Hble T. D. McGee
Quebec

Quebec
Saturday.

My Dear Daley:

I read Canon Leach's discourse with most thorough pleasure, and thank you for it. You will see my reference to it, in last night's debate — to be reported in Monday's Chronicle.

There is a Mr. Raoche here looking for a German agency in Montreal. He has strong letters to Belleau, Morin &c. Also to myself. He returns, I think, with a sort of a promise. I have recommended him to call on you, as, no doubt, the question of the necessity for such an Assistant must be referred to you. I had, of course, no

opinion to express on the matter — nor anything to do beyond being courteous & so knowing my correspondent's introduction.

Yours very truly
Thos D'Arcy McGee

J. P. Daley Esq

THE LATE MR. D'ARCY M'GEE.

THE Dublin *Nation* sketches the career of the late Canadian Minister, Mr. Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, who was once a contributor to its columns. He was born forty-three years ago in Carlingford, and educated in his early boyhood in Wexford. The family emigrating to America, M'Gee, at eighteen, had employment from the *Boston Pilot*. When little more than twenty he delivered lectures and spoke at public meetings in the States. Returning to Ireland in 1845, he became one of the ablest writers of prose and political verse in the *Nation* and had the confidence of the Young Ireland leaders. "When Smith O'Brien went southward, in 1848, to lead the people to insurrection, M'Gee sailed to Glasgow to head an expedition planned by the Irish in Scotland," but, on the collapse of this "rebellion," he escaped to America, and from 1848 to 1857 followed literary pursuits and wrote for the *New York Nation* and the *American Celt*. His public career in Canada began in 1858, when his principles had become more Imperial; and his uncompromising denunciation of Fenianism at a later date made many enemies for him. The fanatical party regarded him as a traitor to the "national" cause. His later history is better known. Mr. M'Gee wrote several volumes, "Lives of Irish Writers," "Life of Dr. Maginn," "Early Irish Settlers in America," and "Attempts to Establish the Reformation in Ireland." His Canadian speeches on Confederation and Fenianism were published in Canada two years ago.

The funeral of Mr. M'Gee, which took place, at Montreal, on the 13th ult., is thus reported in the New York papers:—"The funeral was one of the most imposing ceremonies ever witnessed in Canada. All classes, creeds, and nationalities united to pay the last tribute of respect to the lamented statesman. Business was entirely suspended throughout the city. Flags were at half-mast. Many buildings were draped in mourning, and on others were mottoes in black and white letters. The procession reached St. Patrick's Cathedral at ten o'clock, where the Rev. Father O'Farrell preached an eloquent funeral sermon. The procession afterwards proceeded to the French parish church, where a 'Libera' was sung and a short address was made by the Bishop. It then re-formed and took up the line of march to the Roman Catholic cemetery, where the body was interred. Minute guns were fired and bells tolled during the entire services, which lasted until five o'clock. It is estimated that no less than 80,000 people were on the streets, and 30,000 were in the procession. The troops lined the streets to aid in keeping back the crowd as the procession passed along. The feeling of sorrow is sincere and deep, and sorrow pervades the entire community."

The evidence that Whelan was the assassin is accumulating.

May 1868.

Now, go with me across the Canadian border, and look for a few minutes to the state of the Irishman in Canada; and here, gentlemen, instead of referring to lengthy or various documents, I will quote the words of but a single witness. Possibly the name may be known to you that I am going to mention. It is the name of Mr. Darcy M'Gee—(applause)—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 so exposing himself. That was the character of Mr. Darcy M'Gee. He went to Canada. Canada is under the sway of the same beloved Queen. (Applause.) In what does Canada differ from the United Kingdom? Canada has a free parliament, and so have we. But Canada has not got unjust 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 the small minority. (Cheers.) What was the effect? It was said of old that men who crossed the sea changed the climate but not the mind. But mark the change that passed upon the mind of Mr. Darcy M'Gee! Let me read you his testimony, for they are words more significant and more weighty than any that I could give you—words that cannot be carried home too forcibly to the minds and hearts of the people of this country. Only a few months ago Mr. Darcy M'Gee spoke as follows at a public meeting in Canada, at a festival given, I think, to himself and to his colleagues, the other members for the city of Montreal. He says this, and he speaks of the attack of the Fenians upon Canada, and of the spirit with which he is prepared to resist it—"I wish," he says, "the enemies of our internal peace, I wish the enemies of the dominion of Canada to consider for a moment that fact, and to ask themselves whether the state of society which enables us all to meet as we do in this manner, with the fullest feeling of equal rights, 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 freedom of self-government worthy even of the sacrifice of men's lives to appreciate and preserve." (Cheers.) Such is the impression effected on the mind of a disaffected Irishman by passing from a country of unjust to a country of just laws. But has he changed his mind with respect to Ireland? Not a bit. He looks back from the other side of the ocean, and thinks and speaks of it just as he thought and spoke of it before. "Speaking from this place, the capital of British America, in this presence, before so many of the honoured men of British America, let me venture again to say, in the name of British America, to 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 Irish may be, 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." (Cheers.) Gentlemen, it is the advice of Mr. Darcy M'Gee which I have thus detailed to you, which I and which you wish to impress upon the minds of the people of England. 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 resentment—has added a melancholy dignity and a great augmentation of weight and force to the impressive sentiments which he thus had uttered.

