SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.
LORD CLYDE

Henry Havelock

Clyde

THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

Sir Henry Havelock,

AND

Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde.

BY

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Sir Henry Havelock.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN A BOY.

Like so many of our very great and good heroes in real life, the boy Henry Havelock was devoted to his mother, and when about fifteen years of age a terrible sorrow befell the affectionate lad.

He was at school at Charterhouse when, one winter's day at the end of February, 1811, a summons came for him to go home at once. Obeying it, he arrived at Ingress Park, near Dartford, the property of his father; and, although no reason had been given to him for this hasty summons, he ran up-stairs at once into his mother's room, and asked the nurse, whom he found there, if he might see her. She then drew the bed-curtain aside, and leaning over the bed, he stooped and kissed his mother, whom he supposed to be asleep. But the next moment the boy knew that he had arrived too late, and that his dear mother was not asleep, as he had at first thought, but that she was dead. He was heart-broken, and for years

did not recover from the grief and shock that her death had brought to him.

For two years she had been ailing, but on Twelfth Night, during the last Christmas holidays, she had been well enough to join her children in their glad festivities. The next morning, however, when Henry, with his favourite sister, Jane, was reading the Bible to his mother, she fell from her chair in a fit of apoplexy. He raised her up, watched over her with an anxious look upon his face, and a beating at his heart, till the doctor came; and until he went back to school, at the beginning of February, was seldom from her side. Her speech had been affected; but when no one else could understand what she said he knew every word, and it was a sad parting between mother and son when he went back to Charterhouse. She seemed to think that she would never see him again, and from the time of his departure grew worse and worse, but boy-like he feared nothing so dreadful, and most likely hoped to find her better again when he next came home.

Henry Havelock was one of four sons and three daughters, and, strange to say, all three of his brothers, William who was older, and Thomas and Charles younger, went into the army. As children their mother was wont to gather her family around her to read the Bible to them, and Henry and Jane cared more for these readings than did all the rest.

After his mother's funeral, Henry Havelock returned, very sad, to school, but with a determination to work harder than he had ever worked before. He was not ten years old when he first went to Charterhouse, and was then placed with his brother William in the boarding-house of Dr. Raines, the head-master, and when this master, whom he loved and respected, also died, in the August of that year (1811), Henry asked to be, and was, removed from the school.

In after years he would often look back to his Carthusian days with a happy feeling of gratitude, and say that his training and teaching there had helped very much to form his character as a man, and that the strict discipline he was able to enforce in the army, had grown out of the discipline there exercised upon him.

He counted some great men among his schoolfellows and best friends—Samuel Hinds, the poet; William Norris, afterwards Sir William Norris, and Queen's Advocate in Penang; Julius Charles Hare, John Pindar, and Walpole; and it was always a pleasure of his, through life, to watch their rise to celebrity.

The lessons in religion that he had learnt at his mother's knee, Havelock applied at Charterhouse, where these religious impressions were deepened, and day after day he and some three or four companions would retire together for purposes of devotion, and it is said that no jeer or taunt of "hypocrite" and

"methodist" would cause them to give up this practice. No jeer would ever turn Henry Havelock, as boy or man, from the path of duty, and perhaps his life-motto, or life-rule, might be summed up in this one word "duty," for from early boyhood he was always ready to hear and obey that call.

Being of a quiet, thoughtful disposition, he received the nickname at Charterhouse of Philosopher, or, as the boys called him for short, "Phlos." But Charterhouse was not his first experience of school-life, and a pretty story is told of the little fellow at a clergyman's day-school, to which he went for five years previously.

The child having a black eye one day, his master asked him how he came by it, but he made no answer, evidently preferring a punishment for his silence, to bringing a schoolfellow into disgrace, which he feared he might by answering, for this little fellow had interfered to defend a yet smaller boy than himself from the persecutions of a cowardly elder boy, and had received his black eye for his kindly interference.

