

streaked 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 Irishmen* 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, have opened to receive more martyrs than all the persecutions of 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 required 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 had 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.

SKETCHES OF THE HUDSON BAY TERRITORY.

PART IV.

In my last paper I attempted to describe the Copper Mines on the south shore of Lake Superior, and explain to what results the accidental discovery of the "old Indian diggings," as they are called, in that region led.

The subject of the present paper will be an account of the north

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