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EDWARD McGLYNN was born on First Street, on the Lower East Side of New York City, September 27, 1837. The event created no stir in the neighborhood beyond a report that "the McGlynns have another baby." His father, Peter McGlynn, was a prosperous building contractor, some of whose work still stands—notably the old A. T. Stewart Building at the northeast corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, opposite City Hall Park. He also built the old French's Hotel which for many years stood on the present site of the World Building at Frankfort and Park Row. His mother was Sarah McGlinchy, a woman of fine character, one of whose jokes was that she had merely dropped the last syllable of her name when she married. Both came from County Donegal, Ireland, in 1824, but were married in this country.

They were a prolific couple, for eleven children were born of their marriage. Two of them, the eldest and the youngest, were girls, the rest of them boys, nine in a row. Sarah, the eldest, married Dennis Oliver, a California pioneer who prospered greatly in the Golden State, took his family to Rome, was received by Pope Pius IX and became the Marquis d'Oliver in the Papal peerage. It was said that a brick of purest gold from one of Oliver's mines was presented to the Pope, but

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it is unlikely that this was the origin of the expression "buying a gold brick," though the elfin twinkle in the Doctor's eye as in later years he told the story to some of his friends might lead one to think so.

Though there were eleven children in the family, I have been able to gather the names of only ten. Besides Sarah, there were Peter, John, Daniel, David, Andrew, Edward, Frank, George and Mary Cecilia.

Peter McGlynn died in 1847, when Edward was ten years old, leaving his widow in fairly comfortable circumstances for the rearing of this large brood. The eldest were grown or nearly so, for in 1849 we find the four oldest boys, Peter, John, Daniel and David, joining the California gold rush. Peter, John and Daniel made their home thenceforth in California and if they came East at all it was only for brief visits. David, however, seems to have come back, for in the fall of 1851, he embarked at Liverpool on the ill-fated steamer *Arctic*, which was sunk in a collision off the banks of Newfoundland and was lost. The family tradition is that he lost his life in his efforts to save others. Elderly people will remember Henry Ward Beecher's story of *The Wreck of the Arctic*, in a school reader that was widely used sixty or seventy years ago. "The pilot stood at the wheel, and men saw him. Death sat upon the prow, and no man beheld him!"

Andrew, Edward and Frank were thought to be of priestly timber and sent to Rome in 1851.

George, the youngest boy, was born on St. Patrick's Day. A neighbor suggested that he should be named Patrick, whereupon his mother retorted: "What? Name a good American after an Irish Saint? I should say not."

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His name will be George Washington McGlynn!" And so it was.

Mary Cecilia, the youngest, a baby when her father died, was the special pet of the family and was ever closer to the Doctor than the rest of the family. Spiritually and mentally she had more "kinship" with him, a more understanding heart. In 1868 she married Ignatius Whelan, who had been a lieutenant in the Federal army during the Civil War. Four boys and two girls were born of this marriage.

That Mrs. McGlynn in rearing this large family did a good job, their lives bear witness. They constitute a standing rebuke to the advocates of "fewer and better children," for, though Edward was the only one who attained world fame, all lived lives of usefulness and honor. Not even one "black sheep" in the lot. Their mother lived to the ripe old age of 72, beloved by all who knew her.

"I remember," said Dr. McGlynn many years later, "when my sainted mother moved to what were then the outskirts of New York—to what is now Third Avenue, near Twenty-eighth Street—there came in one afternoon a priest, a man whom it was a delight to see and hear, and he informed her that he had been sent by Archbishop Hughes of the Old Cathedral to establish a new parish in that outlying district of the city. This priest's name was Dr. Jeremiah W. Cummings, and the parish of which he was making this humble beginning was then and has since been known as St. Stephen's.

"He told her that he was collecting money to purchase the ground upon which to build his modest little

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church, and by and by the ground was selected at the southeast corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street. My dear good mother gave him what he considered an extremely generous contribution. He was amazed, and said:

"What, Madam, you give so much?"

'Yes,' she said, 'there it is.'

"Oh,' said he, 'I am extremely thankful. I didn't expect anything like this.'

"And why not, Doctor?"

"I was told that you were a poor widow with eleven children, and were left a widow at an early age, and I didn't expect any such contribution as this from you.

"My mother, who had a great deal of Irish wit in her, affected to be very indignant, and said:

"I will have you to understand, Dr. Cummings, that I am rich, sir; I consider myself a millionaire. Yes, I have eleven children, and I consider every one of them worth at least a hundred thousand dollars."

