

God be With Thee!

God be with thee! thou must wander
Through a world of toil and care;
God be with thee! in sin and shame,
Soon may thou be dawning fair.

God be with thee! friends may fall thee,
Treachery thy bosom rend;
God be with thee! when assailed thee
Heartless foe, or faithless friend.

God be with thee! youth and beauty
Pass like dew at early day;
God be with thee! love and duty
Guard thy path, and guide thy way.

God be with thee! vice may snare thee,
Death and sorrow wing thy heart;
God be with thee! pardon, spare thee,
Strength from Heaven to thee impart.

God be with thee! guide and bless thee,
Lead thee where comfort dwells;
God be with thee! where thou art,
Heaven receive thee—fare thee well!

THE DEATH AND LETTERS OF D'ARCY MCGEE.

By the Editor in Irish Monthly.

There is a certain fitness in opening our seventeenth yearly volume with a further contribution to that department of Irish literature in which the kindness of some distinguished friends has enabled this Magazine to do really important work. Periodicals of much greater dignity might be proud of the privilege of being the first to give to the world O'Connell's youthful diary and a vast number of letters addressed to him by Cobbett, Jeremy Bentham, Brougham, and other distinguished men; or, again, of publishing, for the first time, many interesting letters of Thomas Davis and other brilliant and patriotic Irishmen.

One of the most variously endowed members of the Young Ireland Party was Thomas D'Arcy McGee. His friend, the Rev. C. P. Meehan, has been good enough to place in our hands the last letters which he wrote just before his death. We have already printed some of his correspondence in our "Second Batch of Young Ireland Letters," which we are surprised to find appeared so far back as September, 1883. Biographers are wont to offer an account of the life and letters of their heroes; the heading of the present paper on McGee's confides us to his death and letters. But it may be well to prefix a few dates and facts from his life.

The first date, that of his birth, was April 13th, 1825. His mother was the daughter of a Dublin bookseller named Morgan; his father was in the coast-guard service, and, at the time of his birth, was stationed at Carlingford—the birth-place of another Irishman of letters, John Cashel Hoey. We suspect that to the place of his birth McGee owed the surname prefixed to his patronymic: for Carlingford was then the home of the D'Arcys, and the adjacent town of Newry has not yet ceased to mourn the too early death of a valued member of this old Carlingford family, a man of great ability and great public spirit, Thomas D'Arcy Hoey, brother of the publisher of the *Freeman's Journal*. In the preceding sentences. Probably, however, the latter was not drawn into the sphere of the *Nation* through any connection with the older *Nation* writer who had the same birthplace: for, when D'Arcy McGee was eight years old, his parents removed from Carlingford to Wexford. He was always, after he had once learned to read, an insatiable reader; and his insatiable reading was his chief education.

His seventeenth year found him in the United States; and on the Fourth of July, 1842, he made his debut as an orator at a gathering of his countrymen. Before he was nineteen he was practically editor of the Boston *Pilot*. The fame of his Republican speeches travelled back across the Atlantic, and O'Connell referred to them as "the inspired utterances of a young English Irish boy in America." He accepted an offer from the conductors of the *Freeman's Journal*; but he was not long in Dublin before he transferred his allegiance to Gavan Duffy, and the more congenial *Nation*. When the 48 rising took place, he was in Scotland. Coming over to Ireland, he was concealed some time by Dr. Edward Maglin, the eloquent young Bishop of Derry, and escaped to America in the disguise of a priest. The letters which we have published, about page 490 of our eleventh volume, refer to his journey to New York. Finally he settled in Canada and earned there the only name that Mr. Alfred Webb gives him—not journalist, or poet, or historian, though he was all three—but simply "Thomas D'Arcy McGee, statesman." The letters, which are now to be printed for the first time, lead on to his death.

"The Flight of the Earls" is not only a fine subject, but a fine name for a book. I wonder that Father Meehan did not give this as a first quotation name to the great work which bears the title, "The Fate and Fortunes of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, and of Rory O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnell; their Flight from Ireland, their Vicissitudes abroad, and their Death in Exile." The dedication to Lord O'Hagan (then "the Right Honorable Thomas O'Hagan, one of the Judges of Her Majesty's Court of Common Pleas in Ireland") is dated December, 1867. The book reached D'Arcy McGee in February, and was welcomed by the following letter:—

"Montreal, Feb. 27, 1868.

