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THE SCOTTISH BURNING BOOKS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH





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And hark sirs! A last word: Get rid of your priests;
done with Other World. —*John Davidson.*

Rome-Rule In Ireland

Postlude:
FRANCISCO FERRER

A Lecture Delivered Before
the Independent Religious
Society, Orchestra Hall,
Chicago, Sunday at 11 A. M.



By
M. M. MANGASARIAN

*Of the Vatican's 190,000,000 followers,
more than 120,000,000 are illiterate *
* * It means in plain English that the
majority of the Roman Catholics of the
world today consists of American In-
dians, half-castes, negroes, and mulat-
toes; Italian, Spanish, Russian and
Slavonic peasants of the most backward
character; Indian, Indo-Chinese, and
African natives; and the peasants and
poor workers of Germany, Austria,
France, Belgium and Ireland.*

—Joseph McCabe.

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Rome = Rule In Ireland

For many reasons Ireland is one of the most interesting countries in the world. It is also one of the most beautiful. Its varied scenery of lake, mountain and sea-shore, in point of loveliness and grandeur, is not a whit behind those of more pretentious countries. Ireland has also a very agreeable climate—with enough sunshine and shower to keep hill and dale in perennial green. Physically, the impression which Ireland made upon me I could only liken to that of a bright and laughing face. It was a pleasure to visit the island, to breathe its wholesome air, to behold its luxuriance, and to become familiar with its many natural charms.

And I liked the people of Ireland equally well. There is a fund of natural gaiety in the Irish character which serves as an excellent preservative. The Irishman makes a charming host, an admirable traveling companion, and a devoted friend. His heart is big, his feelings are intense, and there is a goodly share of the element of idealism in him; his unflinching and unconscious humor, on the other hand, is the envy of the world. If one could only introduce America, that is to say, *opportunity*, into Ireland, what a change that would make!

There is not another country in the world of whose people it could be said what is so very true of the Irish—that they find themselves and their possibilities only when they leave their own country. Give the Irishman a fair field, and in all the walks of life—in literature, poetry, eloquence, the drama, diplomacy, business—he can climb to the top of the ladder, or carry off the laurels as easily as anybody else. Swift, Berkeley, Edwin Burke, Thomas Moore, Oliver Goldsmith, Sir William Hamilton, Lecky, O'Connell, Sheridan, the Duke of Wellington—are only a few of the men of mark who call Ireland

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“mother.” In the ways of crookedness, political bossism, and corruption the Irishman is equally difficult to beat.

One proof that the Irishman’s resources are on an ampler scale and that his energies hold out longer is that his country’s two masters, both foreigners, England and Rome together have utterly failed to exhaust the vitality or to completely crush the spirit of the Irish people.

I went to Ireland with the expectations of a man on his way to a house of mourning. But I was agreeably disappointed—not that the country is not still prostrate and bleeding from many wounds—but she is not dead, and she is struggling to her feet. I was a very interested observer of the signs of her rejuvenation. It pleased me immensely to see the new Ireland in the making. I whispered into her ears, so to speak, words of cheer and hope. I pressed her hand affectionately. The tale of her past woes, and the sight of her present struggle against the ravages of political and religious riot, moved me. I wished I could take up my abode in Ireland; for I remembered the wonderful words of Thomas Paine: “Where liberty is not, *there* is my country.”

While in Dublin, which is the headquarters of Catholic Ireland, I made sincere efforts to understand Ireland and her problem. What is holding Ireland back? What keeps her down? Why is this lovely land the home of so much misery? Why do these bright and genial people carry chains—chains which would dishonor even a black slave?

I talked with all classes of men, and the way I approached some people—without any introduction, warning, or excuse, must have appeared a little strange to them; but I longed for information, and I wanted it at first hand. If there was a priest in a railway car, I invariably managed to sit next to him, and it was not long before we were chatting away, apparently the best of friends. He put on his pleasantest smile, and I tried to be in as docile and receptive a mood as I could command.

