

"Young Ireland" party vowing vengeance on the "red robber rag of the brutal British Monarchy," arose and made a bold dash for freedom (?) and future independence. The result of this freak is patent to all. Some of the revolutionists were captured, tried and condemned to penal servitude for a term of years, and others escaped to America. This "rising" was the death blow of O'Connell. He saw his friends separating; some with him, some with the "Young Irelanders." His old associates were rapidly becoming alienated from each other, and he felt himself alone in the cause which he agitated from his early days. The structure of a life-time was broken down. He now had no hope, the British Parliament would cease to listen to him or hang upon his magic words as they poured forth like torrents of rain; old age weighed him down and he left Ireland for the Continent. But there is no cure for a "mind diseased;" away in a foreign land, and among strangers, this noble Reformer laid himself down to rest. The tidings of his death was received with pain and sorrow in Ireland. It struck deep into the heart of every Celt and sent a pang of remorse into the conscience of those who had deserted him.

McGee, in 1847, married at Dublin, Miss Mary Theresa Caffray, who has ever since followed and shared his chequered career with the devotion a true wife only can feel.

McGee, one of the party in the *fracas*, quickly left the scene of the sad burlesque, and again to America was the tide of his fortunes turned. How his breast burned with hate and love; with pain, rage and humiliation, he hurled all the fierce invectives he could against Great Britain. He took up his abode this time in New York and in that city edited first the *New York Nation* and then *The American Celt*. But his warm heart could not endure vindictive feelings. He conquered his passion, and his bitter hatred of England's Laws were in a measure subdued. His clear vision saw that nothing was to be gained by mere denunciations, the "cards must be worked" in a different mode.

With mortification he beheld the manner in which his noble-hearted countrymen were treated on their arrival in the Immigrant Ships to America. They were used little better than dogs. The commonest work was allotted them. Truly they were the "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Then when they were in the country long enough to be citizenized, when they received into their hands the privilege of voting at the general elections, he saw how they were duped and bought by wily and unprincipled politicians, who, after securing them to gratify their own ends, threw them to one side and turned a deaf ear to their protestations. The "Irish in America" were, in McGee's eyes, mere party hacks and tools. An Irishman was not permitted to hold an office of any consequence; the very papers which, at times so vehemently espoused their cause, teemed with advertisements strongly proclaiming "No Irish need apply." Often the exile wondered why his unhappy countrymen were treated so. At home famine, pestilence and revolution: abroad, trodden underfoot, spurned as something venomous and openly insulted, and used freely when a low or servile act was to be done.

Such was the condition of Ireland, which has produced so many great and eminent men, famous as Statesmen, Orators, Poets, Historians or Novelists. at that time, and this was the light in which her people was viewed by D'Arcy McGee. He strove with all his power and ability to rescue his countrymen from the mire into which they had fallen. He opposed the machinations of that strongly organized political cabal, the "Know Nothings," and they found in him a very formidable adversary. To instil into the minds of the Irish the