

flourish in their memory till the day they leave this "vale of tears," never to return.

The subject of our sketch was born in the year 1825 on the 13th of April, at Carlingford, County of Louth, Ireland, and was the second son of James McGee of Wexford, and Dorcas Morgan, his wife, both of whom are now dead. McGee could boast of a pedigree, extending back many generations. Mr. Thomas D'Arcy was his godfather and he it was who bestowed on him his name.

His parents not being blessed with a very large proportion of the world's goods, were not in a position to give young McGee that liberal education which his talents so much demanded. He was put to a tolerably good school, however, where he made much progress and mastered rapidly the elementary branches.

His mother was one of those good kind women for which the "Emerald Isle" has been so famous. She loved her son with all the ardour of a lover for his mistress. Blessed with a true poetic inspiration, her mind was well stored with glowing metaphors, and sweet ideal fancies. Into her son, who already inherited her genial nature and ardent temperament, she instilled a warm love for the books and ballads of her native country. His love knew no bounds, he perfectly idolized her, and it was touching to see in after years the pleasure it gave him to speak of her many good qualities and kindly disposition. It is held by some that "great men always take after their mothers;" in the present instance this is a true saying and McGee is a worthy exemplar. The commandment "Honour thy father and thy mother" was acted up to the very letter by McGee who often took umbrage with his young and thoughtless companions that sometimes treated their parents as if the commandment read "Parents honour thy son and thy daughter," "Parents obey your children." While quite young he met with a severe trial. His "best friend on earth," his dear mother was laid on a bed of sickness, she lingered in pain and suffering, but her "wee boy Tammie" as she loved to call her devoted son, watched by her bedside. Then the dark day arrived. The inevitable King of Terrors entered her chamber. Her wan face, radiant with love, looked towards Heaven, a sweet smile flitted across her features, the breath slowly left her body, her pulse ceased its noiseless beatings, and she was locked in the arms of death.

We can well imagine the tears of grief that were shed over her grave by her son; not mere tears of the passing moment; but live long ones undying to the day of his death.

At the age of 17, young McGee left the land of his nativity and sailed for America. We have no data whereby we can tell the reasons which prompted him to take this step, but we opine that through study and intellectual advancement he was made aware that there were other countries beyond the blue Atlantic more fitted for him, where his clear and far-reaching mind would have full vent for its powers. He landed at Boston in the year 1842, and shortly after secured a good position on the Press of that rising city. For three years he assiduously pursued his studies and wrote much. He coupled with literature the study of politics, and soon after we hear of him spoken highly of as a lecturer. His writings and speeches attracted attention, and Mr. Grattan, then British Consul at Boston, sought him out and gave him much valuable advice on matters with which he was immediately connected. McGee never forgot his kind counsellor of whom he ever afterwards spoke in reverential terms.