

confronted the enemies of their country, our martyr statesman will live in the remembrance of mankind; the memory of his death, enshrined in the annals of every civilized people, will stand forth an example, ever bright and powerfully attractive, of virtue and fortitude, not to youth only, but also to maturest manhood.

Well may we enquire what education did for such a man. Whilst we admire his great abilities and extensive learning, the sound principle which guided his public life commands still more the homage of our approval and applause. To what cause or influence did he owe this great endowment? To nothing else than his early training, to the anxious care of an affectionate and accomplished mother. Genius was born with him, indeed, but nevertheless his mind might have been narrowed and warped by unworthy prejudices, contracted views which would have rendered unavailing all his intellectual power. If he was ever above such prejudices, if his mind was always open to conviction and ready to receive sound impressions, he was indebted above all for these qualities to the teachings of his truly christian mother. His filial duty towards her was in proportion to her loving and well directed care. His reverence for her when grown to man's estate, whilst it proves the dutifulness of his early days, accounts at the same time, for his strict adherence to what he conceived to be principle and duty in after life. The taste for letters by which he was so soon distinguished, was inspired, we cannot doubt it, by the lessons taught him by his excellent mother. This lady was not only generally well informed, she also possessed remarkable knowledge of the poetry of her own land, no less than that of other countries. She was skilled in music and could thus impart, as we are well assured that she did impart, to her tender charge—the son who was destined to fill so bright a page in the history of the New World, the legends of Scotland as well as those of her native Ireland, in melodious verse allied to the sweetest power of song. No wonder if he loved such a mother. No wonder if this dutiful filial affection was to him, as it could not fail to be, the source of many blessings. No wonder if it remained deeply graven in his inmost soul, and was dearer to him even than fame itself.

"My mother! at that holy name
Within my bosom there's a gush
Of feeling which no time can tame,
A feeling which for years of fame
I would not, could not crush!"

Whilst yet a boy Thomas D'Arcy McGee was thrown into the arena of public political life. That his career at that early period of his existence was free from error, few will now maintain. That he was not hurried into greater and more enduring aberrations was

due to two very powerful causes, the sound principles imbibed in his tenderest years, and the companionship of the late Daniel O'Connell. If we have to lament that he was borne away for a time on the tide of an ill-regulated enthusiasm, we must bear in mind that that enthusiasm, like a mighty current, swept over Europe, and that whilst in the continental nations it aimed at the overthrow of all existing institutions, in Ireland, it only contended with abuses, and by accident merely, may it not be said? or the force of untoward circumstances, came to be in conflict with constituted authority. It sought to remedy the crying evils which prevailed, by throwing light into dark places,—by educating a people who for centuries had been denied the blessing of education,—by creating for them a literature, and a national literature. Need we wonder if in the sudden blaze of noon-day splendour which no dawn preceded, men's vision was disturbed, and they failed to see their way in the confusion of thought and conflict of opinion, which was necessarily consequent on the rapid and unexpected awakening of a nation's mind from the sleep of ages? As regarded one man, at least, correctives were at hand. Thos. D'Arcy McGee never could forget his early principles. The good grain had fallen upon good and very good soil. It could not fail to spring up and in due time produce fruit a hundred fold. The lessons of the great O'Connell were as the dew which freshen the good seed and favor its growth. His peaceful labours had opened for his people the doors of the constitution—that constitution which, however much abused for a time, had a fold in its vast mantle for the down-trodden and oppressed. To the young, and ardent and inexperienced, his wisely conceived measures appeared to be inoperative and unavailing. In their enthusiasm for a future, and not an ideal one, for it is now at hand, but which had as yet to be realized, they forgot the past—they forgot that by his slow, but sure moral means, he had overthrown in a comparatively short time, the gigantic fabric of iniquity, which brute force had consumed whole centuries in building up. Was the *colerie* or faction called "Young Ireland" ever able to accomplish anything like this? But there were such odds against them. None greater, nor so great as against O'Connell. The difference was in their weapons. The moral power which O'Connell wielded was no less mighty than the sword of justice in the hands of the civil ruler. The physical force to which "Young Ireland" had recourse without professing it, was worse than useless; or if it had any use, it was in this, that it showed "that they who take the sword, shall perish by the sword." In other words, that they who, in the face of a free con-

