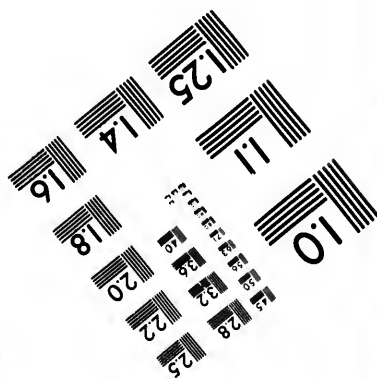
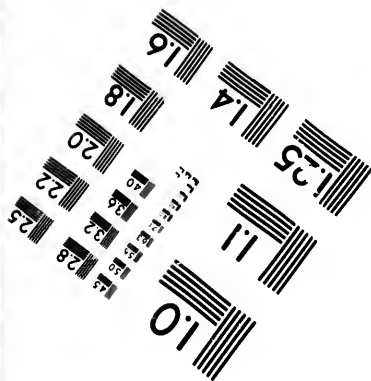
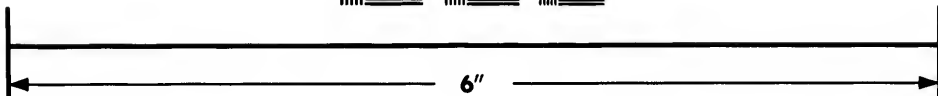
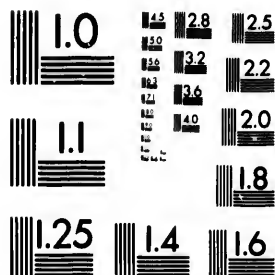


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

1.8  
2.0  
2.2  
2.5  
2.8  
3.2  
3.6  
4.0

**CIHM/ICMH  
Microfiche  
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40

**© 1987**

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Coloured covers/<br>Couverture de couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured pages/<br>Pages de couleur   |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Covers damaged/<br>Couverture endommagée   | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Pages damaged/<br>Pages endommagées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers restored and/or laminated/<br>Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée  | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages restored and/or laminated/<br>Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cover title missing/<br>Le titre de couverture manque   | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/<br>Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured maps/<br>Cartes géographiques en couleur   | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages detached/<br>Pages détachées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/<br>Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)   | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Showthrough/<br>Transparence   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured plates and/or illustrations/<br>Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/> Quality of print varies/<br>Qualité inégale de l'impression   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bound with other material/<br>Relié avec d'autres documents   | <input type="checkbox"/> Includes supplementary material/<br>Comprend du matériel supplémentaire   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion<br>along interior margin/<br>La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la<br>distorsion le long de la marge intérieure   | <input type="checkbox"/> Only edition available/<br>Seule édition disponible   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blank leaves added during restoration may<br>appear within the text. Whenever possible, these<br>have been omitted from filming/<br>Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées<br>lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,<br>mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont<br>pas été filmées. | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata<br>slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to<br>ensure the best possible image/<br>Les pages totalement ou partiellement<br>obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,<br>etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à<br>obtenir la meilleure image possible. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Additional comments:/<br>Commentaires supplémentaires:   | Irregular pagination : [2], [1]-8, [2] p.  |

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

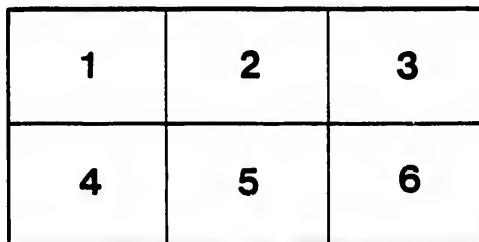
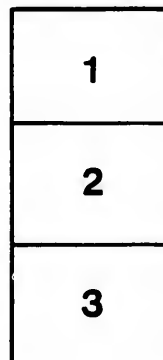
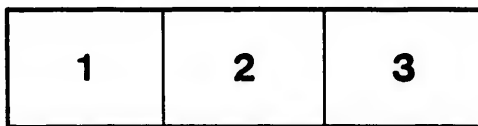
Seminary of Quebec  
Library

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Séminaire de Québec  
Bibliothèque

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

286 - Progr. Can. 1101



Bibliothèque,  
Le Séminaire de Québec,  
3, rue de l'Université,  
Québec, Q.U.B.

# IN MEMORIUM

— OF —

## HON. T. D. M<sup>C</sup>GEE

— AND —

## CAPT. C. C. BRYDGES.

---

"Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided."—DAVID.

---

BY THE POET "MARATHON."



