

BLGRADING POSTERS

An Indignant Protest by Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal.

Montreal, May 1. A letter couched in terms of great indignation was read at the meeting of the City Council yesterday afternoon, from Archbishop Bruchesi, in regard to the exposing of obscene chromos and paintings in saloons, and of the sale of obscene pamphlets by stores. The Archbishop prayed that these evils be stamped out and that a crusade against vice be started at once.

The letter, which speaks for itself, was as follows:

To His Worship the Mayor, R. Prefontaine, Esq.:

Sir—Permit me to call your attention to a plague which is actually raging from one end to the other of the city of Montreal, the permanence of which would be very prejudicial to the population.

This evil, by its nature, is a thousand times more to be feared than an epidemic of smallpox or scarlet fever. Its ravages can truly be said to be incalculable, and the death-dealing germs which it deposits can be neither sterilized nor counteracted by any human science.

I wish to speak of the heinous advertisements which are exposed in broad daylight in the streets and windows.

One would think that certain manufacturers and directors of theatres had sworn to call all the resources of photography and brilliant colors to the service of a shameless corruption.

Bill posting and advertising are without doubt permissible in themselves, but the right which municipal by-laws confer on merchants and artists for the announcement of their merchandise or their entertainments does not and cannot allow any indecency.

How is it, then, that such an abuse is permitted? The number of obscene pictures, lascivious engravings and grossly suggestive posters has invaded our city and is constantly increasing on all sides. Parents, school teachers and pastors are bitterly complaining, especially those who are charged with the care and protection of children.

I have myself seen some of these posters. They have made me blush with shame, and, notwithstanding this, they are spread in the vicinity of churches and educational places where I have been called upon to confirm children.

In the presence of such a deplorable state of affairs, what will it serve us to inculcate lessons of honor and morality, either in the schools and churches, or in the home? What effect will this state of affairs have on the rising generation? It is high time, it seems to me, that we should isolate this evil and vigorously oppose this epidemic of public immorality, and you, Mr. Mayor, have in your hands the authority of municipal law.

In the name of morality, and in the name of the good reputation of our city, I must beg of you to use the power that is given to you by this law in order that these unhealthy exhibitions may be compelled to disappear.

It is absolutely necessary that this state of affairs should be swept away, even though it may cause loss of money to the exhibitors. For strangers who cover our streets with pictures that degrade our boys and girls no tolerance is due. It is bad enough that these persons take away large sums of money from our city, without degrading the youth of the city. If they wish to publicly teach immorality our laws should be applied without mercy, and they and their degrading productions should be expelled from our city.

The laws regarding bodily health are of extreme severity in order that our physical health may be protected. Persons attacked by contagious diseases are forcibly taken from their homes, children are separated from their mothers, the father from his family, but when moral degradation overflows in our streets, we calmly fold our arms. Is it possible that nothing will be done to stop such moral contamination—the worst of all epidemics?

I hope, Mr. Mayor, that the municipal authorities will understand the grave duty that is incumbent upon them. You, no doubt, will agree with me as to the necessity of joining hands against such immorality in our streets.

Would it be so difficult to cause the disappearance of such pictures that are so numerous? I do not think so. The police should be authorized to tear them down or otherwise destroy them, as these productions are in direct opposition to our laws. In any case, I consider that such a state of affairs is manifestly prejudicial to our morals, and can only liken it to a social figure through which dignity and the energy of life, which are the source of virtue, are lost.

Should this means not prove effectual, the delinquents might be made familiar with the text of the law they are violating by bringing them before the courts. Our magistrates must certainly be congratulated on the zeal with which they are endeavoring to improve the morals of our city. They will doubtless be of great help to us in this campaign. You will also have the approbation and gratitude of hundreds of honest citizens, who ask, through me, that such scandalous exhibitions be discontinued without delay.

It would also be an excellent thing to form in Montreal, as in Paris, a league against immorality in the streets. I can certainly touch for the good results of such an association if it were organized, and began work at once.

In France the members of the league commence first by persuasion. Ordinarily this course suffices. When necessary, they threaten offenders with suit, and generally succeed. Traffic in vice are always greatly afraid of costs and of prison.

In the case of merchants, members of the league have but to say, "I will deal with you the moment you cease to use such means of advertising." Experience shows that this most of action was most efficacious.

There is another source of danger which also demands our vigilance. I would speak of certain book stores,

where productions not only of a serious, but containing obscenity which are sold even to children. The places are known. Some of the productions bought by young people have been brought to me, and I would never have thought that such perversity existed. Some are in French and some in English, and they are equally revolting in their heinousness. To think that these pamphlets are within the reach of everybody.

