

one of the most brilliant lamps of God, and stopped in one second the throbbings of a giant's heart.

"How are the valiant fallen? Jonathan slain in the high places? I grieve for thee, Jonathan, exceedingly beautiful, and to be loved as the mother loveth her only son," by those who, in this world, basked as I did in the sunshine of your genial friendship.

And, oh! my friends, I will ask here to-day, for what has this terrible retribution been inflicted? Is it for any criminal act, any treasonable or libellous speech or writing against the State or a fellow subject? If so redress was at hand, the appeal was obviously to the outraged law. If only a private feud, a quarrel, a personal insult, there was another remedy—unsanctioned, indeed, nay, condemned by religion—in the manly, the open, the mid-day fight for honor. But for the coward wretch, who tracks his victim in the shades of night, and craven-like lurks in holes, around corners, and crouches behind walls for the security of his own worthless life, while sending the assassin bullet on its errand of death, the scathing contempt of the universe together is not a feather's weight as compared with God's maledictions on such a man. In point of fact, that crime has no proper name in human language. The blow of the assassin is terrific beyond doubt, but a million of such cowards never did and never could or would fight a nation's battles. Assassination never yet redressed the grievances of a people, nor won back the lost boon of their national independence. There is not in all history an instance of such a fact. Neither can there be. It is God himself who assures us that all who take the sword shall perish by the sword. Besides the many instances of assassination and its inevitable retribution, quoted by the press when lately alluding to this subject, I heard myself from a competent authority in France, where I resided for some years, that of the hundreds of assassins who were prominent during the first French Revolution, there was scarcely one ever known to have escaped a bloody and disastrous death. Marat, the prince of assassins, was killed naked in his bath by the weakly hand of a girl, who plunged the fatal dagger into his heart at a moment when he was probably plotting to make her