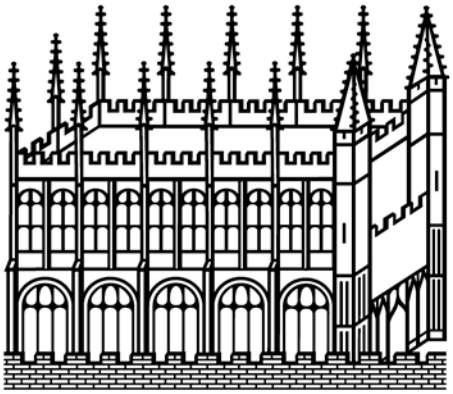

THE GOOD SOLDIER.

A

MEMOIR OF MAJOR-GENERAL

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK

OF LUCKNOW, BART., K.C.B.

COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES

BY THE REV. W. OWEN.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.
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SIR HENRY HAVELOCK,

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HIS MILITARY CAREER, CAMPAIGNS, ENGAGEMENTS, AND VICTORIES: HIS DOMESTIC, SOCIAL, AND RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

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PREFACE.

THE name of HAVELOCK is emblazoned on the bright scroll of fame, with men who have combined the graces of the Christian with the prowess of the Military Chief. This memoir of 'THE GOOD SOLDIER,' intended at first as little more than a compilation, has acquired a greater importance and value from the liberal contributions afforded to the Author in the progress of his work. It was undertaken before any similar publication had been announced.

The Battles in which Havelock was engaged are narrated, some of them by himself, and others by the eminent military writers, Kaye, Cunningham, and Thackwell; and the Persian campaign and shipwreck by the late Captain G. H. Hunt. The narrative is enriched by original letters, personal communications to the Author by the friends of Havelock; and special acknowledgments are due to the HAVELOCK MAN, a noble specimen of the band he did so much to train for the service of his country, and the great christian warfare.

The book embraces the personal and family history, the religious character, and the military career of Havelock, and details the battles in which he was engaged in Burmah, Affghanistan, the Punjaub, Persia, and the victorious march from Allahabad to Lucknow.

Its price puts it within reach of

THE MILLION,

for whom it is written, and to whom it is respectfully dedicated.

The portrait depicts Havelock as he appeared some eight years ago, and his autograph is traced from one of his letters in possession of the Author.

LONDON, *March* 1, 1858.

THE GOOD SOLDIER:

THE LIFE OF

SIR H. HAVELOCK, OF LUCKNOW, BART., K.C.B.

CHAPTER I.

FROM 1795 TO 1815.

ANCESTRY.—BIRTH.—EARLY DAYS.—EDUCATION IN THE CHARTER HOUSE.—EARLY PIETY.—LAW STUDIES.

THE seal of the ancient corporation of Great Grimsby, an old Danish town in Lincolnshire, bears the figure of a man holding in his arms a boy, with the name of Havelock written over him. That man is Grime, by whom the town was founded, and whose name it preserves, and the boy Hafluck is said to have been the lost child of a Norse sea king, and the founder of the Havelock family. We are told that, under the rough tutelage of Grime, young Hafluck became a great warrior; and the valor of his illustrious descendant, reproduced after an interval of many centuries, is regarded as an illustration of the maxim, *fortes creantur fortibus ac bonis*—'brave men descend from the brave and good.' From the early period when the name of Havelock appears to have been first introduced into England, the various branches

of the family have spread over the county of Durham, and for several generations have been settled in the town of Sunderland.

As the object of this sketch is to place before the reader all available and important information respecting Sir Henry Havelock, rather than the history of his family, it will suffice to give the following brief record of his lineage, which has been written for the purpose of correcting the inaccuracies that have appeared in several recent notices.

It has been stated that the family of Sir Henry Havelock originally belonged to Great Grimsby, but whether this be so or not the writer has no means of ascertaining. Sir. B. Burke, in giving the lineage of Sir Henry in his 'Peerage and Baronetage,' says, 'William Havelock, Esq., of Sunderland, was the scion of an old family of the county of Durham, which has existed there since the time of the Danes.' This fact cannot be known, for there is no record existing to prove it, or to show plausible probability for the supposition. It is most likely that the Havelocks of Great Grimsby were a different family. The branch of the family of Havelock, from whom Sir Henry is descended, belonged to Guisborough, in Cleveland, where William Havelock, the great grandfather of Sir Henry, was a joiner and innkeeper. He had two sons—William who settled at Sunderland, and George who was a clockmaker, and who married at Guisborough, leaving a family. Certain it is, therefore, that for more than a century past the family and ancestors of Sir Henry Havelock have been settled at Sunderland, and, at the time referred to, were

amongst the most respectable and influential of the ship-owners of that town.

The first William Havelock, of Sunderland, of whom there is any record, was a ship-owner, and resided in Silver Street, in a large house betokening the abode of a man of good means and respectable position. He was buried in Sunderland Churchyard on the 13th of October, 1777. He left a family of three sons and four daughters. One son was named William, and was the father of Sir Henry. Another son was blind, who married at Guisborough, and left eleven children, one of whom, Mr. Jacob Havelock, and other descendants, are now residents of Sunderland. The other was named Thomas, and was paymaster of the 43rd regiment. One daughter was married to the late Mr. Lee, of Waterloo Place, Bishop-Wearmouth, and died in Villiers Street in that town, at a very advanced age, only two or three years ago. The third daughter, Hannah, was married to the late Robert Allan, Esq., of Newbottle House, Durham, by the distinguished 'High Priest' of Gretna Green; and this lady was the maternal relative of the present family of Allan, of Blackwall Grange, a branch of the ancient family of Allan, of Buckenhall and Brockhouse, Staffordshire.

William Havelock was a ship-builder of great eminence at Sunderland, building the largest ships on the Wear, one of which, named the 'Lord Duncan,' was well-known, and was the largest ship ever built at that port up to that period. Mr. Havelock, after the death of his father, resided in the house in High Street West, Bishop-Wearmouth, now occupied

by Mr. Hopper, chemist. On the 16th of August, 1787, he was married by the Rev. Henry Egerton, Rector (known as 'the Princely Rector'), and brother of the Bishop of Durham, at Bishop-Wearmouth Church, to Miss Jane Carter, daughter of John Carter, Esq., of Yarm, Yorkshire, by his wife Elizabeth, fifth daughter of William Ettrick, Esq., of High Barns, Bishop-Wearmouth, great grandfather of Anthony Ettrick, Esq., the present head of the Ettrick family—a family long resident in High Barns, but who trace their pedigree from Anthony Ettericke, of Barford, or Berford, Dorsetshire, who was born about 1504, and was Captain of Horse at the siege of Boulogne, when that place surrendered in 1544 to Henry VIII. The family, also by tradition, trace their pedigree from the Earl of Dumbarton, whose name was Douglas, and who enjoyed, among his other dignities, the title of Lord Ettrick. Mrs. Carter had been previously married to Edward Wedell, Esq., also of Yarm, and on the death of Mr. Carter settled at Sunderland, where her daughter was first introduced to Mr. Havelock. Miss Carter was a very beautiful young lady, and was regarded as the belle of the town of Sunderland.

In his pursuits as a ship-builder, Mr. Havelock was very successful, and amassed a good fortune, and about this time he occupied Ford Hall, Bishop-Wearmouth, where his two distinguished sons, William and Henry Havelock, were born. William was born January 21st, 1793, and Henry, April 5th, 1795, and they were baptised at the same time on the 13th April, 1796, by the Rev. George Stephenson, M.A., Senior Curate to

the eminent Dr. William Paley, then Rector of the Parish. A few of the older inhabitants of Sunderland are still left who remember the young Havelocks, and speak of them as fine sprightly boys of great promise; but their father, having acquired a competency in his business of a ship-builder, left Ford Hall, where he was succeeded by the late John Goodchild, Esq. From the time of Mr. Havelock leaving the neighborhood of Sunderland for Ingress Park, Kent, little is known of the family except what has already appeared in several newspaper notices of the late Sir Henry Havelock. William, the eldest son, was a Lieut.-Colonel in the British service and K.H. He was wounded at the battle of Waterloo, where he acted as aide-de-camp to Baron Alten, and where he was 'one of the most chivalrous officers of the service.' He fell gloriously at the head of his regiment, the 14th Light Dragoons, in their desperate but successful charge on the Sikh army at Ramnugger on the 22nd of November, 1848. He married Caroline, daughter of Acton Chaplin, Esq.

At Ingress Park two sons were born, Thomas whowas also in the army, and who served under Sir De Lacy Evans in Spain, dying there unmarried. Charles Frederick, the youngest son, is a Lieut.-Colonel in the British army, and Major-General in the Ottoman army, with the order of Medjidie. This gallant officer, who has gained much military fame as a leader of cavalry, was born on the 16th of October, 1803, entered as a Cornet in the 16th Lancers in 1821, and went with his regiment the next year to India. His career

there was long and glorious, being, during a period of more than twenty years, literally engaged in every Indian battle, from the capture of Bhurtpore to Goojerat. He was severely wounded at Ferozeshah. He became a Lieut.-Colonel in 1854, when he joined the Irregular Osmanli Cavalry, and served as Brigadier-General till the peace with Russia, in 1856. General Charles Havelock married 14th May, 1833, Mary, second daughter of Mr. James Wemyss, of the Bengal Civil Service. The four sons of Mr. Havelock, in entering the army were, probably, induced by the example of their uncle Thomas, who was a soldier.

Biography is not supposed to be complete and faithful unless it illustrate the adage that

'The child's the father of the man,'

by incidents showing how the future man was indicated in the child. How far such indications were given in the early days of Havelock the reader will judge by the anecdotes which have obtained currency, it may be, without a perfect authentication, and on the score of their appearing natural and characteristic. Thus, we are told that, 'when about seven years of age, he climbed a tree to get at a bird's nest, the nest being excessively high, and built on a slender branch. Young Havelock, keeping his eyes on the nest, climbed on and on till he grasped it, full of blue eggs, as it was. It may be supposed he gave a boy's leap of victory, but certain it is that the branch snapped, and down came the young fellow, nest and all. The branches between the tree-

top and the ground must have broken his fall immensely, or he never could have lived; but striking the ground at last, he became insensible, and there lay till found by one of his father's servants. When brought to—when pretty well himself again—for he had only been stunned, some one asked him whether he was not frightened when the branch snapped and he felt himself falling. "No," said the little fellow, "I did not think of being frightened, I had enough to do to think of the eggs, for I thought they would be sure to be smashed to pieces."'

This anecdote is related as giving a clue to those qualities of fearlessness and mercy that were so conspicuous in his future character. Another is told in illustration of his judgment, calculation, and forethought. 'Upon the occasion of a dog worrying a sheep most savagely, the boy, then about twelve, did not run at the infuriated beast and kick it with his boot, as his bravery alone would have prompted him to act; forethought and calculation coming to his aid, he felt sure of a safer means than kicking. He turned to a neighboring haystack, made a hay-rope (there is considerable strength in a well-made hay-rope,) and coming up to the savage animal, he flung his rope round the creature's neck, then flinging the dog into a pond to cool and recover, he himself walked home as though nothing unusual had occurred.'

The time had now arrived when he must leave his delightful home and pursue his studies in the celebrated Charter House School. All the accounts given of this early period of his history, agree in representing

him as 'sedate and reflecting beyond his years.' His diligent application to his book, and his steady deportment, obtained for him the *sobriquet* of 'Old Phlos,' by which designation his schoolfellows appear to have expressed their estimate of his scholarship, and the gravity of his demeanor. In the funeral sermon of the Reverend William Brock, we are told that, while in the Charter House School, 'he was accustomed to make selection of his sleeping room, in company with a few other like-minded youngsters—men who have risen to renown in their several professions,' who 'were accustomed to read religious books; volumes of sermons among the rest.' It is obvious that at this time his mind was being formed according to that model of wisdom and piety which is contained in the word of inspiration, and he was imbibing the divine principles that were to guide his future course. The lessons inculcated in the pleasant home at Ingress Park were not forgotten in the Charter House School, where he seems to have acknowledged the great truth, that 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding.'

This early bias in favor of religion was shown when Henry Havelock was at the age of twelve, a period when we may expect indications of the character of the future man. It is not improbable that this little band of Christian recruits in the Charter House had to encounter some degree of ridicule from their companions, who were unable to comprehend why boys so young should consider it necessary to care for religion; but these taunts and gibes fell harmlessly on the armor in which the

young warriors were encased. May we not conclude that the eminent moral courage which marked the character of the future soldier was attributable, in a great measure, to the important facts we have noticed, and that the principles which enabled the youthful Christian to encounter the banter of his schoolfellows made him superior to the opposition of more formidable antagonists in after life? We are told that at the age of twelve a Jewish child ceased to be termed 'a little one,' and is designated 'filus precepti,' a child of the precept, as he is then considered to have attained an age when he came under an obligation to observe the precepts of the law of Moses. It should be noticed that we have in Jesus Christ himself a pattern for youth at this age, for when he was twelve years of age he was 'strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him.' The first words of which we have any record were uttered at this period of his life: 'Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?' words that seem to remind us that this period should not pass without recognising the claims of our Father in heaven.

At the conclusion of his academical course in the Charter House, his father destined him for the profession of the law, and he entered on his legal studies under Chitty, the eminent pleader, where he had for his fellow pupil the late Sir Thomas Talfourd. Had that distinguished man survived, he would probably have been among the first to furnish reminiscences of his companion, pourtrayed with fidelity, and adorned with the charms thrown around every character

described by his pen. It is unnecessary to speculate on the position which Havelock might have acquired had he persevered in his legal studies. He certainly had qualities favorable to the attainment of vast learning and the highest position as a lawyer, and had his talents not been diverted into another channel, he might long since have obtained his share of the prize which every sanguine law pupil sees in the bright future. Certain it is that his country wanted him for other pursuits, and that he had happily accustomed himself to place all the movements of his life under that unerring guidance which would effectually open the path he should traverse. We have some light on this important change in his pursuits, in the fact that his elder brother William had by this time distinguished himself at Waterloo, as aide-de-camp to Baron Alten, who had described him as 'one of the most chivalrous officers in the British service.' The influence and example of this gallant brother withdrew our young law student from the silent chamber in the middle temple, the learned discourses of Mr. Chitty, the genial companionship of Thomas Talfourd, and the vision of the silk gown, the ermine, and the seals.

CHAPTER II.

FROM 1815 TO 1823.

ENTERS THE ARMY.—EIGHT YEARS OF COUNTRY QUARTERS.—PREPARATION FOR FUTURE EMINENCE.

THE military career of Havelock began in July, 1815, when he joined the Rifle Brigade, 95th regiment, as second lieutenant, in which regiment Sir Harry Smith was then a captain. The period in which his first commission was obtained, about a month after the battle of Waterloo, was the most unfavorable for the advancement of the young lieutenant, being the commencement of an European peace, which was happily to be maintained for forty years. Warriors were now resting from their toils, and recounting their heroic deeds; the nation was beginning to breathe after its dreadful struggles, and to realise the heavy cost at which they had been maintained. Havelock, who had not the advantage of aristocratic birth, or of wealth—for the fortune of his father had been lost, and Ingress Abbey sold—was obliged to content himself with his lieutenancy, and a life of military routine, which he spent in country quarters in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

This term in the life of the subaltern was not spent in listless indolence, and although it has been referred

to as a season of unprofitable vegetation, it was, probably, not the least important in his history as a soldier and a Christian man. When it is remembered that very soon after he went to India, he became the historian of the first Burmese war, in which he took his part, it will be obvious that these quiet eight years must have been spent in studies bearing on his new profession, in the cultivation of that learning which led to his future reputation as a scholar, and the higher qualities by which his character was distinguished as a good man.

It is very evident, from his works on Burmah and Affghanistan, that during the early years of his manhood he found considerable time for literary and moral culture, and that, not content with the routine reading of an officer in the army, he was preparing his mind for a comprehensive acquaintance with the history and the art of war. The fame which the name of Havelock has acquired during the last few months, which has blazed before us with the brightness of a meteor, and, alas! disappeared with its suddenness, is not the fame acquired by accident, or by the obtrusiveness of vanity; but the outgrowth and the development of real and solid merit, acquired by years of self-culture and discipline.

It is true, that Havelock might never have had the opportunity of being known to fame as he is now known; he might have lived and died 'the neglected lieutenant' he describes himself, and his high attainments and admirable qualities may have been known only in the limited circle of his friends and companions; but it is equally true that he never would have acquired the

glory which now covers his name, had he not laid its foundation in early years, and grown up to true greatness by a life of persevering labor.

The history of this really great man will not be read aright, if it does not teach that real excellence is not attributable to a favorable conjuncture of circumstances, although such conjuncture may bring that excellence to light, and elicit the admiration of the world. It was evidently the purpose of Havelock to prepare himself for all the claims of his military profession, in its highest as well as in its subordinate departments. The calls to those higher departments might never be heard, but he resolved to be ready to respond if ever they should be uttered.

In an age which, like every other, has its full share of those who are 'great by position,' and by little else, and who belong to a class too correctly described as 'stuck-up people,' it is an advantage to look on the man who was content to be wise and good without the reward of public favor, and simply from a purpose to qualify himself for the adequate discharge of all his duties. This portion of Havelock's history is remarkably in keeping with one of the great lessons taught in the Perfect Life he had selected as his model, and whose brethren said unto him, 'Go into Judea, that thy disciples may see the works that thou doest; for there is no man that doeth anything in secret, and he himself seeketh to be known openly: if thou do these things, show thyself to the world.' The men who thus uttered the promptings of their own vanity are described as those who 'did not believe in him,' for among the

lessons He taught there is none more prominent than the necessity of doing right and being right from higher motives than the love of human applause, and of present reward.

The Spaniards have the expressive proverb, that *the stone that is fit for the building shall not be allowed to remain in the road,* a proverb illustrated in the life of Havelock, who now left the obscure and quiet scenes of his native country for a career of unsurpassed, if not unequalled, military fame. In 1823 he effected an exchange into the 13th Light Infantry, then under orders for Indian service. Our soldier had already learned those lessons which have since been so well expressed by Longfellow in his popular 'Psalm of Life'—

'In the world's great field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!'

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor, and to wait.'

CHAPTER III.

FROM 1823 TO 1827.

THE FIRST BURMESE WAR.—'FIRST ESSAY IN MILITARY HISTORY.'—THE BATTLE OF PATANAGOH AND MELLOON.—THE BATTLE OF PAGAHM-MYO.—THE BATTLE OF PAGAHM.—PEACE.—MISSION OF HAVELOCK TO THE GOLDEN FOOT STOOL.—CHRISTIAN WORSHIP IN A HEATHEN TEMPLE.

HAVELOCK had not been long in India before the outbreak of the first Burmese war called into action his qualities as a soldier, and subsequently gave him an opportunity of employing his pen as a 'soldierly writer.' Owing to the publication of his 'Memoir' in Serampore instead of London, and six months after the excitement had died away, the work never acquired the popular favor which its merits should have commanded. The volume has nearly fallen into the class of rare books, and it is said that one copy only can be found in London. This book affords an opportunity of presenting Havelock before the public as the narrator of the various scenes in which his military prowess was first called into exercise.

The memoir of the three campaigns of Sir Archibald's Campbell's army in Ava, was written when Henry Havelock was a Lieutenant in the 13th Light Infantry, and Deputy Assistant General to the forces of the

Rangoon expedition. In the dedication to Lord Combermere, then Commander-in-Chief in India, we observe the characteristic spirit of the author, who speaks of him as

THE LEADER,
FOR WHOM PROVIDENCE RESERVED
THE GLORY OF SILENCING THE HAUGHTY REPROACH OF
OUR PAGAN ENEMIES,
AND BREAKING THE LAST SPELL UPON
THE OPINION OF THE IGNORANT AND THE TURBULENT
WITHIN THE INDUS,
BY THE DARING AND SCIENTIFIC REDUCTION
OF THAT FORTRESS VAINLY NAMED THE
INVIOLABLE, THE IMPREGNABLE.

The writer, who speaks of this production as his 'first essay in military history,' tells us that he 'was employed on the general staff of the Rangoon expedition; and that he has devoted a very few hours of his leisure of peace to tracing this memorial of the operations of an army, a part of the sufferings of which he shared, and the last successes of which he had the happiness to witness.'

Havelock describes this war as one directed 'against Barbarians, a struggle against local difficulties, and as excluding the promise of those splendid achievements which illustrate the page of history.' It originated in a season of profound peace, without the previous intimation of any cause of complaint, the first collision taking place by an attack on the little island of Shapuree Deep, formed of the mud and sand thrown up by the action of the river Tek Naaf, the boundary line between Arracan, and the Chittagong district at

its mouth. This spot formed a British possession, which we had cleared and partly cultivated, and where the authorities had a police establishment and a guard of native soldiers. Havelock repudiates the notion that this aggression was the sole cause of the Burmese war, and attributes the allegation to weak men belonging to such a class of reasoners as, in the days of Burke, believed that the revolutionary war was waged for the opening of the Scheld. The attack on Shapuree Deep he describes as the first act of hostility by an armed force, already assembled for the invasion of Bengal. Previous to this invasion of our little island territory, the question of the direct invasion of Bengal had been discussed in the hall of the Lotoo, or Grand Council of State, and the king, though a man of mild disposition, and not caring much to encounter a war with the governors of India, had yielded to the arguments of his councillors, and, amidst the applauses of the assemby, had sanctioned the invasion of Bengal. At that Grand Council the Bundoola, with vows and vehement gestures, an nounced that from that moment Bengal was taken from under the British dominions; his words being: 'Henceforth it has become in fact, what it has ever been in right, a province of the Golden King. The Bundoola has said and sworn it.'

'No,' says Havelock, 'it was a war for the vindication of the national honor, insulted and compromised by the aggressions and encroachments of a barbarous neighbor. A war for the security of the peaceable inhabitants of the districts of Chittagong, Moorshedabad,

Rungpore, Silhet, Tipperah, menaced with the repetition of the atrocities perpetrated the year before in Assam. That would indeed have been a parental government that should have consented to have abandoned its subjects to the tender mercies of Bundoola and the Maha Silwa.'

In describing the state of Burmah previous to this war, Lieutenant Havelock tells us that 'the court of the monarch was sunk in a state of deplorable ignorance of its true situation in the scale of nations, and of everything beyond its own dominions, the monarch and his courtiers being inflated with the recollection of their successes against the Peguers, the Chinese, the Siamese, the people of Arracan, of Cassay, and Munipoor. The monarch was addicted to the study of judicial astrology, by which his delusive ambition was sustained. He had raised to the dignity of the first of the Burman queens a woman of mean extraction and turbulent disposition, whose low-born brother was a most active instigator of the monarch to prosecute his fictitious claims on Bengal.' As the policy and justice of this war have been the subjects of much discussion, it may be well to record the deliberate judgment of Havelock respecting it. According to that judgment, 'The Government acted wisely in meeting intolerable aggressions of these barbarians by a declaration of war. It exercised a sound discretion in preferring to make offensive war; there being, in fact, no other judicious mode of defending a large frontier menaced in several points, but that of removing the assailants to a distance from the vulnerable quarters of offensive manœuvres.' This judgment is in accordance with the dictum of Lord Bacon in his essay

'Of Empire,' which Havelock has adopted as one of the mottoes to his memoir of the Burman campaigns: 'Neither is the opinion of some schoolmen to be received, "That a war cannot justly be made, but upon a precedent, injury, or provocation." For there is no question but a just fear of an imminent danger, though there be no blow given, is a lawful cause of war.'

'The arrival of the British fleet off the mouth of the Rangoon river filled the court of Ava with consternation, and was immediately followed by some of those demonstrations of rage and cruelty which display the barbarous character of the people against whom the expedition was directed. The subordinate officer left in command of Rangoon immediately directed the seizure of all the English residents in the town, an order which included all "who wore the English hat."' In consequence of this order the American and English missionaries, the British merchants, the American merchants, and other wearers of the English hat, were seized, loaded with fetters, and thrown into prison. The sufferings to which these persons were exposed, and their subsequent release, depicted by Havelock in vivid colors, correspond in a striking manner with recent exhibitions of Indian cruelty, while their release might be regarded as a sort of promise of future acts of deliverance in which Havelock was to bear a leading part. The historian tells us that 'they had been dragged from their homes under every circumstance of brutal indignity; their clothes had been torn off, their arms tied behind them with ropes tightened until they became instruments of torture rather

than means of security. They had been followed by the execrations of the populace, whose national barbarity was heightened into frenzy by the terrors of the crisis. They had been loaded with chains. They spent a night of hunger, pain, and agonizing uncertainty. But no sooner had the fleet appeared in sight, than an order from the Rewoon was delivered through the grating of their prison. The prisoners, all of whom were acquainted with the language of the country, listened intently to catch its import. Suspense was converted into despair. The Rewoon had commanded that, if a cannonade should be opened against the town of Rangoon, every prisoner should be put to death. The first gun was to be the signal for their decapitation.'

'Instantly the gaolers commenced their preparations. Some spread over the floor of the Taik-dau a quantity of sand to imbibe the blood of the victims. Others began to sharpen their knives with surprising diligence. Others brandished their weapons with gestures and expressions of sanguinary joy over the heads of the captives. Some seizing them, and baring their necks, applied their fingers to the spine with an air of scientific examination. The Burmans, coerced for ages by dint of tortures, and frightful punishments, have acquired a kind of national taste for executions. The imagination cannot picture a situation more dreadful than that of these foreigners placed at the mercy of such fiends. These prisoners, who were subsequently brought still nearer to death, were at length set free by the entry of the British troops.'

Lieutenant Havelock's regiment, the 13th Light Infantry, had its share in the battle of Napadee, where, as part of the first brigade, it had to storm the Pagoda hill. These manœuvres, conducted on the 1st and 2nd of December, 1825, are regarded as the most able, the best conceived and combined, as well as the most successful, of all those executed by Sir Archibald Campbell in Ava.

In describing this successful attack, Lieutenant Havelock says, 'The Pagoda hill of Napadee looked frowning and formidable from the post of the Bengal Horse Artillery. The approach to it along the water's edge was bristled, like the back of the porcupine, with pointed stakes. The gorges of the forest passes, which conducted upon its left, were closed with breast-works. The 87th were already warmly engaged towards the right centre. The columns gradually diverged in the midst of the thick wood, somewhat from its projected route. Thus it was brought full upon some of the stoutest defences, which it would otherwise have turned. These troops, new to the jungle warfare, expended some cartridges which the more practised battalions would have reserved; but their spirit, impetuosity, and perseverance, soon overcame all obstacles.'

'The unlucky intervention of a ridge of rocks rendered it impossible to fix within a shorter range the battery of the Horse Artillery. It was too distant to display to full advantage its excellent practice. Many shots from all its guns, but the twelve pounders, fell short. The rockets were now brought up. Flights were discharged alternately against the hill of Napadee and the

heights of the right bank. On the latter the enemy held redoubts, the fire of which might take in flank the first brigade. The flotilla neared the Pagoda mount. The moment had arrived for striking the decisive blow.'

'The first brigade advanced to the attack. The 38th led. Difficulties vanished as they moved on in remarkable order, and in all the confidence of remembered advantages. They turned the formidable abbatis by a slight inclination to their right. At the foot of the hill they found a part of the 87th, who had already forced a passage through the strongest of the advanced defences. Colonel Sale halted his men to draw breath for the last effort. At that moment the crews of the flotilla, carried away by a false but pardonable ardor, quitted their boats, and sabre and pistol in hand, rushed tumultuously, and with loud huzzahs, towards the hill. Never was enthusiasm more uselessly lavished; for before they could reach the point of attack, everything was gained. Already the hill of Napadee glittered with the armed files of the first brigade.

'The Barbarians in the left centre, and left, continued indeed to dispute the ground until after sunset, and then retired under cover of the night. But Napadee, the key of the position, was in the hands of the British, who found its slopes and crest furrowed with intrenchments, loaded with stores of grain, and strewed with dismounted guns and the mangled bodies of the Barbarians.'

In his record of the three campaigns of the first Burmese war, Havelock freely exercises his critical

powers as a military writer, but never for the purpose of exalting himself at the expense of others. Indeed, it is only by tracing the movements of the 13th Light Infantry, that we can learn the part he took in these stirring scenes. In the perusal of the campaigns in which Havelock took a conspicuous part, it is most gratifying to observe the entire absence of all that vanity which is too often apparent in such records, and which makes it necessary that the eye should be wakeful to trace the valiant deeds of the soldier when he becomes his own historian. In the following criticism the reader will not be at a loss to discover the name of the officer, who, though a subaltern, could not avoid forming his own idea of the manner in which the attack might have been successfully conducted.

'When on the 29th of December an officer, in common with others, surveyed Melloon from the opposite pagodas, and meditating on the mode of attack, beheld the unexpected movement of the fleet, he thought he saw the forerunner of a brilliant advantage. It appeared to him that the Barbarians had placed in the hands of their enemies the assurance of a success unequalled during the war. The character of the expected action seemed to be entirely changed. It was no longer a question how to pass a defended river in the face of an enemy. It was now expedient to act on a very different plan, which would leave the Barbarians no alternative but evacuating Melloon without a shot or suffering a sanguinary discomfiture.'

'The time had now arrived when the Burmans were to find that the trick of evasion before the moment of

assault, as successfully practised at Kemmendine and Donabyoo, could not be repeated for ever. The northern face of the great work was now the true side of attack; as it was evident that through the north-western angle ran the oblique line, by which the enemy would endeavor to retreat. To mask the whole manœuvre it would have been necessary to have caused a brigade to form opposite to the lowest of all the outworks, that is to say, the pagoda redoubt further to the south. A division of boats should have been brought to this point. The fire of batteries, and their preparations, would have attracted the attention of the Barbarians.'

'The woods of Patanagoh, concealing its only road to the north, would admirably have furthered the execution of this plan. The force would have broken up before daylight, leaving its tents standing. It would have gained the right bank, by means of the fleet, a thousand yards above Melloon, but instantly wheeled to its left, and advanced silently and rapidly in three columns of attack. The brigade which affected to menace the enemy's right would have sufficed to guide the left bank. It was said that reinforcements were encamped on the plains to the northward, upon which the force would now have debouched. It would have routed them. Each column would have had its own advance and rear guard, fascines, and ladders. Two columns would have attacked contiguously adjacent points. The third would have chosen a route, which would have brought it upon the road landing upon the north-western angle of the place. It would have

seized the communications of the enemy. The opening roar of the batteries on the left bank would have been the signal for the assault. All that afterwards occurred confirms the opinion that this plan, at once daring and in accordance with sound principles, would have produced grand results; especially if the small body of cavalry which the British possessed should have followed and supported the movement of the column of the right.'

Havelock, who thus honestly gives his ideas of the manner in which this attack should have been directed, did not allow those ideas to interfere with his duty as a soldier, or his fidelity as a military historian.

'When the day broke on the 19th (Jan., 1826), the left bank of the river was seen already lined with batteries. The engineers had accomplished so much of their task in the night, that the bustle in the British camp did not appear lively enough to indicate any extraordinary exertion. A battery of eighteen pounders and heavy mortars confronted the centre of the grand stockade. Another of lighter pieces had been prepared to batter the Pagoda work to the southward. The guns and howitzers of the Horse Brigade were in battery opposite to the left of the central work. By eleven o'clock, twenty-eight mouths of fire were ready to open on the Melloon. The whole strength of the Rocket Brigade was ranged near the right of the battery of the centre. At eleven, Sir Archibald (Campbell) in person gave the word. The roar of the first salvo shook the ground, rent the air, reverberated amongst the rocks and woods behind Melloon, and died away in sullen

echoes from the more distant hills. In an instant it was repeated. The deafening peals succeeded with a rapidity which suggested the image of unchecked vengeance falling in thunder upon the heads of the deceitful Barbarians. The British officers on the left bank, stooping and coming forward, bent the eye anxiously to discern the effect upon the hostile camp. It was evident that the artillerists had hit the range at once. Balls were seen to strike the work, raising a cloud of dust and splinters, demolishing the defences, and ploughing up the area of the square. Shells hit sometimes a few paces from the parapet, behind which the garrison was crouching, bursting among their ranks, sometimes upon the huts of the troops and marked points of the pagodas. The rockets flew in the truest path. Many fell upon the Barbarians, many shaped their course direct into the pavillions of the chiefs. Partial fires were soon seen to break out at Melloon. Twice the line of the Barbarians which manned the eastern face gave way under the dreadful fire; twice they were rallied by their chiefs.'

'The storm of fire, of shells, and bullets, continued without intermission for an hour and a quarter. Fifteen minutes before one the boats of the flotilla began to move from a point two hundred yards above the light battery. The first brigade had been embarked on board the leading vessels. The flank companies of the 87th, the 41st, and 89th British, and strong Native detachments, found themselves afloat almost at the same moment, on board the remainder of the flotilla. General Cotton directed the movements of the troops last

mentioned. Lieutenant-Colonels Godwin, Parlby, and Hunter Blair served under him as brigadiers. This force was to gain the right bank a little above the great work, and operate against its northern face, now cruelly enfiladed by the Horse Brigade. As one of its columns was intended to intercept the retreat of the Burmans, the whole body ought to have been put in motion antecedently to the 1st Brigade, the movement of which should have been consecutive. But the attempt which was made to render the advance of both simultaneous, ended in inverting the order of their operations. The 1st Brigade came too soon, and the turning columns too late, in contact with the enemy.

'All eyes were now fixed upon the progress of the 1st Brigade. Its boats began to fall rapidly down the stream. Colonel Sale was seen in the leading man-of-war's boat, far a-head of the heavier vessels. The Brigade was to attack the south-eastern angle of the great work, the abbatis of which was said to be defective. Thus it had to receive the fire of the whole eastern front of the fortification. The Burmans opened every musket and jinjal upon it as soon as the first boat was on a line parallel to the stockade. The stream carried the British within half-musket shot of their numerous enemies, who, relieved from the severity of the cannonade, which the intervention of the boats necessarily caused to be suspended, had now full leisure to direct their fire. It caused a sensation of nervous tremor amongst the unoccupied spectators on the right bank, to see these two old tried corps thus silently enduring the storm of Barbarian vengeance. A dense

cloud of smoke from the Burman musketry began to envelope the boats. Now and then, by the flash of a nine-pounder from one of the gun vessels, she was seen to present her bows for an instant to the line, and direct a pairing shot against the works.'

'But the moment of retribution was at hand. The head-most boat was seen to touch the sand. A body of troops sprang ashore. They formed themselves with the alacrity of practised *tirailleurs* under the slope of the bank.'

'They were a part of the 38th. They began to answer, and check the fire of the Burman bastion near them. The vessels followed as rapidly as possible. But all seemed too slow for the wishes of those who looked upon the animating scene. They felt the inexpressible desire to urge on, by the power, as it were, of imagination, to press forward, to impel to the point the head-most boats, which, though dropping quickly, yet seemed to the eyes of impatience to lag. More soldiers leapt upon dry land with a cheer; others followed. The spectators looked for the leader of the Brigade. They did not yet know that a ball had struck him between the shoulder and the breast, and that he lay swooning from the loss of blood in the boat. The numbers of the column speedily increased; it quickly assumed shape, and was in motion. The advance ceased to fire; the mass of the 13th (this was Lieutenant Havelock's regiment) and the 38th, pressing on, was in a moment at the foot of the works. The soldiers began to spread, and seek for a gap, or entrance, with the ready tact produced by experience in such affairs. There

was a pause of three seconds, then a move again. The British were seen at once overlooking the works. The Burman fire ceased along the line. All was decided. The Barbarians began to rush in headlong flight across the great area; the British column to direct its course full upon the pagodas, which marked the head quarters of the chiefs. The second column had landed, and was manœuvring upon the north-western angle. The Burmans, warned by the priority of the attack in front, were already issuing from it in large bodies. This was the conflict at Melloon.'

