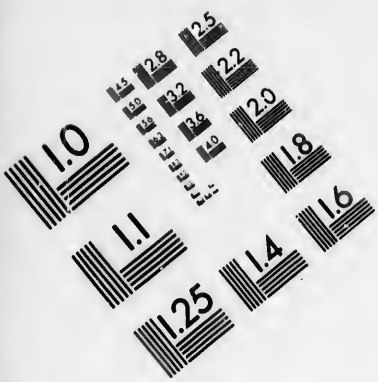


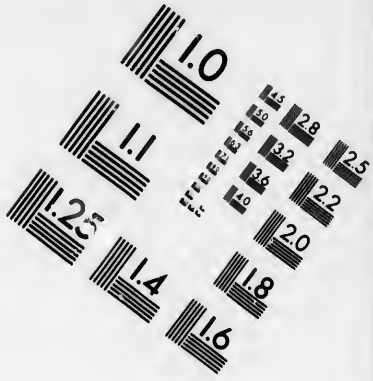
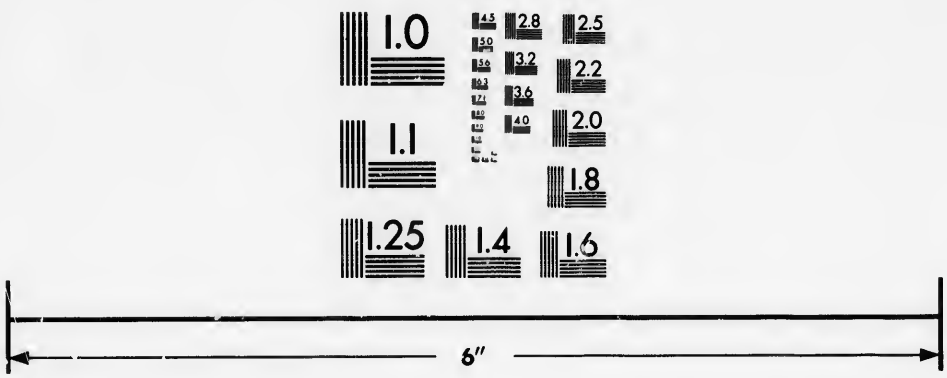
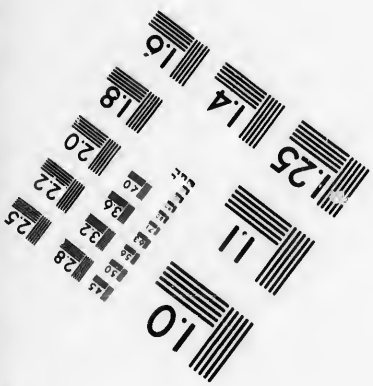
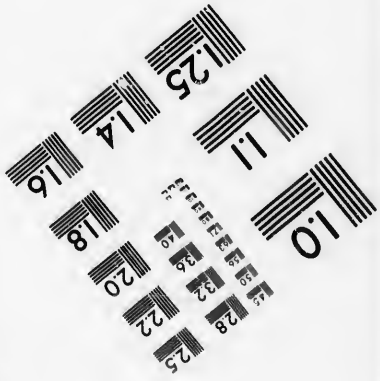


IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)







Photographic Sciences Corporation

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

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

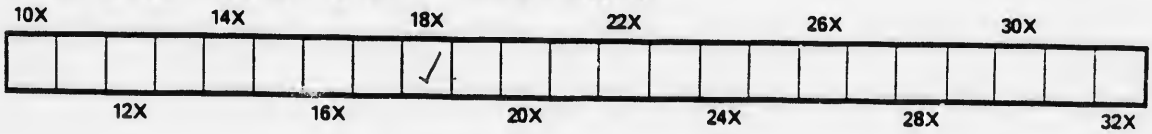
The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

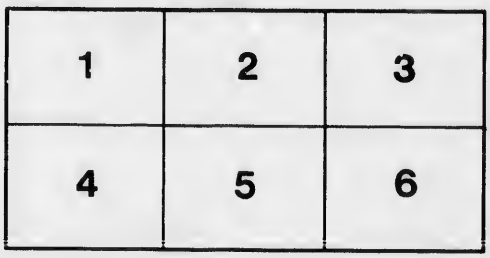
- [x] Colcured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- [ ] Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- [ ] Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- [ ] Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- [ ] Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- [ ] Coloured ink (i.e. 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:

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 pages/ Pages de couleur
- [ ] Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- [ ] Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- [x] Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- [ ] Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- [x] 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.





PROVINCE HOUSE

Havelock's Last Campaign,

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. J. LATHERN.

HALIFAX, N. S.
PRINTED BY T. CHAMBERLAIN, 176 ARGYLE ST.
1865.

Havelock's Last Campaign.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. JOHN LATHERN,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MENS' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

HAVELOCK'S LAST CAMPAIGN.

In the year 1757 was fought the battle of Plassey in India. Until that time Englishmen were scarcely respected, their property was destroyed, their factories burned, their entire expulsion from the Continent threatened; but, when their fortunes were at the worst, Robert Clive, a merchant's clerk in Calcutta, laid aside his pen, girded on his sword, gathered together his dispirited countrymen, breathed into their souls some of his own indomitable energy, made them soldiers, made them conquerors, fought and won the battle of Plassey, and laid the foundation of our magnificent oriental empire.

The Centenary year of British Rule in India, was remembered at home. It afforded an opportunity to senators and orators for eulogising the bravery of our soldiers, the ability of our Statesmen, and the consummate wisdom which had marked the Administration of our Eastern Possessions. It was also remembered in India. A prophecy was said to have been uttered: that, at the end of one hundred years, British Rule should cease, and the Empire of India return to one of the Native races.

