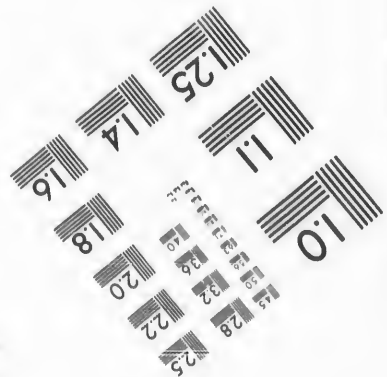
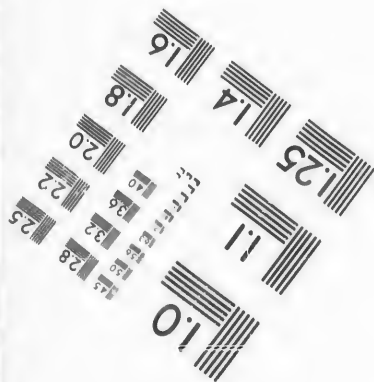
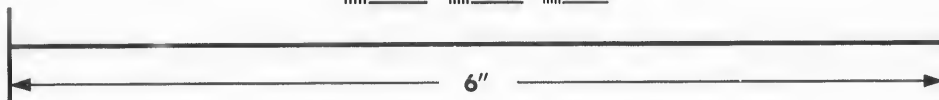
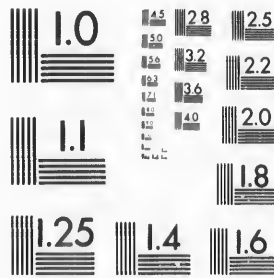


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

**CIHM/ICMH  
Microfiche  
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches.**



**Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques**

**© 1987**

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/  
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/  
Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
				✓							

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

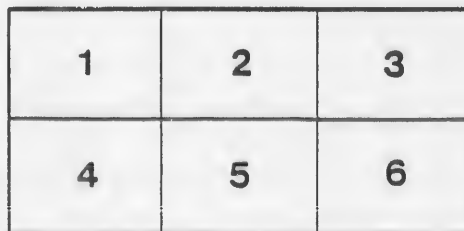
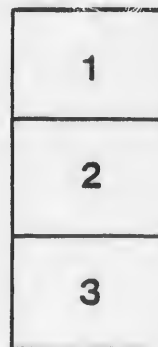
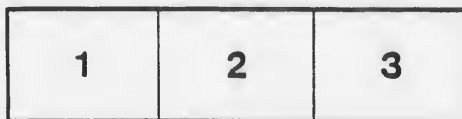
The Nova Scotia  
Legislative Library

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

The Nova Scotia  
Legislative Library

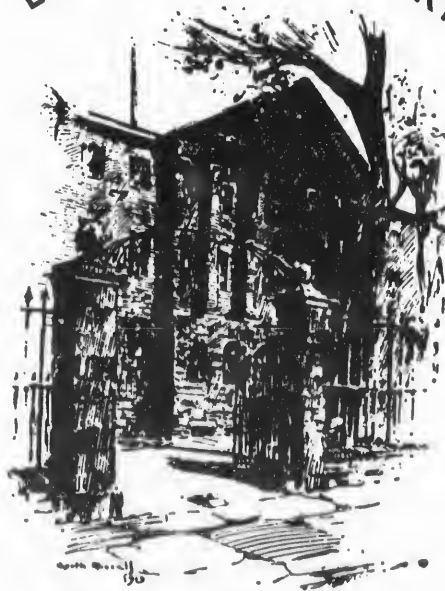
Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

NOVA SCOTIA  
LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY



PROVINCE HOUSE

4048

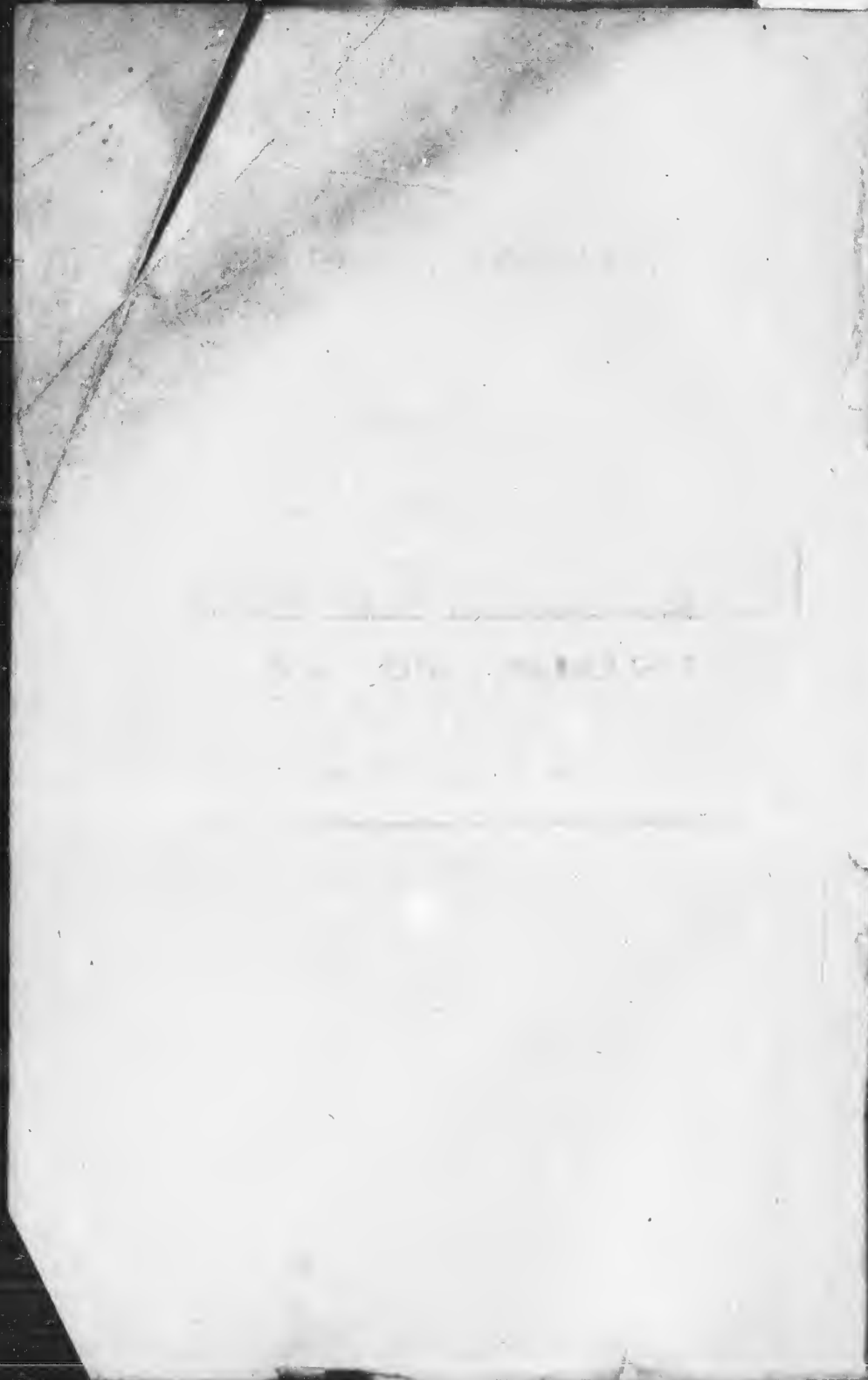
---

**INDIA, &c. &c.**

A LECTURE,

**BY J. W. MARRIOTT, ESQ.**

---



# INDIA AND ITS MUTINY.

---

A LECTURE,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

Halifax Young Men's Christian Association,

ON TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 16, 1858.

