

The Catholic Register

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THURSDAY, SEPT. 1, 1904.

C.M.B.A. CONVENTION.

It would be mere hypocrisy for The Register to say that the recent C.M.B.A. Convention can be viewed as a completely satisfactory event. The widespread feeling of anxiety that prevailed at the opening session became considerably allayed as far as the delegates were concerned, it is true. But when it is remembered that dissatisfied delegates were brought under the strongest fraternal influences, that they were subjected to appeals all the more powerful because they were personal, that the more prominent members of the Executive were presented to their sympathy as public men who would suffer inestimably by a denial of confidence in their popularity and ability, it is hardly to be wondered at that many were won over and many more preferred to keep silence rather than protest to the last. Now, however, that the Convention belongs to the history of the Association, it is more doubtful than ever that all this sympathy was either well or wisely directed, or that it will bring about a more vigilant guardianship of the great and solemn trust reposed in the Executive of the C.M.B.A.

We do not gainsay that the matter of the defalcation was compromised in a practical way, but neither do we agree that a jury would base a merciful verdict against the memory of the late Secretary upon an ex parte presentation of the evidence. However, it is best now to bury all this.

The two vital matters before the Convention were the audit and the election of Trustees. The proposal to increase the rates, having been brought forward with startling unpreparedness, was not a businesslike or vital proposition. The readiness with which the Executive consented to shelve it showed that they did not really look upon it themselves as imperative. Some better solution than the hasty resolve of the Executive to impose rates that would crowd out the old members, who were the original props of the Association, and are its strongest line of defence at the present hour, is needed; and the wisdom of the membership can be safely depended upon to find the right remedy.

The audit and the Grand Council leave much, if not everything, to be desired. There is no magic that we can discern in the phrase "chartered accountant." What we see other bodies insisting upon is an "independent audit." The entire principle of a satisfactory audit so far as the C.M.B.A. is concerned must be sought in the relationship of the Convention to the Grand Council or Executive. The books and vouchers of the Executive are, of course, the things to be audited. The Convention is the body that is supposed to secure an independent audit of these books and vouchers. The Executive cannot appoint independent auditors of its own affairs, even though the men they select were chartered a thousand times over. To have an independent audit the auditors must be chosen independently of the Executive, for instance by a committee appointed by the Convention for the purpose; the Executive being constrained to give up all vouchers and papers asked for upon the authority of the Convention.

The financial statement of the Grand Council presented to the recent Convention might well be re-submitted to an independent audit. Take the bills of expenses paid to Dr. Ryan, Medical Superintendent for attendance at meetings of the trustees. Dr. Ryan is not a trustee, and unless the trustees at these meetings stand in need of ready medical aid, it is difficult to see the excuse for his presence. But as a matter of fact he has attended more trustee meetings than any of the trustees. His expenses for these ministrations are not meagre. On Sept. 26th, 1902, Dr. Ryan and Brother Behan appear to have attended a trustee meeting without other company, or else it falls in the method of printing the account. No mention is made of the place of meeting; it may have been Vancouver Island or Anticosti. At all events each of them drew \$49.85 for his attendance. The charge may be economical for

the unknown distance traversed. But the practical question is: Has the C.M.B.A. money to burn paying for Dr. Ryan's constant services upon the Trustees at their frequent meetings? Are the Grand Trustees royalty that they must have a physician in waiting in the suite?

The appointment of Mr. Kernahan who may be said to represent the Convention, should bring about a considerable improvement in the auditing of general fund expenditures. But both auditors should really be independent of the Grand Council. That is the only proper sort of audit.

With regard to the principal Grand Officers there may be something in the claim that it would be inconsistent with the fraternal spirit to drop them now. Even though fraternally speaking, it was all very well to disseminate dissatisfaction with their lack of business ability why were their salaries increased?