"MY DEAR MEEHAN—Your book has reached me at last, and after nearly three days' steady reading, I have gone through it from cover to cover. I cannot tell you the fascination I found in its pages; it is a tragedy, but a most noble and heroic one. Although I was sorry to part with Cahir O'Dherly, who turns out to be a poor tool, still one is compensated by the heroic firmness of the main figures, and above all of Tyrone himself. Considering the obsequiousness of that age, which even Bacon and Raleigh bent to, I was afraid that the altered fortunes of the great Hugh might have broken his spirit, and tempted him to some declaration unworthy of his great place in history; but, thank God, there is nothing of the kind—and these closing scenes are really among the fairest and worthiest of his whole life. The picture of the old man, warmed by wine, boasting of dying yet in Ireland, and going to his rest with the sword of Balla as bulwark by his bedside, is most affecting.

"I send you the first draft of some verses your book drew from me as I read it; they are supposed to speak the sentiments

of a clansman of Tyrone a year or two after their flight—when there still was daily hope and nightly prayer for their return. You may do as you please with the verses.

"James Duffy has done his part nobly, not only as to the typography, but those admirable portraits. How I wish you may be so cheered on as to take up Owen Roe! What an admirable sequel it would make to this volume, which, save and except Prendergast's, I hold to be far and away the most valuable contribution to our historical literature for many a long day. If you never put pen to paper again, you may rest your renown on this book: it will send your name down to posterity with the heroes whose closing scenes it so plausibly records.

"Now for my boon: when you have another edition, credit in a footnote the quotation on page x, Preface—'McGee—Lines on the death of H. D. Williams.' I have the vanity to desire to furnish you with at least one footnote.

"I hope you got the Tablet matter I sent two or three mails ago.

"I am very sorry for O'Sullivan, but I told him years ago he was going too far in the Fenian direction. I hope it will not lead to the suppression of the *Nation*.

"I accept the verses so as to express the state of Ulster feeling after the flight."

"Yours very truly,
"T. D. McGEE.

"Rev. C. P. Meehan, M. R. I. A., Dublin."

The lines quoted in Father Meehan's preface, and which McGee wishes very properly to be linked with his own name as their author, are these, referring no doubt to the Young Ireland Party:

They were a band of brethren, richly graced
With all that most exalts the soul of man;
Youth, courage, honor, genius, wit, well placed—
Which when we see their parallels again?
The very flower and fruitage of their age,
Destined for Duty's cross or Glory's page.

Of this same band of Young Irelanders the account given in a recent important publication, "Two Centuries of Irish History," edited by James Bryce, M. P., concludes with the following remark:

"To other countries many of their number proved that they had talents, which a wise administration would have known how to conciliate or to use for the service of the State at home." This observation applies with special force to T. D. McGee.

The Tablet spoken of in his letter was the *New York Tablet*, and the articles, no doubt, were reviews of Father Meehan's book, which had reached New York somewhat earlier. We should have given the following letter first, according to its date:—

Montreal, Feb. 8th, 1868.

"MY DEAR MEEHAN—So the great book is out, though I have not yet seen it. It has reached New York (as I learn from the enclosed capital article) by my dear and gifted friend, Mrs. Sedley, and I have written for a Dublin copy—if it is to be had. You will also perceive that an American edition is already announced. In a paper on the tombs of the Irish at Rome, some months ago, I gave you a brief preliminary; I hope you got the Tablet containing it.

"If it ever comes to your way to return Mrs. Sedley in kind for this article, I am sure you will not fail to do so; you can, when opportunity serves, do me a friendly turn in society, as the Reverend Messrs. — and — have been of late trying their best to slander my private life in order to injure my public usefulness. You will meet this slander in society and put your foot on it wherever it turns out. Though I was not, until last year, a teetotaler, I never could have done the things I have done, or surmounted the obstacles I did overcome in this country, if I had been the wretched thing these unscrupulous gentlemen, still manage me as being. Of course with my temperament I must have enemies, but I feel that I should outlive the malice, if not the men.

"So soon as the 'Flight' arrives here I shall review it in one of our papers, and send you what appears. In Ireland I trust you will be at length appreciated as you ought to be.

"For the past four months I have been confined to my room with various ailments of the leg; but I am rapidly getting well, and hope within a few weeks to recover my locomotion.

"With best remembrances to any mutual friends who are left,

"Believe me, my dear Meehan,
Yours always,
T. D. McGEE.

"Rev. C. P. Meehan, Dublin."

"My wife and the girls are all well—the former desires her special remembrance to you.

"Although I left my napoleons at St. Isidore's, I never got the photographs as promised, except the very poor one I took with me of Wadding and Colgan in the Library."

Two months later, he writes a letter which he marks private, but it is all to his credit, and that is now twenty years ago:—

"Ottawa, April 6th, 1868.