BY

J. W. MARRIOTT, Esq.

---

HALIFAX:

PRINTED AT THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE STEAM PRESS,

1858.



NS  
954.2  
M

2261

Mr. C

IND  
stood  
still to  
ment,  
and p  
with d  
its un  
haven  
unfou  
of a r  
effort  
two  
first  
that  
—it  
Colu  
entic  
Cap  
Gene  
the l  
were  
grea

# India and its Mutiny.

A LECTURE.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

INDIA was always a great name. To the ancient world, it stood for a land of mystery and inaccessible seclusion; but still to their superstitious minds it was a name of enchantment, rich in the reputation of majesty, opulence, wisdom, and power. From the earliest times it inspired the imagination with dreams of beauty, and excited the cupidity of strangers with its unfabled wealth. In an age more recent, it was the glorious haven of the mariner's hope, always far distant and so long unfound. Under that aspect it became the unconscious cause of a most magnificent discovery, for it induced those daring efforts to explore the trackless deep, which at once brought two worlds together, and gave to the art of Navigation its first and greatest triumphs. For it was the shores of India that drew out of their harbors the original pilots of the ocean,—it was the shores of India that allured the tiny fleet of Columbus across the unmeasured wastes of the Atlantic, and enticed the adventurous bark of Vasco de Gama round the Cape of Good Hope; and it was the scientific faith of the Genoese captain in the Westward road to India that first led the European to this vast continent, and the isles of America were the gems that first rose from the ocean to give to that great captain's faith its justification and reward.

But again. It is India that has fired the ambition of the mightiest conquerors, from Alexander to Napoleon—that has paid the largest tributes of life and treasure almost without resistance, filling the sacks of all her spoilers with rubies, pearls and gold, and feeding with countless victims from her vassal races the insatiable vultures of barbaric war—so that if she has beckoned to her coasts the crowding keels of commerce, she has also stood with helpless hands to tempt the destroying visits of the invader. If India has been the richest market for the merchant, it has been also the fattest field for the soldier. If you are able now to picture the racing crafts that have been scudding across the ocean to receive the wealthy burden of her products since England has ruled her regions, you may also see, though the mists of time may a little cloud the vision, the hurrying hosts of Macedon, Tartary, and Arabia, sweeping to their easiest and most splendid prey.

Then viewing India in a religious light, we see that she has been, as some would say, the softest cradle for heathen idolatry; or, if you like it better—and I prefer to use the expression—she has been the darkest den of cruel superstition. I have been sorry to see that a portion of the English press has gone out of its way to bespeak forbearance for what it calls her venerable faith. Let me ask, How is it venerable? If age alone creates the title to veneration, then truly Brahminism may be old enough to claim the homage of all other existing superstition. The greyest garb of antiquity may rest upon its shrivelled shoulders, and if our eyes were covered with the film of vulgar credulity we might be ready to bow before her haggard form. But we must view the wasted figure of this dying deity in the effulgent light of Christian revelation. We have to regard the influence of her perishing power with reference to the earthly welfare, as well as the immortal destiny, of the millions she infatuates. We

must to  
she spr  
her clai  
rights,  
sion th  
far too  
welfare  
surely  
the scr  
sible th  
While  
miserab  
dare n  
sanguin  
the few  
religion  
of our  
never  
never p  
we stop  
the ten  
been t  
our co  
exoner  
of the  
and co  
sacrific  
sterner  
which  
from t  
means  
sary co  
Englan  
must b

must test her title to reverence by searching for the blessings she spreads or the miseries she propagates,—we must weigh her claims to tolerance or encouragement in the scale of human rights, and we shall, I am sure, come instantly to the conclusion that she has had from England far too much of each—far too much for England's honor, and far too much for Asia's welfare. She *has* been encouraged and supported, but most surely her day of favor is past. She has drawn upon herself the scrutinizing gaze of all Christian nations, and it is impossible that anything like the old alliance can ever be revived. While we must, and while we ought, to tolerate in all her miserable adorers the profession of their gloomy creed, we dare not any longer tolerate its disgusting obscenities and sanguinary devotions. No one has ever yet found fault with the few interferences that England has already made with the religion of India: they are, in fact, the redeeming features of our policy, and the whole world acknowledges that we never assumed an authority that was more justifiable, and never performed a duty that was more imperative, than when we stopped those ghastly outrages on human nature, of which the temples, the funeral altars, and the rivers of her land, had been the frequent and the saddening scene. Well, then, if our country was, as is universally acknowledged, more than exonerated when it rescued the Indian widow from the flames of the suttee, broke up the murdering association of the Thugs, and compelled the gods of their idolatry to forego their human sacrifices, she will not now be merely justified, but by a sterner sense of duty compelled, to use that hand of power which God has given her to efface all other public defilements from the scenes of its mis-named religious service. By all means tolerate mere idolatry: it is the wisest and most necessary course. As the great champion of liberty of conscience, England could not do otherwise. The shield of Britannia *must* be a shelter to the human mind—the banner of England

*must* enfranchise all over whom it waves; but never let immorality sneak under that flag of freedom—never allow that to be the exercise of liberty of conscience which violates the first laws of our existence, or the first principles of our common morality. Let the heathen set up his Dagon or Dianas, or whatever other stumps he will, but never permit them to be robed in the rags of indecency, or be made the oracles of universal law. God forbid that I should say, or you should think, that our benign religion ought to be *thrust* upon their unwilling acceptance. He can be but little of a Christian, for he quite mistakes the spirit of Christianity, who thinks that persecution or intolerance can under any circumstances be a fitting instrumentality for its propagation,—can ever throw upon its character the faintest shade of honor, or give to its fortunes the shortest period of success. But we may still denounce, and as far as we can we must abolish, the foul excesses of a savage paganism,—we may denounce them in the name of religion alone, without reference to a higher power. Blasphemy I would see stifled in the name of religion, but the torturing and lascivious priests of this heathen sacrifice ought to be impeached in the name and interest of mankind.

