

# WAR NOTES.

## The Campaign Inaugurated by the Enemies of the Church.

**Vigorous Condemnation of the Practices of Protestant Ministers—Thrilling Stories of Wounded Soldiers of Their Experiences—An Idea of the Cost of War—Santiago Surrenders.**

[SAN FRANCISCO MONITOR.]

No country can go to war with impunity. Even the victor suffers. Great may be the changes wrought in the conquered nation; but the conqueror is subject to as great changes. These latter may not be measured by lost provinces or ceded colonies. They occur in the temper of the people and in the nature of their Government.

The present war with Spain will cause many changes in the United States. The preachers, with that wisdom which the Scripture ascribes to the children of the world, have already undertaken to use it as a lever to turn the minds of the people against Catholicism. Spain, they are shouting, is a Catholic country, and all her misfortunes are due to the fact that her people profess the Catholic faith.

Even the newspapers have taken up the cry. The Bulletin the other night sorrowed the state smears of Henry C. Lea, and drooled about Spanish superstition. The yellow Examiner, whose editor draws his salary from the earnings of bad women and fortune tellers, had the colossal impudence to picture a priest with horns and hoof and to brand it "superstition and ignorance." The Catholic priesthood of Spain needed no better testimonial than this vile insult from an organ which represents only drink, drive and dirt.

The preachers cannot be taught anything. If they could, they would not be preachers. Therefore, their case is hopeless. Nobody minds them anyhow—not even their congregations. We can dismiss them. But it is different with the newspapers. They can be taught a lesson, and it is time for people to teach it to them. Let them learn that this is not a Protestant nation and this is not a religious war. We are not fighting Spaniards because they are Catholics; we are fighting them because they are doing what we believe is against our interests. What their religion is, has no more to do with this war than the color of their hair or the size of their shoes.

We know the country is full of bigots, who like to look upon this contest as another form of the ancient warfare against the Pope. These survivors of an iron age are hugging the delusion that America is sent by Providence to smite the antichrist of Rome. At every town we hear their opinions, and the newspapers evidently think that they are numerous enough to be catered to. They thought the same when the A. P. A. craze was at its height, and their awakening to the bitter real state of affairs was sad. Newspapers are too prone to judge of strength by wind power alone. They forget to reckon with that silent mass, which says nothing, but very effectively acts.

Moreover, it is to be noticed that in this war the bigots are not doing the fighting. If this be a Protestant country, and if this be a Protestant war, it is most extraordinary to witness the gusto with which Catholics have pitched in. From the first day to the day on which we write, Catholics have, by some strange and magic art succeeded in doing deeds of daring, in getting killed or wounded, or in appearing in some other way as desirous of serving the flag. No doubt this is all of a piece with the prominence of Catholics in other departments of life. No doubt the Hierarchy has something to do with it, and it all leads to some sinister end. But the fact remains. There the Catholics are, and there the bigots are not. The which, if this be a Protestant war, is passing strange.

Again, we do not hear that this is a Protestant war from the brave men who are going to the front. When General Merritt took Father Doherty with him, it did not seem as if he considered that he was a crusader of the Reformation. The men who have accepted the ministrations of the Catholic Truth Society and blessed their noble work are not the soldiers of a Protestant cause. There are, of course, among them some who have been raised in bigotry and look upon Catholics with a feeling akin to horror. But this feeling speedily wears away when they find their Catholic comrades as loyal and as brave as they are, and when they find the charity of Catholic women universal, tender and true. These men may have gone into the war prejudiced, but they will come out of it broadened in mind, understanding that American patriotism is not to be circumscribed by creed or caste.

One-third of the American Army today is made up of Catholics of some kind or another. This is a very conservative estimate, formed from the condition of things among the regiments which have encamped in San Francisco. This fact has given bigotry a body blow. But not by its own dead weight. A multitude of Catholics counts for nothing if the multitude is inert. The army might be nine-tenths Catholic and if the Catholics do not insist on their rights, these rights would be withheld. What difference did it make that so large a percentage of the men at West Point were Catholics? As long as they kept quiet they were relegated to a cow shed. When they demanded their rights they were at first scorned, rebuffed and treated with contempt. When they kept on demanding their rights the tone was changed, and what was granted to justice in time of peace was denied to agitation in the heat of war. The lesson may not be an ennobling but it is highly instructive.