Not much is known of the childhood of this lad, destined to set the souls of multitudes afire with his Inspiring eloquence, save that he attended the Thirteenth Street Grammar School and later the Free Academy which eventually became the College of the City of New York, from which he was graduated at the age of thirteen. The few things that are remembered show that he was "all boy," strong, athletic, fond of baseball (probably "old cat," from which baseball grew) and other outdoor sports. While there are extant no records of his having been particularly

angelic at this period of his life, it is certain that he avoided the vices then as always prevalent in the great city. Doubtless he

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had his share of conflicts with other boys his age, for he was Irish and a natural born fighter. His face, even in the benignity and saintliness of age, never quite lost all trace of his native pugnacity. At no time in his life did he display the qualities of a bully, however.

I met one of his parishioners at his grave in Calvary Cemetery many years ago, who told me a little story of Doctor McGlynn's boyish prowess. I found him praying at the railing surrounding the plot—an aged, wrinkled man whose appearance betokened a life of hard work. Waiting until he had finished his devotions, I accosted him:

“Did you know Father McGlynn?”

“Did I know him! I should say I did. Why, we were boys together. We went to the same school and the same church, and I belong to his old church in New York, and I'll never forgive old Corrigan for persecutin' him. I'll say I knew him. Why, we had a fight once!

It was this way. I was teasin' a dog, and when Eddie told me to leave the poor beast alone I told him to go to hell. Eddie lit into me, and begorry I thought he'd send me there before he got through. Ah, but he was a handy lad with *his* fists, God rest his soul!”

How often I have reproached myself for not having at once attached myself to that man and extracted from him many more memories of the good priest whom we both revered! But I had not then conceived the idea of Writing his life, and I did not even learn the man's flame.

In later life, in defending the public schools as compared with the earlier parochial schools of the Church, Dr. McGlynn frequently alluded to the time he had

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spent in the public schools as “good and wholesome years.~~

Upon his graduation from the Free Academy, he and his brothers, Andrew and Frank, were selected by Dr. Cummings and Bishop Hughes as promising material for the priesthood and sent to Rome to be educated at the Urban College of the Propaganda. A variant of this story is that Andrew was the choice of Dr. Cummings and Bishop Hughes, and that it was the mother's idea to send Edward and Frank also. Frank, the youngest of the three, soon decided that he had no vocation for the priesthood and took French leave of Rome, shipping as cabin boy on a ship bound for Australia, whence he made his way to California and joined his older brothers. There he married and lived the rest of his life, dying in December, 1934, at a very advanced age. Frank McGlynn, the actor, who has achieved fame for his impersonations of Abraham Lincoln, is his son. Andrew remained in Rome some two years, when ill health interrupted his studies and he returned to New York. He subsequently became a Trustee of the Free Academy.

Edward remained in Rome nine years, and was ordained a priest on March 24,

1860, in the Church of St. John Lateran.

It may not be generally known, but the College of the Propaganda is probably the most democratic institution of learning in the world. Sons of princes, nobles and peasants there mingle on the terms of equality which, religion teaches us, exist in heaven. However the aristocratic spirit may pervade other branches of

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the Papal organization, especially in its State Department, there is none of it in this school.

Here he not only absorbed the religious lore of the ages, but he learned to speak and read Italian like a native of Italy, together with Latin and Greek.

To the superiority of this school over those the Church had at that time been able to establish in America, as well as to young McGlynn's natural endowments, may be attributed that ripened scholarship and that deep and broad understanding of the problems of humanity which placed him head and shoulders above most of his associates in the priesthood of his day, and probably would have advanced him to high place in the hierarchy of the Church had not these very qualities led him to oppose plans conceived by those in authority over him. The democratic training he had received in college, consistent as it was with his ideal of American citizenship, had taken too deep a root to be eradicated. He was no "Yes" man; he must speak out/ for anything and everything he believed to be right and just.

Of his life at Rome we have only the recollections of the Rev. Drs. R. Howley and Richard Lalor Burtzell, both classmates and lifelong friends.

Shortly after Dr. McGlynn's death Dr. Howley wrote a sketch of his career for the *Dublin Irish People*, afterward reprinted in the *New York Freeman's Journal*, from which the following pertaining to his life in Rome is taken:

When I entered the Pontifical College of Propaganda in '856 it harbored a bright band of Irish and Irish-American

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students. They were conspicuous among their fellows of every clime and every complexion for a frankness and cheerfulness of character, a loyalty to rule and discipline. They were also noted for a high order of talent that brought them—as a body—to the front in every academic contest. At that time the now celebrated American College, in the Via dell' Umiltá had not been established. The American students, nearly all of immediate Irish descent, and many of Irish birth, were gathered into the Propaganda awaiting the opening of their own national institute. Among them all, Edward McGlynn was of the foremost, in or out of the class halls, when called upon to display his gifts. Otherwise he was remarkable for reticence and reserve, and for a gravity of demeanor that bordered on melancholy.