IN MEMORIAM

OF

THE

—

—

—

**IN MEMORIUM**

— OF —

**HON. T. D. M<sup>C</sup>GEE**

— AND —

**CAPT. C. C. BRYDGES.**

---

“Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives and  
in their death they were not divided.”—DAVID.

---

BY THE POET “MARATHON.”

# DEDICATION

— TO —

C. J. BRYDGES, Esq.

---

DEAR SIR,

Permit me to dedicate the following poems to you, the one on the tragic death of an illustrious Statesman, with the brightness of whose genius your own could so well sympathize, the other your own affectionate son, Charles, the pride of your manhood and the hope of your declining years. "Snatched away in beauties bloom," from the affections of his Country, and the love of his happy home. They may serve to you not as the productions of genius, but, mementos of two melancholy events, entering so deeply into the recesses of your profound nature.

Trusting you will be sustained under the great trial,

I remain, very respectfully,

Yours,

"MARATHON."



# THE ASSASSINATION

OF THE

HON. T. D. MCGEE.

BY "MARATHON."

Wake my harp and pour thy music  
Doleful on thy country's ear  
Call her from her morning's slumber,  
To pour forth a mutual tear,  
Sorrows deep baptize my harp strings  
And bedew the Poet's song,  
As it trembles on his spirit  
While he pours it on the throng.

List my country while my deep notes,  
Tell thee of the arm of blood,  
Now in peerless vengeance lifted  
Gainst the eternal laws of God.  
Yea despite the laws that keep us  
Safe from every hideous fear,  
Bought by blood of our ancestors  
Held by us than life more dear.

Mourn that on thy breast there treadeth,  
One so vile of demon heart,  
Whose dark deed of hellish daring  
Tore McGee's life strings apart  
While those classic lips were cooling  
From those strains of living fire,  
That well'd from his patriot spirit,  
Which did oft those lips inspire.

Lurked the dark satanic spirit,  
 Waiting with his purpose deep,  
 To uplift the blow of horror,  
 That will cause two lands to weep.  
 O! What country flung his members  
 First upon his native shore  
 And what bosom fondly nursed him,  
 Thus to stain his hands in gore.

Heinous is the deed of horror,  
 It affronts our every power,  
 That thus tore him from pedestals,  
 Where his wings alone could tower.  
 It has hushed the silvery music,  
 That did warble in his song,  
 And suspended flowing rivers,  
 That burst often from his tongue.

Parents are the fruitful fingers,  
 That described us ancient lore,  
 And imparted to our country  
 Gifts we cannot boast of more.  
 Deck the platform, clothe it deeply,  
 In its ebon robes of pride,  
 Call our country's sons and tell them,  
 How its peerless champion died.

Tell them that his tongue of fire  
 Never more will greet them here,  
 Ask their classic taste to give us  
 On his dust a pearly tear.  
 Hush'd the eloquence that took them  
 To nuptial realms of light,  
 Brought their treasure neath his genius  
 That pour'd on them lustre bright.

And their heart caught inspiration,  
 Aim'd to clime the hill of fame,  
 While he bore them on his pinions,  
 To its brow to write their name.  
 We shall bask within the radiance  
 Of his eloquence no more,  
 For his mighty spirit's left us  
 For another boundless shore.

If he sinned against the Nation,  
 He oft wash'd those sins in tears,  
 Kept his vow and spent his genius  
 For us through the troubled years,  
 And has fallen for our country  
 For its sake his head is bowed,  
 'Cause he fought her battles bravely,  
 Sunk he neath this sable cloud.

Britain do thy duty manly  
 Noble hath he given thee,  
 His own life to hend thy greatness  
 Down to all posterity.  
 Do him honor whose effulgence  
 Glow'd around thy lofty name,  
 Adding lustre to thy jewels  
 That heng round thy crown of fame.

Lovely Erin thou canst proudly  
 Boast of many a genius bright,  
 Who have woven brilliant garlands  
 That will burn with changeless light.  
 On thy lofty page of history  
 Studded there are many a gem,  
 That will glow with radiant lustre  
 Sparkling like the diadem.

'Mong the noble genial spirits  
 That have signed the roll of fame,  
 That emit their lustre ever  
 Like some Satelites aflame  
 There McGee will shine perrenial  
 And his name in living light,  
 Ceaseless as the stars that burneth  
 Lovely in the depths of night.

Wexford county let thy heavens  
 Bring their clouds of darkest hue,  
 Let them robe thy bosom Caltiford  
 That gave us this genius true.  
 Let them pour their tears of sorrow  
 On that lovely emerald land,  
 Cause her son's untimely fallen  
 Low by the assassin's hand.

