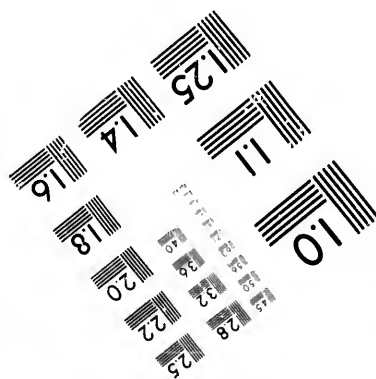
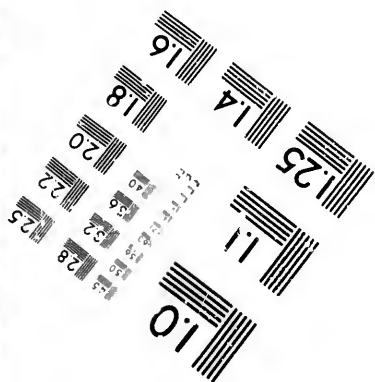
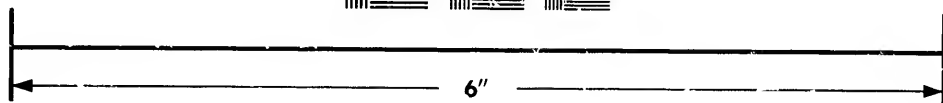
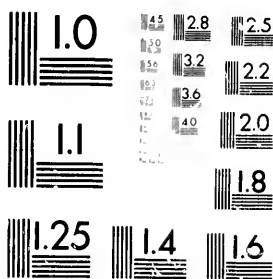


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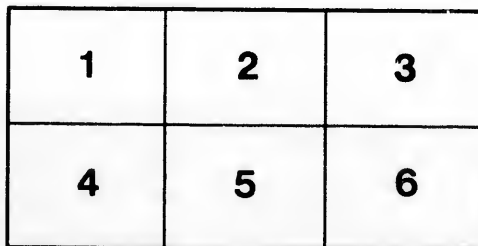
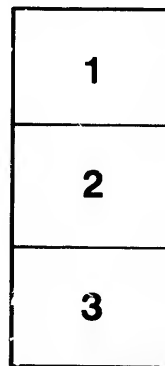
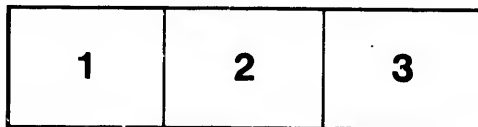
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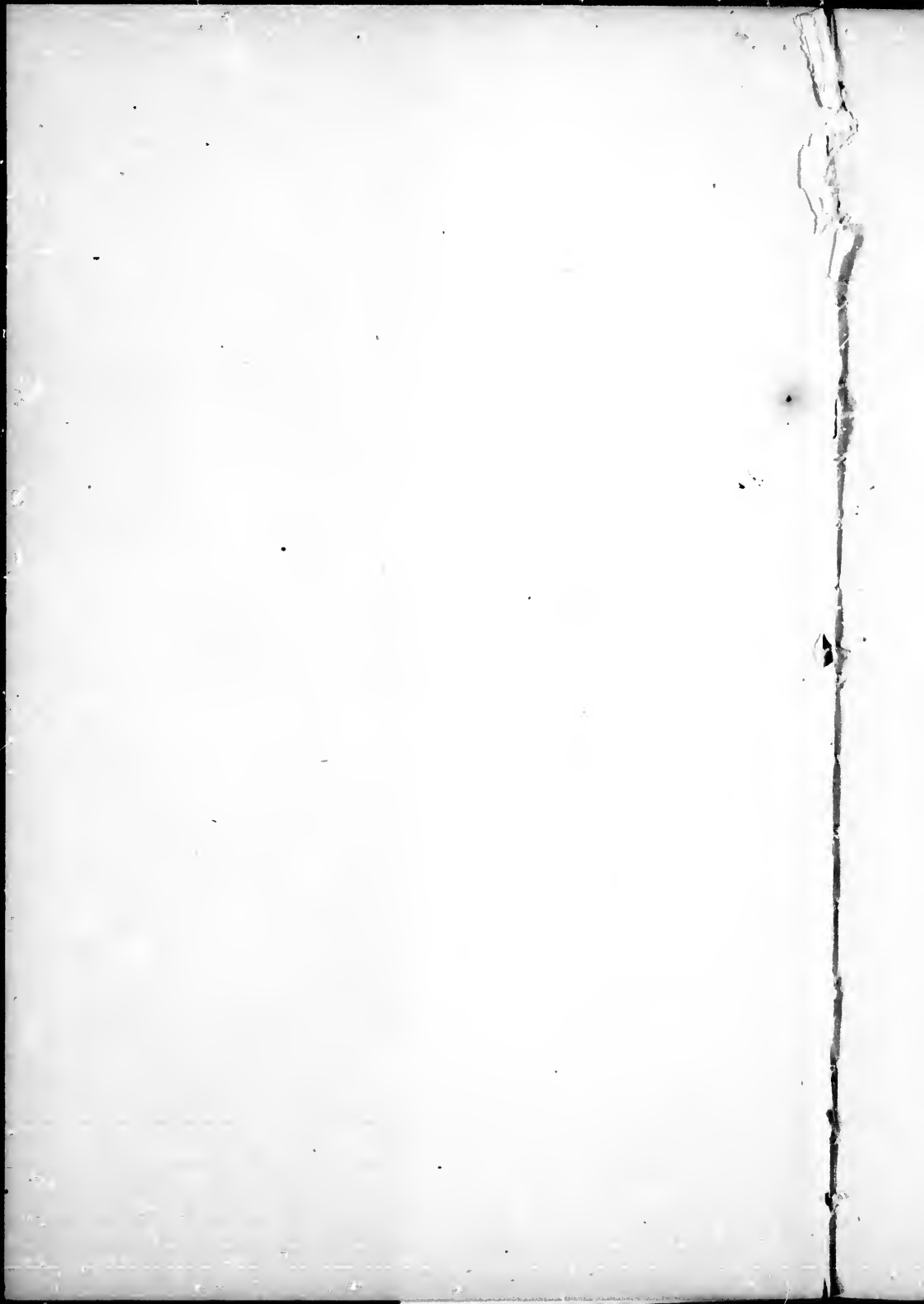
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A SHORT SKETCH

OF THE

Life of the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, M.P.,

FOR MONTREAL (WEST), LATE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND IMMIGRATION
FOR CANADA, &C., &C., &C

BY

HENRY J. O'C. CLARKE, Q.C.

Oscar Dunn.

Montreal:

PRINTED BY JOHN LOVELL, ST. NICHOLAS STREET
1868.

1914-15

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Walter Macfarlan, Esq.,
MONTREAL.

SIR,

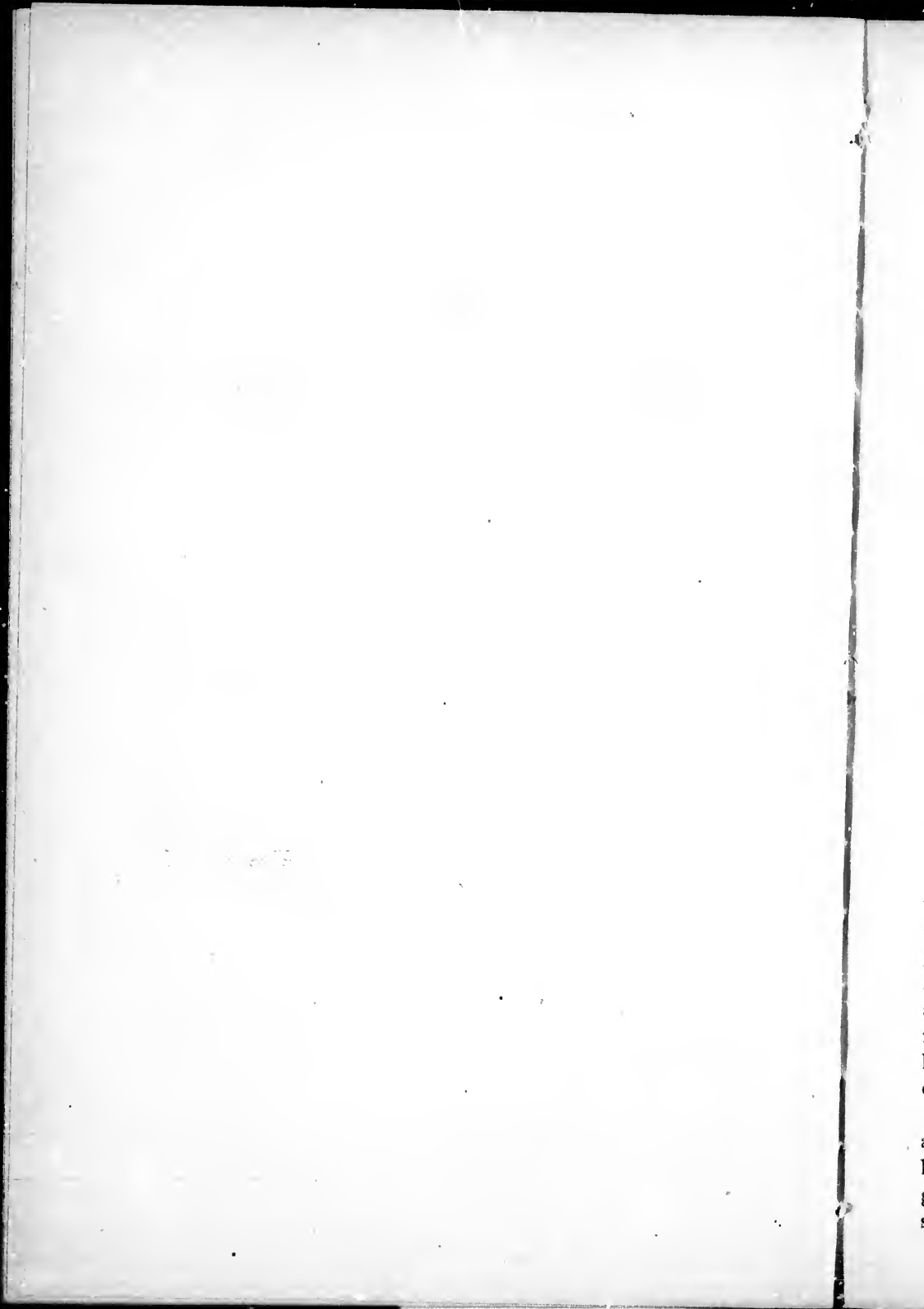
From among the thousands of sincere friends of the late Hon. THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE in Canada, I beg leave to dedicate this simple "*Sketch of his Life*" to you, whose friendship he valued above all others, and well he might, for a more manly, sincere, disinterested friend he never had, and no other man ever could have in this world.

As an Irishman, I feel that it is an honour paid to his memory, who was my friend, to acknowledge, even in this humble manner, your liberal and firm support, as a friend and constituent of our great IRISH CANADIAN STATESMAN AND ORATOR, of whom we are so proud, through good report and evil report, during his brilliant political career in Canada, up to the time of his sad and sorrowful death.

Ever faithfully your obdt. servt.

HENRY J. O'C. CLARKE.

Montreal, 1st December, 1868.



Sketch of the Life of Hon. Chas. D'Arcy McGee.

PART I.

" His life was gentle, and the elements
So mingled in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*"

SHAKESPEARE.

FAR away from that glorious, but unhappy Isle, where he dreamt away the bright fleeting hours of his childhood; far away from the home of his dearest hopes, of his highest aspirations; far away from the green church-yard where the white ashes of his revered parents lie clasped in the friendly embrace of the land of their birth; in the new world, far over the sea, in the land of his adoption, high up on the sunny side of beautiful "*Mount Royal*," which, sloping towards the far-famed St. Lawrence, laves its foot in the limpid waters of the majestic river, overlooking the beautiful city of Montreal; where for years his voice was the most potent, his smile the most friendly, his influence in all that was most noble, patriotic, and good, was most felt, sleeps the greatest poet, orator, statesman, historian, the best, the truest friend, counsellor, and guide of the Irish race in America. His grave is bedewed by a young nation's tears; his memory lives, and shall live in that young nation's heart; his name and fame will cast lustre on the pages of her history, and his life labours will stand forth as an example worthy of emulation to future millions.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee was not descended from a long line of noble ancestors; no human power or patent secured to him a noble name or hereditary estate; he was simply the son of an honest man, and a truly good woman, and the patent which ennobled him was the gift of God himself. He was born at Carlingford, Ireland, on the 13th of April, 1825;

his father was at the time employed in the coast guard service, in which he continued to the time of his death, which took place about two years ago (1867); his father's name was James McGee. While stationed at Belfast he made the acquaintance of and married Miss Dorcas Morgan; they removed, in a short time after their union, to Carlingford, where the subject of our sketch was born. Both on the father and mother's side, Mr. McGee was descended from families remarkable for their devotion to the cause of Ireland; his mother's grandfather was one of the most active men of the rebellion of 1798, as was also his father's brother; and, with the exception of his father, all the men of the families on both sides, were "United Irishmen." During the time of that dreadful rebellion, the grandfather of Mr. McGee's mother was for a long time held a state prisoner; and although he escaped with his life, all his property was swept away, and the family in consequence became impoverished, but not to such a degree as to prevent the mother of Mr. McGee from receiving a very good education. She was a woman of unusual refinement, and of deep religious feeling; her great object was to instill into the minds of her children their duty to God, first, and next to instruct them in the rudiments of a sound English education. An Irishwoman in heart and feeling, she impressed on her first born son that undying love for Ireland which clung to him throughout his life. In 1833 Mr. James McGee was ordered to Wexford, and there in that year he lost his wife. Thomas D'Arcy was then only eight years of age, but so well had his good mother laboured to improve his mind, that at that tender age, although he had never spent a day at school, he was very far advanced for a child of his years, not only in the rudiments of learning, but the substantial foundation of a moral and religious education had also been laid in his youthful mind, and those lessons learnt in his early childhood at his mother's knee, impressed on his memory by his good mother's example and precept, were never forgotten in his after life. Amid the storms and whirlwinds of revolution and party strife, amid the trials, pleasures, victories, disappointments and dangers which marked his most eventful career, his mother's early lessons of piety deeply impressed on his child's heart with her smiles and tears, were ever present to his mind, and influenced, in a marked degree, the conduct of his whole life. After his mother's death Thomas was put to school, and it is needless to say, was remarked for the ease and rapidity with which he mastered his lessons and outstripped his comrades in the various branches taught in the Wexford school. Mr. McGee never had a regular classical education; his father could not afford him the opportunity from his very limited means; and a man endowed with less talent than him would never, with the scanty

means of acquiring knowledge at his command, have risen above mediocrity; but great minds burst the chains which would confine lesser ones, and freeing themselves, soar far above the slavery of circumstances, of birth, and opportunity, and in their flight upwards scatter lessons of wisdom which tend to improve mankind and to illustrate the power of the Creator. Select the greatest names recorded of the rulers, instructors, or benefactors of mankind, those names which belong to no one nationality or creed, but which are the common property of the human family; the brightest lights of civilization, the great moralists, the good Samaritans of our race; the great reformers of the world, the great discoverers; those men who have almost annihilated time and space, and rendered the earth, the air, and the waters, the slaves of man: those philosophers who have, as it were, turned nature inside out in their researches after all that is useful, profitable, or instructive;—and you will find that their Oxford or Cambridge was a hill side, a workshop, or a garret; their library the great book of nature, fresh from the hand of the mighty printer, who has impressed on its pages all that is instructive, lovely, awful, or sublime; their instructor, the spirit of omnipotence, before which all that was earthy in their nature became subservient to the God-like principle implanted in their souls and among their fellow men; they become the chosen instruments of God to advance and elevate the human family.

While still a boy at school Thomas became a member of a Juvenile Temperance Society, established by Father Mathew, in Wexford, and he soon became a prominent member. Never, in all his future glorious career, did the statesman or orator feel the same glow of pride that he did as a boy, when the great apostle of Temperance patted him on the head and praised his first effort at public speaking, before a large audience at a temperance meeting. The ice was broken, the unlocked treasures of his great mind began to pour forth, and the boy orator charmed his fellow members with his speeches in the cause of temperance during the following three years—so that his earliest efforts were devoted to the advancement and happiness of his fellow-men. Who can say, may not the bread thus cast on the waters in his early youth have returned to him after many days: During the years '40, '41 and '42, till he left Ireland, the speeches of "*little Tommy McGee*" were looked forward to as a great treat at the temperance gatherings in Wexford, and he had advanced the cause of temperance very greatly by his fresh youthful eloquence. Although only in his 17th year, young McGee had already begun to feel keenly the hopeless condition of his country; he had heard all the most celebrated Irishmen of that most exciting time speak on the position and hopeless prospects of his beloved country. He had devoured every book

he could lay his hands on that opened up to him the glories, the triumphs, or the beauties of her history---he had wept over her deep misfortunes, and grown pale with just indignation at her mis-government and oppression; he was an anxious spectator of the great Repeal movement, and could scarcely curb his strong desire to plunge into the wild excitement of the day; for his dreams were of his country, her advancement the great object of his life, to achieve some victory for her his greatest ambition. Soon he became convinced that there was no prospect of his hope being realized by his remaining at home. What then! must he leave HOME? must he leave IRELAND? The very thought was dreadful, the struggle long and hard; his sisters, his brothers, all! must be left behind; but while the brave boy was struggling with his feelings, the finger of destiny was waiving him onward to the future field of his labours, of his victories; imperceptibly but steadily he was impelled forward; within his breast was a mine of wealth with which to enrich future generations, but the ore must pass through the refining process of hard experience to rid it of the dross of local prejudice and inexperience which incased it; the Laboratory of the Great World must be employed to prepare the glowing youth for the work before him; he must first pass through the ordeal of hopes deferred, and plans, the offspring of impetuous youth and inexperience-defeated. The hour for his departure is at hand; with a bursting heart he kneels for the last time, at his mother's grave; how fervently he prays for guidance and strength, how solemn must have been that moment, and yet even in that solemn moment IRELAND is uppermost in his mind, her cause as he then understood, or rather misunderstood it, is the great object uppermost in his heart, and there at that moment, the most deeply solemn of his life, he pledges himself to devote his life to the cause of his country. The last kiss to his sisters, the last embrace to his brothers is soon given, and with his sorrowing father's blessing for his safety, his only fortune he embarked for America on the 8th day of April, 1842.

What the feelings of that young Irish boy were as he stood on the ship's deck and saw his idolised country fading from his view, cannot be felt by any one of a less warm and enthusiastic nature; one great object, however, upheld him, consoled him, for his present severance from his country and family. Was he not sailing to that land where Liberty had permanently erected her THRONE; was he not speeding to America to breathe the pure air of freedom, under the magic influence of that glorious flag studded with stars, which proclaims Welcome, Protection, Liberty and equal rights to the down-trodden (White?) millions living in slavery in the worn-out monarchies of the old world. What bright dreams, what

glorious visions of the flowery future fill the ardent mind of the young enthusiast during the voyage to America. Dream on, boy; enjoy your bright dreams while you may; too soon, alas! your aerial structures will be shattered into splinters, and as you stand amid the sad, hard realities of *Nativism*, *Know-nothingism* and anti-Irishism, striving to stem the seething current of illiberality, bigotry and injustice which threatens to overwhelm your countrymen and co-religionists in the *Land of Liberty*, you will weep over those happy visions of your boyhood, and repent the generous but rash impulses of your youth and early manhood.

It is a strange coincidence in the life of Mr. McGee, that although he left Ireland for the United States, he passed through Canada on his way thither, and often in conversation with the writer, has he described the deep impression made on his mind by the magnificence and grandeur of the scenery of the river St. Lawrence as he sailed up to Quebec, his astonishment on visiting the fortifications of the Canadian Gibraltar, how favourably he was impressed with the appearance and prosperity of the city of Montreal, how often has he not laughed at the deep regret he felt that so splendid a country should be subject to the hated power of Great Britain, and its population crushed under the "IRON HEEL" of the oppressor of his race—the boy was still dreaming.

Passing through Canada he went on to Providence, R.I., where he met a hearty welcome from his aunt. After spending a few days with her he started for Boston and arrived there a few days before the *fourth of July*, 1842.

The glorious fourth, in Boston burst on the mind of the young enthusiast with all its grandeur of music, firing of guns, and noisy display, and as he stood and heard the "*orator*" of the day deliver his fixed speech, after the reading of the Declaration of Independence before the assembled multitude gathered in front of Faneuil Hall, he was so carried away by the glowing description of the freedom and equality secured to the down-trodden of the world by the constitution of the United States, that after the speaker had concluded, the boy orator mounted on the front seat of a cart and poured forth such a stream of fervid oratory and honeyed eloquence as produced a marked effect on the great multitude. For over half an hour the sea of upturned faces listened to the youth and drank in the soul-stirring words as they fell from his lips; the applause which greeted him was most enthusiastic, and he who stood in that vast multitude a short time before a total stranger, unknown and friendless, at the close of his first effort on American soil found himself surrounded by ten thousand friends. Who is he? was the question asked from one to another, but none could tell. "Oh!" said one in the crowd, "he is a

little curly headed Paddy!" "I wish to God, then," replied another, "that such little curly headed Paddies as that would come to us by whole ship loads, any country may feel proud of that youth." The man who last spoke is the present General B. Butler, and he himself related the circumstances above mentioned to the brother of that "little curly headed Paddy," Col. James McGee, when they met on the field during the late war.