Therefore, it seems to me to be far from sufficient to cut the old connection between the Government and the creed of Hindostan. It is not enough for the government simply to cancel its former disgraceful obligations;—it is not enough for the government to withdraw from the most abominable mummeries that are practised on earth, that support and countenance which it has previously given, but it must also, if it is not afraid of the consequences, step into the area of these filthy ceremonials and completely cleanse them—I say, if they are not afraid of the consequences they must do this. And surely they are not afraid of what the Hindoo now can do. But it may be that they dread a little the carping criticism of

that loo  
sions, a  
of relig  
to every  
there an  
despisin  
—men  
sition a  
make t  
them e  
that af  
men w  
nance e  
the rui

But le  
that is  
of con  
ment  
Hindo

The  
referen  
rise, p  
curren  
its cou  
till ve  
says i  
more  
Peru  
own c  
true a

that loose liberality which at home decrys all positive professions, all settled formulas and distinctive names in the matter of religion—a liberality which often means total indifference to every thing but private interest. Yes, my Christian friends, there are yet numbers of our own people, who, if not actually despising religion, are professedly insensible to all its claims—men whose vaunted liberality would stop them from opposition and persecution, but whose convictions, so they say, make them as friendly to one religion as another, and leave them completely uninfluenced by all. These are the men that affect to pity the pious, and who smile at future fears—men who put the worship of God on a level with the maintenance of a political opinion and say, as Byron said among the ruins of the Parthenon,—

“Even Gods must yield—Religions take their turn.  
’Twas Jove’s—’tis Mahomet’s; and other creeds  
Will rise with other years.”

But let us hope that such sentiments are shared by a party that is too small to be powerful, and that no cry of liberty of conscience from that quarter will affect the British Government in discharging its high obligations to the natives of Hindostan.

The settlement of such a question, and of all others in reference to India that approach it in importance, will give rise, probably, to immense discussion. How suddenly the current of national thought and feeling has been changed in its course, and how swiftly it is flowing to that land, which, till very recently, it seemed purposely to disregard. Macaulay says in his life of Lord Clive that Englishmen generally know more about the conquests of the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru than they do of the far greater achievements of their own countrymen in the peninsula of Hindostan. That was true a few months ago, but it is not true now. But any one

can form a pretty good opinion of the oblivion into which Indian affairs had sunk in England, from the fact that before the recent outbreak an Indian budget was the least interesting, indeed the most positively distasteful that could be brought before the British Legislature. The whole house would have assembled if Lord Palmerston had proposed to alter the sugar duties, but I think about fifty or sixty only came together on the last occasion to hear the great Mr. Vernon Smith recite the position and prospects of our Indian Empire. But now how wonderful is the change. India is the paramount topic,—the name that every man and woman in England, I should think, has now often spoken, and will long continue to speak. It is the name that has made the bosom of the nation swell with tempestuous emotions, as it has called up the image of those wrongs unutterable, which almost madden the mind, while they freeze all the gentler feelings of the heart. And how long will this passion last? Shall we ever be able to think of India as we have thought of her before? I expect that many a brave deed, many an act of blessed christian constancy, many a touching tale of woman's heroism or of some boy's dauntless dying defiance, many of such passages, which have marked this Eastern tragedy as the onset of cowardly villany upon unoffending innocence and unprepared yet all-sufficient courage, may soon in future years be forgotten. But as long as India lives in the memories of ourselves and our posterity it will be the name of a country darkened by the shadows of a most awful grave,—that grave into which the mangled and dishonoured remains of more than two hundred English victims, the bodies of the father and the husband, the mother and the child were, without shroud or coffin, without the mourner's tears or the minister's service, insultingly thrown. We have naught to do with vengeance: it is not ours. But if the blood of Abel cried to heaven from the ground, will not that fountain of blood from the well of

Cawnpore  
spirit of  
satisfacti  
—which  
murdere  
ing round  
the sym  
the spot  
think, w  
ther the  
within it  
on the e  
they do  
reference  
how mi  
sympath  
this Ind  
its mast  
world.

Having  
the histo  
to the su  
history,—  
want ev  
require  
above th  
to enqu  
voked,—  
pression,  
fairly in  
although  
colossal  
have las  
course of

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



were all then basking in the sunshine of an unexpected but happy peace, which had been but a few months concluded. The British Empire was then enjoying that thankful repose which a combatant is expected to find when, having entered the lists against a powerful adversary and overthrown him, he puts off his armour and wipes his sword. After thanking Almighty God for the victory, men's minds were, I suppose, chiefly occupied in speculating upon the time it would take Russia to recover from her exhaustion, of the strength of the repaired bulwarks which our policy sees necessary to have raised round Turkey, and of the general permanence of those European relationships which the war had stretched and broken, and which the peace had professed to rebind. The men of business were calculating the effect of the removal of an influence which had disarranged their markets, restricted their operations and increased their burdens, and were probably picturing (and here there was no delusion) the rebounding advances which commerce and industry would make now the squadrons and battalions had been called off the field. But the silence of peace was broken before we had felt the full of the impression. A heathen would perhaps have said that old Janus was angry, because the gate of his temple, accustomed to move on rusty hinges, had been slammed too violently. At any rate, if it had been shut with unexpected suddenness, it was opened with still more unexpected determination. A celestial hand—if you will permit a phrase imported from Canton—first wrenched the door ajar, and then, while we were mustering a lilliputian force to push it back again, this Indian arm of violence burst it wide open, and then poured through the portals all the furies in a crowd, to dash away the cup of tranquil enjoyment which the angel of peace had placed in our hands,—to tear the face of human nature into the most awful disfigurement,—and especially to wound the heart of Old England with the deepest agony and remorse.

Now in the natural order of enquiry we must, in the first place, look for the *cause* of this convulsion. The honor of our country is more concerned in this investigation than in any other to which the painful subject can lead us. For the uppermost question in a sensitive and candid mind *must* be, and *will* be till it gets an uncontestible answer, "Have we as a people done any thing to deserve the chastisement?" Have we been cruel to the helpless and insulting to the subdued? Was our government of the soft Bengalee so imperious, arrogant and oppressive as to be at last unbearable? Were our exactions so extortionable, and our contempt for their religion so undisguised that they could be borne no longer? As the worm is said to turn on the foot that treads it, so in history we may find examples of the meekest races and the most abject creatures being roused into resistance when the last of their slender privileges has been invaded, or some crowning act of insult has been offered to their faith. And such crimes have been laid to the charge of England by the Ultramontane journals of France and Belgium. This was their very taunt, that we had been treading upon what we took to be a worm, and found, as we deserved to find, that it had a scorpion's sting. The writers in those infamous papers scarcely looked with pity upon those poor creatures that fell among the thieves and murderers. They have learnt a lesson, I suppose, from the parable of the Good Samaritan. They remember, no doubt, that it was the priest and the levite that left the bleeding traveller to die, and as the champions of sacerdotal dignity they are still careful to disclaim for their party the heretrical honors which such sympathy and relief are supposed to win. They were too indignant with wicked England to feel a pang of pity or to utter a single note of lamentation over that scene of lust and murder, which, whatever the cause, however great the provocation, has in this nineteenth century stained the human character with an infamy that never was surpassed.

