

land and telling how history teemed with the grandeur of its civilization, and how rich were her poetic records in the productions of her bardic historians. "Ireland had once a glorious history, when she was the mart of learning and the resort of the students of all nations." "Hold on," exclaimed a voice in the crowd, "Had she polis makin' pot-hooks and hangers in them days?"

The allusion to the policeman engaged in taking official notes of the meeting brought down the house, and for the next few minutes the unlucky policeman and the pot-hooks and hangers he was making in his note-book, and the base uses to which the Castle might put them, became the subjects of the jibes of the Jackeens and the uproarious laughter of the Dublin crowd.

"Yes, there were hangers and and hangings, and spies and informers in those days, as there are now," the speaker went on, and the solemnity of his utterance was instantly communicated to his sympathetic audience, who listened in perfect silence, as he recounted how the use of the ancient tongue had been prohibited, and the cultivation of the new declared a felony by law if the privilege were not purchased by the renunciation of the ancient faith.

After the suppression of the Nation, in 1848, McGee was proclaimed as one of those "dangerous to the Government." He was hunted through the country by the minions of the law, and after having suffered severely, escaped to the United States.

It was at this time of his troubles that the poem entitled "Memories" was written:—

I left two loves on a distant strand,
One young, and fond, and fair and bland;
One fair and old, and sadly grand.
My wedded wife and my native land.

One tarrieth sad and seriously
Beneath the roof that mine should be,
One sitteth, sybil-like, by the sea,
Chanting a grave song mournfully.

A little life I have not seen
Lies by the heart that mine has been;
A cypress wreath darkles now, I ween,
Upon the brow of my love in green.

The mother and wife shall pass away,
Her hands be dust, her lips be clay;
But my other love on earth shall stay,
And live in the life of another day.

Ere we were born, my first love was,
And my sires were heirs to her holy cause,
And she yet shall sit in the world's applause,
A mother of men, and of blessed laws.

I hope and strive the while I sigh,
For I know my first love cannot die;
From the chain of woes that loom so high,
Her reign shall reach to eternity.

The "little life I have not seen" refers to the eldest daughter, born soon after his escape. The sadness of tone conveyed by the lines well expresses his own feelings and aspirations at this period of his mournful thinking and striving in exile.

In 1850 he commenced the publication of the *American Celt*, in Boston. The initial number contained his "Salutation to the Celts." Three years later we met in Quebec, at the house of Mr. Finn, who was McGee's agent in that city. I had taken to journalism in the meantime and was then employed on the old *Quebec Colonist*. As soon as it was known that McGee was in the city, friends gathered in troops round the patriot of 1848; and these who previously had only known him by reputation were charmed and delighted by his amiable personality. He was induced to lecture before the St. Patrick's Literary Institute. His subject was "The Irish Emigrant." The hall of the institute was crowded with people, and never did subject receive more ample justice from lips of lecturer than on this occasion. The eloquence of the lecturer was a revelation. Not only his own countrymen but English,