

THE FILTH OF SECULARISM ONCE MORE.

PEOPLE wonder why Catholics insist upon having Catholic schools, with Catholic teachers, Catholic pupils, Catholic school books, Catholic management, Catholic association, Catholic atmosphere. Our reasons are manifold, but distilled down they amount to a lively dread of the horrors which Superintendent Field, of Brooklyn, anticipated from the system, a few years since, and which another official, Mr. Comstock, is ready to prove have already been produced. "There are," says this investigator, "three public schools in Brooklyn where, lately, I found girls from eight to thirteen years of age who had read within the last six months the most obscene and filthy matter, and I have in my possession some of the same taken from these little girls. I one day interviewed some ten or fifteen of these little girls, either in or out of school. I found twelve girls in one school, or former pupils of the same, who had the most infamously vile matter. In another school I found among the boys an obscene book of the worst possible character. This was taken there by a boy of most respectable parents living in an elegant home. On one street I found four brown stone houses where the girls in three of these elegant houses had or had had these vile articles. In another place a little girl, thirteen years of age, went to her bureau drawer and took out a sealed box, and, breaking the seal, gave me a most infamous paper which she had copied off, and on searching this box I found others of the same character. Another little girl had carried one of these infernal things to and from school in her geography, and was sent home for it. Another one took them home and was found showing them to a little cousin." No wonder that the late Professor Agassiz was able to discover that the soiled doves of Boston attributed their ruin to the fatal influences which surrounded them in public schools of the immaculate commonwealth of Boston. It is not alone in our public schools that this vile trade of obscenity flourishes. We find in a Protestant paper of this week an account of a woman who "came to this city several years ago from Cleveland, O., bringing with her a diploma from a reputable medical college, and the best testimonials. She has been a member of Dr. Deems's church, and has been considered a physician in good standing, and has practised in families of wealth and position. At the request of Mr. Peter Cooper, she has delivered several free courses of lectures on physiological subjects at the Cooper Union, and has delivered many private lectures at her own home. But all this has been only a cover for traffic of the vilest kind—a traffic that has been carried on so secretly that it is only within two or three weeks that she has been suspected. Mr. Comstock, after obtaining unquestionable proofs of her criminality by himself calling on her and purchasing some of the articles that she sold, had her arrested, and she will undoubtedly receive the full penalty of the law. The offence of Mrs. Chase "is a more grave one," as regards the safety of the public, "than that of 'Madame Restell.'" The latter made no secret about her business, but conducted it boldly, and even advertised it in the papers. No one called upon her except deliberately, and with a definite purpose. But Mrs. Chase inveigled women into attending her lectures, and afterwards into buying her vile instruments, who would never have dreamed of going to a person like "Madame Restell." When Mr. Comstock asked her if she were not afraid of the law, she replied to her supposed customer, "Oh, no; you see I have been selling these articles for the last two years. The business has been carried on in the most quiet way. No one is the wiser for it outside of my own patrons. I don't advertise, for I have no idea of falling into the clutches of the law. I don't want to have Anthony Comstock get hold of me." Truly the example and lesson of the Cities of the Plain are forgotten; Sodom and Gomorrah and Pompeii have been revived.—*Catholic Review.*

THE LABOUR TROUBLES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

[From the *San Francisco Monitor.*]

WE can perceive, from the remarks of many of our eastern and foreign contemporaries, that they do not properly understand the nature of the so-called Workingmen's Movement in this State, and that they have very erroneous ideas respecting its condition and prospects. It is our intention to set them right as briefly but as thoroughly as we can, and explain the agitation as it now exists.

The Workingmen's Movement in California owes its origin directly to the labour strikes and riots in Pittsburgh, Chicago, Baltimore, and other eastern cities. We had a weak repetition of those disturbances in San Francisco, and a body of men was organized, somewhat after the style of the old Vigilantes, to preserve the peace of the city. Many think they were illegally brought together, and directed by irresponsible parties. However, it seems to us that it was a weakness on the part of the authorities to allow them at all, seeing that the proper and legal forces at their disposal were not called into requisition, much less overpowered; and the general opinion at present is that they did more harm than good, though they claim the credit of having saved the city from destruction. After these disturbances were quelled, some numbers of workingmen began to assemble occasionally on a vacant space of ground near the new City Hall, and made famous as the "Sand lots" to discuss their real or imaginary grievances, and to argue about some, (according to them) much needed reforms. Here it was that Denis Kearney came first to the front and rendered himself notorious. Destitute of education, deficient in intellect, with nothing attractive about him, he nevertheless had a rough vigour of speech which attracted auditors. He was joined in time by other agitators, with more ability and even less principle than himself, and soon the meetings became largely attended. Immunity made the speakers bold, as they fancied they could override the law, and before long profanity, sedition, threats of incendiarism and murder, as well as openly avowed threats of revolution, became the chief ingredients of the "sand lot" oratory. The excitement grew rapidly and soon became intense. The public mind was profoundly disturbed, business decreased, and uneasiness became general. The city authorities made one effort to stop the incendiary talk, but it was so awkwardly done that the victory was left with the agitators, and

they became bolder than ever. Kearney assumed dictatorial airs, bullied all who opposed him, took possession of meetings called by reputable citizens, and would let nobody speak but men of his own choosing. Then Vigilantes began to organise and arm secretly to "put down" Kearney, and it was generally rumoured that they intended taking him from his home at night and hanging him, together with some of the principal leaders. Thus the would-be defenders of law and order were as criminal in intent, and as illegal in formation as the "Kearneyites." A dreadful collision was apparently imminent—the safety of our city was gravely imperilled.