and which, therefore, the true men of all races should join to denounce, with the severest expressions of abhorrence, while at the same time they cannot but bring the feeling of bitter grief to the mention of sufferings so excessive and pathetic. and pay with generous impulse the homage of their admiration to the fortitude and piety with which those sufferings were endured. But those disciples of Hildebrand, slaves to the labor of establishing an impossible despotism, can see nothing in this dire calamity but the punishment of heresy and a pointed retribution for the wrongs we have heaped upon the head of India. English pride, insolence, heresy, cruelty and extortion have filled up the cup of our iniquity, and justice, yes, justice, has called for an atonement, and taken it in the blood of women and children. But every word from the rebellion itself gives the lie to their accusation. Every word that the wretched insurgents have put forward to justify their insurrection and their wrath, proves that the accusations of our European enemies have their origin in incredible delusions, or else are envenomed falsehood. We need scarcely wait for posterity to give its verdict upon the main points of the case. There is happily no confusing prolixity in the counts of the indictment—no mysterious contradictions in the evidence. We are charged with having done foul wrong to the people of India, and it is asserted that, *therefore*, India has rebelled. But we need not ask for the particulars of the wrong. The general charge is refuted in a general answer. The people of India have been, and still are, our subjects and our friends. The *rebels* of India are the pampered soldiers of Bengal, and the desperate ruffians that were let loose from its prisons. The adherents of the puppet King of Delhi were those military assassins that we paid too liberally and indulged far too much; united in fitting fellowship with the emptyings of the dungeon and the scum of the Mahomedan cities. But the people of India, the tribes of Nepaul and

the Punjaub, and the armies of Madras and Bombay have, in the midst of the strongest temptations, been nobly loyal. Wherever the people of India were not overawed by the threats and presence of the armed miscreants, they have relieved the destitution of our poor refugees, and hidden them from the search of the murderer. That kind assistance, rendered when no other earthly help was near, has been the salvation of many from outrage and death. It is also to be taken as a strong evidence that our rule had been just and merciful, and was well appreciated by the people who enjoyed its advantages. It helps to show that our calamities were to a great extent undeserved, and that the rage of our enemies was not influenced by those provocations of cruelty, tyranny and insult, which writers who have had every means of knowing better, have laid to our charge. The whole subject, it is true, has yet to be sifted ; but I don't believe that our present impressions will be materially altered by any future discoveries. When the scene and the story of this tragedy are examined in the light of fuller information and with the power of calmer reason than we can yet command, I have no fear that they will reveal anything that the ablest defenders of the Sepoys would dare to call a justification of their mutiny, much less of their ineffable brutality. When our soldiers have put out the last spark of this lurid conflagration,—have taken down the gibbets and cleared from the field of slaughter all the relics of this avenging war—then it will be well to invite the criticisms and the accusations of those who have said that we provoked this contest, by our own iniquity raised up that spirit of disgusting violence in the land, and therefore have deserved all the calamities by which we were at first overtaken. For such accusers will have to show how a population of one hundred and fifty millions, galled by oppression, and swayed by fanaticism, yet let the hour of revenge go by. We don't want to know why they have borne our yoke so

submissively for one hundred years. But we do want to know why, if our rule was hateful to them in consequence of its severity and injustice, they did not seize the enticing opportunity, which is now passed for ever, to repay our exactions with spoliation and our cruelty with torture. Look at the treasures there were to sack—the houses that were undefended—the fugitives that were helpless—the fortresses, magazines and arsenals that had in the first moment been snatched from the foreigner—the great districts that had been swept of his presence. Look at the marshalled hosts of their countrymen and the paltry numbers of the perishing foe. Look at the flag of England torn to tatters and trodden in the dust, while the crescent of Mahomet was rising in the heavens and the ancient throne of Delhi was remounted by the victorious Mogul. Look, I say, at these rich fruits of insurrection—these rapid successes presaging triumphs yet more complete—and then let our hard judges show why the natives of Hindostan and the armies of the lower Presidencies were unmoved against us. Their loyalty or their indifference, which you will, is our unanswerable defence. I am not going to say that we are altogether guiltless—that we have done *no* wrong—that our administration of justice was always without fault, or that our wisdom could never be impeached: what masters can say so? But I contend that no conquerors ever showed such mercy, ever rose to such magnanimity in arranging the conditions of subjection, or, I must also confess, ever stooped to such unworthy condescension in their toleration of a false or savage faith.

Yes, if we are to blame it is for our indulgence and not for our bigotry. We have neither insulted their religion nor coerced their consciences. We have done nothing as a Christian people to offend them, but we have done much to offend God. We have guarded with jealous care the rites and privileges of heathen worship,—we have helped to preserve its

temples  
we have  
been affr  
losity ho  
trust wa  
seemed t  
wish it a  
Christ, Y  
message  
offence.  
dition by  
by spend  
their co  
unsancti  
the Pea  
because  
bestow  
thought  
power v  
venience  
this!  
all cases  
did not  
explana  
know th  
tianity i  
deserve  
with th  
undisgu  
the mo  
doing a  
individu  
from a  
foe that

temples from decay and its sacred society from intrusion ; but we have spoken the name of CURIST with trembling lips, and been afraid to tell those undeserving objects of our scrupulosity how supremely we valued His favor—how strong our trust was in His power and love. As a Government, we seemed to smile upon a profligate idolatry, and in whispers to wish it success, while we said to the devoted Missionary of Christ, You must stand in the shade and keep your heavenly message unuttered, lest the ear of the heathen should take offence. We strove faithfully to improve their temporal condition by abolishing the worst of their sanguinary ceremonies, by spending vast sums for the commercial improvement of their country, and for the instruction of their minds in an unsanctified learning ; but the richest gem of all our treasures, the Pearl of great price, we would not give them,—not because we were unable to afford it, for that is a gift we can bestow and yet find ourselves the richer, but because we thought the conscience of India might be wounded, and the power which ruled at Calcutta thereby subjected to inconvenience, and perhaps to danger. But what abject fear was this ! What a dishonorable compromise of a duty that is in all cases uncompromising ! I believe the people of England did not know it. That is not an excuse, but it is the only explanation that can meet my own astonishment. I did not know that penalties were attached to the profession of Christianity in India, though I ought to have known it. We don't deserve dominion if we don't concern and acquaint ourselves with the policy that upholds it. The facts were clear and undisguised,—they ought then to have been notorious. It is the most shameful passage in our modern history. It was doing as a government what we never could have done as individuals. It was an unforced retreat before an enemy, and from a sacred field. It was furling our best banner before a foe that reviled it. When we discountenanced Gospel Mis-

tions in India, and put the Word of God in that country under contraband distinctions, we falsified our loudest professions, and fatally injured the immortal interests of those benighted millions that we sought to please. It *was* a treacherous crime to salute that sinking star of Remphan, and to ask no corresponding homage for the bright ascending star of Bethlehem. In this mournful matter we must say, as David said in prayer to God, "Against Thee only have I sinned." This we know and acknowledge,—we don't wait for foes or rivals to bring the charge. We admit at once—and real contrition must go with this avowal—that England has in India dishonoured her Christian name. I think, however, I can see the process of thought in the mind of those who inaugurated that unchristian policy, and the way in which public opinion acquiesced in it or passed it over. We hold that personal liberty is the birthright of all races, and that freedom of opinion and religious worship are salutary privileges which it is wise to grant to all. Now, if these doctrines were taught at home, and set at naught when we came to compose a scheme of government for a conquered kingdom, the world might well upbraid our selfishness and properly detest our hypocrisy. I should expect, then, that an extreme sensitiveness to the risk of this obloquy would influence the administration of our power over subjects that differed from ourselves in color and creed. As interference would look like intolerance, and as intolerance was the charge most dreaded, it is easy to see how the impurities and cruelties of Hindooism would be left unnoticed, and how the strongest precautions might be taken to prevent all attempts at conversion. And what condemnation did such policy receive at home? Little, if any. Absorbed in what it took to be greater questions, the Parliament and people of England passed the annual reports on India with the most superficial examination and undisguised indifference. The Queen's Government heard complaints from Christian

Missionaries  
accused  
which is  
opinions  
and in s  
gion's s  
untouch  
by the d  
atry, bu  
tion, bu  
liberty t  
Christia  
ters we  
constant  
or be re  
ledging  
that we  
people,  
determi  
and we  
those e  
under s  
devoted

But  
we are  
system  
our own  
tion to  
to say v  
answer  
Who e  
were th  
but tha  
fection.

