

normal school for one hundred children of soldiers, at Poonah. Havelock reports him also as having the interior management of a regiment entirely at his fingers' ends, and at once most gentlemanly and zealous in his demeanor.

Havelock was, in 1854, again disappointed in getting brevet promotion. Had he received it at the time he sought it, when it ought to have been given him, he would have been Governor-General of India at the time of his death. His friend, Lord Hardinge, was working for his interests in England, and secured him the appointment of quartermaster-general of queen's troops, for which he was devoutly grateful; hastening to return most hearty thanks, not only to God, but to Lord Hardinge. He proceeded at once to Calcutta, calling *en route* at Serampore. But of all the friends whose society he once enjoyed not one was left. For thirty years Serampore had been to him a magnetic pole of attraction; for thirty years, in sorrow he was sure of sympathy there, in prosperity he was sure of gratulation, and it was with painful solemnity of feeling that he now moved over the well-known scenes, a solitary man! He wrote to Mrs. Havelock: "I went to the chapel, saw the monumental slab to your dear mother's memory on the same wall with so many other dear friends, then read a chapter in the Bible, before the pulpit, and prayed. Alone! alone!"

Very soon after (June 20, 1854) Havelock received the rank of brevet colonel, Lord Hardinge, with great thoughtfulness, making his commission date from a period which would enable him to enjoy the office of adjutant-general for five years. His health continuing to be good, in September he started to go by steam to

Benares, thence by dawk to Cawnpore, making a six months' tour, returning to Calcutta in March. He never failed to mention in letters to friends his devout gratitude to God for the prosperity of his later life, enabling him to save something for the needs of his family should he be called from them. Thus: "I draw as largely as ever on the bank of faith, and have in my age learned that there is another establishment to which God's Spirit strongly invites attention, viz.: the bank of providence."

In the beginning of 1857 Colonel Havelock was again called into active service. Consulted by the commander-in-chief respecting the appointment of a commander for the expedition, he so strongly advocated the claims of Sir James Outram that he was appointed. Losing no time in proceeding to Bombay, General Outram, entertaining the highest opinion of Havelock's military abilities, though entirely ignorant of the fact that his own appointment was owing to Havelock's recommendation to the commander-in-chief in India, advised Lord Elphinstone to propose that he should be appointed to the command of a division. Havelock accepted with delight this important post. Sir James had arrived at Bushire late in January, advancing at once into the heart of the country to strike a blow at the enemy. He obtained a signal triumph over the Persians, and at once planned another expedition farther into the interior. The plan for the contemplated attack was originated by Havelock, who had spared no exertion to obtain accurate information regarding the enemy's position. General Outram approved his projects, and early in the morning, March 28th, the advance was made, resulting in utter rout to the foe.

General Outram issued a "field force order," in which he returned thanks to officers and men, more especially to Brigadier-General Havelock, for zealous and valuable assistance.

Havelock returned at once to Bombay, where he heard the astounding news that the native regiments had mutinied at Merut, and that Delhi was in the hands of the insurgents, while disaffection seemed spreading throughout the upper provinces.

The Sepoy mutiny of 1857 was the most stupendous event in the annals of British India since the sack of Calcutta, one hundred years before, and the battle of Plassy, which gave the command of India to Great Britain. This mutiny was simply a revolt of the army against constituted authorities. If one asks its cause, it would be impossible to trace the many causes which gradually led up to the focus of mutiny. Aliens in race and religion, a certain degree of disaffection was inseparable from the nature of things. The rule of England in India was shaken to its very center by this revolt. Its immediate cause was greased cartridges; but many causes had been for a long time gradually preparing the mercenary soldiers for the culminating act of rebellion. In India the principle of subordination is the exception. From time immemorial the native princes have dreaded their own armies. For twenty years this Sepoy army had been in a state of chronic mutiny. In 1824 the 47th native infantry refused to march to Burmah, and through the energy of Sir Edward Paget it was decimated before it was disbanded. The next exhibition of mutiny was handled with less spirit, so that insubordination gained strength. The Sepoys grew more and more exacting. To guard

against mutiny it had for a long time been considered prudent to maintain a large proportion of European troops. At the beginning of 1857 the European troops in Bengal did not exceed 4,500, while the native population was fifty millions.

Suddenly, from an insignificant cause, the spark which had been smouldering in the mine suddenly burst into flame, and India was in a blaze. It had been decided to prove the efficiency of the Enfield rifle, the cartridges of which required to be greased. It was mainly a question of caste, for a mechanic replied to a Sepoy, "You will soon have no caste left, for you are required to bite cartridges smeared with the grease of pigs and cows." A Hindu may have no personal religion, but he is frantic on the question of *caste* or aught affecting it.