From Mr. Gladstone's Speech at Liverpool Oct. 1868.

Montreal Gazette, Nov. 29, 1902 (Old and New).

Dear R.V.,—Touching Mr. Harvey's letter in last week's "Old and New," I think the point raised by that gentleman in his previous communication, was as to whether or not, the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee was excluded from the first Dominion administration owing to his habits, meaning thereby, his indulgence in strong drink. In my rejoinder, I think I was able to prove from living testimony, that his exclusion was due to other causes, over which neither he nor the then Prime Minister had any control. Since however, we find the great orator's personal habits again brought upon the carpet, it is due to his memory to say once more, that while he was not, for some years of his public life in this country, free from blame, in the particular mentioned, it could, in extenuation, be said of him as well as of many of his contemporaries who were addicted to a similar course, that he was largely, if not entirely, the victim of the social observances of his time. It was, indeed, a period of "hard drinking," not only among politicians and their class, but among persons in every walk of life. Not to be able to drink, and to drink deep, was regarded in many circles as a serious social disqualification. Many persons were led into such indulgences by the force of example, for it was but too common an occurrence to see some of the highest personages in the service of the Crown in a helpless state of intoxication, either in their offices, or upon the public streets. In justice to Mr. McGee, I can bear witness, as one who saw much of him throughout his Canadian career, that, except twice; once in Montreal, and once in Ottawa, I never saw him under the influence of liquor, and then but slightly. One of these occasions was at the meeting held in the hall of the Natural History Society during the winter of 1863, where I had called a meeting for the purpose of forming a literary association for Montreal, which eventuated in the Cathcart Street Club, of which Mr. McGee became a leading and influential member. He had been dining out, and had apparently enjoyed his dinner, but was by no means incapable or helpless. When his time came to speak, his address, which had reference to Shakespeare's Ter-centenary, was one of the most enchanting pieces of eloquence ever heard by the large and intelligent audience gathered on the occasion. Next morning (I was then writing for the Herald), Mr. Andrew Wilson, one of the proprietors, came to me and said that Archdeacon Leach, and others who had been there, were much disappointed that no report of the speech had appeared in the paper, and that I was to see Mr. McGee, and ask him as a particular favor to let the Herald have a report of it from recollection. When I saw him, however, about noon, at his office in Little St. James street, and had delivered my message, he simply observed: "My dear boy, a report is out of the question. I kept no notes, and I have quite forgotten what I did say."

The other occasion to which I have reference happened in June, 1867, not many hours before our great Confederation became an absolute fact. Mr. McGee had again been dining, and, after dinner, had stopped in the office of the hotel where he had dined—Kavanagh's, in Wellington street, Ottawa—to chat with some friends whom he happened to meet there. As usual, he began to relate anecdotes, and these were of so humorous a character, that the whole house soon rang with laughter. Recognizing his voice, as I passed, I entered the hotel. No one could say that he was tipsy—far from it. He was simply mellow, as any gentleman would be, who had partaken of a good dinner, and felt it. But he was certainly inclined to be merry, more so than I had ever seen him. Seeing me, he stopped in the midst of a story which had something to do with Red Hugh, and exclaimed: "And here comes the author of the 'Celebrated Canadians.' Gentlemen, can you tell me why Morgan is worse than a highway robber? You can't. Well, a highway robber wants your money or your life, but our friend, here, wants both!" He took my arm, and in company with Mr. Daniel O'Connor, K.C., whose guest he was while he was then in Ottawa, we proceeded to the Rideau Club and had some supper. We talked long into the night—at least, he did, for Mr. O'Connor and I simply listened—and at that meeting we heard, from his own lips, many things of absorbing interest. As I walked with him to his lodgings, in Bay street, in the light of the early dawn, I could not help expressing to him the deep sense of gratitude felt by every Canadian for the part he had taken in securing the union of British America, then on the eve of its accomplishment. I told him that in my opinion he had done more for the cause than any or all of the public men of his time. He modestly replied: "Well, Morgan, I do believe that I did give the thing a kick forward!" These, as I have said, were the only two occasions, during an acquaintance of some ten years' standing, when I ever saw him in any way, and then only for a brief period, not quite himself, and I relate all the circumstances in order that your readers may see for themselves upon what little foundation a public man's memory may be assailed by evil-thinking and designing persons. But little and infrequently as he did drink, there came a time when McGee made up his mind that his life, henceforth, should be a strictly temperate one. In a conversation that my friend, the late Robert Grant Haliburton, had with him, in Montreal, during 1867, he spoke of his determination. "Never again," said he, "with God's help, shall I touch liquor, in any form or shape," and I am personally aware that he was true to his resolve.

Let it be borne in mind, by those who would now seek to injure his reputation, by imputations of this character, that he was but forty-three years of age, when to our inexpressible grief, his precious life was sacrificed in the service of his Queen and country, and that, at that age, he had acquired a larger amount of human knowledge than many of his contemporaries could have ever hoped to gain, if all their efforts for a thousand years had been given to the pursuit. He could, therefore, have had little desire or opportunity for dissipation.

HENRY J. MORGAN.

Ottawa, November 24, 1902.