

IN PIA MEMORIAM.

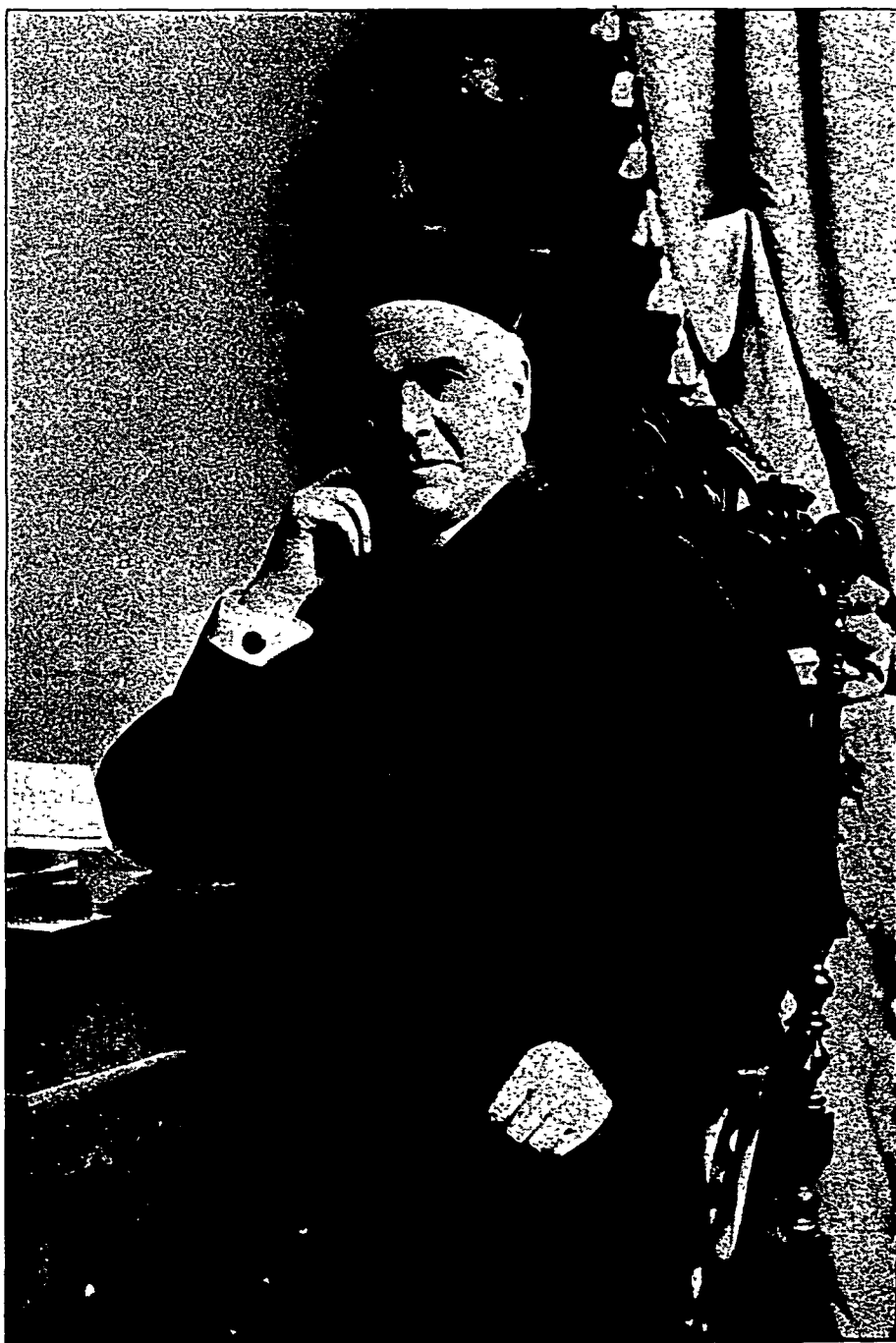
THE
NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.



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No. 15.



THE VERY REV. W. CORBY, C. S. C.

Born, October 2, 1833.

Died, December 28, 1897.

The Very Rev. William E. Corby, C. S. C.

JUST as the old year went tottering past the last plats of day-light and darkness, the days of Father Corby, round with the fulness and goodness of a true life, were numbered. By his death the last square of earth beside the grave of Father Sorin has been broken and heaped into a small mound marked by a plain cross; the last one of those that watched over and fostered the growth of the University when its troubles were greatest, has been called to the feet of his God, and Notre Dame begins a new year with sadness and with hope.

For the most part the death was sudden and unexpected. On the eighteenth of December, Father Corby had returned from a short trip to Chicago and Cincinnati. On Wednesday, December twenty-third, he became ill; and on the following Tuesday, at one o'clock in the afternoon, he gave his last blessing to the friends and relatives gathered at his bedside and passed away. So ended the life of one of Notre Dame's greatest men.

Father Corby was born in Detroit, Michigan, on the second day of October, 1833, making him somewhat over sixty-four years of age at the time of his death. In 1853, after having received a thorough common school education, he came to Notre Dame to carry on his studies, and in the next year he decided to follow a religious life, and entered the Congregation of the Holy Cross. After finishing his studies, he was made Prefect of Discipline; and in 1860, the year of his ordination, he was placed at the head of the Manual Labor department of the University.

At the beginning of the War of the Rebellion, Father Sorin, thoroughly American and intensely patriotic, sent to the front seven priests as chaplains. Father Corby became Chaplain of the 88th Regiment, New York Vols., and chaplain of the famous fighting Irish Brigade, which position he held through the war.

On the field of Gettysburg he made himself famous for one incident,—giving general absolution under fire. The description of the event is given by General Mulholland:

The brigade stood in column of regiments closed in mass. Father Corby stood on a large rock in front of the brigade. Addressing the men, he explained what he was about to do, saying that each one could receive the benefit of the absolution by making a sincere act of contrition and firmly resolving to embrace the first

opportunity of confessing his sins, urging them to do their duty, and reminding them of the high and sacred nature of their trust as soldiers and the noble object for which they fought. . . . The brigade was standing at "order arms!" As he closed his address, every man, Catholic and non-Catholic, fell on his knees and with head toward the brigade, Father Corby pronounced the words of the absolution.

The scene was more than impressive—it was awe-inspiring. Near by stood a brilliant throng of officers who had gathered to witness this very unusual occurrence, and while there was profound silence in the ranks of the second corps, yet over to the left, out by the peach orchard and Little Round Top, where Weed and Vincent and Hazlitt were dying, the roar of the battle rose and swelled and re-echoed through the woods, making music more sublime than ever sounded through cathedral aisle. The act seemed to be in harmony with the surroundings. I do not think that there was a man in the brigade who did not offer up a heartfelt prayer. For some it was their last; they knelt there in their grave clothes. In less than half an hour many of them were numbered with the dead of July 2. Who can doubt that their prayers were good? What was wanting in the eloquence of the priest to move them to repentance was supplied in the incidents of the fight. That heart would, indeed, be incorrigible which the scream of a Whitworth bolt, added to Father Corby's touching appeal, would not move to contrition.

In 1865, after his return from the war, Father Corby was made Vice-President of the University. He seemed well fitted and capable to do the many duties that fell to his lot, and during the following year he was made the third President of Notre Dame. In this position he gave the greatest help to the University. During his presidency of six years a law department was established, and strides of progress were made that brought the University much nearer to its present state of prosperity. In 1872, Father Corby was transferred to Watertown, Wis., where he held the presidency of Sacred Heart College, an institution just begun and requiring a strong mind at the head of its affairs. When he left this college, in 1877, to return to the head of Notre Dame, it was in a flourishing condition, and bore well the fruits of Father Corby's labors.

In 1879, the greatest affliction befell Notre Dame. On April twenty-third, the college building, with all its contents, was destroyed; and that which had required the labor of years in building had become ashes and ruins in a day. Now had come the hour of trial; but Father Corby, with his skill and ability in the management of great affairs, was equal to the occasion, and by the opening of the next scholastic year the present main building of the University was ready for the reception of students—so much has Notre Dame progressed and grown under his administration. He remained President until 1881, after which

time he held the office of Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in the United States. Besides he also held the offices of Commander of Notre Dame Post, G. A. R., and Chaplain of the Indiana Commandery of the Loyal Legion.

As a leader Father Corby's strength of will and foresight everywhere brought success; and at the same time, as we of the present generation of students know him, no one had a more pleasant smile and kindly word for everyone. In every position he made friends; and if I speak for the students of today, none could regret more deeply his sudden death.

Sermon.

BY THE REV. D. E. HUDSON, C. S. C.

"Do you not know that a prince and a great man is fallen this day in Israel? Not as cowards are wont to die hath Abner died. Thy hands were not bound nor thy feet laden with fetters; but as men fall before the children of iniquity, so didst thou fall." And all the people repeating it wept over him. II. Kings, iii.

AGAIN we stand in the awful presence of Death—Death the conqueror, Death the destroyer—a conqueror that is never vanquished, a destroyer that no power can withstand. The whole earth is covered with the trophies of his conquest. The graves of his victims cluster on every hilltop and in every valley, and are hidden even in the depths of ocean. He seizes the beggar on the highway and drags the king from his throne; he strikes down the strong man in the perfection of his might, and lays an icy finger on the infant in the cradle, taking away the life that has just been given.

There is no security and there is no escape from death. He comes "as a thief in the night." The dread of his approach is the secret pang of every heart, the shadow over every household, the skeleton at every feast.

And yet the Apostle cries out: "O Death! where is thy victory? O Death! where is thy sting?" There is One mightier than death, who not only conquered it Himself, but shares His triumph with the least of His followers. "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up on the last day." Death's victory is only seeming. The body that lies before you is cold and lifeless. The grave has claimed it, and it must inevitably decay; but from the loam of its corruption will spring the blossom

of an immortal soul. There is no real sting in death for a Christian. It is a passage to a higher life. The breaking of the fetters that bind us to earth means freedom to the soul for evermore. Over the door of his rude cell a Spanish monk wrote these words: "What is it that we mean when we speak of death? It is to be freed from the body of sin and the yoke of our passions. Therefore, to live is a bitter death, and to die is a sweet life." I shall die, but "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in my flesh I shall see my God."

The mystery of death is the solution of the mystery of life. The portico explains the temple. But in our folly we grope about in the porch, and never look beyond the great doors that discover the vista of the interior. Death is the key to all the riddles and enigmas of life; it reveals man to himself and God to man. No earthly life has completeness. The highest education, the broadest culture are like the trees in early springtime. There is life and growth and promise, but no sign of maturity. So with our faculties: they neither ripen nor bear fruit on earth. The longest life lacks perfection. But if the human soul is a spirit there is nothing of which it may not be said to be capable; and this world offers no field for the fullest exercise of its powers. It is only when we die that we begin to live the true life.

"Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet.
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

"But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
E'en as the bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream."

It was given to Father Corby to understand the true philosophy of life, which lies in doing what is right and leaving to God the consequences. Hence the simplicity and beauty and strength of his character. From the day when he first set foot in this place to the hour of his death he followed the straight line of duty. What he believed to be right was ever his course of action. His life was one of suffering and self-sacrifice, and yet it was full of serenity because of his great faith in God.

An English clergyman who visited a gallant ship about to sail on a voyage of Arctic discovery, saw in the captain's cabin an illuminated text which read, "Have faith in God!" "Ah, there," he said, "is the true pole!" Think of that brave captain carrying with him into the icy cold and the mysterious midnight faith

that brightened his darkness more than the stars that trembled over the fields of ice; that made the heavens glow with more vivid splendor than the Aurora which flushes the fields of snow! When Father Corby began the voyage of life it was with a faith in Providence that was like a burning and shining light even unto the end.

The wisdom of life is also its inspiration. So to live that dying it may be said of one: the world is better that he lived—this ought to be the ideal of every man, above all of every Christian. It was Father Corby's ideal, and those who knew him best know how fully it was realized in him. His life was an open book on every page of which might be read lessons of justice and charity, of forbearance and fortitude. He was never known to do an act of injustice. He could not offend a child. His charity was so remarkable that it may be truly said of him: he never made an enemy or lost a friend.

A man's mastery of himself is, perhaps, the surest test of virtue. How often in all these years we have had occasion to admire Father Corby's power of self-control! If at times he was slow of action, it was because he feared to commit a fault or do wrong; and what may have seemed weakness was in reality virtue. We can never honor too highly one to whom we owe so much. The example of his piety and prudence, his zeal and devotedness, is a precious legacy to Notre Dame.

The Catholic Church has been called a school of heroism. Who has not felt the appropriateness of this title when in grave danger, in some hour of peril, in the presence of pestilence and death, he has seen her ministers standing at their post, the representatives of the Almighty's power and the messengers of His love? When our great Civil War broke out Father Corby became a chaplain in the Irish Brigade of the Army of the Potomac. The brave soldiers of that noble band, so many of whom sleep their last sleep on Southern battlefields, could recount his deeds of devotedness, and tell how, in the very shadow of death, he was mindful of their immortal souls, exhorting them to do their duty, and promising heaven to those who fell in performing it. At the memorable battle of Gettysburg, when shot and shell were flying, his hands were raised in benediction and his voice in prayer, while brave hearts were beating soon to beat no more.

And now the brave chaplain has joined the army of the dead. Life's warfare has ended,

and he lies like one who died in armor. But he was a soldier of the cross; to the service of Christ was his body consecrated. Blessed ears that in the bright morning of youth heard and heeded the call to a life of sacrifice! Blessed eyes that dared to look on death and yet were compassionate with the Master's meekness! Blessed lips that spoke words of truth and peace and love and benediction! Blessed hands that were lifted up in prayer and extended to perform deeds of kindness! Blessed feet that trod the narrow way, following ever where duty called, where something was to be done to promote the glory of God or the welfare of immortal souls! O priest of the living God! something may yet be done. From the pulpit of your bier, as from the rock of Gettysburg, speak once more!

Dear friends, if it were given to him to stand for one moment in this holy place and speak articulate words, I am sure he would say to you what our divine Lord said, and what I repeat with all the fervor of my heart and all the energy of my soul: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul? Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and His justice. Walk whilst you have the light that the darkness may not overtake you. One thing is necessary!"

Dying on the cross the Redeemer of the world could say: "It is consummated: I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do." But no human work is ever perfect, ever complete. There is rapine in every holocaust. And so we pray for the dead that God in His goodness may forgive their transgressions, blot out the stains of sin, and admit them into His kingdom where nothing defiled may enter.

We sorrow not as those who have no hope. The candles burning on the altar are typical of our trust, symbolical of the faith that never fails. The smoking incense represents the unceasing prayers which the Church offers for those who have gone before. The *Benedictus*, the *De Profundis*, the *Miserere*—these are the golden stairs by which the souls of the redeemed ascend higher and higher into everlasting light. Beautiful prayers of Holy Church, "honeyed with the honey of heaven and light-some with divine light," thine be my closing words: "Eternal rest give unto the souls of the faithful departed; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen."

Farewell, farewell, beloved father! Be mindful of us in the land of the living.