In these early days Napoleon Bonaparte was little Havelock's favourite hero in real life, so grand and brave did he think his great exploits, and he was always eager to hear accounts of Napoleon's successes.

When he left the Charterhouse, he went home to Ingress Park, where he remained for about a year, gaining all the general knowledge he could, and studying the classics. His father, who had been a

rich man when he bought that property, now lost so much money that he had to sell it again, and Henry, who was seventeen, was to choose a profession.

His mother had always wished him to be called to the bar, so her choice became his, for her sake, and the following year, 1813, he was entered at the Middle Temple, and became a pupil of Chitty, the great special-pleader. Havelock continued these studies for a year, when his father, having some misunderstanding with him, stopped the needful allowance of money, which made it necessary for him to give up all idea of this profession.

What was he to do now? His own wish (may be, almost from babyhood) had been for a military life, and his elder brother, William, who was in the 43rd regiment, and had just come home from the fields of Waterloo, now encouraged this wish in every way, and helped him to carry it out.

William Havelock, having been aide-de-camp to Baron Charles Alten, had, when he was wounded at Waterloo, rendered him great services, and, through virtue of these services, might beg a favour at his hands. Instead of asking it for himself, he now asked it for his brother, and the result was that the Baron obtained a commission for Henry Havelock, who was appointed second lieutenant to the 95th or Rifle Brigade, entering the army in the year 1815, being twenty years of age; for he was born on April 5th, 1795.

He learned the duties of a soldier from Captain Harry Smith, who was one of the heroes of the Peninsula and Waterloo, and in after life, Sir Henry Havelock is said to have called this man his "guide, philosopher, and friend," so grateful did he always feel towards those to whom he owed instruction or any gain of good.

All spare hours were now spent by the young soldier in mastering the principles of military art, and every account of a soldier's life that he could come across he read with the greatest interest.

Sometimes he would dissect battles, as it were, of which he read accounts, and make out why this or that had been done, try to find out on what principle a general had acted, what had caused victory or defeat, and why the forces had taken up such and such a position; and from memory afterwards, Henry Havelock would pretend to fight over again the battles in which Wellington, Marlborough, or the Great Napoleon had been conquerors.

As a boy, even, Havelock never seems to have been idle, but to have always been gathering in a store of knowledge, and not only was he soon well grounded in the history of our own British battles, but also in the military tactics of the ancients.

Henry Havelock had been eight years in the army, when, as there was still no prospect of active service for him in Europe, he made up his mind to go

to India, where were now his two brothers, William and Charles.

As the 13th Light Infantry had been ordered to Calcutta, he managed to obtain a lieutenancy in that regiment; but, before embarking for India, he set himself another task. A good knowledge of Persian and Hindostanee would be most useful to him in his profession, so he went to London, to thoroughly study those languages.

CHAPTER II.

OFF TO INDIA.

It was the year 1823, and the *General Kyd* was on her way to India. Among her passengers were Major Sale of the 13th—with whom, in after years, Henry Havelock helped to defend Jellalabad—and several other officers of the 13th.

Day after day on board a group of men assembled, to whom a young man of the party gave instruction. The instructor was Havelock, and those assembled to learn from him were fellow officers, and the subject of instruction was Hindostanee. It was no play at learning with him as master; while he taught he *would* be head, and enforced most rigid punctuality of attendance. He had acquired the language thoroughly enough to prove a very good master, and when they all landed in India, in gratitude

for what they had learnt, his pupils presented him with a Hindostanee dictionary.

To one of his pupils, Lieutenant Gardner, Havelock owed a great debt of gratitude, and said to him one day, later on in life, "Give me your hand; I owe you more than I owe to any man living."