In dining-rooms I invariably looked the guests over before selecting my table. To this practice I owe one of the most interesting interviews of my recent European trip—my inter-

view with the Senator President of the Royal University of Dublin—the distinguished Jesuit, Dr. Delaney. He did not know me, of course, except that I had come from America, and was deeply interested in Ireland and her people; but I knew that he was a very important personage, occupying the post once honored by so distinguished a man as Cardinal Newman. We talked together for over an hour—he a Jesuit; I a Rationalist. It was the shuffling of circumstances that brought us two men, between whom there is an ocean wider than the Atlantic, together. And no book that I might have read could have given me as much of the atmosphere of Ireland, or of its accent and point of view, as this intimate visit with the distinguished Jesuit educator. But I conversed also with lawyers, booksellers, librarians, and superintendents of charitable institutions, of which latter there are a great many in Ireland.

“Ah!” said a librarian to me, “the best people in Ireland are Protestants. The Catholics are strong only in numbers.” He was a Church of England man.

“The Catholics, sir,” said a hotel keeper in Dublin, “have the brains. The Protestants are coming over to us as fast as they can. Some of them are so high-Church, a pebble will knock them into the Catholic church.” He was a staunch Papist.

I wish to say right here, that while I am going to talk principally of Catholic Ireland, religiously speaking, the difference between Protestant Ireland and Catholic Ireland is very slight.

Protestantism does not hurt the material and intellectual development of a nation to the same extent that Catholicism does for the reason that Protestants are not so loyal to their creeds as the Catholics are, and also because Protestantism is too much divided and split up to do serious mischief. But wherever Protestantism has the power, there the opposition to progress in all forms of intellectual life is just as much in evidence as in strictly Catholic centers. In Belfast, for instance, which is a Presbyterian stronghold, there is as little liberty of thought as in Spanish Madrid. In the streets of Belfast religious brawls between Presbyterians and Papists are frequent

occurrences, and often it is the Protestants who throw the first stone.

If we wish to know how these two sects "love one another," Belfast is as good a place as Dublin. It seems almost impossible for a Presbyterian and a Catholic to dwell together in peace. What peace there is in the land is due to the secular authorities. The state will not let the sects fight. The Cross of Christ separates them; it is the laws of civilization that compels them to behave themselves.

"Religion," said an officer in the Bank of Ireland, "makes for more bad blood in Ireland than anything else." He spoke the truth. He was not an agnostic either, but a loyal Catholic.

Indeed, sectarianism has dug such a deep chasm between the people of the same race and country that all the efforts of the centuries to fill it up have utterly failed. It is awful to admit it, but it is true: What religion parts or sets asunder, nothing can join together.

"The population of this city," said a gentleman to me in Cork, "is about fifty thousand, but," he continued in his pleasant Irish brogue which I cannot reproduce, "if we were a million strong, we could not be more troublesome." It seemed to me as if Ireland was always in a state of war. To hate somebody, or to curse someone, has become indispensable to the Irishman, Catholic or Protestant. Is this one of the fruits of the religion of love? Priest and preacher, both in high-sounding phrases and with sanctimonious unction, tell their parishioners to love their enemies. Dear me! Let them first love their neighbors, before they try to love their enemies. Love your enemies! Well, ask an Orangeman in Belfast to love the pope—"To hell with him," is his answer. Ask a Catholic in Dublin to love England—"God's curse upon England," is his answer. Love your enemies! The hypocrisy of it is sickening. To borrow a phrase from Shakespeare, "It is rank, it smells to heaven." How helpless is a theatrical religion against the passions of man. Even as a cloak, it is so rent and ragged that it can no longer conceal the ugliness and mockery that seek its protection.

"Don't you wish to visit Blarney to kiss the stone?" I was

asked at the Imperial Hotel. "Why should I wish to kiss a stone?" I asked. "They say that those who kiss the Blarney Stone become famous or prosperous." "The stone," he went on, "imparts eloquence and opens the way to a seat in Parliament." "Do you really believe it?" I asked. "Oh, no," he answered, "it is nothing but a superstition." "The Irish," he added, "are very superstitious." I wanted to know why the Irish were very superstitious, "I don't know," he answered. "Is it the church that makes the people superstitious?" I asked. "Oh, no," he protested, "I am a Catholic, born and bred one. It is not the Church; it is the lack of education, we are too poor to have schools."

But I could have compelled him to admit that a people who can build so many churches and cathedrals, and support so many priests in affluence, can not plead poverty when it comes to the question of schools. And why are not the priests educators? Why are not the churches schools? Of what use are these if they do not enlighten and cultivate the people? There is no getting away from it, the argument has all the force of a syllogism; the priests are not educators; on the contrary, wherever the priesthood is strong there superstition flourishes. The priests do not fight superstition—they fight science.

