retreat, where I arrived at a gallop in front of the principle door.

The doorkeeper, who had ventured a few steps outside, completely lost her head in her frights; she came near being trampled underfoot by the horses of my staff.

The superior, on the contrary with whom I asked to speak in the parlor, came down calm and dignified.

She perfectly comprehended the necessities of war. When I asked her to send me up to the belfry

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941 Philippe Régis Denis de Keredern de Trobriand (1816–1897) was a French aristocrat, lawyer, poet, and novelist who immigrated to the United States as a young adult. Trobriand served in the Union Army with the 55th New York Infantry.

942 St. Joseph’s Academy.

943 Tooms Creek.
[of the Bruté Building] from which the whole country surrounding could be seen, she sent for the Chaplain, and ordered him to act as my guide. He led us thru the dormitories and the classrooms of the boarding school.

“Permit me” I said, to make one request of you. “Ask St. Joseph to keep the Rebels away from here; for if they come before I get away, I do not know what will become of your beautiful convent.”

The night was quiet. Between two and three o’clock in the morning, the order came from Army Headquarters for us to join our corps immediately at Gettysburg, etc. etc.”

The Mozart Regiment (49th New York) Commanded by Col. Thos Egan, was a part of De Trobriand’s Brigade and on July 1st 1863, was invited to parade thru your convent yard for the patriotic edification of the Sisters who were at the windows waving handkerchiefs and flags.

I presume the regiment then numbered about 400 men and a fine Bugle and Drum Corps at their head following that [a] brave, chivalrous and Catholic gentleman, Col. Thomas Egan who afterwards distinguished himself at Gettysburg. I wonder if there is one soul living in your walls who remembers the incident? And now, dear lady, I come to my point, i.e., it has been suggested that when the above mentioned regiment again meet at Emmitsburg which we propose doing the current year, that we repeat that parade just as nearly like fifty years ago as is possible, and to ask you if such a procedure would be agreeable to you and your household, is the subject of this letter.

I, myself, was a drummer boy in the Regiment and have a lively interest in the matter. It goes without saying that the contingent will be small but a favorable reply to this letter will bring out all the particulars that are needed to consummate the undertaking.

Yours respectfully,

Charles T. Barnes

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944 Rev. J. Francis Burlando, C.M.
945 Colonel Thomas W. Egan (1836–1887), was leading his regiment near “Devil’s Den” when wounded July 2, 1863 at Gettysburg. The Mozart Regiment lost one-third of its troops during the engagement.
Sister Margaret,
Dear Madame,

On receipt of your beautiful letter, I at once forwarded its contents to the Mozart Regiment Society in New York City. And, as they found it impracticable for the society to visit Emmitsburg, I have been delegated to visit St. Joseph’s and march through your grounds and convey their complements etc., etc., to you. If it please you to send a note to Hotel Slagle on June 30th advising me of the most suitable time to call on July 1st, I will appreciate it very much.

Very Respectfully Yours,
Charles T. Barnes

Charles T. Barnes, drummer boy, Musician Corps, Mozart Regiment, Co. F, 40th New York Volunteers. (June 1863).

946 Charles T. Barnes to Mother Margaret O’Keefe, June 18, 1913, CWC.
947 The 40th New York Volunteers traces its roots to the Mozart Hall faction of the Democratic Party, hence the name, Mozart Regiment. A monument to the courageous troops of the 40th New York Infantry stands at Devil’s Den in the “Valley of Death” by the base of Little Round Top.
948 The Hotel Slagle was located on the southeast quadrant at the intersection of Main Street and the Old Emmitsburg Road (Rts. 140 and 15). The latter is now Seton Avenue, in Emmitsburg, Maryland.
Dear Mother Margaret:

My representative in Gettysburg, Pa., Mr. J. Louis Sowers, has informed me that you were very kind on January 7th last, in replying to an inquiry which he made of you on January 6th, with reference to a list of the Sisters of Mercy [sic, Daughters of Charity] who served as nurses at the field of Gettysburg, July 1st–3rd, 1863. He has forwarded to me a list of twelve Sisters, who went at first. I am indebted to you for these names and thank you sincerely for your prompt and kind attention to my request.

You may be interested to know that I am a lecturer and writer on subjects pertaining to the Battle of Gettysburg. I have been particularly interested in the beautiful and the heroic life of Col. Patrick H. O’Rourke of this city, who as Colonel of the 140th New York Infantry, was killed on the southern slope of Little Round Top, July 2nd 1863. The life of Col. Patrick O’Rourke was very beautiful, as was the life of Miss Clara Bishop, whom he married shortly before the war, and who entered the Sisterhood [sic, Society] of the Sacred Heart after his death. She became a Mother Superior and died, I believe, in Baltimore, in 1893.

The sister of Col. Patrick O’Rourke, Miss Bertha O’Rourke is living in this city and she has furnished me with the details of my studies on the subject.

It was after having given a lecture on the life of Col. Patrick O’Rourke, before the Knights of Columbus of this city, that young gentleman inquired from me if I knew of Sisters of Mercy [sic, Daughters of Charity] being on the Battlefield. This inquiry from the young gentleman brought about my instructions to my Gettysburg representative. It is my purpose in the volume devoted to the life of Col. Patrick O’Rourke, to devote a chapter or a mention at least, of what I have been able to gather relative to the Sisters of Mercy [sic, Daughters of Charity] who were at the field during that great struggle. It will be a pleasure for me to give Mother Margaret credit for such

949 J.W. Johnston to Mother Margaret O’Keefe, March 6, 1915, CWC.
950 Mother Margaret O’Keefe.
951 See note 820 supra.
information as I have been able to obtain on the subject. Should you be able to furnish me with details as to the date when the twelve Sisters left St. Joseph’s College, also how long they served at the Gettysburg Battlefield, and whether they returned to the College at Emmitsburg, or went elsewhere after their work at Gettysburg had been completed. I will be greatly obliged for such facts as you can give me. Were there other Sisters from any other Catholic Colleges or Convents who were present at the Gettysburg Battlefield? If it is possible to secure the names of more than twelve sisters who served, I will be very glad indeed to record these in my writings.

I believe that it is the purpose of two wealthy young gentlemen belonging to the Knights of Columbus of this city to give a memorial tablet or to suggest that a memorial of some kind be placed in the Catholic Church at Gettysburg, or on the field in honor and in memory of the Sisters of Mercy [sic, Daughters of Charity] who served as Angels of mercy to the sick and wounded when the forces of the Confederacy met their first reverse—In fact the reverse which culminated in the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox.952

Thanking you again for your kindness and your consideration of the request and trusting that this finds you and yours well, I remain,

Very truly yours, J. W. Johnston

952 The Knights of Columbus erected bronze memorial plaques on the façade of St. Francis Xavier Historic Church, Gettysburg, in 1925.
Reverend and dear Mother:

I am again asking your cooperation in the final step towards securing the Government markers for the graves of Sisters who served as nurses in hospitals or camps of the Army or Navy of the United States in time of war.

The steps hitherto taken have involved much labor and anxiety. First, the Congress of the United States voted to mark the graves of the Sister-War Nurses with the same official recognition which it places over the graves of soldiers and sailors. But an obstacle then presented itself in the form of a technicality. The text of the law distinctly states that Government stones should be placed only over unmarked graves. The second step, therefore, consisted in securing from the Secretary of War an official ruling to the effect that the Community crosses over the graves of the Sisters were not monuments, in the ordinary sense, but only marks of identification. Secretary Baker, who proudly explained that his own father, when wounded in battle had been nursed back to health and strength by a Sister-Nurse, gladly made the desired ruling. The third step consisted in furnishing the Quarter Master General with an authentic list of the Sister-Nurses and securing his official acceptance of the list after an examination of the records in Washington. Accordingly, with the superb cooperation of the Superiors and the cordial blessing of the Hierarchy, I secured from the several Communities lists of the Sisters, with other data required as part of the regular application for the official markers. So far as regards the Sisters who served in the Spanish American War there was comparatively little difficulty, because the records in Washington for that war have been carefully made and preserved; but not so as regards the Sister-Nurses of the Civil War. The lists of these contained some hundreds of

953 Ellen Ryan Jolly to Mother Margaret O’Keefe, July 15, 1920, CWC.
954 Newton Diehl Baker, Jr., was born in Martinsburg, West Virginia, to Newton Diehl Baker and Mary Ann (Dukehart) Baker.
955 Over three hundred Daughters of Charity nursed sick and wounded Civil War soldiers. Approximately two hundred sisters were military nurses during the Spanish-American War and afterwards. See Mercedes Graf, “Band of Angels. Sister Nurses in the Spanish-American War, Parts 1–2,” Prologue Magazine (United States National Archives, v. 34, #3, Fall 2002). Copy available APSL.
names, and after a few weeks I received notification that of the entire number only eighty-nine had been verified by the official records of the War Department. The Quarter Master General at the same time asked that “any additional data be forwarded to this office with return of the applications so that same might be transmitted to the Adjutant-General’s Office or the Surgeon General’s Office for further search. Or if any of the descendants drew pensions that fact should be stated in order that their services may be verified by the pension bureau.”

