

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

(Continued from 7th page.) TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents are reminded to send their letters earlier in the week. We have had to hold over several letters on different occasions on account of their not being received at this office in due time.

Avon.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of the Rev. M. J. Hendrick of Avon, pastor of St. Agnes' church was opened in an elaborate manner on Wednesday June 22nd. At 10 o'clock a solemn high mass was celebrated, the pastor acting as celebrant. An eloquent sermon was delivered at this mass by Bishop McQuaid. He concluded his sermon by speaking in a feeling manner of Father Hendrick's long and faithful service in St. Agnes' church where he has been pastor for the past twenty-four years. The church was draped with yellow and white and the altar and stripes were not forgotten, but was prominently displayed throughout the church. The large auditorium was thronged with people. At the close of the mass the hymn "Holy Lord we Praise Thy Name" was rendered by the choir. A large number of visiting clergy were present, six of them remaining for the entertainment which took place in the evening in Clark's opera house, in which place there was scarcely room to stand, owing to the immense crowd of people.

The whole affair was a grand success. Father Hendrick was the recipient of many beautiful presents. The day will not soon be forgotten by priest or people and may he live to repeat it at his golden jubilee.

Mr. Timothy O'Brien of this village and Miss Mary Duffy of Honoyee Falls, were married at the home of the bride's parents on Wednesday last week. They will reside in this village.

Mrs. J. E. Hogan is visiting her parents in Brooklyn.

Mrs. J. O'Neill of Buffalo, Miss Brennan and Miss Margaret Brennan of East Penbrooke, are guests of Mrs. Patrick Gleason.

Misses Mary J. Higgins and Mary Hickey of Genesee, attended the jubilee exercises here on Wednesday. They were guests of Mrs. W. Curran of Temple street.

Miss Mary Conlin is visiting her sister, Mrs. T. Dolan.

The marriage of Mr. V. J. Cullen of this village and Miss Louise Strick of Rochester, took place Wednesday June 22nd, in Rochester.

Seneca Falls.

Mr. George Jones of Rochester, is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Mr. Patrick Lyman of Willard, was in town this week visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. George Norton of New York Law school, is home for his vacation.

Mrs. James Harmon of this place went under a surgical operation at the Rochester city hospital. The operation was successful and she is improving rapidly.

In Johnson's opera house Friday evening July 1st, an entertainment will be given for the benefit of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

The branch of the Lehigh Valley has been completed into this place, and is in full operation. Trains run as follows 8 50 a. m. and 9 35 p. m.

Miss Josephine Cruise accompanied by her sister Lizzie, has left for the Adirondack mountains for her health.

Victor.

Rev. Father Keenan, who was ordained June 11th, visited friends here Monday.

Our band concerts are largely attended Saturday nights.

A large number of Victor people greeted the Rochester volunteers as they passed through here Monday evening.

Walter O'Neill of East Bloomfield visited his parents here Sunday.

John Driscoll, who was disabled by a fall from his carriage, is at work again.

Mrs. Howe of Rochester, formerly Miss Anna Hayes of this place, attended the graduating exercises here Tuesday.

Miss Margaret Byrnes attended the graduating exercises in Canandaigua last week.

Rev. Father Smith of St. Mary's spent Monday in Victor.

Miss Kathleen McCarthy of Canandaigua visited the Misses Donnelly Wednesday.

Ithaca.

Phil Ford attended the boat races at New London this week.

M. D. Burns made a business trip to Ovid and Farmer Tuesday.

Thursday, at 5 p. m., Daniel Boland and Miss Klute Fawn were married by Rev. A. J. Evans.

The A. O. H. will picnic at Atwater on the 4th.

Tuesday evening, at Red Men's hall, the Ladies Aid Society held a very enjoyable strawberry and ice cream social. The entertainment programme consisted of several selections by the A. O. H. club.

Wednesday morning at 10.30 Miss Ella Sullivan was married by Rev. A. J. Evans to George Turner of Elmira. Miss Minnie Sullivan attended the bride and Mr. Britt of Elmira was best man. The ushers were Messrs. Fitzgerald and Bawley of Elmira, and McGahan of this city. After a short wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Turner will be at home to their friends at Southport, Elmira.

Macedon.

Miss Dwyer and friend, Miss Kate Lynch of Rochester spent Sunday with her parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hartley left for their future home in Waldron, Mich., Sunday. The best wishes of their many friends go with them.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Howe spent Sunday in Watona.

