Mort Au Champ D'Honneur.

H. R. R.

The Austrian has stolen on us, our men are scattered wide,
Ill for France if he win yon fort where the hills cwvide;
Much were the gain if we held it but for a day and night.
"Be mine," said Latour d'Auvergne, "to warn them and aid the fight."
Horror and shame! Their arms were there, the cowards were gone;
Grimly he set his face; short time and much to be done.
Loopholes were cut, gates barred, the muskets lashed in a row,
The tricolor flung to the breeze, and then—to wait for the foe,
So quick and true his aim, and so fast the Austrians fall,
That the path is choked with their dead, and at eve they sound the recall;
With morn came a flag of truce; "Yield for our cannon are here,
Or we breach your wall" "In two hours' time, if no help be near"
So the day and night had been gained, and staggering under the weight
Of twenty muskets, a weary soldier steps from the gate.
"Single against a host! By heaven! 'twas nobly done.
Men near for him the guns, his burden the flag alone."

"Rank for this man," said Napoleon, "Nay, General." "Well, if you will,
First Grenadier of France, be a simple Captain still."
So with no selfish aim, for France with heart and with hand,
Bravest where all were brave, he fought in many a land.
His no ruffian, thirst for blood; for plunder, or pay,
First in the charge, his duty done, he would turn away.
Nature he loved, and she to him had revealed her love;
Loved to ponder the problems of life with the sages of yore;
Till the death-hour came, and a glorious life to crown
He fell with his wounds in front, and smiled the death-pang down.
How shall they honor him dead who in life held cheap what men prize?
Titles and crosses he spurned. Said one—"On the spot where he lies
Dig him a soldier's grave; let our flag be round him laid.
But for his heart from our pay shall a silver casket be made;
There we will shrine its dust, and his spirit shall lead us yet."
Added the Master of soldiers' hearts,—"And when ye're met,
First, as in life, on the muster roll ye shall call his name.
And his oldest comrade answer, "Dead on the field of fame"
Morn by morn it was heard, and Austrian and Russian reeled,
Where those veterans swept to the front, kings of the battlefield;
Morn by morn it was heard, till the Bourbon came and the time
When to have fought for Napoleon and France was held a crime
Never did nobler service nobler guerdon earn.
High in the roll of heroes, place for Latour d'Auvergne!

BAD PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

The Evils it has Spread over the Religious World.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY SECTS, WITH TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DIFFERENT DOCTRINES, CLAIM TO FIND IN THE BIBLE JUSTIFICATION FOR THEIR PECULIAR BELIEFS—THE TRUE CHURCH DISTINGUISHED.

Rev. P. Lynch, an English preacher, recently delivered an interesting sermon on the Bible and the principle of private interpretation. Disclaiming any intention on his part of wounding the feelings of his non Catholic hearers, the preacher dealt with the history of the Bible; and, commenting on the ordinary non Catholic method of proving it to be the written Word of God by reason of the beauty and sublimity of the doctrine it contained, he contrasted it with the Catholic method which first subjected the books of the New Testament to historical tests, then in the miracles which our Lord wrought on earth, found proofs that the doctrine He came to teach was true.

In pointing out the grave errors into which the principle of private judgment would lead men, the preacher commented on the sad havoc which was being made with the Bible by the learned intellect of Europe. Let them see what modern German criticism had done with the Bible. At the present day the whole learned intellect of Germany was openly non-Christian, because they had acted on this principle of private judgment. Savants proved to their own satisfaction that the prophesy of Daniel, for instance, was a forgery, and that the books of the New Testament were filled with mistakes. The sacred character of the Bible could only be known to us on the authority of that body of teachers which Christ Himself established to teach men His true revelation and religion.

If the Bible was such an easy book to interpret, how was it that in England we had 250 systems of religion, each claiming to possess the true meaning to the Bible? Manifestly only one of them could be true. Was it likely, he asked, that God intended the Bible to be man's only guide, when for fifteen centuries before the invention of printing the Bible was to them almost like a sealed book. The interpretation of the Bible was an extremely difficult matter. It would not expound itself to us. Each text in it was true, and carried only one true meaning, whether that was literal or figurative. God would not preserve every rash man from error who proceeded to manufacture his religion from what he believed the Bible to be.