Here, then, is where I am again compelled to request you, dear Reverend Mother, with many apologies, to cooperate in furnishing the information required by the Quarter Master General. I am enclosing on a separate sheet a list of all the Sisters-War Nurses whose names I have been able to secure, and I have marked with an asterisk (*) the names of those whose services have already been verified in the records of the War Department. Will you, dear Reverend Mother, send me as early as possible, all available information to vindicate the services rendered by your own community?

Permit me to suggest that there is no question here of lessening the spiritual beauty or merit of the work of the holy dead by crowning it with mere human glory. It is the glory of the Church which is sought in a day when our beloved Government has been more and more secularized by the jealousy of the narrow-minded, when the patriotic services of the sisters in the past are so generally forgotten and their opportunities for service in the future seem threatened not only in the hospital but in the schoolroom as well.

It has required great energy and perseverance to bring this movement to its present status; let us not permit the fruit of past labors to be lost for the lack of one final effort. Needless to say the cause has not merely the approval but the enthusiastic cooperation of the Hierarchy.

Laying this request before you in the name of Our Lady, Queen of Virgins, the Mother and Model of all Sisters, I am, dear Reverend Mother,

Devotedly yours in Our Lord,
Ellen Ryan Jolly

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956 Major General Harry L. Rogers was the Quarter Master General. Rear Admiral Hugh S. Cumming had just become the U.S. Surgeon General.
957 See Jolly, *Nuns of the Battlefield*, 57–84.
THE SISTERS-WAR NURSES [sic]

Attached to this memorandum is a complete list of the Sisters-War-Nurses of your community, so far as I have been able to compile it with the assistance of the Religious Superiors. If an error or omission occurs kindly send me the information. Those whose services have already been verified by the War Records are marked with an asterisk (*). We are very anxious to help the government verify the services of all the other Sisters-War-Nurses mentioned not only because such verification is necessary to obtain their markers but because the government records will be the only generally accepted authority in the future for our claim that hundreds of our noble and heroic Sisters served their country in time of war. Fifty nine markers have already been erected and it is our great hope that all the markers will be erected very soon. In all cases—including the Sisters of the Spanish-American War—those who have passed to their heavenly reward should be marked Deceased.

HOW TO PROCEED.

First. Where official papers showing enlistment or honorable discharge have been preserved, these alone will suffice to establish proof.

Second. Where pensions have been paid by the government to the Sisters, these alone are sufficient proof.

Third. Letters of appreciation written by government officials or army officers, medals awarded or military distinctions, will form proof presumptive.

Fourth. Letters from Community archives written by the Sisters while in service will form strong presumptive proof.

Fifth. Community records showing money paid by the government for the Sisters during the war, will assist greatly in establishing probability.

Sixth. Extracts from local papers recording deaths of Sisters Nurses and making mention of their war services will be useful—as well as any other public acknowledgments or honors.

When your records have been completed please send a copy of them without unnecessary delay to

Mrs. Ellen Ryan Jolly, Pawtucket, Rhode Island
“Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal... It is for us the living...to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

—Abraham Lincoln, November 19, 1863
Epilogue

While living in New York the Seton family experienced dangers of the British occupation and the colonists fight against them during the American Revolution. After the Setons faith-filled but fateful voyage to Livorno, William Magee Seton’s young widow sailed home in 1804 on the *Pyomingo*, “becalmed opposite the town of Valencia, and surrounded by Lord Nelson’s fleet...[and] were boarded.”1 Beset by hardships in Maryland eight years later, she and her Sisters of Charity struggled for necessities during the War of 1812. Would she ever have imagined that fifty years hence a fratricidal civil war would surround her spiritual daughters or that they would be caring for thousands of sick and wounded soldiers?

From Paca Street, Baltimore, Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton mused to Julianna Sitgreaves Scott (1765-1842), a widow and life-long friend:

—so far I can express, but to speak the joy of my soul at the prospect of being able to assist the Poor, visit the sick, comfort the sorrowful, clothe little innocents, and teach them to love God!2

Mother Seton and her sisters worked industriously to realize her vision of mission: “Establishing a House of plain and useful Education” which was “connected also with the view of providing Nurses for the sick and poor.”3 First, they visited needy families in humble hovels on the mountain and those toiling for subsistence closer to the village of Emmitsburg. Instruction and a school followed. After a few years, Mother Seton responded to needs at Mount St. Mary’s College and Seminary. She sent Sister Bridget Farrell, Sister Ann Gruber and Sister Anastasia Nabbs, to the Mountain on mission for the infirmary, clothes-room, and other departments of the household.4

From their first healthcare ministry at The Baltimore Infirmary (1823), the Sisters of Charity continued to augment their clinical nursing skills, medical knowledge, and pharmacological expertise. Moving from patient to patient, they offered emotional support and curative remedies in quarantine stations, home care, general, marine, and psychiatric, hospitals. The sisters have been responding to public health emergencies since the first scourge of Asiatic cholera appeared (1832-1834). They labored to save lives in Albany, Baltimore,

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1 2.14 Journal to Rebecca Seton continued, entry of April 24, 1804, *Seton Collected Writings* 1:302.
4 Sister Bridget Farrell (1765-1847), Sister Ann Gruber (c.1779-1840), and Sister Anastasia Nabbs (1788-1823).
Boston, New Orleans, New York City, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Washington, D.C. throughout subsequent epidemics (cholera, yellow fever, smallpox, and typhoid).

During the Civil War, the sisters touched the hearts and minds of the sufferers in their care. Father Burlando observed them interacting with patients and undertaking their arduous tasks. He noted: “From the first, our Sisters knew how to inspire patience, whilst infusing the balm of hope into stricken souls. Men whom the horrors of war had, as it were, deprived of all feeling were touched by the sight of a Sister of Charity in the performance of her duty.”

In order to supply sister nurses during war years superiors in Emmitsburg closed some schools and reorganized staffing at children’s homes and hospitals. These changes permitted the Daughters of Charity to go where needed. Over three hundred sisters provided services in military hospitals, transports, and ambulances, etc., for the Union and the Confederacy. The sisters continued nursing victims beyond battlefields and after Lee’s surrender. For example, some sisters remained at Gettysburg until all the wounded were transported to their home states or had recovered. Daughters of Charity hospitals continued to nurse wounded soldiers and admit veterans for long-term care.

During the Spanish-American War of 1898 the United States government also requested sisters. Daughters of Charity from the United States and Cuba enlisted as army nurses. Those who were bilingual facilitated the nursing care, medical treatment, and recuperation of Hispanophones.

Over two hundred sister nurses cared for sick and wounded soldiers in camp hospitals (often merely pup tents) and military hospitals in seven states, Cuba, and Puerto Rico. Chickamauga, Georgia, had the largest patient population with 60,000 followed by Montauk Point, Long Island, New York, with 20,000 patients and 112 sister nurses to attend them. Daughters of Charity hospitals in the United States admitted about eight hundred soldiers for medical care. Four sister nurses contracted fatal diseases.

About fifty years after the first Memorial Day honored fallen Confederate and Union soldiers, another generation of Americans was

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5 Rev. J. Francis Burlando to Rev. Jean-Baptiste Etienne, April 10, 1865, published in Life of Mother Euphemia, 47-54.
6 Sister Anastasia Burke (1875-1898); Sister Mary Larkin (1863-1898); Sister Mary Agnes Sweeney (1862-1898); and Sister Caroline Wolfe (1873-1898) died as a result of their charitable services.
fighting overseas in World War I. The Daughters of Charity from the Paris-based motherhouse had been engaged in battlefield nursing since the war began and were well-known for their fearless ministry to the wounded under fire. An American physician was working in Italy.

