

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.

An interesting Article on Old Dogmas in Protestant Churches.

The only difference between The Chronicle and the Star-Breeze in the treatment of religious matters is that The Chronicle reserves the right to criticize all churches while the Register restricts itself to Protestant churches. Last Sunday the Register came out with a long editorial favoring the repeal of old dogmas in Protestant churches. It cited Dr. Lyman Abbott and Prof. Briggs and applauded their work. The Register proved conclusively that it was in favor of killing Presbyterian traditionalism, Congregational dogma, Methodist superstition, and making Protestantism in general more liberal. The article was well written and contained many good points. But on the same leaf on the other side of the sheet was an utterance of Archbishop Ryan of the Roman Catholic church, which was printed with evident approval, favoring the Irish Roman Catholics for their faith in the traditional teachings of their church, for hanging on through adversity to all the doctrines of the church. The statement was made that the Irish might have been better off financially, become better educated and shining lights but for their persistency in hanging to the faith. The article applauds their actions.

To the Register a heretic in any Protestant church is a hero, in a Roman Catholic Church a traitor. It delights in stirring up a row in Protestant churches, but protests against any one else criticizing the Roman Catholic church. The Register is not alone in these views. The Kokuk Gate City is just as narrow. But the Gate City does not make so many pretensions in the other direction. We refer to these two papers because their editors are men of opinions. They are fighters. They are not modest about expressing sentiments. Other papers follow them but are more careful to cover their tracks. They make great boasts that they are not confined to any creed. That they are liberal and take in all—criticize what don't suit them. So they take their turn at the several creeds. Only one creed escapes. That is the creed of the "holy Catholic church." That creed is sacred. Must not touch it. Must not criticize one of the appointed priests. Hands off there. But slap the Protestants. Pull a pin here. Knock out a prop there. Hit the structure just hard enough not to level it to the ground and not so hard but that you can hold it. You don't want to alienate it. Your desire is to exhibit a sort of broad liberality in these matters. You profess to be in sympathy with Protestantism and against Roman Catholicism. Your papers however do not show it. You are playing into the hands of infidelity and Roman Catholicism. These two go hand in hand against the Protestant church. These so-called "liberal papers" are their willing tools.

Should the Register make such light remarks about any one dogma of the Roman church that it does make about dogmas of the Protestant churches it would have the biggest row on its hands that it has had in years. It dare not. The Register can boast of its liberality in religious matters. It can tear down the teachings of Protestantism but when it comes to that "holy church" it keeps its hands off, except to approve its great work, its able men and its charities. When it comes to this, that boasted liberality vanishes like vapor. Somehow the Roman church is a terror to the average secular newspaper. "Sh" don't say anything about it, that will wound the feelings of the priests. There is a mortal fear that something will happen should such an item find its way into the newspaper. Why this fear? Why this seeming cowardice? Simply this: It is a hereditary weakness, bred into us by our ancestors. The Roman church was a terror to them in days gone by. For offending it they expected to wake up next morning with a knife through their heart or be tortured to death at the stake. They got in the habit of saying "sh" when the Roman church was disrespectfully alluded to. So this fear has been transmitted to us. Works on us like the fear in the darkies for the old slavodrivers.

The Register goes at the democratic party with hammer and tongs for getting its politics from England, for serving the Cobden club, for fighting for principles that are imported. It calls that un-American. Yet it has nothing to say of the politics which comes from Rome. What directs a certain part of our population in public school matters. Which keeps their liberty at Rome because they are bound to it by dogmas. The Register praised Archbishop Ireland for his stand on the public school question. It does not condemn the pope now for refusing to let the archbishop manage the schools on his so-called American plan. Had that been a Protestant pope instead of a Roman, there wouldn't have been an inch of skin left on his back after the Register editor had finished with him.

And what was that plan of the Archbishop's which the Register apparently approved? It was this: Mr. Ireland, desiring to get influence outside of the pupils of his own church, turned over the Fairbault parish schools to the

state with an agreement that the Roman Catholic teachers who were there established should remain with the schools as teachers, and they be given the privilege of imparting religious instructions after school hours to all those who would remain. The archbishop has a desire to appear strictly American. This idea of his was heralded all over the world. But the pope did not approve of it. He tolerated it at Fairbault but would not consent to have any more towns of the same kind made. And so American liberty becomes subservient to a foreigner. The pope, according to our notion is more of a tyrant for so-called American citizenship than the cobden club.