Until we had its true meaning, the Bible itself was a useless book, and was every pernicious and hurtful. In the third chapters of St. Peter's Second Epistle, we read these word: "As also our dear brother Paul, according to the wisdom that is given to him, hath written to you. As also in all his epistles, speaking only of these things in which are certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and the unstable wrest as they do also the other Scripture, is made by private interpretation." And yet in the face of this we had many who called themselves Christians, seeking to manufacture their own Christianity.

This system of private judgment was never heard of until the fifteenth century. The great St. Augustine in the fourth century said: "I would not believe Holy Scripture unless the authority of the Church compelled me to do so." And these words are believed by every Catholic at the present day. But Luther had put forward his pet theory of justification by faith alone, and declared the epistle of St. James, contained in the Protestant Bible, to be merely an "epistle of straw." Surely a man who could thus speak of God's revelation, could have no reverence or respect for it.

We were told that till the time of Luther, the people had been kept in ignorance of the Bible. But the first book after the invention of printing was a Latin Bible, and numerous different editions of it were afterward scattered through Europe before Luther's appearance. Yet we had the solemn lie repeated from pulpit and platform that the Catholic Church closed the Bible to her children, and that it was to them a sealed book. Before the time of Luther, it was before the people as one of the best known books, and he used it solely for the destruction of the souls of men.

A NOBLE PROTEST.

MR FREDERIC HARRISON MAKES "AN APPEAL TO LIBERAL UNIONISTS" AND ELOQUENTLY STATES AN UNANSWERABLE CASE AGAINST THEM.

The leading feature of the December number of the *Contemporary Review* is a noble appeal by Mr. Frederic Harrison to Liberal Unionists, who, as he says, maintain that the cause of morality, justice, and honour rests with them, but who are linked irretrievably with immorality, in justice and dishonour. After a brilliant sketch of Irish history in the past, Mr. Harrison thus powerfully sums up the features of coercion in the present:—

"Almost every abomination of the old landlord tyranny in full play. Wholesale evictions carried out by a body of 500 police. Seventy-five young men of good character committed for trial for resisting the officers of the law (?), and herded with criminals for many weeks before trial; the old packing of juries with men exclusively in the interest of landlords; the conviction of men to six and eighteen months of hard labour, for the offence of resisting the execution of an infamous abuse of law—an abuse of law which an Irish judge declared, on the bench, had aroused the indignation of the Empire, and which drew from a Chief Secretary for Ireland a pointed rebuke. Here is a case from the same estate. A farm is reclaimed from bog, fenced, and drained by the tenant, who builds on it good stone houses with slate roofs. The landlord had not expended one penny, but he had raised the rent of 20 acres, originally worth 6d. per acre, to £15 The fall in value makes the tenant unable to pay. His landlord evicts him, saddles him with £17 in costs, confiscates the tenants's interest, worth £200 300, uncrofs the house, which goes to ruin, and leaves the farm to bog. Such is landlordism in 1888, after years of legislation.

"At bottom nothing essential is changed. As of old, the mass of wretched peasants have wrung from them their hard gains in distant labor, and even the wages earned by their children in America, to be paid to absentee creditors under a system of legalized extortion and statutory plunder. As of old, the labor of their hands, the homesteads they have created, and the houses they have built, are still confiscated as before, though by an indirect process, which is called by mockery law. As of old, resistance to extortion is a crime to be punished with savage cruelty. The men who counsel them are thrust into felons' cells, and brutally outraged. The men who defend their cause are assailed with malignant passion and organized calumny.

"In the meantime, by the Act of 1887, law is practically and permanently abolished in one of the three kingdoms What is really martial law is from hence forth virtually the common law of Ireland. Magistrates, who are virtually nothing but police officials, carry out the orders of the Castle Government with as little regard for anything that can be called law as a Turkish cadi. What the Act of last year practically accomplished was this. It threw the whole power of England, armed with the arbitrary machinery which on the Continent is called 'the state of the siege,' into the hands of one party in an economical struggle. It armed the rich and Protestant Englishmen, already equipped with all the legal machinery which chicanery could invent, with what is practically martial law, to enable him to crush the wretched Catholic peasantry, and wring from them the last sixpence which organized force can screw out of abject weakness.