During the eight years that Havelock had been in the army he had remained firm of principle, would never scoff at religion, refused to yield to temptations that surrounded him, but had lost much of that love for God and religion which he had first learned from his dear mother, and then had fostered at Charterhouse. Much of it he had lost, but not all; the seed that his mother had sown was lacking moisture, lacking growth, but was not yet dead. Doubts had come to young Havelock, dreadful doubts, some say, as to the Divinity of our Lord; but the doubts made him sad, and it was through the help and instrumentality of Lieutenant Gardner, a sincerely God-loving, God-fearing man, on board the *General Kyd*, on that India-bound voyage, that the doubts were gradually dispelled, after reading the Bible and talking together; and the joy and comfort in religion, for which he really sought, then came to Havelock, and never again, throughout his life, did his love to God grow cold, or faith in his Saviour lose any of its fervour; and once more he took a bold stand for religion. His duty to God became his first care, his duty to his neighbour his second; and regularly, while

he stayed, for eleven months, in the Fort of Calcutta, would he assemble the men of the 13th regiment, to give them religious instruction, gaining over them by degrees a strong influence for good, and trying particularly to instil into them that very useful lesson, both to military and civilian alike, of temperance.

Havelock, having shown great military talent while at Fort William, in Calcutta, was now called upon to take part in active service, and to embark in his first campaign.

Lord Amherst, the Governor-General of India, had issued a declaration of war against the Burmese king because he had seized an island belonging to us, and had made other aggressions.

Havelock had long wished for active service, but though he was now to have his wish gratified, a disappointment was in store for him. The vessel in which he was to embark did not leave the river till more than a week after the fleet had sailed, and then contrary winds kept him back, so that by the time he reached Rangoon the town had been captured, and he had not been at the opening of the first campaign.

He was always very careful of the physical comfort of his men; but he had another care for them here at Rangoon also. It was a great grief to him that there was no chaplain with the British force, so he did his best to make up for this want.

Inside a great pagoda, or Buddhist temple, psalms and hymns were being sung one day, for there, within

a cloister of the temple, Havelock and his men had assembled to sing and pray. All round were little images of Buddha, holding lamps alight; but Havelock had made holy this part of the building, by borrowing it, in order there to worship, with his soldiers, the true God.

Although the enemy had left Rangoon, they were still about in the vicinity, and very soon now Havelock found himself for the first time in command, being sent to capture a stockade.

Meanwhile, however, the very heavy rains had set in, and one man after another had been taken so ill that many had died. Havelock himself was now very ill, and ordered off the field. He was sent to Calcutta, but there became no better; and then it was said that, if he wished to save his life, he must go to England. But, believing that the Burmese war would last a year, and being very anxious to take more part in it, he asked if he might have a sea trip to Bombay instead, and then, if that did not cure him, go on to England, which leave was granted. He went to Bombay, and then on to Poonah for a few weeks, to stay with his brother William of the 4th Dragoons, and became so much better, that on the 17th of May, 1825, he left Bombay, and joined his regiment again at Prome at the beginning of August.

On one occasion during the campaign, after his return, a sudden attack was made upon an outpost at night, and when Sir Archibald Campbell, Com-

mander-in-Chief, ordered up some men of another corps to support it, and they were not ready to go, he said, "Then call out Havelock's saints. They are always sober and can be depended on, and Havelock himself is always ready." And "the saints" were called, and soon repulsed the enemy.

No wonder Lord Hardinge said of such a man, "He is every inch a soldier and every inch a Christian;" and many who jeered at his "saintliness" soon learned to revere his character and admire his courage. He was a strange contrast, in one way: a rigid disciplinarian, inspiring his soldiers with great awe as a military ruler, and then with such love and confidence as a fellow-worshipper and teacher of religion.

"I never forgive a *soldier* a first fault," Sir Henry Havelock was wont to say, "so I never have a second to forgive." Such was their military leader, but so gentle and kind when he helped them to be good and love their God. He never, however, enforced an obedience which, in his turn, he was not willing to render to superior command; so he practised what he preached in more ways than one.