A GREAT VICTORY FOR THE IRISH CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

The Irish Christian Brothers at St. John's, Newfoundland, obtained a signal victory in the educational arena there a few days ago. The first public examination for the Rhodes Scholarship took place at St. John's, nearly five weeks ago, when five candidates wrote, one from the Methodist College, one from Bishop Field College (Anglican), and three from St. Bonaventure College, under the direction of the Christian Brothers. The results were made public ten days ago, when it was announced that Masters Herbert, Power and White from the Brothers' College had passed in all five branches, viz., Latin, Greek, Mathematics, French and English. The Candidates from the other colleges had failed in one and two branches respectively, which leaves the candidates from St. Bonaventure the high and distinguished honor of being the pioneer candidates to enter the Oxford University in connection with the Rhodes Scholarship. A movement was on foot at the beginning to have only the sons of the "upper ten" compete for the scholarship, but the "common" ones have proven their worth and the Catholics of the whole Island of Newfoundland have reason to be proud of the good Christian Brothers, the great teachers of the day. Not only do the Catholics feel proud, but every honest and fair-minded citizen of Terra Nova feels the same. We always knew that when public competition came that the Brothers' pupils would prove their worth, and we were right. It is not riches nor "uprightness" that counts, it is brains, solid work and good teaching. The Register heartily congratulates the good Christian Brothers on their magnificent victory as well as the Catholics of the Island, and wish the noble band of educators a continuation of such success.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

The arrival of the Archbishop of Canterbury on this continent is referred to by secular contemporaries on both sides of the ocean as an event of great moment with regard equally to religion and empire. Whatever the import of the visit may be, and to whatever results it may tend, Canadians will share some portion of the Anglican interest shown in the office and personality of the distinguished visitor. His Grace's good opinion of Canada and the Canadian people would be appreciated on every hand were there no other purpose in his tour than the modern Englishman's turn for personal observation of the children of the empire. But we are told that the visit will cement the bonds of Anglican religious life in England and America, as well as further the imperialist idea. From all we have read of the Archbishop of Canterbury he is one of the sane and even conservative imperialists. That section of the Canadian people to whom in a special sense he is a missionary, have made fitting preparation for his welcome; and their strength and influence in this community must contribute at all points to His Grace's satisfaction with the Canadian portion of his journey.

THE EXHIBITION.

The opening of the National Exhibition on Tuesday took place under the best auspices. The fair promises to be the most successful ever held in Toronto. As a collection of industrial and natural products and as an exposition of art and the processes of manufacturing it may be said without exaggeration to mark a new Canadian era. This is the day of great exhibitions. The present show is worthy of its name as a Canadian National Exhibition. It is to be hoped that public appreciation will be fully commensurate with its merit.

BISHOP OF LAVAL IN ROME.

There was some danger a little while ago that Monsignor Geay, Bishop of Laval, might be subjected to the process of trial by the newspaper at the hands of the more zealous editors of European and American Catholic journals. The Bishop has now made his appearance in Rome and will be afforded the fullest opportunity of proving himself innocent of the accusations which the papers allude to should never have canvassed. The position he takes with regard to his recognition of the

restraining power of the French Government before the rupture as against the obedience due to the Pope by Catholic Bishops, is one that has already been forestalled by Cardinal Merry del Val in his correspondence with the French Government.

JOLLETTE-EN FETE FOR FIRST BISHOP

Joliette, August 21.—This is a civic and religious holiday in Joliette, on the occasion of the consecration of the first bishop. The cathedral has been profusely decorated, and the altars have been covered with draperies amid which scintillated hundreds of lights. About the sanctuary are distributed the armorial bearings of the archbishops, who are present in great numbers. Besides these, some four hundred priests from all sections of the province, and many parts of the United States, as well as from New Brunswick, have journeyed here for the occasion.

Seats of honor were reserved for distinguished guests. These included the family of the new bishop, consisting of his mother, his two brothers, Hon. Horace Archambault and Mr. Henri Archambault, with their wives; Mr. L. H. Archambault, his nephew; his niece, who is accompanied by her husband, Mr. J. A. Beaulieu, advocate of this city, and two sisters of Mgr. Archambault: Mrs. Bruchesi, mother of the Archbishop; Major Shepherd, A.D.C., representing the Lieutenant-Governor, Messrs. Justices Mathieu, Baby, Delorme, Teller, Mgr. Racicot, Rev. Martin Callaghan, pastor of St. Patrick's; Rev. Ph. Belliveau, of Barabois; N. B. Rev. Abbe Corbell, Hon. L. O. Taillon, Hon. P. E. Leblanc, Hon. J. D. Rolland, Hon. N. Perroteau, Mr. F. X. St. Charles, president of the Hochelaga Bank; Dr. A. T. Brisson; Mr. J. M. Teller, K.C., M.L.A.; His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, Governor of the Town Council, as well as the presidents of the several religious benefit societies.

