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ON NOVEMBER 2, 1894, Dr. McGlynn addressed a large audience in Chicago, his subject being "Economic Righteousness." The substance of this talk was that, economics being a matter of human relations, it was necessary that these relations be established on a basis of justice and freedom. He concluded the address with language that fairly transcends that of Isaiah, as he drew a picture of the civilization to come when men shall have learned and followed the way drawn by God:

We admire the perfect reign of law in the visible universe that has produced all this wondrous, this magnificent panorama of beauty, but the mind of the Father has designed a more wonderful world of more perfect beauty in human society, the reign of a moral law that enormously transcends the mere physical law.

I believe that the world is still young. I believe that the world is only fairly beginning. I believe that the field has so far only been barely cleared for action. I believe that the new forces that have come into play almost in our own time, under the guiding providence of God, are preparing wonders of advancement of civilization, of knowledge, of unity for the human family, such as the world has scarcely ever hitherto dared to dream of. It has been the tendency of man for thousands of years to look back to a fancied golden age from which they were, as it were, further and further departing, the lingering rays of whose sunset were

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becoming less and less. The tendency of the men of our time, I think, should be to look not at the sunset, but to the sunburst, to look into the future rather than to the past, to feel that a truth has been given to the world, a grace, a vocation, which, if they shall not be entirely unworthy, may well put to shame all the boasted glories of the past.

Those who heard it declared it to have been one of the greatest efforts of his career, yet, most of the papers gave only inadequate reports of it and I am indebted to Sylvester Malone's memorial book for this and other gems of his thought. Though restored to the priesthood, he was still without a church and the prospect that he would ever again have one seemed to be growing dim. He was again "dropping out of the news," which probably was most gratifying to Archbishop Corrigan, who by this time must have had enough of the disputatious comments of the press on his restoration. These comments had shifted from the pros and cons of his excommunication to the pros and cons of his restoration over the Archbishop's head without a recantation of the doctrine so distasteful to the latter.

Suddenly, two full years after having expressed his pleasure at Dr. McGlynn's restoration to communion and to the priesthood, the Archbishop assigned him to St. Mary's Church, Newburgh, New York, where a vacancy occurred by reason of the transfer of a priest to another parish.

Dr. McGlynn had spoken in Newburgh several times during the period of his excommunication, was highly esteemed, and the St. Mary's parishioners were

much pleased at his being sent to them. Moreover, Newburgh sentiment in general was friendly to him, wherefore it

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is not surprising that his reception was cordial on all sides. But both Newburgh and the St. Mary's parishioners were surprised by what followed.

From the time Archbishop Corrigan assigned his 'ugly duckling' to St. Mary's, the parish house of that church became in its turn a Mecca for many of the brightest minds in and out of church circles who were intent on doing something for their fellows. Eminent clergymen and dignitaries of his own and other Christian churches were among them. It was a case of "Where MacGregor sits is the head of the table." Locally, his influence quickly manifested itself in a notable softening and allaying of anti-Catholic prejudices, which are generally stronger in the smaller interior cities and towns than in the great cities.

Dr. McGlynn's pastorate of St. Mary's began on January 1, 1895. A few months later a committee of one of the Protestant churches in a town in the interior of Orange County, of which Newburgh is the county seat, invited the Doctor to deliver a lecture without having first consulted their pastor about it. The Doctor accepted the invitation. When the pastor of the church learned about it he was deeply offended and demanded that the invitation be withdrawn. The committee offered to resign instead, and, much against his wishes, the pastor allowed the lecture to go on without a public protest. He even attended the lecture, but in no happy frame of mind. As Dr. McGlynn proceeded with his talk, the pastor's face was seen to brighten, and the finish found him a warm admirer of the priest. He confessed and apologized for his antagonistic attitude and

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cordially invited him to lecture in his church again at some future time. They became warm friends.

Indeed, no prejudice could stand long before the good priest's oft-repeated assertion of the truth that "We cannot recognize the Fatherhood of God without at the same time recognizing the Brotherhood of Man everywhere under the sun."

In my recent pilgrimage to Newburgh to meet and talk with those who knew the Doctor in the closing years of his life, I heard much of the friendship of Dr. McGlynn and the Rev. Ferdinand C. Iglehart, pastor of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, not far from St. Mary's. They were often seen walking and talking together, the Doctor smiling, the Methodist clergyman more serious. Their friendship afforded the members of Trinity and other Protestant churches opportunity to enjoy a number of interesting and informing lectures in the various church halls and lecture rooms by the famous orator-priest. One of the first of these, "The Ideal Commonwealth," delivered on Washington's Birthday, 1895, soon after his assignment to Newburgh, was published by the Newburgh Historical Society.

Three other great lectures are still remembered by the elderly citizens of Newburgh of all faiths or none:

"Twenty Centuries of English History," "The Destinies of the English-Speaking Race" (one of his favorite topics), and "The Cavaliers and Roundheads." In these

discourses there was so much of “a plague on both your houses” or “alas, the woes of childhood” spirit as to offend none but the most bigoted of “religionists” on either side of the ecclesiastical fence. The Doctor was a learned etymologist, and in these lectures he fre

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quently digressed to trace English words back to their continental sources. “Why are our words for our domestic animals of Saxon origin, while the words for their flesh are French? Because the Saxons, subject to their Norman conquerors, raised the cows, bullocks, calves, sheep, swine, etc., while their Norman masters ate beef, veal, mutton, pork, etc.”

He was scheduled to deliver in the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church on November 24, 1899, a lecture on “Socialism,” but his final illness prevented it.

It was common comment that the Doctor, even in his most important addresses and lectures, used no notes. That well-stocked mind needed none. He had a prodigious memory, which apparently was so card-indexed that he could draw at will from it whatever he wanted. This habit he formed at Rome, where he never made notes of the lectures as other students did, and it remained with him through life. He could listen to another speaker, and afterward rise and discuss point by point what had been said. The writer heard him on a number of occasions in New York City, and the only thing he ever saw him read in the course of a speech was a newspaper clipping, on which he proceeded to comment.

In fact, Dr. McGlynn wrote very little. Some of his relatives have told me that he was the worst correspondent in the world, and this has made the collection of facts on his life a rather difficult matter. Autograph letters by him are rare. I have but one, written to Benjamin Doblin, New York City, from St. Mary’s Rectory in Newburgh on February 18, 1899, accepting an invitation to address the Manhattan Single Tax Club

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at their Jefferson Day Dinner. It could scarcely have been more “skeletonized” had it been written to save telegraph charges.