On the morning following the fourth, young McGee, before starting on his return to R.I., entered the store of the proprietor of the "*Boston Pilot*" to purchase a book to read on the way, and was immediately recognized by the proprietor, who asked him if he was not the young man who had spoken the day before. Mr. McGee replied in the affirmative; a conversation ensued, which led to his being offered a position on the *Pilot*; he accepted and entered on his new duties at once. During the following year he was engaged as travelling agent and special correspondent, and while so occupied he had the opportunity of lecturing in all the principal places which he visited, and although so young, his eloquent and masterly manner of handling his subjects, won the admiration and applause of thousands. At the end of the year he had so impressed the proprietors of the *Pilot* with his ability, and had so materially advanced the interests and character of the paper, that he was offered the position and engaged as editor jointly with the late Mr. Walter J. Walsh. Now indeed commenced that brilliant career as a journalist which soon placed him in the highest and foremost rank of the "fourth estate" on the American continent. His writings were fresh, brilliant and telling; his pen soon became the dread of the enemies of his country and race in the United States; his boyish dreams were melting away before the heat of *Republican Liberty*, before the illiberality of Know Nothingism, before the cant and hypocrisy of Puritanical New England. Who having read his articles published in the *Boston Pilot* of that day, does not remember the deep impression they produced on the public mind? Those were the times when the *Pilot* was looked upon as the great exponent of Irish views; it was read in every part of the United States and British America as an authority on all matters connected with the interests of the Irish people, and on the great questions of the time. Repeal, in the columns of the *Pilot*, was advocated and defended in a most masterly manner, and the enemies of the cause detested, whilst the Repealers, that is to say, the whole Irish people in America read it with enthusiasm and clung to its teachings as to Gospel truth. Mr. McGee still found time to deliver lectures on a great diversity of subjects directly or remotely connected with Ireland and the advancement of the Irish cause, and nothing more conclusive need be said as to the great success which rewarded his efforts in that most

difficult career, than to state the simple fact, that he was hailed by all parties as one of the most popular lecturers of the day—that day when such men as GILES held vast audiences in charmed admiration, when BROWNSON spoke to men's souls and held thousands spellbound with his profound subjects. It was in fact the very strongest test of the young lecturer's eloquence and ability that can well be imagined, and he proved himself equal to the occasion, and established a name as a lecturer which will live. In the meantime Mr. McGee's fame as a journalist had extended far beyond the reach of his voice as a lecturer; in the heart of Great Britain he was not unknown, his writings were read and discussed in the clubs, and the leading men of the day looked to the columns of the *Boston Pilot* for authority on the Irish question as viewed in America. Yet dearer to the young Irish exile's heart was the knowledge that in the capital of his beloved home, his efforts were known, felt and appreciated; at the Repeal meetings the great chief O'Connell referred to them with pride and gratitude as the "inspired writings of a young exiled Irish boy in America." And in the home of his heart's best devotion the name of Thomas D'Arcy McGee was greeted with cheers by his grateful countrymen. The great Repeal meetings in Ireland gave the government of the day a great deal of uneasiness; Daniel O'Connell was looked upon with aversion if not with actual dread. At his call thousands and tens of thousands could be, and often were, assembled at any given point to hear the greatest and most successful political agitator the world ever saw. Monarchs and kings can command, with the force at their disposal, the attention and submission of their subjects; but Daniel O'Connell's tongue was the only force at his command, and such was the power with which he wielded that two-edged sword, that with it alone he controlled millions of people who had faith and trust in him; and such was his influence that he could at any moment lead to the field of battle a million of his people; such was not his object, nor did he ever, during his long political life, even recommend any other course than that of peace and recourse to legal measures only to secure the great object of his labours. He secured *Catholic Emancipation* by legal means, and he had every hope of securing "The Repeal of the Union" in the same manner, but the folly of the Young Ireland Party defeated his plans. It is needless to say that the government was anxiously on the watch for an opportunity to get rid of O'Connell at least for a time—if they could not manage to send him *away for life*. The Castle people became alarmed at the almost superhuman power and influence he exerted over the Irish nation. What was to be done? He must be got rid of in some way, this being the desire of the government. The

government did not take long to make an opportunity; and as might be expected, O'Connell was tried, he was convicted, as a matter of course, the government of that day in Ireland knew well how to manage jury trials, and he was imprisoned. The news of his imprisonment aroused the deep indignation of all classes of society at home and abroad; it was an admission of weakness on the part of the government. The news sped far and wide, and whilst a cry of despair at the temporary loss of their leader arose from the hearts of the millions of Irishmen at home, the cry was taken up in America by the Irish there, who were backed up by the hypocritical Republicans, who pretended friendship for Ireland and Irishmen, while they were in reality only striving—as mortal enemies of England—to madden their Irish fellow citizens on, if need be, to their own destruction. The Yankee had no love for Irishmen, nor sympathy for their cause; the secret object of the Yankee was to satisfy his personal hatred of Great Britain. On none did the sad news fall with greater force than on our young Irish editor in Boston. At all the public meetings, he spoke with deep feeling, whilst his burning condemnation, in the columns of the "*Boston Pilot*," of the outrage offered to his great countryman, and to the cause of which he was the life and soul, produced a most profound sensation. Its effect was not confined to the United States and British America; it was deeply felt in Great Britain and Ireland, the leading men of the day read it with attention. So deep was the impression made on the mind of Mr., now Sir John Gray, who was at that time at the helm of the "*Freeman's Journal*" in Dublin, so struck was he with the power and force of the arguments used, so elated at the deadly effect of the bitter sarcasms and pointed home thrusts launched at the government of the day, that he immediately wrote to Mr. McGee, offering him a position as Editor of the "*Freeman's Journal*." What joy to the heart of the young Irish exile—his country calls for his assistance. Now must soon begin to dawn the day of her prosperity, for surely the darkest hour of her history is the present. Her legal rights trampled under foot, her only legal means to regain those rights denied her, whilst her greatest champion is consigned to a prison like a malefactor who had stolen his neighbour's goods or taken his neighbour's life, his only crime being that he dared to exercise the rights and privileges of a British subject, and to claim at the foot of the throne, for himself and for his country, those rights which are secured to every British subject by British law. Yes, I repeat it, in no other country are the rights of the subject more thoroughly secured than in England, but I shame to say it, English law was perverted by Irish officials, and the country groaned under the unnatural pressure of her miseries. Here was a glorious work

for young McGee, to assist in relieving his country. Mr. Gray's offer, so flattering, was gladly accepted, and bidding adieu to America and his thousands of friends, the youthful Journalist, not yet twenty, sailed for his native land in 1845.

PART II.

ON his arrival in Dublin, Mr. McGee was received with every mark of respect and friendship by the leading men of the Irish party; Mr. Gray, however, not being at the moment prepared to give up to him the editorial chair of "*The Freeman*," he was sent to London, as the special correspondent of that journal. There he had every opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the Irish members of parliament, and with their views on Irish matters. It was at a time when the Irish people were living in a perpetual round of the greatest excitement: Repeal was their watchword; and O'Connell their idol, the National heart was throbbing with hope, and the last shilling was willingly offered by Ireland's sons and daughters, to defray the expenses of the Irish cause; O'Connell was becoming daily bolder in his demands for Repeal, the government was becoming thoroughly alarmed at the attitude the Irish question was assuming. Mr. McGee was not an idler, he wrote masterly letters to "*The Freeman*," but not satisfied with that, he soon became a correspondent of the "*Dublin Nation*," and, in fact, in the latter journal he took a greater interest than in the former, so much so that at the end of little over one year, he was recalled to Dublin by Mr. Gray, and an explanation which was demanded of him by that gentleman, led to his cutting his connexion with "*The Freeman*." To those who have not taken the trouble to understand how matters stood at that time, let us just say, "*The Freeman*" was the exponent of the views of the Repeal or Old National party, with O'Connell as their leader; "*The Nation*" was also a great admirer of O'Connell, but it did not agree with him on several points of his policy; he was old, wise, and rendered cautious by experience in the great battles of political life, he wished to keep the *sword in its scabbard*, conveniently at hand and in view, to show what could be done in case of necessity or in the event of legal means not proving successful to obtain the great national object of his political life. O'Connell would never appeal to arms save as a last chance for National life, after all other means had been tried and failed. The younger blood in which the "*Nation*" was printed would at once draw the *sword* and appeal to the God of Battles. "*The*

Freeman” was an old philosopher, “*The Nation*” was a hot-headed young enthusiast.

On his ceasing his connexion with “*The Freeman*,” Mr. McGee became one of the four editors of the “*Nation* :” Charles Gavin Duffy, as senior, Thomas D’Arcy McGee, John Mitchell, (at present editor of the “*Irish Citizen*” of New York, and as bitterly opposed to Great Britain as ever he was in his early youth) and Thomas D. Reilly, who was afterwards editor of “*the Democratic Review*” of New York, and now dead.

The columns of the *Nation* were also enriched with the brilliant and soul-stirring notes of THOMAS DAVIS—whilst the glorious fancies of such men as Thos. Francis Meagher, Richard O’Gorruan, Terence B. McManus, and many others of equal or nearly equal powers of mind—made its columns a collection of the most brilliant gems of thought, the most lofty views on Nationality, the most crushing denunciations of wrong, the boldest and most independent demands for National equality, in Religion, in Government, in everything that would tend to make a Nation great and prosperous. Looking back to those days, and holding the “*Nation*” before the eyes of the great world, we have no hesitation in saying that, never in the history of journalism, has *The Nation* of that day been equalled in brilliancy of thought and independence of utterance. And while condemning the rashness of the leaders of *The Young Ireland* party, we cannot but admire the array of celebrated men of which it was composed, Charles Gavin Duffy, who was pronounced by the “*Univers de Paris*,” to be “One of the greatest, if not *the* greatest of living Editors,” William Smith O’Brien, of noble blood, the glowing and unselfish patriot who was fighting Ireland’s battles on the floor of the British House of Commons, side by side with O’Connell, both Catholic in their views, the former a CATHOLIC PROTESTANT, demanding for his countrymen (Catholic) their rights as British freemen, the latter a PROTESTANT CATHOLIC, ever protesting, with all the great powers of his great mind, against the reign of bigotry and oppression which held, and alas! still holds, to a great extent, his countrymen, of all creeds or sects save one, fettered, soul and body, in abject slavery. O’Brien appealed to the excitable passions of the Irish people. But O’Connell’s appeals were directed to the heart of the great English Nation—that heart which is not surpassed in its deep admiration of justice and fair play, by that of any other nation on the face of the earth. As an Irishman, with Irish sympathies, and an Irishman’s prejudices, we proudly admit that an appeal was never yet made to the great English Nation, advanced and supported by just and legal means, by moral force, by force of reason, by logical argument and by an appeal to the strong for justice to the

weak, that it was not heard, listened to, and granted, not grudgingly, but generously, and with that genuine pleasure which sinks deep into the hearts of the recipients of such proofs of English justice; from the day when the sturdy Barons wrenched "*Magna Charta*" from a king who was at their mercy, to the present, the *English people* never abused their power; they always proved true to the Golden Rule. It was not the British Government that repealed the *Penal Laws*, the English people ordered it, and the Government had to obey. The English people demanded emancipation for their Irish fellow subjects, and the Government had to obey, though some of its members dared not live to face the terrible consequences of releasing Ireland from her chains. Oh! great men, oh! little mortals, how short a distance do you see into the future. Ireland was emancipated in 1829. Where are the dreadful consequences which your foolish fears foreshadowed? Where are the dreadful results which you foretold? The consequences are that all true Irishmen, Catholic and Protestant, became bound by ties of affection to the Empire; and the results, dreadful to England's enemies only, are that the most loyal people in Ireland to-day, are the children of those former enemies of your own making, who were freed from the chains with which ignorance and bigotry had bound them by the voice of the great English Nation. Could the people of Ireland but control their personal hatred of each other, and combine together in demanding their rights, and let the world see that the demand was made by a nation, and not by a mere sect or party, just so surely as the Emancipation Bill was carried by English votes in 1829, all the other just and reasonable demands of Ireland would be cheerfully given if demanded by a United National Voice, but, alas! Ireland's worst enemies are her own sons, her heart bleeds at the sight of her children's unnatural conduct towards each other. O'Connell was entrapped, not by *English spies*, but by Irish spies in the employ of the Irish officials in the Castle at Dublin. He was dogged in every step of his daily life, his words were weighed with the greatest nicety, indictments were laid against him. The government would never have dared to prosecute O'Connell had the Irish themselves been true to him and to each other, but the folly of his youthful rivals for power, weakened the national party, and the officials at the Castle gained strength as his influence with the masses was weakened by hot headed youths, possessed with talents of the very highest order, but filled with republican ideas, their folly very materially strengthened the hands of the Crown, and O'Connell was tried, convicted and cast into prison. Then, indeed, could the Young Ireland party cry out to the Irish Nation with great force and justice. Look now where your moral force leads you, your legal demands for legal redress

are treated with worse than contempt, your chosen counsellor and guide, your champion of peace, is thrust into prison, and you must be a Nation of slaves and cowards if you tamely submit any longer to such treatment; from the time when O'Connell was imprisoned in '44 the Young Irelanders with tongue and pen lashed the Irish people into a state of frenzy; the priests stood between the leaders and the people, but the National pride was up, the National spirit rose to boiling point at last, and before cooling time was allowed to the Nation, Young Ireland had changed its name to "THE IRISH CONFEDERATION," and with William Smith O'Brien as its chief, and Thomas D'Arcy McGee, as secretary, it sprung into existence in February, '47, at the very moment when the outraged feelings of the nation made its millions dangerous. The new National party was hailed with acclamation by the hot-headed youth of the country, and the youthful confederation was applauded on to revolution by Great Britain's enemies in all parts of the world, more particularly in the United States of America, where the cry of "'44 or fight" was easily changed for that of "Ireland and the Irish." The men who composed the leaders of the "*Irish Confederation*" are known in our day, and many of them are recognized as men of most undoubted talent, men who have rendered their names famous by their learning and political ability, by their powers in the senate and their heroism on the battle field, men such as are fit to lead or guide the destinies of nations, and consolidate the thrones of Empires. One of the Irish rebels of '48, after being several times tried and condemned for sedition and so called disloyalty in Ireland, Charles G. Duffy, left his country in disgust, and with his great abilities, if not entirely, at least in a very great degree, contributed to the establishment and consolidation of the power of Great Britain in far away Australia, and he is now living in his own native land, the honored pensioner of a grateful nation, resting after his successful labours in Britain's cause. Thomas Francis Meagher, on the bloodiest of bloody fields, where tens of thousands fell during the great civil war in the United States. proved himself worthy of the name which he received in '48 as an Irish rebel, "*Meagher of the Sword.*" Amid the carnage and the roar of battles he sustained the reputation of his country, and rendered the name of the "*Irish Brigade*" immortal. Need we remind the reader of O'Gorman, of Mitchell, or mention that of Davis and the others? No, history will do justice to the reputation of the young Irishmen who formed "*The Irish Confederation.*" Their honest true hearted leader, William Smith O'Brien, once sentenced to be hanged like a murderer, then branded as an outlaw and sent to herd with all the villains and cut-throats that were the inhabitants of a penal

colony in *New South Wales*, now sleeps in the silent grave, and the voice of *Loyal Ireland*, of generous England, demands that a monument shall perpetuate his memory and his virtues to future ages, as a man who lived and suffered for his country—that country which “*He loved, not wisely but too well,*”—and Thomas D’Arey McGee, the secretary, one of the most prominent, the youngest in years of them all, he who left his native land with a reward offered for his head in ’48, died for British principles in his adopted country, by the hand of a vile assassin, and the British army assisted at his funeral, and the greatest among the most prosperous of Britain’s Colonial Empire, mourns his death as a national misfortune. The latter years of his life, nay, the last words he ever uttered, were directed to the advancement of British principles, and to calm the passions of parties. The youthful “Hotspur” of ’48 was the peacemaker of ’68; “*we will conquer you with kindness*” was the only threat he would offer to the enemies of the Canadian Confederation.

Several causes led to the revolution of ’48, in Ireland. O’Connell’s imprisonment, ill-judged, if not illegal, was one of the causes; he the chief, the leader of the Irish people, had had for years, a double battle to fight—he had to fight for his country’s rights, by legal and legitimate means, by appeals to the Government and people of England, and by petitions to the *Throne*. His bloodless battles were fought on the floor of the House of Commons, and through the press of the country; his armies were composed of the tens of thousands who met in legal meetings in every part of the Empire, to demand their legal rights in a legal manner; his only arms were the laws of Great Britain, and his own powerful and convincing eloquence to appeal to those laws. And now, long after he has passed away, his language is quoted by the liberal sons of England, demanding for their fellow subjects in Ireland, those rights for which O’Connell laboured during his whole life. The other battle which he had to fight was against the *Young Ireland party*, to curb their passions, to keep them in check, and prevent an appeal to illegal means on their part. Oh, glorious O’Connell, type of patriotism and unselfish devotion to your country’s cause, how your soul must have been rent by the rashness and thoughtless folly of those inexperienced and hot headed enthusiasts, who, in their boyish frenzy, were destroying the result of your life’s labours, and in their madness rushing on to their own and their country’s destruction; in vain did you warn them of their folly, in vain did your eloquent tongue keep ringing in their ears “*an illegal act on your part is a victory for your enemies;*” in vain did you try with all the power of your mind and soul to save them and your country from the terrible consequences of their madness; in vain all your efforts—the youths who had

clustered around your knee and received from your eloquent lips their first lessons in eloquence and politics, the sons of your adoption who had been trained to their country's service and their country's cause by your fostering care, the champions chosen by you to fight Ireland's battles after you should have passed away from the scene of your patriotic labours, those ungrateful sons whom you had cherished in your heart of hearts, treated your lessons of wisdom with contempt, and your great heart was broken, their every folly was a dagger, and in their madness they stabbed you to death; your lofty soul bore up under the insult of incarceration within the polluted walls of a prison, you patiently bore the companionship of criminals, for your country's cause demanded the sacrifice. But the ingratitude of your own chosen disciples weighed heavier on your heart and head than the weight of fourscore years; the cup was a bitter one, alas! too bitter; their hands held it to your lips, and your soul, in horror at the unfilial act, burst the case of clay which enclosed it, and sought in the bosom of its God peace and rest.

O'Connell's death left the unfortunate people of Ireland without a leader. The ship was drifting helplessly about; the masterhand, which for years had held the wheel, was cold in death, and unfortunately that hand was replaced by inexperience and youthful folly. The people's mind was for some time past being, by slow, but none the less certain, degrees, trained to look on revolution as a national necessity. DUFFY, MCGEE, MITCHELL and REILLY, daily wrote articles in the "*Nation*," which made the Irish blood boil; books, too, ("*Duffy's library of Ireland*,") were written by the master spirits who were leading them on to revolution, to stir up the nation's heart with the glories and victories of the past. DAVIS roused up the nation to madness with his *songs* and *poetry*. "*Who fears to speak of '98*" became a household word, and the effect was magical. MCGEE delivered his celebrated lectures: "*The Golden link of the Crown*," and the national heart beat fast at his glowing language and bold utterance of revolutionary ideas. MEAGHER and all the prominent members of "*The Confederation*" travelled over the island far and wide, holding public meetings and addressing the people on subjects calculated to produce the desired object. The people of Ireland, no longer restrained by the wise counsels of the venerable champion of Repeal, but maddened by the eloquence of the hot-brained writers, orators and poets who composed "*The Confederation*," were rapidly led on to that climax of folly, a revolution against the government. A revolution in all countries is a difficulty, in Ireland it is an impossibility, for, even supposing that the government is not prepared to meet the out-burst, *The Church* in Ireland can always control the millions; the best British fortification in Ireland

is the—by some parties greatly, wrongfully abused—College of MAYNOOTH; every black coated soldier sent forth from its doors to instruct the people is better than a British regiment to the government. Irishmen, as a general rule, are not afraid to risk and lose their lives in any mad enterprise, so long as the sacred name of nationality seems to sanction it; but when the soldier of "*Maynooth*" stands forward, as he always does, and tells them with the authority of the Church, "that they are on the road not to victory and liberty, but to destruction and death;" and when he adds to this a picture of the *warm reception* which will await those who, going against the commands of the church, may lose their lives in the forbidden contest, there are few indeed who will not submit to the counsels of the good faithful priest, when the sight of bayonets would but madden them.

The leaders of the so-called rebellion of "'48," were not prepared for the outbreak at the time it occurred. Their plans, if they had any fixed, were not matured; they were impelled to the rash act by the misery and distress of their unfortunate country. Yes, the great immediate cause of the outbreak was want of BREAD. Poor Ireland, what pen can attempt to describe her sufferings at that time? language cannot convey even a faint idea of the state of despair to which that unfortunate country was reduced. The angel of death flapped his broad black pinions over the land, accompanied by his two terrible coadjutors, *gaunt famine* and *recking pestilence*—all the elements seemed to have combined to render her situation miserable. Tens of thousands of once strong men were struck down by famine and died, aye, died of starvation! in sight of the rich fields of their country; their dead bodies were, in many instances, devoured by the starving survivors, or left exposed and putrefying in the glare of day—strong men no longer, the sons of Ireland, with starting eyes and famished frame, called on their leaders to save them or give them a chance to die like men; starving Irish mothers clasping their starving little ones to their pinched up breasts, cried for aid to the leaders of Ireland. And pestilence was not idle, that certain companion of the starving, the dreadful typhus fever had reduced Ireland to the condition of a loathsome charnel house—Ireland in "'48," was no longer a nation of stalwart men and women; Ireland in "'48" was a nation of shadowy skeletons, tottering onward to the grave; Ireland in "'48" lay bleeding, she was in the very throes of dissolution; the grip of death was fastening on her throat, and she shrieked in her despair for aid. The winds bore her piercing shrieks on their wings, far over the waves, to the new world, and her faithful children, with heart and hand, promptly responded to her appeal—nor must it ever be forgotten that the American people came generously

forward to her assistance.—Her cry pierced to the hearts the members of "*The Confederation*"—to arms! was now their cry, they could see no other way of releasing their country, and of assisting their starving fellow countrymen, and reckless of the consequences to themselves or to others, they rushed madly on, and the starving Irish nation would have staggered them. But the faithful soldier of "*Maynooth*," the faithful Irish priest was on duty there, combatting against their madness, fighting against despair and death. Oh! noble soldier of the cross, noblest and bravest of Ireland's heroes, no reward but that which God alone will bestow, can recompense thy devotion to the *true* cause of Ireland, of humanity, the cause of God—thy greatest battles were fought where God and His angels alone could witness the struggle, and angels alone could sing thy praise.