One of the most important successes of the campaign of 1825—26 was the capture of Pagahm-myo, in which Lieutenant Havelock's regiment took a conspicuous part. Pagahm, from its ancient sanctity, is described as the 'Burman Benares,' and being a place of remarkable strength, it was expected that the Burmese would valiantly defend it. When our victorious troops entered this city they were amazed at the thickness of its walls, and the solidity of the quadrangles of masonry, and from which it was remarked that good troops ought not to have been driven without the aid of heavy artillery. This important place was selected as a rallying point, by a man who had formerly served in a low situation, but had succeeded in persuading the emperor that all his former disasters, which were the result of incapacity in the leaders, could be retrieved by his superior skill and valor. On an evil day for himself, and for Burmah, the man of valor was entrusted with the defence of Pagahm, and at the same

time he distinguished himself as 'the Lord of Sunset,' a title which, by an unfortunate translation, was rendered first 'The Prince of Darkness,' and afterwards by another defect in philology 'The King of Hell.' The bearer of this unenviable designation, who had sixteen thousand warriors at his command, was obliged to fly before less than thirteen hundred of our troops, among whom there were 213 of the 13th Light Infantry, who formed a part of the vanguard, and of whom our brave lieutenant might say with truth, '*magna pars fui.*' The narration of this exploit is thus given in his own words :—

'The British advanced along a narrow road, thickly hedged in on either side with the tree called by the inhabitants *ber*, by the English jujube, and by philosophers zizyphus jujuba. It bears a fruit resembling the plum, and varying equally in size. It is in some countries a dwarfish bush; but in this district of Burmah rises to the height of ten or twelve feet, and is commonly defended with thorns. The small force of the British raised clouds of dust in passing over the sandy soil. The Burmans fired the first shot. The advance of their right opened a random *fusilade* out of distance, at the head of the column of the 43rd, and then retired. The vanguard of the British (in which Havelock was engaged) in a moment after, became engaged with the advance of the Barbarian centre, posted at the base of Loganunda. It drove it in. But as the column under the Major-General reached the foot of the monument, the enemy showed considerable force in its front, and on its right. As the British moved on, the Barbarians rushed forward to meet them.

They presented themselves with wild, frantic gestures, and hideous shouts. *The whole of the* 13*th were extended, en tirailleur, to resist this sudden onset.* The Horse Artillery got into action. The Body Guard supported at the centre. These three corps now formed the true vanguard of the British. *The* 13*th dashed among* the Barbarians in extended files. They overthrew them. The thickets were soon strewed with their bodies. The Barbarians were hotly pursued, thundered upon by the guns of the Horse Artillery, and cut down by the Sawars wherever they could be overtaken.'

'The rest of the force, in seconding this manœuvre, found it difficult to debouch. It was impossible to escape very rapidly from the narrow mouth of the single defile, into which the troops were closely wedged together with the carriages of the Foot Artillery, their rockets and tumbrils. The heat was excessive, and two of the battalions were harassed by the night march. All this was not sufficiently borne in mind in following up the first advantage. The companies of the 13th, spread along a considerable line, became engaged with formidable masses of the enemy before they could receive any support from the corps of the main body. The Barbarian general took advantage of this with a laudable adroitness. He promptly moved up large bodies of horse and foot to the aid of his worsted advance; he caused a mass to debouch from his extreme left, menacing the right flank of the British, and another to press down from his centre to cut off their vanguard from the road. The ground was a succession of hillocks planted with the jujube. Many

of the little summits were covered with the ruins of pagodas; others, with monuments less worn by time. Thus, the adverse lines were hardly aware how closely they approached each other. A noisy fire was supported along either front. *The 13th were very widely extended.*

'The Major-General, accompanied by the principal officers of his staff, was in the very centre of the attack of the vanguard. His person must have been distinctly seen by the Barbarians. Large bodies advanced within a few yards of him. Their shouts seemed already to announce a victory. The situation of the Major-General was for many minutes critical. He had with him only fourteen men of the 13th, sixteen Suwars of the Body Guard, and two field pieces of the Horse Artillery. But their guns threw grape and round shot rapidly and truly amongst the enemy; their quick discharges disconcerted them, and the firm countenances of the troopers, and infantry soldiers, filled them with uncertainty. They could not, in a moment, make up their minds to one of those decisive movements by which battles are won. The opportunity which might have saved their capital, escaped them. Their masses began to take up the ground, from which they had first moved, but remained there steadily and in great force. A heavy firing was at this instant heard in the left. The Major-General retired before the enemy's advance which pressed after him. The Hindostanee troopers displayed a memorable coolness. They waved their sabres proudly to the shouting Barbarians, turned their backs only for a moment, then rapidly fronted and

resumed their attitude of defiance, riding down the boldest of the Burmans who ventured close to them. Constantly calling to the infantry, which they covered, to quicken their pace, but never quickening their own, thus retiring and fronting in succession, they finally gained a little pagoda mount, on which the Major General had taken his stand.

'Sir Archibald Campbell then caused the 13th to be recalled and concentrated by sound of bugle. The guns and howitzers armed the *plateau* of the mount. Its ruinous brick-work supplied an irregular rampart. The enemy stood formed in immense force directly in front of the hill, their foot backed by squadrons of the Cassay horse. They still showed a disposition to turn the British by both flanks. The Major-General surveyed them for a few minutes through his telescope. He then said calmly, as the troops reformed, "I have here the 13th, and the Body Guard; the whole Burman army shall not drive me from this hill." Nevertheless, some anxious moments had to be passed in this little position. There was yet no intelligence of the movements of the left. The enemy's detached parties of either arm yet inundated the valleys and thickets to the right and left. Some even penetrated to the rear. But at length the 89th arrived, and was seen to take up its position in support. All was secure in this quarter, which had been so seriously menaced. The British again prepared to attack the troops of "The King of Hell." But they perceived that he had already sensibly diminished his force in their front. A staff officer, who had succeeded in communicating

with General Cotton, brought news which accounted for this retrograde.

'The right flank of the Burmans, and their communications with Pagahm, were already in jeopardy. When General Cotton debouched beyond the Loganunda Pagoda, he was opposed, as the Major-General had been, by advanced bodies of the Barbarians. The 38th routed them, and followed closely the line of their retreat. The Burmans at length threw themselves into a field-work near the bank of the river. Nearly the same thing happened which had before taken place at the outworks of Donabyoo. The 38th wheeled round the work, under the fire of its defenders, entered it by the rear-ward opening, and began to make a carnage of all within. The Barbarians thus screwed into their own places of defence, leapt in terror over the western parapet. Hundreds rushed headlong down the lofty and almost vertical bank of the waters of the Irrawady. "The King of Hell" was compelled to abandon his first position and retire on Pagahm. As soon as the success of the left was announced to General Campbell, he put his column in motion. The statements of prisoners indicated an obstinate defence in Pagahm. It was thought that only half the day's work was achieved. In half-an-hour more the lines of manœuvre taken by all the columns of battalions except the 43rd, converged upon a single point in the eastern wall of the city. The 13th was the most advanced. The main road descended into a ravine. Beyond this, a village and pagoda intervened, and screened the walls of Pagahm. The enemy were posted here in force.

When the firing commenced, the Horse Artillery were despatched at full speed to the right, to enfilade the village, and take every successive position of the enemy rapidly in flank. *But the leading companies of the 13th had already descended into the valley. The enemy's balls began to strike the huts and trees around them. It was in vain to dally here, exposed to a fire from behind walls. The regiment formed in line quickly, but with the steadiness of a field-day. It advanced at the charge with a loud huzza, and in redoubled time.* The levies of "The King of Hell," had not a chance of remaining. They were driven before the onset of this regiment, from position to position, from pagoda to pagoda, from eminence to eminence, back upon, over, within, and again beyond their walls; then from walled inclosure to inclosure, finally into their boats on the Irrawady, or along the route to the capital, as panic urged them. All their standards were captured. The Major General and his staff entered by the eastern gate of Pagahm.

'The sound of the last cannon-shot had scarcely ceased to echo among the pagodas when the Major-General thus conveyed his sentiments to his troops in general orders: "Providence has once more blessed with success the British arms in this country; and in the decisive defeat of the imposing force posted under and within the walls of Pagahm-myo, the Major-General recognises a fresh display of the military virtues which have characterized his troops from the commencement of the war."'

'As to the terrible "King of Hell," he was the bearer

of the news of his own defeat to the monarch, who ordered him to be carried to instant execution; a sentence promptly executed in the true spirit of Burmese cruelty. The executioners dashed the victim, with his face downward, upon the pavement of the palace; they stamped and spat on him, and dragged him forth by the hair, then led him through the streets covered with blood, cut open his body, tore forth the reeking vitals, and completed their cruelty by causing elephants to trample into pieces his mangled and quivering frame.

These disasters having brought the monarch into a state of submission, and an honorable peace being concluded, Havelock was intrusted with a pleasing diplomatic mission to the monarch, which is related by himself.

On the evening preceding that on which the treaty of peace was signed, Sir Archibald Campbell communicated to Lieutenant Havelock the probability that one or more of the officers of the army would be sent to Ava on a complimentary visit to the monarch, intimating at the same time the probability that the choice would fall on him, provided the service would be agreeable. The duty to be performed was simply that of appearing before the king of Ava with the presents which the Commissioners proposed to send in token of their sincere desire to secure the stability of the pacific relations which had been recently restored. The task was readily undertaken with due acknowledgments for the distinction thus proposed. The associates of Havelock in this gratifying and honorable mission, were Captain Lumsden, Bengal Horse Artillery,

and Assistant Surgeon Knox, of the Madras army. Immediately after the visit to Ava a report of the proceedings was drawn up by these officers, and duly authenticated with their signatures, and from this document we give the narration principally in their own language:—

'The Burman negotiators left our camp soon after the formal attestation of the pacific compact on the 24th instant. A wish, however, had been expressed to announce the approach of the British officers previously to their actual arrival. Our own embarkation in the war-boats destined for our transport was delayed until three o'clock A.M., on the 26th of February, 1826. Incidental delays detained us until five. The southerly wind, which had blown with violence for some days, had given place to a dead calm. Deprived of this advantage, we calculated on a passage somewhat more protracted than had been originally promised us; but when in vessels so well adapted to skimming the stream, and with rowers so numerous, dexterous, practised, and indefatigable, a whole day and night had passed, and we found ourselves yet distant from Yapadaing, nearly midway between Yandabo and Ava, we could not help suspecting that our progress was considerably delayed. In fact, we did not reach the Burman camp, near the town, until four P.M. on the 27th, when our suspicions were by no means removed by a courteous but very urgent invitation from the chiefs to land and halt some hours for refreshment. This distrust was augmented when we perceived that the crews of our boats were promptly removed on our

stepping ashore. The Atwenwoon, however, who had taken such an active part in the recent conferences, received us with marked attention and civility.

'The arrival of Dr. Price, the American missionary, at seven in the evening, developed to us the real state of affairs. He owned to us that he had experienced difficulties which he could not at once overcome, on opening his proposal for our reception at the court of Ava. Since the period of our departure from the camp, he had been honored with an audience of the monarch, whose mind was agitated with distrust on the subject of our visit. Dr. Price had returned rapidly to Yandaboo, stated his perplexities to the Commissioners, received their instructions thereupon, and was now on his way once more to the court in the hope of ultimately triumphing over its objections.'

The fears of the king being overcome, the representatives of the British power were allowed to proceed, and arrived safely at Yapanding, about twenty-four English miles from Ava, and the narrative continues:—

'We reached the capital in darkness, a few miles only, before midnight. Conducted with every mark of respect by a numerous deputation of the officers of state, from the landing place, through the northern gate of the city, under the walls of the palace, to the house of the commandant of the northern division of Ava, we were then entertained in a style of cordial hospitality. Nine o'clock in the morning of the first of March was fixed for our state reception at the palace.

'At eleven all preliminary forms had been adjusted, and

the head of the procession was already about to descend from our dwelling into the street, when its progress was arrested by the abrupt announcement that the monarch had retired to sleep. Respectfully intimating that our own prolonged voyage had rendered us by no means averse to a similar indulgence, we returned to await the termination of this period of repose. A little after three we were informed that the hour of presentation had arrived.

'A discussion here arose on a point of ceremony often canvassed at this court. The ministers had in the morning stipulated that we should part with our swords on leaving our house, that the aggregate number of our attendants should be six, and that we should divest ourselves of our boots and shoes at the foot of the royal staircase. All these points of etiquette we cheerfully conceded. It was further demanded that we should move with uncovered feet from the third gate of the palace. Hereupon we deemed it right to make a stand, urging the obvious objection, that though we were ready to conform to all established usages of the court, we were not prepared to follow up perpetual advances with interminable concessions; that the Burman ministers must, from the first, have fully known the definite limits of the national ceremonial, and could not, therefore, escape from the dilemma of having either at first demanded less, or having now proceeded to exact more, than the dignity of their royal master required. Our remark being met by evasive circumlocution, that if the concession on this point was to be the absolute condition of the reception of the friends of

the Commissioners, thankful for the kindness we had already experienced, we had only further to request, that boats might speedily be prepared for our return to Yandabo. The point was upon this abandoned, and the ultimate rejoinder of the Burman ministers was, according to the interpretation of Dr. Price, couched in the following remarkable terms: "You are the conquerors of the land. The custom is such as we have last declared. But you must please yourselves in this matter."

'Followed by a concourse of spectators, numerous, and animated by an anxious curiosity, but governed by all the restraints of respect and decorum, we were escorted to the hall of justice, there to await for nearly an hour the completion of the preparations within the precincts of the palace. A few minutes after five, its first portal was opened. Three others, expanding in succession, displayed to us the interior court of this abode of royalty, occupied by not fewer than four thousand guards regularly armed, with a park of artillery of upwards of forty pieces.

'A detailed description of the gorgeous and imposing spectacle within the walls of the palace during the scene of presentation which followed would be foreign to the character of an official communication. It seems enough to relate that the monarch of Ava, seated on his throne of state, surrounded by the ensigns of royalty, environed by the princes of the royal house and lineage, and attended by the high ministers and chief officers of the realm, received with every mark of gracious consideration our

congratulations in the name of the Commissioners, on the pacification happily concluded between the two states, accepted their presents, directed suitable returns to be made, and, in conclusion, caused the British officers instructed with this charge to be invested with the insignia of titles and honorary distinctions.

'It is known that the court of Ava is peculiarly jealous on the point of ceremonial observance; but we have reason to believe that the individuals who this day presented themselves at the foot of the throne were welcomed with all those marks of favor and consideration which were bestowed on former occasions upon the accredited agents, envoys, and ambassadors of the Supreme Government of India. On the breaking up of the Durbar we returned to our former quarters, and awaited the dispositions of the sovereign regarding the time and manner of our return.'

It is evident from this report that the representatives of Great Britain were careful that our interests should not be damaged, and our honor should not be trampled by 'the golden foot.' They had ascertained that, previous to their presentation, six prisoners of war taken at Ramoo were in confinement within the walls of Ava, and without waiting for instructions on the subject, their own sense of duty urged them to remonstrate against this infraction of the Treaty. After many attempts to resist the demand for the release of the captives, they were set free the day after the reception of our representatives at court.

The comments which Havelock appends to this Report

give a remarkable illustration of the jealous care with which he guarded the honor of his country. He furnishes ample proof of his determination not to make any undue concessions to the monarch of Burmah. Referring to the first point of court etiquette, the pulling off his boots at the bottom of the staircase of the palace, he justifies himself by referring to the specific injunction of the Major-General, and as to laying aside their weapons before leaving their dwellings, he states that the wearing or carrying any warlike weapons within the precincts of the court was forbidden by the laws of Ava, and might have done violence to the feelings and caused alarm in the heart of the monarch and his courtiers.

To complete this account, we must add Havelock's description of the monarch of Ava.

'He was of middle stature, though, owing to the elevated plane on which he moved, he at first glance appeared taller. His head was bound with a plain and slight fillet of white. His hair and beard were sandy, he wore no moustaches. He had on a vest of white muslin, and a *patzo* of variegated silk, in which bright red was the predominating color. Around his neck was the golden *tsalo* of twenty-four small chains, a large jewel appended to it rested on his breast. His legs were bare, his feet shod with scarlet sandals. He moved with a stately gait towards the front of the throne, his body held remarkably upright, his right hand grasping a golden sheathed sword carried obliquely across his person. Suddenly he stopped, bent both his knees mechanically, and sunk at once on to a cushion,

sitting with folded legs. The dexterity of the movement looked like the result of practice. He sat thus gazing before him without the slightest movement. Even his eyes did not move. His lips were compressed like one subduing internal agitation. His features, which were neither handsome nor unpleasing, wore the studied calm of resolute effort. A physiognomist would at once have pronounced him a barbarian ruler of mild disposition, but the sport of the gusts of passion. When he took his seat, a slave crept forward, and placing by him a golden beetle-box shaped like the Hentha, the national emblem, withdrew. The British officers thrice bent their heads respectfully to his Majesty on the throne.'

During the whole of this period Havelock steadily maintained the religious character with which his life commenced. On this important subject, we have the following statement in the sermon of Mr. Brock:—

'Before he went to India in 1823, he had presented himself a living sacrifice to God, and resolved, whatever others might do, to serve the Lord. No sooner did he join the 13th Light Infantry than he began to devote himself seriously to the welfare of his fellowmen, assembling them together at every opportunity for the reading of the Scriptures, and psalmody, and prayer, and throughout the long period of his connexion with that regiment, that practice he religiously maintained. There came a time when they built a place for their religious accommodation, and had their own pastor, but Havelock was amongst them, as one that served them in the gospel and grace of the Lord

Jesus. When at Rangoon with the expedition under Sir A. Campbell, he exerted himself to the utmost to prevent the excesses of the soldiers after the place had been captured. He there obtained the permanent use of a large chamber in the Grand Pagoda, and converted that chamber, the walls of which were decorated with idolatrous images, into a meeting-house for the worship of the true God.

'One day a military officer, on approaching the edifice, heard the sound of psalmody, and entering therein, he found above a hundred soldiers seated around their officer, who was acting as the good minister of Jesus Christ.'

In another admirable funeral sermon, the preacher (the Rev. E. Paxton Hood) asks—'Have you not heard how, in the temple of Rangoon, when the city was taken, he was seen in the temple—the idol temple—filled with the images and cross-legged infernals of that country? *He placed the lamps in the hands of the idols*, and by the light sat down to teach, to lead the devotions of the soldiers, and to open to them the Scriptures.'

'About that time a military emergency having arisen, the General in command thought not of his embarrassment. Having ordered out a particular troop, the reply was that they were intoxicated, and could not take a place of danger. Then, said the commanding officer, "Turn out Havelock's men; he is always ready, and his men are never drunk." They were immediately under arms, and the General's object was achieved. Not without much opposition was it that he has endeavored to walk humbly with his God. He was ridiculed and

persecuted for righteousness' sake. On the adjutancy in his corps becoming vacant, an application was made to the Governor-General to give it to Havelock. His lordship demurred on account of what had been said to Havelock's disparagement as being an enthusiast and a fanatic. Bitter was the hostility which beset him on that occasion, and only in this manner it was overcome: A return was ordered of the offences committed by the men of the several companies throughout the regiment; and having examined the return, the Governor-General said he found that the men in Havelock's company, who had joined in his religious exercises, were the most sober and best behaved men in the regiment. The complaint against the men, he said, was that they were Baptists, and he added that he wished that the whole regiment were Baptists, too. The result of the inquiry was, the bestowal of the adjutancy upon Havelock, and the entry in his memorandum-book simply mentions the fact, with the addition of the following words:—'Continue religious instruction to the soldiers, and do everything to promote temperate habits among them."'

CHAPTER IV.

FROM 1827 TO 1838.

ADJUTANT TO THE MILITARY DEPOT AT CHINSURA.—STUDIES ORIENTAL LANGUAGES IN CALCUTTA.—MARRIES MISS MARSHMAN.—DOMESTIC CHARACTER.—CHRISTIAN CATHOLICITY.—PROMOTION TO A CAPTAINCY.—INTERESTING TESTIMONIAL.

THE history of the Ava campaigns, in which Havelock records the story of the first active periods of his military career, was published in the year 1827, an epoch memorable in his private as well as his public life. Without any pedantry and affectation, the author gives ample evidence in these pages of solid scholastic acquirements, and but for the error of coming into print in Serampore, instead of London, his first production would have received its proper recognition, and soon have been followed by the labors of the accomplished military historian. Havelock had evidently a deep sympathy with Thucydides, whose qualities, as a military writer, characterise his own productions, and, like that distinguished historian, he evidently wished to use the pen in describing those scenes in which he had valiantly employed the sword. It is narrated that Thucydides wept when he heard Herodotus repeat his history of

the Persian wars at the public festivals of Greece, and it is not difficult—as our readers will perceive in the progress of this memoir—to trace in Havelock an admiration for the Attic historian perhaps equal to that which he entertained for the historian of Halicarnassus.

It is our purpose that in these pages, as far as is practicable, the 'soldierly writer' shall be the narrator of those stirring scenes in which he took a conspicuous part, and it will be apparent that his style is marked by the vigor, purity, elegance, and energy, that distinguish the history of the Peloponnesian war. It is some concession to the claims we assert, that at one important period of his life Havelock was familiarly known among his friends by the *soubriquet* of Thucydides, a designation which was, we have no doubt, a pleasant gratification to the recipient, as it was naturally elicited from his intimate friends.

A season of rest from the active duties of the campaign was now afforded by the appointment he received from Lord Combermere to the post of Adjutant of the Military Depôt at Chinsura, an establishment for receiving recruits after the landing in India, and preparing them for service, and also for invalided and worn-out veterans on their return from the up country. On the breaking up of this establishment, Havelock returned to his regiment, but only for a short time, as we find him soon after in Calcutta, diligently engaged in the study of the Oriental languages, for which he had a remarkable aptitude and a peculiar taste. He

knew how necessary it was that every British officer, who wishes to be useful and successful in his Indian career, should have a practical acquaintance with the spoken languages of India, and his natural thirst for learning was gratified by the opportunities afforded him at the College at Fort William, where it was a greater advantage to him to pursue his linguistic studies than to be dependent on a Moonshee in some retired part of India. He not only acquired a familiar acquaintance with the spoken languages of India, but also qualified himself for the post of Persian interpreter, and had an extensive acquaintance with kindred Oriental tongues.

By his diligent application at this period, he qualified himself for rendering great service to the Government in future periods of his life, and for which he reaped substantial advantages. He evidently was not one of those who indulge in the dreamy notion that Englishmen can take a firm grasp of the minds of Indians by virtue of the English language. He knew, what cannot be too well known, that if we are to be rulers over the millions of that country, we must master their language in our own defence, and as the only medium of bringing our intellectual power to bear on the native population.

This year was also memorable in the domestic history of Havelock as the year of his marriage. He was thirty-two years of age when he married Hannah Shepherd, daughter of the venerable Dr. Marshman, Baptist Missionary of Serampore, and now, by the special grace of Her Majesty, raised to the dignity of

the lady of a Baronet, although her husband never lived to receive the honor designed for him.

The history of Christian Missions presents no instance of greater devotion to this sacred cause than was displayed by Dr. Marshman, and the other members of the mission family with which he was associated. These faithful men commenced their labours amidst the greatest opposition from the authorities, who would not allow them a standing in our East Indian territory, and in consequence they were compelled, in 1799, to take up their abode in Serampore, then in possession of the Dutch.

For six years Dr. Marshman diligently studied the Bengalee and Sanskrit; after which he applied himself to the study of the Chinese, of which he obtained a perfect knowledge, and translated into it the whole Bible. He also published a 'Dissertation on the Characters and Sounds of the Chinese Language,' 4to., 1809; 'The Works of Confucius, containing the original text with a translation,' 4to., 1811; 'The Clavis Sinica; Elements of Chinese Grammar, with a preliminary Dissertation on the Characters and the Colloquial Medium of the Chinese, and an appendix containing the Ta-Hyok of Confucius, with a translation,' 1814.

The principle on which the missionaries agreed to act was, that no one should engage in any private trade, but that whatsoever was procured by any member of the family should be appropriated to the benefit of the Mission. On this principle, Dr. Carey in the College, Dr. Marshman in the School, and Mr. Ward in the

Printing Office, each contributed considerably more than £1000 a year to the undertaking.

In an appeal to the public in 1830, they say, 'The only members of the Mission who have it in their power to contribute to its funds, are Dr. Carey, Dr. Marshman, and Mr. J. C. Marshman; they do contribute to the utmost of their ability.' Their private resources, much reduced, were still devoted to the Mission.

The income earned by their learned labors as professors and schoolmaster, and even the profits of Mrs. Marshman's school, were constantly added to the support of the Mission they served, by the labors in preaching and teaching.

In the year of Lieutenant Havelock's marriage into this excellent Christian family, the College funds maintained fifty-eight students, of whom seven were in European habits, or those termed Anglo-Asiatics, twenty-three natives in the Sungscrit class, seven in the preparatory school at Serampore. The students in European habits consisted of those who were receiving instruction, with a view of being employed as missionaries. The object of the native class was to provide for the education of native Christians, some of whom it was expected would carry a Christian influence with them into the different stations they might occupy in after life, while others might be selected for the Christian ministry, should they exhibit the talent and the heart for that sacred work.

Well might it said, 'In Serampore Mission we might produce equal, if not superior names to any of which

the Jesuits can boast; superior to them even in the arts of education when applied to a half-civilized people, and incomparably above them in extending information among the general population of the country, and in the most important of all operations, that of the raising up of native laborers, and creating resources for their maintenance, in part at least in the country itself.'

Havelock esteemed it a high honor to be thus connected with a family so eminent for their consecration to the Master he faithfully served.

It may be well here to state the issue of this happy union. The living descendants of Major-General and Lady Havelock are:—1st. Henry Marshman Havelock, born August 6th, 1830, who was Deputy Adjutant General to his father, and is now Sir Henry Havelock, Baronet, of Lucknow. 2nd. Joshua, born December 11th, 1831, Assistant Commissioner under Sir John Lawrence in the Punjaub. 3rd. George, born June 5th, 1847, now at school in Bonn, the present residence of Lady Havelock and her two surviving daughters, Hannah Jane, and Honoria.

Lieutenant Havelock commenced his domestic history with the determination that he and his house should serve the Lord; and as his children grew up around him he trained them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Although he was still the neglected lieutenant, with a limited income, he perseveringly devoted one-tenth of that income to the purposes of religion, and thus had the satisfaction produced by the diffusive benevolence inculcated by Christianity.

As has been frequently stated, he was conscientiously a member of the Baptist community, and he was equally a Bible student and a Bible Christian, having a large and loving sympathy with the whole Christian church, and a universal philanthropy. An excellent presbyterian clergyman, who for a year enjoyed much domestic intercourse with him, thus describes him in private life.

'I had every opportunity of knowing and loving him fully. As to his *person*, he was under the middle size, being in height about five feet six, as far I can judge from memory; of a slight make, oval-formed face, high forehead, dark, penetrating eagle eyes, greyish hair, and, on the whole, of a noble military bearing. He was no *talker* merely on the subject of religion, but rather a doer, and an actor, for while you felt yourself in the presence of a truly good man, that conviction was awakened, more by reserve and quiet decision, and great mildness of look and manner, than by anxiety to speak of the mysteries of the gospel. His views on the great doctrines of the gospel were clear and distinct, and except on the subject of baptism (which we sometimes discussed), in no respect different from my own. He was, in the highest and best sense of the word a noble Christian missionary, recommending, both by precept and example, the gospel of Christ to all around. In him the military character was so clear and so fully developed, he was such a stern and rigid disciplinarian, and his command over the soldiers was so absolute, that worldly men easily tolerated the saint in their admiration of the soldier'

The widow of a devoted clergyman, a connection of the writer, has kindly furnished the following interesting notice of his characteristics as a Christian man :—

'The late Sir Henry Havelock was a friend of my late husband's, and also of my own, both before and after Mr. W.'s death. But it was more with his family than himself that I had intimacy. At the time we were together at Simla in 1845-46, and part of 1847, he was aide-de-camp to Sir Hugh Gough, and part of the time they were in the 2nd Sutlej campaign. On their return, his family and brother came to our house, till a suitable one could be procured for their residence. From his being on the staff, he was obliged to be near the chief. Sir H. Havelock, however, when at home with his family, was mostly in his office, or in his own room; HE WAS A MAN OF FEW WORDS AND MUCH WORK: much decision of character, and great promptitude. At this time we went out into the interior of the hills together at Kutegur, and our families spent a day in tents, on a most beautiful spot close by the Sutlej, which was running below. I mention this, to notice that he suggested to my husband the desirableness of having a residence for a missionary there, as there were many villages near. This suggestion was complied with; and a small house built, which is now, I believe, occupied by the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, and has been by others who were learning the Oriental languages, especially the Thibetian.

'In 1847, Colonel Havelock, with his family, went to Bombay, and did not return to Simla till 1855, when he came in the suite of Sir William Gomm. I then renewed my acquaintance with him, for he came to see me as soon as he reached Simla; but owing to the distance of our residence, and his being an invalid, I did not see much of

him. I found him as firm an adherent to his Master's cause as ever.

'Some letters which I had from him were destroyed on leaving India. But, as I said, he was a man of much WORK. His time being always occupied, he had but little for rest or relaxation.'

A friend who was present in his family one evening during his long sojourn in England states, 'that in the course of conversation Mrs. Havelock turned suddenly round to her husband, and said, "By the way, my dear, where is Harry?" referring to her son, whom she had not seen during the whole afternoon. The Colonel started to his feet and said, "Well, poor fellow, he's standing on London Bridge, and in this cold, too. I told him to wait for me there at twelve o'clock today; and in the pressure of business at ——, I quite forgot the appointment." The father and son were to have met at twelve at noon, and it was now after seven o'clock in the evening. Yet the father seemed to have no doubt that Harry would not move from his post until he appeared. The Colonel at once rose, ordered a cab to be called, and, as he went forth to deliver his son from his weary watch on London Bridge, he turned to excuse himself to his visitor, saying, "*You see, sir, that's the discipline of a soldier's family.*" In the course of an hour, the Colonel returned with poor Harry, who, although he appeared somewhat affected by the cold watch, and glad to see the fire in the comfortable parlor at home, seemed to have passed through the little afternoon's experience with the greatest good humor, and the feeling that all was right.'

A distinguished friend of Havelock has kindly furnished the author with the following reminiscences about the period to which this chapter refers :—

'Having been stationed at Agra in 1836, shortly after Havelock had left that place with H. M.'s 13th Foot, of which he was for many years Adjutant, I met many friends who had been intimate with him during his stay there, and who spoke of his character as a Christian soldier, and of his efforts to promote the spiritual interests of the men and officers of his regiment, in terms of the highest praise.

'Through his exertions chapels had been erected in the neighborhood of the regimental barracks, both for Baptist soldiers and others, and for members of the Church of England, and other Evangelical denominations, at which there was a large attendance of men, from his own regiment and the Artillery, not only on Sabbath, but occasionally on week days, and the effects of the influence of his Christian character, and the interest which he took in everything tending to the moral elevation of the men, were said to have been most gratifying.

'I had not an opportunity, however, of meeting him, or of becoming personally acquainted, until in November, 1838, when I joined the army of the Indus, and marched almost daily for six months in company with him from Kurnaul to Candahar.

'He was at that time on the staff of Sir Willoughby Cotton, and detached from his own regiment, and as the only European corps in the Cavalry Brigade with which Sir Willoughby generally marched, were H. M.'s 16th Lancers, and the troop of Horse Artillery to which I belonged, he had few opportunities of personal intercourse with the men. On every occasion, however, when a few

could be brought together by the chaplain on Sunday evenings, when we halted, and after the ordinary "Drum Head" service of the day, he was to be found among them, in the little tent which I was able to spare from the hospital, and there are still a few of his brother officers and comrades who can look back with very grateful hearts to many occasions of Christian fellowship which they have thus enjoyed with him.'

And now, after eleven years of domestic life, and twenty-three years of service as a subaltern, in England and India, 'the neglected lieutenant' is advanced to the position of Captain, and has to depart from his peaceful home, and go forth to the stormy scenes that await him in Affghanistan. This moderate step of promotion might have been conferred long before, if the Lieutenant could have found money to buy the reward due to his merit, or if he had enjoyed aristocratic or parliamentary influence, or, it may be, if he had not belonged to the bible-reading, psalm-singing class, giving offence to the men whose conduct his example reproved. Havelock stood not alone as a sufferer, to some extent, because he had the moral courage to appear as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, as well as a valiant warrior in the service of his sovereign; but in both capacities he had made his election, he added to his faith courage, and resolved, by Divine help, to be faithful unto death, that he might at last receive the crown of life.

CHAPTER V.

FROM 1838 TO 1839.

FIRST AFFGHAN CAMPAIGN.—KURNAL.—POSTMASTER AND AIDE-DE-CAMP. — HIS DESCRIPTIONS OF AFFGHAN SCENES.—EASTERN TEMPESTS.—'THE VALLEY OF SPRING.'—DEFICIENT FOOD.—WANT OF WATER, AND JOY AT ITS DISCOVERY. — HIS GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE STORM AND CAPTURE OF GHUZNEE.—ENTRY OF SHAH SOOJAH INTO CANDAHAR. — FLIGHT OF DOST MAHOMED. — ENTRY OF SHAH SOOJAH INTO CABOOL.—CLOSE OF THE FIRST AFFGHAN CAMPAIGN, 1839.

Our narrative now brings us to the year 1838, when 'the neglected lieutenant' was promoted to the rank of captain. Referring to this period he says:—

'I was serving in Kurnal* (the "trysting place" of the army of the Indus) as adjutant of my regiment, when it became publicly known that an army was to be assembled for the avowed purpose of restoring Shah Shooja-ool-Moolk to the throne of his ancestors. The 13th (his regiment) had suffered severely during the months of July, August, and September, 1838, first from the cholera, and then from fevers of various types; and the actual strength had been brought so low, that it was

* Kurnal is on the Jumna, seventy-eight miles north of Delhi.

for some time doubted whether it would be possible that the corps should form a part of the force about to be employed beyond the Indus. These fears, however, were dissipated on a change for the better taking place in the weather towards the latter end of September.'

Colonel Sale being appointed to the command of a brigade, and invited to give his opinion regarding the selection of his Brigade Major, the choice fell on Captain Havelock, who, however, was doomed to some disappointment, as we learn from his own statement.