In the year following the Doctor’s assignment to Newburgh some enthusiastic Philadelphians, believers in the Georgan economic philosophy, conceived the idea of giving the world an object lesson in the virtues of the Single Tax by “capturing” some state where the philosophy could be put into effect by the concentration of all state and local taxation on the value of land. The neighboring state of Delaware was selected as the most promising field, because it was a small state and suffering severely from “rack-renting” in its farming regions. A campaign of education unique in conception and execution ensued, in which eminent lights of the movement like Henry George, Louis F. Post, Ernest Crosby of the New York Legislature, William Lloyd Garrison, 2nd, James A. Hearne, the actor, Thomas G. Shearman (author of “Natural Taxation”), Judge James G. Maguire (Congressman from California) and Dr. McGlynn himself journeyed to Wilmington and other Delaware cities to speak for it.

Dr. McGlynn’s Wilmington speech was published in full by *Justice*, a Wilmington paper established to aid in the movement, and thereby hangs a tale.

Years later, knowing the Doctor's habit of planning his speeches in his head and delivering them apparently extemporaneously, and that *Justice* had no stenographer, I asked the late Arthur C. Pleydell, who had been the editor of *Justice*, how he got that speech.

'That is an untold story,' he said, and forthwith related the following:

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A Philadelphia law firm got an order for a stenographic report of the address Dr. McGlynn was to deliver in the Wilmington Opera House on February 2, 1896. It was stipulated that two of their best stenographers, one of whom should be a Catholic and one a Protestant or Jew, should separately "take" the speech. One of these stenographers gave us a carbon copy of his typed report of the address. I don't know where the order to the Philadelphia law firm came from, but I can guess, and so can you.

I could, and I suppose the reader also can.

The announced title of Dr. McGlynn's Wilmington address was "The Politics of the Lord's Prayer," and for two hours he kept an audience that filled the Opera House enthralled as he elaborated on the political significance of "Thy will be done *on earth* as it is in heaven.~~

On May 29 of the same year the people of New Castle, Delaware, had the pleasure of listening to the Doctor.

On this occasion *Justice* had no stenographer to take his speech, but some gems were captured, nevertheless.

His opening remarks are worth preserving:

If it were true that I have degraded religion by appearing on what is called a secular platform to take part in what is a merely political campaign, I should hang my head in shame, strike at my breast and cry the confession "I have sinned!" But I am here because I am still hoping, speaking, laboring, and praying for the coming of a day that shall fulfill the Father's promise to all His children, when the prayer of Christ will be answered: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done *on earth* as it is in heaven."

At the Lincoln Birthday celebration in Newburgh in 1897 there was a notable gathering of famous speakers

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—Rev. Dr. John Hall of New York, Dr. McGlynn, Rev.

J. W. F. Carlisle and Frances Willard. Dr. Hall, presiding, observed in his opening address that "There is no surer test of genuine greatness than when, the further a man recedes into the past in history, the larger he grows.

The other speakers paid their tributes to the great Emancipator in fitting terms which have often been repeated in the years following. Dr. McGlynn was the last speaker. He summed up the remarks of the previous speakers and added some thoughts of his own that 'gave the name Lincoln new lustre and brought forth rapturous applause. Observing that Lincoln's objectives far outdistanced his

accomplishments and afforded goals for succeeding generations to aim at, he submitted that the magnitude and character of a man's failures were an indispensable element in the appraising of his greatness. The secret of the growth of Lincoln's fame with the lapse of time was the growth of the public appreciation of his objectives.

The press, reporting the exercises, commented on the singularity of divines of different creeds standing on the same platform and forgetting their differences to emphasize their agreements on matters pertaining to humanity. It was one of the fruits of Dr. McGlynn's influence, and his memory will yet stand the test of Dr. Hall's measure of "genuine greatness."

A lady in Cornwall, just south of Newburgh, told me of an incident that endeared Father McGlynn to the good people of her village. The New York State Legislature had a short time before passed a "local option" law by which any township desiring to do so could

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abolish saloons within its jurisdiction, and a hot local campaign on the issue was under way. The Doctor was asked to aid the anti-saloon party with a speech on the subject and consented, rising from a sick bed to do so. His speech seems to have been the one thing needed, for the anti-saloon people carried the election by a comfortable margin. The Doctor, while no teetotaler, was himself most temperate in the use of wines, beers and liquors, but was a devout believer in the right of every community to regulate or abolish the trade of liquor as it saw fit. But by the same token he was opposed to general prohibition by which a community could be forced to accept a law to which the general sentiment was opposed.

RESULTS OF SATOLLI'S MISSION

In *The Forum* of February, 1897, appeared another article by Dr. McGlynn, its occasion being the departure of Cardinal Satolli for Rome and the appointment of Archbishop Martinelli as Apostolic Delegate to succeed him. It was a sequel to his former letter in the September, 1893, number. Under the caption "The Results of Cardinal Satolli's Mission" he compared conditions in the American Church as Satolli had found them and as he left them, saying in part:

Until recent years, the Catholic Church in this country was governed by what might be called, without invidiousness, a benevolent paternal despotism. While the bishop was reasonably sure of a fixity of life-tenure, everything else depended on his will, subject only to very general laws of the Church, and with little or no regard to the body of jurisprudence and procedure known as the Canon Law.

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In fact, in view of the supposed missionary stage of the existence of the Church in America, it was not uncommonly thought that the Canon Law had nothing to do with us.

Too often there was neglect of duty, remissness in remedying evils; at times

unnecessary burdens were laid upon the people, and harsh treatment was awarded to priests; and for all these grievances there was little or no redress. Remonstrances were readily construed into disrespect, and individuals felt that they could complain only at their peril. The only chances of redress for these evils lay in a recourse to Rome; and in view of the distance, the difference of language, the long delays, the great expense and difficulty in producing witnesses and documents, there was, for the great majority of the aggrieved, no redress at all. .

All experience teaches that, in nature and in human society, great things do not attain their growth and perfection suddenly or with great rapidity. Yet from the very beginning of his administration and in the nearly four years of its duration, Mgr. Satolli has done, in numerous instances and many directions, more than enough to justify the Pope's judgment and expectation that the Delegation would do much to remedy the evils and to supply the wants referred to in the earlier part of this article, and to cause the Catholic Church in America to make a distinct and great advance toward a future that shall be worthier of her high vocation and of the great people amid whom her lot is happily cast. Time and again he has lifted oppressive burdens from clergy and people, righted wrongs, compelled the tempering of justice with mercy, made judicial hearings accessible and easy; and, by the happy interposition of his authority and by his tact and good offices, he has been able to bring about reconciliations and compromises extra-judicially.

