

Texan Triumphs

Collected Works of Bishop Thomas Francis Brennan, D.D.

First Bishop of Dallas



RIGHT REV. T. F. BRENNAN, BISHOP OF DALLAS.

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YOUNGEST OF ALL THE BISHOPS IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICA.

RIGHT REV. THOMAS FRANCIS BRENNAN, D. D., THE BRILLIANT SCHOLAR AND EFFICIENT PRELATE.

The youngest, but, at the same time one of the best gifted of the prelates who rule the Catholic Church in America, is the Right Rev. Thomas F. Brennan, first Bishop of Dallas, who, last Spring assumed charge of that Church's vast and varied interests, in all Northern and Northwestern Texas. Bishop Brennan was, at the time of his elevation to the episcopacy, one of the most prominent, while yet numbered amongst the most youthful, of the priesthood in the ancient, wealthy and populous commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Educated at the celebrated philosophical and theological school of Innsbruck, Austria, where he spent five years, graduating with highest honors, and in Rome, the city of the Caesars itself, where he also won the highest distinctions that fall to learning and merit, he has by extensive travel in Europe, Africa and Asia, so perfected and supplemented his early training, as to be, to-day, one of America's foremost divines, in every branch of human knowledge. As a linguist is he specially distinguished. Thoroughly acquainted with the classic tongues of the ancient Hebrews, Greeks and Romans, he speaks with fluency the French, German, Spanish, Italian, Polish, Bohemian and other tongues. As a theologian he is profound, luminous and accurate. His reading on all useful subjects is very extensive; while his historical acquirements are truly extraordinary. As a speaker Bishop Brennan is clear, thoughtful and impressive. Few men, indeed, enjoy his gift of so soon captivating the hearts of an audience. He has hardly begun his discourse, when his auditors, yielding to the irresistible conviction of the speaker's sincerity, generosity and nobleness of purpose, are completely under his sway. His sermons are eagerly looked for and heartily prized, not only by his large and intelligent congregation in Dallas, but wherever he has once been heard in his extensive diocese.

Bishop Brennan has, during his brief administration of church affairs in Texas, achieved signal success. He has placed his whole diocese under the happy influence of a gentle but firm and orderly government. He has created several new missions, procuring spiritual ministrations for whole counties hitherto almost entirely, perforce of circumstances, without reach of the Catholic Church. New churches and schools are everywhere, as if by magic springing up at his call. His people have fullest confidence in his prudence and his sagacity. He has great things to do, both in his episcopal city of Dallas and all other cities of northern Texas, but, equal to every task, ready for every demand, will he be found.

One of his first acts, on taking possession of his See, was to establish the *Texas Catholic*, a journal, whose rapid increase in circulation is one of the marvels of religious newspaperdom.

The word failure has no place in this prelate's vocabulary, for had the Bishop listened to the peddling pedant, the new Catholic journal could not have succeeded. But succeed he was determined it would. Entrusting its editorship to Rev. Dr. J. F. Coffey, a trained and experienced, as well as successful Catholic journalist, he lent it the powerful aid of his patronage and the irresistible influence of his support. Bishop Brennan's letters on various live topics of the day, have been read, and reproduced by journal after journal, in the north and east. His letters on the erection of a monumental Catholic cathedral in Baltimore; on the persecution of the Jews in Russia; on the necessity of union amongst the Irish here in America and in Ireland; and on the opening of the World's Fair Exhibition on Sunday, not to speak at all of his pastoral letters to the clergy and laity of his diocese, have in a few short months placed him in the very front rank of Catholic thinkers, writers and speakers, Texas is honored by the possession of so distinguished and highly gifted a citizen. It is by men of such culture, talent, breadth of view and sincerity of soul as Bishop Brennan, that Texas will rise to her true place in the family of American commonwealths. Her people extend to Bishop Brennan their best wishes for continued and lengthened success in the Church of which he is so noble an advocate and so illustrious an ornament. As the good Bishop celebrated his 36th birthday on the 10th of October last, he can hardly as yet, be said to stand even on the threshold of the brilliant career that is before him. May it be as fruitful in beneficial results as his virtues merit and his talents promise.-*Denison Herald*.

PREFACE

By way of preface, the compiler of this little work desires to say, that this collection of lectures and letters of the Right Rev. T. F. Brennan, D. D., Bishop of Dallas, is an acknowledgment of requests from all parts of the country, demanding their appearance in some permanent form. It is, besides, the expression of a desire to place on enduring record the first utterances of the first Bishop of a newly erected See, utterances that the annalist *ever* prizes as landmarks in civil and ecclesiastical history.

Dallas May 2nd, 1892.

BISHOP BRENNAN'S LETTER
ON THE PROPOSED MONUMENTAL CATHEDRAL IN BALTIMORE, MD.

The Right Rev. Bishop of Dallas received from Mr. James Doyle, city editor of the Baltimore American, a letter, asking his opinion, as to the advisability of the erection, in Baltimore, of a great memorial Catholic Cathedral.

Bishop Brennan, writing on the 4th of July, 1891, said: "I feel, sir, that I cannot better enter into the spirit of the glorious anniversary of our national independence than by earnestly endorsing the project which you submit to the ever generous American Catholic public. The Catholic American heart instinctively turns to Baltimore for inspiration, light and encouragement — to Baltimore, the see of the illustrious John Carroll, to whose sagacity, foresight, firmness and patriotism the cause of American independence owed so much: to Baltimore, the see of so many other distinguished and apostolic prelates who ruled the diocese from his demise till the ascension of your present noble, honored and renowned archbishop, James Cardinal Gibbons — the wise in council, the cautious in deliberation, the prudent in speech, the faithful in execution, the gentle in admonition, the far-reaching in foresight, the exalted in patriotism. Cardinal Gibbons has rendered the American church services fully as great as his celebrated predecessor, the immortal Archbishop Carroll. On this 4th day of July, as an American bishop, filling the most youthful of the episcopal sees in this great republic, I beg to tender this, my expression of respect and gratitude to the see of Baltimore for all it has done for religion in this vast and ever-growing country. To Baltimore we look, from the mighty southwest, from this queenly metropolis of the empire state of Texas, for that light, energy and stimulation so necessary in the peaceful and vigorous strife we are waging for the faith of our fathers, with which the see of Baltimore and its present illustrious incumbent are so closely, so nobly, so inseparably identified. I cheerfully lend your project the feeble assistance of my humble, but earnest and sincere sanction.

May your projected new cathedral soon rear its lofty turrets to heaven and open wide its portals to thronging multitudes of free American citizens! May it be the glorious crown, the splendid climax, the solid and enduring culmination of America's efforts in appreciation of historic Maryland's devotion to the cause of civil and religious liberty! May it stand forever, the cherished shrine and honored temple of the faith, which gave America its Marquette, its Jogues, its Calvert, its Carroll and its Cheverus, in days gone by, and has, in more recent days, blessed us with an England, a Baraga, a Hughes, a Spalding, a McCloskey and a Gibbons."

THE PERSECUTED JEWS.

The cruel and heartless measures of repression and tyranny visited by the Russian government upon the Jews of that empire have called forth from many sources, expressions of earnest, heartfelt condemnation. The dignitaries of the Catholic church are amongst the foremost in this outspoken sympathy with the unfortunate victims or the Czar's relentless anger.

New York, September 11th, 1891.

Right Reverend Thomas Brennan, Dallas, Texas:

RIGHT REVEREND SIR:

The persecution of the Jews in Russia has reached such a magnitude as to arouse the attention of every friend of humanity.

The dignitaries of the Church have already spoken in language not to be misunderstood, expressing their abhorrence of these cruel outrages and condemning race hatred as un-Christian and in utter contradiction to the teachings of the faith.

I need not refer to the utterances of their Eminences, Cardinals Gibbons and Manning, the late Archbishop of Vienna and other dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church.

I would be grateful to you for a word expressing your sentiments for publication in the columns of the *Hebrew Standard*.

Very respectfully,

J. P. Solomon, Editor.

Dallas, Texas, September 16, 1891.

MY DEAR SIR:

I beg leave to acknowledge receipt of your communication of the 11th inst., and feel honored to be invited to raise my voice in accentuation of the denunciations of cruel repression and crying inhumanity towards the Hebrew population of Russia, pronounced by statesmen so eminent, and churchmen so illustrious. By ancestry, citizenship and principle, I am a resolute foe of racial and religions persecution. The course of the Russian government to which you draw

attention, is at once inexplicable and indefensible. No government, not even an autocracy can, now-a-days, at any rate, set at defiance the public opinion of the civilized world.

If Russia were not the colossal power it is, an European Congress {would} have been convoked to check its mad and ruthless career of blood and brutality. But Russia is mighty, her alliance coveted and armed prowess feared. Hence are the powers and cabinets of Europe silent in the presence of injustice crying to all humanity for speedy and radical termination and effacement. But, sir, I do hope that numerically weak, and otherwise powerless, as may be the Hebrews of Russia, their voice supported, sustained and swollen by the outcries of an indignant extra Russian world, will penetrate the mailed walls of the Tsar's secret councils and lead his advisers to pause and relent in the execution of their blood thirsty policy. In conveying to the *Hebrew Standard* the expression of my heartfelt sympathy with the wronged, oppressed and undone Hebrews of Russia as well as those suffering in exile, or those under the rod and lash of the tyrant, I am proud, sir, that I follow the noble traditions of the Church to which I belong. During the Middle Ages and at all times, the Popes and Bishops of the Catholic Church were and have been the defenders and protectors of your long tried and often odiously wronged countrymen.

To me nothing seems so appallingly unjust as the condemnation of a whole race for the faults or even crimes of a few. But if the test of universal freedom from offence be applied to any race, which one can cast the first stone at the Jewish nation? I must confess, myself, to a deep, a warm, and abiding kindly feeling for your people, whose checkered career is so closely bound up with all that is great and noble and redeeming in the history of this troublous and troubled world of ours. Your history, sir, calls vividly to mind the Patriarch Abraham, founder of the Hebrew race, the law-giver Moses, the holy Judge Samuel, the penitent King David, Solomon the wisest of men, the valorous Judas Maccabaeus, the sainted John the Baptist, precursor of Christianity's own Sacred Founder "who by human birth and descent was of Hebrew blood and origin, of the very line of David himself, the son of the woman whom we Catholics, above all others venerate, known amongst us by that exalted and tenderest of appellations, the Lily of Israel.

Living as I do, in a community where the Hebrew element is justly esteemed and a power for good in the civic and commercial progress of the metropolis of Texas, a recipient myself, at the hands of my Jewish fellow citizens of so many of the civilities, courtesies and amenities of life, which make of America a land of such happy homes, and generous good neighborhood, I cannot but feel warmly, when asked to express an opinion on the subject which you bring to notice. Do me kindly the favor of registering me {as} an uncompromising antagonist of the persecution of the Hebrew people of Russia, and a hearty cooperator in any and every expression

and movement of sympathy in their regard. The cry of a persecuted people cannot fall in vain upon free America's ever sympathetic and humane ear, nor touch without response the noble and magnanimous heart of its people to whose fathers oppression was no stranger. I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully and truly yours,

+ Thomas F. Brennan,
Bishop of Dallas

Dallas, Texas, September 19, 1891.

Right Reverend Thomas Francis Brennan, Bishop of the Diocese of Dallas, Texas

RIGHT REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:

With feelings of appreciation did I peruse the fervid and humanitarian words, emanating from you, in this morning's *News*, expressing the righteous horror and indignation, that find an abiding place in your good heart, at the terrible persecution now being perpetrated upon my unfortunate brethren, who reside in the dominions of the autocratic Czar, As the heroes of the mighty Church, which counts you as one of its honored princes, have always been found ready and willing to raise their powerful voices, and to use their still mightier weapons, weapons in defense of the helpless, so you, their true prototype, are found, on the broad principles of humanity, coming to the rescue of a people whose only crime consists in the fact that they are weak numerically, and strong in their undying faith in the God of the universe. You have espoused the cause of the few against the many, and defended with your inspired and holy words, the weak from the strong. These words will be flashed from hemisphere to hemisphere, and find an echo of the gratitude I feel in the hearts of all Israel, in the four quarters of the earth.

As a Hebrew, and as the spiritual head of the Jewish community of Dallas, permit me to tender you my most heartfelt thanks, for this public expression of your noble sentiments.

With the fervent hope that the Father of the universe will give you strength to continue and to bring to completion, all your efforts for the amelioration of suffering humanity, and that he may bless you continually with His choicest blessings. I have the honor to be, Right Reverend and Dear Sir,

Very respectfully yours,
Edward M. Chapman

THE QUEEN ISABELLA STATUE.

Mr8. Clara Hanson Mohun, corresponding secretary fur the Queen Isabella Statue Fund, in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition, having invited the approbation of the Bishops of the United States upon her work, the Right Rev. Bishop Brennan wrote as follows:

Dallas, Texas, Feb. 19, 1892

Mrs. Clara Hanson Mohun:

DEAR MADAM:

The project of raising a statue in honor of Isabella, the Catholic, the greatest of Spanish sovereigns and the noblest of European Queens since the days of the saintly Blanche of Castile, invites endorsement and merits encouragement, Be pleased to accept my endorsement. and do me the honor of noting my encouragement of a. purpose so worthy and so timely. No fitting "commemoration of America's discovery could there be without due honor paid the illustrious Queen, under whose auspices a new World was thrown open to hampered and harassed mankind, Meet is it, that in the willing hands of the Christian women of this Christian land, should be placed the charge of the perpetuating the memory of this gracious Sovereign, the model of maidenhood. The exemplar of wifehood the glory of motherhood, her maidenhood was so exquisite in its incomparable loveliness, that historian and romanticist exhaust the repertories of an exuberant and acquiescent phraseology to depict the beauties and glories of that fascinating period in a charming and ennobling life. Her womanhood was radiant with virtue, with virtue's sweetest graces and virtue's happiest triumphs. Of historic record is it, that Queen Isabella was no wise influenced by the evil example which afflicted her tender and generous soul, the contiguity of vice exciting her profoundest sorrow for its ravages, sympathy for its victims, {and} abhorrence of its enormities. In the very midst of moral contagion, she led a life of purity unassailable and of holiness most admirable. Hence she was beloved of the chivalric and Catholic people of Castile, and is, today, honored and renowned amongst all the children of men. That quality of hers', which, methinks, should make her blessed and venerated of American

womanhood, was her exalted and unfailing moral courage, sustaining her spirit in the darkest hour of adversity. Gathering light from within, to dispel the darkness and gloom without.

Raise, then, in memory of this peerless, crowned and sceptered daughter of mankind, a statue bespeaking not alone admiration of her worth, but determination to follow at a distance, however marked, and with steps, however faltering, the virtues that brightened, blessed and beautified her life and reign! I am, dear madam,

Very sincerely and respectfully,

+ Thomas Francis Brennan,
Bishop of Dallas

OBSERVANCE OF THE LORD'S DAY

In reply to a letter from the management of the Chicago Times asking his views on the question of the Sunday closing of the World's Fair, Bishop Brennan writes:

MY DEAR SIR:

The question which you ask touching on the observance of the the Lord's Day, recalls words pronounced more than ten years ago, by the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII, in reply to an address from the Catholic Society for the observance of Sundays and religious festivals. On the 20th day of March, 1881, the Common Father of the Faithful, in his discourse to that worthy society employed these terms:

"In the shadow of a great liberty, it is very difficult indeed to distinguish the days consecrated to the Lord from those destined to work. The shops and stores are opened: manual labor, public and private, is protracted to a late hour. It seems as if the proposal of the impious to wipe out from the earth the Lord's Day had revived. As the observance was willed by God from the first origin of man, so is it demanded by the absolute dependence of the creature on the Creator. And this law, which so admirably reesonds to the honor of God, regards not only individuals, but the peoples and the nations, who are debtors to Divine Providence for their well-being."

Having thus clearly laid it down that the law of the observance of the Lord's day, binds not only individuals, but peoples and nations, the Sovereign Pontiff proceeds to stigmatize one of the crying evils of the day:

"Through that fatal tendency which prevails today, of leading mankind away from God and of organ said that thus it is intended to promote industries and to procure prosperity. Foolish

and false words. It is sought instead, to take from the people the consolations of religion; it is desired to weaken the sentiment of faith; and they call down upon their heads the most tremendous chastisements of God, justly irritated."

When first I read these words they produced on me an impression that time has not obliterated. The ever growing disregard for the observance of the Lord's day, so painfully noticeable in America is, indeed, attributable to that fatal tendency prevailing, to-day, of "leading men away from God."

Our literature and even our legislation has been made subservient to this tendency, in its workings so unfeeling, in its influences so disastrous, in its effects so inhuman. The erotic novel, the pestiferous all-night, Sunday wide-open saloon, the baneful power of the gambling interest, the deleterious example of the prize ring and the "sporting world" generally, all these attest the strength of the tendency so justly condemned and reprobated by the Holy Father. If any man, for one moment question the Sovereign Pontiff's sincerity, let him read the concluding words by the Pope addressed to

the Society for the Promotion of Sunday Observance:

"That which renders still more deplorable such an excesses that it happens in the midst of the Catholic nations upon which God has shed His benefits, — in Rome, the centre of Catholicity, at the very time when anti-Catholic nations feel the need of returning to observing the days sacred to the Lord. Hence it is that we cannot, without sorrow, see that the faithful of the whole world, instead of finding here motives of edification, find motives of scandal. Our grief becomes still deeper, since We, being reduced to this state, find it impossible to repair the evil and to vindicate the outraged honor of God."

The government of this American republic is not, thank God, anti-Christian or anti-Catholic, as those European governments so severely and yet so justly stigmatized by the Sovereign Pontiff. This is a Christian nation. Its founders were Christian, sincerely and profoundly Christian, the fathers and makers of the Declaration of Independence Christian, the framers of the Constitution Christian, the soldiers and seamen who, in their gigantic struggle with the greatest naval and military power then in the world, achieved for this country freedom and for themselves undying glory, these too, were Christians. The greed for gold and the influence of customs and practices and manners wholly un-American have, however, been for many years at work, in this country, to weaken, if not destroy the virile and vigorous religious spirit of our colonial and earlier republican eras. Those of us in earnest for Sunday observance, have now to confront influences and interests difficult to combat if not wholly impossible to remove. But the strength of the enemies of the Lords' Day's observance should neither terrify nor overcome us.

The Lord's Day in America must and will be duly respected and observed, if American Christians show themselves in earnest in the battle. The cohorts of Satan are ever ready for the fray, whilst the legions of the Lord are too often deaf even to the trumpet notes of His Archangel.

So much, Sir, on the general view of this question of the Lord's Day's observance. Now for the particular point of the World's Fair opening on Sunday. You ask me a direct question and your question will, from me, receive a direct answer. I am in favor of the partial opening of the World's Fair on Sunday, the working-man's day of rest and recreation. This is a nation of toilers, and the Lord's Day is the toilers' day of repose. Anything that will enhance the working man's enjoyment of this day, which the Lord Himself hath made and enable the toiling masses to rejoice and exult therein will have my warmest support and heartiest endorsement. I wish to be registered as favoring the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday between the hour of the closing of Sunday morning's services, say one o'clock and the hour of six or seven p. m. This would give all not having other occasions an opportunity of enjoying the enlightening phases of the Fair. The closing of the Fair, all day on Sunday, would not only be detrimental to the Fair itself, but unjust to the great mass of the people, because, for them Sunday is the only day of leisure.

Sunday was never meant by the Church as a day of restraint and persecution, but a day of rest, recollection and innocent recreation. This one day, the Church has claimed, and instituted for God, and this being God's own day, the intention of the Church is that it be the brightest and happiest day of the week. Will it be so, if you put odious restraint upon the masses craving for the needed, well-earned and sinless enjoyment of the Sunday afternoon visit to the World's Fair? If you make Sunday hateful to the people, how will you make it a day of heartfelt prayer? It does seem to me that the marvels of nature, and the triumphs of human genius, and the achievements of human industry, to be shown at the World's Fair, will help give visitors a juster and grander conception of the greatness and power of God, on the one hand, and the dignity and excellence of man "made in His image and likeness," on the other.

I have the honor, Sir, to subscribe myself truly and sincerely yours,

+ Thomas Francis Brennan
Bishop of Dallas

Dallas, Texas, October 26, 1891

CATHOLIC TRUTH.

The following are the communications between the Bishop of Dallas and the Catholic Truth Society, whose headquarters are at St. Paul, Minn.:

St. Paul, Minn., October 20th, 1891

YOUR LORDSHIP:

We enclose herewith a prospectus and other papers explaining the objects and methods of the Catholic Truth Society of America, in the sincere hope that you will give the work your approbation. We do this the more confidently because the original society in England, of which ours is in all essentials a copy, has received the hearty approval and support, not only of His Eminence, Cardinal Manning, and other high ecclesiastics, but has even been enriched by our Holy Father, with several indulgences applicable to all its members. The Society in America has received special letters of approbation from Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishops Ireland and Grace of St. Paul. The beneficial results of the Society's work have been so manifest in our archdiocese of St. Paul, that we desire to see them extended as widely as possible throughout the country; and we feel confident that our efforts in this direction will be materially aided by a few words of approval from you. Hoping you will not disdain to grant the favor we ask, we are your humble and obedient servants,

M. W. Cole, President.

Wm. F. Markoe, Corresponding Secretary.