The French Revolution in 1848 gave the Irish hope. "*The Confederation*" looked to France for some assistance; meanwhile, the leaders had gone so far to retreat. Mitchell had been tried, convicted, and sentenced for sedition, and was already on his way to Bermuda. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended with indecent haste. William Smith O'Brien was fleeing from the Constables, and his starving followers rushed to *Sticks!* for they were the only arms they had to protect him against the Constables, or to make war against the armies of the greatest power in Europe. An army was watching their every movement—not an army of Britain's brave soldiers, no, it was only an army of informers and spies—most of them recruited from that unfortunate country, which has been fittingly called "the paradise of informers." Mr. McGee was one of five chosen (at a meeting called for that purpose) in Dublin, to Revolutionize Ireland, and call the tottering remains of its population to arms. It was against his own opinion, but he had to submit to the decision, or be branded as a traitor to the cause of Irish independence. After a tour through Ireland, he was ordered to Glasgow, on the eve of the intended revolution, to organize an expedition in Scotland, to act with the army of independence in Ireland, and thus divide the force which would be sent to crush out the rebellion. Rebellion! why, it did not even attain the dignity or proportions of a good faction fight; it was a mere fiasco, a ridiculous compound of stupidity and folly; the bursting of a soap bubble, a miserable failure wherein informers and a few policemen were mixed up with a mob of starving men without arms, numbering a few hundreds at most; the grand battle was fought, AND NOBODY HURT, in a vulgar cabbage garden. The leaders of the revolution! of '48 then retreated in "most admired disorder," before the grand army of informers, and were most ingloriously

picked up one by one at railway depots, and other craftily chosen places of safety of a similar kind. O'Brien, Meagher, McManus, and O'Donohue were tried for treason, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered, which dreadful sentence was, afterwards, as might easily be expected, commuted to penal servitude in Australia; in fact Britain could scarcely refrain from laughter at the ridiculous termination of the great revolution of '48. And we could feel disposed to look back on the whole matter as a subject of ridicule, were it not for the dreadful results to poor Ireland. Great Britain withheld her assistance, in a very great measure, from the starving people of the country, on account of the madness of "*The Confederation*;" and whilst Britain smiled at the termination of the farce, the face of Ireland was seared with burning tears, over the graves of a million of her children who died of starvation and pestilence. Every ship leaving the shores of Ireland carried away hundreds of the population to find graves beneath the Atlantic wave, or homes in the United States, or Canada. Yes, the madness of the *Young Irelanders* in '48, together with famine and pestilence, gave to the United States and Canada over a million of population, and heaven's portals, we trust, were opened to receive as true and faithful martyrs as any of those that the persecutions under the emperors of pagan Rome ever gave to the early Christian Church.

Mr. McGee was still in Glasgow when the bubble burst, but at once hastened back to Ireland on receipt of the news. He came to Donegal, and, on his arrival there, found his own name figuring in the "*Hue and Cry*," with a large reward offered for his apprehension. After many dangers and risks he finally escaped, through the assistance of the late Archbishop Maginn, in a merchant vessel, bound for Philadelphia, disguised as a priest. He afterwards wrote a life of the good Bishop in gratitude for his friendly aid in the hour of peril. Mr. McGee left behind him at that time his youthful wife—(he had married Miss Mary Caffrey in 1847), and, with a heart almost broken, he was obliged to leave her whom he had sworn to protect, at a time when she most needed his care—but she urged his departure, and blessed the ship that bore him away from her to a place of safety. Once more away for the land of freedom. No longer the enthusiastic boy of seventeen, with his bright dreams and his rose-coloured pictures of the future, who left Ireland a few short years ago—now he stands on the ship's deck, straining his eyes to catch the last fleeting glance of that land, where his youthful dreams of independence have been so rudely broken—that land where his unfortunate fellow-countrymen are plunged in the deepest despair. Disappointed and spirit-broken he stands there, in experience an old man at the age of twenty-three years.

PART III.

ALMOST immediately on his arrival in Philadelphia Mr. McGee published his celebrated letters on the causes which led to the failure of the revolution in Ireland, in which his remarks on the conduct of the Irish priesthood, in relation to previous and the then late rebellion, gave mortal offence to a great majority of the Irish Catholics of the United States. Then commenced the celebrated paper war between that truly great and good man, Archbishop Hughes of New York, and himself. Fiercely did the battle rage between the greatest Catholic champion in the United States and the ex-rebel. The contest was long and fierce. The Bishop spoke for millions of Irish Catholics who had faith and confidence in him,—he spoke with the authority of a Catholic Bishop, and his condemnation of the revolutionary doctrines and almost infidel teachings of the young Ireland party was most withering. That party, a member of which had proclaimed, "IF THE ALTAR STAND IN THE WAY OF LIBERTY, DOWN WITH THE ALTAR," never could hope to gain or secure the sympathy of the Loman Catholic priesthood, and once condemned by that faithful body of self-devoted men, it could only prove a failure. Mr. McGee, during his eventful life, encountered and fought with many of the most prominent men of our time, but never did he make a greater mistake than he did when he crossed swords with the great Archbishop. He fought bravely, desperately, but without effect,—he was crushed beneath the powerful arguments of his antagonist; his eloquence, his wit, his proofs were swept away by John, Archbishop of New York, with as much ease as a child's house of cards is blown down by the summer breeze; and in the end, Thomas D'Arcy McGee had to bow down his head in humility before the great churchman, and acknowledge himself conquered and in error. His enemies have often twitted him with his defeat. The Fenian faction cast it up to him, even a short time before his death, but Thomas D'Arcy McGee, as an Irishman and as a Catholic, could point to his apology to Archbishop Hughes as one of the most praiseworthy acts of his life,—it was manly, it was honourable, it was the act of contrition of a great-souled Irish Catholic who, in the moment of defeat, in his bitterness of heart had, for a time, forgotten the respect due to God's anointed. In his despair he had rushed into error, and having continued to defend his errors and false doctrines for two years against the greatest Catholic authority in America, through the public press and through his own paper, the *Nation*, which he had established in New York in the fall of '48, for that purpose—having drawn upon himself the eyes of the civilized

world as the opponent of the great Archbishop—how terrible must have been the struggle between his pride of heart and his duty as an Irish Catholic, before he could school himself to bend low before his opponent, and not only declare himself defeated, but sue for pardon of his errors. Yet what was there, after all, so singular in the sacrifice, to a faithful Irish Catholic? but little more than is required at the hands of a child who has been wayward and disobedient towards his father: the contest is unnatural, the contrition natural, the reconciliation sweet, and the great Bishop and the once impetuous McGee became friends, and the latter lived to utter words teeming with eloquence and feeling on the death of the former. The defeated rebel no longer, but the universally admired and respected statesman of Canada, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, at a crowded assembly in the city hall, Montreal, spoke "High words of power and praise to the glory of the dead," and declared that the Catholic Church and the Irish in the United States had lost, in Bishop Hughes' death, their greatest champion and truest friend.

To give anything like a history of Mr. McGee's career and labours in the United States would fill volumes, and we have no doubt volumes will hereafter be written on the subject which will prove both interesting and instructive to generations yet to come, but want of space, no less than want of time, compels us to pass over with a mere cursory glance, the years intervening between his arrival in Philadelphia after his flight from Ireland in '48, to the date of his quitting the great republic in 1856, for Canada. Those years were passed by him, to a great measure, in literary pursuits; he became one of the most popular lecturers of the day, at the same time that he wielded his pen as an editor, with such marked ability, that his name became famous in America and Europe. His writings secured the attention of the political leaders of the great contending parties in the United States, and many were the offers of place and profit made to him to secure the services of his tongue and pen; but Thomas D'Arcy McGee was not an office hunter, and his big heart never gave place to a selfish or sordid motive: he was too generous, too honourably independent to barter what he considered right and justice to self-aggrandisement or self interest; and thus he lived for eight years in the United States, where men of the most ordinary abilities were making fortunes by the barter and sale of their political principles, as stump orators in election contests or as the selfish but servile tools of no less selfish political leaders. The know-nothing cry was then at its height; everything Irish was cried down by the so-called native American party; foreigners were looked upon as the natural enemies of the would-be rulers of the destinies of the United States. North and south the cry was loud and

persistent, and whilst Liberty to all mankind was proclaimed as the motto, the political faith of the great Republic, the most illiberal, nay, the most disgracefully unjust system of tyranny and oppression, was practised towards the citizens of foreign, and more particularly of Irish origin: most brutal acts of violence were perpetrated against defenceless strangers, in the new home to which they had been allured by promises of liberty and equality. Almost single handed, McGee threw himself into the van, loud rang his voice above the din of battle as the defender of his countrymen, as the champion of equal rights for the down-trodden and oppressed foreigners of all nations and creeds in the United States. His undaunted courage, his brilliant talents, his masterly arguments, his unceasing and persistent onslaughts against the unscrupulous leaders of the New England fanatics, made his name the terror and the dread of that vile junto of bigots and zealots who dared to display as their motto—"extermination to all foreigners." Irishmen, Irish citizens of the United States of America, you who are now enjoying the fruits of the Irish patriot's labours in cause of the Irish liberty and equality on the continent of America, you for whose benefit he sacrificed eight years of his fresh glorious manhood, you for whose children's prosperity, happiness and independence he sacrificed the best years of his life, look back to the time when he was your champion and your dependence in the hour of your greatest peril, and if your souls still retain any of the generous characteristics of your race, drop a tear over the bloody grave of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and teach your children to revere his memory as that of a true patriot who lived and died for Ireland, for Irish liberty, for the advancement and prosperity of the Irish race.

Although in America, Mr. McGee's heart was in Ireland. He corresponded regularly with his friend, Charles G. Duffy, his former chief in the Editorial department of the *Dublin Nation*; they had fought many a hard battle during the Revolutionary excitement in Ireland, and were very much attached to each other. In 1850, Duffy invited McGee to return home and once more take a share in *The Nation* as one of its editors. Only too glad to embrace the opportunity thus afforded him, Mr. McGee, ever prompt, if not impulsive in his decisions, at once sold out his *New York Nation*. and started for Boston, with the object of sailing immediately for his beloved country—having written to Mr. Duffy to that effect—but his hopes were doomed to sad disappointment. The madness of his '48 escapade was still fresh in the mind of the Government at home, and, fortunately for him, Sir Colman O'Laughlan, one of his old and tried friends, who from his position was aware of the danger which

awaited McGee, should he return so soon, wrote, warning him that his liberty, if not his life, might be the forfeit of his return to the scene of his former folly. Almost stunned by the blow, without much means at his command, it is difficult to realize his position at that time. For a short period he felt disheartened, and almost despairing of ever being able to retrieve his fallen fortunes; but courage, brave heart, cowards only give way to despair and sink under difficulties. A few short months spent in renewing former friendships and making new friends, in delivering lectures to large and delighted audiences in Boston, and producing masterly contributions for the columns of the *Pilot*, and he was himself again, and once more found himself in the Editorial chair. "*The American Celt*" was ushered into existence in August, 1850, and he continued to edit and publish that paper in Boston till 1851, when his old friends in New York clamored loudly for his return to their midst. His absence from among them had been very deeply felt; the enemies of his countrymen were becoming more insolent and despotic, for want of a strong will and eloquent pen to keep them in check. The appeal to McGee was not made in vain; wherever his country or his countrymen required his services, he never refused to answer the call; so, packing up, as he himself expressed it, his "traps," he moved with *The American Celt* to New York in the fall of the year. Again he stood forward as the champion of the foreigners, as the know-nothing stump orators were wont to call all adopted citizens, and the great services he rendered that class of the community cannot now be well understood. In other countries a span of thirteen years is only an infancy, in the United States 'tis an age; the rapidity with which men and parties change and pass away cannot be understood by the steady conservatives of other countries. A man is a bright star of the American nation one day, and words cannot express the national hatred of him the next; to-day we find him quietly attending to his duties as a farmer, a shop-keeper, or a mechanic; to-morrow he may be leading the national armies of tens of thousands to victory; soon he may be seated in the Presidential chair, dictating terms of peace or war to foreign nations; or, in the heat of party strife, smarting under the crushing defeat of a general election, he may be found at the head of millions, proclaiming to the world that the unity of the Great Republic is at an end, and whilst trampling under foot the flag for which Washington fought and gained immortal fame, may be found unfurling another flag, as the rival of the stars and stripes, to the gaze of an astonished world.

In the United States of America, men become prominent, popular and famous, in a few months, and, whilst their fortunate star is in the ascen-

dant, they do well to enjoy all they can of popular praise and adulation, if they like that sort of excitement; for, rapidly as the popular favour and admiration is secured, still more rapidly is the popular mind liable to forget to-day its idol of yesterday; popularity may be attained in a few months, and at any time it can with certainty be lost in a few short hours. This is not to be wondered at. American forests disappear, and cities spring up in their stead like magic. Broad prairies, the hunting ground of the savage and the pasture of the buffalo, in a few short years, by the indomitable energy of the settler, become covered with the happy homes of men, yielding not only plenty for the support of the homesteads of those who reclaimed them, but, with the assistance of all the most perfect combinations of inventive skill and mechanical ingenuity,—the railroad, the canal, the clipper ship and the ocean steamer, turning golden crops into the granaries of the Old World, with which to feed her millions from the superabundance of their prairie harvests. The greatest men cannot expect to be long remembered in such a country; the march forward is too rapid; the most extraordinary events of to-day will be forgotten in the greater events of to-morrow, and the events of yesterday seem but the ghosts of the past in that mighty republic, whose four score years of existence have given to the world an example of most extraordinary progress, and secured to mankind more real liberty, prosperity and happiness, than a thousand years of Old World exertions could ever hope to secure. In the advance of men and change of measures since Mr. McGee left the United States, it is not surprising, then, that his name and labours should have been to a great extent forgotten at the present day. But some of his exertions in the cause of his fellow men are still bearing rich fruits. The Irish race, still progressing, owes in a great measure its present position to Thomas D'Arcy McGee. Those excellent educational establishments for adults in New York, the night schools, were first established through his unaided exertions, and, from a small beginning, they can now be counted by dozens, not only in New York city, but throughout all the large cities of the Union! For that one result of his great forethought in the cause of the poorer classes, how many thousands owe to his memory their life-long gratitude. For his exertions in the United States, in the cause of immigration, the Irish and German nations owe him their thanks. Alas! how have his countrymen repaid him! But history will yet do justice to his memory and make future generations of Irishmen blush for the ingratitude of their ancestors of the present generation.

In his work on "*The Irish in America*," very recently published, John Francis Maguire, M.P. for Cork, gives the following striking example of the benefit of McGee's night schools to the Irish in New York:

"A great strapping Irishman who would be called at home 'a splendid figure of a man' landed at 'Castle Garden' about 15 years since; he neither knew how to read nor write, but he was gifted with abundant natural quickness and he was full of energy and ambition..... He saw other men, dull plodders, with 'not one half his own gumption,' pushing their way up the social ladders, and why? Because they could read and write; because they had the 'learning,' which alas! he had not..... Then he would have it; that he was resolved on, so the large Irishman sat down on a form in a night school, and commenced to learn his A, B, C; and with tongue desperately driven against one cheek, struggled with his 'pot hooks and hangers,' the first efforts of the polite letter writer..... Many a time did the poor fellow's courage begin to fail, but he would not be beaten. He did not fail; with the aid of a fellow student, more advanced than himself, he drew out his first contract, which was for a few hundred dollars. This was accepted; and being executed in a most satisfactory manner by the young contractor, who himself performed no small part of the work; it was his first great step in life; contracts for thousands of dollars, and hundreds of thousands of dollars, following more rapidly than in his wildest dreams he could have imagined possible. This self-made man quickly adapted himself to the manners of the class to which he had so laboriously and creditably raised himself, and no one who converses with the shrewd, genial, off-handed Irishman, who drives his carriage, lives in fine style, and is educating his young family with the utmost care and at great cost, could suppose that he was the same rough giant who a few years before sat upon the form of a night school, heavily plodding at words of two syllables, and with tongue fiercely driven against his cheek, scrawled on a slate his first lessons in writing."

How many thousands in like manner owe their position in the United States to-day to "*McGee's night schools.*" The average attendance at the night schools of New York city alone is now 20,000 as appears, by the latest returns.

In the fall of 1851, Mr. McGee, at the urgent solicitation of the late Bishop Tieman, of Buffalo, removed with his paper to that city, the great object being to encourage the tide of immigration to the West and particularly the Irish immigrants. His stay in Buffalo was very short, however, for we find him back in New York in the following year, where he continued to publish his "*American Celt and adopted Citizen,*" till 1857. From 1851 up to '57, Mr. McGee made several lecturing tours through the Eastern and Western States, and was everywhere received, with every demonstration of pleasure by his countrymen and the general community,—he was looked upon as a teacher of the people, and his elo-

quence won for him tens of thousands of ardent admirers, not to say friends. At length he was invited to lecture in Canada before the "Young Men's St. Patrick's Society of Montreal." He accepted the invitation, and the thrill of pleasure which filled the delighted minds of his vast audience on that occasion, to this day is recalled by many of the friends who now mourn his untimely death. Once heard in Canada, all the principal cities east and west called on him for a lecture at least, or a course of lectures, if possible. And thus he travelled over Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and lectured to large audiences in every one of those places. It is needless to say to those who knew Mr. McGee, that, during his lecturing tours through the various Provinces which now constitute "THE DOMINION OF CANADA," his great mind was not idle; with the eye of a far-seeing statesman he looked on the British Provinces, and remembered the fable of the "*Bundle of Sticks.*" It was at that time that he first conceived the plan of uniting the whole of the British North American Provinces under one Government; and we feel convinced that the idea never entered into his mind of their annexation to the United States, after he had seen for himself the real position of the people of Canada. In his rambles he met, and conversed with the most prominent people of all sections of the Provinces, and he soon came to the conclusion that annexation to the United States would be the greatest misfortune that could overtake Canada. He who had been an advocate for the liberty and equality of his fellow countrymen in Great Britain, and in the United States, found the Irish people in Canada enjoying all the liberty that man can desire—liberty of speech,—which he himself freely used, although an ex-rebel, in his lectures—liberty of conscience for all—and the most perfect equality reigning in our community. For here no mere mockery of freedom is held up to view; here, freedom, in its sweet reality, is enjoyed by the humblest, as well as by the wealthiest classes of our community. No aristocracy of birth here usurps the power in the government; nor are the places of emolument reserved for the younger sons or *protégés* of bankrupt noblemen. The poor man's son, the son of the farmer or mechanic, has means afforded him of being educated, and his own energy and industry, if properly directed, open up to him in after life the very highest positions in his country. Yes, here we acknowledge no other aristocracy save that of merit, and that true nobility—the nobility which springs from educated talent and honest ambition,—and that man who can show as his record an honest name, combined with energy and education, we honour and trust far more than if he could trace back his family record to the time when, two thousand years ago, his savage ancestors bathed their naked bodies in the blood of their savage foes—as proof of

his title to nobility. And now, we venture to state as a fact, and one which we consider perfectly easy to discover, that Thomas D'Arcy McGee was always, during his whole life, an admirer of the monarchical form of government—that he never was an admirer of the republican form—and that his heart never warmed with friendship for the United States. It will be said, why then did he rebel against the English government? The answer is this—it was not against the English government. He rebelled against the sad misgovernment of Ireland by English statesmen in London, who were totally ignorant of the wants of that unfortunate country, and, in consequence, totally incompetent, even if they had the desire, to legislate honestly and intelligently for the long overburdened, oppressed sister kingdom. He rebelled against the horrible incongruity of his countrymen and co-religionists being compelled to pay for the support of a church in which they were, and are taught, not to pray, if they wish to save their souls. He rebelled against the gigantic Church Establishment swindle, which was forced upon Ireland at a semi-frantic period in British affairs, and which, in three hundred years after, is sought by men who pretend to be reasonable and just, to be still forced on the unfortunate people of Ireland—that Church Establishment which never could have existed in Ireland beyond its infancy without the sustaining power, not of the Almighty God, but of the mighty and irresistible bayonet. McGee rebelled against that, and kindred unnatural pretensions of the government of England, against the rights and liberties of his country. And we venture to say that there is not, on the face of the globe to-day, one solitary liberal minded, educated Englishman who will, placing himself in the position of the Irishman, say, I would not rebel against those things. The strongest proof of this fact is that the most determined opponents of the Church Establishment to be found are the descendants of Englishmen born and living in Ireland. McGee, in 1848, was a member of an *Irish Confederation*, not of an *Irish Republic*. He had tested Republicanism in New England, and it was not to his taste—it did not agree with his notions of good government—he had no confidence in the stability of Republican institutions—he had learned that the nearer Republicanism approached stability, the nearer it approached the Monarchical form of government; and as a proof of this apparently strange fact, we assert that, although he had lived nearly twelve years in the United States, although his children were born there, and his home seemed to be established there for the future, yet *he never became a citizen of the United States*. Why did not McGee become an adopted citizen of the great Republic? Because he did not like the Republican form of government and had no confidence in the liberty enjoyed (?) there by the foreign

element. He always distrusted the honesty of purpose of the Puritanical New Englanders, and he could not understand how the flag of freedom could consistently "wave o'er the land of the free" and still decorate the walls of the Southern States' slave market. Like a number of his countrymen who had to fly from Ireland for political reasons, Mr. McGee at that time was most rabid against everything English. His writings, during his residence in the United States, are filled with most bitter denunciations of English laws as they relate to Ireland. His editorial articles, his lectures, his poetry of that time—all show his great hatred towards British rule in Ireland—and bitter as that hatred was, he yet could not convince himself that he could conscientiously renounce his allegiance to the old flag under which his country had suffered so much injustice, and transfer that allegiance to the Government or flag of the Great Republic. In Canada McGee saw the advantages offered by a fair and impartial administration of a government, under the Monarchical form; and, seeing, he became more convinced than ever of the stability of that system. He compared the position of the Irish in the United States with that of the Irish in British America, and the advantages were all on the side of the latter. He found Irishmen in Canada occupying positions of the highest honour and trust. He saw the Roman Catholic Church flourishing in every part of the country—from Labrador to the Pacific Coast—side by side with the Churches of England and Scotland. He saw people of all nationalities, and creeds, living in the greatest peace and harmony together, like members of one great family: happy and prosperous; the Government confident of the people, and the people confident of, and secure in, the Government. He could not fail to perceive the difference in the elective system. The people's representatives were not the nominees of mobs or factions, and the political affairs of the country were not entrusted to the tender mercies of bar-room or pot-house politicians; nor could the mob terrify the Government of the day into concessions to political demagogues. The Judiciary was not at the mercy of the mob at the hustings, and the execution of criminals did not depend on the strength or weakness of their partizans. He saw the perfect equality of the school system secured to all creeds by the statute law of the country, and, seeing all these things, whilst he prayed to Heaven for the same glorious state of affairs in his beloved Ireland, he determined to make his home in Canada, and establish his family there, under the security of good laws and a stable form of Government.