It is so in Ireland, it is so in every other country ruled by Rome. And a universal effect demonstrates a universal cause.

In going from Queenstown to Dublin, I shared my chair in the railway compartment with a very communicative Catholic priest. He belonged to the order of "Christian Brothers." I learned from him that Ireland was the most Catholic country in the world; that his Holiness the Pope was very proud of the Irish church, and that the Holy Father appreciated the fact that it was the Irish Catholics who opened up North America as one of the most promising fields for Catholicism. He told me also how grateful the Pope was that there were no modernists—that is to say, Catholics tainted with Rationalism—in Ireland, as there were in England, France and Germany. "Even the Protestants," he said, "have expressed their gratitude to the Pope for defending Christianity against the

traitors in the bosom of the church itself." "Without the Pope there would be no Christianity," he added. I agreed with him. He was right. If it were not for the Pope, for the Catholic church with its unwedgeable orthodoxy, there would be no Christianity in Europe to-day. There would still be a thousand things that men would call by the name of Christianity, but real, consistent, historical Christianity—it is to be found only in the Catholic church. What we find in a Unitarian church or among the university professors is a very pale, attenuated and mutilated variety of the original article of which the Pope is to-day the sole conservator.

I would not hesitate to predict that, sooner or later, all the sects will be compelled to come together and to unite with the Catholic church for the purpose of self-preservation. Pressed and harassed by the advancing ranks of Rationalists, Catholic and Protestant will forget their differences to present a common and united front against the enemy—Progress. And when all the sects have been driven into one camp, then the Rationalist will have a foe worthy of his steel.

I am often asked why I direct my remarks against the Catholic church more often than against the Protestant. The answer is this: The Protestants are so unsteady, and they shift their position so often that they hardly deserve to be taken seriously.

Again, my impression that the church at heart prefers English-Rule to Home-Rule, was also confirmed by what I learned from this priest. Of course, officially the priests are for Home-Rule. They do not pose in public as the friends of England, but I am of the persuasion that it is to the interest of the priests to have England stand over the prostrate form of Ireland with a club in her hand to knock her down every time she makes an attempt to rise. It makes the Irish look to the priests for help. It makes the church the refuge of the Irish. Ireland in distress is certain to be Catholic; but a prosperous Ireland, a free Ireland might follow the example of France, and cast off the yoke of Rome.

"Hard times" are what churches thrive on. And where there is poverty and ignorance and oppression, there the tree

of superstition is green and bears more than one crop per annum. It withers, however, in the sunshine of prosperity. Contradict it if you can.

Parnell's downfall was hailed by the priests because it threw the country once more into their arms. Parnell had become first, and the church second. But that won't do. Parnell had forced the church into the background, and if his Home-Rule measure had been successful, it would have swung the country from the church to the state and shifted the center of gravity from Rome to Ireland. But the collapse of Parnell pushed the church once more into the foreground. If God is a jealous God, the church is a jealous church. She will not tolerate rivals. I am reasonably sure that the priests do not desire Home-Rule for Ireland. England is the scourge that drives the Irish into the bosom of the church. England is the bull-dog that barks the Catholic back into the fold whenever he makes an attempt to escape.

It has been argued, on the other hand, by the friends of England that if England were to leave Ireland, Rome would step in immediately. I do not subscribe to that view either. On the contrary, I believe that it is English-Rule in Ireland which encourages Rome-Rule. Ireland politically free from England might become religiously free from Rome, but Ireland fettered by England is sure to keep clinging to the apron-strings of the priest. The presence of the English in Ireland helps the cause of Rome. England's rule in Ireland enables every priest to pose as a patriot. It was one of the popes who gave the English permission to conquer and possess Ireland, and the present pope will be very sorry to see an independent state in Ireland. Independence lost France for the church; it lost Italy, too. It will do the same for Ireland.

It is well also to take note that English money helps the papacy in Ireland. A large portion of the Irish educational and charitable funds comes from the taxpayers of England. Millions of this money annually pour into the coffers of the Catholic church. Of course, the Protestant church has its share, too; but the point I am trying to make is that the Catholics have a Protestant fund to draw from which they would

lose if England departed. The priests object to Protestant theology, but they have no objections to Protestant money. The entire management of moneys thus collected is in the hands of the priests, and a very generous share also of the moneys the government advances to help the purchase of farms by the peasants and of the workingmen's pensions finds its way into the pockets of the priests. The Pope loves England just as he loves America—the two countries that furnish the cash.

