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GOING EAST.

2:55 a.m. | 2:35 p.m. | Mixed train 6.15 a.m.

GOING WEST.

5:10 p.m. | 5:40 a.m. | Mixed train 6:45 a.m.

[This is by Montreal time, from which deduct 12¼ minutes for the difference between Montreal and Kingston time.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Anonymous communications can receive no attention: everything forwarded for insertion must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of authenticity. It is also requested that correspondents will only write on one side of the sheet of paper. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

The Daily News.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 15.

☞ SEE FIRST PAGE.

It is stated that Mr Disraeli has made every preparation to dissolve the House of Commons in the event of the resolutions proposed by Mr Gladstone affecting the Irish Church being carried. An appeal to the country, with the affair of the Irish church as the question at issue, is therefore likely to occur in the early summer.

The demonstration attending Mr McGee's funeral in Montreal appears to have been immense. Marks of respect of a most profound and unusual character have been general—we might say, universal—in other cities and towns in Canada. This respect for the deceased Parliamentary orator, so spontaneous in its effusion, marks something more than the mere detestation of the crime of assassination. It was called forth by a sense of the national loss which the country had sustained. Mr McGee's career from the time of his taking up his permanent residence in Canada has been a steady ascent up the ladder of public appreciation. Fighting against the demerits of early faults and the associations of his Irish and American career, he steadily won his way in public favour. As a member of Parliament and as a public lecturer his talents commanded popularity. He soon obtained the reward of Ministerial confidence, and proved his ability as an administrative officer. Everywhere in Canada he had come to be recognized as a most useful man, while his literary and oratorical talents placed him at the very head of Canadian literati. He is gone now, and the people of Canada feel that his place cannot be filled. One of our brightest lights has gone out. That Mr McGee will be remembered for his services and his martyrdom, these spontaneous funeral demonstrations prove. One of our best historical writers himself, he now passes into history, and his name will live both in the printed page and in the memories of the present generation.

Every Afternoon, a recent addition to the list of daily journals in New York, has not answered the expectations of its projector, Mr Young, formerly of the *Albion*. After a month's duration the journal ceases to exist. It did not aim at being a mere newspaper simply, that is, it did not make it its business to purvey all the current matters of news, the trifling telegrams and the doings of the Boards of Alderman and other public bodies of like minor interest to the general public. The space thus saved it devoted to light literature, to dramatic criticism, and to the publication of interesting selections. In this it certainly succeeded, but it has not succeeded in satisfying the wants of the New Yorkers. As an experiment in this direction it is a failure, and of course a warning. Probably by the expenditure of a large sum of money it might have been maintained at a loss until it began to be appreciated; but for this the proprietor has seen no encouragement, and it has been withdrawn. We are sorry, and the people of Canada have reason to be sorry, for it had already exhibited itself as a warm friend of this country, and indeed the name of its proprietor was of itself a sufficient guarantee that it would continue to be devoted to the best interests of these colonies.

BATTERSEA POST OFFICE.—The Post office at this thriving village changed hands on the first instant. Mr Cornelius Vanluven, being obliged to travel for the benefit of his health, resigned the Postmastership, and Mr Wm. J. Anglin was appointed in his stead.

HAMPTON SCHOOL CONCERT.—A concert or rather a very pleasant and varied evening's entertainment, was given last evening by the principal of this establishment, the Hon. Spring Rice, to a large and fashionable audience. The performance of the pupils of the school formed one of the principal attractions of the programme, while several other gentlemen of ability and talent lent their aid to render the affair more varied and interesting. The programme for the occasion was excellent and well carried out from first to last, and at its close the audience appeared thoroughly delighted with the pleasures of the evening. The readings of the Rev. Dr. Whiting, and of Rev. S. B. Windsor, M.A., Mr J. Parnell's "Cottage by the Sea," the address and reading of the Principal, and the efforts of Master James Stacey, Master A. Short, and other pupils, were all good, and, as they deserved, elicited much applause. Miss Callaghan, assisted by Mr Reyner, jr., presided at the melodeon. The National Anthem by the choir closed the evening.

