

**TWO ELOQUENT SPEECHES.**

**DELIVERED AT THE OLD TUQUE BLEUE DINNER.**

**Reminiscences of the Old Days—A Most Interesting and Enjoyable Celebration.**

Owing to our lengthy article on the Catholic Summer School of America, which appeared in last week's issue, we were unable to give the following report of the two able speeches delivered by Hon. J. J. Curran, Solicitor-General, and Dr. W. H. Hingston—two Irish Catholics of prominence—before the Tuque Bleue Snowshoe Club.

**HON. SOLICITOR-GENERAL CURRAN,**

who was given an enthusiastic reception, expressed his great pleasure in joining with the Montreal Snowshoe Club at their annual banquet. Their reception was very gratifying to him. He felt that it was not so much a personal compliment as an acknowledgment of their devotion to the institution of the country to which they were profoundly attached, for whose maintenance they would always be ready to struggle, and for which they would contend under all circumstances. (Cheers.) He had the privilege of assisting at many public banquets during the course of the year; at those given by the Board of Trade, the Commercial Travellers' Association and kindred societies, the leading spirits of these great institutions made speeches that inspired our legislators, and in many instances guided Parliament in its deliberations, but of what use would any legislative body be unless they had a brave and manly race of people to legislate for. (Cheers.) The snowshoe clubs and their sister societies developed the best energies of the people. They gave us true manhood. (Hear, hear.) In ancient times they knew that whilst it was considered chivalrous to cultivate manly exercises the empires of old flourished; when they allowed those exercises to fall into disuse, or left them to their slaves or professional athletes, the greatest nations became dismembered and obliterated. In Canada to-day manly sports were in vogue with all classes. From the old lands they had borrowed many of their games, such as curling, and they excelled in them. The games of the aborigines they had preserved and improved upon. Snowshoeing and lacrosse were the national sports of Canada. (Cheers.) Skating held a big place, and hockey was a favorite game. Throughout the country manhood was developed, and nowhere more than in and about the city of Montreal. (Loud cheers.) In fact, Montreal was so accustomed to victory in all the games that people looked upon it as quite natural that they should occupy the first place, so that when any other city or town secured, once in a while, a championship, it was not to be wondered at that the people of that locality should go perfectly wild over their triumph. (Loud cheers.) Montrealers were glad when another city occasionally secured a victory; it was necessary that honors should be divided so as to keep up the spirit of emulation. One of the best features of the present day in our country was the introduction of the military and gymnastic exercises into our public schools. (Cheers.) The boys who are acquitting themselves so well to-day would be the men of the future; the brave lads would not only take their part in athletic clubs, but fill the ranks of our Canadian volunteers. (Cheers.) Some wisacre over in England, the other day, had stated in a public speech that the Empire was secure at all points but Canada, which could easily be invaded. The man who spoke in that strain did not know what our five millions of Canadians were made of. He did not appreciate the vigorous manhood that constitutes this and similar associations throughout the Dominion; young men who would present a bold and impenetrable front to any foe and fight to the last ditch for the preservation of their right to nationhood as Canadians, proud to belong to the great Empire that sheltered their liberties beneath the flag that floats above them. (Prolonged cheering.) Their club was a branch of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association that had done so much for the development of athletics in Canada, and he was sure they wished God speed to the Shamrock Athletic Association and all generous rivals in the noble work

they were themselves engaged in. (Cheers). There was room for all. It was pleasant to see the representatives of other associations present speaking words of kindness and breathing a spirit of Canadian brotherhood. They must all hope that these sentiments would ever find a place far beyond the limits of their association, that all asperities might be removed, that the bonds of friendship amongst the various races should be made stronger and stronger, as years roll on, and a patriotism broad and deep should everywhere prevail. (Loud cheers.) He thanked the association for its kind invitation and hoped to be with them for many years to come. They were doing a grand work for their country and no one more ardently desired than himself, that the members may increase and that the old Tuque Bleue should ever maintain its present position at the head of the many rival associations of which it was the parent. (Great cheering.)

