

# The Catholic Journal.

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## IN MEMORIAM



HE brooks-a-babbling through the leas,  
The lilacs nodding in the breeze,  
The drowsy music of the bees,  
The mystic whisper of the trees,  
And doves a-cooing  
And lovers wooing  
And peace on land  
And peace on seas.

The glad return of Springtime when  
The busy, little twittering wren  
Was busy with her nest again;  
Amid that scene of joy, 'e'en then  
A thought of madness  
Burned in the hearts of men.

They saw a shadow in the sun,  
They saw the sorrow they would shun  
They saw their happiness undone,  
They saw the end that must be won,  
And man and brother  
Kissed wife and mother,  
And met with sword and gun.

Amid the clover blooms of May  
Where happy lambs had been at play,  
Mad, mighty armies met one day,  
While cannon ball up-ploughed the clay  
And friend and neighbor,  
With shot and saber,  
Clashed in a deadly fray.

The march, the charge and the retreat;  
The bugle's blast, the war-drum's beat,



The conflict's fearful fire and heat,  
The scene with carnage all replete,  
The crash and rattle  
Of the battle,  
Of victory and defeat.

A shadow in the valley slept.  
The old farm fields were all unkempt,  
Decay across the landscape crept,  
As war above the Nation swept,  
And babes were crying,  
And wives were sighing,  
And strong men watched and wept.

The happy meetings at the tryst  
By loved and lover all were missed,  
And waiting lips remained unmissed,  
While sweetest dreams were half dis-  
missed.

For, oh the sorrow  
Love will borrow  
When doubt has hope abyssed.

Sweet, sorry tale again retold  
By all these wreath-crowned heaps o'  
mold.

The flame that o'er the Nation rolled  
That burned the dross and left the gold  
Has wrought the story  
In new-lit glory  
More bright a hundred fold.

Bring roses red and lilies white  
And violets blue, in freedom's light  
We look upon a gracious sight,  
As all our hearts in love unite,  
The same graves breathing  
The same prayers breathing  
To God and truth and right.

The brooks-a-babbling through the leas  
The lilacs nodding in the breeze,  
The drowsy music of the bees,  
The mystic whisper of the trees,  
And doves a-cooing  
And lovers wooing  
And peace on land and seas.  
—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bul-  
letin.

## GETTYSBURG.

A RAMBLE OVER THE FIELD WHERE  
THAT BATTLE TOOK PLACE.

The Story as Told by One Who Partici-  
pated in That Memorable Battle—The  
Things of Special Interest Pointed Out  
—The Suffering Endured.

I have just returned from a visit to  
Gettysburg, and if you choose to ac-  
company me in a long ramble over the  
field and hear what a participant in the  
battle has to say, well and good. In the  
main, I tell the story as 'twas told to  
me; but it is hard to say anything  
new upon a theme already hackneyed.  
You newspaper people have, I know,  
what most people have, a horror of  
long articles; therefore, "for fear your  
readers should grow skittish," you have  
my full permission to abbreviate, ex-  
punge, or omit, at your pleasure. As-  
suming this article, then, to have es-  
caped the fate of your waste-paper bas-  
ket, stand with me on this fine Novem-  
ber morning out on the Emmitsburg  
road. For our companion and guide  
we have Captain A. F. Canada, a gal-  
lant and accomplished young officer,  
who served all through, from Yorktown  
to Petersburg, and for nearly two  
years on the staff of Major-General  
Humphreys.