Havelock took an active part in two more engagements during this war, when at last the Burmese king, acknowledging himself defeated, sued for peace. But this was only to gain time to assemble another very large army to send down to attack the British troops. Then again the Burmese were conquered, their standards were taken, and they fled in dismay, and the

first Burmese war ended by Havelock being sent to the King of Ava to sign the conditions of peace, and the Provinces of Assam, Aracan, and Tenasserim were ceded to British rule.

After this Havelock, who some time before had made acquaintance with the missionaries of Serampore, went thither and renewed his acquaintance with them. He had another reason for visiting Serampore, for he had been very busy writing an account of the Burmese War, and having heard that a son of Dr. Marshman, the missionary, had started a printing press, he wished to ask him if he would print this work for him, which he did; and soon afterwards the good missionary's daughter, Hannah Shepherd Marshman, became Henry Havelock's wife.

The 9th of February, 1829, was fixed for the wedding-day, and it so happened that on the same morning the bridegroom was summoned to attend a military court of inquiry in Fort William at twelve o'clock. Many men would, no doubt, have asked leave of absence from the court on so important a day, which in all probability they would have easily obtained; but not so Henry Havelock.

"Regardless of his own convenience," he said, "a soldier must obey all orders;" and he fixed the wedding ceremony for an earlier hour than was previously arranged, and then went down the river Ganges, as quickly as he could, in a boat to Calcutta, to keep his appointment, leaving his bride meanwhile

in another boat, moored off Chinsurah, waiting for him, as their honeymoon was to be passed on the river. And day after day he went to attend the court, so long as his presence there was needed.

When Havelock arrived in India, he determined to give the tenth part of his income to works of charity, and at his marriage he renewed this resolve, which he never broke, even when his pay was only that of a lieutenant.

Soon after his marriage, believing "that baptism by immersion, after a confession of faith, was in accordance with Scripture teaching and apostolic practice," he became a Baptist, and was baptized at Serampore. He lost many friends by this act, but he said himself that he sympathised, and wished to remain in fellowship, with all professing Christians.

In consequence of the Burmese war having cost so much money, Havelock, in 1831, was sent back to join his corps in a subordinate position, upon less pay than he had had before.

By now he had a little son, nearly a year old (the present Sir Henry Havelock-Allan), and travelling up the Ganges in a boat the child was taken very ill with fever, and they were forty miles out of reach of any doctor, and had nothing with them to soothe the baby. But Havelock was equal to the emergency, and with a penknife himself lanced the little sufferer's gums, when the fever left the child. The great soldier was a very loving husband and father.

After becoming a Baptist Havelock still continued the religious services for his men; indeed, it became quite a rule for the dissenting privates of the 13th to meet, morning and evening, for worship in a chapel that he had procured for them, and many visited the chapel also during the day for private prayer.

He was very large-minded and liberal, and tried to obtain religious liberty for his men, so that all, according to their denominations, should worship as they deemed right, and it was through his instrumentality that chapels were built for members of the Church of England; and officers, as well as privates, in time followed Havelock's example, and found extra opportunities for religious services.

His teaching seems to have borne good fruit, for Colonel Sale of the 13th was heard to say that the Baptists' names "were never in the defaulters' roll, and never in the 'lock-up.'"

And another man remarked of Havelock that "he was, in the highest 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 his soldiers was so absolute, that worldly men easily tolerated the saint in their admiration of the soldier."

But time was passing quickly, and though Havelock was now growing somewhat old in military

service, no promotion came to him. He was poor, while other men below him in talent, below him in rank, and below him in work, were rich; and one man after another purchased over his head, till, after having been seventeen years in the army, he was junior lieutenant still. This must have been a terrible trial to him, and his small pay a great anxiety, with a little family growing up around him.

"I have only two wishes," Henry Havelock would sometimes say: "I pray that in life and death I may glorify God, and that my wife and children may be provided for."

His hopes as to promotion were at length raised, three times in succession, to be as often disappointed; for three times purchase money had been lodged at different banks—on one occasion the money having been saved by himself—when each bank in turn failed, and the money was not forthcoming.