stitution, the freest ever yet known to man, hope to prove the justice of their cause by blows and deeds of violence, must perish, the victims of their own devices. This important truth which youth, inexperienced ardent, enthusiastic, could not discover, was manifest to maturer years, and Thomas D'Arcy McGee, instructed by the principles and example of O'Connell, enlightened by experience, guided by the promptings of his riper judgment, animated and encouraged by the inspirations of his superior genius, beheld and acknowledged the errors of his too early political career. But he had not in reality, as yet, commenced any such career. In the times to which reference has been made, he was a man of letters and a journalist, and less a politician than his relations with the "Young Ireland" club, might lead us to suppose. These relations were as the friendships of childhood, and like them ephemeral. They passed away with his boyhood, and all that remains of them is a faint and perishing remembrance. His literary labors of the same period enjoy as they deserve, a better fate. They alone would be a lasting monument to his name.* The works of his youth, we are well assured, are read with interest even now, by his fellow countrymen in Ireland, and they will long survive in the literature of his country. That could have been no mediocre talent which attracted the notice of O'Connell, and was induced by that great man to devote itself to his cause,—the cause of reform in Ireland through moral and constitutional means. The friends of Mr. McGee, in Canada, shewed an equally sound appreciation of his great abilities. They invited him to take up his abode amongst them in the rich and prosperous city of Montreal. He was not long there, applying, as was his wont, to the congenial labours of literature and journalism, when at the general election which took place about a year after his arrival, he was chosen one of the three representatives of the city in

*The gigantic products of his short but eventful life, must be proof positive, even to his enemies, of ceaseless industry, and a marvellously sustained intellectual culture, incompatible with serious faults of any kind. The ten or eleven hundred lectures delivered by him in twenty years, the unnumbered pieces of matchless eloquence which he poured forth,—his immortal speeches in and out of Parliament,—his voluminous political writings,—and the many literary works in prose and poetry in his name,—and lastly, the blasting shock of his hideous taking off before the blossoming of manhood! Speak trumpet-tongued for the moderation and the many untold virtues of his whole life."

—*Archbishop of Halifax, funeral oration on the late T. D. McGee, Halifax, 1838.*

the Canadian Parliament. Now (1858) in reality commenced his career as a politician and statesman. It has been already alluded to in this discourse. You all know how brilliant it was, and alas! how brief! Twice in the Ministry, and since he left it, without any difference with his colleagues, but from the purest, most patriotic, and most disinterested motives, he was more than ever at the head of all affairs. From the first even before he was elected to Parliament, the consistent advocate of the Union of these Provinces, he was until his latest breath its ablest defender. More, need it be said? much more than any other he was the public man—the statesman of Canada. He was repeatedly, habitually recognized as such. A truly magnificent proof this recognition was given only a few days before that on which he was called away so suddenly and so nefariously from the country which loved him and will long revere his memory. The reckless, ungrateful and most criminal hand which consigned him to an untimely grave, struck at the heart of the Canadian people, and all who do not hasten to repudiate all sympathy with the foul and fiendish deed, incur their just contempt and undisguised hostility quite as surely as the perpetrators of such acts, together with their patrons, abettors and accomplices, who are the enemies alike of God and man, daringly and impudently place themselves under the ban of the Church and the curse of God. We mourn the loss of Canada's ablest statesman and most eloquent orator. But the cruel and unexpected blow has also hurried from our sight and from our society, a deeply read scholar, a pleasing essayist, a great historian and a good poet. What varied learning did he not bring to bear on the subjects which he selected for the numerous lectures that he so willingly undertook in the cause of charity and benevolence? How gracefully and with what untiring energy, did he not deliver those lectures? If any one thing more than another be deserving of special notice in this place and on this occasion, it is this, that all the efforts of his fascinating oratory tended to extinguish animosities, reconcile differences, promote peace and good will among the various classes and denominations of his fellow-countrymen of Canada. This alone would entitle him, as it does entitle him, to the prayers and benedictions of the Church: It does more; it gives him a right to the blessing of God himself. "*Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God!*" (Matt. 5, 9.) If for this cause the grossest ignorance—ignorance that no tongue of man or angel ever can enlighten—assailed him with reproach, endeavoured to crush him by