Lieutenant Colonel Dr. Joseph A. Danna, of the Loyola University Medical School, New Orleans, was attached to the 332nd Ohio Regiment and with the Italian Armies. Dr. Danna organized the most forward hospital on the Italian front, about fifteen miles from the firing line. He requested Daughters of Charity from the Normandy Province (U.S.A.) to manage nursing services. Sister Eugenia Fealy, visitatrix (provincial superior), believed that American sisters should care for sick and wounded soldiers abroad since so many American soldiers were fighting on foreign soil.

Ten sisters, who were registered nurses, along with ninety graduates from various Schools of Nursing administered by the Daughters of Charity, staffed the Loyola Base Hospital No. 102, Vicenza, in northeastern Italy. Ambulances brought more than a large number of wounded Italian soldiers and others from Caporetto to the Loyola Unit. Among them was Ernest Hemingway, an ambulance driver with the American Red Cross; his injury was the result of Austrian mortar fire.

The chief nurse of the Loyola Unit was Sister Chrysostom Moynihan (1862-1941), who had been administrator at St. Vincent’s Hospital, Birmingham, Alabama, and a military nurse during the Spanish-American War, mentored by Sister Lucia James (1850-1937). In 1918 Sister Chrysostom crossed the Atlantic Ocean on the Umbria with lay health professionals and Sisters Catherine Coleman; Lucia Dolan; Valeria Dorn; Angela Drendel; Mariana Flynn; David Ingram; DeSales Loftus; Florence Means; and Agatha Muldoon.8

Charity afire impelled Daughters of Charity of the Loyola Unit to care for suffering war victims with heroic courage as their sisters of yesteryear had done during the Civil War and the Spanish-American War. Each generation of sister nurses realized that: “War makes its demand upon the woman power of America as well as upon her man power.”9 Lucius E. Chittenden (1824-1900), Register of the U.S. Treasury during the Lincoln administration, observed and acknowledged

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7 Two women placed flowers on both Confederate and Union graves in Columbus, Mississippi, May 30, 1868. This was the first observance of Memorial Day.
8 Provincial Annals (1919), 55-7.
9 Quote attributed to Sister Chrysostom Moynihan, Provincial Annals (1918), 147.
the gentleness and compassion of sister nurses. Chittenden wrote a tribute:

Of all the forms of charity and benevolence seen in the crowded wards of the hospitals, those of some Catholic Sisters were among the most efficient. I never knew whence they came or what was the name of their order… More lovely than anything I have ever seen in art, so long devoted to illustrations of love, mercy, and charity are the pictures that remain of those modest Sisters going on their errands of mercy among the suffering and the dying. Gently and womanly, yet with the courage of soldiers leading a forlorn hope, to sustain them in contact with such horrors. As they went from cot to cot, distributing the medicines prescribed, or administering the cooling, strengthening draughts as directed, they were veritable angels of mercy. Their words were suited to every sufferer. One they incited and encouraged, another they calmed and soothed. With every soldier they conversed about his home, his wife, his children, all the loved ones he was soon to see again if he was obedient and patient. How many times have I seen them exorcise pain by their presence and their words! How often has the hot forehead of the soldier grown cool as one of the Sisters bathed it! How often has he been refreshed, encouraged and assisted along the road to convalescence, when he would otherwise have fallen by the way, by the home memories with which these unpaid nurses filled his heart!\footnote{Lucius E. Chittenden, \textit{Recollections of President Lincoln and His Administration} (New York: Harper \& Brothers, 1891), pp. 258-260. This passage is often appropriated mistakenly to President Lincoln.}
Appendix A

Traditional Prayers of the Catholic Church
Used by the Daughters of Charity Civil War Nurses

Ave Maria (Hail Mary)

Hail Mary, Full of Grace, The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of death. Amen.

Act of Contrition

O my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended You and I detest all my sins, because I fear the loss of heaven and the pains of hell, but most of all because they offend You, my God, who are all good and deserving of all my love. I firmly resolve, with the help of Your grace, to confess my sins, to do penance and to amend my life. Amen

Memorare

Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it known that anyone who fled to your protection, implored your help, or sought your intercession, was left unaided. Inspired then with confidence, I fly unto you, O Virgin of virgins, my Mother! To you do I come, before you I stand, sinful and sorrowful. O Mother of the Word Incarnate, despise not my petitions, but in your mercy, hear and answer me. Amen

Da Pacem (Give Peace)

Give peace, O Lord, in our time
Because there is no one else
Who will fight for us
If not You, our God.

Deus, a quo sancta (O God, From Whom Are All Holy Desires)

O God, from whom are all holy desires, rightful counsels, and just works: give unto thy servants that peace, which the world cannot give: that our hearts disposed to keep thy commandments, and the fear of enemies taken away, the times through thy protection may be peaceable.
Appendix B
Daughters of Charity Civil War Nurses