Though he was one year in advance of me when I entered the Urban College, we attended the same classes all through the theological course, and we roomed throughout six years in the same division or *camerata*.

We were intimates, as close as Dr. McGlynn's rather sombre character' permitted intimacy. He smoothed my way over many a difficulty in my philosophical course, and enlightened me often when both professor and author had left me in darkness.

How Dr. McGlynn, the most silent man in the house, attained the extraordinary fluency and elegance of Latin diction he displayed when called upon was always a marvel to me. He was not a hard student, in the sense attached to the term in our college.

He kept no portfolio and took no notes, as the rest of us did. He simply thought and meditated his way into the

1 Dr. Howley seems to have taken the seriousness with which the youthful McGlynn took his religious training for the priesthood for sombreness of character. He was really of a bright, cheery, even jolly disposition, and usually the life of any gathering in which he found himself.

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front rank. He never put questions or proposed difficulties to the professors, as many inferior men were accustomed to do, ostentatiously. He never spoke at all till asked to do so, but then he spoke profoundly and to the purpose.

In his own undemonstrative way, he was at once an ascetic within and an unrivaled athlete without the college walls. These remarks sum up his life as a student.

Before his ordination, the American College was established and opened by Pius IX. Dr. McGlynn, still a student, and scarcely twenty-three years of age, was appointed as vice-rector under the well-known Irish Benedictine (afterward abbot of his order in Rome), the Very Rev. Bernard Smith. This was a mark of the confidence and esteem in which he was held by his Roman superiors. Soon after this, Dr. McCloskey, later Bishop of Louisville, Ky., was appointed President of the new college. The old staff then retired and Dr. McGlynn proceeded to his diocese.

According to Dr. Burtzell, Dr. McGlynn was in Rome “the recognized and loved leader of his class,” and was graduated with the highest honors, taking that rare reward, the gold medal for proficiency in all his studies. He received his title as Doctor of Philosophy and Sacred Theology at the age of twenty-three.

THE LIFE OF A PRIEST

Dr. McGlynn returned to his native land only a few months before the awful war between the States sundered family and church as well as political ties. He was first assigned to St. Joseph’s Church on Sixth Avenue, New York, as assistant to its famous pastor, Father Thomas Farrell, known far and wide for his liberal ideas, an uncompromising opponent of chattel slavery,

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and a staunch friend and supporter of Abraham Lincoln. Needless to say, there was no narrowing of his religious views while associated with Father Farrell.

He was afterward appointed acting pastor of St. Brigid’s Church on Avenue B, and later went to St. James’s Church in the lower part of the city, from whence he went to St. Ann’s, established in a church formerly of a Protestant sect, acquired in order to give a pastorate to Father Forbes, converted pastor of Trinity Church. In

all these charges he threw himself so earnestly and self-forgettingly into his work that his health became impaired. The war, with its sacrifices, casualties, sickness and fears, made life doubly hard for clergymen of all denominations, but on none of the Protestant clergy was the burden to be compared with that laid upon the parish priests of the Roman Catholic Church.

Finally he broke down under the strain, and a hemorrhage ensuing, an early end of his career was feared by his friends. He recovered after a short rest, however, and during the later years of the war he was made chaplain of the Military Hospital in Central Park, where his duties were less arduous and confining.

In the fall of 1865 his old pastor, Dr. Cummings, whose health was failing, asked the Bishop to have his young protege assigned to him as an assistant. The request was granted, and Dr. McGlynn came back to his old parish, St. Stephen's, only to become its pastor a few months later upon the death of Dr. Cummings. He was then in his twenty-ninth year, an early age at which to be entrusted with the spiritual welfare of a parish of 25,000 souls—a parish which at that time outranked

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in numbers and importance many if not most of the dioceses of the country.

Of the life of a Catholic priest among his parishioners strange tales are told by those who know nothing about it. Once in a blue moon it happens that some man unworthy of the calling abuses its privileges, confidences and honors, just as such are found occasionally among the Protestant clergy, but they are no more representative in the one case than in the other. Few are the *Elmer Gantrys* in any denomination, and nowhere do they gravitate to places of high responsibility, power and honor. Rather they are thrown out as soon as found out, for they usually betray themselves before they have gone far.