Shortsville.

The postoffice of this village was broken into last week Friday week by parties unknown. They secured \$700 worth of stamps and \$150 in cash. No clue of them has yet been found.

An anniversary high mass was celebrated Wednesday for Mrs. Marie Kissella.

The first band concert of the season was given by the Marching band at Mischeson's last Saturday evening.

Miss Edith Hammett is visiting her father in Detroit.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.

Auburn.

Rev. Joseph Netzel, former pastor of St. Alphonsus church, returned to Rochester Tuesday, after a brief visit with friends in town.

James Flahive left Monday evening for Albany.

Mrs. Thomas Duane of Peoria, Ill., and Miss Jennie Quirk of Ottawa, Ill., are the guests of Mrs. James Carr in Cottage street.

Richard McCarr of Owasco street left Friday for a trip to Europe.

The engagement of Mr. Eugene Flannery and Miss Alice Shields is announced.

Rev. Father Wall has returned from a visit in Rochester.

The examinations were held Thursday and Friday for candidates for the ninth grade.

William P. Quain, son of Richard Quain of Green street, who recently graduated as a nurse from Bellevue hospital, New York, is visiting his parents for a few days prior to departing for Cuba.

Stephens J. Murphy and Joseph C. Smith, members of Company M., Third New York Volunteer Infantry, now stationed at Camp Alger, Va., were among the first volunteers to answer the President's call.

The friends of the Auburn Orphan Asylum are making arrangements to hold a picnic, probably at the foot of Owasco Lake, on July 4, for the benefit of the asylum.

A class of 75 children received holy communion at the Holy Family Church at 8 o'clock mass Sunday morning. The children met in the Holy Family school and from there marched in a body, headed by Rev. M. C. Wall, assistant pastor of the Holy Family, to the church. The occasion was made a memorable one for the little ones. The high altar was decorated and trimmed in an elaborate manner, countless lighted candles, oil lamps and innumerable clusters of foliage plants and cut flowers, forming a beautiful appearance.

After communion had been received, the pastor, J. J. Hickey gave the class a few words of instruction and kindly advice. In the afternoon at four o'clock the children again assembled in the school when they renewed their baptismal vows and were then enrolled in the scapular.

Twenty-nine recruits for Company M., Third New York Volunteer Infantry left Auburn Wednesday night for Camp Alger, Va., where they will join the Auburn boys and swell the ranks to the full quota. The new volunteers were a stout, strong and healthy looking lot of fellows and seem fit to undergo any kind of hardships.

There is one fact commented upon by Auburnians and that is that the boys who left Wednesday night were the ones to receive the greatest credit. They know that it is almost certain that actual held duty is ahead of them. While it must not be thought for a moment that the first lot are not equally as brave, still the fact remains that many of them did not actually expect to leave the state.

A quiet morning wedding took place at St. Mary's church, Wednesday morning when Miss Margaret O'Brien and Patrick Gleason, both of this city, were united by Rev. J. J. Gibbons, assistant pastor of the church. Miss Mary O'Brien acted as bridesmaid and Thomas Lynch was best man, Mr and Mrs. Gleason will start housekeeping in the near future.

A. Herman, the traveling representative of the CATHOLIC JOURNAL is in Auburn this week receiving funds with which to prolong the life and usefulness of the publication he represents. There is no use talking, that picture of Bishop McQuaid he gives as a premium with new subscriptions is something beautiful and every Catholic home in the city should certainly have one.

Newark. The commencement exercises of the graduating class of '08 of the High School were held in the school hall Monday evening. The room was decorated with colors and flowers, the lights being covered with colored paper, making the effect a very pleasing one.

The class was composed of eight members, one of which was Miss Kate McEvoy, the class poet. She delivered her address in a very creditable manner. The class song was composed by Miss McEvoy, who has excellent literary talent. School Commissioner Backus and the members of the board of education were seated upon the rostrum during the exercises. Chase's full orchestra furnished the music. After the exercises the usual reception, which is always enjoyable, was held at the Opera House.

Miss Anna Dunn and Mrs. Martell visited friends in Buffalo, Friday.

A number from this place will attend the concert to be given by Miss Katherine Maclean in Lyons next Thursday evening, June 30th.

Miss Mary Stansell spent Friday with friends in Lyons.

