

Cawnpore call down the wrath of God? But how I bless the spirit of my nation, which, instead of resting in that solemn satisfaction, has sought the sweeter solace of charity and faith,—which, instead of imprecating the Divine wrath upon the murderers, has sought to appease it,—which, instead of raising round the mouth of that well the memorials of crime and the symbols of revengeful retribution, determines to sanctify the spot by building on it a temple to the Most High;—and think, when that is done, how oft the injured will meet together there, and finding the passions of their memory hushed within its sacred walls, be able to breathe the prayer of JESUS on the cross, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!” But I have not to speak of future feelings—my references must be to the present and the past, and to show how mighty a shock these recent events have given to the sympathizing heart of mankind,—it is enough to say, that this India, which erewhile could not claim the attention of its masters, has now awakened the excited interest of the world.

Having so far sought to draw your attention to the land, the history, and the religion, I must come, in the next place, to the subject of the Mutiny. I am not going to attempt its history,—that task is too long and difficult for me. I don’t want even to pick out its most brilliant passages;—they require a power of language to do them justice which is far above the utmost efforts that I could make. I desire simply to enquire into the cause of it,—to show that it was unprovoked,—and then to draw those congratulations from its suppression, in which, as countrymen of the conquerors, we may fairly indulge. I speak of it as vanquished; and so it is, although all the fighting may not yet be over. In fact, this colossal eruption has been as brief as it was sudden. It won’t have lasted a year. When you were listening to the last course of lectures in this place it was not dreamed of. We