'It was soon, however, announced to me that Sir Henry Fane had selected a senior officer in my corps for the appointment of Brigadier Major of the 1st Brigade, and I had thus every prospect of my exertions being confined to the command of a company of light infantry during the expected operations; when the arrival of Sir Willoughby Cotton at Kurnal, to put himself at the head of his division, changed, as far as my views were concerned, the aspect of affairs. In the war in Ava, Brigadier-General Cotton had commanded the troops from Madras, and I had been attached to those from the supreme presidency; but I had become personally known to him in Burmah, and we had often met, whilst engaged in various duties before the enemy. It is a pleasure to me to record that I afterwards owed to his favorable representations my appointment by Lord Combermere to a staff situation in Bengal, which I held three years and a half. It was after the interval of nine years that I now again met Sir Willoughby Cotton at Kurnal, on the occasion of the assembly at that station of the several corps about to

be placed under his orders, when all the officers of his departmental staff having already been appointed by superior authority, he applied, on the ground of the strength of his division (nine regiments), for the assistance of a second aide-de-camp, and his request being acceded to, submitted my name to the Commander-in-Chief. He offered me, at the same time, the temporary employment of postmaster during the advance of his three brigades from the Jumna to Ferozepore, which I accepted. Postmaster of division, therefore, *de facto*, and recommended to be aide-de-camp to its General, I prepared to move from Kurnal.'

The question to be decided by the army of the Indus was akin to that which has lately been submitted to the arbitrement of the sword in the Crimean war. 'Who is thenceforth to exercise a predominating influence over those countries which were united after the death of Nadir Shah up to 1809, under the dominion of Ahmid Shah Abdalle, and his successors, latterly under the name of the kingdom of Cabool—England or Russia?'

Our author adds, that 'since the termination of the campaign, which gave to Russia, by right of conquest, Erivan and Nakhetchevan, and an extended frontier, at the expense of Persia, the politics of the latter state have received a bent and a bias from those of the Court of St. Petersburg, which have been a loud and perpetual call to Great Britain to look to the integrity of her Indian possessions.

The army of the Indus, in its advance into Affghanistan, had to pass through countries full of interest to

the geographer, the naturalist, and the observer of men and manners, affording ample scope for the soldier-traveller, who had a pen to describe the

'deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven;'

as well as

'battles, sieges, fortunes,
Of moving accidents by flood and field';

and

'Hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach.'

These scenes did not escape the notice of Captain Havelock, and have been carefully preserved by his graphic pen. He thus describes a tempest on their march to the pass of Bolan:—

'Soon after the force reached Noushuhra, from which there is another extensive view of the mountains, it began to blow with great violence from the north-west, which is the direction of the pass Bolan. The gale increased in fury every moment, driving clouds of dust into our tents; and it was not a matter of much consolation to hear from Major Leech that such tempests in this neighborhood generally lasted forty-eight hours. After midnight the gusts were as fierce as if all the wrath of our enemies in central Asia were concentrated in the breath of this mountain wind, and poured forth at once through the gorge of the Durru. We expected every moment to see some of our canvas dwellings prostrated. The fall of a single-poled tent is an unpleasant event for its tenant. Besides the inconvenience of losing the protection of a house above his head, especially

in the rain, it is far from improbable that the central pole in its descent may strike and kill or maim him, at the least, and even if he should escape this peril, it is difficult to imagine how he is to free himself from the overpowering weight of canvas, rope, and bamboo included in two *kunats* and a double *fly*, even if dry, much more if wet. Timely and agile flight, therefore, seem to afford the only hope of shunning suffocation; but thus to escape is not always an easy matter, if *purdas* and *kunats* have all been strongly fastened down with pegs to keep out the inclement blast.

'The sky was lowering nearly throughout the day, and as the sun declined, our attention was strongly attracted towards one extremity of the valley, which opens to the view beyond the pass of Beebee Nanee. The road which must be traversed to reach Affghanistan by the shortest line runs nearly northward; but exactly in the direction of the setting orb were seen two masses of mountains, which might truly be called grand. Just over the peak of one, and in the opening between the two, the rays of the sun were seen struggling through the dense and threatening clouds, in which another tempest seemed to be in preparation for us. The chasm which we saw thus surrounded by the terrors of a coming storm, is topographically important. It is the gorge of the lateral pass, or Kotul, which leads upon Kelat. It is known by the name of the *Rood-i-buhar*, or valley of spring.

'Our camp was visited by a thunder storm about eight P.M.; the rain, though heavy, did not continue long, but about one hour after midnight, the wind was

pouring down through the pass of Beebee Nanee, in the same tremendous gusts, under which we had found it so difficult to keep our tents standing at Noushuhra and Dadur. Long before the signal to march, it became plain to me that my good and strong single-poled tent, built by the most superior manufacturer in India, of the best materials, would not long resist the tempest, which now howled round its canvas walls. I hastily equipped myself in readiness to turn out, and soon after I was fairly upon my feet beyond the doorway, a rude blast swept upwards from the restraining pegs one side of the outer *kunaut*. The air being thus admitted, it was soon seen that the efforts of my whole establishment, eighteen in number, would not long suffice to keep the pole in its perpendicular. After prolonging the contest for some minutes, I perceived there was nothing for it but hastening the crisis by letting it all go. Down came the edifice "*by the run*," with a sufficiently rude crash, to the peril of the baggage piled beneath, and of one or two domestics caught, as in a trap, within the folds of *dosootee*. No serious injury was, however, sustained by the crew of the dismantled vessel.' *

One of the privations to which the army of the Indus was reduced, was the want of food. By the end of March, 1839,

'It was clear that under the circumstances a sacrifice must be made, and the consumption diminished, or a crisis must soon arise which it was frightful to contemplate. Accordingly, the loaf of the European soldiers

* Havelock's 'Affghanistan,' vol. i, p. 226.

was diminished in weight; the native troops received only half, instead of a full sur of ottah *per diem*, and the camp followers, who had hitherto found it difficult to subsist on half a sur, were, of necessity, reduced to *the famine* allowance of a quarter of a sur. This was a painful measure; but the promptitude and decision with which it was adopted certainly saved the army from the alternatives of starvation in their position, or unspeakably disastrous retreat upon their depôts. The privation was most deeply felt by the followers. They did not murmur, but the countenances of these famishing men expressed suffering and dreadful apprehension; and if, when halted, this indispensable regulation seemed to crush them to the earth, how was it to be expected that they could bear up under it upon the resumption of our march?'

But a greater privation was the want of water. Of the sufferings thus occasioned, and the delight produced by finding an abundant supply, we have an interesting description:—

'The plain on which our camp is now pitched, is not, like the level of Siriah, watered by deep and well-supplied kahreezes, carrying coolness, and the promise of fertility, down their slopes. A small cut, through which we found water flowing from a spring-head in the mountains, has alone supplied us with the useful element since first we advanced to this point. This little channel the Candahar sirdars have caused to be dammed up near its source in the hills, and behold two bold brigades, and the levy of the Shah, reduced to the greatest straits. Horses already half starved for want

of grain and good grass, were throughout the day panting in all the agonies of thirst, and in the evening a few drops of water could not be obtained even to mix the medicines of the sick in our hospitals, or to supply them with the refreshment and comfort of a few spoonfuls of tea. All ranks have been taught to understand to-day how little prized when plentiful, how outrageously demanded when scarce, is that bounteous provision for the wants of God's creatures, water!

'Weary of the delay which had kept us so long at Dundi Goolaee, we moved forward on the 21st into the plains, which we had surveyed from the summit of the Kozuk pass, recognising all the distinctive peaks of the scattered hills which we had observed from that commanding height. We saw them now magnified, as we approached them, and casting a dark shade over the plains, which they overhung. Anxious looks were from time to time cast towards these green eminences, and their bases were carefully searched for any small streams which might supply the urgent wants of a thirsting force. When at last we found our halting near a mud village, walled and bastioned, but supplying neither grain nor any other means of subsistence, a well-ordered camp was traced out, the cavalry was posted in the centre, and the Shah's force, and the 1st Brigade, on the right and left, either flank being refused. It was not very pleasant to discover that this day, too, we must depend for a supply of the indispensable element on the stream of a small and imperfect kahreez. Its water was brackish, and flowed scantily and sluggishly.

Thousands of brass *totas* and leathern buckets were soon dipped into the bitter chanel; and though proper regulations were promptly established, one half of the force had not been watered before the scarcity commenced. Soon diluted mud alone could be obtained; and whole regiments, under a burning sun, with parched lips, sighed for night to cool them, and then for morning, that they might move on to a happier spot.

'The troops were buoyed up towards evening with fallacious hopes of the waters of a spring actually discovered in the hills, being brought down for their relief into the plains; but up to the hour of early march no stream had begun to flow into the dry bed of a *nulla*, on which many were gazing in hope. The sufferings of the soldiers, both European and native, were for some hours so great as nearly to tempt some, for a moment, to forget the restraints of discipline; and never do its principles achieve a greater triumph than when troops are seen obedient and respectful, and trying to be cheerful under this form of privation. At Killa Puttoolah, officers of the highest ranks were brought to acknowledge the value of the simple element. This was no time for the luxurious ablutions which, under the sun of central Asia, preserve health and restore strength; no time to waste a single drop for any bodily comfort, or for any purpose but preparing food or slaking a raging thirst; and thousands felt this day, that all the gifts of that God whose public praise and ordinances were forgotten on this Sabbath of unwilling penance, would have been worthless to man, if, in his anger, he had withheld the often-despised blessings of

water. The kindness and consideration with which some officers of no low rank shared the little portion of the much-coveted fluid which they could obtain with the privates around them, was creditable to their humanity, and ought to have won the confidence and affection of those whom they commanded.

'A chilly north wind was blowing as the force began its march on the 22nd from the scene of its endurance on the plain near Killa Puttoolah. The breeze was eagerly welcomed, as refreshing and exhilarating after a day of sweltering heat. The column pushed on over the level immediately before them. This was soon exchanged for a slight ascent, and then the lofty hills which for several miles had seemed to crowd in frowning groups around us, were closed into a pass, and as we pursued our way by a stony road overgrown with the camel-thorn and wild thyme, the sun arose, and in half an hour the heat made every soldier long to disencumber himself of his cloth coat, his choking stock, and tightly-clasping accoutrements. We heard, as we advanced, that our parties had not succeeded in bringing the water from the mountain into the plains of Dundi Goolaee.

'Onward we pressed, and found, after a march exceeding ten miles in a deep valley, a considerable line of kahreez wells, some corn-fields, and above all, one stunted tree! But Brigadier Arnold, after hastily reconnoitring the vale, saw reason to dread the same deficiency of water which had to such an extent distressed his horses the day before. He obtained therefore the sanction of the Commander-in-Chief to his

prolonging his march to the stream of the Dooree. Forward the brigade moved to finish a second march of ten miles, their horses dropping down from drought and exhaustion as they toiled on, and leaving in the mountain passes melancholy traces of this day's suffering and perseverance. When the cavalry had thus got over five miles, in the course of which British dragoons and native troopers were seen eagerly sharing with their chargers muddy and fœtid water, drawn from puddles at the side of the road, the very sight of which would in Hindoostan have equally sickened all to whom it was offered, they struck into a by-road on their left, and winding their way by a narrow path through an opening in the undulating eminences, found themselves towards evening on the banks of a plentiful stream. The rush of unbridled indulgence of the troops and their horses into the waters, after all the privations of the morning, may fairly be described as uncontrollable. What moderation was to be expected from man or beast breaking forth from the restraints of a two days' unwilling abstinence? The march from Melamanda to the Dooree cost the already weakened brigade not fewer than forty chargers.'

Through such scenes passed this valorous army on its march to the storming and capture of Ghuznee, where Captain Havelock was to display the utmost energy and skill. As the intrepid warrior has given a minute record of this scene, we are able in his own language to present a sort of sun-picture of the greatest achievement accomplished by British troops in the Affghanistan campaigns, the whole of which he has described 'with trust-

worthy minuteness.' It should be remembered that the strength of Ghuznee was the boast of the Affghans, and that it was the design of Dost Mahomed that Afzal Khan and Hyder Khan, having suffered our army to advance a march or two beyond Ghuznee, should fall on its rear, while Dost Mahomed himself should give us battle in the front. The capture of Ghuznee was effected on July 22nd, 1839.

'The whole force in line, piling their arms in front of their tents, lay down to rest on the green sward, fully accoutred, and ready to start upon their feet and open fire on the approach of an enemy. But day broke without an Affghan having been seen in any direction. The army struck its camp, and, formed into five columns of attack, commenced its advance across the stony but open plains towards Ghuznee.

'As the force moved off, fresh deserters from the enemy coming in maintained most positively that the fortress had been abandoned. The information of the Envoy and his political assistants was to the same purpose. Abdool Rusheed, who rode with Sir Alexander Barnes in advance of the columns, would not venture to give any decided opinion as to the intention of his countrymen. Thus we continued to march on in uncertainty, until the grey walls and lofty citadel were full in view, and parties of horsemen were seen guarding the approach to the extensive garden, inclosed with high walls, which now alone separated us from the *enceinte* of the place. This did not look like an intention to evacuate the fortress. Still the Envoy, relying on the value of his secret sources of

information, seemed confident that no defence was meditated.

'Sir Willoughby Cotton rode on to reconnoitre the principal road. The Affghan horsemen retired as we approached; but as soon as our advance guard had penetrated between the gardens, which lay on their right and left, a body of skirmishers began to fire upon the staff, as they were surveying the fortress through their telescopes. It was evident that all further reconnoisance must be conducted in force. The three regiments of the 1st Brigade were therefore directed to move up towards the walls in three several directions, availing themselves of such covers as the ground might afford. It was rightly anticipated that if the ramparts were still manned, this movement would draw some corresponding demonstration from the garrison. We were not left long in suspense; for as soon as the troops debouched beyond the outer line of gardens, a flash and curling smoke from the ramparts, and a round shot whistling over the heads of the soldiers of the most advanced regiments, very clearly and acceptably answered the question which we were silently proposing. A sharp fire of musketry was at the same time commenced from the garden walls around the fort, from an outwork which enfiladed the river at its foot, and from the battlements of the place, whenever our troops came within range of them.

'Sir John Keane, with a view of inducing the Affghans further to display their force, placed some pieces of the Bombay Artillery and of our camel troops in battery. They began a smart cannonade and bombardment; and the enemy, evidently supposing that we were projecting

a serious assault on their works, brought four or five guns to bear upon our columns and the advance parties, which had been pushed down to the very margin of the river that flowed between us and Ghuznee. Thus a noisy skirmish, enlivened by a responsive cannonade, was kept up for a full hour. The Affghan *tirailleurs* had been speedily dislodged from the garden; but from the walls of the town, citadel, and the little detached tower before mentioned, they replied warmly with round shot and musketry, whilst our soldiers, established within the surrounding inclosures, and our batteries, partly screened by some old buildings, repaid with interest the activity of their enemies. Time was thus afforded to the Commander-in-Chief calmly and fully to survey the southern face of the renowned Dar-oos-sultunut-i-Ghuznee,* now evidently occupied by a numerous garrison, from whose minds nothing seemed to be further removed than thoughts of retreat. The object of the reconnoissance having been fully attained, the troops and guns were slowly and deliberately withdrawn out of cannon shot, and the several brigades encamped to the southward of the fortress. The enemy gave us some, by no means despicable, specimens of artillery practice, at men and horses, as the troops drew off; and we afterwards heard that they exulted much in the thought of having compelled the British to retire. Ghuznee, one front of which we had thus satisfactorily reconnoitred, certainly far exceeded our expectations, and the tenor of all the reports we had received as

* Seat of the Sultan's power. So Ghuznee was denominated in the days of the conqueror Mahmood.

regarded the solidity, lofty profile, and state of repair of its walls and citadel; and we now saw that we had at last before us an enterprise worthy of our best efforts.

'In one respect we were ill prepared for the task which events had set us. Napoleon at Acre, Wellington at Burgos, Lord Lake at Bhurtpore, had each found cause to rue the hour in which they attacked fortifications unprovided with a sufficient number of guns of breaching calibre. Not profiting by these familiar examples, we, giving too implicit credence to the often repeated assurances of those who were supposed to be acquainted with the most secret springs of action of the Affghans, to the effect that they certainly would not defend either Cabool or the fortress of Ghuznee, after dragging our siege train laboriously from Ferozepore to Bukkur, from Bukkur to Kwettah, and from Kwettah to Candahar, had shrunk from the exertion, supposed to be supererogatory, of conveying it further, and had left it in the western capital. To say the least, this rendered more arduous and hazardous the attempt, from which it was now far too late to recede.

'The force had not been encamped three hours when it received an order to put itself again in march. The Quarter-Master General and the Field Engineers had lost no time in closely reconnoitring the whole of the hostile circumference. They were, of course, saluted by a fire from its guns whenever they were perceived within range by its defenders. On their reports the plan of Sir John Keane was at once formed in his own mind. Observation had shown, as we had heard before,

that all the gates of the place had been bricked up, with the exception of that which gave egress northward to Cabool. Opposite to that opening, the line of our investing encampment was this night to be drawn, thus giving to Moohummud Hyder and his garrison the tacit but intelligible summons to surrender or die, since evasion by the only open road was thus barred.

'About four P.M., the force recommenced its march, moving off in columns, the cavalry to the right, and the infantry to the left. Thus circling round the fortress out of cannon shot, the army essayed to establish itself in its new line of observation. The troops were wearied by the march and exertions of the morning, and as they had the rapid Logur and several tributary streams to cross in their circuit, night had already interposed its curtain between them and their wondering enemies, when the regiments of the first division found themselves at the foot of a lofty range of heights to the north-west of the place, and opposite to the guns of its citadel. These hills had to be ascended by a narrow and winding road. When we had reached the table summit, there was just enough of star-light to enable us to discern on the plain below those two lofty columns, memorials of the palmy state of Ghuznee, the rich and populous capital of the stern invader, Mahmood, which we had before descried at a distance as we crossed the plains to the southward. They now sufficed to indicate to the wayworn columns that they were approaching their new line.

'The descent was scarcely less laborious than toiling up the acclivity. It was at length, however, achieved

by the glimmering light of a waning moon. But the baggage and followers of the division were far in the rear. It seemed doubtful whether by any exertion they could be brought before morning across the Logur, or the water courses near it, even if they should escape interruption and plunder from the armed parties of the enemy. The regiments found their ground with some difficulty, and being without tents, rations, or followers, perceived that, hungry and weary, they had another night of shivering bivouack before them. Dropping shots were heard from the fortress throughout the dark and lagging hours; but as the British sustained no loss in any quarter, the fire seemed to have no object but to testify the alertness of the garrison. Conjecture, too, was kept alive during the cold vigil, by seeing lights constantly displayed from the citadel, which were answered by corresponding fires in the plains and on the heights around.

'It was known that Moohummud Ufzul Khan, another son of the Ameer of Cabool, had marched down from the capital with the view of deblockading Ghuznee, and was now close to us. The forces of the Ghiljees, Abdoolruhman, and Gool Moohummud, were in the field at no great distance. A party also of fanatics from the Soolueman Kheils, who had taken arms when a religious war had, as a last resource, been proclaimed by the tottering Barukzyes, now occupied the heights to the eastward of the valley in which the fortress stands. Reflections on these circumstances and our own want of a battering train, the glimmering of the lights on the hostile battlements and in the plains, and the chill

of the night air, effectually chased away slumber until day broke on the 22nd.

'The light enabled us to survey our position, and to compare the precipitous pathway by which we had in the darkness ascended and descended the heights, now on our right flank, with the safer Kotul up which our baggage soon after wound, and by which we also might have climbed. The first labor of the morning was to collect our tents and foundered baggage-animals, our followers and sick, out of the ravines and from the top of eminences, into and up to which they had needlessly plunged and mounted in the shades of night.* We now saw that a grand line of encampment was established to the northward of Ghuznee. The troops and court of the Shah were on the left, next to them the British cavalry, the head quarters of the Commander-in-Chief, and the artillery in the centre; near to it the infantry from Bombay and our fourth brigade; and on the right, resting on their flank, on the heights to the north-west, were the brigades of the first division. A road led from a spot very near our head-quarters, through the extensive ruins of the old capital, passing by the base of the two pillars built by rival architects in the age of Mahmood. These are the only monuments in tolerable preservation of the pristine splendor of the conqueror's metropolis.

* A medical officer of the 13th reproved a sick soldier for want of care of his health, on account of the manifest effect produced on his wasted frame by exposure to cold during this night. The man said in his defence, 'Why, sir, what could I do? The black fellows set down my *dooly* in the dark, on the top of that mountain, and as I did not know how near the enemy might be, I was obliged to leap out and take my arms, and *stand sentry over myself* the whole night.' A new species of outpost duty.

'This morning, Sir John Keane, accompanied by Sir Willoughby Cotton, took a calm survey of the fortress from the heights, and fixed in his mind the details of one of the most spirited and successful attempts recorded in the annals of the British in Asia. His written instructions were issued in the evening. They were to be regarded in the light of confidential directions to Generals of Division until carried into effect, when they found a place in the orders of the day. In the meantime, as much of them as it behoved that each should know was communicated in writing to Brigadiers and leaders of columns, and by them, in the same manner, to those under their command.

'About two P.M., our camps were put on the alert by the sudden appearance of a considerable body of Affghan horse on our left rear. They poured down the heights in that direction, as if intending to execute a *chupao* against the tents and person of the Shah, towards the camp of whose contingent they were evidently directing their course. His Majesty's disciplined cavalry quickly turned out to repel the assailants, and, supported by the Bengal Cavalry Brigade drove them back upon the heights. Here the Shah's horse manœuvred to hem in the Affghans; and having succeeded in detaching and surrounding a portion of them, cut down several, and took some prisoners. The affair proved to be an irruption of the fanatic bands before mentioned, who had been excited to take up arms against Shah Shooja in the characters of *ghazees*, devoted to the destruction of a monarch that had been represented to them as impiously leagued with the enemies of the faith. These enthu-

siasts carried green banners, and were led on by Moollas and Synds to the field, where, however, their valor scarcely kept pace with the zeal which they had professed for the cause of the prophet.

'The Shah's troopers decapitated some of the slain, and brought their heads in triumph into the camp, a barbarous practice, too nearly akin to the customs of our opponents, and unworthy of imitation by the soldiers of a king acting as the ally in the field of the British. The captive Ghazees, when brought before their sovereign, are said to have openly avowed their intention of putting him to death. They conducted themselves with treasonable insolence in his presence, and one of them, drawing a dagger concealed about his person, stabbed a *peeshkhidmut* or attendant, in the durbar tent, before his arm could be arrested. The most audacious of them, after repeated warnings to desist from their traitorous invectives, were carried out, and beheaded by the royal executioners.

'During the continuance of this skirmish, a remarkable shot was fired from an ornamented brass forty-eight pounder gun, mounted in the citadel, to which the Affghans had given the designation of the "*Zubur-Zun*," or "hard-hitter." After a double *ricochet* in the intermediate plain, the ball entered the camp of the Shah, against which it was directed, and slightly grazed first the leg of a trooper and then the thigh of a camel. The distance was certainly not less than two thousand yards, and the wounds in both cases very slight; yet both the soldier and the unlucky quadruped died of them. Apprehension must surely have aided the injury

in the case of animal instinct, as well as in that of human reason, as if it had appeared to either sufferer impossible to survive a blow from such a missile as a ball from the *Zubur-Zun*.

'But these less important details must no longer detain us from our narrative of the spirited little achievement of the twenty-third of July. On Sunday we have seen Ghuznee reconnoitered in force; on Monday a line of half investment was described against it to the northward and eastward; on Tuesday, it was to change masters by a blow, sudden and unexpected, and with a celerity yet wholly inexplicable to its defenders. The confidential instructions of the Commander-in-Chief were calmly and quietly circulated on Monday evening, and began to be carried into effect at midnight. The strength of the lofty and scarped citadel of Ghuznee is somewhat impaired by the circumstance of a spur of the heights to the north-west of it, stretching down to within two hundred and fifty yards of its walls. On one of the highest points of these eminences, which our columns had needlessly climbed on the Sunday night, is an old *Ziyarutgah;* and lower down, but nearer to the fortress, is another temple, and a small Affghan village. It has been intimated that Moohummed Hyder had closed with masonry the other four gates of the fortress, leaving open that only which led to Cabool, directly in front of which, transversely to the line of road on which stand the two pillars of the age of Mahmood, the 1st Brigade of the Bengal division was now encamped. It has likewise been specified that gardens and their walls run down to the

edge of the ditch of the fortress, and might temporarily become places of lodgment, either for the garrison or the besiegers.

'On the above few *data*, Sir John Keane based the notion of his bold and brilliant plan of attack. His want of a siege train precluded all hope of breaching; for he had seen that his guns, the largest of which were no better than field artillery, could make little impression on the well-baked crust of the walls of Ghuznee. His project, therefore, pivoted on his ability to cause the ruin of the Cabool gate to supply the place of a breach. The weather was most favorable to the attempt. It blew so strongly and in such loud gusts from the east at night, and towards dawn, as to render inaudible to the devoted garrison the tramp of columns, and the rattling of artillery wheels, and even to deaden the roar of guns of small calibre.

'The road which led by the pillars to the Cabool gate was the line of attack. About and after midnight, four companies of the 16th Native Infantry, and two of the 48th, established themselves in the margin of the town, to the right and left of the spot where the head of the column was to rest previously to the assault. Somewhat later, three companies of the 35th regiment of Native Infantry, under Captain Hay, making a *détour*, took up a position to the northward of the fortress, and distracted the attention of the garrison, by keeping up a constant fire of musketry against the works. Three had struck, and daylight was distant only one short hour, and more serious measures of assault began to be matured.

'Field artillery, guided by the instructions of Briga-

dier Stevenson, was placed in a well-chosen position on the commanding heights opposite the citadel, and began a cannonade, which soon induced the enemy to respond with every gun they could bring to bear upon the hills, whilst the nine-pounders of the camel battery directed a fire against the walls from the low ground on the left of the road, at a range of not more than two hundred and fifty yards. Meanwhile, slowly the storm was gathering and rolling on to the fatal gate. Captain Thomson, with the officers and men of the engineer establishment, had crept down to the works, furnished with nine hundred pounds of powder in twelve large bags, which was to blow into the air the strong barricade, behind which the enemy felt secure. Behind this simple machinery of destruction, a column stood arrayed upon the road, yet screened by the shades of night. It was subdivided, in the instructions, into an advance, a main column, a support, and a reserve.

'The first of these was composed of the light companies of the Queen's, the 17th, and the Bengal European regiment, and of Captain Vigor's company of the 13th Light Infantry. It was led by Colonel Dennie. The second body, under the immediate command of Brigadier Sale, was made up of the remainder of the Queen's and Bengal Europeans, whilst, as an auxiliary to its efforts, the whole of the 13th, excepting its storming company, extended as skirmishers along the whole of the assailed point of the fortress. The support was, H. M.'s 17th regiment, led by Colonel Croker. The column denominated the

reserve was personally commanded by Sir Willoughby Cotton, and composed of the unemployed companies of the 16th, the 35th, and the 48th.

'The British guns were now in battery, and had opened; and the enemy was answering their smart fire, by sending every now and then a round shot, with a rushing sound, through the air on an errand of vengeance. From the southward, the fire of Captain Hay's musketry was heard, whilst, as our skirmishers along the whole northern face were from time to time descried, they were saluted with *juzail* (wall piece) and musketry shots from the ramparts. The scene became animated. The Affghans exhibited on their walls a succession of blue lights, by aid of which they strove to get a clearer view of the efforts which were about to be made against them. But of the real nature of the mischief which they had to dread, they remained wholly ignorant. In expectation of a general escalade, they had manned the whole circumference of their walls.

'The northern rampart at length became a sheet of flame, and everywhere the cannonade and fire of the musketry became brisker and brisker. But these soon ceased, or were forgotten, for scarcely had day begun to break, when, after an explosion barely audible beyond the head of the column amidst the sighing of the boisterous wind and the rattle of the cannonade, a pillar of black smoke was seen to rise, and then, after a pause, the bugle sound to advance was distinctly recognised. The moment was interesting. It was yet dark; and the column was composed generally of young troops. A notion pervaded it, that a bastion

had fallen in under the fire of the artillery; others thought that one of the enemy's expense magazines had blown up; but all who had seen the instructions of the preceding evening knew that the crisis had arrived, and that the attempt was now to be hazarded which was to make or mar the projectors of the enterprise.

'The engineers had done their work boldly, prudently, and skilfully. Captain Thomson and his coadjutors had crept silently along the bridge, or causeway, which afforded a passage across the wet ditch, and up the steep, defended by loopholes, which led to the gate. Close to the massive portal he had piled the bags, and fired the hose, or *saucisse*, attached to them. His explosion party effected this in about two minutes; and then retired under such cover as they could find, to watch the progress and results of their pyrotechny. The enemy were still in ignorance of the nature of the scheme laid for their destruction. Anxious, however, to discover the cause of the bustle which they partially heard in the direction of the important entrance, they now displayed a large and brilliant blue light on the widened rampart immediately above the gate. But they had not time to profit by its glare, when the powder exploded, shivered the massive barricade in pieces, and brought down in hideous ruin, into the passage below, masses of masonry and fractured beams.

'The stormers, under Colonel Dennie, rushed, as soon as they heard the bugle signal, into the smoking and darkened opening before them, and found themselves fairly opposed, hand to hand, by the Affghans, who

had quickly recovered from their surprise. Nothing could be distinctly seen in the narrow passage; but the clash of sword blade against bayonet was heard on every side. The little band had to grope its way between the yet standing walls in darkness, which the glimmer of the blue light did not dissipate, but rendered more perplexing. But it was necessary to force a passage; there was neither time nor space, indeed, for regular street firing, but in its turn each loaded section gave its volley, and then made way for the next, which, crowding to the front, poured in a deadly discharge at half pistol shot amongst the defenders. Thus the forlorn hope won gradually their way onward, until at length its commanders, and their leading files, beheld, over the heads of their infuriated opponents, a small portion of blue sky, and a twinkling star or two, and then, in a moment, the headmost soldiers found themselves within the place. Resistance was overborne; but no sooner did these four companies feel themselves established in the fortress, than a loud cheer, which was heard beyond the pillars, announced their triumph to the troops without.

'But, oh! the fugitive character of human success, even in its brightest moments! How nearly was all ruined by the error of an instant! Brigadier Sale, whilst his skirmishers were closing, by sound of bugle, had steadily and promptly pressed forward to support the forlorn hope. As he moved on, he met an engineer officer, evidently suffering from the effects of the recent explosion, and anxiously inquired of him how the matter went beyond the bridge. This gallant person

had been thrown to the ground by the bursting of the powder, and though he had not received any distinct wound, fracture, or contusion, was shaken in every limb by the concussion. His reply was, that the gate was blown in, but that the passage was choked up, and the forlorn hope could not force an entrance. Brigadier Sale was too cool and self-possessed not to be able at once to draw the inference, that to move on under such circumstances was to expose his troops to certain destruction. He ordered the retreat to be sounded. The tempestuous character of the weather, and the noise of the fire of all arms, did not prevent this signal from being heard, even by the reserve; but it conveyed the order which British soldiers are always slowest in obeying. The column, however, made a full halt in the path of victory. But the check was not of long duration. The Brigadier, perfectly calm at this moment of supposed difficulty, addressed himself to another engineer officer, with whom he happily fell in at this interesting moment. He assured him that though the passage of the gateway was much impeded, the advanced stormers, under Colonel Dennie, had already won their way through it. The Brigadier promptly gave the signal to move on.

But the delay, short as it had been, was productive of mischief. It had left a considerable interval between the forlorn hope and Brigadier Sale's column, and just as the latter, in which the Queen's regiment was leading, had pressed into the gateway, a large body of Affghans, driven headlong from the ramparts by the assault and fire of Colonel Dennie's force, rushed down

towards the opening, in the hope of that way effecting their escape. Their attack was made upon the rear company of the Queen's, and the leading files of the Bengal European regiment. The encounter with these desperate men was terrific. They fiercely assaulted, and for a moment drove back, the troops opposed to them.

One of their number, rushing over the fallen timbers, brought down Brigadier Sale by a cut in the face with his sharp *shumsheer.** The Affghan repeated his blow as his opponent was falling, but the pummel, not the edge of his sword, this time took effect, though with stunning violence. He lost his footing, however, in the effort, and Briton and Affghan rolled together amongst the fractured timbers. Thus situated, the first care of the Brigadier was to master the weapon of his adversary. He snatched at it, but one of his fingers met the edge of his trenchant blade. He quickly withdrew his wounded hand, and adroitly replaced it over that of his adversary, so as to keep fast the hilt of his *shumsheer*. But he had an active and powerful opponent, and was himself faint from loss of blood. Captain Kershaw, of the 13th, aide-de-camp to Brigadier Baumgardt, happened, in the *melée*, to approach the scene of conflict: the wounded leader recognised, and called to him for aid. Kershaw passed his drawn sword through the body of the Affghan; but still the desperado continued to struggle with frantic violence. At length, in the fierce grapple, the Brigadier, for a moment, got uppermost. Still retaining the weapon of his enemy in his

* Asiatic sabre.

left hand, he dealt him, with his right, a cut from his own sabre, which cleft his skull from the crown to the eyebrows. The Mohammedan once more shouted, "*Ue Ullah*," * and never spoke or moved again.

'The leader of the column regained his feet, and feeling himself, for the moment, incapable of personal exertion, yet calmly directed the movements of his men, who, after a fierce struggle, in which many ghastly wounds were exchanged, had now established themselves within the walls. Substantive success began to show itself on every side, and the Commander-in-Chief, who had taken his station, with his staff, near the higher Ziyarutgah, being assured from the prolonged shouting and sustained fire of the British musketry within the area of the fortress, that the walls were won, had ordered every gun of the battery on the heights to be aimed at the citadel. To that point, also, Brigadier Sale, quickly recovering his strength, began to direct his personal efforts.

'Meanwhile, the support under Colonel Croker, was slowly winding its way through the gateway, obstructed by the ruins and by the *doolies*, by which the surgeons were collecting, and carrying to the rear, the wounded of the Queen's and Bengal European regiments. The reserve also had closed up to the walls; and so long as its advance was checked by the unavoidably slow progress of the troops before it, necessarily had to endure the fire of screened and hidden marksmen on the ramparts. At length the support, coiling in its whole length, disappeared within the fortress, and then, and

* 'Oh, God!'

not till then, the reserve, seeing the gateway cleared of troops, marched steadily forward.

'Whilst this was enacting near the portal, the anxious glances of the Commander-in-Chief, and his staff, were directed towards the citadel, from which a prolonged resistance might yet be expected; but here the assailing force was signally favored by the course of events. Moohummud Hyder, surprised by the sudden onset which had wrested from him the walls that he had deemed impregnable, abandoned in despair the mound, on which he might have renewed the contest, and when the British had ascended the winding ramp, which led to the Acropolis of Ghuznee, they found the gates yield to the slightest impulse from without, and in a few minutes Sir John Keane had the satisfaction to see the colors of the 13th Light Infantry, and of the 17th regiment, waving and flapping in the strong breeze on the ramparts of the Affghan's last stronghold. Brigadier Sale, notwithstanding his wound, had climbed up to this scene of interest, and was guiding everywhere the exertions of the soldiers, who now, however, found little occupation beyond arresting the flight of the fugitives, and giving assurance and protection to the shrieking women of the harem.

'The reserve, too, was now fairly within the walls, and no sooner did it feel its footing to be secure, than it wheeled to its left and ascended the eastern rampart, from which a galling fire had been directed against it, whilst it was detained under the walls. As its files penetrated within the houses in that direction, driving before it all who resisted, a new character was imparted

to the scene by its activity; for a body of concealed Affghans, perceiving that their hiding places were explored in this unwelcome manner, rushed out madly, sword in hand, and endeavored to cut a passage for themselves to the gateway.

