

inclined to think, results chiefly from difference in their financial strength and their opportunities to become acquainted with what I may call "Catholic News."

When we consider the vast field of information that is comprised under the term "Catholic News," the movements and occurrences having a bearing upon the Catholic religion in each diocese in our own vast country; in Canada, in Mexico, in Central and South America, in all the countries of Europe, in Australia, in the numerous missionary fields of Asia and Africa; the movements in and round Rome referring to the present position of the Holy Father; his allocutions, addresses, and encyclicals—when we consider all this, we can realise how extensive is the field to be gone over and how difficult it is to even approximately gather and publish what it is important should be published, and than which nothing could well be more interesting and edifying to faithful members of the Church. To properly do all this would exceed in the expenses that would necessarily have to be incurred the resources of the strongest and most prosperous Catholic newspaper in our country. Nor can it ever be expected that even approximately due attention will ever be paid to this very important part of a Catholic newspaper's work until a support is furnished them fivefold greater than that which they now receive.

With regard to the spirit of subordination and implicit obedience to ecclesiastical authority which must characterise every true Catholic newspaper, there is, we believe, a steady and constant improvement. Yet that there is great room for further improvement in this respect on the part of some Catholic newspapers in this country cannot be denied. There are Catholics, controlling and editing Catholic newspapers, who, we believe, are entirely honest in their expressed desires to make their newspapers truly Catholic, yet who seem never so happy as when criticising, in the exercise of their own individual judgments, the actions of priests and bishops and the manner in which their ecclesiastical superiors manage matters pertaining to the Church, its affairs and interests; who seem never so happy as when they can expose to the public, and carp and quibble and sneer at some mistake or inconsistency (real or supposititious), of those who are placed over them in the Church. They seem to be entirely unconscious of and unconcerned about the immense harm that in this way they are doing to religion. Their conduct has been repeatedly rebuked and condemned by sovereign Pontiffs of the Church; and the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore have pronounced the following condemnation upon them:

"We declare that they themselves and those who assist and encourage them in this most pernicious abuse are disturbers of good order, contemners and enemies of the authority of the Church, and guilty of the gravest scandal; and, therefore, when their guilt has been sufficiently proved, should be punished with canonical censures."

In this connection it is proper to allude to an opinion that seems to exist in the minds of even some intelligent Catholic editors and writers. Strange to say, they seem to imagine that there is a difference as regards the nature and extent of the obligations of Catholic newspapers to submit to ecclesiastical authority, to closely follow the teachings of the Church and to abstain from criticising their ecclesiastical superiors and the manner in which they administer the matters committed to their charge; a difference between Catholic newspapers which are published with, and those which are published without, the express official approval of the ordinary of the diocese in which their publication offices are respectively situated. Those which have that approval are commonly styled "Bishops' organs," and are sneered at as having no freedom of action or liberty of opinion. They are scornfully referred to (shamefully misrepresented) as under obligations to abstain from the discussion of subjects which Catholic newspapers that have no such express official approval are entirely at liberty to discuss in any way or manner they please.

It is surprising that such an opinion should be entertained and expressed by any intelligent Catholic. There is no possible excuse for it. It must be attributed either to inexcusable ignorance or wilful malevolent misrepresentation.

The Fathers of the Third Council of Baltimore have sufficiently guarded this subject. According to their decree on the subject of Catholic periodicals there cannot be any such thing as an "official organ" of a Bishop or an Archbishop. They have defined the limits and meaning of the approval which a Bishop or an Archbishop may give to a Catholic newspaper published in his diocese, and in the general conduct of which he has confidence. They expressly declare that the approval of the ordinary of a diocese simply means that he believes that nothing is or will be published in the newspaper to which he has given his official approval contrary to faith or morals, or that is disedifying. They have also expressly declared that Bishops and Archbishops cannot and may not make themselves responsible for anything published in newspapers except what is published by the Bishops or Archbishops themselves in the exercise of their official functions and over their own names.

The obligation referred to rests equally upon Catholic editors and writers, irrespective of their having or not having episcopal approval, just as the same obligation rests upon all other members of the Church.

We conclude with some thoughts upon the manner in which Catholic newspapers may more fully realise the ideal of a true, perfect Catholic journal, and, in their own proper sphere and scope, become more efficient instrumentalities for disseminating and defending truth and promoting the interests of the Church and of society. This branch of our subject might well form a separate paper, the topics it embraces are so numerous and various. But your patience, doubtless, is well nigh exhausted and we must necessarily be brief.

The first requisite to this is that we brethren of the Catholic newspaper press cherish the spirit of fraternal unity. We should cast away, as unworthy of our high and important office, all envy and jealousy, should abstain from needless disedifying bickering and contention with one another, and cooperate together cordially in striving to promote the cause in whose defence we are all enlisted. There is a world of wisdom in the well-known saying, "In union there is

strength." But on this we need not dwell. Our Holy Father has solemnly enjoined this on us, and the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore earnestly exhorts us to constantly keep in mind his injunctions.