PERSONAL.—The publisher of the *Daily News* concerns himself as little as his predecessor did about his neighbour's business, and would recommend a similar course of conduct to the publisher of the *Whig*. An adherence to this principle would make the publisher of the *Whig* a better if not a happier man.

SPECIAL TELEGRAM.

FROM MONTREAL.

Montreal, April 15.—Four of the prisoners arrested here on suspicion of being implicated in the assassination were sent on to Ottawa by train last evening.

At a meeting of the Mercantile Library Association last evening, Peter Redpath was re-elected President. The report showed 141 merchant members against 82 last year, and a total of 707 members against 420 last year.

The weather is much milder. The ice is rapidly disappearing from the river.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, PORTSMOUTH.—The vestry meeting of this church was held as usual on Monday. The Rev. Mr Dobbs, the Incumbent, occupied the chair, and Mr A. LeRicheux acted as clerk.

R. J. Cartwright, Esq., and Mr George Sexton were re-elected wardens, and the sidesmen remained the same as last year.

W. C. Evans, Esq., was re-elected delegate to the Synod.

After a vote of thanks to Mr Alfred LeRecheux for his services as vestry clerk, the meeting adjourned for a fortnight.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONCERT.—The concert in aid of the Wesleyan Sabbath School funds, came off on Easter Monday in the lecture room of the Sydenham Street Church. The large room was densely crowded by the friends of the children and others, about five hundred persons being present. The opening exercises were conducted by Rev. B. Clement, who presided during the first part of the proceedings. The entertainment consisted of juvenile duetts, quartettes and anthems, infant solos, &c,—all extremely well rendered, the entire company of young performers (to the number of over fifty) keeping excellent time together in all the choruses. The recitations and dialogues were well given, and proved very interesting. These included a "Bible Class Conversation" for boys, St Paul's defence before King Agrippa, and a debate by seven of the older boys, including their chairman—on "Sabbath vs. Week-day Schools." In the intermission the Superintendent, Dr. Lavell, explained that it was the intention to devote the liberal proceeds of the concert to the reseating of the basement of the church for Sabbath school purposes. The programme was relieved at intervals by select pieces of music by the friends of the children, and the proceedings wound up by a clearly outspoken closing address from one of the boys, followed by "God Save the Queen" by all, and the dismissal with the benediction by Rev. E. B. Ryckman. The concert was a success beyond the expectation of its projectors, the handsome sum of nearly eighty dollars, we are told, being realized for the intended purpose.

COCK-FIGHTING.—The cockpit commenced its downward career along with the bear-gardens, and bull-rings in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and having continued steadily to decrease in popular favour till the present time of Queen Victoria, it is rather startling to find any number of men sufficiently lost to feeling indulging in this cruel and brutal pastime. Yet such was the case on Easter Monday last, just outside of the north limits of the city, where a lot of roughs of this place in company with some Brockville beauties met to indulge in their small gambling proclivities by backing the birds of the respective places for sums varying from a dime to a quarter! It is unnecessary to say that they pitched upon a locality for their sport in close proximity to a tavern, a liberal supply of whiskey being always needed on such occasions. Either the effects of the whiskey or the sight of game birds in comb, or both combined, produced a pugnacious feeling generally among the backers, banders and spectators of the pastime and with fearful oaths and imprecations they pitched into each other in an indescriminate melee, and broken heads, black eyes, and swollen faces soon became general. One man came nearly losing his life in the affair, being knocked down and then kicked, and beaten by some half dozen roughs at the time in a brutal manner, and but for the timely efforts of a man with more courage than any other present such would certainly have been the case. The locality of this affair being without the city limits the police unfortunately could not interfere, but certainly a more brutal exhibition is seldom seen in this present civilized age, and none more worthy of condign punishment.

POLICE COURT, Wednesday.—One vagrant Susan Brickwood, formed the only business before the court this morning. She has passed the greater part of the winter in gaol, and was now sent to her friends on Wolfe Island with a condition not to return to the city.