About a mile out we halt. The Cap-  
tain looks up. Now I begin to feel at  
home. Let me take an observation, as  
these fences were not here then. All  
right. I have got it now. Do you see  
that big walnut on the ridge over  
there? That was Gen. Humphreys'

headquarters on the morning of Thurs-  
day, July 2nd. Almost worn out with  
hard marching, I was aroused from my  
weary bivouac at daylight, and ordered  
to post Col. Tilghman's regiment—the  
Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania—on picket  
along here. Later in the day, right at  
our division, Carr's brigade held this  
brick house. Further down was posted  
Turnbull's battery. There, below the  
burn, stood Lieut. Seeley's and still  
further toward our left the batteries of  
Birney's division, under Livingston,  
Smith, Randolph, Clark and Winslow. I  
mention them all, for never were guns  
handled more beautifully. All suffered  
fearfully—Seeley's especially. He had

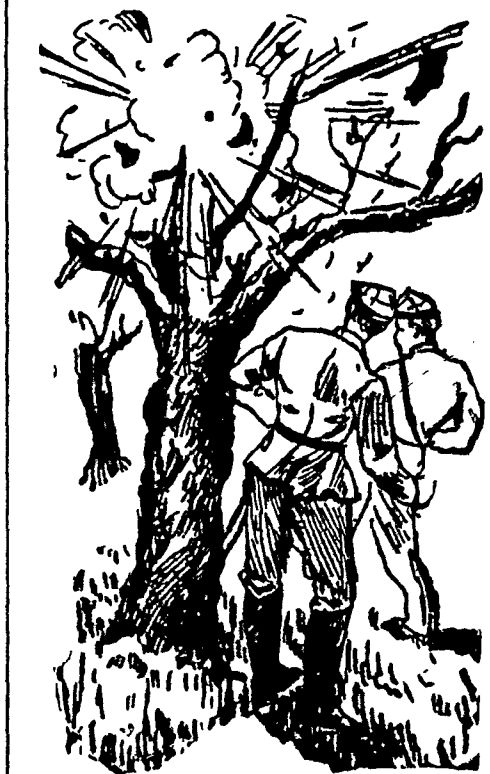
hardly a man or horse left standing,  
and was himself severely wounded. He  
was a gallant officer and had risen from  
the ranks. Now go with me into that  
orchard. I want to find a certain ap-  
ple tree which served as a rendezvous  
during the day for our staff officers and  
our orderlies. At one period, standing  
under it with Captain Humphreys and  
McClellan, a shell exploded in the tree—  
its limbs were shattered and the top  
entirely gone.

"About 2 o'clock the whole Third  
corps moved out in line of battle over  
the open ground, and a more magnifi-  
cent spectacle of 'living valor' rolling  
on the foe I never witnessed. A way  
over on that bare spot of rising ground  
the rebels had planted two batteries,  
with which they enfiladed our whole  
line, fairly sweeping it from left to  
right. Lord! how they pitched it into  
us! Longstreet's infantry debouched  
from those woods, and in a short time  
all around where we are standing—on  
the right, left, and in front—along  
this road, through that peach orchard  
away down toward Round Top, for  
hours the battle raged. General Sickles  
was wounded near that large barn.

How well I remember this spot of  
ground. It was here, behind that stone  
fence, that I had been ordered to post  
Colonel Burling's brigade. In my way  
back, I passed the One Hundred and  
Fourteenth Pennsylvania regiment,  
then commanded by my brother Lieut.  
Colonel F. F. Canada.

It had just been ordered to an ad-  
vanced position beyond the road. I  
rode up and shook hands with him.  
"Good-bye, Fred, look out for yourself;  
you are going into a hot place, and are  
sure to catch it!" So it turned out.  
The One Hundred and Fourteenth, in  
connection with the Sixty-eighth Pen-  
sylvania, Col. Trippen, had a bloody  
fight of it, and lost heavily. My brother  
and his brigade commander, Gen.  
Grayham, were both taken prisoners,  
the latter severely wounded. I never  
saw the rebels fight with such diaboli-  
cal fury. The most murderous fire-  
cannister, Sharps, and musketry—was  
poured into their faces, as it were, but  
nothing stopped them. The Third  
corps, these heroes of Chancellorsville  
and other bloody fields, led by Henry  
Humphreys, De Trobriand, Ward Gray-  
ham and Carr, never fought more hero-  
ically. A word of criticism here. At  
one period of the battle, Birney, being  
hard pressed called upon Gen. Sykes, in  
command of the Fifth corps, for assist-  
ance.