Adelsberger, Sister Celestine
Asmuth, Sister Mary Antonia
Balfe, Sister Mary Gertrude
Ballantine, Sister Augustine
Barry, Sister Mary Philip
Beirne, Sister Adeline
Bell, Sister Donata
Blenkinsop, Sister Mary Euphemia
Boniface, Sister Marie (a.k.a. Sister Ann Maria)
Botsford, Sister Ann
Bouligny, Sister Rosalie
Bowden, Sister Emerentiana (a.k.a. Sister Camilla)
Boyle, Sister Bernard (a.k.a. Sister Bernadine)
Brandel, Sister Severina
Brawner, Sister Hilary
Breen, Sister Petronilla
Bridgman, Sister Martha Ann
Bridgman, Sister Mary Thomas
Brogan, Sister Mary Jerome
Burke, Sister Vincentia
Burns, Sister Frances
Butterly, Sister Aimée
Callahan, Sister Mary Frances (a.k.a. Sister Francis)
Campbell, Sister Catherine (a.k.a. Sister Josephine)
Carr, Sister Mary Frances (a.k.a. Sister Margaret)
Carroll, Sister Elizabeth (a.k.a. Sister Mary Cephas)
Carroll, Sister Laura
Carroll, Sister Mary (a.k.a. Sister Sarah)
Carroll, Sister Mary Agnes (a.k.a. Sister Julia)
Casey, Sister Henrietta
Casey, Sister Ignatia
Caulfield, Sister Marie Louise
Chatard, Sister Juliana
Chrismer, Sister Mary Catherine
Cleary, Sister Frances
Clowry, Sister Mary Edmund
Collins, Sister Magdalene
Collins, Sister Mary Louise
Comstock, Sister Matilda
Conlan, Sister Mary Consolata
Connell, Sister Loretto
Connelly, Sister Philippa
Connolly, Sister Theonella
Cosgrove, Sister Marie
Coskery, Sister Matilda
Costello, Sister Mary de Chantal
Creman, Sister Mary
Cummiskey, Sister Mary
Daly, Sister Aloysia
D’Aunoy, Sister Felicite
Davis, Sister Amelia
Defrey, Sister Bertrand
Delahunty, Sister Mary Alice (a.k.a. Sister Mary Magdalen)
Devlin, Sister Agatha
Dodthage, Sister Genevieve
Donahoe, Sister Turibius
Donavan, Sister Hannah
Dougherty, Sister Ann Joseph
Dougherty, Sister Annie
Dougherty, Sister Mary Eliza
Douglas, Sister Mary John (a.k.a. Sister Mary Jane)
Dowds, Sister Mary Baptista
Downey, Sister Mary
Doyle, Sister Clara
Doyle, Sister Mary Vincent
Driscoll, Sister Catharine
   (a.k.a. Sister Benigna)
Duff, Sister Amelia
Duffy, Sister Beatrice
Durum, Sister Mary Adele
Eardly, Sister Elizabeth
Eck, Sister Caroline
Edelin, Sister Josephine
Ekstein, Sister Veronica
   (a.k.a. Sister Veronica)
Ernst, Sister Mary
   (a.k.a. Sister Earnest)
Ewers, Sister Genevieve
   (a.k.a. Sister Annie)
Farrell, Sister Bernardine
Farrell, Sister Mary Agnes
Farrell, Sister Mary Bernard
Felix, Sister Anastasia
Finegan, Sister Marcella
Finley, Sister Ellen
Fischer, Sister Mary Melania
Fitzgerald, Sister Josephine
   (a.k.a. Sister Julia)
Fleming, Sister Vincent
Flynn, Sister Mariana
   (later Mother Mariana)
Foley, Sister Generosa
Foristall, Sister Henrietta
Foster, Sister Vincent
Fox, Sister Loretto
Frasa, Sister Mary Elizabeth
Freker, Sister Aloysia
Gaitley, Sister Annie
Gamel, Sister Josephine
Garvey, Sister Genevieve
Gehring, Sister Walburga
Gibbons, Sister Estelle
Gondain, Sister Charitina
Grace, Sister Mary Gonzaga
Grant, Sister Martha
   (a.k.a. Sister Maria)
Griffin, Sister Frances
Groëll, Sister Alphonsa
Groëll, Sister Josephine
   (a.k.a. Sister Placida; Cecilia)
Groëll, Sister Magdalen
Hamell, Sister Mary Lawrencine
Hanigan, Sister Claudia
   (a.k.a. Sister Dorothea)
Harbaugh, Sister Catharine
   (a.k.a. Sister Maria)
Harmen, Sister Sarah
   (a.k.a. Sister Mary)
Harrington, Sister Rosalie
Harris, Sister Mary Joachim
   (a.k.a. Sister Mary Agnes)
Harris, Sister Mary Agnes
   (a.k.a. Sister Mary Joseph)
Hartman, Sister Bernardine
Harty, Sister Sienna
   (a.k.a. Sister Catharine)
Healy, Sister Theresa
Heath, Sister Mary Angela
Heney, Sister Edana
Hepp, Sister Margaret
Herbstrith, Sister Pelagia
Higdon, Sister Amanda
Hilt, Sister Amelia
Holoran, Sister Angelica
Hough, Sister Mary Ann
Hubberty, Sister Mary Joseph
Inhof, Sister Ludwina
Jordan, Sister Ann Regina
Jordan, Sister Arabella
   (a.k.a. Sister Emily)
Kane, Sister Aloysia
Kane, Sister Mary Lawrence
   (a.k.a. Sister Lawrencine)
Karrer, Sister Christina
   (a.k.a. Sister Frances)
Kavanagh, Sister Genevieve
Kelleher, Sister Mary Joseph
(a.k.a. Sister Josephine)
Kelley, Sister Mary Clare
Kelly, Sister Mary Agnes
Kennedy, Sister Agnes
(a.k.a. Sister Mary Agnes)
Kenny, Sister Maria
(a.k.a. Sister Miriam)
Kenny, Sister Maria
Kiernan, Sister Vincent
Klem, Sister Mary Leander
Klimkiewicz, Sister Mary Veronica
Klimkiewicz, Sister Serena
Kortzman, Sister Alphonsa
LaCroix, Sister Aloysia
(a.k.a. Sister Louise)
Landry, Sister Marie Aimee
(a.k.a. Sister Maria)
Lantz, Sister Catharine
(a.k.a. Sister Josephine?)
Larkins, Sister Gabriella
Latouraudais, Sister Valentine
Laurent, Sister Loretta
(a.k.a. Sister Michaella)
Leddy, Sister Avellina
Leddy, Sister Catherine
(a.k.a. Sister Vincentia)
Lee, Sister Mary Remi
Le Gros, Sister Louise
Livaudais, Sister Cecilia
Logsdon, Sister Isabella
Logsdon, Sister Mary Scholastica
Logue, Sister Mary Avila
Lucot, Sister Mary Xavier
Lurzkus, Sister Annina
Lynch, Sister Mary Martha
Maher, Sister Lycina
Mahoney, Sister Angela
Mahoney, Sister Stanislaus
Malony, Sister Clara
Manning, Sister Fidelis
Marshall, Sister Othelia
(a.k.a. Sister Ophelia)
Marx, Sister Louise Veronica
Matthews, Sister Mary Neri
Mattingly, Sister Mary Ursula
(a.k.a. Sister Euphrasia)
Maxent, Sister Teresa
Maynes, Sister Mary Thomas
McAleer, Sister Mary Ann
McBride, Sister Alphonsa
McCabe, Sister Mary Ann
McCaffrey, Sister Clementine
McCarthy, Sister Gabriella
McConomy, Sister Martha
McCourt, Sister Irene
McDermott, Sister Agnes
McDermott, Sister Mary Charles
(a.k.a. Sister Avellina)
McDevitt, Sister Ambrosia
McDonald, Sister Frances
McDonnell, Sister Cornelia
McDonough, Sister Genevieve
(a.k.a. Sister Eliza)
McElhinney, Sister Clotilda
McFaul, Sister Beata
McGee, Sister Zoé
(a.k.a. Sister Loretta)
McGerald, Sister Eliza
(a.k.a. Sister Clare)
McGlancy, Sister Natalia
McGuickian, Sister Mariana
McKenna, Sister Mary Eulalia
McKenna, Sister Teresa
McNeill, Sister Catherine
(a.k.a. Sister Urbana)
McNichols, Sister Alphonsa
McQuaid, Sister Catharine
McQuaid, Sister Mary Felix
McShane, Sister Anna
McSweeney, Sister Clotilda
McSwiggan, Sister Mary Thomas
   (a.k.a. Sister Ann Thomas)
McTaggart, Sister Mary Olympia
Meakin, Sister Fanny
Meehan, Sister Perboyre
Merceret, Sister Alix
Moore, Sister Mary Bernard
Moran, Sister Martha
Moran, Sister Mary Stella
Morgan, Sister Aloysia
Morgan, Sister Ann Patricia
Morgan, Sister Rosanna
Morrisette, Sister Mariana
   (a.k.a. Sister Ambrosia)
Mudd, Sister Mary Austin
Mulkern, Sister Marie
Mullan, Sister Catherine
Mullan, Sister Stella
Mullery, Sister Loretto
Mullin, Sister Mary Frances
   (a.k.a. Sister Ann)
Mullin, Sister Margaret
   (a.k.a. Sister Mary Rose)
Murphy, Sister Catherine
   (a.k.a. Sister Mary Joseph)
Murphy, Sister Geraldine
Murphy, Sister Thecla
Murray, Sister Margaret
Naddy, Sister Justine
Noonan, Sister Maria
Norman, Sister Terentia
Norris, Mother Ann Simeon
Noyland, Sister Rose
O’Brien, Sister Hieronymo
O’Brien, Sister Madeleine
O’Brien, Sister Mary Joseph
O’Connell, Sister Ann Louise
O’Connor, Sister Georgiana
O’Connor, Sister Mary Teresa
O’Donnell, Sister Anastasia
O’Donnell, Sister Eustolia
O’Hara, Sister Mary Florence
O’Keefe, Mother Margaret
O’Keefe, Sister Camilla
O’Keefe, Sister Dionysia
O’Keefe, Sister Mary Agatha
O’Keefe, Sister Mary Aloysia
O’Leary, Sister Annie
Oliver, Sister Lucina
O’Neill, Sister Sylveria
O’Reilly, Sister Loretto
Petry, Sister Victorine
Pfaff, Sister Leontine
Pitcher, Sister Philomena
Poirrier, Sister Leontine
   (a.k.a. Sister Ann Leontine)
Pole, Sister Mary Urbana
Puls, Sister Seraphine
   (a.k.a. Sister Felicita)
Quinlan, Sister Emerita
Quinn, Sister Rosina
   (a.k.a. Sister Mary)
Quinn, Sister Simeon
Rainey, Sister Angela
Rayhice, Sister Mary Alexis
Rectenwald, Sister Catharine
   (a.k.a. Sister Petronilla)
Reddy, Sister Catherine
   (a.k.a. Sister Hermina)
Reed, Sister Mary Januaria
   (a.k.a. Sister Ann Aloysia)
Reilly, Sister Angeline
Relihan, Sister Agnes
   (a.k.a. Sister Severina)
Rigney, Sister Gabriella
Ring, Sister Aloysia
Riordon, Sister Mary Ellen
Roche, Sister Theresa
   (a.k.a. Sister Ann Teresa)
Roche, Sister Stanislaus
Romer, Sister Mary
Rooney, Sister Elizabeth
Rooney, Sister Mary Blanche
Rosensteel, Sister Onesime
Ryan, Sister Helen
Salomon, Sister Marcelina
Salomon, Sister Mary David
Sanders, Sister Vincent
Scholl, Sister Ann Philomena
Schroeder, Sister Ameliana
Schroeder, Sister Mary Elizabeth
Schwing, Sister Loyola
Sebold, Sister Mary George
Shaughnessy, Sister Ann Maria
Shaw, Sister Anselm
Shea, Sister Mary Vincent
Sheehan, Sister Lina
   (a.k.a. Sister Lina)
Shiel, Sister Elizabeth
Sinnott, Sister Mary Elizabeth
   (a.k.a. Sister Mary Joseph)
Slavin, Sister Agnes
Smith, Sister Dolores
Smith, Sister Pacifica
   (a.k.a. Sister Francis de Sales)
Smith, Sister Mary Raphael
Smith, Sister Regina
   (a.k.a. Mother Regina)
Spalding, Sister Mary Oswald
   (a.k.a. Sister Mary Ellen)
Stokes, Sister Mary Jane
Strickel, Sister Mary Ann
Swope, Sister Mary Josephine
Thomas, Sister Mary Alice
Tiernan, Sister Appollonia
Tragesser, Sister Martina
Trigant, Sister Mary Clara
   (a.k.a. Sister Mary Clare)
Turley, Sister Joannes
Tyler, Sister Eleanor
Tyler, Sister Mary DeSales
Ulrich, Sister Pacifica
Van Drome, Sister Mary Xavier
Voelker, Sister Maria
Walsh, Sister Angela
Waltzing, Sister Mary James
   (a.k.a. Sister Vincentia Marie)
Ward, Sister Mary Cyril
Warns, Sister Ann Sebastian
Weaver, Sister Agnes
Webb, Sister Susanna
Weber, Sister Clara
Wehner, Sister Hortense
Welch, Sister Philothea
   (a.k.a. Sister Angela)
Welty, Sister Josephine
   (a.k.a. Sister Clotilda)
Wibbler, Sister Mary Delphine
Wise, Sister Euphrosyne
   (a.k.a. Sister Mary Euphresia)
Wise, Sister Mary Bona
Wittenaner, Sister Euphrasia