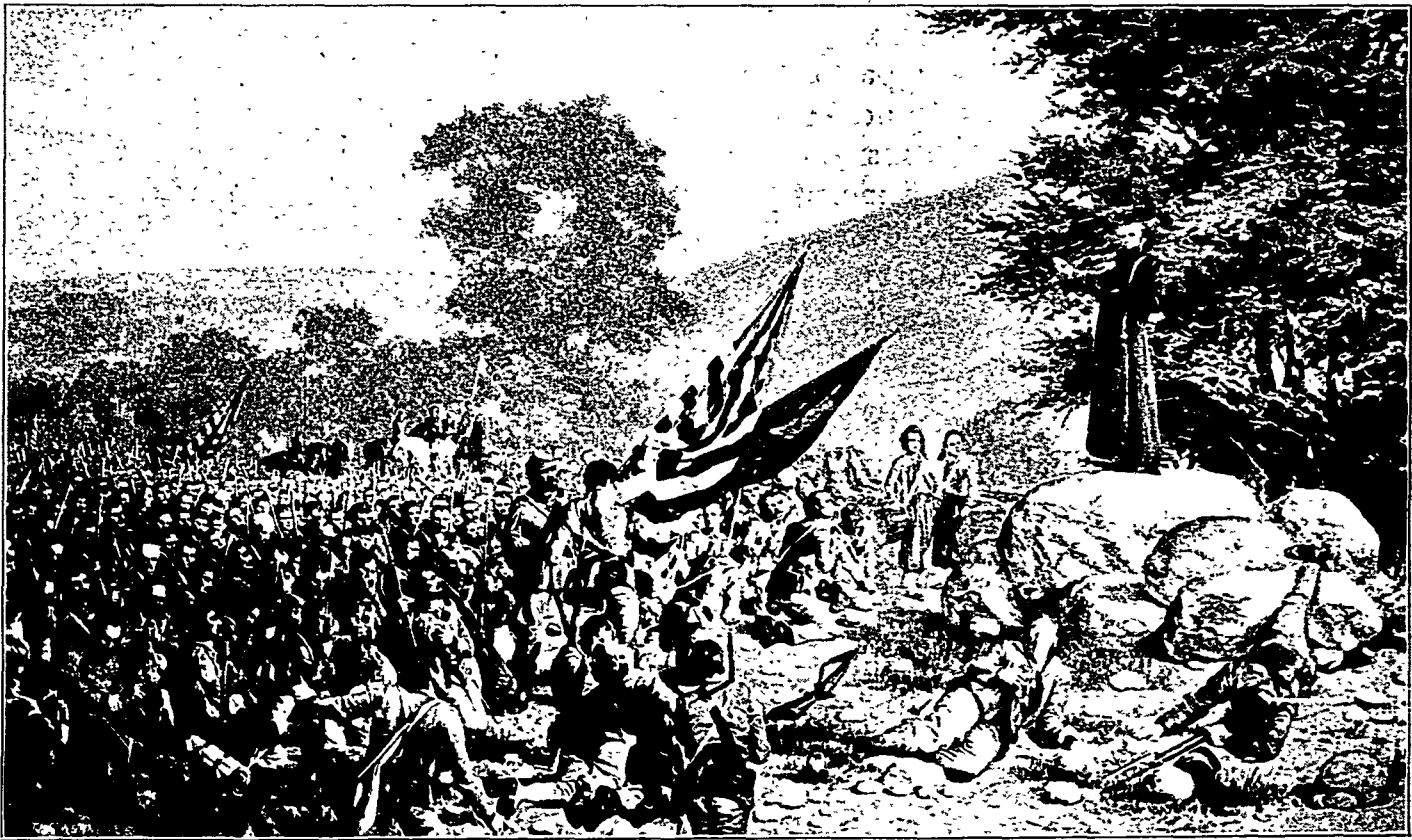
A Symposium on Father Corby.

AN EXPRESSION OF ESTEEM FROM THOSE WHO
KNEW HIM IN HIS VARIOUS WALKS OF LIFE.

DATES, incidents, what makes history, faded from my mind as I read your telegram; but in their place rose the personality of the man, the priest. How far back I remember Father Corby! And yet there was never a change, never a marked era, when the character suddenly developed, assumed other aspects, as might be almost expected under certain very marked changes as to surroundings and experiences. Once known, Father Corby was always known, and one could predict how he would act under some new circum-

it came about that wisdom was found to preside over all his decisions—a wisdom so unobtrusive, so absolutely unassertive, that its momentum was scarcely felt until the results were accomplished. So rare a quality was certain to make its possessor valued in a community, especially when the absence of aggressiveness took away the sting of differing opinions.

Yet it was this man who never, it might be said, contested a point for the sake of contesting, who threw himself into the thickest fighting ranks of the war for the preservation of the Union. No one could make clearer distinctions between loyalty and disloyalty than Father Corby; no one knew better than he did the divine claims which patriotism has on the conscience of the citizen, compelling even friendship to yield before the duty of the patriot to



ABSOLUTION UNDER FIRE.

Given by Father Corby, of Notre Dame University, Ind., to the troops in the battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. He was then Chaplain of the famous Irish Brigade of New York.

stances, because he was sure to take the noblest, most candid stand possible upon any question. The characteristic which comes to my mind as the leading one was single-mindedness. There were no side issues with Father Corby; for all issues merged, to his mind, in the one great issue; and this issue was always a supernatural one. Thoroughly practical, taking what people called the common-sense view, this common-sense moved invariably on supernatural lines. It was God's sense of things, of measures, which governed him in his judgments; and so

his country. In all the records of the war there is not one which can eclipse that of Father Corby for its disinterestedness or its fortitude; while that absolution given to kneeling ranks under fire, will stand forth forever as worthy of the lay of the poet, the eulogy of the orator, the brush of the painter, or the chisel of the sculptor.

Another evidence of that single-mindedness, which might be considered a summing up of characteristics, was his generosity. The vow of poverty was never made an excuse for close-

ness of hand. His sense of justice was never limited to the members of his community or the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Whoever dealt with Father Corby—layman, Catholic or non-Catholic—felt certain that he was dealing with a man of generous, noble ideas of the worth of things; of things which have no market value. The products of the mind were to him as real as the products of the soil, or of the manufactory, and he set upon them a value as much in advance of other products, as mind is superior to the body, its intellectual needs superior to, more imperative, than any material necessities. Under a régime which Father Corby would have established, had such been his mission, there would have been no starving poets or artists wasting away in garrets. He had, in fact, the very spirit which distinguished the religious orders in those ages when art and literature owed to them their most generous, as well as their most persistent patronage.

In the name of all that is most noble and of good repute, as of all that is most holy in priestly vocation and religious self-abnegation, we pray for peace and rest and everlasting light to the soul of Rev. William Corby, C. S. C.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

WITH the kindly and benevolent countenance of dear Father Corby before me as I write, with the majestic ceremonies and the solemn and impressive funeral rites still fresh and vivid in my thoughts, and perhaps more than all, with Father Hudson's singularly elevated and touching pulpit discourse yet ringing in my ears, I undertake, at the suggestion of my friends of the SCHOLASTIC, the duty of paying my poor tribute to the worth and character of the Very Reverend William Corby.

I need not say how grievous was the shock to all his friends throughout the country—to the friends at Notre Dame especially—by the news of his unexpected death. Although one of the *ancients*, in years of association with the University, he never appeared to grow old. When I last saw him on the porch of the college, and received his parting words of "good-by," he seemed almost as young in appearance, as vigorous in health, as when he first met me long years ago in the same place with kindly greeting and generous welcome.

Ah, those *long years*! How many past memories and thronging recollections do they not recall of Notre Dame, of its great founder and

chief, as well as of the men conspicuous in its history, trained under his eye, guided by his counsels, and inspired by his elevated example! How can I forget that majestic figure who for so long stood before us, the embodiment of Notre Dame and of the Congregation of the Holy Cross—of the educational possibilities of the one, and the profoundly religious spirit of the other!

And when that long apostolate was closed, when the great chief had fallen at his high post of duty, lamented by the entire Church, how natural it seemed that Father Sorin's faithful lieutenant should have been called upon to fill his place in the United States, and especially at Notre Dame! Ambition for place and honor was never a characteristic of Father Corby. He was a true priest, and he was a faithful religious. No truer portraiture of the character of our dead friend could have been given than that so powerfully and faithfully depicted for us by Father Hudson in his touching discourse last Friday in the presence of the sorrowing throng of friends and companions of the deceased: "He had ever been faithful to duty." These were not idle words of emotional panegyric; they were the tribute and the testimony of one who felt deeply and knew profoundly the truth of the words to which he gave solemn witness. There could be no higher eulogium. Ever faithful to duty! I was always impressed by Father Corby's remarkable equanimity—his evenness of temper and disposition—as well as by his unflinching good sense. He never lost his head.

Genius and great talent are qualities very striking and admirable, no doubt, when directed to just aims and ends; but even in the best, how fitful and inconstant the exercise of these high gifts! How rare to find in the possessor consistency and persistency! Father Corby never sought to shine. He pursued the straight and unerring line. He did his duty in whatever station he might be placed.

Devoted to Notre Dame from the earliest years, he—next only to its great founder—did the most when at its head, and subsequently, to give shape and direction to the policies and spirit which secured for it the advanced position it now occupies as a leading educational factor in the West. From being merely provincial and local, it has become national and metropolitan.

Father Corby was large minded and broad of view, considerate of others, forbearing, generous, companionable. What a welcome and

happy influence he must have exerted over the "boys in blue" in the trying and perilous scenes of camp and battlefield!

This would be a theme to dwell upon, but the assigned limitations of this hurried tribute forbid. How he must have been loved by the Fathers and Brothers who were so long under his benevolent rule and guidance! And, ah! how tenderly will his memory long be cherished by the devoted Sisters to whom he was everywhere and always a father and a friend! Faithful, honest, true priest, his memory deserves to be widely honored as one who did much for the sanctification of souls, for the honor of God's Church, and especially for Catholic education in the United States. Notre Dame will ever be grateful to dear Father Corby.

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN.

FATHER CORBY'S life and character can be summed up in three short words—Patriot, Hero and Saint. Were I to write a volume I could not find words to describe him more fully or more accurately. He was a man who loved and devoted his life to God, his country and his fellowman; a soldier of the Union who offered his life on the field of battle to save the Republic; a soldier of the Cross who offered up his whole being, whose entire existence was a constant prayer of word and thought to his Creator for the elevation of man, both of body and soul.

Oftentimes, while men live and we mingle with them day by day, we fail to recognize their virtues or their greatness; but the moment they are called away, the grandeur of their nature bursts upon us in its true light, and we then know, without having realized it, that we have enjoyed the society of those who were peculiarly great and good. So we feel now when Father Corby has left us. He was a soldier without fear, who would face a battery or a line of battle, if human suffering could be alleviated or a soul saved.

I recall him in the streets of Fredericksburg, calm and cheerful, hearing confessions and preparing the men for the coming fight, as they stood amid crashing shells, burning buildings and crumbling walls, just previous to the storming of Marye's Heights where, in front of the stone wall, many of those to whom he gave absolution on that cold December morning, are sleeping to this day.

I remember him at Chancellorsville on the field among the men of the brigade, comforting and inspiring them and binding up their wounds,

and, when darkness ended the fierce fighting for a time, hearing their confessions and preparing them for the combat of the morrow. I remember the long march to Gettysburg, when every hour of daylight would be spent in the saddle, and Father Corby having had no time to read his office, would ride along with his rosary in one hand and the reins in the other.

At Gettysburg I see him now, as if it were but yesterday, the most sublime figure on all the glorious field, standing amid the smoke and carnage; he alone, among the two hundred thousand warriors with uplifted hands, like Aaron the High Priest of Israel, prayed and gave the last rites of religion to his comrades; and his face shone as with the light of heaven, even like that of Moses, calling down blessings upon the people. Brave men and great generals were there, each fighting for victory, and thinking how to gain it; but the priest of Jesus Christ alone, of all that mighty host, was battling not only for his country, but for the souls of those who were dying to save it. Ah! was he not the most heroic figure of the whole field as he stood there in front of the battle line, with uncovered head and hands raised high in prayer; a prayer that rose above the crash of the red artillery, and sounded through the vaults of heaven, even reaching to the throne of the Almighty to bring down blessings and peaceful rest to the dead and dying.

It was not alone on the battlefield that Father Corby appeared to advantage. On the march, in bivouac and in camp he was ever the same—a self-sacrificing, unostentatious soldier-priest. No danger could deter him when duty called; no hardship was too great for him if a soul was to be saved or a comrade benefited. Every morning, when it was possible, was ushered in with the Mass; every evening, even when on the march, closed with a recital of the beads and other devotions. And how happy he would be when he could secure two other priests and have a High Mass—High Mass in woods and forest, on an altar built with freshly cut branches over which were thrown flags and altar-cloths. Then the band would play appropriate music, and Father Corby's contentment would be perfect. To him the surroundings were as grand as the noblest building ever erected by man to the glory of the Creator. God was there; Nature was there; and brave men knelt on the sod that was to be crimsoned with their blood. If no costly altar of marble or mosaic was there on which to offer up the

Holy Sacrifice, the absence of rich surroundings made no difference to Father Corby. The Mass was the same; the incense but added sweetness to the balm and perfume of Virginia's woods, and truly the odorous pines and open skies were fitting canopies under which to erect God's altar.

The evenings in camp, when no active operations interfered, were pleasant times, when Father Corby was with the brigade, for every Catholic knew where to go to spend a profitable half hour. Each man would pick up a bit of wood or stick on which to kneel, so that his knees would not sink too deeply in the snow and mud, and would wander over to Father Corby's tent, where, by the light of one flickering candle, the rosary would be recited; and when the last amen had been said, there would follow an hour of pleasant chat and smiles and good humor around the modest camp fire, where the humblest private was as welcome as though he were the commander of the army.

No matter how long the march, or how weary he might be, I have never known Father Corby to ask a man to assist him when getting into bivouac. He knew that everyone was as tired as himself, so he would quietly hunt up a few sticks, and light his own fire; and even while boiling his coffee, or frying a slice of bacon on the end of a stick, I have seen him hearing confessions while others were seeking repose. He was always the same—simple, gentle, unostentatious. The only favor he ever asked of his comrades was that they would save for him the empty cracker boxes to build the altars.

He was a true soldier, sharing the dangers and hardships of his comrades without murmur or complaint, feeling for their sufferings without seeming to be aware that he also was enduring the same trials. In all the years since the war there has been no change in him—always the same prompt and cheerful answer to duty's call. His happiness was in doing good and filling the full measure of devotion to his God, his country and his fellowman. His influence will live long after him, and the world has been blessed by his presence. For him "taps" have sounded and "lights" are out, but his comrades of the war who still live are loath to say "Farewell." Rather would they say "Good-night," for all being in the evening of life, they know that they, too, must soon answer to the last roll-call, and as sure as there is a God in heaven, so sure will they meet their old comrade, Father Corby, once again.

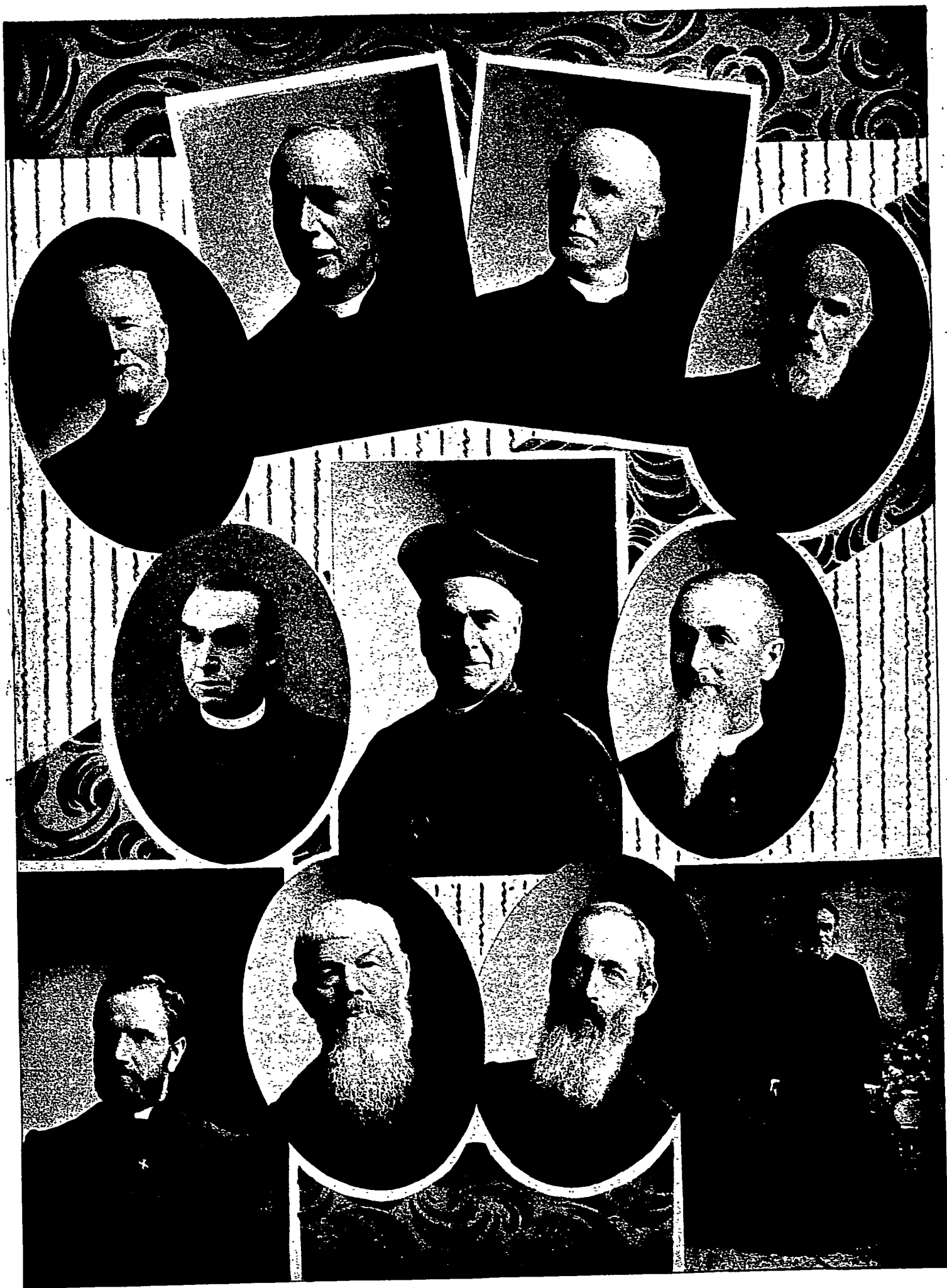
ST. CLAIR MULHOLLAND.