Sykes had been ordered to support  
the Third if called upon, but he re-  
turned for answer that he would be re-  
turned in time that his men were tired and  
were making coffee!



They did come up in about an hour  
and says Gen. Warner, in his testi-  
mony "the troops under General Sykes  
arrived barely in time to save Round  
Top, and they had a very desperate  
fight to hold it." And again of the  
operations next day. "When the re-  
pulse took place, Gen. Meade intended  
to move forward and assault the enemy  
in turn. He ordered an advance of the  
Fifth corps, but it was carried on so  
slowly that it did not amount to much  
if anything." Gen. George Sykes is a  
brave man, but entirely "too slow." So  
at least Gen. Grant seemed to think, for  
in the subsequent reorganization of the  
Army of the Potomac, the services of  
"Tardy George," No. 2 were dispensed  
with. The Fifth, as a corps, has a glo-  
rious record, and never failed, to fight  
bravely when properly handled.

To resume the captain's narrative:  
"As the afternoon wore on the pres-  
sure became greater and greater, until  
at last our whole corps, with the ex-  
ception of Carr's brigade and a few  
other regiments, was hurled down the  
slope, broken and discomfited, the re-  
bels following in hot pursuit. Our losses  
were frightful. In our division of  
5,000 men, the loss was nearly 2,000."  
Well, Captain, you saw most of the  
heavy fighting done by this army, tell  
me, were you ever in a hotter place  
than this? "Never but once—and that  
reminds me of a little story: in the  
attack upon the enemy's position at  
the first Fredericksburg, our division

was ordered to storm the heights. As  
we were preparing to move, Gen.  
Humphreys—always a very polite man  
—turned round to his staff, and in his  
blandest manner remarked:  
"Young gentlemen, I intend to lead  
this assault, and shall be happy to  
have the pleasure of your company." Of  
course, the invitation was too polite  
to be declined. That was the  
roughest place I ever was in, and I  
can't conceive, ever to this day, how  
any of us ever got back alive. Our di-  
vision lost nearly 1,100 men in about  
fifteen minutes. In this clump of bush-  
es my horse received a second wound  
and fell dead under me. I managed to  
scramble over the ridge, where our men  
were being rallied, and soon after the  
sun went down and the rebels were  
beaten back beyond the road.

We now crossed the Baltimore pike,  
calling on our way at the small frame  
building on the Tarreytown road, used  
as the headquarters of Gen. Meade on  
Friday. This will always be a point of  
great interest. The house is sadly  
shattered, and the poor widow who  
owns it complains bitterly of her  
losses. "When I came home my house  
was all over blood; the 'sogers' took  
away all my coverlets and quilts, two  
tons of hay, they spilled my spring; my  
apple-trees and everything." She says  
a couple of hundred dollars would be a  
great help to her, and thinks she  
should get it from somewhere. Sure  
enough why shouldn't the poor woman  
get it?

In the garden of a cottage in the lit-  
tle village of Waterloo the visitor is  
shown the monument erected over the  
remains of Angelica's leg, and the poor  
peasant has made quite a little fortune  
by exhibiting the boot cut from the  
leg, and the table upon which the am-  
putation was performed. This hint  
might not be thrown away upon a  
more enterprising person, but I doubt  
if this poor, old, frowsy German wo-  
man will ever profit by it. To the right  
of Cemetery Hill was stationed the bat-  
tery so furiously assaulted by Hay's  
brigade of Louisiana Tigers. The  
Lunettes and traverses remain undisturbed  
and grass-grown. The marks of  
battle still abound, but the interest cen-  
ters in the spot where Reynolds was  
killed. The General was nearly up  
with the skirmish line—no place, say  
military men, for a corps commander  
"but that was just like John Reynolds,"  
and he had just dispatched several of  
his aids, Capt. Baird, Rosengarten and  
Riddle, on some special duties, and was  
himself watching the deployment of a  
brigade of Wisconsin troops, when the  
fatal bullet, fired by a sharp shooter  
struck him in the neck and he fell on  
his horse dead. Poor Reynolds!  
"There have been tears and breaking  
hearts for thee."