Note:
The names of these Daughters of Charity appear in historical records of the Civil War. Additional sisters probably were engaged in war relief but extant records do not include their names.
**Appendix C**

Sites where Daughters of Charity Served as Nurses

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Sisters Arrived</th>
<th>Type of Healthcare Facility</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Albany, New York</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Military Depot Hospital (Improvised)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Atlanta, Georgia</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Tent hospitals</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Camp Moore, Louisiana</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Camp Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Detroit, Michigan</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Saint Mary's Hospital *(1844), Detroit Military Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harpers Ferry, Virginia</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Harpers Ferry Military Hospital (Bolivar Heights)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harpers Ferry, Virginia</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Mobile field hospital and ambulances</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holly Springs, Mississippi</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Temporary Military Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manassas, Virginia</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Battlefield ambulances</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manassas, Virginia</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Temporary field hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montgomery, Alabama</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Improvised Military Hospital and Ambulances</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Orleans, Louisiana</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Charity Hospital* (Established 1834)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Orleans, Louisiana</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Temporary Infirmary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Orleans, Louisiana</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Hotel Dieu* (Established 1852)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norfolk, Virginia</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Saint Vincent's Hospital*(Established 1857)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portsmouth, Virginia</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>The Portsmouth Naval Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richmond, Virginia</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Several improvised hospitals</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richmond, Virginia</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Saint Ann's Military Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richmond, Virginia</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Saint Francis de Sales Infirmary*(Established 1860)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richmond, Virginia</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Louisiana Hospital and Ambulances</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis, Missouri</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Benton Barracks, Improvised Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis, Missouri</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Jefferson Barracks, Improved Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis, Missouri</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>St. Louis Military Hospital (House of Refuge) and Ambulances</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Troy, New York</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Saint Mary's Hospital *(1850)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warrington, Florida</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Improvised Hospital (Fort San Carlos de Barrancas)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Providence Hospital* (Established 1861) with additional tents and marine ward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>The Washington Infirmary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winchester, Virginia</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Temporary field hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antietam, Maryland</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Field hospital, Improvised</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boonsboro, Maryland</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Field hospital, Improvised</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corinth, Mississippi</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Ambulances; Improvised field hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Danville, Virginia</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Temporary field hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frederick, Maryland</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>US General Hospital #1, (Hessian Barracks of the Revolutionary War)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frederick, Maryland</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Tent hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frederick, Maryland</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>General Hospital #5 (The Visitation Academy)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fredericksburg, Virginia</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Field Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gordonsville, Virginia</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Gordonsville Military Hospital (The Exchange Hotel)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lynchburg, Virginia</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Pest (Pestilence) House for infectious diseases</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lynchburg, Virginia</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Temporary field hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lynchburg, Virginia</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>General Hospital #3, Ferguson's Tobacco Factory</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Location</td>
<td>Sisters Arrived</td>
<td>Type of Healthcare Facility</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------------------------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lynchburg, Virginia</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Old College Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mobile, Alabama</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Marine Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mobile, Alabama</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>City Hospital* (Established 1852)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monroe, Louisiana</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Camp Military Hospital and Ambulances</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Natchez, Mississippi</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Improvised Field Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Orleans, Louisiana</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Louisiana Military Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Orleans, Louisiana</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Marine Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philadelphia, Pennsylvania</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Saint Joseph’s Hospital* (Established 1859)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philadelphia, Pennsylvania</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Typhoid Isolation Camp, Satterlee Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philadelphia, Pennsylvania</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Satterlee Military Hospital, Ambulances</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Point Lookout, Maryland</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Tent Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Point Lookout, Maryland</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Hammond Hospital and Military Ambulances</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Point Lookout, Maryland</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Confederate prison</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Point Lookout, Maryland</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Isolation Camp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sharpsburg, Maryland</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Improvised Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis, Missouri</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Federal Military Prison, Myrtle Street</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis, Missouri</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Federal Military Prison, Gratiot Street</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis, Missouri</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>St. Louis Hospital (formerly Mullanphy Hospital)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis, Missouri</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Floating Medical Transports, Mississippi River</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Eckington Hospital with improvised tents and sheds and ambulances</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Cliffburn Hospital, with improvised tents and sheds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Lincoln Hospital (30 buildings) with improvised tents and sheds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philadelphia, Pennsylvania</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Satterlee Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philadelphia, Pennsylvania</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Isolation camp of Satterlee Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White House Landing, Virginia</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Floating Medical Transports on the Pamunkey River to Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Atlanta, Georgia</td>
<td>1863</td>
<td>Improvised hospitals</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gettysburg, Pennsylvania</td>
<td>1863</td>
<td>Saint Francis Xavier Church Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gettysburg, Pennsylvania</td>
<td>1863</td>
<td>Methodist Church Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gettysburg, Pennsylvania</td>
<td>1863</td>
<td>Pennsylvania College Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gettysburg, Pennsylvania</td>
<td>1863</td>
<td>Court House Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marietta, Georgia</td>
<td>1863</td>
<td>Improvised hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rochester, New York</td>
<td>1863</td>
<td>Saint Mary’s Hospital* (Established 1857), Rochester Military Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vicksburg, Mississippi</td>
<td>1863</td>
<td>Improvised Field Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alton, Illinois</td>
<td>1864</td>
<td>Military Prison Federal Guards Hospital and Smallpox Island</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boston, Massachusetts</td>
<td>1864</td>
<td>Carney Hospital* (Established 1863)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Camp Sigel, Wisconsin</td>
<td>1865</td>
<td>Camp hospital and isolation camp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milwaukee, Wisconsin</td>
<td>1865</td>
<td>Saint John’s Infirmary* (Established 1848)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richmond, Virginia</td>
<td>1865</td>
<td>Stuart Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
<td>1865</td>
<td>Stanton Military Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
<td>1903</td>
<td>United States Soldiers Home and Hospital</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Hospitals founded before the Civil War by the Daughters of Charity to provide medical and nursing care to civilians.
Daughters of Charity Cared for Veterans

