

tainments. He was obliging enough to comply with most of these requests, and his magic eloquence never failed to charm and instruct the vast concourse that thronged to hear him. He also found time to woo the muses, and composed many beautiful little poems, most of which were printed under a *nom de plume* in various newspapers.

Like most great orators, it was the practice of Mr. McGEE to prepare his public addresses carefully beforehand, in writing. In his delivery, he usually amplified the written discourse. The train of thought, and even the mode of expression, was closely followed, but two or three spoken sentences would appear on paper skilfully blended into one. It must not be supposed, however, that Mr. McGEE was not a master of extempore delivery. His brilliant parliamentary speeches are sufficient to show that while he followed the rule laid down by great masters, by preparation in writing for stated times and occasions, he was, nevertheless, ready at all times to speak, and speak well, without preparation. We remember hearing him once remark that he found it extremely difficult to *read* an address. On one occasion, previous to a nomination for Parliament, Mr. McGEE, having been given to understand that a certain obscure individual was about to be brought forward by his opponents in opposition to him, had prepared a humorous speech, which, if delivered, would have overwhelmed his opponent with the inextinguishable laughter of the audience. At the nomination, however, the courage of the gentleman above referred to failed, or for some other reason, his name was withdrawn. Mr. McGEE was not disconcerted in the least by the sudden change, but made an eloquent speech wholly different from that which he had prepared.

The personal appearance of Mr. McGEE presented nothing very remarkable. While engaged in the delivery of lectures, his luxuriant black hair was usually allowed to fall unchecked over his broad forehead. His delivery was calm and free from gesticulation. We were much struck once by

his remark that while engrossed by the delivery of a lecture, the audience became a perfect blank to him, his perception of external objects being suspended by the concentration of his mind upon his subject.

Few persons ever won their way so quickly to the hearts of those among whom they moved, as Mr. McGEE. Few persons have had such hosts of friends of all political shades. It is remarkable that in the first hasty announcement of his death by the press throughout the length and breadth of Canada, and in the outbursts of sorrow at indignation meetings, the language rather indicated grief at the loss of a personal friend, than lamentation at a public calamity. Even when thrown into the company of those much younger than himself, and of wholly different pursuits, Mr. McGEE speedily attracted their love and admiration.

Not a little has been said by various writers respecting Mr. McGEE's profound acquaintance with history and general literature. It was, indeed, wonderful, and no more than justice has been done to him in this respect. But we have not seen much said about the genial humor which was one of his characteristics. Every one who has had the privilege of conversing with him will at once recall numberless sallies of wit. One of those which occurs to us while we write, being connected with an historical event, may bear insertion here. At the time of the *Trent* affair, an effort was made to raise an Irish battalion of which Mr. McGEE was to be colonel. One evening after coming from a meeting of those engaged in organizing the corps, he happened to be writing something on the subject at a table under a flaring gas jet. While rising, with his attention fixed on what he had been writing, his luxuriant tresses came into contact with the flame, and took fire. Mr. McGEE immediately exclaimed: "You see, I am able to stand fire already!"

Literature was his idol, and politics the business which the accidents of birth and fortune had thrust upon him. But amid all the absorption of official life, he sighed