

Cath. Ch. in U.S.A. <sup>E</sup><sub>1845</sub>  
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# CATHOLIC PATRIOTISM IN THE UNITED STATES



An Echo of the Catholic Patriotic Demon-  
stration at Washington, D. C., on Mem-  
orial Day, 1917, in the Plaza Between  
the Capitol and the Statue of  
Christopher Columbus

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Cardinal Gibbons in Attendance

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SPEECH OF FORMER  
GOVERNOR MARTIN H. GLYNN  
OF NEW YORK



## ADDRESS

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*Ladies and Gentlemen:—*

Living examples are better than descriptive words, and, my friends, we have upon this platform to-day three great living examples of Catholic patriotism in the United States.

As a patriotic American type for men of every race and every creed, I point to Cardinal Gibbons and Chief Justice White and Justice McKenna of the United States Supreme Court. Their presence here is a more eloquent delineation of Catholic patriotism than any poor words of mine can picture.

This is a patriotic demonstration by the Catholics of these United States. But it is a demonstration of emphasis, of recollection, of prophecy; not a demonstration of necessity. The patriotism of the Catholics of the United States is a self-evident proposition. It needs no demonstration: no substantiating evidence, no mathematical proof. It is written on every page of this country's history and no man's hand can take it out.

Catholic patriotism ploughs the Atlantic with Columbus and with Balboa it looks upon the Pacific from the peak of Darien. With Lief Ericson it skirts the shores of Vineland and with Sebastian Cabot sees the snows of Labrador. With De Soto and Marquette it discovers the Mississippi; with Champlain it finds the lake that bears his name; with Cartier it sails the picturesque St. Lawrence; and with Ponce De Leon it seeks the fountain of everlasting youth. With its early missionaries it blazes the trails of our primeval forests, the Cross of Christ in one hand and the banner of civilization in the other. With Verendye it first scales the Rocky mountains, with Menendez it founds St. Augustine, and with Onate starts old Santa Fe upon its way. It draws the first map of the great lakes and writes the first description of Niagara Falls. With



Father Mare it finds our mines of torquoise and with Father Hennepin locates our mines of coal; with a Franciscan it finds the salt springs of Onondaga, and with the Jesuits discovers the oil wells of Lake Erie, the copper of Lake Superior and the lead of Illinois.

And as it was in the beginning, so it is now and ever will be.

“God and Country” was the pillar of cloud by day, the pillar of fire by night of the early Catholics of this country; and “God and Country, Faith and Flag” is the precept and the law of the Catholics of to-day.

The patriotism of the Catholics of this country began in 1492, and it will last

“Whilst the earth bears a plant  
And the sea rolls a wave.”

This, my friends, is a fitting place; this a fitting day for this celebration.

Here before us stands the monument of the people of the nation to Christopher Columbus. Near here, just a few miles away in Maryland over yonder, stands the home of Charles Carroll of Carrollton than whom no man risked more to make this country free. Just below here at Mount Vernon, where the Chesapeake bears the fragrance of the flowers around his grave out to the meeting of the seas, where the winds sing his requiem among the trees around his tomb, where the rain weeps tears of joy for his glory and his fame and the sun weaves a golden crown above his head sleeps George Washington, who, when the smoke and dust of battle had cleared away and the Revolutionary war was won, wrote a letter of thanks to the Catholics of the United States for the services they rendered in winning this country her place in the sisterhood of nations, for the sacrifices they made in giving this flag its red stripes and white bars and blue field of stars.

And to this heritage of patriotism we Catholics are true.

We believe that we can live for no better purpose, we can die for no better purpose “than the ashes of our fathers and the altars of our God.”

We believe that if we sink to rest in the calm of peace or the hurricane of war with our country's wishes blest "by fairy hands our knell is wrung, by forms unseen our dirge is sung." We believe that this country has been a haven of liberty, a bulwark of protection, a treasury of opportunity to our fathers and to us, and, believing that such it will continue to be to our children and our children's children, we repeat as religiously as we repeat our prayers the patriotic sentiment of these poetic lines:—

"Great God, we thank thee for this home,  
This beauteous birthland of the free,  
Where strangers from afar may come  
And breathe the air of liberty.  
Long may her flowers untrampled spring,  
Her harvests wave, her cities rise,  
And yet till time shall fold her wing  
Remain earth's loveliest paradise."