Let me pause for a moment to explain that, in speaking as plainly as I do about the bad influence of the priesthood in Ireland, I may appear discourteous to the priests. It is my desire to be polite, but there are times when politeness is only another word for fear—the fear to speak the truth. Shall men have the right to do awful things in the hope that polite people will not take notice of them or call them to task for it? I do not speak to hurt anybody's feelings, I speak to awaken those who are asleep, and to shame those who betray the people.

I have called attention to the natural beauties of Ireland and to the cordiality of its people. Let me now give you a picture of its poverty, not so dire as formerly but still quite appalling. I visited one evening, between the hours of seven and nine, what is known as the Coombe, which is the District of Misery in Ireland. It seemed to me as if I had never seen poverty before. For the first time in my life I understood the meaning of misery. Children pinched to the bone and clad in tattered rags, besmeared with dirt, crawling in and out of habitations too foul to look upon. And how prolific are the women in Poverty Land. Hardly a woman but carried a babe in her arms, and several clinging to her skirts. Little girls had their younger brothers and sisters tied to their shoulders as they moved back and forth. "Oh, God," I exclaimed, "hast Thou no more manna to send down to these, Thy children?" And who would care to be the Heavenly Father of such children? Who would be proud of such a family? How could God enjoy His glory when He hears the cry for bread of these little ones? "But it is man's fault," you say, "that there is such suffering in the world." Of course! Shame on us that we

ever expected God to do anything for us,—that we ever prayed to Him for our daily bread,—that we ever said, “God bless you,” to a widow or an orphan!

If we wish anything done we must do it ourselves. Then only can we be sure that it will be done. Do you know the story of the little girl who was greatly distressed by her brother’s indulgence in the cruel sport of bird trapping? One night when she was repeating her prayers at her mother’s knees, she added a petition of her own: “And, dear Lord Jesus, don’t let Johnnie catch the poor little birds to-morrow morning; and I am sure you won’t. Amen.” “Mary,” said her mother, as she tucked her into her crib, “Why were you so sure that Jesus would hear your prayer, and not let Johnnie catch the birds?” “Oh, you see, mother, after supper I went down to the garden and smashed the trap.”

That’s the way to pray. Smash the trap yourself. Save the birds yourself. Then only can you be sure of an answer to prayer. If you want the little ones to be blessed, bless them yourself, if you do not, no one will. And after you learn that you alone can answer prayer, if you still wish to pray, you may do so. But smash the trap yourself before you ask God to do it.

And yet God does bless some people! During all my walks through this quarter of the most abject poverty, I did not come across a single priest. I have no doubt they are often in these parts, but I did not see any of them. Yet there are as many priests in Dublin as there are lamp-posts in Chicago—at least, so it seemed to me. They are in the railway cars, at the steamer piers, in the stations, the hotels, on the boulevards, riding in carriages, promenading in the parks—they are everywhere, and everywhere they present a picture of prosperity, contentment and power. Surely, God has blessed them. There is not a promise in the Bible which has not been fulfilled in their case. You never see a priest begging for bread, or in distress, or without a place to lay his head, or in rags, or shelterless in the pelting storm that plays havoc with the poor. Jesus said that they that believed in Him would receive an hundred fold in this life, of the good things of this world, and

in the next, life eternal. I do not know about the eternal life, but the first part of that promise has been fulfilled so far as the priests are concerned. They have a hundred fold of the good things of this life. Surely, God has been good to *them*.

Now and then I saw, walking through these quarters of wretchedness and misery, a beautiful face—a child's face—sweet as the budding rose, fair as a lily, with big blue eyes in which the light felt at home. A pearl, in a heap of refuse. What will its future be? I saw young women in rags. Poor souls, what does life hold out for you?—labor and tears! Yet, strange is it not, there are more churches and dives in this quarter of Dublin, than anywhere else that I have ever visited. It seemed to me as if the people in the Coombe did not eat to live—they drank to live, and they drink, I am told, abominable stuff, which stings the blood and “sets the brain crazy.” Street fights and murders are so frequent in these parts that, as it grew dark, the sight of a policeman was quite reassuring to me.