Among those who most strongly impressed Mr. McGee with the idea of coming to reside in Canada, we cannot avoid mentioning one or two: Mrs. James Sadlier—at present of New York, but who at that time was

a resident in Montreal, and who then, as now, was looked upon with pride by the Irish race on the continent of America. Endowed by nature with most lively devotion to the welfare of her native land and of her fellow countrymen, Mrs. Sadlier has devoted her splendid education and talents to the improvement of the Irish people; her writings speak to the warm hearts of the Irish people, and number over thirty volumes—none of which has failed to make its mark, teeming as they do, with lessons of morality and patriotism, with forcible illustrations of the dangers to be encountered in a strange land by the daughters and sons of Ireland, and pointing out in beautifully simple and comprehensive language the necessity of a strict devotion to the teachings of the Catholic Church, if her countrywomen and men aim to sustain their well won national reputation for female virtue and manly honesty. Mrs. Sadlier has done more in her day and generation for the Irish race than any other authoress of our time in America. She is deservedly looked upon as a bright example of what "*a true woman*" can do for the cause of virtue and national honour. As a devoted wife, a self-sacrificing and loving mother, or truly amiable and sympathetic friend, Mrs. Sadlier is looked upon as one of the brightest ornaments which adorn the family circle, or exert an elevating influence in society. Beautiful in her simple, unostentatious labours for the welfare of her countrymen and women, she is beloved by all who know her personally, and hundreds of thousands who know her through her works, esteem and value her as a friend and guide. Among those who knew her best, and admired her most sincerely as a true friend to the cause of Ireland and the Irish, was Thomas D'Arcy McGee. He met her first in Montreal, and the strong likeness in their literary studies and pursuits, which they soon discovered in each other, drew them together, and a friendship was formed between them which is seldom equalled for depth of sincerity; that friendship was one of Mr. McGee's greatest pleasures in this life; in the long illness which confined him to his bed for months during the last year of his life, he looked forward for Mrs. Sadlier's letters as a boy looks forward to a holiday; her praise or condemnation had more weight with him in his literary pursuits than all the world besides. He had such faith in the soundness of her judgment and good taste in literary matters, that he felt certain, if he succeeded in pleasing her, he need not fear criticisms from others. This friendship on his part lasted till death, and on hers it still exists for his memory. Among the tearful faces which surrounded his form in death and bedewed it with tears, the face and form of Mrs. Sadlier might be seen night and day, with unwearied devotion, weeping, praying over the remains of her murdered friend, till the stern door of

the tomb shut them in from her gaze forever. Mrs. Sadlier's advice and that of her excellent husband, Mr. James Sadlier (of the firm of D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Catholic Book Publishers of New York), had great weight with Mr. McGee in inducing him to make Canada his home. Added to this, he was advised, nay, almost commanded, by one of the devoted Irish priests in Canada, to come and assist or lead in directing the energies of the Irish people in Canada. His spite against the British Government, at that time, almost grown chronic, was shown by the venerable priest to be unworthy of him, and, as far at least as Canada was concerned, to be unjust and undeserved. "Look around you," cried the venerable Father, "and tell me, is there a more perfectly free country than this on earth? Our people enjoy all the rights and privileges that man can demand; but they want a leader, come on, then, and lead them."

In his visits to Canada West, Mr. McGee had the good fortune to renew an acquaintance which he had formed during the convention in Buffalo with that most excellent man, the Very Rev. Father Gordon, V.G. of Hamilton, so well known all over Canada for his devotion to the cause of religion and to the prosperity of his special charge, the Irish emigrant, that he has made his name and labours so intimately blended with the history of the early settlement of Upper Canada, now the "*Province of Ontario*," that leaving them out of that record would be representing a most interesting drama, leaving out the principal character. Father Gordon's labours for the welfare of the early settlers are almost incredible; his iron constitution must have had special strength accorded it by his Master, to enable him to perform the good work with which he was entrusted, amid the hardship, sickness, dangers, exposure, and even hunger, which he had to encounter in his care of his Master's flock scattered over hundreds of miles of a primeval forest. How consoling to that grand old priest's heart must be the retrospect of the past compared with the present condition of the scene of his former labours, when the monarch of the forest reluctantly staggered under the blows of the settler's axe, till, conquered; he bowed his emerald crowned head with a crash that made the wilderness ring again and again, with the echoes which proclaimed the advance of civilization. Whilst others enjoy the present, he can dream over the past, and looking back through a long vista of years, he can start again in imagination with the fall of the first tree, and trace, step by step, the progress of the early settlement. First the little cleared patch with the "*first crop*" fighting its way amid the stumps,—then the first log cabin,—he can still remember what joy and pardonable pride filled the settler's heart and danced in his manly eye,

when he could enter, with his faithful wife and cherished little ones, on the possession of "*his own house*," which he had conquered from the wilderness. He can remember the offering of his first mass under the shadow of the stately forest trees, which, arching over head and interlacing their green arms, formed a far more beautiful ceiling than the hands of man ever wrought; through which the brilliant rays of the glorious sun glanced down on the devout and humble little congregation kneeling on nature's carpet around the rude altar; as if Nature's God himself were smiling on the labors of "*the meek and humble of heart*" in their forest home. He can remember the first birth in the little settlement, and the joy occasioned by the advent of the first little Irish Canadian to the manor born, what simple rejoicings welcomed the little stranger, the first to receive the waters of baptism in the little colony. He can again feel the pang of grief that shot through his faithful heart as, amid the tears and sobs of sorrowing friends and relations, he consigned to the grave, with the solemn ceremony of the church, the first worn out settler who was called away from their midst. Closing his eyes, he can see in his imagination, the humble log hut replaced by the comfortable farm-house, the little clearing, with its struggling crop, expanding into those splendid farms which now cover whole counties, and gladden the hearts of thousands with their teeming harvests of golden grain. He can see the rude altar of the wilderness replaced in a hundred places by stately churches, which rear upwards to the sky the standard of the cross under which tens of thousands of faithful Irish Catholics worship the God of their fathers. He can see the little hamlet transformed to the neat village, then to the prosperous town, till in his joy he looks around him on the wealthy cities which gladden his eyes in every direction, and he can with confidence feel that, under God, the country owes to his humble labors a large share of its present prosperity. And the Irish people, what should they feel for and towards the patriarchal priest who came in years long gone by with their grandfathers from Ireland, and devoted his life to their welfare? The self-sacrificing, self-denying servant of God, who clung to three generations of Irishmen in Canada, who welcomed thousands of them in their infancy into the bosom of the Church—watched over them through life, comforting them in sorrow, rejoicing with them in their joys, tending them in sickness—amid fevers and epidemic, always by their beds, and when their last hour came, thousands of dying Irishmen and women, as they closed their eyes on this world, the last object their fading sight rested upon, was the friendly face of the devoted Irish priest who left them never in this world, till he saw them depart smilingly confident of mercy and happiness in the

next. What should Irishmen think of their priest? What do they think of him? Let the history of Ireland, the history of Canada, the history of the United States, the history of the World answer. Then why should we wonder that Irishmen love their priests. Why should we wonder that whole armies of bristling bayonets cannot control or keep them in check when they feel the patriot's passion strong within them, and yet that the priest's voice soothes them till they weep in repentance of their errors. Is it necessary to remind the reader that it was not in his character of Archbishop of the great Diocese of New York, that Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the great Irishman, bowed his head; it was at the feet of the Irish Catholic priest, John Hughes, he knelt in submission. And the Father Gordons of the Irish Catholic Church, are they beloved by their people? Oh! yes, above his own life, the worthy priest is dear to an Irishman, and wherever a true Irish soul speaks to its God, it prays that if, among Heaven's great and glorious array of crowns, there is any one brighter and more glorious than the others to be found, may that one be reserved for the pure spirit of "*Father Gordon*," when it takes its place among the truest and most faithful servants of God beatified in Heaven, for his labours on earth are sanctified by that holy love for, and devotion to, the service of "*My Father who is in Heaven*," which cannot fail to illuminate the pages of "*The book of life*."

On the 13th of August, 1857, Thomas D'Arcy McGee left the United States for Canada, and, with his family, established himself in the beautiful city of Montreal. His paper, *The American Celt and Adopted Citizen*, he sold to the Messrs. Sadlier of New York, and it still continues to be published by them, under the name of the *New York Tablet*, Mrs. James Sadlier being its principal editor, and it is undoubtedly the very best Irish and Catholic newspaper in the United States.

On his arrival in Canada, Mr. McGee, assisted by the generous subscriptions of the Irish people of Montreal, established a paper, *The New Era*, and commenced anew the battle of life. He was looked upon with a great deal of distrust by the English, Scotch, and many of the loyal Catholic and Protestant Irish inhabitants; and it is no wonder he was, for up to that time he had always been known and spoken of as a restless rebel against the British Government, and as one who was not to be trusted. The press of Canada, to use a common expression, "*pitched in to him*" without stint, but he soon silenced most of his tormentors: defended his former course where he thought himself right, and candidly acknowledged his errors where his experience told him he had been wrong. He soon made his mark on the public mind of Canada, and won friends for himself among those who, but a five

short months before, looked upon him with suspicion, if not with actual distrust. Once fairly started in his new sphere of life, Mr. McGee determined to raise up in Canada, and permanently establish his countrymen and co-religionists in that position in society which he had always claimed that they were not only entitled to, but that they were fitted to hold. He bitterly condemned the long standing assertion of those who dared to assert that Irishmen—Irish Catholics—were not worthy of being trusted, that they were not fit to hold a prominent place in the councils of nations, or to take rank among the earnest upholders of governments, that they were not a law and order abiding class of the community. He raised the standard of equality as that under which he should lead his Irish fellow subjects on to victory; and we venture to assert that never, in the history of any country, was a determination more successfully, more thoroughly or more brilliantly carried into effect. Mr. McGee's career in Canada was one continued series of victories, such as were never before achieved by any public man in British North America. His articles in the columns of the *New Era* were, generally speaking, calm and vigorous, and conservative in their general leaning—so much so, indeed, that the cry of rebel, traitor, outlaw, with which he was at first greeted, soon lost its point and meaning when it was feebly attempted to be prolonged by his ultra conservative or lip-loyal opponents. The Irish people, *en masse*, began to trust in him and to rally round him as their chosen leader. In the fall of 1857, the first great opportunity was offered by an approaching general election, to test the influence of the Irishmen of Canada under his leadership. They met in solemn conclave to determine on a combined mode of action, and fix on a suitable man to put forward as their special candidate, to represent their interests in the coming contest, and to be, if possible, elected as their representative in Parliament. The oldest and most respectable Irishmen in Montreal, generally, took a deep interest in the proceedings. A large number, nevertheless, held aloof from Mr. McGee; they still held fast to their former friends of other nationalities, in whom from long experience they had confidence. Mr. George E. Cartier, now, most deservedly, Sir George E. Cartier, Bart., was then, as he is now, a general favourite with the Irish, and no man in Canada better deserved their unlimited confidence. Through a long political career, he had always been, and still continues to be, a fast friend to the Irishmen of Canada, and the Irish people are not only pleased, they are proud of the honors conferred on their steadfast, generous, honest friend—the great souled leader of the people of Lower Canada—“*the Chevalier Bayard*” of the Province of Québec—“*sans peur et sans reproche*”—by Her Most Gracious Majesty; and we may add never was honor conferred on a more

worthy subject. Sir George E. Cartier, ever true to his country and his party, never false to his promises, is the most trusted statesman in THE DOMINION OF CANADA at the present day, for his word to the people is his bond, and twenty years' trial and experience of his honesty towards, and justice to, all parties, without distinction of nationality or creed, has made him the centre round which all the most honest public men in the Province of Quebec assemble—let us be perfectly understood—the honors, the well-merited honors paid to SIR GEORGE ETIENNE CARTIER, Bart., by Her Majesty, Lower Canada accepts as a graceful national compliment, for to thus honor him is to do honor to Lower Canada, to whose service he has devoted his valuable life. If the French Canadian people to-day enjoy all those extraordinary privileges which they do enjoy—to their illustrious countryman are they indebted for their enviable position as a people in the DOMINION OF CANADA. He has preserved and secured to them the enjoyment of the language; the laws, and the Church of their French forefathers. Had Ireland possessed a few as faithful sons as Canada has in Sir George, in Castle-reagh's time, there would have been no parchment union, her rights would have been preserved, and a century of dissatisfaction, of hardship and suffering avoided. Long, long may the life of Canada's Cartier be spared to his country, for the day she loses him will be the darkest in her history. After a good deal of discussion at the meetings of St. Patrick's Society, it was almost unanimously determined that Mr. McGee should be the Irish candidate. Then came the question, what party should they form an alliance with. On this question there was only one opinion—the Conservative party was their choice. Who can, in the face of that fact, pretend that the Irish people were not, are not, under an impartial system of government, a conservative people, and not, as their enemies try to make it appear to their disadvantage, a stumbling-block in the way of all peaceful and good government. But, unfortunately for Canada and for themselves, the Conservative party refused to accept the alliance, in fact, denied the right of the Irishmen of Montreal to put forward any man as their special candidate, and above all did they condemn, in no measured terms, the attempt, as they called it, to put forward McGee, the ex-rebel of '48, as a candidate for the honor of representing the Metropolitan city of Canada in the Parliament of '58. The refusal of the Conservative party to accept McGee's nomination was, at the time, looked upon as a death-blow to his success. Not so, however; the Irish felt that they were insulted in the refusal of the man of their choice, and they determined to elect their man in spite of parties. Never in Canada, since it first secured a responsible government, up to that time, did the country witness such a contest. The

more McGee was vilified by his opponents, the more did his friends determine to secure his return, and, as a *dernier resort*, an alliance was formed with the so-called Reform party, and then the candidates were Dorion, Holton and McGee, "*Rouge*" or liberal, against Cartier, Rose and Starnes, "*Blue*" or conservative. It would fill columns to relate the incidents of the election that followed; criminations and recriminations were the order of the day, McGee's name and antecedents were handled most unsparingly; he was called a rebel, a renegade, and a traitor to the British Crown; his writings during his career in the rebellion of '48, and his subsequent residence in the United States, were raked up against him, and he was declared a dangerous man to be let loose on a peaceful community, and totally unworthy to represent men pretending to be loyal to the government of the country in the Parliament of Canada. The "Orangemen" in Upper and Lower Canada were furiously opposed to McGee's election—and nothing more strongly proves to the world that McGee was an honest, impartial, faithful public man, than the fact that, for years before his death, the Orangemen of Canada were his staunchest friends—although to the last he condemned their Society, as he did all other *secret societies*—and no other people in Canada more deeply regretted his death, for he had won their love and respect by his straightforward, manly conduct. McGee dealt back with fearful force the blows of his opponents: "It is true," said he, "I was a rebel in '48 in Ireland. I rebelled against the misgovernment of my country by Russell and his school. I rebelled, because I saw my countrymen starving before my eyes, whilst my country had her trade and commerce stolen from her. I rebelled against the Church Establishment in Ireland, and there is not a liberal man in this community who would not have done as I did, if he were placed in my position and followed the dictates of humanity. But," he added, "I never rebelled in Canada as you did, Mr. Cartier, in '37 and '38; yet at the same time, I do not deny that, as a Canadian, you had good reason for so doing; your country was being made the playground of the fledgling nobles of England—your countrymen were long trampled under foot by a few hundred imported officials; the life-blood was being drained from the heart of your mother-land, and you and others of her freeborn sons, rushed with all the impetuosity of youth, of glorious youth, and threw your bodies between the danger and your mother's heart; you did it manfully; you did in Canada as my brave comrades and myself did in Ireland. You risked your life in support of what you considered the rights of your country and race, and I honor you for it, for men must feel that they are on the side of justice when they risk their lives on the issue, and the position you now occupy in Canada proves that

you were right in demanding responsible government for Canada, although, like myself in Ireland, you were wrong in your mode of action. But I did not, nor did any of my friends, Mr. Rose, as you did, sign the *Annexation Manifesto* in '49, because it pleased Her Most Gracious Majesty, by the advice of Her Loyal Canadian Parliament, to consent to indemnify the poor "*habitants*" of Lower Canada for the losses sustained by them through the brutal and unseemly conduct of the Volunteers and the Army in 1837 and '38. So that I think you, at least, should not 'throw stones at your neighbour's windows when your own house is built of glass.' " Thus, throughout the whole time of the canvass, did McGee meet his opponents at every point; and his mode of meeting their arguments on the political questions which were then agitating the country, plainly showed his perfect knowledge of its history, political and social. McGee's answer to the charge, or rather insult, that he was "*an adventurer*," will never be forgotten by those who were so fortunate as to hear him.

The result of the election proved that the Conservatives had made a great mistake. To the astonishment of his opponents and to the joy of his supporters, and particularly of the Irish people, McGee was elected one of the three members for the City of Montreal. Could the sacrifices which the Irish made on that occasion to secure the coveted result, be understood, it would surprise even now those who wondered at it then. Money was necessary. McGee had none to spend; but his supporters, poor and rich, contributed liberally, and their exertions never flagged from the moment of his nomination till the return placed him at the head of the poll. And thus, in a few short months, he found himself Member of Parliament for the wealthiest and most populous city in British America. The Irish were justly proud of the victory, and of their representative, and well they might be so; for once, in parliament, McGee, by his eloquence, soon became the observed of the whole country. His first speech in the House secured the applause and admiration of all parties; indeed, so brilliant was his success, that the greatest statesman in Upper Canada (Ontario), the Hon. John A. Macdonald, now better known as Sir John A. Macdonald—the faithful and consistent friend of Sir George E. Cartier, Bart., in fact his political twin brother—crossed the floor of the house and shook hands with him, at the same time warmly congratulating him on his brilliant *debut*. For some time after his return to Parliament, McGee contented himself with hanging to his leaders in the Opposition; but he never felt quite at home in the company of the *Rouge* party; true, he, to a great extent, felt himself indebted to

Messrs. Holton and Dorion for his election; but still, he could not but feel that he was out of his natural element. Once in a while, he would electrify the house and the country with a sudden and unexpected outburst of eloquence. Again, he would raise a laugh at the expense of this or that member—for his wit was brilliant, his sarcasm most cutting. He was a master of satire; and any unfortunate member who fell under his lash once, took good care for the future not to play with edge tools. It must be confessed that, for some time after McGee's election, his friends were disappointed in him; they expected great things at his hands, and were but poorly satisfied with his outbursts of fun and merriment at the expense of others and without any advantage to the cause of the country. The great fight at that time was to oust the Cartier-Macdonald Administration; the Rouge party, led on by Dorion and Holton in Lower Canada, and the Clear-Grits and others in Upper Canada, led by John Sandfield Macdonald, had fixed their hearts on getting into power. Their battle cry was "*Retrenchment*," "Reform;" whilst they charged the Cartier-Macdonald government with all kinds of extravagance and corruption. Is it to be wondered at, that McGee, whose mind was filled with dreams of a future nationality, could not take a very leading part in that kind of "*parish politics*," which was keeping the House and the country in a state of unseemly agitation?