'At this moment groups of fatigued soldiers were resting on their arms in the low ground below the citadel, and many of the wounded had been collected there preparatory to their being carried to a place of security, whilst hundreds of horses of the vanquished Affghans, frightened by the fire, were galloping wildly about the area. Down with surprising activity came this troop of desperate fugitives amongst these detached parties, who sprang on their feet in a moment, and directed a fire against them. The Affghans, as they rushed furiously on, cut right and left with surprising force, and swords as sharp as razors, not only at armed and active soldiers and sepahees, but at the wounded as they lay, at their terrified animals, at every object which crossed their path. A wild *fusillade* was opened upon them by the troops on the slopes of the citadel, and, in the midst of a scene of indescribable confusion, the native soldiers, gathering in threes and fours around each furious Affghan, shot and hunted them down like mad dogs, until the destruction of the whole party was completed.

'The writer of this narrative* happened to have an opportunity of observing closely the effect of one of the swords of these desperate men. A soldier of the Queen's had received a bullet through his breastplate.

*Sir H. Havelock.

His blood had flowed in a crimson stream down to his very boots as he lay, apparently in a swooning state, in a dooley, with his right arm extended over the side of it. An Affghan, in his progress towards the gate, nearly severed with one blow the exposed limb from the body of the prostrate and defenceless soldier. He arose, supporting it with the other hand, and staggered against the wall in speechless agony; but the balls of numerous assailants soon took vengeance for their comrade's sufferings. The scene now excited feelings of horror, mingled with compassion, as, one by one, the Affghans sunk under repeated wounds upon the ground, which was strewed with mangled, and convulsed, and heaving carcases. Here were ghastly figures, stiffly stretched in calm but grim repose; here the last breath was yielded up through clenched teeth in attitudes of despair and defiance, with hard struggle and muttered imprecation; and there a faint "Ue Ullah," or "Burace Khooda," addressed half in devotion to God, half in the way of intreaty to man, alone testified that the mangled sufferer yet lived. The clothes of some of the dead and dying near the entrance had caught fire, and in addition to the agony of their wounds, some were enduring the torture of being burnt by the slow fire of their thickly wadded vests, and singed and hardened coats of sheep-skin.

'There was throughout the affair no fair struggle for mastery excepting within, or in the immediate vicinity of the gateway; but as portions of Brigadier Sale's column, and afterwards of the reserve, traversed the town, and swept its narrow streets, a desultory fire was

kept up against them, which occasioned loss. It was whilst engaged in this part of the duty of the assailants that Major Warren, of the Bengal European regiment, who had shed his blood thirteen years ago in the escalade of Bhurtpore, was here again severely wounded. He was hit by three balls out of several which were fired at the same moment from one of the houses. One bullet struck him obliquely in the breast, touching in its passage a lobe of the lungs; a second penetrated his left wrist, and the third passed through his biceps muscle, and fractured the bone of his right arm. Lieutenant Haslewood of the same regiment survived some of the deepest wounds which were inflicted by the Affghans' swords in the gateway, on this morning of bloodshed. The detached tower, from which so sharp a fire had been keep up on our parties during the reconnoissance of the 21st, was carried by the gorge by a small party of the 13th, under Lieutenant Wilkinson. And now resistance seemed to be everywhere overpowered, and the Commander-in-Chief and his staff having entered by the Cabocl gate, gazed upon the scene with feelings of self-congratulation, meditating upon the important results of two hours and a quarter, from the opening of the artillery at three, to the cessation of all continued firing at a quarter-past five. Shah-Soojah-ool-Moolk, the personage most deeply interested in the issue of the struggle, was conducted up the ramp of the citadel by Sir John Keane and the Envoy. His Majesty had ridden down to the memorable portal before the contest was at an end within the walls; and it was an affecting sight to see this old man, so long familiar with the agitation and

vicissitudes, climb, under the influence of evident emotion, up the summit of this celebrated hold, which he now once more felt to be his own.

'"Thus was" Ghuznee "lost and won"; thus, in little more than two short hours, a garrison plausibly estimated at three thousand five hundred men was dispossessed of a fortress, the walls of which, up to the moment of attack, had scarcely been grazed by cannon shot, the fire of the works being as entire as in the first hour of investment. This had been done without a ladder being raised in escalade. The enemy, convinced that it could only fall after a protracted siege, had provisioned it for six months, and the plan of national defence of the Ameer of Cabool had been based upon the assurance of our being detained under the walls until the snows of winter, the hostility of the irregular hordes collected on the various ranges of mountains around us, and the appearance in the field of the main forces of eastern Affghanistan, would have rendered us happy to decamp in any direction which we might have found open.'

The capture of Ghuznee was soon followed by other successes, which brought this campaign to a triumphant close.

The Ameer Dost Mahomed having fled from Candahar, assembled his troops at Muedan on the Cabool river. Here, as Havelock relates, he rode with the Koran 'in his hand into the midst of his refractory and perfidious troops, and had conjured them, by that sacred volume, not to desert the true faith, or hastily transfer their allegiance to a ruler who had deluged the land with

blaspheming Feringhees, or, at the least, to save their own reputation and that of their chief by a few hours' honorable resistance. He reminded them of their obligation to himself.

'"You have eaten my salt," he said, "these thirteen years. Since it is plain you are resolved to seek a new master, grant me but one favor in requital for that long period of maintenance and kindness—enable me to die with honor. Stand by the brother of Futch Khan, whilst he executes one charge against the cavalry dogs: in that onset he will fall; then go, and make your own terms with Shah Soojah." But the Ameer soon discovered that these bold words were wasted upon men cowardly, or bent up to their treacherous purpose; and, making, at least, a virtue of necessity, he came forward and, with a good grace, formally gave the Kuzzilbashes their *rookhsut*. Abandoning his parked artillery, the Barukzye, accompanied by his family, and escorted by about three thousand troops, who still remained faithful to him, took the mountain road to Bamian. The most important portion of this intelligence was proved, within twenty-four hours, to be correct, by the arrival at our picquets of a large portion of the Kuzzilbash force, and of the other soldiers of the Ameer, to proffer their homage to the Shah.'

Dost Mahomed thus abandoned the usurped dominions of Shah Soojah, who made a royal progress towards Cabool, which he entered with much magnificence. 'Here,' says Havelock, 'was an Asiatic monarch, the descendant of monarchs, given back by a strange providence to his people after thirty years of exile, and

varied vicissitudes, through the instrumentality of a nation, the capital of which was fourteen thousand miles from Cabool. It was surely a matter worthy of observation, to mark how the sovereign would comport himself, and how his subjects would receive him. The king on this occasion was not, as usual, borne along in his *nalkee;* he rode a handsome white Caboolee charger, decorated with equipments mounted with gold, in the Asiatic fashion. He wore the jewelled coronet of velvet in which he always appears in public, and an *ulkhalik* of dark cloth, ornamented on the arms and breast with a profusion of precious stones, whilst his waist was enriched with a broad and cumbrous girdle of gold, in which glittered rubies and emeralds not a few. It was impossible not to recollect, as the eye glanced on them, that the *koh-i-noor*, which ought on this day to have shone out in all its splendor, is still in the casket of a Sikh usurper at Lahore.

'The Shah was accompanied by the Commander-in-Chief, by the Envoy and Minister, and Sir Alexander Barnes, the two latter in full diplomatic costume. In describing a pageant for the information of English country gentlemen, it is necessary to specify that this dress consists of a cocked hat fringed with ostrich feathers; a blue frock coat with raised buttons, richly embroidered on the collar and cuffs; epaulettes, not yielding in splendor to those of a Field Marshal, and trousers edged with very broad gold lace. Two of the king's sons were in the *suwarree.* Moohummud Ukhbar rode, plainly attired, under the tutelage of Captain Macgregor, assistant to the Envoy, and the

little Shapoor was at his father's side. The Major-Generals, Brigadiers, and the whole of the departmental and personal staff of both Presidencies, with all the officers politically employed, were in attendance; and let me not forget to record that Moonshee Mohun Lall, a traveller and an author, as well as his talented master, appeared on horseback on this occasion in a new upper garment of very gay colors, and under a turban of very admirable fold and majestic dimensions, and was one of the gayest, as well as the most sagacious and successful personages in the whole *cortége*.

'The cavalcade had to traverse nearly three miles of rocky and very dusty road, the rays of the sun being at the time very inconveniently brilliant and fervid. The monarch enduring this for his people's sake, and we for his Majesty's, passed on. On our left, we saw in the plains little eminences, crowded with forts and towers, which looked exactly like those of the Ghiljees seen through a magnifying glass. But it was not until we nearly approached the town that we perceived wherein the true beauty of the site of Cabool consists. Above us, indeed, on our right, was only a bare mountain, crowned with an almost useless wall, but in the vale below were stretched out to such an extent that the eye vainly endeavored to reach the boundaries of them, the far-famed orchards of Cabool.'

It was expected that Candahar would have been the scene of a protracted siege, or the horrors of a storm; but, as the army approached, it was announced that the hostile occupants had abandoned all thoughts of opposition, and left the capital, flying, not towards

Cabool, but in the direction of Helmund and Persia, and that Shah Soojah was pressing on to take possession. This bloodless victory was followed by another triumphal entry. 'On the 25th of April,' says Mr. Kaye, 'Shah Soojah-ool-Moolk re-entered the chief city of Western Affghanistan. As he neared the walls of Candahar, riding in advance of his contingent, some Douranee horsemen had gone out to welcome him; and, as the cavalcade moved forward, others met him with their salutations and obeisances, and swelled the number of his adherents. It is said, that some fifteen hundred men, for the most part well dressed and well mounted, joined him before he reached the city.

'Accompanied by the British Envoy and his staff, and the principal officers of his contingent, and followed by a crowd of Affghans, the Shah entered Candahar. There was a vast assemblage of gazers. The women clustered in the balconies of the houses, or gathered upon the roofs. The men thronged the public streets. It was a busy and exciting scene. The curiosity was intense. The enthusiasm may have been the same. As the royal *cortége* advanced, the people strewed flowers before the horses' feet, and loaves of bread were scattered in their way. There were shouts, and the sound of music, and the noise of firing; and the faces of the crowd were bright with cheerful excitement. The popular exclamations which were flung into the air have been duly reported. The people shouted out, "Welcome to the son of Timour Shah!" "We look to you for protection!" "Candahar is

rescued from the Barukzyes!" "May your enemies be destroyed!" It was said, by some who rode beside the Shah, to have been the most heart-stirring scene they ever witnessed in their lives. Thus greeted and thus attended, the King rode to the tomb of Ahmed Shah, and offered up thanksgivings and prayers. Then the procession returned again through the city, again to be greeted with joyous acclamations.'

CHAPTER VI.

FROM 1840 TO OCTOBER 1841.

ON THE STAFF OF GENERAL ELPHINSTONE, AS PERSIAN INTERPRETER.—STORY OF A HAVELOCK MAN.—TOTAL ABSTINENCE MOVEMENT IN THE ARMY. — MANNER OF PREACHING.—OBSERVATIONS ON RELIGIOUS TEACHING BY OFFICERS AND MEN.

In 1840, Captain Havelock was placed on the staff of General Elphinstone, as Persian interpreter. It is not within the design of this memoir to criticise the policy by which General Elphinstone was placed in command of the army in Affghanistan, nor is it necessary in these pages to discuss the merits of the expedition. Of the unfitness of the General for the position in which he was placed, there has long since been but one opinion. The view taken of this question by Mr. Kaye * does justice to all parties, and is the best apology that can be made for General Elphinstone, or rather for his friends.

'The officers who served under General Elphinstone throughout this unhappy crisis have invariably spoken of him with tenderness and respect. He was an honorable gentleman—a kind-hearted man—and he had once been a good soldier. His personal courage

* Kaye's 'Affghanistan,' vol. ii, 43, 44.

has never been questioned. Regardless of danger, and patient under trial, he exposed himself without reserve, and bore his sufferings without complaining. But disease had broken down his physical strength, and enfeebled his understanding. He had almost lost the use of his limbs. He could not walk; he could hardly ride. The gout had crippled him in a manner that it was painful to contemplate. You could not see him engaged in the most ordinary concerns of peaceful life without an emotion of lively compassion. He was fit only for the invalid establishment on the day of his arrival in India. It was a mockery to talk of his commanding a division of the army in the quietest district of Hindostan. But he was selected by Lord Auckland, against the advice of the Commander-in-Chief, and the remonstrances of the Agra governor, to assume the command of that division of the army which of all others was most likely to be actively employed, and which demanded, therefore, the greatest amount of energy and activity in its commander. Among the general officers of the Indian army were many able and energetic men with active limbs and clear understanding. There was one—a cripple, whose mental vigor much suffering had enfeebled; and *he* was selected by the Governor-General to command the army in Affghanistan.'

The writer has been favored with an interesting description of the habits of Havelock at this period, and of the means he employed for promoting the knowledge of the gospel and the devotional exercises of public worship among his men and brother officers.

'In May, 1841, he was on the staff of General Elphinstone, but as his old regiment (H.M.'s 13th) was then at Cabool, he was able to meet the men again, and assisted by some officers of artillery, which will always, I trust, have good men and true in its ranks, like many I could name along with Henry Lawrence, he was able to assemble them on Sabbath evenings for divine service, and to meet them occasionally during the week in a tent which had been set apart for the purpose. On many of these occasions, I had the satisfaction of being present during my stay in Cabool up to September, 1841, and I have to this day a very vivid recollection of the fervor with which all joined in the service, and the heart with which they sung the hymn which Havelock read out to them—

> "All hail the power of Jesu's name,
> Let angels prostrate fall."

'On the last Sabbath evening that I was among them, among the officers who were present on that occasion, I can remember Dawes Richard Maule, Vincent Eyre, and, I think, Eldred Pottinger of the Artillery, and I perfectly recollect thinking at the time that I was among soldiers of *the right sort*, and that, when their services were required, they might be depended upon. That I was not wrong in this confidence, the defence of Jellalabad by these very men, a very short time afterwards, can testify. Many of the men present were serjeants and corporals, who had served under Havelock when Adjutant.'

Perhaps no description of Havelock's exertions for

the moral and religious improvement of his men will be valued more highly than that which has been given by one of their number, who for many years was in his regiment, and had frequent opportunities of witnessing the scenes he describes. The following facts are given as they were received from the lips of the narrator:—

'While his regiment was quartered at Agra, a new chapel was erected for the use of the Dissenting congregation, the chapel previously built by the European regiment now called the First Bengal Fusileers, being too small for the requirements of the time. The sermon delivered by Havelock at the opening of the new chapel was founded on the words of Jacob in Gen. xxxii, 10: "With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands." At this time it was found necessary to build another place of worship for the members of the Church of England, and the design of selecting this remarkable text was to excite these "two bands" to gratitude for the increase of Christian ordinances in Agra. To the erection of this chapel he was a very liberal contributor, and within its walls he not only preached, but baptised and administered the Lord's supper, having consulted some ministerial friends and obtained their approval.

'The Christian activity of this good man was not exhausted by these public ministrations. He was ready to respond to every call to Christian duty. When in Agra, a soldier was condemned to death for the murder of a comrade, and Havelock occasionally visited the convict in his cell, reading to him the Scriptures, praying with him, and seeking for his conversion. The

prisoner was heard to express his gratitude for these kind visits. These duties were discharged at a time when the excessive heat made the service one of danger.'

Observing the ruinous effects of intemperance in the army in India, Havelock became very active in promoting the temperance cause, by his own example of decided temperance, and the promotion of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, and had the satisfaction of originating a Temperance Society, which began with three members, and increased to as many as three hundred. As a rule, he drank neither wine, beer, nor spirits, and when, at the commencement of the Affghan war, he took a little wine at the recommendation of his friends, he experienced a slight attack of fever, he ascribed it to his departure from his ordinary practice; he immediately resumed his teetotal practice, stating his conviction that water-drinking was the best regimen for the soldier.

While at Cawnpore, in 1831, where he was acting as Persian interpreter to the 16th Lancers, he wrote to a member of the Baptist Society in Agra, in whom he had great confidence, urging him to try and form a Temperance Society, and requesting that his letter might be read to the church. As the result of this appeal, a public meeting was held in the reading room, at which two or three hundred were present at a meeting, addressed by the Roman Catholic priest, the chaplains, and a Baptist minister, an officer of the 13th, and an officer of the Artillery. The chaplain read from the book of Proverbs (xxiii, 29, 30) a description

of the drunkard, with his 'woe,' his 'redness of eyes,' and 'wounds without cause,' and the other gentlemen advocated the good cause. This subject being quite new to all parties present, the meeting did not result in the formation of a society. Soon after, however, three soldiers pledged themselves to entire abstinence from ardent spirits, thus forming the nucleus of a society which afterwards increased to upwards of three hundred members. The society obtained its maximum of prosperity at Kurnal in 1836, where Havelock, Colonel Sale, and Captain Chadwick were members, and where a coffee room was built, the accommodation of which much gratified the men, and helped forward the cause. To this establishment the late excellent Bishop of Calcutta gave a subscription of fifty rupees, and within its walls he delivered an exhortation to the men on perseverance, not forgetting to praise the excellent coffee of which he partook. Havelock frequently encouraged the temperance movement by his speeches at these meetings, and at one of them announced that they had entered the room, believing themselves the subjects of William IV, whereas they had come under the dominion of Queen Victoria.

When stationed at Dinapore, he and Mrs. Havelock connected themselves with a small religious community, consisting of about thirty members of the Baptist denomination, in a commodious chapel previously erected by pious soldiers of the 24th regiment, foot, which is now serving its second time in India. In this little sanctuary he was the constant preacher, every Sunday, and frequently on the Wednesday

evenings. He conducted the whole service of reading the Scriptures, extemporary prayer, and preaching the sermon. The manner of reading the Scriptures appears to have had a peculiar charm for his audience, being distinguished by great dignity and beauty, and by the appropriate emphasis, which can be given only when the meaning is perceived by the reader. His hearers evidently had the satisfaction of knowing that they had for their teacher 'a man of understanding.' His sermons were read from an unusually large manuscript, which he was at no pains to conceal from the congregation, and which he carefully followed. He had among his congregation men who, though in the humblest ranks, were intelligent on religious subjects, who had for years pursued their own biblical studies aided by theological works, and were well able to appreciate sound and instructive discourses, and these intelligent Christian men regarded the preaching of their voluntary teacher as highly instructive. Sometimes the congregation was increased by the presence of civilians resident at the station. He was evidently a theologian, and it would be well if from among his manuscript discourses some specimens were given to the public.

These public services were not rendered at the expense of private devotion and religious instruction and worship in the family. As an early riser, he secured time for private devotion before entering on the active duties of the day. In the family he conducted a domestic service of reading, singing, and prayer, every morning and evening. This service he main-

tained daily, whether in quarters or on march, allowing no intermission but from imperative necessity.

It has been sometimes asserted that the military profession is altogether incompatible with practical Christianity; that the Christian will lower the tone of his piety by following the profession of arms, or else that he will prove unfit for the faithful execution of the dreadful work assigned to him; and on this point we are frequently reminded of the high military authority for the dogma, 'that men who have nice notions about religion, have no business in the army.' When, however, we can adduce the case described in the letter just quoted, we are relieved from the necessity of employing arguments to prove that the most exalted piety and exemplary zeal for the diffusion of religion, are to be found among our military. We shall not look in vain for 'the church in the army.' We shall find fighting beneath the banner of our Saviour, many whose character resembles that of Cornelius, 'A centurion of the band, a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway.'* How far the duties of a soldier are favorable or inimical to religion, or whether the profession is one a Christian ought to select, are questions which it is unnecessary now to discuss. We have to deal simply with the fact, so undeniable, that eminent military skill and ardor may coëxist with all good fidelity to the Captain of salvation, a fact which is sometimes ignored, if not denied, in the advocacy of what are termed peace principles.

* Acts x, 1, 2.

Certainly that must have been a manly piety which enabled this Christian hero and his followers to brave all the opposition, whether rude or refined, they had to encounter in the barrack-room or at the mess, from men whose religion was formality, and from others who scoffed at revelation and burst through all the restraints of Divine law. Havelock had a firm grasp of the great truths of the gospel. He believed in the helpless depravity and ruin of our sinful nature; in salvation only through the righteousness, the sacrifice, and the mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ; in the necessity of being born again by the Holy Spirit, whose power is essential to initiate and maintain the Divine life in the soul; and these truths he taught to his men, and to his brother officers, in his tent. He had a vigorous faith in these cardinal doctrines of the everlasting gospel, and by this faith he lived and walked. He fought the good fight of faith, and as he went forth to war against his own sins, against the evils of the world, and the temptations of Satan, 'there went with him a band of men, whose hearts God had touched.'

Although Havelock was not a man of many words, and had a thorough contempt for all Pharisaic ostentation, his religion was essentially diffusive in its nature. He could not see sin without reproving it, nor religious ignorance without endeavoring to impart divine light. There is a class of religionists who are satisfied with the quiet performance of what they term their religious duties, but who will never advocate the claims of revealed truth lest they should incur ridicule, or sustain defeat, but to this class Havelock never belonged. He

venerated the example of Peter and John, who, when they were warned to speak no more in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, replied, 'Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.' * He could bear to be threatened, or ridiculed, or slighted, or, if necessary, to be martyred for teaching and preaching in the name of his Divine Leader and Commander, but he could not maintain a guilty silence where he felt that duty required him to speak.

The late Duke of Wellington is reported to have terminated a dispute as to the prospects of the universal diffusion of Christianity by reminding the disputants of their 'marching orders,' and of their consequent duty to 'go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.' These orders were understood by Havelock as binding on himself as well as on the apostles, and he therefore proclaimed the King Messiah wherever he went. This statement may be received as the revelation of a secret regarding the peculiar views of our Christian soldier; they are rather the sentiments of all that have clear views of the gospel, and real sympathy with its benevolent spirit. The fine portrait of the Christian drawn by James Montgomery, was fully realised in Captain Havelock:—

'The Christian warrior—see him stand
In the whole armor of his God:
The Spirit's sword is in his hand;
His feet are with the gospel shod.

* Acts iv, 19, 20.

In panoply of truth complete,
  Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
  And faith's broad shield before him spread.

He wrestles not with flesh and blood,
  But principalities and powers,
Rulers of darkness, like a flood,
  Nigh, and assailing at all hours.

Undaunted to the field he goes;
  Yet vain were skill and valor there,
Unless to foil his legion foes,
  The trustiest weapon were "All-prayer."

With this Omnipotence he moves;
  From this the alien armies flee;
Till more than conqueror he proves,
  Through Christ, who gives him victory.

Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
  Sin, death, and hell he tramples down;
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
  Through mercy, an immortal crown.'

Many discussions have been held of late as to the degree of restraint that ought to be imposed on religious teaching by officers and men in the army, and it has been recommended that military men of every grade shall leave the work of Evangelization to the army chaplains. It would be most gratifying to know that all our army chaplains were sufficiently zealous in the work they have undertaken, or that they thoroughly understood the great truths they are appointed to teach; but even if this were the case, as unhappily it is not, the soldier, whatever his rank, from the 'full private,' to

the Commander-in-Chief, could not be released from a moral obligation to diffuse the light of truth around him, and illustrate that truth by his example. General orders may be issued, and laws may be framed against religious teaching on the part of all who are not ecclesiastics, but those commands will be ineffectual as long as Christian soldiers maintain their allegiance to the heavenly Sovereign, and feel the power of the higher law. Such enactments may drive earnest Christian men out of the service, but they will prove as inoperative as human legislation against the laws of nature. It would be as easy to bind the flood in chains, or regulate the temperature of summer and winter by your thermometer, or cancel the ordinances of heaven by an Act of Parliament.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM OCTOBER, 1841, TO APRIL, 1842.

DEPARTS FROM CABOOL WITH SALE'S BRIGADE.—THE REVOLT AND CALAMITIES IN AFFGHAN.—FORCING THE CABOOL PASS.—BATTLE OF TIZEEN.—FORTIFICATION OF JELLALABAD.—FIRST SORTIE.—DR. BRYDON'S DREADFUL NARRATIVE.—DECISIVE SORTIE OF APRIL 7TH.—RELIGIOUS ZEAL.—LETTER FROM HAVELOCK.

In the month of October, 1841, Sir Robert Sale's Brigade was relieved from further service in Cabool, and sent back on its march to India. Referring to Captain Havelock, Sir Robert Sale says, 'He was by the permission of the Governor-General attached to me from the period of my force leaving Cabool, and I have received from him very valuable assistance in every way, throughout our operations, as I have already intimated in public despatches.' That was a kind providence for Havelock himself, and for his country, that rescued him from the imbecility which then ruled over British interests in Affghanistan, and saved him from the annihilation that fell on the brave men who were to be its victims.

In October, 1841, Kohistan became the seat of an extensive conspiracy against British authority, and the

Eastern Ghilzyes, one of the largest of the clans into which the Affghans are divided, were trying to break a yoke they never wished to wear. At the same time it was found that the million and a quarter, the cost of maintaining the authority of Shah-Soojah, was more than that dignity was worth to us, certainly more than it was proper to expropriate from the revenues of India, especially as a loan had to be raised, and money came in very slowly. It was then found necessary to cut down the expenses occasioned by this sacrifice in favor of legitimacy, and the retrenchment began with the stipends and the subsidies furnished to the wild Ghilzye chieftains.'

Referring to what may have been the cause of this tremendous conspiracy, the reduction of their stipends, Mr. Kaye says: 'The blow fell upon all the chiefs about the capital—upon the Ghilzyes, upon the Kohistanees, upon the Canhulees, upon the Momunds, even upon the Kuzzilbashes. Peaceful remonstrance was in vain. So they held secret meetings, and entered into a confederacy to overawe the existing Government, and to recover what they had lost. Foremost in this movement were the Eastern Ghilzyes. Affected by the general retrenchments, they had also particular grievances of their own. They were the first, therefore, to throw off the mask. So they quitted Cabool—occupied the passes on the road to Jellalabad—plundered a valuable cafila (caravan)—and entirely cut off our communications with the provinces of Hindostan.'

This outbreak was followed by a series of calamities to which it would be difficult to find a parallel in the

history of British warfare. The Brigade to which Havelock was attached had to fight its way to Jellalabad, while the remaining portion of the army having endured the most horrible privations and suffering, was eventually, with a few exceptions, either cut to pieces or destroyed by the sufferings through which it had to pass.

These calamitous scenes are too closely connected with the history of Havelock, not to find a place in this narrative. One of the principal events in the march from Cabool took place at the Cabool Pass.

'The dawn had made considerable progress, and was merging rapidly into broad daylight, when at the appointed signal, the troops moved forward. No opposition met them till they were fairly entangled in the pass; and then, from the rocks and precipices on either side, such a storm of fire opened as told of itself that the heights above were occupied in great force. So skilful, too, were the Affghans in the art of skirmishing, that, except by the flashes which their matchlocks emitted, it was impossible to tell where the marksmen lay. Rocks and stones, some of them hardly larger than a thirteen-inch shell, seemed to afford them excellent shelter. They squatted down, showing nothing above the crag except the long barrels of their fusils and the tops of their turbans; and with such unerring aim were their shots thrown, that both in the advanced guard, and from the body of the column, men soon began to drop. Then might be seen with what exceeding hardihood British soldiers throw themselves into the teeth of danger, and by affronting, overcome

it. The bugles sounded for the leading companies to extend, and away among the precipices ran the skirmishers; scaling corries with a steady foot, and returning the fire of the Affghans with great alacrity. Meanwhile the column slackened not its pace for a moment. Onward it pressed, detaching two or three companies as flankers, which mounted the hills on the right and left, and soon became warmly engaged, till by-and-by the stockade or breastwork of huge stones, wherewith the enemy had endeavored to block up the pass, became conspicuous. A gallant rush was made at this work, which, however, the Affghans did not venture to defend, and then Lieutenant Davis, hastening his horses, went on with his guns at a gallop, and at a gallop passed through. From that time the fire of the enemy began to slacken. Their skirmishers, indeed, had already yielded to the impetuous attack of the leading companies, and the whole now fleeing to the crests of the mountains, whither our men could not follow, gradually melted away, and at last disappeared.

'The loss sustained in the course of this affair was less severe than might have been expected. Sir Robert Sale himself received a musket ball in the ancle just as he entered the pass; and almost at the same moment his aide-de-camp, who rode by his side, had his horse shot under him. Captain Younghusband, of the 35th Native Infantry, likewise, and Lieutenant Miers of the 13th, were wounded seriously; and among the rank and file in all the corps engaged casualties occurred. But the total amount of men put *hors-de combat* was wonderfully small, considering the great

advantage of position which the enemy possessed; and of horses four were struck. Of those attached to the guns, happily not one received damage.

'The result of this successful encounter was to carry the 35th Native Infantry, with all their baggage and followers, over one important stage on their homeward journey. The narrowest and most intricate portion of the pass was threaded; and in a sort of punch-bowl, or circular valley, offering a position comparatively secure from night attacks, they made preparations for encamping. Not so the 13th. To have left the Bootkak gorge in the hands of the enemy would have been not only to isolate the 35th, but to give up the communications between Cabool and the frontiers altogether; and hence the gallant 13th had received instructions, so soon as the barricade should be forced, to return to the camp whence they had set out in the morning. They now proceeded to obey these instructions; and, carrying the wounded with them, marched back into the defile. Again they were assailed, both from the right hand and the left, with a desultory, but warm skirmishing fire; and again they ran the gauntlet through it, fighting for every inch of ground, and winning it too, though not without some loss and considerable inconvenience. They then returned to the tents and to the force, mounted and dismounted, which they had left to protect them; and slept that night as soundly as soldiers are accustomed to do who have gone through a sharp day's work, with honor to themselves.'*

* Gleig's 'Sale's Brigade,' pp. 80, 81.

After marching safely through the Kubber Jubber, a dangerous ravine, the brigade reached the valley of Tizeen, the scene of another engagement, in which the 13th, Havelock's regiment, took a conspicuous part. The action is thus described by Gleig* :—

'The pass to the valley of Tizeen widens as you approach two huge rocks, which, pushing out their shoulders on the right hand and on the left, look like two huge door posts, on which a pair of enormous folding gates might be swung. The leading files were already between these rocks, when the officer commanding saw, just outside their curvature, a small body of Affghan horse drawn up. He halted his men, and, riding back in all haste, suggested to Colonel Monteith that it would be a good thing to let loose the cavalry upon them, inasmuch as they might easily be cut off. Colonel Monteith, however, was too prudent a soldier to throw his people in such a country by driblets out of hand; so he closed up the whole of the advanced guard, and moved forward. It was well that he did so. No sooner were the projecting crags turned, than the hills which bounded the valley on all sides were seen to swarm with Affghans, who had manifestly placed this body of horse as a decoy wherewith to entice the British cavalry forward, and to bring them under such a fire as must have emptied every saddle in a moment. Now then was the time to act; and Colonel Monteith did not suffer the fortunate moment to escape him.

'The guns were immediately ordered to the front.

* 'Sale's Brigade,' pp. 90, 91.

They came up at a hand gallop, the infantry opening to the right and left in order to let them pass; and, unlimbering with all haste, the artillery men threw some shells with admirable precision among the masses; the effect was very striking. You saw some men fall, and the rest, as if terrified at finding themselves in so exposed a situation, waved to and fro, and then broke, and retired in all directions. At this moment Colonel Dennie rode up; and a gallant young officer of the 13th, Lieutenant E. King* by name, eagerly entreated that he might have leave, with the company which he commanded, to drive "the rascals," as he termed them, from the hill to which they had retreated. Dennie threw a rapid glance over the scene, and, to the great delight of Mr. King, replied, "Surely." Both companies of the 13th formed, and forward they went, one led by Mr. King, the other by Lieutenant Rattray of the same regiment, at the double step, and in skirmishing order.

'The affair that followed resembled for a while rather the pursuit of a defeated enemy than an attack upon a strong position. There was a good deal of firing on both sides, but the Affghans made no stand. They retreated with great celerity, each man as he delivered his shot, till the whole were fairly pushed over the hill, and were seen ascending another that lay beyond it. It would have been well for the brave fellows who had carried this nearer height had they been content with their first success. No good was to

* This was he who made himself so conspicuous *for* his bravery at the assault on the castle of Julgah.

be gained by crossing the dell that lay under it; for the Affghans could not, from the ground to which they had withdrawn, molest the column on its march, and nothing more was needed or desired than to keep open the road along which the column moved. But young soldiers, like hunters imperfectly broken to their work, are apt to be carried away by the excitement of success; and seeing the enemy halt, turn round, and begin to throw long shots at them across the valley, our people set up a shout, and dashed forward. The skirmish was warmer, and the ground better contested on this occasion than before. The hill, indeed, was steeper, and the Affghans, though they rarely permitted our men to come within three hundred yards of them, kept up a warm fire from behind the many rocks and crags with which its face was broken. But they could not maintain their ground. They were forced back and back, till they began to disappear over the ridge; whereupon the assailants, whose last move had not been approved by Colonel Dennie, were at length, though not without difficulty, halted.

'Colonel Dennie had seen from his post upon the road that his fiery young friends were getting into a scrape. He therefore ordered up two additional companies, with a body of the Shah's Sappers, to reinforce them; and these troops did their duty well, and took their own share in the later skirmish. They sustained some loss likewise; for Lieutenant Orr, a good officer, who commanded the Sappers, was severely wounded on the very crest of the hill, a private of the 13th falling dead at the same moment beside him. Meanwhile, the

main body of the division moved on unmolested; but, just as the baggage approached the termination of the pass, a warm fire opened upon it, and upon the rear-guard, from the hills that hung over them. A considerable loss and great confusion was the consequence. Many camp-followers fled, leaving the camels and other beasts of burden to their fate. The cavalry could offer no resistance to marksmen perched upon the sides of overhanging rocks, and the Shah's riflemen seemed scarcely in earnest in their efforts to dislodge them. Now it was in operations such as this that, from the beginning to the end of the war, the Affghans proved themselves to be especially skilful. Though individually brave, they seldom stood to oppose our men, either at a stand-up fight upon the plain, or in a smart skirmish: but wherever they found an opening whereby to approach our baggage and rear-guards at a disadvantage, no troops in the world knew better how to turn it to account. They slew this day a good many men, and carried off no inconsiderable portion of booty; of which it would be hard to say whether our people grudged them the most nine new hospital tents, which, with all the furniture, they appropriated, or certain kegs, containing no fewer than thirty thousand rounds of musket ammunition.'

The division continued its march through dangerous mountain passes, whose sides were lined with the foe, firing and hurling down masses of rock upon them, while the open plains were skirted with formidable bands. There were skirmishes, and collisions, and actions, in which the slaughter of the Affghans was

tremendous, but the loss to the division very slight, and in all of which Havelock took an active part, always cheering by his presence those who knew his character for wisdom as well as valor, as when at Jugdulluck he went forward to discover the cause of a check in their progress, and rode back saying, 'The pass is clear, move on.' And so the little army did 'move on' through Jugdulluck, Gundamuck, and Futtehabad, until it reached Jellalabad.

Of this excellent division, we have the honorable testimony that 'crime was unknown; nobody marauded; nobody indulged to excess in the use of spirituous liquors; and the consequence was that at every hour both of the day and night, the whole (from the General down to the drum-body) were ready to undertake any service.'

Through such perilous scenes the force made its way to Jellalabad, of which it took possession on the 13th of November, 1841. Jellalabad, which had been the winter residence of the kings of Cabool, and a place second in importance to Candahar and Cabool, had now through the ravages of war and other causes fallen into a state of decay. Although thus dilapidated and uninviting, it presented a most desirable place to our harassed troops, to whom it was destined to prove a city of refuge.