THE CONSECRATING BISHOP.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi was the consecrating bishop. The assistant priest was Rev. J. A. Vaillant, convent of the Charter of the Cathedral of Montreal; Rev. Abbe Villeneuve, superior of L'Assomption College, was deacon of honor with Rev. Father Roberge, C.S.V., of Joliette College. Rev. Cure Erement, of St. Cunegunde, was deacon of office, with Rev. Cure Laferriere, of St. Lin, as sub-deacon. The new bishop was presented and supported by their Lordships Bishop Larocque, of Sherbrooke, and Bishop Laroque, of Valleyfield. He had with him as chaplain Rev. Abbe P. Sylvestre, cure of St. Gabriel de Brandon, and Rev. E. Lapaille, cure of Mile End; Mgr. Larocque was accompanied by Rev. Abbe Cloux, of St. Ambrose, and Rev. Abbe Viau, of Ste. Julienne, as chaplains.

His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti occupied a throne of honor, attended by Rev. Abbe Marchal, of St. James Cathedral, and Rev. Abbe Latulippe of Sherbrooke Cathedral. Rev. Abbe Ladurantaye, cure of St. Jerome, a childhood's friend of the new bishop, delivered the sermon. He dwelt on the great joy, which the event of the day must bring to all their hearts, and the greatness of the bishop's mission.

At the close of the Mass, the clergy of the new diocese gathered in the church, and read to their new bishop an address of congratulation and welcome. They referred to the pleasure they felt at the establishment of a new See in their midst. They also referred with sympathy to the noble pride of the new bishop's family in seeing one of their number raised to this high office and especially his mother, whom they assured that her son had, in the esteem of his fellow clergymen well deserved the promotion he had received.

They added a word to Mgr. Sbarretti, to whom they protested their devotion to the father and King Plus X. They also referred to the kindly relations which had always existed under the reign of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, and assured that prelate that though they belonged to another diocese they still looked up to him for direction as the head of the archdiocese.

ADDRESS WAS READ.

The address was read by the parish priest of Joliette, Rev. P. Beaudry, and Bishop Archambault replied in like terms. At the end of Mass His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi imparted the papal benediction. Dinner was served in the rectory of Joliette College.

A Good Work

The Foresters' Orphans' Home, dedicated upon the 27th of August, 1904, is the latest achievement of the Independent Order of Foresters. This Home is a beautiful and substantial structure, built upon a wooded island, Deseronto, Ont., and within a few hundred feet of the blue pure waters of the charming Bay of Quinte, has been erected for the purpose of caring for and educating such orphans of deceased members of the Order as are in need.

S d Result of a Reprehensible Practice

An Armagh (Ireland) despatch says: A sad and terrible circumstance remains to be told as a sequel to an Orange demonstration here. A carpenter named John Hill, aged about 50 years, who works in Millford Mill, and who lives in the village of Millford, about 14 miles from Armagh, was arrested by Sergeant Madden about 11 o'clock last night on a charge of shooting his daughter, Jane Hill, aged about 17, who was a factory girl in Millford Mill. It appears that Hill was at the Orange demonstration in the demesne, and was armed with a revolver. On returning home he proceeded to unload the weapon in the kitchen and at the same time sent off the charge lodging in the stomach of his unfortunate daughter who was sitting on a couch opposite. The poor girl, who at once declared she was shot, only survived about an hour and died in terrible agony. Dr. Hampton Gray was immediately summoned, but the girl died before his arrival. Hill was detained in the street Barracks all night, and was brought to-day before Dr. Robert Gray, J.P., who formally charged and remanded on bail until next Petty Sessions at Armagh. An inquiry will be held.

A VISIT TO THE BATTLEFIELD OF FONTENOY

(By R. Barry O'Brien.)