Missionaries: it ascribed those complaints to prejudice—it accused the accuser of a want of enlightened liberality,—which is always, it seems, to show itself in respecting the opinions of others, however low and erroneous they may be, and in suffering any horrible practice when it is done in religion’s sacred name. And so the national conscience was untouched, or its slight qualms tranquilized, till it was pierced by the discovery that it had not been merely tolerating idolatry, but supporting it,—not merely refraining from persecution, but conniving at licentiousness,—not merely allowing liberty to the pagan, but establishing his superiority over his Christian brother. Thus, while in all our churches the ministers were proving that to help in spreading the gospel is a constant duty from which no Christian can disengage himself or be relieved,—while the churches were cordially acknowledging that duty, and meeting with liberality the appeals that were being founded upon it,—we find that the same people, in the capacity of Indian rulers, were placing the most determined obstacles in the path of the Christian Missionary, and were meeting with frowning looks or heavy penalties those endeavours to diffuse the Word of Life which, even under such discouragements, the unquenchable zeal of some devoted Christians impelled them to attempt.

But to return to the Mutiny. If, instead of provoking it, we are charged with this guilty indulgence of their vicious system of religious orders and ceremonies, at the expense of our own Christian honor, it then becomes an important question to ask, who were its crafty authors? It is easy enough to say who took part in its commencement, but that does not answer the question; who before the outbreak projected it? Who conceived the scheme of the conspiracy? Who, in fact, were the principals, and who were the tools? No doubt remains but that the army of Bengal was the author of its own disaffection. It needed no tampering from Russian agents; I



believe it was subjected to none. Nor does it seem possible that it was tempted, much less corrupted, by any class of the populace, for none seem to have had sufficient confidence in its rebellious fortunes to come forward and join it when in the strength of its momentary success it seemed irresistible. If the Bengal army was deluded, I believe it deluded itself. But the Bengal army was composed of the followers of Mahomet and the worshippers of Brahma, and as these religions have all along stood in deadly hostility to each other it is almost impossible to suppose that on this occasion they coalesced by accident and not by conspiracy. It is much more probable that the evil thought has been long brooding in the mind of the one, and that time and other circumstances have been patiently studied to attempt the seduction of the other. Then whose was the infamy, and what was the secret passion that gave birth to this diabolical plot? Shall we charge it to the jealous pride of the priestly Hindoo, or lay it to the account of the fierce fanaticism of the Moslem? The weight of evidence is much against the last; and our antecedent knowledge of both would carry our judgments in the same direction. For contrast the religion of the two. What is Hindooism? It is not a vindictive faith, though it is both heartless and licentious. It is very exclusive, avoiding all proselytizing. It clings tenaciously enough to the hearts that have been born in it, but it repels all others. Perhaps the only form of religion it did not regard with perfect indifference is that religion whose cause it has at last, with unaccountable blindness, joined to its own. But if the Hindoo hated Mahomedanism, while he only disbelieved Christianity, it is because the aggressive doctrines of the first throw him on his defence, while the moral persuasions of the latter he feels himself strong enough passively to withstand. If you don't attack his religion I expect he never would attack yours. In India and in China he is just the same. The believer in

innumera  
quite sat  
ence. H  
nothing f  
practical  
but he is  
easte by  
a convers  
at your t  
shut his  
repressiv

Now e  
Mecca.  
the found  
creed. 'r  
duction o  
that have  
tion. It  
little mor  
in the fu  
gious ex  
meekness  
falschood  
moon for  
shed up  
victory v  
conquest  
Wonderf  
unnitiga  
Arabian  
carried l  
sage was  
a blazing  
of night

innumerable transigrations and ultimate annihilation, is quite satisfied with the dull programme of his future existence. He cares a great deal about it for himself. He cares nothing for your opinion so that you do no violence to the practical part of his faith. He is not afraid of Christianity, but he is terrified at the thought of apostacy, or the loss of caste by violence or inadvertence. He has no repugnance to a conversation on the Bible, but he would not for his life eat at your table. Discussion may not move him, but he will not shut his ears to what you may have to say. All he dreads is repressive interference—all he wants is to be left alone.

Now examine the other criminal. Turn from Benares to Mecca. Forget Brahma and think of Mahomet. Ask for the foundation of his Empire. It is his false and pernicious creed. That creed is preeminently false. It is not the production of a poetic fancy. It is not the exaggeration of notions that have rolled down from the misty peaks of antique tradition. It is a deception as barofaced as Mormonism, though a little more decent; and it surpasses every other propagandism in the fury of its zeal and the unrelenting cruelty of its religious extermination. In subjection it bears the look of meekness, but deception is written on its heart. A mocking falsehood is painted on its banner. It has chosen the crescent moon for its emblem; but have any of her silver glories been shed upon its career? Not a solitary ray. Its hours of victory were never blessed with mercy. The path of its conquest never escaped the fire of its unforgiving wrath. Wonderful indeed were its triumphs; but they were sights of unmitigated horror, and not the achievements of heroes. That Arabian crescent was planted on the rock of Gibraltar, and carried Eastward to the banks of the Ganges. But its passage was to the affrighted world more like the awful lustre of a blazing comet than the white, mild radiance of the Queen of night. It shot with meteoric speed and splendour from

the Bay of Bengal to the Atlantic, and that long belt of earth including both shores of the Mediterranean withered under its blasting heat. It was a burning scourge that swept the richest borders of the three continents, and though the powers of the great deep have defied its consuming flames, the waters of Lepanto and Navarino, have scarcely served to quench them. It was a religion that never spared a recusant, but carried its parody of a revelation on the point of the sword, making the conscience of millions that despised the book submit to the steel that was flourished over its pages. Its formula of capitulation was, take the Koran or feel the Scimitar: believe in Mahomet or directly die. And while it had this penalty, sharp and swift, for the stubborn unbeliever, it had the promise of a fascinating reward for every soul of the faithful. His death in battle was the title to the instant enjoyment of his heavenly sensualities. To fall fighting for the prophet was the surest passport to his carnal paradise. Then how can Mahometanism alter, how can its spirit ever be at rest, while its existence depends upon this duty of destruction and this promise of a heavenly transition to the destroyer? I say it cannot alter. It may crumble to pieces or fade away. It must eventually sink before the advancing movements of the hosts of the Redeemer. But while its lingering life lasts it must be in spirit what its false master made it—unquenchable in ambition and exquisite in cruelty. We have been esteeming it harmless in its resources or altered in its character, because we have been looking upon it in its expiring weakness. We laughed at the idea of giving it a fresh lease of life when we interfered to preserve the political independence of its sovereign state,—I mean Turkey. But while looking at the impotence of the body we forgot the unchangeable disposition of the mind. These Indian atrocities are said to be unparalleled. But it is doubtful that they are so. Living evidence from eye-witnesses is attainable that in that