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The mere presence of such a man, invested with such authority, has prevented much matter for discord and litigation. It has made cautious some prelates who, in their inexperience, or excessive estimate of their own authority, would otherwise have been more ready to lay undue burdens upon clergy or people, and to stretch their authority beyond its due limits. He has restored priests who had been condemned by their bishop—in some cases because he found that they were innocent, and in others because he found that they had already been too severely punished. In his first address to the assembled Archbishops he forcibly reminded them of the express prohibition by the Sovereign Pontiff, through the Sacred Congregation, of the exclusion (either by act or threat) from the sacraments of parents who might choose to send their children to the public schools. And he added: "As regards the children themselves, this enactment applies with still greater force." In a certain very important diocese, the bishop had failed to give redress to a gentleman who, while making proper provision for the religious education of his boy and for the safeguarding of the boy's faith and morals, thought it proper to send the boy to the public school, and was excluded therefor from the Church and from the sacraments. Mgr. Satolli, when informed of these facts by a letter from the aggrieved parent, sent immediately for the pastor. Upon the latter admitting the statement of facts, he was commanded to undo forthwith the great wrong that he had done; and on the very next Sunday the vindicated layman occupied his accustomed pew in his parish church. . .

What better rebuke could the Delegate have administered to those who would seem to wish, in the name of religion, to unduly depreciate American patriotism, than that conveyed in the following words, which I quote from his address in the Cathedral of New York in 1894:

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“From the experience I have gathered in America, I do believe that it is in this country, above all others, in which Catholic truth may have the largest field of action. We need only freedom of speech; and that is most ample in America. But the exposition of truth must be clear and plain. I regret that sometimes the truth has been set forth incompletely. Truth possesses in itself the power to reach the intellect; it needs only to be presented clearly and entirely. It will then be accepted not only by Catholics, but by Protestants and infidels.”

Although Mgr. Satolli was met at the outset of his mission with coldness and opposition in certain quarters, he soon conquered it with patience, firmness and tact. Wherever he went, Catholics and Protestants vied with one another in doing honor to the representative of the See of St. Peter, and all with great unanimity joined in paying honor to him as they bade him farewell and Godspeed.

As to the completeness or incompleteness of the truth as set forth by the various Christian Churches, let the present state of religious sentiment in the world bear witness. Is there a land on earth where the Catholic Church stands higher in public esteem than it does in the United States, where it has had to make its way without the slightest vestige of temporal power? Does not its position here as compared with that in other countries indicate that temporal power and spiritual power are antipathetic—that as it gains the one it must lose the other, and that the true function of the Church is that of a teacher, a guide, a prophet, rather than that of a governor or policeman?

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FUNERAL OF HENRY GEORGE

Henry George died late in October, 1897, in the closing days of the first Mayoralty campaign held under the act consolidating New York, Brooklyn, Long Island City and a number of other municipalities into the Greater City of New York, in which he had been for the second time a candidate for Mayor. Funeral services were held in the Grand Central Palace on Sunday, October 31, two days before Election Day. No biography of Dr. McGlynn could be complete without mention of his eulogy of Henry George on that occasion.

The great hall was packed to the limit of its capacity, while a great throng unable to gain admission filled the streets. I had just remarked to the late Willis J. Abbott: “What a pity it is that Henry George had not a university education, that the scholastic economists might have more regard for him,” and received this breathtaking reply from that Harvard man: “For God’s sake never say it! If Henry George had ever gone through a university, all that marvellous philosophy would have been educated out of him!”

Then the choir of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, opened the service by singing “Lead, Kindly Light.” The Rev. R. Heber Newton, a boyhood friend of Henry George, read the service of the Episcopal Church. Rev. Lyman Abbott of Plymouth Church and Rabbi Gustav Gottheil paid their tributes to the character, genius, wisdom and courage of the dead leader, and were followed by Dr. McGlynn, the priest who had suffered excommunication from his Church for his devotion to that leader’s cause and had been vindicated at last. It

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was a trying situation, for the clergymen who had preceded him were orators of the first rank and had spoken eloquently from full hearts, albeit with the restraint deemed fitting for the occasion.

Briefly, almost contemptuously, the Doctor alluded to the office of Mayor of New York as altogether unworthy of such a man as Henry George; even the Presidency of the United States were all too small for him. "He was a seer, a prophet." And then:

*As truly as there was a man sent of God whose name was John, there was a man sent of God whose name **Was** Henry George!*

The vast audience gasped for a moment and then its pent-up emotions found vent. Forgetting the occasion, seeing only the apotheosis of its hero, it burst into a storm of applause! It may be doubted if in all history, before or since, a score or so of words of one syllable ever so electrified an audience. Then they remembered, and the applause stopped as suddenly as it had arisen, only to break out again a few moments later at a scintillating allusion to the magnitude of the work attempted by Henry George. Portions of his discourse were as follows:

It was a peculiar providence of God which took this lad Henry George, a lad with so little schooling, this printer's boy at the case, this sailor before the mast, this tramp printer looking for occupation to maintain his wife, and made him the instrument for good which he became, the messenger of a great truth.

That wondrous brain in that dome-like head puzzled over economic truths while his heart was torn with grief

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at the sight of the poverty, the misery, the crime he met on every side. It was battling with these questions while his tender heart was made sore because of the inadequate answers he was receiving from the petty textbooks of political economy, books whose authors confessed their ignorance, and caused political economy to be called the dismal and dreary science.

Surely it was a divine providence which raised up such a man, so that, dying as he has died, the whole world is shocked. In all civilized lands, in many half-civilized lands, wherever the name of Henry George has gone, the world's heart has ceased to beat for the moment. His works have been read by millions of people. In every language and every clime Henry George speaks to all humanity today. .

Why is this vast gathering assembled here today, and a vastly greater crowd outside seeking admission? Why is it that vast multitudes have come from early morn, from almost before the rising of the sun, to gaze mournfully and lovingly on his face, and to contemplate again the noble character of the man? It is because there was a man sent of God, and his name was Henry George.

We hope and pray for that reign of peace foretold by the prophets, the kingdom of heaven on earth. In that day all will honor the patriotism of this man, and the name of Henry George will be revered. Then there will be a parliament of man.

