

# IN MEMORIAM!

THE HON. T. D. MCGEE.

Dedicated to his sorrowing Widow.

"*Cum lugente, iugebo.*"

Dead!—and by a death terrific!—  
Erin, hear it!—Can it be,  
The young spirit so prolific  
Beats no more in *great McGee*?  
*Dies irae!*—break it gently—  
Oh! let pleasure hold her breath!  
For 'tis true that tongue so mighty  
Now lies cold in silent death!

Breathe his name in muffled numbers!  
Gather, nations, round his bier!  
Gaze upon him as he slumbers,  
Starting pity's choicest tear!  
Nature seems to've caught the spirit  
Of his sad, yet noble, fall,  
And, through sympathy for merit,  
Drops to-day her *virgin pall*.

Envy may spit all her rancour—  
Strike at *honesty* her best—  
She but does his body honour,  
While she sends his soul to rest.  
*Patriot, orator, and statesman*  
Of unsullied purity;  
With such pow'rs were interwoven  
Fairest flow'rs of *poetry*.

GRAND SEMINARY,  
Montreal, 8th April, 1868.

But no longer chained in wonder  
Shall admiring throngs rejoice,  
Or give back applause in thunder  
To the *magic of his voice!*  
*Hope*, though like a paraphellon,  
Cheers us in our awful gloom:  
For 'tis sweet to *see Religion*  
Smoothed his pathway to the tomb.

Noblest forms must, soon or later,  
Mingle with their kindred dust,  
While their spirits rise to brighter  
Regions of the happy *just*.  
Spirits! bear his soul to heaven!  
And, what's left,—a *glorious name!*—  
Be it reverently given  
To be *canonized by fame!*

Ah! but who can consolation  
To his orphans now impart!  
Or can sooth in dereliction  
His poor widow's breaking heart!  
Let us breathe a *De profundis*,  
That a bright eternity  
May receive the spirit of his  
*Own originality!*

P. J. BUCKLEY.