ON Tuesday last a telegram came announcing the death of dear Notre Dame of the Very Rev. William Corby, C.S.C. It was a sad message, for it told of the removal from among us of a good man, a lovable and loving friend, a holy priest. Father Corby was by nature endowed with the great and good qualities of a beautiful manhood; and these were enhanced and enriched by all the refining processes and accretions of a liberal education. His was a noble and ennobling greatness in simplicity. He knew no knavery, trickery or meanness. He was ever frank, open, true; ever genial, kind, guileless, simple. His manly soul disclosed its rich adornments in every lineament and contour of his broad countenance, always lightened with a most pleasant smile, heightened by his kindly natured eyes. He was a noble friend, a true friend, a warm friend. The writer had the honor of being one of his friends, honored with his friendship, and was admitted into the intimacy of his manly soul. He ever sought to please and entertain all who came into his presence, or associated with him in similar walks of life or divergent ones, without in the least compromising his exalted position or detracting a single iota from the holiness of his sacerdotal character. His thought was pure; his lips were clean; his soul was holy; and his conversation, lively, cheering, mingled with his happy laugh, was ever chaste and dignified, yet withal ever frolicking and teeming with fun and good nature.

In the sterner and stricter duties of his life he was a kind ruler, a wise, prudent adviser, ever blending mercy with principle; if necessity required severity, the blow would be struck, but it always cost him a pang.

Father Corby was a holy priest, a devout man of God, a lover of Him who remains enthroned in the tabernacle of the sanctuary. He served his God well; he lived in a holy, active faith; he approached the holy altar with pure heart and clean hands; and returned to mingle in his various avocations and duties with his fellows, his pure, holy soul laden with rich graces to be communicated to his brethren of the cloister, the college, or the world, as circumstances might place at his disposal.

We are all the better for having known Father Corby. He has done well; he has labored much; he wrought for the glory of God in the salvation of souls; he has not wrought in vain, neither unto others nor himself; his merits, to be rewarded by Almighty God, are rich, rare and many. W. F. M. O'ROURKE.



NOTRE DAME'S G. A. R. POST, NO 569.

(Formally mustered in, October 5, 1897.)

B:o Cosmas, C. S. C.

Rev. Peter Paul Cooney, C. S. C.

B:o Benedict, C. S. C.

Bro. Leander, C. S. C.

Very Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C., Post Commander.

Bro. Ignatius, C. S. C.

Bro. Raphael, C. S. C.

Bro. John Chrysostom, C. S. C.

Bro. Eustachius, C. S. C.

Mr. W. A. Olmsted, C. S. C.

Bro. Agatho, C. S. C.

WILLIAM CORBY, beloved of God and man, Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, a modest, unassuming leader of men, has entered into his eternal rest. There have been other men, in the sixty odd years given to him to abide with us, who have stirred profounder depths and attained greater heights in the temple of Fame; but none in the sphere allotted to him has stirred the hearts of those with whom he came in contact more lovingly and deeply for their profit and betterment. In the necrology of the year no name shall be written around which a sweeter fragrance will cling, nor over which one will linger more lovingly in tenderly affectionate reminiscence. It is given to but few to awaken a deeper sense of bereavement than will grow upon those who have known him best and who will miss his gentle counsel and sympathy as the days of human sorrow grow apace and their loss reveals itself. He sat upon the heights which St. Paul reached when he said: "All things shall work together for good to them that love God." It was his daily example to those who came under the beneficence of his companionship that quickened and deepened conviction that there is a Divine ear that listens to the pleadings of a stricken heart; that there is a Divine hand to be grasped to steady the feeble footsteps along the pathways of life. When the bell has been muffled, and the windows have been darkened, and there has been crape on the door, the tenderness of his impulses, and the sweetness of his consolation, has lightened the bitterness of grief and softened the pain of parting. In his counsel was no word which could jar upon the most delicate sensibilities. In his hearty companionship, full of human kindness, we have learned how it was possible for him successfully to "allure to brighter fields and lead the way." In his friendship there ever existed a soft, refining influence which makes life more hallowed. Through all the years that he has kept company with us we have found him as fresh and sweet and companionable in the aftermath of his grand career as when the dews of the morning were upon him. He has been a bright star in the firmament of friendship, shining in on us with a soft radiance, and we have walked in the warmth and ruddiness of his beams; and it is hard to think he has gone down beyond our horizon to rise upon us no more. The world is better for having known him.

When the war began, Father Corby hastened to assume his share of the duties devolving on

every patriot, and with a devotion to country unsurpassed, bent his every energy to the preservation of the Union. His military record is cotemporaneous with that of the famous "Irish Brigade," whose green flag fluttered side by side with the Stars and Stripes at the very front, where the battle raged hottest, on almost every battlefield wherein the Army of the Potomac was engaged. Those of us who have stood with him on fields where the dead lay and the streams ran red past their borders, know of the heroism and self-abnegation that ever marked his conduct and devotion to duty. Wherever shattered humanity lay thickest and the storm of bullet and shell raged fiercest, there was Father Corby cheering on the struggling battalions to deeds of greater valor, comforting the stricken and administering consolation to those who would fight not on the morrow. And when the weary day was done and the battle over, he would still be found on his errand of mercy, and at the bier of the blouse-shrouded soldier prostrate in tender, earnest petition for a softened judgment on the weaknesses and failings of the dead.

The keynote to his character may be found in his address to the battalions who knelt before him on Gettysburg field to receive absolution, and to whom he said in substance, God hates a coward as he hates sin. No taint of cowardice found place in the life of our beloved friend and Father, either physically or morally. What his judgment taught him to be right that he would do, tempering the blow to the erring and hiding the gift in the awarding of justice. Childlike in his simplicity, he was wiser than he knew. Broad of thought and liberal in belief, he was the ideal man for the administration of the duties of the position which he held when the summons came that took him from us. Who can doubt but that the call came in other words than "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into thy rest." And we who survive him for a time only, say sincerely and reverently: Farewell, dear Father Corby! *Requiescat in pace.*

J. J. ABERCROMBIE.

THE character and worth of the late Very Rev. Father Corby are deeply impressed upon the minds of all who knew him. Each and every one of his friends attest the zeal, devotion and sincerity that always characterized him in the various duties he was called upon to perform. Unselfish he lived for others,

and in his charity no one was ever refused advice, comfort or assistance.

From Prefect of Discipline in 1860 to the time of his death he held many and important positions, all of which he discharged in a most conscientious manner. He knew his duty, and performed it for the honor and glory of God. A most humble, spirited religious, his devotion to his Community was only equal to his love of God. Whether as president, superior, provincial, or soldier, the duties were discharged in a sense of right from which he would not swerve.

In his death the grand University, of which he was one of the worthy founders, loses one of its most substantial friends, the Order of Holy Cross one of its most devoted members, and the state at large a most estimable citizen—a man in the fullest sense of the word.

L. G. TONG.

* * *

IN the book of the Golden Jubilee of Notre Dame are scattered numerous sketches of varied and important events in the life of the Very Rev. William Corby. He has left us so recently, and his presence seems even still to so permeate the atmosphere of Notre Dame, that we are as yet scarcely able to realize all that he was, and still less to realize that his genial, modest, tireless spirit has gone from us forever. Not even Father Sorin himself was more a part of Notre Dame. As student, scholastic teacher, prefect of discipline, director of studies, vice-president, president, local superior, provincial and assistant-general of the Order of the Holy Cross, his life ran through the whole course of the secular, collegiate and religious life of Notre Dame. Did his modesty permit, there is no one better than he who could look back upon the things that have been done at Notre Dame and say:

"Quæque ipse . . . vidi
Et quorû pars magna fui."

Not only was his life that of a scholar and a religious, but his was a mind in full harmony with the age in which he lived, sympathizing as he did with every movement that tended to the moral, intellectual or social welfare of the people. His heart overflowed with that wide charity of the Apostle which made him all things to all men that he might win all to Christ. His intense patriotism, his passion for the salvation of souls, and his sympathy for the sufferings of his fellowmen, all united

in making him the ideal army chaplain. And when the end came to him, which must come to all the living, it was fitting that there should gather about his bier the student and teacher, who recalled his youth and early manhood; the religious and the priest, companions of his mature life, and the representatives of the veteran soldiers, who brought to mind the heroism and devotion displayed on many a battlefield, on many a dreary march and in many a nameless hospital. It was fitting that they should all be present to represent his varied and useful life, while his casket rested above the open grave, while the December snow fell like a benediction from Heaven upon the pure priest whose life-work had been so well done wherever his Lord had sent him to labor.

The excellence of some characters is so even, they do so many things so well, that it is not easy to point out that in which their career has been most marked. Father Corby seemed to fill every position in which he was placed. As a student he was most diligent and even conscientious; as prefect of discipline, he ruled with the tenderness of St. John; as director of studies, he widened and elevated the standard of learning at Notre Dame; as pastor at Watertown, he built up a poor congregation into a united and strong parish; as president he quietly but persistently guided his *Alma Mater* until she moved along with confidence upon the road that led her from the simple, struggling college, to the expansive University. But by his active but unostentatious religious life he did even more than all this; and thousands of young and old, students and men and women in active life, civilians and soldiers, priests and laymen, everywhere, through the length and breadth of his native land, will say, as they drop an honest tear, and breathe an earnest prayer at the news of his death, 'I am a better person, through God's grace, by reason of the good influence exerted upon me by the teaching and the example of Father Corby.' There was no disappointment, no failure, in the life of this gentle, pure-minded, earnest man. Like his divine Master, the soldier-priest of God spent his days joyously in going about doing good; and it was no surprise to those that knew him to learn that his death was a happy one, even as his life had made so many others happy.

TIMOTHY E. HOWARD.

FATHER CORBY was my best and truest friend. Never have I known a more honest man, or a man so blessed with that rarest of all rare gifts—common-sense. He was an ideal priest. When I was a Minim it was my privilege to accompany him on Sundays to South Bend to serve his Mass. It was then I learned to love his sterling qualities.

During my college years he was the able President of the University, and never did rector work harder to make Notre Dame a great seat of learning. He was a real father to each student, and many a man now occupying high, social positions may thank Father Corby's good heart that he was not, through his own thoughtlessness, driven out into the world with the stigma of expulsion. Father Corby was especially kind to boys struggling with

Later when he selected me to be a member of the faculty, I had frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted with his methodical habits, great business qualifications and ardent desires to make Notre Dame the centre of the highest intellectual culture. Like his predecessors in the presidential chair, he could not carry out all his plans for lack of money. In those days it was more difficult to get a cent than it is now to secure a dollar. With the limited means at his disposal, and the help of his amiable and polished assistant, Father Lemonnier, he accomplished wonders for Notre Dame.

Diplomacy he knew not. He was plain, blunt, straightforward, practical. He could not show the deep affection of his nature. He idolized Father Sorin and others, but words of his lips never betrayed his feelings. Too manly



FATHERS CORBY AND OUELLET UNDER FIRE.

poverty. He was accessible to all, and child-like in his simplicity. His delight was to mingle with the students in their sports.

He loved to read the Bible and Shakespere, and it was his habit to resort to them for thoughtful study. The *Picwick Papers* was his favorite work of fiction. He was of a sunshiny, joyous nature, full of humor, and he loved to hear and tell a good story. On a few occasions, when called to a distance from the college, he invited me to accompany him. Wherever we went his distinguished bearing—he looked like a senator, with his high, thoughtful forehead and kindly eyes—secured for us marked attentions.

a man to flatter or curry favor, he was never obsequious to those above him nor haughty to those beneath. He would never exact from others that which he himself was not willing to do.

Honors he sought not, neither did he repine when his services were not appreciated. When called by his superiors to leave his loved Notre Dame, to found a college in Wisconsin, he went without a murmur, leaving his office and his room as if he expected to return next day.

He was a true religious, noted for his regularity, his charity and love for poverty and prayer. Moulded by Fathers Sorin and Granger, he was the last of those great guiding spirits,

who by their energies, their strength, their sacrifices and prayers built up the massive structures of the Notre Dame of today from the little log-hut by the shores of St. Mary's Lake. Now that he has been called from the scene of his unselfish labors, a void has been made that can not be filled. While he was among us we felt that Father Sorin still lived. It is hard to realize that good Father Corby is no longer here.

J. F. EDWARDS.

MY acquaintance with Very Rev. William Corby, C. S. C., began over twenty-six years ago; it soon ripened into friendship which continued until his death. I noted no change in him during that period; by which I mean that his preferment to an exalted place in the great Congregation of Holy Cross—the headship of that famous Order in the United States—brought no pride to the heart or head of Father Corby.

His broad good sense and level-headed judgment were conspicuous features of the executive force which he possessed; his equanimity never deserted him. Even tempered at all times and under all conditions, gentle yet dignified in manner, he was beloved by all the old students who had the good fortune to know him as President of the University of Notre Dame.

He was of sympathetic mould: the pain and trouble of others readily touched his tender heart; and in conversation I always noticed the expression of sympathy on his round, manly face, at the narration of the wrongs and sorrows of others. I thought him a model churchman—of the modern gentlemanly, clerical school—earnest, sincere, unostentatious, contentedly and warmly devoted to his calling. He was noticeably practical; his sermons were distinctively practical, fashioned and delivered without tinsel or show to carry reason and argument and fervor to thinking minds.

The Catholic Church has lost in him a great priest, a paragon of sacerdotal virtue; the Congregation of the Holy Cross is bereft of one of its valued leaders whose senseful, brainful administration was one of the touchstones of its successful advancement; the University of Notre Dame, the last golden link which bound the old to the new; the old students, a friend whom it was an honor to know, and whose memory it will be ever inspiring to revere.

WILLIAM P. BREEN.

TO those, who contemplate the condition of the world today, the disheartening fact is the loss of firm and unfaltering adherence to the principle of authority, divine and human. The world is in many striking respects a pleasanter world to live in; men are presenting less sternness and hardness in their make-up, and lauding the gospel of altruism; but there is a growing lack of belief in basic principle that alone can and will sustain this overflowing human feeling. Faith without charity is dead, but faith cometh before charity and without it charity has no certain and abiding foundation and rule that may maintain it among men; it becomes but sentimentality and a curse to the race. While its manifestations are what appeal to the hearts of men, its unrestrained and unbridled action turns them to the lesser good.

By the abounding charity he possessed, shown in his daily walk among his fellows, Father Corby won the loving testimony that followed him to his last resting-place. But it seems to me that now that he sees all things clearly, it is not on the deeds of kindness and the thoughts of good, with which his life was marked, that he would dwell. That true humility which characterized his thoughts of self, would not lead him to deprecate praise of his goodly walk among men, if he thought it would aid in the uplifting of hearers to better deeds. But to my thought the striking trait in his character, that which stamped him as a man among his fellows, was his living faith in and realization of the principle of authority in the world—of authority divine and human. And therein, methinks, lay the lesson of his life and the sterling worth of his character.

In the civil order, he was an earnest upholder of the sacredness of authority. His voice was ever raised in words of patriotic devotion to the land of his birth and his love. When the day of trial came to men, he was eager and enthusiastic in his loyalty. A priest of God, his holy calling forbade his baring his arm to the shedding of blood; but such was the intensity of his feelings that only his solemn vows restrained him. But with zeal he turned to the encouraging of those who went forth, and he followed them, in the storm and labor of the conflict, with the ministrations of his sacred calling and the earnest exhortations of patriotism. His adherence to the law of obedience to the civil power was not called out by the exciting scenes of civil strife, neither did it lessen with the days of peace. It was deep-seated in principle, and those of us who only

knew him in his latter days often heard from his lips words of patriotism and exhortation to loyalty that we shall not soon forget.

And further, he was an earnest preacher of the eternal verities of God, His holy revelation and the existence of the living voice of authority, that speaks as no man can speak. As a priest of God, he was pledged to the highest and holiest of duties. But he therein was set apart from other men, and it is in that, wherein he stood as one not only worthy of our admiration but of our imitation, that I would write. To few of us has it been given to have burnt into our lives the reality of God's truth. He had it, and had it to fervor. As I write, I can hear his earnest words of argument and exhortation, and I can once more realize, as I did when listening to him in life, the intensity of belief with which he spoke. His words were always addressed to the necessity of faith, to the need of authority, and to the duty of obedience, loyal and unfaltering to it. He incessantly taught the necessity of authority in the divine and civil order, and by his words and actions showed his devotion to it.