'The movement' (says Kaye*) 'took the Affghans by surprise. They had believed that the Feringhees were making the best of their way to the provinces of Hindostan; and now their entrance into the city struck a panic into the hearts of the inhabitants. As the

* Kaye's 'Affghanistan.'

regiments marched in, the citizens fled out in dismay. Everything was abandoned to the British troops. There was no need to fire a shot or draw a sabre. Sale's brigade had now become the garrison of Jellalabad.

'Scarcely, however, had Sale made himself master of the place, before it was surrounded by yelling crowds, who threatened death to the infidels if they did not at once abandon the town. The utmost caution was now necessary. The place, though surrounded by fortifications, was absolutely without any real defences; and the troops within its dilapidated walls, and its filled-up ditches, were almost as much exposed as in the open country. The extent of the works was very great, and it was quite impossible to man them. But guards were posted in all the gates; and a strong piquet planted in a central position, and ordered to hold itself in readiness to send supports to any part from which the sound of firing might proceed. These arrangements made, the remainder of the troops were suffered to lie down to rest by companies, with their officers beside them, whilst Sale summoned the commanders of regiments and detachments to a council of war.

'The question to be determined was this, there was the extensive city, ill-defended city of Jellalabad; and in the midst of it was the Balla Hissar or citadel, surrounded by a wall, sufficiently extensive to enclose the brigade without inconvenience, but yet not so extensive as to exhaust our means of defence. It was now debated whether it would be more expedient to abandon the town and concentrate our troops in the Balla Hissar, or to hold possession of the former. Weighty and very apparent were the arguments in

favor of the occupation of the citadel; and for a time the council seemed inclined towards the adoption of that secure course; but to Dennie and others it was clear, that the abandonment of the city would be a virtual acknowledgment of weakness, and that it would have a far better political effect, as it would have a more becoming military appearance, to hold the city itself, than to be cooped up within the walls of the citadel. And so it was at last determined that the city should be held, and the enemy resolutely defied.

'But to hold the city it was necessary that the defences should be repaired. Well might Sale look with dismay at their condition, and almost regard it as a wild hope even to look for the completion of the work that he had marked out for his little garrison. "I found the walls of Jellalabad," he said, "in a state which might have justified despair as to the possibility of defending them. The *enceinte* was far too extensive for my small force, embracing a circumference of upwards of 2,300 yards. Its tracing was vicious in the extreme: it had no parapet, excepting for a few hundred yards, which there was not more than two feet high. Earth and rubbish had accumulated to such an extent about the ramparts, that there were roads in various directions across and over them into the country. There was a space of 400 yards altogether, on which none of the garrison could show themselves, excepting at one spot; the population within was disaffected, and the whole *enciente* was surrounded by ruined forts, walls, mosques, tombs, and gardens, from which a fire could be opened upon the defenders at twenty or thirty yards."

'The first thing now to be done was to appoint a committee of officers to examine and report upon the works of the place. On the 13th of November, Captain Broadfoot, who commanded the corps of Sappers, with some other officers, went round the dilapidated works. Broadfoot alone succeeded in making the circuit of them. "Large gaps cut off the communication, or insecure footing compelled the officers to descend among the adjoining enclosures, from which it was difficult to find the way; whilst, on the south side, the rampart was so embedded in houses and surrounded by them, that its course could only be traced by laboriously threading the lanes of the native town. On the north side the walls rose to a very great height towards the town, but sloped down to the exterior in a heap of ruins almost everywhere accessible; while at the foot were houses and gardens so strongly occupied by the enemy, that during the night of the 13th of November our troops were unable to maintain their posts; and with the exception of the gateway, a line of four hundred yards on the northern face was without a man on the works. Had the enemy then attacked us, we must have been reduced to a street combat."

'Broadfoot, now appointed garrison engineer, set about the work entrusted to him with all the energy and zeal for which his character was distinguished. His little corps of Sappers had brought with them their pickaxes, shovels, and other working tools, from Cabool, and were now ready to ply them with the heartiest good-will. There was not a soldier in garrison, European or Native, who was not eager to join in the work.

Wood was to be collected, and iron was to be collected, for there were no available supplies of either. But from the ruins of old houses in the cantonment, and in the town, the former was extracted in sufficient quantity, and the neighboring country supplied the latter. Every difficulty was overcome as it arose. Impossibilities did not grow in Jellalabad.

'But before our soldiers could carry on their work in safety upon the ramparts, it was necessary to give the enemy, who assembled in great force beyond the walls of the city, a taste of our military strength. The morning of the 16th of November was an exciting, and it proved to be a glorious one. On the preceding day it had been determined that Colonel Monteith, of the 35th Bengal Infantry, a true soldier and a good officer, should take out eleven hundred men at daybreak, and give battle to the molesting Affghans. As soon as the early dawn would suffer him to take a survey of surrounding objects, Monteith ascended to the flat housetop of one of the most commanding edifices in the city, and looked around, with a keen soldier's eye, upon the expanse of hill and plain, of garden and of vineyard, traced the course of the river, and marked the castles of the chiefs which dotted the adjacent country. He saw, too, what was of more importance still—the dispositions of the enemy. There seemed to be about 5,000 fighting men gathered together, some on the hill-sides, some in the enclosures on the plain; and though they were kept together by little discipline, there seemed to be some sturdy qualities about them, and they were, at all events, well armed. Monteith

learnt all that could be learnt from that commanding position, and then he went down to place himself at the head of his men.

'The little force was well composed and well commanded. The remaining men of the garrison were under arms, and the guns, which Monteith did not take with him, were posted on the ramparts to cover his advance. Nothing could have been more gallant or more successful than the attack. What the artillery commenced, the infantry followed up bravely, and the cavalry completed. The enemy were beaten at all points. The wretched Janhaz, who had gone over to the insurgents at Gundamuck, now met the men of the 5th Cavalry in fair fight, and were hewn down remorselessly by them. In a little time the panic was complete. The British horsemen, following up our successes, flung themselves upon the flying Affghans on the plains, and slaughtered them as they fled. Then the bugle sounded the recall—Monteith brought his men together, flushed with success, and the whole returned, in joyous spirits, to the city. The Affghans were checked at the outset of their career of insolence and intimidation, and for many a day kept themselves quietly in their homes.

'Then the work of defence proceeded apace. Broadfoot was toiling all day long to repair the decayed ramparts and clear out the ditches, which, ditches no longer, had been filled up to the consistency of thoroughfares. Abbott, who had been appointed Commissary of ordnance, was getting his guns into position, and making up his ammunition as best he could from the materials to be found in the neighborhood. Macgregor,

with his wonted activity, was playing the part of the Commissariat officer—and playing it well—bringing all his political influence, which was great, to bear upon the important business of the collection of supplies; and so successful were his exertions—so successful were the efforts of the foraging parties, which went out from time to time in search of grain, sheep, firewood, and other essentials, that in a little while a month's provisions were in store. It is true that the men were on half-rations, but they did not work the worse for that. It was never said at Jellalabad that the soldiery were unequal to their accustomed duties because they had not their accustomed supplies of food. The gallant men who composed the garrison of Jellalabad, took their half-rations cheerfully, and cheerfully did double work.'*

Among those who favored this bold policy, Havelock was foremost. When he first examined these dilapidated defences, he remarked that the part facing the river was 'as weak as an old woman.' He coöperated most energetically in putting the whole city into a state of defence, and when those in command became disheartened, Havelock exerted himself to inspire courage, and re-animate the spirits of the men.

Mr. Marshman, referring to this anxious period, states, that 'The true history of that memorable siege yet remains to be written; but there was no bolder spirit in the garrison, and no man who urged more vigorous measures than Havelock. He always avoided any allusion to so delicate a subject, lest he should inadvertently cast a

* Gleig's 'Sale's Brigade,' p. 120.

reflection on the character of others, but the truth is gradually transpiring. A little note of his, sent in a quill, which the messenger contrived to conceal, happily reached him, in which Havelock stated that their provisions were nearly exhausted, the hope of relief all but forlorn, and that they must soon be obliged to resolve on cutting their way through the passes to Peshawur, which swarmed with the enemy to such an extent, that it was impossible to say how many could survive the experiment; but that even in this extremity they would not allow their force to be so thoroughly "disorganised" as that of Cabool had been during the retreat. As the last letter he might ever write, he commended his wife and family to the care of his correspondent. But it was determined to make one more attack on the enemy, in the hope of breaking up his force.'*

'To set about an operation so delicate, however, in the face of the armed hordes which swarmed in the neighborhood, was felt to be impracticable; and a determination was therefore come to of hazarding a sally on the following day, and driving them to a distance. And this was the more necessary, that from the summits of certain rising grounds, particularly from a rocky hill on the southern face of the town, they managed to annoy the garrison, and to put the lives of the sentries in jeopardy, by a continual fire of matchlocks. Accordingly, the brigade orderly book of that night contained instructions that a sally should take place on the following morning through the

* 'Brief Sketch'

southern gate; that Lieut.-Colonel Monteith, C.B., 35th Native Infantry, should command; that he should have under his orders three hundred men of the 13th, three hundred of the 35th, one hundred sappers, the whole of the cavalry, two guns of Abbott's battery, and a body of Jazzailchees; and that after sweeping the enemy from the heights, whence they contrived to make themselves troublesome, he should return into the city by a different gate.

'The hills, as well as the gardens and the flat country beyond, were crowded with Affghans. There could not be fewer than five thousand warriors at the least; and, in spite of the entire absence of discipline, according to the European sense of that term, which characterized them, they presented a formidable appearance, being stout men and well armed. All the various features in the scene, as well as the dispositions which the enemy had made for the purpose of turning them to account, Colonel Monteith took time to examine; and then he proceeded in a soldier-like manner to perform the duty which was required of him.

'The total amount of force put under his orders fell somewhat short of eleven hundred men; and of these only three hundred and fifty were Europeans. Above seven hundred, including the ordinary guards and piquets, remained for the defence of the place, so that the operation, however agreeable to the ordinary course of things, could not but be regarded as a critical one.

'From the date of this successful sally, up to the 28th of November, the garrison sustained no serious molestation. An opportunity was thus afforded, of

which Sir Robert Sale made excellent use, to strengthen his position, and to lay in such a stock of provisions as might enable him to hold his ground till it should be judged expedient to shift it. In order to accomplish the former of these objects, strong working parties were employed from morning to night in filling up the breaches in the town walls, and clearing out and deepening the ditches in part of them. Every tree, likewise, which stood in the line of fire was cut down; every wall, and house, and inequality in the ground, levelled; while the forts or towers, which in several directions came close in upon what had been the suburbs, had their near walls beaten down, so as to render them untenable by an enemy. In like manner parapets were run up along the ramparts, sand-bags and the saddles of the baggage animals being used in their construction; and, finally, ten pieces of cannon, of various calibre, and in some instances mounted on strong carriages, with one or two mortars, were run into the bastions and equipped for service. Meanwhile, foraging parties went out under sufficient escorts, which gathered in from the villages and home-steads round about, all manner of grain, sheep, fuel, and other useful articles. And the consequence was, that within the space of a few days, not only had the town become defensible against such an enemy as was likely to assail it, but the commissary, on taking an account of his stock, satisfied himself that there was provision enough for a month's consumption, at the rate then in use, namely, half rations.

'All this was satisfactory; nor, perhaps, could any

one much lament, under the circumstances in which the brigade was placed, that not one drop of spirits remained in store. Undoubtedly, there are cases in which ardent spirits, used as a medicine, prove invaluable. Many a frame, exhausted and sinking, has been sustained by the stimulus of brandy till nature had time to rally; but, considered as an article of daily consumption, it is now universally acknowledged that ardent spirits tend only to weaken, not to invigorate, the human constitution. But it is not so easy to persuade either soldiers or sailors of this fact; and so long as the English Government shall continue to include a certain portion of fire-water in the supplies which it furnishes to its troops, the troops will demand the poison as their right—and get it. And so long as English soldiers are encouraged and invited to regard the habit of drinking spirits as a privilege peculiar to their class, crime, as well as disease will abound in the army, whether it serve at home or abroad. In Jellalabad, however, there were no spirits, nor could any of the places round about supply them: and the consequence was, that throughout the continuance of this siege there was no crime, no sickness, except from wounds—the highest courage—the very best humor, and a docility and quickness such as had never before been noticed, even in the 13th Light Infantry, remarkable as that fine regiment had long been for all the qualities which combine to form the character of a really efficient corps.

'From the 14th to the 28th of November, the garrison of Jellalabad sustained no serious molestation

by the attacks of the enemy. Parties of Affghans hung about the place all this while, and at night the sentries on the walls were frequently fired at; while from time to time a rumor spread abroad, which put both men and officers on the alert. For example, a report would come in over night that the working-parties were to be attacked as soon as they passed beyond the walls on the morrow; and a strong covering party was directed in consequence to precede them, and to patrol round the place, in order to guard against the hazard. On another occasion the foragers would be threatened, perhaps molested; whereupon the nearest guard or piquet would seize their weapons and run to the rescue; or the cavalry sally forth, and, with its accustomed bravery and skill, dash at twice or thrice its own numbers, and sweep them away. But no affair of importance took place; neither were any valuable lives wasted. One circumstance, indeed, created a good deal of uneasiness in the minds of those to whom it was known. On taking account of the musket ammunition, the alarming discovery was made, that, including what the men carried in their pouches, not more than one hundred and twenty rounds per head remained. Nevertheless, no human being dreamed of desponding; indeed, the only measure which brave men so circumstanced could adopt was adopted; an order being issued that the greatest care should be taken not to throw away a shot, and, therefore, never to fire except in extremity, and then only when sure of doing so with effect.'

On the 13th of January, one of the sentries beheld a

solitary traveller advancing towards the fortress. He was sitting on a miserable pony, evidently faint from travel, sick, and perhaps wounded. He was the bearer of the most melancholy tale that the Affghan army had been destroyed, and 'he only was left alone to tell the tale.' The traveller proved to be Dr. Brydon.

'Dr. Brydon told how the column set forth disorganized and cowed at the very beginning of its march; how first the baggage, and by-and-bye the soldiers, were set upon by the enemy, who tracked their steps; how they fought their way through the Koord Cabool, some dropping under the fire that was showered upon them from the rocks, others perishing from cold amid the snow, which constituted their beds at night. He described the wavering and imbecility of the leaders; the insubordinate conduct of the men; their desperate valor on all occasions, which led, however, to no results because there was no mind present to direct it wisely; and, last of all, the treachery of Akbar Khan, who, enticing the General, with almost all the other officers of rank, into his power, left the wreck of his army without any one to guide it. When matters arrived at this pass, there was an end to discipline, to order, and, of course, to strength. The troops straggled forward by parties as far as Jugdulluck. There, at the end of the narrow ascent, an abattis of prickly pear had been thrown across the road, in their effort to force a way through which, multitudes perished. At last, all the sepoys and camp-followers having died—some of cold and fatigue, others by the bullets or the sword—a miserable remnant of the 44th regiment, with about

forty European officers, arrived in the vicinity of Gundermuck, having marched all night, and fought a battle for the passage of the river. Here it would seem that some of the officers and men parted company. About twelve, who were better mounted than the rest, rode on with a few cavalry which had survived the march. One by one they dropped off, till six only remained, and these pulled up to rest for a short space at Futtehabad. It was a fatal measure, into which a treacherous show of kindness by the inhabitants lured them; for, while they were eating the morsel of bread which had been ostentatiously placed before them, a band of ruffians rushed upon them and cut down two. The other four galloped off, and Dr. Brydon, who was the worst mounted of the whole, soon fell into the rear. His heart failed him, as well it might; so he quitted the road, and concealed himself for a while behind some rocks that offered shelter. But here the thought occurred that to him there was no safety in delay; so he once more turned his jaded pony into the road, and pushed on. He soon came up with the body of one of his friends, which lay in the middle of the path terribly mutilated, and had not proceeded far beyond it, ere an Affghan horseman, armed to the teeth, confronted him. There was nothing for it but to offer the best resistance which the wretched weapon by his side, and the jaded state of his starved horse, might enable him to do. He fought for his life, and in the *melée*, his sword broke off at the hilt. Just then he received a wound in the knee, the pain of which caused him to stoop forward, whereupon the Affghan, supposing that he was about to draw a pistol, turned

and fled. He rode on, bleeding and weak, yet thankful for the respite from death which had been granted him, and being soon afterwards espied from the ramparts of Jellalabad, was brought in, as has just been described, to the garrison.'

The sortie from Jellalabad on the 7th of April, 1842, secured the defeat of Akbar Khan, and the triumph of the 'illustrious garrison' is well described by Gleig.

'Between the Affghan entrenched camp and Jellalabad there were two or three forts, which the enemy occupied in strength, and which constituted their advanced posts. It had been agreed that the columns should pass them by, and, making straight for the lines, accomplish the overthrow of the main body in the first instance, and then return to the attack, should the garrisons continue to hold them. But a flanking fire from one of these told so severely upon the 13th Light Infantry, that Sir Robert Sale suddenly commanded it to bring forward the left shoulder, and fall upon the place by a breach which seemed to be practicable. With undaunted resolution the 13th rushed at the fort, Colonel Dennie nobly leading, and finding the aperture sufficiently large to admit of it, they rushed through the outer wall, only to find themselves exposed to a murderous fire from the untouched defences of the inner keep. Here Dennie received, just as he approached the breach, his mortal wound. A ball entered the side, passing through the sword belt, and he bent forward upon his horse. Lieutenant and Adjutant (now Captain) Wood instantly rode up to him, and expressed a hope that the hurt was not

serious. But it was more than serious; it was fatal. A couple of orderlies, by Captain Wood's direction, turned his horse's head homewards, and leading it by the bridle, endeavored to guide him to the town. But he never reached it alive. He died with the sound of battle in his ears, hoping, but not living, to be assured, that it would end triumphantly.

'So fell as brave a soldier as the British army ever produced, and as good an officer as served throughout the war in Affghanistan. There would have been great lamentation over him had the hurry and excitement of the fight permitted those who took part in it to divert their thoughts from the business that was immediately before them. But soldiers, when engaged with the enemy, have no time to indulge the finer feelings, and the gallant 13th found themselves already in such a position as bent all their care, and that of their leaders, towards finding the best and readiest method of extrication from it. The inner tower, or keep, it was manifest, could not be carried. There was no breach, nor any means of ingress, except through a doorway elevated to half the height of the tower; and as the ladder by which alone it could be approached was removed, the men, however willing to force an entrance one by one, could not reach the threshold. After a brief pause, therefore, the word was given to pass on, and emerge into the open plain, through an aperture on the further side; and then the original plan, the deviation from which had effected no good, was resumed. On they went at the double, driving before them the skirmishers, which made a show of resistance,

till they gained the entrenchments, and broke through with a loud shout. Meanwhile, both Colonel Monteith's and Captain Havelock's columns had trodden down all opposition. The former maintained, without a check, the pace at which their advance began. The latter, sweeping round by the river, in order to turn the flank of the position, became exposed to the attack of the enemy's cavalry, and were more than once obliged to form a square, which they did with the precision of an ordinary field day. But they, too, gained their point; and now the three divisions uniting, poured such a fire upon the enemy's masses, as dissolved them quite. Their guns, which had been served with much boldness, were in consequence deserted. One they endeavored to carry away with them, but a well directed round shot from Abbott's battery killed both of the horses which had just been harnessed to the limber, after which the rout became universal. Had the force of British cavalry been such as could have been launched, without support, in pursuit, few would have escaped to tell of that day's overthrow. As it was, the fugitives being chased towards the river, rushed madly in, and perished, almost as many amid the deep water as by the bayonets and shot of the pursuers.

'Never was victory more complete. Camp, baggage, artillery, ammunition, standards, horses, arms of every kind, fell into the hands of the conquerors. The camp they committed to the flames; of the baggage, as well as of animals to transport it, they conveyed back to Jellalabad as much as they cared to preserve; and they were specially gratified by discovering in one of

the forts that flanked the lines an important magazine of powder, shells, and shot. All these they carried with exceeding joy to the town, where, in the course of a very few hours, provisions became abundant; for the fame of the battle, and of its results, soon spread abroad; and, as Akbar, with the wreck of his army, fled towards Cabool, all the chiefs of districts, in the other direction, hastened to send in their submission.'

For his share in this gallant exploit Captain Havelock was promoted to the rank of Brevet-Major, and made Companion of the Bath. As the conduct rewarded by this promotion has received the highest commendation, it may interest our readers to receive a fuller description than has yet been made public, and on which the utmost confidence may be placed, as it has been furnished to the author by one who relates the scenes of which he was an eye-witness. Our most trustworthy informant thus relates his story :—

'The right column, commanded by Captain Havelock, was composed of Major Broadfoot's Sappers, and his own company, No. 4, of the 13th Light Infantry. When the column marched to its rendezvous before daybreak Havelock thus addressed his own company: "Well, No. 4, I have not yet seen any of your exploits, but hope you will do something creditable to-day." As the column neared the Cabool gate he said to his company, "See, if you can't take the rough edge off these fellows." As this column proceeded towards the enemy's camp, it was threatened with an attack from the enemy's cavalry; it was ordered to form square, to which only one of the enemy's men approached,

and who was instantly shot. As the column neared Akbar's encampment Captain Havelock said, "No. 4, there are the guns!" pointing to them; and his brave company were not long in taking immediate possession of his camp. When the column halted, Havelock said he was well satisfied with the manner in which No. 4 had done its duty that morning, and desired the pay-sergeant of the company to give the men his thanks. When this pleasing duty was performed, the men replied, "We thank him;" and when this gratifying reply was reported to him, he said with a smile, "Then I thank them again." '

In the midst of all these harassing scenes there were faithful servants of Christ who were not forgetful of his claims, and were endeavoring to promote his cause. During the whole siege of Jellalabad a Jew from Bokhara was engaged in writing a transcript in Hebrew of Martin's Persian Testament, under the superintendence of a pious officer, a work that proved instrumental to his own conversion to Christianity.

The work of fortifying Jellalabad reminds us of the description given by Nehemiah of the warrior-workmen employing alternately the instruments of the builder, and the weapons of the soldier. 'And it came to pass from that time forth, that the half of my servants wrought in the work, and the other half of them held both the spears, the shields, and the bows, and the habergeons; and the rulers were behind all the house of Judah. They which builded on the wall, and they that bare burdens, with those that laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in

the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded. And he that sounded the trumpet was by me.' *

And like this princely and pious Jew, Havelock was not unmindful of the God of Israel, who gave strength and skill for the work, and brought it to a triumphant close. When the perilous labor was concluded he felt that a devout thanksgiving should be rendered to God, and at his suggestion, the garrison was assembled, when he offered up praise in their presence. He was not ashamed to follow the good example of the Hebrew patriot who said, 'Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight: my goodness, and my fortress; my high tower and my deliverer; my shield, and he in whom I trust; who subdueth my people under me." †

A friend of Havelock writing to the author, furnishes a very remarkable proof that amidst all the cares which now pressed upon him, he was deeply anxious for the religious welfare of the men who were serving under him:—

'Having had frequent conversation with Havelock and Dawes, on the evils attending the want of any minister of the gospel, with the troops in Affghanistan, the two chaplains, who had accompanied the troops on the first invasion in 1838, having left in 1839 with Sir John Keane, I had brought the subject to the notice of the excellent Bishop Wilson of Calcutta, with whom I at the time frequently corresponded, who was

* Neh. iv, 16–18. † Psa. cxliv, 1–3.

most anxious to supply the want; but, in consequence, I believe, of the difficulty of inducing any of the Governor's chaplains to give up willingly their station duties in India for service in the field, he had not been successful in his attempts to do so. On the departure of Sir Robert Sale's Brigade from Cabool in September, 1841, Havelock accompanied it, and bore a conspicuous part in all the gallant services which it performed in the retreat on Jellalabad, and the illustrious defence of that place, against the whole power of the Affghans, after the destruction of General Elphinstone's army at Cabool. During the siege of Jellalabad I had the pleasure to receive a letter from him, of which I send a copy, enclosing one to the Bishop of Calcutta, on the subject of the want of Christian ministers with the army in Affghanistan, and urging upon his lordship the necessity of sending chaplains up with the relieving force under General Pollock, then assembling at Pashawur. I do not think that I can procure a copy of the letter to the Bishop, but it is possible that I may yet find the reply which his lordship sent me to it, and in which I know that he expressed great regret that the force in Affghanistan had been so long without a chaplain, and mentioned the arrangements which he proposed to supply one.'

The letter to which reference is made will be read with much interest, as it gives Havelock's own views of the events which were then passing, and shows how the Christian soldier watched for his opportunity of promoting the glory of his heavenly Master. He was like 'the children of Issachar, which were men that

had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do;'* and obedient to the inspired command, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.'†

'*Jellalabad*, 14*th December*, 1841.

'MY DEAR LOGIN,

'I have just seen it announced in a newspaper that you had arrived at Agra, and were to proceed to Lucknow. You will have heard that we have had a grand crisis here in Affghanistan, which can hardly be pronounced to be over, though the symptoms have become decidedly more hopeful. I should define the whole affair to be a struggle of the chiefs to maintain their power to misrule, of which they dreaded the annihilation, of certain tribes, especially the Eastern Ghilzyes, to revenge the wrongs of the reduction of their stipends, and finally of the whole people to get rid of the Feringhees. The facts are, that Sir Robert Sale's Brigade, with its auxiliaries, having been moved down towards Tazeen and Gundamuck; with the double purpose of forcing the passes and returning to the provinces, that opportunity was seized to spring the mine of a Catilinian plot. Sir A. Burns was assassinated, with all our adherents in Cabool, and our troops driven by the force of a general insurrection to confine their efforts to maintaining themselves on the two points of the Bala Hissar, and the entrenched cantonment. This they are yet successfully doing, and I trust, by God's help, will continue to do until reinforcements arrive.

'Sir R. Sale's force, to which I was temporarily attached

* 1 Chron. xii, 32. † Eccles. ix, 10.

with General Elphinstone's sanction, fought its way inch by inch to Gundamuck, and on the news of the general outbreak retired on this place, which it has made too strong for any Asiatic force without artillery to get (D.V.) at any price. It has twice sallied and utterly defeated its assailants in open field. This is an epitome of things here. Dawes is within these walls and well, and we have continued to re-establish ordinances amidst the din of arms; and having said thus much, I come to a subject which I have much at heart. Peruse the enclosed letter, and if you do not think that this voice from Affghanistan will decidedly do harm, kindly send it on to his lordship, whose address or whereabouts nobody here can tell me. There may yet be time to send a chaplain up with the second reinforcements. If he can be spared, let him come at any time with troops, and the sooner the better.

'Believe me, my dear Login,

'Ever very truly yours,

'H. HAVELOCK.'

The despatch recording the history of this siege, and the result of the decisive sortie on the 7th of April, though sent in the name of Sir Robert Sale, was written by Havelock. It is one of those remarkable productions for which this scholarly soldier was distinguished, and was spoken of by the late Sir George Murray in advantageous comparison with Cæsar's Commentaries. It will, perhaps, satisfy the wish of the intelligent reader, and do some justice to the memory of Havelock, to give this celebrated document *in extenso*.

'FROM MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ROBERT SALE TO THE SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

'*Jellalabad*, 16*th April*, 1842.

'SIR,

'THE relief of this place having been at length effected by the victorious advance through the passes of the Khyber of the army under Major-General Pollock, C. B., I conceive that I owe it to the troops who have so long formed the garrison here, to address to you a report, which may convey some notion of their conflicts, and the severity of their duties, labors, and privations. It has before been made known to Government that I reached Gundamuck on the 30th of October, 1841, under instructions from the authorities at Cabool, and there received intelligence of the breaking out of a terrific insurrection at the Affghan capital, on the 2nd of November. My retracing my steps on that city was, in a military sense, impracticable, since the first inevitable sacrifice would have been of the lives of 300 sick and wounded, whom I could not have left in depôt with the treasonable Irregulars at Gundamuck, whilst my cattle was unequal to the transport of my camp equipage, and my ammunition insufficient for protracted operations. In the position which I occupied, I could not absolutely command a day's provisions, or even water, and should have been hemmed in on every side by hostile tribes, amounting to thirty or forty thousand men, part of whom might have seized Jellalabad and reduced it to ashes, or, holding it, have left me no alternative but a disastrous retreat towards Peshawur. I therefore came to the resolution of anticipating any movement of this kind, and, by possessing myself of this city, establishing a point on which the force of Cabool might retire, if hardly pressed, and restoring a link in the chain of communication with

our provinces. Two marches brought me, after a successful contest at Futtehabad, to Jellalabad. My breaking up from Gundamuck was followed by the immediate defection of the Irregulars there, the destruction of the cantonment, and a general rising of the tribes. I found the walls of Jellalabad in a state which might have justified despair as to the possibility of defending them; the *enceinte* was far too extensive for my small force, embracing a circumference of upwards of 2,300 yards. Its tracing was vicious in the extreme: it had no parapet excepting for a few hundred yards, which there was not more than two feet high. Earth and rubbish had accumulated to such an extent about the ramparts, that there were roads in various directions across and over them into the country. There was a space of 400 yards together, on which none of the garrison could show themselves, excepting at one spot; the population within was disaffected, and the whole *enceinte* was surrounded by ruined forts, walls, mosques, tombs, and gardens, from which a fire could be opened upon the defenders, at twenty or thirty yards.

'The garrison took full possession of the town, in such a state, on the morning of the 12th of November, and, in the course of the day, the place and detached hills by which on one side it is commanded, were surrounded and surmounted by a force of not fewer than 5,000 insurgents. A general attack, on the 14th of November, ridded us of these enemies, and a similar array, brought against us a fortnight afterwards, was dissipated by a second sally, on the 1st of December. But we had seized the town, having in our possession not quite two days' provisions and corn for our men and horses, and beheld the arduous task before us of striving to render the works defensible, and collecting supplies for our magazine from the midst of a fanatical and infuriated people, with very narrow means, in the way of

treasure, to purchase them. I appointed Captain Broadfoot, of Shah Soojah's Sappers, Garrison Engineer, and Captain Abbott, of the Artillery, Commissary of Ordnance. Captain M'Gregor, Political Agent, gave me the aid of his local experience, and, through his influence and measures, our Dak communication with India was restored, and a great quantity of grain collected, whilst the unremitting and almost incredible labors of the troops, aided by the zeal and science of Captain Broadfoot, put the town in an efficient state of defence. Captain Abbott made the artillery dispositions in the ablest manner, and used every exertion to add to, and economise, our resources in the way of gun and musquet ammunition, in both of which we were deficient for the purposes of a siege. Lead and powder were procured in and about Jellalabad, and a quantity of cartridges discovered in an old magazine, and thus the troops completed to 200 rounds per man. It is to be remarked that I might, in the second week of November, have marched upon Pesh Bolak, relieved from investment the corps of Jezzailchees under Captain Ferris, and with it operated a doubtful retreat upon Peshawur. But I felt it to be my duty to give support to the last moment to our troops, struggling against their numerous enemies at Cabool, and maintain for them a point on which to retreat and rally, if they met with reverse.

'On the 9th of January, I was summoned by the leaders of the Affghan rebellion to give up the place, in fulfilment of a convention entered into by the political and military authorities at Cabool; but as I was fully assured of the bad faith of our enemies, I refused to do this; and on the 13th received the melancholy intelligence of the disastrous retreat of our troops from the capital and their annihilation to the Ghilzye defiles, by the rigors of the climate, and the basest treachery on the part of those in whose promises

they had confided. Almost at the same time it became known to us that the brigade of four regiments, marched to my succor, from Hindostan, had been beaten in detail, and forced to fall back upon Peshawur: my position was most critical, and I might, whilst our enemies were engaged in plundering the force from Cabool, have attempted, and perhaps effected, though with heavy loss, a retreat across Khyber, but I resolved, at all hazards, on not relinquishing my grasp on the chief town of the valley of Ningrahar, and the key of Eastern Affghanistan, so long as I had reason to consider that our government desired to retain it. The discouragements of my garrison at this moment were very great, their duties most severe, their labors unceasing, and the most insidious endeavors made by the enemy to seduce the native portion of them from their allegiance. But their fidelity was unshaken, and their serenity amidst labors and privations unclouded. With reference, however, to the state of fanatical excitement and national antipathy which prevailed around us, I had been compelled, as a measure of prudence, to get rid, first of the corps of Khyber rangers, and next of the detachment of Jazzailchees, and a few of the Affghan Sappers, and a body of Hindostanee gunners, who had formerly been in the employment of Dost Mahomed Khan. Works had in the meantime been completed, of which the annexed reports and plans of Captain Broadfoot contain ample details. Generally, I may state, they consisted in the destruction of an immense quantity of cover for the enemy, extending to the demolition of forts and old walls, filling up ravines, and destroying gardens and cutting down groves, raising the parapets to six or seven feet high, repairing and widening the ramparts, extending the bastions, retrenching three of the gates, covering the fourth with an outwork, and excavating a ditch, ten feet in depth and twelve feet in width, round

the whole of the walls: the place was thus secure against the attack of any Asiatic enemy not provided with siege artillery.

'But it pleased Providence on the 19th February to remove in an instant this ground of confidence. A tremendous earthquake shook down all our parapets built up with so much labor, injured several of our bastions, cast to the ground all our guard houses, demolished a third of the town, made a considerable breach in the rampart of a curtain in the Peshawur face, and reduced the Cabool gate to a shapeless mass of ruins. It savors of romance, but is a sober fact, that the city was thrown into alarm, within the space of little more than one month, by the repetition of full one hundred shocks of this terrific phenomenon of nature.

'The troops turned with indefatigable industry, to the reparation of their walls, but at the moment of the great convulsion, Sirdar Mahomed Akbar Khan, Barukzye, the assassin of the late Envoy, and treacherous destroyer of the Cabool force, having collected a body of troops, flushed with a success consummated by the vilest means, had advanced to Murkhail, within seven miles of our gates. He attacked our foraging parties with a large body of horse on the 21st and 22nd of February, and soon after—establishing his head quarters to the westward, two miles from the place, and a secondary camp to the eastward, about one mile distant—invested the town, and established a rigorous blockade. From that time up to the 7th of April, the reduced garrison was engaged in a succession of skirmishes with the enemy, who, greatly superior in horse, perpetually insulted our walls by attacks and alerts, and compelled us daily to fight at disadvantage for forage for our cattle. The most remarkable of these affairs were those of the cavalry under Lieutenant Mayne, commanding a detach-

ment of Shah Soojah's 2nd Cavalry, and Jemadar Deena Singh, 5th Cavalry, already reported; a sally under Colonel Dennie, C. B., to defeat a suspected attempt of the enemy to drive a mine, on the 11th of March; the repulse of an assault upon the transverse walls to the northward of the place, on the 24th of the same month, by detachments under Captain Broadfoot, who was severely wounded, and Captain Fenwick, Her Majesty's 13th Light Infantry; the capture of bullocks and sheep by Lieutenant Mayne, on the 30th and 31st of January; and the seizure of large flocks of the latter, in the face of Mahomed Akbar's army, by a force of infantry under Captain Pattisson, Her Majesty's 13th Light Infantry, and of cavalry under Captain Oldfield, on the 1st instant. These successes were crowned by Providence by the issue of the brilliant and decisive attack on the camp of the Sirdar on the 7th instant.