+

Born upon thy lovely bosom  
Rambled o'er thy greenest dale,  
By the pleasant banks of Slaney  
Catching oft its bracing gale.  
Early drank of streamlets gushing  
From thy castles legends fair,  
Treasured in his heart the knowledge  
That his ancestors declare

And he early learnt to love thee  
Round thee his young genius burned,  
Sung of hill and dale and Mountain  
As his heart towards them turned,  
Sang of all thy childrens beauty  
Of their purity and love,  
And the guardian care that heaven  
Kindly lent them from above.

And his pencil traced thy history  
With his strong commanding sense,  
And transcribed her wit and humor  
And her burning eloquence.  
O! for what bright deed of daring  
Sons of Erin's lovely sod,  
Has the foul hand of the assassin  
Sent him early to his God.

Irish hearts why do abt the affection  
In him to your native land,  
All her glories dwelt within him  
And shone throughout his heart and hand.  
Once his love with erring judgment,  
Brandished for her long ago,  
Swords that thirsted for the Honors,  
That doth from true valour glow.

Till the opening years of manhood  
Taught him better of her fate,  
Then with true and nobler instinct,  
He learned his first acts to hate,  
Yea he moulded Irish spirits  
Neath his great majestic own,  
Guiding all her erring children  
Back to love Brittaina's throne.

Noblest sentiments did tremble,  
 Last Eve on his lips of fire,  
 Teaching statesmen that their duty  
 Was to lift the nation higher.  
 Not to follow but to lead her  
 On in holy sentiment,  
 To consolidate the nation,  
 And calm all her discontent.

Once did Nazareth's son of sorrow,  
 Ask ungrateful Israel why—  
 For which deed of noble kindness  
 Did the stones around him fly?  
 So I ask the sons of Erin,  
 For which deed to Ireland,  
 Did our noblest statesman quiver  
 'Neath the foul assassin's hand?

Rather boast that thou wert able  
 To give birth to such a son,  
 Whose immortal genius tower'd  
 Glorious as the noonday sun.  
 Let thy rivers speed be lessen'd,  
 By the Banks of Slaney dear,  
 And her clouds distil from heaven  
 On his memory a tear.

Drape his birthplace now in Sack-cloth,  
 Cast ye ashes o'er her head,  
 Let her children pour their sorrow  
 Over the illustrious dead.  
 And thou Canada his country  
 By adoption long ago,  
 Let thy tears of sorrow freely  
 For thy loftiest statesman flow.

Weep thou Maple Leaf profusely,  
 Weep the loss of eloquence,  
 That burned round thy country's glory,  
 Causing it to glow intense.  
 Curse the cause that hired the demon,  
 To thus strike so near thy heart,  
 Ope'd a wound within thy bosom  
 That will long yet keenly smart.

Like some star gone from its axis,  
 Leaving all so void behind.  
 So the Senate of our country  
 Is without his lustrous mind.  
 Let the demon act awake us  
 For the future to prepare,  
 This is but a little omen,  
 Of the dreadful coming war.

Wake my country, let thy valour  
 Burn again in deeds of fame ;  
 Let thy sons prepare to keep her  
 History with unsullied name.  
 Days of darkness may await us,  
 Steel the breast for every foe,  
 In the trial let our natures  
 In immortal lustre glow.

Hand a name that will not perish  
 On the tablets deep of time,  
 Like the genius that has left us  
 Worthy bard's immortal Rhyme.  
 May Heaven's retributive justice  
 Soon point to the arm of blood,  
 Whose demoniac power untimely  
 Sent him thus to meet his God.

And his ignominious memory  
 Wear the crown of infamy,  
 That his own foul hand hath woven  
 In the murder of McGee.  
 Hush my muse, but let thy sorrow  
 In the tears of friendship lave,  
 To bedew the lovely flowers,  
 That will deck the statesman's *grave*.

Yea, our country's heart is bleeding  
 Deeply at its inner core,  
 'Cause his silvery tongue will bless them  
 With its eloquence no more,  
 'Cause her lofty statesman's powers  
 Ne'er more will project a plan,  
 Stamp the brightness of his genius  
 On it for the good of man.

Yea, the cruel arm that struck him  
 Will upon itself recoil,  
 And drive out the Fenian spirit  
 Far from our Canadian soil.  
 No cause yet has ever prospered  
 Built on crimes of such a hue,  
 No humanity united  
 Could to it continue true.

If our tears of blood could bring thee  
 From the cruel jaws of death,  
 Rivers of them would be flowing  
 To bring back thy vital breath,  
 Cruel was the fate that took thee  
 From our fond embrace away,  
 Without giving thee a moment  
 To kneel 'fore thy God to pray.

