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CATHOLICS

—IN—

American History

An address before the Confederate Veterans' Association, Camp No. 756, U.C.V., of Savannah, Ga., March 13, 1917.

BY

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“Of all the animosities which have existed among mankind, those which are caused by difference of sentiments in religion appear to be the most inveterate and distressing, and ought most to be deprecated.”

—George Washington.

“I come here not to praise the Catholics, but I come here to acknowledge historical truth, and to ask of Protestants what has heretofore been the pride and boast of Protestants—tolerance of opinion in religious faith.”

—Henry A. Wise.

“I am utterly opposed to mingling religion with politics in any way whatever, and especially am I opposed to making it a test in qualifications for civil office. Religion is a matter between a man and his Creator, with which governments have nothing to do.”

—Alexander H. Stephens.

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Address to Confederate Veterans

I am sure that the resolutions just submitted by the gentleman (Mr. Bloodworth) who was so long your honored commander, express the sentiments of every member of this Camp with regard to the eminent citizen, against whose selection as Memorial Day orator, by the Macon Daughters of the Confederacy, protest has been made, on religious and political grounds, by some Confederate veterans of Macon. It was with a feeling of painful surprise that I read of that action of those veterans, which I feel sure was taken in ignorance of the truth and under the influence of erroneous and unjust impressions that have been made upon their minds—impressions from which they, as well as many others who have been similarly influenced, will, I trust, be freed when illuminated by the truth. I am sure, too, that if the eminent subject of that ill-considered action were to speak at all about it, he would say only, "Father, forgive them, for they knew not what they did."

Not a Catholic.

I am not a Catholic. So far as I know, none of my ancestors were and none of my kindred are Catholics. But I was a Confederate soldier—one of the youngest of those who wore the gray and marched under the Stars and Bars, and I am an American, and as the Confederate States and the Confederate soldier stood for true Americanism, of which religious tolerance is an essential principle, it follows that associations of Confederate Veterans, or of the sons and daughters of Con-

federate Veterans, are the last bodies in the world where fealty to that principle should be lacking.

What is the case before us? A body of Daughters of the Confederacy have asked a bishop of the Catholic church to be the Memorial Day orator in their city, and some Confederate Veterans have protested against the action of the Daughters, on the ground that, being a Catholic, that bishop is not and cannot be a loyal American citizen, nor a fit spokesman for an occasion in commemoration of the Confederate dead. It is alleged that the selection of a Catholic as the orator for such an occasion shows a lack of due regard and reverence for the Confederate cause—for its memories and its defenders.

It would be hard to find a more painfully astounding instance of the effect of religious prejudice and intolerance and a more palpable ignorance, or obliviousness, or ignoring of facts that should have made it impossible, than is shown in this protest; and no more fitting occasion than this can be found for a statement of some of those facts that should be known and remembered by every American, and especially by every Confederate Veteran and every descendant of a Confederate veteran.

A Fundamental Principle.

The Revolutionary fathers who, under the lead of George Washington, framed the Constitution of the United States, put into one of its articles this clause:

“No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States.”

The same clause was, as you know, in the Constitution of the Confederate States; and of course you know also that the war against the Confederate States was violative of the basic principle of the Declaration of Independence.

With that clause in it the Constitution was ratified by the States, thus making the principle of religious toleration—of religious freedom and of the rights of conscience—a fundamental principle of this government.

It should be noted that the religious test was the only test forbidden by the wise men, the true Americans and patriots, who framed the Constitution. That was the forbidden fruit, within which, they knew, lay the virus that, if introduced into the political system they were creating, would be fatal to it.

Washington on Intolerance and Bigotry.

“Of all the animosities which have existed among mankind,” said Washington, “those which are caused by difference of sentiments in religion appear to be the most inveterate and distressing and ought most to be deprecated.”

Writing to Lafayette about the proceedings of the French Assembly of Notables, he said: “I am not less ardent in my wish that you may succeed in your plan of toleration in religious matters. Being no bigot myself, I am disposed to indulge the professors of Christianity in the church with that road to Heaven which to them shall seem the most direct, plainest, easiest, and least liable to exception.”

He said further—while yet serving his first term under the Constitution: “We have abundant reason to rejoice that in this land the light of truth and reason has triumphed over the power of bigotry and superstition, and that every person may here worship God according to the dictates of his own heart. In this enlightened age, and in this land of equal liberty, it is our boast that man’s religious tenets will not forfeit the protection of the laws, nor deprive him of the right of attaining and holding the highest offices that are known in the United States.”