The Chronicle believes that when a newspaper goes into the criticizing business on religious matters, it must take in all and slight none. They must be broad enough and independent enough to cut loose from the "lobby" of all denominations. Churches are powerful agents in the world for bettering humanity. They are doing a mighty work in our civilization. In our opinion no church is perfect. They all have flaws. Yet they point upward and to a better life. We believe it is the business of the newspaper to point out defects, yet in a christian spirit. The newspapers and the churches should be co-laborers in the vineyard. They should be checks on each other. There is no more reason for a newspaper getting enraged because the pulpit speaks out against Sunday newspapers than there is for the church to rise in arms because the newspaper locates the conscience of a church in a foreign city.—Brooklyn Chronicle.

A BLACK SAINT

Of the Romish Cloth on a Debauch—His Companion a Negress.

Between 11 and 12 o'clock on Tuesday night, a well dressed, middle aged man ambled into the Central police station in this city, breathless with haste and anger, and flushed with liquor. He was attired in a prince Albert coat and black trousers, and wore a priest's collar and cravat. He stated to the officer in charge that he had been robbed and demanded to see a detective. He was referred to Detective John Campbell to whom he stated that he had made the acquaintance of a woman whom he had accompanied to a saloon at the corner of Brush and Macomb streets. Here he claims that he drank beer and was robbed, by the woman, of \$80. Upon being pressed by the officer in charge he admitted that the woman in question was a negress.

Detective Campbell quickly succeeded in locating the woman at 191 Hastings street. She is known as Lizzie Person, and is a notoriously bad negress of most pronounced type.

When brought to headquarters she stated in the presence of the complainant that the latter had stated to her that he was a Catholic priest, which he himself did not deny in her presence. She stated that the priest accosted her upon the street and suggested that they should go to a saloon and get some beer. The woman then went on to relate a conversation that took place between the pair too vile to find a place in the lowest type of newspaper. The well-mated pair then returned to Doster's negro dive at the corner of Macomb and Brush and drank beer. The priest eventually partly divested himself of his clothing and shortly afterwards, upon leaving the place discovered that he had been robbed of \$80. Hence the complaint and arrest.

The priest stated at first that his name was Muous and that he resided at Oak harbor. Later he endeavored to change his name and stated that he came from Kalamazoo. When he first went into the station he wore his clerical collar. When he returned in company with the woman it had disappeared. Upon being questioned he said that he had thrown the collar away as it was soiled.

Suspecting that possibly the missing money might still be upon the person of the complainant the officer in charge proceeded to search the pockets of the man. In vain the priest endeavored to keep the officers from his hip pocket. They would not be denied and a moment later fished from the hidden depths thereof a complete rosary, crucifix, miniature Christ and the remainder of the priestly paraphernalia.

"For God's sake don't give me away," cried the now trembling priest. "It will ruin me." He pleaded hard to have the matter hushed up on account of his sacred vocation. "I have nothing to do with the newspapers, I merely do my duty here as an officer," said the officer in charge. The priest refused to make a complaint and the money was returned, but the woman placed in custody. Subsequently the criminal reporters of the Detroit Free Press and Tribune ascertained the facts in the case and gave the reverend blackleg the roasting he deserved. The copy however, in at least one case, never passed the night editor but found an abiding place amongst the MSS. of the Protestant contributors of the waste-paper basket.

Commenting upon the above the Patriotic American says: If anything were needed as a terrible warning to husbands and fathers against committing the honor of their wives and daughters to the keeping of the

priesthood the exposure of the priestly blackguard in another column of this issue of the Patriotic American would complete the chain of argument.

Here we see a priest, one of the chosen vessels of the "infallible" church of Rome sunk to that degradation which cold type would hesitate to reproduce even to mature men, and whose very name would shock the ears of ordinary modesty. This priest, Muous, as he styles himself (though the name is probably a fictitious one,) leaving his flock at home, comes to Detroit to seek relaxation from his saintly offices in debauchery and bestiality of the vilest description. The ordinary paths of vice are so far beneath his notice that only a negress of the lowest and most depraved type is vile enough for this morally diseased voluptuary in holy orders, and even she, fallen to almost the level of the brute, is less degraded than he would have her. That this minister of God, this bestial-minded fragment of INFALLIBILITY, should so disgrace his manhood, was bad enough but that he should possess the unblushing effrontery to thrust his mat-odorous liason beneath the noses of American public officials, passes the comprehension of decency. Today, in all probability he is at home, and within a few days will be listening to the confession of some pure woman and poisoning her ears with his devilish insinuations and suggestions. Think of it, fathers and mothers—think of your pure children in the hands and power of such lecherous wretches as these to whom the lowest forms of vice are not vicious enough, but that they must needs dive in the sloughs of immorality in order to appease their priestly appetites.