He next applied for an interpretership in one of the Royal regiments, and to be the better fitted for the appointment, which he was successful in obtaining, he tried more and more to perfect himself in Persian and Hindostanee. While he went to Cawnpore to take up the appointment, his family went to Cherra-poongee, for the health of his third and youngest little son, Ettrick. As soon as he reached Cawnpore, however, he heard that the little fellow had died; but still no murmur escaped the poor father's lips.

And this post of interpreter was not to be filled very long, for as soon as an officer of the 16th had qualified himself for the post, Havelock had to resign it to him, and to go to Agra as an adjutant in his own corps. He now wrote, "I have not a rupee in the world besides my pay and allowances, nor a rupee's worth, except my little house on the hill, and some castles in the air, even less valuable. Nevertheless, I was never more cheerful, or fuller of health, of hope, and of humble dependence on Him, Who has so long guarded and guided me."

Mrs. Havelock joined her husband again at Agra. These enforced separations must have been a great trial to them both. At this place Havelock did much again to promote temperance among the soldiers, and Colonel Sale, of the 13th, and Captain Chadwick, also joined the cause; and a coffee-house was built, to attract men from the canteen.

Towards the end of the year 1836, Havelock's regiment having been removed to Kurnaul, his wife and little children went to the hill-station of Landour. One night, whilst here, she heard the dreadful cry of "Fire, fire!" and the next moment knew that her bungalow, or one-storeyed house, was in flames. She rushed out with her baby in her arms, but fell into the flames. The native servants raised her up, and, wrapping a blanket round her, took her to a neighbouring hut. They then saved the two boys, the elder of whom was a good deal burnt. Two of the

faithful servants also lost their lives through the fire. News was sent to Havelock that his wife was dying. He hastened to the spot, and when he saw her feared that the news was only too true. The little one died; but after three days of incessant watching beside his wife's couch, he saw signs of improvement; and to his great thankfulness and joy she was spared to him.

Knowing that great losses had befallen poor Lieutenant Havelock, many of his men were very anxious to help him to bear them, and went to ask him to accept a month of their pay, towards the losses occasioned by the fire. He was much touched by their affection and generosity, but naturally would not accept their wages.

Havelock now began to feel anxious about the education of his two sons Henry and Joshua. In reference to the elder he said:—"I have one object, that he should be taught Greek enough (in which I have already entered him) to read the New Testament in the original, and be well crammed for Sandhurst." But he was soon comforted on this point by the Rev. Mr. Mack coming out to India and undertaking the education of the boys.

And then at last, at the age of forty-three, having been more than twenty years in the army, Havelock became a captain without purchase.

His faith and patience would seem to have been tried to the utmost before he obtained what he desired, and seemed to so well deserve, and yet neither

faith nor patience ever failed him! Malleson tells us that "every trial of fortune found Havelock cheerful, resolute, and devoted, and that he studied all his life for the future."

CHAPTER III.

GOOD SERVICE AND SLOW PROMOTION.

IN 1842 there had been war with Afghanistan for four years. In 1836, Dost Mohammed, the most powerful of the Afghan princes — for in Afghanistan every little tribe has its own chief—had asked for the friendship of the British in India, but Lord Auckland, the Governor-General, suspecting designs of Russia and Persia on the Indian Empire, refused it.

In 1838 war had broken out, and the English promised to help Shah Soojah, who had once had sovereign power in Afghanistan, but had been driven away, to reinstate himself, which they did at Candahar; but his sovereignty was not very secure. They then marched on to Ghuznee, of which town, as it had never been captured, the Afghans thought very much, and then to Cabul, which they took on the 7th of August. Dost Mohammed fled, one of his sons surrendered, and Akbar Khan, another, gave up Jellalabad to Colonel Wade. Havelock took part in several of these campaigns, and then wrote a book

about the first part of the war, which he called "Personal Narrative of the Marches of the Bengal Troops of the Army of the Indus."