"And this is the gigantic, permanent, systematic wickedness which you cover with the name of morality, justice, and honor. To you the money interests of Englishmen, or rather of a few rich Englishmen, are paramount. For the sake of this, you and they fight as the West India slaveholders fought for the accursed system of slavery, vilifying all that condemned it, and filling the air with outcries about the crimes and indolence of the negro. And now again they are filling the air with outcries about the crimes and follies of Irish tenants One smiles at their crocodile tears over the wrongs of poor boycotted peasants; peasants whom they and their forefathers unto the third and the fourth generation—nay, unto the tenth and the twentieth generation—have persecuted, starved, and plundered. It is a bitter mockery to hear them dilate upon the atrocity of this and that outrage, when the history of the English in Ireland is one weary story of organized outrage. For every life that has been cruelly taken by a few brutalized peasants in their despair, the English land laws, and the system of extortion they maintain, have as cruelly taken a thousand lives To us it is as cruel in the name of law to thrust dying men and helpless women and children out of their homes on to the frozen hillside, as it is to shoot a rival in the legs. Our eyes are fixed, not on the scattered instances of wild revenge which you parade as if you really cared for them, and mouth over with professional iteration, but on the three million souls who are lost to their country, on the life long misery of at least a million souls who remain—misery which you and your friends are now bent on making permanent. Our eyes are strained to watch the tens of thousands of wanton, savage, cowardly evictions, the thousands of brave men whom you persist in treating as felons, and the Russian terrorism which you have permanently substituted for the common law of a kingdom.

"The ascendancy party will die hard, as the West Indian slaveholders' interest died, fighting to the last. They are a fighting order, sprung from fight, nursed in fight for centuries, with every gift and every vice of a dominant class. Trained to regard themselves as the born superiors of the subject class, in race, in religion, in habits, in wealth, in privilege, they are ready to plunge the three kingdoms into confusion for the sake of the old domination. The descendants of conquerors, grantees, adventurers, and soldiers of fortune, they combine the rapacity of a conquering race with the arrogance of an aristocratic order. For centuries they have thrust themselves into the family connections and money interests of powerful classes of English men. They are keen, able and unscrupulous; ready at any moment to shoot down savages in any corner of the Empire, or to work martial law in their dear native country. At the first signal of danger to their privileges, they storm society, the Press, the Church, and Parliament, filling the minds of the official classes and the uneasy ear of wealth with dreadful visions of ruin and chaos.

"We know these shrieks, protestations, and prophecies to be what were those of West Indian slave-holders—a sordid affair of money. All this raving about Empire, and the Sun of England, and the Union Jack, means merely that an order of rich men are trembling to think the days of exhortion are all but ended. Law and Order are very fine words; but they sound strangely in the mouths of men who have organized a system of martial law in order to maintain a system of extortion. All this new-born pity for the poor Irish victim of the League comes ill from those to fill whose pockets tens of thousands of vic tims have been slowly wrung to their end. Pity first the families from whose heads the roof they built themselves has been torn to glut a millionaire's self will. Feel something for the stainless and courage us men who were wasting their youth in your cells and suffering your unworthy insults. Tuese are the victims, unnumbered, continual, historic, to whose suffering you are blind and deaf, though in comparison with theirs the sufferings of men, whom you choose to make a stage-show, are but a drop in an ocean of misery.

"This whole contest between us is not really a political question, nor even a social question of money. For centuries rich men in England have found in Ireland an unlimited field where the strong might wring wealth out of the weak. There for centuries they have built up a scheme of peculation which they please to call law, maintained by a system of terrorism which they nicknamed Government, and consecrated by a system of religious injustice which they pretend to be a Church. But the end of it all was pecuniary, not political. Boycotting, the Plan of Campaign, and the whole of the resources of the weaker class are precisely what we have known in our own industrial struggles. As in them, the stress of the conflict has often resulted in melancholy acts of outrage and crime As in them, boycotting, the Plan of Campaign, and other expedients are right or wrong, justifiable or culpable, according to circumstances, in the measure of wrong they are to prevent, or the spirit in which they are used. *Per se*, I know no reason why boycotting, or Plan of Campaign, are necessarily evil. They may vary in their character from wanton oppression to the noblest acts of public devotion. It is easy to conceive cases where boycotting (which we all of us practise in turn) and Plan of Campaign might become the first and most sacred duty of a patriot. But in this, as in every other economic struggle, the blind and spasmodic crimes of the weak and the poor are not to be weighed by the same measures as the systematic and legalized crimes of the strong and the rich.

