

miles around there was an immense gathering of the clans. The county council was also in session at the time, which helped to make a most representative gathering, for the periodical meetings of that body always add to the influx of people to the county town. The lecture was in every way all that could be desired, and the eloquence of the lecturer was the theme of praise on every hand. Upon that occasion McGee met many of the leading men of the county and all were delighted with him. He was overwhelmed with hospitable invitations, and was even offered the representation of North Ontario, if he chose to run for a new seat. To say that his own countrymen, and myself not the least among them, were proud of him, is saying but little.

He had great geniality and wonderful social gifts of agreeability, and made himself as pleasing in entertaining children with old nursery rhymes as he did with their parents and friends of maturer years. I well remember a controversy kept up by him with my daughter, Emma, then a precocious child of four years, he with great seriousness of manner insisting that the proper way to spell cat was d-o-g, and that the way to spell dog was c-a-t. The little one in great perplexity and astonishment, referred the matter to her mother. "Tell Mr. McGee, my dear, that your father says these are the kind of spells made by great men like him when they wish to bamboozle people." At the tea-table, by Mr. McGee's particular request the young lady was permitted to have a seat near him. She had been puzzling her poor little head all the afternoon on the subject, and at length broke out with, "Mr. McGee, I know why you spell

d-o-g, cat, that way ; mamma says you make use of those kind of spells when you want to bamboozle people." The long word sounded as if an initial "d" had been used, and the result was consternation at one end of the table and roars of laughter at the other, in the midst of which the young lady was bundled off to the nursery, unconscious that she had done or said anything amiss, and believing herself the victim of parental cruelty and injustice.

Much that I had intended to relate in the way of personal anecdote, must, I find, be reluctantly withheld, in order not to trespass too greatly upon the space assigned. I cannot, however, forbear adding a few words as to the estimate in which D'Arcy McGee was held by those who knew him best. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy bears the following testimony to his fidelity, courage and patriotism :—"During the disturbance of 1848, offices of trust and danger were delegated to him, the duties of which he discharged with the energy and fidelity of a brave and true man."

D'Arcy McGee was thoroughly and devotedly national ; he loved everything Irish, except the miseries of his people. His ardent spirit imparted life and dignity to every subject he touched, and his poetry is instinct with the impulsive passion and glowing enthusiasm of the Celt. In him were combined what rarely flourish in the same person, poetry and eloquence, and these gifts, taken with his earnestness and sincerity will preserve his name as a familiar household word to many generations yet unborn, whilst many writers and public speakers of greater pretensions will have been utterly forgotten.