unprofitable  
1829, the  
mities, th  
and child  
what their  
have just  
Islamism  
absurdity  
It is an  
to its dem  
savage to  
power.  
able to sh  
less victim  
has come  
been rav  
some wh  
chosen to  
nature of  
reptile th  
and wild  
in snake-  
but a few  
vity. T  
which its  
of its ma  
and pres  
creature  
ing head  
their par  
men wor  
dying cor  
yet to m  
demands

unprofitable war of Grecian independence which ended in 1829, the Mahometan soldiers of Turkey were guilty of enormities, that as far as the unmentionable cruelties to women and children are concerned, were the exact prefigurings of what their detestable brethren in alliance with Hindoo dupes have just now in Hindostan committed. So you see what Islamism always has been and is—a fabric of miserable absurdity, that kennels the worst vipers of the human race. It is an Asiatic monster that has been wounded and driven to its den and has been long dying there, but in which the savage temper of its nature at times convulses its departing power. It is an old tigress too weak to prowl the jungle, but able to skulk in ambush till she can spring upon the defenceless victim that, with natural confidence in her decrepitude, has come near her lair. Is not such the creature that has been ravaging our Eastern home? Or perhaps there are some who are dissatisfied with the metaphor, because I have chosen too fine a beast to represent the cruel and debased nature of the Mahometan votary. He is indeed more like a reptile than any of those bold marauders that walk the woods and wilderness to seek their prey. His fanatic fury slumbers in snake-like torpidity during the winter time of his fortunes, but a few rays of sunshine warm the reptile into deadly activity. The warmth may be imparted by the smiles of favor which its abject and cunning helplessness wins from the pity of its master, or else some strong dream of the prophet's aid and presence awakes its dormant passion, and the loathsome creature with hissing hatred and poisoned fang lifts its destroying head. Are not these the serpents that have been holding their pandemonium revels over the poor bodies of English men women and children? Until I read the contrary in the dying confession of some of those unhappy wretches that are yet to meet their doom in the justice that human nature demands and British power is rendering, or until I find undis-

putable evidence to the contrary in the written memorials of the conspirators that may yet be brought to light, that will be my firm conviction. It is the mutiny of a mixed army, but it is the development of a Mahometan scheme for reconquest and revenge. It is easy to understand how the passive Hindoo was drawn into it. He is notoriously avaricious, and the promise of extra pay and the prospect of sharing in innumerable spoils, would go a great way to undermine his fidelity to his employers, kind and generous as they have truly been. Add to this that the strength on their side was tempting, for they were in themselves a truly great army of one hundred thousand, strengthened by the best of discipline, and faced by nothing in the shape of numbers that a real soldier would call an opposing force. They were a host; the unsuspecting friends on whom they were to rise, no more than a few scattered sheep in the wilderness, (never mind that they found our countrymen a few solitary lions, and saw themselves a myriad of jackals howling round them). I am speaking of the conspicuous items of encouragement in the calculation of the conspirators. In that estimate they were many and we were few,—they were strong and we were weak. They had all the appliances that careful preparation, skillful foresight and accidental circumstances could combine to furnish. On the side of England there was nothing but the invincible courage of a few of her children. If, then, this comparison shows the whole of the argument in the Hindoo mind, if there were another temptation or inducement, these that have been mentioned were quite enough,—enough to ferment their passions, and to convince their reasons that no power was present to arrest their leap to conquest, spoil and revenge.

But there was more. The Mahometan was working on the religious fears of the Hindoo—was telling him that the pig's grease and cow's fat was upon every cartridge, and had been purposely smeared there that they might be robbed of their

east, the  
Force, they  
religion wa  
company v  
every nati  
been want  
—this see  
mination t  
ént that, i  
European  
panther to  
they had  
rior, or b  
than the  
honor of c  
have begg  
need to do  
our soldie  
or temper  
something  
I think an  
untutored  
tion. Sin  
can inflict  
because C  
that the s  
fering, pa  
less mind  
body,—a  
eternal ju  
hold. H  
Let the s  
ployment  
not while

caste, the most inestimable privilege they could hold on earth. Force, they were told, was to succeed chicanery. The ancient religion was to be pulled up by the roots, and the creed of the company was to be forced, by the power of new armies, upon every native in Hindostan. Then, if a further motive had been wanting to enlist them against us, was not this sufficient—this seeming betrayal of their confidence, and secret determination to effect the overthrow of their faith? So far sufficient that, if in their panic rebellion they had fought against the European like men, and had not followed the Mahometan panther to the child's cradle and the woman's sanctuary,—if they had come any way near to the proud place of the warrior, or been merely rebels or mutineers, or anything else than the unsparing beasts that made spoil of the life and honor of every captive that bore the christian name, I would have begged, though I am sure there would have been no need to do so, that they might have found some mercy from our soldiers in the hour of their triumph. As it is, tempted or tempters no matter which, they have one and all deserved something far worse than the death of the dog. Not that I think any power on earth can give them their deserts. Let untutored barbarians refine and prolong the agonies of execution. Simple capital punishments are the highest penalties we can inflict. We take the life to secure society, and then only because God has given us the permission; and after that it is that the soul with its infinite capacities for enjoyment or suffering, passes to God's own tribunal, and judged by his faultless mind receives the due reward of the deeds done in the body,—a reward that is weighed in the scales of perfect and eternal justice which none other than the hand of God could hold. Human vengeance is therefore as foolish as it is impious. Let the spirit of that bad passion seek to glut itself in the employment of every tool of fortune,—can it be satisfied? No, not while it sees at the end of its savage carnival the un-

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.

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



to prove no more, than that the strength, soul and temper of the present generation are at least fully equal to the highest of preceding examples.

For now in an instant see how the storm of rebellion was met. The clouds were fearfully black—the blast had resistless strength; yet who shrank into his hiding-place, or stood to be swept away in listless despair? I see not one. In the saddest scenes of ruin the men displayed a hopeless but sublime courage. Such was the poor fellow who, standing before his wife, kept a host at bay for a little while, till convinced that every chance of escape was closed against them, he kissed her cheek and shot her, and in an instant more followed her into eternity. How many fathers and husbands fell fighting over the bodies of the sweet treasures they defended but could not save! How many officers rushed into the ranks of the murderers to expostulate with their villainy, and to receive in that most hazardous act of duty the death they never deserved. The very first news from Delhi told us of young WILLOUGHBY blowing up a crowd of the rebels in the magazine, and then just managing to lay his scorched and blackened body in a neighboring village to die. And the last dispatch from Delhi, announcing the successful assault, told us of the equal heroism of SALKELD, HOME, and others, in laying and exploding the powder-bags at the Ajmere Gate. But I need not multiply examples, when every operation had its incidents of courage as noble, and every day brought with it some deed of daring that only the most select of venturesome spirits might be thought capable of attempting.