BISHOP BRENNAN'S REPLY

W. F. Markoe, Corresponding Secretary, Catholic Truth Society, St. Paul, Minn.

MY DEAR SIR:

With no ordinary feelings of pleasure, I tender you thanks for your letter with its enclosed documents, conveying information so useful and so gratifying, exhibiting results so cheering and so comforting, demonstrating purposes so exalted and so Catholic and offering guarantees for achievements, conquests and triumphs of which neither you nor I can form any just conception. Your motto, watchword and battle cry, "The truth will make you free." addresses itself with peculiar force to every Catholic heart in this liberty-blessed land of America, where our holy religion has such noble opportunities for expansion and consolidation, if sustained in her efforts to emancipate the masses from the shackles that ignorance, prejudice and passion, would fain place on their intellectual advancement, and, as a necessary consequence, their material welfare

and prosperity. Your excellent society, I look on, Sir, as one of the valued auxiliaries of the Church in her unremitting combat with the serried legions of dark falsehood's gloomy realm. Truth secures freedom, but falsehood ensures servitude. On the side of truth must then, every earnest Christian be enlisted, or he is no true friend of freedom. Our country as well as our church calls out to us, who possess and enjoy the fullness of truth, that Catholic truth, which civilized and disenthralled the nations of Europe and has secured for America, in four hundred years, a greater and more solid advancement than the Old World has in fourteen centuries achieved. This Catholic truth of ours it is, Sir which gave the world the mighty characters of old, its Augustines and its Ambroses, its Gregories and its Innocents, its matchless monarchs, the Alfreds, the Edwards, the Lion-hearted Richards, Philip Augustus and St. Louis of France, Ferdinand, Isabella and Phillip II., of Spain, the saintly Henry and Charles V, of Germany, the valorous chiefs and the resistless soldiers of feudal times, the men of learning and renown in the great schools which illumined and illustrated the ages of faith, the statesmen and legislators, the jurists and the orators who laid the foundations of the civil and constitutional systems of today —securing for us the inestimable blessing of the political liberty , that is now ours, making us at one and the same time, the envy and admiration of older peoples and more ancient governments.

When I read of the assaults prompted by ignorance and formulated by prejudice against our Holy Faith, as the enemy of freedom, enlightenment and progress, I cannot restrain the indignation which inspired the great Bishop Doyle's with this splendid protestation, only to be forgotten when our language ceases to be spoken:

"You well know that the charter of British freedom, and the common law of England, have their origin and source in Catholic times. Who framed the constitutions of the Spanish Goths? Who preserved science and literature, during the long middle ages? Who imported literature from Constantinople, and opened for her an asylum at Rome, Florence, Padua, Paris and Oxford? Who polished Europe by art, and refined her by legislation? Who discovered the new world, and opened the passage to another? Who were the masters of architecture, of painting, and of music? Who invented the compass, and the art of printing? Who were the poets, the historians, the jurists, the men of deep research, and profound literature? Who have exalted human nature, and made man appear again little less than the angels? Were they not almost exclusively the professors of our creed? Were they who created and possessed freedom under every shape unfit for her enjoyment? Were men; deemed even now the lights of the world and the benefactors of the human race, the deluded victims of a slavish superstition?

The movement you have inaugurated, stamped with the approval and strengthened by the blessing of your eminent archbishop, whose name, though a household word of honor throughout

the northwest, is the common property of this free and truth-loving America of ours, the citizenship of which he honors by his virtues and the fame of which he enhances by his talents and achievements, this movement of yours, Sir, commended by reason, virtue, piety and patriotism appeals to every instinct of our Catholic faith and Catholic feeling, to every principle of our Catholic loyalty and Catholic fidelity, for sustainment, encouragement, endorsement and solidification. Your invitation for cooperation should not go unheeded. The appeal is too sacred, the cause too valuable, the consequences too momentous for apathy, neglect or indifference. You address us in the name of truth and addressed in that name and by that title which is Christ's own name and title, his sweetest appellation. *Ego sum via, veritas et vita*; I am the *way*, the *truth* and the *life*; we cannot remain silent and supine.

On a recent memorable and historic occasion, in the city of Dubuque, your illustrious archbishop speaking of the Church's mission in this free, undivided, indivisible and invincible republic of ours, (employed this form of speech, so consonant with his metropolitan dignity:

"She is free, and what does God's church need but the right to put forth without opposition from anyone the life that is in her. She needs not that her ministers be paid by the state. She needs not that monarchs or kings appoint soldiers to carry out her orders. She speaks to the consciences of men, and where to day except in America, has she all the liberty which her divine mission demands?

It is true that many millions of Americans are not Catholics today. It is true they do not know the beauty of the Church, but of the American people I say their hearts are as generous as the soil of their country and their minds are as broad as her almighty expanse. If they do not soon see the beauty of the Church and know the truths which God has entrusted to her keeping, blame yourselves. For they are willing to learn; they are willing to hear, if you reason with them and show them where they are wrong. Americans are not wedded to prejudice. Americans in their hearts desire truth, and we have to do for them what Paul did for the Athenians, "show them where the unknown god whom they worship is. They are Catholics by instinct; let us make them Catholics in fact."

Neither you, nor I, can marvel or do marvel that such a splendid and yet unexaggerated picture of the Church's position and promise drew down the plaudits of the influential auditory to whom it was presented. You of the Catholic Truth Society are doing your part to make those who are Catholics by instinct, Catholics in name and in fact. To use the words of that distinguished Paulist, Father Walter Elliott: "How glad that we can so easily pay the debt of gratitude we owe this great and free nation for taking us in and loving and cherishing us? We were not brought to these shores for mercenary motives. No. the wide-stretched, welcome arms of America were

extended for all who sought refuge from oppression and bondage. We were taken in free and reared in loving brotherhood.

This, then, is our task, and an easy one it is. What religion is better than ours, which always upholds the dignity of man? Man is not a degraded wretch. When Calvin and Luther said, 'man is depraved,' the Pope and Bishops of our Church said, 'Anathema to that. Man is not depraved, he is naturally good.'

In an address to the Grand Council of the Young Men's Institute, at Watsonville, Cal., some few weeks ago, the far-seeing, learned and accomplished archbishop of San Francisco spoke of the power of organization:

“His grace said, according to newspaper reports, that the society, as he understands it, it for the mutual benefit, benevolence and improvement of its members. Those within the ranks of the organization were banded together by two watchwords — " *Pro Deo, Pro Patria*. For God, for Country." He dwelt at length and with eloquence on this motto. The watchword, he held, was fraught with deep meaning, its intelligent interpretation was patent to all, and no one had any right to walk under the symbol of the order unless he interpreted the motto literally and lived according to its teachings. The motto, “in union, there is strength,” finds its application in all departments of life; the old story of the bundle of sticks is carried into actual practice; therefore all over this country we find trusts, combinations, syndicates to be the order of the day; hence there is need of counter organization for the protection of those not members of other organizations. Capital and railroads form combinations and trusts, and so it is those called laboring men are forced into organizations, for their lives otherwise would be lives of penury. Organizations are mighty agents for good or for evil, just as they are directed to the public good or to selfish ends. Why then should not Christian young men organize? Is not the Church these young men belong to the greatest organization the world has ever known?

If evil men unite for evil why should they not unite for good? If a society is established to promote the consumption of liquor, why not a society to advocate temperance? As organizations are on every hand, it becomes absolutely necessary that if good is to be accomplished we must look for its accomplishment not singly but unitedly."

The power of organization you clearly understand and have before your eyes. You are believers in that charity of which the poet has sung

:

*I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen: that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.*

Such was the charity which inflamed the hearts and inspirited the efforts of the apostles when they undertook the establishment of Christianity throughout the world. What they and their successors did through the world, we can do here in America. The same God, whose all-powerful arm operated wonders for them, is ready to do equal if not greater wonders for us, His grace is all-powerful, inexhaustible.

"The establishment of the Christian religion among men is, says .the learned, accomplished and amiable Fenelon, the greatest of all miracles. In spite of all the power or Rome; in spite of all the passions, interests, and prejudices of so many nations; so many philosophers; so many different religions; twelve poor fishermen, without art, without eloquence, without power, publish and spread their doctrine throughout the world. In spite of a persecution for three centuries, which seemed every moment ready to extinguish it; in spite of continued and innumerable martyrdoms of persons of all conditions, sexes and countries; the truth in the end triumphs over error, pursuant to the predictions both or the old and new law. Let anyone show some other religion which has the same marks of a divine protection.

A powerful conqueror may establish. by his arms, the belief of a religion, which flatters the sensuality of men: a wise legislator may gain himself attention and respect by the usefulness of his laws. A sect in credit, and supported by the civil power, may abuse the credulity of the people; all this is possible; but what could victorious, learned and superstitious nations see, to induce them so readily to Jesus Christ, who promised them nothing in this world but persecutions and suffering; who proposed to them the practice of a morality, to which all darling passions must be sacrificed. Is not the conversion of the world to such a religion, without miracles, a greater and more credible one, than even the greatest of those which some refuse to believe?

What God did for a wicked, superstitious and inhuman Pagan world, He will more readily do at our instance, by our efforts, our labors, our prayers and our sacrifices for a nation by instinct Catholic, a nation so free from the vices, the superstitions and the inhumanities that degrade, enslave and decimate so large a portion of the old world. You have confidence in the power of God's truth, and the invincibility of God's grace. Your organization is democratic in the highest sense of that term, for your purpose is to work even by truth, and to rest not from your labors till all men have that boon. Truth, say you to the enslaved by prejudice, the darkened by ignorance, the degraded by vice, the manacled by fanaticism, truth will make you free. Truth and truth alone will make you truly American and to be democratic one must, in the words of your gifted Archbishop, recognize "that royal truth that every man is made to be a sovereign by the free exercise for the good of the country of the gifts God has accorded to him, and this democracy,

what is it but the grand brotherhood of men which Christ taught to the world, and which the Catholic church has ever spread over the universe, for she it is that anathematizes from her, every breath of slavery and declares' that every man shall be free. and whn every man must be free the logical outcome of the doctrine is the democracy of America."

For Catholic truth in this Empire State of Texas there are indeed great opportunities. First Christianized and civilized by the Catholic missionary, Texas ought assuredly be today a great Catholic commonwealth. But Providence has permitted otherwise, and to the lovers of Catholic truth there is opened another field for labor and devotedness. The people of Texas are eager to hear and to know the truth. Our fields are white with a harvest of incalculable value, but the laborers are few, very few indeed. Think of us in your prayers and in your good works. Think of the great work of the Jesuit and Franciscan missionaries of bygone times whose blood and whose sweat and whose ashes have consecrated this imperial Texan domain to God and to truth, and pray with us that their unforgotten labors, their prayers and their sacrifices may even now propitiate the Divine Heart of Jesus, towards a land than which our republic possesses no better, brighter, or more fruitful. Pray with us that the Catholic truth of which you are the worthy promoters, nay the apostles, may shine upon, bless redeem, regenerate and fructify this expansive and glorious commonwealth, once ours in name and in fact, ours still by history, by tradition, by self-sacrifice, and to be ours in future, through the fidelity, the piety and the Catholic loyalty of hundreds of thousands of professors and promoters of Catholic truth, the only shield and the only bulwark of society against the spirits of evil and of darkness ever seeking and striving for human degradation and human destruction.

I heartily commend and approve your society. May its organization spread to every state and to every centre of thought in this republic! May its enlightening, liberating and christianizing influences be felt by every class and condition of American society! May God out of abundance of His goodness, grace and mercy, bless it even an hundred-fold! To you individually, and to all American Catholics, let me, as Archbishop Riordan said to the council of Catholic young men at Watsonville: "Be always on the side of the right; be just; be honorable; be all that your church and your country expect of you. Labor for the good cause, for right, for truth, for temperance-it is all important-labor for purity of life and freedom from all vice. It should be our end to work for the common good. It is grand privilege to be permitted to plant the seeds of liberty, religious and fraternity in a new nation. May God give us grace to fulfill this mission. We are living at the very beginning of our history. The day is not very far distant when our villages will be cities. When we have gone to our reward may it be your lot, as I pray it may be mine, that this grand outgrowth

may be the product of the deeds of faith, of charity, of religious and of liberty, which we in our day planted in this our Golden State.”

I beg to respectfully to remain,
+Thomas Francis Brennan,
Bishop of Dallas

Dallas, Texas, October 28, 1891

STAND TOGETHER

BISHOP BRENNAN’S LETTER ON THE REUNION OF THE A.O.H

The Bishop of Dallas writes advising a spirit of union amongst the Irish in general and the A.O.H. in particular.

Dallas, Texas, October 8, 1891

Mr. John J. McGinnis, Editor of the “Brooklyn Leader,” Brooklyn, New York,

MY DEAR SIR:

I feel it a pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter bearing date, September 29th, last, requesting an opinion of mine on the reunion of both wings of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. You do me the honor to add that an expression of my views, upon this subject, would, just now, carry some weight and exercise some influence. If, indeed, plainness of expression, sincerity of purpose, and depth of affection for the land of my forefathers are any commendation to the men of Irish race and blood in America, I have, sir some claim to a hearing. Born on the banks of the sweet and smiling Anner, above which bold Slievenamon lifts his haughty brow, to catch the sun’s first ray or the shower’s first kiss, my childhood days spent on a soil consecrated by the blood of martyrs and heroes, a soil which for three centuries was the battle ground for the fiercest conflicts that have ever disturbed unhappy Ireland, a soil ennobled by its historic recollections, exalted by the valor and the virtue of her children, so often reddened by the

blood and whitened by the bones of sons falling for her freedom and dying for her glory, a soil that I must love beyond power of words to express it, my right hand should forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to my jaws before I could forget the land that has gathered to her bosom the bones of my ancestors and guards the dust of my people. In this, my far off Texan home, I feel, indeed, duty bound to raise my voice on behalf of the true interests of the land where repose the asks of a fond and tender father, and from which the cruel destiny of our race drove me at the early age of eight years, to find ultimately, in this free and glorious commonwealth, that liberty and happiness denied my ancestral land.

Recent lamentable events in Ireland, painful to you, sir, as well as to myself and to every child of Erin, have brought to my mind and to my lips the memorable warning of the immortal O'Connell, addressed, in 1813, to the struggling and enslaved, but divided Irish of that day: "My good friends, guard yourselves, said the Liberator, against division; be watchful of those that seek to divide you; these divisions have put down Ireland—a continuance of them will destroy the finest and fairest country in the world. We have no intense heat in summer to dry up the earth; we have no chilling colds in winter to freeze us; we are the most light-hearted people upon any shore; for seven hundred years our spirit has continued unsubdued. We were never beaten in any battle; on one occasion we submitted to an agreement, a compact, and that compact was broken, not by us, but by those who pledged themselves solemnly to its fulfillment. Why, then, should we be abused? Why insulted? Why doubted in our honor, in our integrity? At all events, why quarrel among ourselves?"

"If it were not for these cursed divisions, Ireland would be the paradise of the world."

The same great chieftain who, in time, led his people out of bondage into freedom, on another occasion declares: "We have open and avowed enemies. We have equally tried enemies, who pretend to be our friends; for their daily pay they must calumniate and misrepresent; and for my own part, I should as soon be angry with the winds for shifting to an unpleasant point, as I would with any of those pitiful creatures, whose rancor is paid by the day and who, perhaps, for smaller pay, certainly for greater, would calumniate the subjects of their present eulogies. Have seven centuries of misery and misfortune not taught Ireland the source of her woes? Is she now to learn that it was by division she was first conquered? That it was by the dissension of her sons she was often plundered? And that it was by their discord that she was finally erased from the rank of nations and reduced to the form of a province?"

Yes, our enemies did—our enemies can at all times succeed in Ireland. The curse of the country is in that spirit which leads Irishmen to prefer a contest with one another, to the attack of the foes of their religion and liberty."

“How often has Ireland been taken on the market, and sold by the corruption of her own children? How often has she been destroyed by the folly of her own sons?”

“When,” exclaimed he, once again, in the bitterness of his great heart, saddened by the conflicts and dissensions of his people, “When are our petty and miserable squabbles to have an end? I entreat you to consider, is it not an evil of the utmost magnitude to divide us, as it will show to our enemies who are secretly exulting at the prospect of division, that we are the last a divided, and therefore, contemptible people, objects for the derision of our malignant enemies?”

Daniel O’Connell is not dead. His spirit still lives, and to me, sir, it doth seem that I hear the mightily, resistless voice of our immortal Liberator call out to the Ancient Order of Hibernians in America: “Are your petty and miserable squabbles ever to have an end? Are ye ever to rejoice the enemy by your dissensions and divisions? Are ye everlastingly to be divided, and therefore contemptible in the eyes of not alone pronounced enemies, but indifferent and even the friendly?”

In one of his last public utterances on behalf of Irish liberty, the prince of Irish forensic orators convinced his hearers that all Irish miseries and degradation sprung from the disunion, cruelly and artfully created by a foreign country, for the base purpose of driving the race to suicide and making it the instrument of self-destruction, and adduced overwhelming proof to show that under the sad coalition of confederating dissensions, nursed and fomented by the policy of England, Ireland had continued to languish with small and brief fluctuations of national destiny, from the invasion of the Second Henry, to the nineteenth century itself. In a word, Ireland had lost all by disunion, England achieved everything by united action. The legislative union of 1801, the last and almost lethal blow to the existence of Ireland as a nation, was inflicted by that perpetual instrument of Irish ruin, Irish dissension. By the reciprocal animosity of her own children, Ireland was indeed, as Curran expresses it, surrendered; the guilt of the surrender was most atrocious-the consequences of the crime most tremendous and exemplary. “We put ourselves,” he says, “into a condition of the most unqualified servitude; we sold our country, and we levied upon ourselves the price of the purchase; we gave up the right of disposing of our properties; we yielded to a foreign legislature to decide whether the funds necessary to their projects or their profligacy should be extracted from us or be furnished by themselves. The consequence has been, our scanty means have been squandered in her internal corruption, as profusely as our best blood has been wasted in the madness of her aggressions, or the feeble folly of her resistance-our debt has accordingly been increased more than tenfold-the common comforts of life have been vanishing-we are sinking into beggary-our poor people have been

worried by cruel and unprincipled prosecutions-and the instruments of our government have been almost simplified into the tax-gatherer and the hangman.”

And now, after ninety years of suffering with the hangman on one side and the tax-gatherer on the other, division and dissension are unhappily at work in the old land and time it will take, labor it will require, sacrifice it will demand from the truly patriotic to obliterate the evil that a people, prone to discords and jealousies, have on themselves inflicted. But there are, sir, happy am I to relate, and you happier to hear it, patriotic sons of Ireland in the old land, numerous enough and devoted enough, churchmen and laymen, to stand true to the old flag of Irish freedom and Irish independence, and keep its sacred folds untarnished from the traitor’s touch, obnoxious, sacrilegious and abominable.

The hand of Death, guided by God’s unerring Providence, has just removed a leader, who rendered Ireland services she can never, and will never, forget, and which even his recent aberrations shall not obliterate from the grateful memories of our race. The death of Charles Steward Parnell should teach two lessons, viz.: that there is an All-wise Providence, ever guiding, watching over, controlling the course and destinies of nations, and that neither Ireland nor any other nation can afford to make the cause of any one man, however eminent, her cause. Man is weak and to error prone. God alone is all-wise and all-good. He speaks through His Church. “He that heareth you, heareth Me.” Parnell will live in the good he has done. May his faults be buried in the oblivion so generous to the great.

Pained and mortified, however, as we all must needs have been, by the thoughtless conduct of a certain number of Irishmen in the old land in turning a deaf ear to the voice of their bishops and clergy, to the protestations of Irish homes and Irish firesides, of Irish maidenhood and of Irish womanhood, I have noticed with pleasure that the ranks of this inconsiderate and unreflecting, but, in the main, well meaning minority of the Irishmen across the water are being constantly accentuated by the desertion of its best men, and will soon, under the potent influence of moderation and reflection, melt away even as cloudlets before the auroral ray, The very rain into which these cloudlets will dissolve, will give freshness instead of shadow, and redden the ardor of the beams they had hidden. Thus it is that dark and lowering skies bring out the electric flash, lightning compels the shower, the shower invites the sunshine, the sunshine coaxes the verdure, and all nature soon sparkles with glory and light, color and beauty, life and radiance. Could I pour my feeble accents over the waters, I would upon my countrymen all by all that is grand and true and noble in Irish blood, in Irish nature, in Irish history to unite with every force of mind and of body, of heart and of soul, in the struggle for legislative independence. What must be the result of discord? Ruin, fatal, inevitable, flagitious and irretrievable. If you combine not you

must forever bear the oppressor's yoke. Do you not know that the attainment of your freedom, the preservation of your religion and all your privileges depend upon your union in the face of your powerful antagonists? Do you not plainly see that your success depends upon your union among yourselves, and that if, instead of being united, you split and separate, you are a ruined nation? I tell you again and again that unless you act together, permitting no local personal or factional considerations to divide you, you will be forever enslaved and plundered. You may be a very brave and a very wise nation, but if you split among yourselves, you are a ruined nation. This error is for you-death. It renders you incapable of successfully contending against your foes, or even to preserve your existence as a nation. How often have I not wished that another Michael would descend, smite the angels or discord and show our people the calamities approaching them, and in the continuance of their jarring, ruin visible, prodigious and overwhelming? Unite and you will soon have your own legislature to regenerate your commerce, to cherish your manufactures, to keep down your taxes, to protect your people in their rights and privileges. Unite and an Irish Parliament, sitting on College Green, will soon voice the majesty of the Irish people and the power of their matchless island, and of that majesty and that power be the very bulwark and citadel to keep them forever unsullied, uncircumscribed, unpurchasable and incorruptible.