SUICIDE AND INQUEST.—An inquest was held yesterday (Tuesday) afternoon by the Coroner, Dr. Barker, on the body of a man found dead, suspended by a small cord attached to the wall of a small room in a small dwelling, in upper Clarence street (a continuation of Earl street.) From the evidence it appeared that the deceased was a labouring man, George Lanigan by name, and alone occupied the tenement wherein he was found hanging, and was much addicted to drink. The testimony of his nephew went to show that his drinking revels were followed by low despondent fits, when he frequently a determination to destroy himself. He had been drinking for some time previous to committing the rash act, and was last seen on the Wednesday previous, on which day it is supposed he hung himself. The doors of his dwelling being fastened on the inside, the body remained until yesterday, when it was discovered by deceased's landlord, Mr William Newman, who gave notice to the coroner and the police. Policeman Ilsey and Twigg were sent up immediately, and their evidence corroborated the idea that the body had been hanging for some days. The jury after a very brief consultation brought a verdict that the deceased had hanged himself during a fit of temporary insanity, resulting from excessive drinking. The deceased had taken every care to prevent the frustration of his purpose. His door was securely fastened and the windows obscured with cloths. He had made a hole in the wall, and having wound a small cord round the parts of his saw frame, thrust them through it, drawing them tightly up to the aperture. A small bit or noose was left hanging just sufficient to allow him to pass through his head, which when tightened by his weight proved sufficient to choke him although not fastened round his neck. One foot rested on the chair, the other just touching the floor. A clean shirt was on the chair, and his teapot with tea in it on the stove.

ANOTHER CIRCUMSTANCE AGAINST WHALEN.

It is said that in the early part of January last, while Colonel McGee was visiting his brother at Montreal, two men called late one evening and wished to see Mr McGee. Notwithstanding that they were told that Mr McGee was too sick to be seen, they still insisted on gaining admittance, and permission being at length granted them, one of them entered, and expressing much disappointment at not being able to see Mr McGee told the Colonel in confidence that the Fenians contemplated an attack on his house, either that night or some night immediately following. He gave his name as John Smith, and stated that he was an employee on the Grand Trunk in the freight department. On inquiry it was ascertained that no such man was in the employ of the Company at all. Colonel McGee was shown a photograph of Whalen on Saturday last, and he pronounced it at once a likeness of this so-called John Smith.—*Montreal Telegraph.*

PARLIAMENT OF CANADA.

Tuesday, April 14.—The Senate met and adjourned till Thursday, out of respect for the memory of Senator Weir, who had died in the morning.

In the House of Commons, a telegram was read by the Speaker, from the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Prince Edward Island, submitting a resolution passed by that body relative to the murder of the Hon. Mr. McGee. A message was also received from the Governor General, recommending Parliament to provide for the family of the deceased statesman. On motion of Mr Rose, a special committee was appointed on the banking and monetary system throughout the Dominion. The House went into Committee of Supply, and passed several items of the estimates, one of which was $30,000 per annum for the Lieutenant Governors of Ottawa and Quebec, respectively. Mr Rose informed the House that in three or four days he would be able to say when he would bring down his financial statement.

A newspaper has already made its appearance in Alaska. It is styled the *Alaska Herald*, and is printed in Russian and English.

New York is henceforth to be supplied with 90,000,000 gallons of water daily; an allowance of considerably over 100 gallons a day for every man, woman and child in that city. Of course, a large portion is used for cleaning streets and yards, watering gardens, flushing sewers, driving machinery, &c.

Something new in the way of a dwelling house is proposed in Chicago. The plan is to build a house, or series of connected houses, capacious enough to accommodate twenty families, each to have a suite of apartments, but with a kitchen and laundry for the common use of all.

Recent investigations into the condition of the factory children in Massachusetts have brought to light some terrible abuses, and have shown that many employers look upon their hands—men, women, and little children—simply as a part of their machinery, and entitled to no more consideration.