There were Catholics among the members of the Convention that made the Constitution of the United States, but to a Protestant member—Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina—is due the honor of the authorship of the clause I have quoted.

Stephens on the Constitution.

Let me read to you just here, as appropriate to the time and place, some words spoken in the United States Congress by Alexander H. Stephens. He said:

“When I cast my eyes over the surface of the world, and survey the nations of the earth, and see that the people of the United States alone, of all the millions of the human family who live upon the habitable globe, are really free, and fully enjoy the natural rights of man; that all other parts are dreary, wild and waste; and that this is the only green spot, the only oasis in the universal desert—and then consider that all this difference is owing to our Constitution; that all our rights, and privileges, and interests, are derived from and secured by it, I am disposed to regard it with no trifling feelings of unconcern and indifference. It is, indeed, the richest inheritance ever bequeathed by patriot sires to ungrateful sons. I confess I view it with reverence, and if idolatry could ever be excused, it seems to me it would be in allowing an American citizen a holy devotion to the Constitution of his country.”

The Principle Reaffirmed.

Shortly after the Constitution, as originally framed, had been ratified by the States, ten articles of amendment were added to it, and the very first words of the very first one of these articles of amendment declared that “Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the

free exercise thereof." This assertion, for the second time in the fundamental law, of the principle of religious freedom, shows the importance attached to it by the Fathers of the Republic, and how solicitous they were to preserve it, and make it inviolable. Thomas Jefferson attested his devotion to it by the inscription written by himself for his tomb, which is in these words:

“Author of the Declaration of Independence,
Of the Statute of Virginia for Religious
Freedom,

And Father of the University of Virginia.”

This inscription names the three things by which, as testimonials that he had lived, Jefferson wished most to be remembered. Mr. Jefferson, by the way, placed a daughter in a convent to be educated.

The Test of True Americanism.

But more than a hundred years before the Constitution of the United States, and the Declaration of Independence, and the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, Cecilius Calvert (Lord Baltimore), a Catholic, had founded the Province of Maryland on the basis of religious freedom, and to Catholic Maryland belongs the honor of having been the first government which proclaimed and practised that principle. So much for that great American principle, and the history of its incorporation into the structure of American government. Loyalty to it is one of the surest tests of true Americanism, and by that test the Memorial Day orator chosen by the Macon Daughters of the Confederacy stands the peer of any man that lives under the American Flag today.

The Leader at Runnymede.

And more than seven hundred years ago—more than four hundred years before Calvert

founded Maryland—another Catholic led the movement that culminated at Runnymede in securing Constitutional liberty as an inheritance of the English-speaking race in all parts of the world—the liberty which that race, and the glorious French-speaking race as well, are now fighting and dying to save, on land and sea, in all parts of the world. When the Great Charter by which that liberty was secured was signed and sealed by the tyrannical monarch from whom it had been wrung, that Catholic—Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury—wrote his name on it as the first subscribing witness; and there it is, to this day, on that earliest monument of English freedom which English eyes can see and English hands can touch—that immortal document which is and will ever be held in venerating regard by all mankind that bows not down before czars and kaisers.

Washington to Catholics.

After his election to the Presidency of the country whose independence he had been enabled to win by the help of Catholic soldiers and sailors, and the open purse of a Catholic country, George Washington addressed a letter "To The Roman Catholics in the United States of America," in which he said: "I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume that your-fellow citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of her Revolution and the establishment of their government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic Faith is professed."

History Shows the Truth of Washington's Words.

If those whose minds are clouded by the dark spirit of religious prejudice and intoler-

ance will read the pages of their country's history, they will find therein ample proof of the truth of these words of Washington.

Yonder, on the principal promenade of this city, within a short distance of where I am now speaking, stands a beautiful monument in memory of the Catholic, Casimir Pulaski, the heroic Pole, who fell fighting here in Savannah for American independence. And yonder, on a parapet overlooking the Hudson river, near the United States Military Academy at West Point, in the imperial State of New York, is a monument on which is carved the name—"Kosciusko."

