

ever obliterate, will cry out against them. No power can still this cry—no reasoning comfort it. Ah! mourn, O people that were late so favored! Amid the general sorrow none have such cause to weep as you. Who ever was—who ever could have been—more your friend than him whose loss we deplore? No change of place, or time, or circumstances, could ever alter or diminish his affection for you. His love for Ireland only grew in intensity as he grew in years. Neither the fame which crowned his genius in the land of his adoption, nor the honors that were heaped upon him in the State and by the people, ever lessened his zeal for her welfare. Neither his varied literary occupations, nor his multifarious duties in the Parliament or counsels of Canada made him forget, even for one moment, his loved Erin, or cease from laboring to promote her interests. On the occasion of both his visits to Europe, as a Canadian statesman, and in the furtherance of the affairs of the important Dominion of Canada, he failed not to urge earnestly on the attention of the most eminent British statesmen of the two great parties, the necessity of reform in Ireland. When surrounded, on last St. Patrick's day by the great men of the land, who had assembled for no other purpose than to pay the well won tribute of honor to his great talents and public services, far from being elated by so great a triumph, for his modesty was ever equal to his merits, he declared emphatically in the midst of that illustrious assembly that he thanked them more than for the great honor which their presence conferred upon him personally, for the opportunity which it afforded him of causing his views in regard to Ireland, to be wafted over the Atlantic, and communicated to the statesmen of Great Britain, in a way which, he hoped, would produce a salutary impression on their minds for the good and the happiness of his dear native land.

"I shall not," he said, "presume, Mr. Mayor, because I am your chief guest, to monopolize the evening; I will only say farther on the subject of Ireland, that I claim the right to love and serve her, and her sons in Canada, in my own way, which is not by either approval or connivance with enterprises my reason condemns as futile in their conception, and my heart rejects as criminal in their consequences. (Loud cheers.) Before I close, Mr. Mayor, permit me to add one thing more: speaking from this place—the capital of British America—in this presence—before so many of the most honored public men of British America—let me venture, again to say, in the name of British America, to the statesmen of Great Britain—settle for our sakes and your own; for the sake of international peace, settle promptly and generously the social and eccle-

siastical condition of Ireland, on terms to satisfy the majority of the people to be governed. Every one sees and feels that while England lifts her white cliffs above the waves, she never can suffer a rival Government—a hostile Government—to be set upon the other side of her: whatever the aspirations for Irish autonomy, the Union is an inexorable political necessity, as inexorable for England as for Ireland; but there is one miraculous agency which has yet to be fully and fairly tried out in Ireland; brute force has failed, proselytism has failed, anglicization has failed; try, if only as a novelty, try patiently and thoroughly, statesmen of the Empire! the miraculous agency of equal and exact justice, for one or two generations. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen and Mr. Mayor, I again thank you for the three-fold gratification you have afforded me this evening; for your great undeserved compliment to myself personally; for being allowed to unite with you in this way in a union banquet of Irish-Canadians in the capital of Canada; and lastly, for the opportunity you have afforded me, of saying a word in season, on behalf of that ancient and illustrious Island, the mere mention of which, especially on the 17th of March, warms the heart of every Irishman, in whatever longitude the day may dawn, or the stars look down upon his political destinies, or his private enjoyments." (Loud cheers.)

On the day before that which fiendish malice resolved should be his last in this world, he wrote at length to a member of the British Government, the Right Hon. the Earl of Mayo, not so much in order to thank that nobleman for the well deserved eulogium which he had pronounced upon him in Parliament, as to represent to him how necessary it was that the work of Reform, and of thorough Reform, should be energetically proceeded with in Ireland. If a powerful section of the great Conservative party are now prepared to consider favorably Ireland's rights, if the Reformers of the Empire now as one man are engaged, heart and hand, in forwarding the essential work of Irish Reform, who knows to what extent, all this is due to the earnest and unceasing representations and remonstrances of the . . . Thomas D'Arcy McGee? O, that I could say that no Irishman had a hand in his untimely fate!

* "And, by whom has this tremendous deed been perpetrated? Was it by wild Indians?—a savage, a Cherokee, a Blackfoot, a Hottentot, or a New Zealander? Was it by an Orangeman—English, Scotch, American, or Canadian? Was it by a Bengal tiger, a hyena, or a demon in human form? But, Oh, God! to think that this Prince of Irishmen, for mere blood money, for private vengeance, would have been trailed for months, and struck down by the miscreant blood