

a victim of his lust, as he had already victimised her dearest ones on earth at the guillotine. Robespierre, who in the name of liberty boasted of having cut off the heads of thousands, had his own jaw bone nearly torn away by a woman, and like a coward as he was, screamed at the intensity of his torture as he was carried on a hurdle in the bloody track to the Place de Greve. Need I remind you of the terrific end of Booth, said to be cut up into fifty pieces, and the atrocious death of his wretched accomplices, marked as it was by everything a mighty nation could do to disgrace and to consign them to everlasting infamy. Such was the end of assassination from the beginning of the world, and in my soul I believe that there will be no exception to the rule unto the consummation of all things.

In Mr. McGee's case it would now appear evident that he lost his life to save the people of this country from a band of assassins, and for the unpardonable crime, in their eyes, of fearlessly expressing his honest political opinions in this free country. The crime perpetrated against Mr. McGee, if committed by a clique, as alleged, is a crime against every man in this land, whose life and liberties are thereby threatened, and for the same reason. This is the first time that midnight political assassination has been imported into this country, and if it be proven to be by an Irishman, I, on the part of Ireland and the Irish, repudiate the foul deed as being in any way chargeable to us as a people.

No country in the world in which fewer cold-blooded murders are committed than in Ireland, notwithstanding the cruel misrepresentations abroad and the fearful exaggerations of our enemies on that score. I am consoled with the thought, far as I could ever learn, that not a single Fenian (properly so called) is to be found in any of these Lower Provinces. There is one more crime for which Mr. McGee suffered, to which I must again allude before concluding, and that is, that for the last ten years he labored to amalgamate Protestant and Catholic, French and Irish, into one body politic and social, in this happy land. I, too, in my own way, have been guilty of the same crime, and I confess it not with remorse, but with honest pride. For the true interests of the Catholic Church, and still more for the