In that same Centenary year, in the month of May, in the City of Meerut in Northern India, at the close of a sultry Sabbath day, when Europeans were preparing for Church, the cry of fire was heard. Other sounds, the shouts of Sepoys, the clattering of cavalry, the rattling of musketry, mingled in ominous confusion. It was not fire merely, but mutiny, insurrection,—the Bengal army had revolted. One

hundred thousand men set themselves to work to overthrow our Empire, and to sweep from the shores of India every vestige of Saxon Race and Rule. Havelock's *last Campaign* broke the spell of that mutiny and nobly vindicated the Majesty of British Supremacy.

For a time the progress of the mutineers was fearfully rapid. Stronghold after stronghold, and treasure after treasure fell into their hands. From many an ancient city the time-honored, and hitherto triumphal, flag of England was torn down amid wild and fanatic cries. From Meerut to Allahabad all British Rule was trampled to the ground, and the King of Delhi proclaimed the Sovereign of India.

Such was the state of affairs when Havelock arrived in India, and at a season when, from time immemorial, campaigns in that land had been brought to a close, he entered upon his *last Campaign* for the Capture of Cawnpore and the Relief of Lucknow.

Cawnpore is an important city situated on the right bank of the Ganges, about 124 miles from Allahabad, and a little more than 600 miles from Calcutta. With the first appearance of mutiny, in this important position, Sir Hugh Wheeler, a distinguished and courageous Indian officer, though reluctant to believe that the men amongst whom his life had been spent would prove treacherous, made preparations for defense.

On the night of the 6th of May the Native regiments broke their lines, plundered the camp, robbed the treasury and then placed themselves under the leadership of one, who, in a few months, came to be regarded, throughout the civilized world, as the personification of perfidy and cruelty, and, who, in a brief space, earned for himself the darkest place in the annals of human infamy.

Nana Sahib —to whom I refer—was the adopted son of the Bajee Row, the Peishwa, or head of the Mahratta Confederacy, and inherited a large portion of his vast treasures.

But a pension of £90,000 annually which the Peishwa enjoyed from the East India Company was withheld from the Nana, and on that account he conceived an intense hostility to the English. His hatred for a time was well concealed by an apparent frank and friendly bearing; and he was generally regarded, by Europeans, as an enlightened and hospitable Native nobleman. At the commencement of the outbreak, he expressed sympathy with the British and promised assistance: unfortunately his offer was accepted and the Treasury was placed under his protection. Having gained his object, he threw aside his mask, joined the Sepoys, raised the old Mahratta Standard, and immediately attacked the garrison.

The sufferings of the besieged were very great. Men, women, and children crowded together into the smallest space; hot winds beating upon them as from a furnace; deadly musketry playing upon them from every point, until the frail buildings of the garrison were riddled through and through; no water but what could with great danger and difficulty be obtained; with dead ones in their midst which could find no burial, but beneath the cover of night. Again and again the little band of soldiers sallied beyond their feeble ramparts, spiked the enemies' guns, and would have cut themselves a passage through the midst of overwhelming hordes; but were restrained by pity for helpless women, and more helpless children, that must have been left in the hands of a cruel foe.

General Wheeler, in his extremity, was induced to listen to overtures of compromise. Nana swore an oath on the waters of the Ganges—the most sacred that Hindoo or Brahmin can utter—that, if the British would surrender the garrison, they should be safely conducted to Allahabad in boats provided for that purpose. The garrison was surrendered, but scarcely were the party seated in the boats when the signal was given for a general massacre. No detail of that

harrowing scene need now be given. We all remember how treacherous and deadly fire was opened upon the helpless band, just at the moment, when all were exulting in their deliverance. And that further scene has been indelibly impressed upon our memories, and can be recalled without heartrending narrative,—the captured fugitives, who had escaped the first massacre, dragged into the presence of the cruel Nana—the order sternly but exultingly given for another work of death—the men kneeling down to be shot—the Chaplain reading his hurried prayers—the women clinging to their husbands, until they are torn away by the dark murderers, all but one the wife of a physician who still retains her grasp,—the musket and the bayonet concluding the tragic scene. The women and children were reserved for a fate which forms "the bloodiest record in the book of time."

The same day on which Gen. Wheeler entered into negotiations with the Nana, Havelock was appointed Commander of the troops, then organizing for action, in the revolted Provinces.

On the 12th of July—memorable as the Anniversary of the Boyne battle—Havelock reached Futtehpore. It was Sabbath. The men needed repose, after their exhaustive march, and the General had resolved to give them rest that day. The soldiers were scattered on the green-sward, their arms piled, their pipes lighted, and their tea brewing, when a 24 pounder, with whizzing noise, bounded into their midst and suddenly changed the scene. The men sprang to their muskets, the line was formed, and the trump of battle sounded. "Let yon fellows see what stuff you are made off," was Havelock's charge, and a ringing cheer was the reply.

The narrative of that first battle, and first victory over the Sepoys, may be given substantially in Havelock's own words. He thanked the soldiers for their arduous exertions. They had captured eleven guns and scattered the entire force of the

enemy to the winds without the loss of a single British soldier. To what was this astonishing result to be attributed? To the rapidity and accuracy of their artillery fire; to the power of the Enfield rifle in British hands; to British pluck, that good quality which had outlived the resolution of the hour; to the blessing of Almighty God, upon a most righteous cause, the cause of truth, humanity, and of good government, in India.