So much, sir for union in the Ireland across the water let us turn to the greater Ireland of America. I am an American citizen, and my American citizenship I prize and cherish more than any earthly good. If my American citizenship bade me forget Ireland and her people, forget them I would, with every force of my character, try. If my American citizenship bade me not look over the ocean that divides me from the land, at once, the cradle and the tomb of my fathers, I would, regretfully indeed, but dutifully turn my gaze toward the setting sun. but, sir, my American citizenship commands no such thing and could demand no such sacrifice from me. American citizenship has its very life and being, because of Irish valor, Irish endurance, and Irish love of liberty. It was Burke and Barre, in the English and Grattan, in the Irish House of Commons, who thundered forth, in terms almost superhuman, against the violation of the spirit of the great charter by King George's ministers, and made trembling senates learn that the first principle of government of the people, by the people, for the people, the very cornerstone of liberty, is the maxim: No taxation without representation. Speak to me of American citizenship, and I at once recall the march of the gallant and fearless young Irish American, Richard Montgomery, through Arctic ices and snows to the frowning walls of Quebec. He had conquered all Canada, and as its very citadel was within grasp, fell, on the cold December night, the victim of a valor whose memory will never die. Speak to me of a free American and I think instinctively of Knox and Stark and Sullivan and Jasper on the field; of Thomas Fitzsimmons and Charles Carroll, of

Carrollton, on the floors of Congress; of Barry and Macdonough, the pioneers of American's naval glory, and I cannot but remember the peerless victor of New Orleans, whose Irish valor, Irish energy, Irish fearlessness and Irish clearness of perception scattered the veteran hosts of Britain, fresh from victory over Napoleonic armies in Europe. Nor can I forget the recent civil war, in which, on both sides, Irish Americans bore so distinguished a part. I ask, I seek no exclusive honor for Irish Americans in that prolonged and bloody contest. They were heart to heart and hand to hand in its blood-deluged fields, and its dark and deadly tempests of iron and flame with Americans of every other origin. With them they shared victory and defeat, hardship and sickness, the agony of wounds, the slow, consuming waste of fever. But if for Irish Americans I claim no special distinction I cannot forget that many of them, of youth and of promise, fell in the bloom of life, in the blush of their advancing noon, and that in them were beauty and genius and talent and scholarship, worth, goodness, honor, ability and manliness taken from the world forever, and that in their persons men who had been before now authors and artists, orators and legislators, merchants and magistrates, went to sleep in the bloody shrouds of battle. But right well and peacefully do they sleep. Death they met in the fervor of their courage and the fearlessness of their patriotism; their souls went out in the cause of the country they loved, and not all the glory of eloquence or of poetry or of statesmanship can compare with the fame and love with which their survivors guard and enrich their memories. The young and the mature gave up their lives and are at rest before their time. The places that knew them on earth, in their peaceful occupations, know them no more, but a place each of them has, from which he can never be dislodged, viz., the heart of his generous country.

I cannot forget, sir, that an Irish American Bishop it was, who, at the celebration of the Yorktown Centenary in 1881, the learned gifted and cultured Dr. Keane, now rector of America's Catholic University, at Washington, on the spot sacred to freedom's triumph, uttered these words of admonition to all America's citizens; "All we have to fear is that passions and selfish interests may lead our people astray from the great principles alike both of Christianity and our country. We cannot forget Washington's solemn words that "we can never be in danger of degenerating into any despotic or oppressive form *'so long as there shall remain any virtue in the body of the people,'* nor the oft repeated warning that there can be no true liberty without morality, and no morality without religion. Nor can we close our eyes to the evil influences that are at work, and to the dangers that threaten both religion and liberty. We know but too well the tendency to substitute expediency for principle, selfishness for patriotism, and darkness for light. But our faith is in God and in our country's providence, and we would rather seem to err by being too sanguine than sin against Him by want of trust. Only we would implore our people to remember that now

as in the days of old, ‘perpetual vigilance is the price of freedom: we would beg them to appreciate the pricelessness of our country’s liberties, and to recognize that Christianity is their only safeguard.’”

Nor can I forget that it was the same learned and eloquent Irish American Bishop who, on that memorable occasion, uttered the prayer of Americans, of his own race and of every race when he supplicated the Most High “That He would render our social principles everlasting: that He would guard and shield them against any hand which from any quarter soever, or from any motive so ever, might seek to attack them, or change them or misuse them; and that through them He would lead our country to the destiny for which He made her, that she may show to the world the highest manhood ennobled by religion, the highest intellect illumined by faith, the highest social progress beautified by the order of the kingdom of God and by the ‘liberty of the children of God.’ And the highest physical and scientific progress, giving means to spread the light and beauty and power into every nook and corner where darkness lurks, or misery crouches, or tyranny clutches its victims, or delusive unwisdom would cheat noble aspirations into Utopian morasses or plunge it into the abyss of anarchy and despair. Thus, we implore, may our country be, in the natural order, ‘the salt of the earth and the light of the world,’ because walking faithfully in the ways of Him who alone gives light and peace and true welfare!”

Here, in Bishop Keane’s clear and ringing tones, we have declared and emphasized the feelings of the Irish in America to this republic of which we are citizens, the republic which bids us not forget the island of our ancestors to which America itself owes so many of its triumphs in war, in statesmanship and in literature. We are here, sir, in the midst of a people at heart friendly to us but keenly alive to all our shortcomings and failings. They know that from our ancestral home we have brought with us that same proneness to dissension and to discord which has so long enslaved and degraded it, and for this they think less of us. If we want to be here respected as our numbers and our good qualities call for us to be respected, united we must be. A squabbling, scolding and divided people are an object of contempt to the bystanders. Our failures and we have been guilty of failures in America, cannot be taxed on the German American, the Spanish American or the Italian American, or the American of Puritan stock and descent; they are to be ascribed to our own follies. We have suffered the ward politician and the political “boss” to acquire influence in our societies, and too often allowed these associations to be used for the base partisan purposes of these men. If any one, for a time dared raise his voice in warning, he was denounced as an enemy of the cause, a “British spy” in disguise, and in patriot “boss” or busy cunning ward politician and convention heeler worked his will without let or hindrance. Associations of good promise and excellent constitutions have thus been broken into fragments

and divided into factions because the “boss” wanted to figure as a great man in city, state or even national politics, holding the Irish vote safe in his inside pocket for the biggest bidder to take. We have been sir, too often duped by the cunning, soulless politician. Is it not time that we should have learned a lesson or prudence and of wisdom? Our differences are advantageous only to the enemies of our race. The hearty friends of our cause and of our people are provoked and disquieted. The false, insidious partisan alone rejoices, for he sees the fruit of his dishonest industry ripen beyond his hopes, and rejoices in a banquet delicious only to such a depraved appetite as his own. As far as the Ancient Order of Hibernians is concerned, it is time for those who really mean the Irish cause and the Irish people, who have no purpose of private selfish advantages, who are endowed with virtue enough to prefer the general good to the gratification of personal animosities, it is time for such men to interpose. This is the acceptable time, the propitious hour of reconciliation, when differences are to be sunk and dissensions buried. Can we make no sacrifices for Ireland’s sake?

Are we deaf to the appealing voices of the mighty, deathless, departed ones? Do we forget Hugh O’Neill and Owen Roe and the heroes of ’98? Are we forever to hear it sung of Ireland at home and abroad, that weeping-

*She saw where Discord, in the tide
Had dropped his loaded quiver.
“Lie hid she cried,” ye venom’d darts,
Where mortal eye may shun you,
Lie hid-for oh! the stain of hearts
That bled for me is on you.”*

*But vain her wish, her weeping vain-
As time too well has taught her;
Each year the fiend returns again
And dives into that water;
And brings triumphant, from beneath,
His shafts of desolation,
And sends them, winged with worse than death,
Throughout her maddening nation.*

Are we not as capable as our fathers of making sacrifices at the call of our people’s needs and our people’s rights? Is the memory of the gallant young Emmet, who gave his very life for our distracted and so often divided countrymen, dead and speechless? Have we not, again and again, pledged ourselves that:

*The night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls*

Aye, are we behind the English, themselves, in generosity to our people's cause? The greatest of living Englishmen, William Ewart Gladstone, has sacrificed the premiership of England for Ireland's sake and for Ireland has long remained in the cold shades of opposition; and at an age when the comparative few spared to attain it, seek and require repose, we see him undertaking and undergoing all the fatigues of an electoral campaign.

I cannot, sir, conceal my pleasure at the news of the reconciliation of the two wings of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in Wisconsin. Our brethren there deserve lasting commendation for patriotism and generosity. Bound as I am to the A. O. H., by the very kindest and warmest of feelings, I would be rejoiced to see the same steps taken in every other state that were taken with success in Wisconsin, to heal the dissensions and banish discord from the ranks of a body as honorable and devoted as this country holds. The Hibernians, in heart and soul and feeling, are Irish Catholics. A Catholic bishop may be a patriot, but he cannot be a factionist. I am no partisan of the "Board of Erin," or of the "Board of American." I am for the best interests of the Irish people. I love Ireland and the Irish because of their sufferings for the right, because, as the Irish writer puts it:

"That good God, who denied our fatherland domestic peace, has consecrated her to a holy war, glorious, though sorrowful. Our Lord has suffered; the saints have suffered; Ireland has suffered. If nations could be canonized, she might well claim the institution of the process."

The enemy has ever hated and still hates such an organization as the Ancient Order of Hibernians. To effect its destruction recourse has been had to the only efficient plan—the old Irish one which was simple as it was effectual; it consisted merely in dissension: its only operation was to divide the people, and success was the certain result. It has been successful for more than seven hundred years in Ireland. Irish dissension has hurled your ancestors, sir, from a throne; it has reduced the chieftains and lords of the soil to the state of vassals and slaves, and it continued their descendants the inferiors, in their own—their native land, of every foreigner that would perform the only condition required—the swearing that the religion of Ireland was idolatry.

Let me remind the leaders of both wings of the Ancient Order that we men are but merely mortal, the day may soon come when our ashes shall be scattered before the winds of heaven; but the memory of our actions can never die; it will carry down to posterity our honor or our shame. We, the present Irish generation have our characters, our consciences, and our whole race in our hands. To ourselves we must look, to perseverance in a course of temperate but united exertion, to the blow we can strike on prejudice by the force of reason, and, above all, the unceasing exhibition of our meritorious actions as citizens and as Catholics. If the Irish in America unite,

they will be a credit to themselves, a source of strength of the American nation that American will honor and appreciate. Let the Irish in the old land become as one people and soon the voice of another Grattan will ring through the long desecrated halls of the old parliament house on Stephen's Green:

“I found Ireland on her knees, I watched over her with a paternal solicitude; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift! Spirit of Molyneux! Your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation! In that new character I hail her! And bowing to her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua!*”

“She is no longer a wretched colony, returning thanks to her governor for his rapine, and to her king for his oppression; nor is she now a squabbling, fretful sectary, perplexing her little wits, and firing her furious statutes with bigotry, sophistry, disabilities and death, to transmit to posterity insignificance and war.”

I have the honor to be sir,

Very truly and respectfully yours,

Thomas Francis Brennan

Bishop of Dallas,

LETTER TO THE CLERGY

OFFICE AND DIGNITY OF THE PRIESTHOOD

Dear Reverend Father:

In reminding you that the annual diocesan collection for the Seminary Fund is to be taken up on Christmas day at all the Masses in the various churches of the diocese I cannot refrain from, at least, indicating a few points of reflections on the all important subject of the education of the clergy. Our Church, in this free, prosperous, and promising land, in the midst of an enquiring and enlightened people, will increase, multiply and wax strong, healthful and vigorous, it will diffuse its blessings and extend its influences in proportion as its clergy are mentally equipped, educationally qualified and spiritually strengthened, fortified, munitioned and enriched, to meet the calls, fulfill the duties, discharge the requirements, and uphold the honor and dignity of the sacred ministry of the Son of God, the Word made Flesh, who into this world of sin and darkness, came to enlighten all men, with the eternal effulgence and celestial splendor of Divine Truth. The Ministry of Christ is in deed, and in truth, a

ministry of deliverance, of benediction and of enlightenment. Of the priest should it be declared: "Thou are the glory of Jerusalem, thou art the joy of Israel, thou are the honor of our people?" His name should be magnified and his praise should not depart out of the mouth of men mindful of the power of the Lord forever, for that he has not spared his life, by reason of the distress and tribulation of his people, but has prevented their ruin in the presence of their God. Hence, may the people blessed and favored and strengthened by a holy and efficient self-sacrificing priesthood, exclaim: "Blessed art thou by thy God in every tabernacle of Jacob, for in every nation which shall hear thy name, the God of Israel shall be magnified on occasion of thee." Thus, also, with much reason may they praise the Lord: "Great art Thou, and glorious in Thy power, and no one can overcome Thee. Let all thy creatures serve thee, because thou hast spoken, and they were made: thou didst send forth thy spirit and they were created, and there is no one that can resist thy voice." (*Book of Judith, xiii, xiv*) St. Ambrose terms the priesthood a deific profession, *Deifica professio*. If then, careful training, an elaborate education, a solid preparation, a plenary maturation and a satisfactory apprenticeship be required for secular professions and worldly avocations, what, Reverend Fathers, shall we say of the profession of professions, the priesthood of the Spotless Lamb, slain for our sins, that sacred office and sublime dignity which St. Ambrose wrote in burning letters of fervid faith: *Nihil excellentius in hoc saeculo*. Nothing more excellent in this world, indeed, than the holy ministry of the Crucified, for it is the climax and crown of all things human. *Omnium apex est sacerdotium*. These eulogiums and applications of the sainted doctor and pontiff of Milan are borne out, accentuated and emphasized by St. Clement, who affirms that as even the soul is of more value than the body, so the priesthood is more exalted than all earthly royalties. The priest is, as Pope Innocent III expressed it, placed between God and man, inferior to God, but superior to man. *Sacerdos intra Deum et hominem medius constitutus, minor Deo, sed major homine*. The sacerdotal dignity is, affirms St. Ephraim, grand, immense, infinite, a very miracle of stupendous character. *Miraculum stupendum; magna, immensa, infinita sacerdotii dignitas*. The priests are, according to St. Cyril of Alexandria, a truly elect race, appointed to divine and celestial functions. To this same view St. Chrysostom affixes the seal of his great authority, adding, that he who honors the priest honors Jesus, and he that wrongs and injures the priest, wrongs and injures Christ Himself. *Qui honorat sacerdotem, honorat Christum; et qui injuriat sacerdotem, injuriat Christum*. (*Homil, xvii, in Matth.*)

The priest's agency and co-operation in the salvation souls is a work that is angelic in its excellence, divine in its operation. Hence, are the priests more especially termed the children of God, as well because of their particular consecration to Him, as because they must be more just and holy than all others of the children of men, to stand at His Altar and offer Him the oblations and prayers of His people? The prophet Malachias calls the priest the angel of the God of Hosts, *Angelus Dei exercituum (II-7)*. An angel, that is, a messenger from God to man is he, (1) because his mission is from the Throne of Grace

and Mercy and Benediction, to sinful, fallen, suffering man; (2) because even life unto the angels who surround the throne, he is ever subject of the orders of the Lord God who sitteth thereon; (3) because as the angels are ever in God's presence, ever preoccupied in the promotion of His glory, praising and blessing and magnifying His Holy Name, so are the priests by the functions of their exalted and unequalled ministry; (4) because by his consecration he is, even as the angels, segregated from earth, selected for and devoted to things pure, celestial, free from every spot and stain of earthly sinfulness. What care and solicitude and anxiety must not, in view of these considerations, so just and so weighty, the training and preparation of the candidates for the holy priesthood cause and occasion the Chief Pastor of each diocese? What a strict and stern account he must render the Just Judge, who expects and demands from him, through the ministry of a pure and efficient priesthood, the salvation of his people, if there be elevated to the ranks of the divine ministry any unworthy that more than earthly honor, that truly angelic office and function?

I cannot, Dear Reverend Fathers, repress my deep sense of responsibility, nor conceal my consciousness of perturbation, as the words of St. Jerome recur to mind, where he calls on us to rejoice at the elevation of the priest, but trembles at the thought of his fall, *Grandis dignitas sacerdotum, sed grandis ruina eorum si peccent, laetemur ad ascessum, sed timeamus ad lapsum.* (Lib.III in Ezech.) May the conduct of the priest correspond in all things to his dignity; writes St. Ambrose, lest his dignity, being sublime, his life be dishonorable, his profession divine, his actions criminal; let the deed correspond to the name, lest the name be empty and the crime atrocious!

A well-trained priesthood will be proficient in learning and in virtue, because the priest who knows his mission, recognizes his functions, realizes his power, will keep himself near to God who will guard him, blessing his efforts, directing his ministrations hearing his prayer and fructifying his labors. Like Isaac of old he will – God abiding with him, strengthening his right arm and invigorating his heart – lead the people into the paths of penance and obliterate the abominations of impiety. Like unto Jeremiah he is consecrated from his mother's womb, to overthrow, and pluck up, and destroy, and to build up again and renew (*Eccli. xlix.*)

The true priest of Jesus Christ will be the image and reflection of the Divine Word as He walked amongst the children of men. He was, according to St. Augustine, (*In Psalmis*), all things to all men, poor with the poor, rich with the rich, sad with the sorrowful, hungry with those who had not to eat, thirsty with those who had not to slake their thirst, bountiful with those abounding in all things. In prison is He with those incarcerated, with Mary He weeps, with the Apostle he feasts, with the Samaritan he thirsts.

“To the weak,” writes Paul, the indomitable apostle of the Gentiles, to the Corinthians, (I Cor. ix.). “I became weak that I might gain the weak, I became all things to all men that I might save all. And I do all things for the gospel's sake that I may be made partaker thereof. Know you not that they that run

in the race, all indeed, run, but one receiveth the prize? So run that you may obtain. And every one that striveth for the mastery refraineth himself from all things; and they indeed that they may receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible one. I therefore so run, not as an uncertainty; I so fight, not as one beating the air, but chastise my body, and bring it into subjection, lest when I have preached to others I myself should become a cast away.”

The priest, like the apostle, finds his comfort in sufferings and in tribulations for the people who’s healing and sanctification God expects at his hands. Whether we be in tribulation, it is for your exhortation and salvation; or whether we be comforted, it is for your consolation; or whether we be exhorted it is for your exhortation and salvation. (*II Cor. i*) In prison, in labors, in strifes, in deaths themselves, to use his own inspired language, did the Apostle prove his devotedness and self-sacrifice in the interests of the Divine Master, who purchased our souls from ruin eternal and unspeakable, by being nailed, hands and feet, to the gibbet of the cross upon which His Sacred Heart poured out its very last drop of blood, in the effacement of our sins and the purification of our souls. “In labor and painfulness, in many watchings, in hunger and in thirst, in many fastings, in cold and nakedness, in perils of robbers, in perils in the city, in perils in the sea, in perils from false brethren: was the priesthood of St. Paul made glorious and fruitful even to the end of time. More truly than even did imperial, come down through the ages, *Veni, vidi, vici*. He came, he saw, he conquered. He traveled over the whole earth, hastening to lead all men into the kingdom of God which is none other than the fold of Christ, instructing, praying, beseeching, terrifying; putting to flight the evil spirits, enemies of the human soul. Now by his letters, again by his presence, today by his sermons, tomorrow by achievements, at one time by his disciples, than by himself he strove to raise the fallen and strengthen and confirm those still standing. “I place,” says the Apostle St. Peter, to his followers, “all my solicitude in your salvation.” *Omnem sollicitudinem faci ens de communi vestra salute*. The priest loves the faithful as his very children. He safeguards those that are strong, by a wholesome life-giving nourishment, he sustains the feeble, by watching, enlightening and encouraging them; the sick he heals by instruction unto grace; the wounded he dresses and nurses, pouring on their lacerated flesh the oil of meekness and of charity; the erring he brings back by his goodness and mercy. Hear ye, saith the St. Gregory, if Jacob who fed the flocks of Laban watched and labored with so much zeal, what must be the solicitude and vigilance of him who feeds the flocks of the Lord. *Si sic labar at et vigilat qui pavit oves Laban, quanto labori, quantisque vigiliis debet intendere, qui pascit oves Dei (Pastor.)* If any man desires the office of the priesthood he must desire not the honor and the dignity but the truth and the labors, or as St. Jerome has it: *Opus, non dignitatem laborem non delicias*. The true priest must be ready for crosses and tribulations, contradictions, privations and persecutions. Antigonus, king of Macedonia, seeing his son one day, acting with insolence to inferiors, spoke those words of reproof: “Know you not, my son, that our royalty is a splendid servitude.”

The priesthood is bound to a religious servitude, to pains and sorrows and sacrifices. Know ye, declares St. Gregory, that you have not been endowed with the pastorate for ease and rest, but for work constant, toilsome and unremitting. Think for one moment of the vigils and fasts of the priest, the labor of the confessional, the solicitude at the sick bed, the anxieties and the sleepless nights, the awful responsibility ever confronting his soul and his conscience. The true office of the priest is the redeeming of souls from this wicked world to give them to God. Be thou vigilant, is the exhortation of St. Paul to Timothy, labor in all things, do the work of an evangelist, fulfill thy ministry. The priest must, according to St. Basil, be a pastor, a physician, a father, an auxiliary of God, a planter of trees in the garden of the Lord, a builder of the temple of the Most High. Give us bread, *Da nobis panem*, cry out the affamished and affrighted people to the priests, “Why should we die in thy presence?” (*Gen. xvii.*) “And now brethren,” still speaketh Judith, to the ancients, that is the priests of the people, “as you are the ancients among the people of God, and their very soul resteth upon you, comfort their hearts by your speech, that they may be mindful how our fathers were tempted that they might be proved.”

The work of saving souls is the highest, most noble must praiseworthy that can to man be entrusted. You have saved a soul and thereby predestined thine own. *Animam salvasti, animam tuam praedestinasti*. Hence hath Paul, at view of his own works and achievements, *I have not run in vain, nor labored in vain.* (*Phil II:xvi*).

“The soul which blessed shall be enriched.” (*Prov. xi*) Who diffuses or can diffuse blessings like the holy priest? His very presence is an eloquent summons to piety and good works, His example confirms the just in sanctity and recalls the unjust from their evil ways.

The priest must with Christ his Master and Lord repeat the words, “I came down from heaven, not to do my own will but the will of him that sent me. Now this is the will of the Father who sent me: that of all that he hath given me, I should lose nothing but should raise it up again in the last day.” (*John ri, 38, 39*) The Holy Ghost witnessed to St. Paul that bands and afflictions feared not; “I fear none of these things, neither do I count my life more precious than myself, so that I may consummate my course and the ministry of the word which I received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.”