There will be praise for those who brought about the reign of brotherhood, the reign of peace. And there, when the names of the mayors of New York and the presidents of the United States will be little more than catalogues of names, or called to memory only by an allusion in history, in a niche in one of the walls of the hail of that Parliament of nations, there shall be found, honored, loved and revered, the name of Henry George.

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The scene that followed can never pass from the memory of those present. A man in a far corner of the hail tried to sing “The Battle Hymn of the Republic” and a number joined him, but the singing was drowned by the applause that followed Dr. McGlynn’s tribute.

And the Doctor was not rebuked by his ecclesiastical superiors!

In the following summer he spoke at the unveiling of the monument to Henry George in Greenwood Cemetery, and from the fullness of his heart came these words, as recorded by Sylvestet Malone:

We stand upon ground that is made sacred by the remains of a man who was raised by a peculiar providence of the Father in heaven to deliver to men a message of righteousness and justice and of truth.

He died in the struggle upon which he had enthusiastically entered to deal blows and willing to take blows in a conflict for the rights of men, for universal justice. To fight for a cause that would make the magnificent intentions of the preamble of the Declaration of Independence no longer “glittering generalities.” The chair of the President of the United States is all too small for such a man.

This man was not merely a philosopher, and a sage, but he was a seer, a prophet, a preacher and a forerunner sent by God, and we can say of him as the Scriptures say, “There was a man sent of God whose name was John,” and I believe that I am not guilty of any profanation of the Christian Scripture when I say there was a man sent of God whose name was Henry George.

And when God has sent such a messenger with such a message, the hearts of mankind are stirred to the depths. It were a pity if that man should have been elected Mayor of New York. It is well that he was spared the ignoble strife

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and the daily carping cares of such an office. I repeat, no office was worthy of his generous nature, his great sympathy and his noble aims. He died just as he should have died.

It is a great and good thing to be a preacher. It is a greater and better thing to be an apostle. It is the greatest and best thing to add to the character of an apostle that of a crusader. It adds to the great glory of being a preacher, an apostle and a crusader to have died for the faith.

And again he was not rebuked.

TWISTED HISTORY

In my journeyings up and down the hills of New-burgh, I found myself wondering why, of all places, Dr. McGlynn was sent there. I found Newburgh a social as well as scenic paradise, but judge that the city can be enjoyed best by those sound in wind and limb and whose hearts function normally. It was no place to send a man with a weak heart, whose physicians years before had warned him against undue physical exertion.

Some curiously twisted history regarding the Doctor's restoration to the priesthood was encountered. One fantastic tale was that he had gone to Rome *incognito* during the period of his excommunication, secured audience with Pope Leo under an assumed name, and explained the whole matter to him, whereupon the Pope then and there restored him to the priesthood, gave him his blessing and sent him back to America to await a more formal restoration or confirmation of the same. Dr. McGlynn had not been in Rome since 1876 or thereabouts until the spring of 1893, after his restoration to the priesthood by Mgr. Satolli.

The story probably had its origin in the fact that

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when he did sail he was listed on the steamer's passenger list as "Mr. Malone," in order to escape newspaper reporters.

Another fanciful tale was that Mgr. Satolli and Dr. McGlynn went to Washington together, had a confidential chat on the way, conducted in Italian, which the Doctor spoke fluently and like a Roman. As the Doctor explained to him the Georgian philosophy, according to this story, Mgr. Satolli ever and anon interjected: "Why, that is what the Pope thinks," and so it was on this journey together that the Doctor's restoration was arranged for.

But it was not as simple as that. The records show that Mgr. Satolli, in Washington, called or invited the Doctor to meet him at the Catholic University of America there and to submit a statement of the Georgian land philosophy, which the Doctor did, with results as already described.

But all the others of St. Mary's parishioners and citizens of Newburgh whom the author met were better informed.

"They sent Father McGlynn up here to punish him," said one old man, bitterly. "But it was a blessed thing for Newburgh that they did," he continued, and went on to tell of the wonderful work of the good priest in softening and dissolving religious prejudices and animosities.

Yes, none knew better than he how little God cares for sectarian labels, how much He cares for the heart and soul of man, and how acceptable His worship in spirit and in truth is under different forms or no form

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at all. Small wonder that Dr. McGlynn has become a sort of legend in Newburgh.

I called on Lieutenant Powell of the police force, who, I had been told, could tell me some tales of the Doctor. To my surprise he called me by name when I asked for him and was about to introduce myself. He had been informed of my business in Newburgh.

"Well, Lieutenant," I said as soon as I recovered my breath, "I've come to the

police to find out if there was not some incident in the Doctor's life not quite what it should be, just to vary the monotony of tales of his excessive goodness and show that he was human like the rest of us."

"No, sir," he replied, "and if anybody dares to say a word against that saint, we'll run him out of town."

The Lieutenant had been a barber in those days, and used to go to the parish house to shave the Doctor. He too had a fund of stories of the Doctor's goodness, breadth of charity, wit and active interest in the public welfare. There was little that was exciting about these stories, which ran the gamut from relief of distress, securing employment for those out of work, inducing men to quit drinking and take better care of their families and smoothing over domestic discords. In these latter enterprises he was a remarkable success, for who could resist his sweet reasonableness? Sometimes he visited the barber shop, to the great joy of the establishment, for his coming meant a merry time for all, as well as an increase in business. The Doctor could tell a good story with the best of raconteurs.

One old lady whom I visited dug out of a bundle of letters one written by a relative in Ireland in 1895,

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some months after the Doctor came to Newburgh, offering congratulations to the Church on having him for its pastor and then inquiring, rather petulantly:

"What's the matter with you Americans that you don't make Father McGlynn a bishop?"

To be sure, the Church of Rome is not organized on what may be regarded as a democratic basis, yet the Irish seemed to have a way of getting bishops to their liking, as the appointment of Dr. Walsh as Archbishop of Dublin against the violent opposition of the British and Irish landed interests had shown.

Dr. McGlynn was especially sympathetic with the out-of-works, those, at least, who were able and willing to work but could not find it. The story is told in Newburgh of his speaking at a meeting there in behalf of those thrown out of work during the severe industrial and commercial depression in the closing decade of the Nineteenth Century, in the course of which he said:

You know, I have a peculiar fellow-feeling for any man out of a job, for I was out of a job myself for more than five years.

