

touched soul shaking off the haggled remnants of its earthly clothing, and rising in scornful defiance beyond the reach of human hands. Even from this forbidding topic we can extract a thought of comfort. No torture has stained the honor of our civil administration in India—no indiscriminate slaughter has spoilt the glory of our military success. Conspirators or rebel prisoners have been hanged or blown to pieces. Quarter has been refused to those toad-spotted traitors that showed no mercy to the mother and the babe. All *that* was religious rigor. But in the moment of their maddest excitement—in that deadly contention for the possession of the streets of Delhi, where English wives and maidens had been sacrificed to the brutal lusts and malice of the rebel horde, not a single soldier of England sought retribution for such deeds, beyond the life of those that had the name but not the nature of men. When Delhi was taken, every child and woman was spared. In other sieges the boast would be nothing; but spoken of the siege of Delhi it is an additional honor to the conquerors who sprang in to avenge the innocents, and a vast relief to the fears of us who were so far from the overpowering scene.

I have no time now to notice the credulous confidence which up to the last moment was by the English in India reposed in the Sepoy. It was censurable certainly, and it remains surprising. There is nothing honourable in a suspicious temper, nor, on the other hand, can we do anything but blame the person who suffers himself to be lulled into a state of incautious security, from which neither words of warning nor the outward and visible signs of ripening danger are able to wake him up. But I must pass by this and all other points of adverse criticism, to notice in a single glance all those features of the subject that are likely to afford us some joy and consolation.