The Fourth will be celebrated here.

Miss Nellie Farrell is spending the week with Rochester friends.

OUR AGENT.

Our traveling agent, Mr. A. Herman, will call on all subscribers in Ithaca, Moravia, Groton, King's Ferry, Ledyard, Scipio, Sherwood, Poplar Ridge, Cayuga, Union Springs, Aurora, Seneca Falls and Geneva, to collect and likewise solicit subscriptions for THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL. Each old subscriber who pays one year's subscription in advance and 50 cents to pay part cost of frame is entitled to the picture of the bishop, as well as new ones.

AFTER THE FOURTH OF JULY.

We put him to bed in his little night-gown.

The most battered youngster there was in the town.

Yet he said as he opened his only well eye.

"Rah, rah, for the Jolly old Fourth of July!"

Two thumbs and eight fingers with lint were tied up.

On his head was a bump like an upside-down cup.

And his smile was distorted, and his nose all a-wry.

From celebrating the glorious Fourth of July.

We were glad he had started abroad with the sun.

And all day had lived in the powder and fun.

While the boom of the cannon roared up to the sky.

To salute Young America's Fourth of July.

I said we were glad all the pieces were there.

As we plastered and bound them with twisted wire.

But out of the wreck came the words with a sigh.

"If to me now was only the Fourth of July."

He will grow all better again, never fear.

And be ready to celebrate freedom next year.

Meanwhile all his friends are most thankful to see.

A young fellow so well-matched 'twixt Fourth of July.

We kissed him good night on his powder-splashed face.

We laid his bruised hands softly down in their place.

As he murmured as sleep closed his one open good eye.

"I wish every day was the Fourth of July."

—Good Roads.

A Fourth of July Celebration.

Watson & Wilson, printers and publishers, were very much in need of a man. There was the new tax list, just awarded them by the populist county commissioners they had helped to elect, and they did not know a thing about the insanity-breeding problem of rule and figure work.

They "had learned the trade." Like many another man in the country, and could set straight composition with anybody. Watson, indeed, had developed a talent for display lines, and could satisfy all the demands of Watertown merchants for envelopes and letter-heads, and, by following the general form of ancient wall-borne specimens, could "do" sale bills to their hearts' delight.

But who should save them from the pitfall of rules and figures? As they stood at the bottom of the stairway thinking of these things, they saw a stranger on the street—Watertown always looked twice at a stranger. It was just unburied enough to spare the time. This man was of medium height, slender, with the appearance of one who has flourished in cities, catching the style and the garments that are unusual in the country. His hands were slender, and there was a something about the right thumb and forefinger which proclaimed his craft at once.

"He's a printer," said Watson. "He's seen the sign, and is bawling over," said Wilson. The new man paused at the entrance way, read the cardboard office sign on the stairway, looked at the two men critically, and inquired: "Any chance for work?"

"How did you know we were the publishers?" asked Watson. "How did you know I was a printer?" asked the man. In the afternoon he took charge of the delinquent list, and in half an hour they knew they were secure. He was a craftsman. He knew everything from bending rule to casting rollers. But he would not pull the hand press, and he would not work Saturday afternoon. They labored with him on these points; but he laughed, and said he was past it.

He was given to jesting; and one of his happiest thoughts was to shoot a spray of water into the eye of an inquisitive citizen who wanted to see purple stars in a galaxy of dead type, wetted for distribution. He changed the figures in the advertisement of lands delinquent, after the first issue, and wondered if the money lenders who should later purchase could make good title with defective publication. He taught Watson & Wilson how to double their income from foreign advertisers by taking twice as much business as the paper could carry, and stop the press in time to lift out one line, and set in the other. It troubled their consciences—attributed which, he assured them, the foreign advertisers did not possess.

In a good many ways he enjoyed himself. It was clear to everyone that he held the town and all its belongings in something like contempt; but he was so amiable about it, so suave in his treatment of people, that punishment was unthought of, and antipathy was disarmed. When Watson & Wilson began advertising for the Fourth of July celebration, "the Printer" was ready to move. He had worked three months in one town, and was hungry for the city. They wanted him to stay. They sat down one day in June, when "the paper was off," and tried to argue it. He told them he must make a confession. There was a young woman in the town, sweetheart—affianced, he feared, of a man whom he regarded as his friend; and she had smiled upon him. She was very fair, and he feared he might forget himself, prove disloyal, and court a girl to his friend's undoing.

