

faltering voices, some in broken sobbings, and some in speechless silence sent up their gratitude to Heaven. I need not go on to the final relief in the middle of November, when there met in that eventful Residency Campbell, Havelock, and Inglis. Sir COLIN CAMPBELL, the pride of Scotland, and greatest victor in Hindostan, Henry Havelock, (he had no other title) the fondest name of one departed that England has had to cherish since the death of Nelson, and Sir John Inglis, who upheld and directed a defence that was never surpassed either in spirit or success, and lives to receive the honor and glory of his achievements as the representative of England's Colonial Empire in the Indian war.

In the city of Halifax the name of the last must be most precious, and joined to that of Williams appear the brightest in your yet young history. There has been a striking similarity in the duties they have so signally discharged. A kind of dramatic unity in the congruous difficulties that each was called upon to encounter. Children of an inexperienced state, it was theirs to undertake the task of ripened strength and virtue. It was each of theirs to uphold the drooping spirit of a garrison, faint and exhausted by insufficient food, by frequent assaults, and by more frequent alarms, by the sleepless vigilance their dangers made them keep, by hopes deferred and by disappointments least expected, and therefore doubly cruel. It is in such extremities that the example of a master mind is most necessary and powerful. Such a mind may know so well the strength of the enemy and the increasing feebleness of his own remnant forces as to have lost all faith in fortune himself, but he must still show a serene and cheerful countenance, for his men will be daily looking into that face for light to drive away the overhanging gloom. And if the commander shows signs of despondency, every flickering flame of hope goes out and resistance comes suddenly to an end. But if his own heart is immoveable he can throw the