The story of Pat, envious of the priest's easy life, and promised ten dollars if he would accompany him on his rounds among the sick and distressed for just one day, is more like the truth. Pat balked at the second or third visit when he learned that the sick person next on the list was suffering from a contagious disease. Father Damien's name stands high in the roster of Catholic priests who have martyred themselves to relieve the sufferings of others, but only God knows how many priests have done and are doing much the same thing in a less spectacular way in obscurity.

It requires as great a stock of vitality, cheerfulness and good humor to be a priest as to be a physician, for the tales of woe they have to listen to, returning whatever of comfort and blessing they can, must be most depressing, as must also be many of the things they hear in the confessional.

Let their housekeeping staffs, usually composed of

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middle-aged or elderly women of good family and irreproachable character, tell you, as they have told me, of the good priest's return after a hard day of visiting, comforting and relieving the poor and afflicted, worn out and heart-sick with what he has seen and heard, yet putting on a cheerful demeanor to meet callers whose distress has impelled them to come to the parish house for counsel or help.

It is easy to question the policy of the Church which exacts from those who devote their lives to its work the vow of celibacy, saying it segregates the best of its blood in the priesthood, monasteries and convents, while it breeds from its second grade stock, but there is much that can be said for it. Men and women with family ties and children dependent on them could not possibly do the work that is done by those whose devotion has led them to relinquish voluntarily the sweetest relations of life.

In the early years of his pastorate of St. Stephen's Church, on the New York East Side, the young priest had to deal with an abnormal share of the seamy side of life. Some men, perhaps most, might have been hardened by it, but not Dr. McGlynn. The greater the demands on his compassion, the greater and more divine that compassion grew; but it did not spend itself entirely in the relief of suffering. Instead, we find him at this period much given to pondering the problem of what caused the continuing flow of misery in a world which, his religion taught him, a wise and beneficent Providence had made perfect. That man's sin had spoiled it was obvious, but this was not specific enough

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to explain. What had man done amiss that would adequately account for it?

The first fifteen or sixteen years of his pastorate brought events, changes and problems which, however baffling they were to all concerned, served to develop him, mentally and spiritually. The first part of this period covered the "boom" years that followed the Civil War, and the second portion covered the hard times that followed the bursting of that boom. It was a period of heavy immigration from Europe as the poor of the old countries sought this land of opportunity, many of them getting no further into it than the principal port of entry, New York City.

It was a period when the Catholic Church was exerting itself to the utmost to keep up with the incoming tide of immigration, to provide churches and pastors for the preservation of the faith among these newcomers, that no soul might be lost to the Church. The great bulk of the membership were working people, poor in this world's goods, and the vicissitudes of life left many widows and orphans to be cared for. Nobly they did this work. One of Dr. McGlynn's first acts was the establishment of an orphan asylum in his parish.

Probably it was the pressing necessity of these and kindred works that led him to regard as unnecessary, or at least premature, the establishment of parochial schools, an attitude that first got him in conflict with the higher ecclesiastical authorities of the Church. Had it not been for this, it is probable that he would have risen to high dignities in the Church, but then he would not have been the Dr. McGlynn that we know. The reasons he gave for taking that attitude are plain

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enough, and to a non-Catholic seem most convincing. He was himself a product of the public schools, as were nearly all American-born Catholics of his day, and had encountered there no more deleterious influences than could be found anywhere else. He felt, too, that the first duty of the Church was to teach the Gospel rather than secular knowledge. Moreover, very few parochial schools had been

established here prior to 1870, and those which could rank with the public schools in the quality of the secular education imparted were fewer still, for the Church here at that time had neither the money nor the body of scholarship necessary to create numerous schools of high standard.

With demands for charity for all purposes so heavy (and nowhere were they heavier than in his own parish), no further explanation of his opposition to the Church schools would seem necessary, but his chief objection appears to have been the fear that they would tend to create a cleavage, a spirit of intolerance and disunity, in our American citizenship which would work harm not only to the country but to the Church itself. He appears never to have been convinced that the future of Catholicism in the United States depended on the three R's and religion being taught by the same teachers, and he never established a parochial school in his parish.

~I Looked at from the author's viewpoint, this whole dispute over religious instruction in the public schools seems rather foolish on the part of all concerned. It is in those things on which all the churches are agreed, not in their disagreements, that the essential truths of religion are to be found, and it ought not to be difficult

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for men of good will from all denominations to get together, draw up a program embodying their agreements, and agree that these things should be taught to children of all faiths. In their respective churches and Sunday schools each could supplement this with its own peculiar dogmas to its heart's content. One thing is certain—while each Church insists on the teaching of its own special interpretations to the exclusion of others, no religion at all can be taught to large masses

of our children.