In the same way, when the war began, there was a wide-spread cry made by the preachers for oh Spain! With their

usual consideration for preserving the American system of the separation of Church and State, the Methodist preachers of all shades and styles of dilapidation, captured the lion's share of the salaries. So impudent were those fellows in the beginning, and so incompetent many of the commanding officers, that, in several regiments, religious liberty was abolished. Tolls were true here, but, owing to the stand taken by the Catholic Truth Society, matters soon righted themselves. It must, however, have been extremely aggravating in the great camps in the East. To such a pass did matters come there that representations had to be made to Washington in order to secure for the men, who are giving all for their country, the right to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. It was not until two months of the war had passed, that we were able to extort this concession to fair play.

But this mere toleration is not enough. The Government is paying preachers to minister to the wants of Protestants; it should do as much for Catholics. Protestants are not a privileged class under the Constitution. If we are to have chaplains at all, let there be some attempt to select them according to the strength of the various denominations represented in the camp. Catholics take higher ground on this matter. Under no circumstances are they permitted to take part in Protestant services. They may, in certain cases, be present at such services, but only for good reason. No good reason exists why a Catholic soldier should so demean himself as to permit himself to be herded into the fold of some sectarian chaplain. No commander has the right to order such attendance and the soldiers should know it. For Catholics to submit through cowardice to such an imposition, is practically to make shipwreck of the faith. They deny Jesus Christ. Better to suffer everything, even death itself, than to commit such a crime as that. "He that denieth Me before men, him shall I also deny before My Father Who is in heaven."

It is the duty of the Catholic soldier to make public profession of his faith and to insist that the Government supply him with the same facilities that it supplies to Protestants. It is the duty of civilians to insist that our brethren in the Army shall not be treated as an inferior class. Regiment after regiment has poured into San Francisco and not a single chaplain among them all. It is a shame and a disgrace. Better to stay with the whole chaplain system, altogether, than submit to such inequality. Camp Merritt swarms with paid preachers, who discourse on Sundays to a corporal's guard. The thousands of Catholics are dependent upon private enterprises for their religious services. The United States Government is to blame for this scandalous discrimination. If Catholic lay men did their duty and brought the matter before their representatives, with force and insistence, the scandal would not long continue. We shall get nothing by keeping quiet and grumbling to ourselves; we may get some slight instalment of justice by insisting what is due us. This is not a Protestant country; this is not a Protestant war; Catholics should have every privilege that Protestants receive.

## A Cruel Injustice to Catholic Soldiers.

[New York Freeman's Journal.]

It is said that a thousand out of the thirteen hundred men in the First Rhode Island Regiment are Catholics. Yet the regiment has gone to the front, not with a Catholic chaplain, as one would naturally suppose, but with a Protestant chaplain, whose influence on the regiment, from a religious point of view, is necessarily very limited. To the Catholic soldier a Protestant minister, however good a man he may be personally, is nothing more than a layman like himself. A Catholic priest, on the other hand, having the power of dispensing the sacraments, possesses a sacred character that personal virtues can never bestow upon a Protestant minister.

Any one who has had experience in actual warfare, knows what a consolation it is to Catholic soldiers to be able to go to confession on the eve of battle and so prepare themselves to meet their God if they should lay down their lives in their country's service. It is a cruel wrong to an essentially Catholic regiment like the First Rhode Island, to deprive its members of this consolation.

If a regiment so overwhelmingly Catholic is to have a chaplain at all he should be a Catholic priest. How little influence a Protestant chaplain is capable of exerting on such a regiment, is shown by what occurred when the First Rhode Island camped near the Fourth Missouri at Camp Alger.

