

Annual Commencement of the Academy.

**A Good Showing by a Valuable School.
Music, Essays and a Dramatic Performance.**

The annual commencement exercises of St. Joseph's Academy took place last evening in the hall of the Young Men's Association, on Deau street, near Vanderbilt avenue. A large audience, chiefly composed of the relatives of the pupils was in attendance and manifested their approbation with hearty applause. A well selected and arranged programme was presented in a manner highly creditable to the pupils and their devoted instructors, the Franciscan Brothers. Among those present were Father Corcoran, pastor of the church; Brother Ignatius, the Superior of the school; Brother Edmund, Professor of Mathematics and English; Professor Fitzgerald, teacher of Classics and English; Father McCluchey, Father McNamee, of St. Teresa's R. C. Church; Father Hickey, of the Orphan Asylum, and Father Galvin, of the Church of Our Lady of Mercy. The exercises opened shortly before eight o'clock with an overture by the pupils' band. It was followed by an address of welcome by W. Lyman. The Academic Department sang with excellent effect, "Our Nation's Song" and "Let Freedom be our Battle Cry," and were loudly applauded. Master J. J. Grace, one of the graduates, read the following essay:

ALLEGIANCE TO THE SEE OF PETER.

Of all the duties incumbent on a Catholic, allegiance to our Holy Father is the first under God, and we are obliged to support it. Let us remember that he who sits upon the chair of Peter is the Vicar of Christ, and the Commander in Chief of the Christian legions in this perishable world. Let us remember that, without him, our frail bark would be cast on the rocks and shoals of this wicked world by the merciless waves. And lastly, that without his leadership our army would suffer defeat at the hands of tyrannical emperors. But these tyrants not only cast a blot upon their character by so doing, nay, they scarcely have a virtue to redeem a thousand vices. "They forget," says Kerney in his *History of the Christian Church*, "that empires have fallen, republics have passed away like ephemeral meteors, and even nations have disappeared from the face of the earth since Christ confided His Church into the hands of Peter the fisherman." Those who have interfered with the Sovereign Pontiffs and the Holy Catholic church have passed away, and the church and its head remain firm and immovable. In the Tenth Century, when the Musselman attempted to desecrate and destroy the Roman church, she again triumphed and gained a signal victory. In the Twelfth and Thirteenth centuries, when her peace was again disturbed from

THE FOUL BLOWS OF HERETICS,

she bore up manfully and reared beneath her banner such men as Fenelon, Bossuet, as well as the learned Sisters of St. Bridget. These show the firm allegiance of the primitive Christians to the Church of Christ. Those who have broken their allegiance to the Holy Father have suffered the consequence. The ambitious scheme of Napoleon, in interfering with the church, precipitated him from his pinnacle of glory to the Isle of St. Helena. Of course he was not banished through his disaffection especially, but after he attempted to have anything to do with the Pope he never gained a victory. The day of Victor Emanuel will come also; he too, along with Bismarck, will be launched from the summit which he occupies into the depths of misery. Our Holy Father, Pius IX., indeed suffers much. Yet, amid all his sufferings, he is consoled at finding the Catholics of every clime adhere to him with strict allegiance. The Catholics of all Europe have assembled in Rome to pay to him their tribute of love, and to console him in his bondage and sufferings. The allegiance of American Catholics to our Holy Father is manifested in their pilgrimage to his throne to pay him their respect at the fiftieth anniversary of his episcopacy. He also has favored them with a blessing by granting them a Cardinal Archbishop. We then of right ought to do as much as possible to redeem our Holy Father from his sufferings. The words of the poet can be well applied to Pius IX,

"Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

Yet, notwithstanding his trials and troubles, he stands at the head of Catholicity as firm as the rock on which the Church is built. It is not he alone who has remained firm, but every head of the Church for eighteen hundred years. "The Roman Empire has fallen," says Darras, "the Jews have been scattered over the face of the earth, paganism has disappeared from Europe; the Church alone stands, while the funeral processions of nations pass by, raising her majestic head amid ruins and revolutions." Her malicious enemies have not succeeded; she has laughed at their impotent attacks; she has dared their intrepidity and defied their wicked doctrines. What has become of the Schismatics, the Iconoclasts, the Nestorians, the Pelagians and numerous other tribes of heretics who attempted to defile the Roman church. They have all passed away, entirely disappeared; not one sign remains save on the truthful page of history, and she still remains solid and immovable, on that rock against which the gates of hell never shall prevail.

