

the most ardent lover of this new and interesting country could ever have anticipated. And this, I confess, is the secret why I myself esteemed, loved and admired him, as the Catholic Irishman, with all his failings, of whom I felt most proud.

Had I never seen him, and that he had lived and died in Australia, his literary works, and the thrill of his Irish and inspiring oratory, and above all, his lifelong and distinguished services to religion and country, would endear him to my heart, and embalm his memory, as it now does, in my never-fading recollection. But returning to his history in Canada, within ten short years he was, under God, mainly instrumental in acquiring a position for Irishmen which I solemnly believe since the days of Henry the Second they never attained elsewhere. Up to a late period in life he carried his Irishry so far as to wish that all Irishmen were grouped and would live together in separate communities on this continent, so that their religion, language, customs, and associations, might be preserved in their integrity, as in the old land, and for this reason alone he forfeited his life-long and kindly relations with his best friend, Archbishop Hughes, with whom he had for a considerable period a life and death quarrel on the subject.

And oh! tell it not in Gath—publish it not in the streets of Ascalon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, this is the Irishman—the pride, and honor, and benefactor of his race and creed—the giant in intellect and the quasi father of his country—the foremost among the founders of her Institutions—the most genial and warm-hearted, and, in a human sense, the best and greatest man in this wide domain,—and this is the man who has been so ruthlessly cloven down and his soul hurled before the dread tribunal of his Maker without having had time to say God have mercy on me.

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 more blood money, for pri-