Thousands of miles away from here, in the cathedral of Cracow, in his own beloved Poland, lies the dust of the Catholic, Thaddeus Kosciusko—"that perfect hero," as an eminent English statesman and historian calls him, whose name time has covered with imperishable laurels—who served side by side with Washington and Greene in the Revolution, who was chief engineer in constructing the fortifications at West Point—who showed General Gates how to intrench himself on Bemis' Heights—thus securing victory at Saratoga for the American arms—who was the subject of especial commendation from Washington to the American congress, and the recipient of the thanks of that body and of a grant of land and a pension for his services to the American cause.

Washington to Kosciusko.

"I beg you to be assured"—wrote Washington to Kosciusko, many years after the Revolution, and after the Polish patriot had led the Polish people in their heroic but unfortunate struggle for freedom—"I beg you to be assured that no one has a higher respect and veneration for your character than I have; and no one more sincerely wished, during your arduous struggle in the cause of liberty and

your country, that it might be crowned with success. I pray you to believe that at all times and under any circumstances it would make me happy to see you at my last retreat, from which I never expect to be more than twenty miles again."

We can easily believe that Thaddeus Kosciusko, "that perfect hero," prized such a letter as this, from George Washington, more highly than land grant or pension. He was fourteen years younger than the great man who expressed such "veneration" for his character. History tells of no nobler character—of no name worthier to be filed on Fame's eternal bead-roll—than Thaddeus Kosciusko.

First Captain of the Navy.

Go with me now to the city where the independence of the United States was first proclaimed to the world, and there, in Independence Square, you will see a statue to the memory of the Catholic, John Barry, who commanded the cruiser, named "Lexington," that first carried the American flag upon the ocean; who made the first capture of any vessel of war that was ever made by a regular American cruiser in battle, and who fought the last sea-fight of the Revolutionary War. His was the first commission issued by the marine committee of the Continental Congress, and on the organization of the navy, after the Revolutionary War, his name headed the list of captains appointed by President Washington, and the first ship of that young navy that got to sea was the "United States," commanded by Captain John Barry. Because of this record he has been called "the father of the American Navy."

"There are gallant hearts whose glory
Columbia loves to name,
Whose deeds shall live in story
And everlasting fame;

But never yet one braver
Our starry banner bore,
Than saucy old Jack Barry,
The Irish Commodore."

Barry served for a while as aid to Washington, as did that other gallant Irish Catholic, Stephen Moylan, who was so highly regarded by Washington. Moylan was a merchant, but at the outbreak of the Revolution he quit his store to enlist in the American cause, and was at Valley Forge with Washington, on whose recommendation he was appointed quartermaster-general. He resigned that position and re-entered active service, at the head of an independent cavalry command that he had organized, and rose to the rank of brigadier-general. He has been called "the Murat of the Army." General Moylan was not only a Catholic himself, but he was the brother of a Catholic bishop; and I may as well add that another brother, John Moylan, also a Catholic, was clothier-general during the Revolution.

The Country Named for a Catholic.

Why, gentlemen, we live and move and have our being in a land that bears the name of a Catholic, and is dotted all over with counties, towns and cities named for another Catholic. The District in which our national capital is located is named for one of these Catholics, and we have in our own State the beautiful cities of Columbus and Americus, and the fine old county of Columbia. Protestant historians say of these two Catholics—Christopher Columbus and Americus Vespuccius—for whom this land and so many of its counties, towns and cities are named, that they were the discoverers of the Western Hemisphere; that through and by them its existence was made known to the civilized world; and the perpetuation of their names on our maps and in our school-books is in recognition of the honor

and admiration due from mankind to those daring mariners, discoverers and explorers.

Especially is that honor and admiration due to the memory of Christopher Columbus, "the mariner who"—as Washington Irving says—"first had the judgment to divine, and the intrepidity to brave the mysteries of the perilous deep; and who, by his hardy genius, his inflexible constancy, and his heroic courage, brought the ends of the earth into communication with each other;"—an achievement which is pronounced by Dr. John Lord—another Protestant historian—to be "the greatest boon that our world has received from any mortal man since Noah entered into the ark";—an achievement that created a new earth, as the discovery of Copernicus—another Catholic—created a new heaven.

Yes, the honor and admiration of mankind are especially due to the memory of the indomitable Genoese hero who—encouraged and aided by a Catholic woman—led the way, across thousands of miles of uncharted seas, to a new world, where peoples of all races and all creeds have found a refuge from the religious and political proscription of the old world. Long may it continue to be such a refuge; and so it will be as long as Americans are true to the principles for which their forefathers fought with Washington and his Catholic compatriots in the war for American Independence.