And from these sentiments and these tenets we assert that we believe that the Declaration of Independence is the greatest political exposition of a freedman's rights ever penned by the hand of man, that the Constitution of these United States is the most luminous chart by which a nation ever steered a ship of state, that the Star Spangled Banner, with all that it symbolizes and all that it actualizes, is the most glorious flag in the history of mankind.

And, my friends, our patriotism is no mere lip service. It is practical as well as ideal, industrial as well as militaristic, physical as well as vocal. It calls upon man, woman and child alike. It finds illustration in a boy digging potatoes in a New England garden in Civil war times. When asked by a stranger what his family was doing for the country's cause the boy replied, "Well, father is fighting and I am digging and mother is praying."

"Fighting, digging and praying"—that is the stuff real patriotism is made of.

And "fighting, digging and praying" is the stuff Catholic patriotism is made of.

Measured by this standard we have won our spurs on the field of battle and written our name large on the industries of peace. We have played the part of the soldier when the war drum throbbed throughout the land, and we have played the builder's part when peace smiled upon the avocations of men. We have given our labor to make this country and our blood to save this country. We have cherished the Star Spangled Banner in our hearts and defended it with our hands.

In the piping-times of peace we have toiled in the ditches, in the shops, in the marts and on the farm—wherever men and women labor that civilization may grow and happiness increase.

In the woeful-day of war we have stood where shot and shell rained thickest and death stalked without a mask.

In peace-time and in war-time we Catholics have furnished this country our quota of the men and the women who stand out on the pages of the nation's history like towering mountains on the plain. In peace-time and in war-time we Catholics have furnished our share of the men and the women who though they may set no rivers on fire still make the wheels of life go round; we have furnished our share of the men and women who with reverence in their heart, iron in their blood, and inspiration in their brains, do their plain duty each day and for it claim no praise; our share of the toiling, struggling, law-abiding men and women who make up the stamina and strength, the backbone and the life-blood of a republic like this; we have furnished our share of the industrious men and the righteous women who belong to the Grand Army of the Unknown the Unhonored and the Unsung, but without whom there will be no song in life, no honor in the world.

And to-day, on Memorial Day, Rosemary Day, we Catholics claim our share in the notable contributions to the democracy of the world.

To-day, we stand within the shadow of the statue of Christopher Columbus, who four hundred and



twenty-five years ago, with a mantle of Catholicity on his shoulders and the Cross of Catholicity in his hands, fell on his knees and chanted a Te Deum for the discovery of this land.

That Te Deum of Christopher Columbus inaugurated a new chapter in the annals of mankind and foretold a form of government where the voice of the people is the voice of God. That Te Deum heralded a land where kings would pass away and manhood wear the crown; a land where the oppressed of the world would find liberty and peace and prosperity under the flag of opportunity and hope. That Te Deum foretold a land where the ballot is mightier than the bullet, where lips and hands are unfettered, where brains are the master of destiny, where labor wears a royal coat of arms, where men reap what they sow, where the weak find protection and the strong bow to a rule of law. That Te Deum gave an impetus to human liberty, religious freedom and individual rights which rewrote the law books of the world, hurled autocracy in the abyss of decay and placed justice on the throne once occupied by kingly whims.

The discovery of America, my friends, was the most momentous contribution to the cause of democracy since the advent of Christ. Christ preached the message of democracy on the Mount, and to it America gave political application. The Sermon on the Mount is the inspiration of democracy; the epistles of St. Paul its proclamation. With its fetters of tradition, its love of caste, its repugnance to progress, the old world, however, stunted the growth of democracy. For its growth a new world was needed. And for the discovery of this new world, where democracy could grow and spread around the globe, a Catholic Monk gave his eloquence, a Catholic King gave his treasure, a Catholic Queen gave her jewels, and a Catholic Navigator gave himself, his energy and his brains.

