

duty of sending their children to schools, and cease from their habits of close connexion with spiritous liquors, was McGee's next task, and in these laudable attempts he partly succeeded.

In some educational project he came in contact with that able prelate Archbishop Hughes—now, alas, numbered with the dead—and though the dispute at the time threatened serious consequences, if a division of the Irish occurred on the question at issue, in which they took sides, he became at last reconciled to him and they were after that day fast and firm friends. No longer did rash and revolutionary ideas pervade the brain of McGee who now put his whole soul into the work he had in hand. The greater portion of his time was devoted to study and mental improvement. The lives of eminent men who had lived before him had their influence, and taking them for examples he resolved to win a name for himself. Any one else would have been disheartened at so many repeated failures. The insurmountable barrier that crossed his path could not be pushed aside at once. He was an Irishman; that fact was sufficient to stamp out all hopes of political advancement, in the United States. Politicians were at all times glad to have him on their side; pleased to have him “stump the county” in their behalf and quite willing to permit him to “write them up.” But when it came to “the day after the election,” the party for whom he had done so much, invariably found it inconvenient to listen to him. He more than once felt the cruel and heartless tyranny of a democracy, and smarting with injured pride, he set on foot a plan to populate some State in the “Far West” exclusively with Irishmen, where they might be “Monarchs of all they surveyed,” and reign supreme. Bishop Timon aided him in this, as did also many other priests and prominent Catholics. McGee went to Buffalo, took up his residence there, ventilated his new movement, and secured the patronage of a large number of Irishmen, who promised him aid. A short time after, he left Buffalo, and took a tour through Canada, issued his prospectus, and lectured to crowded and delighted audiences. But, though every word he uttered told with unerring effect and loud applause greeted him, he found no converts to speak of. To his great surprise the Irish in Canada preferred to live under the good old Union Jack, they loved to see it proudly fluttering in the breeze. The red-coated soldiers had ceased to be looked upon as enemies of Ireland. All was happiness here. McGee resolved to abandon his enterprise and at the invitation of friends and admirers in Montreal went to Canada to live. Of course he was looked upon by many with suspicion. He might be sincere the knowing ones said; but it was doubtful. He must be tried well, however, before he is condemned. Such were some of the speculations formed of him. He *was* sincere. He now as fervently loved British connexion as he hated Britain's government a short time previous. It was not very long before McGee gained an ascendancy over his countrymen. They, struck by his superior abilities and brilliant eloquence, at once made him their leader, and but little time elapsed when he was elected a member of the Parliament of Canada. Now (1857) it was that he started his paper, *The New Era*, in Montreal. It was mostly political in its tone, in the reform interest, and an advocate of the Union of the Provinces. It was short-lived.

In 1858 McGee's Canadian political life began. On the floors of the House he made his mark in oratory. His style was learned and terse, full of eloquence, sarcasm and wit. He lashed his political opponents with unabated fury and he cut them up in the most approve mode of wordy warfare. McGee's first great speech in Parliament was a masterly effort. Sir John A.