But—will some keen, far-seeing anti-Catholic eye discern—some able and super-sensitive anti-Catholic nostril scent—danger to the Republic in the fact that the names of these Catholic Immortals are scattered, "thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Val-lombrosa," all over the maps and through the books from which the Republic's children are taught?

The Nation That He Meant.

We know what nation Washington meant when he wrote of "the important assistance" in the establishment of their government which the Revolutionary patriots "received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed"; and in this country's capital stands a statue of the Catholic general, Rochambeau, who came from that nation and, with its soldiers and sailors—as a later American President said—struck the decisive blow which started this country on the path of independence among the nations of the earth. The pressure for money to pay the troops was in part relieved by a loan of 20,000 "hard dollars" from Rochambeau.

In the hour of its sorest need, in its struggle for liberty, the young and weak American republic received from France the assistance that enabled it to win that struggle, and now, after a hundred and thirty-seven years, every liberty-loving heart in the world is thrilled by the spectacle of that republic—now the mightiest on earth—under the lead of another Virginian taking its place by the side of France, in the hour of her sore need, in the greatest struggle for liberty, for civilization and humanity—the greatest struggle of democracy against autocracy—the world has ever seen.

"For Freedom's Land remembers yet Her debt to France and Lafayette."

All Remembered by Washington.

Among the names which, we may be sure, were in Washington's mind when he wrote that letter to the Roman Catholics, and that never faded from his memory, were the names of those illustrious patriots, the Carrolls, of Maryland—Catholics all. Charles Carroll—who, in signing the Declaration of Independence wrote "of Carrollton" after his name to identify himself—staked more, in the way of

earthly possessions, in putting his name to that document, than any other signer. He was a member of the War Board of the Colonial Congress, and of the United States Senate after the Revolution, and when he died, at the age of ninety-five, he had outlived all the other signers. Daniel Carroll was a member of the Colonial Congress and of the Convention that framed the Constitution of the United States, which he declared to be "the best form of government ever offered to the world." John Carroll—Bishop and Archbishop, founder of the American Catholic hierarchy—was sent by the American Congress (a Protestant body) on a special mission to Canada in the interest of the United States. There was room in Washington's heart, too, for the name of Aedanus Burke, that sturdy patriot and Catholic, who left his seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, to become a Revolutionary soldier.

Time will not allow me to dwell longer now on the history of that period to show the truth in Washington's words, and I hasten on to some facts and names of later times in the history of this country—names and facts that Southern men, especially, should not forget.

Henry A. Wise on the Proscription of Roman Catholics.

When a political party was formed in this country with the object of nullifying the Constitutional prohibition of a religious test, and placing Catholics under the ban of civil proscription, it met with success in New England, where many brutal outrages were perpetrated against the property and persons of Catholics, by mobs inflamed by its teachings; and for a time it seemed likely to take strong hold in the South, but it was met on the threshold—in Virginia—by Henry A. Wise, the "Harry Percy" of the Old Dominion, who declared: "I am a Protestant by birth, by baptism, by

intellectual belief, by education, and by adoption. I am an American in every fibre, and in every feeling an American; yet in every character, in every reation, in every sense, with all my head and all my heart, and all my might, I protest against this secret organization of native Americans and of Protestants, to proscribe Roman Catholics and naturalized citizens."

It fell in Virginia under the on-slaught of Wise, who was elected governor of the State, which he had previously represented in congress; and in our own State that great Georgian, true patriot and statesman, Alexander H. Stephens, entered the lists against it, his soul ablaze with hostility to its proscriptive and unconstitutional tenets, and it expired under the blows dealt by his eloquent tongue and pen. Here are some of his words:

Stephens on the Religious Test and True Americanism.

"I am utterly opposed to mingling religion with politics in any way whatever, and especially am I opposed to making it a test in qualifications for civil office. Religion is a matter between a man and his Creator, with which governments should have nothing to do. In this country the Constitution guarantees to every citizen the right to entertain whatever creed he pleases, or no creed at all, if he is so inclined; and no other man has a right to pry into his conscience to inquire what he believes or what he does not believe. As a citizen and as a member of society, he is to be judged by his acts, and not by his creed. A Catholic, therefore, in our country, and in all countries, ought, as all other citizens, to be permitted to stand or fall in public favor and estimation upon his own individual merit. But I think, of all the Christian denominations in the United States, the Catholics are the last that Southern people should join in attempting to

put under the ban of civil proscription. For as a church they have never warred against us or our peculiar institutions. * * *