It was a new thing, thus publicly, to ascribe victory to the blessing of God. It carried back men's thoughts to the days of Cromwell and his invincible Ironsides. Havelock had a good degree of the same puritanic spirit; but he had also the military genius of the hero of the commonwealth. He could fight as well as pray. Confidence in a Divine Arm never, for a moment, caused relaxation of effort, but nerved his soul for conflict. He could thoroughly sympathize with the Cromwellian charge: "*Trust in the Lord and rely on your pikes.*"

Three days afterwards, Havelock, coming up to the little village of Aong, found the insurgents had taken a strong position in its front; but without difficulty he drove them from their intrenchments. The rebels in their panic flight strewed their path with arms, ammunition, and other materiel of war. What Havelock needed, for their complete annihilation, was cavalry. All through that last campaign, he was crippled for want of cavalry. His entire force amounted to twenty horse—a volunteer corps made up principally of young officers who had been left without regiments by the mutiny. Unaccustomed, as one of themselves said, to rough it.—Brought up in the midst of ease and comfort at home and expecting the same in India, they nevertheless threw themselves into the very thick of the struggle; side by side with the rest of the men, they marched and watched, and fought and fell, and when they had stormed intrenchments where cavalry could no longer act, these young Englishmen, if not of

gentle blood, at least of respectable families, shouldered their muskets, and did service in the ranks. All who fought with Havelock in that last campaign were entitled to all the distinctions which a grateful country could bestow. By none were honors awarded more nobly won—by none more worthily worn,—than by the young men of that volunteer corps.

The victorious army halted for refreshment upon the battle field—beneath the grateful shade of trees. Their halt was short. The Sepoys had crossed the Pandoo River, and were preparing to destroy the bridge. The stream which flowed between Havelock and Cawnpore was an object of anxiety. It was not broad, but it flowed through a deep ravine, and, now swollen by heavy rains, the current was strong and rapid. Should the insurgents succeed in blowing up the masonry of the bridge, they might arrest, for a long time to come, the march of the British troops. Not a moment was to be lost. The sun was beating down with intolerable power, and the men were reeling beneath its scorching rays; but, with cheerful alacrity, they grasped their arms and fell into line of march. The bridge was stormed and carried, the rebels were routed and rallied not again until they reached Cawnpore.

In the grey dawn of the next morning the wearied men were roused from their slumber. They were within 24 miles of the city and Havelock had determined to reach it before nightfall. A long march and hard fighting they anticipate; but their thoughts are not of fatigue or of victory. A rumour has reached them that the women and children of the garrison still live, and they think only of their mission as deliverers of widows and orphans.

Nana Sahib was prepared to dispute the approach of Havelock. He occupied a formidable position. The main trunk road—along which he expected the British army to advance—was covered with artillery, of large calibre, which,

but for the skilful manœuvre of General Havelock, in turning their position and attacking flank instead of front, would have been most deadly and destructive. The rebels fought with furious determination. They did not shrink from hand to hand encounter with Europeans. But notwithstanding intrenched covers, superior numbers, powerful artillery, and cavalry force, Havelock and his troops, fasting and weary, fought and conquered, and that night, obtained their first view of the roofless barracks of the garrison.

All Havelock's victories were the result of thorough professional knowledge, of confidence on his own resources, of prudence combined with daring courage, and of genius of the very highest order. But, for consummate generalship, this battle of Cawnpore has been thought, by professional men, never to have been surpassed in the military annals of India. The bearing of Havelock's soldiers was only less remarkable than the skill of their veteran General. How magnificent the charge of the 78th Highlanders! Exposed to the fire of three guns, which he could not silence, Havelock ordered the Highlanders to take the battery. The scene was an exciting one. Over the broken and heavy ground with sloped arms and rapid tread, in deep dead silence, linked and locked in impenetrable array; smitten by the terrible tempest of the iron-mouthed guns, but scorning the murderous volley, and calmly closing up their shattered ranks; without waiting to fire a shot, without pausing to reply by a shout; the gleaming, resistless, bayonets advanced. When within a hundred yards of the battery the word "Forward" ran along their unfaltering lines, the pibroch sounded forth its martial peal, and with a loud thrilling shout they cheered and charged. Over the mounds, over the guns, over every obstacle they impetuously dashed, and too late for themselves, but not too late for dread retribution, the Sepoys learned the terrible power of the stern stalwart Northmen.

Havelock's anxieties were not yet over. The victory had

been decisive, but rebels swarmed around the battle-field. To guard against surprise, he slept with his horse saddled behind him, and the men slept behind their piled muskets.

Early in the morning, as they hastened to the scene of Wheeler's encampment, they learned the story of Nana Sahib's darkest and most atrocious deed. Smarting with defeat and thirsting for blood, he had sought revenge, and satiated his thirst by the slaughter of the women and children—the mother and her infant, the maiden in her bloom, the merry boys and the little girls, all had been destroyed. The pavement was swimming with blood. Portions of ladies' dresses, collars and combs; the frocks, frills, and tiny shoes of the little ones were floating together in the crimson pool. Bullet-dents were in the walls and sword-cuts were on the wooden pillars; not high up, as though aimed at men standing and struggling and striking for their lives; but low down, as though aimed at crouching women and helpless children. Amid the revelry and mirth of the murderers the dark deed had been perpetrated. The bodies were thrown into a well in the compound. Over that well at Cawnpore an appropriate memorial has been erected.