'I have to notice as a measure of defence, my having enrolled as a provisional battalion a large body of our camp followers, and armed them with pikes and other weapons. On all occasions of assault and sally, these men were available to make a show upon our curtains, and I have pledged myself to them to recommend to Government, that they should enjoy all the pecuniary advantages of native soldiers beyond the Indus. I at the same time held forth to the troops of Shah Soojah's force, the expectation that they would be put, during the especial service, on the same footing with their comrades of the Bengal army.

'From the time that the brigade threw itself into Jellalabad, the native troops have been on half, and the followers on quarter rations, and for many weeks they have been able to obtain little or nothing in the bazaars, to eke out this scanty provision. I will not mention, as a privation, the European troops from the same period having been without their allowance of spirits, because I verily

believe this circumstance and their constant employment have contributed to keep them in the highest health and the most remarkable state of discipline. Crime has been almost unknown amongst them, but they have felt severely, although they have never murmured, the diminution of their quantity of animal food, and the total want of ghee, flour, tea, coffee, and sugar; these may seem small matters to those who read of them at a distance, but they are serious reductions in the scale of comfort of the hard working and fighting soldier in Asia. The troops have also been greatly in arrears of pay, besides their severe duties in heat and cold, wind and rain, on the guards of the gates and bastions. The troops, officers and men, British and Hindostanee, of every arm, remained fully accoutred on their alarm posts every night, from the 1st of March to the 7th April. The losses of officers and men, in carriage and cattle, camp equipage and baggage, between Cabool and Jellalabad, were heavy; and their expenditure, during the siege and blockade, in obtaining articles of mere subsistence and necessity, has been exorbitant.

'I feel assured that Major-General Pollock will consider it a most pleasing duty, to bring the series of labors, privations, and conflicts, imperfectly sketched in the foregoing details, to the notice of the head of the Supreme Government in India, and through his Lordship to that of the Court of Directors and of our Sovereign, as a claim for public acknowledgment and substantial reimbursement and reward.

'The report of Captain Broadfoot, in his capacity of Garrison Engineer, will meet with attentive perusal: I have already stated how much I have been indebted to his scientific attainments, as well as his distinguished activity and resolution, during the siege. His fertility in resource obviated great difficulties, in procuring iron, timber, and

charcoal; and to the foresight of his arrangements we owe our having had a very ample supply of tools. The corps under his command performed, from Bootkhak, the duties equally of good Sappers and bold Light Infantry soldiers, and the Affghan Huzaree and Eusifzye portion of it have been singularly faithful in time of general defection. The two infantry regiments under the lamented Colonel Dennie and Lieutenant-Colonel Monteith, have vied with each other in the steady performance of the duties of that arm; and it would be impossible for me to discriminate in favor of either, in awarding praise to the squadron 5th Light Cavalry, under Captain Oldfield, and the Rissalla 2nd Shah Soojah's Cavalry, under Lieutenant Mayne: Lieutenant Plowden, of the former, has been distinguished on several occasions. The artillery practice of No. 6 Light Field Battery has ever been excellent, and has been equalled by that of the Mountain Train. Captains Abbott and Backhouse and Lieutenant Dawes have proved themselves excellent officers of Ordnance. I have more than once brought it to notice that Captain McGregor, Political Agent, has cheerfully rendered very valuable assistance in serving the guns in every crisis of pressing danger. Of his labors in his own department, I ought not, perhaps, to attempt to constitute myself a judge; but I know they have been unremitting; and their result, in obtaining for my force supplies and information, and keeping up our communication with India and with Cabool, and securing for us Affghan co-operation, I may be allowed to appreciate, and am bound to point out to Government.

'The medical duties of the garrison have been ably fulfilled by Surgeon Forsyth, Superintending Surgeon Shah Soojah's force, and Assistant-Surgeons Robertson and Barnes, H. M.'s 13th Light Infantry, Hare, 35th regiment, and Brown, late in charge of the Irregulars.

'Captain Mainwaring, Commissariat Officer to the force, has been indefatigable in his efforts to keep the garrison well supplied, and his arrangements in very difficult times have merited my highest praise. Captain Moorhouse, 35th regiment Native Infantry, has satisfactorily discharged his duties as Brigade Quarter Master; he was severely wounded on the 7th instant.

'It is gratifying to me to forward the opinion of my second in command, Lieutenant-Colonel Monteith, C. B., placed on record without solicitation, of the merits of the 13th Light Infantry, of which corps I am proud of being a member: I fully concur in the sentiments which he expresses, and hope the distinctions which he recommends for the officers of his own corps will be accorded. The cheerful and persevering manner in which the native soldiers labored with the shovel, mattock, and hand-barrow was as surprising as their steadiness and courage in the field were conspicuous.

'I have to acknowledge the zealous manner in which Brevet-Major Fraser, Light Cavalry, Brevet-Captain Gerrard of the corps of Jezzailchees, Captain Burn, and Lieutenant Hillersdon, of the Khyber Rangers, and Lieutenant Dowson, of the Janbazes, when their services could no longer be available with their corps, volunteered to do duty with any regiment in which they could be useful.

'I must finally express my gratitude to Providence for having placed so gallant and devoted a force under my command; in every way it has exceeded my most sanguine expectations, and I beg leave, in the strongest manner, to solicit the interposition of Major-General Pollock, C. B., who has nobly labored and fought to relieve it from its critical position in the midst of a hostile empire, in now committing it to the protection and favor of the Right

Honorable the Governor-General in Council, and through him of the Court of Directors, and of our Sovereign.'

'I ask permission specially to recommend the following officers for honorary distinction, or Brevet rank, or both, viz., Lieutenant-Colonel Monteith, C. B., commanding 35th regiment Native Infantry, now second in command; Brevet-Major Fraser, Light Cavalry, who acted as my aide-de-camp on the 7th instant; Captain Abbott, Commandant of Artillery, and Commissary of Ordnance; Captain Backhouse, commanding the Mountain Train, and senior officer of the Shah's troops with my force; Captain Broadfoot, commanding Sappers, and Garrison Engineer; Captain Oldfield, 5th Light Cavalry, senior officer of that arm; Captain Seaton, 35th regiment Native Infantry, particularly recommended for his conduct on the 7th instant, by Lieutenant-Colonel Monteith; Captain Younghusband of the same regiment, who was distinguished with the advance guard in the Khoord Cabool Pass, and there severely wounded; Captain Burn, late commandant of the Khyber Rangers, and doing duty with the 35th regiment N. I.; Captain Wilkinson, on whom the command of the 13th Light Infantry devolved in the field on the fall of Colonel Dennie, C. B.; Captain Fenwick, Her Majesty's 13th Light Infantry, whose highly deserving conduct in the Pass of Jugdulluck was noticed then in my despatch: Captain Havelock, Her Majesty's 13th Light Infantry, Persian Interpreter to Major-Generals Elphinstone and Pollock, and attached to me as staff, and who commanded the right column in the final attack on Mahomed Akbar's camp; and Captain Hamlet Wade, Her Majesty's 13th Light Infantry, my Brigade Major, whose exertions in the action of the 7th I have elsewhere highly commended. Both these latter officers rendered most valuable services throughout the investment and siege. The officers of all

ranks and soldiers of all arms, European and Native, I have likewise to represent as generally and individually deserving of reward and encouragement, and I hope that Government will sanction my calling upon Commandants of corps and detachments to send in rolls of such Native officers as they may deem worthy of the insignia of the order of "Merit" and of "British India."

'I have the honor to be, etc.,

'R. SALE.

'*Major-General Commanding, Jellalabad.*'

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM 1843 TO 1851.

APPOINTED PERSIAN INTERPRETER UNDER GENERAL POLLOCK.—BATTLES OF ISTALIFF AND MAHARAJPORE.—THE PUNJAUB.—BATTLES OF MOODKEE, FEROZESHA, SOBRAON.—DEATH OF HIS BROTHER AT RAMNUGGER.—DEPUTY ADJUTANT-GENERAL AT BOMBAY.—RETURN TO ENGLAND.—SETTLES HIS FAMILY AT BONN.—RETURN TO INDIA.

At the close of General Elphinstone's disastrous career in Affghanistan, and on the appointment of General Pollock as his successor, the following recommendation of Captain Havelock was written by Sir Robert Sale:—

'P. S. Understanding from the 3rd para of the letter from the Adjutant-General, that the Major-General Elphinstone has ceased, I venture to mention to you that Captain Havelock, 13th Light Infantry, was appointed, in general orders, Persian interpreter to the Major-General so long as he continued to command in Affghanistan. He was by his permission, however, attached to me from the period of my force leaving Cabool, and I have received from him very valuable assistance in every way throughout our operations, as I have already intimated in public despatches. I trust you will pardon my undertaking to say, that if you will be pleased to re-appoint him to the same situation under

yourself, I feel persuaded that his local experience would render him most useful to you. In the meantime I have nominated him Persian interpreter to myself, subject to confirmation, as I cannot, under present circumstances, dispense with his services. Be good enough to make this known also to H. E. the Commander-in-Chief.'

In consequence of this strong testimonial Havelock received the post to which he was recommended under General Pollock, by whom his 'very valuable assistance in every way' was highly appreciated, as well as by Sir Robert Sale. He now obtained his brevet majority and was made a Companion of the Bath. No one was better qualified to aid by his counsels in circumstances of perplexity and danger. The significant language of Sir Robert Sale in this recommendation might be very amply illustrated, if it were proper to mention the numerous cases of difficulty that arose during these campaigns, in which his 'local experience,' his military science and resolution, were placed at the disposal of the distinguished men who had the benefit of his assistance. Long before he fought his way to the responsible posts he ultimately filled, he was well known to possess all the qualities of a great General; and having a modest and unobtrusive nature, he was satisfied to nourish the fame of others without coveting glory for himself. These efficient counsels were highly valued, not only by the Generals already named, but also by Lord Hardinge and Lord Gough, and other distinguished men, who would have borne witness to the value of the counsels he gave them

amidst the perplexities in which they were often involved.

In this manner, as well as by his personal valor, his aid was invaluable to General M'Caskill at Istaliff, and to Lord Gough at Maharajpore.

The action at Istaliff is recorded by Mr. Kaye.*

'M'Caskill was completely successful. He made a rapid march upon Istaliff, and took the enemy by surprise. The Affghan chiefs had collected in this place their treasure and their women. They had looked to it as a place of refuge, secure from the assaults of the invading Feringhees. They had relied greatly on the strength of the place, and scarcely any defensive measures had been taken to repel the assaults of the enemy. When M'Caskill entered the gardens which surround the town, a panic seemed to have seized the people, they thought no longer of defence. Their first thought was to save their property and their women. Ameenoollah Khan himself fled at the first onset. As our troops entered the town, the face of the mountain beyond was covered with laden baggage-cattle, whilst long lines of white-veiled women, striving to reach a place of safety, streamed along the hill side. What our troops had to do they did rapidly and well; but the fire of the enemy's jezails soon slackened when the 9th foot, with Broadfoot's Sappers, and the 26th Native Infantry, dashed into the gardens, where the Affghan marksmen had been posted. And as their gallantry, so their forbearance is to be commended. M'Caskill, respecting the honor of the women, would not suffer

* Kaye's 'Affghan War,' p. 634.

a pursuit; but many fell into the hands of our people in the town, and were safely delivered over to the keeping of the Kuzzilbashes. Two guns and much booty were taken, the town was fired, and then M'Caskill went on towards the hills, meeting no opposition on the way, destroyed Charekur, where the Ghoorkha regiment had been annihilated, and some other fortified places, which had been among the strongholds of the enemy, and then returned triumphantly to Cabool.'*

Referring to this action, Mr. Marshman says: 'General M'Caskill, who commanded the division, left all the arrangements of the attack to Havelock's skill; and he dwells with delight in his letters to his relatives on the opportunity he now enjoyed, for the first time after twenty-seven years of soldiering, of organising a great military movement, as he said, out of his own brain. The town was carried with little loss, through the admirable combinations of Havelock's strategy, and the affair at Istaliff was considered one of the most brilliant of the campaign; but it is only at the present time that Havelock's share in it can be prudently recorded.'

The action at Maharajpore, on the 29th of December, 1843, was of great importance, as that place, and the neighboring villages of Chonda, were the keys of the position of the Mahratta army, when the battle took place between them and the British army under Sir Hugh Gough, Commander-in-Chief. The Mahrattas were driven from all points of their position, lost fifty-

* Sketch in 'Baptist Magazine.'

six pieces of artillery, and all their ammunition waggons retreated to the fort of Gwalior. The loss of the British army was severe, amounting to 106 killed, 684 wounded, and 7 missing. For his share in this action Havelock received the bronze star he wears among the decorations in our portrait.

The year 1844 he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel by brevet.

The year 1845 witnessed the Sikh irruption into the Punjaub. Eighty thousand of these wild hordes crossed the Sutlej, and invaded the outposts of our British dominions in India. This invasion occasioned the battles of Moodkee, Ferozesha, and Sobraon, in which Brevet-Colonel Havelock took a distinguished part. These engagements are thus recorded by Cunningham:

'The Ambala and Loodiana divisions of the British army arrived at Moodkee, twenty miles from Ferozepore, on the 18th of December; and they had scarcely taken up their ground before they were attacked by a detachment of the Sikh army, believed at the time to be upwards of thirty thousand strong, but which really seems to have consisted of less than two thousand infantry, supported by about twenty-two pieces of artillery, and eight or ten thousand horsemen. Lal Singh headed the attack, but in accordance with his original design, he involved his followers in an engagement, and then left them to fight as their undirected valor might prompt. The Sikhs were repulsed with the loss of seventeen guns, but the success of the English was not so complete as should have been achieved by the victors in so many battles; and

it was wisely determined to effect a junction with the division of Sir John Littler before assailing the advanced wing of the Sikh army, which was encamped in a deep horse-shoe form around the village of Ferozesha, about ten miles both from Moodkee and from Ferozepore. This position was strengthened by more than a hundred pieces of artillery, and its slight and imperfect intrenchments had, here and there, been raised almost waist high since the action of Moodkee. It was believed at the time to contain about fifty thousand men, but subsequent inquiries reduced the infantry to twelve regiments, and the cavalry to the eight or ten thousand which had before been engaged. The wing of the Sikh army attacked, did not, therefore, greatly surpass its assailants, except in the number and size of its guns, the English artillery consisting almost wholly of six and nine pounders. But the belief in the fortune of the British arms were strong, and the Sepoys would then have marched with alacrity against ten times their own numbers.

'A junction was effected with Sir John Littler's division about midday on the 21st of December, and at a distance of four miles from the enemy's position. Considerable delay occurred in arranging the details of the assault, which was not commenced until within an hour of sunset. The confident English had at last got the field they wanted; they marched in even array, and their famed artillery opened its steady fire. But the guns of the Sikhs were served with rapidity and precision, and the foot-soldiers stood between the and behind the batteries, firm in their order, and active

with their muskets. The resistance met was wholly unexpected, and all started with astonishment. Guns were dismounted, and their ammunition was blown into the air; squadrons were checked in mid career; battalion after battalion was hurled back with shattered ranks, and it was not until after sunset that portions of the enemy's position were finally carried. Darkness, and the obstinacy of the combat, threw the English into confusion; men of all regiments and arms were mixed together; Generals were doubtful of the fact or of the extent of their own success; and Colonels knew not what had become of the regiments they commanded, or of the army of which they formed a part. Some portions of the enemy's line had been broken, and the uncaptured guns were turned by the Sikhs upon masses of soldiers, oppressed with cold and thirst and fatigue, and who attracted the attention of the watchful enemy by lighting fires of brushwood to warm their stiffened limbs. The position of the English was one of real danger and great perplexity; their mercenaries had proved themselves good soldiers in foreign countries as well as in India itself, when discipline was little known, or while success was continuous; but in a few hours the five thousand children of a distant land found that their art had been learnt, and that an emergency had arisen which would tax their energies to the utmost. On that memorable night the English were hardly masters of the ground on which they stood; they had no reserve at hand, while the enemy had fallen back upon a second army, and could renew the fight with increased numbers. The not imprudent thought

occurred of retiring upon Ferozepore; but Lord Gough's dauntless spirit counselled otherwise, and his own and Lord Hardinge's personal intrepidity in storming batteries, at the head of troops of English gentlemen and bands of hardy yeomen, eventually achieved a partial success and a temporary repose. On the morning of the 22nd of December, the last remnants of the Sikhs were driven from their camp; but as the day advanced, the second wing of their army approached in battle-array, and the wearied and famished English saw before them a desperate, and perhaps, useless struggle. This reserve was commanded by Tej Singh; he had been urged by his zealous and sincere soldiery to fall upon the English at daybreak, but his object was to have the dreaded army of the Khâlsa overcome and dispersed, and he delayed until Lal Singh's force was everywhere put to flight, and until his opponents had again ranged themselves around their colors. Even at the last moment he rather skirmished and made feints than led his men to a resolute attack, and after a time he precipitately fled, leaving his subordinates without orders and without an object, at a moment when the artillery ammunition of the English had failed, when a portion of their force was retiring upon Ferozepore, and when no exertions could have prevented the remainder from retreating likewise, if the Sikhs had boldly pressed forward.'

At Moodkee two horses were shot under Colonel Havelock, but his own person was untouched, and at Ferozesha his calmness and resolution in the midst of danger excited the admiration of every one who watched

his conduct. It was in this night of horrors that he was found asleep with his head resting on a bag of gunpowder, because, as he said to Lord Hardinge, who properly reproved him for his rashness—'I was so tired.'

The next of this group of battles took place at Sobraon, on the 10th of February, 1846.

'The Sikhs had gradually brought the greater part of their force into the intrenchments on the left bank of the Sutlej, which had been enlarged as impulse prompted, or as opportunity seemed to offer. They placed sixty-seven pieces of artillery in battery, and their strength was estimated at thirty-five thousand fighting men—but it is probable that twenty thousand would exceed the truth—and of that reduced number, it is certain that all were not regular troops. The intrenchment, likewise, showed a fatal want of unity of command and of design; and at Sobraon, as in the other battles of the campaign, the soldiers did everything and the leaders nothing. Hearts to dare and hands to execute, were numerous; but there was no mind to guide and animate the whole. Each inferior commander defended his front according to his skill and his means, and the centre and left, where the disciplined battalions were mainly stationed, had batteries and salient points as high as the stature of a man, and ditches which an armed soldier could not leap without exertion; but a considerable part of the line exhibited at intervals the petty obstacles of a succession of such banks and trenches as would shelter a crouching marksman, or help him to sleep in security when no longer a watcher. This was especially the case on the right

flank, where the looseness of the river sand rendered it impossible to throw up parapets without art and labor, and where irregular troops—the least able to remedy such disadvantages—had been compelled or allowed to take up their position. The flank in question was mainly guarded by a line of two hundred "zumbooruks," or falconets; but it derived some support from a salient battery, and from the heavy guns retained on the opposite bank of the river. Tej Singh commanded in this entrenchment, and Lal Singh lay with his horse, in loose order, higher up the stream, watched by a body of British cavalry. The Sikhs, generally, were somewhat cast down by the defeat at Aleewâl, and by the sight of the unhonored remains of their comrades floating down the Sutlej; but the self-confidence of a multitude soon returns; they had been cheered by the capture of a post of observation, established by the English, and left unoccupied at night, and they resumed their vaunting practice of performing their military exercises almost within hail of the British piquets. Yet the judgment of the old and experienced could not be deceived; the dangers which threatened the Sikh people pressed upon their minds, they saw no escape from domestic anarchy or from foreign subjection, and the grey-headed chief, Shâm Singh of Ataree, made known his resolution to die in the first conflict with the enemies of his race, and so offer himself up as a sacrifice of propitiation to the spirit of Govina, and to the genius of his mystic commonwealth.

'In the British camp, the confidence of the soldiery was likewise great, and none there despaired of the

fortune of England. The spirits of the men had been raised by the victory of Aleewâl, and early in February a formidable siege train, and ample stores of ammunition arrived from Delhi. The sepoys looked with delight upon the long array of stately elephants dragging the huge and heavy ordnance of their predilections, and the heart of the Englishman himself swelled with pride as he beheld these dread symbols of the wide dominion of his race. It was determined that the Sikh position should be attacked on the 10th of February, and various plans were laid down for making victory sure, and for speedy gratification of a burning resentment. The officers of artillery naturally desired that their guns, the representatives of a high art, should be used agreeably to the established rules of the engineer, or that ramparts should be breached in front, and swept in flank before they were stormed by defenceless battalions; but such deliberate tediousness of process did not satisfy the judgment or the impatience of the commander, and it was arranged that the whole of the heavy ordnance should be planted in masses opposite particular points of the enemy's intrenchments, and that when the Sikhs had been shaken by a continuous storm of shot and shell, the right, or weakest part of the position should be assaulted in line by the strongest of the three investing divisions, which altogether mustered nearly fifteen thousand men. A large body of British cavalry was likewise placed to watch the movements of Lal Singh, and the two divisions which lay near Ferozepore were held ready to push across the Sutlej as soon as victory should declare itself.

The precise mode of attack was not divulged, or indeed finally settled, until noon of the preceding day, for it was desired to surprise the commanding post of observation, which indifference or negilence had allowed to fall into the hands of the Sikhs a short time before. The evening and early hours of darkness of the 9th of February were thus occupied with busy preparations; the hitherto silent camp poured all its numbers abroad; soldiers stood in groups, talking of the task to be achieved by their valor; officers rode hastily along to receive or deliver orders; and on that night what Englishman passed battalion after battalion to seek a short repose, or a moment's solitary communion, and listened as he went to the hammering of shells and the piling of iron shot, or beheld the sentinel pacing silently along by the gleam of renewed fires, without recalling to mind his heroic king on the eve of Agincourt, rendered doubly immortal by the genius of Shakspeare?

'The British divisions advanced in silence, amid the darkness of night, and the additional gloom of a thick haze. The coveted post was found unoccupied; the Sikhs seemed everywhere taken by surprise, they beat clamorously to arms when they saw themselves about to be assailed. The English batteries opened at sunrise, and for upwards of three hours an incessant play of artillery was kept up upon the general mass of the enemy. The round shot exploded tumbrils, or dashed heaps of sand into the air, the hollow shells cast their fatal contents fully before them, and the devious rockets sprung aloft with fury to fall hissing amid a flood of

men; but all was in vain, the Sikhs stood unappalled, and "flash for flash returned, and fire for fire." The field was resplendent with embattled warriors, one moment umbered in volumes of sulphurous smoke, and another brightly apparent amid the splendor of beaming brass, and the cold and piercing rays of polished steel. The roar and loud reverberation of the pondrous ordnance added to the impressive interest of the scene, and fell gratefully on the ear of the intent and enduring soldier. But as the sun rose higher, it was felt that a distant and aimless cannonade would still leave the strife to be begun, and victory to be achieved by the valiant hearts of the close-fighting infantry. The guns ceased for a time, and each warrior addressed himself in silence to the coming conflict—a glimmering eye and a firmer grasp of his weapon alone telling of the mighty spirit which wrought within him.

'The left division of the British army advanced in even order and with a light step to the attack, but the original error of forming the regiments in line instead of in column, rendered the contest more unequal than such assaults need necessarily be. Every shot from the enemy's line told upon the expanse of men, and the greater part of the division was driven back by the deadly fire of muskets and swivels and enfilading artillery. On the extreme left, the regiments effected an entrance amid the advanced banks and trenches of petty outworks where possession could be of little avail, but their comrades on the right were animated by the partial success; they chafed under the disgrace of repulse, and forming themselves instinctively into

wedges and masses, and headed by an old and fearless leader, they rushed forward in wrath. With a shout they leaped the ditch, and upswarming, they mounted the ramparts, and stood victorious amid captured cannon. But the effort was great; the Sikhs fought with steadiness and resolution; guns in the interior were turned upon the exhausted assailants, and the line of trench alone was gained. Nor was this achievement the work of a moment. The repulse of the first assailants required that the central division should be brought forward, and those supporting regiments also moved in line against ramparts higher and more continuous than the barriers which had foiled the first efforts of their comrades. They too recoiled in confusion before the fire of the exulting Sikhs; but at the distance of a furlong they showed both their innate valor and habitual discipline by rallying and returning to the charge.

'Their second assault was aided on the left by the presence in the trenches of that flank of the victorious first division; and thus the regiments of the centre likewise became, after a fierce struggle on their own right, possessed of as many of the enemy's batteries as lay to their immediate front. The unlooked-for repulse of the second division, and the arduous contest in which the first was engaged, might have led a casual witness of the strife to ponder on the multitude of varying circumstances which determine success in war; but the leaders were collected and prompt, and the battalions on the right, the victors of Aleewâl, were compelled against the opposite flank of the Sikhs; but there, as on all other

points attacked, destruction awaited brave men. They fell in heaps, and the first line was thrown back upon the second, which, nothing daunted, moved rapidly to the assault. The two lines mingled their ranks and rushed forward in masses, just as the second division had retrieved its fame, and as a body of calvary had been poured into the camp from the left to form that line of advance, which surpassed the strength of the exhausted infantry.

'Openings were thus everywhere effected in the Sikh intrenchments, but single batteries still held out; the interior was filled with courageous men, who took advantage of every obstacle, and fought fiercely for every spot of ground. The traitor, Tej Singh, indeed, instead of leading fresh men to sustain the failing strength of the troops on his right, fled on the first assault, and either accidentally, or by design, sank a boat in the middle of the bridge of communication. But the ancient Shâm Singh remembered his vow; he clothed himself in simple white attire, as one devoted to death, and calling on all around him to fight for the Gooroo, who had promised everlasting bliss to the brave, he repeatedly rallied his shattered ranks, and at last fell a martyr on a heap of his slain countrymen. Others might be seen standing on the ramparts amid showers of balls, waving defiance with their swords, or telling the gunners where the fair-haired English pressed thickest together. Along the stronger half of the battlements, and for the period of half-an-hour, the conflict raged sublime in all its terrors.

'The parapets were sprinkled with blood from end to

end; the trenches were filled with the dead and the dying. Amid the deafening roar of cannon, and the multitudinous fire of musketry, the shouts of triumph or of scorn were heard, and the flashing of innumerable swords was yet visible; or from time to time magazines of powder threw bursting shells, and beams of wood, and banks of earth, high above the agitated sea of smoke and flame which enveloped the host of combatants, and for a moment arrested the attention amid all the din and tumult of the tremendous conflict. But gradually each defensible position was captured, and the enemy was pressed towards the scarcely fordable river; yet, although assailed on either side by squadrons of horse, and battalions of foot, no Sikh offered to submit, and no disciple of Govine asked for quarter. They everywhere showed a front to their victors, and stalked slowly and sullenly away, while many rushed singly forth to meet assured death by contending with a multitude. The victors looked with stolid wonderment upon the indomitable courage of the vanquished, and forbore to strike where the helpless and the dying frowned unavailing hatred. But the necessities of war pressed upon the commanders, and *they* had effectually to disperse that army which had so long scorned their power. The fire of batteries and battalions precipitated the flight of the Sikhs through the waters of the Sutlej, and the triumph of the English became full and manifest. The troops, defiled with dust, and smoke, and carnage, thus stood mute for a moment, until the glory of their success rushing upon their minds, they gave expression to their feelings, and hailed their victorious commanders

with reiterated shouts of triumph and congratulation.'

In this battle the horse that Havelock rode was killed by a cannon shot, which passed through the saddle cloth; and though he was stunned and drenched by the blood of the animal, he was unscathed, his life being preserved for the great achievements that awaited him.

The second Sikh war cost Havelock the life of his brother William, who fell at Ramnugger, and whose eulogy is thus pronounced in glowing terms by Thackwell in his 'Sikh War.'*

'It was while the enemy were thus apparently setting us at defiance, that Lieutenant-Colonel Havelock, of the 14th Dragoons, requested permission to charge, and drive them from the bank. No sooner had the equivocal assent been accorded, than the flaxen-haired boy of the Peninsula, on whose deed of valor the military historian has proudly dwelt, entering into a hand gallop, at the head of his men, soon threw himself on the crowd of Sikhs who lined the high bank.

'The 5th Light Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander, ably supported the gallant 14th. So impetuous was the onset of these determined warriors, and so energetically and effectually did Havelock and his troopers ply their swords, that the bank was swept in a few minutes of all its swarthy occupants, who, running hastily down the bank, across the sand, threw away their standards in their flight. Not contented with having driven the enemy from this position,

* Thackwell's 'Sikh War,' pp. 40–43.

Havelock, animated by that fiery spirit which glowed within him, instantly resolved to exceed the limits of his mission, and renew the offensive, contrary to the real wishes of the Commander-in-Chief, by continuing the charge on the discomfited enemy, and driving them back across the river. Yielding to his insatiable love of glory, he brandished his sword above his head, and calling on the squadron of the 14th, in reserve under Lieutenant-Colonel King, to come and support him, dashed furiously down the steep declivity into the tract of sand in which, it will be remembered, the gun had been immoveably fixed, and over which Captain Ouvry had charged. The British cavalry becoming now fully exposed to view, the Sikh batteries opened a rapid and destructive fire upon them. The Khâlsa Infantry, also, summoning fresh courage, began to stand and open matchlock fire on their pursuers. The horses of the dragoons soon became exhausted in this difficult ground, their feet every moment sinking into deep sand or mud.

'Our cavalry were not only exposed to the fire of the batteries across the river, but some guns, which had been dragged to the left bank, had taken up a position near the green island above alluded to, and the presence of this artillery inspired the enemy with fresh courage. The deportment of Havelock was more that of a mortal confiding in the protection of the Ægis of some divinity, than that of an ordinary human being. In the last charge, always in advance, he suddenly disappeared, and the latest glimpse of that daring soldier, disclosed him in the midst of the savage enemy, his left arm half

severed from his body, and dealing frantic blows with his sword, so soon doomed to droop from his trusty right hand. His last words were—"Follow me!" Some days after the action, a mutilated corpse was discovered, which the chaplain of the army, Mr. Whiting, recognised by the hair on the body to be that of this gallant but ill-fated sabreur.

'Such a death was worthy of William Havelock!'

At the termination of the first Sikh war Havelock was appointed Deputy Adjutant-General of the Queen's troops at Bombay. He took no active part in the second Sikh war, although he went with his own regiment, and the 53rd, as far as Indore, where his further progress was countermanded, and, in consequence, he returned to his post in Bombay.

In his new position in Bombay he maintained his deep interest in the sacred cause he had adopted in early life, and was the public advocate and supporter of Christian, educational, and missionary societies. He also actively promoted the objects of the Bombay Branch of the Evangelical Alliance, an association in perfect harmony with his own spirit, its object being the culture of fellowship among Christians of every class, and their coöperation for the diffusion of Christian truth and love.

During his residence at Bombay he earnestly promoted the objects of the Evangelical Alliance, at one of whose meetings he thus expressed his Christian sentiments:—

'And here he would protest again its being alleged, as adversaries would insinuate, that where men of various

denominations meet as this evening in a feeling of brotherhood, they could only do this, paring down to the smallest portion the mass of his religion. On the contrary, he conceived that all brought with them their faith in all its strength and vitality. They left, indeed, he thought, at the door of the place of assembly, the husks and shell of their creed, but brought into the midst of their brethren the precious kernel. They laid aside for a moment, at the threshold, the canons, and articles, and formularies of their section of Christianity; but carried along with them up to the table, at which he was speaking, the very essence and quintessence of their religion.'

The following letter, written to a non-commissioned officer during the period embraced in this chapter, shows the kind and sympathising spirit of the writer, his Christian condescension, and his constant reference to the heavenly rest and reunion.

'*Simla, Sept.* 21*st*, 1846.

COLOR SERJEANT ———,

'I have got your letter of the 11th, and am rejoiced to hear that you have been invalided, and have a prospect of returning, I trust, in comfort to England. Fervently I pray that your wife's eyesight may be spared, and that she may be enabled to accompany you, and see, as well as otherwise enjoy the presence of your parents. I can imagine their delight seeing them return to them; but this will be nothing to the joy experienced by the redeemed in Jesus when they meet around the throne of their God, and feel the blessed assurance that their happiness is for ever.

'I have enclosed three certificates from Mrs. Havelock and myself; I hope they will meet your wants, and be useful.

'H. HAVELOCK, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.'

And now, after twenty-five years' incessant toil, his health was so much impaired as to necessitate his return to his native land, after unsuccessful endeavors to recruit his strength in India. He left Bombay with the intention of remaining in England for two years. It is said that his weakness was so great, that he was carried on board the vessel at Bombay, but that he had not been long at sea before his exhausted energies were wonderfully restored. He spent about a year in London, and another year in Bonn, where, having settled his family, he left them to return to India.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM 1851 TO JUNE, 1857.

RETURN TO INDIA.—QUARTER-MASTER-GENERAL AND ADJUTANT-GENERAL IN INDIA.—ORIGINAL LETTER.—EXPEDITION TO PERSIA IN 1857. — BRIGADIER-GENERAL. — COMMAND AT MOHAMMERAH.—WRECK OF THE ERIN.—DELIVERANCE AND THANKSGIVING.—LAND NG IN CALCUTTA.

On his return to India in 1851, he was appointed by Lord Hardinge, Quarter-Master-General, and subsequently Adjutant-General of the Queen's forces in India, a position he held until the outbreak of the late war with Persia in 1857. The following letter, written during this interval, is marked by his parental kindness, his friendly sympathy, and his interest in the maintenance of religious ordinances. His tribute to the memory of the Duke of Wellington was occasioned by his having received the illustrated paper acknowledged in the postscript :—

'*Bombay, 25th February*, 1853.

'My good Friend,

'I was much gratified by receiving a few lines from you yesterday, written new year's day. God be praised I have had no interruption of health since my return to India. My boys Harry and Josh were both

well by the latest accounts; and I have been the object of innumerable mercies since I was last in London. Harry is at Wurzurabad in the Punjaub in the post, as you may have heard, of Adjutant to the 10th Foot. Josh is an engineer in the Bombay Native Infantry at Hydrabad in Scinde. He has passed his examination in two native languages, and is diligently applying himself to that superior knowledge of the duties of his profession which is now-a-days required. You know we have now Lord Frederick Fitz-Clarence, a very active and zealous General, as our Commander-in-Chief.

'We have excellent preaching here and at Poona from the missionaries of the Free Church of Scotland, and in this town a very handsome place of worship of that denomination.

'Indeed, I am sorry to hear of Mrs. G.'s accident, but it is a cause of thankfulness that she has so well got over the consequences.

'The tribute paid by the nation to the talents and integrity of the Duke of Wellington had been well earned, by his noble defence of Spain and Portugal, his crowning victory in Belgium, and honest endeavors to serve his country as a statesman.

'A missionary from this place went home last year, and was baptized by Mr. Noel; and I believe is to come out here to labor amongst the heathen Cassidy was his name. I got yesterday the best news from Mrs. Havelock and my children at Bonn on the Rhine.

'Now, with regards to ——, I remain, ever sincerely yours,

'H. HAVELOCK.'

'I safely received the illustrated newspaper at the period of the Duke's death Accept my thanks for it.'

In the Persian expedition Havelock held the post of Brigadier-General. The history of this brief war is told by the late Captain Hunt, of the 78th Highlanders, to whom we are indebted for the following narrative :—

'The death of Major-General Stalker, by his own hand, at Bushire, and the consequent intention of Sir James Outram to remain there in command, left the execution of the projected operations on Mohammerah to General Havelock. One of the troops of Horse Artillery, and that of Captain Pretyjohn, of the 14th Dragoons, were however ordered to return to Bushire, as the probability of a very serious attack, and in almost overwhelming numbers, threatened when the force left.

