

confronted the enemies of their country, our martyr statesman will live in the remembrance of mankind; the memory of his death, enshrined in the annals of every civilized people, will stand forth an example, ever bright and powerfully attractive, of virtue and fortitude, not to youth only, but also to maturest manhood.

Well may we enquire what education did for such a man. Whilst we admire his great abilities and extensive learning, the sound principle which guided his public life commands still more the homage of our approval and applause. To what cause or influence did he owe this great endowment? To nothing else than his early training, to the anxious care of an affectionate and accomplished mother. Genius was born with him, indeed, but nevertheless his mind might have been narrowed and warped by unworthy prejudices, contracted views which would have rendered unavailing all his intellectual power. If he was ever above such prejudices, if his mind was always open to conviction and ready to receive sound impressions, he was indebted above all for these qualities to the teachings of his truly christian mother. His filial duty towards her was in proportion to her loving and well directed care. His reverence for her when grown to man's estate, whilst it proves the dutifulness of his early days, accounts at the same time, for his strict adherence to what he conceived to be principle and duty in after life. The taste for letters by which he was so soon distinguished, was inspired, we cannot doubt it, by the lessons taught him by his excellent mother. This lady was not only generally well informed, she also possessed remarkable knowledge of the poetry of her own land, no less than that of other countries. She was skilled in music and could thus impart, as we are well assured that she did impart, to her tender charge—the son who was destined to fill so bright a page in the history of the New World, the legends of Scotland as well as those of her native Ireland, in melodious verse allied to the sweetest power of song. No wonder if he loved such a mother. No wonder if this dutiful filial affection was to him, as it could not fail to be, the source of many blessings. No wonder if it remained deeply graven in his inmost soul, and was dearer to him even than fame itself.

"My mother! at that holy name
Within my bosom there's a gush
Of feeling which no time can tame,
A feeling which for years of fame
I would not, could not crush!"

Whilst yet a boy Thomas D'Arcy McGee was thrown into the arena of public political life. That his career at that early period of his existence was free from error, few will now maintain. That he was not hurried into greater and more enduring aberrations was

due to two very powerful causes, the sound principles imbibed in his tenderest years, and the companionship of the late Daniel O'Connell. If we have to lament that he was borne away for a time on the tide of an ill-regulated enthusiasm, we must bear in mind that that enthusiasm, like a mighty current, swept over Europe, and that whilst in the continental nations it aimed at the overthrow of all existing institutions, in Ireland, it only contended with abuses, and by accident merely, may it not be said? or the force of untoward circumstances, came to be in conflict with constituted authority. It sought to remedy the crying evils which prevailed, by throwing light into dark places,—by educating a people who for centuries had been denied the blessing of education,—by creating for them a literature, and a national literature. Need we wonder if in the sudden blaze of noon-day splendour which no dawn preceded, men's vision was disturbed, and they failed to see their way in the confusion of thought and conflict of opinion, which was necessarily consequent on the rapid and unexpected awakening of a nation's mind from the sleep of ages? As regarded one man, at least, correctives were at hand. Thos. D'Arcy McGee never could forget his early principles. The good grain had fallen upon good and very good soil. It could not fail to spring up and in due time produce fruit a hundred fold. The lessons of the great O'Connell were as the dew which freshen the good seed and favor its growth. His peaceful labours had opened for his people the doors of the constitution—that constitution which, however much abused for a time, had a fold in its vast mantle for the down-trodden and oppressed. To the young, and ardent and inexperienced, his wisely conceived measures appeared to be inoperative and unavailing. In their enthusiasm for a future, and not an ideal one, for it is now at hand, but which had as yet to be realized, they forgot the past—they forgot that by his slow, but sure moral means, he had overthrown in a comparatively short time, the gigantic fabric of iniquity, which brute force had consumed whole centuries in building up. Was the *colerie* or faction called "Young Ireland" ever able to accomplish anything like this? But there were such odds against them. None greater, nor so great as against O'Connell. The difference was in their weapons. The moral power which O'Connell wielded was no less mighty than the sword of justice in the hands of the civil ruler. The physical force to which "Young Ireland" had recourse without professing it, was worse than useless; or if it had any use, it was in this, that it showed "that they who take the sword, shall perish by the sword." In other words, that they who, in the face of a free coun-