Though Dr. McGlynn's feeling toward the parochial schools was shared by many other priests, and endeared him to the masses both within and without the Church, it cost him to a great degree the confidence of the higher Catholic prelates. It is probable also that his rise to eminence in the community at large earned for him no little amount of jealousy among some of these officials. It could not well have been otherwise, for even eminent ecclesiastics are human.

NOT A MERE SECTARIAN

Early in his pastorate at St. Stephen's it became evident that Dr. McGlynn was not narrowly sectarian. Staunch he was in observing the forms and spirit of worship of the Catholic Church, yet he had the charity and understanding of his Master to perceive that men may in other forms worship God in spirit and in truth. If ever Christendom is to be reunited in a universal church it will be by religious leaders of Dr. McGlynn's character and calibre, for he was one of those souls who, as they rise to higher spiritual levels, draw men more and more after them.

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St. Stephen's became a sort of Mecca sought by many visitors to New York,

whether Catholic or Protestant, Gentile or Jew. The great fund of historical information which the Doctor brought into discussions of the problems of the age, illumined by the charm of his personality and loveliness of his character, was the magnet which brought them. High ecclesiastics from all parts of the country and the world made it a point as they passed through the American metropolis to see him, if possible, and his influence extended far beyond his own Church.

Thus it came about that he was frequently called upon to speak in behalf of worthy causes, charitable, religious, and for the public welfare, and to these calls he generously responded (whenever possible). His oratorical powers were of the highest. He was of impressive height—6 feet 2 inches—and carried his two hundred pounds or more with poise and grace. He never seemed to strive for oratorical effect, but in the power to move the souls of men he had no superior among the great orators of his day and few if any equals. Nor was he in any sense a “religious mystic,” for in his highest flights of spiritual exaltation he never lost touch with the rationality, the sweet reasonableness, of true religion. “Is it right? Is it just?” was his test for all questions of policy, and for mere expediency he had a deep and abiding contempt.

His prominence among the New York clergy was achieved by no sudden leap to fame. It began with his work among the poor, which was marked by utter selflessness, personal charm, geniality and loveliness. But it was his profound learning, excellent judgment

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and brilliant conversational and oratorical powers, born of a fund of varied information, which inevitably carried him to leadership. From this vantage point he preached incessantly the *Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man*, asserting that the one conception was impossible without the other.

His fraternizing with clergymen of other denominations was too cordial to please those steeped in the conviction that the Roman Catholic Church was the only true Church and all others rebellious counterfeits. Thus we find him, early in 1886, sternly rebuked by Archbishop Corrigan for appearing on the same public platform with Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Howard Crosby. Even Christendom itself could not contain his broad catholicism, for many years later Rabbi Veld of Temple Beth Jacob, Newburgh, New York, at a service in memory of Dr. McGlynn, compared him with no less a personage in Jewish history than Moses the Lawgiver, and as an instance of the universality of his religion, told how the Doctor had given voluntarily of his time and money, when money was scarce indeed, toward the completion of the Jewish synagogue on Twenty-ninth Street, New York City. Rabbi Stephen Wise has also told this story.

That he never allowed his public activities to interfere with his priestly duties in St. Stephen's Parish is evidenced in the way in which every man, woman and child in the parish idolized him, and in the innumerable tales told of his devotion to those duties and his charities in connection therewith. The salaries of Catholic priests do not run to large figures. Father McGlynn's salary as pastor of St. Stephen's was only \$800 a year,

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and it would appear that he spent comparatively little of this on himself.

Of his priestly life Dr. Howley, in the article in the *Dublin Irish People* previously quoted from, has given us an illuminating picture:

It was my lot to have known Dr. McGlynn even more intimately in his pastoral life than in his student days. Partly as a guest, partly as a clerical assistant, I lived with him in St. Stephen's, off and on, for several years. He was untiring in his devotion to duty—especially in the Confessional, where he almost lived—and he took a holy pride in all that contributed to the adornment and beauty of his church and the attractiveness of its services.

Thus St. Stephen's became noted, beyond all the churches of New York, for the splendor of its equipment, and, above all, for the exquisite charm of its sacred music.

Charitable to all men, courteous and respectful to all classes—to the poorest especially—Dr. McGlynn had one dominant feeling, displayed in deeds throughout his career. This was a high ideal of the sacred priesthood and a lavish exercise of good offices toward his brethren of the clergy, particularly toward any who were in difficulties, or even in disgrace. It was sufficient for any priest to be in trouble to secure for him a home in Dr. McGlynn's house, and comfort and courage in his counsel.

I often knew him to give up his own bed, the house being small for the number of assistants required in such a parish, to a priest in distress. Even his very clothes—and his own wardrobe was ever badly furnished—he gave time and again to the ill-clad wanderer who came to seek his aid and hospitality.