'A high north-westerly gale setting in, one only of these instructions could be carried out; the Horse Artillery, weathering the bar at the river mouth, succeeded in getting back; but the ship carrying the dragoons, striking the mud bank, was fixed there for several days, then eventually rejoined the second division. Bad weather, and sudden changes of arrangement, delayed considerably the transhipment of troops, stores, and horses necessary before finally starting to attack; but the transports were all kept busy constructing rafts with casks and spars to disembark the men and horses when required, and the vessels of war in barricading their tops and bulwarks with hammocks and hay-packs, to conceal riflemen and protect their people at the guns.

'Matters were thus progressing when, much to the satisfaction of all, Sir James himself, with some Scinde horse and the dragoons he found stuck fast at the mouth

of the river, unexpectedly made their appearance. Signal books were then eagerly consulted, and many a passing man-of-war's boat hailed for earliest information of the advance up the river.

'With Sir James came, however, again very mournful news; the naval chief, Captain Ethersey, Commodore, commanding the squadron of the Indian navy serving in the Persian Gulf, having committed suicide at Bushire, by shooting himself, exactly one week after General Stalker's sad example. The fate of these two officers, under such circumstances, and occurring at such a time, caused a feeling of sorrow through the whole force, and almost seemed to portend an evil termination to our enterprise. Both were most estimable members of society, and beloved by all who immediately served with them; the one being known throughout Western India as a most popular divisional commander, and a sportsman; the other, as a most amiable and talented officer of good accomplishments. No cause, save over-anxiety, and an oppressive sense of their respective responsibilities, could be assigned as a reason for the rash acts. But a few days of patience and submission were required, and where were the difficulties which induced two such men to rush, uncalled, to their long account?

'Until the 23rd of March, 1857, all remained quietly at anchor; ships with troops and horses, however, hourly arriving. By the 24th all were assembled, and on that day ascended the river to the rendezvous appointed, about three miles below the enemy's fortifications, where the final arrangements for attack were

to be completed. Besides thick date groves on either bank of the river, extending some half-mile in shore, and all a sandy flat beyond, no new scenery presented itself: the country, both Turkish and Persian, appearing to be well peopled, and stocked with numerous herds of cattle. The stream was here about three hundred yards in width, yet no attempt was made by the enemy to take advantage of the admirable cover he possessed to annoy the crowded decks so near him; although he evinced great curiosity at our movements, and showed considerable numbers of his men within easy range.

'The 25th was occupied in transhipping troops, horses, and guns into the lighter draught steamers and vessels; but all was completed, and, final instructions for the attack given before dark, the blue jackets of the Indian navy working with a will, and helping their red-coated brethren through every difficulty; the way in which the horses were handled by them being particularly remarked, and the animals themselves seemed to know that they were in proper hands. About night-fall several hundred of the enemy began throwing up an embankment to cover two field-guns, which they were seen bringing down; but on the "Assaye" firing some six or eight shells at them, they decamped, not without loss, and the remainder of the night was passed undisturbed. A reconnaissance was made by some engineer officers, who approached the batteries within three hundred yards in a small canoe; and a raft with two eight and two five-inch mortars, was established behind a low swampy island in mid-stream, and fronting the enemy's north and most powerful battery.

'The cool daring of the men who placed, and the little band of artillery who remained on this raft for several hours of darkness, in the middle of a rapid river, without means of retreat, and certain destruction staring them in the face should the enemy, within but a few hundred yards, be aroused to the fact of their presence, requires no commendation. The simple narrative of the event, as it occurred, is sufficient.

'At daybreak on the 26th of March, the mortars from this raft opened fire, the first shell falling right into the centre of the opposing work, and killing or wounding eleven of the enemy, who, as after information said, were at prayers at the moment, and in great consternation at not being able to discover, for some minutes, whence the missile came. The attacking ships got under weigh as the first shot was fired, and proceeded to engage the batteries, going into action as follows :— The "Semiramis," with the Commodore's pendant flying of Captain Young, Indian navy, and towing the "Clive" sloop, led the squadron, followed by the steam-frigates "Ajdaha," "Feroze," "Assaye," and "Victoria," the latter towing the "Falkland" sloop, which she cast off when in position. The leading ships passing the lower batteries, and opening their guns as they could be brought to bear, were soon at their respective posts, followed in quick succession by the near division ; and but few minutes had elapsed after the "Semiramis" had fired her first gun before the action became general, the Persian artillery replying with spirit. The morning being very clear, with just sufficient breeze to prevent the smoke from collecting, a more beautiful scene than

was then presented can scarcely be imagined. The ships, with ensigns flying from every mast-head, seemed decked for a holiday; the river glittering in the early sun-light, its dark date-fringed banks contrasting most effectively with the white canvass of the "Falkland," which had loosened sails to get into closer action; the sulky-looking batteries just visible through the grey fleecy cloud which enveloped them; and groups of brightly-dressed horsemen flitting at intervals between the trees where they had their encampment, formed altogether a picture from which even the excitement of the heavy cannonade around could not divert the attention.

'The practice from the ships on the enemy's works was most admirable, and the effects of the fire soon became apparent, the embrasures and carefully rivetted parapets rapidly losing their original shape, and the crash of the falling date trees around affording ample proof of the storm of shot. For about three hours the Persian artillerymen stood manfully to their guns; but their fire then slackening, the signal was seen flying for the infantry to move up and disembark. The "Berenice" steamer, carrying the Highlanders, as well as a company of Sappers, and General Havelock and the staff of the second division, led the column, her decks crowded to the uttermost, there being barely standing room for the men on board, and the bridge between her paddle-boxes quite as fully occupied by their officers. The passage of a ship under such circumstances, within one hundred yards of heavily-armed batteries, was an operation attended with great anxiety,

which those alone who have been similarly situated can possibly understand. Some of the best troops in the world were helpless for the moment, crowded like cattle in a pen, and so massed that a single round shot must make fearful havoc. The most providential fortune attended the "Berenice"; though struck several times in the hull, and with rigging cut, the decks escaped. Her commander, Lieutenant Chitty, Indian navy, steered the ship himself; and, to avoid all chance of running ashore, and thereby delaying the troops, taking her on the side of the first frigate that approached (the "Semiramis,') and between her and the "Feroze." The crews of these vessels cheered loudly as every fresh freight of red-jackets came up, and while one broadside redoubled its fire to prevent attention to the masses passing, the seamen, jumping on the unengaged guns, let the enemy hear, loud above the roar of the action, their wild welcome to their brethren of the shore.

'A desultory matchlock-fire was opened as the spot selected for the disembarkation was approached, which was a few hundred yards above the north battery, on ground comparatively clear of date-trees, though crossed by mud enclosures and intersected by creeks with deep water at high tide. No time was lost in throwing on shore the light company of the Highlanders and the Grenadiers of the 64th; on whose advance the enemy's skirmishers at once fell back, and sufficient ground was occupied to secure the further disembarkation from interruption. All the infantry, with a field-battery and some fifty Scinde horse, were on shore by two o'clock in the afternoon, when the rising of the tide

having filled the creeks and made impassable the ground to be crossed by the Horse-Artillery and troop of the 14th Dragoons, the General determined on advancing with those who were actually with him.

'An immediate move to the front was accordingly made, the 64th Grenadiers having to keep down a trifling musketry-fire, opened on them while *en route.* At the limit of the date-grove a halt was again called, and the Persian encampments being from this spot plainly in view, Sir James rode up to the front to reconnoitre, and sent the troopers of the Scinde Horse, under his military secretary, Captain Green, to examine the position. This was simply two encampments, about five hundred yards distant from each other, to the right and left rear of the town; but in front of them most formidable masses were drawn up when our advance arrived in view. While the troops were landing, and these events occurring, the cannonade between the batteries and men-of war was still going on. A shell fortunately exploded their grand magazine just as the disembarkation commenced, and their fire gradually slackened; and when the final advance of the troops was made, nothing but a casual gun from the ships was heard.

'But while endeavoring to describe the passing scene, and to give the gallant fellows of the Indian navy the credit they so well earned, mention must also be made of the transports, some of which carried a light gun or more. On the troops advancing to disembark, two field-pieces of the enemy's came down and opened on the ships abreast. One of these guns remained

stationary; the other moved up parallel to the shipping, and gave an occasional shot as the ground proved favorable.

'Much mischief might have been occasioned by these, owing to the crowded state of the decks, had not their fire been greatly kept down by those steamers and other vessels which were armed; and the "Pottinger," especially, was in this way of particular service. She was eight times hulled by the enemy's round shot. As soon as the distances between columns were corrected, which had been unavoidably loosened by the nature of the ground they had come over, and other indispensable arrangements made for the attack, the line advanced, leading direct on the encampment facing it, and before which the greater masses of the enemy were shown.

'Our formation was as follows:—a line of contiguous quarter-distance columns; a field battery on the right. Next came the 78th Highlanders; then the 26th Native Infantry (one wing), Her Majesty's 64th regiment, the light battalion, and 23rd Bengal Light Infantry, the whole covered by a cloud of skirmishers. The point of attack was the camp to the left rear of the town of Mohammerah, where the Shah-zadeh had evidently pitched his cavalry and guns, and had been with them in person. His infantry had occupied the other encampment, about five hundred yards to the right of this, and had also been quartered in considerable numbers in the batteries and date-groves adjacent. Up to the moment of our advance, these troops were drawn up, in order of battle, outside the boundary of the

Shah-zadeh's camp, the right of their line far outflanking our left, which had actually no protection when it had once advanced into the open plain, beyond the 23rd Native Light Infantry being slightly thrown back. This great risk, however, caused no hesitation with Sir James. The compact red battalion moved steadily to their front, and the leading skirmishers had arrived within gun-range of the enemy's camp, the field battery guns actually trotting up to assist them with their fire against the salutes of round shot and grape momentarily expected, when the Persian army seemed literally to have vanished, and, but for the tents still standing, would almost have induced a belief that an illusion of mirage, rather than the presence of an armed host, had been but so recently before us.

'At the last moment all courage had deserted the foe. The lesson of the morning had been too severe to induce even the Shah's guards, with his uncle, a prince royal, present at their head, to risk a repetition of the same, although the homes of many, and the honor of all their countrymen, depended upon the fortune of the day. Their army fled, although the odds were greatly in their favor, and they could hardly expect to meet us under more advantageous circumstances. Every tent was left standing, even that of their prince chief. The ground was strewed with arms, accoutrements, ammunition, band-instruments, saddling, carpets, grain, bedding, and even their dinners. Many of our round shot, and unexploded shells also, lay around, with bloody proofs of the mischief they had done, and of the tremendous range of the guns they were fired from. Very

few of their wounded were found among the débris; so carefully had they either been carried off by their comrades, or concealed by the people of the town close by.

'Just previous to their decamping, the runaways blew up their reserve ammunition in one grand mass, as though to throw a veil over their unmanly cowardice. This occasioned some little apprehension that mines might have been left by them to punish and delay their pursuers. All necessary caution was consequently observed on entering their lines, but no halt was made there. Leaving the troops in the rear to secure the property and drive off the Arab marauders, the General moved at once on the track of the flying enemy; but, after continuing the pursuit for three or four miles, and securing only a few of their wounded stragglers, the evening closing in, and no hope of the 14th Dragoons or Blake's Horse Artillery joining before dark, the few troopers of the Scinde Horse were left to follow up the track of the retreat, and the halt was sounded for the night.

The troops bivouacked in line of battle where they stood; and the night proving bitterly cold, occasioned some suffering to both officers and men, who were without shelter of any kind. An unfortunate, groundless alarm took place, which induced the outlying picquets of two regiments to fire upon each other, by which five men were wounded, two of them very severely. The Dragoons and Horse Artillery came into camp as soon as the tide permitted their crossing the intersecting creeks, and all were prepared at early dawn

to continue the chase; but the return of the Scinde Horse, reporting having left the enemy at full flight at eleven miles distance, and travelling at a pace hopeless to overtake without strong cavalry, determined the General on first securing and establishing himself at Mohammerah, and breaking up the quarters again of the Shah-zadeh on a future occasion, when the cavalry still expected would give better hopes of accounting for him.

'On the 27th, accordingly, the army marched back to Mohammerah, took possession of the town, and occupied the camp of the enemy—our cavalry and Horse Artillery going into that of the Persian Horse, while the General and staff, with the field battery and one regiment of infantry, occupied the other. The remainder of our infantry bivouacked during the day under the shade of the date-groves, moving out at night to the plain beyond, to escape the chances of malaria arising from the vegetation and muddy creeks; almost intolerable annoyance being experienced from the swarms of flies under the trees by day, and the myriads of fleas in the sand by night. Guards were immediately posted in the town, and orders issued that private property should be strictly protected, as also every precaution taken to prevent ill-usage to the inhabitants. The result of these measures was that but four hours had elapsed after Mohammerah had changed hands before perfect confidence prevailed, as well as constant intercourse between the camp and town. The fruits of our victory were now discovered.' *

* 'Outram and Havelock's Persian Campaign.'

Captain Hunt also narrates the return of General Havelock, and his party, to India, the wreck of the 'Erin,' in which they sailed from Bombay, their remarkable escape, and safe return to Calcutta.

'Following closely upon the track of these regiments of his old command, General Havelock, and the officers belonging to them who had accompanied him in the "Berenice," again embarked, on the 1st of June, in the steamer "Erin," of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, for Point de Galle, Ceylon, intending to continue the route to Calcutta by the "Bengal" steamer, expected from Suez, with the outcoming mail from England, about the period of the "Erin's" arrival at Galle.

'The following were the party of the second division: — Brigadier-General Havelock, C. B.; Colonel Wilson, K. H., of 64th Regiment, late commanding First Brigade, First Division; Captain Hunt, 78th Highlanders; Lieutenant Havelock, Her Majesty's 10th Regiment, Deputy Quarter-Master-General, Second Division; and Lieutenant Johnson, First Oude Cavalry, attached to the Scinde Horse. There were several other passengers, naval officers, and merchants, proceeding to the Straits and China, as well as to Ceylon. The early part of the voyage was made without accident; the extent of the Malabar coast, and all its rocky dangers, passed in safety. Cape Comorin was sighted, and the north end of Ceylon made during a beautiful afternoon on the 5th, when the ship's position was supposed to be accurately known; and arrival at Point de Galle predicted for early the ensuing day. The events, however, of a few short hours, proved the utter

folly and uselessness of human calculations or intentions.

'During the evening the weather changed for the worse, the wind freshened, a bubble of a sea got up, and a misty haze prevented a clear look-out at any distance from the ship; towards midnight, also, heavy rain fell. None of these changes, however, excited the slightest uneasiness, the bearings of the land being considered positive. When once the common precautions of taking in sail (a portion only), and providing against ordinary squally weather, had been made, the usual quiet, and sense of security, prevailed through the ship. The first notice of danger was given by the "Erin" striking heavily, about two o'clock in the morning, with a shock sufficient to throw every one off his legs, the hide tiller ropes snapping immediately, and the ship consequently becoming unmanageable. A heavy squall, too, swept over us at the same time, and involved all in obscurity; although there was sufficient hazy light, assisted by vivid lightning, to make out breakers all around. On the rain ceasing, shortly after, the land was, to the surprise of all, perceived so close that the loom of the cocoa-nut trees seemed, through the mist, almost to overshadow the deck.

'After the first shock the ship had glided into deep water again, and all were expecting her to go down by the head, as the fore-part of the vessel had at once filled, when she struck again and again, and finally gave one long surge, which fixed two-thirds of her length firmly upon the reef. This brought her up with a shock which made the whole frame shiver, and

nearly jerked the masts out. The force of this may be imagined, as the speed at the time of its occurring was more than eleven knots the hour. The fate of the ship was now sealed, and the lives of those on board dependent, under Providence, on the time that wood and iron could hang together against the wind and sea then raging around.

'To move about the decks became almost impossible, as every surge rolling in lifted the ship bodily, and receding, dashed her with violence against the bottom. It therefore became necessary to hang on to the sides or rigging for life; and heavy rain commencing again to fall, made the long hours until daylight wearisome and trying in the extreme. No persuasions could induce the Lascar crew to go aloft to remove the heavier sails, or send the upper masts and yards down, and by lightening the top weight, lessen the severity of the constant shocks. Huddled in groups wherever they could find shelter, they were almost useless throughout the night. Guns were fired, and blue lights burned, immediately it was ascertained that the accident was without remedy. These soon gave the alarm, and brought the district judge (Mr. Templar, Ceylon Civil Service), and a crowd of fishermen, and others, to the beach to assist. One bold fellow swam off, though nearly drowned in the breakers, alongside the ship, and returning, when sufficiently recovered, with a line, a hawser was got on shore by which a communication was established.

'So soon as it was sufficiently light, canoes came off, hauled along the hawser through the surf, and the passengers were all landed in two or three trips,

without accident. About ten o'clock in the morning, the mainmast fell, and very shortly afterwards the ship broke into three pieces—the fore and after parts completely separating from the machinery in the centre, the weight of which kept it steady; the after part of the vessel turning completely on its beam ends, with the deck half under water, facing the shore. Had this occurred before daybreak, with the sea then running, scarce a soul on board could have reached the shore alive. The treasure on board was saved, but not one iota of a costly cargo, valued at more than £200,000. Within little more than eight hours of her striking, a noble ship, which seemed as perfect as human hands could make her, and strong enough almost to defy the power of wind or waves, rapidly broke up, and the sea and beach around were covered with the *débris* of her wreck. Valuable furniture, pictures, pier glasses, stores, dressing cases, nautical instrument cases, hat boxes, and air-tight trunks, floated about in admirable confusion, among oars, hen coops, broken boats, spars, gratings, and other loose fittings of the deck. Sheep might be seen swimming for their lives, but perversely heading out to sea, with cocks and hens very much out of their element, and geese who seemed rather to enjoy the matter than otherwise.'

We are told that the firmness and presence of mind displayed by Havelock on this occasion had much to do with the preservation of the crew and passengers from the destruction with which they were all threatened. Like the Apostle Paul at Melita, he imparted his wise counsel and offered his fervent prayers, and, though no

angel's voice was heard repeating the assurance, 'Lo! God hath given thee all them that sail with thee,' who will deny the providence that guarded his life, and preserved it for the awful mission that awaited him? When all had come safe to land, he called on the crew and his fellow-passengers to acknowledge the mercy they had enjoyed. His appeal met a grateful response, and, kneeling down on the shore with the rescued company, he 'gave thanks to God in presence of them all.'

'The accident happened off Caltura, a small civil station about half-way between Galle and Colombo; and fortunate was it for us all that the "Erin" struck where she did, as only one mile above the spot, and three below it, rocky reefs project into the sea, with deep water around. Had she touched upon one of these, she must have gone down, without leaving a trace of our fate. Through the kindness of the judge (to whose hospitality we were greatly indebted), conveyances were procured to take us on to Galle, where, arriving early on the 7th of June, the Government steamer "Fire Queen" was fortunately found lying at anchor, as our accident had made us too late to proceed to Calcutta by the Bengal steamer from Suez. Great excitement prevailed in Ceylon regarding news from India, and the island was almost denuded of European troops. Her Majesty's Artillery had been sent to Calcutta but a few days previous to our arrival.

'General Havelock and the remainder of our Persian party again embarked on the 8th of June; and the "Fire Queen" went to sea immediately afterwards.

On the 12th she entered the Madras roadstead, when great surprise and some alarm of a disaster was created, by observing the colors on the fort flagstaff and all the shipping half-mast high.

'This was shortly afterwards explained by the intelligence of the melancholy death of the Commander-in-Chief in India, Lieutenant-General Sir George Anson. He died very suddenly, of cholera, while actually marching to re-capture Delhi from the mutineers, who, some short time previously, had seized it under circumstances of great atrocity. Information from up country, now daily received, but too fully confirmed the fact that, not simple local disaffection, but a blow at the very existence of British power in India had been aimed by the treacherous army.'

CHAPTER X.

FROM JUNE 17 TO SEPTEMBER 10, 1857.

ARRIVAL IN CALCUTTA.—MARCH FROM ALLAHABAD.—BATTLE OF FUTTEPORE, JULY 12.—TWO ACTIONS ON THE 15TH OF JULY. — BATTLE OF CAWNPORE, JULY 16TH. — BITHOOR, JULY 19TH.—OONAO AND BUSSERAT GUNGE, JULY 29TH.—AUGUST 11TH. — SECOND ACTION AT BITHOOR, AUGUST 16TH.—MUNGARAWAR, AUGUST 21ST. — HAVELOCK'S DISPATCH OF SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1857. — STORY OF JESSIE BROWN. — THE FORGIVING SEPOY.—RELIEF OF LUCKNOW, AUGUST 25.

On landing at Calcutta, Havelock heard of the revolt in the native army, and found that the fires of rebellion had broken out in Meerut and Delhi, which were threatening to extend throughout the whole of British India. He found also that on him devolved the tremendous duty of checking the progress of the conflagration. Raised to the post of Brigadier-General, he was immediately despatched to Allahabad, whence he set forth to command the moveable column, or, as its history has proved it, the Avenging Column, directed against the miscreant, Nena Sahib. The sequel shows that he received his commission from the Lord of Hosts. He had by long training been prepared for the 'strange work' of judgment, against the murderous hosts of

India, and of mercy to the trembling captive women and children, shut up as 'prisoners of hope.'

The troops at his disposal consisted of 600 men of the 64th, 600 of the 78th, 500 of the 1st Madras Fusileers, a Company of Royal Artillery under Captain Maude, some twenty mounted volunteers, and a handful of Irregular Cavalry. With them he left Allahabad on 7th of July, 1857, to cut his way through the armed myriads, who were raging with demoniacal fury against 'the yellow-faced and narrow-minded people'—the British. This march, let it be remembered, was under a scorching July sun, in India, at a period always considered unsuited to the operations of a British army.

After sultry marches, the troops, having joined Major Renaud, arrived on the morning of Sunday, the 12th, near Futtehpore, when it was found that the troops of Nena Sahib were advancing. This intelligence was brought by Colonel Tytler, who had gone forward to reconnoitre. The brave little band had then to fight the first battle of this wonderful series, and that battle was soon crowned with victory.

As his wearied troops were advancing to this unexpected engagement, the brave General addressed to them one of those spirit-stirring appeals for which he was celebrated:—'Highlanders! when we were going to Mohammerah, I promised you a field day. I could not give it you then, as the Persians ran away; but, Highlanders, we will have it to-day, and let them see what you are made of.'

The Royal Artillery, and the Enfield rifles of the skirmishers, drove the foe from their guns, and the

enclosures in which they were entrenched. They were chased through the streets of Futtehpore, and then fled into the open country. With this triumph our exhausted people were obliged to remain satisfied, as they had no cavalry with which to follow up the advantage gained. The Irregular Cavalry proved unworthy of their place amongst this noble band, and were in two or three days afterwards disbanded. This first victory, in which our troops captured eleven guns, was gained without the loss of a single European. It was thus announced on the following morning:—

'Brigadier-General Havelock, C.B, thanks his soldiers for their arduous exertions of yesterday, which produced in four hours the strange result of a whole army driven from a strong position, eleven guns captured, and their whole force scattered to the winds, without the loss of a single British soldier!

'To what is the astonishing effect to be attributed? To the fire of the British Artillery, exceeding in rapidity and precision all that the Brigadier-General has ever witnessed in his not short career—to the power of the Enfield rifle in British hands—to British pluck, that good quality that has survived the revolution of the hour—and to the blessing of Almighty God on a most righteous cause—the cause of justice, humanity, truth and good government in India.'

The next day (Monday, the 13th,) the column moved on towards Cawnpore, and on Wednesday, 15th, fought two battles and gained two victories. They are thus described by an officer engaged in them: 'On Wednes-

day we marched about five miles, and found the rebels in strong position with six guns. We soon silenced their guns, and after two hours' sharp firing we thoroughly routed them.' This was battle the first. Then the enemy's troops retreated to a bridge about three miles off, where they had another strong position, with six guns. Our Enfields did splendid work, and we soon silenced their battery; I was in front with the skirmishing party all day. We rushed up to their battery, and took their bridge and guns, when they all fled before us like so many sheep.' But hear the the Brigadier himself, who thus records the two battles of this day:

'*Camp, Pandoo Nuddy, July 15th.*

'My troops were twice engaged this morning, and captured four more guns with trifling loss. A strong advanced guard under Colonel Tytler drove the enemy out of all entrenched positions in front of the village of Osung, after a resistance of two hours and a half, during which the mutinous cavalry, in considerable force, made frequent attacks against my baggage, which compelled me to use every available detachment and gun against them. At noon we attacked their entrenchment at the bridge over the stream; the resistance here was short but spirited, and the two guns were of large calibre. The Madras Fusiliers particularly distinguished themselves.'

Then followed the battle of Cawnpore on the 16th, when our gallant 1,300 were to engage an army of ten times their strength, the foe consisting of as many thousands as we had hundreds; but our little band was led by Brigadier Havelock, and at the head of

the multitudinous host, Nena Sahib. The avenger was strong in the moral might of his righteous cause, while the murderous miscreant was waiting to receive an instalment of his doom. Havelock reached the scene of this memorable action at two in the afternoon, after a fatiguing march under a vertical sun, with his troops hot, dusty, and parched, several of their number having fallen on the road from the overpowering heat. The hope was that before sunset they were to relieve their countrymen and women who were shut up in the bloody city, and therefore without halting they marched straight on to the batteries, under a tremendous fire of grape and round shot.

After carrying the first battery in splendid style, the men were ordered to lie down to save themselves from the tremendous volleys of grape and round shot, that poured forth from the second. Thus the battle raged until sunset, our force being without the aid of its artillery, which was left two miles in the rear, and for which their impetuosity would not allow them to wait. Then came the summons of the courageous leader to his brave men. The General rose up and said, '64th and 87th, those guns must be taken by the bayonet. No firing; and remember that I am with you.' Havelock knew his men, and right well did they respond to his call. They sprung to their feet again, and dashed forward with a tremendous cheer, the enemy flying before them into Cawnpore.

An eye witness of the scene says, 'The men went on with sloped arms, like a wall: till within a hundred yards not a shot was fired. At the word "charge" they

broke just like an eager pack of hounds, and the village of Beebeepore* was taken in an instant. The enemy were now in retreat, for we had turned their position; but the fight was still hard, for their cavalry came round down upon our rear, and the guns had to be halted and opened on them. After that we got so far forward towards Cawnpore that, without knowing it, one of their heavy guns in position was passed, and they managed to slue it round and opened fire on our rear. So we had to turn, and go back and take it. This was done by the 64th.'

In a vivid description of this celebrated charge an officer of 1st Madras Fusileers says, 'I had a bullet on my topie (felt hat,) which providentially glanced off, and Captain Raikes had a portion of his sword hilt carried away. Well, fancy! when they saw us down again they thought we were afraid to advance, so they sounded the advance, and then the double. The General (Havelock,) now gave his order, "Rise up; advance!" The whole line gave a cheer — it must have made the villains tremble from head to foot—and advanced in line against their battery, under a heavy cross fire, which they kept up very well, but did not do us much damage, as they fired so high. They evacuated their battery, and fled in every direction. We fired into them till they were out of range, and then rushed up the hill, and found, to our joy, Cawnpore about half-a-mile in front.

'We bivouacked on the rising ground for the night.

* See Wyld's Map of the City and Environs of Cawnpore and the view of the Great Globe.

You should have heard the cheer we gave as our gallant Commander, General Havelock, rode down the lines; it was, indeed, a fine sight. He on every occasion praises our men, and is going to make a special report of us to the Commander-in-Chief.'

In a telegram dated Cawnpore, August 18, 1857, Havelock describes the extraordinary courage of his son:—

'In the combat at Cawnpore, Lieutenant Havelock was my aide-de-camp. The 64th regiment had been much under artillery fire, from which it has severely suffered. The whole of the infantry were lying down in line, when perceiving that the enemy had brought out the last reserved gun, a $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounder, and were rallying round it, I called up the regiment to rise and advance. Without any other word from me, Lieutenant Havelock placed himself on his horse in front of the centre of the 64th, opposite the muzzle of the gun; Major Stirling commanding the regiment was in front dismounted; but the Lieutenant continued to move steadily on in front of the regiment at a foot-pace on his horse. The gun discharged shot until the troops were within a short distance, when they fired grape. In went the corps, led by the Lieutenant, who still steered steadily on the gun's muzzle, until it was mastered by a rush of the 64th.'

For this act of bravery the Lieutenant was decorated with the Victoria Cross.

The victorious troops, exhausted with the superhuman labors of the day, sank down to rest for the night, 'with little bed and supper.' During the night the enemy marched out of Cawnpore, and blew up the arsenal and magazine. It was on this occasion that Havelock thus honored his brave Highlanders: 'I

have been in twenty-seven fights, and never saw a regiment behave better; I will say more—I never saw a regiment behave so well.'

Thus, as we have seen, Havelock and his heroic men had marched a hundred and twenty-six miles, and fought four actions, and taken four-and-twenty of the enemy's guns, himself in the thickest of the fray, and still without a wound.

On the morning of the 17th, the victorious army marched unopposed into Cawnpore, whence the Brigadier-General thus announced his victory :—

'By the blessing of God I recaptured this place yesterday, and totally defeated Nena Sahib in person, taking more than six guns, four of siege calibre. The enemy were strongly posted behind a succession of villages, and obstinately disputed for 140 minutes every inch of the ground, but I was enabled, by a flank movement to my right, to turn his left, and this gave us the victory. Nena Sahib had barbarously murdered all the captive women and children before the engagement. He has retired to Bithoor, and blew up this morning, on his retreat, the Cawnpore magazine. He is said to be strongly fortified. I have not yet been able to get in the return of killed and wounded, but estimate my loss at about seventy, chiefly from the fire of grape.'

They thought they were entering a prison to release the captives, but found it a slaughter-house, still warm with the blood shed by the butchers of Nena Sahib. Here, nearly a thousand persons had been murdered in cool blood, by order of this fiendish chief. Here our

soldiers saw the place in which the massacre had taken place, and which was two inches deep with human blood. In this room 'the poor females had laid hold of each other by dozens, and clung so close that it was impossible to separate them or drag them out of the building. The troopers, therefore, brought muskets, and after firing a great many shots from the doors, windows, etc., rushed in with swords and bayonets. Some of the helpless creatures, in their agony, fell down at the feet of their murderers, clasped their legs, and begged, in the most pitiful manner, to spare their lives, but to no purpose. The fearful deed was done, most deliberately and completely, in the midst of the most dreadful shrieks and cries of the victims. There were between 140 and 150 souls, including children; and from a little before sunset till candle-light was occupied in completing the dreadful deed. The doors of the buildings were then locked for the night, and the murderers went to their homes. Next morning it was found, on opening the doors, that some ten or fifteen females, with a few of the children, had managed to escape from death by falling and hiding under the murdered bodies of their fellow-prisoners. Fresh orders were, therefore, sent to murder these also; but the survivors, not being able to bear the idea of being cut down, rushed out into the compound, and seeing a well there, threw themselves into it without hesitation; thus putting a period to lives which it was impossible for them to save. The dead bodies of those murdered on the preceding evening were then ordered to be thrown into the same well.'

Into this well nearly two hundred women and children had been thrown, some of them while still living, others torn limb from limb, and when first seen the mangled bodies reached the surface where the arms and limbs of the victims met the affrighted eyes of the spectator. Well might these brave men drop their arms, turn pale and sick, and tremble, and lean against the bloody walls to save them from falling to the ground, and well might the brave fellows weep who never quailed before the foe. When they saw the dead body of General Wheeler's heroic daughter, who is said to have shot five of these murderers with a revolver, before they could get near her, in a style of vengeance characteristic of the Highland clans, they cut the locks from her head, and after setting apart a portion for her friends, they divided the rest among themselves. Each washed his portion, dried it, and counted the individual hairs, and bound himself with an awful oath to kill as many of the murderers as he had hairs of her head.

In the midst of these scenes we hear the voice of Havelock again addressing his soldiers. 'Soldiers!' exclaimed Havelock, 'soldiers! your General is satisfied, and more than satisfied, with you. He has never seen steadier or more devoted troops, but your labors are only beginning. Between the 7th and 16th you have, under the Indian sun of July, marched 126 miles, and fought four actions. But your comrades at Lucknow are now in peril. Agra is besieged. Delhi is still the focus of mutiny and rebellion. You must make great sacrifices if you would obtain great results. Three

cities have to be saved. Two strong places to be disblockaded. Your General is confident that he can effect all these things, and restore this part of India to tranquillity, if you will only second him with your efforts, and if your discipline is equal to your valor.'

But the victorious march was for a time arrested. On the 29th of July, at Oonao, eighty-eight officers and men were killed and wounded, and a fearful sickness broke out, carrying off fifty men a day, from a number now reduced to twelve hundred. The retreat, conducted with admirable coolness and skill, encouraged the mutineers to follow the brave little band, and open a murderous fire on the Highlanders, who again gave a specimen of their metal, by throwing themselves on the guns, which they immediately captured, without the loss of a single man. 'Well done,' said Havelock, 'brave Highlanders! you have this day saved yourselves and your comrades.' And so they returned to Cawnpore, to sally forth again and fight a second battle at Bithoor and gain their ninth victory. Here a force of 1,300 men was opposed by 4,000 men, who, after desperate fighting, were driven off with a loss of 250 killed and wounded, the loss on our side being 44 killed and wounded. In his dispatch, Havelock describes this position as one of the strongest he had ever seen. If he had been aided by cavalry, the General says, 'Not a mutineer or rebel would have reached Seerajpore alive,' but he adds, 'as it is, they shall not remain there long unmolested.' Disease was now reducing our little force more than the enemy, and Havelock found it necessary

to rally its courage by the following memorable order of the day.

'The Brigadier-General commanding, congratulates the troops on the result of their exertions in the combat of yesterday. The enemy were driven, with the loss of 250 killed and wounded, from one of the strongest positions in India, which they obstinately defended. They were the flower of the mutinous soldiery, flushed with the successful defection at Saugor and Fyzabad; yet they stood but one short hour against a handful of the soldiers of the State, whose ranks had been thinned by sickness and the sword. May the hopes of treachery and rebellion be ever thus blasted! and if conquest can now be achieved under the most trying circumstances, what will be the triumph and retribution of the time when the armies from China, from the Cape, and from England, shall sweep through the land? Soldiers! in that moment your labors, your privations, your sufferings, and your valor, will not be forgotten by a grateful country. You will be acknowledged to have been the stay and prop of British India in the time of her severest trial.'

Well might a writer in Calcutta, on receipt of these tidings, say:—'By the good hand of our God upon us, our English readers will receive advices from India by this mail of a decidedly cheering character. Although rebellion yet reigns in the upper provinces, and mutiny, with its horrors, is no longer confined to the Bengal army, still it is true that the swelling and inundation of this great rebellion have not merely reached their height, but are actually refluent. General Havelock,

with his chosen band, was the first successfully to stem the wild torrent and turn the tide. His appointment to the command of the brigade at Allahabad was the inauguration of victory. Under God, this heroic captain, with his brave Highlanders, has saved India. His march has been so triumphant, his success so marvellous, as to impress even the public mind with the conviction, that he has received his mission from a higher than an earthly ruler; an impression rendered all the stronger when it is seen that the first thought of this "mighty man of valor," in all his despatches, is to ascribe all the glory of his signal achievements to the Lord of Hosts; while Christian faith throughout the land has thus been re-assured and animated by the inspiration, "The battle is not yours, but God's." Go on in this thy might, great and good soldier, and thou shalt save India!'