It is necessary, too, that we cultivate the spirit of gentleness and charity in dealing with the adversaries of our holy religion. Sovereign pontiffs of the Church have exhorted us to this, and have set before us as the great exemplar for us to strive to imitate, and as our patron saint, the holy Francis de Sales, who, by his meekness, sweetness of temper, and unvarying courtesy, changed inveterate enemies into warm friends, turned aside or blunted the sharpest shafts that were hurled against the Church, and thus won more victories than other powerful champions of the truth were able to achieve by more violent and seemingly bolder efforts.

Again, it is necessary that more care be taken to exclude all disedifying matter from our columns. It seems needless to say even a word about this. The obligation is imperative. Yet, unfortunately, in a number of professedly Catholic newspapers, and more especially among those which are feebly supported and struggling for an existence, the obligation seems to be almost wholly neglected. Prurient advertisements and pictures which are indelicate and indecent and suggestive of evil, are to be found in their columns. Disedifying reading matter, and sometimes stories of a highly objectionable character, replete with mawkish sentimentality, with modern ideas about free love, legal divorces and marriages permitted by the civil law but condemned by the Church, along with religious notions which are covertly or openly antagonistic to the doctrines of the Church, make these newspapers positively pernicious.

(Concluded in our next.)

A CAVALRY CHARGE.

WE had been held in reserve on the second day at Gettysburg so long that men and horses became nervous and afraid. My horse was an old veteran who would drop his head and pick at the green grass with a battery flying on either side of us, but as the moments dragged away on this occasion he evinced a woman's nervousness. I looked down the lines and saw that the alignment was constantly being broken by the horses backing up or forging ahead. They could see the fighting to the right and in front, and the smoke from the union battery to the left and in front of us drove back and over us, and the horses breathed it in and blew it out of their nostrils in gasps.

A tremor of excitement—a sort of shiver—ran down the line.

The wind had shifted a bit to blow the smoke to our left, and down across the meadows we saw the Confederate cavalry forming, with the green woods for a background. Jeb Stuart's men were there—Ashby's men—men from Hampton's Legion—Imboden's Virginians—Rosser's Rangers—guerillas from Mosby's command. There were fragments from every cavalry command we had met on the turnpikes of old Virginia, and there wasn't a squadron which wouldn't stand for a charge. The battery began firing more rapidly, and there wasn't a man of us who didn't realise what was coming long enough before we got the word. Some of the horses knew it, too. You could feel them filling their lungs and stringing up their nerves for hard work.

The troopers in grey wheeled into line under a fire which must have tried the nerves of the bravest, and then the compact mass got the word of advance. They were coming for our battery, which was without infantry supports. There we stood, two thin, short lines, representing a thousand dragoons, but not numbering one half of that figure, and a body of five to one was moving down upon us. I saw several of the gunners look back. They saw the odds, and wondered, perhaps, why we did not run away.

"Attention!"

We had obeyed the order before it was given.

"Right dress!"

We were a minute ahead of the command.

"Forward—draw sabres—guide right—trot!"

Ah! We are off! The grey moves north and the blue moves south. We are going to meet in the meadow below. We must hold them back until infantry supports can be brought up. Every man knows that he is moving down into a maelstrom of death, but no one lags. A strange exultation creeps into the heart. It is as if you had heard some grand, good news, and wanted to shout over it and tell everybody of your good luck.

"Gallop—charge!"

Death! Why, if one could die a score of times instead of only once, there would be no fear. I sit so lightly in the saddle that my horse seems to have no weight to carry. He skims over the ground as if he had wings, and I begin cheering and yelling in chorus with my comrades. It is a living missile of five hundred men thrown at the front of three thousand. What a crash there will be! How horses will go down and men pitch from their saddles! Afraid? No! Why, man, I would not miss this scene for a year's life! My hand clutches the saber with a strength I did not know I possessed. I feel a hunger for blood such as I never felt before.

"Yi! Yi! Whoop—rah!" and we strike them fair in the centre. The five hundred have the greatest momentum, and we drive through the three thousand as a wedge is pounded into soft wood. Men strike at me. There is a flash, flash, and a pop! pop! of pistols. I strike back. I feel the desire of the tiger to slay.

"Rally!"

We have driven through the mass, and the bugles sound the call to gather for the return. The horses obey it without a touch of the rein. It seems that the whole living mass is riding in a circle, and that there is blood on every man and horse. All of a sudden we shoot out from under the smoke-cloud into the sunshine—not the five hundred, but the three hundred—and the battery opens again. We are to the right of it, and it sends grape-shot into a wild mob to drive it back into the cover of the woods. It is a sight to look down over the field. Five hundred dead and wounded men and horses are lying there. It is only as I sit on my horse and look over the field that I