Father Sherman, the son of the late Gen. Sherman, is chaplain of the Fourth Missouri. On the first Sunday after the arrival in camp of the First Rhode Island the Catholics of that regiment attended the Mass celebrated by Father Sherman. The Sunday services of the Protestant chaplain of the First Rhode Island were attended by a few hundred soldiers. Here we have a practical exemplification of the uselessness of supplying a Catholic regiment with a Protestant chaplain. The First Rhode Island, or any other regiment in which Catholics are in a majority, should have a Catholic priest, and not a Protestant. Common justice, and, we might add, common sense, demand this.

## STORIES OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

The news comes from Atlanta, Ga., that the convalescents among the wounded from Santiago were allowed to come to town on Tuesday last, and the town went wild over them and showed its enthusiasm in every way it could think of. Men and women alike clustered about them to hear their stories.

When the wounded arrived yesterday, the 2,500 men now stationed at Fort McPherson were waiting to cheer them, but this idea was not carried out. The expressions which came from the troops at the post, were more of pity than of glorification. The wounded men came from the train, some of them on crutches, others aided by companions, while many had to be carried on stretchers. Their faces were drawn and pinched, their clothes were torn, and many of them were without sufficient clothing. Some of the officers had dispensed with

their coats, and had placed their shoulder straps on their shirt sleeves, to show their rank. Save for these shoulder straps there was no difference in appearance between officers and privates in many cases.

All were worn and hungry and tired. Many of them had not taken off their clothes for ten days. When food was placed before them they ate ravenously, and it was only when ordered by the physicians in charge of the hospital mess to stop eating that they left the tables. After dinner the soldiers were shown to their rooms, and after a bath they all went to sleep. Many of them did not wake up for supper. It was the first time in weeks that they had enjoyed the luxury of sleeping on clean, cool cots, with a sound roof over their heads, and nature made the best of the opportunity. To day, however, much of the fatigue and suffering belong to the past, and the Atlanta which Gen. Sherman pounded—Confederate Atlanta—has been glorifying them, and the boy in blue is a hero at home among his own people.

The wounded men were in the hottest part of the fight and they have interesting stories to tell. Some of them advanced to within a half mile of Santiago, and they declare that they could have held this position had they not been ordered to fall back.

On the night of June 30 the men advanced to within a short distance of the city of Santiago and then slept on their arms. The following morning it was found that the pickets had been within ten yards of the Spanish lines. For some reason they were not fired upon. On July 1 the battle began. One of the greatest difficulties the Americans had to contend with was the Spanish sharpshooters. It is said that these men did more harm prior to their route than any other part of the Spanish army. The Americans did not know when or from what tree they would be greeted with a volley of Spanish bullets.

A private says he was fighting near a commissioned officer, a Lieutenant, he thinks, who kept dodging from side to side. The officer continued these antics for some time and then the private advanced to his side and asked if he was wounded.

"My God, man," replied the officer, "don't you see that fellow shooting at me? He has been pegging away at my carcass for fifteen minutes."

Sure enough, in proof of what the officer said, a moment later a puff of smoke came from the tree pointed out and a bullet whizzed close to where the officer and private were standing. The officer took the private's rifle and coolly knelt on the ground while he took deliberate aim at the place from which the puff of smoke had risen. The aim of the officer was good, and at the crack of the rifle the sharpshooter was seen to hang head downward from the tree. This was the last act of the fighting of the sharpshooters in trees. They had been tied in place by their officers, and escape for them was impossible. In addition to this they had been informed, so the captured ones said, that the Americans had ruthlessly killed all who were taken prisoners, and for this reason they fought with a courage born of desperation, believing that capture meant sure death and the mutilation of their bodies.

Another private said that they fought from trenches with their food supply by them. Their supply of provisions was enough to last for weeks, and had the trenches been captured by the Spaniards there would have been a temporary end of famine in Santiago. The private added, however, that there was no danger of the provisions being captured as long as the United States soldiers defended the trenches.

The officers were the principal objects of attack by the Spaniards. The Spanish sharpshooters and the regular lines of infantry all directed their fire at the officers, and when one was seen to fall a cheer invariably went up from the boys. Many privates were naturally the victims of the fire, but both the officers and the men who arrived yesterday say that the Spaniards appeared to take special delight in killing officers.