"MY DEAR FATHER MEEHAN—Your very kind note reached me day before yesterday, and our mail goes out to-day. You will see in the *Catholic World* Mitchell's article, and as soon as the New York edition reaches me I will write a newspaper notice and publish it either here in Montreal, which you shall have by Mayday (I hope). Next week we have a few days' recess from Parliamentary labor, and I will try my hand at a ballad as you suggest.

"The 'Iona to Erin' in the *Catholic World* is mine. If Sullivan reprints, 'Iona' should be 'Iona' in one of the middle stanzas. I hope this fall to issue a volume of ballads at New York. What say you to this title: 'Celtic Ballads and Funeral Songs'? You know I am an old keener, and half my lays are lamentations. It could not well be otherwise in this age with an Irish bard, if I am worthy to be called a Bard of Erin.

"You will be glad to know that for now nearly twelve months I have been a firm teetotaler, and with God's blessing I intend to remain so for life. I also intend to other and more sacred duties—monthly—this strictly for your own comfort. I want data for an article on McCarthy for the *Catholic World*, and if I thought there was any similar office to Ferguson's to be had for him I would try if the professor made to me by imperial statement of both

parties had anything in them. Can you put me on the track of serving, or trying to serve, that gifted old friend of both of us?

"I send you a copy of a letter I wrote by this mail to Lord Mayo. It may serve Ireland to make it public. If you prefer to give it to the *Nation*, do so; or to any daily Dublin paper, with some such paragraph, by way of preface, as the enclosed slip, marked (A). I think I have earned the right to speak with authority on the Canadian view of Irish misrule, and I have endeavored to do so plainly and to the purpose.

"Is it not a—this insane neglect of our native literature, by this disintegrated generation? James Duffy alone is doing more for us and our descendants, single-handed, than all your magnates. May God bless him, and lighten the load of life to him, in my sincere prayer!

"If the publication of my letter to Lord Mayo can be so timed, as to hit the resumption of the Irish question in Parliament, all the better.

"Believe me, my dear friend,
Yours always truly,
"T. D. McGEE.

"Rev. Father Meehan, Dublin."

"My oldest girl (living), now seventeen, and a good student, has this week announced to me her intention to join the order in which she has been educated—our native (Teaching) Order of N. D. de Congregation. If it turns out a true vocation, God forbid that I should demur, nor even if our only other child, a sister, should share her happiness."

The letter we have just printed, ending with an expression of his readiness to consecrate both his daughters to God's special service in the religious state, was the last that D'Arcy McGee ever wrote. He was a vigorous, energetic, ambitious man of forty, looking forward to practically another forty years of life with very many plans for the future; but in reality the remnant of his life was to be counted not by years but by hours. Twenty years before, the Irish Confederation organized a meeting in the Music Hall of Belfast, which was somewhat disturbed by the bulldogs of Hercules street. But fine speeches at any rate appeared in the next number of the *Nation*, and among them T. D. McGee's, from which a small boy of that remote date picked up only this phrase:—"To-morrow is the old man's hope, and the young man's promise."

The phrase rankled in his memory, and long afterwards, exploring the volumes of the *Nation* which William Elliot Hudson gave to the Royal Irish Academy, the clever and small boy examined with interest the report of the Belfast meeting, and was pleased to find that his remembrance of McGee's words was quite accurate. And so the old moral of the uncertainty of human life and the instability of human things was, on a certain twenty-first of June, feast of St. Aloysius, at Clongowes, in the County Kildare, enforced, in the College chapel, in some such terms as these:—

"Many years ago an eloquent young Irishman said in a public speech: 'To-morrow is the old man's hope, and the young man's promise.' A fine, striking phrase it seemed to me at the time, and it alone out of many columns of eloquent phrases has lived in my memory ever since. A striking sentiment, but it has the disadvantage of being false. It is false that to-morrow is the young man's promise, for no one has promised to-morrow to the youngest amongst you. The only one who could make and keep such a promise has, on the contrary, expressly promised to be always ready, for we know not the day nor the hour, and death will come like a thief in the night at the hour that he is least expected. Nay, the very man who uttered the sentence I have quoted was himself an appalling proof of the uncertainty of life. It was Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who, after the failure of the Young Ireland movement in 1848, emigrated to America, and raised himself, before his fortieth year, to the highest position in the government of Canada, when suddenly, in the middle of what seemed certain to be a long and distinguished political career, he was struck down dead in an instant by the hand of an assassin.