They applauded the chivalric sentiment and went away—Watson assured it was Wilson's young lady, Wilson convinced it was Watson's girl. The Fourth of July had come. Wilson was master of ceremonies. Watson was leader of the band. People came in delegations from the country. There was a cannon on the bluff, and a boat on the river. Wilson wanted something with which to load that twenty-pounder. Crumpling down wet paper was good in its way, but it didn't make noise enough. The Printer suggested old roller composition. There were loads of it in the big box on the landing. It was the one indestructible thing on earth. It alone could support the theory of matter's persistent continuance.

The country delegations were formed at the south of the town and must march through to the north a pagan to delight the natives, and fill all rival towns with envy.

"Turn down that roller composition," said the Printer, "and they will be at your old cannon in fourteen counties every time she speaks."

Wilson did at directed. Watson came by with the band. Wilson pulled a very long rod of iron from a fire, ran across the open space, and whipped his red hot torch upon the powder-splashed tombstone of the twenty-pounder.

The powder flared into a geyser of fire. There was a flash, a puff, and then a shock which stopped the current of the river. The roller composition had clung to the gun's interior, refusing adjustment and the cannon was shattered in a hundred pieces.

The noise was terrible. The concussion shook Watson from his feet and hurled half of the band in a pile above him. It lifted the ambitious Wilson, and set him down in the leading wagon of a passing delegation. How the crowd escaped unhurt was a marvel no man could solve. The forward four feet of the cannon leaped high, and stood up like a post, the yielding but tempestuous ancient composition bubbling like a blossom from the ragged iron.

Watson excused himself while the crowd was making inquiries, and started up town for the Printer. Wilson climbed out of the countryman's wagon and joined his partner in the search. A messenger boy from the telegraph office met them at the bottom of the stairs, with the regulation yellow envelope.

Watson opened it, and Wilson read over his shoulder. The date was in a county sent twenty miles away. "I heard your cannon."

And that was the last they ever heard of the Printer.

Riders in road races are practically amateurs in the truest sense, being for the most part young men who are employed during the day and have little chance to pursue a regular course of training. They know that some preparation is necessary and so they hurry home from work, gulp down a meal and then mount their wheels for a hard ride. Such procedure is injurious.

A veteran trainer suggests a better course of training as follows: "Rise early in the morning, eat a few oatmeal biscuits, take a ride for three or four miles, return and take a sponge down with a little cold water with some alcohol in it. If the weather is not fit, a brisk walk to business, if not over two or three miles, is good. Walking will do riders much good at all times."

A young business man should, after working hours, put on a change of clothing, eat a few crackers, but drink nothing, and go out for a spin before a hearty supper. For the first week do not attempt to go more than a three-minute clip for four miles or so. The second week increase the distance to five or six miles. It would be wise not to go over this. If possible the rider should then be rubbed on a training coat with a dry towel and liniment used. The portion of the body not being rubbed should not be exposed. Take no more exercise for an hour later, eating supper in the meantime.

It is a mistake for the rider to think that cold drinks are necessary to relieve thirst. Very cold drinks, as a rule, increase the feverish condition of the mouth and stomach, and so create thirst. Experience shows it to be a fact that hot drinks relieve the thirst and "cool off" the body of the rider when it is in an abnormally-heated condition better than ice-cold drinks. It is far better and safer to avoid the use of drinks below thirty degrees.

In fact, a higher temperature is to be preferred, and riders who are much troubled with thirst will do well to try the advantage to be derived from hot drinks, instead of cold fluids to which they have become accustomed. Hot drinks also have the advantage of aiding digestion, instead of causing debility of the stomach and bowels.

Trises.

What will it matter in a little while That for a day We met and gave a word, a touch, a smile,

Upon the way? What will it matter whether hearts were brave

And lives were true; That you gave me the sympathy I crave,

As I gave you? These trifles! Can it be they make or mar

A human life? Are souls as lightly waved as rushes are

By love or strife? Yes, yeal a look the fainting heart may break

Or make it whole; And just one word, if said for Love's sweet sake, May save a soul.

GOT THE BIGGEST SQUIRREL.

That Achievement Led James Stone Up Against the Biggest Wildcat.