Men may and will speak today of the joyousness and loveliness of his character, of his earnestness and simplicity, of his capacities as an administrator of affairs and an educator of the young; but if he were to speak, he would ask us to dwell on his abiding faith in the Church of the living God and his steadfast loyalty and love for the government of the land of his birth.

JOHN G. EWING.

FATHER CORBY was President of the University of Notre Dame, when, as a student, I first entered its portals. I remember him as a man of dignified demeanor, graceful bearing and striking presence. He had an expressive face—one that harmoniously combined the elements of strength and firmness, candor and kindliness. He was forceful and energetic in everything that he said or did. His voice thrilled with a peculiar charm in the solemn services of the Mass, and was clear, strong and earnest in the pulpit. In manner, thought and action he exhibited all the traits of a strong character and leader of men. He made a most favorable impression upon all who met and conversed with him—the impression that he was a superior man and gifted with faculties of the highest order. While invariably gentle and kindly in his relations with the students, yet he exercised under all circumstances un-

questioned authority over them. They recognized and respected instinctively his unassuming manners and unobtrusive dignity, and yielded ready obedience to his orders; but obedience in such case seemed natural and easy, for his orders were based upon established precedent and dictated by sound judgment. He was endowed with qualities that impressed one as giving him a right to command—a right spontaneously recognized by those over whom it was his duty to exercise authority. He knew not what it was to be indolent. Earnestly, faithfully and indefatigably he worked, and Notre Dame prospered during his administration as never before. His noble qualities of mind and generous qualities of heart commanded the affection and admiration of the students, and the respect and confidence of their parents. He impressed them as a man capable of representing the University with honor in any place or presence.

He loved the country and its flag with an ardor almost passionate in its intensity, and his eyes kindled with a new light, giving indubitable evidence of his pleasure, when he spoke of the services of his comrades in the great Civil War. No person within the precincts of Notre Dame could fail to share some of his enthusiasm in that regard, and it tended to inspire the young men studying here with higher ideals of good citizenship and true Americanism. It tended to make Notre Dame one of the most thoroughly American and patriotic institutions of learning in the entire country. When I think of him as a soldier-priest of the war, encouraging his comrades and succoring the wounded, a mental picture of him takes form as he stood on the great rock at Gettysburg, administering conditional absolution to kneeling thousands, while shot and shell passed screeching with an unearthly din through the tree-tops above him, and the deadly bullets of innumerable rifles sang a doleful requiem through the woods and among the rocks around him. I can picture him as passing in the line of duty before the belching guns of batteries and the death-dealing volleys of regiments and brigades. No enlisted man or officer who carried the flag, or stood in the line of battle, or led in the charge, or volunteered for the forlorn hope, could walk consciously to death in the line of duty with a firmer or more unfaltering step than he. The soldierly traits of his nature were made manifest by his becoming a soldier of the cross, and deliberately choosing a life of unremitting toil and self-sacrifice in-

stead of one offering the freedom of the world, personal advantages, pleasures and wealth. Such was the spirit that led him to follow the Divine Exemplar, and seek primarily to serve others rather than himself. His altruism was realized in acts of kindness and assistance to hundreds of God's creatures, and he never inquired in respect to the color, nationality or creed of those whom he thus served.

"He never made a brow look dark,
Nor caused a tear but when he died."

He loved all mankind, and was himself beloved by all that knew him. His sympathies went out to the poor and the oppressed of all the world, and no greater pleasure had he in life than that of alleviating distress and suffering. Though his courage was invincible, such as never failed him in peace or war, yet he was as gentle and unassuming as a child. In his earnestness, candor and sincerity he exemplified, as though written of him, the force of these lines from Carlyle: "Sincerity—a deep, great, genuine sincerity—is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic." As a possible heritage of his army experience he believed in the utility of discipline—discipline strict and salutary. But he was himself the first to meet its most exacting requirements. Even to the last he scrupulously did what his associates were required to do in the way of toil and self-denial. And when the final summons came he received it with manifestations of rare fortitude and resignation. He died with all the heroism of a soldier of the cross and a soldier of the battlefield united in his gentle and kindly nature.

"O good, great heart, that all men knew,
O iron nerve, to true occasion true;
Fallen at length, that tower of strength,
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!"

PROF. WILLIAM HOYNES.

Tributes from the Press.

PROMINENT figure has disappeared from the ranks of the regular clergy in this country. The late Father William Corby, C.S.C., who passed to the reward of a singularly devoted life on the 28th ult., at Notre Dame, was a chaplain in the Irish Brigade of the Army of the Potomac during the Civil War; and since 1865 has held various offices of honor and responsibility in his community, becoming widely known throughout the United States. He was a man among men, and his priestly

life was marked by saint-like devotion and zeal for the glory of God. He was respected and beloved by all who knew him and could appreciate his sterling and lovable character. The large attendance of non-Catholics at his obsequies testified to the esteem in which he was held by all classes of people, irrespective of religion or nationality. Father Corby was among the last of seven priests of the Congregation of the Holy Cross who served as chaplains during the War of the Rebellion. He was a member of the Loyal Legion; and shortly before his death, at the suggestion of Gen. Lew Wallace, was appointed chaplain of the Indiana branch of the organization. May he rest in peace!—*Ave Maria.*

NOTRE DAME'S GREAT BEREAVEMENT.

Those who saw the benignant face and striking figure of Very Reverend William Corby at the proceedings incident to the installation of Notre Dame's widely-famed G. A. R. post at the meeting last October, in Washington Hall, will realize that

"Death loves a shining mark,
A signal blow."

Father Corby was an ideal priest; a man of character, and the possessor of the ability for organizing and building up, such as few men can boast. Like the lamented Very Rev. Father Sorin, his life-work is inseparably connected with Notre Dame's growth and progress. Misfortune did not daunt him; vicissitudes did not cast him down. The hard knocks seemed only to brighten and temper the steel in his make-up. Whether as student, priest, professor or patriot chaplain; whether as vice-president or chief executive of Notre Dame University; in his high trust as Provincial-general of the Order of the Holy Cross, or as first assistant general of that Order in the entire world, there was the same unflinching, untiring service which advancing years could scarcely lessen.

He was South Bend's first Catholic priest. It was under the inspiration of his enthusiasm that Notre Dame University of '42-'53 gave place in 1855 to the fine six-story structure destroyed by fire in 1879, and he led in the work of debt paying and improvements that represented the raising of nearly \$200,000 in five years.

It was under the inspiration of his indomitable energy that the Order of the Holy Cross was enabled to redeem the promise made by him at Notre Dame University's smoking ruins, April 23, 1879, when he said that a new and grander college edifice would be ready when

the September term began. A fire loss of a quarter of a million dollars and the loss of much else that could not be replaced did not appall him.

At his death he was postmaster at Notre Dame, the second appointment in over a half century, he succeeded Very Rev. Father Sorin. He was also chaplain of the Loyal Legion of Indiana.

All these responsibilities were cheerfully accepted and their obligations fulfilled to the letter by Father Corby. His last illness found him in the harness, the same far-sighted man of business, the same ideal priest—

"Of soul sincere,
In actions faithful and in honor dear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd."

(Editorial) *South Bend Times*.

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Father Corby, we were going to say "Father of the Holy Cross Order," but the foremost father and associate founder of the great University of Notre Dame, died at that seat of learning last week. He was a man of world-wide sympathy and every interest of the Church was dear to him. In this country he was known wherever religion was esteemed and loved, wherever God's work was well done. His death is a loss to the Church in the United States.—(Editorial) *Western Watchman*.

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Father Corby's loss will be deplored not only by the faculty and students of the great university at which he resided and the members of his Order, but by Catholics, lay as well as clerical, all over the United States. While his name will always be associated mainly with the University of Notre Dame, in the building up of which he took so leading a part, he was a great priest as well as a great educator. His work as a war chaplain is familiar to all readers of the civil war. Even the Order of the Holy Cross, with its number of zealous priests and trained educators, will not find it easy to fill Father Corby's place.—(Editorial) *New World*.

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A NOTED PRIEST AND EDUCATOR.

The recent death of Very Reverend William Corby, President of the University of Notre Dame is deserving of more than passing mention. Reverend Father Corby was an exceptionally able man, and an interesting character as well. The atmosphere of culture and liber-

alism which pervades Notre Dame University is undoubtedly due, in a large measure, to the breadth of view and general intelligence which characterized his administration. This liberalism found concrete expression about two years ago in the action of the University faculty by which the degree of LL. D., was conferred upon Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, of Columbus, Ohio. Rev. Father Corby was 64 years old, and had been connected with Notre Dame since 1853, when he entered the University as a student. After his graduation he became a priest, then President of the University and finally Provincial of the Order of the Holy Cross in the United States. He also enjoyed the distinction of being the only commander of a Grand Army post formed from a religious Order, the Notre Dame Post, No. 569, which was established with elaborate ceremonies last fall. Rev. Father Corby was born in Detroit, in October, 1833. From 1849 until 1853 he was associated with his father in business pursuits, getting during this period the training which he used so effectively in executive positions in later life. He made himself well known to Grand Army men by his religious work among old soldiers after the war. A year ago he received a bronze medal from the State of New York as a recognition of his services with the Irish Brigade, and several years ago he published a book recounting his war experiences.—(Editorial) *The Republican, Springfield, Mass.*

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Very Rev. William Corby, Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, died at Notre Dame University on Tuesday last. In the death of Father Corby, not only Notre Dame University and the Congregation of which he was such a conspicuous member, but the whole Church in the United States, suffers a severe loss. Father Corby was a noble type of the best citizen, and in every way an admirable churchman. To the Fathers of the Holy Cross, and to Notre Dame University in particular, the *Colorado Catholic* offers its sincere and heartfelt sympathy.—(Editorial.)

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Very Reverend William Corby, Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in the United States, died of pneumonia at Notre Dame, Indiana, Tuesday evening. Father Corby was a man distinguished for learning, piety and patriotism. The Congregation of the Holy Cross is an order of priests who devote their lives to the cause of education

and charity. During the war this organization, which was then by no means numerous, its only house being at Notre Dame, sent eight priests to act as chaplains in the army of the United States. Father Corby was chaplain of the Irish Brigade, and served with that command until the close of the war. He recently organized the Grand Army Post at Notre Dame University, of which he was commander. All the members of the post were either priests or members of the religious society.

Father Corby was a ripe scholar and thoroughly devoted to the great institutions of learning with which he was so intimately connected. He paid a visit to Oil City last summer, whither he was called by the illness of his friend, Father Carroll, and made a deep and lasting impression upon all with whom he came in contact.

The death of this good man and friend of education is a serious loss to the University which he so dearly loved, and will be generally deplored throughout the entire country. But Father Corby's influence will live in the thousands of students that came under his instruction and within daily contact with him in his walk and conversation. His name is imperishably connected with the fame of the University of Notre Dame.—(*Editorial*) *Oil City Derrick*.

Nothing could be more pathetic than the spectacle presented to the older of our citizens by the gradual passing away of that noble band of men who did the pioneer work in the establishment of the University of Notre Dame that has been constantly going on for the past 20 years. Lemonnier, Sorin, Granger, Walsh, and now Corby, are the names most prominent in the list, but a dozen others could be mentioned who contributed to the success of the great University founded by Father Sorin. Only a few remain, L'Etourneau, of the earlier, and Maher, of the later work, to hold the connection between the past and present. Father Corby was the ideal priest, who in time of war marched with the soldiers into battle, and in time of peace did whatever his hands found to do to better the condition mentally, morally and physically, of his fellowman. He was a robust man, physically and mentally, and his religion was of deeds rather than sentiment. His hearty manner, his bright eye, his ready smile and his warm handgrasp made him approachable, and manifested his deep interest and active sympathy with human

affairs. Father Corby was greatly beloved by his fellow priests, and by the people, and his services to the causes of religion and education were highly prized by those high in authority in the Catholic Church. His memory will long be cherished by those who knew him.—*Sunday News, South Bend, Ind., (Editorial)*.

We bow in humble submission to the holy will of God. One of the best friends this parish ever had; one of the noblest works of God, an honest, honorable and brave hero; one of the greatest benefactors of the Church in America, has entered into the realms of God's reward for faithful services. Of a sudden did the Master's summons come. Soldier that he was, he was ready. After but a short illness he departed this life on Tuesday, December 28, at 3:30. President Morrissey's announcement was a great shock. Truly in the midst of life we are in death. Pray earnestly for the repose of his soul. May he enjoy the fruits of his labors and may perpetual light shine on the soul of our father and friend.—*R. I. P.*

The heartfelt sympathy of this parish is cordially extended to the bereaved brethren of the Congregation of the Holy Cross who will not be forgotten in our prayers in this hour of dire affliction.—(*Editorial*) *The Kalamazoo Augustinian*.

"Two Days and One Night."

"The last two days of the year 1897 were of so much interest in the history of Auten Post, No. 8, Dep't of Ind., G. A. R., that it has seemed well to devote a page of our records to the memory of events then occurring. On the 30th day of December the body of Thomas M. Howard was laid to rest under the auspices of the post. Mr. Howard, while not a member of the post, was a comrade of the Grand Army, and a respected citizen of South Bend. He had been a brave Union soldier in Missouri, during the war, and was an honored comrade of Deacon Post, No. 115, of New Carlisle. Post Commander Lewis, having been requested on the part of the dead soldier's family to take charge of the funeral, notified Deacon Post that Auten Post would aid them in any way in performing the solemn duty. The commander of Deacon Post at once replied, asking Auten Post to take charge of the funeral. Thus, at the double request of the family and

post of our departed comrade, this post preceded the body to St. Joseph's Church and to Cedar Grove cemetery, and laid the old soldier and honored citizen away, with the full ceremonial of the Grand Army of the Republic.

"On December 31, the post went, with the invitation of Notre Dame Post, No. 569, accompanied by Department Commander James S. Dodge, to consign to the bosom of kindly mother earth, the body of another comrade of the Grand Army, the Very Rev. William Corby, commander of that post. It was a winter day indeed, but 'He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb' had moderated the severity of the season, and while the snow fell in a steady storm, yet it was not very cold, and the long line of ex-soldiers, students, religious and friends from a distance, who preceded the body of the soldier-priest, winding around the buildings, lakes and groves of the University grounds, to the quiet city of the dead, did not suffer from any inclemency of the weather. At the conclusion of the religious services at the church, the body of the hero of the Rock of Gettysburg was given into the loving hands of his Grand Army comrades, and the solemn ritual of the dead was repeated while the heavens dropped down the thick white benediction of snow upon the flag-covered casket. Wrapped in this flag which he so well defended, the casket of the soldier-priest was lowered into the bosom of mother earth by his comrades of the Grand Army, and then the firing squad gave him the last salute of arms over the open grave. Never was the beautiful Grand Army ritual more beautifully rendered than over the grave of the patriot priest, who sleeps in the grove above St. Mary's Lake. Two features of the services of our Comrade Howard and Comrade Corby are worthy of special mention in this brief memorial. One was the touching song of our commander elect, John T. Hall, telling so tenderly, and in so superb a voice, of the passing away of our comrades 'One by One.' No one who has an ear that appreciates melody, or a heart that is touched by feelings of comradeship, can ever forget, if he heard him, that soul-inspiring song of Comrade Hall. The other feature of those two funerals that must not be passed in silence are the beautiful and soldierly addresses made over the graves of Comrade Howard and Comrade Corby by our worthy and honored retiring post commander, Comrade Jasper E. Lewis. Every comrade of Auten Post who heard those two matchless and most appropriate addresses was

proud of the commander who thus closed, with so much credit to himself and to the post, his term as our esteemed post commander.

"But, while the two last days of the old year were thus so worthily employed, there was yet the night to come, the last hours of the year. By a happy coincident, it was the regular weekly meeting of the post, and our department commander was with us. The snow still fell in a blinding storm until a deep blanket covered the earth, but the comrades came out until their headquarters were crowded with the veterans of Auten Post. The minutes of the meeting tell what was done. But no minutes can do justice to the beauty of the muster in services, the glorious songs, led by Comrades Hall and Bulkley, and the masterly and patriotic address of Department Commander Comrade James S. Dodge. But the end was not yet. The old year was drawing to a close, and the comrades, as if to cap the climax of those two great days in the history of Auten Post, determined to watch the old year out in song and story and to wish one another a Happy New Year before they separated. Nor was there ever a more patriotic or happy watch night than that thus splendidly carried out by the veterans of old Auten Post, until the New Year was solemnly saluted by the whole post joining in the solemn anthem, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' Every Comrade felt that it was a sublime moment in our history. The Grand Army is losing slowly and steadily as age creeps over the veterans; but old Auten after 31 years of uninterrupted history, the first post in the state, has ten more members upon her rolls at the end of 1897 than she had at the end of 1896. It was a splendid year, it closed in glory; and so let the memory of those days be preserved upon our record. For the committee."