Curiously enough, his giving of his own wardrobe was the cause of a wild disturbance of the public mind in

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Newburgh many years later when a man wearing a garment with Dr. McGlynn's name on it was found drowned in the Hudson.

While the Doctor was not an absolute prohibitionist, he used wines, beers and liquor very sparingly. Stories of his being found drunk arose from the fact that the kind ladies of his parish heaped shirts and jackets upon him with his name conspicuously embroidered thereon. These he gave away generally to derelicts who came begging, and when one of them was later picked up in the street, the only identifying mark on the down-and-outer would be "Dr. Edward McGlynn."

To continue Dr. Howley's story:

The instances are innumerable where he had clergymen in passing trouble restored to the favor of their Diocesan and the exercise of their functions. This love for the sacred priesthood and care for all enrolled in its body was almost a passion with him.

He established in the basement of his church a preparatory school (a sort of *petit seminaire*) for the instruction of poor but worthy young men of the parish who manifested signs of a vocation to the priesthood. Here they received the

preliminary knowledge requisite for entrance to an ecclesiastical college, Dr. McGlynn himself defraying the expenses of this establishment.

Some were young clerks in various stores, others even poorer and less provided for than they. I have in my memory at this moment several whose first step toward the altar was planted on the flags of this underground crypt of St. Stephen's Church. Some of them in Rome, Ireland and elsewhere became distinguished students and are now devoted and successful missionaries.

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In accord with his zeal in this direction, Dr. McGlynn prepared a lecture on "The Christian Priesthood" which he delivered from hundreds of altars and platforms throughout the country. It was a magnificent presentment of the sacerdotal dignity and duties. He seemed as one inspired when delivering it.

It was his lofty love of his order that made him the refuge of many a troubled heart among his confreres.

What could be more natural than that this great heart and mind, puzzled by the persistence of the vast ocean of human misery that swirled about him in a world so rich in all the things needed for the well-being of humanity, and doing all in his power to relieve it, should have been won at once to the philosophy of Henry George, which asserted that this distress resulted not from God's incompetence or neglect, but from man's own ignorance and perversion of natural—or divine—economic laws? He saw in the Georgean philosophy the spirit of the old Mosaic law, "the profit of the earth is for all,"² whereby the wise King Solomon had raised Israel to unprecedented prosperity and grandeur.

Dr. McGlynn's first public appearance as a champion of the public schools as against parochial schools was in an interview published in the *New York Sun* on April 30, 1870. The publication of this interview incensed those clerics who had induced Tammany Hall legislators to appropriate public funds for the support of Catholic schools, the exposure of which had come at the time of the exposure of the Tweed ring's peculations. Archbishop McCloskey had been urged then to

² Eccles. v, 9.

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take action against the young priest because of this interview, but had firmly refused thus to aggravate the scandal.

Several years later Dr. McGlynn was appointed to a Church commission to consider the school question in all its bearings and to discuss it at a conference on moral theology. The Doctor later believed his appointment had been suggested by his opponents on the question, one of whom was Dr. Preston, later Vicar General under Archbishop Corrigan, in the hope that he might be "smoked out" on the issue and his influence broken.

However that may be, he did not hesitate to give full rein to an expression of his belief that "it is not necessary that secular instruction should be imparted by the same person, in the same room, or on the same day of the week, as religious instruction," and that "priests were sent by their Master to preach the gospel, to administer the sacraments, and to do charity, rather than play the pedagogue for secular instruction."

But he also had some shot for the Protestants on this issue, for in a public statement he said:

The reading of the Bible in the public schools is maintained as a kind of fetich, not so much for any great religious value it can have for anybody under the circumstances, as because it gratifies a certain pharisaical sense of religiosity, or, worse, the wretched ascendancy of one set of religionists over another, or, still worse, of religionists over non-religionists, in schools which by their very name of “public” or “common” proclaim the essential injustice of such ascendancy.

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If his speech before the conference failed to make him popular with the proponents of parochial schools, his public statement failed to suit the ultra-Protestants. Though truth is guaranteed to make man free, few things are more unpopular than the truth, which in this ease would have been an influence to bring the various Christian denominations together.

THE DAVITT MEETING

To see in true perspective the controversy which arose between Dr. McGlynn and Archbishop Corrigan over the land question, we must review events here and abroad several years prior to the breaking out of the controversy itself. Contrary to a widespread belief at the time, it did not begin with the speech the Doctor made in Chickering Hall in behalf of Henry George’s candidacy for the Mayoralty of New York City in 1886.