In May, 1862, the "Rouge" party got the government into their hands. The Cartier-Macdonald administration was defeated on the Militia Bill, or rather the able leaders allowed themselves to be defeated on that measure—the object was quite plain. In a loyal country like Canada, measures for the proper defence of the country must ever be popular—and the far seeing ministerial leaders, being hard pressed by the Rouge party, chose to be defeated on the only really important question then before the country, and they had the support and good-will of all loyal men with them in their defeat. And more than that, they well knew that their opponents in the new government would not long enjoy their dearly bought success. The Rouge party had long kept the country in a state of excitement with their party cry—corruption, extravagance—they had long promised, if the power were once confided to them, that the income or revenue of the country would prove more than sufficient to meet all the expenditure, and that they would, by the assistance of the great abilities of Mr. Galt's rival—Mr. Holton—in a very short time redeem the country from debt and difficulty. At last the power was in their own hands. The Sandfield-Macdonald-Sicotte administration was formed, and Thomas D'Arcy McGee accepted the office of "*President of the Council*." The new administration could not long

exist, but it managed to stagger on in its weakness till parliament met. In the following May it was defeated—not on any great measure, but on a vote of want of confidence. The great Finance Minister of that administration never brought down his budget, and the country is yet in the dark as to his great financial abilities. Whilst a member of the Government, Mr. McGee was a good deal blamed by the Irish people for not protesting against the execution of the poor Aylwards—husband and wife—who were hanged at Belleville for murder; and we have no hesitation in saying that the hanging of poor Mrs. Aylward, for striking a blow in defence of her husband's life, in defiance of all the petitions which were presented to the Governor General will, to a great measure, explain the great coldness of the people of Quebec, on the departure forever of Lord Monck from Canada. The shriek of the poor mother whose infant was torn from her breast, as she was hurried to the gallows on a cold frosty day, so chilled the hearts of the Irish people of Canada, that they never warmed for Lord Monck to this day, and never will. To refuse mercy to a woman is always harsh, but sometimes necessary. In this case it was more than harsh—it was unmerciful. Lord Monck is the first Governor General who left Canada without farewell cheers greeting his ears on his departure. There can be no doubt as to the causes which led to the defeat of the government—it lacked that great principle without which individuals or governments cannot long exist or secure the confidence of the people; it lacked honesty of purpose, and soon lost the respect and confidence of the people. On the defeat of the government, parliament was prorogued, and Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, as leader, undertook to form a new administration. In this his selfishness got the better of his keen judgment, for in his great anxiety to secure new friends to the support of the government—i.e., himself—and to keep the cherished loaves and fishes of office for self and friends; he basely betrayed his hitherto loyal friend and supporter. McGee at the time was sick—at his bedside the leader of the government in 1840 and his friends met “many a time and oft,” and consulted with the only really true and independent man of their party. Could it be for a moment supposed that a part of Sandfield's policy was to betray his sick friend? Yet it was so—and the country was filled with disgust when, on the names of the new ministers being announced, it was found that Thomas D'Arcy McGee's name was left out. “Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad,” was never better verified than in the case of Sandfield Macdonald's double dealing with McGee. That act of madness was the sure precursor of his political destruction—his madness or dishonesty killed outright the expiring “Rouge party.” The new government of Sandfield Macdon-

ald, the illegitimate offspring of deceit and falsehood, tottered on, despised alike by lukewarm friends and determined enemies, and, as might be expected, McGee's terrible exposure of the dishonesty and want of manly truth which characterised the conduct of his former leader and friends, hastened with marked effect the death of the party. The country had long expected great things at the hands of the self-dubbed "*Liberal party*." The ears of the electors had long drunk in the specious language in which, at the hustings, the Conservatives were branded as corruptionists and dishonest men. Cartier was denounced in Lower Canada as the "*bête noire*" of the country, who was, for his own selfish purposes, sacrificing the best interests of his French Canadian countrymen to the Orangemen of Upper and the Protestants of Lower Canada; whilst Mr. John A. Macdonald, in Upper Canada, was denounced by Mr. George Brown and his reliable (?) paper, "*the Globe*," as one who was betraying his fellow citizens, and selling them and Protestant interests to the French Canadian and Roman Catholic interests in Lower Canada. In fact, Sandfield Macdonald and his friends had, in their struggle for power, sown the seeds of falsehood and misrepresentation in the public mind, and they very naturally reaped a whirlwind of public indignation. The Irish people were very greatly annoyed at the manner in which their representative, McGee, had been treated, and their deep condemnation of Sandfield Macdonald's dishonesty was made manifest at the polls. Their votes were cast in favor of the Conservative candidates: Cartier was elected for Montreal East, defeating Dorion by a very large majority; Rose defeated Holton in the Centre, and McGee was re-elected by acclamation for the West. Who dare oppose him? for he was the most popular man in Canada at the time with all classes of the community; and the Irish people were and had reason to feel proud of him as their representative. The March wind carried away on its wings the death cry of the Rouge ministry. That fine specimen of an honorable French gentleman—the late lamented Sir E. P. Taché—was next called upon to form a Cabinet. He did so, but with a certain decree of reluctance—he wished to rest from public life and enjoy perfect quiet at his advanced age; but true to his country and friends to the last, he sacrificed his own feelings, and became the leader of that ministry which played a more prominent *role* than any other in the political history of British North America. In that ministry Thomas D'Arcy McGee was offered and accepted the portfolio of Minister of Agriculture and Immigration, to which office the latter part of the title was added in compliment to the new minister—for his heart, ever open to the claims of his countrymen to his thoughtful care, delighted in forwarding the interests of the Irish immigrant, and in finding homes on the banks of

the St. Lawrence or Ottawa for the impoverished people of Ireland. Mr. McGee continued to hold the office of Minister of "Agriculture and Immigration" up to the time of the formation of the "Dominion Government" under the Confederation Act on the 1st July, 1867. The realization of the dream of Mr. McGee's life became his fixed purpose, from the time of his accepting office with the Conservative party. Up to that time his great abilities were under a cloud. Forced on his entrance to political life in Canada into the company of a party whose views were wide of being like his own, his efforts were not as effective as they would have been if their grandeur had been understood or appreciated by his political friends; yet he remained true and loyal to the Rouge party, and would never have deserted them, had they been true to him; and his abilities might have been lost to his adopted country, had it not been for the fortunate circumstance of his Rouge friends showing by their own ungrateful conduct and dishonesty towards him, their complete rottenness and corruption. Thus separated from them, absolved from all claims of friendship towards them, he became one of the strongest supporters and leaders of the Conservative party, the true National Constitutional party in British North America. From the moment of his union with his true political sympathies, he devoted all the energies of his great mind, and exerted his great gift of eloquence to achieve the union in one powerful Confederacy of all the British North American provinces. What appeared to his hearers, in former years, in his lectures throughout the provinces, as but the visionary inspirations of the Irish orator, now began to assume forms and proportions, and he never ceased in leading on the public mind with the chains of his glorious eloquence till he had the satisfaction of seeing the leading men of the provinces assembled together to solemnly debate the subject of union, and his life was not lost to his adopted country till that union was carried into effect. Our space will not permit us to give the reader anything like a succinct or exact history of Mr. McGee's life and labors in Canada; we can only glance at his achievements or point out a few scattered instances of the great and glorious work which he performed. In the first place let it never be forgotten that Thos. D'Arcy McGee, on his arrival in Canada, found the people of the country greatly divided, at certain times, both on national and religious questions; he found his Irish fellow-countrymen powerful in numbers, but weak for want of combined action, on account of the way in which they were used as the tools of certain unprincipled, so-called leading Irishmen, who were, many of them, ready to sacrifice their countrymen's prospects and interests to their own selfish purposes or profit, or in other words, sell their popularity with their misled countrymen to the highest bidder.

He found the Irish Catholics, as it were, separated from the rest of the community by a strong feeling of religious and national prejudice. He found the people often led on to acts of madness by demagogues who fired their passions by raising those religious or party cries, which were and are the curse of Ireland and of all other countries where they are tolerated. He found the Irish Catholic population of Canada, powerful as it was, without a worthy representative in the councils of the country. And, finding all these things, he, without one moment's hesitation, threw himself into the front rank, determined to remedy those crying evils. He had enemies from the first moment, enemies among his own countrymen, who, too keenly feeling their inability to oppose him openly, pretended friendship for him, but all the while were thwarting his efforts in the dark, coward-like, and as little minds only can do. What a dreadful curse those selfish, bigoted, little-souled Irishmen are to their country and countrymen; those things "*bearing the human form,*" with deceptive hearts, rendered more cunning by "*a little learning;*" they are the greatest difficulty that the Irish statesman has to contend with—the open, intelligent opponent he can meet on equal grounds, and defeat or satisfy by argument and proof—but those secret plotters against him he cannot defeat, for he cannot oppose an unseen enemy who stabs him in the dark without fear of discovery—and yet we can tell those disappointed political nuisances and wire-pullers that attacks such as theirs, on a man like Mr. McGee, are the very best security that honest men can ask as proof of the purity of his motives and the high character of his aspirations; honesty, these knaves possess not, and they cannot appreciate honesty in others; their aspirations are those of the assassin who stabs at character in the dark, and in the security of his own littleness and obscurity escapes just punishment—but who is too cowardly to come forth from his polluted den into the clear light of day, and show his quivering lip, his bloodshot eye, unsteady hand, and venom-pointed dagger, for fear of the just indignation and scorn of honest men. Well did McGee know the difficulties with which he had to contend in his efforts to secure harmony and good feeling among all classes of the community; keenly did he feel the cowardly thrusts of the hidden enemies who were ever plotting in secret against him, but he had the glorious consolation of seeing his efforts crowned with success. Notwithstanding the covert opposition which he had to contend against, Mr. McGee was the most honored, most trusted man among the Irish people in Canada. The people of Montreal heaped marks of honor upon him; his name in public was ever received with cheers; his appearance the signal for the most hearty outbursts of applause; his power over his countrymen became so great that he never was opposed when he sought re-election, but was returned by

acclamation, nay, more substantial marks of approbation were shown him—his friends and constituents, irrespective of race or creed, joined together and purchased, furnished and presented to him a magnificent dwelling, as a proof of their high appreciation of his character and great public services. On this subject, the *Montreal Gazette*, at that time in opposition to him, said: "Mr. McGee may well be grateful for this great acknowledgment of the estimation in which they hold him, and of their sense of the eminent services he rendered to the country; and for our own part we are glad to be able to recognize heartily and frankly that Mr. McGee has rendered good and valuable service to the country and has merited this recognition." He knew no distinction between Catholic and Protestant, between French, English, Irish, or Scotch; all men were to him fellow subjects, brother men, and he loved to see them all working in harmony together as Canadians, members of one great family, the legal rights of each respected by all, worshipping God after their own conscientious convictions, and enjoying equal justice under our most excellent institutions. He preached with his all powerful eloquence this grand doctrine; he taught it with his masterly pen, in public and in private he inculcated it with all the strength of his ardent soul, and the glorious result of his labors secured for him in death as glorious a title as was ever inscribed on the tomb of mortal man, the godlike title of "PEACEMAKER." In 1863, during the American civil war, the recruiting agents of the American government, ready to ay hold of anything that would tend to secure recruits for the shattered ranks of the Federal armies, alas! only too readily found means to enlist in their confidence those soulless demagogues who make a fat living by misleading the simple and illiterate masses of the impulsive Irish people in the United States. The bargain once entered into, a cry was determined upon to arouse the passions of the Irish people to the necessary measure of enthusiastic hatred towards England. The slumbering Fenian cry was resuscitated as the best suited to their designs; and under the pretense that the object was to prepare by active service on the field of battle, the Irishmen of the United States for a war with England to liberate Ireland, OVER A HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND Irishmen were sold, aye, sold! to the contractors who supplied victims for slaughter on Southern battle-fields,—by their own heartless, designing, degenerate countrymen,—at so much a head. But this was not all; the blood of tens of thousands of their misled, murdered countrymen, was not sufficient to supply those traffickers in patriotism; their infamy must be concealed in some way from the eyes of the world, and consequently "*An Irish Republic*" was put on the stage in New York, supported by a substantial revenue extorted by falsehood and misrepresentation from the pockets of the poor

industrious, generous Irish laborers and servant girls of the United States and Canada. Oh! traitors to your God and to your Fatherland! traitors to the warm generous hearts of your poor countrymen and simple countrywomen! Was it not enough that your souls were steeped in the life blood of tens of thousands of your victims slain in battle? Was it not enough that thousands of maimed, disabled, wretched wrecks of humanity call down curses on your devoted heads as they totter starving and helpless through a cold world?—were you not satisfied? No! The blood of your countrymen had to be mingled with the honest sweat of your deceived countrywomen, the honest Irish servant girls of the great cities of America, to satisfy your degraded, unmanly cupidity, and to support in debauchery, idleness and unseemly extravagance, a half hundred of the most double-dyed traitors and false-hearted scoundrels that ever disgraced manhood or blotted the fair page of a nation's history. And Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the true souled Irishman, at the very zenith of his popularity in his adopted country—"HONEST TOM," was he to stand idly by and see this glaring wholesale murder and robbery of his countrymen and women, and not interfere to prevent it? Could he stand calmly looking on, and see his beloved Irish people murdered and robbed by a handful of designing, heartless scoundrels, and that in the sacred name of Patriotism? No! a thousand times, no! Had he—could he done so, he might at this moment be living degraded as the idol of fools and scoundrels, the apologist, the patron of robbers and cold hearted swindlers, instead of his name and memory being enshrined in the hearts of millions of wise and honest and patriotic men, and his fame ever mentioned in connection with all that is most noble, patriotic and true. From his place in the Parliament of Canada assembled in the grand old City of Quebec, under whose walls the great-hearted MONTGOMERY fell, with his face to the foe, as an Irishman should fall, covered with honor and with glory—speaking in the name of God and of his countrymen, the powerful voice of Thos. D'Arcy McGee was heard all over the land, denouncing in impassioned and convincing eloquence the heartless leaders of the Irish people in the United States. Manfully, fearlessly, honestly, he denounced and condemned the heartless plotters against the pockets and lives of his beloved fellow countrymen, nor did he ever cease to do so till at Ottawa on the 7th of April, 1868, his utterance was choked with his own warm heart's blood rushing forth from the channels which God had created to sustain the life of as noble and true an Irishman as ever adorned God's footstool, to indelibly stamp on the soil of Canada—his last, his most glorious condemnation before man and God of the dastardly conspirators who in the name of Irish patriotism have disgraced humanity,

and written their own condemnation in the life blood of Ireland's noblest advocate.

In 1865, Mr. McGee went to Europe as Commissioner from Canada to the Paris Exhibition, and also as a member of the Executive Council of Canada, to join his colleagues in their conference with Her Majesty's Government, on the question of the proposed union of the British North American Provinces. What a contrast! In 1848, he fled from Ireland with a reward offered for his head by Her Majesty's Government—an outlaw! a rebel! and now he returns after 17 years' absence, deputed by Her Majesty's Representative in Canada, to consult with Her Majesty's Government on a question of vital importance to the greatest of Her Majesty's colonial possessions. And still, Thomas D'Arcy McGee was not less an Irish patriot in 1865 than he was in 1848, but experience had taught him that what can never be hoped to be wrested from England by force and violence, or a resort to arms, can be secured with certainty by fair argument and legitimate measures. John Bull never was and never will be frightened or bullied out of anything; but let the honest old fellow be once satisfied that any of his family is suffering wrong, and he will see the suffering member justified. It is true, he sometimes takes a long time to consider, is seldom hasty in his actions; is even frequently ill advised by selfish interested parties, and thus led into the commission of very serious injustice, as has been the case in Ireland; but let him be roused up by proper representations, and his manly honesty and deep sense of justice and fair play will cause him to act like an honorable man, who, although he compels respect from all his neighbors, never willingly consents to an act of tyranny or oppression, and that is the great secret of his long life and prosperity. McGee had become convinced of these facts, and he returned to Ireland, as loyal a man to the Empire as ever died for England on field or deck, and as loyal and true an Irishman as ever was born of an Irish mother, or wore the shamrock near his heart. Irish loyalty to England is the greatest proof of loyalty to Ireland. Let our mighty sister see that we are worthy of her love and confidence, and she will only be too happy to clasp us to her heart; but if we foolishly try to compel her to adopt our views, we will be certain to get well spanked for our trouble, and left to ruminate over our folly in the gloom of the dark cellar of self-inflicted adversity and misery. Let Irishmen not be misled by falsehood and misrepresentation on the part of those whose object it is to make tools of them to attain their own base or selfish ends in the United States, aye! and in Canada. Let them not be so foolish as to think that the way to make Ireland great, is to separate her from England. No! Ireland's true policy lies in clinging loyally to her two

sisters, and to become great in their mutual affection. English tyranny! English oppression! Away with such folly, away with such stereotyped nonsense, the stock-in-trade of every political pedlar, *political humbug* or mountebank who mounts the hobby of Irish grievances, and preys on Irish men's confiding simplicity, till he enriches or advances himself at the sacrifice of Irishmen's best interests wherever their lot is cast. Irishmen, men of reason, cease looking abroad for the source of your grievances. Give up leaving the load of your miseries at the door of your sister's children. Not England, nor Englishmen; not Scotland, nor Scotchmen, but Ireland and Irishmen, are to blame for Ireland's and Irishmen's misery and misfortune at the present day. True it is, they had reason for dissatisfaction against England a hundred years ago; so had Scotland; but you must not live in the past, nor nurse long buried wrongs back to life. Let the past wrongs of Ireland sleep in the grave of past ages, and thus hidden from present view, trace present (and Ireland has many wrongs to complain of, and many grievances to redress—the Church Establishment, Leases at will and many others) wrongs and grievances to their proper source, and if you are honest in your wish to discover who the real culprits are who trample on Irish nationality and Irish prosperity, then open your eyes and your minds to the truth, when an humble Irishman, in the bitterness of his soul's conviction, proclaims to you, and swears by the graves of Ireland's greatest and noblest—by Ireland's altars—by Ireland's God—that Irishmen themselves, at home and abroad, are the chief cause of Ireland's misery at the present day. "Oh!" cries a "*Fenian leader*" (a Fenian robber!), who makes his living by robbing and misleading Irishmen, "that fellow is an Englishman in disguise, he's a traitor to Ireland, or he would not speak that way—down with him!—away with him! he insults Ireland and Irishmen!" "He's an Orangeman!" cries one; "He's a turncoat," cries another: and so, an Irishman who dares to speak the truth will be put down by self-interested, degenerate Irishmen, and the simple Irish people, too prone to be convinced by loudsounding words, instead of by strong arguments, are kept in the dark by their selfish, false leaders. But the truth must be told. If Irishmen, Catholic and Protestant, will continue to disagree and to trample on each other's rights—to oppress and abuse each other; if Irishmen will, madly, continue to be divided among themselves, they cannot expect other people to respect them, or accept and receive them as men worthy of being looked upon as brothers, and entrusted with the regulation or direction of the affairs of other nations—when they are all the time, by their own acts, showing to the world that they cannot agree together or govern their own country. If Irishmen

desire to live among other races they must harmonize with their neighbours and live in good fellowship with all men—and at the same time that they can and ought to be true to their own religion, they must respect the religious convictions of others. Could Irishmen be satisfied with worshipping God, each in his own way, or after the teachings of his fathers; if religion were not made the test by which Irishmen judge of each other, even in every day life; if they could make up their minds to judge of each other, not by the religion they profess, but by their character for honesty, sobriety, industry and truth. True personal worth ought to be the standard by which men should judge of each other, and any other standard must prove a fallacy. In Ireland and in all countries in the world where Irishmen are to be found in any numbers, you will find them divided into two parties—Catholics and Protestants. To other peoples religion is a blessing, but, alas! Irishmen make religion the source of the greater part of their misfortunes. Orangemen and Ribbonmen are the two principal divisions in Ireland, then “*For ups*” and “*For downs*,” and then Papists and Protestants—and they are always ready to kill and murder each other for God’s sake—in the name of religion—and the only time that one can ever discover that those who fight about it have any religion at all, is when they are killing each other about it; for they are never seen inside a church; if they attended to the first principle of the Christian religion—charity—they would not disgrace their country by such unseemly, inhuman conduct towards each other,—but, alas! it is ever thus—division after division, as bigotry or selfishness may direct, and thus Irishmen are their own worst enemies, and while they lay their misfortunes at the door of their English neighbors, all the world looks on in surprise at their perverse blindness in not looking at their own unfortunate divisions as the real cause of their misfortunes. Let them stand together shoulder to shoulder in their own country in the legal demand of their rights, as they have often done before, and often will again, in defence of British honor, on the bloodiest battle-fields of the world. Let them give the world an example of determined, joint, unanimous, brotherly confidence in each other, and as a united nation.—Ask as men of judgment should ask, from the British Government, the repeal of all oppressive or unjust laws; let them demand the proper and satisfactory settlement of all national grievances; and within five years from the time such a combined effort is made, Ireland will have no grievance of the present to complain of, and grumblers and political speculators will have to drag the skeletons of past grievances from almost forgotten graves to weep over, in their search for miseries to hash up for the admiration of their dupes. Like the two eagles fighting over their prey—whilst they are engaged in fighting

with each other their crafty enemies step in and deprive both of the booty. Who handed Ireland's Parliament over to the British Government? Who sold Irish liberty? Was it Englishmen or Scotchmen? Most assuredly not; it was Irishmen themselves. Perhaps the worst feature in Ireland's sad history is this, that Irishmen, not content with making each other miserable with their quarrels and divisions at home, unfortunately carry with them to America and elsewhere, the same feelings of bigotry and hatred for each other that blight their prosperity and happiness in their own unfortunate country. This is not right, it is not just; why should other countries be plagued with their national quarrels? Let Irishmen remember the words of the late sainted Irish priest of Quebec, the Rev. Father McMahan: "When you arrive in this free country let all your divisions and hatreds be left, like your foot-print in the sand behind you, to be washed away forever by the next receding wave." Why, for instance, in Canada should French Canadians be made to suffer all the disagreeable consequences of party strife and bigotry, because Irishmen choose to cherish their old enmities and resume their national quarrels in this free country. Englishmen,—Catholics and Protestants,—don't quarrel with and hate each other in this way. Scotchmen,—as good and fervent Catholics as any in the world, don't make war on their Protestant countrymen. When will the sons of Ireland learn to understand and tolerate each other without regard to each other's religious belief? If any one can tell us when, then we will tell them when Ireland will begin to enjoy prosperity and happiness, and not till then. Why have we, in this short and imperfect sketch of Mr. McGee's life, gone into this subject? Because that truly great Irishman devoted the greater part of his valuable life to impress those doctrines on the minds of his countrymen, and as a proof that he was right, look at the satisfactory result of his labors, and see what victories he achieved for Irishmen in Canada, in the short space of ten years, while they followed his liberal views and lived in friendship and harmony with each other, and with their French, English and Scotch fellow subjects. His course was one of mutual conciliation and forbearance, mutual interest and support—in the language of Scotland's sweetest poet,

BURNS:

"That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be, for a' that."

Let Irishmen ask their own hearts the same question that Ireland's gifted poet MOORE asks, when he says:

"Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree;
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneels not before the same altar with me."

And if they wish to live in peace, in prosperity and harmony with their fellow-men, let them answer :

“ No! perish the hearts and the laws that would try
Truth, valor, or love by a standard like this ;”

and prove by their liberal conduct for the future, towards each other and towards all men, that they mean what they say. If they do this, then McGee shall not have lived and died in vain, Ireland will soon be satisfied and her grievances swept away, and Canada will always be what she now is, the happiest country under the sun.