Yes, this is Memorial Day, Rosemary Day, a day of remembrance, when the nation makes a pilgrimage

to the temple wherein is enshrined the memories of the men who have served their country well and who deserve their country's praise. This is the day when roses and lilies and violets—with their red, their white and their blue—scattered over our heroes' graves, speak more eloquently than the tongue of man can ever speak. This is the day when we gather "the ashes of our honored dead into the urn of immortality and write their names on the nation's roll of honor."

And so to-day we Catholics love to tell the names of our own on the nation's roll of honor as we lovingly tell the beads of our Rosary.

We love to remember that the Magna Charta, the inspiration of our own Declaration of Independence, the foundation stone of the Constitution of these United States, was wrested from old King John by Cardinal Langton and the Catholic Barons of England.

We love to remember that the Gospel of Christ was first preached on this continent by Catholic priests from Spain, and that for Civilization and Christianity Father Jockes and seven other priests died as martyrs die.

We love to remember that Las Casas, our first ordained priest, was the first anti-slavery advocate in this Western Hemisphere.

We love to remember that Antoine Cadillac founded Detroit and visualized the interlake canals.

We love to remember that years and years before the Colonies began to fight for it in 1776, Lord Baltimore had written into the charter of Catholic Maryland the inspirational principle of "no taxation without representation."

We love to remember that George Calvert of Maryland and Governor Dongan of New York gave this country its first examples of freedom in religious worship.

We love to remember that Charles Carroll once said, "If there was a single Catholic traitor to the cause of the American Colonies in the Revolutionary war, the world never heard of him."



We love to remember that while Benedict Arnold was accepting traitorous gold from England's king and giving as one of the excuses for his being a traitor his objection to associating with so many Catholics in the American army—there was a Catholic officer in the American Revolutionary navy who refused a bribe of a hundred thousand dollars from Lord Howe to surrender the good ship *Effingham*. And as he refused the bribe this Catholic officer said, "Go tell Old King George he has not enough gold in all his realm to buy a single hair on the head of Saucy Jack Barry." Thank God, there never has been, and, praise God, there never will be a Catholic Benedict Arnold in these United States.

We love to remember how the "Colonials" applauded as Pulaski fought, and "Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell."

We love to remember how Charles Carroll and Father Carroll, assisted by Benjamin Franklin and Samuel Chase on that mission to our brothers of the North, would have made Canada a part of these United States; if John Jay and others had not written impolitic letters.

We love to remember that in June, 1780, an assembly of Catholic priests and Catholic bishops from every district of France contributed six million dollars to the cause of American freedom, and to raise this six million dollars these Catholic bishops and these Catholic priests mortgaged every acre and every edifice of the Catholic Church in France.

Oh, yes, we love to remember how Catholic France loaned us sixty-six million francs to win the Revolutionary war; how the Catholic soldiers and sailors under Lafayette, Rochambeau and De Grasse comprised fifty per cent and more of the American forces under Washington that smashed Cornwallis at Yorktown and forever banished foreign domination from this land.

We love to remember how Father Peter Gibault helped give the Great Northwest to these United States—how he handed over every dollar he

had in the world to aid Clark in that historic expedition and from this government never received a single cent in return; how he won old Vincennes over to our cause without firing a gun, and how for his work Judge Law writes, "Next to Clark and Vigo the United States are more indebted to Father Gibault than to any other man for the accession of the states embraced in what was formerly the northwestern territory."

We love to remember how the only Catholic priest who ever held a seat in Congress was the pioneer of this country's Good Road movement from which we enjoy untold blessings to-day. His name was Father Richards, Gabriel Richards. He was a Congressman from Michigan, the companion of Louis Cass and the friend of Henry Clay. To him belongs the honor of conducting the fight that first committed this government to the policy of building roads and bridges within the confines of the states. Of Father Richards, though, we like especially to remember that he was such an uncompromising, such an ardent and such an eloquent patriot in 1812 that when he dared to cross the Detroit river into Canada he was taken a prisoner of war by the English military officials and held a prisoner until the treaty of Ghent was signed.

Oh, yes, this is Memorial Day, and we love to call the roll of honor of our own.