"In the long struggle of trade unionism against the infamous laws that repressed combinations of workmen, we have had the same outcry about rattening and oppression, outrage and crime. This is at bottom the same struggle for trade unionism again, but it is the trade unionism of an entire nation which you seek to crush by an apparatus of class legislation, for which Europe can show few parallels. Talk to us no more of your superior morality and your wounded feelings. If ever there was a sordid cause it is yours; if ever a struggle was a mere affair of pocket it is this; if ever the wolf railed at the lamb it is when Irish landlordism calls Heaven to witness the tyranny of the Irish peasantry. Ireland is, politically, one of the most peaceful countries in Europe, where for forty years there has been no show of attack on the forces of Government as such. And yet it is the only country in Western Europe that is permanently governed by martial law.

"If you have chosen to go over to the side of the oppressor it must be so. If you choose to reverse the labors of a lifetime you must do so. If you must revile the leader, under whom your whole political life has been passed, now that that leader has taken up the most glorious task of his noble life, in a spirit of moral grandeur and self-sacrifice to which even he never equally reached till now, we cannot hinder you. But you shall not persuade us that we have abandoned the old belief in morality and justice between nations and classes. Whilst you are receiving the compliments and caresses of the rich and the great, whose wealth you are struggling to protect, we will think on the millions of the evicted and the exiled, the roofless cabins, and the deserted farms from which it is your glory to have driven whole families of workers. And whilst you are still resolute to rivet on a noble nation the most prolonged and most cruel system of oppression in the history of Western Europe, we will stand beside your victims and bid them not to despair."

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THE GOOD TIME COMING.

United Ireland.

