

destruction,—of the man who, in the midst of disasters that astonished the world, was almost the first to associate his name with hope, victory and retribution. He has gone, we may well be sure, to a brighter reception than England could have given him,—to a richer reward than sovereign favors and parliamentary grants, and to a sweeter consolation than our gratitude and praises,—for he has gone to receive that commendation with which the Captain of his Salvation welcomes every departed servant who has been good and faithful, and not the less, I am sure, because he may have chosen devotion to his country's service as the duty of his life. No more of Havelock : words are not wanted to preserve in us the memory of such a man.

I wish now I had time to speak of Neil and Nicholson, of HENRY LAWRENCE and WHEELER, of OUTRAM and WILSON,—all champion Knights of Modern Chivalry. They have well deserved the lofty eulogies that the press and platform of England have passed upon their character and services. And I have no doubt that in all the colonies of the Empire, public men will be found to expatiate on their achievements, and to draw attention to the examples they furnish of the might of individual power in a holy, though desperate cause.

But while speaking of the men who have most distinguished themselves in this important crisis of our affairs I have said nothing yet of your gallant countryman General INGLIS, who is as much the hero of Lucknow as General WILLIAMS is the hero of Kars. But Lucknow's is a more pathetic story than that of Kars, if even it was not saved by a more astonishing defence. For what was its position? There were at first behind the extemporary defences of that range of buildings called the Residency in Lucknow not more than one thousand fighting men. There were in front of them swarms of vagabonds, men they shall not be called, whose numbers have been reckoned at from fifty to sixty thousand. There were