**DR. W. H. HINGSTON'S ADDRESS.**

Dr. Hingston, who was received with great cheers, made a very pleasing speech. He said he rose with great feelings of pleasure to respond to the toast, but in looking round the table he must say that his feelings were somewhat of alloy not of regret, but of the changes in the personnel of the old Tuque Bleue. Here collected the champions of nearly fifty years ago, when the club had as its members such men as de Montaigne, Stevens, Brown and Murray, and also a man who had every love and thought for the members of the club, Nick Hughes. (Cheers.) He had been reminded of how the present members cherished Mr. Hughes' memory, and how, when they tramped around the mountain on their weekly tramps, they stopped around his grave and sang "Auld Lang Syne." He was well entitled to it, for no one worked more for the advancement of the Tuque Bleue than the one whom they honored. But, said the speaker, coming down to more modern times, a great many clubs have started since then, and as there is room for all, they are worthy of consideration, but for all that the old Tuque Bleue covers the warmest spot of our affections. The exercise of snowshoeing was the most useful that one could indulge in. Hockey and skating were all very well in their place, but the snowshoers had the additional advantage; he could go over hedges, etc., when the others could not, and he was always in the fresh air, which was the means of giving health to his body. Being a medical man he would speak but little of that, but he was strongly in favor of the twice a week walk around the mountain, where they not only enjoyed the fresh air, but were also enabled to lay in a stock of health which perhaps they would not get anywhere else. He was sorry to say that men when they became a little old threw off their sports and donned their slippers, but in this they made a mistake. They should still continue to take outdoor sport, and there was no better one than snowshoeing. The speaker in conclusion thanked those present for their kind reception, and expressed a hope that the old Tuque Bleue would be foremost of the societies of this character. (Cheers.)

**THE LATE MR. CALLAHAN.**

**A PROMISING YOUNG MAN CALLED TO HIS REWARD.**

On Wednesday afternoon, the 7th February, the funeral of the late Thomas Francis Callahan took place from the residence of the deceased's father, on University street. In last week's issue we gave an account of the largely attended funeral. Mr. Callahan had all the sterling qualities that can be traced in the character of an exemplary young man; he was a good Catholic, a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, a trustworthy friend and a model of patience and frankness, and industry was one of his predominant virtues. He spent three years at Notre Dame College, during which time Rev. A. Louage, C.S.C., (then Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, now Bishop of Bengal), was Superior. There he proved himself to be both a submissive and proficient student, and the possessor of rare talents. On leaving college he was for a time engaged in the grocery business, then, as a printer, he served a four years' term in his father's employment, where he remained until last winter, when he received an attack of pleurisy, a relapse

of which caused him to lose that health and vigor which generally characterizes the morning of manhood. Last summer the deceased spent three months among the firs and pines of the famous Adirondacks, where he inhaled the invigorating breeze of that climate and recuperated his health. But unfortunately after he had returned to his paternal residence the respite lasted for a few weeks only. He entertained great expectations of recovering; nevertheless, toward the end of his life he seemed to be from day to day more convinced that he had only been carried to so high a pinnacle of hope in order that he would be hurled into the sweet abyss of humble submission to the will of the Master of all. At times indications of reviving health would hurry over his placid countenance, as over the unrippled mirror of a dormant lake the image of a bird in the air will sometimes fly. At last, on the 5th day of this month, life's last faint spark went forth, and death came, like a kind friend, to relieve him from the endurance of further sufferings. Surrounded by the family, and while the prayers of the dying were recited, he poured forth his well-prepared soul into the hands of his Lord and God. He

"So lived, that when his summons came to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each  
shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
He went, not like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and  
soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, he approached his  
grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his  
couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant  
dreams."

R. I. P.

**THE LATE T. J. DOHERTY, Q.C.**

In our last issue we gave a short account of the funeral of one of Montreal's most popular and rising young men, Mr. Thomas James Doherty, Q.C. This week we feel it our duty to pay an humble tribute to the memory of the deceased. The sad event of Mr. Doherty's death took place at Colorado Springs, where he had gone to recuperate, if possible, from the shocks that his system received from the disease which unfortunately proved fatal. He was a son of our esteemed and universally respected fellow-citizen, Hon. Marcus Doherty, ex-Judge of the Superior Court, and brother of the present Judge, C. J. Doherty, one of the most popular and universally admired citizens of Montreal. Mr. Doherty leaves also three sisters, one of whom is Madame Mary of the Annunciation, of the Order of Jesus and Mary, Fall River, Mass.

The deceased was one of those rare young men whose lives are models of Catholic virtue and who move in the world spreading a happy influence upon all who come within the circle of their society. He made a remarkably brilliant college course, and came forth, in the full flush of youth and vigor, with bright prospects and abundant hopes. He decided upon the profession of the law, and in the footsteps of his able father and talented brother, went through the University, ever holding a foremost rank and doing honor to himself, to his fellow-countrymen and to his co-religionists. Immediately on receiving his diploma he entered upon the practice of his profession.