On my way from Brussels to London last May, I stayed for some days at Tournai to visit the battlefield of Fontenoy. Tournai is a quaint old town, well worth a visit for its own sake. It is quiet, but not dull, respectful but not sleepy—haunted by ancient memories and revived by modern acts. The Schelde flows lazily under many bridges through the town, and boats of canal fashion, with a woman at the helm and a man at the prow, ply along the river's course even to Antwerp. The fine quays recall the prosperity of other days, and still show some signs of activity. In Steam trams run into France, and the ubiquitous motorist, with Satanic visage, drives his infernal machine in the picturesque neighborhood.

The inhabitants—36,000, all told—are intelligent, cheerful, obliging, and the stranger receives every courtesy and attention. The hotels are comfortable, the Imperatrice and Neuf Province being the best. The shops are good, and there is one excellent restaurant, "Taverne Colonne." There are plenty of carriages for hire, and the cobsers are almost as lively and good-humored as an Irish carman. But the most distinguished feature of Tournai is the Cathedral. It stands in the old town, for Tournai is divided into two—the new the old town built on a hill, the new in the plain. The Cathedral is a splendid structure in the Romanesque style, with five picturesque towers, commanding a splendid view of the surrounding country.

Tournai is one of the most ancient towns in Europe. It was, we are told, founded by the Nervii, visited by Caesar, and held by the Romans until 485 A.D. Then it was taken by the Franks, but next year given up to Rome, until the year 486, when it again fell into the hands of the Franks.

It is said that the Frankish king Chilperic fortified the town, which remained in the possession of the Franks up to 869, when it was taken by the Norsemen. In the reign of Charles the Simple it reverted to the French, in whose hands it remained un molested until 1214, when it became involved in the wars between the Duke of Flanders and Philip Augustus, the famous King of France.

Tournai was taken by the Archduke of Austria in 1475, but given back to France in 1483. In the war between Louis XII. and Henry VII. of England, Henry captured Tournai and held the town for five years, building a tower which can still be seen. At the end of five years it was given back to France. It was taken by Spain in 1521. Subsequently it joined in the revolt of the Netherlands against Spain, and was besieged and carried by Parma, after an obstinate resistance in which "the women" led by the Princesse d'Epiphanie, fought before the men. It remained for several years in the hands of Spain, till it was given up to Louis XIV. and sweeps right across the plain of Fontenoy to Allies in 1709, and assigned to Austria in 1713.

The next event in this brief resume of the history of Tournai concerns us Irishmen most. In 1745, during the War of the Austrian Succession, it was besieged by Marshal Saxe. The Allies—Austrian, English, Dutch—marched to its relief, but were met by the French on the plain of Fontenoy and utterly routed; the Irish Brigade, it need scarcely be mentioned, delivering the decisive charge which gave victory to the arms of France.

Since 1745 it has gone through many more vicissitudes, passing back to the Austrians, falling again into the hands of the French, and ultimately becoming the possession of the present Kingdom of Belgium.

I have already endeavored to give a description of the battle of Fontenoy in the columns of the Freeman's Journal, and in what I have now to say I shall confine myself to an account of my visit to the scene. The positions which were held by the French, and attacked by the Allies, are well known and well defined; Saint Antoine, now a prosperous little village, one of the centres of the cement manufacture, is Fontenoy, a hamlet which probably has not grown but little since 1745; and in the distance the wood of Barri, under the shelter of which were posted the French reserves, including the Irish Brigade.

From Fontenoy you can see across the fields the spire of the church of Vezon, in which the village Cumberland, it is said, slept the night before the battle. Stretching from Vezon to the plain of Fontenoy, across which his battalions marched to the attack. The night of my arrival at Tournai I met a resident Englishman at the hotel. We dined together. I told him the object of my mission, and asked if he had ever heard of the battle of Fontenoy. He said he had during the Boer war; during the terrible Colenso when he had been speaking to some Belgians in the vicinity. They said: "You English are surprised that you have been beaten by the Boers, but we are not surprised. You were beaten on that plain a hundred and fifty years ago. It seemed to be a relief to this Englishman when I told him the part the Irish had played in that defeat. "Well," said he, "it was some of ourselves, at all events, who beat us."