In 188t, the agitation waged by the Irish Land League was in full flower in Ireland, and Henry George was in that country as correspondent of the *Irish World*, published by Patrick Ford in New York, who was aiding the agitation and raising funds for its sustenance.

Progress and Poverty had been published in New York early in 1880 by D. Appleton and Company. A young man named A. J. Steers was in the employ of the publishing house and was captivated by the book. He soon became acquainted with its author. Some time later he gave a copy of the book to Dr. McGlynn, who found it “the thing he long had sought and mourned because he found it not”—a rational explanation of the topsy-turviness of the world and the reason why those who did the world’s work seldom got more than

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a bare living and often not even that. Of his state of mind before reading this book Dr. McGlynn said later:

I had begun to feel life made a burden by the never. ending procession of men, women and children coming to my door begging not so much for alms as for employment; not asking for food, but for my influence and letters of recommendation, and personally appealing to me to obtain *for them an opportunity*

of working for their daily bread. I felt that, no matter how much I might give them, even though I reserved nothing for myself, even though I involved myself hopelessly in debt, I could accomplish nothing. I began to ask myself, “Is there no remedy? Is this God’s order that the poor shall be constantly becoming poorer in all our large cities, the world over?”

Much reading and thought he gave to *Progress and Poverty*. He discussed it with his friends, both clerical and lay, and many of them came to view it as he did. In one of his speeches recorded by Sylvester Malone he described his reaction to it in these words:

I found an excellent exposition of the industrial and social condition of man in Henry George’s book, a poem of philosophy, a prophecy and prayer. In language rare and unequalled the author presents a picture of perishing lives, and in glowing poetic language tells of God’s bounties to His children, but that somehow with the increase of the use of wealth there is an increase of poverty, and where there is the congregation of the greatest wealth, by its side is the greatest poverty and misery.

I had never found so clear an exposition of the cause of the trouble, involuntary poverty, and its remedy, as I found in that monumental work.

I became all aglow with a new and clearer light that had

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come to my mind in such full consonance with all my thoughts and aspirations from my earliest childhood, and I did, as best I could, what I could to justify the teachings of that great work based upon the essence of all religion—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

The concluding chapter of *Progress and Poverty* is more like the utterance of an inspired seer of Israel, or of some ecstatic contemplating the great processes of eternity, than the utterance of a mere political economist.

The book had found its way to Ireland, where it was rapturously received by large numbers. Irish affairs were by 1882 in a very bad way. In all parts of the country Land League agitators were being regularly jailed— Henry George himself not escaping arrest—landlords were being mercilessly boycotted, business was at a standstill and famine pervaded many parts of the island. In the course of these disturbances the Right Rev. Dr. Thomas Nulty, Bishop of Meath, wrote a pastoral letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese in which occurred the following rather revolutionary passage:

The land of every country is the gift of the Creator to the people of that country. It is the patrimony and inheritance bequeathed to them by their common Father, out of which they by continuous labor and toil provide themselves with everything they require for their maintenance and support, for their material comfort and enjoyment. God was perfectly free in the act by which He created us; but, having created us, He bound Himself by that act to provide us with the means necessary to our subsistence. The land is the only means of this kind now known to us.

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The land, therefore, of every country is the common property of the people of that country. . . . Any settlement of the land of a country which would exclude the humblest man of that country from his share in the common inheritance would be not only an injustice and a wrong to that man, but, moreover, would be an impious resistance to the benevolent intentions of the Creator.

This the Land Leaguers took up and circulated widely. Henry George wrote to Ford (December 28, 1881):

The thing is beginning to tell. It is going all over the country and some of the priests are distributing it. It is getting posted up and the Tory press and all the English papers are reprinting it as an outrageous *official* declaration of Communism from a Catholic source; and from all I have heard of their temper, I shall be surprised if the English prelates don't try to raise a row at Rome about it.~

George was right. Bishop Nulty was made to feel the displeasure of some of the higher Catholic authorities for thus declaring common rights in God's footstool, and some time later Mr. George wrote Patrick Ford again:

Bishop Nulty told me that the English Catholics and the Irish Catholic land owners have been deluging Rome with complaints. But, he said, the Pope is a man of strong common sense, and has refused so far to interfere.~

While the land interests of the United Kingdom were thus bringing every possible pressure to bear on the Pope to have the Irish Land League condemned as a

3-4 *Life of Henry George*, by Henry George, Jr.