Mr. Doherty seemed to have had a special love for his profession; he looked upon it—as all true lawyers should—as a noble one, and he considered very rightly that the study of the law is one of the finest and most elevating of studies. It is second only to that of Canon Law, the science of all sciences. Thus it was that he considered his vocation from an elevated standpoint, and consequently put into practice the high principles which such a student must necessarily imbibe. He was one who could never drift into the narrow groove of a mere legal collector; there was nothing to restrict his action, and he gave full liberty to those higher aspirations which cause a man to look upon his profession as sacred and its lore and science most soul-elevating. Consequently, while yet comparatively young, Mr. Doherty was appointed a Q.C.—one learned in the law—and the recognition was but the harbinger of future and greater honors, had it pleased Divine Providence to have extended his lease of life. Had his young life been prolonged we are confident that he would have some day taken his place, as did his father and brother,

amongst the members of the Canadian Bench.

Of the many characteristics that marked the life of Mr. Doherty was one which shines forth conspicuously above all others—his sterling honesty. The country has lost, by premature death, a good and honorable citizen, the Bar of the Province has lost a distinguished member, his friends have lost a pleasant, a kindly and a cherished companion, while his immediate relatives have lost a dutiful son and an affectionate brother. What the Church Militant has lost, the Church Triumphant has gained, and we join—while expressing our sincere sympathy with his bereaved family—in the consoling prayer of that Church: "May his soul rest in peace."

**THE CONDITION OF ITALY.**

THINGS COULD NOT BE MUCH WORSE.

The state of Italy is going from bad to worse. Signor Crispi, with the best intentions, cannot work miracles. There is no people in the world so overwhelmed with taxation as the Italians; no country with its comparatively limited resources groaning under such a load of national and international obligations. The incidence of income-tax has reached two shillings and six-pence in the pound on those incomes that are able to bear it, and their number is growing alarmingly less. Governmental taxes are heaped up on municipal rates, and the peasantry are taxed beyond the measure of their strength. In Northern Italy there is universal discontent, in Southern Italy a revolt. It is difficult indeed to realize how abject is the condition of Italy at the present moment. On the one hand the national institutions are threatened with anarchism, religion is being sapped by Freemasonry, and the resources of the country are eaten up in maintaining an army and navy at an artificial strength which must sooner or later collapse.

In the face of such internal administrative chaos, Parliament is paralyzed. It seems to us that it is utterly impracticable for Signor Crispi to impose fresh taxation. Let him turn where he will, the cup is drained to its dregs, while an overflow from Fortunatus' purse would hardly bring him perceptible relief. Direct taxation is, we have said, an impossibility; everything taxable is taxed already in Italy. Nor can he look to the Customs for much relief. Unless the import of goods is entirely suspended, not much can be realized in that direction. The King of Italy is said to recognize the danger of the situation, and he is inclined to temporize in the hope that the prosecution of a successful war, which he believes to be imminent, under the martial ægis of the Triple Alliance, would relieve the financial and revolutionary pressure which is threatening to crush in his throne like an ill-fated ship among Arctic ice-floes.

There are two thousand noble families in Sicily, ranging in all degrees of rank and indigence. There are 70 ducal houses and a retinue of princes and their collateral kinsmen who were hardly tolerable even in the halcyon days of Sicily's prosperity, but who have now become positively intolerable. These noblemen and their families live on their rents without performing any useful work, just as the Irish squirearchy did, and many of them are absentees just in the same way that the Irish landlords are absentees. In fact the same economic conditions prevail in Sicily to-day as prevailed in Ireland some twenty years ago, and they are leading to the self-same results. According to an excellent authority, the Sicilian agricultural laborer earns on an average about fivepence or sixpence a day when he can get work. The taxgatherer comes and takes his share of this, and the landlord so much of the remainder that the unfortunate serf is unable to keep body and soul together. The Ministry and agents of Signor Crispi may apply the title "Anarchist" to these men who assassinate, loot and burn, and that they are of that class their actions would appear to indicate, but Anarchists in the real sense of the word they can hardly be considered. Men who carry before them a crucifix and portraits of the king and queen may be a desperate, ungovernable and treacherous rabble, but you can hardly bring together a hypocritical army of revolutionists. —*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

What lock has occasioned more talk than any other? Wedlock.