Next morning I started for the plain. A steam tram runs from Tournai railway station to Vezon and beyond, taking about an hour to reach Fontenoy, and on the way passing through nearly a dozen thriving little hamlets—a fact which gives one an idea of the prosperity and thickness of the population in Belgium. I told my fellow-voyagers the object of my mission, and showed them the plan of the battle, in which they were much interested, especially the conductor, who studied it with great zest, and wanted to keep it. On their part they eagerly pointed out everything worthy of note. The first hamlet of historic interest is Ramecroix, in which part of the French reserves were placed. On approach of Ramecroix, the wood of Barri comes into view, and one gets a very good idea of the excellent scenery it made, once the French posted in its vicinity from the advancing enemy. From Ramecroix the tram proceeded to Gauran, where, so far as I could gather from the study of my plan, the brigade was actually posted. From Gauran the tram sweeps right across the plain of Fontenoy to Vezon, on the exact line of Cumberland's advance. The plain lies bare and open, unchanged in all essential features, as it lay on that day before Cumberland's regiments. On looking at this naked plain, partly tillied land and partly pasture, without even a hedge to guide the eye, one is struck by the audacity of Cumberland's frontal attack, which mad as it may seem to the soldiers of today, very nearly succeeded. The tram does not enter the hamlet of Fontenoy, but stops at a point beyond, about midway between it and Vezon. Here I descended to study the ground more closely. Finding some difficulty seemed to me to be a laborer working with a woman in the fields. He immediately came to my side, and I asked him some questions, and found that his answers seemed not to correspond with the positions on the plan. I told him that I was an Irishman, and a Catholic, and that I had come to survey the battlefield of Fontenoy. "Ah," said he, "I know about the battle of Fontenoy. It was fought in the reign of Louis XV. in 1745." I then took out my plan, and said that his information did not correspond with it. He took the plan out of my hand like one accustomed to such things, examined it carefully, turned it in every way, and ultimately reconciled his information with the positions in the plan. It was not the rural intelligence of this man that made an impression on me. I have often met peasants in my own country with a larger share, but the familiarity he showed with the written document proved that his intelligence had been carefully cultivated. Having studied the plan, he said, "Come with me," and we walked to a rising ground. Here he pointed out everything, and satisfied all my inquiries.

From this point I walked to the hamlet of Fontenoy on about half an hour. It was a warm spring day, fine but cloudy, the air so absolutely still that every sound came clearly, just such another day, perhaps, as that May day on which the battle was fought. The peasants, or, perhaps more properly, the peasant farmers, were all busy in their fields. The lark was singing overhead. It was a scene of perfect peace, with nothing but the distant sound of the hammers in the village forge to suggest that anvil on which Irish valour worked its will on English pride. Fontenoy I found a dull, quiet, little hamlet. The church was closed, but both houses and church looked almost old enough to have seen the place alive with troops. Three-quarters of an hour's walk took me to Vezon, a picturesque little village, with a pretty country church, from whence the tram carried me back to Tournai. That evening my English acquaintance, who had been making inquiries for me, told me that I should have seen the tablet in Fontenoy Cemetery up to the memory of the Irish. I had never heard of it before, but resolved to find it out.

Next day I took the train from Tournai to St. Antoine, a run of about twenty minutes. Thence I walked across the fields to Fontenoy, taking about half an hour. On the way I saw in the distance towards the river, which flows by St. Antoine, three windmills marking the spots where three French batteries were erected at the suggestion of Lally (who led the charge of the Brigade). On getting to Fontenoy I made inquiry about the memorial tablet. Two old women of the village gave me directions where to find it. The tablet is of white marble, and is on the outer wall of the cemetery. On the top is a green flag, with the harp in white, and it bears the inscription: "In memory of the heroic Irish Soldiers who changed defeat into victory at Fontenoy" May 11th, 1745. Erected by Frank Sullivan, of San Francisco, U.S.A.