In 1840 he carried his manuscript to Serampore to be printed, which was then to be sent to England to be published. And while at Serampore he was busy writing it many a morning before four o'clock.

On returning for a time to his wife after the Afghan campaign, Captain Havelock remembered suddenly that he had promised to take home to her a Persian kitten, which promise he had till then forgotten. He had ridden about two miles, but still turned back, procured the little Persian treasure, and, although he did not like kittens himself, he took much trouble to carry it safely home in its basket, first beside him on his camel, and then in his palanquin, so as to give pleasure to his wife.

A great many British Indian troops had to stay at Cabul to protect Shah Soojah on his throne, and Sir William McNaghten and Sir Alexander Burnes remained there as envoys. During the greater part of the years 1840 and 1841 the Afghan chiefs constantly made insurrection against Shah Soojah, and from 10,000 to 16,000 British troops were left to protect him. Dost Mohammed surrendered to the English, and went to live in India.

Late in 1841 the Afghans murdered Sir William McNaghten and Sir Alexander Burnes, and the English, in a most mortifying way, abandoned Cabul

to go back to India, when British soldiers, women, and children, were all indiscriminately murdered.

Captain Havelock was with General Sale defending Jellalabad, the winter residence of the rulers of Cabul, when this dreadful news arrived; Dr. Brydon, the only survivor of the massacre, carrying it there to the garrison on January 13th, 1842.

The week following was a dreadfully sad and anxious one for the troops at Jellalabad, for not only had a whole British army been lost, but many friends had been massacred, and they themselves were in hourly danger of overwhelming numbers being brought against them.

On the Sunday after Dr. Brydon arrived, the whole army being assembled for service, Havelock, in reading the Church service, changed the Psalms of the day for the 46th, in which these verses appear:— "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed. . . . God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed. God shall help her, and that right early. . . . The Lord of Hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge."

On the 25th of January Havelock wrote:—

"Our only friends on this side the Sutlege are our own and General Pollock's bayonets. Thus, while Cabul has been overwhelmed by the billows of a terrific insurrection, Candahar, Khelat-i-Ghilzie, Ghuznee, and Jellalabad, stand like isolated rocks in

the midst of an ocean covered with foam, while against and around them the breakers dash with wild fury, and the shrill cry of the sea-fowl is heard above the roar of the tempest. The heart of our garrison is good, and we are ready, with God's help, for a manful struggle, if the Government will support us with vigour. We are ready to fight either in open field, or behind our walls, or both. But in March we shall have famine staring us in the face, and probably disease assailing us. Our position is, therefore, most critical, but there is not, I trust, an ounce of despondency among us."

Havelock's judgment seems always to have been considered most trustworthy, and Major Broadfoot is said to have once remarked: "Backhouse and I, though it was midnight, went and turned out Havelock, who went to the General."

Havelock seems to have had a great capacity for judging aright, and thought things out, not only well, but quickly; the thorough training that he had given himself in the secrets of all successful warfare coming to his help.

All commanders were now most anxious and determined to retain their position at Jellalabad, which town they had so resolutely defended, when a great hindrance came to their safety by a serious earthquake taking place, and their fortifications tumbling down. General Sale had them built up again as quickly as possible, and when Akbar Khan

soon afterwards arrived, no doubt expecting the earthquake to have helped him, they were able to stand their ground, and he and his army were defeated; while the garrison had managed to defend themselves and to retain possession of the city, and it was said that her successful defence was due, "in the first instance, to the surpassing genius of Broadfoot, and then, to the judicious, bold counsels of Havelock."

Both Ghuznee and Cabul were afterwards recaptured, but the four years' war in Afghanistan cost the Indian exchequer thirteen millions of pounds, and inflicted on our troops the greatest disaster that had ever befallen them in India, and for what purpose? Regrets seem to have been general amongst those who knew most about it that the campaign was ever begun.