They are generally imported periodicals. Why are they not confiscated and burnt by our customs officers? Are we to think that the laws which protect public morals have become a dead letter? Let us show that in Montreal at least we have some care for our Christian dignity.

We keep silent too often. In this, as in hundreds of other things, we submit, and the evil-doers become hardened from day to day in their audacity and anonymity.

Finally, I am told that the walls of some of our saloons and stores are covered with paintings, chromos, and drawings of the most immoral kind. To what degradation will our population descend if such libertinage is tolerated longer?

Once more, let us, by our mutual concurrence, declare war against these corrupters of our families and societies. In this very necessary work I count Mr. Mayor, with the most entire confidence, on your support as chief of our municipality, as well as that of the aldermen and all honest citizens.

I am yours, very respectfully,

(Signed) PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal

When the above had been read the chairman of the Police Committee rose and said that the complaint of the Archbishop was justified. There had been an officer detailed to look after these evils. He had not been doing his duty as he should do, and a new man would be appointed at once.

The above letter was then sent to the Police Committee.

IRISH LANGUAGE MOVEMENT.

The New York Times Saturday Review has the following:—

It may not surprise you to learn that one of the most welcome visitors to this, the heart of the Donegal Hills, one of the most out-of-the-way corners of Ireland, is your bright Saturday Review. I venture to say that here, at the back of Kesh, it is, by this writer as longingly looked forward to and as eagerly perused as by any of the most ardent of its admirers on the Island of Manhattan.

As your editorial on "Gaelic in Parliament" gave me the impression that you—and so well-informed Americans in general—believed Irish to be a dead language, and the Gaelic movement to be but the futile efforts of a forlorn hope—a little band of idealists—I would have permitted to state a few facts that will show you the matter in an entirely different aspect.

Although, unfortunately, the last half century showed a rapid decline in the proportion of Gaelic speakers in Ireland, the census that is now being taken will show that there are at the present time in Ireland at least 900,000—but more probably 1,000,000—who can speak the language of their land.

The revival movement which, for several years past, has been holding the country, and which is daily growing more powerful, is not the work of people who are idealists merely, and does not depend upon a few; but upon a few thousand young men and women who are idealists and something more besides.

They have forced two-thirds of Ireland into active sympathy with the movement for the re-establishment of the old tongue, and half of the remaining third are in passive sympathy. There is a salaried organizer traveling the land, and establishing branches of the Gaelic League and Gaelic classes in every parish. There are a Gaelic monthly magazine and a Gaelic weekly, both highly successful, both published by and in the interests of the league. Moreover, the best daily papers and many of the provincial weeklies and tri-weeklies have had to procure fonts of Gaelic type and publish weekly their column of news, of story, and of song in Gaelic.

A great annual Gaelic literary festival is established in Dublin, to which from all corners of the land come competitors in Irish essay-writing, story-telling, poetry, etc., and a whole host of hundreds of pounds are distributed as prizes.

In hundreds of the schools of the country the pupils are being instructed in the language which is their own, the number of schools in which it is being taught is increasing by bounds, and is, just now, likely to increase extraordinarily because this day the announcement is officially made that the Commissioners of Education have consented to double the fee awarded for the teaching of Gaelic. This action on the part of the Irish Commissioners is, in itself, one of the most striking proofs of the irresistible way held by the league.

The teachers of the country have again and again asked for the introduction of a proper bilingual system in the schools, and the managers of the schools, too, have petitioned the commissioners demanding the same. Also the Irish party have raised several debates in parliament on the subject—backing up the demands of the teachers, manager, and of the great body of their constituents. Mr. Thomas O'Donnell's attempt to address the British parliament in Gaelic was not, as you imagined, prompted by motives of hilarity, but by the far more serious motive of advertising to the world the fact that the British parliament was persistently denying us the right of having the Irish language placed on an equal footing with the English language in the schools of Ireland—a right which, happily, they will not be able to withhold from us much longer.

Beside the school classes, at which, after the compulsory school duties are ended, the teachers may instruct his senior pupils in Gaelic as an "extra branch," there are thousands of night classes, conducted by voluntary teachers in the cities and villages, where the young men and young women study the language, where the most inspiring enthusiasm is shown, and the most gratifying progress made.