Had we but a single hour  
 Just to hear thy mighty soul  
 Print her last words of affection  
 On our country's history—scroll.  
 'Twould have kindled bliss within us  
 Just to hear thy last words tell,  
 What their eloquence would utter  
 In their words of last farewell.

But e'en this dark fate denied us  
 Death hath given the fatal blow,  
 Stop'd the Eloquential River  
 That did o'er his sweet lips flow.  
 Still in death thou wert our Samson,  
 Slaying in thy mortal hour  
 More than sword or pen could doubtless  
 In the prime of Manhood's power.

For thy death will arm with power  
 All our Land unitedly,  
 For to curse the Fenian demon,  
 That slew our beloved McGee.  
 Brother we shall often sorrow  
 Round the precincts of thy grave,  
 And our love 'll adorn its bosom  
 With the ensigns of the brave.

Never did a child of genius,  
Sink beneath his country's sky,  
That wrung from her deeper sorrow  
Or raised sounds of woe so high.  
Sleep my brother on the bosom  
Of thy country's breast of love,  
And may heaven but kindly give thee  
Access to his throne above.

I must drop my harp of sorrow'  
Since it 'vaileth naught for thee,  
Songs of loftiest genius cannot  
Bring thee back, my loved McGee.  
But we'll trust thine own harp chanteth  
Songs of love in realms of light,  
That will never cease in music,  
But for e'er thy soul delight.



## IN MEMORIUM.

---

**Captain Charles Chandos Brydges,**

**BELOVED SON OF C. J. BRYDGES, MANAGER OF C. T. E.**

*Montreal, April 14, 1868.*

---

Native Muse come pour thy sorrow  
Weeping, o'er the grave of one  
Who in years of early manhood  
To the eternal world hath gone.  
Death hath aim'd the unerring arrow  
That brings all the mighty low,  
Bloom and beauty now in glory,  
Did before its power bow.

In the budding bloom of manhood,  
Just as he applied the oar,  
And his heart expanding boundless,  
Aiming for life's distant shore;  
And its ocean stretched before him  
Hopes were kindling in the soul,  
All her own transcendent lustre  
Pour'd its light without controll.

Brilliantly she plumed her pinions,  
Aim'd to take her lofty flight  
Where the mightiest wings have towered  
In their own immortal light;  
How it glow'd within his bosom  
Pouring rays o'er every part,  
Little dreaming death would mantle  
All its lustre in the heart.

Clouds were clear and heaven was brightning,  
Life's sea calm and all was bliss,  
And the heart thought it could ever  
Dwell in heaven so pure as this;  
Home was love, and love was swaying  
Her own sceptre on the heart,  
Which defied life's storms and tempest,  
Evermore to bid them part.

And they thought this bliss would ever  
'Round their happy home abide,  
'Till the fervour of his genius  
Would show forth its strength and pride;  
Fondly hoped to bring what laurels  
Fame would weave around his brow,  
Cause their hearts to dance in gladness  
At the glory it would shew.

Genius, wealth, and learning offered  
To hold out the cup of fame,  
And the stirrings of his spirit,  
Shewed he lov'd to drink the same,  
And mid lofty spirits tower  
With a wing so firm and bold,  
To write his name by deeds of daring  
In the brightest hues of gold.

That the Nation's heart may proudly  
Hand it in succession down  
As an ornament of lustre  
To adorn Britannia's crown;  
Like the mighty name that's left us  
Casting perfume o'er the land,  
Like the box of ointment broken  
Once by Mary's loving hand.

Beauty wove her lovely roses  
On his cheeks of youthful bloom,  
Little thinking death would early  
Fling them in his gorgeous tomb.  
Power, nor wealth, nor brightest genius,  
Could bribe death to miss his blow,  
To let the brightness of his spirit  
On the world its lustre glow.

Hearts of love are prostrate bleeding,  
Death but trampled on them more,  
Cut the tie and bid his spirit  
Fly to its eternal shore.  
O! 'tis pain beyond all measure  
Not to feel his warm heart beat,  
All the depths of its affection  
In its own inherent heat;

And gives wee to know they'll never  
Feel it pulsate any more,  
'Till they meet his happy spirit  
On heaven's own bright sunny shore;  
But 'tis right since God would have it,  
He had brighter gifts of love  
Better suited to his spirit  
In that world of bliss above.

O'er the grave of blooming beauty,  
We shall pour the pearly tear,  
Cherish in our hearts the memory  
Of one loved by all so dear;  
Long adieu immortal spirit,  
'Till we come to visit thee,  
On the brightest banks of Salem,  
Singing there eternally.