It is true that Dr. McGlynn died poor and in debt, but his poverty was in no wise the fault of his parishioners, who time and again made provision for his needs far beyond the modest salary that is supposed to suffice for the temporal needs of a priest. The more they gave him, however, the more he had to bestow on those he deemed needier than himself, and it may even be true, as was said when he died, that his clothing was too poor to give away, for he gave away his clothing when he had nothing else to give. His carelessness in correspondence

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was responsible for much of his financial stringency. After his death there were found large trunks full of unopened letters, many of them containing money and

checks. One for \$400 was signed by Henry George.

Better far had he taken more care of himself and so lengthened his days. But then he would not have been the Father McGlynn whose memory is revered by those who knew him.

LAST ILLNESS

Dr. McGlynn's last illness began in November, 1899. It was feared then by those nearest him that he could not recover. For years he had been a sufferer from heart trouble (and, as implied before, Newburgh's hills are not the best places for one with a badly functioning heart), and for several months this had been aggravated by Bright's disease. In December an abscess developed on his right leg near the femoral artery. As the year drew to a close a serious operation was performed to remove this abscess. The Doctor seemed to stand the operation well, considering his weakened condition. He brightened up, and at midnight of the same day received the Last Sacrament at the hands of Rev. Daniel A. O'Connell, his associate pastor. But he did not have a very good night afterward, and by morning it was seen that a change for the worse had come, a change that vitally affected the heart.

From that time on, his physicians were in almost constant attendance. While he grew weaker, however, his mind remained clear to the end, his last words being a prayer.

It was on Monday, New Year's Day, **1900**, that Dr.

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McGlynn wrote, or rather dictated, his last letter. It was in reply to one from a Boston friend, Samuel Brazier, who was worried not only by the news of his illness, but by persistent rumors that the Doctor's reconciliation with the Church had been at the cost of a modification or partial recantation of his views on the land question, and desired first-hand reassurance on the matter. The letter published in full in Malone's book, was in part as follows, the portion omitted referring to personal matters:

ST. MARY'S RECTORY

Newburgh, N. Y., Jan. 1, **1900**.

MR. SAMUEL BRAZIER,

722 East Second St., Boston, Mass.:— DEAR MR. BRAZIER—I am still very ill, but slowly convalescing; I am utterly unable to write any letters, and even dictation of a letter is an arduous task.

I must therefore beg you to excuse me from any consideration in this letter of the points of your letter. I may tell you, however, that the date of the declaration that I was a priest in good standing was the 23rd of December, 1892. And this declaration was brought about without any retraction of the doctrine which I had taught, to which I still manifest my adherence at all reasonable times and places.

And again, there never was any retraction of my utterances on other issues to which you refer, with the exception of my expressing my regret if, in the heat of passionate discourse, I had lapsed into unparliamentary language unworthy of the object and unworthy of myself. Surely no gentleman should ever be unwilling to do this much. . .

Very sincerely yours,
EDWARD MCGLYNN.

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Shortly before Dr. McGlynn's death his old parish, St. Stephen's, in New York, celebrated its Golden Jubilee, in which Archbishop Martinelli, Apostolic Delegate, and a distinguished company of Church dignitaries took part, though we do not find the name of Archbishop Corrigan among them. Rt. Rev. Charles Henry Colton, then pastor of St. Stephen's, and the parish to a man were strongly desirous of having Dr. McGlynn there and a pressing invitation was sent to him to come.

He responded by the hand of his associate, Fr. O'Connell, explaining that illness alone prevented his coming, but promising to "be with you in spirit."

He passed away at ~: 23 on Sunday morning, January 7, 1900. The Rev. Richard Lalor Burtzell of Kingston, formerly of New York City, his life-long friend, who had been ordained with him in Rome and who had stood by him and advised him throughout his troubles with the Church authorities and with him suffered the displeasure of his Archbishop, reached the Parish House only a few moments after he breathed his last prayer.

No bond of complete friendship was ever formed between Dr. McGlynn and Archbishop Corrigan, head of the New York Diocese, but they had met on divers occasions and talked about Church matters. There can be no doubt that, following Dr. McGlynn's restoration over his head by the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Satolli, the Archbishop watched the priest closely, and the latter was well aware of it. Never by any word or act did the Archbishop give any sign of the mortification he must have felt, though his friends said and wrote altogether too much.

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At the time Dr. McGlynn's final illness began, Fr. Salley of St. Patrick's Church, Newburgh, was at the home of His Grace the Archbishop in New York. The Archbishop asked Fr. Salley concerning Dr. McGlynn's health and made some pleasant reference to him which greatly pleased St. Mary's pastor when Fr. Salley told him about it. As time passed on and the Doctor's illness assumed a more serious aspect a meeting of the Archbishop and the priest who had been reinstated over his head was arranged for, but the death of the priest prevented it from taking place. The Archbishop hurried to Newburgh when told that the Doctor's condition was growing worse, but he arrived too late.

It is related that he was greatly affected when he arrived to learn that Dr. McGlynn had passed on. Arriving at the parish house, he went at once to view the closed and sunken eyes and emaciated face of the man whom he had thirteen years before excommunicated. Tears rolled down his face. He sank on his knees, offered up a prayer for the repose of his soul, then silently left the house and proceeded to

the parish house of St. Patrick's Church, where Fr. Salley lived, and was seen no more that night.

There can be no doubt of the genuineness of his grief, or that his heart ached that he had not arrived in time to grasp in friendship the hand of the man he must by this time have admired for his bravery and loyalty to truth as he saw it.

At the evening service that Sunday evening in Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church Dr. Iglehart with broken voice, between the singing of the second hymn and the

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prayer, told his congregation of the city's loss in the following words, as reported by the *Newburgh News*:

A shadow has fallen on Newburgh and America in the death of Father McGlynn. He was the property of the Roman Catholic Church, but he was large enough to belong to universal Christendom. His face indicated that he was a man of marked intellectual force. His heart was as large as his race. He had implicit faith in God and was a faithful minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was a friend of the poor man. I select the flower that represents the highest admiration and warmest love and place it on the breast now so cold. I voice the sentiment of this great audience when I extend to his parish which idolized him and to his Church in New York from which he was taken our sorrow at his passing. He has gone from labor, and we shall see him again.

A MEMORABLE FUNERAL

Dr. McGlynn's funeral in Newburgh has passed into history as the most impressive event of its character ever seen in the Hudson Valley, for within and without the spacious Church of St. Mary, Catholics and Protestants, Jews and Gentiles, threw aside their beliefs and creeds to give vent to their grief at the passing of the "noblest Roman of them all," and to do him honor.