The address of one hundred and fifty representatives of Liberal England to Mr. Dillon is surely a cheery earnest of the good time coming, when for the first time in the centuries the two nations whom God made neighbors shall be friends. The address was no more than an emphatic renewal on his release from prison of the cordial tribute of good-will tendered to him on his conviction. The Liberals of England saluted him on the threshold of the jail as he entered and as he emerged To prevent the whispering of malice all previous office holders amongst the party refrained with reluctance, as we have reason to know, from taking part in the memorable demonstration. Mr. Dillon, as was openly proclaimed, received this unexampled tribute of English sympathy because he was hated, persecuted, and imprisoned by the English Coercion Government, and because he was loved and trusted by his own people. It was as the victim of English misgovernment that he was thus signally honored by the party of progress and freedom in England. Let any man of sense ask himself which picture looks more like a real union—a union of sympathy, interest, and affection—the spectacle of John Dillon prosecuted before a promoted partisan for attempting to advise and befriend his own people, and dragged to jail by armed forces through indignant crowds to "rot" there as a degraded criminal, or the spectacle of John Dillon, the idol of his own race, an honored guest interchanging kindly greetings, hope, sympathy, and friend-hip with the representatives of Liberal England? It seems to us the rival policies may be very fairly embodied in these two scenes Which looks most like love, peace, and good-will? Can any sane man doubt? The Coercionists claim to be the guardians of the Union; Home Rulers they denounce as the advocates of separation. Union is, then, to be promoted by violence, oppression, and studied insult of act and language; separation by kindly sympathy on one side, and generous confidence on the other. Mr Gladstone and Lord Salisbury realize the old German fable of a good and evil spirit fighting for the soul of Ireland. Shall love at last cast out hatred and revenge? Lord Salisbury is enamored of this black and bitter past. The basis of his policy is that Ireland hates England, and must hate her to the end—that England earned Ireland's hatred and must earn it to the end. The union which he contemplates with rapture is the union of the armed heel on the naked neck—the union of the struggling victim dragged in the mire to the chariot wheel of the conqueror; or, to take a metaphor more prosaic, but not less appropriate, the union of the clanging tin can to the bulldog's tail, hampering to his strength and fatal to his comfort. It is the cue of the Coercionists to sneer at a "union of hearts." Their notion seems a union of hatred—a union cemented by taunt, cruelty, and injustice on the one side, and fierce resentment on the other Lord Salisbury and his nephew are absolutely as one in their Irish policy. We doubt if as much could be said for any other members of the Coercion Cabinet. The Salisbury and Balfour method is utter contempt for the people they govern. They mentally include the Irish in the old brutal adage with "the woman, the dog, and the walnut tree—the more you beat them the better they be." To Mr. Balfour and Lord Salisbury it is a grotesque farce that the Irish "Hindoos" should go through the form of pretending to have a voice in the government of their own country. Lord Salisbury speaks of their mere presence in the Imperial Parliament as "a phenomenon barely tolerable." Mr. Balfour takes the hint, and clasps a dozen at a time of the Irish representatives into jail. But it is not so much the injustice and cruelty as the cowardly taunts of the Coercionist uncle and nephew that eats into the soul of the Irish people. Mr. Balfour rouses the indignant scorn of Lord Rosebery by poking poisoned insults at his political prisoners as if they were wild beasts caught in a cage. He calls his friends to join in decent laughter over the grave of murdered John Mandeville. Lord Salisbury thinks "cleaning out slops and sleeping on plank beds" too good for "gently-nutured" Irish political offenders, and he sighs for the good old Tory times when he could have blown their heads a top of Temple Bar. It is a suggestion too absurd for ridicule that government exists in Ireland in any sense for the benefit of the people. True, that *lusus naturæ*, the land-grabber, is pampered by the Coercionists, and a dozen men must go to jail for boycotting rather than that he should want his morning dram. But it is as a traitor to his own class he is encouraged He is invested with a borrowed sanctity as a useful tool of the rackrenter and the evictor. The people have no rights in Ireland except to pay rents, be evicted, and go to jail. From the highest to the lowest, every official in Ireland is an enemy of the people. This is the system of government Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour propose to perpetuate for all time under the title of maintaining the Union. Mr. Gladstone says "No," and all that is brave and honest in England is at his back. You cannot win love, he preaches, by cruelty, or inspire confidence by contempt. Break the handcuffs that fetter the Irish race, and let clasped hands be your bond of union. Better a friendly ally by your side than a struggling captive at your feet. Wonderful, most wonderful, the transformation that even the hope of friendship and freedom has wrought in the Irish heart. In the midst of the sorest trial to which ever nation was subjected, the Irish await with confidence the fulfilment of the hope he has inspired. In the eyes of the Coercionists Mr. Gladstone's great crime is that he would make peace between the two peoples, not a temporary alliance for party purpose, but a permanent friendship. We can almost fancy the Coercionists echoing the imprecation of the baffled tyrant—

"Would he make peace? Terrible hell
make war
Upon his spotted soul for this offence."

The anomaly is certainly startling. The English "Unionists" have nothing but savage insult and perpetual coercion for Ireland. The sorely-tried Irish "Separatists" makes honest tender to England of faithful friendship—of close and voluntary union. We Irish spoke out our hate honestly in the old days; we speak our friendship as honestly now—friendship that has its roots in the hope of justice and of freedom. We will not believe that the English people, when the times comes, will quench that glorious hope, and chose hatred instead of love. It is a consummation for which all good men must long—the ending of this miserable feud—the three kingdoms joined in a bond of friendly union, each working out its own prosperity, each lending a helping hand to the other, and in their united strength

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CATHOLIC INDIAN FAITH.

A True Incident of Border Life in New Mexico.

BY HON. A. L. MORRISON.

The power of the Church is grandly shown in the following incident, which took place during a term of Court I attended in Albuquerque, New Mexico:

A young Pueblo Indian had killed a member of his tribe, and was on trial for the crime. The mother of the murdered boy was called to testify for the Government. As she stood upon the witness stand it would be difficult to imagine a more weird and unearthly appearance. She must have measured nearly six feet in height, but extreme age had bent the broad shoulders, and the long, bare, lank arms and coarse hands told of many a year of weary toil. Her face was haggard and cadaverous, and the scanty gray hair straggled carelessly over her brow and almost hid the vivid gleams that fitfully darted from her deep set dark eyes. The house was full of the usual crowd of spectators, and a motley group of Indians, dressed in tawdry finery, lounged stolidly around the door.