At this critical juncture there spoke out one man who was not terrified by the danger, who bowed not down before either Vigilantes or Kearneyites. His Grace the Archbishop issued a pastoral forbidding his faithful children from associating themselves with any secret organizations, and also from attending any meetings at which sedition was spoken or threats of violence indulged in. This was the first serious check put to the mad course of the disturbers. Many of the workmen of the city, probably a majority of them, are Catholics, and, of course, they listened respectfully to the voice of their beloved prelate. In consequence the attendance at the "sand lots" began to diminish; then the leaders fell out among themselves, and hurled charges of traitorism, corruption, etc., at each other, and the whole movement appears on the down grade. The action of the Archbishop was warmly endorsed by the Press of the whole State, almost without exception, and was most gratifying, we might say to the entire community. Numbers of the better classes of workmen saw the perilous road they were treading and retraced their steps.

Kearney and his gang, however, kept up their old tactics, breaking up meetings and intimidating their adversaries wherever they could. Last evening the quondam dictator, Kearney, was violently thrust out from a meeting into which he had tried to obtrude himself unbidden. He formed another meeting of his own in the street, and blocked up the thoroughfare. The police, fearing a conflict between the rival factions, as also desirous of clearing the street, dispersed Kearney's crowd and had to use their clubs very freely to do so. For some time the scene was one of intense excitement and terrible confusion, when the officers charged upon the tumultuous assembly, and the slightest accident might have precipitated a riot that would have made the streets run with blood. The conduct of the police was admirable. They were cool, brave, and not inclined to use more violence than was absolutely necessary. And, in this connection, we feel impelled to urge upon the Board of Supervisors the pressing necessity of their at once filling up the ranks of the police to the number allowed by law. We demand that they do so on the part of the community, whose lives, peace and property are endangered by their inaction. It is well understood by the public that petty quarrels over a small question of patronage are at the bottom of the deadlock now existing between them and the Police Commissioners. Will these gentlemen Supervisors be good enough to lay aside their bickerings and listen to the call of duty? That is precisely what the citizens expect from them, and we trust that they will pay attention. They incur a fearful responsibility unless they take speedy and effective measures to secure the peace and good order of the city. And they may rest satisfied they will be held to strict account for it.

KEARNEY, THE AGITATOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.

DENNIS KEARNEY, until last week the "President of the Workingmen's Party of San Francisco," was actually in the ranks of the Committee of Safety last July, and did his part in the suppression of the rioters; he had no affiliation with the hoodlums whatever. Those riots did, however, in one sense give rise to this new political party. For it awakened in Kearney and others of his acquaintance a train of thought on the labour question which soon afterwards found voice on the corners of the streets, and from that grew into an organization which numbers to-day—only six months from the date of its birth—hundreds of thousands of active working members and sympathizing friends. The organization, if wisely directed, might be productive of great benefit to the working men and to the country; but there is danger that wild counsel will be taken and reckless movements inaugurated which must recoil with disastrous effects on the popular body.

Dennis Kearney is an Irishman from the county of Cork, and is now thirty-one years of age. He came to New York when eleven years old, and from that time onward, for ten years, he sailed between Boston, New York, and Baltimore in the Connecticut, Bonding Billow, Joseph Cheston, and other vessels. He arrived in San Francisco in 1868, as first officer of the Shooting Star, from Alexandria, Va. He followed the sea-faring business for about five years on the coast, then found work on the wharf as a foreman of labourers, and soon after he became boss drayman on a small scale. His personal appearance, from an intellectual standpoint, is not attractive. His hair comes down low on his forehead, and is thick and tawny, of the buffalo style. His face is not repulsive, but is not winning or enchanting by any means, and he has managed to get it well browned, or takes pride in deeping it dirty. In his habiliments he is indifferent to the allurements of the artist tailor. He is slouchy in his make-up and in his gait. Of course, he has honestly earned his costume, and has a right to wear what he pleases; but there is a suspicion that he might be less popular if he dressed better. A Diogenes is more to the liking of the multitude than is a Beau Brummell, and Kearney shows his appreciation of that predilection in sticking to the drayman's well-worn toggery, and eschewing new broadcloth.

His training for public speaking was attained at Sunday debates on the social and political questions of the day in a small reformers' hall in San Francisco. He is neither slow of speech nor delicate in utterance. His language is of the ordinary street stamp, largely interspersed with strong adjectives and cursing epithets. He seems perfectly indifferent about the judgment of others, and evidently regards Dennis Kearney as the best judge of what he should say and how he should say it.—*Exchange.*