And where is the blessed St. Patrick? He whom the snakes feared. Can he not drive drunkenness, crime, and misery out of Ireland as he drove away the snakes? Where is St. Patrick? Is he dead? He *is* dead? Then why do you still pray to him? Why do you keep calling upon him for help? If he can hear you, where is the proof of his power in Ireland? Ireland puts her trust in the dead. Why is there not a St. Patrick among the priests who are alive to-day? Mention the name of a single priest in Ireland who during the past one thousand years has distinguished himself in a single walk of life.*

And think of sending money to purgatory when it is so badly needed at the Coombe.

What do you think of praying for the dead when the living are in the throes of death? What shall we think of a religion which throws the dazzling light of a far-away world across the path of man to blind him to the reality at his door? “Man! Woman! Look at your babe in your arms!” I felt like saying. “Look at the emaciated and bloodless children clinging to

*Father Mathew was the only exception.

your skirts! Your dead in purgatory do not need you. Attend to your own imperative wants." I felt something like resentment in my heart when I thought of how purgatory snatches the bread from the mouths and the clothes from the backs of these little ones.

It is doubtful whether any people in the world are as afraid of hell as are the Irish. This craven fear of hell is responsible for a great deal of suffering, but it is the best money getter for the priest. It is impossible to pick up a copy of *Freeman's Journal* without coming across passages like the following:

"Mary Hart, a widow; she leaves her lands to dispose of same and to expend the purchase money in having masses said for the repose of her soul, and the residue of her estate in trust to apply same for the purpose of having masses said."

"Ellen Larken bequeaths all her property, real and personal, to the Rev. John Lennan, etc.,—to apply same for having masses celebrated for the repose of her soul."

"Miss O'Grady bequeaths sixteen hundred and sixty pounds for masses for the repose of the souls of her late sisters."

Mary Dellahunt, a poor widow, residing in a poor street in Dublin, has starved herself that she may have assets with which to pay for masses, "to be celebrated in a public church in Ireland, for the repose of her soul."

John O'Neill, after having given the bulk of his wealth to the priests of Ireland to pray for him after he is dead, requests that the balance be sent to the pope.

That's where Ireland's savings go to. Thirty thousand pounds a year is Ireland's contribution to Peter's Pence alone.

And listen to the testament of a laboring man, dying not in his own cottage, but in a work-house: "Lawrence Fanalan, late of North Williams street, Dublin, laborer, deceased, who died at the Infirmary.....bequeathed to Sister Agnes Barrud, Superioress, etc., the money he had on deposit with the National Bank, Limited, and all other property of every kind of which he was possessed." This laborer, with money in the bank, went to a work-house that he might have money with which to buy his way out of purgatory.

It would seem as though the church made strenuous efforts

to prevent the people from saving anything. A thousand excuses are given for urging them to part with their money. There is the publication called *The Poor Soul's Friend*, devoted to the interest of the souls in purgatory, to be supported. Then there is the fund for the permanent burning of Ireland's Lamp at the *Shrine of Jerusalem* to contribute to. Money must also be raised for the new sanctuary in honor of the *Holy Face and the Five Wounds of Jesus*. Indeed, the list of cemeteries, sanctuaries and shrines, which need money is without end. How can such a country prosper? Let me remind you of the just complaint of Francis, King of France, quoted in Du Bellay's *Memoirs*: "I have need of all the resources of my subjects; but the Holy Father is continually inventing new exactions, which transfer the money of my kingdom into the coffers of popedom. Most assuredly the Roman government is only a net to catch money."

Poor as the people in Ireland are, they are constantly helping to swell the income of the priests. At a wedding, for instance, the priest goes around with the bride-cake which he sells in small pieces to those present. Each one takes a piece of cake and drops a coin in the plate instead of it. When he has sold all his cake, the priest empties the plate into his pocket, and takes his departure. Besides the amount secured by the sale of the cake, the priest also receives a fee from the bride and groom; but a more objectionable custom, which must be very offensive to a man of fine feelings, is the practice of placing a collection basket or plate on the coffin, at funerals, into which the mourners are expected to drop their offerings for the priest.

Sometimes, if the collection is not satisfactory, the body is not allowed to be taken to the cemetery. If the friends of the deceased are too poor to pay, the priest refuses to officiate, and the dead are buried without any service at all.*

Poor people; rich priests.