The scene was one to bring tears to the eyes of men unused to weep. The Highlanders were men of iron nerve and granite hearts—had faced the rolling fire and the rending steel without a fear—had seen tearlessly their ranks thin and their comrades fall—now these strong men lifted up their voices and wept aloud. Their emotion soon gave place to another feeling. Coming up to a body, supposed to be that of General Wheeler's daughter, they cut tresses of hair from her head, parted the locks amongst them, soberly counted the threads, and then swore an oath before God, that for each single hair one rebel should die; and they kept their vow unbroken. The oath of the Highlanders, by the well of Cawnpore, has in it a dark weird-like chivalry of vengeance, which, breathing the very spirit of their ancient clans, car-

ries us back to the deeds of other centuries. That scene has been graphically and tenderly described by some writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*.

Footsore they were and weary,
And the day's grim work was o'er;
The hot pursuit, and the dying yell,
And the strife was heard no more;
When they came to their night encampment,
As the tropic evening fell;
They staid their steps, for a little space,
By that thrice accursed well.

Theirs were no fresh, quick feelings;
Few but had bravely stood,
On battle fields, where the soil was slaked,
Till each foot-print was filled with blood.
Well they knew the horrors,
Of war's unpitying face;
Yet they sobbed, as with one great anguish,
As they stood by that fatal place.

Still was the eve around them;
But they knew that that sultry air,
Had thrilled to the cry of murderous rage,
And the wild shriek of despair.
They saw in the chasm before them,
The bloody and self-sought grave,
Of many a heart, that had cried in vain,
On heaven and earth to save.

Mother and child were lying,
Locked in a last embrace;
And death had printed the frenzied look
Of the ghastly murderer's face.
One of the slaughtered victims,
They raised with a reverent care;
And shred, from her fair and girlish head,
The tresses of tangled hair.

They parted locks between them
And, with a low quick breathing, sware:
That a life of the cruel foe should fall,
For every slender hair,
'Leave to the cowards wailing;
Let women weep woman's fate;
Our swords shall reap red tears of blood
For hearts made desolate.'

They will keep their vow unbroken;
But oh! for the bitter tears—

The days of horror—the nights of pain—
That must fill our future years.
Woe! for the glad hearts stricken,
On our green quiet shore;
Woe! for the loving and the loved
Whom our eyes shall see no more.

We have now to follow Havelock in his march for the Relief of Lucknow. The Residency of Lucknow was the residence of the Chief Commissioner of Oude, a large and commodious brick building overlooking the City, and much of the surrounding Country. But the Residency occupied by the garrison included in addition a church, gaol, post-office, officers' houses, and several other buildings, making it more like a small town than a single residence. The lines of defence connected adjacent buildings which themselves were turned into so many fortresses, each one bravely defended. At the commencement of the struggle the defences were far from complete and officers and men, side by side, had alternately to stand at their guns and to toil at their fortifications.

The siege of Lucknow commenced the 1st of July. The very next day the garrison was deprived of the services of its brave Commander, Sir Henry Lawrence. He was one of the greatest and best men that England ever gave to her Eastern empire. A brave soldier and an illustrious statesman, he was also a christian of the noblest and best type of religious character. When, from the bursting of a shell in his apartment, he was fatally wounded and fearfully mangled, as he lingered on in mortal anguish, he spoke calmly to those who were around him—giving instructions for the continued defence of the Residency—feeling keenly the perils to which the garrison were exposed—breathing messages of tenderness and affection to his absent children—remembering a loved but sainted wife whom he hoped to meet in heaven—recalling memories of the cross, the garden, and the sepulchre, in a last sacramental communion—asking that there might be no fuss about him and, that, upon his grave, no inscription might be placed but this: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, *who tried*

to do his duty. May God have mercy on his soul." No man was ever more worthy of sepulchral honors; but there was no time for the pomp of grief or the pageantry of sorrow. A hurried prayer offered up amid the roar of battle was the soldier's requiem. Thus died the good, the wise, the chivalric Henry Lawrence.

> "He is gone, who seemed so great—
> Gone; but nothing can deprive him
> Of the force he made his own
> Being here, and we believe him,
> Something far advanced in State,
> And that he wears a truer crown
> Than any wreath that man can weave him."

He is gone, who seemed so great,—gone to that land where repose shall not be disturbed by the battle of the warrior which is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood. He is gone, but still the Residency must be defended. Long will it be ere help can reach them. Long it seemed to us at home! Long, oh! how long! to the suffering ones of the garrison. During the month of July the cannonading was incessant; but they had hope and help was nigh. They were listening daily for the thunder of British guns; but their hopes were deferred, and their hearts sickened, by the intelligence that Havelock had been compelled to fall back. Should there be a repetition of Cawnpore. Memories of that tragedy rushed back to their thoughts and chilled their hearts. Their countenances began to assume that strange expression which intense suffering, painful suspense, and prospect of awful doom invariably produce.

Yet Englishmen are brave and Englishwomen are patient. The men were bright in their valour, the women were brighter in their constancy. The men stood resolutely to their guns, and the women rendered patiently what services they could. Amid ruined and roofless houses, crumbling walls, delapidated defences, exploded mines, open breaches, shattered batteries, and disabled guns, night and day, month after month, they beat back the overwhelming hosts that crowded to the attack.