* In number over 1,000.—*Archbishop Connolly.*

calumny, and at length, when the cup of their iniquity was filled brim-full, and their reprobation was complete, struck him down in the dead of night, his reward is beyond expression great, in the Kingdom of God. *Blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice sake; for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven!* (id. ib.; v. 10.) With what humility did he not speak of his great literary labours? Not farther back than last St. Patrick's day, when he sat an honored and a deservedly honored man in the midst of the most eminent representative men of this Dominion, who had assembled at the national banquet, as it may well be termed, in order to mark their appreciation of his great abilities and successful services to the State, he very modestly, in reply to a well-merited compliment, addressed to him by the Mayor of the Capital, who praised his History of Ireland as his greatest work, *that he was well aware of its many faults and imperfections, and that if he were favored with life and health a few years longer, he would endeavour to find time to correct them.* And yet this is the work of which competent critics have said that it is the most to be relied on, of the few readable histories of Ireland that exist, while in point of style, grace and beauty of diction, it is infinitely superior to several histories which are considered authentic, but which none but the most determined student would undertake to read. Mr. McGee seldom wrote verses. But when he did, his poetry like his prose, was devoted to the cause of truth. How true in feeling and in sentiment are not his lines on Tasso's tomb! How nobly was he not inspired by the sight of Christian and classic Rome! Who amongst us, can ever forget his intensely pathetic, most moving and truly pious stanzas to the memory of his friend of Montreal, the late Mr. Devaney? Poet, orator, historian, essayist, statesman! Who ever combined so many qualities, so many talents? Who ever became eminent, and so greatly eminent, in so many ways? Well may Canadians mourn. *Quando ullum inveniunt parem?* His extraordinary intellectual powers were accompanied and graded by no less benevolence and amiability of character. Who ever sought his aid and was denied it? Who among the lowly and the poor, that does not now raise his voice to Heaven in prayer for his eternal peace? What benevolent charitable association throughout the land that does not plead in his behalf the promise of the Lord to those who comfort him in the persons of his afflicted servants?

"I was hungry, and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink; &c. Amen. I say to you as long you did such things to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me."—*Matt. 25: 34, 40.*

Not only did Mr. McGee contribute largely

towards raising up a national literature in this new nation, which his patriotic efforts had so powerfully aided in building up, he studied also to encourage and foster literary efforts on the part of others. It was not necessary in order to gain his favor and win his words of approval, that the aspirant to literary honors should share his political or religious views. He knew neither sect nor party in the field of letters. Sound thought, pure, generous and noble sentiment, together with the truth of feeling, were his only tests. Where these existed, he hesitated not to judge every writer according to his merits. Nor was he a rigid critic. It was his aim and policy,—a policy which flowed from his inherent goodness, not less than from his zeal in the cause of literature, to encourage by commendation any dawning of authorship, rather than to correct and instruct by the strict truth of criticism. More matured works, he knew, would come with maturer years. The expanding buds of talent required only to be carefully tended. And who more considerate than D'Arcy McGee in his care for such precious germs? When he rose to a high position in the State, he was, it is far from being too much to say it, the *Mecenas* of his time and country. If it had pleased Divine Providence to preserve him a few years longer from the savage bands of hidden enemies, we might have indulged the pleasing hope of beholding in our own day, in these United Provinces, an epoch not less renowned in letters than the august age of Rome, or an era like to that of Leo X. in modern Italy, or to the reign of Louis XIV.—the classic age of France, or to our own brightest days of literary fame—the Shakspearian, Miltonian, Addisonian, and Johnsonian epochs. But, alas! how vain are all human hopes; how are the mighty fallen! Cities of Canada that have witnessed such a deed, lament and weep—weep until your tears have washed from your polluted land so foul a stain. May never the rain of Heaven, nor its freshening dews descend upon you more, till your iniquity be blotted out! And let the children of green Erin weep! Their friend, their stay, their David is no more! Their voice, together with his eloquent speech, is for ever silenced in these lands. Who will ever respect them? Who will ever heed them any more? Their enemies will say that they are men of strife, of violence and blood. In vain shall a friendly voice, in days to come, be lifted in their cause. The awful handwriting which the murderer's hand has written upon our cities' walls, and which neither time nor the skill of man can