All the Protestant clergy of Newburgh and the one Jewish Rabbi assembled at the First Presbyterian Church and marched in a body to St. Mary's to the seats reserved for them. Such was the unifying character of this priest's Catholicism.

The names of these clergymen are worthy of record. They were headed by the Rev. J. G. D. Findlay of the United Presbyterian Church and Rev. J. R. Thompson,

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D.D., of the Westminster Reformed Church, and were followed by Rev. Rufus Emery, St. Paul's Church; Rev. Jeremiah Searle, Calvary Church; Rev. W. K. Hall, D.D., First Presbyterian Church; Rev. F. B. Savage, D.D., Union Church; Rev. J. B. Green, Church of Our Father; Rev. J. Marshall Chew, Church of the Good Shepherd; Rev. Ernest F. Neilson, First Congregational Church; Rev. A. K. Fuller, D.D., First Baptist Church; Rev. B. H. Marennes, Moulton Memorial Church; Rev. R. H. Beattie, American Reformed Church; Rev. F. C. Iglehart, D.D., Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church; Rev. George W. Huntington, D.D., Church of the Cornerstone; Rev. S. Ernest Jones, St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church; Rev. R.

H. Barr, Ph.D., Associate Reformed Church, and Rabbi Joseph Zeisler, Congregation Temple Beth-Jacob. The column halted at the church door, opened ranks in order to permit the Rev. Dr. Octavius Applegate and Rev. Henry B. Cornwell of St. George's Church to pass through to the front, and then in reverse order entered the church. Other organizations, ecclesiastical and civic, came headed by their official representatives and were assigned places in the sections reserved for them.

Archbishop Corrigan presided at the funeral services. Dr. Burtzell's eulogy of Dr. McGlynn was in a way a summarizing of Dr. McGlynn's life, and has been a help to me with its "leads" to interesting events. He took for his text the first and tenth verses of the forty-fourth chapter of Ecclesiasticus: "Let us now praise men of renown. . . . These were men of mercy whose godly deeds have not failed."

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Dr. Burtzell's eulogy, published by the *Newburgh News*, was in part as follows:

We have been deprived of a great man, but it has been our privilege to enjoy him. A great man, mighty in word and work before God and before the people. Let us not weep because he is now at rest. .

It was in the Propaganda that I first met him. Of course I had known of his family before, but it was there that we met, and for eleven years we lived together. He was two years in advance of me, and I looked up to him as my elder brother, and a love greater than that of any brother welded us together. Oh, what a magnificent talent he always showed! How he attracted the attention of every one, even in those early days of college life! He was serious always, not caring for amusements, yet naturally of a gay and jovial disposition that you in these later years know so well. He was always intent on God's work, and was given to prayer, even in that early day, in a most phenomenal way. He was made librarian and caretaker of the magnificent museum of the College of the Propaganda. In college his career was one of brilliancy. The students and professors admired him.

In the Roman system there was an admirable training. On one day of the week the Professor would abdicate his chair and call to it one of the cleverer of the students to expound the treatises. Edward McGlynn was often chosen and was always ready to elucidate those wonderful and difficult problems. I am sure I am not exaggerating when I say that we enjoyed his clear unfolding of the dogmas of the Church and of their proofs better than we did from the cleverest of the Professors. It was thus early displayed, all the wonderful genius that dominated him. . .

We know what difficult problems we have to solve in this country. We have come to a new country with new principles of government, different from those that ever

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ruled any people in the world, where the people are really taking their part in self-government. We know how, therefore, there is in every heart in this country that participation; that this taking part in struggles for principles brings a patriotism that is really more active than anywhere else because we are obliged to come and discuss openly questions that concern our welfare. The weak and lowly are called upon to discuss their own interests. They are better qualified to do so. They know

their own needs. We have the grand principle that we must listen to the needs of the governed only to direct all government for their welfare.

Dr. McGlynn was one of this great American nation and people, and his inalienable right was always to think of all these things and speak of the things which are for the good of the people. It was his duty so long as he followed God's guidance. Holy Church says that we should take part in that which concerns the welfare of the country. It is patriotism that comes next to godliness. It is therefore the duty of all. He was glad to respond to it.

Dr. McGlynn's was not a mind to study a question on the surface. He sought to get to its depth and find a remedy if he found evil conditions. Whatever he said was for God's glory. Where we feel the need of a remedy, where it has taken possession of us, we are bound to say what we think is the remedy. We may be mistaken, but there is the duty that we cannot refuse, even though it bring us obloquy and humiliation. It was thus with him in all the problems.

But there is no use threshing over old straw. We know that Dr. McGlynn loved God and his fellow-men. He never willingly placed an impediment in God's light. His personal character was of the highest. I never heard him utter a word of hatred or bitterness against any man. He may have condemned what he considered injustice or wrong, but that

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is all. He had no fear to go before the Great Judge. He is safe with God.

What thoughts surged through the mind of Archbishop Corrigan as he listened to this eulogy may never be known. His presence may explain the comparative weakness of Dr. Burtzell's concluding sentences. Dr. McGlynn could be and at times was vitriolic in his denunciation of wrong and even of wrongdoers when he was convinced of their wilfulness in wrongdoing.

Commenting on the presence of all the Newburgh clergy at the funeral of Dr. McGlynn, the *Newburgh News* said editorially the next day:

It seems to us that if ever there is to be a reunion of religion in this land it will be brought about through the instrumentality of such broad-minded and true-hearted men as Dr. McGlynn, who believed that we are all brothers under one almighty Fatherhood, whose love and mercy was for all and in all. . . . His influence here was not merely passive, but was such an influence as tended to remove prejudice and bring people of different religious views into closer relations as friends and neighbors, for with Father McGlynn's blessing they would be brothers and fellow Americans if not fellow communicants. Finally, his was such an influence as brought Protestant ministers to his door, there to stand with their Roman Catholic brethren and shed the silent tear that speaks more eloquently than tongues of unspeakable love.

The *Newburgh Register*, edited by Frances A. Willard, said:

Not alone in Newburgh is there sorrow over the departure of Father McGlynn. A national figure, he possessed the

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love and the veneration of people of all denominations. He was years in advance of the leaders of that great Church to which his life work was devoted, and his tolerance and liberality, his broadmindedness, his devotion to principles which tended to the elevating and lifting of mankind, endeared him to those in whose breasts the milk of human kindness flowed. He taught not alone the doctrines of the Church in whose behalf he labored unceasingly, but he taught also the doctrine of humanity in its broadest sense. He believed in the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man, and his teaching reached the hearts of the masses everywhere. .