Cut off from outside communication, they know not that the world is gazing upon them with mingled admiration and sympathy; that the heart of England has been stirred and that tens of thousands of prayers are going up to God in their behalf; that Havelock and his heroes are making stupendous, almost superhuman, efforts for their relief—they know not all this and, in their terrible isolation, ask: "Have our friends forgotten us?" But there are some things they do know—as that month of September wears slowly, slowly on—they are treading upon a volcano—mines have penetrated within their lines of defence—their batteries may at any moment be blown into the air—the day is fixed beyond which the struggle can not be protracted. Shall all their exertions prove unavailing? Must success crown and consummate the efforts of that murderous host? We know the issue now; but we knew it not then, and every heart palpitated with painful anxiety as though each one had a brother or sister in the garrison. We knew not the issue then, *and the garrison knew it not.*

In the mean time the chief command of the Residency and the principal responsibility for its defence devolved upon one who by his tact, energy, and endurance, proved equal to the occasion—who by his calm, strong presence inspired helpless and defenceless ones with courage and hope—who was instrumental in preserving the honour of England, and the lives of her sons and daughters, in a most trying and perilous day—who is remembered, with just pride, by peer and people of a race in which there has been no lack of great names and no scarcity of daring deeds—who has bequeathed, to our own Province the inheritance of an honored name; *for the hero of Lucknow was a Nova Scotian.* Sir John Inglis was the son of the late Bishop Inglis of this diocese. He was born in a house in this City still pointed out to the stranger. The companions of his childhood and the friends

of his youth are still with us. From the lips of a fellow student, who knew him first in the National School, then in Windsor Academy, and subsequently in King's College, I have learned some incidents of his earlier history. John Inglis is remembered for his frank, genial, generous nature; not remarkably successful as a student; but delighting in horsemanship and other manly and active exercises. The sword, which he wore during eighty-seven days and nights of the siege, tied with a cord around his waist, and a facsimile of a despatch, written for cipher in Greek character, sent by him to Gen. Havelock, through the midst of the Sepoys, are now in the Museum of King's College—appropriate testimonials of affection worthily cherished for his venerated *Alma Mater*, and valuable mementoes of one of Nova Scotia's greatest sons. John Inglis was Provincial not only in birth and education, but, in deep sympathy and in pure patriotic feeling. During the siege, when thoroughly exhausted with incessant anxiety and care, depressed by the thought that all their devotion and all their endurance might prove ineffectual, he threw himself to the ground, saying, oh! shall I ever see my home again? "Cheer up John!" was the reply of Lady Inglis, "you will see old England yet!" "It is not England; but *dear old Halifax and the spruce trees*, that you have never seen, which *I long to see*."

Our Province is still in its infancy and our history is yet young; but surely the land which has given birth to an Inglis of Lucknow, a Williams of Kars, Welsford and Parker, and other honored men, may be hopeful of the coming time and hopeful too of the coming men. As the young men of this land go forth to duty and effort, in every profession, asking only a fair field and no favor; they will make for themselves a name, and make for their country a history. It is well known that the men of Athens and the men of Sparta regarded themselves as having a loftier character to sustain, and a grander mission to fulfil, after the bat-

tles of Marathon and Thermopylæ. And if there had breathed a Grecian, with a soul so dead, that he did not feel the grandeur of such examples, or burn with consuming fire to emulate such heroic deeds, he would have been scorned and scouted by his countrymen. And if the young men of our own land would feel the pure healthy glow of race, and the noble inspiration of lofty patriotism, let them study the long roll of Britain's illustrious names, and let them think of many a Nova Scotian who has achieved renown, and if the heart beat not, and the eye kindle not, with the energy of high resolve, and the aspiration of sublime purpose, let them hold their manhood cheap and deem themselves unworthy of such an ancestry. But they will feel the influence of such examples and the inspiration of such deeds. The slumbers of a Themistocles will still be disturbed by the remembrance of the trophies of a Miltiades.

> "Lives, of great men, still remind us
> We can make our own sublime;
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Foot-prints on the sands of time."

The beleaguered condition of the garrison at Lucknow was known to Gen. Havelock and, turning away from the blood-stained streets of Cawnpore, he commenced, as speedily as possible, his first march of relief. He had to make his way through a hostile country—to march through the midst of swamp and jungle—to contend alternately with deluges of rain and the overpowering heat of an Eastern Sun—to cross swollen rivers—to fight numerous armies and to contend with disease, more fatal than the guns of the enemy.

The first time Havelock encountered the Insurgents, after leaving Cawnpore, they met in the open field. Hitherto the Sepoys had fought beneath the cover of their intrenchments. Confident in their superiority of numbers; in a firm mass of six thousand men, with beating drums and sounding trumpets and gleaming bayonets, they moved to the conflict. By English fire their lines were soon broken and fifteen guns be-

came the spoil of the victors. The rebels having rallied at Busseerutgunge, the bugle sounded a second time for march and for battle, and before sunset a second victory was gained. The wearied men were, at the close of the day, leaning upon their arms, when Havelock rode along. "Clear the way for the General," they exclaimed. "*You have done that already, my brave fellows,*" was Havelock's reply, in tones that stirred the soldier's heart like the blast of a trumpet. Electrified by the well-timed compliment, they rent the air with their cheers, and said, in earnest accents: "God bless the General." He had gained the confidence and sympathy of his troops. With ten thousand such men he might have marched, invincible and victorious, through the length and breadth of India.

The army was elated with success; but that night was a sleepless one to General Havelock. He could not hope to reach Lucknow with more than six hundred men. *Could he retreat?* What would they say in England where his progress was watched with painful interest? What would they say at Head-Quarters from which his commission emanated? What would be the effect in the residency, the fate of which might be determined by the delay of a single day? To fall back required more of moral courage, than onward march. Havelock possessed moral greatness as well as military genius; and to save his army, and to save India, he fell back to a strong position at Mungulwar.