Again the brave troops set out on their dreadful mission. On the 19th the savage beast was tracked to his den at Bithoor, to which he had fled when he abandoned Cawnpore. Here his stronghold was taken, as well as his guns, and elephants, and camels; his palace burnt; his powder magazine blown up. Having struck down the enemy at Bithoor, the avenging column returned to Cawnpore, whence, after a brief repose, it commenced its march towards Lucknow. Ten days after the affair at Bithoor, Havelock reached Oonao, his advance being resisted by fifteen guns, all of which were soon taken, and the enemy put to flight. After a halt of a few hours, he pushed on to Busserut Gunge, which was soon captured, although surrounded

by water, and its only approach guarded by four guns, mounted over the gateway, strongly barricaded, and to be approached by a broken-up road. Another battle was successfully fought on the 5th of August. In reference to this action, Havelock thus wrote on the following day, to the Deputy Adjutant-General of the army:—

'*Camp, Mungulwar, August 6th.*

'SIR,

'I beg you will acquaint his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, that, having received information that the enemy had re-occupied Busserut Gunge in force, I advanced against that place yesterday, turned the left of the position with the Highlanders, Sikhs, and Captain Maude's battery, under Colonel Hamilton. Attacking in front with the rest of my force, I drove the enemy out of the town and across the narrow causeway and bridge, with great slaughter, and returned to this position at night. Not a soldier or armed villager on the enemy's side dared to follow me.

'The insurgents had eight or ten guns beyond the causeway; two on this side of it. Two of those beyond were twenty-four pounders. The whole were kept at such a distance, and withdrawn so rapidly, that we never got a fair sight of them. None, therefore, fell into our hands, but two on the walls, which had been captured on the 29th ultimo, and dismantled by the Commandant of Artillery, so imperfectly, however, that the enemy again fired out of them.

'I estimate the loss of the enemy at three hundred killed and wounded; mine was twenty-five.

'The enemy will not, I fear, again venture to fight with a narrow causeway and swamp in his rear.

'Yours, etc.,

'H. HAVELOCK.'

Havelock was compelled to wait in Cawnpore until he was joined by Sir James Outram, 'the Bayard of India,' who with a rare magnanimity insisted on giving to his friend the command he might have retained as his superior officer, he himself commanding the volunteer cavalry.

This remarkable determination was thus announced in the Divisional Order :—

'*Cawnpore, September* 16*th*, 1857.

'The Major-General in gratitude for, and in admiration of the brilliant deeds in arms achieved by General Havelock and his gallant troops, will cheerfully waive his rank on the occasion, and will accompany the force to Lucknow in his civil capacity, as Chief-Commissioner of Oude, tendering his military services to General Havelock as volunteer.'

General Outram will never reproach himself with the chivalrous act of courtesy and homage to the merits of his friend. The British force was now raised to 2,700 men and seventeen guns, beside the small party of voluntary cavalry.

Havelock has described the march to Lucknow and the relief of the Residency in his despatch, addressed to the Adjutant-General of the Commander-in-Chief.

'*Residency, Lucknow, September* 30*th*, 1857.

'Sir,

'Major-General Sir James Outram, having, with characteristic generosity of feeling, declared that the command of the force should remain in my hands, and that he would accompany it as Civil Commissioner only, until a junction could be effected with the gallant and enduring garrison of this place, I have to request that you will

inform His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief that this purpose was effected on the evening of the 25th inst. But before detailing the circumstances, I must refer to the antecedent events. I crossed the Sye on the 22nd inst., the bridge at Bunnee not having been broken. On the 23rd I found myself in presence of the enemy, who had taken a strong position, his left resting on the enclosure of the Alumbagh, and his centre and right drawn up behind a chain of hillocks. The head of my column at first suffered from the fire of his guns, as it was compelled to pass along the trunk road between morasses; but as soon as my regiments could be deployed along his fron, tand his right enveloped by my left, victory declared for us, and we captured five guns. Sir James Outram, with his accustomed gallantry, passed on in advance, close down the canal. But as the enemy fed his artillery with guns from the city, it was not possible to maintain this, or a less advanced position for a time taken up; but it became necessary to throw our right on the Alumbagh, and refuse our left, and even then we were incessantly cannonaded throughout the 24th; and the enemy's cavalry, 1,500 strong, crept round through lofty cultivation, and made a sudden irruption upon the baggage massed in our rear. The soldiers of the 90th forming the baggage guard received them with great gallantry, but lost some brave officers and men, shooting down, however, twenty-five of the troopers and putting the whole body to flight. They were finally driven to a distance by two guns of Captain Olphert's battery.

'The troops had been marching for three days under a perfect deluge of rain, irregularly fed, and badly housed in villages. It was thought necessary to pitch tents, and permit them to halt on the 24th. The assault on the city was deferred until the 25th. That morning our baggage and tents were deposited in the Alumbagh under an escort, and we advanced. The 1st Brigade, under Sir James Outram's personal leading, drove the enemy from a succes-

sion of gardens and walled enclosures, supported by the 2nd Brigade, which I accompanied. Both brigades were established on the canal at the bridge of Charbagh.

'From this point the direct road to the Residency was something less than two miles; but it was known to have been cut by trenches, and crossed by palisades at short intervals, the houses also being all loopholed. Progress in this direction was impossible; so the united column pushed on, detouring along the narrow road which skirts the left bank of the canal. Its advance was not seriously interrupted until it had come opposite the King's palace, or the Kaiser Bagh, where two guns and a body of mercenary troops were intrenched. From this intrenchment a fire of grape and musketry was opened, under which nothing could live. The artillery and troops had to pass a bridge partially under its influence; but were then shrouded by the buildings adjacent to the palace of Fureed Buksh. Darkness was coming on, and Sir James Outram at first proposed to halt within the courts of the Mehal for the night; but I esteemed it to be of such importance to let the beleaguered garrison know that succor was at hand, that with his ultimate sanction I directed the main body of the 78th Highlanders and regiment of Ferozepore to advance. This column rushed on with desperate gallantry, led by Sir James Outram and myself, and Lieutenants Hudson and Hargood, of my staff, through streets of flat-roofed loopholed houses, from which a perpetual fire was kept up, and overcoming every obstacle, established itself within the enclosure of the Residency. The joy of the garrison may be more easily conceived than described; but it was not until the next evening that the whole of my troops, guns, tumbrils, and sick and wounded, continually exposed to the attacks of the enemy, could be brought step by step within this *enceinte* and the adjacent palace of the Fureed Buksh. To form an adequate idea of the obstacles overcome, reference must be made to the events that are known to have

occurred at Buenos Ayres and Saragossa. Our advance was through streets of houses such as I have described, and thus each forming a separate fortress. I am filled with surprise at the success of the operation, which demanded the efforts of 10,000 good troops. The advantage gained has cost us dear. The killed, wounded, and missing, the latter being wounded soldiers, who I much fear—some or all—have fallen into the hands of a merciless foe, amounted, up to the evening of the 26th, to 535 officers and men. Brigadier-General Neill, commanding 1st Brigade; Major Cooper, Brigadier, commanding Artillery; Lieutenant-Colonel Bazely, a volunteer with the force—are killed. Colonel Campbell, commanding 90th Light Infantry; Lieutenant-Colonel Tytler, my Deputy-Assistant Quarter-master General; and Lieutenant Havelock* my Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General, are severely, but not dangerously wounded. Sir James Outram received a flesh-wound in the arm in the early part of the action near Charbagh, but nothing could subdue his spirit; and though faint from loss of blood, he continued to the end of the action to sit on his horse, which he only dismounted at the gate of the Residency. As he has now assumed the command, I leave to him the narrative of all events subsequent to the 26th.

'I have, etc.,

'H. HAVELOCK,

'*Brigadier-General, Commanding Oude Field Force.*'

Another despatch from General Havelock, dated November 16th, addressed to Colonel R. Napier, chief of the staff of General Sir J. Outram, that officer having then taken the command, describes a minor operation conducted by General Havelock. It is short,

* His nephew, son of his brother Charles, formerly Adjutant in the 16th Lancers, when in India.

but interesting, as it must be one of the last the lamented General ever wrote :—

'*Lucknow, Nov.* 16*th*, 1857.

'SIR,

'I beg to report, for the information of Major-General Sir James Outram, G.C.B., the complete success of the operations in which the troops of my division were employed under his own eye this evening in capturing a succession of houses in advance of the Palace of Fureed Buksh.

'I have given in the margin the details of detachments employed.

'The nature of the enterprise may be shortly described as follows :—

'The progress of the relieving force under his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief was anxiously watched, and it was determined that as soon as he should reach the Sikunder Bagh, about three miles from the Residency, the outer wall of the advanced garden of the Palace, in which the enemy had before made several breaches, should be blown in by mines previously prepared ; that two powerful batteries erected in the enclosure should then open on the insurgent's defences in front ; and after the desired effect had been produced that the troops should storm two buildings known by the names of the Hern Khana, or Deer-house, and the steam-engine-house. Under these, also, three mines had been driven.

'It was ascertained, about eleven a.m., that Sir Colin Campbell was operating against the Sikunder Bagh. The explosion of the mines in the garden was therefore ordered. Their action was, however, comparatively feeble, so the batteries had the double task of completing the demolition of the wall, and prostrating and breaching the works and buildings beyond it. Brigadier Eyre commanded in the left battery, Captain Olpherts in the right ; Captain Maude

shelled from six mortars in a more retired quadrangle of the palace. The troops were formed in the square of the Chuttur Munzil, and brought up in succession through the approaches, which in every direction intersected the advance garden. At a quarter-past three two of the mines at the Hern Khana exploded with good effect. At half-past three the advance sounded. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which this signal was received by the troops. Pent up in inaction for upwards of six weeks, and subject to constant attacks, they felt that the hour of retribution and glorious exertion had returned.

'Their cheers echoed through the courts of the palace, responsive to the bugle sound, and on they rushed to assured victory. The enemy could nowhere withstand them. In a few minutes the whole of the buildings were in our possession, and have since been armed with cannon, and steadily held against all attacks. It will be seen by the enclosed return that the loss has been small.

'H. HAVELOCK.'

In leading the men across the canal, on their advance from the Alumbagh to the Residency, the General's son, now Sir H. Havelock, is said to have acted with so much gallantry as to attract the particular commendation of Sir James Outram, though his father does not allude to the fact in his despatch, owing to that feeling of modesty which always characterised him.

A large amount of public sympathy has been awakened by the romantic story which appeared in a Paris paper (*Le Pays*), and ascribed to a French physician in the service of Mussur Rajah. The letter, dated Calcutta,

October 8, 1857, professes to give an account of the relief of Lucknow, and although very widely circulated, ought, perhaps, to have a place in this narrative. The unknown lady described as one of the rescued party is made to say:—

'On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her, when, as she said, "her father should return from the ploughing." She at length fell into a profound slumber, motionless, and, apparently, breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon.

'Suddenly I was aroused by a wild unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright before me,

her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance, she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed, "Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin', it's the slogan of the Highlanders! We're saved, we're saved!" Then, flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor. I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving; but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, "Courage! courage! hark to the slogan—to the Macgregor, the grandest of them a'. Here's help at last!"

'To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked to the spot, burst out anew as the Colonel shook his head. Our dull lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this death-like suspense, of this agonising hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing, that it was heard along the whole line—"Will ye no believe it noo? The slogan has ceased, indeed, but the Campbell's are comin'? D'ye hear? d'ye hear?"

'At that moment we seemed, indeed, to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. The shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy, nor from the work of the Sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones, seeming to promise succor to their friends in need. Never surely

was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the Residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch. To our cheer of "God save the Queen," they replied by the well-known strain that nerves every Scot to tears, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," etc.

'After that, nothing else made an impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the General on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched round the table playing once more the familiar air of "Auld lang syne."'

The poetry and romance of this narrative are unquestionable; it would be gratifying if the same could be said of its authenticity. But the truth must be told, that, among those who have just returned from Lucknow, one, most likely to be familiar with the facts, if they were facts, never heard them while there, In place of this apocryphal story, we can relate a most affecting incident, on the truth of which the utmost reliance may be placed. Among the first to reach the Residency Gate, was a party of British troops and Sikhs, who, arriving earlier than they were expected, found the gate closed against them, and defended by a cannon, in charge of a Sepoy guard. Under the erroneous impression that this gate was in the hands of the enemy, they made a rush at the guard, through the embrasure, and transfixed one of them with a

bayonet. When our party entered the gate, and it was found that a friend had been bayoneted instead of an enemy, and all were expressing their distress at the event, the poor Sepoy, also perceiving the error, contrived with his last words to show them that he had discovered and pardoned it. With a forgiving expression of countenance, he said, '*Never mind,*' and died. This touching tale is too beautiful to admit of comment, and too simple to require it.

CHAPTER XI.

ENTRY INTO LUCKNOW. — REES'S 'PERSONAL NARRATIVE' OF HAVELOCK'S RECEPTION. — HIS DEATH. — HONORS AND REWARDS.—ANNOUNCEMENT OF HIS DEATH IN LONDON.—HAVELOCK MEMORIAL.—SUITABLE METHODS OF PERPETUATING HIS MEMORY.'

THE 'Personal Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow,' by one of the surviving defenders,* gives a lively record of the exultation and gratitude with which Havelock and his brave companions entered the Residency, where the captives so anxiously awaited their deliverer. On the 22nd of September, spies had made their way in with the delightful news that Outram and Havelock were advancing to their relief; and, on the next day, a furious cannonade was heard raging outside the city, at a considerable distance, and, as the firing came nearer, the journalist entered his joyful 'Hurrah!' Then, on the succeeding day, the distant cannonade was heard again, and the bridge of boats across the river was seen covered with flying Babalogue.† Then the writer of this most intensely interesting journal, and his fellow captives, knew that a severe conflict was

* Mr. L. E. Runtz Rees. 'Personal Narrative,' p. 221.

† 'Dear children,' used ironically.

raging outside. The fire was gradually nearing the Residency, to which the Liberator and his noble band were quarrying their way through their fifty thousand infuriated enemies, and, when their arrival was proclaimed by the loud shout of triumph, then, (says the narrator), 'the immense enthusiasm with which they were greeted, defies description. As their hurrah! and ours rang in my ears, I was nigh bursting with joy. The tears started involuntarily into my eyes, and I felt—no! it is impossible to describe in words that sudden sentiment of relief, that mingled feeling of hope and pleasure, that came over me. The criminal condemned to death, and, just when he is about to be launched into eternity, is reprieved and pardoned, or the shipwrecked sailor, whose hold on the wreck is relaxing, and is suddenly rescued, can alone form an adequate idea of our feelings. We felt not only happy, happy beyond imagination, and grateful to that God of Mercy, who, by our noble deliverers, Generals Havelock and Outram, and their gallant troops, had thus snatched us from imminent death; but we also felt proud of the defence we had made, and the success with which, with such fearful odds to contend against, we had preserved, not only our own lives, but the honor and lives of the women and children entrusted to our keeping.

'As our deliverers poured in, they continued to greet us with loud hurrahs; and, as each garrison heard it, we sent up one fearful shout to heaven—"Hurrah!"—it was not "God help us"—it was the first rallying cry of a despairing host. Thank God, we then gazed upon new faces of our countrymen. We ran up to them—

officers and men, without distinction—and shook them by the hand, how cordially who can describe? The shrill tones of the Highlander's bagpipes now pierced our ears. Not the most beautiful music ever was more welcome, more joy-bringing. And these brave men themselves, many of them bloody and exhausted, forgot the loss of their comrades, the pain of their wounds, the fatigue of overcoming the fearful obstacles they had combatted for our sakes, in the pleasure of having accomplished our relief.'

Thus speaks the emancipated captive of the imminent peril from which the noble defenders of Lucknow were relieved:—

'That the honor of having, under Providence, saved our lives is really due to Generals Havelock and Outram, is unquestionable. But for their timely arrival, our native troops, who had up to that time behaved nobly and adhered to us with exemplary fidelity, would certainly have abandoned us. Nor could we reasonably have found fault with them had they done so, for life is sweet, and hope had almost entirely left us. Their desertion would have caused the most fatal depression in our own breasts, and with our diminished number and our continual losses, we should soon have been obliged to give up our outposts.

'Reduced within the narrow compass of the Residency itself, and exposed to the harassing fire from what would lately have been our outposts, it would have been utterly impossible to have held out. Nothing short of a miracle could have saved us then. Cawnpore would have been reënacted in Lucknow, or we

would, as we once talked of doing, have been compelled to blow up our women, children, and wounded, to prevent their falling into the hands of the insurgents, and to have died fighting on the ruins ourselves.'

From this period Havelock was engaged in the defence of the Residency against the infuriated host by whom it was beleaguered, until the 17th of September, when he and Sir James Outram went out to meet and welcome Sir Colin Campbell, the new Commander-in-Chief. On this joyful day, General Havelock, not less delighted and proud, harangued the troops who had so gallantly carried out all the Commander-in-Chief's brilliant manœuvres, in that concise and yet soul-stirring language for which he was so well known by his soldiers. While yet speaking his attention was drawn to the place were his only son had just fallen, wounded by a musket ball from the enemy. Though his father's heart must have been then bleeding with anguish, and beating with curiosity to know the nature of the wound, the General, with wonderful self-command, continued his discourse without interruption, and then only amidst the cheers of the men, who were unacquainted with the sad event which had just happened, left to visit his wounded son. Fortunately, it was only a slight wound, and he soon recovered from the effects of it.

The relief of the captives in the Residency being accomplished, and the retention of that post, surrounded by all the rebels of Oude, being undesirable, the captives and their deliverers removed from Lucknow to the Alumbagh, about three miles distant,

and here it was that the veteran victor finished his course. An attack of indigestion was speedily got over, and no apprehensions were entertained before midnight of the 20th of November, when unmistakeable signs of dysentery made their appearance. Early on the 22nd, symptoms of a malignant character were seen in rapid succession, the disease was executing its mission, though without inflicting bodily suffering. It was then discovered, to the grief of all, that he was 'dangerously an invalid,' and his closing hours were anxiously watched by his sorrowing friends and relations around him. 'It appeared as if he had strained every nerve to accomplish one object, and having seen its accomplishment, succumbed to the prostration which the exertion had entailed.' And now came the hour of Christian triumph, when he said to his friend Sir James Outram, 'For more than forty years I have so ruled my life, that when death came I might face it without fear,' and to his son, looking him kindly in the face, 'Come, my son, and see how a Christian can die.'

He was buried in the Alumbagh, and bearings are taken of the grave in which he was interred, that it may be distinguished by a suitable monument as soon as the circumstances of the country permit.

The mortal remains of the late Sir Henry Lawrence are buried in Lucknow, about three miles distant from those of Havelock, but ought they not ultimately to rest together in the same tomb?

Though in many respects very different in their natural characters, Lawrence and Havelock were alike in their zeal and devotion as Christian soldiers, and in

their earnest desire to lead all under their influence to fight beneath the banner of their Lord and Saviour. Most cordially and affectionately did they work together in their lives to promote the honor and welfare of their country, and the glory of their God, and if hereafter laid side by side, in the new citadel of Lucknow, under a monument, raised by the Government whom they so faithfully served, for perpetual memorial of their heroic devotion, the whole continent of India, rich as it is in stupendous monuments and historic associations, will not contain a spot more sacred, and more soul-stirring to future generations of their countrymen, than the graves of these two Christian soldiers.

On the morning of the 7th of January, 1858, the mighty heart of England was shaken with the fearful telegram that,

'GENERAL HAVELOCK DIED ON THE 25th OF NOVEMBER, FROM DYSENTERY, BROUGHT ON BY EXPOSURE AND ANXIETY,'

and as the news flashed along the wires it spread sorrow and disappointment over the face of the whole country. The sad tidings reached us when all tongues were speaking of his wonderful march, and recounting his daily battles, and when all hearts were swelling with grateful feelings to the patriot-warrior who had accomplished at Lucknow the deliverance which, alas! he was too late to effect at Cawnpore. How many were praying to the Lord of Hosts, as all were hoping, that his triumphal progress might be unchecked, until the Indian mutiny was subdued, and his great deeds

acknowledged by higher honors, and richer rewards. The gloom spread from the palace of the Queen to the hut of the humblest poor. Everywhere friends met each other with the sorrowful news that HAVELOCK WAS DEAD, and this regret was deepened when it became known that the veteran warrior had died too soon to hear of the dignity to which his sovereign had raised him, and of moderate rewards voted by his grateful country. In some of our sea ports the flags of the vessels were displayed at half-mast, and in neighboring countries the sympathy was expressed in terms as strong as those which flowed so freely from the English press. Our Anglo-American brethren echoed the mournful dirge that sounded from our shores, and the tribute paid in Sunderland and Liverpool, was repeated in Boston, Baltimore, and New York.

The pen of the writer, and the tongue of the orator, in the senate and the church, were employed to celebrate the heroic deeds, and describe the christian graces of the man who, failing to reach the earthly honors awarded to him, had gone to his heavenly rest and immortal crown. That would be a large book that would record all the panegyrics pronounced over the name of Havelock; this volume, already extended beyond its intended size, leaves room only for the following tribute of the Reverend Paxton Hood :—*

'He left to earth his wasted body, tired by age, by toil, by watching, and drenching, and thirst, and famine. There, in future ages, on that soil, pilgrim feet shall turn reverently to the spot where the monumental

* 'Havelock, The Broad Stone of Honor,' pp. 66—68.

marble shall lock within its gates all that the tomb can claim as its trophy. Meantime, "*I heard a voice from heaven saying to me, Write, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.*" That grave needs but little to hallow it as a martyr's shrine. Rest, venerated body, rest! Rest, beautiful and beloved spirit, too! Rest, thou saintly soldier! "*Behold, we count them happy which endure.*" Posterity will twine for thy memory the unfading palm; and history, with reverent finger, will pause to notice where the descendant of the lion-hearted, heavenly-minded Puritans, fell on India's plains. But what is that to thee? *Thou* hast already entered on thy inheritance of "*glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life.*" "*Henceforth, there is laid up for thee a crown of righteousness, that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for thee.*"

'Farewell, thou great heart! Rest, saintly soldier! rest, warrior! rest, missionary, and hero, and warrior in one! Denied the jewelled sword, the triumphal arch a grateful people might have awarded thee, thou hast "*entered through the gates into the city.*" Denied the coronet, thou hast the crown — the fadeless and incorruptible crown.'

This strong and wide-spread sympathy will not be allowed to expend itself in these effusions of sorrow and eloquent eulogy. The sovereign under whose banner Havelock fought designed to raise him, and has raised his son, to the dignity of a baronet, with a grant of a thousand a-year, and the widow of the first baronet has been elevated to the rank of Lady Havelock, with the same pension. In addition to the honors and rewards given by the sovereign and the country, a Havelock

memorial will be formed by the voluntary offerings of the nation.

It may be hoped that the national tribute will be sufficient, not only for the erection of a statue in Trafalgar Square, but also to make some provision for those members of his family who have not been considered in the parliamentary grant. He who displayed such Christian fortitude in the anticipation of death as it affected his own future, felt a bitter pang as he thought of the inadequate provision he had been able to make for the family he was about to leave.

In one of his latest letters, in stating the amount of his savings, he said, he had been struggling for many years to keep his wife and family out of the Union, and at the end of forty-two years' soldiering had been able to scrape together a little above £4,000, independently of which he had insured his life, on behalf of his wife, for £2,000 more.

The dying warrior might safely have left all his family to the care of his country.

Havelock's memorial will not be complete unless it serve to promote those great objects to which his life was devoted. The army in India has sustained an irreparable loss by the death of this faithful servant of Christ. His personal exertions for education, temperance, and religion, have ceased, but it is left to us to advance these objects by some effective agency that shall transmit his name to futurity, associated with the ministry of blessed influences to our soldiers in India. In deciding on the memorials recently awarded to great public benefactors, it has been considered that those

memorials ought to give perpetuity to the beneficence they were designed to commemorate. If this excellent principle were adopted in the case of the Havelock memorial, after attending to the public wish to see his statue on its appropriate site, and after caring further for the interests of his family, it would not be difficult to determine on the object to which his appropriate memorial would be devoted. His history shows, that in no way could honor be more appropriately or usefully done to his memory than by interesting the public and the Government in getting up convenient rooms to be attached to each regimental barrack in India, for the use of the soldiers as chapels and libraries.

They might be placed under charge of a Scripture Reader appointed by a society established for that purpose, and in harmony with the Catholic principles of the Evangelical Alliance. The chapel libraries might be supplied with such books as are issued by the Religious Tract and Book Societies, the Naval and Military Bible Society, the Soldiers' Friend Society, or other kindred institutions.

The whole might be placed under the superintendence of the Regimental Chaplains, at the same time being open to Christian missionaries of other Evangelical denominations—duly accredited by established societies in England—under arrangements made with the chaplains, so that the laborers may not interfere with each other.

An excellent society,* devoted to the religious welfare of the soldier, has determined that a special fund

* The Soldiers' Friend and Army Scripture Readers' Society.

be at once opened, to be called 'The Havelock Scripture Readers' Fund for our Soldiers in India,' and that an appeal be at once made to the subscribers and Christian public at large.

At a meeting lately held to send out one of these valuable agents, the excellent chairman, Colonel Goodwin, thus referred to this valuable proposition:—

'It had been proposed to the Committee, by a lady, through the Reverend Carus-Wilson, that they should commemorate the death of General Havelock by raising a fund for the purpose of sending Scripture Readers to India bearing his name. He was present during a campaign, when Lord Gough paid a high tribute to the lamented Havelock. There was a difficult work to accomplish, and a tried man was required in the emergency, "Turn out the saints," said his lordship, "for Havelock never blunders, and his men are never drunk." He, the Chairman, would have the soldiers present mark that well. The post was one of danger, but by the soldier the post of danger has ever been regarded as the post of honor. The cause of General Havelock's success was his secret and abiding trust in God. He endeavored to instil religion into the minds and hearts of his men, and there was Christian sympathy subsisting between him and them. Havelock had devoted himself through a long life to advance the spiritual welfare of the army in India, and he believed that if his own wishes had been consulted he would highly approve the proposition which had been made to the Committee. In conclusion, he trusted that all present would second the endeavors of this Society, and enable them to send out men of prayer, devotedness, and effort, to that land of darkness, heathenism, and cruelty. It was his anxious hope that before long a band of Havelock's Scripture

readers would embark for the land in which the sainted Havelock found a grave.'

The Rev. J. P. Waldo also advocated this plan in the following terms:—

'He alluded to the memorial to General Havelock. He believed that his memory, already embalmed in the hearts of Englishmen, could not be more fittingly perpetuated than by sending Havelock Scripture readers to the troops now on service in India. The suggestion had been thrown out by a lady, and the Committee would doubtless meet with a cordial response. If we could ask the spirit of the sainted Havelock, whether, as a Christian, he would approve this mode of rendering respect to his memory, there could be no question as to the answer. He had passed his life in seeking the spiritual good of the men whose welfare was the object of this movement. Havelock would not wish his name cut and carved in stone or brass, but cut and carved deep in the hearts of the soldiers by whose side he had lived. The agents of this society would teach the men of our army not merely that they should not fear man, but that they should arm themselves with the best safeguard against the fear of man, by having the fear of God in their hearts.'

The heroism displayed in the life of this great soldier, furnishes a plea for religious men who follow the profession of arms; a plea addressed alike to their fellow-soldiers, and to civilians, many of whom look with horror on the profession to which they are indebted for their security. Every friend of man, every true follower of Jesus Christ, must be a lover of peace, and regard war as one of the greatest calamities that can scourge humanity; but we must not allow our desire

for peace to elicit a stern and uncharitable judgment on those who have had to draw the sword in the cause of right and mercy. Havelock was one of a large and increasing class, whose Christian meekness, humility, faith, and valor command our confidence and admiration, although they have not adopted the dogma that war, defensive or offensive, and in all circumstances, is incompatible with Christianity. They who unchristianize the military profession must dispose of the case of Havelock, and when this task is performed, they must deal with a thousand more in all ranks, from the greatest generals to the humblest recruit, constituting the church in the army, whose names they must erase from the Book of Life, because they find them enrolled among the army of an earthly sovereign.

This great name also pleads among soldiers of all ranks for those comrades who have the courage to stand forward as the soldiers of Christ. Is it too much to ask that a soldier shall not be ridiculed, and loaded with insult, and made the subject of coarse merriment, because he kneels down to pray to God; because he reads his Bible and believes its truths; because he ventures to speak to others on those high themes which ought to engage all minds, and none can neglect and yet escape the judgment of God? Let the history of Havelock and the saints in Burmah be remembered, and let us hope that if any of our soldiers are willing to remain under the dominion of Satan, they will, at least, respect their brave comrades who think it better to submit to the Captain of salvation, and gird on the whole armor of God, and in the might of the Holy Spirit fight their

way through the opposing host to the gates of the heavenly city.

Is it too much either to plead in high quarters in favor of pious officers, that they should not be denied the promotion to which their services entitle them? Ought it to weigh against the claims of a scientific and valiant officer, that he is also 'a devout soldier'? The libel that he has been known to pray and never known to swear, ought not to be received. British society now tolerates diversity of religious opinion, and believes it possible that a man may be loyal to the sovereign, and upright before the world, although he has a conscience in matters religious, and earnestly seeks his own salvation and that of others. The progress of legislation is favorable to the removal of all civil disabilities on account of religion. This should be the case in the army, where earnest religion should be no barrier to promotion.

'Mr. Marshman informs us that on the adjutancy of the 13th becoming vacant, Havelock was among the suitors for this post to Lord William Bentinck, who then united in his own person the office of Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief. Havelock's exertions for the religious instruction of the men, and his "psalm-singing Methodism," had given offence to some of the officers of the corps, and they had not failed to send unfavorable representations on the subject to Lord William. Mrs. Havelock having obtained permission to wait on him, and urge her husband's claims, crossed over to Barrackpore, and was received by Lady William Bentinck with her usual affability. Lord William then

entered the room, and, after a little friendly conversation, entered on the subject of the adjutancy, though not without some appearance of reserve. He said he was anxious to show Mrs. Havelock the copies of some letters he had received from the officers of the regiment on that point; the letters were in Calcutta, and he must ask her to be so kind as to repeat her visit the next day.

'Mrs. Havelock proceeded to Government House on the following day, and Lord William entered with the packet of letters, which she dreaded, as fatal to her hopes; but he said, in his kindest manner, that before he proceeded to read them he was desirous of assuring her that he had determined to bestow the adjutancy on her husband, because, in his opinion, he was the fittest man in the regiment for it. The letters were filled with remonstrances against the appointment of Havelock to this post, on the ground of his being a Methodist and a Baptist, and associating with the men, contrary to military etiquette, for religious exercises. Lord William stated that, on the receipt of these letters, he had called for a return of the number of punishments inflicted on the men in the different companies of the regiment, within a given time, for drunkenness and irregularities, and he found that the men whose religious improvement Havelock had been assiduous in promoting were the best behaved, the most sober, and the most orderly men in the corps, adding, with a smile, "I wish he could make the whole regiment Baptists."'*

The military career of Havelock affords abundant

* Sketch in 'Baptist Magazine,' March, 1858.

materials to aid the cause of Temperance in the army. How brightly are 'Havelock's saints,' contrasted by Lord Gough, with the men who were 'steeped in liquor,' when the Burmese were unexpectedly adavncing on their position. How is that cause sanctioned by his own example during the fatiguing campaign in Affghanistan, when, after taking a little wine in compliance with the wishes of his friends, and being visited with a slight attack of fever, he at once attributed that attack to his deviation from his ordinary practice, and immediately returned to his old system, observing emphatically, 'Water-drinking is the best regimen for a soldier!' What encouragement is afforded by his example at Kurnal, where the band of temperance men had increased from three to three hundred, and where the men went to their coffee-room to sip their mocha, and read their papers and books, and hold their pleasant meetings, and listen to the voice that urged them to persevere. How suggestive are the instances we have been able to record of enormous excesses avoided, as at Ghuznee, and of heavy work steadily and quietly performed, as at Jellalabad, because the men were guarded from the maddening stimulants with which, in such circumstances, our soldiers are usually plied! Would it not be well that our soldiers should be told this history, and that they should be encouraged to form a HAVELOCK BAND, to enjoy for themselves, and distribute around them, the blessings of true temperance?

Public attention is just now directed to the excessive mortality prevalent among our soldiers in times of

peace, as well as from the casualties of war. For that excessive mortality various important reasons have been assigned, but who can observe the habits still prevalent in the army without perceiving that intemperance is one of the causes to which this evil must be ascribed? Let us, then, hope that some important aid may be rendered to the grand movement in favor of temperance by the formation of a Havelock Temperance Band in the army. Under such a banner a noble host may be marshalled who will battle against the soldier's deadly foe, and whose exertions will assist to extend the term of his life, and rescue him from the long array of evils flowing from this monster sin of inebriety.

Among the practical teachings of this history is the importance of ascertaining the pursuit for which there is any special adaptation, and then maintaining that pursuit with unabated ardor. The true way to eminence is first to discover the kind of work for which the agent is qualified, and then to do that work with persevering energy. Society is overwhelmed with men who dream that they can do anything within the scope of human capability, and who do one thing as well as another, because they do nothing well. These are the stones that lie on the road because they are not fit for the building. While conscious of their own fitness, after a little preparation, to take their place in any part of the social structure, and add to its strength or beauty, others fail to discover their merits, and as the result, they are discontented with society, if they have not hard thoughts of God and his providence. Such men rise very little above the level of unskilled laborers in

the world or the church. If they would correctly estimate their own capabilities, and sedulously cultivate them, they would find their proper station, whether high or low, to their own comfort and the benefit of the social body. Havelock selected his profession having a reference to his natural qualities and tastes, and the voice that 'called him to be a soldier;' and, possessing the elements of greatness in this profession, he cherished them and went onward in the path opened before him. His course repeats the lesson taught by the examples of eminent men in past ages, of whom Dr. Johnson says, 'the reason why they surpassed the moderns was their greater modesty. They had a juster conception of the limitation of human powers; and despairing of universal eminence, they confined their application to one thing, instead of expanding it over a wider surface.'

Should we not take a lesson from the artist, who, before he begins his work, is careful to ascertain that the shell on which he is to expend his skill has the color and the shadings adapted to the form he wishes to produce? His experienced eye sees in the unshaped material the Juno, or the Apollo, the poppies that crown the brow of Night, or the star that shines over the head of Aurora. His labor is to develope the figure, which is not his creation, but nature's captive, waiting for his skilful hands to remove the bands that bind her, and the covering by which her beauty is concealed.

J. M. BURTON AND CO., PRINTERS, IPSWICH.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

'He is gone. Heaven's will is best:
Indian turf o'erlies his breast.
Ghoul in black, nor fool in gold,
Laid him in yon hallowed mould.
Guarded to a soldier's grave
By the bravest of the brave,
He hath gained a nobler tomb
Than in old cathedral gloom.
Nobler mourners paid the rite
Than the crowd that craves a sight.
England's banners o'er him waved—
Dead, he keeps the realm he saved.
Strew not on the hero's hearse
Garlands of a herald's verse:
Let us hear no words of Fame
Sounding loud a deathless name;
Tell us of no vauntful Glory
Shouting forth her haughty story
All life long his homage rose
To far other shrine than those.
"In Hoc Signo," pale nor dim,
Lit the battle-field for him,
And the prize he sought and won,
Was the Crown for Duty done.'