

There is, then, in the meeting and vanquishment of this mutiny, a theme on which we may, after our penitential confessions, freely and lawfully exult. There is in the spirit manifested by those on whom the first fury of that eruption fell; and in the invariable invincibility of the small succouring forces that flew to the hottest centres of the conflagration, examples of exalted qualities which fully establish the character we have in bygone trials won,—which add vastly to the argument that supports our claim to the premiership of nations, and will therefore I am afraid, though I scarcely regret it, foster in us that feeling of patriotic pride which friends and enemies alike seem to think is already excessive.

The pity is, we have no time to go through the chapter. But those stories of breathless interest will not be left untold. You will glean them from the public prints, you will possess them in extracts from private correspondence, and they will be for a long time to come the topics of conversation in all your social circles, from the fireside to the public assembly. We know already the types of character that will fill those narratives with grace and glory. There are women that were martyrs,—men that were heroes,—and some soldiers that were saints. We shall in the record see the influence of that burning passion which carried a little band of avengers in triumph through exertions that seem all but superhuman; and we shall see besides the traces of that softer fire which changed the tender feelings and animated the fragile forms of delicate women, so that they could calmly stand and do what they felt to be their duty in the midst of horrors that we might have expected to prove insufferable and bewildering. All that I can do now is to point to these incidents, not to relate them,—to point to them as to a volume of authenticated evidence abounding in demonstrations of England's undegenerate character. Examined separately and weighed together, they prove nothing less, and they could be expected