To the Bishops, as chief pastors of the Church, the priest promises obedience, because of God and of the kingdom of heaven, *propter Dominum, et propter regnum caelorum*. Hence the priest must be guided and directed by the will of the Bishop, from whom he receives jurisdiction and authority, to preach and offer sacrifice, to bind and to loose the sins of the people. Order being heaven’s first law, is also the rule of Holy Church. He who violates the law of order by doing that which those placed over him do not approve, is even as the thief, excluded from the kingdom of heaven, for he truly robs the rules of the Church of their rightful authority.

A learned, a pious, a respectful, obedient and zealous priesthood is, today more than ever called for in America. There is a great work here before us, especially in this commonwealth of Texas, whose broad expanse is white with a harvest of immortal souls, but the laborers few, very few indeed. We are here in this Dioceses of Dallas in urgent need of zealous and worthy priests, who by the efficiency of their labors and the sanctity of their lives will reflect honor on our holy religion and people heaven with saints.

We therefore, urge on you Dear Reverend Fathers, to appeal must earnestly to your devoted people to contribute as generously as their means permit to the Seminary Collection, that I may be enabled to provide this Diocese with a learned, a devoted and self-sacrificing priesthood. In no more effectual manner can the faithful assist in the propagation of our holy faith than by strengthening the hands of the Bishop in providing him means to train a pious and God-fearing clergy. To my people, if faithful to the appeal, the Lord will truly say: "I will give you pastors, according to my own heart, and they shall feed you with knowledge and doctrine,": May God, Dear Reverend Fathers, give us shepherds of souls, who may say with Christ, "I know my sheep and mine know me. I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep, but hireling fleeth, because he is a hireling, and he hath no care for the sheep." (John x) Assure your flocks that with the means they place at my disposal for the purpose I will endeavor to provide them with pastors whose lives shall be marked and ennobled by knowledge, goodness and discipline, who shall be mighty trees of justice and a luxuriant vegetation of the Lord unto glory. "And they shall build the places that have been waste from of old, and shall rise up ancient ruins, and shall repair the desolate cities that were destroyed for generation and generation." (Is.li)

Kindly read this letter to your people and comment thereon, in the manner your own zeal and judgment may counsel.

+Thomas Francis Brennan,
Bishop of Dallas
Dallas, TX Octave of the Immaculate Conception, December 15, 1891

LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF DALLAS

To the clergy and faithful of his Diocese, on the observation of the 400th Anniversary of the Discovery of American.

To the Clergy and Faithful of the Diocese of Dallas

MY DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN:

Our country's national festivals and holy-days, should, in reminding us of the heroism and glory of her founders, the valor of her soldiers, the vigilance of her statesmen, the profundity of her jurists, also,

in a manner, marked and convincing, recall the wondrous mercies of God in regard of the children of men. Holy Church, in her calendar, keeps before our minds, in never failing, impressive and salutary succession, the merits and the triumphs of the saints, the endurance of martyrs, the piety of confessors, the purity of virgins, the sanctity and leaning of doctors, the self-sacrifice of the apostles, the better to impress us with the boundless and unflagging goodness of God, and the miracles of his ever abounding and unconquerable graces.

The anniversary of this great country's father and founder's birth, in this year of grace, 1892, I cannot let pass without, to you, opening my heart and communicating the thoughts and conclusions that fill my whole soul. Without Columbus there had been no Washington, without a Washington, there had been no American as the human family has and hold American today – the garden and granary, the citadel and temple of man's freedom, independence and happiness.

Without America, the world were, at the close of the nineteenth century, with two continents wrapped in barbarism's gloom, and Europe rent in sunder by hostile policies, by alliances and by counter alliances, by claims and by counter claims, and each supported and sustained by standing armies, ready at a moment's notice to plunge the whole continent into an abyss of bloodshed and carnage, such as the world has never yet witnessed, a theatre of human brutality, cruelty, hate, envy, and bloodthirstiness, that Christianity itself could not conquer or efface. America is the world's greatest blessing, the human family's hope and salvation.

On this natal day of the father of our country, in this year, of the four hundredth anniversary of America's discovery, by Columbus, raise we should with reverential gratitude, our hearts to the Father of all, who gave the earth to the children of men. (*Terram autem dedit filiis hominum.* For our people's freedom and our priceless domain, was America laid open by Columbus, and by Washington, redeemed to mankind.

“In the character of the Americans, a love of freedom is, “says Edmund Burke, “The predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole; and as an ardent, is always a jealous affection, your colonies become suspicious, restive and intractable, when they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force, or shuffle from them by chicane, what they think the only advantages living form. In other countries, the people, more simple and of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here, they anticipate the evil, and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny at every tainted breeze.”

More than one hundred years have, beloved friends, passed away since these reflections of one of the master minds of modern times, were, to an irresponsible, unreasoning, prejudiced and hostile parliament addressed. After a way of many years' duration, the failure at Quebec, the triumph at Saratoga,

the trials of Valley Forge, and the flurries of Yorktown, the statesmen, blind to Burke's illustrations and deaf to his appeals, were, in the bitterness of defeat, and the sorrow of humiliation, compelled to acknowledge the independence, of these very colonies which they had hoped, and schemed, and planned, to fetter, enchain and enslave forever. The thirteen original colonies have swollen and expanded into four and forty commonwealths, with five territories all governed under one constitution, guaranteeing freedom to every citizen, without distinction of race, or class, or color, or creed. In the design of the bountiful Creator of man, the Declaration of American Independence was evidently foreordained to give the race the full benefit of the discovery of Columbus. Another world discovered, to be handed over perpetual thralldom, to never ending slavery, could be, not only of no benefit, but must prove an additional curse to the race, already prostrate and bleeding, famishing and fainting, from repression, coercion, exaction and despotism. That God's greatest blessing be mankind, since the coming of Christ, was the discovery of America, is to me, and I make no doubt, to you, also my beloved friends, evident, from the one, grand, masterful, potential fact, of the establishment of this free republic, by the memorable declaration of July 4th, 1776. God in His blessings to mankind never does things by halves. Hence, His delivery of the continent, which Columbus had given a troubled and suffering, because a wronged and repressed world, from the yoke of bondage, the burdens of tyranny, the exactions of cruelty, and the injustice of despotism, by the statesmanship of Jefferson and the military genius of Washington. The America of today bears, indeed a close resemblance to the America of one hundred years ago, so skillfully and felicitously portrayed by the oratorical strategy of Burke as in its unapproachable march in every walk of material progress, as in its unquenchable love of liberty.

The free republic of America is called upon, and to the call must in duty respond, to celebrate the quadricentennial of the new world's discovery by Columbus. She responds, in the name, and by the virtue of, the liberty she has achieved, making America the best and happiest land on the face of the earth. She responds, also, by reason of the progress which, through her Heaven-given freedom, she has achieved, in trade and commerce, in agriculture and arts, in sciences and in human government, a progress salutary, unequalled and unapproachable.

America is today admittedly, unquestionably, beyond all comparison, the greatest benefactress among the nations of the race, to which, in her declaration of independence, she proclaimed the inextinguishable right of human nature, and the only lawful foundations of government.

America does well to call the nations around her, for in their assembly, ever since her admission thereto, she has constantly but often vainly, held out the hand of honest friendship, of true freedom, of generous reciprocity. Invariably has she amongst them, often to heedless and disdainful ears, held the language of equal liberty, equal justice and equal rights? After more than one hundred years of natural life, she can justly claim, that without a single exception, she has while asserting and maintaining her

own, respected the independence of other nations. Abstained, has she religiously, indeed, from intervention in the concerns of others, even when the conflict has been for principles ever near and dear to her liberty loving heart. Wherever the standard of freedom and of self-government has been, or will be raised, there is her heart, her sympathy and her benediction. But America goes not outside her own domain in search of monsters to destroy. The well-wisher of freedom and independence everywhere, she is the champion and vindicator only of her own, recommending the general cause by the commendation of her voice and the salutary influence of her example. Well, indeed, has America recognized the truth, that by once enlisting under other banners than her own symbol of freedom, even though they were banners of independence, she were soon involved beyond possibility of extraction, in all contests arising from interest and intrigue, from individual avarice, envy and ambition, assuming the colors and usurping the standard of human freedom. Her fundamental maxims of policy would soon change from liberty to force, from force to constant war. The coronet on her brow would soon lose the ineffable splendor of freedom and independence and be displaced for an imperial diadem, reflecting the false and tarnished luster of dominion and despotism. America, might, indeed, by force, become the dictatress of the world, but could not be, as she undoubtedly is, today, by her love of peace and peaceful methods, the example, the paradigm, the pride and the security of a liberty loving and liberty seeking world.

The fathers of American liberty laid the foundations of the fairest and mightiest nation ever raised and builded by the hand of man. We can, now, justly, and without ostentation, invite an admiring—and no longer doubting, indifferent and hostile world to witness, in a World's Fair, how we have preserved, cherished and improved the inheritance they left us, won by their toils, watered by their tears, and fertilized by their blood. Invite all nations, may we, to witness whether we have proved worthy of their unexampled energies and their splendid sacrifices. Our history shows that the political sphere, like the very globe we tread on, never stands still, but, with silent swiftness, accomplished the most amazing revolutions; that events proceed, oftentimes, not as they were intended, or expected, but as impelled by the irresistible laws of our political existence; that things so astonishing have happened in our onward march of progress, as if they were miracles and, nature itself overpowered, or suspended in their productions, till now, our liberties and our institutions rest, not merely on dry land, but are wedged and rooted, high above the flood, in the rocks of granite, as immovable as the very pillars propping and sustaining the universe. Invite them, may we, to witness our belief that the most substantial glory of a country is its virtuous men, its enduring security, in the docility of their fellows to learn, from their example, and that nation is doomed to ignominy, inferiority and servitude, for which such men have lived in vain. Invite them, may we, to be seized by a nation still barbarous, wealth acquired and enjoyed by one it finds and renders sordid, both, in time, passing away, to leave behind no memorial, save ruins that

offend taste and traditions bailing conjecture, the glory of free America is imperishable, to last as long as liberty itself, which is its monument.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie gives us the records of one century's democracy, in free America, discovered by Columbus, civilized and colonized by Christian Europe, but liberated from the thralldom and tyranny of old time, effect forms and systems of government, which, however good in themselves, and adapted to other ages and other climes, had lost their usefulness and adaptability to America.

What have we to show the invited world in our Columbian Exposition? Hear, let us, Mr. Carnegie:

TRIMUPHANT DEMOCRACY, OR FIFTY YEARS' MARCH OF THE REPUBLIC, 1886

- 1—The majority of the English speaking race under our republican flag at peace.*
- 2—The only nation pleaded to peaceful arbitration of international disputes.*
- 3—The nation of fewest illiterates in the world.*
- 4—The nation spending least on war and most on education, with the smallest standing army and navy of any maritime power in the world.*
- 5—The nation most generous to its injured soldiers and sailors, and to the widows and orphans of its dead heroes.*
- 6—The nation offering most security to minority and property rights.*
- 7—The nation whose flag, everywhere, on field, flood, is the guarantor of civic equality.*
- 8—The nation with an unimprovable constitution.*
- 9—The nation with the most august legislative body in the world, the senate of the United States.*
- 10—The nation whose supreme court is the envy of English statesmen.*
- 11—A nation, whose constitution a British prime minister has proclaimed "the most perfect piece of work ever struck off at one time by the mind and purpose of man."*
- 12—The nation most profoundly conservative of what is good, based on the political equality of citizens.*
- 13—The wealthiest nation in the world.*
- 14—First in public credit and in national debt-paying.*
- 15—First in manufacturing.*
- 16—First in agriculture.*
- 17—First in mining.*

America, my beloved friends, has grown truly great, because, in the early days of her nationhood, she gave ready ear to the counsel of Patrick Henry, the immortal Virginian, whose appears will warm the hearts and nerve the arms of struggling people, as long as the world endures. Said he, to his Virginia fellow citizens, more than one hundred years ago: "You must have men, you cannot get along without them; those heavy forests of valuable timber, under which your lands are groaning, must be cleared away; those vast riches which cover the fact of your soil, as well as those which lie hid in its bosom, are to be developed and gathered only by the skill and enterprise of men. Your timber must be worked up into ships, to transport the productions of the soil from which it has been cleared; then you must have commercial men and commercial capital, to take off your productions and find the best market for them

abroad. Your great want is the want of men, and these you must have, and soon will have, if you are wise.”

But, to duly realize the significance of America’s discovery, we must, beloved brethren, recall that truly great and just man, Christopher Columbus. Recall, must we, the epoch adorned, illustrated and immortalized, by the gifts and graces the presence and the personality of that most noble, most charming, most admirable woman, Isabella, the Catholic, of Spain, the glory of her age and country, the pride of her sex, the embellishment of humanity itself. Four centuries have already elapsed since Columbus, long frustrated by courtiers, and neglected by monarchs, but ever sustained by an unflagging religious zeal, at length secured the patronage of Isabella, the Catholic Queen of Spain, for an enterprise, the success of which gave him an immortal name, his patroness imperishable renown, civilization a new world.

Without the patronage and the support of Isabella, this noble design of Columbus had never been accomplished this grand purpose of America’s discovery never realized. “The principle,” writes Prescott, “which gave peculiar coloring to every feature of Isabella’s mind, was piety.”

Happy are we, indeed, to note that the grateful and admiring womanhood of America, propose to celebrate this quadric-centennial year, by the erection of a statue to perpetuate the memory of Isabella’s piety and fortitude. May the heaven that filled the heart of that noble queen with such splendid impulses, and adorned her soul with graces the most prized, bless this project and crown it with fitting success!

The discovery of American having, then, been Catholic in its inspiration, Catholic in its promoters and authors, has been of immense benefit to the Church Catholic, in opening this boundless domain to apostolic zeal and Christian truth.

Hence, dearly beloved friends, we ordain that Wednesday, the 12th day of October next, be observed with special religious commemoration. In every parish and church throughout the Diocese of Dallas, let there be celebration a High Mass of Thanksgiving with a sermon appropriate to the day, the memories and its meaning. In the evening, we desire, that wherever circumstances permit, there be some civil commemoration of this marvelous achievement of the Catholic navigator and the Catholic queen. The pastor will, in each parish, be the competent judge of the character of the celebration, truly befitting the day, the memories it awakens, the blessings it should renew and the races it should call down. Throughout the length and breadth of our diocese, the desire that the 12th day of October next, be made one memorable in Catholic life, Catholic commemoration, and Catholic thanksgiving, a veritable day of days that of it, and on it, we may say: “This is the day the Lord hath made, let us rejoice and be glad therein.” May it be the opening of still a brighter epoch in the history of human advancement, human disenthralment, and human enlightenment! May it work a still further and wider emancipation from ignorance, vice and crime! May we, making auspicious beginning on Washington’s birthday, by clearest forethought and amplest preparation render the day one worthy of Catholic tradition!

+THOMAS FRANCIS BRENNAN,
Bishop of Dallas

Dallas, Texas, Washington's Birthday, 1892

THANKSGIVING DAY 1891

BISHOP BRENNAN'S ADDRESS, AT TURNER HALL DALLAS

Ladies and Gentlemen: The appeal made by the civil authorities of our country and our commonwealth requiring all citizens to abstain on this day from the calls of labor and to abandon the cares of business to enable them to raise their thoughts to God while bringing to mind the multitude of His mercies toward us and toward our country, is a call to which we should all gladly and loyally hearken. In this age especially, when the very good of life itself is called into question, we should cherish and foster that spirit of gratitude springing from the faith and the feeling that God is all good and merciful. But, dear friends, how few the acts of thanksgiving which ascend from earth to heaven, in comparison with the blessings multiform and multifold of grace and mercy, ever descending from above upon an unworthy and so often irresponsive and ungrateful earth.

Thanksgiving is both an inward sentiment and an outward expression of gratitude for favors from heaven received. Inward, for it must take its rise and find its abode in the human heart; outward, in the signs and expressions betokening, proving, and establishing its existence, its fervor and its intensity. Why, it may be asked, does God, all wise and all powerful as he is, so value our gratitude as to demand its public manifestation? He is from eternity to eternity, and to Him nothing can be added of greatness, goodness and glory. It is because he loves the acknowledgement of his glory by his own creatures, made unto his image and likeness and by him loved beyond the power of human mind to conceive or of human tongue to express. This tribute to His glory denied were a practical, an unquestionable, an emphatic denial of his being the source of every good and the author of every blessing, which life the gentle rain of heaven falls upon this place beneath. "I, the Lord, this is my name. I will not give my glory to another." (Isaias 42:8) Every loving heart values a return of affection. Painful it is, indeed, if the favors we confer are thanklessly received and enjoyed by those we benefit. God himself in Holy Writ thus speak on this very point: "Hear, O ye heavens, and give ear, O earth, for the Lord hath spoken. I have brought up children and have exalted them, but they have despised me." (Isaias I, 2.) For what mercies have we to thank God? In this empire state of America's vast, imperial and unrivalled domain, we are literally

overwhelmed by the abundance of his graces and goodness. In God we here assuredly, live and move and have our beings. Impossible it is for us to exercise even the smallest faculty of mind in this favored portion of the most heavenly blessed land on earth, without meeting with and enjoying the benefits of our benign and bountiful Creator, which surround and enter into us like the very atmosphere we breathe. God we praise, extol and thank, because he is what he is, so great, so glorious, so powerful, so good, and so infinite in every perfection. We thank God, also, for what he has done. His works, so wonderful and multiplied, bespeak his wisdom, his power, his goodness. Many, however, of these his works, are mute and inanimate, having no mind to conceive or speech to express their thankfulness and their gratitude for his infinite blessings. Man is the spokesman of creation. His place, then, it is, to invite all other creatures to join in his canticles and choruses of praise and gratitude to the Most High, who made all things, the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea, the trees, and the verdure and the harvests, the treasures of gold and of silver and of precious stones, all, all without any exception, for his use and benefit. Right and just, then, it is, that man should, like David the prophet, call upon the sun and the moon and the stars, all things in heaven, on earth or in the depths of the ocean-everything in the visible world, to join in his songs and hymns of praise and thanksgiving. Thank God we do for what we are; for our existence; for having been made to his image and likeness; destined for the noble end of possessing him for all eternity. We thank for for the constant, unceasing spiritual and temporal blessings we have already received and are every day receiving from his untiring, generous hands.

Happy indeed are we in this free land of America, and in this broad hospitable chivalrous land of Texas extending from the turbulent Sabine River on the east to the historic Rio Grande on the west-a grand and unequalled possession, destined without doubt to be the home and stronghold of millions of free Americans yet unborn. Happy are we in the form of government we here enjoy. We are, my friends, the only people on earth that have solved the problem of government by the people for the people. Our system is a model for all other nations and peoples, but it seems to be by any other inimitable. There was a Spanish republic, but it speedily disappeared because it was a despotism thinly veiled. There is today a French republic, but who will say that the France of today is as free as free America? The republic which denies the people, or any portion thereof, the freedom which should be theirs, is but a republic in name, a mockery, a delusion and a snare. I am, my friends, a believer in the people, and in government by the people. We are the only nation in America with a manifest and glorious destiny before us. We have on the north of us a dependency of Great Britain, which can have no future till it severs the bonds uniting it to a government far across the seas, alien if not hostile to the idea of popular sovereignty. On the south we have the Latin American republics, which are republics but in name, without force cohesion, strength, consolidation or destiny. If we look to Europe we see the older systems and more ancient civilizations crumbling to decay. The ruins of decayed monarchies and dying principalities are there everywhere to be

met with. Here, on the other hand, all is strength, vitality and vigor. No law here is framed in which the people have no voice; no legislator chosen over or against their will, no magistrate appointed, but by their concurrence and their approval. Here we have no standing armies to drain our resources, demoralize our people or menace our freedom. Our youth are on the contrary incited and stimulated to intellectual triumphs in arts and sciences, to employ their every force of mind and body for the amelioration of their country and the welfare of man at large. Is it any marvel, then that our prayers of thanksgiving and our hymns of gratitude ascend to the prayers of thanksgiving and our hymns of gratitude ascend to the Most High as sweetest incense from heavenly censors, by angels borne? Any marvel, it is, that to-day we are all linked together in a golden circle joining in the celestial symphony whose sweet chorus is taken up in every home and hamlet at every fireside, before every altar in the loneliness of the valley, the solitude of the prairie and the desolation of the mountain slope, as well as in crowded thoroughfare and commercial center, from one end of this broad and blessed land, aye, even from ice-bound Alaska in the north to the smiling sun-bright Texas in the south. And this Chorus runneth thus: "Amen, benediction and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, honor and power and strength to our God forever and for ever and ever." (Apoc. vii, 12.) If America is the hope of the world, the grandest expression and most powerful exponent of human freedom that ever was or ever could be, Texas the home of our birth or of our adoption, is the hope of American. Here, on this very soil of Texas, were achieved some of liberty's most signal triumphs. England and Mexico proffered us peace and independence, if we would but remain out of the Union, and France stood ready to enforce the guaranty, but Texas came into the Union and her coming in secured for us a whole empire, stretching out from the Rio Grande to the Pacific Ocean. And the Texas of to-day is, my friends, the same liberty-loving land it was when on the floor of the American senate, more than forty years ago, the immortal Houston declared: "We have not been a war-like people, but we have resisted aggression and repelled injury, when it was attempted to be enforced upon us. We have no sword to strike but at our assailants. Our shield is justice, to repel aggression, and we will be carried from our fields upon that shield, before we will surrender one constitutional right. It is our aegis and we will have it to the inch. Texas never goes beyond her borders. She resists no constitutional requirement, and will submit to no aggression from any power under heaven. She will have the rights to which she is entitled, or the wrong-doers must soon hear his requiem."