* King David lamenting the death of Saul and Jonathan said: "Ye mountains of Gilead, let neither dew nor rain come down upon you, for there was cast away the shield of the valiant, the shield of Saul, &c." [11. Kings 1, 21.]

ever obliterate, will cry out against them. No power can still this cry—no reasoning confute 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 conivance 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 Hon. 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

In whatever light we consider him, the Honorable Thomas D'Arcy McGee was no common man, but *errare humanum est*; was he, in every respect, above the condition of our common humanity? was he all excellence—all perfection? To say that he was above all human weakness, would surely be exaggeration; but he was more. He rose superior to such weakness. He did what few men do. He won a victory which few aspire to. He realized the grand idea of the pre-Christian sages—the sublime teaching of the Christian faith—he conquered himself. If he heard this eulogium, the truest, the greatest that can be pronounced upon him, he would disclaim the honor of a conquest more glorious to him than all the laurels he ever gathered in the wide and varied field of literature, or in that arena which only few can strive in, the more exalted sphere of statesmanship; he would have said, like him of the giant mind, who was so intensely human, and yet so far beyond humanity, “*by the grace of God I am what I am.*” (1. Cor.: 15; 10.) He was not indeed called to the same apostleship as Paul. But his was nevertheless, a great apostleship. It was the apostleship of Peace. And he was not unworthy of it. He who called him to so great a mission, blessed him with success; and an united people, may we hope, will long enjoy its happy fruits. His work whilst it follows him beyond the grave, (*Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.* From henceforth now, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors; *for their works follow them.* [Apoc.: 14; 13].) yet remains behind him. The memory of his martyr-fate will impress it deeper and deeper every day, for ages to come, on the minds of his fellow-countrymen, and unborn generations will not only point to him as an *example of virtue and fortitude*, but also as the preacher of peace and the regenerator of his country. Nor was D'Arcy McGee a mere philanthropist. The teachings of the Church Catholic found an echo in his expanded mind. The principles of Christianity which he had imbibed in earliest youth, were the principles of his maturer manhood. What he learned and followed in

the simplicity and innocence of childhood, he accepted in after years, as the guide of his powerful and highly developed intellect. His was a profound, but not a blind belief. He was highly gifted with divine faith, as with so many other mental endowments. His enlightened reason beheld in this faith a greater light than its own, and he honored it with the most humble and devoted obedience,—obedience which was reasonable, but complete; thus realizing the sublime and truly philosophic doctrine of St. Paul: “*rationabile obsequium vestrum.*” (Rom.: 12; 1.) What he believed he feared; and many will bless his memory for the loving pains which he bestowed in proving to them, expounding and impressing upon their minds, those all important doctrines which were a stay and a joy to himself. Nor did he fail to practice what both in private conversation and on all fitting public occasions, he so often and so eloquently preached. What could have been more edifying than his most regular and devout attendance at public worship? What more affecting—what more cheering to every Christian mind, than his child-like attention to the preaching of the word of God? But he was also a most pious communicant, fulfilling with filial affection, all the spiritual duties which the Church imposes on her children. It was fitting, but not to be wondered at, that when the hour of visitation came, such a man should be found at his post. If to love God and to serve him be one and the same thing; surely his is now the lot of those to whom all things happen opportunely and concur for their good, because they love God. “*Diligentibus Deum omnia co-operantur in bonum.*” (Rom. 8, 28). On the day before that on which he was so suddenly, but surely not unpreparedly called away, he was engaged directly in the service of God on the Lord's own Day and in His holy place. Later, and until the last moment, he was actively employed in doing the will of God—serving his neighbor—laboring to advance the cause of peace and friendly feeling amongst his fellow-men. “*Well done thou good and faithful servant.*” Such are our thoughts regarding him whose loss we mourn. We can only add our earnest wish and fervent prayer for his eternal happiness. *Requiem eternam dona ei Domine!*

red hand of one of his own countrymen, is perfectly overwhelming.”—*Archbishop of Halifax.*



