

was at that time at the helm of the "*Freeman's Journal*" in Dublin, so struck was he with the power and force of the arguments used, so elated at the deadly effect of the bitter sarcasms and pointed home thrusts launched at the government of the day, that he immediately wrote to Mr. McGee, offering him a position as Editor of the "*Freeman's Journal*." What joy to the heart of the young Irish exile—his country calls for his assistance. Now must soon begin to dawn the day of her prosperity, for surely the darkest hour of her history is the present.—Her legal rights trampled under foot, her only legal means to regain those rights denied her, whilst her greatest champion is sought to be consigned to a prison—his only crime being that he dared to exercise the rights and privileges of a British subject and to claim at the foot of the throne, for himself and for his country, those rights which are secured to every British subject, by English law. Yes, I repeat it, in no other country are the rights of the subject more thoroughly secured than in England, but I shame to say it, English law was perverted by Irish officials, and the country groaned under the unnatural pressure of her miseries. Here was a glorious work for young McGee, to assist in relieving his country. Mr. Gray's offer so flattering, was gladly accepted, and bidding adieu to America and his thousands of friends the youthful Journalist, not yet twenty, sailed for his native land in 1845.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE INSIDE AND OUTSIDE.

I do not remember whether the "Country Parson" wrote an essay upon this subject. I have not read all of his essays, and if there is one of them "Concerning being on the outside," the reading of it is a pleasure for some future "spare hour." Yet I think it very likely that he did tell us, in his own agreeable, companionable way, making us feel all the while as if we were listening to the voice of an old friend, what he thought about this difference. I think it almost an impossibility for him not to have talked to us about it. For the contrast could not fail to present itself to his rambling eye; and from that moment until the clear-cut type lay before his readers, every step in the progress is not only conceivable, but, the man being what he is, is even necessary to his logical existence. Certainly if he were at this moment where I am, he could not help hugging himself and saying half aloud, "Aha! what a jolly thing it is to be on the *inside*." For on the outside is raging the dismallest, bleakest snow-storm that I have ever seen. It has been raging