On February 19th a Sepoy, infuriated with intoxicants, rushed out upon the parade ground, calling upon his comrades to come forward in defense of their religion. Great leniency was exercised toward the mutineers of the 19th, and in May cartridges were again served out at Meerut. They were refused, though it was explained that they were not greased. A deeply mutinous spirit prevailed. The native troops were in a state of great insubordination; incendiary fires were set, and the Sepoys began the work of indiscriminate slaughter of Europeans, plundering and destroying property. Havoc, outrage, ruin, plunder was the order of each hour.

Such was the condition of things which met Havelock on his return from Persia. The whole empire was in revolt. A mighty torrent was sweeping over the country. The commanders were inefficient, incor-

petent to meet and quell the outburst. His resources were singularly inadequate to meet the situation. At Cawnpore the massacre was fearful in cruelties. Thither Havelock hastened. The battle of Futteh-pore, in which Havelock commanded, was an entire success.

A little later the disorderly conduct of a body of cavalry became so marked that Colonel Havelock ordered them unhorsed and disarmed. In short, the most vigorous and stringent measures were at once taken. Colonel Havelock deserves all praise for his efficient measures in meeting this rebellion. But he was disappointed respecting promised reinforcements. The rebellion continued, freshly breaking out. New massacres were perpetrated, and each day brought fresh horrors.

For Colonel Havelock's gallant conduct on this emergency he was commended without stint. It was said in the home office: "If ever India is in danger, put Havelock in command, and all is safe." He was recommended for the Victoria Cross.

But the situation in India continued to be one of great peril until Sir Colin Campbell arrived from England with reinforcements. Almost every one is familiar with the fearful scenes at Lucknow, when the residency was blockaded by the insurgent Sepoys. Our sketch has to do with General Havelock, else we would render due honor to Sir James Outram, who, late in the siege, took command of the English forces in India; but so closely did mutinous Sepoys watch that it was with great difficulty that communication with the beleaguered garrison was maintained. At Lucknow affairs took on a desperate color. Food became scarce,

women and children were on the point of starvation, sugar, soap, candles being luxuries unknown. The arrival of Sir Colin will never be forgotten by that besieged garrison. Anxiously had every ear listened for the sound of anything which should indicate relief. Suddenly, when despair had taken her grim seat on almost every brow, a young Highland woman started up with the most rapturous cry, "Dinna ye hear it, me lads?" Every one was alert, but all was silent, only Highland Jennie, who was in ecstasies of delight. "Dinna ye hear the slogan? Oh, me braw laddies, the Campbells are comin' to our help!" At that instant a distant murmur struck the ear, which it soon became apparent was nothing less than the pipes of Sir Colin's advance guard. The joy of those imprisoned cannot even be imagined. Up the streets of Lucknow, toward the residency, marched with steady tread the Highland soldiers to the rescue of India. "The pipes at Lucknow" have been sung by many a poet, and many a bard, touched with the beauty of the story as he shall study the history of India, shall yet tell the tale of simple Jennie, to whose listening ear the slogan of her nativity was heard long before coarser souls could be aware of its sound.

The final relief of the imprisoned garrison was accomplished. Women and children were immediately removed from the residency, the sick and wounded cared for, though this movement was attended with risk.

The honor of Knight Commander was conferred on Havelock, and never was such distinction more nobly earned. But the close of his career was approaching. Sir Henry became very ill, the result of exposure and

privation, grew rapidly worse, and on November 24, 1857, his spirit took its flight.

He was sixty-three years old, a patriot Christian soldier. Eminently had he deserved the name. He died before envy had time to dim his laurels, or malice to tarnish his renown. He affords the rare instance of a man conscious of his own powers, eager to exercise them, constantly beaten back by adverse influences, and at the last hour raised to supreme command, to the summit of professional eminence. He was not only an "earnest man," but possessed the power of communicating to others that earnestness. His name in England and America is a household word. The queen made provision for his family, and with her own hand placed his Victoria Cross upon the breast of his son.

Every honor possible was paid to Sir Henry when he no longer could be gratified by their reception. Her Majesty bestowed upon Mrs. Havelock the rank of a baronet's widow, and unanimously and cordially both houses of Parliament voted her an annuity of \$5,000 per year during life.

A statue of Sir Henry graces Trafalgar square. While parliament was voting inadequate rewards, the voice of honor from his countrymen was unanimous in his praise. The spontaneous homage of all lands was laid at his feet. Even humorous *Punch* for once was sober as under pressure he sounded this requiem over the hero's grave:

"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,
And the prize he sought and won
Was the crown for duty done."