Before he returned to Canada, Mr. McGee visited Ireland, and was received with distinction at Wexford, the scene of his first triumph as a speaker in the cause of temperance. He was invited to deliver a lecture, at which all the people of note in that city and surrounding country were present. His lecture was one of great ability, and was applauded throughout its delivery by the delighted hearers. Yet, as an Irishman and one of Mr. McGee's most intimate and warmest friends and admirers, we must express our unqualified condemnation of one part of that lecture. Mr. McGee, who was most remarkable for the truthfulness of his assertions in all that he stated in public or private life, for once, was both incorrect and very unjust. In the report of his *Wexford speech*, as it has always been called, he said that which must candidly say was not true. If his speech was correctly reported, (and we must presume that it was, for he never corrected his reported statements,) he asserted that young Irishmen and women, on their arrival in the United States, became lost to honor and to shame. To those who did not know the contrary, his assertion would be literally understood as a fact, and the Irish in the United States would be set down, with very few exceptions, as a people lost to every principle of honor, honesty and religion, whereas directly the contrary is the fact. As a general rule, the Irish in America are a hard-working, honest, industrious and remarkably religious people. Their names are to be found in the very first rank as Merchants, Lawyers, Physicians, Contractors, Capitalists and Agriculturalists, and the national name for virtue and honesty has never in the history of the world been sustained with more signal purity than it has been by the virtuous daughters of Ireland, whether occupying positions among the very highest and educated classes of society, the most brilliant and accomplished among the ladies of fashionable society in the great Republic, or as the self-denying Irish servant-girls of the United States of America, with all the temptations and allurements which surround them in the wealthy and corrupt cities of the great Republic. The Irish servant girls have preserved untarnished their reputation for purity and steadfast firmness in the religion of their

fathers. Their little savings are, month after month, set apart to be sent home to their aged parents or younger brothers and sisters in Ireland, and the sum thus remitted home by poor girls amounts to *nearly a million dollars a year*. And the Church—I mean the Catholic Church—in the United States is mainly supported by the voluntary contributions of the Irish people, whilst the church buildings are of the most expensive and splendid description. The Irish Orphan Asylum now being completed in the city of Brooklyn will cost half a million of dollars, whilst convents, hospitals, schools and charitable and religious institutions, are to be found all over the Union,—from MAINE to FLORIDA, from the ATLANTIC to the PACIFIC, in every State, Town, and Village,—glorious monuments of the presence and unflinching devotion of the sons and daughters of Ireland to the cross, and to the shamrock, to the religion of their fathers and to the worship of their God. In the face of these facts it was cruel to the last degree, for any one, no matter what his object might be, to insult the faithful daughters and sons of Ireland in the United States as Mr. McGee did in his Wexford speech. We are well aware that Mr. McGee's object was to induce immigration to Canada, and to divert it as much as possible from the United States. He wanted to fill the emigrant's mind with horror of American institutions—and to induce the Irish people by that means, either to remain at home, or to make Canada their stopping place—and above all he wanted to prevent Irishmen being picked up on the wharf at New York on their arrival, and forwarded to the battle fields in the South, for the war was still raging at the time of his "*Wexford speech*." We have no hesitation in saying that millions of Irish, English and Scotch immigrants can be provided with prosperous and happy homes in Canada, and we will go further and say that we candidly believe that the prospects here in Canada are fully equal to anything they will meet in the United States. We offer them universal freedom, just laws, and all the advantages of a permanent form of government; rich agricultural lands for a mere nominal price, and every encouragement to settle among us; but at the same time we cannot permit any man, no matter how exalted his position, speaking as the representative of our government, to say anything unjust of the Irish men and women in the United States. Throughout the whole of Mr. McGee's political career as a Canadian politician, this is the only act of his which his countrymen cannot endorse. And while we condemn this one act of his, and in his name admit the error, can we not point out ten thousand instances of his devoted attachment to, and his self-sacrifice for, his countrymen and his country,—and then say to all who condemned his Wexford speech—is that one false step, that one cloud,

sufficient to cover and hide in its shade, the brilliant life of the unselfish Irish patriot and Canadian statesman, Thomas D'Arcy McGee?

No! the chosen disciple, Peter, the prince of the apostles, thrice denied his Lord and Master, when He most stood in need of a friend. Yet, on account of his great virtues, Christ took him to His bosom, and gave him the very keys of heaven. Mr. McGee never denied his country, nor did he ever desert her, through "weal or woe;" the error he committed in his *Wexford speech* was committed in a mistaken zeal for the welfare and success of the Irish about to emigrate from their country; in his great love for his fellow countrymen at home, he was for once, and only once in his life, unjust towards thousands of his fellow countrymen in the United States.

The leading Irishmen of Montreal, seconded and nobly assisted by the other nationalities in the city, gave Mr. McGee a public banquet on his return from Ireland; it was one of the most successful ovations ever given to any public man in Canada; the leading men of the future "Dominion of Canada" were present to do honor to the greatest Irishman on the continent of America, and to prove the confidence and esteem in which he was held by all classes of the community. At that brilliant assemblage of the great men of our country, Walter Macfarlan a liberal minded honorable Scotch gentleman presided, for he deserved to take the first place in doing honor to the man to whom he had given the first place in his honest heart. The speech of Mr. McGee on that occasion was one of the greatest and most masterly discourses that ever ravished the ears of an audience or made the souls of men thrill with emotion. "Music hath charms," but the soul of the great McGee poured forth in his glowing words, on that occasion, not only charmed, it enchanted the minds of his hearers, and soaring away far above the littleness of every day things and acts, opened up with a master hand the portals of pure and undefiled patriotism, and taught young and old what equal rights, and equal justice, and national liberty meant. It was such an outburst of eloquence as we shall never hear again, since his tongue that gave it utterance is stilled for ever; but its effects are still felt, and will continue to be felt for half a century to come.

It is needless to say that that unfortunate Wexford speech was seized on with avidity by Mr. McGee's enemies in the United States and Canada; the Fenian Brotherhood fairly gloated over it, and his narrow-minded enemies in Canada, and particularly in Montreal, took advantage of it and of his absence, to villify his character and estrange from him the affections of the Irish people—what was called "*a Disclaimer*" was published in Montreal, which was gotten up by a "*bankrupt shoemaker*," and a vendor of old clothes, assisted by some of the worst hidden enemies of Mr. McGee. Reader, do you ever visit the "Bonsecours Market?" If not, perhaps you

are not aware that "OL' CLO!" venders "are there to be found," not of the true type; mine "d-h-car frion" Isaac is supplanted and improved upon in the person of the "*Hibernian Jew*." If you have not had the good fortune to become personally acquainted with the "Hibernian Jews," but will look at the scrawls appended to "*The Disclaimer*," you will find some of their names thereunto appended, and then confess! oh most innocent reader, that you were not aware that "*Old Clothes*" and "*Brand new politics*" are done in that classic region the "Bonsecours Market," by the "Hibernian Jew." You might, if you looked over the X's in the disclaimer, discern those of a few "*Rag and Old Rope Men*," and of one or two respectable, but illiterate "*Junk Men*," But the name of even one respectable, intelligent man, or of a man of any standing as an Irishman in this community is not to be found appended to "The Disclaimer," and as many of the signatures to the Disclaimer, such as they were, proved to be *forgeries*, it had but little effect in Canada or Montreal. The heartless leaders of the uneducated Irish people in the Northern States, made it one of their most powerful arguments to prove that McGee was not to be believed when he condemned the leaders of the Brotherhood as a lot of heartless and unprincipled swindlers, who were living on the money extorted from the poor Irish servant girls and laboring men of the United States. And, alas! the poor people were induced to give more credit and money to those scoundrels—for, heartily sincere and honest themselves, the poor Irish people could not for a moment suppose that their leaders were impostors, till at last their eyes were opened to the true state of things when the scoundrels began to quarrel over the spoils—and then, indeed, the world was convinced that McGee's denunciation of the whole thing from beginning to end was honest and truthful. But still, as one set of windy patriots was unmasked, another set sprang up to take their place—and so the vile conspiracy, not against English rule so much as against Irish money—was continued to be, and is still faintly kept alive. It is wonderful indeed to conceive how the Irish people in America can be so blindly led by knaves. The leaders in America have turned out traitors and swindlers; and the most prominent of their so-called leaders in Ireland and England have inscribed their names in the history of *Penianism* as informers who have sold their poor, deluded, but honest followers to the British Government to die on the scaffold, or to pine away their lives in prisons as felons. And in Canada, after killing and wounding several of our citizen soldiers, the lives of a score of misled madmen were forfeited to the outraged laws of this country; and to the clemency of those whose homes and firesides they came to lay waste without cause or reason whatever they owe their lives. Thomas D'Arcy McGee was a member of the Cabinet that commuted their sentence of death to one of imprisonment.

In 1867, Mr. McGee visited Europe once more as Commissioner from Canada to the great Industrial Exposition in Paris, and he also visited the Eternal city, to lay at the feet of His Holiness Pope Pius IX., the petition of the Irish Catholic congregation of St. Patrick's Church, against the new division of parishes. Broken down in health, and troubled with the cares of his official duties, Mr. McGee, ever generous and self-sacrificing towards his countrymen, travelled to Rome, and performed the duty imposed upon him faithfully and well, and paid out of his own slender means all expenses of his costly journey, for McGee was poor; he scorned to enrich himself at the cost of his honor, although as a minister of the Crown he might have done so as others have done—but he remained a poor and an honest man. On his arrival home from Europe on the 24th of May, 1867, he was received by the citizens of Montreal at the railway station, and a very flattering address presented to him on behalf of all classes of the community, by the mayor. While in England Mr. McGee had his speeches on the subject of Confederation of the Provinces published in London, and he also had a revised edition of his History of Ireland issued from the London press. Both these books were very highly spoken of in Great Britain, and even in France.

Now we approach that part of our task which we would to God it had never become our duty to write; that part of it which speaks to the world of Irish ingratitude.

On the 1st July, 1867, the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, were proclaimed "The Dominion of Canada," and the dream of Mr. McGee's life for ten years past was realized; and he, who had taken a leading part in the securing of that great result, was the very first man in Canada to make a very great personal sacrifice to secure harmony and good feeling among all the various classes now thrown together for the first time politically. The diversity of interests to be satisfied in the formation of the first Dominion government was most perplexing to the leader of the ministry, Sir John A. Macdonald—each province had its leading men, all claiming a place at the Council Board, and all more or less clamorous in their demands. Among them all there was no one man who had done so much with tongue and pen for Confederation as Mr. McGee; and yet, when he saw the necessity for it, Thomas D'Arcy McGee sacrificed his own personal feelings, and voluntarily resigned his undoubted claim to a place in the Cabinet, as an example to others of the motives which should actuate a statesman who placed his duty to his country before all feelings of self-advancement or self-interest. Well as Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir George E. Cartier, Bart., knew Mr. McGee's self-sacrificing disposition, they could not

refrain on that occasion from publicly expressing their thanks to their illustrious and magnanimous friend, for the sacrifice he made, unsolicited, to produce good feeling and harmony among all parties, and to strengthen the hands of the government which he had so materially assisted to usher into existence. But McGee felt in his soul that he was doing his duty to his country, and that, with him, out-weighed all other motives and interests.

The general election of members for the House of Commons was the first political move under the new form of government, and Mr. McGee was again called on to represent his old division of "Montreal West." Willingly would he have declined to do so and retire into private life—his health, for a long time past, was fast breaking down; he had excited himself too much during some years past in every way—as minister of the Crown, an author, a lecturer, and a leader of the people—and fain would he have rested to recruit his health. But his own feelings had to give way to the claims of his country; he had taken a leading part in securing a new form of government for Canada, now he must assist in getting the government permanently established and in working order—the country could not dispense with his great intellectual powers and eloquent advocacy at the moment of her great political change—on her entrance on the dignities and responsibilities of a nation.

Among the 150,000 inhabitants of Montreal there could not be found one man, of any other nationality or creed, to oppose Thomas D'Arcy McGee, but one of his own Irish Catholic countrymen. English, French, Scotch, and Irish Protestants, there were in hundreds who would oppose any other man but McGee, and contest with him the honor of representing the most populous constituency in the Province of Quebec, but to a man they all agreed in admitting that to Thomas D'Arcy McGee belonged by right the honor of representing in the first Dominion Parliament his old and faithfully served constituency. But an Irish Catholic was found, or rather he was dragged forward nominally by the "Fenian" faction to oppose McGee, but he was in reality the nominee of the *Rouge* party. LUTHER H. HOLTON was the man who got up the opposition, and he did not conceal the fact, for in a public place he disclosed to a most respectable gentleman "that he had no confidence in, or respect for, Mr. Devlin," he said the spiteful, faithless friend—"any tool, any instrument! any means to defeat that fellow McGee." The object of Mr. Holton was to strike McGee in the most sensitive place in his nature; for this purpose he must get an Irishman to oppose him, and thus make his revenge the more deeply felt. Mr. McGee felt the cowardly thrust most deeply—at the first great meeting of his friends he said :—

'The meeting is aware, Sir, that in presenting myself as a candidate for re-election, in support of the first Union Government of the new Dominion, I am threatened with opposition from a gentleman of the same origin and creed as myself. It seems an unnatural and malicious opposition ; I do not complain of that gentleman's candidacy but I do complain, and I feel keenly, the attempt to alienate from me the confidence, and to inspire with hatred against me, a portion of my Irish fellow-countrymen. (Cheers.) They knew where I was vulnerable, and they struck me there ; but I declare in the presence of God, and my fellow-men, that I feel the blow far less on my own account, than on account of that section of our population themselves. I have been in public affairs a good, a true, and a safe guide to them ; let the events of the last ten years witness whether I have been so, or not ; but if they transfer their confidence to other advisers, who have tried for years to counteract my policy of conciliation, they will fall under evil influences ; they will suffer ; and our flourishing city will not gain by the exchange. I have just two remarks to make to that portion of my old supporters before we part company, if part we must, and one is this ; let them vote against me if they will ; though I do not think I have deserved such recompense at their hands ; but let them, for every sake, conduct this contest in an orderly, peaceable, and legal manner. (Cheers.) When the election is over, the record will remain ; let it never be said that the rowdy element was revived in this community, after its apparent extinction, in a contest between two Irish Catholics.'

Here, Irishmen, was the *purè* object of *Luther the false* in opposing "Honest Tom." He did oppose him, and that opposition was the direct cause of McGee's death. It is the easiest matter in life to raise a political storm, and to urge on the masses to violence and madness, but wo ! to the man who undertakes the task, for on his soul rests the bloodshed which results from that storm of his raising, and in the eyes of God he is a murderer. Never in the history of political contests did Montreal or Canada witness such an election as the Montreal West election ; all the energies, all the calumnies, all the abuse of the "*Rouge party*" and its foul mouthed speakers, and its Judas-leader "*Luther the false*," aided by the Fenians of Canada—who were made the catspaw of the Rouge party—and indeed of the United States, was brought to bear on the election. McGee was denounced as a traitor, as a renegade, as a turn-coat, as a false Irishman, a spy for the British Government and every other falsehood that could be laid hold of by a vile mob, led on by designing and unscrupulous men, whose only object was to get a chance of revenging their petty spleen and malice on McGee, who was as much the superior of the very best of them, as gold is superior to brass. At his meetings Mr. McGee and his friends were pelted with stones and other missiles, and every means that brute force could exert, and unscrupulous leaders devise, were used to deter the respectable people from coming to the polls to cast their votes, but without avail. Law and order triumphed over brute force, truth and

justice defeated falsehood and deceit, and Thomas D'Arcy McGee was triumphantly elected. It may be asked why was McGee opposed by the Irish of Montreal West? The answer is very simple. For five years he had been battling against "Fenianism" and condemning the leaders of that party; for years he had been warning his misled countrymen against the dreadful consequences of following blindly men who were the very scum of Irish society in the United States and Canada; and as a natural consequence of his manly and consistent condemnation of that dishonorable and plotting nest of New York scoundrels, he drew down upon himself all the bitterness of their vengeance. And we shame to say it, they found "fitting tools for their revenge" in Canada; their emissaries made it their special business to whisper the blackest and deepest calumnies against McGee's character into the ears of his simple and confiding countrymen, which were repeated from lip to lip, till it became impossible to trace the infamy to its source. Those vile rascals made it appear that McGee was no longer an Irishman, that, in fact, he felt ashamed of the name of Irishman, that he had turned Protestant, and declared himself a Scotchman, and thus whilst absent in Rome attending to the interests of Irishmen in Montreal, in connection with the St. Patrick's Church Petition, McGee, their most devoted friend, and most honest guide, was being undermined in the hearts of his countrymen by the emissaries of Yankee swindlers, and their *Rouge* allies, who would not hesitate at any crime to get rid of the man who had unmasked them from the first moment of their start in the traffic of Irish blood and sweat, in the name of Irish patriotism. Among the vile calumnies which were circulated about Mr. McGee by the Fenians, at that time, was one falsehood so base and selfish that none but the most unprincipled of factions would for one moment try to damage the fair fame of a patriot, although opposed to him, by such heartless and dishonorable means. The report was circulated that McGee was a spy for the British government in '48, and that he was false to Smith O'Brien and the *Confederation*, of which he was the Secretary. Although no man of the least common sense could be induced to believe such a falsehood as this, we feel that we are bound by publicly convicting by infallible proof the authors of that lie, to show the Irish people in "*Montreal West*" what "*manner of men*" led the opposition against Mr. McGee. Of all the men who rendered their names famous in connection with Ireland's history during the last forty years, with the exception of O'Connell himself, Charles G. Duffy is certainly the greatest and most famous. We will then let CHARLES G. DUFFY speak of McGee, which he does as follows, in his "*PRINCIPLES AND POLICY OF THE IRISH RACE*:"—

"To forty political prisoners in Newgate, when the world seemed shut out from me for ever, I estimated him as I do to-day. I said, '*If we were about to begin our work anew, I would rather have his help than any man's of all our confederates.*' I said he could do more things like a master than the best amongst us since Thomas Davis; *that he had been sent at the last hour on a perilous mission, and performed it, not only with unflinching courage, but with a success which had no parallel in that era*; and, above all, *that he has been systematically slandered by the Jacobines to an extent that would have blackened a saint of God.* Since he has been in America I have watched his career, and one thing it has never wanted, *a fixed devotion to Irish interests.*' Who has served them with such fascinating genius? His poetry and his essays touch me like the breath of spring, and revive the buoyancy and chivalry of youth; I plunge into them like a refreshing stream of '*Irish undefiled.*' What other man has the subtle charm to revoke our past history and make it live before us? If he has not loved and served his mistress, Ireland, with the fidelity of a true knight, I cannot name any man who has."

O, Irishmen! misled by falsehood to hate and distrust McGee—whose testimony will you accept for or against him? The greatest living Irishman, CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, the universally beloved and justly celebrated Archbishop Connolly of Halifax, the greatest living Englishman, the RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, the best and most respected men of Ireland, of Great Britain, of the United States and Canada, the best priests of the Catholic Church, the most respected ministers of all Protestant denominations, the evidence of all good men and all true men; or the vile, infamous slanders of despised, perjured wretches, who have been for years past gaining a plentiful feast for their swinish appetites, and plenty of money to support their licentious lives, at the cost of the sweat, blood and lives of their misled country women and country men in the United States and Canada, and covering the fair fame of the noblest sons of our beloved Ireland with that filthy slime in which their own debased, perjured souls are steeped? It is not to be wondered at, then, that the man who, knowing them well, had held them up in all the nakedness and loathsomeness of their true characters, as swindlers, robbers, murderers and cowardly assassins, for years past, must be made to feel their vengeance. But the respectable thinking classes of the Irish people could not be made tools of by the emissaries of "*Yankee Fenianism,*" or of "*Luther the false.*" And the French, English, and Scotch people of Montreal could not be put down by the bluster or bullying of hired ruffians. They went forward like true freemen, and in the teeth of danger cast their votes in favor of a man who was the embodiment of a principle, the glorious principle of "*justice and fair play.*" Was Mr. McGee true to Ireland?—as well might we ask, is the needle true to the pole? Never did the heart of man beat more truly for his

country than McGee's did for Ireland. And he was laboring for her, with a certainty of success, where the voice of the demagogue could never reach, or reaching would never have any effect. Read the words of one of the most eloquent and illustrious Roman Catholic Prelates on the continent of America, and one whose views and sympathies are most patriotic in the cause of Ireland and the Irish race at home and abroad, **HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP CONOLLY, of HALIFAX :**

"I feel it a duty to raise my humble voice in behalf of an Irishman, who, under a kind Providence, has been mainly instrumental in lifting up his fellow countrymen and co-religionists to a position which, I believe in my heart, they never yet attained in this or perhaps in any other country.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee, as an individual, may have his faults and his shortcomings--from which no mere human being, however great and good, can be entirely exempt; but as a public man, whose career I have narrowly watched with deepest interest since he first touched the soil of Canada, I unhesitatingly say that he has earned for himself a loftier public character, and has done more for the real honor and advantage of Catholics and Irishmen, here and elsewhere, than any other I know of since the days of the immortal O'Connell. During the dark period of his brief misunderstanding with Archbishop Hughes in New York, that brightest and best of Ireland's sons in America declared to myself that "*McGee had the biggest mind, and was unquestionably the cleverest man and the greatest orator that Ireland had sent forth in modern times.*" To this I heartily subscribed then, when I had not the advantage of a personal acquaintance; and now, at this critical moment, I do 't the more earnestly, with the unmistakable retrospect before me of his brilliant and almost faultless public career in this country, which stamps him for all time to come, and beyond all competition, as our best and representative Irishman. *If I were asked to whom above all others I would wish to entrust the advocacy of Ireland's cause, I should say, without a moment's hesitancy, that that man was Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the ex-Minister of Canada.*"

Thus spoke the Archbishop before Mr. McGee's death.

The Reverend Father O'Farrell, of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, in his sermon over the remains of the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, said in the presence of ten thousand people, and with his eyes bent on the altar of God :—

"If Mr. McGee had proved recreant to his native land no words of mine should ever sound in his praise, and I should allow him to remain as a great writer said of him whose soul was dead to this generous feeling. "unwept, unhonored and unsung." Never was a fouler calumny uttered than that the deceased was a traitor to Ireland. There was scarcely a pulse of his heart that did not beat for her, scarcely a poem or a song, or more extensive work for his pen, that had not Ireland for its theme. There was scarcely a legend of the old land unknown to him, scarcely a monument or ruin in it which was not celebrated by him, either in verse

or prose; not an association formed for the cultivation of her literature in which he had not some share, not a national movement for her prosperity which was not encouraged by him. I never knew a man who thought more constantly or more affectionately of Ireland. She was the inspirer of his verses, the theme of his prose. He loved her with a passionate ardor, like that of a lover for his mistress. He loved everything about Ireland except the shortcomings of her people. From his early boyhood his pen was devoted to her service. His warm imagination and passionate heart took fire at what he deemed her unbearable wrongs, and he threw himself into the movement that we all know was foolish and most ill-timed. He loved Ireland then, not wisely but too well. And when in after years he condemned his youthful impetuosity, did he then cease to love his country? Read over the passionate outpourings of his heart in verse; read over the list of his larger writings—you will find that he has scarcely another theme. Look at his "Irish Settlers in America;" "The Attempts to Establish the Reformation in Ireland;" "The Life of Dr. Maginn;" and last and greatest of all, his "History of Ireland," which is confessedly the best that has yet been written, and, more wonderful, has been written upon a foreign soil, with such scanty materials as he could here procure. How, then, could some of our people come to be convinced that he had renounced his native land? Ah, my brethren, the power of calumny is fearful for a time. Every stray word, every unguarded expression that fell from his lips was taken hold of by his enemies, and heralded, and repeated again and again, until it sank into many persons' hearts and became so deeply rooted there that nothing could eradicate it. Advantage, too, was taken of the earnest outspoken indignation with which he reprobated—and justly reprobated—the nefarious attempts of a miserable, disgraceful conspiracy, to enter into this peaceable land and to revenge the wrongs of Ireland upon Canada, the happy home of your children. Yes, if he were guilty of a crime against Ireland because he denounced the abominable plots of men who only bring shame and disgrace upon her, then I too am guilty of the same crime, for I denounce to-day as vehemently as he could do, such vile, unprincipled means; and if it be proved that his death was the result of his enmity of those secret societies, then I call upon every honest man to stamp out with horror every vestige of them from among us. (Loud and vehement applause, which was only checked by the Rev. Father saying: "Remember this is the House of God.") "There must be no sympathy for such a dastardly crime; the man or woman who could feel any joy at such a diabolical deed, would be as horrible to my soul as the assassin himself."