Thomas Dorsey won applause by the vocal solo, "Let me like a Soldier fall." John Hogan read the following essay, which was applauded:

BISHOP ENGLAND.

In the calendar of American ecclesiastics, no name shines with greater lustre than that of the illustrious Bishop England, whose labors for this Republic should have gained for him an undying fame in the hearts of all the Catholic Americans. The Right Rev. John England was born on the 23d of September, in the year 1786, in County Cork, Ireland. His early days were spent with his parents, in the most picturesque parts of that beautiful "Isle of the sea." Owing to the cruel laws of England, he was denied the privilege of being educated at home; he was, therefore, sent to Rome by his parents to complete his studies. Here he gave every satisfaction to his superiors, and consequently was loved by all. In 1808 he was ordained priest, at the age of 22, having obtained a dispensation before he reached the canonical age of 23. Father England was a true patriot, and a devoted son of Erin, as well as a sincere Catholic. He was loved and respected by the Irish; hated by the English. He was also a great friend of Daniel O'Connell, and had a large share in gaining the Emancipation Act. He was the editor of the *Irish Chronicle*, and through the agency of this paper he hurled forth all the fiery eloquence of a true Irishman, and shook the power of England, so much, that on one occasion he was fined £500 for his freedom of speech. Often Bishop England narrowly escaped death from the hand of an assassin, but God was with him. He always kept in mind the saying "When God is with us, it matters not who is against us." In September, 1820, he was consecrated Bishop in his native city and appointed for Charleston. He embarked for the United States the same year and arrived here in December. His diocese consisted of North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, but it only contained two churches. The people were very bigoted, but still Bishop England entered on the duties of his office with confidence, and soon had the happiness of bringing back many to a sense of their duty. He traveled from one place to another, converting many and instructing them in the truths of the true religion; and so zealous in the cause was he that he appeared more like

a missionary priest than a bishop. When he first arrived, the people were so bigoted that two Catholic men were tarred and feathered on a false charge. But soon flourishing churches arose, as bigotry fell before his powerful efforts. His undaunted spirit made him surmount every obstacle that appeared to interfere with his duty. No one can imagine the good done in America by this great man, and all American Catholics should be grateful and love and honor the name of Bishop England as a mark of gratitude for his services. The faithful belonging to the diocese of Bishop England loved and revered him, while the Protestants and bigots hated him; he established the *United States Catholic Miscellany*, a paper which defended the religion from assault, and was free from the least bigotry. He was fearless amid all danger. Neither pestilence, the steel of the assassin, nor the attacks of the bigots could have the least effect upon him. For instance, when the yellow fever found its way into his diocese, carrying death and desolation in its wake, he could be always found with his flock, trying

TO RELIEVE THE PAINS OF SOME,
and smoothing the road to eternity for others, hearing their confessions, giving them extreme unction and treating them with the greatest tenderness, and attending to all their wants, to make their death as easy as possible. For example: comforting bereaved parents for the loss of their children, consoling the dying mother, telling her that her children will be cared for when she is gone. While the pestilence lasted he was always attending to the sick and dying, bringing joy and consolation to triumph over death and sorrow. He was always as a beacon light to guide them to the happy shore, after their long voyage of this life, like a vessel coming upon a rocky and dangerous coast in danger of being wrecked. Every one admired the Bishop's eloquence, and he was respected by strangers as well as by friends. He founded an association for the disestablishment of dueling. His greatest struggle was to bring before the Americans, in a true light, the doctrines of the Catholic religion, and he succeeded. He was also remarkable for his wit and humor, but though he frequently made many comical remarks he did not pass the boundaries of his position. Bishop England still labored incessantly for the good of his little flock, and never cared for the troubles he encountered in so doing. Soon, however, his powerful frame gave indications of weakening. Some one remarked to him that he was killing himself, but he only answered: "If I die on the altar I only request that you will bring me home." He still continued to perform his duties as before, but this could not last long, considering his state. So now we find him on his deathbed on April 11, 1842, ready and willing to give up his soul to his Maker. When the last hour arrived, seizing the crucifix he kissed it fondly, then giving his benediction to those gathered around him, his soul left this earth of toil and sped on its way to eternity, to reap the rewards of his troubles and labors. Thus died Dr. England, as he had lived