The story was of a duel on the battlefield between two soldiers, one American, the other Spanish. It was during one of the lulls that occasionally occur on battlefields, when the men of their own accord stop firing in order to let the smoke clear away and to catch a breath of fresh air. The Spaniard had made a charge and had been repulsed. The Americans had pursued them, and one man was left in front of the American line when the United States soldiers retired to their original position. This man was wounded and near him was a Spanish soldier, who was thought to be dead. It developed that he was not. He saw the American and slowly brought his gun to his shoulder and fired, the ball striking the American soldier in the leg. The American answered with his gun, and for several minutes the fire was kept up, six or seven shots being fired on each side. The Spaniard was killed and the American was brought back to the line, where he received the plaudits of his companions for his bravery. The man who related this story did not know the name of the American engaged in this duel, but he vouched for the accuracy of the account given by him.

Chaplain Dwight Galloupe, of the Ninth Cavalry, is one of the men brought here from the battlefield. He arrived at the post wearing a suit of brown corduroy, leggings, a blue flannel shirt and bicycle cap. His shoulder straps were silver-mounted, with a silver cross, signifying his office, while from a cord around his neck was suspended a silver crucifix. Yesterday he said:

"Garcia failed to notify our men of the presence of Spanish sharpshooters in trees. He was supposed to watch over these things, but did not find out that the sharpshooters were waiting for us. Consequently, when we advanced, our men met with a withering fire from the tree tops, and it was with great difficulty that these men were dislodged. After the fire had ceased we discovered that a number of men who had been killed were hanging head downward from the trees, and in curiosity we advanced to ascertain the cause of this. We found that they had been tied to the trees by their officers in such a manner that it was impossible for them to escape. Beside each man was a box of cartridges, also tied to the tree. These men had been placed where death

for them was almost a certainty, and they were told that capture meant death. This gives a fair idea of the consideration of a Spanish officer for his men and for human life. The men were not tied in palm trees, as is commonly supposed. The trees used for this purpose is a low growth, of which I do not know the name, yet it is a tree and not a brush."

## THE COST OF WAR.

The expenditure in connection with the war is enormous. Nearly \$100,000,000 in cash has been paid out of the Treasury on account of the war with Spain.

It is impossible to obtain an accurate estimate of the cost of the war, for the reason that it is difficult to draw the line exactly between what would be the ordinary expenses of the army and navy and the expenses directly chargeable to the war. However, the expenditure on account of the army and the navy since the passage of the National Defense Act have run more than \$75,000,000 over the expenditure for the same period of last year. The greater part of this was paid out for the War Department, the expenses of which have increased more than \$50,000,000. The increase in naval expenditures has been over \$25,000,000.

These figures represent actual cash payments and do not include contracts on which payments have not yet fallen due, as is the case with many of the contracts made under the National Defense act. Since July 1, the War Department has averaged about \$1,000,000 a day, and it is expected that they will run far over this amount when more of the army is actually in the field, as the cost of maintaining it there is much greater than in the camps.

Heavy as is the drain upon the Treasury there will be no difficulty in meeting all demands as they become due. Within a few days the proceeds of the \$200,000,000 bond sale will be covered into the Treasury, running the cash balance far beyond its present figure of \$230,000,000.

The war revenue law is also in full operation now and receipts under it are coming fully up to the expectations of the Treasury Department. The internal revenue receipts for the present month, to date, amount to \$9,800,000, fully doubling the receipts from this source under the old law.

At the same time customs receipts are keeping up well and amount to \$1,300,000 for the month, to date. It is too early yet to make predictions as to what will be the average monthly receipts from the new taxes, but the indications are that they will amount to fully \$15,000,000. This will not be enough to meet all the expenses of the war, and the proceeds of the bond sale will have to be drawn on largely, while if the war is continued indefinitely more bonds will have to be issued.

## SURRENDERED.

General Tural Gives Up Santiago at Last.

WASHINGTON, D.C., July 14.—The War Department has received the following despatch from General Miller:

Playa del Este, July 14.

Secretary of War, Washington.—Before Santiago, July 14.—General Tural formally surrendered the troops of his army—troops and divisions of Santiago—on the terms and understanding that his troops shall be returned to Spain. General Shafter will appoint commissioners to draw up the conditions of arrangements for carrying out the terms of surrender.