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Sisters Arrived</th>
<th>Type of Healthcare Facility</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Albany, New York</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Military Depot Hospital (Improvised)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Detroit, Michigan</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Saint Mary's Hospital *(1844), Detroit Military Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richmond, Virginia</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Saint Francis de Sales Infirmary*(Established 1860)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Troy, New York</td>
<td>1861</td>
<td>Saint Mary's Hospital *(1850)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Natchez, Mississippi</td>
<td>1862</td>
<td>Improvised Field Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rochester, New York</td>
<td>1863</td>
<td>Saint Mary's Hospital* (Established 1857), Rochester Military Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vicksburg, Mississippi</td>
<td>1863</td>
<td>Improvised Field Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alton, Illinois</td>
<td>1864</td>
<td>Military Prison Federal Guards Hospital and Smallpox Island</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milwaukee, Wisconsin</td>
<td>1865</td>
<td>Saint John's Infirmary* (Established 1848)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
<td>1903</td>
<td>United States Soldiers Home and Hospital</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Hospitals founded before the Civil War by the Daughters of Charity to provide medical and nursing care to civilians.
### APPENDIX D

**Daughters of Charity Assigned to Satterlee Hospital**

*“West Philadelphia Military Military Hospital”*

#### ARRIVALS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Names</th>
<th>Arrival</th>
<th>Duty</th>
<th>From What Establishment</th>
<th>What Place</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Mary Gonzaga Grace</td>
<td>June 9, 1862</td>
<td>S Servant</td>
<td>St. Joseph's Asylum</td>
<td>Philadelphia, PA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Mary Louise Caulfield</td>
<td>June 9, 1862</td>
<td>Ward I</td>
<td>St. Joseph's Hospital</td>
<td>Philadelphia, PA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Collins, Louise</td>
<td>June 9, 1862</td>
<td>Ward H</td>
<td>St. Joseph's Hospital</td>
<td>Philadelphia, PA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Dougherty [Doherty], Ann Joseph</td>
<td>June 9, 1862</td>
<td>Ward C</td>
<td>St. Vincent's Asylum</td>
<td>Washington, DC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Kelleher, Josephine</td>
<td>June 9, 1862</td>
<td>Ward K</td>
<td>St. Vincent's Asylum</td>
<td>Washington, DC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Boniface, Ann Maria</td>
<td>June 9, 1862</td>
<td>Ward B</td>
<td>St. Vincent's Asylum</td>
<td>Washington, DC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. McGerald, Clare</td>
<td>June 9, 1862</td>
<td>Ward A</td>
<td>St. Mary's School</td>
<td>Albany, NY</td>
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1 Satterlee—Account Book, 78-82.
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<td>Ward H</td>
<td>St. Louis Hospital</td>
<td>Alton, IL [sic, St. Louis, MO]</td>
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# APPENDIX E

## Daughters of Charity Assigned to Satterlee Hospital

### “West Philadelphia Military Hospital”

### DEPARTURES FOR NEW MISSIONS

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<td>[August 3rd 1865]</td>
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<td>February 25, 1865</td>
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<td>December 30, 1863</td>
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<td>January 7, 1864</td>
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<td>Sr. Kane, Mary Laurence</td>
<td>Home</td>
<td>July 16, 1865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Felix, McQuaid</td>
<td>Albany, NY</td>
<td>July 30, 1862</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Moore, Mary Bernard</td>
<td>Albany, NY</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Henrietta [Casey]</td>
<td>St. Joseph’s</td>
<td>September 6, 1862</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Merceret, Alix</td>
<td>Syracuse, NY</td>
<td>July 30, 1862</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Moran, Martha</td>
<td>St. Agnes Hospital, Baltimore, MD</td>
<td>January 3, 1865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Douglass, Mary Jane</td>
<td>Asylum</td>
<td>August 3, 1865</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Delahunty, Mary Alice</td>
<td>Asylum</td>
<td>August 3, 1865</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Moran Martha</td>
<td>St. Joseph’s Hospital</td>
<td>August 3, 1865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Waltzing, Vincentia</td>
<td>St. Joseph’s Hospital</td>
<td>September 5, 1862</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Trageser, Martina</td>
<td>Hospital</td>
<td>October 20, 1862</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Malkern, Marie</td>
<td>St. Vincent’s Home</td>
<td>October 5, 1863</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Fitzgerald, Julia</td>
<td>Mount Hope, Baltimore, MD</td>
<td>April 6, 1863</td>
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</tbody>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Names</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Reilly, Angeline</td>
<td>Asylum, Baltimore, MD</td>
<td>January 3, 1865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. McCarthy, Gabriella</td>
<td>Syracuse, NY</td>
<td>March 23, 1863</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Petronilla [Breen]</td>
<td>Mt. Hope, Baltimore, MD</td>
<td>September 24, 1862</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Ammia [Annie] Dougherty</td>
<td>Washington, DC</td>
<td>January 21, 1865</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Finnigan [Finegan], Marcella</td>
<td>Richmond, VA</td>
<td>August 3, 1865</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Griffin, Frances</td>
<td>Rochester, NY</td>
<td>July 12, 1864</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Gamel, M. Josephine</td>
<td>Mt. Hope, Baltimore, MD</td>
<td>October 3, 1863</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. De Chantal Costello</td>
<td>Baltimore, MD</td>
<td>September 15, 1863</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Mary Eliza Dougherty</td>
<td>St. Joseph's</td>
<td>April 25, 1863</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Dionysia O'Keefe</td>
<td>St. Joseph's</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Groell, Cecilia</td>
<td>Boston, MA</td>
<td>February 16, 1864</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Mattingly, Euphrosia</td>
<td>Detroit, MI</td>
<td>September 15, 1863</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Mary Martha Lynch</td>
<td>Detroit, MI</td>
<td>May 11, 1863</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Harman [Harmen], Mary</td>
<td>Buffalo, NY</td>
<td>August 3, 1865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Farrell, Mary Bernard</td>
<td>St. Vincent's Home</td>
<td>July 12, 1864</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Roche, Ann Teresa</td>
<td>Infirmary, Baltimore, MD</td>
<td>August 3, 1865</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Amelia Davis</td>
<td>St. Joseph's</td>
<td>November 9, 1863</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Severina Relihan</td>
<td>Detroit, MI</td>
<td>August 3, 1865</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Rosalie Bouliney</td>
<td>Mt. Hope, Baltimore, MD</td>
<td>October 5, 1863</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Irene McCourt</td>
<td>St. Vincent's H</td>
<td>June 27, 1864</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Clementine McCaffrey</td>
<td>Rochester, NY</td>
<td>January 3, 1865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Felicita Puls</td>
<td>St. Agnes Hospital, Baltimore, MD</td>
<td>January 3, 1865</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Cornelia McDonnell</td>
<td>St. Joseph's Asylum</td>
<td>August 3, 1863</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Agnes Weaver</td>
<td>Home</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Euphrosia Wittenauer</td>
<td>St. Joseph's Asylum</td>
<td>August 3, 1863</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Ann Maria Shaughnessy</td>
<td>Troy Asylum, NY</td>
<td>August 3, 1863</td>
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<td>Sr. Generosa Foley</td>
<td>Home</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Sheehan, Julia</td>
<td>Syracuse, NY</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Kavanagh, Genevieve</td>
<td>New Orleans, LA</td>
<td>January 21, 1865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Adelsberger, Celestine</td>
<td>Chicago, IL</td>
<td>September 20, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Farrell, Bernardine</td>
<td>Syracuse, NY</td>
<td>September 23, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Edelen Josephine [sic]</td>
<td>St. Joseph's Asylum</td>
<td>August 3, 1865</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Antonio Asmuth</td>
<td>Washington, DC</td>
<td>August 3, 1865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Alphonse McBride</td>
<td>New Orleans, LA</td>
<td>January 21, 1865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. McCourt, Irene</td>
<td>Richmond, VA</td>
<td>August 3, 1865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Mulkern, Marie</td>
<td>Troy Asylum, NY</td>
<td>August 3, 1865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. McQuaid, Catharine</td>
<td>Syracuse, NY</td>
<td>August 3, 1865</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Doyle, Clara</td>
<td>Washington, DC</td>
<td>July 16, 1865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Lacroix, Eloise</td>
<td>Washington, DC</td>
<td>August 3, 1865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. Cummin, Ann Joseph</td>
<td>St. Joseph's Hospital</td>
<td>August 3, 1865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. McDonald, Frances</td>
<td>Asylum</td>
<td>August 3, 1865</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Van Drome, Mary Xavier</td>
<td>St. Joseph's</td>
<td>August 3, 1865</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. Garvey Genevieve</td>
<td>St. Vincent's Home</td>
<td>August 3, 1865</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sr. McDermott, Agnes</td>
<td>Baltimore, MD</td>
<td>August 3, 1865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sr. O'Neil Sylveria [sic]</td>
<td>Home</td>
<td>July 16, 1865</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Missions Located in the United States of America and Border States

- **Providence Hospital, Washington, District of Columbia,** sent sister nurses to Lincoln Hospital, Stanton Hospital, Eckington Hospital, and Cliffburn Hospital, Washington, DC.