A VIRTUOUS AND GOD FEARING MAN.

America has not possessed his superior, and she can boast of but few of his equals, and, therefore, should appreciate his merits as they deserve. Dr. England was unsurpassed as a great scholar, orator and a great writer. No one could read any of his productions or listen to one of his orations without feeling a thrill of admiration for this great man. At first his diocese consisted of only two Catholic Churches, three or four priests, and only a few Catholics. But at his death he left behind him sixteen churches, over 8,000 Catholics, a well organized and appointed clergy and a number of institutions, charitable and educational, under ecclesiastics well fitted for their situations. The name of Bishop England shines resplendent with virtue and glory on account of the noble deeds he has done and which were a credit to himself and his native country.

John Matthews rendered a fine piano solo in "Governor Hoffman's March," which was followed by a pretty "Song in Motion," by the juvenile class. After an excellent violin solo entitled "Mocking Bird Quickstep," by P. H. Dalton, Thomas Dorsey read an essay on "The Poets of Erin," giving a brief sketch of the lives of some of them, with quotations from their writings. The first poet considered was Thomas Moore, and familiar quotations were made from his familiar "Irish Melodies." The next of Ireland's eminent poets, Thomas Davis, was eulogized, and quotations made from "The Victor's Burial" and "Wolf Tone's Grave." Gerald Griffin was the last of the poets mentioned. His life was briefly sketched, and selections given from his celebrated poem, "The Sister of Charity." The essay was received with prolonged applause.

The fifth class of little boys sang "Willie and Birdie" very sweetly, and it was followed by the "Mother's Lullaby," Edward Quinn singing the solo and the school joining in the chorus. A song and chorus, "The Children's Army," was warmly applauded. Next came the performance of

A TWO ACT DRAMA

entitled "The Test of Truth; or, it's a Long Lane that has no Turning." The distribution of characters was

as follows :

Mr. Trustful, a wealthy country gentle-	man.....	Edward Quinn
Major Freeheart, a retired officer.....	J. J. Grace	
Cognovit Whizzle, Esq., attorney at law....	Thomas Dorsey	
Algernon Moreton, { Trustful's Nephews.. }	Jno. Costigan	
Lionel Moreton, {	N. Caffrey	
Edward Moreton, Lionel's son.....	W. Lynem	
Spiff, valet to Trustful.....	P. H. Dalton	
Jenkins, {	Jno. Feeney.	
Jones, { Servants.....	Jno. Powers.	
Thomas, {	Allen Matthews	
Grabs, a bailiff.....	Jas. Chester	

The play was fairly presented and each performer was applauded. In the dialogue "It never Rains but it Pours," the participants were John Matthews, W. McCahill, Joseph Meschan, Francis Flynn, John Ryan and Robert Milde. They displayed considerable elocutionary power. The military drill by the students, under the direction of Professor Fitzgerald, concluded the entertainment. The boys marched like veterans. The Colonel was John Gatens, the Captain, Anthony Ritch and the Lieutenant, Joseph Morgan. After music by the band prizes were awarded to J. J. Grace, Thomas Dorsey, Jno. Hogan, Robert Milde and Edward Quinn, the five graduates. Each one received a handsomely bound volume containing the "Lives of the Irish Saints." The presentation was made by Rev. Father Corcoran, who made a few appropriate remarks. The exercises closed with singing.