It is said that the presence of the worthy disciple here in Newburgh, his assignment to the parish of St. Mary's, was for the purpose of disciplining the liberal, broad-minded priest. It may have been punishment for him to be humbled, but he gave no indication that it was so. If he was punished, the parish and the city to which he was assigned were doubly blessed. No decree of ecclesiastical superiors could dim the light which he spread on all sides. .

We can scarce believe that the lips of this great apostle of humanity are forever stilled. Here among us for a few years, the kindly, generous, noble soul expanded the hearts and minds of the community in which by order of his superiors his lot was cast. And as he benefited and strengthened the people, so also did he benefit and strengthen the Church of his faith. Creed and denomination counted less with him than did humanity. The barriers of prejudice went down before his appeals for the betterment of mankind. He was the welcome guest of the Protestant clergy, and the tolerance of his opinions and the broadness of his views have done much to lessen the tightness of denominational lines and mutually increase respect and love for the

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Christian religion. The Catholic Church in Newburgh and elsewhere is stronger for his efforts and the cause of Christ is advanced. Newburgh is better for the presence during the past five years of the Rev. Father McGlynn.

Not dead, but sleeping.

It seems but yesterday that we heard these words from the lips of him who now rests from his labors:

“We are here for a little while at some distance from our Father's home, at the Father's appointed school, in the Father's appointed workshop, to learn reverently and diligently the lessons that the Father has written in His own handwriting upon the walls of this goodly schoolhouse; upon all things that He hath made in this great universe to fit it to be the habitation of man. Upon the sands of the sea, in the bowels of the earth, in the valleys, forests, mountains and fields, upon the stars of the firmament, He has written with mysterious handwriting great truths revealing Himself to man; revealing that He is good; that He is wise and provident; revealing to man something of His own magnificent origin and destiny, so that, as a Christian apostle tells us, we are to learn from the visible things of God His invisible things, even His very Godhead.”

Dead, he yet speaketh.

To ST. STEPHEN'S

From Newburgh Dr. McGlynn's body was taken to St. Stephen's Church, New York City, where his old parishioners desired to pay their tribute of love and do honor to the priest they devoutly believed had been taken from them unjustly. Greater in magnitude, in its outpouring of people, but not otherwise, was his funeral in his old church. Of it the *New York Journal* said:

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Thousands of eyes dim with tears looked on the white face in the coffin in St. Stephen's Church. Father McGlynn had come to his own again. The storm and stress of his life was ended, and with it passed away the bitterness. He was back among his own people, to whom he gave twenty-one years of his life.

In that gathering were hundreds who had not set foot inside the doors from the time Father McGlynn was deposed. For this man was loved beyond the comprehension of most men. There was something almost fanatical in their devotion to their priest.

It fell to Vicar-General Mooney to deliver the eulogy in St. Stephen's Church, which he did in fitting words without once alluding to anything bearing on the controversy that had taken the Doctor away from the parish. I quote from the *New York Times*' report of his address:

The expressions of regard and regret from both tongue and pen that have been called forth by the closing scene at which we are assisting would be ample reason not to intrude upon its solemnity any words of mine. At least they make extended eulogy superfluous. The touching coincidence that this scene is being enacted in the hallowed place where his presence was for so long dominating, his influence so potent, his words so sweet, makes it eminently fitting that Father McGlynn's mortal remains should not be borne through its portals without a final though inadequate tribute to his memory. . .

When one who has been so prominent and so forceful a character in the concerns of Catholic life, one of that chosen priesthood, has gone out from among us, is it any wonder that Catholic hearts should be touched, and the well-springs of Catholic sympathy gush forth? When the

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bond of years is suddenly snapped, there must perforce be grief and sadness with the breaking. That is why today you crowd this temple in which there is so much to remind you of him who is gone; why you kneel around his bier to whisper the fervent prayer which Holy Mother Church itself puts upon your lips, and with which she has already speeded him, Father Edward McGlynn, to his heavenly home.

Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him!

The final blessing was given by Archbishop Corrigan.

He was buried in Old Calvary Cemetery alongside his brother George. A twin headstone, surmounted by a cross, marks their grave. It is in a section of the ceme-

tery, not far from the entrance, that is crowded with pretentious monuments and headstones. Near it is a plot where a number of priests who have done some heroic deed of self-sacrifice in the performance of their holy calling lie buried. A plain iron railing supported by granite posts encloses the plot. For years the grave of Father McGlynn, the *Soggarth Aroon*, was a magnet for those who knew him or had heard of him, and it is still visited on Memorial Days and on Sundays by a few survivors of the stormy period of his career.

In Woodlawn Cemetery, far away in the Bronx, in a beautiful setting, stands a statue of Dr. McGlynn of heroic size. It is of bronze, and stands on a block of granite. It is the work of Edmond T. Quinn, sculptor, and was erected by the Dr. McGlynn Monument Association, headed by Sylvester L. Malone, a nephew and namesake of Fr. Sylvester Malone of Brooklyn. It was unveiled in 1918.

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Many have wondered why this statue does not stand at the good priest's grave. Possibly there is some truth in the surmise that an unwillingness to arouse the passions of half a century ago is the obstacle that prevented its being placed in Calvary, but, truth to tell, this beautiful statue would be entirely out of harmony with its surroundings and is better placed where it is. New York City would honor itself if it would place it in a fitting location in one of its parks, however.

Many years later, in the spring of **1932**, on one of my visits to Calvary Cemetery, I was pleased to find a novel evidence of Father McGlynn's remembrance in a sheet of note paper, pinned to the grave with a small stick, on which some unknown poet had poured out his soul in the following verse:

TO FATHER McGLYNN

*We thank the Lord who gave us you, Soggarth Aroon.
Learned and wise, kindly and true,*

*Soggarth Aroon.
You know your cause was sanctified, Stood till mistakes were rectified, And
rest with God's beatified,
Soggarth Aroon.*

The paper while of good quality, was weatherbeaten. The writing was water-run and not easy to decipher. But I copied it faithfully and reverently replaced it, and gladly give to the unknown author of the loving verse whatever of immortality this book can bestow.