Through I am only yet a student of the language myself, for my own

distinction is one of an Irish Scotch plaided district, and consequently the people, English speaking as a rule I have also elected myself a teacher, and I conduct a Gaelic night class at which a score of our grown boys and girls are making flattering progress. Likewise the young schoolmaster, who is my successor, and who was my pupil in the little district school, is now a pupil at my night class, and is in turn conducting a class of his own little pupils in his school at the end of the school day. This is but an average example of the Gaelic propaganda that is being earnestly and wholeheartedly pursued in all corners of Ireland.

In most parts of the mountains of Donegal the youth are given their religious instruction in Irish, the rosary at bed-time is said in Irish, and their commercial business conducted in the same language.

The output of Irish books of late years is extraordinary, and the demand great. I am sure that it is superfluous for me to tell you that the treasures of Gaelic classic literature which, despite the persistent literary-burnings of first Norseman and then Saxon, we still inherit are both numerically vast and intrinsically invaluable.

If the fates unfortunately will it that we Irish cannot be free in form, we believe we can, notwithstanding, attain virtual freedom, talking our own distinct language, cultivating our own literature, and thinking and expressing ourselves according to our own models, rather than models made in London. To you, sir, this may look impracticable. But then you do not know, as I know, the most of old-world sentiment that is despite the ages of progress and enlightenment, still lurking in the soul of the Celt, whether his habitat be here among the dreary hills of Donegal or there among the cold sky-scrapers of New York—and you cannot know the pertinacity with which, under the most adverse circumstances, his sentiment persists in clinging to him.

When I was in America the thing that touched me most and gave me most serious subject for thought was finding a dozen of my exiled countrymen and women gathered in a back room in New York—a room which they clubbed together and rented for the purpose—helping one another over the difficulties of their little Irish text books. The sight of this little band—one of many such to be found in the leading cities of America—who, while the rest of the world, recreated and dissipated after the worry and weariness of the day's battle, elected to come together in their retired room and encourage one another to toil still in sympathy with the aspirations of the little far-away nation which long ago they had quitted, perhaps forever, moved me much, and strengthened my faith in the future of the land that, sending her sons and daughters far over the world's rim, holds there heroes and heroines in the race where man tramples over man, and, despite distance of place and distance of time, draws over the allegiance of their minds and of their souls.

Be it soon or be it late, God will crown the work with success, granting that for which generations have so sorely striven and gone to the grave yearning, and the Ireland of our hopes and our loves will take her place among the nations of the earth. May He hasten the day!

SEAMUS MACMANUS.

Donegal, Ireland, March 30, 1901.

CARDINAL MARINELLI.

Washington, April 30.—Cardinal-elect Marinelli, to-night received from the hands of a member of the Papal Guard of Pope Leo XIII, Count Stanislaus Colasche, who had just arrived from Rome, the consistorial letter formally advising him of his elevation to the cardinalate, and the red hat emblem of that high office.

The ceremony, which was brief and simple, occurred at the Papal Legation at six o'clock this evening, in the presence of a number of church dignitaries. The legs of the Cardinal-elect were instantly lighted, and here Mgr. Marinelli, and those nearest to him assembled for the ceremony. Saluting the Cardinal-elect, Count Colasche handed him one of the letters, which was read aloud, and proved to be the credentials of the official messenger. Then the second letter was handed to the Cardinal-elect, who ran through it and handed it to Bishop Keiley of Savannah to be read. It was as follows:—

"From the Secretary of State, Rome, April 15, 1901.

"To Monsignore Sebastiano Marinelli: In the secret consistory of this morning His Holiness deigned to elevate to the same dignity of the Cardinalate Monsignore Sebastiano Marinelli. His greatness and sovereign favor is brought to the notice of your Eminence for your knowledge and guidance. M. Cardinal Rampolla."

When the letter had been read Count Colasche, opened the small red morocco case and took therefrom a red sash, which he placed around the neck of the Cardinal-elect. The Cardinal-elect then placed the red sash around his neck, and the Cardinal-elect then placed the red sash around his neck, and the Cardinal-elect then placed the red sash around his neck.

Cardinal-elect Marinelli responded briefly. He referred to the illustrious house from which Count Colasche descended. So far as he himself knew, knew a favor which the Sovereign Pontiff had deigned to show him was not due to the humble services he had been able to perform, but to the greatness of the Pontiff himself, and in the past he had always sought to promote the interests of the Pontiff, and of religion, so with the help of God, he would continue those labors.

Dr. Moore was the first to congratulate Cardinal-elect Marinelli on his elevation, and was followed by Dr. Macleod, the Abbot, and others. The Cardinal-elect then invited

the directors of the X. Y. Z. & Co. railroad was in session to discuss the matter of selecting a general manager.