The number of smokers in New York is 245,000. A moderate smoker consumes four cigars daily. If the average daily expenditure of each smoker could be reckoned at 60 cents, this city would consume $141,000 per day, and $465,000 per year.

The health of Dr. J. C. Waters, who has been confined under the Lord Lieutenant's warrant since the 10th of January last, having suffered much, he has been set at liberty on giving heavy security for twelve months.

Mr G. F. Train still continues an inmate of the city Marshalsea, detained at the suit of the Ebbw Vale Iron Company. He utilizes the time by preparing voluminous correspondence and editing "a weekly," the *Elephant and Castle*, which is chiefly a compilation of personal reminiscences, &c.

The Halifax *Express* says: We understand that a Gold Mining Company was formed in this city last week, with a capital of $100,000; the stock was taken up in a very short time. This company will operate at Mount Uniacke. We also learn that other companies have been formed in this city, and the stock all taken up.

Capt. C. O. Boutelle, of the United States Coast Survey, while making explorations in the neighbourhood of St. Helena Island, S.C., recently unearthed a huge mastodon, lying in a bed of marl. When discovered the huge monster was fixed precisely in the position it is believed to have been when it lay down to die. The skeleton was perfect, but a portion of the bones very soft, while other parts are petrified. The bones are of enormous size.

An incident which has just occurred at Paris, has produced considerable sensation in military circles. Capt. R——, of the Twenty-ninth battalion of foot chasseurs, whose duty it was to be present with his company at a recent review, failed to make his appearance for some reason not stated. He was in consequence severely reprimanded and ordered under arrest for some days. Smarting under this disgrace, he sat up all night regulating the accounts of his company and in the morning he called the men together, reviewed them, and saying, "I now bid you adieu," pulled a revolver from his pocket, placed the muzzle at his breast and fired. The ball, however, was turned aside by the Cross of the Legion of Honour; but he immediately discharged another barrel and fell bathed in blood from a dangerous wound near the heart. He was at once taken to an hospital, where he lies in a critical state.

St. Patrick's Day seems to have passed as quietly in Dublin as it did in London. There was no excitement of any kind, nor were drunken men to be seen in the streets. The wearing of the shamrock was general, as in the most peaceable times, and the advice of the "National" journals that it should be tied with crape, as a sign of "mourning for the state of the country," was not adopted. The "grand guard" relieving at Dublin Castle was the only incident marking the day as in any respect peculiar. It was not observed as a general holiday. The guard was beaded by the 12th Lancers, and the band of the 63rd Regiment played "Patrick's Day," "Garry Owen," and similar popular airs along the route from their barracks to the Castle, the crowd cheering. On the balcony of the State apartments the Lord Lieutenant appeared with the Marchioness of Abercorn and the Ladies Alberta and Georgina Hamilton, his Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, Lord Strathnairn, Lord James Butler, Sir John Marcus Stewart, and others, his Excellency wearing the insignia of the Order of St. Patrick and a bunch of shamrocks in his breast. The Marchioness also wore shamrock. The Lord Lieutenant was loudly cheered by the assemblage.

A long inquiry was held lately in Kent, England, relative to the murder of a woman named Elizabeth Taylor, otherwise Eastwood. It appears that the deceased had been living with a man named John Eastwood, a hawker, and they were in the habit of travelling about Kent. They, with several others of their class, had located themselves on Lesness heath, near Belvedere and Erith, there being six vans and three or four tents. On the morning of the 16th ult., about 7 o'clock, a man named Bazil was proceeding to put a kettle on the fire just outside deceased's tent, when he saw the man John Eastwood take up a large hammer similar to those used in breaking stones on the highway, and strike the deceased heavily on the head. She fell on the ground insensible; but it would seem that there was no effort made to arrest the man Eastwood, as those near the spot apparently feared that they would be assailed by him if they interfered. The wounded woman was taken into her tent, and, after some hours' delay, a doctor was called to see her, and she was at once ordered to be removed to the Dartford union-house, where she lingered three or four days and expired. The man lingered about the heath for a short time, but on the police taking action in the matter he could not be found, and has since escaped capture. The medical testimony showed that the head of the poor woman was shockingly fractured.