Having obtained a small reinforcement, Havelock commenced his second march of relief. Meeting the enemy in the old battle ground at Busserutgunge he gained another victory, and for a time pressed rapidly on to the goal of his efforts. But again he encountered his most potent and deadly foe—the cholera. Men who fought and conquered the Sepoys in the field by day, were compelled to succumb to disease in their tents by night. There was no alternative. Encumbered with cholera-stricken and dying men, he must again relinquish

his cherished purpose. No wonder that a cloud passed for a moment over that brave spirit. *Things are in a most perilous state*, he wrote to his wife. *We can only succeed by the especial mercy of God. I write as one who may see you no more.* He knew well the impression which retrograde movement would produce on the minds of Sepoys, and that it would be construed into a confession of weakness. To neutralize that effect as much as possible, he sought out the rebels once more, struck a decisive blow, and made them feel that in military prowess they were no match for British troops.

Even at Cawnpore, to which Havelock led back his little army, he had to fight for existence. With the hope of the recapture of that city, Nana Sahib had amassed large forces at Bithor in its vicinity. They were the flower of the mutinous soldiery. They occupied one of the strongest positions in India. Havelock's men were weak and wasted by disease—dying at a rate, which in six weeks would not have left a single man—but, without time for repose, he threw them against the rebel forces at Bithor. The Sepoys fought with obstinate fury. They stood their ground in the presence of artillery and musketry fire; but when the bayonets charged they speedily gave way. With the exhausted condition of the British, and the strong position they occupied, the rebels, if determined, might have made a successful stand; but their hearts failed and they fled. "There is something in the sight of Europeans advancing at a run, with stern visage, bayonets fixed, determination marked in every movement of the body, which appals them; they cannot stand it—they never have stood it yet."*

That day Nana Sahib's power received its most fatal blow. In his strength he had been no match for Havelock's weakness. Henceforth no one could doubt the result. The spectacle of that little band of soldiers; isolated in the midst of revolted provinces; surrounded by hostile population; press-

* The Indian Mutiny.

ed by numerous armies of the insurgents; yet ever presenting an unbroken front, ever aggressive, ever victorious; conquering the foe in the open field, and in the intrenched city; produced its impression throughout Northern India, and carried conviction, to friend and foe, of the superiority of the British race, and of the certainty of ultimate British triumph. The attitude assumed by Havelock, all through that trying but triumphant campaign, was such as to raise the honor of England, and to exalt the prestige of her arms.

The endurance of Havelock, and of his men, is a marvel. Has British character degenerated? Never was the national endurance of any people more severely tested, or more signally proved. English, Scotch, and Irish soldiers fought and fell side by side, and mingled their blood in the same crimson tide. They were not selected specially for that arduous service; yet every man was a hero. We have still the stuff out of which soldiers are made. We can talk of names of Indian renown, worthy of the grandest and proudest days of chivalry. We have still representatives of the men who made Crecy, and Agincourt, and Plassey, and Waterloo.

"Our noble race is not exhausted yet;
There is sap in the Saxon tree;
She lifts her bosom of glory yet,
Above the mists of sun and sea;
Fair as the queen of love, fresh from the foam,
They may laugh at her name, and blazen her shame;"
But the foeman will find neither coward nor slave
'Neath the Red Cross of England—the flag of the Brave."

For a month, Havelock was compelled to remain inactive awaiting reinforcements. On the 15th of September Sir James Outram arrived in Cawnpore. As Commissioner of Oude, he superseded Havelock in the chief command of the forces. No man understood more of that part of India than Outram, and no man could so fully appreciate the extraordinary efforts of Havelock in his repeated marches; and

in admiration of his deeds and arms, already achieved, and, in order, that to him, might accrue the honor of accomplishing the object so much desired, Sir James waived his own rank and right and joined Havelock's forces as a volunteer. Such a deed, of rare and disinterested generosity, could not fail to attract attention and to become the theme of universal admiration. It threw around the chivalrous character of Outram a moral lustre which military achievements could not possibly have secured. When all his other deeds shall have been forgotten, this will remain, a monument of greatness, grander than the pyramids and more durable than brass or marble.

At the head of two thousand five hundred men, Havelock entered upon his third and last march of relief. He crossed the Ganges, *gained his tenth victory*, and swept on to the residency. They had been too late at Cawnpore, says a writer of that day, and if all the force and fury of tens of thousands could avail, they would be too late once more.—The garrison could hold out to the 23rd. On the 22nd, one day earlier, they heard, for the first time, the garrison guns. This was cheering to Havelock; he knew that his countrymen still lived. *He would send them a message through the air.*

"We hate the horrid voice of cannon, and do not admire the man, who having ever heard it, when it said *sudden death*, does not hate it. Yet there are times when that odious roar is kindlier than the voice of woman. Such we have always said it was, when, on the open sea, the boom of a British gun saith to the slaver: "Yield up thy prey to the open arms of England." Such, pre-eminently, was it that day as from a distance in the direction of Cawnpore, it heavily rolled through the residence at Lucknow. How the pale women rose in their beds! How the soldiers said one to another:—

Did ye hear it? No, 'twas the wind! How hearts beat during that awful pause! How the boys jumped, when—

> 'That heavy sound breaks on once more
> As if the clouds its echo would repeat.'