- **St. Joseph’s Central House, Emmitsburg, Maryland,** sent sister nurses to Frederick, Point Lookout, and Antietam, Maryland, on hospital transports; and Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

- **St. Philomena’s Asylum, St. Louis, Missouri,** sent sister nurses to St. Louis Military Hospital, Gratiot Street Prison and Jefferson Barracks Prison, St. Louis, Missouri; and Alton, Illinois.

Missions Located in the Confederate States of America

- **Charity Hospital, New Orleans, Louisiana,** sent sister nurses to The Marine Hospital, Hôtel-Dieu, New Orleans, and Camp Moore, Louisiana; Warrenton and Pensacola, Florida; Mobile, and Montgomery, Alabama; Holly Springs and Corinth, Mississippi.

- **St. Mary’s Asylum and School, Natchez, Mississippi,** sent sister nurses to the Natchez Military Hospital; and Monroe, Louisiana.

- **St. Vincent’s Hospital, Norfolk, Virginia,** sent sister nurses to the U.S. Marine Hospital, Portsmouth, Virginia, and provided hospitality to sisters traveling south.

- **St. Joseph’s Asylum and School, Richmond, Virginia,** sent sister nurses to the Alms House Hospital and St. Francis de Sales Infirmary, and the Louisiana Hospital, Richmond, Virginia; Fredericksburg, Manassas, Gordonsville, Danville, and Lynchburg, Virginia; Montgomery, Alabama; and Marietta, Georgia.
APPENDIX G

Selected Resources for Study of Catholic Sister Nurses


______, *Dear Masters: Daughters of Charity as Civil War Nurses* (Emmitsburg, Maryland: Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph’s, 2011).


Faith and Religion in the Civil War


### GLOSSARY

**Roman Catholic Terminology**

<table>
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<th>Term</th>
<th>Definition</th>
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<td><strong>Adoration of the Eucharist</strong></td>
<td>The acknowledgement that because the whole Christ is really present in the Blessed Sacrament, he is to be adored in the Eucharist as the incarnate God, whether in the tabernacle or exposed on the altar.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Adoration, Perpetual</strong></td>
<td>Successive worshipers continue to adore Christ in the Blessed Sacrament by prayer day and night without intermission. See Adoration of the Eucharist.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Agnus Dei</strong></td>
<td>Literally “Lamb of God,” but in the nineteenth-century, an Agnus Dei was a small circle of pure wax, which bore the impress of a lamb supporting the standard of the cross, and was encased in precious metal. Usually given to someone as a gift, who would wear it devoutly around the neck or display it in a glass frame.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Antependium</strong></td>
<td>A cloth hanging down in front of an altar, lectern, or pulpit for purposes of liturgical decor.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Ave Maria</strong> (Hail Mary)</td>
<td>A traditional prayer honoring the Blessed Virgin Mary. See Traditional Catholic prayers.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Baptism</strong></td>
<td>The foundation of the Christian life and the first of seven sacraments, Baptism frees recipients from sin by water and the Word of God so that they are reborn as children of God and may enter Eternity after death. (Cf. Titus 3:5; Jn 3.5)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Blessed Sacrament</strong></td>
<td>The unique mode of Christ’s presence under the Eucharistic species is the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ, also called the Real Presence.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Blessed Trinity</strong></td>
<td>One God in three Divine Persons: Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Also called the Holy Trinity.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Blessed Virgin Mary</strong> (Our Lady)</td>
<td>Mary of Nazareth, who gave birth to Jesus, and proclaimed: “all generations will call me blessed.” Luke 1:48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Catechism</strong></td>
<td>A popular summary of doctrine about faith and morals used as a manual for religious instruction by the Catholic Church and other faith communities.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Chaplet</strong></td>
<td>A string of beads or rosary (usually comprising fifty beads) which is used to recite specific prayers while meditating on particular mysteries of Christ’s life. See Decade(s).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Cloister</strong></td>
<td>An area within a monastery or convent from which non-members are restricted. May also refer to living a life of seclusion like monks and nuns whose ministry occurs within the monastery and not beyond its confines.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Communicant</strong></td>
<td>A baptized church member entitled to receive Communion or, more broadly, one who worships regularly and receives Holy Communion.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Congregation of the Mission</strong></td>
<td>A Society of Apostolic Life for men founded by Saint Vincent de Paul in France in 1625. Members, priests or brothers, dedicate themselves to evangelization, ministry to the clergy, and service of persons living in poverty.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Consecration</strong></td>
<td>The dedication of a person to divine service by a prayer or blessing. May also refer to the part of the Eucharistic Prayer during which the Lord's words of institution of the Eucharist at the Last Supper are recited, thus consecrating the bread and wine.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Contrition, Act of</strong></td>
<td>A prayer which expresses sorrow for sins.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Cornette</strong></td>
<td>The traditional large white headdress of the Daughters of Charity dating to the dress of French peasant women in the seventeenth century and universally recognized as a symbol of charity and compassion until the Sisters simplified their attire in 1964. The original form of the cornette was enlarged over the centuries. The use of starch made it stiff but pliable.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Crucifix</strong></td>
<td>A representation of Jesus Christ on the cross.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Da Pacem</strong></td>
<td>A traditional prayer for peace derived from an early Gregorian antiphon. <em>See Traditional Catholic prayers.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul</strong></td>
<td>A Society of Apostolic Life for women cofounded by Saint Louise de Marillac and Saint Vincent de Paul in 1633 in Paris, France. Members are sisters dedicated to the service of persons living in poverty. Sisters of Charity and Daughters of Charity have been used interchangeably over the years.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Decade</strong></td>
<td>A grouping of ten. In the rosary ten beads form a decade; five decades usually constitute a rosary.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Deus, a quo sancta</strong></td>
<td>A traditional prayer for peace and divine protection. <em>See Traditional Catholic prayers.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Divine Will</strong></td>
<td><em>See God's Will.</em></td>
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Recalling the words and actions of Jesus at the Last Supper the priest lifts the consecrated bread and wine for adoration by the congregation.

Living forever with God in the happiness of Heaven for those who die in the grace and friendship of God.

See Hosts, Consecrated.

Satan, called the devil or a demon.

Now called the sacrament of the Anointing of the Sick. The Eucharist (Holy Communion) may be given to Roman Catholics in danger of death. Sometimes called the Last Sacraments. See Viaticum.

Prayers asking God for an increase of the theological virtues: faith, hope, and charity.

Sacred Scripture presents the law of God as living in right relationship with God and neighbor in charity and justice.

The sacrament in which one receives the Body and Blood of Christ (Communion) under the form of consecrated bread and wine in the Eucharist.

Wafers consecrated by the priest during the Liturgy of the Eucharist and distributed to the faithful during the Communion Rite of the Mass. Hosts are unleavened bread made from wheat and become the Body of Christ after the Consecration.

See Blessed Virgin Mary.

The teaching that Jesus assumed human nature and became man to accomplish our salvation. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the second Person of the Trinity, is both true God and true man.

A distinctive oval medal of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Its design was revealed in 1830 to Saint Catherine Labouré, a Daughter of Charity, in Paris, in visions she had of Our Lady. On one side the medal bears an image of Mary with arms outstretched with the words “O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to you,” and on the reverse, the letter M with a cross and twelve stars above it and the Hearts of Jesus and Mary.
**Meditation**
A form of mental prayer in which one tries to understand God's revelations of faith and the obligations of the Christian life, to respond to what the Lord is asking.