THE FUNERAL ORATION ON MR McGEE.

After the performance of the Mass, the Revd. Mr O'Farrell delivered a most eloquent and soul-stirring funeral sermon, which was listened to with profound attention, and frequently brought tears to the eyes of his auditors:

The Rev. Father O'Farrell, in the midst of the most solemn silence, ascended the pulpit, and pronounced these words: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." He then gave out his text as follows:—

"How is the mighty man fallen that saved the people of Israel."—MACCABEES, 9th chapter, 21st verse."

Such was the cry of sorrow that burst from the hearts of the Jewish people, that re-echoed along the plains and amongst the hills of Judæa when the doleful news was brought that Judas Maccabeus, their skilful captain, their heroic leader, had fallen at last upon the field of battle, fighting in the cause of his country's freedom. "And all the people of Israel bewailed him with great lamentation, and they mourned for him many days, and said: 'How is the mighty man fallen that saved the people of Israel.'" May we not, ought we not, to give utterance to a similar outburst of grief on this most lamentable occasion which has united as all here to-day? And, in the presence of these poor relics of mortality, which remind us so powerfully of one who, by his brilliant genius, his soul-stirring eloquence, his far-seeing wisdom, contributed so much to the safety and renown of this country, shall we not say, as did the Jews of old, "How is the mighty man fallen that saved the people of Israel?" He did not, it is true, perish on the field of battle, amidst the clang of arms, and tumult of the conflict; but he died in as noble a field. Although struck down by the foulest murder that ever darkened our annals, he died as certainly for the land of his adoption, and with a soul as unflinching, and a heart as brave as ever beat in a soldier's breast, and therefore the people of this land have "bewailed him with great lamentations, and they sorrow for him, and shall not cease to mourn him for many days." When the illustrious French soldier, Latour d'Auvergne, the first grenadier of France, as he was simply, yet honourably, styled, died in the service of his country, his name was still retained on the muster roll of his regiment, and, when called out by the commanding officer on service days, as if he were still present, the oldest soldier would step out of the ranks, and, amid the solemn silence of his comrades, reply in these touching words: "Died on the field of honour." And so, my brethren, when the muster roll of the great men of Canada shall read out to future generations, to the name of Thomas D'Arcy McGee shall be added, as his best and most suitable epitaph, that he "died on the field of honour." In the midst of the general grief, I have been requested to give utterance, before this magnificent assembly of the rulers and statesmen and leaders of our country, to the feelings that have stirred to the very centre the heart of the nation, and, although I well know that my words, feeble and languid, can serve but as a very imperfect echo to the emotions with which your hearts are throbbing, still I have willingly accepted the invitation, because I admired and esteemed in the deceased the *Scholar* whose mind was stored and enriched with the most varied information; the *Patriot*, who loved his country, his native as well as his adopted one, with the truest and deepest affection; the *Statesman*, whose mighty intellect soared above all merely local interests, and comprehended in his far-reaching glance the necessities and advantages of the entire Empire; but, more than all, as a minister of God, I loved and admired the humble *Christian*, who devoted his talents to the noblest causes, whose faith in the doctrine of the Catholic Church shone out all the brighter and purer after the storms by which it had been tested, and towards the close of his life he especially showed the fairest hope and the most touching confidence in the merits and mercies of his crucified master. To dilate on these different phases of his character at any great length would detain us beyond reasonable limits. I shall, therefore, refer to each of them in a brief, simple manner. Others, with more eloquent voices, but not with a more loving heart, shall develope them elsewhere. No one amongst you is ignorant of the extraordinary talents and wonderful abilities that distinguished the deceased. His mind was one of the richest and most deeply stored with the wisdom of past ages that I have ever been acquainted with, with not the mere knowledge of dates and facts, and all the dry bones of history, but with the living spirit which enabled him to penetrate into the causes and calculate the consequences of the mighty revolutions of the past, and weigh them with the precision of a master. And when his graceful imagination turned to the cultivation of the muses, a perennial well-spring of the sweetest poetry bubbled up from his heart. But what shall I say of that marvellous gift of eloquence which used to entrance the thousands that so often assembled to drink in those limpid streams that flowed so deliciously, so enchantingly, from his lips. Our ears are yet ravished with the silvery tones of that magnificent voice, that stirred every fibre of our hearts like the rising and the swelling of the Æolian harp. Alas! that voice is now stilled for ever, those sweet accents shall never more charm our souls; the skilful performer, who once played upon our very heart-strings and drew from them such delicious feelings, has been stricken down in the prime of his manhood by a most dastardly blow; and as, when a strain of glorious music has suddenly ceased, our souls feel an aching void, a painful longing to catch once more those harmonious sounds—

"Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind through some wreathed shell;
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling,
Of all my soul echoed to its spell.
It was whispered balm, 'twas sunshine spoken.
I'd live through years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign blessed sounds again."

But why dwell longer on what all of you know even better than I do, for you have been oftener witnesses to the wonderful versatility of his mind, which could pass with such ease from grave to gay, and from the abtrusest problems of social science to the highest scenes of poetical fancy? And, after all, if Mr McGee were only a man of talent, if his abilities had been of no use to his country, if he were not a patriot as well as a scholar, I should not stand here to-day to praise his memory, even though his genius had been a hundred-fold greater than it was. Love of country, my brethren, is no selfish feeling, no narrow confining of the affections of the heart; it is a feeling implanted by God himself in the hearts of even the most untutored, that makes us love the land which gave us birth, no matter how poor or how oppressed, better than the proudest or most glorious of the nations of the earth. It was this feeling which animated the Royal Prophet when he exclaimed, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand be forgotten; may my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee—if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy." It was this feeling which made our blessed Lord shed tears of sorrow over his ungrateful, Jerusalem, and so well was his love of country known to the Jews, that when they wished to obtain from him a miracle in favour of the Centurion, they considered that no argument would be more efficacious than to remind the Saviour that this stranger loved their nation. If then, 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, unhonoured 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 from 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 a 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 ardour, like that a lover for his mistress. He loved every thing about Ireland, except the short comings 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 a movement which we all know was foolish and most ill-timed. 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, and you will find that he has scarcely another theme. Look at his "Irish Settlers in the" Attempt to establish the Reformation in Ireland," the "Life of Dr. Maginn," and greatest of all his "History of Ireland, which is confessedly the best that has been yet written, and more wonderful has been written upon a foreign soil, with such scanty material as he could here procure. How then could some of our people come to be convinced that he had renounced and vilified 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 paraded 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 honest outspoken indignation with which he reprobated the nefarious attempts of a miserable, disgraceful conspiracy, to enter into this peaceful land, and to avenge the wrongs of Ireland upon Canada, the happy homes of your children. Yes, if he was 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 to those secret societies, then I call upon every honest man to stamp out with horror, every vestige of them from amongst us. There must be no sympathy for such a dastardly crime, the man or woman who could feel joy at such a diabolical deed, would be as horrible to my soul as the assassin himself. (At this point the feelings of the audience overcame their respect for the sanctity of the place, and a murmur of applause ran through the length of the church, which was quickly interrupted by the priest's reminding them that they were in the house of God.) Mr McGee then, was not false to his own land, although he tried to serve to the utmost of his power his adopted one. I shall quote for you a sentence from his own speech on last St Patrick 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, 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 labours will prove, such as they are, that I know Ireland as well, in her strength and in her weakness, and love her as dearly as 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 in England, and he adds, "that he believed he was doing Ireland a good turn in the proper quarter." I deem it unnecessary to dwell longer upon a point which to my mind, is of the clearest evidence, nor should I treat it 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 so shocking, had not sprung from such unfounded, such base calumnious charges, which were blindly believed in 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 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 embraced the entire empire in his views. Others shall tell you what he did to build up a public spirit in this country—what labors he underwent to infuse a great national feeling into all its inhabitants—how he strove earnestly to unite all