This is very gratifying, and General Shafter and the officers and men of his command are entitled to great credit for their sincerity and fortitude in overcoming the almost insuperable obstacles which they encountered. A portion of the army has been infected with yellow fever, and efforts will be made to separate those who are infected and those free from it, and to keep those who are still on board ship separated from those on shore. Arrangements will be immediately made for carrying out further instructions of the President and yourself.

(Signed) NELSON A. MILES, Major-General of the Army.

## PERSONAL.

Mr. Michael Burke, president of the True Witness Company, and family left on Thursday morning to spend one month at Old Orchard Beach.

Men convinced against their will are of the same opinion still, but no woman is ever convinced that way.

Passion gets less and less powerful after every little defeat.

## Head and Limbs

All Covered With Eruptions—Could Not Work, the Suffering Was So Great—Hood's Has Cured.

"I was all run down with complaints peculiar to my sex, and I broke out in sores on my body, head, limbs and hands, and my hair all came out. I was under the doctor's treatment a long time without benefit. They called my trouble eczema. Finally I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after I had used three or four bottles I found I was improving. I kept on until I had taken several more bottles and the sores and itching have disappeared and my hair has grown out." Mrs. J. G. Brown, Brantford, Ontario.

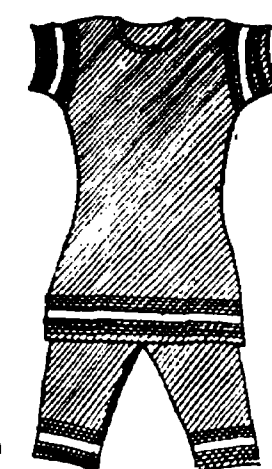
"I was all run down and had no appetite. I had a tired feeling all the time. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so and it benefited me so much that I would not be without it." Mrs. G. I. Burnett, Central Newton, N. B.

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*Allan*

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## OUR NEWFOUNDLAND LETTER.

NEWFOUNDLAND, July 7.

"The only decent bit of sporting ground left in the British Empire, sir, and now they are going to spoil it with a railroad." An emphatic remark, made by a peripatetic visitor to Newfoundland—a gentleman holding the position of Major-General in the British Army—General D'Eschwald. Although this man has written much that was unfavorable regarding the resources of the country, he certainly emphasizes the fact that it is a magnificent sporting country. And its facilities for sport are considerably increased by the railroad of which he had such a poor opinion. Being within easy reach of the continent—a six hours' sea voyage from Sydney to Port-au-Prince, with a railroad running from east to west, along which the contractor intends erecting hotels at certain places—it must in a short while attract numbers of those who annually visit Europe and other portions of the globe in search of that recreation which can be enjoyed much nearer home.

To the sportsman it is a paradise, either for fishing or shooting. The country is indented on all sides with numerous bays from which extend inland for from five to fifteen miles, splendid harbors or arms. Into these arms invariably flow one and sometimes more rivers or brooks. During the season—from the middle of June to the 15th of September—these rivers teem with sea trout and salmon. The principal of these streams are, Humber, Exploits, Gander, Long Hr. River, Salmonier River, and South East Arm, Placentia. The Humber is a magnificent stretch of water, extending along the line of railway for many miles, and so beautiful as to have earned the title of 'The Newfoundland Rhine.' Salmon of thirty pounds may be caught in this stream. The best rivers for the sportsman, however are Salmonier and South East River, as they are easily reached, afford good sport at moderate expense, and good hotel accommodation can be obtained. The flies most required are much the same as those used in the neighbouring province of Nova Scotia, but the principal are the Dabwood, Silver Doctor, Brown Hackle, Alexander, Red Ibis, Jenny Lind and Terra Nova; and with these I have often seen trout from two to five lbs. landed at S. E. river, and occasionally three at a cast. For salmon, or, rather, grise, as they are generally from four to eight lbs in weight, Salmonier is to be preferred, as sometimes catches of thirty, and rarely even sixty can be had in one day. The fishing season ends and shooting opens on September 15th.