"I shot a squirrel once that was two feet and a half long and weighed five pounds," said James Stone of Mercer county, Pa., "and although I believe that squirrel was the biggest one ever killed in Pennsylvania or anywhere else, I guess, it was all the more remarkable because if I hadn't killed it, I wouldn't now hold the record for having killed the biggest wildcat the State ever got rid of."

"I was out for squirrels in the mountains near my place and had made a bag big enough to go home with, when I saw something bounding through the top of an oak tree that startled me. It was so big that I thought some fox must have suddenly become seized with the power of climbing trees and surriving through the branches as I was exercising it. I wasn't so startled, however, that I let the big animal get away from me, I fired and down it came tumbling to the ground."

"That's satisfactory," said I to myself. "Now, let's see what we've killed."

"I took a couple of steps toward the spot where the game was lying and then stopped so suddenly that I almost fell over backward."

"This, I said to myself again, isn't quite so satisfactory and I guess we won't see what we've killed, just yet."

"On the lower branch of a tree, just ahead of me, and between me and the tree out of which I had shot the animal that had startled me lay a wildcat, the like of which I had never seen before. It had evidently been lying there in wait for its dinner, and perhaps had its eye on the animal I had shot. However that might be, the big cat now had its eye on me, and I didn't like the way that eye glared either. At first I thought I would call everyting square as it was, leave my unknown dead game for the wildcat to dine on and go home without further investigation. Then it seemed to me that if I retreated then, and told my adventure when I got home, as I certainly couldn't help doing, I would naturally be looked at somewhat with suspicion, so I resolved to save my reputation, enlarge my zoological knowledge, and also get the \$2 bounty on that wildcat's scalp. I put in a big double charge of squirrel shot and prepared for action."

"The wildcat remained on the limb crouching as if ready to leap upon me, emitting the low, savage growls or snarls peculiar to its kind when enraged. The animal was twenty-five feet away, but as it is no trick at all for a wildcat to spring a distance of thirty feet, even on the level, I knew this one could easily launch itself upon me if it was so inclined. Consequently, I did not wait for this possible overt act on its part, but fired."

"The immense beast leaped straight up from the limb when the charge struck it. Falling back, it caught with the long, sharp claws of its forepaws on the limb again, where it hung, writhing and filling the woods with frightful yells. They were so frightful, in fact, that I was almost forced to abandon the field after all and leave the wildcat to fight it out by itself. Just then, though, blood began to patter down from the wound my shot had made, and I loaded up to give the animal another shot. Before I could do that, the wildcat's hold on the limb relaxed, and the animal came tumbling to the ground. It lay still for a second, but then, badly wounded as it was, rose to its feet and rushed at me with short, quick bounds. I had no time for reflection, but blazed away again. So fierce was the assault of that infuriated wildcat that, although that last charge filled its heart and lungs with shot, it did not lessen the velocity of the assault, and the animal dashed right on, striking me on the breast with its huge, sharp claws, which closed spasmodically on my clothing as they struck. The force with which the wildcat hurled itself against me threw me backward to the ground, and the cat fell square upon me. But the great brute was dead—had been dead, in fact, before it reached me. I crawled hastily from under the dead animal, drenched from head to foot with its blood."

"After recovering as much of my equanimity as I could under the circumstances, I proceeded to investigate the other thing I had killed. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw it. It was a squirrel, true enough, but bigger than any three of the biggest squirrels I had in my bag, and I had some big ones. It was as red as a red fox and with a brush almost as long. The wildcat measured nearly five feet in length and a three-foot wildcat is a big one."

Some Curious Rings.

Denon, the French savant, wore a ring set with a tooth of Voltaire.

A tooth of Sir Isaac Newton was sold to a nobleman in 1816 for a large sum. He had it placed in a ring, and wore it constantly on his finger.

In the collection of Viscount Downe, England, is a ring given to one of his ancestors by Richard Coeur-de-Lion. It is a silver ring, set with what is supposed to be the palatal tooth of a fish.

An Englishman owns a gold ring set with a miniature painting by Cowley, of the eye of George, Prince of Wales.

Where Cuban Arms Are Made.

A young woman in Washington recently received a real Cuban machete from a newspaper man who had just returned from Havana. The knife was twenty inches long, with a heavy blade painted blood-red to within a half-inch of the cutting edge. On the back of the handle was a small and inconspicuous label, which read: "Made in Hartford, Conn."

OUR NEW BATTLE CRY.