If this were a solitary case it should be a sufficient excuse to either banish celibacy from the priesthood, or else banish the entire race from the face of the earth. Who can tell how many years that this demoralized blackguard has been pursuing his double life of rone and priest? Who can tell how many pure women he has corrupted—how much of innocent purity he has blasted—how many tiny feet diverted from the pathway to God to the hell of his own diseased morality? One cannot dabble in mud and remain clean. And what can be said of a press so venal that it will consent to suppress these iniquities at the bidding of the priesthood? It is a sad commentary upon the vaunted power of the press of this country when a clerical scoundrel of this stripe can break the laws of God and morality and yet retain his powers of evil.

Well may Americans cry "We have no press but Rome's" when such scoundrels are permitted to go uncastigated. Of the many cases of this kind that are daily hushed up by the newspapers of the country the above is a fair sample and but for the existence of the Patriotic American, which will not lie and cannot be bribed, this last instance of priestly depravity would have been buried in the past with its fellows.—Patriotic American.

Papal "Claims" Arraigned.

If there were no other reasons for Americans distrusting the Roman hierarchy a sufficient one would be because of its false pretenses. Claiming to be the primitive church, directly founded by its great head, the Savior of the world, that church, as it exists today is but a series of creations by various popes and councils of varying epochs, so that the original church has been utterly overshadowed by such number of outgrowths as to have utterly lost its pristine character.

The original church now believes in the worship of "saints." That practice came in many years afterwards. About 600 A. D. the use of the Latin language in the service was introduced and pretty soon the papal notion of supremacy was set up. In another hundred years or so the worship of images was enjoined. Then the "saints" were canonized and they began to be worshipped. Then came the baptism of bells named after the saints. Then and not until then was the doctrine of transubstantiation set up and the mass, as it is held today, duly organized as the church ritual.

The use of beads or "rosaries" used in counting the number of prayers said began about this time, as well as the rule of priestly celibacy: This celibacy is only a church rule. Any priest will tell you so, and that they do not claim it as a Bible doctrine.

About the year 1,000 the sale of indulgencies began, which grew to such excesses four hundred years after as to lead to the reformation, with Luther at its head. Purgatory hadn't been thought of yet. But that and the worship of the Virgin Mary, and half a dozen more doctrines, were formulated by the council of Trent in 1563 and put to the world as the creed of Pius V., and everybody who didn't swallow it whole was to be damned. The doctrine of papal infallibility came within the present generation.

All this goes to show that popes and priests who sanction the claim of the Roman Catholic church being the mother church when it is but a collection of men's dicta tacked on at intervals to Christianity, are not the kind of men Americans want to put in control of things.

We don't claim that our presidents and senates and legislative bodies are

infallible. We see every day that they are not. But if we don't like their ways we turn them out. An infallible pope, however, would be a very handy factor in our politics, whether he "blessed" us from Rome or on this side the Atlantic. We might want to turn him out, and propose keeping him at a safe distance.—Tribune American.

THEY THREE STONES.

Father Slattery Lectures in Danville—Catholics Displeased.

DANVILLE, Ill., May 18.—The announcement several days ago that the ex-priest Slattery was to lecture in this city on Romanism, created considerable feeling among the Catholics, and through their efforts he was refused the use of the opera house and the Odd Fellows' hall, which his agent had engaged. He managed to secure a hall of limited capacity, in which he lectured. During the progress of the lecture several stones were thrown through the rear windows, but they did not stop the lecturer, and he continued without further interruption. Mr. Slattery advised his hearers to vote against placing Catholics on school boards, and to join the A. P. A., which is an anti-Catholic order. His wife will lecture today to women only.

If your stove smokes go to W. S. Heaton, 2808 Leavenworth Street, and have him build you a galvanized iron stack and avoid all inconveniences. Telephone 1515.

A. O. U. W.

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