"What are your qualifications?" asked the chairman of the applicant for the position.

The applicant smiled proudly as he replied: "Have a cinch on a bunch of senators, can elect senators from every constituency your road touches; can manipulate man contracts to perfection."

"Have you ever had any practical experience in railroad building?" queried the chairman.

"With a disastrous wave of his hand the applicant remarked:—

"Gentlemen, I thought you were looking for a modern railroad manager, not for a section hand."—The

THE SHIRT AND THE BODY OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

The translation of the body of St. Francis Xavier from Malacca took place on May 1, and his body was deposited in the chapel of St. Francis of Bologna, and from there it was transferred to the new chapel in the Church of Bon Jesus Old Goa, where it now lies. The coffin encased in a very richly-carved silver box, is placed on the top of a small dome in the small chapel erected on the epistle side of the church. There are four marble altars on the four sides of this dome where priests say mass daily. On the altar facing the body of the main church stands a beautiful silver statue of the saint with staff in hand. A very nicely-carved silver candle-stand and other elegant altar ornaments are placed on different sides of the altar.

On a side of this chapel the relics of the great martyr, who sacrificed their lives for the sake of their religion in China and Japan are placed in a glass case, and several costly silver offerings made by distinguished personages are kept in two other glass cases hung on the two sides of the chapel. The inside of the coffin is covered with yellow damask, studded with 121 precious stones cut in the shape of stars. The coffin is five feet ten inches in length, one foot five inches in breadth. According to a report made in 1872 the length of the body is 1-1/2 feet, and of the front, which only one of the lower incisors is wanting. The right arm was cut off by order of the Pope on the 3rd of December, 1614, and sent to Rome. According to Lucena (Historia da Vida do Padre San Francisco Xavier) the intestines of the Saint were found in their natural state two and a half months after his death.

Dr. Savary, chief physician to the Vicar, who examined the body in 1658, about four years after the death of the saint, also certified that he found the intestines still in the abdomen, and that through a hole in it fresh blood could be taken out. The fourth and fifth toes of the right foot are wanting, they were bitten off when being kissed in 1554 by a Portuguese lady called Dona Isabel de Camero, who was anxious to possess a relic of the Saint. On his right side is placed a staff studded with 194 emeralds, and towards his feet hangs a gold medalion, bearing on the obverse the arms of Portugal. The venerable body of the Saint is clad in the richest vestments, elegantly embroidered and studded with large and valuable pearls, the gift of Dona Maria Sophia, wife of Don Pedro II., King of Portugal. The coffin weighs 600 silver Marcos (300 lbs) and if of the value of \$1,000. There were at one time in the chapel twelve large silver lamps, which were kept burning night and day. Of these only four remain, weighing 152 lbs., the rest having been seized along with other articles of gold by the Government in 1810 and converted into coin. This superb shrine is universally admired as a masterpiece of art, and it is said that with the exception of the far-famed Taj Mahal erected at Agra, there is no other mausoleum in India, or even in Asia, which can equal its grandeur and magnificence.

The interior of the chapel is richly gilt and embellished with twenty-seven choice pictures representing the life and miracle of the Apostle. Eight of these placed in four rows from the Italian school require special attention, one of which in the first row represents the hospital of the invalids in Venice, and Xavier, kissing the loathsome ulcer of a patient, and the other, Las misiones at Figen with Duarte de Gama and other Portuguese gentlemen, receiving him with deep respect and veneration.

In the second row Xavier is first seen with a surplus and stout, prying apparently for the cessation of a terrible plague in the Island of Mananar, and his visit to the King of Bunjo in Japan; in the third row Pope Paul III. pronouncing his Apostolic Benediction on the eve of his departure to India for the purpose of preaching the Gospel to the heathen; in the fourth row, of the remaining three in the last row, these on the two extremes exhibit Xavier first as the servant of certain Japanese Knights, secondly as standing in a fit of ecstasy, while the middle one represents his glorious death at Sauchan.

The body of the saint was last exposed, for a full month in 1890 to public veneration, and it is said that nearly 200,000 pilgrims from different parts of India and other distant places, came to pay their respects and the amount paid for the offerings received exceeded over ten thousand rupees. Two photographs taken at the last two expositions, one in 1878 and the other in 1890, are to be seen at the Catholic Club Colombo this being a gift from a member of the club who had been to Goa recently.—(Ceylon Catholic Messenger.)

A COMPETENT MAN.

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