Then observe how civilians became, like OLIVE, their great fore-runner, soldiers on the instant, and fought with a skill and intrepidity that would have preserved Gibraltar or carried a forlorn hope to the top of the deadliest breach. Look at WAKE at Arrah, with fifty men holding out in a common house against three thousand armed miscreants, till Eyre

relieve  
the f  
an ar  
the a  
exten  
regul  
if for  
in th  
witho  
jaub,  
for a  
him v  
and  
relief  
succ  
in bo  
form  
Fath  
ing h  
that  
was  
cauti  
troop  
his c  
do ne  
force  
and  
Hav  
much  
soldie  
first  
"By  
us."  
of th

relieved him with a couple of hundred troops. Then again, the force that went out of Agra five hundred strong to fight an army of ten thousand, which they did till every round of the artillery ammunition was expended, was to a considerable extent composed of civilians. But it was of course by the regular army the greatest wonders were accomplished. And if for administrative capacity, vigor of authority, and power in the organization of military forces, the palm be given, as without doubt it ought, to Sir JOHN LAWRENCE in the Punjab,—there can after that, I feel sure, be no question that for action in the field, the highest honors have been won by him who, in opposition to difficulties that seemed to many wise and bold men insuperable, lived to throw his little army of relief into Lucknow,—lived to help in its defence till the final succour came,—and then, only six days afterwards, worn out in body by the prodigious labors he had forced himself to perform, he resigned his unconquerable spirit to the call of his Father in Heaven. There is such an air of chivalry pervading his last services that we are apt to overlook the generalship that made those services so successful; yet that generalship was conspicuous in the celerity of his movements,—in his cautious but rapid advances,—in the careful covering of his troops,—in the irresistible impetuosity which he threw into his charges,—in all that makes the real soldier,—I think we do no wrong to the other great men who have led the scanty forces of England to victory, if we give the highest place and the most affectionate remembrance to the noble name of HAVELOCK. Of those I never knew, there is not one I so much reverence and regard. For he was not only the great soldier; he was also an undefiled Christian commander. The first words of his I ever read were in a despatch beginning, “By the blessing of God we have driven the rebels before us.” There I saw honor to God first of all, and the details of the victory afterwards. I hear they called his men t-

Saints. So they did the psalm-singing soldiers of Cromwell ; but no troops in Europe could stand before them. The men that then went out to battle with Bibles in their pockets, and the glory of the Lord on their lips, were never driven back by any numbers. And the English general that has in this Indian strife won the greatest number of victories, and never came near a defeat, was a man that had true religion in his heart, and communicated the knowledge of salvation to his men. Of many great ones he was the greatest. We don't need military knowledge to estimate what he has done. I've none myself ; but if I had never seen a soldier, if I had never read the details of a campaign, I could yet see the greatness of the man that forced those marches under the heat of a blistering sun, and won those nine victories, always securing spoils in such rapid succession. He was no Hannibal, but a real Napoleon. His fights of Cannæ were not succeeded by the repose of Capua. It is in this one thing that real greatness becomes most apparent, in pushing on, not merely to gain your victory but afterwards to secure its fruits. What is the habit of the multitude ? It is to win a success and then sit down to enjoy it. But men like Napoleon (and Havelock's pushing on was quite in that master's style) have minds to see the necessity, not of a single victory, but of a series of victories ; and single triumphs are in their view not the seasons for temporary repose and indulgence, but the stepping-stones that lead the victor to the end of his glorious career. Following up your advantage is a bit of wisdom as old as most that is good ; but kingdoms have been lost and the world's destiny changed by the neglect of it. One example is enough for our present purpose. Compare the unrelenting pursuit of the retreating enemy by Havelock with the dawdling inactivity of the allied armies after the fall of Sebastopol. But I must say no more of the man that saved Lucknow within an hour of the moment that was fixed for its sure

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

probably never less than fifty of these creatures, well supplied with weapons and ammunition, and supported by a powerful artillery, for every man that stood within the Residency, to fight for the honor and existence of the sacred charge that had sought shelter and protection there. Fifty to one at least, and that was not all they had to think of. That little garrison knew, and the women knew, and the children and invalids knew, that their myriad enemies were animated by a spirit of cruelty more loathsome, insatiable and outrageous than was ever ascribed to fiends. They were in danger, not merely of instant death, for that all *men* at least are expected to face with equanimity, they had to fear not only physical torture, for that a noble host out of all lands have unflinchingly endured, and yet not reached a point of suffering like to that which had to be dreaded here. For they could feel themselves almost in the grasp of wretches that knew all the reserved and delicate sensibilities through which our nature could be most acutely wounded, and were resolved to pierce them all. They were surrounded by monsters that had enough of humanity to know all the sacred feelings that were most alive to the agony of insult, and who had already in Delhi and Cawpore availed themselves of that knowledge, without one spark of human pity to guide them through deeds of infamy that are past expression, and beyond the power of earth to avenge. They lived through all this awful suspense for nearly ninety days. They saw their scanty stock of provisions diminishing at a rate that would soon bring them to the edge of starvation. They saw their numbers daily lessening by the twofold drain of disease and slaughter. The artillery of the enemy, some of it very heavy and placed at a distance of only fifty yards from the ramparts, had knocked every tenement into ruins. Their slight defences were breached incessantly by the fire of the heavy guns, and in some parts were completely blown away by the explosion of

secr  
retr  
gain  
of a  
enjo  
so r  
sure  
to t  
ene  
hav  
had  
kep  
mon  
twe  
othe  
brig  
A  
wh  
her  
lan  
that  
whi  
feet  
seen  
sav  
wh  
last  
list  
del  
Ha  
wer  
last  
sett  
bef

secret mines. They held out in this way for a month, not retreating an inch from their first positions. But they could gain no tidings of the coming relief. At last, towards the end of July the deliverer was at hand, and they were already enjoying in anticipation the lively pleasures that a relief from so many privations, and so heavy a sense of danger would be sure to bring. Then came the messenger of despair himself to tell that Havelock, beaten by the pestilence and not by the enemy, had been obliged to retreat to Cawpore. Could they have any spirit left after so cruel a disappointment? Yes they had. They still repaired their crumbling fortifications, still kept up a fire upon the enemy all round, though they had more guns than gumers—thirty pieces of artillery and only twenty-four men to serve them—still, I presume, gave to each other the cheerful word, and encouraged each other with the brightest look they could put on.

And so at last the day came, it was the 25th of September, when Jessie Brown, whose scattered senses had wandered to her father's farm, heard in her sleep the pibroch of the Highlander. Her delirious ear was the first to catch the sounds of that wild music which she had heard so oft in the land to which her dreams had transported her, and springing to her feet, and filling the hearts of all with her voice, (it must have seemed like a message from heaven) she shouted, "we're saved! we're saved!" And then those wan and weary men, who thought and arranged that that very day was to be the last of their existence here on earth, strained their ears to listen, and though at first they could not hear the melody of deliverance, it soon broke clear and full through the air, and Havelock, bursting through miles of street fortifications that were crammed with the rifles and canons of the enemy, at last entered the devoted Residency in the very hour of its settled doom; and then all that had the strength to kneel before God bent heart and body to His footstool, and some in