nationalities and creeds together, and to diffuse a common spirit of charity, good feeling and brotherly love among all the children of the soil. When the necessity made itself felt that all parts of this vast region should become linked more closely together, whose voice was more frequently raised to cement and consolidate all the parts of the new Dominion? It is a significant, although a melancholy fact, that the last speech which his eloquent lips uttered, was in defence of the Union which would make this country a great and prosperous nation, and thus his parting legacy, I may say his dying words, were an exhortation to concord and peace, securing to him for ever in the gratitude of his countrymen, the title which he desired most during his life, that of "peacemaker." Torn from amongst us while yet so young, scarcely forty-three years old, his mind had not yet attained its full development, and marvellous as have been the proofs of his genius, we shall never know to what a height he might yet have soared, if Providence had spared him to us for a longer time. With the new view of things which he had acquired during his late illness, and the renewed determination to apply himself still more closely to his duties, he might have become the greatest statesman of this new world, and worthy to be placed in comparison with the most illustrious names in the annals of Europe. Yet, my brethren, why should I, a minister of God, dwell upon such merely human qualities? Here, in the presence of the Most High, and with that poor corpse lying cold and motionless before us, must we not be inevitably reminded of the vanity of all earthly creatures, and of the words of Jesus Christ, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and loose his own soul, and what will a man give in exchange for his soul." T. D. McGee is now before a tribunal where earthly renown is counted for very little, and where the Judge will not inquire whether he was a good poet, or an eloquent orator, or a clever statesman, but whether he was a sincere and humble Christian, and employed well the gifts which he had received from above. As far as human knowledge can go, I believe the deceased did earnestly strive to prepare himself for the great account which we must all one day render to Him who is the Judge of the living and the dead. He had his faults, every one knows—let those who are without them cast the first stone at him. In his early days, when soured and disappointed with the defeat and failure of his cherished plans, he seemed for a while to be shaken in his love for the Church, which would not approve of revolutionary schemes, but when the mists of passion cleared away from his soul, the light of religion shone out all the brighter upon him. Nor was his faith a mere speculative belief in the doctrines of the Catholic Church. He was also an humble, and, despite of human frailty, a sincere observer of her teachings. One thing was very remarkable in his character. It was the simple, unaffected way in which he was ever ready to aid in any cause of benevolence. I remember when I once invited him to give a lecture for some object that was dear to me, he selected for his theme, "Heroic Charity," and it struck me then, as it does now, that he himself might be considered as exemplifying the subject in his own person. But his religious feelings became more intense and severe during the long illness to which Providence was pleased to subject him. During the lonely hours of his convalescence, his mind pondered deeply on the great truths of religion, and he himself often spoke of the beneficial effects upon his soul of those consoling mysteries. The result of these meditations might be seen in the increased fervour with which he prepared to receive the Sacraments which Christ instituted to satisfy the wants of the soul, and in the public fulfilment in this Church, on the day before he departed from Montreal, of those duties which are imposed upon Catholics at Easter time. This change might also be seen in the resolution which he kept so inviolably until the day of his death, to abstain from those social excesses which would mar so considerably the effect of his talents. Let those who are tempted as he was, appreciate the amount of self sacrifice which such a resolution involved. Finally this change might be seen in the earnest tones of the few writings or speeches which were lately prepared by him, but in none perhaps, better than in the very affecting lines which he composed as a song of requiem to a departed friend, beside whose coffin he stood in these very aisles only one short month ago. I cannot conclude better than by quoting some of those lines, as the portrait which he painted of his friend will now serve to describe himself.

"His Faith was as the tested gold,
"His Hope assured, not over-bold,
"His Charities past count, untold,
Miserere Domine.

"Well may they grieve who laid him there,
"Where shall they find his equal? Where?
"Nought can avail him now but prayer.
Miserere Domine."