Remember, let us, on this day of national thanksgiving, the words of another great Texan, the Hon. D.S. Kaufman, pronounced in the national house of representatives, June 10, 1850; "Our acts and conduct here will not pass unnoticed. They will be transmitted to distant generations and ages after we have passed to 'the house prepared for all living.' Will our memories be blessed or cursed in proportion as our acts may have blessed or cursed our country? May heaven enlighten our judgments, purify our

motives, and “deliver us from evil,’ and may each one of us so act as to transmit to posterity the rich legacy of a pure and patriotic name.”

TEXAS TRIUMPHS

Delivered at St. Mary’s Church, Austin, Texas, April 19th, 1892

“Texas is loyal and devoted, but she is sensitive, too.. She always appreciates her adversities, she loves her friends, and when duty bids her take her stand, she never counts her enemies.” Speech of Hon. Sam Houston, American Senate, September 20th, 1850.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: - With that true Texan bashfulness, long since become proverbial, I have accepted the invitation, so kindly and so flatteringly extended of appearing before this select, cultured, and pre-eminently distinguished metropolitan audience, accustomed to the appreciation of the rich, excellent and estimable productions of the science, literature, profundity and genius, whose home and temple, *lares penates que*, are here, forever fixed and founded, rooted and stabilitated. By the keen Texan sense of gratitude, as overflowing and as marked as our ever-conspicuous modesty, I feel constrained to requite the honor and acknowledge the distinction conferred, by requesting the favor and pleasures of this audience’s distinguished company, for a few brief moments, to the Halls of Congress of the United States. Enter, let us the Senate of free America. Clay and Webster, Benton and Jefferson Davis, Hannibal Hamlin, who left us but the other day; Corwin and Chase and Seward and Stephen A. Douglas; Lewis Cass, the brave and bellicose Shields, and last, but not least, Samuel Houston, of Texas. *Clarun et Venerible humen Gentibus et multum nostrae quod proderat urb*—these are the lights and leaders of what, since its organization, has been, unquestionably and incontestably, the first legislative body in the world, first in dignity, first in statesmanship, first in worth, first in influence, integrity and incorruptibility. The very subject with which I am tonight scantily and stiltedly to deal—Texas, imperial and incomparable, peerless and prodigious—Texas, land of renown and destiny, is in this sanctuary of statesmanship, the theme of discussion, animated, prolonged and profound. The Senate of that day, two and forty years ago, had as this peerless legislative chamber seems ever to have had, its Nestor-like chiefs, its Ulyssean statesmen, its Ajacean debaters. The pro-slavery advocates, on the one hand, the antagonists of human servitude on the other, where led with tact, marshaled with force, strengthened with talent and animated with courage. The protracted the acrimonious discussions in the 31st Congress on the boundaries of Texas, rank among the most memorable which have ever engrossed the attention of American statesmanship or preoccupied the earnest thoughtfulness of American patriotism.

Texas had, but a short time previously, come into the union, and her incoming secured for us, either directly or indirectly, a whole empire of boundless wealth, exhaustless resources, and enormous extent, stretching from the Sabine river to California’s golden Gate. But the incoming of Texas, so

essential to the growth, the unity and the perpetuation of this republic-as subsequent event have proven it-a measure of sagacity and a stroke of statesmanship, for-reaching, felicitous and imperishable—served, also, at that critical period of our country’s history, to add fuel to the flames of sectional discords, as well as contribute bitterness to the interstate antagonisms, finally culminating in the civil war of 1861. Texas had won her independence against tremendous odds. The all-gracious being who shields the feeble from the oppressor had, in the day of trial, filled the Texas heart with hope and courage, strength and confidence. The patriot’s sufferings were his armor, his country’s weakness his inspiration, his love of freedom the talisman of victory. The darkness of the dreary and lingering night of tyranny past, Liberty’s joy came, with Aurora’s gladsome rays. Texas achieved, by valor, an independence enjoyed for ten years; but, after a double lustrum of solitary freedom, the Lone Star State entered the union bringing with her the deepest affection and sincere love. England and Mexico tendered peace, independence and protection, if she would remain out of the union. France stood ready to enforce the tender, but Texas with an unanimity, rare as it was honorable, refused the tempter’s offer and spurned the tempter’s wiles. ‘The voice.’ To use the words of the Hon. D. S. Kaufman. * “the voice of our fatherland had spoken and* it was responded to with filial devotion and instinctive love. You invited us to the family board, and we came, we trust, not unwelcomed guests.” While in the heart and acrimony of debate, there were eminent American legislators, who threatened the country with the rivers of blood and shocking scenes of butchery, afterwards so dreadfully realized, the representatives of Texas, to their own individual credit and the honor of their great commonwealth, employed even under strong provocation, language of dignified reserve and exalted patriotism.

“Our shield,” said the greatest of Texans, the immortal Houston, “is justice to repel aggression, and we will be carried from our field upon that shield before we will surrender one constitutional right. It is our aegis, and we will have it to the inch.” The old senate chamber, methinks, still rings with these noble words. “Texas never goes beyond her borders; she resists no constitutional requirements, and will submit to no aggression from any power under heaven. She will have the rights to which she is entitled, or the wrong does must soon hear his requiem. Texas keeps her warriors at home to defend her women and children against the savages. She sends none of her warriors here. Our banners float on the wind, and I would let gentlemen remember, that from darkest clouds of revolution, it has led us to associate with this union, which we are ready to contribute the last drop of our blood to maintain; faithful to the union, faithful to the constitution, faithful to Texas.” These same sentiments of loyalty to the union and to the constitution were iterated, emphasized and reasseverated by Senator Rusk, the other Texan representative in the American upper chamber, when from his place in that body he declared: “Texas will discharge all

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* Representative from Texas, House of Representatives, June 10, 1859

her obligations to the constitution of the United States in good faith. She will render cheerful obedience to all constitutional acts of Congress. . . . She will march forward to the assertion of her rights, undismayed by anything which has its foundation in power and not in justice and principles of right.” In his speech on the adjustment of the slavery question, another Texas statesman thus voiced the patriotic self-sacrifice of the people he represented: “Texas is prepared to make every sacrifice on the altar of the public peace, not incompatible with her honor or dignity as a sovereign state, nor of the interests of that section of the country of which she constitutes a part. She loves the union, Her acts prove it. She struck her own proud flag, the “‘Lone Star,’ and run up in its tead, the ‘Star spangled Banner,’ A sublimer instance of devotion to a government and people is not on record. Texas will do everything she ought to do to preserve this union, and will maintain them. All the fanaticism of earth cannot coerce her, or ring from her one tittle of her rights. She will listen to reason; she will honor any draft of patriotism: but she will ‘civil for the ninth part of a hair if you attempt to encroach upon her.’” *† And then in an outburst of patriotic indignation, at the miserable exactions of party caucus and the grinding tyranny of partisan machinery, to paralyze the hereditary obligation of the people to save their country from destruction and death, he added: “Has the age of noble blood passed away forever? Are we so degenerate as to prefer our miserable selves, our paltry places and petty positions to the preservation of liberty and the perpetuation of our constitutional birthright? But you will not fall if you do your duty. The masses are sick and tired of our wrangling; they are alarmed for their safety. There is an intelligence, a patriotism and a love of Union amongst the American people that will sustain the honest and independent representative in the discharge of his constitutional duties. Their condemnation will be visited on the heartless demagogues who have deceived and betrayed them, and now hold them on the very brink of the precipice of disunion. And those representatives who go forth and hold aloft the banner of the constitution and the Union as it is, as it was made by our fathers, will call around them millions who are now reposing insafely under their mighty aegis. If necessary, let the old distinctions of party for the moment be forgotten. Let the question of our existence first be settled. Let a party this day, this hour, be formed, to be called Constitutionals, and let every true friend of the Union and Constitution attach themselves to it, and , if necessary, not only without reluctance but with alacrity, sacrifice themselves in its defense, and all will be well. Let the motto of this party be: The exercise by Congress of no powers not expressly delegated by the constitution. With this motto strictly adhered to, our blessed Union will last forever, or at least until it has irradiated the world with its meridian effulgence, and until the nations of the earth, if they have not tasted of the cup of freedom, shall at least have had a Pisgah’s view of that promised land which may results in their, or their children’s eventually entering and partaking of the incalculable sweets that bless and hallow it.” These were the sentiments animating the breasts and inspiring the hearts of the Texan people, from the day the

†Hon. D. S. Kaufman speech in House of Representatives, Washington, June 10, 1850.

commonwealth was admitted to the Union. For the Union and Constitution, they were ready and willing to make every sacrifice that patriotism demanded and reason endorsed. In his "Personal Memoirs" Gen. U.S. Grant, that eminent warrior, says of Texas: "Texas was originally a state belonging to the Republic of Mexico. It extended from the Sabine River on the east to the Rio Grande on the west, from the Gulf of Mexico on the south and east to the territory of the United States and New Mexico-another Mexican state at that time on the north and west. An empire in territory, it had but a very sparse population until settled by Americans, who had received authority from Mexico to colonize. These colonists paid very little attention to the Supreme Government, and introduced slavery into the state almost from the start, though the constitution of Mexico did not, nor does it now, sanction that institution. Soon they set up an independent government of their own and war existed between Texas and Mexico, in name, from that time until 1836, when active hostility very nearly closed, upon the capture of Santa Anna, the Mexican President. Before long however, the same people, who with the permission of Mexico, had colonized Texas and afterwards set up slavery there, and then seceded as soon as they felt strong enough to do so,- offered themselves and the State to the United States, and in 1845 their offer was accepted. The occupation, separation and annexation were, from the inception of the movement, to its final consummation, a conspiracy to acquire territory, out of which new slave state might be formed for the American Union."

General Grant, while a highly successful warrior, in whose worth and service all Americans justly take pride does not, in this citation, appear to advantage as an observer of men and events. He permits the narrowness of the partisan to circumscribe the broadness of the patriot-he can see naught but evil in one of the most glorious events of American History. He charges upon Texas and the Texan the odium of conspiracy. What is conspiracy? Our celebrated lexicographer, Webster,-the lucidity and comprehensiveness, as well as exactitude of whose definitions, none disputes,-the defines conspiracy: "A combination of men for an evil purpose: an agreement between two or more persons to commit some crime to concert, particularly a combination to commit treason or commit sedition or insurrection against the government of a state; a plot; a conspiracy against the life of a king; a conspiracy against the government."

DeFerriere, in his *Dictionnaire de Droit et De Pratique*, (Tome IV, p. 340)-has the following:

"Conspiration est l'union de plusieurs personnes contre l'Etat, qui tachent a brouiller les l'uisances ou a les detruire."

He then refers the reader to the following:

"Conspiration, est une conspiration, ligue, cabale secrete, pour attenter a vie du Prince, ou a la liberte publique."

Having thus clearly ascertained what is a conspiracy, let us for a moment apply our knowledge to Texas. Dr. Brownson, in point of genius, powers of observation, mental strength and clearness and solidity of judgment, vastly the superior of General Grant, wrote, in 1845, of Texas, wrote 40 years before the General's Memoirs were given to the public, and 16 years before the Civil War had beclouded men's minds, hardened their hearts and darkened their judgments. He wrote, mark you well, as an eye-witness, a keen observer of the men and the events of the time, considering them in all their bearings, in their relations to the past, to the present and to the future. He wrote, as an American citizen, in the highest, most honored and most acceptable signification of the term. "The reannexation of Texas is a measure of vital importance to this country, and must and will, sooner or later, be effected, in one way or another. Those who oppose it are warring against the interests of their country, the interests of Texas, and even of Mexico. It is remarkable that we have in our country a large party which always acts on the principle, that, in every controversy with foreign powers, country is sure to be in the wrong. These are opposed to the re-annexation of Texas, but they are impotent and should never be counted. They may plead, they may warn, may threaten, may aid and abet the enemies of the Republic; but we trust the Government will pursue its course, without heeding those, knowing that their opposition is founded on no loftier principle than disappointed ambition, and unwillingness that the interests of their country should be promoted by any hands but their own. (The Works of Orestes A. Brownson, Detroit, 1886, Vol. 15, pp. 520.) Now, to any logical mind, it must be clear that a conspiracy, to effect the great purposes-purposes of international moment, and concern:-namely, the colonization of Texas, the excision of Texas from Mexico, and the annexation of Texas to the United States of American, must have been a matter widely known, generally discussed, and rightly understood. The existence, machinations, the nefarious designs, and the wicked purposes of so gigantic a conspiracy, as this must have been, could not surely have been ignored by Dr. Brownson, able, acute, alert, receptive, luminous, tenacious, omnivorous in reading, perspicacious in observations. He speaks at length of Texas, at the very time when the conspiracy of which Gen. Grant writes must have been in active, expansive, uncircumscribed operation. Dr. Brownson, writing, as we have said, in 1845, with a mind unclouded by prejudice, a judgment unwarped by fanaticism, a patriotism knowing no North or South, no East or West, but American-one and undivided, stated in these significant and emphatic terms; "We utterly deny the right of revolution, or the right to resist, for any purpose whatever, legitimate government, in legal discharge of its functions. If Texas were a revolted province of Mexico, as it seems to be widely taken for granted that it is, we should deny the right of our government to treat with it, for annexation or for any other purpose, without the consent of Mexico. But the fact is-and this is the point not duly considered-Texas is not and never has been, a revolted province of Mexico, Texas, the adjoining province, by the Mexican Congress of 1824, was constituted an independent state, with a stipulation in favor of a separate constitution, as soon as its population should warrant. It became

an independent member of the United States of Mexico, holding the same relation to the Mexican Government that is held by Massachusetts to our Federal Union. This fact should be remembered.” No mention here of a conspiracy, application of hard and unwarranted names to Texas, but a clearer, unquestionable statements of historical fact. But presume, let us Dr. Brownson, in his further elucidation of the status and exposition of the relation of Texas to the Union: “The present government of Mexico is a government established by a revolution, effected subsequently to 1824, against which Texas has uniformly protested.” No reference, even the slightest, yet, to the conspiracy anathematized by General Grant. “The Mexican revolution, effected by Santa Anna, dissolved.” declares Dr. Brownson, “the Mexican confederacy, and threw each member back upon its own state sovereignty, Texas was absolved by this revolution from all obligations to the Mexican government, because the Mexican government to which she was bound no longer existed. She was then free, either to give in her adhesion, to the revolutionary government of Mexico, or to declare herself, as she was in fact and in right, an independent government. She chose the latter.” No necessity, then, for a conspiracy, no call for secret method, and the hidden procedure of criminality and treason, dark disingenuous, trothless and perfidious. “Texas”- we again cite Dr. Brownson in evidence- “Texas has never rebelled against Mexico-has never broken any of her obligations to the Mexican Confederacy. Mexico has no claim to her allegiance, and can have none, “till she restores the Federal Constitution of 1824. The consent of Mexico is not, then, at all necessary to be sought, and to annex Texas to the Union can be no breach of our friendly relations with Mexico. Texas is *independent* of Mexico, not merely *de facto de jure* — not because made so by success of her arms, as too many of our people contend, but because made so by the Constitution of 1824, and the subsequent Mexican Revolution, against which Texas protested from the very beginning.”

But let us not anticipate. Texas had long, under title of the discoveries made by LaSalle, been claimed by France, as part of her Louisiana possessions, In 1762, France, however, not only relinquished her claims, but her ownership of these wide and extensive territories to the crown of Spain. In 1800, Spain retro ceded Louisiana to France, and in 1803, it was sold by Bonaparte to the United States. By the treaty of February 22nd, 1819, Spain relinquished Florida to the States of the Sabine was fixed as the Southwestern boundary of Louisiana, a demarcation, by many for cogent reasons, considered unjust to America’s well-founded claims. So badly governed had Texas been, in the last year of Spanish domination, that before 1820 the country was nearly depopulated. This deserted region was, however, too valuable to go to waste, and from 1821 many Americans began to seek homes and found settlements in this land of promise. They were prepared to give allegiance to a just and equitable form of government, with its seat at Mexico, provided their cherished rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were not denied or infringed. But, in Mexico-especially at that time-liberty and republicanism were viewed from a standpoint dissimilar to any in the United States. It does seem by experience clearly established,

that the English speaking American and the Spanish speaking American can not be accustomed to the same mode of government. The republics of Latin America are not republics at all, in the sense understood and practiced amongst us. That observant Frenchman, de Toqueville, had in his great work, *De la Democratie en Amerique*, (English Translation by Reeve, London, 1835) clearly outlined his view of the destiny of English-speaking American. To us, in the last decade of the nineteenth century, his words must sound like those of a prophet, reading from God's own book of futurity. "It is not," said he, "to be imagined that the impulse of the Anglo-American race can be arrested. Their constant progress toward the Rocky Mountains has been solemnity of a providential event. Tyrannical government and consequent hostilities may retard this impulse, but cannot prevent it from ultimately fulfilling the destiny to which that race is reserved. No power upon earth can close upon the emigrant the fertile wilderness which offers resources to all industry and a refuge from all want. Future events, of whatever nature they may be, will not deprive the Texans of their climate, their bays and rivers, or their exuberant soil. Nor, will bad laws, revolution or anarchy be able to obliterate that love of posterity and that spirit of enterprise which seems to be the distinctive characteristic of their race; or to extinguish that knowledge which guides them on their way. Thus, in the uncertain future, one event is sure-at a period which may be said to be near, the Anglo Americans will, alone cover the immense space contained between the polar regions and the tropics, and extending from the coast of the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific." Friends of a stable government and an enduring freedom, the people of Texas-for the most part-recruited from the United States, were in October, 1835, horrified and alarmed by a decree from Santa Anna, the president of Mexico, suspending the functions of all state legislatures, centralizing all power in the supreme government at the capitol. This left Texas without civil government, and was a revolution of the most odious and tyrannical character, an innovation to be resisted, a crime to be punished. Hence, on the 6th of November, 1835, a declaration of Texan independence was proclaimed, which asserted in the preamble that Santa Anna had, by force of arms, overthrown the federal institutions in Mexico, and that the Texans have taken up arms in defense of their rights and liberties; that Texas was no longer bound by the compact and did not acknowledge the usurpation of Santa Anna; that she would continue the war until the Mexican soldiers were driven from the province, and under the circumstances, she had a right to withdraw from the Union, but would still adhere to the constitution of 1824. On November the 12th, a provisional government was organized with Henry Smith for Governor, James W. Robinson, Lieutenant Governor, and General Samuel Houston, Commander-in-Chief of the army, and the Executive Council was elected, composed of one member from each municipality. The revolutionary war of 1776, with its deeds of heroism, its achievements of valor, its triumphs of endurance, its glories of self-sacrifice, and its martyrdoms, for freedom's sake, offers nothing grander, nothing more noble, nothing more sublime, than the brave resistance of Col. Travis, with one hundred and sixty-eight Texans, in the Alamo at San

Antonio, to a Mexican host of seven thousand five hundred, commanded by Santa Anna in person. No other than a Texan pen could do justice to the glories of that day: "History." Says a Texan Manual, "will never record a more noble deed, a more daring stand, of purely self sacrificing devotion to the interests and liberty of their adopted country, than the fight and fall of Travis, Bowie, Crockett, Bonham, and their gallant compatriots, which one hundred and sixty-eight men were arrayed against seven thousand five hundred Mexicans under Gen. Santa Anna, and heroically did they wield the battle blade till the last man of that devoted band measured his length upon the earth. No quarter was asked or given. It was here that a gallant few, the bravest of the brave, threw themselves betwixt the enemy and the settlement, determined not to surrender not to retreat. They redeemed their pledge with the forfeit of their lives; they fell, the chosen sacrifice to Texas' freedom. The defense of the Alamo was the bravest act that ever brightened the annals of any country. In Grecian history we read of Leonidas and the three hundred who fell with him at Thermopylae, but when the Alamo fell, a nobler than Leonidas, a more devoted band than the Spartans, sank amid its ruins; they shed their blood for us, poured out their lives as water for the liberties of Texas. A monument ten feet in height was erected in memory of the heroes of the Alamo and placed at the entrance of the State House at Austin. It was made by native artists, of stone taken from the ruins of the Alamo. The following is beautifully inscribed on the shaft, north front: "To the God of the Fearless and Free is Dedicated this Altar, Made from the Ruins of the Alamo—March the 6th, 1836, A.D." south front: "Be they enrolled with Leonidas in the host of the mighty deed.—March the 6th, 1838, A.D."; east front: "Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat, but the Alamo had none.—March the 6th, 1836 A.D."; west front: "Blood of heroes hath stained me, let the stones of the Alamo speak, that their immolations may not be forgotten.—March the 6th, 1838, A.D." Are we to believe that the heroes of the Alamo were conspirators? A people with such heroic lives at command could not be denied freedom, and the God of Justice could not but bless their efforts and strengthen their arms. At San Jacinto, Houston immortalized himself and crowned his troops with glory by a victory in which eight Texans were killed and twenty-five wounded, while the Mexican losses were six hundred and thirty killed, two hundred and eight wounded and seven hundred and thirty prisoners, including Santa Anna, the president of Mexico; also all their artillery and camp stores and the military chest, containing about twelve thousand dollars in specie, which was divided among the victors. These victors were, we are told, but base conspirators. Santa Anna was held a prisoner till May 16th, 1836, when he signed a treaty acknowledging the independence of Texas. The Mexican Forces, numbering 4,730 men, re-crossed, the Rio Grande and Texas entered, the sisterhood of nations youthful, radiant, admired and admirable. The first president of the new republic was Samuel Houston, already mentioned as commander-in-chief of the Texan forces, a man of extraordinary gifts and exceptional life, one of those leaders of men, raised up from time to time by a Benign and All-Wise Providence, to guide great movements and shape momentous destinies. A Tennessean by birth, Houston

became, after a career of romance, restlessness and resolution with scarcely a parallel in history, the founder of a new nation.

*Such time, such toil, required the Texan name,
Such length of labor for so vast a frame.*

Elected to congress in 1823, he served the people with such fidelity and success that in 1827 he was made governor of the historic commonwealth which has given this nation two gifted and celebrated chief magistrates-Jackson and Johnson.