TIMOTHY E. HOWARD.

JOEL M. PARTRIDGE.

JOSEPH M. DOLPH.

Very Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C., Chaplain of
the Irish Brigade.

Resolutions Commandery State of Indiana,
Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the
United States, Indianapolis, Indiana.

With the Cross ever at the forefront and the motto, "In hoc signo vinces," as his guide, Father Corby fought the battle of life and died a veritable soldier of the Cross.

He was born in the city of Detroit on the 2d day of October, 1833, and died at the University of Notre Dame on Tuesday, December 28, 1897. In 1853, after having received a thorough common school education, he came to Notre Dame to carry on his studies, and the following year, having decided to follow a religious life, he entered the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Strong of will and

honest of purpose he succeeded as a matter of course, and soon occupied positions of honor and responsibility. At the beginning of the war for the Union, Notre Dame—always loyal and patriotic—sent seven priests to the front as chaplains. Father Corby was one of them, and was assigned to the 88th Regiment, New York Vols., Army of the Potomac. He was afterwards known as the Chaplain of the Irish Brigade, which position he held until about the close of the war. No march was too severe, no duty too arduous for him, and he faithfully followed the flag through the good and the ill fortunes of the gallant army to which he was attached. He was a true soldier, sharing the dangers and hardships of his comrades without complaint, and when the battle was on he was always found among the men of his command comforting and inspiring them, binding up their wounds and giving them the consolations of the holy religion of which he was so able an exemplar. On the field of Gettysburg he earned imperishable fame by reason of one incident—that of giving general absolution under fire. Says Gen. St. Clair Mulholland, in describing the event: "At Gettysburg, I see him now, as if it were but yesterday, the most sublime figure on all the glorious field, standing amid the smoke and carnage; he alone, among the two hundred thousand warriors, with uplifted hands, like Aaron the High Priest of Israel, prayed and gave the last rites of religion to his comrades; and his face shone as with the light of heaven, even like that of Moses, calling down blessings upon the people. Brave men and great generals were there, each fighting for victory, and thinking how to gain it; but the priest of Jesus Christ alone, of all that mighty host, was battling, not only for his country, but for the souls of those who were dying to save it. Ah! was he not the most heroic figure of the whole field as he stood there in front of the battle line, with uncovered head and hands raised high in prayer; a prayer that rose above the crash of the red artillery, and sounded through the vaults of heaven, even reaching to the throne of the Almighty to bring down blessings and peaceful rest to the dead and dying."

As Father Corby saw his duty at Gettysburg, so he saw and did it elsewhere in every relation of life. What his judgment taught him to be right that he would do and no taint of cowardice found place in his being. Faithful was he in all the duties of the chaplain, and little wonder it is that the men of the Irish Brigade almost idolized him. After the close of the war Father Corby returned to Notre Dame and became successively Vice-President and President of the University.

In 1879, during his term of office, fire destroyed the College building and contents and the labor of years was reduced to ashes and ruins. In this hour of trial Father Corby shone supremely, and so great was his skill and ability that by the opening of the next scholastic year the present main building of the University was ready for the reception of students. He remained President until 1881, after which he held the office of Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in the United States. He never forgot that he had been a soldier of the Union and it was his delight to attend reunions and camp-fires where he was always a welcome and honored guest.

He took an active part in the organization of Notre Dame Post, No. 569, Dep't of Ind., G. A. R., and was its first commander. This post is unique in that it is composed entirely of priests and brothers and is the only Grand Army organization so constituted. Father Corby

was a devoted companion of the Indiana Commandery of the Loyal Legion and very proud of his membership. He was the Chaplain of the Commandery at the time of his death, an office which he filled most acceptably.

He was a writer of no small ability, and his "Memoirs of Chaplain Life" is a most readable and interesting book. Well has he been termed the "Patriot Chaplain," for his life was an epitome of patriotism. For him "life's fitful fever is over," and he sleeps well. Patriot, Hero, Companion farewell! Respectfully submitted,

EDWIN NICAR;
E. P. STANFIELD,
DAVID F. SPAIN, } Committee.

Resolutions of the 2d Army Corps Association of Washington, D. C., on the death of Very Rev. Wm. Corby, C. S. C.

Very Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C., was born Oct. 2d, 1833, at Detroit, Mich., and died Dec. 27, 1897, at Notre Dame University, Indiana, of pneumonia. After having received a thorough common school education in his native city, he came to Notre Dame in 1853 to finish his studies, and while there decided to follow a religious life. He accordingly entered the Congregation of the Holy Cross and became prefect of discipline in 1858. In 1860 he was ordained a priest, and was professor of the University, July, 1861, when he became director of the Manual Labor Department. When the War of the Rebellion broke out he relinquished his labors at the University, and proffered his services to the Governor of New York, and was commissioned Chaplain of the 88th N. Y. Vols., with which organization he entered the field, and remained with it was mustered out of service at the close of the rebellion.

In 1865 he returned to the University and was made Vice-President, and the following year President, which office he held for six years. In 1872 he was transferred to Watertown, Wis., as President of the Sacred Heart College, where he remained until 1877, when he returned to Notre Dame as President, which position he retained until 1881, when he was appointed Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in the United States and held that office up to his death.

Notwithstanding the arduous character of his work he nevertheless found time to keep up his old military associations, and his keenest delight was to revive old war-time memories in some Grand Army Post. He was one of the charter members of this Association; at the time of his death, Chaplain of the Commandery of the Loyal Legion of Indiana; and one of the last patriotic acts of his life was the formation at the University of a Grand Army Post made up of clerics who served in the army during the war. In view of these facts, be it, therefore,

RESOLVED: That in the death of Father Corby this association has lost one whose devotion to his country was as steadfast as his faith; one who in the discharge of the duties of his sacred calling recognized no distinction of race or creed, and whose unswerving loyalty recognized no flag but that under which he was born; and be it further,

RESOLVED: That these resolutions be spread on the records of this Association, and a copy transmitted to the University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

BENEDICT J. P. DRISCOLL, Late Capt. 88th N. Y. Vols.

DENNIS O'CONNOR, Co. G, 19th Mass., Inf.

JOHN FINN, Late Corp'l D. 8th Ohio.

CHARLES SWARTS, Late Ass't Surg., 63d N. Y.

H. S. STEVENS, Chaplain 14th Conn., Inf.

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REV. FATHER CARROLL, of Oil City, Pa., who donated to Father Corby the Grotto of the University modelled after that of Lourdes, unable himself to be present at the funeral ceremonies, had so high a regard for his deceased friend, that he sent a representative in the person of Mr. Boyle.

THE SCHOLASTIC in all sincerity wishes to express its sympathy to his sisters, Sister M. Ambrose, Mrs. C. Corbett, to Mr. Thomas Corby and other relatives of the deceased Rev. Father Corby, in their sorrow; but also begs leave of them to say that the end of a life so round and full of good days, is the beginning of a better, a life of reward and happiness.

It has been suggested by the friends of the late Rev. William Corby, that a fitting memorial of one so great and good, be presented to the University of Notre Dame, of which he was twice President and whose growth was due in a great part to his devotedness. Moreover it has been suggested that this memorial take the form of a scholarship for the benefit of earnest young men, desirous of gaining a good education but too poor to pay for its advantages.

All the SCHOLASTIC can say is that the aim is worthy, and that such a memorial would best commemorate the generosity and zeal of Father Corby in the cause of education.

The Funeral of Father Corby.

NOTRE DAME was midway in its course of rejoicing when the news came that Father Corby, Provincial General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, twice President of the University, had departed from mortal life. Everyone held him as a friend; those that are now at Notre Dame and those that were and knew its history, revered him as one of its builders, one of the old that watched it grow strong into the new times.

Notre Dame at once put away the things of rejoicing and the pleasure of the holidays, and the halls were cast into gloom, and the living mourned for the dead. In the corridors of the main building, everyone spoke in undertones; it seemed that the one who had just died claimed it as a mark of respect and honor; and those who knew him were ever willing to act according to his wishes.

On Wednesday and Thursday the body lay in state in the University parlor. The candles burned feebly at the head; the light glinted softly from the chalice the lifeless hands held; the air seemed to be heavy and unrefreshing. During these two days, mourners passed in and out; some to look for the last time on the face of their friend; some to offer up a prayer for the soul departed. On Thursday afternoon when the darkness was beginning to fall on the world without, the matins and lauds of the dead were chanted by a surpliced choir of seminarians, presided over by Reverend President Morrissey. During these two days, those who had come to pay the last tribute to the dead by following the hearse to the grave, were coming in steadily. Notre Dame was full of mourners.

On Friday morning at ten o'clock the funeral services were held. The winter, it seemed, wished to claim this, the last day of the old year as his own. The hearse, with its melancholy trappings of black, drew up at the foot of the steps of the main building in a cloud of falling snow. Then the doors were opened; the funeral procession came forth slowly. The silver of the crucifix at the head was almost hidden in the big, soft-falling flakes. The red and white of the acolytes, the mournful black and gold of the officiating priests and the black and white of those that came after made a most beautiful picture in the snow,—the snow that hid the traces of the dying year upon the earth. The coffin was borne by Rev. Fathers

John Lauth, John O'Keeffe, James Rogers, Peter Johannes, N. J. Stoffel, and Timothy Maher, his confrères in the Congregation of Holy Cross. The University band—or what was left of it during the holidays—played Chopin's funeral march, and the train of mourners moved toward the church. Here again the band huddled in a corner by the frowning buttresses; the doors were opened, and all passed into the church to render services to the dead. Right Reverend Joseph Rademacher was celebrant of the solemn High Requiem Mass, Reverend Andrew Morrissey, Assistant Priest; Rev. P. J. Franciscus and Rev. J. M. Toohey, Deacons of Honor; Rev. A. M. Kirsch, Deacon of the Mass; Rev. D. J. Hagerty, Subdeacon; Rev. Wm. R. Connor, Master of Ceremonies. In the sanctuary were Rt. Rev. Bishop Ritcher with Rev. S. Fitte as chaplain; Rt. Rev. Bishop Chatard with Rev. Father Meehan of Saint Lawrence College, Montreal, as chaplain; besides a large number of priests from all parts, who knew and esteemed Father Corby. Rev. D. E. Hudson of Notre Dame, preached the funeral sermon which is printed elsewhere in this number. When the services were finished, the long funeral procession was again formed.

First in the line were the members of the Auten Post and of the Norman Eddy Post, G. A. R., of South Bend, Indiana—a goodly column of veterans who were privileged to call Father Corby Comrade. The little Post of Notre Dame was unable to take full charge of the last ceremonies due to the deceased army chaplain; and the Auten Post, in all kindness and sympathy, came to its aid. After them came the hearse of black, flanked by lines of cadets—fitting guard for one who had spent many days on the battlefield, and a symbol of the love the soldiers bore him. Then came those of the Church who were to minister its last rites; the chanting priests, the students and friends. At the grave were also the Sisters of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame and St. Mary's Academy, who knew well the worth of Father Corby and who could best tell of his kindness. The line of black mourners wound in and out among the trees on its way to the cemetery for a long distance. Everything was silent, save the University Band that, at the head, played the depressing funeral march to the beat of the muffled drum.

Down in the end of the little enclosure, where the graves are marked with plain crosses, where the waters of St. Mary's Lake sob softly among the reeds in the summer time, the grave was

dug beside that of Father Sorin. Here the last rites of the Church were finished; and then the war comrades of Father Corby took charge of the burial.

PRAYER BY CHAPLAIN.

God of battles! Father of all! amid these monuments of the dead we seek Thee with whom there is no death. Open every eye to behold Him who changed the night of death to morning. In the depths of our hearts we would hear the celestial word, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." As comrade after comrade departs, and we march on with ranks broken, help us to be faithful unto Thee and to each other. We beseech Thee, look in mercy on the widows and children of deceased comrades, and with Thine own tenderness console and comfort those bereaved by this event which calls us here. Give them "the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Heavenly Father, bless and save our country with the freedom and peace of righteousness, and, through thy great mercy, a Saviour's grace, and Thy Holy Spirit's favor, may we all meet at last in joy before Thy throne in heaven! And to Thy great name shall be praise forever and ever. Amen!

Jasper E. Lewis, Commander of Auten Post, No. 8, at South Bend, in connection with the form of services of the Grand Army of the Republic, spoke substantially as follows:

One by one, as the years roll on we are called together to fulfil these last sad duties of respect to our comrades of the war. The present, full of the cares and pleasures of civil life, fades away, and we look back to the time when, shoulder to shoulder, on bloody battlefields, or around the guns of our men-of-war, we fought for our dear old flag; and today, as we look on this panoramic view of one of the most important engagements of the war, we behold a portion of the historic battlefield of Gettysburg, with shot and shell making its own peculiar music—lying around we view the dead and dying; we also see among the living this holy man of God standing upon a rock, encouraging the men to acts of bravery in promising absolution to all, and then followed the solemn scene, as Catholic and Protestant and men of no profession dropped to their knees and received from the brave and good Father Corby absolution, and then on into the conflict they charge, their hearts stirred to acts of bravery and devotion for the flag and country. Many of them that day passed from time to eternity, where, in the celestial city, they have been awaiting the coming of this good man; and I believe, and say it with reverence, that Comrade Father Corby will not be kept outside the heavenly city long, but that immediately the pearly gates will open wide to admit him whose life on earth has been a benediction to all around him, and there receive a comrade's welcome from the brave who fell on the field of Gettysburg, and other comrades who have since answered the roll-call on high.

Father Corby has crossed the picket line and gone from amongst us, and as the years roll on, we, too, shall have fought our battles through and be laid to rest, our souls following the long column to the realms above, as grim death, hour by hour, shall mark its victim. Let us so live that when that time shall come, those we leave behind may say above our graves, "Here lies the body of a true-hearted, brave, earnest defender of the Republic."

Rev. P. Cooney, as Chaplain of the Notre Dame Post 569, gave a short address as follows:

CHAPLAIN'S ADDRESS.

As we lay our comrade down to rest, let us cherish his virtues and learn to imitate them. Let each one be so loyal to every virtue, so true to every friendship, so faithful in our remaining marches, that we shall be ready to fall out to take our places at the great review hereafter, not with doubt, but in faith. Behold, the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken; we commit the body to the grave, where dust shall return to the earth, and the spirit to God who gave it! Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, looking for the resurrection and the life to come through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Gen. James S. Dodge, as Department Commander, gave the last address. His words were few, but said many things. The veterans present then sang a song which, under the sad circumstances, was pathetic and almost beautiful.

FALLING INTO LINE.

Dropping from the ranks of the weak and strong,
Falling into line with the white-robed throng,
Quickly changing step to th' immortal song,
One by one the heroes go.

CHORUS. Going, oh, how fast!
Dropping from the ranks one by one.
Soon they'll all be gone;
Dropping from the ranks,
Falling into line one by one.

Answering to the call of the roll on high,
Dropping from the ranks as they make reply,
Filling up the army of the by and by,
One by one the heroes go.

Brother Leander, Senior Vice-Commander, placed upon the coffin a wreath, saying: "In behalf of the Post, I give this tribute, a symbol of undying love for comrades of the war." Dr. William A. Olmsted next laid upon the coffin a rose, with these words: "Symbol of purity we offer at this lowly grave a rose. May future generations emulate the unselfish devotion of even the lowliest of our heroes."

Brother John Chrysostom took a wreath of laurels, "best token of affection from comrades in arms, we crown these remains with a symbol of victory;" and victory it was, the greatest, noblest victory that could be gained in life, for it was nobility and life itself.

Then the coffin, wrapped in the Stars and Stripes, was lowered into the grave; the last volley was fired—feeble echo of the rumble of war; the last call of the bugle was sounded; and after that—peace.

The snow came down unceasingly. The flowers—lilies, roses and ferns—cast upon the little mound of clay were hidden under the soft-laying white. Before the last mourner had

left the quiet spot, the last traces of the ravage of death were hidden, save, perhaps, the faintly-colored petals of a rose or a lily that lay upon the white flakes, and told with all tenderness the story of a life that had ended.