How faces change and brighten as boom follows boom, too steady for chance firing, too slow for battle;—boom boom, each one clearing away a doubt until the oldest and wariest permits the children to see his face beam all over; and then the 21st boom and it ceases. It is a salute! a royal salute! Old England at the door! Queen, people, all the nation crying 'we come!' How the babies were hugged at that moment!"*

Three or four miles this side of Lucknow stood a beautiful Country residence, of one of the Oude Princes, called Alumbagh—"the garden of the world." Here ten thousand of the mutineers awaited the approach of Havelock,—a force sufficient to test to the utmost, on the very threshold of the struggle, the *materiel* of the advancing army. But the battle cry of the British was, *Remember Cawnpore;* and, though not without severe conflict, they were victorious. The Sepoys were driven from their position, and Havelock intrenched the Alumbagh for the protection of his own troops.

One day was imperatively needed for repose, and the next morning—the 25th,—they were drawn up for the last tremendous contest. Havelock had resolved that it should be the last. The men were there to do or die. Between them and the City was a low plain covered by thick grass, a canal ran through the plain, and a bridge crossed the canal. As the column of relief defiled through the plain the tall rank grass streamed with musketry fire. When they came within the range of the battery, on the bridge, the tempest which smote them was terrific and the ground was piled with dead. But nothing could resist the determination of the British

* London Quarterly Review.

heroes. Up, to the blazing muzzles of the guns, they rushed with resolute force, stifled and crushed out the maddening and murderous fire, silenced that terrific battery, and took possession of the bridge.

The firing of that morning must have been re-assurance to the garrison. They knew of the approach of the relieving army; but knew also of the overwhelming hosts through which they must fight their way. What of the battle of the Alumbagh? There must have been a period of painful suspense succeeding that conflict—all that night,—all the next day,—all the night of the 24th. The story of Jessie Brown, so graphically descriptive of the pent-up feeling and distressing suspense of the sufferers, though altogether groundless in detail, may have been founded upon some incident growing out of that painfully protracted delay. We all remember with what thrilling interest we heard, for the first time, that touching story of the Eastern wars. We heard how Jessie Brown the Corporal's wife, overcome with fatigue, sought repose, asking them to wake her when her father came home frae ploughing, thinking in her delirium of her Scottish home —how her fevered ear caught the first sound of the relieving host—how she rose up, and rushed to the batteries exclaiming, "Courage men! Hark to the slogan! Here is help at last!" —how the soldiers held their breath and their fire and listened, but could hear no sound above the tumult of battle—how a murmur of disappointment rose from the men and a wail of anguish from the women who had flocked to the batteries— how Jessie sank to the ground in deep, despairing, passionate grief—how she awoke in wilder joy, saying, "I am nae dreaming, the Campbells are coming"—how that shrill sound, the blessed pibroch peeling, was heard above the roar of cannon, and seemed as the voice of God—how Havelock and Outram thundered at the gates—how the men and women of the garrison threw themselves, simultaneously, to the ground, exclaiming, some with suppressed sobs, and others with tumultuous joy, "*We are saved. We are saved.*"

It was not the slogan of the Highlander but his musketry fire—fire answering fire; and not the pibroch peeling, but the whizzing of the Minie bullet that announced the approach of the succouring host.

Slowly, but surely, Havelock and Outram are pressing on to the Residency—through walls of fire and lanes of death—through avenues of smoke and flame—through cannon that volleyed right and left, cannon planted at the angle of every street—through murderous fire poured from every window and door, and sloping down from the flat roofs of the houses—through the midst of fifty thousand Sepoys raging around them with demoniacal fury; on still they press—while horse and hero fall—the gallant Neil slain—Outram wounded—the red rain dropping from many hearts—the track of relief strewn with the dying and the dead; on still they press, until hungry, thirsty, and weary, with the shadows of evening falling thickly around them—the lines of the Residency are reached, the feeble ramparts pierced, and the column of relief and the garrison—the rescuers and the rescued, rush into each others' arms, and Havelock and Inglis meet at the goal of their glory.

The enthusiasm and excitement of relief baffles all description. The joy of deliverance was almost more than could be borne. "The garrison's long pent-up feelings of anxiety and suspense burst forth in a succession of deafening cheers. From every pit, trench, and battery,—from behind the sand-bags piled on shattered houses—from every post still held by a few gallant spirits, rose cheer on cheer—even from the hospitals many of the wounded crawled forth to join in that glad shout of welcome to those who had so bravely come to their assistance." It was a moment never to be forgotten. Officers and men met in cordial embrace. Rough and bearded Highlanders shook the ladies *by the hand;* and taking up the children in their arms, with tears streaming from their eyes, thanked God they had been in time to save the lovely little ones from another Cawnpore.

The brave Highlanders had suffered severely. In the last four days they had lost *one-third* of their number, and though in the joy of deliverance the gallant fellows ceased to think of their losses, their pains, their wounds, their weariness; yet when the first burst of enthusiasm was past, sadder and sterner thoughts came over them, as they turned, with mournful and chastened feeling, to speak, among themselves, of the names and number of their fallen comrades. Such are the crimson triumphs of red war. They have been graphically described in Byron's lurid lines:—

> "The midnight brings the signal-sound of strife,
> The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
> Battle's magnificently stern array!
> The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
> The earth is covered thick with other clay,
> Rider and horse—friend, foe,—in one rude burial blent!"

With the relief of the Residency the last campaign of Havelock terminated, the chief command of the forces devolved upon General Outram. The continued siege and final relief of Lucknow does not belong to this narrative.

Havelock's name had now become a household word, and was repeated with enthusiasm by every man, woman, and child throughout the empire, or wherever the English language was spoken. Sovereign, Peer, and People vied with each other in doing homage to the greatest warrior of his time. But in the midst of boundless enthusiasm, and a nation's pride and praise, Havelock was suddenly withdrawn from earth. He was not, for God took him.