Come forth, Stephen Moylan, and tell us how you lead the dragoons in every battle in which Washington participated.

Come forth, Charles Carroll, and tell us how you signed the Declaration of Independence though a king's hangman threatened you with his rope; come forth, Daniel Carroll and Thomas Fitzsimmons, and tell us how you signed the Constitution of the United States though a king's axeman threatened you with his axe.

Come forth, John Carroll, first bishop of the United States, and tell how the Congress of this nation selected you to pronounce the panegyric over Washington, when time had sheathed his sword and enshrined

him among the immortals of mankind.

Come forth, Fighting Jack Barry,  
thou Father of the American Navy,  
come forth and tell us how your  
sallies on the sea brought \$3,000,000  
home to make this country free;  
come forth and tell us how one hour  
after your ship was burned on the  
Delaware, you converted your sail-  
ors into soldiers and marched away  
to join Washington at Trenton; tell  
us of thy battles on the land and  
sea which made the poet write

“There are gallant hearts whose glory  
Columbia loves to name,  
Whose deeds shall live in glory  
And everlasting fame;  
But no man ever braver  
Our Starry Banner bore  
Than Saucy Old Jack Barry,  
The Irish Commodore.”

And now, Great Makers, and  
Saviors of this glorious land, I sum-  
mon you as everlasting witnesses of  
Catholic patriotism to these United  
States.

George Washington, I summon thee  
from Shadowland, to write anew  
your famous letter of recognition of  
Catholic service to the winning of  
our freedom and the founding of our  
nation—I summon thee, George  
Washington, to tell how Bishop John  
Carroll helped you maintain neu-  
trality between England and France  
while ten thousand howling fanatics  
gathered about the White House and  
threatened to drag you from the  
Presidential chair.

And Thomas Jefferson, I summon  
thee from Shadowland, to tell how  
while others attacked you, every  
Catholic pulpit in the country sup-  
ported you, as you flung the Star-  
Spangled Banner over the Louisiana  
Tract and sent it on its march to  
the Golden Gate of the Western sea.

And James Madison, I summon  
thee, to tell how certain influences,  
especially in New England, almost  
universally opposed you in the war  
of 1812—while every Catholic in  
New England, and everywhere else  
in the country, zealously supported  
you that our seamen might be free-  
men and our flag sail the seas in  
majesty and peace.

And Andrew Jackson, come tell us how Catholics from Louisiana helped you win the battle of New Orleans.

And James K. Polk, from Shadowland I summon thee, to tell that while in the war with Mexico in 1846 opponents sang the siren song of bigotry, the vampire cry of hate,—every Catholic influence in the land, in congress and out of congress, when country called, helped you plant our Star of Empire o'er the stretches of the Great Southwest. Come tell us, President Polk, that while others hampered you, Bishop England of Charleston, Judge William Gaston of North Carolina and Governor Edwin Kavanaugh of Maine upheld your hands as Aaron and Hur upheld the hands of Moses in his battle with Amalek.

And Abraham Lincoln—keeper of a nation's heart and treasurer of a nation's tears,—I summon thee from thy celestial mansion to tell us how John Hughes, Archbishop of New York, crossed the seas and kept France from trying to wreck the Union; to tell how Bishop Dominic of Pittsburgh crossed the seas and kept Spain from trying to make this a land of two flags and two nations.

And Ulysses S. Grant, I summon thee from the eternal camping ground whereon you tent to-day, to tell us of the thousands of valorous Catholics who fought the Union's cause from Bull Run all the way to Appomattox; of Francis Meagher and the valiant Irish heroes of the Fighting Sixty-ninth; to tell us how the spirit of Napoleon found reincarnation in that dashing, crashing, unbeaten and unbeatable Irish-Catholic soldier, Little Phil Sheridan, than whom you said "No greater general ever lived"—of whom your soldiers sang

"There is one we love to call our own,  
Renowned by sword and pen;  
His plume alone, where'er it shown  
Was worth ten thousand men.  
'Twas he snatched victory from defeat,  
Our heart's commander still,  
Where'er we meet, his name we greet,  
Our matchless Little Phil."