**Memorare**
(Remember)
A prayer to the Blessed Virgin Mary attributed to Saint Bernard of Clairvaux. See Traditional Catholic prayers.

**Miracle**
A sign or wonder, such as a healing or the control of nature, which can be attributed only to divine power.

**Oratory**
An area reserved for prayer like a private chapel or sacred space for worship.

**Parish**
A specific territorial (or pastoral) division of a diocese, to which the local bishop assigns a church and pastor entrusted to provide the parishioners with pastoral care.

**Pastor**
A priest to whom the local bishop entrusts a parish to provide pastoral care for parishioners.

**Prayers**
The voluntary response to the awareness of God's presence. This response may be an acknowledgment of God's greatness and of a person's total dependence on him (adoration), or gratitude for his benefits to oneself and others (thanksgiving), or sorrow for sins committed and begging for mercy (expiation), or asking for graces needed (petition), or affection for God, who is all good (love).

**Prayers, Ejaculatory**
Brief lifting of one's mind and heart to God in few words, e.g., “My Lord and God!” or “Lord, have mercy!”

**Priest**
Within the Roman Catholic Church are men who are ordained as priests to consecrate and offer the body and blood of Christ in the Mass, administer the sacraments, and minister to the spiritual needs of the people of God.

**Queen of Saints**
See Blessed Virgin Mary.

**Real Presence**
The unique mode of Christ's presence under the Eucharistic species is the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ; also called the Blessed Sacrament or sacramental presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist.

**Relic**
An object connected with a saint, e.g., part of the body or clothing, or something the person had used or touched. A reliquary contains relics. Authentic relics are for public veneration, not private devotion; they may not be bought or sold.
| **Reverence** | In Catholic churches, particularly during the Sacred Liturgy, believers express their faith in the real presence of Christ under the species of bread and wine by, among other ways, genuflecting or bowing deeply as a sign of adoration of the Lord. Bowing deeply may be called a gesture of reverence. |
| **Sacrament** | An efficacious sign of grace, instituted by Christ, and entrusted to the Church by which divine life (grace) is dispensed through the work of the Holy Spirit. There are seven sacraments. |
| **Sacred Liturgy, The** | The Sacred Liturgy (Mass) is the principal sacramental celebration of the Church, established by Jesus at the last Supper when he said: “Do this in memory of me.” |
| **Sanctuary** | The part of a church set apart for the principal rites of worship. |
| **Silence, Observance of** | In spiritual terms, the conscious effort to be recollected in order to communicate with God or the invisible world of faith in preference to conversation with other people. |
| **Sister Servant** | The designated authority in local communities of the Daughters of Charity. The Sister Servant is at the service of her sisters. The Sister Servants were given delegated authority to send, assign, and recall Sisters to serve sick and wounded soldiers wherever the needs were greatest during the US Civil War. |
| **Stations of the Cross** | A devotion of commemorative meditations before images of the successive stages of Christ’s passion and death on the Cross. |
| **Stole** | A liturgical vestment composed of a strip of fabric, several inches wide, and worn around the neck and hanging in front by deacons, priests and bishops; used at the celebration of Mass, administration of the sacraments, preaching, and other ceremonies. |
| **Superior** | The person who governs a religious community and whose powers are defined in the constitutions of the institute and in the common law of the Church. Authority is usually delegated from the general (international) to the provincial (province) to the local level (single mission). |
| **Superior, Local** | The local authority in a Society of Apostolic Life or religious institute. See Sister Servant. |
**Superior (Provincial)**

The superior of a unit of several religious houses or groups of members, constituting a part of the same institute and united to the highest authority of the institute. See Visitor and Visitatrix for the Congregation of the Mission and the Daughters of Charity.

**Superior, General (or Superiorress General)**

The highest authority in a Society of Apostolic Life or religious congregation. Rev. Jean-Baptiste Etienne, C.M., and Mother Gilberte-Elise Montcellet, D.C., filled these offices in Paris during the US Civil War.

**Tabernacle**

A solid receptacle, located prominently in the sanctuary, for the exclusive reservation of the Blessed Sacrament.

**Viaticum**

The reception of Holy Communion when there is probable danger of death. See Extreme Unction.

**Vincentians**

Priests and brothers who belong to the Congregation of the Mission. Members of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul also call themselves Vincentians. Frédéric Ozanam and his associates founded this lay organization at Paris in 1833.

**Virgin Mary**

See Blessed Virgin Mary.

**Visitatrix (Provincial)**

The Sister authorized to fill the leadership role in a province of the Daughters of Charity. Sister Ann Simeon Norris was visitatrix of the Province of the United States during the Civil War.

**Visitor (Provincial)**

The priest appointed to fill the leadership role in a province of the Congregation of the Mission. Rev. Stephen B. Ryan, C.M., held this office in the American Province during the Civil War.

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Sister Betty Ann McNeil, D.C.

Sister Betty Ann McNeil, a member of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, Province of St. Louise USA, and a native of Virginia, earned a bachelor of arts in social welfare from Saint Joseph College, Emmitsburg, Maryland, and a master of social work from Virginia Commonwealth University. As a clinical social worker, she served pregnant/parenting adolescents, abused/neglected children, refugees, immigrants, and filled administrative positions until named Archivist for the Daughters of Charity Province of Emmitsburg. Her published writings include: a monograph, and articles in *Vincentiana*, *Vincentian Heritage*, *The Journal of Catholic Education*, and *The U.S. Catholic Historian*. Sister Betty Ann worked with the Advisory Committee for the publication of the multi-volume opus *Elizabeth Bayley Seton Collected Writings*. She has given presentations, workshops, days of reflection, and retreats in North America, Europe, and Asia on the history and spirituality of the Vincentian and Setonian tradition. A long-term member of DePaul University Vincentian Studies Institute, Sister Betty Ann currently serves on the Editorial Board of *Vincentian Heritage*, and is a Vincentian Scholar-in-Residence at DePaul University, Chicago, Illinois.

Raconteurs at family gatherings piqued her interest in the Civil War. Sister Betty Ann’s maternal great-grandfather, Claudius Tatem Foreman, and his brother, Columbus Washington Foreman, served with Company F, 15th Regiment, Virginia Cavalry, C.S.A., under J.E.B. Stuart and fought in the battle of Brandy Station, June 9, 1863. Later the federal government reimbursed Private Claudius Foreman $700 for his horse, which was shot from under him. At a skirmish near Culpeper Court House, Union forces captured one-hundred prisoners of war, including 1st Sergeant Columbus Foreman. Held initially at Point Lookout, Maryland (where the Daughters of Charity were nurses), he was transferred to Elmira, New York. After the war the Foreman brothers returned to their home in Norfolk County.
Also by Betty Ann McNeil, D.C.

*Enlightened Charity: The Holistic Nursing Care, Education, and Advices Concerning the Sick of Sister Matilda Coskery (1799 – 1870)*, with co-author Martha Libster.

*Elizabeth Bayley Seton 1774-1821*, (ed. 2009).

*Light & Grace, Elizabeth Seton on Life, Faith, and Eternity. Daily Reflections.*


*Dear Masters. Daughters of Charity as Civil War Nurses.*

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**Janet Leigh Bucklew**

Janet Leigh Bucklew (1953-2013) received her M.A. in American Studies from Pennsylvania State University and worked for six years as a seasonal ranger at Gettysburg National Military Park. There she presented a variety of programs for visitors, including a well-researched living history presentation based on the experiences of Sister Juliana Chatard, a Daughter of Charity sister nurse during the Civil War. In addition to Gettysburg National Military Park, Ms. Bucklew performed the program about Sister Juliana as a Civil War nurse for audiences at Ford’s Theatre, Civil War Round Tables, Master Docent Workshops, Reenactor Workshops, as well as for the Daughters of Charity. Ms. Bucklew worked for several historic sites including the National Museum of Civil War Medicine where she was involved with the White House Fellows Training Program. The author of *Doctor Henry Janes: Country Doctor & Civil War Surgeon*. Ms. Bucklew also wrote poetry and fiction. She lived with her family near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, until her untimely death from Lou Gehrig’s Disease.

Also by Janet Leigh Bucklew

*Dr. Henry Janes: Country Doctor & Civil War Surgeon.*