In the diocese of Bishop Clancy, in the adjacent county of Sligo, according to the census of Ireland of 1901, there were one hundred and forty priests, monks and nuns in 1881, when the population was about one hundred and ten thousand. In

*"Priests and People in Ireland", by Michael J. F. McCarthy, page 25.

1901 the population had fallen to about eighty-five thousand, and the number of priests, monks and nuns had risen from one hundred and forty to two hundred and fourteen, that is to say, the population decreased in twenty years twenty-two per cent, and the priesthood increased during the same period over fifty per cent.

In Belgium, which has a population of nearly seven millions, there are only about six bishops. And Belgium is a wealthy country. But in one province alone in Ireland, the province of Connaught, with a population of only 625,000, and quite poor at that, there are six Roman Catholic bishops.

But, has the church done nothing for these unfortunates? Yes; it has built houses of refuge, and asylums, and old widows' homes, and work-houses. Thanks for that. Having taken away the cottage from the laborer, the church has provided a poor-house for him. In this way it gives back to the people a penny for every dollar received. Thanks for that. The church, in the person of its representatives, priests and nuns, creeps to the bedside of the dying to seize all, or at least a part, of their savings, to be put in speculative and unproductive theological ventures, or to be devoted to the ease and comfort of the "holy men of God."

Again, the Catholic church in Ireland, in fact wherever it has the power, inspires disrespect for the laws of the land, and makes the just and impartial management of public institutions exceedingly difficult. It does not scruple to use public funds and public institutions for the promotion of its own interests. To make converts and to acquire property is its whole aim.

Let me tell you of a case that came to my notice while I was in Dublin. It appears that at the work-house, a poor, old woman had sent for a priest, or was supposed to have sent for one. When this woman entered the charity house she registered as a Protestant. How, then, did she come to send for a priest? The Protestant chaplain of the institution brought formal charges against the Catholic priest for trying to steal one of his flock, and the case was tried in the Dublin courts. The old woman was put upon the stand. She was too feeble

and unsound of mind to speak coherently, but she said she was a Protestant, although she had been a Catholic formerly. She also admitted that the priest had called on her, but all she remembered was that he had said, "You are going to die, and you cannot get out of it." When the priest was questioned he admitted he had been sent for, but upon learning that the old woman had left the Catholic church for the Protestant, he told her he could do nothing for her. "If you die to-night," he told her further, "you ought to know, from the education you received in your youth, that you have a very bad chance for salvation if you die *as you are*." The woman herself was willing to become a Catholic if she really was going to die; but, if she was not dying, she did not much mind living as a Protestant. The priest was not pleased with this, and he left her. After hearing the witness, the inspector made the following sensible suggestion: "I hope that if anybody is going to convert her in the future, it will be outside the work-house." At this there was laughter in court. But that is precisely what all civilized countries must say to the priests—Catholic or Protestant, and it is what we in America say to them in relation to our public schools: "You cannot use our institutions for sectarian purposes. If you wish to convert the children, you must do so outside the public schools."

Let me give you another instance to show how the church embarrasses the state, and often succeeds in perverting it into a tool for its own ends. While I was in Ireland, the following case came up: A Roman Catholic had married his cousin, also a Catholic, and a priest had married them. According to the law of the land, it was a perfectly valid marriage. But it was invalid according to the law of the church, not having purchased a special dispensation from the Pope. Some years after, the couple changed their affections and secured the sanction of the church that had united them in the first place, to dissolve their marriage. The former marriage was pronounced null and void by the priest, and they were both united to new partners.

Let me pause to remark that this is the church that is noisily denouncing divorce in season and out of season. Only

the other day, in the state of Massachusetts, after the judge had compelled the witness—a woman, to disclose what the priest had advised her at the confessional, it developed that because she had been married by a magistrate—which marriage the Catholic church refuses to recognize, the priest had ordered her to leave her husband. And this is the church that pretends to believe in the sanctity of the marriage-tie! What the church is concerned about is not marriage, nor the interest of the family—the church's principal concern is to be the only power over the body and soul of man.