The clergy present at the obsequies were:—
Very Rev. Superior-Gen. Franaçis, C. S. S.; Very Rev. L. L'Etourneau, C. S. C.; Rev. J. E. Kirsch, C. S. C.; Rev. H. Raszocicwicz, Otis, Indiana; Rev. N. J. Mooney, Chicago; Rev. R. Brown, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Rev. F. S. Henneberry, Chicago; Rev. D. A. Tighe, Chicago; Rev. Theo. Lochbihler, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Rev. S. Yenn, Goshen, Ind.; Rev. C. B. Guendling, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind.; Rev. J. A. Burns, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind.; Rev. J. W. Clarke, C. S. C., South Bend; Rev. A. E. Saulnier, C. S. C., Rev. J. O'Keeffe, C. S. C., Watertown, Wis.; Rev. T. J. Weldon, C. M., Chicago; Rev. P. J. Muldoon, Chicago; Rev. F. J. Walsh, C. M., Chicago; Rev. Maurice J. Dorney, Chicago; Rev. E. A. Kelly, Chicago; Rev. B. P. Murray, Chicago; Rev. George Rathz, Batavia, Ill.; Rev. John H. Guendling, Lafayette, Ind.; Rev. John Bleckman, Michigan City; Rev. J. M. Byrne, Whiting, Ind.; Rev. V. Czyzewski, C. S. C., South Bend, Ind.; Rev. C. Manjay, Portland, Ind.; Rev. A. Messman, Laporte, Ind.; Rev. J. Oechtering, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Rev. D.W. Riordan, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. A. Vandednessche, Connor's Creek, Mich.; Reverend Stéphen Trant, Racine, Wis.; Reverend E. M. McGinnity, Janesville, Wis.; Reverend P. J. Crawley, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Rev. E. M. Cullinane, Niles, Mich.; Rev. C. Korse, Coldwater, Mich.; Rev. J. Joost, Dowagiac, Mich.; Rev. E. Barrette, Hammond, Ind.; John R. Dinnen, Lafayette, Indiana; Rev. C. Truszynski, Peru, Ill.; Rev. C. Smogor, C. S. C., South Bend, Ind.; Rev. C. Sztuczko, C. S. C., Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. John B. Scheier, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind.; Reverend P. Schmitt, Mishawaka, Ind.; Very Reverend A. B. Oechtering, Mishawaka, Ind.; Rev. T. D. O'Sullivan, Chicago; Rev. George Velesinip, Terre Coopee, Ind.; Rev. H. F. Paanakker, C. S. C., South Bend, Ind.; Rev. R. A. Marciniak, C. S. C., South Bend, Ind.; Rev. J. Cavanaugh, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind.; Rev. R. J. Sadlier, Battle Creek, Mich.; Rev. A. M. Ellering, Columbia City, Ind.; Rev. F. O'Rourke, Monroe, Mich.; Rev. Wm. Malloney, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind.
Besides the above the various schools in Chicago, Ft. Wayne, Cincinnati, South Bend,

Ottawa, Lafayette, under the charge of the Brothers of Holy Cross, were represented by their respected superiors or deputies. Rev. F. Meehan represented St. Laurent College and the Canadian Province.

Retolutions of Respect.

BY the death of the VERY REV. WILLIAM CORBY, C. S. C., the Faculty of Notre Dame University suffers the loss of a venerated friend, and the University loses one of its ablest and most devoted supporters. He was its President for years, and after the destruction of its building by fire in 1879, his was one of the chief directing spirits that reared the Institution now existing from the ruins of the old College.

When the civil war began, he was one of the seven Notre Dame professors that left their class-rooms to join the federal armies; but his was a mission of charity, not of death. What he performed as Chaplain in the army of the Potomac has for over than thirty years reflected honor upon Notre Dame.

A man of perfect faith, remarkable for confidence in God, his life was a blessing in the example it set younger men, and the stilling of those two spiritual forces that emanated from Father Corby is greater detriment to us than the world can understand.

His good deeds are too well known to need our eulogy; but that we may not appear lacking in reverence, we strive to give some public expression to the sorrow felt by us, confident that all who knew him, and therefore admired or loved him, will understand the sincerity of our affection for him which underlies these feeble words.

REV. A. M. KIRSCH, C. S. C.,
 PROF. WILLIAM HOYNES, A. M., LL. D.,
 REV. STANISLAUS FITTE, C. S. C.,
 PROF. MARTIN MCCUE, M. S., C. E.,
 AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D.,
Committee.

Resolutions of the Faculty.

The Secretary of the Notre Dame University Association of Chicago, Mark M. Foote, on the receipt of the news of the death of the Very Reverend William Corby, called a special meeting of the Association to consider a proper tribute of condolence in the event of so

great a loss. The Hon. John Gibbons, President of the Association, presided. There was an expression of sorrow on the face of every man at the meeting, because they all knew Father Corby as a friend. Several touching eulogies were delivered. The chair appointed David J. Wile, Hugh O'Neill, Mark M. Foote and Harold V. Hayes to draw up a memorial on behalf of the Association, the memorial to be suitably engrossed, and presented to the University of Notre Dame, as an expression of the feelings of regret for the loss of a good man. The following is a copy of the

MEMORIAL.

The Notre Dame University Association of Chicago has learned with profound sorrow of the death of the Very Reverend William Corby, Provincial of the Order of the Holy Cross in the United States, and for many years President of the University. To those who came under his administration, his passing comes with the force of a personal grief. Always in sympathetic touch with his students he had a controlling influence in training their aspirations and in shaping their destinies. Of innate refinement, he was himself the embodiment of all manly traits. Though modest, unassuming and unselfish, he was recognized as a potent factor in the educational development of the great University. To his characteristics of soldier-priest, he added the aspirations of a lofty soul. Broad in his humanitarianism, charitable in the construction of motives of human action,—his pure, dignified and upright life made only for the highest and best interests of his country, his Church, his University,—of mankind. Consciously, or unconsciously, he aspired to make one the idealities and the actualities of life, with a spirit enkindled by an almost poetic flame. He was gentle in his manners and courteous in his intercourse with others. His love of truth, justice and right, his unswerving honesty of purpose, his never-failing kindness of heart and his scorn of all things base, made it impossible for him to do even a questionable act. He deserved and enjoyed, in the fullest measure, the unbroken confidence and esteem of all who knew him. No calumny ever reached him, and his useful and blameless life was closed, leaving memories sacred in their exemption of oblivion and decay.

In this day of universal greed, when the unscrupulous pursuit of wealth, place and power is so all-absorbing, we seldom witness so noble an example of greatness, so true a type of gentle-mannered, honorable and unselfish manhood. There are too few like him to make the world better because of the lives which they live and the work which they do. When his life's work fell from his folded hands, and he closed his eyes in death, it was but the beginning of his inheritance of the promise given to the pure in heart. He is now numbered with those immortal souls,—Sorin, Dillon, Lemonnier, Granger and Walsh—whose mortal names, lives and works are forever interlaced with the history and tradition of our *Alma Mater*.

It is ordered that a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be suitably engrossed and transmitted to the authorities of the University as a tribute of this Association to the memory of Father Corby. And that this memorial be spread of record on the books of the Association.

As a further token of respect the meeting was thereupon immediately adjourned.

DAVID J. WILE,
MARK M. FOOTE,
HUGH O'NEILL,
HAROLD V. HAYES.

**

HEADQUARTERS,

NOTRE DAME POST, No. 569, G. A. R.

It was unanimously resolved that the Post, as a committee of the whole, prepare a set of resolutions consequent on the death of Commander, the Very Rev. Wm. Corby, C. S. C.

PREAMBLE.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, the Maker of us all, to remove from our midst, our dear Commander, the Very Rev. William Corby, C. S. C., our true friend, comrade and counsellor; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That Notre Dame Post No. 569, of the Dep't of Indiana, Grand Army of the Republic, has, in the death of its Commander, the Very Rev. William Corby, C. S. C., sustained a loss, irreparably taken from us by the hand of God to teach us a lesson which, by his example, we are to follow. He was a noble soldier, ever ready at the call of his office to perform the duties of the Chaplain, fearless under every trial of life. Whether as a soldier in behalf of his country, or as a soldier of the cross, he has ever been ready to lift up the fallen, support the weak and sustain the strong; his noble purpose, so elevating, ever sought our hearts in advice, which he gave welcomingly and generously, as was shown not only in our Post, but in all his course in life.

We feel the loss so severely that we have hardly courage to pen our feelings. But as his death was the act of God, we bow in supreme humility to His bidding, which act is but a warning to us to ever emulate his example and follow his rule in practice.

RESOLVED, That with hearts bowed down with grief and feelings depressed so sadly, we direct that these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Post; that a copy be properly inscribed and placed with the President of the University of Notre Dame, Ind., and a copy be presented to his family and published in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC:

Rev. P. P. Cooney	Chaplain.
James McLain (Bro. Leander),	Senior Vice-Com.
Mark Wills (Bro. Chrysostom),	Junior Vice-Com.
Nicholas Bath (Bro. Cosmas),	Adjutant.
James Mantele (Bro. Benedict),	Quartermaster.
W. A. Olmsted, C. S. C.,	Surgeon.
James Malloy (Bro. Raphael),	Officer of the Day.
Ignatz Mayer (Bro. Ignatius),	Officer of Guard.
John McInerney (Bro. Eustachius),	Sergeant Major.
Joseph Staley (Bro. Agatho),	Q. M. Sergeant.

**

NEAL POST, No. 62, DEP'T OHIO G. A. R.

To the Officers and Com. N. D. Post, No. 569, G. A. R.

WHEREAS, It is with profound sympathy and sorrow, we learn through the press of the death of Very Rev. William Corby, who left his class in the University at the breaking out of the late war to serve his God and his country, and by his loyalty, courage, and piety came out of the terrible struggle with honor to himself and the country he so well and nobly served; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That Neal Post, No. 62, G. A. R. Dep't of Ohio, extend our fraternal sympathy and sorrow to our

comrades of Post 569 G. A. R. Department of Indiana, in the loss of their Commander and comrade; therefore be it further

RESOLVED, That this resolution be spread upon the minutes of this Post, and the Adjutant be instructed to forward a copy to the comrades at Notre Dame.

The above resolution was unanimously adopted by Neal Post 62 at their meeting of this date.

Attest

JOHN H. CREEGAN, Adj.

ELI DAVIS, Com.

**

SEDGWICK POST, No. 38, G. A. R.

At a regular meeting of Sedgwick Post No. 38, G. A. R., held at their hall on Thursday evening, December 30, the following remarks were presented by Comrade Wm. Commons: POST COMMANDER AND COMRADES:

Forty-eight hours ago there occurred at Notre Dame, Ind., the death of a comrade whose record in civil and military life deserves more than a passing and formal notice. We refer to the Very Rev. William Corby of the Catholic Church, who at the time of his death was Provincial of the Order of the Holy Cross in this country. His death was preceded by only a few days' sickness, originating from a cold contracted while in the discharge of official duties. In the nomenclature of the Church he was called Father Corby; with us he was Comrade.

Comrade Corby was born in Detroit, Michigan, 1833, and in his twentieth year entered Notre Dame University to study for the priesthood. In 1861, though exempt from military duty, with ease, comfort, honor and emoluments before him, he turned his back on them all, and, laying aside his priestly robes, put on the blue uniform. He was made Chaplain of the 88th Regiment of New York Volunteers, which, with the 69th and two other New York Regiments, composed the "Irish Brigade," commanded by General Thomas Francis Meagher. Through four years and more of toil and war he was devoted to the cause of the Union. For him to be chaplain was no sinecure. He was a soldier of the Union as well as of the cross; he was the shepherd of the regiment and brigade. For the wounded and sick he was a gentle nurse, wise counsellor, spiritual adviser and friend. To the skulking soldier he was terrible as an "army with banners." No privation or physical toil was too great for him to undergo to promote the discipline and efficiency of his command. He would write letters for his men; and many homes were cheered by his encouraging words from their "boys in blue," and many widows' and mothers' hearts were comforted, and their sorrows lessened by his comforting words of sympathy and Christian hope written of and for the dead and dying. In battle he was often in the thick of the fight, cheering the men and sharing their danger...

The war being over, Comrade Corby laid aside his uniform and resumed his priestly garb. He returned to Notre Dame, and again took up the work of the Church. His zeal, fidelity and ability advanced him in position until, in 1896, he was chosen chief of his Order in the United States. But through all his religious labors and church honors, he has been an embodiment of broad Americanism and staunch loyalty. It was his joy and pride that he too was a soldier. Of his marks of worldly distinction he prized none more than the Badge of the Grand Army of the Republic. By precept and example

he labored to promulgate Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty, to maintain the Union of the United States of America, to defend its Constitution, to obey and uphold its laws, and to promote honesty and integrity in the administration of its government. At the time of his death he was Commander of Post, No. 569, Department of Indiana, Grand Army of the Republic. He was also Chaplain of the Loyal Legion of Indiana, elected such upon the nomination of Gen. Lew Wallace and by unanimous vote.

As an acknowledgment of the valor displayed by Comrade Corby on the field of Gettysburg, the flag of the 88th New York was not returned to the State House at Albany, but was sent to Notre Dame University, and for more than thirty years has hung upon her walls. Tomorrow it will lie upon his coffin, and be carried before his remains as they are borne to their last resting-place. Let the memory of William Corby be enshrined in the heart of every veteran. His example and the example of such as he, will ever prevent the Grand Army of the Republic becoming a partisan or sectarian institution; but will cause it to subsist in the broad principles of F. C. and L. until age and decadence shall cause it to pass into honorable history.

As a token of respect for the honorable and loyal life of Comrade Corby, let our flag, appropriately draped, be displayed from the front of our hall during the hours of his funeral.

R. J. CLARK, Commander.

F. P. GALLION, Adjutant.

Messages of Sympathy.

The following telegrams of condolence have been received by Reverend President Morrissey:

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Father Corby's death—a painful surprise. Unable to attend funeral. Mass for him next Tuesday.

ARCHBISHOP ELDER.

CHICAGO, ILL.

I greatly regret Father Corby's death.

ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Deeply grieved for news of death of Father Corby. Most willingly would I preach, but the Delegate is my guest for the whole week, so I can not leave home.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Truly sorry to hear of Father Corby's death. Regret I can not attend funeral.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Congregation has my deepest sympathy. You have lost a truly good man.

ABP. RIORDAN.

DUBUQUE, IOWA.

The Fathers of Notre Dame have my heartfelt sympathy.

ARCHBISHOP HENNESSEY.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Accept condolence. Hope to reach Notre Dame 11 p. m.

BISHOP CHATARD.

PEORIA, ILL.

Deeply grieved to hear of Father Corby's death. Regret impossible to attend funeral.

BISHOP SPALDING.

COVINGTON, KY.

Heartfelt condolence. Regret that I can not attend funeral.

BISHOP MAES.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

I offer my condolence. Engagements prevent my going to funeral.

BISHOP BYRNE.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Accept my profound sympathy for your loss in the death of Father Corby. Sincerely regret that I am unable to attend funeral.

BISHOP BURKE.

ALTON, ILL.

Accept earnest sympathy in the death of your venerable Provincial, and regret that I can not be present at funeral.

BISHOP RYAN.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

I sympathize with you in your great loss through Provincial Corby's death.

BISHOP DUNNE.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Sorry to hear of Father Corby's death. Regret I can not attend funeral.

BISHOP GLENNON.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.

Heartfelt sympathies. Regret my inability to assist at funeral.

BISHOP CHAPPELLE.

I regret that I can not go to funeral. I am very sick this afternoon.

E. B. KILROY.

OIL CITY, PA.

You have sustained a great loss in the death of Father Corby. Accept my sincere sorrow.

THOMAS CARROLL.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Accept my deep sympathy for Father Corby's death. Will be in time for funeral Friday morning.

REV. D. A. TIGHE.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Father Henneberry joins me in condolence. We shall attend funeral.

P. J. MULDOON.

LAFAYETTE, IND.

My heartfelt sympathy and condolence is with the Fathers and Brothers of Holy Cross over the death of Father Corby.

JOHN R. DINNEN.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Find I can not come to funeral, but send condolence.

FATHER O'ROURKE.

WOODSTOCK, ILL.

Am sorry can not be present at funeral-Friday. Accept my sympathy.

S. F. CLANCY.

LITCHFIELD, MINN.

Dear Notre Dame, am weeping and praying with you. Good, noble Father Corby.

P. J. BOLAND.

NEW YORK CITY.

Deepest sympathy for your great loss. Robert absent.

PROVINCIAL PASS. MONASTERY.

DOWAGIAC, MICH.

Grieve with you over death of Father Corby.

FATHER JOOST.

WHITING, IND.

Sincerest sympathy to Fathers and Brothers of Notre Dame in their loss of Father Corby.

REV. M. J. BYRNE.