Twice President of the Republic of Texas, he was upon the entry of Texas into the union, elected to the American senate, a body which he added the luster of a great name, comprehensive talents and genuine statesmanship. Inaugurated governor of the commonwealth he had founded and brought into the Union, December the 11th 1859, the most critical period in American history, he vigorously and steadfastly, but fruitlessly, opposed secession, to which the people of Texas committed themselves in February, 1861. Houston then laid down the insignia of the gubernatorial office, to die the year following, true to a Union he had helped so materially to strengthen, to enlarge and consolidate. His Texas fellow citizens have lived to realize the wisdom of his course, the value of his predictions and the strength of his admonitions, when he stood out against the attempted withdrawal of the commonwealth of Texas from the United States of American.

From the indomitable Houston, let us turn again to a less able, but more favored man, General U.S. Grant. In his Personal Memoirs, already cited, (Vol. 1, page 55) he commits himself to the charge that war was, consequent upon the annexation of Texas to the union, forced, with malice prepense and for purposes evil, upon that innocent, harmless respecter of international comity and duty, the republic in name, but the dictatorship in reality, ruled, by Santa Anna, a cruel and unprincipled despot. "Texas," added General Grant, in seeming oblivion of the historical facts of the case, "never really exercised jurisdiction over the territory between the Nueces River and the Rio Grande. Mexico had never recognized the independence of Texas, and maintained that, even if independent, the state had no claim south of the Nueces. The Mexico with which the Mexican state of Texas had to do, while a member of the Mexican Republic, had ceased to be, in 1835, when Santa Anna suppressed the republic and established a dictatorship. By the revolution, Texas became a free commonwealth, and her people entitled to choose, within the rightful boundary of the territory to them belonging, that form of government they considered best adapted to their wants and their interests. The revolution, or rather, "the conspiracy, was not on the side of Texas, but entirely on the side of Mexico. Mexico was the offender, the oppressor, the conspirator. Texas, the party assailed, injured and conspired against. Recognition of Texan independence, by Mexico, or by Santa Anna-for the terms were at that time the one synonymous of the other-was, in point of international law, of no moment whatever, to Texas or to the world; nor the claim, put forward by Santa

Anna's dictatorship, that Texas had no rights south of the Nueces, of the slightest weight. The fact that Texas had always claimed and the Texan claim over the country to the Rio Grande, was never disputed until Santa Anna's revolutionary dictatorship interfered, is proof positive, convincing and unquestionable, to any mind, undarkened by prejudice and unhampered by passion, that Texas-and, after its annexation, the United States-was the party acting in self-defense against the unlawful aggressor and revolution despoiler.

"I am aware," adds General Grant. "that a treaty made by the Texans with Santa Anna, while he was under duress, ceded all the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, but he was a prisoner of war when the treaty was made, and his life was in jeopardy!" Santa Anna here figures as injured innocence itself, the Texans as cruelty and heartlessness unrefined and unmitigated, Santa Anna, by this treaty, referred to by General Grant, abandoned the claim of Mexico, as represented by him, to the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grand-territory which history, my respected friends, incontestably proves to have belonged, of right, to Texas, from which Mexico, by her gown revolutionary act, in 1835, forever dissociated herself. In view of General Grant's tender solicitude for the interests and sensitive regard for the feelings of Mexico, one may pause to ask, why he when he had the power, place and opportunity, did not recommend and use all his good offices to procure the retrocession of the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, to the much-wronged, tender-conscienced, humane and benevolent republic Mexico, which could honor a Santa Anna and murder a Maximilian.

Had General Grant been writing of Massachusetts or of Maine, instead of Texas, he had not, there is some reason to believe, thus dealt with history, as with an unreconstructed and unreconstructable Southern legislature. I am not, my friends, an apologist of secession, or an admirer and defender of secessionists, as such. I am for the union, its maintenance and honor, dignity and supremacy, at home and abroad, with all my heart and soul and conscience. I am, like that great American, whom all of us revere and admire, Abraham Lincoln, a believer in government of the people, by the people, for the people, in the equality of all men, irrespective of color, class, or condition, in the eye of the law. In American freedom, as understood and realized in America, and by Americans, I heartily and unceasingly glory. Our Freedom is, indeed, a progressive development of noble ideas, a progressive acknowledgement of noble principles. The human soul has been at work in these ideas and these principles, and no force of martial host can arrest or suppress them, for from the soul has society its existence, its permanency, its glory. Give the soul freedom, and there is vitality; narrow it, hamper it silence it, wrong it, and you do the destroyer's work. The human soul has within it, my respected friends, a strength to efface the strongest ramparts, to silence the loudest cannons, to blunt the most pointed spears. The bayonet was, at one period of human history, invoked to quell all popular disturbance, but the bayonet is no longer invincible: sentiment and principle have become mightier than weapons of steel, gives of brass. Society is refining

and strengthening itself every day, by devotion to humanity, learned from the lips of Him who for man, drank the bitter cup to the dregs, wore the crown of thorns on his aching brow, and died between the thieves of Calvary.

Christianity is, every day, making the multitudes more heartily feel that they are men, and it is this feeling which is at work, here today in America, especially with such efficacy for the present and such promise for the future. Here, indeed, in this free and blessed land, the providence of a bountiful God is working in the very depths of humanity, invigorating its faculties, shaping its destinies, and preparing it to vindicate everywhere, the divine and heavenly likeness in which man was originally created.

There was no conspiracy to bring Texas into the Union: no conspiracy to force a war on Mexico for Texas' sake. Kindly hear the case of Texas, as stated by a Texan, the Honorable V.E. Howard, who, in his place, in the National House of Representatives, declared, July 17th, 1850: "Sir, Texas did not beg her way into the Union. She was twice courted and wooed to your embrace. At the time of annexation, the Republic of Texas could have had an alliance with either of the great European powers. Her foe, prostrate and powerless, was a prey to intestine commotions. England stood ready to guaranty her independence and fill her ports with rich, foreign commerce. Texas rejected all these advantages for a place in this Union; and now, all she demands is justice, and a fulfillment of the compact, according to its terms and in good faith." In the same speech, Mr. Howard, dealing with the question of the boundaries of Texas, - the question whose solution demanded the war with Mexico,-is quite a lucid, quite as distinct, quite as unanswerable. He affirms: "The state was admitted into the Union with certain boundaries; which had been acknowledged by her enemy.

Every portion of the country within those limits was not reduced to actual possession, nor was that necessary. Before her independence was recognized by the government, her organic act of boundary was read in the senate by Mr. Robert J. Walker. She was admitted into the Union with these identical limits, subject only to the right of this government, to adjust her boundaries with, 'other governments.' If that was not effected by the treaty with Mexico the federal government has lost all control over the subject. Both the upper and lower Rio Grande were taken possession of, by the United States army in the name of, and under the title of Texas. In his proclamation issued at Vergas, near Santa Fe, on the 15th of August, 1846, General Kearney declared to that people: "Mr. Alcalde and people, of New Mexico-I have come among you by the order of my government, to take possession of your country, and extend over it the laws of the United States. We consider it and have done so for some time, a part of the territory of the United States. We come among you as friends, not as enemies; as protectors, not as conquerors." This proclamation, which is to be found in the Official Journal of Colonel Emory, was issued previous to the treaty, and shows that the government then held this as a part of the United States, which could be so in no other wise than as a part of Texas. It fully negatives the idea that the country now in disputes was held

as a conquest. This was but carrying out the assurances of the charge of the United States, Mr. Donaldson, to Texas, during the negotiation for annexation. In his letter to this government, dated July 11th, 1845, he says: "The boundary of Texas as defined by her statutes, runs up the Rio Grande, from its mouth in the sea, to its source, cutting off portions of Tamaulipas, Coahuilia, and New Mexico". Stating the reasons why he did not encourage Texas to take possession of the Rio Grande, he proceeds to say: "But while from such views, I encourage no aggressive movement on the part of Texas, to take forcible possession of the Rio Grande, I have nevertheless omitted no opportunity of satisfying all parties here that the United States would in good faith maintain the claim, and that I have every reason to believe they would do so successfully."

Thus, was the faith of the government actually pledged to maintain the whole claim of Texas to her boundary. Without this pledge, Texas never would have given the General Government the power to adjust it with Mexico, surrendering her own power to prosecute the claim by the force of arms."

From an avowed opponent of the war with Mexico, a statesman of more than national repute and authority, Hon. A.H. Stephens, of Georgia, -let me cite one brief statement, effectually disposing of the charge of conspiracy: "Texas," said he, in the independent state, was annexed with admitted into the Union with such territorial limits as rightfully belonged to her at the time. Her rights were founded altogether upon the right of successful revolution, and their extent, in my opinion, then was to the limits, over which she had established her jurisdiction. Her limits were such as she had successfully marked with the sword. I did not then believe, nor do I now believe, that she has thus established her jurisdiction to the extent of her claim. But the settlement of her boundary with Mexico was reserved for this government. And this government without waiting for peaceful negotiatin, proceeded by force of arms to assert her rights to the extent of her claim. The then President, Mr. Polk, maintained that the proper boundary rightfully extended to the Rio Grande, from its mouth to its source; and this position was maintained in the act declaring war, by a large majority, in both branches of congress. It did not receive my vote, for I did not believe it to be true. But it received the sanction of this government, in both the executive and legislative departments. The government of the United States, therefore, I consider, to be fully committed on this point."

The charge of conspiracy against Texas and her friends, in either one or in all of the three great movements of her history, her separation from Mexico, her independence, and her annexation to the United States of American is, respected friends, not only groundless in itself, but unworthy a great name and a brilliant career. In presence of the whole American nation, represented in the senate of the United States, Samuel Houston, fearless of contradiction, did on the 29th day of September, 1850, declare: "Mexico declared that if Texas is annexed to the United States, it would be cause of war. The work was consummated and was ensued. I ask, then if war had nothing to do with our boundary? Has it not brought

vast acquisitions to our territory, embracing our boundary, and deciding it according to our stipulated limits?" And this leading actor in the great drama culminating in the acquisition by America of the Texas empire, and the golden realms of California lets in the lights of day upon the whole question of the retrocession of Texas of American, in style and terms effectually and finally disposing of the charge of conspiracy, malfeasance, a treachery and treason. The war with Mexico was a necessity. The annexation of Texas to America, which confessedly brought it about, dissipated the dark schemes of conspiracy amongst the diplomats and despots of Europe to keep Texas out of the Union.

"The Government of the United States, as far back as the administration of Mr. Jefferson, while Messrs. Monroe and Pickney were Ministers abroad, in correspondence with a Spanish Minister, insisted: says Mr. Houston in the very same speech, already cited from, "that the United States had, by the purchase of Louisiana from France, acquired all the country east of the Rio Grande, and declared that the western boundary of the territory purchased, upon the principle of discovery. It is laid down that all the sea board taken and occupied by right of discovery, with all the lands lying on the tributary waters emptying into the sea, and the lands lying on the tributaries, belong to the nation by right of prior discovery, as high up as their sources. This principle embraced all that has been and is now claimed as the right of Texas. This principle was either correct, or it was incorrect. If it was a just claim on the part of the United States, the same principle will bear out Texas in her claim. She occupies the same country on the sea board that was (as insisted) embraced in the purchase of Louisiana from France. The United States acquired it, as it was insisted upon, by right of purchase. Texas has acquired it by the right of revolution and resistance to oppression. She asserted this claim at the outset of her war of independence; during ten years of war she maintained her boundary, without having for one moment faltered in the assertion of her rights. But what did the United States? That they always acted honestly and honorably can not be doubted; theirs was either a just are an unjust claim; if it was an unjust claim, they were dishonored by making it-if it was a just claim on the part of the United States against Spain at that time, it is equally just now when made by Texas. But what did the United States do? They insisted upon the Rio Grande as the west boundary of Louisiana. Spain was not in a situation to go to ward to vindicate her claim, and it was virtually surrendered. By the treaty of 1819, at the time Florida was acquired, the country embraced within the identical limits which Texas now asserts, was disposed of to Spain. If the United States had a valid right to it, it was an honest transaction to sell it to Spain; if she had no right to it, then the recollection of such a transaction ought to suffuse the cheek of every Senator in this Chamber with the blush of shame. Texas now only claims the same boundary in virtue of the right of revolution and the compact of annexation. If the claim of the United States was honest at the commencement of the present

century, I am not acquainted with any code of morals that would render it dishonest in the middle of that century, when we regard the blood and treasure which Texas has expended in her acquisition.”

The war with Mexico and its successful issue, taught the conspiracy hatching cabinets of Louis Phillip of France, and Victoria of England and America was to be kept, by Americans, for Americans, never to be darkened, tainted or tarnished by European conspiracy, corruption or absolutism.

The pact whereby Texas became part of this Union has been to each of the high contracting parties beneficial. By its operation Texas has been a gainer; by its operation, the Union has profited incalculably. But, respected friends, it is charged that Texas has forfeited her claim to consideration, by reason of her attitude during the civil war, an attitude which, had I been then a Texas of voting age, I would, with greatest of Texans, the illustrious Houston, hero of San Jacinto, have opposed and reprobated. Writing in 1865, Dr. Brownson expressed these sentiments of patriotic wisdom and moderations: “None of these secessionists, however much in error they may have been, have committed the moral crime of treason. They held, *with the majority of American people* the doctrine of state sovereignty, and on that doctrine had a right to secede, and have committed no treason, been guilty of no rebellion. That was, indeed, no reason why the government should not use all its force if necessary, to preserve the national unity and the integrity of the national domain; but it is a reason, and a sufficient reason, why no penalty of treason should be inflicted on secessionists and their leaders, after their submission and reorganization of the sovereignty of the United States as that to which they owe allegiance.” And further this eminent philosopher states: “There need be no fear to trust them. Their cause is lost; they may or may not forget it, but lost it is and lost forever. They appealed to the ballot-box, and were defeated; they appealed from the ballot-box to arms, to war, and have been again defeated, terribly defeated. They know it and feel it,-the cause is finished, the controversy closed, never to be re-opened; thenceforth, the Union is invincible. They have yielded to superior numbers and resources; beaten but not disgraced; for they have even in rebellion, proved themselves what they are, real Americans. They are the proudest of the American soil the full growth of the American Republic, and to disgrace them were to disgrace the whole American people and character. They wise Romans never allowed a triumph to a Roman general, for victories, however brilliant won over Romans. No rancor should remain, no vengeance should be sought. They who met in mortal conflict on the battle field should be no longer enemies, but embrace as comrades, as friends, as brothers. None but a coward kicks a fallen foe; a brave people is generous, and the victors in the late war can afford to be generous, generously. They fought for the union, and the union has no longer an enemy. Their late enemies are willing and proud to be their countrymen, fellow citizens, and friends; and they should look to it that small politicians do not rob them, in the eyes of the world, by unnecessary and ill-timed severity to the submissive, of the glory of being, as

they are, a great, noble chivalric, generous and magnanimous people.”(Brownson’s Works, Vol. 13, pp. 171 2-3)

So much for historical and political Texas; let me know, my respect friends, invite yo to the consideration of Texas, “the land flowing with milk and honey.”

A glance at a map of the United States discloses to the observer’s eye the immense, imperial, heart shaped commonwealth of Texas, covering an area of more than 70,000 square miles. A country, rich, exhaustless, matchless and magnificent. If you ask me what the United States would be without Texas. I will answer by the question: What would Europe be without France and Great Britain combined.” Take away Texas from the American republic and you deprive us of a most bounteous, fruitful, productive and promising under the sun. From her geographical situation, extent of territory fertility of soil, mineral wealth, and constantly increasing population, Texas must, indeed, be regarded as first peerless, alone, in her supremacy among the states of this federal union.

The “Lone Star” state is bounded on the north by New Mexico and the Indian Territory, from which the mightily Red River divides it; on the east by Arkansas and Louisiana-separated from the latter, in part, by the Sabine river and the Gulf of Mexico; on the southeast by the Gulf of Mexico; southwest and west by Mexico and New Mexico, from which it is separated by the historic Rio Grande. In less than fifty years, her growth in commercial and political importance has been unequalled; in wealth and renown, unparalleled. The savage red man, the conquering Spaniard, the wild animal, the herds of buffalo and wild horses, have disappeared in the silent and half-forgotten past. Christian civilization, under free republican institutions, has, in this splendid domain, wrought marvelous changes. The once impenetrable wilderness has been transformed into beautiful rolling prairies, fertile plains and variegated woodland. Here and there, everywhere, in fact, arises the thriving city, the busy town, the peaceful village and prosperous hamlet, with church and school, with plantation of sugar cane and cotton; with farms, yielding, in tropical abundance, the grain, the vegetables and fruit of every clime. In general physical aspect, the country is so inclined plain, gradually sloping, from the mountains on the west, southeasterly course and direction. The state may be divided into three very distinct regions. Along the coast line, there is a flat or level region, with an inland breadth, varying all the way from fifty to even one hundred and fifty miles. This is the area of rich pasture land. The second, and by far the largest region, is the rolling prairie country, extending from two hundred to three hundred miles further inland; its wide, grassy tracts alternating with others thickly timbered. The timbered belts are especially prevalent in the east, though the entire region is well wooded, especially in the river valleys and bottoms. The soil of this section, in which the “black waxy land” predominates, is, in its fertility, inexhaustible. Out of the soil, the farmer can produce, year after year, the most abundant crops, without the expense of fertilizing, or having recourse even to the very commendable system of an interchange of crops.

The third physical division of Texas includes the rolling prairies and vast plains of western and northwestern Texas. Here is the mountainous section, including the Mexican Alps; here, too, are extensive alluvial valleys, most of them susceptible of irrigation and culture. The principal Texas rivers are, besides the Red and Rio Grande, the Neches, Trinity, Brazos, Colorado, Guadeloupe and Nueces—flowing into the Gulf. These rivers are fed by numerous affluent and tributaries, affording valuable water privileges throughout the state. This mammoth commonwealth has an area of 274,356 miles or 175,537,840 acres. Its greatest length from northwest to southeast, covering a distance of eight hundred, while its breadth from the extreme east to west is fully seven hundred and fifty miles. England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, all combined, have an area of but 120,760 square miles, while their aggregate population is more than ten times that of Texas. There are tens of thousands acres of land in Texas, equal to the very best ever turned by the ploughshares, which have never yet been whitened by harvests to gladden the heart and lessen the trials of man. Behold here, respected friends, forests with millions of feet of the most valued timber that has ever yet been cleared by the cut of a woodman's axe. Dig into the bowels of the earth and you uncover stores of wealth, truly incalculable. Alluvial deposits of untold ages enrich the soil, while ferruginous mountains and exhaustless coal beds, inestimable in their aggregate value, confer a wealth unapproached, incomparable and transcendent, ensuring for Texas preeminence as a great manufacturing state.

The state geologist affirms that in one county in Texas, there are 40,000 acres of iron ore that will yield 4,000,000 tons of ore to the square mile—ore assaying fifty-two to seventy per cent pure iron. The iron that went into the construction of our magnificent state capitol was smelted from the hills of East Texas, at a Texas smelter. Our cities, youthful, indeed, are promising and well appointed. We have Galveston, the lily of the sea; Houston, the flower queen; Dallas, the metropolis; Waco, the geyser city; Fort Worth, the queen of the prairies, and San Antonio, the beautiful city of everlasting summer, mausoleum of Texas patriots, and more than a score of smaller cities, with hundreds of towns, all healthful, vigorous, enterprising and above all things, law abiding.

But you may ask me to step down from generalities, and I recognize your right to do so, for, it is by information on the particular points of a country's advantages that a sound judgment as to its general excellence may be formed. You may, for instance, ask me to specify the agricultural products of Texas. Permit me to make mention of the more staple articles: In the southern portion of the state, oranges, lemons, figs, cotton, sugar, rice, etc., while, in the central and more northern, apples, peaches, pears, grapes, plums, cherries, barley, oats, rye, tobacco, wheat, corn, potatoes, and vegetables of every description grow well and are profitably cultivated. Cotton and corn are also extensively cultivated in the extreme southern portion of the state. The counties of Fort Bend, Matagorda, Wharton and Colorado are among the banner cotton countries. Grasses of over three hundred and fifty varieties have been found in

the state. Many varieties grow the season through, and stock often do well without the necessity of stall feeding during the winter.

On the head of climate, I speak by the book, when I say that, "During the greater portion of the year, it is delightful, the temperature raging from 32° to 96°, but during the Spring, Fall, and part of the Winter it usually stands from 50° to 70°. Our mild Winters will admit of out-door work almost every day in the year, and at this writing, December 15th, the thermometer stands at 70° in the room without fire. The "norther" (a cold wind) frequently moves the thermometer down at a rapid rate, and makes fires and over coats necessities, but it is only a short duration, and always has a healthful and bracing effect on the people. It purifies the atmosphere and is the primary cause of the salubrity of the climate. The Summer is made pleasant by the refreshing South breeze from the Gulf. Sunstrokes are seldom or ever heard of. The nights, with Southern exposure, are always cool, and on the Gulf and in the prairie region cover is needed almost every night in year. Practically speaking, it is a country free of blighting blizzards, tornadoes and cyclones of the North, and the oppressive heat experienced in many other states in the Union."

The climate being so salubrious, the health of the state is exceptionally fine. The average death rate is shown to be less than that of any other state in the Union. The even, invigorating climate of Texas, its numerous mineral wells, its pleasant summer resorts on the coast, its bracing and refreshing "Northers," give the country advantages, in the eyes of those seeking longevity, not easily, if at all, found elsewhere. The population has grown, from little more than 200,000 in 1892. Railroad lines to the number of 30, with a mileage of more than 10,000, intersect the commonwealth, at every point.

Among the more valuable of the mineral resources of Texas, I may mention salt, silver, copper, coal, petroleum, gypsum, granite and gold itself.