But, now observe the more startling feature of the Dublin case. On the tenth of July, I read in the Dublin morning papers that the couple whom the priest had remarried had been prosecuted for bigamy in the secular courts, and this is the decision of the judge after he had heard the evidence: "His Lordship (the Judge) said that, in the eye of the law, the first marriage was a good marriage. There is no doubt about that; but, having regard to what occurred in this case, no moral blame attached to them, *having regard to the advice of the Bishop*. Although they were guilty in point of law, he would discharge them without inflicting any punishment. The accused were then discharged." The church, instead of teaching respect for the law, sets them the example of violating it with impunity. Greater than the law, greater than the courts, is the power of the priest. When a Russian comes to America, the Czar loses his jurisdiction over him; when an Italian becomes a citizen of this country, he is no longer a subject of the King of Italy; but there is no getting away from the priest. Wherever the Catholic goes he remains a subject of the pope.

The Catholic church and civilization cannot peaceably dwell together in the same country. A few years ago, when Cardinal Satolli visited America, he was reported to have said, "In the name of Pius X, I salute the great American Republic, and I call on the Catholics of America to go forward, in one hand bearing the book of Christian truth, and in the other the Constitution of the United States." Oh, no, no, no,—you do not mean what you say, sir. There is a dodge, a trick, in your salutation to the Republic. The Bible in one hand

and the Constitution in the other! Has the Catholic church come to terms with the Constitution of the United States—a document created by heretics, and which ignores religion altogether and does not even mention the name of God? But, in the first place, why not the Bible in both hands, Cardinal Satolli? Is not the word of God enough? Why this deference to the Constitution? But the priest knows what he is about: Having failed to kill the Constitution by blood and fire, the church approaches now, with its hat in its hand, to flatter the victors. "The Bible in one hand and the Constitution in the other," is nothing but flattery. The church covets the wealth of Protestant America, and therefore, it is willing to agree upon a compromise. It will permit us to keep our rights, if we will recognize the rights of the church.

But a moment's reflection will show how impossible it is to go forward with the Constitution in one hand and the church in the other. The Constitution believes in public schools divorced from religion. The church curses such schools as "godless". How can they tolerate one another? The Constitution believes in civil marriages, the church denounces them as adulterous. How can they work together? The Constitution grants absolute religious equality; the church condemns all departure from her teachings as heretical, and persecutes the heretics to death. How can a nation hold to the Constitution and the church at the same time? The hypocrisy of mentioning both in the same breath!

Observe now, in contrast, the sincerity of the Rationalist. He proposes no such compromise as the Cardinal advocates. He will never assent to let the Bible or the church have the service or use of even one of the hands of man. "The Constitution in both hands; the Bible in none," is his cry. No truce with supernaturalism! Such is the program of the Rationalist. Satolli says to us, "You may keep your Constitution, if you will also have the church." Our answer is, "We do not want the church at all. The Constitution is enough." "God is willing to divide his kingdom with man," says Satolli. "But man is not willing to divide his kingdom with God," we reply.

The world knows from experience that church and Constitution cannot pull together. It is only an evidence of the weakness of the church that it tries to compromise with the Constitution. In countries where the church is still in power, Constitutions do not count.

A brighter day for Ireland will dawn, as it has for France and Italy, when she stops sending her savings to Rome, or to purgatory, wherever that may be. Let Ireland conquer her fear of hell and devils, and she will become emancipated from the priest, whose taxes have well nigh bankrupted her.

The sun has risen. Even in Catholic Ireland, it is daybreak.

Francisco Ferrer

The Catholic church demands liberty for herself in America and denies it to others in Spain. The following is an example: Senor Ferrer, a Spanish philanthropist, committed a crime which is unpardonable wherever Rome holds sway. He opened secular schools in Spain, that is to say—schools divorced from Bible and church. "If," wrote Anatole France—"Francisco Ferrer be condemned it will be because he has consecrated his life to the education of the young. Every one knows full well that Ferrer's sole crime consists in this: He founded schools, if he is condemned it will be for this offense."

The priests only talk against American public schools in this country, but in Spain they do more than talk against them—they suppress them by force. Ninety-eight of the schools founded by Ferrer have been shut down. Twenty-eight of the school masters exiled, and many others are under arrest. An attempt was made in 1906 to secure the conviction and execution of Ferrer on the charge of complicity in the plot on the lives of the King and Queen of Spain. After thirteen months of imprisonment, Ferrer obtained a verdict of acquittal on all the charges. But the clerical forces again caught him in their net, and despite the protest of the enlightened world, he has been condemned and put to death, practically without trial.

