

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

OUR last number had hardly been issued when the telegraph brought the harrowing intelligence that our friend and contributor, Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, had been foully assassinated at Ottawa, on the morning of the 7th of April. Bad news, it is said, travels fast, and from one end of America to the other, ere the sun had sunk to rest, it was the topic of general conversation. At first the news was scarcely credited, people could not be made to believe that an act so atrocious had been committed in our fair land, where assassinations and foul murders are happily seldom, if ever, perpetrated. We thought that we lived in an enlightened age; but this crime brings us back to the dark days of the French Revolution when a man dared not speak his mind; or the times of Italian brigandage when the stiletto and carbine did their deadly work.

The United Kingdom, Spain and Russia, too, have not been without their dark page of history. We have been accustomed to read in the annals of the past, of events well calculated to freeze the hearts' blood; often have our sympathies been touched with a dire tale of some cold-blooded crime committed merely for state purposes. In the "new" world, as well as in the "old," scenes of a barbaric age have been unfolded in the broad panorama of a world's history. When Abraham Lincoln, the much esteemed chief magistrate of our Republican neighbours, was shot by J. Wilkes Booth in Ford's Theatre, Washington, the whole country mourned the sad calamity; but that crime with all its revolting details, is not to be compared with the assassination of Mr. McGee. Before thousands of spectators, in one of the most public places in Washington, at an early hour in the evening, all hope of escape probably shut off, in the presence of all, Wilkes Booth deliberately fired at the President, and before the report of his pistol had died away and the smoke from the barrel blown off, he made a leap on the stage and was soon beyond the reach of pursuers. Different, far different was McGee's tragic end. Just as he left the arena where a short time before he stood in the proud attitude of a "Peacemaker" counselling forbearance towards the people of Nova Scotia, and eloquently replying to Dr. Parker, who in a long set speech had urged the recall of Dr. Tupper from his mission to England, to which land he had repaired for the purpose of confronting the Hon. Joseph Howe and defending the action of his (Tupper's) government in the matter of Confederation, he met his death. Arm in arm with a friend (Mr. MacFarlane) he walked down the street smoking a cigar and chatting pleasantly. They came to a stop, *adieux* were exchanged, and the two friends parted. Mr. McGee went up to the door of his dwelling, slipped his cane under his arm, and searched for his latch key; this found, he inserted it into the key-hole. As he was about to open the door a loud report was heard, a ball whizzed through the head of Mr. McGee, his brains spattered against the door, and a great man fell to rise no more. An eloquent tongue was forever hushed, a giant mind stilled, and a prolific pen stripped of its power. So perished a man, whose name shall live for all time to come, in the history of Canada. Future generations shall mourn his untimely end and those of the present who are familiar with his impassioned oratory, poetic genius, true fellowship, and kind, jovial nature, will not soon forget his name; but it shall live and