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sedition disturber of the peace and destroyer of property rights, Michael Davitt, a leader of the Land Leaguers and heartily approving of the Georgean method of settling the land question by the taxation of its rental value, found himself out of sympathy with the merely political Home Rule program of Charles Stewart Parnell, whose friends taunted Davitt with having been "captured by Henry George, a foreigner." He was sensitive to the taunt, and so, when he came to the United States in 1882 to solicit assistance in Ireland's battle for freedom, he was embarrassed by the wrangling between the Parnellite and Ford factions here and made to feel that he must free himself from the suspicion that Henry George was his master. He did this in a speech at Cooper Union in August, 1882.

But he was followed by Dr. McGlynn, who took sharp issue with him, speaking straight on the lines of "the land for the people." The speech was a masterpiece of its kind, and in concluding it the Doctor said:

If I might take the liberty of advising Mr. Davitt, I would say: "Explain away not one tittle of it, but preach the gospel in its purity." I say it is good gospel, not only for Ireland, but for England, for Scotland, and for America, too. And if in this country we do not yet feel quite so much the terrible pressure of numbers upon the

land, the same terrible struggle between progress and poverty as is felt in other lands, no thanks are due at all to our political system, but thanks only to the bounties of nature and to the millions of acres of virgin lands with which God has blessed us. But when these virgin lands shall have been occupied; when the population shall have increased here as it has elsewhere in proportion to our extent of tern-

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tory. we shall have the same problems to solve, and the sooner we solve them the better. . . . And, lest any timid, scrupulous soul might fear that I am falling into the arms of Henry George, I say that I stand on the same platform with Bishop Nulty of Meath, Ireland. But for that matter—to let you into a secret—my private opinion is, that if I had to fall into the arms of anybody, I don't know a man into whose arms I would be more willing to fall than into the arms of Henry George.

He was cheered to the limit. At this time Dr. McGlynn and Henry George had not met. The Doctor was a revelation to Patrick Ford, but to Henry George, when he heard of and read this and other speeches of the Doctor as published by the *Irish World*, he was more than that—he was a veritable “Peter the Hermit.” He wrote to Ford privately: “If Davitt's trip had no other result, it was well worth while. To start such a man is worth a trip around the world three times over. He is an army with banners.”

The Doctor's speeches found their way, not only to Ireland, but to England and to Rome, where repercussions greater than those aroused in this country followed, for those who desired to suppress the Irish Land League and its aims redoubled their complaints against the agitators who were so obviously bent on “turning the world upside down.”

In Rome Cardinal Simeoni was Prefect of the Propaganda, favorably inclined to the “restoration of order in Ireland.” His function it was to see that priests and prelates in all parts of the world continued steadfast in the faith and preached only true Catholic doctrine. To him, Dr. McGlynn's land-for-the-people doctrine was,

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clearly enough, an attack on the sacred rights of property, and therefore Socialism.

There is no evidence that Pope Leo XLII then had any knowledge of Dr. McGlynn's speech or of the furor it was creating in the United Kingdom. The matter, obviously, was within Cardinal Simeoni's province, and he sent forthwith to Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, an order for the silencing of “the priest McGlynn”—even his suspension, if the Archbishop thought it necessary.

The Archbishop did not think suspension necessary. He called Dr. McGlynn to a conference, where the Doctor explained his ideas regarding land tenure to the satisfaction of his superior, who advised that he make no more speeches on the Irish Land League and its objectives, which advice the Doctor promised to follow.

Subsequently Dr. McGlynn was asked if he would speak at a meeting whose purpose was the raising of funds for Irish charity, to feed the starving peasants of

Ireland. He would and he did. Though it was not a political meeting, the Doctor could not resist letting his audience know what he thought was the reason the Irish peasants were starving. This brought further and stronger remonstrances from Cardinal Simeoni, another conference with Archbishop McCloskey, and a promise to steer clear of Irish affairs altogether.

“I made this promise,” he said some five years later, “not because I acknowledged the right of my superior ecclesiastical officers to forbid me, but because I knew too well their power to impair or destroy my usefulness

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in the ministry of Christ’s Church, to which I had consecrated my life.”

Cardinal Simeoni made several attempts to get from Dr. McGlynn a retraction or modification of his expressed beliefs regarding landed property, but did not succeed.

Dr. Michael Augustine Corrigan, formerly Bishop of Newark, N. J., was Archbishop McCloskey’s coadjutor bishop throughout these exchanges, and all the correspondence passed through his hands. On the death of Archbishop McCloskey in 1885 he succeeded to that office.

It is interesting to note that the first thing Henry George did on his return to the United States was to call upon Dr. McGlynn. Of this meeting, Henry George, Jr., in writing the life of his father, said: “Each was quite captivated by the other, and so began the friendship between ‘the priest and the prophet.’”