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 immovable he can throw the

spirit of dauntless confidence and desperate resistance into his eye and voice, and it will excite into ardor the life that is sinking, give strength to the famished body, and determination to the irresolute mind. There is a contagious influence in the soul that is above all pains and perils. It is an influence that arms the invalid and makes the dying stand to join in the unsundering shout. It is an influence that has been the salvation of many a falling fortress, and I believe there was such an influence in Lucknow and in Kars. I believe that Inglis and Williams must be men of that immovable but inspiring nature. And as such are men of the rarest class, this province of Nova Scotia may well be proud of the parentage of the two chief examples in recent warfare which that class has furnished. You have lately taken more than your share of military honors. I've no idea of the number of natives that you send into the British Army, but I think you can have sent but few. And yet from among them have been found, first one that stood solitary in the height of his fame during the Russian war, and now another that has been the mainstay and manager of the most masterly and memorable defence that has ever been made against the multitudinous hosts of India. I feel I am taking a liberty with your patience in referring to the Russian war. But coming so closely upon each other in the time of their signal services, and resembling each other so minutely in the duties they had to perform, it is very hard to keep, in this place and on this occasion, the names of Inglis and Williams apart. And if you will let me, I should like to make, not an invidious comparison of their merits, but a quick contrast of the divergencies of their situations. Williams, then, did more than Inglis, in that he infused his own spirit into an army that was alien to himself in nature and religion, while Inglis was called upon to maintain the defying temper of men who were like himself in religion, character and race, and were moved by



the same cause of quarrel. But Inglis did more than Williams, in that his forces were still more disproportionate to those of the besiegers than was the case at Kars, while it was impossible to surround the Residency with anything like the defences that the science of Williams threw up against the Russians. Inglis, again, was worse off than his countryman in that he was not besieged by true soldiers, but by ferocious villains, that were armed with the soldier's weapons, and united by the best of military discipline. Williams was resisted by a really noble enemy; Inglis was opposed to the most execrable monsters that ever afflicted the earth. Williams waited for convoys and reinforcements with the patience of a saint and the courage of a martyr, and gave in to his adversary only when the last bowl of rice water, their only nourishment, had been drunk by his uncomplaining Turks. He lost his citadel, but he received and deserved the rewards of a victorious defence. Inglis, driven to nearly equal extremity, saved his precious charge from the horrors of a capitulation, or the fearful alternative of an entire sacrifice of themselves in a final explosion. One more point of difference. Williams had no English women and children to preserve from the fangs of filthy panthers. If he had had such a trust, you might have heard of the destruction, but I believe you would never have heard of the capitulation of Kars. And on the contrary if Inglis had not had in the Lucknow Residency that helpless but sacred encumbrance, he could have cut his way through those flinching wretches, who, numbering over fifty thousand, and having blasted a breach in his defences wide enough for a regiment to pass through, yet wanted the courage to enter it in the face of its few hundred defenders. I won't pretend to say what that glorious little garrison could have done alone, but I firmly believe that those breaches were impossible, and those unsheltered buildings, struck into splinters and drenched in blood, were yet impregnable, for this reason first of all, that helpless women and children were crouching in the ruins. On the whole, I have no doubt that the impartial judgment of posterity will place the defence of Lucknow, if not at the head at least on a level with the first of all the sieges which the courageous prowess of defenders has made immortal. And though other minds may forget its sufferings and its glory, from the recollection of all the living

and all the future inhabitants of this fortunate Province it surely never can fade. I leave this theme with reluctance. For to-night I've done with the subject. But it will be a shame to this city if your tongues grow silent upon such a story, so splendid in its incidents, and so honorable through one who is your brother to this colony and yourselves. I speak as one who is more of a stranger than an inhabitant. But I confess that if I wished to absolve the ties of birth that chain me to the mother country,—and I won't deny my nature by saying that I do,—but if I did, I would desire in preference to all others, to link my name with that dependency which gave birth to the twin Heroes of Lucknow and Kurr.

But I have strayed beyond my province, and kept you beyond your time. I'll come in a minute to the very last word. All experience has its lessons, and this wonderful passage in the historical life of England should teach her people much. Reflection should follow rejoicing, and some strong decision ought to be the fruit of reflection. Many, no doubt, will be tempted to vaunt over this victory, as over one that has been due entirely to the courage and genius of our race, without reckoning the grand item of God's distinguishing favor. Now, that temptation must be resisted. We must not encourage such an unwarrantable fancy, but resolutely break it. If we have eyes at all to see, this great disturbance must appear us a Divine chastisement, working out a result that certainly promises to be for our good and glory. We may exult, for we have reason in the result of our exertions, but we must ascribe the honor to the Lord of all power and might, that God may be all in all. I am sure He loves our nation; but whom he loves he chastens. We have been faithful to some duties, but we have been unfaithful in others. I think no people have done so much to promote the happiness of the human race, by raising the standard of its dignity and enjoyments, nor so much to honor God by seeking to spread the Gospel. But on the other side of the account we must see that she has sins upon her head which, if unrepented of and unatoned for, would sink her as low as the souls of Tyre, and stamp upon her memory the shame of Babylon. At this moment we are great; we fear no power in the world, nor all the powers combined. We are at the head of nations in strength and talent; but talent in itself is no proof of merit.

If one man is ten times cleverer than another, God made him so, not himself. And if England has distanced all competitors in the race for preeminence, God has given her the disposition and qualities by which she has been enabled to do so. And history, universal history, teaches nothing more unmistakable than this, that her greatness is only safe from decline as her virtues are clear from corruption,—she is free to perish at any moment. One throb of a volcano, one wave of the ocean could upheave or sink her. And if that be not God's method of extinguishing empires, yet he has before seized mighty kingdoms and in an instant bound them to the victor's car. Egypt was strong and Canaan was valiant a few hours before Miriam and Deborah sang their songs of triumph; and Belshazzar was the ruler of the world when he made for his wives and concubines drunken goblets of the golden vessels of Jerusalem,—but that very night was Belshazzar slain, and Darius the Mede took the kingdom. And if British rulers are ever again allowed by the people they represent to pander to idolatry in any land, while they hamper the Christian Missionary with shameful and unnecessary disabilities, and confiscate the Word of God in the schools of the natives, we shall then, I know, not only deserve to lose our power and shrink from our exaltation, but we may reasonably expect from God's past judgments on backsliding nations that some swift messenger from Heaven will be sent to write upon the scere of our impiety the sentence of our national destruction, and to guide the instrumental forces that he may select for the operation, into the most vindictive course of subjugation.

Then let us pray, that the sway of our beloved QUEEN may to the farthest corners of her empire be regulated for the future by an undeviating adherence to strictly Christian principles. I should like to see the announcement made from the Throne that the honor of JESUS CHRIST is to be the first concern and last endeavour of British Government, wherever it exerts an influence or exercises an authority; and then we might be prouder than we have ever been of the empire of which we form a part; for then we should see the finishing shade of glory given to a constitution that was always magnificent, and the last charm added to a name that was always magical,—the stout, true, honest name of FREE OLD ENGLAND.

hian  
ppe-  
the  
o do  
more  
from  
free  
wave  
e not  
efore  
o the  
ant a  
gs of  
n he  
f the  
Bel-  
And  
they  
mper  
disa-  
of the  
e our  
nably  
s that  
upon  
estruce-  
select  
subju-

s may  
or the  
a prin-  
om the  
at con-  
over it  
en we  
pire of  
ishing  
magni-  
always  
OLAND.