“True Americanism, as I have learned it, is like true Christianity—disciples in neither are confined to any nation, clime or soil whatsoever. Americanism is not the product of the soil; it springs not from the land or the ground; it emanates from the head and the heart; it looks upward, and onward and outward; its life and soul are those grand ideas of government which characterize our institutions and distinguish us from all other people; and there are no two features in our system which so signally distinguish us from all other nations as free toleration of religion and the doctrine of expatriation—the right of a man to throw off his allegiance to any and every other State, prince or pontentate whatsoever, and by naturalization to be incorporated as a citizen into our body politic. * * *

“The genuine disciples of ‘true Americanism,’ like the genuine followers of the Cross,, are those whose hearts are warmed and fired—purified, elevated and ennobled by those principles, doctrines and precepts which characterize their respective systems. It is for this reason that a Kamschatkan, a Briton, a Jew or a Hindoo can be as good a Christian as any one born on Calvary’s brow, or where the Sermon on the Mount was preached. And, for the same reason, an Irishman, a Frenchman, a German or Russian, can be as thoroughly ‘American’ as if he had been born within the walls of the old Independence Hall itself.”

To the talk of the dangers of Catholic plotting against American principles and institutions, Mr. Stephens replied: “What dangers are they threatening, or have they ever plotted? Let them be named. How, when and where? Was it when Lord Baltimore, a Catholic, established the colony of Maryland, and for

the first time on this continent, established the principle of free toleration in religious worship? Was it when Charles Carroll, a Catholic, signed the Declaration of Independence?"

Davis on the Catholic Priests.

Such were the sentiments of the man who was afterward the Vice-President of the Confederate States; and here are some words from Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy:

"In a time when the nations were ruled by arbitrary power, the Catholic priests stood between the despots and their victims, sublimely defying the rage of one and divinely bending to raise the other. From time to time the heroic spirit of that ancient line has been called forth, and in plague, pestilence and famine, in the wilderness and on fields of blood, in the prison, on the scaffold, and among the deserted mourners, nobly have they maintained the glory of their order."

I see before me the gallant soldier* who was in command at Fort Pulaski when it was captured by the Federal forces in 1862. He will tell you how nobly Father Peter Whalen—of blessed memory here in Savannah—maintained the glory of his order, and the truth of Mr. Davis' beautiful tribute to it, in the prison to which that good Father went with Fort Pulaski's garrison.

The fell demon of religious intolerance had no more uncompromising foes than the President and Vice-President of the Confederate States, and at that President's cabinet table Catholic, Jew, and Protestant sat side by side.

Not Manacled by a Catholic.

Was it a Catholic that riveted manacles on the limbs of Jefferson Davis when he was a

*Col. Charles H. Olmstead.

prisoner in the strongest fortress in America? No! It was the man who is today the head of the "Guardians of Liberty," an anti-Catholic organization. And the only potentate in all the world that sent a message of sympathy and consolation to Jefferson Davis in prison was the Pope of Rome.

Who was the leading counsel for the defense of Mr. Davis against the charge of treason made against him by the United States government? It was Charles O'Connor, a Catholic, and the recognized head of the bar of New York, who volunteered his services to the illustrious prisoner; and his most active associate counsel was George Shea, another Catholic.

· Were These Not True Americans?

What judge was it that, right there in Washington City, during the War Between the States, pronounced judicial condemnation of President Lincoln's usurpations, violations of the Constitution, and outrages on the liberties of his country? It was Roger B. Taney, a Catholic, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, to which office he was appointed by Andrew Jackson, against whom the most rabid anti-Catholic will hardly make the charge of a lack of Americanism—any more than such a charge will be made against Grover Cleveland for appointing to a seat on the bench of that Court the Catholic and ex-Confederate soldier, Edward D. White—now Chief Justice by appointment of William H. Taft, whose Americanism was not challenged nor tainted by reason of that appointment.

I do not suppose that any one will question the robust Americanism of Theodore Roosevelt, who twice appointed a Roman Catholic to a place in his cabinet—first as Secretary of the Navy, and then as Attorney-General of the United States.