Havelock's death was a fitting close to his life. As years of military service were a discipline for that last campaign; so years of devoted discipleship were a preparation for this last struggle. In reliance on Him, who hath overcome the sharpness of death, and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers, he calmly faced the final foe, and dying, found the last enemy beneath his feet,

> "Victorious at Futtehpore, victorious at Lucknow,
> The gallant chief, of gallant men, is more than conqueror now."

In a low plain of the Alumbagh they made his grave; and Campbell and Outram and Inglis and other veterans performed his sepulchral rites. In sure and certain hope of glorious resurrection were the mortal remains of the sainted Havelock committed to the dust. And though the illustrious Hero rests far away beneath an Eastern sky, the dust of that grave is as sacred, and that tomb, to our thoughts, as brightly trophied, as though the conquerer had been rendered to the mould beneath the magnificent dome of St. Paul's, or the golden cross of Westminster. Havelock died just *when* he ought to have died, before his pure spirit could be sullied by the breath of unhallowed applause. He was buried, just *where* he ought to have been buried, in the scene of his toil and triumph and death; in view of that City which, through long and trying months, had been the object of his incessant anxiety; the relief of which closed and crowned his life and covered his memory with imperishable glory.

> "He hath gained a nobler tomb
> Than in old Cathedral's gloom;
> Nobler mourners paid the rite
> Than the crowd that craves a sight;
> Guarded to a soldier's grave
> By the bravest of the brave,
> England's banner o'er him waved—
> Dead, he keeps the realm he saved."

Havelock's deeds warrant his fame. Probably no other man ever rose to such renown in so sudden a manner. At a moment when the firmament seemed obscured, he burst forth into a blaze of brilliance. At first we fancied or feared the splendour might be that of the transient meteor's flash; but it still beams forth in steady and pure radiance—a star of the first magnitude. The more we examine the antecedents of Havelock's career, the more closely we study his last campaign, the more profound is our conviction of the solidity and permanence of his reputation. Not by accident of circumstance; not by any effort of frantic valour, did he accomplish the

deeds which have immortalized his name. They were the result of calm and strong purpose—of a clear and well balanced mind; of thorough professional knowledge; of decided military genius; of prudence which never slumbered, combined with a chivalrous daring, and intrepid fearlessness of spirit; of commanding influence over other minds; of consummate wisdom in generalship. In stern despotic devotion to duty, he very much resembles Wellington; and in daring, rapid, breathless, fiery movement, he reminds us of the character and career of the first Napoleon. Kept back, when he ought to have been promoted, thrown into the shade by the elevation of inferior men more favoured by patronage, Havelock nevertheless did his duty; and he had his reward. He gained strength for life. And when thrown into that great struggle, which would have palsied the energies of ordinary men, his resources proved equal to the emergency, and the noble qualities which he possessed, burst forth into a blaze of splendour and majesty at which the world wondered.

Havelock's earnest religiousness compels our homage, and deserves the tribute of special remembrance and recognition. He had long been distinguished for the unshrinking avowal of his convictions, and for uncompromising fidelity to the faith of Jesus Christ. "Every inch a soldier, and every inch a christian," according to the testimony of Lord Hardinge, he demonstrated the compatibility of religious fervour with military enthusiasm. By the sublime consistency of christian character, combined with the highest professional distinction, he compelled thoughtless men to do homage to the religion of Christ. Though his noble catholicity of feeling was not restricted by the lines or limits of denominationalism, yet holding views of christian doctrine and discipline in accordance with those maintained by the Baptist Section of the Church of Christ, he became,—soon after his marriage to the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Marshman, the illustrious Serampore Missionary, in 1829,—a member of that community, and

continued, until the period of his death, one of its most steadfast adherents and one of its brightest ornaments. But never was the earnest religiousness of Havelock more conspicuous than in his *last campaign*. He had an altar in his tent. He cared for the spiritual welfare of his soldiers. He trusted more to a Divine arm than to his own the skill or prowess of his troops. On the morning of the final struggle for the relief of the Residency,—the memorable 25th,—he rose before break of day, passed some time in prayer, and commended himself, and his army, to the protection of a gracious Providence. He publicly ascribed victory to Almighty God. He was not ambitious to win blood-stained wreaths of earthly fame; but coveted a higher distinction—the crown for duty done.

"*In hoc signo,*" pale nor dim
Lit the battle field for him."

Religion ennobled his aims, purified his motives, exalted his courage, sanctified his genius, and threw its charm around his life. "The name of Havelock," says Count Montalembert, "recalls and sums up all the virtues which the English have exercised in this gigantic conflict. Thrown suddenly into a struggle with a great peril before him, and insignificant means wherewith to overcome it, he surmounted every thing by his religious courage." Religion nerved the soul of the great Commander for heroic effort; was the central, controlling, all dominant influence which swayed his being, and developed that "antique grandeur of character" to which the celebrated French author has so emphatically and eloquently referred. Sir Henry Havelock's name will go down to posterity enshrined in a glory all its own. Almost unrivalled military genius in combination with rare moral excellence, greatness and goodness, will secure for him imperishable renown. He will be enrolled amongst the titled warriors of the ages, as the Christian Hero.

"There gleams a coronet of light around the conqueror's brow,
But of far purer radiance than England can bestow;
He wears a glittering, starry cross, called by a Monarch's name;
That monarch whose *well done* confers a more than mortal fame.
And when, in God's good time, this page of history shall be upturned,
And the bright stars be reckoned up which in its midnight burn'd,
Then shall the name of *Havelock*, the saintly, sage, and bold,
Shine forth engraven thereupon in characters of gold."