Between St. Mary's and Placentia bays, extends a peninsular or tongue of land of about thirty five miles in length and having a width of 25 miles between Colinet and Placentia, whilst it gradually narrows down to about six miles in the neighborhood of Cape St. Mary's. Around the coast, and extending back for about two and on the rivers to six miles, extends a fringe of thick wood and scrub. The interior consists of an immense plateau or "barrens" of dry ground and marsh, dotted here and there with several small lakes and ponds, interspersed with patches of scrub or "tucks," affording excellent cover for the thousands of willow grouse or ptarmigan (locally called partridge), which breed here as they do nowhere else in the country—possibly in the world. These birds afford splendid sport during the latter half of September and up till the last of November, when the weather gets too cold for comfort. The ground is easily reached by road from Placentia, while the best shooting may be had by camping about five miles in from the coast. Guides can be procured very cheaply (one dollar per day) and these are invaluable assistants. Along the line of railway good grouse shooting can

be obtained with less sport, as the birds are so quiet that they seldom rise and must be shot on the ground. The railway, however, affords splendid game shooting. These deer make annual migrations during May and June from the Southern Coast and proceed north, where they remain till the fall, when, during September and October, they again travel south for the winter season. During this southern journey they pass over a barren stretch of country lying to the north of White and Notre Dame Bays, and extending a distance of thirty miles along the line of railway. Here they may be met with in hundreds daily, and the sportsman, without any exertion whatever, may pick his choice. He does not require to leave his truck, but can select some path as it crosses the road, light his pipe and wait. The writer has seen from fifty on a wet, and therefore unfavorable day, to five hundred or more, after a night's frost, when they travel in great numbers. The herd number from eight or ten to one hundred, but generally about forty.

There are, of course, several other localities where deer may be had in plenty, but requiring a little more of hard work and hunting. The principal of these places are the grounds at Colinet and Long Point Bay. Colinet is easily reached, being but a five hours' journey from St. John's via Whitehouse or four hours from Placentia. Here, during the latter part of September and up till the close season (1st February) one could secure his complement with the assistance of two guides and one pair of good walking dogs. The best hills to use would be one sighted point blank for one or two hundred yards, or having elevating sights for 70 and 150 yards, as the shots to be had are generally from 70 to two hundred yards. In fact, outside of the latter it is almost useless to shoot, as if the deer is not killed at once he generally gets away to die in the woods.

Besides the game mentioned there are plenty of black duck, shell drakes, widgeon, wild geese, snipe, plover and curlew, whilst the wild rabbit or hare is scattered all over the country. The climate is just nice for sportsmen, the temperature seldom even during the hottest part of summer going to 80°, whilst during the shooting season it varies from 45° to 60°. The scenery is splendid, particularly on some of the rivers and arms, and on the Placentia, Salmonier and Colinet rivers views are to be had which would delight the soul of an artist. Taken all in all the visitor to Newfoundland has all that he would require—delightful climate, splendid scenery, good roads for riders or driving, and for the historian or antiquarian there are the relics of the French at Placentia, of Lord Balmorale at Ferryland; but for years no doubt its chief attraction will be the fact that it is the sportsman's paradise.

M. J. N.

## MERITED HONORS.

A Sister of the Congregation of Notre Dame has the honor of being the first woman to receive the badge of the Order of the Crown created by the King of Belgium to reward the devotedness of his subjects in promoting the interests of the Congo-Belgian State.

Many women, including a large number of Sisters have received the red ribbon of the French Legion of Honor. Mile. Bottard, who won this distinction this year, is a shining example of devotion to the unfortunate. For forty-seven years she has been employed in an insane hospital, entering it as a servant when only twenty years old. She has been like a mother to her poor patients, treating them as if they had been her own unfortunate children. She is known as "Maman Bottard," and her success was such that it commanded the highest praise from both physicians and associates. Four other women also won their honor in hospital work. Then there was Mile. Nicholas, who taught imbecile children for more than fifty years. It was said that if there was a germ of understanding in the feeble mind of a child, Mile. Nicholas could find it out and foster it. —Ave Maria