Mr. McGee was then not false to his own land, although he tried to serve to the utmost of his power his adopted one. I shall quote a sentence from his speech on last St. Patrick's Day in Ottawa, when alluding to this charge against him:—"If I have avoided for two or three years much speaking in public on the subject of Ireland, even in a literary or historical sense, I do not admit that I can be fairly charged in consequence with being either a sordid or a cold-hearted Irishman. I utterly deny it, because I could not stand still and see our peaceful, unoffending Canada invaded and deluged in blood, in the abused and unauthorized name of Ireland, that therefore I was a bad Irishman. I utterly deny the audacious charge, and I say that my mental labors will prove, such as they are, that I know Ireland as well, both in her strength and her weakness, and love her as dearly as any of those who, in ignorance of my Canadian position, in ignorance of my obligations to my adopted country, not to speak of my solemn oath of office, have made this cruelly false charge against me." After which he alluded to the fact that he had brought the wrongs of Ireland before the chief authorities of England, during his late visit, and he adds, "that he believed he was doing Ireland a good turn in the proper quarter." I deem it unnecessary to dwell upon a point which, to my mind, is of the clearest evidence; nor should I have treated it at all at such length if all the hatred which has been excited against the deceased, and which, I fear, has culminated in his death—so awful and shocking—had not sprung from such unfounded, such base, calumnious charges, which were blindly believed by some of my countrymen. But it is true that the heart of the deceased was large enough to admit of other affections—beside the love of Ireland there grew up in it another love almost as strong and as enduring—the love of Canada; and under the influence of that new feeling his mind took a wider compass, his views became more enlarged and liberal, his glance became more far-reaching, and he rose from being the patriot of one country to be the statesman that embraces the entire empire in his views. And now see what an Irish Protestant minister says of the Irish Catholic statesman who was denounced by scoundrels as a traitor to God and his country. The Reverend Dr. Irvine, of Montreal, said in a speech on the death of Mr. McGee:

"It matters not in what relations we look at this truly great man—we see traits of character which elicit universal admiration. As a scholar he was highly accomplished; as an essayist and historian he stood among the first of our day; as a poet his fugitive pieces were exquisite; as a statesman, he was clear, honest, and fearless; as a patriot he loved the land that gave him birth with all his heart; he loved the British Monarchy

as a form of government, and the untiring energies of his noble spirit were laid on the political altar of this our dear Dominion. Alas! alas! that the foundations of the Dominion of Canada should be laid in the precious blood of her most sagacious statesman and her most ardent patriot. (Applause.) I am not using the language of undeserved eulogy while I thus speak—for many of you, no doubt, have read the statements of the Earl of Mayo, in the Imperial Parliament, in reference to our late lamented friend. The language is as strong as any that has been, or may be used here to-night, and yet the eulogy of the noble lord was well deserved. Besides his gifted and cultivated intellect, Mr. McGee was endowed with a warm heart—a warmer and more genial heart never throbbed in a human bosom. In private and in public, he spoke and acted alike toward friend and foe (he meant political foe, for he could not understand that he had, or could have had, a personal enemy) in such a way as to leave the impression indelibly upon every observer's mind, that he cherished unkind feelings toward no man. His soul was cast in a large mould. *He loved his country; he loved his Church; he loved his fellow-men; he loved every man who deserved the name of man.* His heart was too large to cherish hatred and revenge against any man, and while millions of men are this day crying for vengeance upon the ruthless ruffian who murdered him—nay, while his blood, which still stains the streets of Ottawa, is crying to heaven for vengeance upon the unrelenting assassin who shed it, I believe if we could reach the immortal spirit of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, we should find it crying for—not vengeance, but mercy upon the fiend who chased it from its gory tenement into the presence of its God." (Loud applause.)

Mr. McGee, although broken down in health, took his seat in the House of Commons of Canada, and made the speech of the first session.—With one knee resting on a chair and his body supported by the aid of a cane, he spoke, as he only could speak, for three hours, and the House cheered and applauded as he spoke, for words of wisdom and eloquence streamed from his lips, and held the ears and senses of his listeners entranced with admiration—but the effort was too much for him—while the plaudits of his fellow-members still sounded in his ears, he was taken to his hotel, where he had to undergo a very painful surgical operation; his friends even feared for his life, but before the end of the session he was able to enter the House once more, and as he slowly crossed towards his seat, the members, as if moved by one common impulse, sprang to their feet and loudly cheered him. Mr. McGee, who, during years of public life, had received many flattering proofs of popularity and friendship, felt that reception in the House of Commons of Canada as the greatest com-

pliment ever paid him—for parties and politics were for the moment forgotten, and the tribute was one of friendship and good feeling on the part of his fellow-members,—such as is not heard of once in a hundred years. During his absence from the House an absolute want was felt—his friendly face, his flashes of genuine wit—his outbursts of lofty eloquence were wanting, and things did not appear so bright as they would when he was in his place; for even his political opponents admired the man and admitted his superior talents and lofty mind; even the correspondents of the press felt his absence deeply, and frequently did they express their deep regret at his non-appearance in the House. The correspondent of the *Richmond Guardian*, the most influential and best edited and conducted paper in the Eastern Townships, says, in one of his letters; “If you can imagine night without stars or moon, day without sun, you can then form an idea of the *House of Commons* without the presence of Thomas D’Arey McGee.” Once more at home, Mr. McGee, for four long months was confined to his room with sickness, but his energies remained unimpaired, and his pen was never idle; and it was only after his death that the world became aware of how much of his time was devoted to the cause of his country,—(we mean of his native country, Ireland.) He was in communication with the most prominent men in the British Government, in relation to Irish grievances, and his advocacy had great influence in bringing about the present views of the English people in relation to the Irish Church Establishment, and the Land Question. One man in the position of Mr. McGee has more weight and influence with the thinking men of England than all the windy, blustering patriots that ever spouted unmeaning vituperations during the last fifty years. He knew and felt this, and was doing, in his own quiet way, more good for Ireland than all the political or secret societies in the world; even while I write, the Atlantic Cable is vibrating to all parts of the habitable globe, the words of the great giant of English politics, Gladstone, who is not, nor need he be, ashamed to declare—that Ireland, that the Irish nation is indebted to the eloquent words of Thomas D’Arey McGee, spoken on St. Patrick’s Day last, at Ottawa, for the present extraordinary movement in Great Britain in favor of Ireland. Fenians, madmen, read the words of Gladstone; let him teach you who was Ireland’s best friend; and you who took part in the false, unmerited persecution of the great McGee, drop on your knees and beg pardon of God and of your bereaved country—bereaved through your falsehood and calumny, of her greatest, her most glorious son—for your infamous folly or stupidity, if only a follower of Fenianism, and for your dreadful fratricidal murder, if you were a false leader of your simple minded, too confiding country-

men, and maliciously led them on till madness seized them and they thirsted for the blood of as noble an Irishman as ever lived or died for ungrateful Ireland. Mr. Gladstone said:—

“Now, go with me across the Canadian border and look for a few minutes to the state of the Irishmen in Canada; and here, instead of referring to lengthened and various documents, I will quote the words but of a single witness. Possibly the name may be known to you I am going to mention; it is the name of Mr. D'Arcy McGee, a gentleman who, I believe, was well known in Ireland during so much of his life as he passed there as one of the most vehement of Irish patriots, and as one of those who either exposed himself on that account to the penalties of the law, or else was within an ace of exposing himself. That was the character of Mr. D'Arcy McGee. He went to Canada. Canada is under the sway of the same beloved Queen. In what does Canada differ from the United Kingdom? Canada has a free Parliament, and so have we; but Canada has got just laws regulating the tenure of the land on which the people depend for subsistence; and Canada has not got installed and enthroned in exclusive privileges the Church of a small minority. (Cheers.) It was said of old that men who crossed the sea changed the climate but not the mind; but mark the change which passed upon the mind of Mr. D'Arcy McGee. *Let me read you his testimony, for they are words more significant and more weighty than I can give you; words that cannot be carried home too forcibly to the minds of the people.* Only a few months ago Mr. D'Arcy McGee spoke as follows at a public festival given to himself and his colleague at Ottawa. Speaking of Fenianism and of the spirit with which he was prepared to resist it, he says—“I wish the enemies of her internal peace, I wish the enemies of the Dominion to consider for a moment that fact, and to ask themselves whether a state of society which enables all to meet as we do in this manner, with the fullest feeling of equal rights and the strongest sense of equal duties to our common country, is not a state of society, a condition of things, a system of laws, and a frame of self-government *worthy even the sacrifice of men's lives to perpetuate and preserve?*” (Hear, hear.) Such is the metamorphosis effected on the mind of a disaffected Irishman by passing from a country of unjust laws to a country of just laws; *but has he changed his mind with respect to Ireland? He thinks and speaks of Ireland as he thinks and spoke of her before.* He says—“*Speaking from this place, the Capital of British America, in this presence before so many of the honored 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 ecclesiastical 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 up on the other side of her. Whatever the aspiration of the Irish for 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 carried out in Ireland. *Brute force has failed, proselytism 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*

(Cheers.) Gentlemen, I wish to impress on the minds of the people of England this advice of Mr. D'Arcy McGee. Since those words were uttered the man from whose mouth they proceeded has been removed from this lower world, and his death—*due, as some think, to Fenian licentiousness*—has added a melancholy dignity and a greater augmentation of weight and force to the impressive sentiments which he has uttered. (Cheers.) IT IS IN PURSUANCE OF THESE OPINIONS THAT WE HAVE PROPOSED TO PARLIAMENT THE POLICY ON WHICH YOU HAVE TO PASS YOUR JUDGMENT." (Cheers.)*

During Mr. McGee's long illness he became a different man; he became more thoughtful, less impetuous, and a deep religious vein of thought seemed, and did in fact, pervade his whole conduct. His habits of social indulgence, the only thing in his life that his enemies—for every man great or humble if independent must have enemies—could accuse him of, and which was the venial sin of a social friend and warm hearted, genial companion, had been given up for some time, and under the influence of his deep religious convictions, it would be difficult, indeed, to find a more perfect man, whether in a moral or intellectual sense, than Thomas D'Arcy McGee. It was our privilege to be often by his side at that time, and if we dare make known to the world our private conversations with him—his enemies, his self-constituted enemies would blush to think what a noble heart they had cruelly wronged—what a truly sincere and noble Irish patriot they were plotting against in the person of Canada's adopted son and most prominent statesman. Just two days before his death his letter, now so celebrated, was written to Lord Mayo. On that day he dined with his steadfast friend, Alderman Goodwin, of Ottawa, and his estimable wife; dinner was scarcely over when he excused himself, saying he had a letter or two to write—one of great importance—being pressed to do so, he wrote it in his friend's study, and, on re-entering the parlor, he remarked to Mrs. Goodwin,—“I have written a letter to Earl Mayo, on the state of Ireland as compared with that of Canada. I feel happy in having done so, for it has been on my mind for some time: now it is done, and something here, (touching his heart,) tells me it will do good to Ireland. So, in God's name, I will go now and post it at once.” Two letters were written on the same evening; the first was in favor of Ireland, the second was to his beloved daughter—beloved above all living beings on earth; but his letter to her was the second written—Ireland's interests were ever uppermost in his mind, ever nearest to his heart. Alas! that heart had ceased to throb for ever ere that letter had reached its point of departure from America; and the Atlantic cable had informed the Old World of the

* This speech, now so celebrated, will be found complete at the end of the book—appendix A.

death of McGee two weeks before the ocean steamer touched the shores of England. And that letter to Lord Mayo—that manly letter—that appeal for redress to Ireland—that contrast between Irish loyalty in Ireland and in Canada. What new, what superhuman force it bore with it long after the news of its writer's death had been received; it struck the ear of the British people like a voice from the grave. Its pleadings sunk deep into the hearts of British statesmen; and the spirit of McGee in death directed the leading minds of the British Empire in their efforts to blot out for ever the only thing that ever called a blush to the face of England as a great nation—her cruel misgovernment of Ireland. In that most manly communication to the Earl of Mayo he speaks as follows, as a man in his high position only could venture to speak—to men in high places in the British Government, with a certainty of being listened to with respect, and his recommendations received as authority by those in a position to act on his suggestions.

“But I cannot conceal from your Lordships that no lay advocacy, and no ecclesiastical influence, could have kept our countrymen here loyal and at peace, if this country were governed as Ireland has been during the sixty-eight years of her legislative union with Great Britain. Everything our emigrants find in Canada is very unlike everything they left behind them in Ireland. We have here no Established Church, no system of tenancy at will, no Poor Laws, nor any need of them. We have, instead, complete religious equality among all our churches, a general acquisition of property as the reward of well-directed industry, the fullest local control of our own resources and revenues; our collegiate and primary education; our public works; our militia, marine, and courts of justice. Therefore it is, my lord, we are loyal to the Queen in Canada, and well content, as well we may be, with the government of this country.

It is not for me, at this distance from Ireland, and in the absence of recent experience, to make the application of this example, or so much of it as can be applied to the very different condition of Ireland. I but state the facts of the Irish position in these provinces, for your Lordship's meditation as an Imperial adviser of the Crown, as I have already had the honor to do more fully, last year, while in London, to your illustrious late leader, the Earl of Derby, and in 1865, when in Dublin, to Lord Kimberly, then Lord Lieutenant.

I must not, however, assume that the passing notice with which your Lordship honored me in the late debate, can justify further intrusion on your valuable time; but I felt on all the grounds above stated, a strong prompting to explain frankly to your Lordship the true secret of Irish-Canadian loyalty. *We are loyal because our equal, civil, social and religious rights are respected by this Government, in theory and in practice. WERE IT OTHERWISE, WE WOULD BE OTHERWISE.”**

This is the language of the statesman true to the Empire and at the same time true to the land of his birth—never absent from his mind;

* The whole of that celebrated letter, will be found in appendix B.

but ever anxiously on the watch to advance her prospects with his all-powerful influence. In fact, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, in his political efforts for the advancement of Canada, well knew that the glory of his and other prominent Irishmen's achievements in the Colonial possessions of Great Britain, such for instance as those of Charles Duffy in Australia, would be placed to the credit of the Irish race, and in the end would be the most certain means of securing that position for Ireland's sons at home that they were proving themselves worthy of occupying in foreign countries under the English form of government, by their loyal and faithful support of the British flag, when their just rights are respected. On the re-opening of the House, Mr. McGee returned to his parliamentary duties, with renewed health and vigor. In fact, he was a new man, and to all appearance had forty years of life before him; but the hand of death had been, for two years past, following him in the shape of the cold-blooded, hired assassin, for that Whelan was hired, we have no doubt, will yet be made manifest; yes, we repeat it, hired! and paid a regular salary by some of those creeping, crawling, smiling monsters, who can pretend friendship and patriotism whilst their souls are nests wherein falsehood, treason, conspiracy and murder are being hatched. Heaven is powerless! Hell a myth! if such vipers meet not their well merited reward. The pitiful villain who becomes the tool of such cowardly wretches in carrying out their devilish designs, is an angel in comparison with them. The fiend in human shape who, in comparative security from personal danger, plans the death of a fellow man, and hires or incites others more brutal but less cunning than himself to strike the blow, is in the eye of God the more guilty party, and could the laws of man lay hold of him, he should be dealt with as a wolf; no mercy, no compassion should be shown him; the voice and hand of every good man should be uplifted against him, till at the end of a strong rope, his dangling carcass, loathsome and disgusting, proclaims to the world that he has paid with his life the penalty of his diabolical inhumanity and cowardly crime. Mr. McGee's steps were dogged from one place to another, day and night—the murderer's accursed shadow was thrown across his path, only seeking a fitting moment to carry out his accursed, unmanly, cold-blooded object. At length, the fatal night, the 6th of April arrived. It was announced that Mr. McGee was to speak in the House on that night, and as usual on such an occasion the House was crowded. He did speak that night, and although no suspicion was then entertained that he was delivering his last speech in this world, his speech was listened to with marked attention; his words were noble, his definition of duty to one's country was such as none but a great

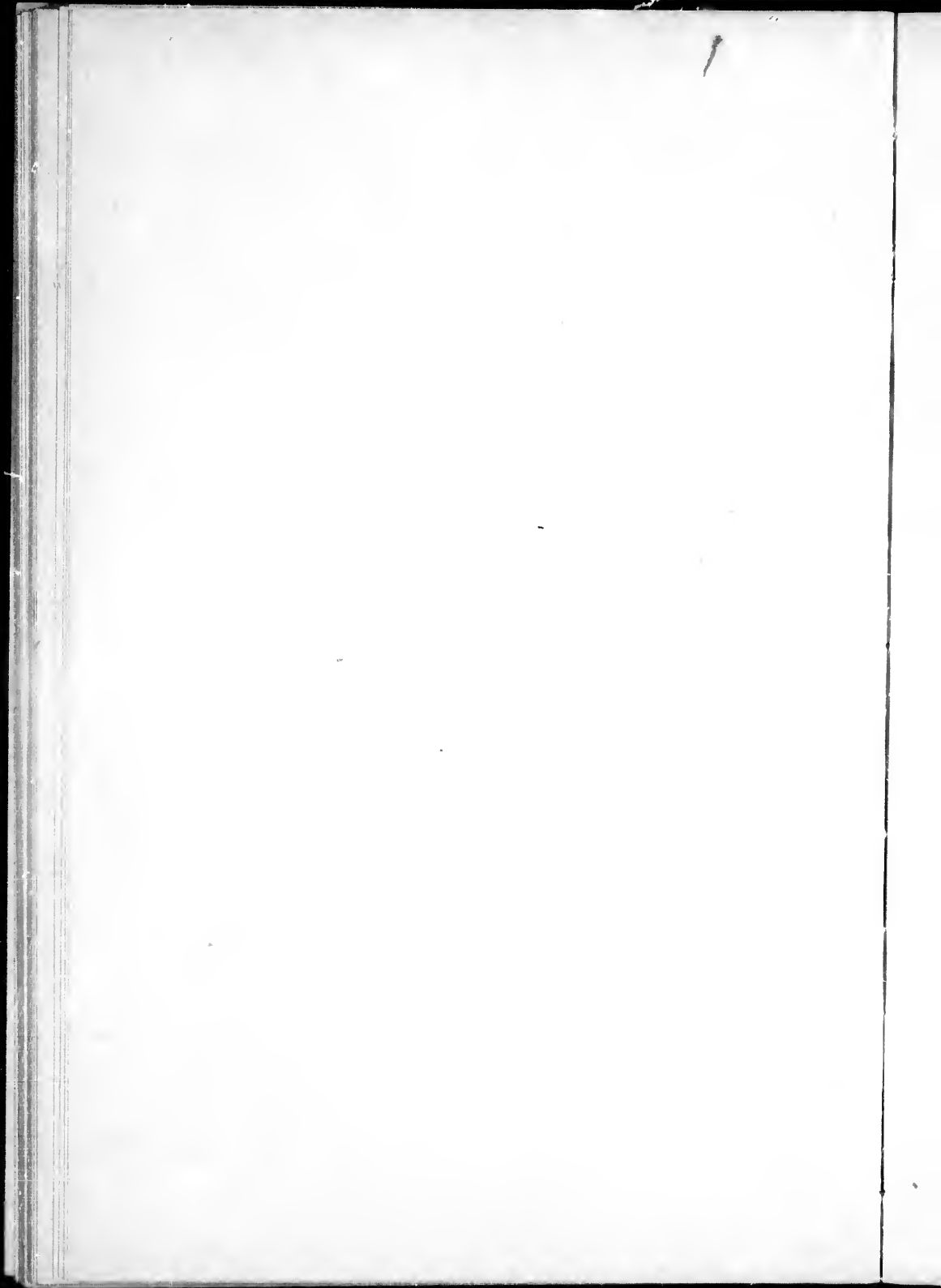
independent mind dare conceive; and yet, whilst he was giving eloquent utterance to sentiments which might have entranced the mind of any man, one wearing the human form—a devil in human shape—stood within the sound of his voice, within view of his person, awaiting with the patience of a tiger the moment when he might spring upon him and murder him. On that occasion, Mr. McGee spoke in defence of his absent friend, Dr. Tupper, who had become rather unpopular with a certain party among his constituents, and in his speech he said: “Popularity, sir, is a great good, if we accept it as a power and a means to do good to our country and our fellow men; something to be cherished and clung to. But popularity for its own sake is nothing worth, worse than nothing if purchased at the sacrifice of one’s convictions of right. He hoped that mere temporary or local popularity would not in that House be made the test of qualification for public service. One that rested simply on popularity and would risk the right in hunting for popularity, would soon find that which he hunted for slip away. Base indeed would be he who could not risk popularity in a good cause—that of his country.”

And whilst the sound of applause was still ringing in his ears he left the House of Commons to go home. Home! he did go home, to that home where *the weary are at rest*. In company with a parliamentary friend, he left the House—a smile on his friendly face, a pleasant word on his lip. After walking together for a short distance, they separated from each other, and Thomas D’Arcy McGee was left alone in the silent night with his murderer. On he went peacefully towards his door, the stealthy step of the cowardly assassin silently following him, not a moment’s warning, no suspicion of impending danger till within a few feet from the door, when suddenly there is a flash, an explosion; a heavy fall, and the case of clay is shattered—a pure soul is standing in the presence of its God, claiming a martyr’s, a patriot’s crown: the mortal remains of Thomas D’Arcy McGee lie extended on the street. The pale moon looks down with a serene but sorrowful gaze on the cold upturned face of the murdered statesman. And the murderer—what of him, where is he? Ask not—the eye of God is upon him, and the hand of God will point him out to the justice of man; the earth will cast him up even if he concealed himself in her deepest caverns, for all nature must revolt against the presence of a thing so vile. We will not pollute the page with the mention of his name, nor will we pay him even the tribute of a passing word:

“Go—go—’tis vain to curse,
 ’Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
 Hate cannot wish thee worse
 Than guilt and shame have made Thee.”