When James K. Polk offered a diplomatic mission to the Catholic Bishop Hughes, and when John Quincy Adams and John C. Calhoun invited that same Bishop to speak on Christianity, before the American Congress, in the capitol at Washington, it was not charged that by that offer, and that invitation, there was any betrayal or imperiling of American institutions; any more than there was when the Washington Light Infantry, Charleston's most famous military organization, invited the Catholic Bishop England to be the orator on the occasion of the celebration of Washington's birthday in that city, an invitation which called forth one of the noblest addresses I ever read.

Catholic Confederates.

A glance at the history of the Confederate States shows that the Catholic, Beauregard, was the commander who led the Confederate troops to victory in the first battle of the War Between the States, and was the successful defender of Charleston and Petersburg; that the most famous naval commander of the Confederacy was the Catholic, Raphael Semmes; and it was of his kinsman, Paul J. Semmes, of Georgia, also a Catholic, that Robt. E. Lee wrote: "He fell mortally wounded while leading his brigade on the first day at Gettysburg, with the courage that always distinguished him. He died as he had lived, discharging the highest duty of a patriot with devotion that never faltered and courage that shrank from no danger."

Another member of that distinguished Roman Catholic family was Judge Thomas J. Semmes, who was one of the ablest senators of the Confederate States Congress, was President of the American Bar Association and long the recognized head of the bar of Louisiana. And surely that is not a wholly vicious religion that moves a man to write—as Thomas J. Semmes wrote—in his last will and testa-

ment the injunction: "Be kind to those among my debtors who may need your kindness."

Still another member of that family—Catholic, of course—was Thomas Semmes, of Canton, Mississippi, who—physically unable to do active military service himself in the Confederate cause—equipped at his personal expense a company for that service. He was the father of the late R. T. (Raphael Thomas) Semmes—known to you all as one of Savannah's most highly respected citizens and merchants. I opine that there are few, if any, Protestant families with a record of devotion to the Southern cause surpassing that of this Catholic family—given to us by the State that was founded by Lord Baltimore, the State that gave us the illustrious Carrolls, and the great Chief Justice Taney, and the author of our national anthem—"The Star Spangled Banner," and the author of "My Maryland," the Marseillaise of the Southern Confederacy.

An Unparalleled Instance.

So far as I know, there was but one instance, during the War Between the States, of promotion from the rank of captain directly to that of brigadier-general, and the soldier thus promoted was a Catholic. His name was V. J. B. Girardey, his home was Augusta, Georgia; his regiment the Third Georgia Volunteers, a regiment that illustrated the State so gloriously on so many battle fields, and whose flag was placed by its commander during the last sad days of the Confederacy, in the hands of Lieutenant Garrett S. Oglesby, with the injunction that he keep it from falling into the hands of the enemy—a charge which that soldier faithfully kept.

On the second day of August, 1864, President Davis despatched to General Lee these words: "Have directed the appointment of Captain Girardey as recommended." Two weeks later Victor Girardey's body lay on the field of

battle, within the enemy's lines, "hushed in the alabaster arms of death"; and Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, from his headquarters in the field, despatched to General Grant these words: "A Brigadier-General, supposed to be Brigadier-General Girardey, is dead within our lines. So reports my chief of staff."

Public monuments in Augusta bear the names of Abram J. Ryan, the Catholic poet-priest who wrote that touching apotheosis of the Confederate cause, "The Conquered Banner;" and of James R. Randall, the Catholic who wrote the Southern Marseillaise, "My Maryland;" and of Patrick Walsh, the Catholic who, as citizen, editor, legislator, United States Senator, and mayor, gave the community and the State the services of a genuine patriot; and let us hope that some day that beautiful city will have a monument bearing the name of the Catholic soldier who received so signal an honor as that of being recommended by Robert E. Lee for promotion from the rank of captain to the rank of brigadier-general in the Army of the Confederate States of America.

A Glorious Little Band.

At Sabine Pass, on the coast of Texas, during the War Between the States, a Confederate garrison—a single company—of forty-two men and two lieutenants, in a small earthwork with an armament of six guns, successfully resisted and drove off a Federal fleet of twenty-three vessels with an estimated force of 10,000 men, captured two of its gunboats and 18 of its heavy guns, disabled another gunboat, captured 150 of the 10,000 and killed and wounded fifty more of them—without serious damage to the fort or the loss or injury of any one in it. It seems incredible that such a victory could have been won by a force so insignificant, in point of strength and numbers, compared with the forces attacking it, but the official records of

the War tell us of it; and in a glowing tribute to those who won it President Davis characterize it as a victory "without parallel in ancient or modern war." I think it remains so to this day.

