

election in 1858, he was returned to Parliament as one of the three representatives of the City of Montreal which position he continued to occupy up to the day of his untimely death.

From May, 1862, to May, 1863, he held office as President of the Executive Council, and again from April, 1864, until the union of the Provinces last year as Minister of Agriculture. In this capacity he represented Canada at the late Dublin Exhibition and the recent *Exposition Universelle* at Paris. As a public speaker and lecturer he was probably without a rival on this continent, and as a writer he was forcible and brilliant; besides being an author of no ordinary ability. His range of subjects was most extensive. He laboured strenuously, and with some success towards building up a British America Literature. He contributed largely to the periodical literature of the Old and New Worlds. Of his lectures and addresses, we give the titles of some of the principal:

Columbus; Shakespeare; Milton; Burke; Grattan; Burns; Moore; the Reformation; the Jesuits; the English Reformation of 1688; the Growth and Power of the Middle Classes in England; the Moral of the Four Revolutions; the Irish Brigade in the Service of France; the American Revolution; the Spirit of Irish History; Will and Skill; the Morality of Shakespeare's Plays; the Future of Canada; the Land we live in; Canada's Interest in the American Civil War; British American Union; Character of Champlain; the Common Interest of British North America; the Germans in Canada; the Irish in Canada; Confederation; Public Opinion; Public Life; Mental Outfit of the New Dominion; Our New Nation and the Old Empire; Revolutions in English Literature.

"With respect to his works we shall merely give a list of their titles only: O'Connell and his Friends, 1 vol. Boston, 1844; The Irish Writers of the Seventeenth Century, 1 vol. Dublin, 1856; Life of Art McMurrrough, 1 vol. Dublin, 1847; Memoir of Duffy, Pamphlet, Dublin, 1849; Historical Sketch of Irish Settlers in America, 1 vol. Boston, 1850; Reformation in Ireland, 1 vol. Boston, 1852; Life of Bishop Maginn, 1 vol. New-York, 1856; Canadian Ballads, 1 vol. Montreal, 1858; Popular History of Ireland, 2 vols. New-York, 1862; Notes on Federal Governments, past and present, Pamphlet, Montreal, 1864; Speeches on British American Union, London, 1865."

Mr. McGee was a B. O. L. of McGill University; a Member of the Royal Irish Academy; a Corresponding Member of the Historical Societies of the States of New-York and Maine, and a member of nearly every literary and scientific society and association in Canada.

We give, we believe, his last two poems, *Prima Vista* and *Requiem Æternam*, the latter of which, written on his late friend Mr. Devany, seems singularly appropriate as his own requiem.

PRIMA VISTA. (1)

BY THE HON. T. D. M'GEE.

(From *New Dominion Monthly* for April.)

"Land! Land!" how welcome is th' word
To all o' us, landsmen bred or seamen?
Deep in their lairs the sick are stirred—
The decks are thronged with smiling women.
The face that had gone down in tears,
Ten days since, in the British Channel,
Now, like *Aurora*, re-appears—
Aurora, wrapped in furs and flannel.

"Where?" "Yonder, on the right—dost see?
"A firm, dark line; and, close thereunder,
"A white line drawn along the sea—
"A flashing line, whose voice is thunder.

"It seems to be a fearsome coast—
"No trees; no hospitable whiffs;
"God help the crew whose ship is lost
"On yonder homicidal cliffs."

"Amen! say I, to that sweet prayer,
"The land indeed looks sad and stern,
"No female *Savants* field-day there,
"Collecting butterflies and fern.
"An iron land it seems from far,
"On which no shepherd's flock reposes;
"Lash'd by the elemental war,
"The land is not a land of roses."

Proudly, oh! *Prima Vista*, still—
Where sweeps the sea-hawk's fearless pinion—
Do thou unfurl from every bill
The banner of the New Dominion.
Proudly, to all who sail the sea,
Bear thou advanced the Union standard—
And friendly may its welcome be
To all men—seaward bound, or landward

All hail! old *Prima Vista*—long
As break the billows on thy boulders,
Will seamen hail thy lights with song,
And home-hopes quicken all beholders.
Long as thy headlands point the way
Between man's old and new creation,
Evil fall from thee like the spray,
And Hope illumine every station.

Long may thy hardy sons count o'er
The spoils of Ocean, won by labor;
Long may the free, unbolted door
Be open to each trusty neighbor.
Long, long, may blossom on thy rocks
Thy sea-pinks, fragrant as the heather,
Thy maidens of the flowing locks,
Safe sheltered from life's stormy weather.

Yes! this is *Prima Vista*—this
The very landmark we have prayed for;
Darkly they wander who have missed
The guidance yon stern land was made for.
Call it not homicidal, then—
The New World's outwork, grim its beauty;
This guardian of the lives of men,
Clad in the garb that does its duty.

Less gaily sings the lover lark
Above the singing swain, at morning,
Than rings thro' sea mists chill and dark,
This name of welcome and of warning.
Not happier to his cell may go
The saint, triumphant o'er temptation,
Than the worn captain turns below,
Relieved, as by a revelation.

How blest when Cabot ventured o'er
This northern sea, yon rocks rose gleaming;
A promised land seemed Labrador
(Nor was the promise all in seeming);
Strong sea-wall, still it stands to guard
An Island, fertile, fair as any,
The rich—but the unrepaid—reward
Of Cabot and of Verrazzani.

REQUIEM ÆTERNAM:

LAWRENCE DEVANY, DIED MARCH 3RD, 1868.

(The Hon. T. D. McGee's last Poem.)

I

St. Victor's Day, (1) a day of woe,
The bier that bore our Dead went slow
And silent, sliding o'er the snow—

Miserere, Domine!

(1) Newfoundland.

(1) Saint Victor's day (March 6th).