The news of Mr. McGee's murder was flashed from one extremity of Canada to the other, within a few hours of his death, and Europe next day was made aware of Canada's, of Ireland's loss. In Canada, the whole population was horror-stricken, and tears and lamentations for his loss were mingled with deep execrations on the heads of those who compassed his death. The young nation which he, in his life, had adopted and clung to, whilst grieving over his death as a child weeps over the death of a beloved parent, claimed his honored remains as the property of the nation, and the great city of Montreal, as chief mourner, claimed the honor of burying its idolized representative, with all the pomp and solemnity that grateful nations love to display, to the glory of their mighty dead. And so long as Canada lives, THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE'S name and memory will live enshrined in the grateful hearts of Canada's sons.

Oh no, not a heart, that e'er know him, but mourns
 Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrin'd—
 O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
 Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!



Appendix.

APPENDIX A.

The following report from the *Ottawa Times* of the speeches of the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee we think it only right to give in full. The speech delivered by him at the banquet is now, without doubt, the most celebrated of all his speeches—and is in fact a complete index in itself to the character of that truly great man—and shows how he loved Canada and his fellow-men without distinction—at the same time that he never forgot his first love—Ireland—under any circumstances, or at any time.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY (1868) AT OTTAWA—SPEECHES OF THE HON. MR. MCGEE.

REMARKS AT THE CONCERT.

Being introduced by the Chairman, W. F. Powell, Esq., President of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society,

Hon. Mr. McGee said : I am always happy to obey the call of my friend the Sheriff of Carlton (Mr. Powell) ; and the last time I stood here he was also in the chair. But I am especially happy on this occasion in being able to address a few sentences of congratulation to an audience assembled as this is in the cause of mutual charity,—an audience of Irishmen, irrespective of religious distinction,—who are here to-night for the mutual benefit of the poor and the orphans, who look to both your societies for help and sustenance. (Cheers.) I feel quite sure, Mr. Sheriff, and gentlemen of the joint-committee, that you will never have reason to regret that you mutually assisted at what I may call a common work of charity, and that you chose for the occasion of so doing this Saint Patrick's Day, 1868. You engaged in a good work ; the very means you took to accomplish it were, in themselves, a good work. (Cheers.) Whatever is done at Ottawa of a public character, derives additional significance from the fact that it is done at the political capital of the country, and for one I do most sincerely trust the example set here this evening will meet with general approval and imitation among Irishmen throughout the Dominion. I believe the procession of the day was irreproachable, and I hope all the proceedings of this evening will be equally so. (Cheers.) There used to be a joint celebration of this day at Toronto, and I think it was presided over so late as last year by our late respected countryman, the Hon. Robert Spence (hear, hear.) There is such a union society of very late date at Halifax, with which many of our Nova Scotia friends, now in Ottawa, have been long connected. In Montreal, this evening, a number of Irish gentlemen and their guests are dining together in cordial amity, just as some of us are going to sup together by-and-bye at the Russell House. (Cheers.) I feel that these are good signs for the social peace and civil unity of the New Dominion, in which Irishmen form

so considerable a contingent. The Irish in the Dominion are the most numerous as a class of any one origin; more numerous than even our French Canadian friends, if you take Protestant and Catholic Irishmen and their descendants together. In fact, it would be very easy to show that this Canada is proportionately a more Irish country than the United States, or even the United Kingdom. (Cheers.) We have an Irish Governor-General at our head, and an Irish Receiver-General among His Excellency's advisers; and in Nova Scotia they have an Irish Lieutenant Governor, in General Doyle. (Cheers.) Last week we saw the addition of three members to the Senate, one of whom was of Irish Protestant stock, from the Niagara district, and the other an Irish Catholic, from St. John, New Brunswick. I allude to the Hon. Mr. Benson and the Hon. Mr. Dever. (Cheers.) One parish in Cavan sends no less than five members to our Parliament (including my hon. friend who is to succeed me, Mr. Shanly,) and I think it will be allowed that is justice to Cavan, at all events. (Cheers and laughter.) Ten members of our Senate were born in Ireland, or of Irish parents, and twenty-nine members of our House of Commons—a proportion of representation nearly equal to Ireland's share in the United Kingdom, and far beyond anything ever attained by our countrymen who choose to prefer the United States to Canada, as a new country. If, however, there has been anything wanting to Irish success more than another, it has been mutual co-operation and assistance such as is exemplified here to-night. You have begun a good work in Ottawa, Mr. Sheriff and gentlemen, and one that only needs good management and a spirit of perseverance to make it inure to the benefit of every Irishman, high or low, who dwells within this broad Dominion. (Cheers.) I have promised, however, not to detain you, and you are aware that I have another engagement elsewhere. I will, therefore, thanking you for your kindness on all occasions, give you as a motto an appropriate stanza from one of the best poets of young Ireland:—

“ For oh, it were a glorious deed
 To show before mankind,
 How every class, and every creed,
 Could be by love combined—
 Could be combined, nor yet forget,
 The fountains whence they rose,
 As filled with many a rivulet
 The stately Shannon flows!” (Loud cheers.)

SPEECH AT THE DINNER.

The Chairman, H. J. Friel, Esq., Mayor of the city, having proposed the toast of the evening, “The Hon. Mr. McGee,” spoke in eloquent terms of Mr. McGee's claims upon the country's appreciation for his eminent services. The toast was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm, and when the hon. gentleman rose to respond he was received with many and loud manifestations of applause.

Mr. McGee said:—My Lord, Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,—I rise with an extreme consciousness of your undeserved kindness, and of my own utter unworthiness to acknowledge the toast which you have proposed to this assemblage. When I see here so many of the representatives of the people, and the members of the

Senate of Canada,—irrespective of party, or section, or origin,—when I see so many of the leading citizens, regardless of creed; when I remember the day it is, and the associations of this day, I should be very insensible indeed if I did not feel that you had paid me the highest compliment it is possible for any man in my position to receive, whether I am to take it as a Canadian representative, or as paid to an Irishman, in the capital city of his adopted country, on the patron day of his native country. (Cheers.) I wish, Mr. Mayor, I could conscientiously assume to myself a title of the credit you have been kind enough to assign me, either in one capacity or the other. Speaking as a Canadian representative, I may say if I have rendered any public service, it has been by cheerfully following the lead of the experienced statesmen to whom we owe the union of these Provinces, so far as that union is yet accomplished, and of whom I will merely add on this occasion that as they have been the chief authors and founders of that union, so I feel convinced the country generally still looks to them, and will continue to look to them to establish and perfect the glorious edifice they have so far successfully carried out. (Cheers.) Now, assuming my other capacity, that one which is most appropriate for the day and the occasion, I must express my deep gratification, not on selfish but on public grounds, that this entertainment should have originated in the spontaneous action of a number of gentlemen of this city, nearly equally composed, as I am given to understand, of Irish Protestants and Irish Catholics. I believe I do not exaggerate when I say, that surely that is a good and salutary sign for this city and this country, and one that ought not to be without its influence with Irishmen of all parties and all denominations, especially in this country. (Cheers.) In no other country in Christendom, unfortunately, have religious differences been so embittered, so long lived, or so apparently incurable, as in Ireland; not because there were differences of religion, or because the Irish temper is naturally unsocial or intolerant, for I believe we may appeal to the whole world that such is not the national temperament of Irishmen—(hear, hear,)—but because church questions were so complicated with material interests and civil rights in that country, because they were so long the qualification of the bar, to the possession of property, or the enjoyment of equal political rights. Now, in this happy country,—happy if we only knew our own advantages—happy if we were all resolved to make it so,—where these theological complications with private and political rights do not now, and never did to any extent exist, why should the prejudices and the conflicts which were the growth of a different set of circumstances, be imported and cultivated here? (Hear, hear.) I hold that man an insincere man who does not heartily prefer his own religion to any other,—and an unfortunate man, who does not practice the religion he holds dear; but surely we can all sincerely believe, and loyally live up to, our own religious convictions, and yet remember that of the glorious trinity of evangelical virtues—“the greatest of all these is charity.” (Cheers.) Whatever else any church claiming to be Christian teaches its members,—whatever dogmas any of us hold or reject, we are all equally and alike taught this one and the same doctrine—“Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.” (Cheers.) Now it is on this eminently social, just, and patriotic principle we meet here to night, and it is a principle which ought to commend itself to the general

approbation of all good men. (Cheers.) Mr. Mayor, I know it is because I have endeavored, in my weak way, to set forth and illustrate this principle, that you have graciously connected my humble name with this St. Patrick's festival of 1868; and it is because I am deeply grateful to my adopted country, and because I am honestly ambitious to be reckoned somewhere, however lowly the place, in the catalogue of her patriots, that I thank you most unaffectedly for this great impetus to the good cause of future peace and good will among us all. (Cheers.) We have needed, and we shall need more and more, social union as well as political union among our diversified population; we need it in peace, for all the great designs of peace; we should need it still more in times of danger, for then indeed a divided people are an easy prey, but a united population, in a just cause, on their own soil, what foreign force can overcome, or destroy. (Hear, hear and cheers.) May God avert the day, when our friends here, and those assembled elsewhere in the same spirit, may be called upon to defend their country with their lives; but if such a day of trial should come, sooner or later, as come it may in the changes and chances of human affairs, believe me, gentlemen, it would be no bad preparation for the unity of the Irish contingent of our volunteer defenders, in camp or in action,—it would be no ineffective contribution to the mutual confidence of brave men in each other, so important at such a time—that they had sat together, as we are doing to-night, brothers in the exercises of hospitality, before they became brothers in arms! (Loud cheers.) When I accepted your invitation, gentlemen of the committee, I thought of that possible consequence, and I am rejoiced to know that there are similar renunciations to this of Irish-Canadians and their honored guests of other origins taking place on this auspicious St. Patrick's Day in Montreal and elsewhere throughout the country. The mention of Montreal reminds me that there are here the three members for that city—my hon. friend, a French-Canadian (Mr. Cartier), *facile princeps*, the honored head of his compatriots—and my other hon. friend and colleague (Mr. Thos. Workman), an Irish Protestant, from the heart of Ulster. (Cheers.) I wish the enemies of internal peace,—I wish the enemies of the Dominion to consider for a moment that fact, and to ask themselves whether a state of society which enables us all to meet as we do in this manner, with the fullest feeling of equal rights, and the strongest sense of equal duties to our common country,—is not a state of society, a condition of things, a system of laws, and a frame of self-government, worthy even of the sacrifice of men's lives to perpetuate and preserve. (Cheers.) Mr. Mayor, before I sit down—as this is St. Patrick's night, and I am the guest of the Irish citizens of Ottawa, if you will permit me,—I may be expected to add a few general remarks on the critical subject of the state of the native land of our hosts and myself—the condition and state of Ireland. (Hear, hear.) If I have avoided for two or three years much speaking in public on the subject of Ireland, even in a literary or historical sense, I do not admit that I can be fairly charged, in consequence, with being either a sordid or a cold-hearted Irishman. (Cheers.) I utterly deny that because I could not stand still, and see our peaceful, unoffending Canada invaded and deluged with blood, in the abused and unauthorized name of Ireland, that, therefore, I was a bad Irishman. I utterly deny the audacious charge, and I say that my mental labours will prove, such as they are, that I know Ireland as

well, both in her strength and her weakness, and love her as dearly as any of those who, in ignorance of my Canadian position—in ignorance of my obligations to my adopted country—not to speak of my solemn oath of office—have made this cruelly false charge against me. (Loud cheers.) You have been kind enough to allude, Mr. Mayor, to my "History of Ireland;" no one is more sensible of its many deficiencies than I am, and if I live I hope to remedy some of them; but it certainly was to me a labour of love, and I believe it is the first time that a history of Ireland has ever been commenced and completed, by a person situated as I was at the time, in a distant colony, after his personal connexion with the mother country might be supposed to have closed forever. (Cheers) With reference to our literature generally, let me say, Mr. Mayor, that I have great faith in the recuperative energies, and the mental saliency of the Irish race. We have had heavy and almost irreparable losses as an intellectual people, the past few years; we have lost a triad of Celtic scholars, in O'Donovan, O'Curry, and Petrie, the like of whom will not soon arise again, if ever; but when we remember that we have still left, Dr. Todd, Dr. Moran, Dr. Reeves, and Samuel Ferguson, McCarthy, Gilbert, and Father Mehan, to uphold the glories of our national Academy; when I see what even our Irish ladies are doing, such as Lady Wilde and Mrs. Ferguson at Dublin, and Mrs. Sallier at New York, to increase the store and elevate the standard of our national literature; when I see volume after volume of the rarest research, combined with the finest skill in style and treatment, issuing from the Dublin and London and New York publishing houses, on Irish subjects, even I, in this far north of the new world, catch sometimes by reflection a glow of the same inspiration, and venture my humble word to cheer on and applaud those true patriots, and true benefactors of their country and countrymen. (Cheers.) As to Irish public affairs, I will further take the liberty to mention that when, in 1865 and 1867, by the consent of my colleagues and my gallant friend here (Sir John A. Macdonald,) I went home to represent this country, I, on both occasions, in '65 to Lord Kimberley, then Lord Lieutenant, and last year to the Earl of Derby, whose retirement from active public life, and the cause of it, every observer of his great historical career must regret—I twice respectfully submitted my humble views, and the result of my considerable Irish-American experience, and that they were courteously, and I hope I may say favorably, entertained. I urged on those eminent statesmen, in very homely words, that they were keeping a pot boiling in Ireland to scald us out here in the colonies. (Great laughter.) Of course I do not admit, and never will admit, that any wrong done in Ireland, anciently or lately, can make an armed attack on our peaceful Canadian population anything else than methodized murder—or can entitle those taken red-handed in the act to any other judicial fate than that of marauders and murderers. (Cheers.) But apart from our own recent experience, I felt it my duty to press the trans-Atlantic consequences of the state of Ireland on the attention of those who had the initiation of the remedy in their own hands, believing that I was doing Ireland a good turn in the proper quarter. (Cheers.) I cannot accuse myself of having lost any proper opportunity of doing so; and if I were free to publish some very gratifying letters in my possession, I think it would be admitted by most of my coun-

trymen that a silent Irishman may be as servicable in some kinds of work as a noisy one. (Cheers.) I shall not presume, Mr. Mayor, because I am your chief guest, to monopolize the evening; I will only say further 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 connivance 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 in 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 ecclesiastical 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 up on the other side of her; whatever the aspirations for Irish autonomy, for 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, Anglification 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.) As a friend of the Imperial connection for Ireland and for Canada as a friend of continued peace between England and the United States, in which we also are deeply interested—I venture most respectfully to make this suggestion to the rulers of the Empire, and I have to thank the gentlemen of the committee, both Irish Protestants and Irish Catholics, citizens of this city, for having given me a befitting opportunity in which I could offer publicly such a suggestion, with the additional weight of your concurrence. (Cheers). As for us who dwell in Canada, I may say, finally, that in no other way can we better serve Ireland, than by burying out of sight our old feuds and old factions—in mitigating our ancient hereditary enmities,—in proving ourselves good subjects of a good Government, and wise trustees of the equal rights we enjoy here, civil and religious. The best argument we here can make for Ireland, is to enable friendly observers at home to say, “See how well Irishmen get on together in Canada. There they have equal civil and religious rights; there they cheerfully obey just laws, and are ready to die for the rights they enjoy, and the country that is so governed.” Let us put that weapon into the hands of the friends of Ireland at home, and it will be worth all the revolvers that ever were stolen from a Cork gunshop, and all the Republican chemicals that ever were smuggled out of New York. (Cheers and laughter.) Gentlemen and Mr. Mayor, I again thank you for the three-fold gratification you have afforded me this evening; for your great and 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 latitude or longitude the day may dawn, or the stars look down, upon his political destinies, or his private enjoyment. (Loud cheers.)

APPENDIX B.

"THE TRUE SECRET OF IRISH-CANADIAN LOYALTY."

Letter from the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, M.P. for Montreal, to the Right Hon. the Earl of Mayo, &c., &c.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Ottawa, Canada, }
April 4th, 1868. }

MY LORD:—During the Irish debate, in the Imperial Parliament, on the 10th day of last month, the report of which has just reached us, you did me the high honor to refer to my public position in this country, and to point your testimony to the loyalty of the Irish inhabitants of Canada, by the use of my humble name.

I am, my Lord, deeply sensible of the very handsome manner in which you then spoke of myself personally; and of the just tribute you paid to the class of colonists to which I have the honor to belong; and I trust your Lordship will not feel that I take an ill way of showing my gratitude by inflicting on you this letter.

It has forced itself on my mind that I owe it to your Lordship, as an eminent Irishman in the Imperial service, as well as to dear old Ireland, and in some degree to Canada also, to explain in a few sentences the sense in which alone I could receive the high personal compliment you have paid me, with unmixed satisfaction.

Our countrymen, my Lord, in the Dominion of Canada, with their descendants, are a full third of the four millions of her Majesty's North American subjects. In religion they are nearly half and half Protestant and Catholic. Though few can be called wealthy, the majority of both creeds are proprietors in town or country. In the city I represent (Montreal) their aggregate property, acquired mostly in this generation, is valued at many millions of dollars. In the rural parts there are literally thousands of them who possess their holdings in fee, and unencumbered. The best specimens of both classes are among the most meritorious members of Canadian society. Property has made them conservative in the truest sense—conservative of character, and zealous to uphold the law. The generous national temperament, shrivelled and cankered by hopeless penury at home, has renewed its youth with us, and keeps putting forth fruits of public and private good, to the great satisfaction of every lover of this country. Without having acquired the feverish thirst for riches, the love of empty show, or the ill-understood democratic notions of so many of the Irish in the neighboring republic, our settlers here will be admitted by all who know equally well both sides of the boundary line, to be as warmly interested in the good repute and good government of their beloved fatherland as any set of men can be, at home or abroad.

As a general rule—an almost unexceptioned rule—both classes, in town and country, while ardently and unmistakably Irish, are, at the same time, as loyal to British-American institutions, as thoroughly content with the Government under which they live—the Imperial connection included—as any other portion of our population, of whatever faith or origin. Being one of the Members of the Parliament and the Government of this country for some years past, I have felt it to be my first duty to strengthen and extend this patriotic spirit, for their own good and the good of our adopted country; and doing so I have felt bound necessarily to resist and combat the invidious and incessant efforts to the contrary, of the secret Irish societies established during the civil war, at New York. When those societies have given you so much trouble even on your side the Atlantic, your Lordship may imagine what efforts they must have put forth in these British provinces, one-third Irish, and within one day's reach of their headquarters.

Our countrymen in Canada, my Lord, do not so much regard the American Fenian leaders as enemies of England, but rather as enemies of Canada, and enemies of Ireland. We see in them not so much regulators of Irish wrongs, as impediments to Ireland's reconstruction. Those of us who are Catholics, living in and by our holy faith, add to this political hostility towards Fenianism, a rooted horror of all secret societies, so frequently condemned and anathematized by the Church. Knowing, moreover, what manner of men the American organizers usually are—seeing the wanton misery they have caused their dupes “at home”—and the dishonor they have brought on the Irish name everywhere—the very sound of Fenianism is detested with us, save and except by a few characterless desperadoes among the floating population of our principal cities.

(But I cannot conceal from your Lordships that no lay advocacy, and no ecclesiastical influence, could have kept our countrymen here loyal and at peace, if this country were governed as Ireland has been during the sixty-eight years of her legislative union with Great Britain. Everything our emigrants find in Canada is very unlike everything they left behind them in Ireland. We have here no Established Church, no system of tenancy at will, no Poor Laws, nor any need of them. We have instead, complete religious equality among all our churches, a general acquisition of property as the reward of well-directed industry, the fullest local control of our own resources and revenues; our collegiate and primary education; our public works; our militia, marine, and courts of justice. Therefore it is, my lord, we are loyal to the Queen in Canada, and well content as well we may be, with the government of this country.)

It is not for me, at this distance from Ireland, and in the absence of recent experience, to make the application of this example, or so much of it as can be applied, to the very different condition of Ireland. I but state the facts of the Irish position in these provinces, for your Lordship's meditation as an Imperial adviser of the Crown, as I have already had the honor to do more fully, last year, while in London, to your illustrious late leader, the Earl of Derby, and in 1865, when in Dublin, to Lord Kimberley, then Lord Lieutenant.

I must not, however, assume that the passing notice with which your Lordship honored me in the late debate, can justify farther intrusion on your valuable time; but I felt, on all the grounds above stated, a strong prompting to explain

frankly to your Lordship the true secret of Irish-Canadian loyalty. *We are loyal because our equal, civil, social and religious rights are respected by this Government, in theory and in practice. WERE IT OTHERWISE, WE WOULD BE OTHERWISE.)*

I have the honor to be,
Your Lordship's obliged and obedient servant,

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE,
One of the Members for the City of Montreal in the
Canadian Parliament.

To the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Mayo, &c., &c., Chief Secretary for Ireland, Dublin.

AM I REMEMBERED IN ERIN?

The following simple and patriotic lines were found hastily and almost illegibly scrawled in pencil, on a sheet of paper, folded in a book in the library of the late Hon. T. D. McGee. As they possess an interest as being a hitherto unpublished production of the martyr statesman, and as they furnish, after death, a contradiction of the slander that he was untrue to Ireland, we deem it well to publish them.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

Am I remembered in Erin?
Oh! tell me, tell me true:
Has my name a sound, a meaning
In the place my boyhood knew?
Does the heart of the glorious island
Ever throb at my humble name?
Oh, to be loved in Erin,
To me were more than fame!

Come weal, come woe, dear Erin,
As death and sorrow came
When I followed my little darlings
To the place I cannot name;
Whether storm or sunshine waits me,
In the days that none can see,
I consecrate, dear Erin,
My heart and brain to thee.

O Erin, mother Erin,
Many sons thine eye hath seen,
Many life-devoted lovers,
Since thy mantle first was green:
Then how can I dare to cherish
The hope that one like me
May be enrolled hereafter
With that palm-colored company?

Yet faint and fair, my Erin
As the hope shines on my sight,
I cannot choose but watch it
Till my eyes have lost their light;
For never amongst her noblest,
Nor among her martyrs blest,
Was there heart more true to Erin
Than beats within this breast!

We are
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almost
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