Well, gentlemen, Richard W. Dowling—"Dick" Dowling—the officer in command at that fort at that time, and every other member of the garrison that, by valor and stratagem, won that marvelous victory, was an Irishman and a Catholic. Forever green be the turf above the graves, wherever they are, of that glorious little band of Catholic Confederate heroes!

Tribute to a Great Soldier Who Was Not a Catholic.

I am quite sure that you will pardon me for digressing slightly from the main subject of this occasion, and of my remarks, to say a few words about one of your comrades-in-arms who was not a Catholic, as many suppose him to have been; but as he came to us from a Catholic country, and as his is one of the most shining names on the roll of the Confederacy's heroes, I am sure you will think it not amiss to make a brief reference to him here and now, and to quote a tribute to his memory from a native Georgian who was himself one of the most distinguished of Confederate soldiers.

Patrick Ronayne Cleburne, an Irishman by birth, came in his young manhood to the United States, and was a lawyer at Helena, Arkansas, at the commencement of the War Between the States, when, thoroughly convinced of the justice of the cause of the South, he enlisted as a private soldier in that cause, and was a major-general before the end of the war. In one of its battles, while he was giving a command to the troops in action, a minie rifle ball entered his open mouth without touching his lips and passed out through his cheek,

carrying away five teeth in its course, without touching or injuring the bone. A few weeks later he was leading a charge, and was again wounded. At the battle of Franklin, November, 1864, he made his last charge and fell, pierced with a score of bullets, in front of his men and almost against the enemy's parapets. He was 36 years old at the time. Five Confederate generals were killed (one of them, General John Adams, on top of the enemy's parapets) and six wounded in that desperate and bloody battle, but it was of Cleburne that his corps commander—General Hardee—wrote:

“There was none to take his place. It is but scant praise to say there was no truer patriot, no more courageous soldier, nor of his rank, more able commander in the Southern armies; and it is not too much to add that his fall was a greater loss than that of any other Confederate leader, after Stonewall Jackson.”

History Refutes It.

I trust, and believe, I have shown that the truth of history overwhelmingly refutes the imputation that profession of the Roman Catholic faith is incompatible with loyalty to American principles of government; and the resolutions before you—all the facts—show the peculiar appropriateness of the choice of the Macon Daughters of the Confederacy for orator of an occasion in honor of the memory of those sons of the South who died for those principles in the War Between the States; of every one of whom it can be said, as truly as General Lee said of Paul J. Semmes, “he died discharging the highest duty of a patriot.”

History shows that there are no more devoted adherents, no sturdier defenders of the principles of Constitutional liberty, as they have been transmitted through the Great Charter and the American Constitution, than have been found in the ranks of those profes-

sing that faith—the faith of Stephen Langton, of Runnymede, and of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and of Chief Justice Taney, and of the present Chief Justice, Edward D. White; and of that great judge, William Gaston, of North Carolina, whose name and memory are revered in that State by Protestant and Catholic alike. It shows that the Confederate cause, which itself was the cause of Constitutional liberty, had no more ardent sympathizers nor more eloquent advocates than were to be found in those same ranks; and no doubt of his fealty to those principles and to that cause can find lodgment in the mind of any one who knows that true American, that loyal Southerner, that golden-hearted Christian gentleman, Bishop Benjamin J. Keiley.

One of the greatest, wisest of statesmen said: “The doctrine of toleration I consider the best part of Christianity.” May the day yet come when all professors of Christianity subscribe with sincerity to that sentiment of Edmund Burke.

After Mr. Oglesby's address the resolutions introduced by Mr. Francis D. Bloodworth, former Commander of the Camp, were unanimously adopted. They are as follows:

“Resolved, That this Camp has learned with deep regret of the action of some of the Confederate Veterans, in a neighboring city, who have objected to an invitation extended by the Daughters of the Confederacy to Bishop Keiley to make an address on Memorial Day.

“Bishop Keiley is a devoted son of the South, and he was a faithful Confederate soldier—one of a family of Confederate soldiers.

“His address delivered before this Camp, whose members are his neighbors and friends, in response to its invitation, disclosed to all of us what was already known to some of us—his devotion to the glorious traditions of the South and his loyalty to the sacred memories of her heroic struggle.

“In this community, where he has spent so many years of his life, he is held in the highest honor and esteem, as a citizen and a patriot, by people of all forms of faith.”

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