OCONOMOWOC, WIS.
I sincerely sympathize with you. Impossible to attend funeral.
REV. H. MCMAHON.

FORT WAYNE, IND.
I deeply sympathize with the Community in its great loss. Father Crawley will attend funeral.

J. F. DELANEY.
PERU, IND.
Please accept my heartfelt sympathy. New Year's Eve, can not come.
H. MEISSNER.

NEW YORK CITY.
Be assured of sympathy and prayers of Paulist Fathers.
DISHON.

ROCKFORD, ILL.
Accept my heartfelt sympathy in your present bereavement.
J. A. SOLON.

CHICAGO, ILL.
I share your sorrow for loss of dear Father Corby. Will go down tomorrow.
WM. J. ONAHAN.

LANCASTER, OHIO.
Express my sincere sympathy to Sister Ambrose. Regret I can not be present to do honor to his noble worth.
JOHN G. EWING.

CHICAGO, ILL.
Sorry I can not take part in last tribute of respect over remains of Father Corby.
JOHN GIBBONS.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
Gen. Wallace and I will attend funeral.

C. A. SMITH.
FORT WAYNE, IND.
We extend our sympathy in the great loss you have sustained.
JAMES M. DINNEN.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.
In the death of Father Corby you have our sincerest sympathy.
SISTERS MT. CARMEL HOSPITAL.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.
Deep regrets. Sincere sympathy and prayers of Community.
SISTER EPHELIA.

SINSINAWA MOUND, WIS.
Just learned of Father Corby's death. The Community here sympathizes with you and yours.

SISTER EMILY.
CHICAGO, ILL.
We are all deeply grieved at Father Corby's death. Mother and I shall attend funeral.
CHARLES T. CAVANAGH.

CHICAGO, ILL.
Father Corby's loss is a personal bereavement. Will come Friday. Use me for any service to his honor.
J. J. ABERCROMBIE.

CHICAGO, ILL.
The Community has the heartfelt sorrow of family and self.
WM. M. DEVINE.

CHICAGO, ILL.
The Notre Dame Alumni Association of Chicago joins with its *Alma Mater* in mourning the loss of a dear and beloved friend.
MARK M. FOOTE, Sec.

CHICAGO, ILL.
Sincerest condolence in great loss.
T. P. HODNETT.

ALBANY, NEW YORK.
With you and the Faculty I wish to join in our hour of sorrow.
EDWIN A. TERRY.

Letters of Condolence.

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE, BALTIMORE, Dec. 29, 1897.
DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

On receipt of your telegram I wired my condolence on the death of your venerable colleague; but the operator said there was no office connecting us here with Notre Dame.

I beg to tender my heartfelt sympathy in your bereavement. The name of Father Corby is honored throughout the country as a devoted chaplain who hastened to serve his country at the call of duty.

Faithfully yours in Xt.,

J. CARDINAL GIBBONS.
MILWAUKEE, Dec. 30, 1897.

REV. A. MORRISSEY,

Rev. Dear Sir:—My heartiest sympathy—but just come back from St. Paul, where I paid my respects to the Apostolic Delegate. It is impossible for me to be present at the funeral. Respectfully yours in Xt.,

✠ F. X. KATZER,
Abb. of Milwaukee.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Dec. 30, 1897.

REV. DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

It is with deep regret that I received the news of the death of my dear friend, Father Corby. We had been friends for forty years, and I counted a visit to him when I went east as one of the greatest pleasures of my journey. An unostentatious, kind-hearted man, honest, truthful and frank in his dealings with others, loyal to duty and his friends. I can hardly realize that he is no more. His life was interwoven with the growth of Notre Dame, and I never thought of it without associating him with the venerable Fathers Sorin and Granger. All who knew him loved him for his plain, simple, manly ways. I can do nothing for him but bear him in loving memory and pray for his soul. You have my heartfelt sympathy in the great affliction that has come upon you. With sorrow,

I remain sincerely yours,

✠ P. J. RIORDAN, *Abb. San Francisco.*

DETROIT, MICH., Dec. 30, 1897.

REV. A. MORRISSEY,

Rev. Dear Father:—Your telegram announcing the sad news of good Father Corby's death to hand. I sympathize most sincerely with the Community on the loss of the Very Rev. Provincial. I always looked upon Father Corby as a model priest, filled with the spirit of his grand vocation, and eager to promote the interests of religion and the salvation of souls. May our dear Lord grant an eternal and well merited rest!

I am most anxious to evidence my regard by attending his funeral tomorrow, but the condition of my own health and the inclemency of the weather prohibit my doing so, much to my regret.

Yours faithfully in Xt.,

✠ JOHN S. FOLEY, *Bp. Det.*

CLEVELAND, Dec. 29, 1897.

MY DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

I send my sympathy to you all in the great loss you have suffered by the death of dear Father Corby. I would certainly be present at the funeral, but for the last six weeks I have had an acute bronchial trouble from which I am only now recovering. It would therefore be

imprudent for me to go. I remembered Father Corby last night and this morning in Mass, and will do so for two weeks. May the Holy Spirit send you a wise and prudent Superior. Sincerely yours in Xt.,

✠ IGNATIUS FREDERICK.
Bp. of Cleveland

SIoux FALLS, S. D., Jan. 8, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

The wired news of the death of Father Corby came as a shock during the festivities of the Delegate's visit in St. Paul. I could not leave St. Paul at the time to my very great regret. For many years past I have known Father Corby, and admired and loved him for the saintliness of his life and the nobility of his character. He was a true and great disciple of the venerable Father Sorin, and wore his mantle worthily. He was a loss to your Community and to his friends. May God grant him eternal rest!

Yours very sincerely,
✠ THOS. O'GORMAN,
Bp. of Sioux Falls.

OIL CITY, PA., Jan. 10, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER HUDSON:

.... I am really sorry that the state of my health would not permit me to attend the funeral of my old friend, Father Corby. Notre Dame has sustained a great loss in his death, but I hope and trust that his soul is at rest. Kind regards to all the Fathers, I am,

Yours sincerely, THOS. S. CARROLL.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS, N. J., Dec. 29, 1897.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I have just read in the New York *Tribune* the sad news of good, dear Father Corby's death. I wish I could go on to the funeral, but you know that is incompatible with my duties here in the parish; but I shall be with you all next Friday in humble spirit, and unite my *requiescats* with your own. Please offer my sincere condolence to the Rev. Fathers, and believe me ever,

Yours in Xto., ROBERT SETON, D. D.

WILKINSBURG, PA., Jan. 4, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

I was very much pained to read of the death of the good Father Corby, whom I knew so long and admired so sincerely. I deeply sympathize with the members of your Community of Notre Dame and with your entire Congregation in the loss they have sustained in the death of so pious and prudent a head; but he richly deserved the reward into which we confidently hope he has already entered. The light of his noble example and the influence of his prudent and kind disposition will long be felt by those who loved to call him their spiritual head and guide. I would have gone to the funeral if it had been at all possible, but coming in this busy season it was out of the question. Very truly yours in Xt.,

A. A. LAMBING.

NEW YORK CITY, DEC. 30, 1897.

DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

Permit me to send you my sincerest condolences on the death of your good Father Corby, and to say that if it were at all possible I would go to attend the sad last rites. On New Year's Day and on Sunday I shall say one of my two Masses for the repose of his soul. R. I. P.

With kind regards to you all and best wishes for a Happy New Year, I remain, Yours sincerely,

J. L. HOEV.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., Jan. 2, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

I was surprised and pained to see in the papers two days ago the account of dear Father Corby's death. It is needless to say how truly Father Bonaventure and myself sympathize with you and all the Community. Father Corby was a true friend of ours, and we keenly feel his death. This morning both of us offered up the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of his soul, and will continue to give him a memento. . . . I hope you are all well, and that God may bless you and comfort you.

Sincerely your old Brother,
FATHER ROBERT, C. P.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, Dec. 29, 1897.

MY DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

Your sad news of good Father Corby's death has just reached me, and finds me on the sick list with a bad throat, which, I regret very much, will prevent me joining his friends and old army comrades at the funeral. Father Corby was a dear friend of mine during the war, and I am one of the many that will cherish dear his memory. Eternal rest to his noble and Christian soul.

I am very sincerely yours,
THOS. SCULLY, O. R.

AVILLA, IND., Dec. 30, 1897.

REV. A. MORRISSEY,

Rev. and dear Father:—Accept my heartfelt condolence in the loss of good and kind Father Corby to your Community, of which he was the useful and faithful member; to the Priests of the Diocese of Fort Wayne of whom he ever was the staunch friend; to our country of which he was the devoted and patriotic citizen and soldier, and to the Church of which he was the true priest. *Requiescat in pace.* I am very sorry that I am not able to be present at the funeral. Yours very truly,

D. DUEHMIG.

STRATFORD, Dec. 29, 1897.

REV. DEAR FATHER:

Sincere, heartfelt condolence in the present affliction of your Community. I feel deeply your great loss. I brought Father Corby as a student to Notre Dame from Detroit, in 1853, and ever since have been a most intimate friend. I am only just recovering from a very severe attack of erysipelas, and it is only by the doctor's positive command I remain from being with you. All my old comrades at Notre Dame, save Father Cooney, are gone, gone! I will be henceforth almost a stranger within her gates.

Your friend,
E. B. KILROY, D. D.

BENTON HARBOR, MICH., Dec. 29, 1897.

DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

I am grieved to hear of the death of dear Father Corby. I join the hosts of friends of your Institution in offering my sincere condolence. That God may be merciful to this great soul of a great community is the prayer of

Yours sincerely in Dno.,
REV. D. MULCAHY.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Dec. 29, 1897.

REV. A. MORRISSEY,

Dear Father:—I was greatly shocked to receive your telegram last evening conveying intelligence of the death of my dear, good friend, Very Rev. Father Corby. Not one of the older ex-students of Notre Dame will feel his loss more keenly than I who have known and loved him for over thirty years. Father Corby's death is another

blow to *Alma Mater*, who has suffered the loss of many of her valiant pioneer builders and directors.

The melancholy consolation of paying a last tribute of affection to the earthly remains of Father Corby is denied me by reason of parochial duties demanding so much time at this season; but I will not forget him at the altar. Accept, dear Father, in your own behalf and in that of all the good old friends at Notre Dame, my heartfelt sympathies in your great bereavement.

Peace to the soul of Father Corby, the true priest and generous friend.

Affectionately yours,
DENNIS A. CLARKE.

BATAVIA, ILL., Dec. 29, 1897.

DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

Have just learned of Father Corby's death. What staggering blows divine Providence is dealing out to the great University of late years, in the loss of such men as Sorin, Walsh and Corby? Yet, none but great institutions can produce great losses. *Fiat voluntas tua*. I sympathize most sincerely with Notre Dame in its recent loss—the good Father Corby. Will endeavor to be present at the funeral obsequies.

Sincerely yours,
GEO. RATTZ.

HUNTINGTON, IND., Dec. 30, 1897.

DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

Your postal came to-day announcing dear Father Corby's death and funeral. I am sorry that it will be impossible for me to attend the funeral. Please accept my sincere condolence for Notre Dame's great loss.

Yours fraternally,
J. R. QUINLAN.

LAFAYETTE, IND., Dec. 28, 1897.

MY DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

When I wrote Father Corby yesterday, I did not expect a death message in reply. God grant your elder Brother and my friend eternal peace! I'll be with you Friday. Bro. Dominic does not feel like going to the funeral; he is troubled with a cough, so you will please excuse him. I sympathize with you in your bereavement.

Yours very sincerely,
J. H. GUENDLING.

CHICAGO, Dec. 30, 1897.

REV. ANDREW MORRISSEY,

Dear Father Morrissey:—We have learned of your loss from the press, and can not but express our sympathy with you and your respected Community for the taking away to his hard-earned rest of your estimable and venerable Father Provincial. May he rest in peace!

One of our Fathers, at least, will attend during the last tribute to one so worthy of universal respect. He shall not be forgotten at our altars, as he would be remembered by our own late pastor, Father Edward Smith, C. M., were he alive. With sincere respect and sympathy in Christ,

Yours,
THOMAS J. WELDON.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, NEW YORK,
Dec. 31, 1897.

MY DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

With the deepest sorrow I read of Father Corby's death. I am grieved the more because when I saw him last he seemed to possess such rugged, vigorous health and apparently had many years of work. May the good Lord grant him peace and rest!

For the New Year, I sincerely hope that every blessing is in store for you all.

With very great esteem, sincerely,
W. P. DOYLE.

DECATUR, IND., Dec. 31, 1897.

REV. DEAR FRIEND:

It was with sadness that I received the news of the death of good Father Corby. This is indeed a great misfortune for your Community, for it will be hard to replace so good, so kind a man as Father Provincial was. I received your card yesterday at 4 o'clock p. m., and judging from that, I came to the conclusion that it would be impossible for me to be home again in time for New Year's day, otherwise I surely would have been at his funeral.

With kindest feelings of condolence, yours,
H. THEO. WILKIN.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 31, 1897.

REV. A. MORRISSEY,

Dear Rev. Father:—Although many miles away my spirit is at Notre Dame, and come to offer you my sincere sympathy on the sad duty you must perform this morning. Nine years ago Very Rev. Fathers General, Walsh and Wm. Corby were our honored guests during their stay in Baltimore. Eternity claims them all today. May they rest in peace!

Sincerely yours in Xto.,
SISTER M. FERDINAND.

MARION, IND., Dec. 30, 1897.

DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

Yesterday afternoon I learned of good Father Corby's death. Be assured of my deepest sympathy in the great loss sustained by Notre Dame and the whole Order of the Holy Cross.

I am very sorry that I cannot join the many sorrowing friends who tomorrow pay their last tribute of respect in laying him to rest. But I am just recovering from a sick spell and must not leave the house. May God give you another good Provincial!

Yours sincerely,
W. J. QUINLAN.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Dec. 31, 1897.

REV. FATHER MORRISSEY,

Dear Father:—I have just learned of the death of your esteemed and worthy Provincial, Very Reverend Father Corby, C. S. C., and hasten to offer you my most sincere and heartfelt condolence in a loss felt not only at Notre Dame, but also throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Tomorrow morning, I shall, please God, offer the most holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the repose of his soul.

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,
PETER J. O'ROURKE.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 30, 1897.

REV. ANDREW MORRISSEY,

Rev. and Dear Sir:—When I received the news of the death of good Father Corby a feeling of sadness came over me. Having had the pleasure of teaching in the University during his presidency, I found, among his many good qualities, gentleness and Christian charity the most prominent traits of his character. Never did a harsh word escape from his lips. Whenever he had occasion to reprimand it was always done in such a fatherly way as not to wound the feelings of anyone. Hundreds of old students, who remember good Father Corby, will mourn his death and offer up a fervent prayer for the repose of his soul. Allow me to offer my sincere

sympathy to you and your Congregation for the great loss you have suffered in the death of good Father Corby. He has gone to his reward. May he rest in peace!

Yours sincerely,

MICHAEL A. J. BAASEN.

WILMINGTON, ILL., Dec. 29, 1897.

DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

It is with a feeling of deep sorrow that I extend to you my sincere sympathy on the death of your dearly beloved Father Provincial. Your Order has lost one of its most conscientious and devoted members, and *Alma Mater* a true and consistent friend. Those of us who have had the golden opportunity to attend school at the University, and who have had the privilege of an acquaintance with Father Corby, will ever cherish this dear friend in happy memory. A void has been made in your ranks by his untimely death; but you should be consoled by the fact that the ideal Christian life led by this dear Father will be an inspiration to him who is to follow in his footsteps. My fervent prayers are offered for the repose of his soul.

Sincerely yours,

M. F. HENNEBRY.

SOUTH BEND, IND., Dec. 29, 1897.

REV. ANDREW MORRISSEY,

Dear Sir:—I was shocked and inexpressibly pained to learn of the death of the Very Rev. Father Corby. I did not even suppose him to be ill, until seeing the news that he had passed from earth. It has been my privilege to know Father Corby for many years, and to know him was to deeply respect, admire and love him. He has rendered important service to the University, which he so dearly loved, and not less to mankind in general. The lives of such men do not end with the grave. He has gone to the reward of the just, the charitable, and the active laborer for intellectual and spiritual good, and it shall be said of him that his works live after him. For yourself, dear Father, and for all who were bound to him by ties of kindred or affection, I offer my respectful and heartfelt sympathy.

Very truly yours,

J. M. STUDEBAKER.

CHICAGO, Dec. 29, 1897.

BRO. LEANDER,

Dear Friend:—Your postal of yesterday received. It gave us a sad surprise to hear of Father Corby's death. Notre Dame has lost, I may say, one of her noblest and hardest workers. Well has he fought the good fight for God and his country, so there is no fear but that he will receive his reward.