A Soldier's Story.  
"Not long since," said a soldier, "a  
lot of us—I am a H. P. 'high private,'  
now—were quartered in several wood-  
en tenements, and in the inner room  
of one by the corps of a young seeress  
officer awaiting burial. The news soon  
spread to a village not far off, and  
down came a sentimental, not bad look-  
ing specimen of a Virginia dame. "Let  
me kiss him for his mother!" she cried,  
as I interrupted her progress. "Do  
let me kiss him for his mother!" "Kiss  
whom?" "The dear little lieutenant,  
the one who lies dead within." I never  
saw him, but—"I led her through a  
room in which Lieutenant —, of  
Philadelphia, lay stretched out in an  
upturned rough fast asleep. Supposing  
him to be the article sought for, she  
rushed up, exclaiming, "Let me kiss  
him for his mother," and approached  
her lips to his forehead. What was her  
amazement, when the corpse "clasped  
his arms around her," and exclaimed,  
"Never mind the old lady, miss; go it  
on your own account, I haven't the  
slightest objections."

## TO THE BOYS IN BLUE

Ingersoll's Views of the Past—Keeping  
Time to the Music of the War.

The past rises before me like a dream.  
Again we are in the great struggle for  
national life. We hear the sounds of  
preparation—the music of the bolsters  
of drums—the silver voices of heroic  
bugles. We see thousands of assem-  
blages, and hear the appeal of orators;  
we see the pale cheeks of women and  
the flushed faces of men; and in those  
assemblages we see all the dead whose  
dust we have covered with flowers. We  
lose sight of them no more. We are  
with them when they enlist in the great  
army of freedom. We see them part  
with those they love. Some are wait-  
ing for the last time in the quiet wood  
places with the maidens they adore.  
We hear the whisperings and the sweet  
vows of eternal love as they lingeringly  
part forever. Others are bending over  
cradles, kissing babies that are asleep.  
Some are receiving the blessings of old  
men. Some are leaving those who hold  
them and press them to their hearts  
again and again, and say nothing; and  
some are talking with wives, and en-  
deavoring with brave words, spoken in  
the old times, to drive from their hearts  
the awful fear. We see them part. We  
see the wife standing in the door with  
the babe in her arms—standing in the  
sunlight, sobbing at the turn of the  
road a hand waves—she answers by  
holding high in her loving hands the  
child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march prob-  
ly away, under the fluttering flags keep-  
ing time to the grand music of war—  
marching down the streets of the great  
cities, through the towns and across the  
prairies, down to the fields of glory, to  
do and to die for the eternal right. We  
go with them, one and all. We are by  
their sides on all the gory fields, in all  
the hospitals of pain, on all the weary  
marches. We stand guard with them  
under the wild storm and under the



## THE BLUE, THE GRAY.

Under the blue of Southern sky,  
In peaceful slumber heroes lay;  
The fleeting years go trailing by,  
Disturbing neither blue nor gray.

Graves that are warmed by summer  
sun,  
Grass-grown graves where the "un-  
known" rest;  
...aves neglected, never a one,  
Love and memory make each blest.

Cement worthy respect or foe,  
No matter whether gray or blue;  
The self-same grass above them grow,  
We alike by the self-same dew.

quiet stars. We are with them in ra-  
vines running with blood in the furrows  
of old fields. We are with them in  
between contending hosts, unable to  
move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing  
slowly away among the withered leaves.  
We see them pierced by balls and torn  
with shells in the trenches by forts and  
in the whirlwind of the charge, where  
men become iron, with nerves of steel.  
We are with them in the prisons of  
hated and famished, but human speech  
can never tell what they endured. We  
are at home when the news comes that  
they are dead. We see the maiden in  
the shadow of her first sorrow. We see  
the silver head of the old man bowed  
with grief.