It was the church in Spain which raised the first hue and cry against the founder of the *Escuela Moderna* (Modern Schools). The Archbishop of Barcelona wrote to Prime Minister Maura, to suppress the partisans of godless schools. "We appeal," he says, "to the religious sentiments of the government to stamp them out, and we hope that its love for the country and its compassion for the misfortunes which have

recently overwhelmed the church, will bring such suppression about."

The Archbishop's prayer has been answered. In Spain such prayers are answered. Senor Ferrer has been put to death. Early on Wednesday morning his eyes were bandaged, and his heart filled with Spanish bullets. The protest of enlightened Europe to save his life has failed. The tearful petition of the victim's daughter brought no answer from either Pope or King.

Just before the tragic moment, the priests offered Ferrer the sacraments of the Catholic church. Ferrer declined their offer. He had lived an honest man, and he did not wish to die a hypocrite. He had lived a brave man, and he did not wish to die a coward. Without flinching or wavering he faced the fire from a dozen rifles. He fell a martyr to the cause of human progress. The civilized world hails him as the martyr of the twentieth century.

As usual, Ferrer was defamed before he was murdered. "Anarchist, Revolutionist," were the epithets hurled at him, but the incontrovertible facts are these: He was a man with a fortune, and he spent his fortune in the cause of education, and he had the courage to defy the implacable foes of public schools.

To open secular schools in a Catholic country is revolutionary; to demand liberty of conscience in a country where there is an infallible church is treason,—or, in the words of a member of the Cortes of Spain, "Not to bend the knee to the spectre of clericalism is anarchy."

Spain has gotten rid of Ferrer, but she cannot get rid of his schools. Spain has killed Ferrer, but his schools will save Spain. Spain fought Ferrer with iron and fire, the one weapon of Ferrer was the light. He did not break hearts, he broke chains. He did not destroy lives, he destroyed error. He is dead, but Spain has now her Ferrer—as Italy her Bruno.

Ferrer's execution is defended on the grounds that it was for a political offense. According to the Gospels, when Jesus was crucified, the superscription over his head read: "King of the Jews." "He is killed for a political offense," said the

priests of that day. The priesthood has not changed. Besides, it knows how to throw the responsibility for its devilish deeds upon the state. It invents imaginary crimes, it destroys innocent lives, and then tries to escape by throwing dust into the eyes of the people. If Ferrer was shot dead in the broad daylight of civilization, it was because the church wanted him killed, as it wanted Bruno burned. If Ferrer's offense was political, why were his schools shut down, and why are the clergy in hiding? The church and state are one in Spain; neither acts without the approval of the other, and both are in the hands of God, that is to say—in the hands of the church. If America were another Spain, our public schools would be suppressed and we would be in peril of our lives. Americans, beware!

I am afraid of Rome. In the Twentieth Century, and in spite of the protest of the enlightened world, it can shoot a man down to get rid of his ideas. I am afraid of that church. Americans! look to your schools—to your liberties. You will lose them if you let Rome become as powerful in America as she is in Spain.

In view of the recent sorrowful events in Spain, and as an expression of our sympathy with the educational work of the man who has just been murdered, I beg to ask your vote on the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we, the Rationalists of Chicago, in Orchestra Hall assembled on this, the 17th day of October, 1909, send to the Spanish Ambassador in Washington our earnest protest against the closing of the secular schools in Spain, and the execution of Ferrer, the dauntless founder and patron of these schools.

Resolved, further, that we join our voices with those of the lovers of justice and freedom in Europe, represented by such distinguished men as Ernst Haeckel, Anatole France and Maurice Maeterlinck, to demand that Rationalists in Spain be given the same privileges that Catholics demand and receive in Protestant countries, namely, the liberty to teach, and the right to live.

Resolved, further, that a copy of these resolutions be for-

warded to Charles Albert, Secretary of the Committee of Defense, organized in Paris to protect the victims of political and religious persecution the world over.

Resolved, further, that a letter expressing the admiration of this audience for the heroic services of Francisco Ferrer, in the cause of humanity, and its sorrow for his execution by a priestly government, be sent to his daughter who made so brave an effort to save her father's life.*

*The resolutions were carried unanimously, an audience of nearly three thousand expressing its approval by standing.

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