Texas has a sea board of 503 miles, possessing many most eligible sites for harbors, shipping facilities and superb cities. At last, a deep water port on the Texan coast has been secured in Velasco, a few miles up from the mouth of the Brazos River where vessels, drawing 16 ½ feet at low tide, have entered, without touching bottom. The work of deepening the water over the bars, at Galveston, Sabine Pass and Aransas Pass, is proceeding, and soon without unnecessary or irritating delay, we hope to provide an anxious and long expectant Northwest, with ocean outlets, numerous enough and well equipped enough; to meet the demands and exigencies of trade.

A word, now, as to the Texan of today, -so much caricatured and even maligned, in some parts of this republic.

The Texan of today is civilized, highly, pre-eminently civilized. He is in point of education, the peer of any American citizen. In no part of the Union, is education more highly prized, or more

generously and unstintedly supported. Educated as he is, the Texan of today is largely free from the narrow prejudices, which darken the minds of certain of his brethren in other commonwealths,-noted and marked, by their loudly professed solicitude for his temporal and political welfare. The population of Texas is peaceful, law-abiding, industrious and enterprising. There is no room here for the indolent, no encouragement for the idle, no toleration from the criminal. Frankness, generosity, kindness, hospitality, respect for the rights of other, - these are honorable traits of character prevalent in Texas today. I know of no people, so ready to extend a warm and hearty welcome to the stranger, seeking a home amongst them. Tho' but a few months residing in Texas, I have at the hands of its people received so many kind marks of attention and respect, that I cannot help feeling in its regard sentiments akin to those which filled the heart of the poet as he wrote the celebrated lines:

“There is a land, of every land the parish.
 Beloved by Heaven, o'er all the world beside.
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light.
 And milder moons emparadise the night.
 A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
 Time-tutored age, and love exalted youth.
 The wandering Mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair.
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
 In every climate, the magnet of his soul.
 Touched by remembrance, trembles to that poie.
 Where shall that land,-that spot of earth he found.
 Art thou a man? A patriot? – look around:
 Ah: thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam.
 That land thy country, and that spot thy home.”

The history of Texas is a history of valor, virtue, statesmanship and renown. The close of our late fratricidal conflict, found Texas prostrate, bleeding, decimated, demoralized, impoverished. But, with the energy and pertinacity characteristic of her sons, she soon arose from the ruins, to enter upon her present grand imperial, progressive, irresistible career. Her wealth and population have in a quarter of a century, multiplied in a ratio never equaled in the records of human advancement. Her progress, in the Spiritual sense, has also been very marked and gratifying. For purposes of Church government, the State is divided into the dioceses of Galveston, San Antonio and Dallas and the Vicarate Apostolic of Brownsville. Religion is, in all these ecclesiastical divisions, flourishing. Our Catholic population is large and increasing. Our institutions of religion and of education are numerous, well governed and prosperous. But it is especially the institutions of charity that invite and receive the support of Texas, like that of Christ

Himself, must be chiefly one of mercy, compassion and charity-sheltering the sick, the homeless and the orphaned, shipping away misfortune and sorrow's tears, wherever occasion offers, every mindful that of the virtues, Charity is the queen and the mistress:

“Three sisters, of one heavenly parent born,
 Religion brightened, and the Church's adored.
 The eldest, Faith with Revelation's eyes,
 Through Reason's shades, the realms of bliss desires,
 Bring heaven in realizing prospect home,
 And antedates the happiness to come.
 The second, Hope, with life-bestowing smile,
 Lightens each with, and softens human toil:
 Bidding the thought dejected heart ascent
 To that blessed place where every call shall end
 The youngest, Charity,-a seraph guess:
 With element goodness warms the social breast:
 Her boundless view, and comprehensive mind
 Sees and pursues the weal of human kind;
 And taught to emulate the throne above,
 Grasps all creation in the links of love
 Yet two of these though daughters of the sky,
 Boast short duration, and are borne to die:
 For Faith shall end in vision, Hope in joy,
 With Charity, immortal and sublime,
 Shall mock the darts of Death and wreck of time;
 When nature sinks herself the prey of fire,
 And all the monuments of art expire:
 She shall emerge, triumphant from the flame,
 The same her luster, and her worth the same;
 Confess'd shall shine to saints and angels known.
 Approved, distinguished near th' eternal throne.”

To Texas, then, welcome, a thousand welcome, every visitor and every homeseeker, from the less forward states: now, at this very moment itself we invite cordially, pressingly, aye, even pertinaciously, if I may be permitted the expression, the thousands in the North, who find it a difficulty and a trial to support themselves or their families, with a becoming degree of respectability, in the over-crowded cities and the exhausted rural districts of the North and East. Texas has room for all these and more: Our population is yet but three millions, while we have room for ten fold more, with still an abundance of space for future generations. The Southern people—all statements to the contrary notwithstanding—welcome not only Northern capital, but Northern population. A large portion of the people of Texas are of Northern origin, and these are amongst the most valued and patriotic of the citizens of the Empire State of the South-West. Life and property are, with us in Texas, quite as secure as they are any where North of

Mason and Dixon's line. We are all anxious, in the South, for the complete effacement of sectional lines, so that there may be no North, no South, East or West: but one grand, glorious, indivisible and invincible republic of America.

Our whole country under the influence of the benign and beneficent institutions which it has been our peculiar good fortune to enjoy, has grown to a state of prosperity and power, which is altogether unexampled in the history of mankind. The future is still more full of glorious promise, if we only exercise the wisdom and forbearance towards each other which are necessary to preserve our Union and liberties unimpaired. If we have made such gigantic progress in the past, we are destined to advance, if we do not disappoint our fate by rash councils and domestic strife, in a still more rapid progression in the future. Let us, then, feel, and cherish the feeling as our rarest treasure, that we are forever united in one common destiny, and labor, for one common object and that object the honor, peace, glory and prosperity of our whole land.

I have adverted, respected friends, to the rapid growth and expansion of our country. What has it been? Contemplate its feeble, gloomy, and doubtful condition, when, only a few hundred years ago it was struggling for a national existence, thirteen poor sparsely settled colonies, occupying a narrow strip of country along the Eastern sea-board; and now, turn and behold you morning sun, which, rising from the broad bosom of the Atlantic, rolls over and gorgeous city, majestic river, cloud-capped mountain, and many a wide and green and glorious plain, until he sinks at last along the margin of the Western ocean of his golden bed-spanning in his flight a present empire of more than three thousand miles in extent, and stretching in a transverse direction from the line of the lakes on the North, to almost the line of the tropics on the South. Where will you find, either in ancient or modern times, a kingdom or a power of equal extent, when you take into consideration the wealth, and variety of its productions. The diversity of its climate and resources, the fertility of its soil, and all that can make a nation truly great and powerful? It is estimated by the historian of the Decline and Fall, that the Roman Empire, in the palmist days of her Antonines, when her imperial eagles spread in peaceful triumph from the pillars of Hercules to the banks of Euphrates, and when she claimed to be the sole mistress of the known and habitable world, only embraced a territorial area of about one million six hundred thousand square miles, about one half of the present territory of the United States. When I contemplate this vast domain, this picture of more than imperial grandeur, and consider what this great republic now is and what it is destined to be, if this glorious Union is preserved, and then reflect that I am a citizen, not of the State of Texas alone, not of New York, not of Massachusetts, not of Pennsylvania, - merely, but of this whole country, in all its broad and glorious extent, I feel that I can realize a greater boast than the Roman of Old, and am proud to know, that "I too, am an American citizen."

Strive, let us to prove worthy of that priceless gift and heritage of citizenship, handed down from the heroic days of old, sealed and consecrated by the blood of the martyred dead, whose ashes make sacred our country to the God of Liberty. Virtuous citizens, let us ask from on high, the strength to follow, and falter or fail not, in following the Way, the Truth and the Life.

“Give me more strength, oh Lord, today I ask,
Strength to fulfill each dear appointment task;
As morning dawns, renew my failing powers,
Gird me with strength to meet the passing hours.

Give me more strength, oh Lord, that freed from sin,
I may through Thee the mightiest conquest win,
And though I faint and fall, at last may gain
Far heights sublime; let me not plead in vain.

I plead, dear Lord, for strength, from day to day
That I may know Thy will and then obey;
Draw near, I pray, with healing in Thy wings,
And make my spirit strong in little things.

Strong, to do right, defying doubt and sin,
Strong to go forth and in thine armor win,
Though for Thy sake I breathe the furnace flame,
To rise unscathed and glorify Thy name.

When foes prevail, to Heaven I lift mine eyes;
Show me thy cross, the signal of the skies;
‘By this to conquer,’ be my little song,
Quicken through me Thy cause and make me strong.

Give me more strength, more strength, I plead, I ask,
Hallow anew each dear-appointed task.
Lord, in Thy strength my weakness I resign,
Till work shall cease, and fullest rest be mine.”

BISHOP BRENNAN’S FRIST PASTORAL LETTER

Thomas Francis, *By the Grace of God and Appointment of the Holy Apostolic See, Bishop of Dallas*
To the Clergy, *The religious Communities, and the Laity of our Diocese;*
Health and Benediction in Our Lord Jesus Christ:

To you, dearly beloved brethren, at the approach of the festival of the glorious Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, does our heart spontaneously go out, from the depths of our paternal affection and the

earnestness of our pastoral solicitude. Towards each one of the flock to his care committed, does the Bishop, as First Pastor of the Diocese, as a true Shepherd of the Fold of Christ, exercise a ceaseless vigilance and an undivided tenderness. For them he lays down his very life. “The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep.” (John X:11) “Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friend.” (John XV: 13)

Christ, the First Shepherd and Bishop of Souls, as St. Peter terms him, having loved His own, loved them to the end bearing their sins in His body upon the Tree that being dead to sin, they should live to justice. (I Peter, ii.) Like unto Him, the Bishop must be the kind, tender, compassionate, watchful and solicitous pastor, guarding the fold against the hireling, the thief and the robber, prizing the salvation of even the least of the sons he hath in Christ Jesus by the Gospel begotten. The sheep follow the good shepherd, because they know his voice, but a stranger they follow not, because they know not his voice. “But a stranger,” saith Christ himself, “they follow not, because they know not the voice of strangers.” (John x:5.)

“Amen, amen, I say to you,” declares our Blessed Lord, “I am the door of the sheep. *** I am the door. The thief cometh not but to steal.* * * I am the door. The thief cometh not but to steal and to kill and to destroy. I come that you may have life, and have it more abundantly. I am the Good Shepherd. But the hireling and he that is not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming and leaveth the sheep and fleeth; and the wolf catcheth and scattereth the sheep. And the hireling fleeth because he is a hireling, and he hath no care for the sheep. I am the Good Shepherd and I know mine and mine know me, as the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father; and I lay down my life for my sheep. * * * My sheep hear my voice; and I know them and they follow me, and I give them life everlasting, and they shall not perish forever, and no man shall pluck them out of my hand. That which my father hath given me is greater than all, and none can snatch them out of the land of my Father.” (Luke X)

I need not, my dearly beloved brethren, tell you how constantly, faithfully and resolutely the great Apostles, whose feast the Church celebrates, on the 29th day of this fecund and flowery month of June, valiant and unconquerable athletes of the Crucified, whose renown fills the whole earth and whose words reach to the ends thereof executed their task and fulfilled their mission. Yo know that they bore with and overcame every opposition that the malice of man could devise, that they met and triumphed over every obstacle that human malignity could present, and set at defiance all the torments that human cruelty could suggest or inflict. “Of the Jews,” says St. Paul, “five times did I receive forty stripes, save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned; thrice I suffered shipwreck; a night and a day I was in the depth of the sea. In journeys often, in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers in perils from his own nation, in perils from the gentiles, in perils in the city in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils from false brethren, in labor and painfulness, in much watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fasting often, in cold and

nakedness” (II Cor. xi) did this fearless Apostle of the Gentiles and Peter, price of the Apostles, so well-beloved of Jesus, apply themselves from the day the Pentecostal fire had descended upon the head of the latter and the light of heaven shone upon the hitherto darkened eyes of the former, to the fulfillment of their mission of teaching all nations, tribes and peoples, till at length, the fullness of time having come, they both sealed with their life’s blood their devotion to the Lord and Master with whose precious blood, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled, we have been redeemed. (I Peter i:19)

Called, unworthy as we are, to the Christian episcopate, by the same Lord and Redeemer who summoned Peter from his nets to make him a fisher of men, and who smote Paul on the way to Damascus that he might make of him a vessel of election to carry His name before the gentiles and kings and the children of Israel, we exhort and beseech you to prove worthy of your vocation and election as followers of Christ, for “you are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people; that you may declare His virtues, who hath called you out of darkness into His marvelous light.” (I Peter, i.) We are indeed, children of the light as contradistinguished from the children of the world or of darkness. The children of the world are, in truth, those who seek, strive for and love the goods and pleasures of this life, hoping to find in their possession the highest aim of existence. The children of light, on the other hand, are those who walk in the higher light shed upon their lives by holy faith, and despising the sinful glitter of the world, aspire after purer and nobler delights, of which they have a foretaste even amid the darkness environing them here below.

We should be children of light, not children of the world, inasmuch as we have been redeemed from the servitude of sin and Satan, not by gold or silver, but by the precious blood of the Immaculate Lamb of God. “Love not the world, nor those things which are in the world,” exclaimed the warning voice of St. John. “If any man love the world, the charity of the Father is not in him: for all that is in the world is the concupiscence of the flesh, and the concupiscence of the eyes and the pride of life: which is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the concupiscence thereof. But he that doeth the will of God, abideth forever,” (I John, ii. 15-17.)

But, in spite of these warnings, and notwithstanding our Christian vocation, the children of men incline more to darkness and the deeds thereof than to the light. Earthly goods and pleasures are always more attractive to the human heart than the higher spiritual joys of faith. The children of light seem to remain children to the end, but the children of the world grow into stalwart but sin-stricken manhood.

Were we but as wise and circumspect in our acquisition of supernatural good as are the children of darkness of their quest of material wealth, honors and pleasures, what glorious triumphs might we not achieve for God, for Holy Faith and our own immortal souls. Were we but to live in the spirit and walk in the spirit, seeking first the kingdom of God and His justice, not desirous of vain-glory, provoking one another, envying one another (Gal. vi), we would, dearly beloved brethren, achieve victory after victory

over the enemies of our salvation. “Walk,” says St. Paul, “in the Spirit, and you shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; for these are contrary one to another: so that you do not the things that you would. But, if you are led by the Spirit, you are not under the law. Now, the works of the flesh are manifest, which are fornication, uncleanness, immodesty, luxury, idolatry, witchcrafts, enmities, contentions, emulations, wraths, quarrels, dissensions, sects, envy murder, drunkenness, revellings, and such like; of which I foretell you, as I have foretold to you, that they who do such things shall not obtain the kingdom of God. But the fruit of the Spirit is charity, joy, peace, patience, benignity, continence, chastity. And they who are Christ’s have crucified their flesh with the evils and concupiscences.” (Gal.v)

Why is it that we have failed to crucify the flesh with its vices, concupiscences, hesitated to live in the Spirit, and faltered in our efforts to walk in the way of the commandments? Because we have not renounced ourselves to follow Christ. We have, in a word, endeavored, while professing to follow Him, to conciliate and satisfy the world, forgetting that we cannot serve God and Mammon; neglecting, if not refusing, to take to heart the lesson, so emphatically uttered and so significantly set forth by our Lord Himself. “Be not solicitous,” said He, “for your life, what you shall eat; not for your body, what you shall put on. Is not the life more than the meat, and the body more than the raiment? Behold the fowls of the air, for they neither sow nor do they reap, nor gather into barns, and your Heavenly father feedeth them. Are not you of much more value than they? And which of you, by taking thought, can add to his stature one cubit? And which of you, by taking thought, can add to his stature one cubit? And for raiment why are you solicitous? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they labor not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you that not even Solomon, in all his glory, was arrayed as one of these. And if the grass of the field, which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven, God doth so clothe, how much more you, O ye of little faith? Be not solicitous, therefore, saying: What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the heathen seek. For your Father knoweth that you have need of all of these things. Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and His justice; and all these things shall be added unto you.” (Matt. Vi.)

Short as has been our stay amongst you, we have, dearly beloved brethren, been pleased to witness your faith, your piety, your constancy in the service of the Lord. But as are not equally strong in the combat for salvation, as athlete differs from athlete in vigor, as runner differs from runner in fleetness, and soldier from soldier in endurance, so do the children of God differ one from the other in the ardor of their pursuit of the things of heaven. To be perfect, even as our Heavenly Father is perfect, should be the aim and end of our every thought, word and action. The church to which we belong is the church of the living God, the very pillar and the ground of truth, and to its counsels and commands ready ear should we ever cheerfully give. This Church is mighty, an undying institution, greater and more enduring than any

of the monarchies, republics, or dynasties of this world of sorrows. The greatest of the works of men decay, perish and disappear; the works of God alone remain. Be it our glory, then to belong, not in word alone, but in truth and in good works, to the true Church established for our salvation and sanctification. We are here, my dearly beloved brethren, beginning in this vast commonwealth, so very large a part whereof has been placed under our special government, a noble and let us hope with God's benignant, fructifying grace, and enduring work. This diocese of Dallas, youthful, indeed, but promising, may with your co-operation, be made one of the choicest and most felicitous portions of the Lord's vineyard, a veritable new Jerusalem, such as that written of by Isaias, the prophet: "Look upon Sion the city of our solemnity; they eyes shall see Jerusalem, a rich habitation, a tabernacle that cannot be removed-only there is our Lord magnificent." (Is xxxiii.); or by John, the beloved apostle. "And I, John, saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband," and that heavenly city he declares, the glory of God, and the light thereof was like a precious stone, as to the jasper stone even as crystal." (Apoc. Xxi.)

Our own soul, we should each make a temple of the living God a new Jerusalem, coming down from heaven, and the work of changing the whole face of this beloved land of ours, so blessed and favored of God, into a veritable earthly paradise would be accomplished. "Be converted," saith the prophet Ezekiel, "and do penance for all your iniquities and iniquity shall not be your ruin. Cast away from you all your transgressions, by which you have transgressed, and make to yourselves a new heart and a new spirit." (Chap. Vxiii) "As I live," saith the Lord God, "I desire not the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way, and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways." (Chap. Xxxiii.)

To turn sinful man from his iniquities, the apostles Peter and Paul most zealously and successfully labored while on earth, and for their successors' flocks they now in heaven constantly intercede. With these glorious apostles and the spotless Virgin Mother of Jesus-the flower of the field, the lily of the valley, the glory of Israel and Queen of Angels, as mediators and intercessors shall we fail of obtaining from God, the graces we require to conquer our selves, subdue the world and put Satan to ignominious flight? Oh, no! God with us, abiding in our hearts, we can do all things; no enemy can vanquish, nor any calamity befall us.

We have, dearly beloved, under God's ever kind Providence and protection, though but few months have elapsed since the consecrating oils were poured on our unworthy head, been enabled to travel over many hundreds of miles through this expansive diocese, embracing as it does one hundred and ten thousand square miles, which will yet give homes to millions of people. The spiritual wants of this vast section of country are many and pressing. The fields are, indeed, white for the harvest, but the laborers are few. We are in want of larger and better church edifices in most of the old, and of chapels, suitable for the offering of the divine mysteries in nearly all of the new settlements. But of what use are

churches and chapels unless we have worshippers to fill them? These we cannot have, unless we provide to the very best of our ability for the Christian education of our youth. We have already in this diocese many excellent schools for the elementary and higher education of girls, but we are in the very urgent need, in many places of efficient schools for boys. When we consider, but for a moment, the temptations and dangers to which our Catholic boys are exposed, you will dearly beloved understand how near is this matter to our very inmost soul and conscience, and will be ready to strengthen our hands in this discharge of our apostolic ministry in this vital respect.

We could not, dearly beloved, even think of commemorating the glorious festival of SS. Peter and Paul without turning our eyes and our hearts towards the Eternal City, of which the sacred hymn recalls the chiefest and greatest glory—the martyrdom of these princes of the Apostolic College:

*O Roma feliz, quae duorum Principum
Es consecrata glorioso sanguine:
Horum cruore purpurata caeteras
Excellis orbis una pulchritudines.*

O thou blessed Rome, which art consecrated by the glorious blood of these two Princes! Thou, alone empurpled by their blood, dost excel all the other splendors of the earth!

To Rome does the heart of every true Catholic now instinctively turn, to Rome where the immortal Leo XIII, one of the most renowned of Peter's successors, is a prisoner in the Vatican. We speak whereof we know, by actual observation, when we say that the Supreme Pontiff is in his own eternal city, kept in durance vile by the rapacious spoliators of the domain of Peter. Hands off! Say we; most impious men! Hands off! The person and the office of the Roman Pontiff are most sacred in the sight of God and man, and no human tyrant or robber kind can with impunity, as history dother abundantly show, defy in his regard the laws of eternal justice. God bless our Most Holy Father Leo, and deliver him from the hands and snares of his enemies, that he and his successors, freed from outrage and indignity may rule the Church of Christ in peace and security. Glorious Apostles Peter and Paul, be his defense, protections and deliverance, and that of the whole Church militant!

Most Immaculate Virgin, Mother of God, to Thee we dedicate this whole diocese and all the clergy and faithful to our care committed, that by Thy mediation, freed from sin, we may obtain the grace and glory of eternal beatitude!

Most Sacred and Compassionate Heart of Jesus, who didst love sinful men even to the shedding for them of the last drop of Thy Most Precious Blood, look down with favor upon this newly-born diocese of Dallas. Bless and fortify its clergy and its people. Bless and consecrate to thy service every Christian family within its bounds. To Thee we look for those graces and gifts, so necessary for the multiplying, the

strengthening and the sanctifying of Thy fold. Be Thou our Refuge, our Temple, our Sanctuary. Sweet Heart of Jesus, make us love Thee every day more and more!