And from the pages of history step down, you multitudinous Catholic soldiers, you countless Catholic sailors, who played your part so splendidly in the recent war with Spain.

And before I leave this topic let me paint you a picture forever traced on the retina of my eye.

When our valiant dead were brought home from Vera Cruz in 1914, I stood beside the President of the United States as he delivered that wonderful panegyric over our soldier dead; and, as the inspiring words of our President fell upon my ears my heart sang with joy as I remembered that a goodly proportion of these patriotic martyrs whom the President extolled and to whom the assembled thousands paid silent tribute were Roman Catholic boys who had proved their blood to be as red, their skin as white, their veins as blue, as the Red, the White and the Blue of the flag which crowned their coffins.

And now to the Southland I turn and I summon Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis and the other leaders of the Confederacy to tell us of Father Ryan, who sang for a cause and fought for a cause, and when that cause was lost, like all brave sons of the South, returned to this nation with the Flag of the Lost Cause entwined in the folds, enwrapped in the sisterly embrace of the Old Stars and Stripes.

And now to the Seats of the Mighty here at Washington I turn, to the Capital of the Nation, and I summon the present President of the United States, the members of his Cabinet, the members of Congress, the Generals of our Army and the Admirals of our Navy, as witnesses to the living fact that as Catholics in past wars rallied to Washington and Jefferson and Madison and Polk and Lincoln, so in the present war the Catholics of to-day will rally to the support of Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States.

And as they rallied to Washington to make this nation; as they rallied to Lincoln to save this nation; so they will rally to Woodrow Wilson to plant the flag of



democracy so high on the citadel of time that no man's hand can ever pull it down, so they will rally to Woodrow Wilson "to write our scroll of honor o'er the sea and make the broad Atlantic roll a ferry to the free."

"From the North and the South, the East and the West, they will rally with the sentiment in their hearts, the cry upon their lips, "My country, may she always be right, but right or wrong, my country, shoulder arms and forward march!"

There are fourteen million Catholics within the United States,—fourteen million Catholics, of whom, according to accepted statistical ratios, twenty-eight hundred thousand are men of fighting military age. In '61, my friends, in the Civil War, the Union soldiers sang "We Are Coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand Strong." In 1917, in this war, we Catholics sing—We Are Coming, Father Woodrow, Twenty-Eight Hundred Thousand Strong, Ready for the Battle and Eager for the Call: We Are Coming, Father Woodrow, Twenty-Eight Hundred Thousand Strong, Fourteen Million Hearts Behind Us, Fourteen Million Minds to Guide Us, Fourteen Million Lives to Bind Us to Our Country and Her Cause.

So to-day we Catholics of the nation place all that we have and all that we hope to have, all that we are and all that we hope to be upon the resplendent shrine of our nation and the majestic altar of our country.

And when we sing "My Country 'tis of thee"—the greatness of America surges over our understanding, the splendid hope of America fills our hearts. And inspired by that hope, strengthened by that understanding, we Catholics of the United States to-day and every other day cry out so that all the world may hear—"My Country 'tis of thee, to thee we offer our hearts and hands, our strength and talents, our nights and days, that all thy children, now and forever, may reap the full fruition of happiness and freedom under the star gemmed banner of liberty and hope.



And then inspired by the spirit of  
our sires, inflamed by our own  
hearts' desire we turn to this old  
flag of ours and sing:—

“Your Flag and my Flag,  
And how it waves to-day,  
O'er your land and my land  
And half the world away;  
Rose-red and blood-red  
Its stripes forever gleam;  
Snow-white and soul-white  
The good forefathers dream;  
Sky-blue and true-blue  
With stars that shine aright,  
A glorious guidon of the day,  
A shelter through the night.”

“Your Flag and my Flag  
And, oh! how much it holds  
Of your heart and my heart  
Secure within its folds.  
Your heart and my heart  
Beat quicker at its sight  
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed  
The red, and blue and white,—  
The one Flag, the great Flag,  
The Flag for me and you,  
Glorified, all else beside,  
The Red, the White, and Blue.”

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