

vate vengeance, would have been trailed for months, and struck down by the miscreant blood-red hand of one of his own countrymen, is perfectly overwhelming. Whenever I look back at the deed with all its accompanying horrors, (and it is a spectre that haunts me almost at every hour,) I feel as if my blood would curdle and my heart shrivel up within me. Instead of being dwarfed by distance of time, in my view it is every day looming up more hideous and more appalling. Since the stabbing of Henry the Fourth of France, by Ravail-lac, nothing like it in atrocity, excepting the public murder of President Lincoln, has occurred for three hundred years. In the absence of all knowledge of the particulars, save what we all learn from the press, I only hope, and, I fear, against hope, that my worst suspicions will not be realized; and in the midst of all I so poignantly feel on the subject, to know that it was not an Irishman who did the deed will be a relief which I cannot express in words.

But the deed is done, and beyond all doubt by an assassin's hand, who perhaps,

"Should against the murderer shut the door,
Nor bear the knife himself."

Besides, this great and good man,

"Hath born his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye."

Impiously pushing God aside from his throne, and the arbitrament of that life which he alone could give, and ought to take away at his own sweet time, the assassin, countryman or stranger, committed the foulest deed that can be conceived against God or man. In one instant he silenced forever the silvery tongue, the mouth of golden words, the first among the oracles of his country. In a fell swoop he extinguished