It is my dearly beloved brethren, with a deep sense of responsibility to God that we thus address you. We are set as a watchman over you; and if the watchman see the sword coming and sound not the trumpet and the sword come and cut off a soul from among the people, the Lord will require the blood of that soul at the hands of the watchman. To us, indeed, God hath said: "If thou dost not speak to warn the wicked man from his way: that wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but I will require his blood at thy hand. But if thou tell the wicked man, and he be not converted from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul." (Ezek. Xxxiii.)

We are grateful to know that in our flock there are Catholics of diverse races, origins and nationalities. We have here Catholics of German, French, Mexican, Italian, Polish and Bohemian origin, (with Arabians not a few), as well as those whose mother tongue is that of the American people. To all of these Catholics we say that they are a thousand times welcome to our temples of religion. The Church is the home of the Catholic, whatever his language, his class, his condition or his color. Before the same altar, and in presence of the same Hidden but Omnipotent Jesus, all may kneel in equality and with the security, begotten of the feeling of brotherhood, which should prevail amongst children of the household of the faith.

To our spiritual children who speak the German, French, or other tongues above mentioned, we are happy to say that we can personally hear their confessions and exhort those who reside in our Cathedral city, in the language they learned to lisp at their mothers' knees; while for those outside the city of Dallas we will make, at earliest convenience, all possible provision. They surely have every reason to glory in their Catholicity, for than the churches of Germany, France, Italy, Spain, Bohemia and Poland there are none more florious in Christendom. We count on their co-operation in all our good works, with a confidence arising out of our knowledge of the noble characteristics of their respective races. No matter what our race or origin, or mother tongue, we are all either members or called to the membership of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, the Church of "one God, one faith, one baptism one Lord and Father of all." We are besides, in this free land of American, united in the common but enduring bond of citizenship in the freest and best country, upon which the sun of a benignant and beneficent Heaven shines to bless the human race.

To the weak and the erring ones of our flock does our heart incline, dear Brethren, with special affection and deep seated solicitude. Let no man judge them harshly. Had the best amongst us to meet the temptations to which they have succumbed could we have done better than they? To God's mercy we daily commend them at His holy altar and our whole flock we earnestly invite to join us in beseeching our Heavenly Father to extend them His luminous light and strength. We have, my dearly beloved, noticed,

conning over your state and city directories and business publications generally, or in passing through your commercial thoroughfares the names of many who must have been themselves baptized, or are the children of Catholic parents, but who have ceased, from one cause or another, to practice or profess their holy religion. All of these we implore to return to the path of well-doing. Let no false pride or human respect keep them from a return to the fold. Let them not listen to or follow the hireling or the stranger, but cast themselves at the feet of the Good Shepherd, who tells us that in heaven there is more rejoicing over the conversion of one that has erred, than over the perseverance of nine and ninety just, who need not penance.

To the colored people of this diocese, too, we bid hearty welcome not only to the Pro-Cathedral but to all our parish and mission churches. We open wide our doors for them. With us they will be treated with true Christian kindness and in a spirit of fraternal charity. For them, as well as for all other men Our Lord Jesus Christ poured out His Most Sacred Blood on Mount Calvary. We invite them to share with us membership in the true Church where there is neither Gentile nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision: Barbarian nor Seythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all. (Col.iii)

To all of you, be your class or condition what it may, for all of you are dear to us in the Lord Jesus Christ, we now in conclusion address the words of the apostle St. Paul to the Colossians:

“Put ye on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, the bowels of mercy, benignity, modesty, patience: Bearing with one another and forgiving one another, if any have a complaint against another; even as the Lord hath forgiven you, do you also. All whatsoever you do in word or in work, all things do ye in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, giving thanks to God and to the Father by him. Wives, be subject to your husbands, as it behoveth in the Lord. Husbands love your wives and be not bitter towards them., Children obey your parents, in all things; for this is well pleasing to the Lord.

“Fathers provoke not your children to indignation; lest they be discouraged. Servants obey in all things your masters according to the flesh, not serving to the eye as pleasing men, but in simplicity of heart, fearing God. Whatsoever you do, do it from the heart as to the Lord and not to men; knowing that you shall receive of the Lord the reward of inheritance. Serve ye the Lord Christ.” (Chap. Iii.)

Shall this pastoral letter be read in all parish churches, and at chapter in the religious communities, the first Sunday after its receipt and in all mission churches and chapels at the convenience of the pastor.

Given from our Episcopal Residence, Dallas, Texas, the twenty-fourth day of June, A.D. 1891, feast of St. John the Baptist, Precursor of our Lord.

+Thomas Francis Brennan,
Bishop of Dallas

PROSPECTIVE
CATHEDRAL

OF THE
SACRED
HEART



THE PROPOSED NEW CATHEDRAL OF DALLAS, TEXAS

PASTORAL LETTER ON THE ERECTION OF A CATHEDRAL
IN THE CITY OF DALLAS

THOMAS FRANCIS by the Grace of God and appointment of the

Holy Apostolic See, Bishop of Dallas:

To the Clergy, Religious Communities and the Laity of our Diocese

Health and Benediction in the Lord Jesus Christ:

Venerable Brethren of the Clergy: Dearly Beloved Brethren of the Laity-- Before Opening his aged but still lustrous eyes on the land of promise, Moses, prophet, patriarch and lawgiver, having reached the ripe age of one hundred and twenty years, his mission fulfilled, his work ended, his good fight fought and won, eternity awaiting him, happy by retrospection and delighted by realization, raising his aged and feeble arms, but still undimmed eyes, sang his sweetest, though farewell canticle of joy and praise and gratitude, to heaven so often propitious to his prayers: to God, his Almighty and Benign Father, who out of the very depth and abundance of His bounty had led the children of Israel from bondage into freedom, giving them a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, as a guide through the desert; giving them manna from heaven for their food and waters out of the barest rock for their drink, (Deut. ix); coming in the thunders and lightning on Sinai to bestow on them the commandments of deliverance, regeneration and salvation; making them his chosen people, because they were to Him, their Lord and their God, a holy people, and because God had selected them to be His peculiar people of all peoples that were upon the earth. (Deut. vii.) And thus Moses spoke and said: "There is no other God like the God of the richest: he that is mounted on the heaven is thy helper. By his magnificence the clouds run hither and thither. His dwelling is above and underneath the everlasting arms: he shall cast out the enemy from before thee and shall say: Be thou brought to naught. Israel shall dwell in safety and alone. The eye of Jacob in a land of corn and wine, and the heavens shall be misty with dew. Blessed art thou, Israel: who is like to thee? O people, thou art saved by the Lord! The shield of thy help and the sword thy glory: thy enemies shall deny thee and thou shalt tread upon their necks." (Deut. xxxiii.)

To Abraham, the Father of His chosen people God had issued this command, stipulated this promise, declared this prophesy: Go forth out of thy country and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I shall show thee. And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and magnify thy name, and thou shall be blessed. (Genesis, xii.)

Which, dearly beloved brethren, was the land that God showed unto Abraham! It was a "good land, of brooks and of waters, and of fountains: in the plains of which and the hills deep rivers break out: A land of wheat and barley, and vineyards wherein fig trees and pomegranates, and olive yards grow: a

land of oil and honey, where without any want thou shalt eat thy bread, and enjoy abundance of all things: where the stones are iron and out of its hills are dug mines of brass; a land of goodly houses and herds of oxen and flocks of sheep, and plenty of gold and silver and of all things.” (Deut.viii.)

The words of Holy Writ so solemn, stirring and significant inspire one, dearly beloved brethren, with the thought that the pioneers of this mightily common wealth of Texas, should have sung even as did Moses, in his farewell canticle of thanksgiving, and we, called like Abraham, from out of our fathers’ houses and out of our own countries, to this land that the Lord God had shown us, the land of corn and of wine, the land of oil and of honey, the land of goodly houses, of gold and of silver and of all things, should pause to contemplate that which the Lord has given us and ask ourselves in all earnestness and sincerity, if we are worthy of the goodness of that God, who gave the Israelites a country flowing with milk and with honey, but has blessed us with every blessing which Israel knew and enjoyed, and countless others which Israel did not know and did not enjoy.

Texas is dearly beloved brethren, a mighty empire, destined under God’s protecting providence for enduring greatness, far-reaching influence and surprising prosperity. She is blessed as are few lands, with every variety of climate and diversity of soil to develop a wealth of products and of population, unequalled in the world’s history. She has plain and woodland, lake and river and streamlet. Her seacoast stretches for nearly six hundred miles and is indented with numerous large and capacious harbors. Through her ports and cities must pass the commerce of Latin American to her sister states of the north, the east and the west. Texas is, indeed, the land of opportunity, the land of destiny, the land of unspeakable renown and coming greatness. Mighty as our common wealth is today in area, wealth and population, her greatness in these respects is, we would fain believe, but a feeble precursor of the importance, prominence and preponderance of the very near future. Her cities, marvelous as has been their growth, are but mere hamlets compared to the vast populous and well-ordered metropolitan centers that may, if God turn not His face from us within the next quarter of a century, dot her surface, control and concentrate her march to pre-eminence in this American republic.

To the stranger and to the enquirer, the devoted and faithful child of the imperial domain of Texas may point out that:

Texas has 9,000 miles of railway.

Texas has 11,000 miles of telegraph lines.

Texas has taxable wealth of untold millions.

Texas is larger than the German Empire by 62,355 square miles.

Texas has an area of 274,359 square miles, or 170,099,209 acres.

Texas has 33,4114 more square miles than the Australian empire.

But that is not all. He can go on to show that:

The mountains of Texas are more fertile than the valleys of New England.

That Texas is blessed with lake and river, and creek and bay, and inlet and island.

That Texas has 45,302,500 acres of timbered land, with 67,508,500 feet of timber.

That the mineral wealth of Texas is inexhaustible, mountains of iron and limitless coal-beds, assuring its preeminence as a manufacturing state.

Give Texas, she may maintain as many people per square mile as Illinois, and she would have 14,650,000.

The climate of a least one-fourth of Texas, he can point out, equals that of the south of France or that of Genoa.

He can silence the doubter by showing that:

Texas has sheep, cow and horse pastures larger than whole states in the east.

That Texas is the happy medium between the cold of the north and the heat of the tropics, with the advantages of both and the disadvantages of neither.

Give Texas, she may triumphantly add, the same population per square mile as New Jersey, and 63,800,000 souls would be the number, or about the same as all the united North American states contain.

The envious, the Texas patriot may overcome, by demonstrating that:

Texas has 568 miles of sea coast, and in ten years will have, with proper legislative encouragement from Washington, five or more of the principal seaports of America.

That Texas is, after all, but an infant in development, yet truly a giant in size and strength. Its possibilities cannot be estimated.

That Texas has more beautiful and growing cities evenly distributed over its territory than are to be found elsewhere.

That Texas has made more rapid progress, everything considered, during the past decade than any other commonwealth in the entire republic.

That Texas borders on the rich, yet undeveloped, republic of Mexico, and interchange by land or sea of necessity must pass through Texas.

Such in brief, is this mighty commonwealth as viewed by its own citizens. How is it from the outside, by visitors to its fine farm lands, its towns and its cities? It seems but necessary for outsiders to step on to the soil of this expansive empire won to freedom by the blood of heroes, to breathe its pure and bracing air, to be transformed into enthusiastic admirers of its present capabilities and achievements, into gifted and luminous seers and prophets of our coming growth and greatness.

The growth and the greatness of this excellent land which the Lord hath given us depend upon our virtue, our fidelity to God and the Church, our adherence to His commands, our love of His law. Methinks, dearly beloved brethren, amid the neglect and oblivion of God, the defiance of His precepts, the disregard for His holy will, so painfully and so frequently visible among us, that I hear the prophet and patriarch Moses expostulating with his people: Take heed and beware lest at any time you forget the Lord thy God, neglect His commandments and judgments and ceremonies.* * *Remember the Lord thy God, that he hath given thee strength, that he might fulfill his covenant, concerning which he swore to thy fathers, as the present day showeth. But if thou forget the Lord thy God, and follow strange gods, and serve and adore them: behold and I foretell thee that thou shalt utterly perish; as the nation which the Lord

destroyed at the entrance, so shall you also perish, if you be disobedient to the voice of the Lord your God. (Deut. Viii.)

II

The land which God showed unto Abraham and which he gave to Abraham's seed, making of him as he had promised, a great national, blessing and magnifying his name, the land of promise, of plenty, of productiveness and of prosperity, was no sooner taken possession of by the children of Israel, than towns and cities arose on every side, as if by magic, giving the nation that strength and wealth and solidity, so necessary for its enhancement and its greatness. But of all the cities of Israel, Jerusalem was beyond comparison, the most opulent, splendid and populous. There was indeed a time when its affluence, magnificence and greatness were such as never to have been surpassed in ancient or modern times.

“Look upon Sion the city of our solemnity,” exclaimed the Prophet Isaias. “Thy eyes shall see Jerusalem a rich habitation, a tabernacle that cannot be removed; neither shall the nails thereof be taken away forever, neither shall any of the cords be taken. Because only there is our Lord magnificent.”

For the mountains shall be moved and the hills shall tremble; but my mercy shall not depart from them, and the covenant of my peace shall not be moved. * * * I will lay thy stones in order and will lay thy foundation with sapphires and I will make thy bulwarks of jasper and thy gates of graven stones, and all thy borders of desirable stones. All thy children shall be taught of the Lord: and great shall be the peace of thy children. And thou shalt be founded in justice; depart far from oppression for thou shalt not fear: and from terror for it shall not come near thee. (Chap. Liv.)

Upon thy walls, O Jeruselem, I have appointed watchmen all the day and all the night: they shall never hold their peace. (Chap. Ixii)

Behold, I create Jerusalem and the people thereof joy, and I will rejoice in Jerusalem and joy in my people. (Chap. Ixv.)

And they shall bring all your brethren out of all nations for a gift to the Lord, upon horses, and in chariots, and on litters, and on mules, and on coaches, to my holy mountain Jerusalem, saith the Lord. (lxxi.)

The Jerusalem of the old was, dearly beloved brethren, but the shadow, the figure of the Jerusalem of the new dispensation. Of the new Jerusalem the dauntless apostle of the gentiles, writing to the Hebrews says: “You have come to Mount Sion, and to the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the company of many thousands of angels. (Heb. Xii)

And St. John, the beloved apostle, in his Revelations declares: “He that shall overcome, I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God and he shall depart no more; and I will write on him the name

of my God and the name of the city of my God, the new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God.” (Apoc. Xiii.)

“And I John,” affirms the same inspired writer in the twenty-first chapter, “saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice from the throne saying: Behold the tabernacle of God with men, and he will dwell with them. And they shall be His people and God himself with them shall be their God. * * * * And he took me into a great high mountain and showed me the holy city Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God, having the glory of God; and the light thereof was like to a precious stone, as to a jasper stone clear as crystal. * * * * And the city hath no need of the sun, nor of the moon to shine on it. For the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof. (Chap.xx)

The glory of the Jerusalem of the old dispensation was the temple of Solomon destroyed under the reign of Sedecias of Nabuchodonosor, King of the Babylonians, who despoiled the city and temple of their wealth and the country of its inhabitants, carrying all off to Babylon. For fifty-two years the temple slept in its silent but magnificent ruins, till at length, in the year 536, Cyrus King of the Persians, who had conquered Babylon, permitted the captive and exiled Jews to return to their own country and rebuild their shrine. The last edifice, after many vicissitudes of fortunes, stood till the reign of the Emperor Titus, when with the city of Jerusalem it was destroyed, not a stone being left on a stone. It had served its purpose and God would have it no more, the New Jerusalem taking its place even till the end of time.

In this veritable land of promise, which, dearly beloved brethren, under God’s mercy and goodness, is ours, the new Jerusalem, the holy city hath its place. The Church of the living and eternal God has here laid its foundation, in order, strength and solidity. But of this city of Dallas, the first in the commonwealth of Texas, it has to be said as it was written by John:

“We point,” says a descriptive writer, “ with pardonable feelings of pride to the fact that thirteen colonies, having a sparse and scattered population of a few millions, succeeded in wresting the acknowledgment of their independence after a tedious and long contested war, from the richest and most powerful nation of the face of the earth. We point out with feelings of more than complacency to the conquests of our early pioneers over rugged nature, subduing a virgin soil, clearing impenetrable forests, conquering by the force of their genius the rapid torrents of tempestuous and swift-flowing rivers, covering this vast continent with an iron network of railroads, covering our oceans with our commerce, strong at home without hardly the semblance of a standing army, and respected by the nations of the earth. All this has been attained in the brief space of one hundred years, within almost the memory of some men yet alive. But in nothing perhaps has the progressive spirit of the American people been more prominently called for and exhibited than in the marvelous growth and development of our great cities.

While we may have many cities on this continent which can lay claim to their magnificent business and public structures, palatial residences, as well as their many manufacturing enterprises and commercial avenues of wealth, none perhaps can show a more marvelous growth in so short a decade as that of the city of Dallas, the temple therein.”

“Like the stateliest palm of the splendid grove, exhibiting, in its ascendancy, native and spontaneous vigor, Dallas, according to the same authority, easily towers above all the sister cities and rival civic communities; its roots, to pursue the similitude, nourished by six great channels of traffic—the railroads bringing the staples of thirty-four counties that produce half the cotton and wheat and nearly as much of the corn and oats raised in the state; its symmetrical trunk, crowned with luxuriant and graceful foliage and clustering fruits, symbol of civic pride, of strength and power of embellishment and enrichment, and of the ripening prospects of the city.”

But, as yet, we must say with the apostle John: “I saw no temple therein.”

A fitting temple, worthy, in so far as our means will permit it, of our progressive young city, of our magnificent and expansive commonwealth, our ancient, indefectible and indestructible church, old and yet ever young a temple let us build, to the Divine Heart of the Man-God. Such temples are the pride, the joy, the happiness, the consolation of the true Catholic heart, for there, writes Cardinal Wiseman, the heart of man reposes upon the heart of the Redeemer, not outwardly, as John’s did, but in closer and even holier union, when his frail and perishable body becomes the temple of God, the tabernacle of his Lord, the abode, however humble, of his Savior. “Thence, his very body sucks in immortality, from that imperishable body which could not see corruption; there his soul feasts spiritually upon the virtues and excellencies which adorn the soul of God-made man; and there, more wonderful still his whole being becomes invested with the dignity and glory of Divinity, which dwells within him, and bestows upon him rights and privileges that have their final fulfillment in heaven. How truly, indeed, may it be said of man, that “God entertaineth his heart with delight!”

“O rich abundance of the heart of Jesus, whence all these good things issue, through His unfailing words! Who will not own that in that blessed heart of thine are centered all the manifold forms of thy love for man, from thy cradle to thy cross? And if, in thy sacred word, even the heart of man receives praise from God for good qualities, amidst its shocking corruption, how much more must all these be found in Thine, sinless and untainted by the contact of evil!” O heart of Jesus, sweet and exhaustless fountain of all grace and strength—grant us the generosity, firmness, purity and singleness of purpose required to raise this temple in this land, for whose salvation thy martyrs have shed their blood, thy confessors prayed, thy virgins and holy women devoted their lives to thy sacred service. O tender and immaculate heart of Mary, mother of Jesus, be thou mindful of us, thy children, in all our wishes and in all our purposes, but especially in this of raising in honor of the loving Heart of thy beloved and adorable Jesus, a cathedral

shrine, expressive of the depths of our faith and sincerity of our determination to commune with Thy Divine Son and Thyself forever and ever.

This shrine and temple we shall, with God's holy assistance, obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, surely erect, thereby ourselves lasting honor and handing down to our children's children a beautiful tabernacle proving the truth of our protestation: "O Lord! I have loved the beauty of thy house and the place where thy glory dwelleth." And the more we are devoted to our duties and the more faithful as members of Christ, the more will the beauty of God's house increase and the more will His honor and glory be extended. Loving the beauty of this material temple, loving the beauty of God's holy house, which of a certainty has within it the essential constituents of true celestial beauty; loving it as the place wherein the glory of God dwelleth and wherein he may continue to be glorified on earth, we shall come to contemplate and enjoy Him in heaven. If here below in this vale of tears, we may repeat the words of the Psalmist, truly may we say when entering into heaven, where permitted there at last, to take our place among the elect of God and behold the choirs of angels surrounding the throne of the Eternal, chanting hymns of praise and repeating together: Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of hosts, to Him who sitteth on the throne, be honor, and glory, and benediction, and power-truly then may we exclaim in raptures of never ending joy:

"I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of thy house and the place where thy glory dwelleth!"

Shall this pastoral letter be read, the first Sunday after its receipt, in all churches and chapels throughout the Diocese, and at chapter in religious communities.

Given under our hand and seal, this twenty-third day of September, Feast of our Lady of Mercy, in the year of our Lord, 1891.

+Thomas Francis Brennan
Bishop of Dallas

WITH GREAT CEREMONY
BISHOP BRENNAN OF DALLAS CONSECRATED YESTERDAY IN THE ERIE
CATHEDRAL

ERIE, Pa April 5 – the consecration to the bishopric of the new see in Texas of Rev. Dr. Thomas Brennan, of the Erie diocese today was the most important event in the history of the Roman Catholic Church.

The sermon began at 5 o'clock this morning and fifty priests participated. Rt. Rev. Tobias Muller, D.D. Bishop of the Erie diocese, was the consecrator and was assisted by Bishops Phelan of Pittsburg and McGovern of Harrisburg. Bishop Thomas Hesler of Nashville, Tenn., was also in the chancel. Very Reverend Thomas A. Casey, V.G. of Erie, read the papal bill authorizing the consecration. Very Reverend Dr. Wall, V.G. of Pittsburg preached the sermon this evening. The newly consecrated bishop officiated at pontifical vespers and Bishop Phelan preached the sermon.

Bishop Brennan was born in Ireland, but got his public school education in the lumber region of Pennsylvania. He graduated at the Allegheny, N.Y., college studied classics in Rouen, France, under the Sulpicians, studied theology at Innsbruck, Germany, and won the doctor's cap in Rome ten year ago.