Don Jese Sena, the interpreter, rendered her evidence into American for the Court and jury. On being sworn, and she understood the obligation well, she refused to testify, although repeatedly urged to do so.

When asked for her reason for refusing, she said that the Padre had instructed her to forgive all her enemies; that she forgave the prisoner and could not swear against him. On being assured that it was not a violation of her obligations as a Christian, and being ordered to testify by the Judge, she proceeded very reluctantly to do so When she had concluded she arose, and raising her long, bony, hands above her head, she exclaimed in a voice which was tremulous with emotion, "Juan, you killed my boy, but God says I must forgive you, and I do I obey His will." As she stepped down from the stand, a dead silence reigned through the Court, and I could not help thinking that the good Padre, who sat among his Indian children, must have felt that his teaching had borne good fruit in the heart of that poor, bereaved Indian mother.

Within a day or two of the above touching event, a white mother stood in the same place, testifying against the alleged slayer of her son. On the conclusion of her evidence she arose and horrified the people by launching a torrent of blasphemous curses at the unfortunate prisoner, who bent his head and bore the storm in silence.—*Freeman's Journal*

Father Damien and the Lepers.

The following letter, says the London *Universe*, has been sent to Father Damien from the vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell:

177 Camden Grove, N. Peckham, S. E.
December 3, 1888.

Dear Father:—I herewith inclose you a draft on Bishop & Co., of Honolulu, for $1 000, which has been subscribed by many who are grateful to God for the example of your heroic self-devotion. Personally I have done nothing in the matter, except receive the funds, and I require no thanks whatever. The honor lies with those who are thus allowed to testify to you their respectful love. This money is for your own disposal, entirely as you think fit, and is devoted to the erection of a chapel for your Catholic lepers at Molokai. I hope to send a further draft for £200 or £300 by a later mail. Meanwhile, I humbly ask a place in your prayer, that I may imbibe some of your spirit of self-sacrifice, of which up till now I know so little. I should much like to have come to you, myself, and to have offered my unworthy services to your flock, but apparently it is the will of God that I should remain at my post among His poor in this place. Many of them are almost starving, and, though I am myself so poor that I can not help them much, it is not in my heart to leave them I have also made a promise that, so long as my health holds out, I will give them my life without reserve. Otherwise I should have come to you, and should have tended you until you went home. Give dear old Clifford my strongest love. I envy that fellow more than I have done anybody for years; but I can not even pay you my intended visit in the spring, as I am quite stone-broke, and we simply can't move here for lack of funds. Never mind. *A la bonne heure*. We mean to be as jolly as sandboys. Once more may the Saviour console you in your martyrdom by the thought that in being thus "lifted up" you have drawn many to His Cross. I am well aware that I do not belong to your special branch of the Catholic Church, but, though I be from your point of view outside the fold, nothing can prevent my kneeling at your feet. I respectfully salute you as my superior, because you are eminently His servant. Allow me to subscribe myself, your loving, loving friend,

Hugh B Chapman,
[Anglican] Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell

P. S.—Give my love to all the lepers. I kiss them in spirit. Next mail I will write you a business letter about certain Catholic nurses and other matters. All the subscribers' letters follow by parcel post.

H. B. C.

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3rd. Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many separate trades or lines of goods, the writing of only one letter to this Agency will insure the prompt and correct filling of such orders. Besides, there will be only one express or freight charge.

4th. Persons outside of New York, who may not know the address of Houses selling a particular line of goods, can get such goods all the same by sending to this Agency.

5th. Clergymen and Religious Institutions and the trade buying from this Agency are allowed the regular or usual discount.

Any business matters, outside of buying and selling goods, entrusted to the attention or management of this Agency, will be strictly and conscientiously attended to by your giving me authority to act as your agent. Whenever you want to buy anything, send your orders to

THOMAS D. EGAN,
Catholic Agency, 43 Barclay St., New York.
NEW YORK.