The last letter we have given was written on the 6th of April. Palm Sunday, in 1868, fell on April 5. D'Arcy McGee received Holy Communion that morning, and he had taken care to fulfill his "Easter Duty" before leaving home for his parliamentary duties. In Holy Week, three years before, President Lincoln had been assassinated in Washington theatre. Mr. McGee had come from his home in Montreal, of which he was one of the representatives in the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada at Ottawa, the seat of the federal legislature, in the foundation of which he had had the most prominent part. After that last letter was written, he went down to the House (probably Ottawa copies the idiom of Westminster) and took part in the discussions, which he dreamed for the last time. They broke up at two hours after midnight. Mr. McGee walked down the street with one of the door-keepers, from whom he parted a few yards from the door of the house at which he boarded. While opening the door, he was shot through the neck from behind and died almost instantly. The murderer was caught and hanged. He was the mere tool of secret societies which McGee had bitterly denounced ever since he had written in a public letter to Thomas Francis Meagher, not very long after his American career began, before coming from the United States to Canada: "It is the highest duty of a Catholic man to go over cheerfully, heartily, and at once, to the side of Christendom, and to the Catholic side—and to resist with all his might the conspirators who, under the stolen name of liberty, make war upon all Christian institutions."

In the letter written a few hours before his death, he called himself an old keener, and said that half of his lays were lamentations. His very last poem was an elegy on the death of his friend Laurence Devany. More than once the line occurs:—

"Nought can avail him now but prayer."

The Month's Mind of this good Irishman had just passed when the Digne became appropriate for the keener himself:—

Mighty our Holy Church's will
To shield her parting souls from ill,

Jealous of Death, she guards them still.
Miserere Domine!

The dearest friend will turn away,
And leave the door to keep the clay—
Ever and ever she will stay.
Miserere Domine!

When for us sinners at our need
That Mother's voice is raised to plead,
The frontier hosts of heaven take heed.
Miserere Domine!

Mother of Love! Mother of Fear
And holy Hope and Wisdom dear!
Behold we bring thy suppliant here.
Miserere Domine!

His flaming heart is still for aye
That need not by thy clemency—
Oh! look on him with loving eye.
Miserere Domine!

His faith was as the tested gold,
His hope assured, not overbold,
His charities past count, untold.
Miserere Domine!

Well may they grieve who laid him there,
Where shall they find his equal? Where?
Nought can avail him now but prayer.
Miserere Domine!

Friend of my soul, farewell to thee,
Thy truth the truest, best and free,
As thine, so may my last end be.
Miserere Domine!

These triplets were published in the New York Tablet of March 28, just a week before the sudden, but, as we are happily assured, the not unprovided death, in his forty-first year, of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. O Lord, have mercy!

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

IMPOSSIBLE.

Werner, the great German dramatist, at the close of his career as a Catholic, and afterward a priest. His writings prove that he regarded the faith as the chief blessing of his life, and that he clung to it as the anchor of his soul. In reply to a rumor that he intended returning to Protestantism, he said: "It is as impossible that a soul in bliss should return into the grave, as that a man who like me after a life of error and search, has found the priceless jewel of truth, should, will not say give up the same, but hesitate to sacrifice for it blood and life."

TOO MUCH TOP.

A farmer once planted some potatoes on a piece of ground not properly prepared. The tops grew thickly, with branches long and green, spreading around and covering the ground. But when one of the farmer's sons went one day with his hoe to dig potatoes for dinner, he found that the plants had "run to top." The potatoes were about the size of marbles, and "few in a bill."

When we see a young person making a great outward show and conceited exhibition of himself, smoking, talking largely, dressing vulgarly, reading trash, working little and trifling much, we may be quite sure that such a person is "running to top," and will not be apt to add much to the world's store of good news, wealth, wit or wisdom. He will ever remain a "small potato."

HAPPY MARRIAGES.

Why is it that the world hears so much about unhappy marriages and so little about happy ones? Is it not merely from the fact that the untoward things of life are generally brought into disagreeable prominence? Whenever troubles arise and sorrows and perplexities invade men count the passing moments as Robinson Crusoe counted the lagging days of exile by notches on his stick. Of such the daily press has no list; all the newspapers in the land could not contain even their initials. But whenever career losses, accidents and crimes, fortuitous they are trumpeted all over the land, and so it is with unhappy marriages. Divorces, separation and desertion are noised abroad through the lagging days of exile by notches on his stick. Of such the daily press has no list; all the newspapers in the land could not contain even their initials. But whenever career losses, accidents and crimes, fortuitous they are trumpeted all over the land, and so it is with unhappy marriages. 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