"REMEMBER THE MAINE" LIKELY TO BECOME IMMORTAL IN HISTORY.

It Originated With Commodore Schley, and, as an Appeal to Patriotism, is as Thrilling as Was Nelson's Famous Signal at the Battle of the Nile.

"Remember the Maine," Com. Schley's now famous signal of attack on the Spanish fleet, will undoubtedly become immortal in American history, in the history of the English-speaking peoples, in fact; for, as an appeal to patriotism it is as thrilling as was Nelson's battle cry at the Nile, "England expects that every man will do his duty."

"I have not yet begun to fight," was one of Com. Jones' famous replies to a British captain with whom he had been fiercely engaged for over an hour, and who desired to know if he had surrendered. It was not Jones who surrendered when the battle came to an end.

The first commodore of the young American navy was Capt. John Barry. In the spring of 1781 he was hailed by a British ship on his way from Havana. To the inquiry as to his identity, he replied: "The U. S. ship Alliance, Sanly Jack Barry, half Irishman, half Yankee, who are you?"

"Not the value for the command of the whole British fleet could tempt me from the American cause," was the heroic reply of Barry to Lord Howe, in 1776, when he offered him 15,000 guineas and a commission in the English navy to join the royal cause.

Com. Stephen Decatur was one of the very bravest men that ever walked the quarterdeck. His famous toast at a public dinner in Norfolk, Va., in 1816, "Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right, but our country, right or wrong," would, if he had never said or done anything else, have won him immortality.

"Don't give up the ship," the dying words of Com. Lawrence, the heroic commander of the Chesapeake, are among the very noblest ever uttered. They will live as long as ocean rolls or ships float.

The gallant Perry flew that signal at his masthead in the memorable battle of Lake Erie, at the glorious close of which he had the inspiration to pen that dispatch which has canonized him in our history: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." It was written on his stiff bat in lieu of a table, on the half of an old letter, and the additional information it gave the size and number of the enemy, namely, "two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop."

When the Constitution, under the command of Com. Hull, engaged the French frigate Guerriere, a dramatic scene was witnessed on the deck of "Old Ironsides." As the Frenchman's guns began to thunder out, Lieut. Morris, second in command, asked Hull if he should give the order to fire.

"Not yet," replied Hull. "Nearer and nearer came the two ships. Again Morris asked for the order, and again came the answer, "Not yet." A few moments later, high above the roar of the guns, as the Constitution completely covered her enemy, Hull's voice rang out "Now, boys, pour it into them!"

The Guerriere was literally torn to pieces, "the blood of the killed running out of her scuppers," says a naval historian.

Com. Macdonough sighted the enemy on Lake Champlain on a Sunday morning. He ran up the signal for divine service, and, kneeling on the deck among his men, offered appropriate prayers. During the engagement a British shot struck the hencoop on the Saratoga and released a gamecock, which flew into the rigging and crowed lustily all through the fight, the men loudly cheering. Macdonough's victory aroused the enthusiasm of the entire nation.

A war cry that closely resembles "Remember the Maine" was that which Gen. Sam Houston gave to his troops at the battle of San Jacinto—the battle which gave freedom and independence to Texas.

Col. Travis was in command of about 185 Texan soldiers in the fort called the Alamo at Bexar. There he was surrounded by a greatly superior force under the Mexican dictator, Santa Anna.

On the morning of March 6, 1836, the little garrison of the Alamo capitulated, on the pledge of the Mexican general that their lives would be spared. Notwithstanding this pledge Col. Travis and his entire force were massacred. Their dead bodies were gathered together, a huge pile of wood was heaped upon them, and they were burned to ashes.

On April 19, 1836, Gen. Houston, with about 700 men, gave battle at San Jacinto to Santa Anna, with nearly three times the number of Mexicans, and, in spite of the disparity of numbers, Houston's little force swept the Mexicans like chaff before the wind. It was more a slaughter than a battle.

Just before the assault of the Texans was made on the army of Santa Anna, Houston addressed his soldiers in a fervid speech, closing with these words: "Remember the Alamo." These words fell upon the ears of the Texans with wonderful effect. Every soldier in the little army at the same instant repeated the words "the Alamo," until the word became a shriek for revenge that struck terror to the souls of the Mexicans. When the battle was over it was found that only 70 Texans had been killed, while 600 Mexicans were left dead on the field.