With best wishes for the coming year from myself and family, I am, my dear friend,

Yours truly,

MICHAEL J. MULQUEEN.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 29, 1897.

REV. A. MORRISSEY,

Dear Sir:—When I was informed by this morning's newspapers of the death of our beloved Father Corby, I could hardly realize that such a thing could be possible after seeing him here healthier and stronger than ever only two weeks ago. Allow me to express my heartfelt sympathy to the whole Congregation, and accept my condolence in this great loss. . . .

Yours very respectfully,

MARIA RHODIUS.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 29, 1897.

REV. A. MORRISSEY,

Rev. Dear Sir:—The news of the sudden death of my dear old friend, Father Corby, fills my soul with sadness;

in fact, it is a great shock, coming to me as it does through the newspapers of the city. I fear I will not be able to reach Notre Dame in time for the funeral, as my business here will detain me all of tomorrow, and possibly longer. Will you therefore kindly give to Sister Ambrose and other members of the family my most sincere sympathy, and allow my sorrow to mingle with that of your Community in mourning the loss of one who was dear to me and my family. Sorrowfully I remain,

Yours sincerely,

P. L. GARRITY.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

Our entire Community is full of sympathy for your Order, and the Superior tells me to write to you to express our sincere condolence for Father Corby's death and to assure you of our prayers.

He was a steadfast character, firm for God and for a perfect spiritual life. He impressed me always as one of those simple men, direct, candid, of whom God's grace makes the most fruitful use as rulers of other men for their prayer and work—a sort of Doric firmness in them which makes them our temples of refuge. How mysterious that God should take him away in the prime of his later life, and leave in your young Community so sad a wound. May His holy will be done! It is hard to feel this aspiration however honestly we may make it after such a visitation. Thanks be to God that he has given worthy successors to Father Corby and his generation now passing away.

The recollections I have of Father Corby take me back to the autumn of '55 (God save us, how long ago!), when I first went to the old Notre Dame. He had then begun his studies for your Order, and appeared on Sundays in the sanctuary of the old church in company with the other novices and students. I admired him, and I wondered at his heroism in becoming a priest and a religious. He was an object of veneration to me then, and ever has remained so, deservedly looked up to as a true priest, educator and spiritual man. And now he has laid down his bodily life to take it up again in paradise at the last day, meantime to watch in behalf of all his brethren before our Saviour's throne. Father L'Etourneau is left, Father Vagnier and a very few more of those whom the Holy Spirit gave to Our Lady and to Father Sorin to found the great college. God grant them long to you, and build up many more men like those early and heroic souls, and continue the simple wisdom which has been blessed so bountifully by Our Lord in all your works. Believe me, dear Father Morrissey, with every sympathy and prayer,

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

WALTER ELLIOTT.

SOUTH BEND, Dec. 31, 1897.

REV. FATHER MORRISSEY:

It was with great regret that I heard of the death of Very Rev. Father Corby. By the University, especially, his loss will be deeply felt; but far and near, regardless of faith, there are many friends who will mourn his death. The life of such a man is not limited by locality, creed or time; his influence is felt and endures long after life and fame have ceased to claim him as their own. Intellectually, indomitably persevering, with winning geniality, he could not but gain the respect and love of all who came in contact with him. As a child and student at St. Mary's I knew him; and later years of sorrow, which he sympathized in, but deepened the respect of earlier

impressions. I know not if I presume in writing these few lines of condolence to you, but I wished to add to the tribute paid to the "good Father" who has passed from earth to "the hereafter." If God has taken away He gave, and for this we can bless His Holy Name.

Very respectfully yours,
E. G. EDDY.

Tribute of Respect.

(From the various military organizations.)

ARMY AND NAVY POST, No. 187, DEPT. OF OHIO,
CLEVELAND, Dec. 30, 1897.

REV. DEAR SIR AND COMRADE:

It is with the most sincere feelings of regret that the writer learns of the death of his old chaplain, the Very Reverend Father Corby. The writer met him the last time at Gettysburg, Pa., in July, 1888, the twenty-fifth anniversary of that battle. Father Corby of the 88th, and Father Ouelette of the 69th Regiments New York Vet. Vols., provided for the spiritual welfare of the soldiers of the Irish Brigade. The Father's work was not limited to this line alone, and the letters to the soldiers' friends carried either the joyful news of the soldiers' safety or speedy recovery, or the sad news of his death, softened by the assurance of the good Father that in his last hours he was consoled by the rites of his Church. The Father's lantern was often seen glimmering during the watches of the night on the disputed battlefield between the two armies, where, braving the shot of the pickets of either army, his services were given to the helpless—the cordial and help for the wounded, the rites of the Church for the dying. Many a home was comforted by the advice and assistance of the Father in sending the soldier's pay to his home and friends, when otherwise it might have been squandered to his injury. Faithful to his God and country, the Father's love for his children was equalled only by the love and reverence they had for him. May he rest in peace!

Very respectfully yours,

JAMES J. SMITH.

Officer of the Guard, Lieut. Col. 69th Rgt. N. Y. Vet. Vols.

AUTEN POST, No. 8, G. A. R., DEPT. OF INDIANA,
SOUTH BEND, Jan. 3, 1898.

S. V. COMMANDER AND COMRADES NOTRE DAME POST
No. 569, Dept. of Indiana G. A. R.,

Having received your very kind and appreciative communication, expressive of your gratitude for the part we took in the last sad rites and tribute of respect to our fallen and now exalted comrade, and your honored and faithful Commander, Father and comrade, William Corby, C. S. C. of your Post, permit me to assure you that we heartily appreciate your kindness. Auten Post, No. 8 was greatly honored in having had the exalted privilege of participating in the exercises on that occasion; and while we in part appreciate the serious loss you suffer in the departure from your midst of your Father and dear friend, yet in the rulings of an all-wise Providence, that doth all things well, He will so direct that the beautiful Christian and patriotic life of Father Corby will live on, and on so long as our memory lasts, prompting us to greater efforts in emulating all the good qualities of his long and useful life; and may we all so conduct our lives and emulate the three great and fundamental principles of our order—Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty—that it

may be said of each one of us, he hath done what he could. We mourn and sympathize with you in the loss you sustained, trusting you may submissively bow, and say, "not ours but Thy will be done."

Now permit me to acknowledge your very kind and generous hospitality in your having made such ample provisions for our temporal wants which was very unexpected by us. Had we been informed of that fact we certainly would have been delighted in sharing your kind hospitality; but by some oversight we were not aware of that fact. By action of Auten Post and other comrades present, a unanimous vote of thanks was extended to your Post for your kind intentions, and we will accept your good will for the deed, hoping to share in the future many good things in mingling together in social intercourse. We have not forgotten our first visit to your beautiful home, and little did we think what changes would take place in so short a time. My dear comrades, I wish I could portray to you in language the fine tribute of respect offered by our Dept. Commander, James S. Dodge, at our Post meeting Friday evening, Dec. 31, to your late Commander, Father Corby. It was indeed a grand tribute of respect to a great and good man. This was followed by our own comrade, Timothy E. Howard, whom you all know for his worth and the goodness of his heart and his ability. These afflictions coming upon us will only have a tendency to make us better appreciate the sacred duties and privileges of comradeship and as Christian citizens. Our own Post has had seven visitations of the grim messenger (death), in the past year, and seven of Auten Post have gone from us. We heartily share your sorrow in your affliction.

Yours in F. C. and L.,

JASPER E. LEWIS, P. C.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 29, 1897.

MY DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

I received your telegram late last night, and my first impulse was to start for Notre Dame to be present on Friday at the last sad honors, but I find this morning that I can not leave here. My business will not permit my absence from the office even for a few days, so I must be with you in thought and prayer only when you carry my well-loved friend to his last resting-place. He was a soldier, a hero and a saint; a man without fear or reproach. God bless his noble soul and grant him eternal rest! I sympathize with you in the great loss to the University and to the Order. For myself I feel that I have lost one of my dearest friends. I rejoice that I have known him. The influence of his life will, so long as memory lasts, enter into my own and make me a better man. I feel glad that I visited Notre Dame so lately, and the recollection of the few happy days with my dear friend and comrade will ever be a source of comfort and happiness to me. My heart is full, and I hardly know what I am writing. God bless Father Corby.

Sincerely yours,

ST. CLAIR A. MULHOLLAND.

DEPT. OF INDIANA, G. A. R.,

ELKHART, Dec. 29, 1897.

WILLIAM A. OLMSTED,

My Dear Sir and Comrade:—It grieves me beyond measure to learn of the death of your compatriot and our esteemed comrade, Commander Corby. While the event is a sad one, and will prove a great loss to the University of which he was an honored member, and to the educational interests of Northern Indiana, and his death will be mourned by all of his comrades in this

department, yet we are admonished of the fact that he died full of years, ripe in good deeds, with a life well rounded in pursuits tending to benefit his fellowmen. I shall be in attendance on the obsequies.

With best wishes to yourself and all of the comrades at the University, believe me, my dear Sir,

Very respectfully yours in F. C. and L.,

JAMES S. DODGE.

DEPT. OF INDIANA, G. A. R.,

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 29, 1897.

WILLIAM A. OLMSTED,

Dear Sir and Comrade:—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your telegram conveying the sad intelligence of the death of our beloved comrade, Father Corby. It will certainly be a great blow to all of his friends. Were it not for the extreme rush of business at the office I would make an effort to attend the funeral. As it is it will be impossible. Please convey to the comrades of the Post my sincere sympathy with them in the loss of their Commander; but as it was in the days from '61 to '65, when one of our esteemed commanders was called away, there was some one else to take his place and carry on the work, so I hope it will be with your Post. Elect some one else at your earliest opportunity and send me the name, so I can get it on the rolls correctly.

Your comrade in F. C. and L.,

R. M. SMOCK, A. A. G.

HORTON, MICH., Jan. 1, 1897.

PRESIDENT NOTRE DAME,

Rev. Sir: I saw the announcement in my paper of dear Father Corby's death. Not knowing where he was for a great many years, I was surprised to hear of him at Notre Dame; had I known that he was located there I could have had the pleasure of seeing him; but now that he is gone, God be good to him. I was an officer of the old Irish Brigade; served in it from '61 to '65 in the 69th Regiment. Dear Father Corby once told me that I was not half as bad a man as I thought I was. I will always remember that, and what courage it gave me. I am sure that I fought harder and better the day after he told me so. I am, dear Father,

Yours very respectfully,

PATRICK H. BRADY.

Late Lieut. in Meaghers Brigade.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION U. S.,
COM. OF THE STATE OF INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 2, 1898.

MY DEAR OLMSTED:

I regret that I could not have remained longer—until the service was completed. I have a letter from General Wallace from which I quote as follows: "I had all my arrangements made to go to South Bend according to arrangements between us, but in the afternoon my wife was taken down with the grippe so seriously that I could not leave her. Please let me hear from you regarding the funeral of Chaplain Corby." I wish you would explain the cause of General Wallace's absence to Father Corby's friends in the University. I forwarded you a telegram which was not delivered promptly to me at the hotel. You will be chairman of the Committee to prepare the memorial in honor of the Chaplain, to be read at the meeting about February 22d, and published later. Doubtless Captain Nicar and Adjutant Stanfield will be your associates. You will be notified officially in a few days. I hope ere long to see you long enough to talk over some Army of Potomac matter.

Very truly yours,

Z. APRUITT.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Dec. 30, 1897.

REV. A. MORRISSEY,

Dear and Rev. Father:—The newspaper telegram apprizes me of the death of Father Corby, Provincial of your Order in America. Having met and known Father Corby during my attendance at Notre Dame, I can not refrain from expressing my deep regret at his death, and bearing testimony to his high worth and integrity.

I assure you, dear Father, of my sincere regret at the death of Father Corby, and if it were not for the fact that distance precludes my attendance, I would be present at the funeral services.

Sincerely,

M. J. MCGARRY.

CHICAGO, Dec. 29, 1897.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC,

Dear Sir:—The daily papers of this morning chronicled the sad intelligence of the death of Very Rev. William Corby, C. S. C., Provincial of your Community as well as Commander of Notre Dame Post, G. A. R.

Father Corby was not only widely known for sacerdotal and educational work, but also for his army service as Chaplain of the famous Irish Brigade. I sympathize with you and your Community on the great loss sustained by the sad event.

Yours very truly,

JOHN J. WILSON.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1897.

DEAR FRIEND AND COMPANION:

I was greatly shocked and grieved today to receive from my daughter a clipping from *The Journal* announcing the death of our good chaplain, dear old Father Corby. We sat at table together at the last meeting of the Commandery, and he was so cheerful and bright, and seemed to be happy to be with us all, and looked so well, that it is hard to believe that he has been taken away.

Sincerely yours,

J. F. REEVES.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3, 1898.

REV. ANDREW MORRISSEY,

My Dear Sir:—With sincere regret, I have read an account from the *Chicago Record* of the death of the Very Rev. Father Corby. I knew him a great many years, having been a student at Notre Dame in 1860. If I mistake not, I saw Father Corby, ordained at Notre Dame. My brother William, who resides in Chicago, was also a student at Notre Dame in 1860 and afterwards in the army of Virginia with Father Corby. A few weeks ago my brother came across a publication by Frank Leslie & Co., of this city, wherein they portrayed scenes of the War of the Rebellion. One of the pictures was a group composed of Father Patrick Dillon (who was first to succeed Father Sorin as President of the University), Father James Dillon, his brother, and Father Corby. My brother sent to New York for a copy of this book to present same to Father Corby, and through him to the Army Post, of which Father Corby was President. I have written today, advising him of Father Corby's death, and requesting him on his return from California, to forward the book to you for the Army Post of which Father Corby was the head.

In conclusion I desire to express to your Community the sympathy of my brother and myself in the great loss you have sustained in the death of Father Corby.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT A. PINKERTON.

Prejudice Removed.

IN publishing the Corby Memorial Number, the SCHOLASTIC sought merely to pay its little tribute to one who has deserved well of Church and State. Since its publication we have received so many congratulatory letters, that we are assured that our efforts were successful in more ways than we had ventured to hope. We take pleasure in publishing this extract from a letter written by a cultured Protestant gentleman to a friend of his who had sent him the Corby Memorial Number:

I have, from my recollection and personal experience of the gallant service done by its members; and the loving care bestowed upon the sick and wounded soldier by the gentle Sisters thereof during the war, entertained the kindest feeling for the Catholic Church. But my later experience has often shaken the opinion formed in the perilous days of '61 to '65. I have seen—what seems to me—evidences of hostility to our Grand Army Posts, and the spirit they represent, when they on their missions of charity and love for their comrades, and when bent only on paying the last sad honors to the dead, were confronted with objection and evident prejudice, which could have been born only of an ignorance of the status of our patriotic organization and its relation to religious bodies. I have felt that the rulers and educators of that Church must be responsible for the existence of this feeling, else it could not survive. I have wanted to feel in harmony with all sects, as working, each in its own way, but with a common end, to make the best citizen for the best country under the sun. The hesitation of many old comrades to affiliate with the Grand Army has forced me to believe that they were hindered from so doing by the teachings of their Church; in fact, the objection has been offered, that, while no actual ban had

been placed upon their joining us, they felt under constraint in the matter, and could not do so as conscientious adherents of their religion. Honorable, high-minded, gentlemen they were, and I admired them for their consistency. I have met "gentlemen of the cloth" who ridiculed my ideas, but I have taken their refusals "*cum grano salis*," and have thought they represented only their individual inclinations. After reading the little brochure, which you so kindly sent me—your loving tribute to Father Corby—and the beautiful tributes to the man's worth and patriotic service, and through him, the noble response to a stricken country's call by the religious of Notre Dame, both priest and Sister, I take off my hat and apologize, and am glad to believe in the broadness and liberality of the teaching at that University, and that it represents the true Catholic Church of the United States—a nation formed truly "one of many," I thank you for that enlightenment. Your friend and comrade has not lived in vain. He has done a service to his country and a benefit to his Church that has been permitted to but few men. You should be proud of having known him, and I join you in your closing paragraph, with respect and reverence—"May he rest in peace!" and I add for myself the hope that the good he has done may not die with him.

It is matter for regret that the writer should have had such an unfortunate experience with Catholic friends. Narrow minds there certainly are among Catholics as among all other classes of men, but it is hardly just to hold the Church responsible for narrowness. The G. A. R. is under no ban. The Church teaches her children to practise and to honor patriotism. The number of Catholics who won laurels in the war is sufficient evidence of the former proposition; the establishment of the G. A. R. Post at our University would be convincing proof—if proof were needed—of the second.



"Farewell, farewell, beloved Father! Be mindful of us in the land of the living."