The past rises before us, and we see  
four millions of human beings govern-  
ed by the lash; we see them bound,  
hand and foot; we hear the strokes of  
cruel whips; we see the hounds track-  
ing women through tangled swamps.  
We see babies sold from the breasts of  
mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Out-  
rage infinite! Four million bodies lie  
chained—four million souls in fetters.  
All the sacred relations of wife, mother,  
father and child trampled beneath the  
brutal feet of might. And all this was  
done under our own beautiful banner  
of the free. The past rises before us.  
We hear the roar and shriek of the  
burning shell. The broken fetters fall.  
These heroes died. We look. Instead  
children. The wand of progress touches  
the auction-block, the slave-pen, the  
whipping post, and we see houses and  
freedmen, and school-houses and books  
and where all was want, and crime, and  
cruelty; and fetters, we see the faces  
of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died  
for liberty—they died for us. They are  
at rest. They sleep in the land they  
made free, under the solemn pines, the  
sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and  
the embracing vines. They sleep be-  
neath the shadows of the clouds, care-  
less alike of the sunshine or of storm,  
each in the windowless palace of rest.  
Earth may run red with other wars,  
but they are at peace. In the midst of  
"battle, in the roar of conflict, they  
found the serenity of death. (A voice—  
"Glory.") I have one sentiment for the  
soldiers living and dead—cheers for the  
living, tears for the dead.

## MEMORIAL DAY.

TO HONOR THE DEAD.

Third Division Assigned to the Catholic  
Societies and Parochial School  
Children.

The Catholic societies and school  
children are to take part in the Mem-  
orial day parade this year, as usual.  
Col. Henry L. Schlick has been ap-  
pointed division commander of the  
Third division, and will spare no labor  
to make the Catholic division look as  
good as any in line. The following  
orders have been issued:



HEADQUARTERS 1st Reg't.  
Knights of St. John  
State of New York.  
ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 19, 1898.

Special Order No. 5:

On account of the undersigned hav-  
ing been appointed division com-  
mander of the Third division of the  
Memorial day parade, the in-  
struction of the Knights of St. John  
parade on Memorial day under orders  
of Lieut.-Col. John Ransom, who will  
be respected and obeyed accordingly.

By order,  
HENRY L. SCHLICK,  
Colonel 1st Regiment.

JOE P. LEMMON, Adjutant.

In accordance with the above, the  
undersigned hereby assumes command  
of the 1st regiment, and Colonel  
Order No. 18 are hereby issued.

I expect a full attendance of the  
Knights and trust the full strength  
of the regiment will be brought on the  
occasion and for this cause.

JOHN RANSOM,  
Acting Col., 1st Regiment.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 19, 1898.

General Order No. 18:

1. The Officers and Knights of  
this command are hereby ordered to  
be and appear fully uniformed in  
parade on Monday, May 20th, (Mem-  
orial Day) at 8.30 a. m. sharp. 2. The  
parade will be formed on Franklin street  
right of way on Andrews street.  
3.40 a. m. sharp. 5. The  
report to acting Col. John Ransom  
headquarters at 8.35 a. m. sharp. 6. The  
formation of the line of the  
regiment will be as follows: The  
division of the Memorial day  
parade on South Washington street,  
meeting on Spring street, and  
south. 8. Commandants of com-  
panies will parade the colors of the com-  
pany and detail two men as color-  
bearers to be paraded in company  
with the regiment on parade.

By order, JOHN RANSOM,  
Acting Col.

F. KENNEDY, Asst. Adjutant.

Official.

GRAND A. LARGES, Aide-de-Camp.

The following organizations will  
be in line: St. Maurice Union, St.  
of St. George, Knights of St. John,  
St. Boniface Union, St. Paul's  
Paul's Union, Knights of St.  
Knights of St. Michael, St.  
St. Theodore, Catholic  
Joseph school, St. Peter and  
school, Immaculate Conception school,  
St. Bridget's school, St. Francis  
school, Holy Family school, St.  
Redemptorist school, St. Michael's  
Corpus Christi school, St. Xavier  
school, Holy Family school,  
Knights of St. Stanislaus.