With this mournful dirge I commend his memory to your care. May his lessons never be lost upon us. May his death on behalf of his country serve to give strength to our hearts to do or die, if necessary, in her cause; and as we are all united here to-day around the body of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, may we become more and more united in brotherly feeling and holy charity, all animated with his spirit, all labouring for the same great ends, and then from those aisles, in this holy Easter time, a new country shall spring, and with his blood shall be watered and fostered the young tree of our national greatness. And when we shall have thus served our country here below, may we all pass to the better country above, to bless and praise our God forever. AMEN.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

(*Special Telegram to the Daily News.*)

Montreal, April 15.—Flour—Super Extra 0,00 to 0,00; Extra, 0,00 to 0,00; Fancy, 0,00 to 0,00; Welland Canal Super, 0,00 to 0,00; Super No. 1 Canada wheat, 7,45 to 7,60; Super No. 1 Western wheat, 0,00 to 0,00; Super No. 2 Western wheat, 7,15 to 7,25; bag flour 3,60 to 3,70. Wheat—Canada Fall 0,00 to 0,00; Spring, 1,70 to 0,00; Western, 0,00 to 0,00. Oats—per 32 lbs, 48 to 50. Barley—per 48 lbs, 1,15 to 1,20. Butter—Dairy 00 to 00c; store-packed 18 to 22c. Ashes—pots, 5,75 to 5,80, pearls, 6,60 to 0,00. Gold in New York at 12 o'clock, 138¼. Pork—Mess, 20,00 to 20,50; Prime Mess, 15,50 to 00,00; Prime, 14,50 to 15,00; Dressed Hogs, 0,00 to 0,00. Peas, 94 to 95. Rye Flour 6,05 to 6,10.

Flour—receipts large; fair demand for local use; rates generally unchanged. Grain—no transactions; rates unchanged. Provisions—Pork quiet but steady. Butter neglected. Ashes—pots wanted. Pearls unsaleable.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

(*Special Telegram to Daily News.*)

New York, April 15.—Stocks heavy. Gold 138¼. Cotton quiet and steady at 31½c. Flour less active; receipts are 6,700 bbls; sales are 8,200 bbls at 9,00 @ 9,60 for superfine state and western; 10,05 @ 10,75 for common to choice extra state; 10,00 @ 10,10 for common to choice extra western. Rye flour firmer at 7,50 @ 9,55. Wheat 2 @ 3c better; receipts are 1,700 bush; sales are 45,000 bush at 2,55 @ 2,58 for No. 1 delivered in store; latter an extreme; 2,44 @ 2,50 for mixed spring. Rye steady; receipts are 11,000 bush; sales are 3,000 bush state at 1,92 @ 1,94. Corn dull; receipts are 36,500 bush; sales are 32,000 bush at 1,21 @ 1,23 for new mixed western afloat. Barley quiet; receipts are 3,300 bush. Oats quiet; receipts are 700 bush; sales are 26,000 bush at 86½c for western in store; 87c for afloat at sellers option all the month. Pork heavy and lower at 26,62 @ 26,80 for new mess.

Such is the state of famine in Finland that those who were employed to carry relief to the sufferers have found several villages without a *living* inhabitant, the corpses of the poor starved creatures lying unburied in the streets and houses.

A letter from Abyssinia says:—"In order to work upon the religious or superstitious feelings and sympathies of the natives, it is not forgotten that St. George is the patron saint of Abyssinia. In front of the commissariat tents at Addigerat a white flag with a red St. George's cross was erected some time ago, as a sacred guarantee that all transactions there would be conducted with a strict regard to the precepts, and imitation of all the virtues associated with the name of the saint under whose emblem merchandise was being carried on. Now, in front of the Commander-in-Chief's tent, Union Jack and St George's Cross float side by side. The happy union can hardly be intended for the contemplation of other than the chief and clergy, as the vulgar are strictly debarred the camp by a body of special constables.

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Kingston, 13th April, 1868.

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