I then walked back to St. Antoine, which I explored thoroughly. The castle (which is new) belonged, I believe, to the Prince de Ligne, and is built upon the site of the one which existed at the time of the battle. It is now occupied by some French Jesuits. I had been told that I could not see it, but the gate-keeper, on hearing my mission and nationality, courteously let me in. The outer walls of the enclosure are old. It was at this point that the Dutch assault was repelled with vigor by the French garrison. A bridge had been thrown across the river, over which Saxe advised the French King to retire, when the battle was going against him.

The next day I returned to the plain of Fontenoy to examine it more particularly from the side of the wood of Barri, and to try and locate the point to which, at Lally's suggestion, guns were brought forward to arrest Cumberland's advance, and also that at which the Irish Brigade met the enemy.

Another peasant came to my assistance, and pointed out the spot which he said was the scene of the "great fighting." It seemed to me, taking all the circumstances into consideration, that this would be the spot on which English and Irish met, and Limerick was repelled. Though we have recently been told that we ought to forget Irish history, I venture to suggest that other Irishmen might share the feelings with which I visited this scene of one of the events in that history which we can view with unalloyed pride and pleasure. Renan said that of all the factors which went to make a nation, the most important was historical association. As a nation can only know itself by the study of history, no opportunity should be lost to render these lessons as vivid as possible; and what is more calculated to make them live in our hearts than to behold the scenes where they were enacted? I would therefore ask the permission of the Editor of the Freeman's Journal to propose that the next anniversary of this great victory should be allowed to pass unnoted. Tournai is easy of access; it is but six hours from London on the Calais and Brussels line. Let me presume that the visit should take place at holiday time, the party might leave Dublin by the night boat on Friday, leaving Charing Cross at nine on the following morning, reaching Tournai at 3 p.m. Saturday afternoon. Sunday and part of Monday would be available to visit the scene, thus allowing of a return on Tuesday. The programme might include a dinner at the hotel on Saturday night, on Sunday a visit to the field, with an address

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From this point I walked to the hamlet of Fontenoy on about half an hour. It was a warm spring day, fine but cloudy, the air so absolutely still that every sound came clearly, just such another day, perhaps, as that May day on which the battle was fought. The peasants, or, perhaps more properly, the peasant farmers, were all busy in their fields. The lark was singing overhead. It was a scene of perfect peace, with nothing but the distant sound of the hammers in the village forge to suggest that anvil on which Irish valour worked its will on English pride. Fontenoy I found a dull, quiet, little hamlet. The church was closed, but both houses and church looked almost old enough to have seen the place alive with troops. Three-quarters of an hour's walk took me to Vezon, a picturesque little village, with a pretty country church, from whence the tram carried me back to Tournai. That evening my English acquaintance, who had been making inquiries for me, told me that I should have seen the tablet in Fontenoy Cemetery up to the memory of the Irish. I had never heard of it before, but resolved to find it out.

Next day I took the train from Tournai to St. Antoine, a run of about twenty minutes. Thence I walked across the fields to Fontenoy, taking about half an hour. On the way I saw in the distance towards the river, which flows by St. Antoine, three windmills marking the spots where three French batteries were erected at the suggestion of Lally (who led the charge of the Brigade). On getting to Fontenoy I made inquiry about the memorial tablet. Two old women of the village gave me directions where to find it. The tablet is of white marble, and is on the outer wall of the cemetery. On the top is a green flag, with the harp in white, and it bears the inscription: "In memory of the heroic Irish Soldiers who changed defeat into victory at Fontenoy" May 11th, 1745. Erected by Frank Sullivan, of San Francisco, U.S.A.

I then walked back to St. Antoine, which I explored thoroughly. The castle (which is new) belonged, I believe, to the Prince de Ligne, and is built upon the site of the one which existed at the time of the battle. It is now occupied by some French Jesuits. I had been told that I could not see it, but the gate-keeper, on hearing my mission and nationality, courteously let me in. The outer walls of the enclosure are old. It was at this point that the Dutch assault was repelled with vigor by the French garrison. A bridge had been thrown across the river, over which Saxe advised the French King to retire, when the battle was going against him.

The next day I returned to the plain of Fontenoy to examine it more particularly from the side of the wood of Barri, and to try and locate the point to which, at Lally's suggestion, guns were brought forward to arrest Cumberland's advance, and also that at which the Irish Brigade met the enemy.

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