

view, in thus exaggerating the results to flow from the transfer to Canada of the North-West Territories, may still be credited, to some extent at any rate, with patriotic motives in his resistance to the entrance of Lieut. Governor McDougall. But having gone so far in extenuation, his further action has set up a barrier which no honest or patriotic man will seek to pass. By the murder of Scott in 1870 he at once put himself outside the pale of that chivalric sympathy which generous hearts accord the patriot in arms for his country; and by inciting bloodthirsty, relentless savages in 1885 to murder and rapine he has so immeasurably added to that guilt that his punishment is called for trumpet tongued—called for by every drop of blood which has fallen from the veins of Canadian soldiers; called for by the blood of husbands, of brothers, of sons—by the tears of mothers, sisters, wives—by the sufferings of captives; by the charred embers of once happy homes—by the blackness and desolation which have fallen on fields last year green and golden in their summer glory. By every voice of civilization, of religion and of law, punishment sure and swift is invoked upon the traitor and those who were aiders and abettors in his treason.

There are already indications that every legal quibble which can by any means be made to do duty will be pressed into service on Riel's behalf. They will all fail. The will of a nation is not to be thwarted by the miserable obstacles which invariably are set up by the lawyers to impede the march of justice. The united voice of a people will surely be heard, and that voice emits no uncertain sound. What quibble can possibly prevail in face of the undeniable facts? Here is the law, which says plainly, if law ever *can* say anything plainly, without some reservation expressed or understood, "nevertheless, notwithstanding or aforesaid," etc., etc., that traitors in arms against their sovereign must die. There stands the traitor—traitor, if a British subject—murderer and marauder if not—taken red handed—the blood of Duck Lake, Fish Creek, Batoche fresh upon his hands. What plea can he hope to set up in mitigation of his crime? The plea of insanity? It has done yeoman's service in the case of many a scoundrel, and may succeed again, but we think not. The trick is too palpable. No amount of conjuring can palm it off upon the people of Canada. Understand—we are convinced in our own mind that Riel, when he called his friends together; when

he made the Indians believe that the Canadians were coming to exterminate them; when he lied to them about Duck Lake and Fish Creek, telling them he had killed two hundred Canadian soldiers, and that the rest had run away—when he fired on the Police and Volunteers at Duck Lake and other engagements—was as sane as any man in his band—and yet we may be wrong. There are reasons on the surface for arguing that Riel could not possibly have been in his right senses when he went into a rebellion which any sane man with the most superficial knowledge of the circumstances must, from the very first have pronounced foolish and hopeless. But these reasons will not be accepted as evidence. If Riel is to escape on the plea of irresponsibility for his actions, that irresponsibility must be so clearly shown that no shadow of a doubt may rest upon it. If it can be—if it can be indubitably proven that he is, and was, an insane man who cunningly contrived to delude his ignorant sympathizers into following his mad leadership, the law, of course, makes full provision for such a contingency. There is no one, we venture to say, not even among those whom his wickedness has bereft of kindred and friends who would desire to shed the blood of a madman. The precepts of our Christian religion, the laws of humanity, the natural feelings of man, all forbid that the mentally irresponsible person should suffer the extreme penalty for actions committed under the influence of a diseased mind. But that unaccountability, as we have said, and we cannot repeat it too often, must be clearly proven. Should the faintest suspicion arise that political intriguers are at work in Riel's interest for the furtherance of their own base ends—that the entanglements of party are to be thrown around the hands of justice in order that the traitor and the murderer may escape his righteous doom—that race or religion is to afford him sanctuary, the voice of the people of this country will make itself heard in a manner not to be mistaken.

And when we say the people of this country we *mean* the people of this country. We do not mean the people of Ontario, or the people of Quebec, or of any other province, but the whole people of our wide Dominion. We are marching hand in hand, like children yet, whose footsteps sometimes miss harmonious measure. Yet still we are marching on—each day, we trust, in spite of conflicting interests, bringing us more and more into harmony with each other. Each