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A NEPHEW'S TRIBUTE

It is fitting to add here the tribute of Mr. Joseph Whelan, a nephew of Dr. McGlynn, who has helped me with various incidents of his uncle's private life, written after he had read my manuscript. After expressing his satisfaction with the fairness with which I had presented the essential facts in the great Church controversy of half a century ago, he wrote:

The Doctor's restoration to the Church after his excommunication was a never-to-be-forgotten event. No retraction or apology was given by him and none was demanded by Cardinal Satolli, the Pope's Nuncio in the proceedings. The very document which records the significant happening makes no mention of any affirmative action by the Doctor, but hand-written on a letter head of the Catholic University, signed and sealed by the Cardinal, it sets forth in a few Latin sentences the fact that "Dr. McGlynn is forthwith restored to his priestly functions."

Living, as he did at the time, in the diocese of Brooklyn, it was required by ecclesiastical courtesy that he obtain permission from the bishop of that See to say mass within its jurisdiction. Such permission is granted in the usual course without hesitancy. Not so in this case. Bishop Charles E. McDonnell had at one time been assistant to the Doctor at St. Stephen's. There had never been any friction or misunderstanding between the young assistant and his pastor. However, when the perfunctory request for the usual courtesy was made, it seemed to upset the routine.

There can be no doubt that if a public mass had been celebrated by the Doctor on that Christmas Day in **1892**, it would have attracted untold numbers of his former parishioners and sturdy admirers. Just why a large number

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of worshippers at the Catholic service should be objectionable to the Bishop of the Diocese is hard to explain, but that reason was given when the Doctor received grudging permission to celebrate mass in the tiny chapel of St. John's College on Lewis Avenue in Brooklyn, attendance to be limited to members of his immediate family. The unequivocal declaration from the Pope's Emissary, directed to the hierarchy, restoring Dr. McGlynn to the full faculties of the Church, must have been considered of some importance by the bishop, but it was not sufficient to overcome the displeasure of the Archbishop of New York, at least in the eyes of his brother of Brooklyn.

More than six months were to elapse before reluctant permission was granted the Doctor to say mass in public. At the time of his exercise of this privilege we were living in a rented cottage in Bensonhurst, which was then a part of the Township of New Utrecht. The nearest church was St. Finbar's, a small frame structure about a mile away. The news spread. On the appointed Sunday, the trains running to that resort were crowded with a vast number of his followers. Of course the church could not accommodate the throng, and during the mass the adjacent streets were completely blocked. After the service, the Doctor invited all to come to the cottage. Fortunately it had spacious grounds and verandas. I well remember the bright sunshine and the heat of the day. Water was the only refreshment available. My brother and I worked valiantly with pitchers and glasses attempting to meet the thirst of that multitude, with about the same effect as an atomizer on a prairie fire.

Of course it was believed by everyone that the Doctor would soon return to his pastoral duties at St. Stephen's. The only expression I ever remember the Doctor making about the matter was to the effect that it would be unfair to oust the existing pastor, and the pastorate of no other

church of similar size was available. In fact, for a period of three years no church in the City of New York required a pastor. Some of the more impetuous of his friends were for voicing loud protest, but the Doctor quieted them and seemed to be satisfied that the promise of the first suitable vacancy had been made in good faith.

In 1895 the pastorate of St. Mary's Church in Newburgh became vacant. There were two Catholic churches in that city of about **25,000**, and St. Mary's was the smaller of the two. Mr. Bell has expressed adequately the affection and esteem his five years' residence there engendered. Only a year or two after he took up residence, the Doctor was approached by a committee of representative citizens who offered him the nomination for mayor on a non-partisan ticket. The offer was declined, but, until his death, his advice and support were frequently sought in matters pertaining to civic betterment. I still possess a framed set of resolutions expressing the thanks of the local chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution for an oration delivered by the Doctor at Washington's Headquarters in Newburgh on a 4th of July celebration.

Mr. Bell mentions the funeral of Henry George as an occasion which will ever live in his memory. The impression made upon me is equally vivid. I was just fourteen years of age. The funeral took place at the old Grand Central Palace on Sunday afternoon. For hours prior to the services the streets were blocked off to usual traffic and police lines were formed to shepherd the crowd into an orderly procession. I was quite proud that the carriage in which we arrived was given prompt admission to the portals of the building. The great hall had been furnished with camp-stools and the coffin was placed in the reserved area in front of a large dais on which sat the leading clergymen and political lights of the city. A quartette from Plymouth

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Church sang "Lead, Kindly Light" and Dr. William S. Rainsford, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. R. Heber Newton and Rabbi Gustav Gottheil were heard in orations which emphasized the solemn note befitting the funereal atmosphere.

The chair in which I sat was in the row immediately back of the chairs occupied by the George family. The ordinary restraint of such an occasion was added to as far as I was concerned by noting the grief of the nearest relatives. The Doctor was introduced as the last speaker. It seemed but a minute or two after he had begun to speak before he used the inspired paraphrase of the magnificent biblical verse, "There was a man sent of God, and his name was Henry George." I heard a half mumbled "amen" from a man somewhere behind me followed by a staccato slap of a hand in involuntary applause. In a second a thunderous burst of cheers resounded through the great hall.

From that point on all idea of a funeral departed from the enraptured crowd. It became a host of inspired visionaries marching behind the banners of the Lord. I doubt if a single person present considered the incongruity of the applause as the magnificent oration concluded.

Edward McGlynn's life was a consistent pursuit of ideals. He believed most human ills were man-made and were no part of the cosmic scheme of a benevolent Creator. He preached and practiced the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of

God. He was never the lugubrious Cassandra prognosticating woe," but on the contrary proclaimed the gospel of the new era of his oft repeated lecture on "Our Manifest Destiny." From the time, when as a small boy he undertook to entertain his father's workmen with songs and jigs, much to the detriment of the work at hand, to the end of his life, he radiated good-humor. In the darkest moments succeeding his banishment from the Church he

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loved, he would entertain us children with rollicking songs as he accompanied himself on the piano.

A few years ago I took my own children to Woodlawn Cemetery to see the bronze statue erected to the memory of their distinguished grand-uncle. As we stood admiring the colossal figure, a lady, well along in years, approached us and said, "I don't suppose you knew Dr. McGlynn. I am not of his faith, I was never a member of his church, but he was the grandest man who ever lived."

In the talk which followed I learned that she made it a practice to visit the grave of her husband in a plot nearby. Whenever she noted anyone inspecting the statue she always feared that they were mere sight-seers, unacquainted with the merits of the man portrayed. She felt that she was carrying on the dearest wish of her own loved husband by voicing the tribute I was fortunate enough to have heard.

May I be pardoned in closing these scattered recollections **if** I use almost the same words,— "He was the grandest man I ever knew."

THE END