But still, no victories in which Havelock took part seemed to bring him reward or advancement, however much he deserved both. At the closing of the Afghan campaign valuable appointments came to Broadfoot, and others, but Havelock had only lost his appointment, which it was no longer necessary for him to hold, and his allowances were in consequence reduced. It was strange that, however great and valuable his services were acknowledged to have been, they should so invariably remain unrequited.

In the year 1842, he was forty-seven years of age, had been twenty-seven years in the army, but was still not a major, when an opportunity occurred for him to purchase his majority, and he

tried to do so; but was once more unsuccessful. A year later, however, an officer above him retired, and in 1843 he became Major. After that he was appointed Persian interpreter to Sir Hugh Gough, the then Commander-in-Chief of India.

One day, when he was fighting in an engagement side by side with Sir Hugh, and unconcernedly moving in and out among the fire of cannon balls with perfect calmness and composure, as was his wont so often, the commander hastily exclaimed, "Will no one get that Sepoy regiment on?"

The 56th Native Infantry was coming up most leisurely, instead of advancing quickly upon the enemy, as they should have been. Havelock then asked the name of the corps.

"The 56th Native Infantry," he was told.

"I don't want its number," he said. "What is its native name?"

"Lambourun-ke pultun—Lambourn's regiment," was the answer.

Taking off his cap, Havelock then called them by that native name, and, speaking a few words of encouragement to them to come on, and reminding them also that they were fighting under the eye of the Commander-in-Chief himself, they at once obeyed, and he led them to the batteries and to victory.

Havelock did not approve of wars of aggrandisement, which are those wars that are just fought to gain power, increase, or any kind of greatness; nor

of wars of aggression, where the first attack is made to encroach on the enemy's power or ground; but he thought it quite right and wise, when forced into battle by the behaviour of native rulers, to make an end to that war, and leave no occasion for a second.

In 1844 a very short time of repose came to Major Havelock, which he enjoyed at Simla, a beautiful English station in the Himalayas. There he had the great pleasure of meeting his friend, Major Broadfoot, again, and, for a time, enjoying his society. In a letter that Havelock wrote early in the following year to this friend, when they were again separated, he said: "You are quite right; in public affairs, as in matters eternal, the path of popularity is the broad way, and that of duty the strait gate, and few there be that enter therein. I shall have been half-a-century in the world if I am spared another month, and I end in opinion where I began: 'Principles alone are worth living for, or striving after.'"

But India seemed to be now so very often in a state of warfare.

The Sikhs, who are natives of the Punjab, Northern India, and are said to be the finest soldiers in the whole of India, having gained conquests lately in Afghanistan, while the British had sustained losses, fancied they could now conquer us, and usurp to themselves British territory in India. Runjeet Singh, their king, had died, and his little son now reigned over the Punjab, with the queen-mother as regent.

The Sikhs themselves seemed to be ready for any kind of revolution, which feelings the queen herself was very anxious to see quelled.

A very large Sikh army, however, at last crossed the Sutlej, and took up its position in British territory, and warfare opened, in which Major Havelock took part.

At the first of the battles against the Sikhs, called Moodkee, he lost two horses. He was riding a dear favourite, called Feroze, who had carried him through the Afghan campaign, and at Jellalabad, when it was now shot under him. Major Broadfoot, seeing what had happened, came up and sympathised with his friend, and mounted him on a pony. A little while afterwards the pony was also shot, when Major Broadfoot, saying that it seemed to be of little use giving him horses, mounted Havelock again.

But worse disasters came of these Sikh wars. At the next battle, that of Ferozeshuhur, Havelock lost two of his best and dearest friends. Early in the battle one of them, Major Broadfoot, was wounded, but would not give in so long as he could sit upon his horse, and then a second shot killed him.

Major Broadfoot, we are told, had much of the same strength of character as had Havelock, who would himself say of his friend that he was one of the very best soldiers and statesmen of his age.

But it was also said by one who knew them both, that the three bravest men whom he had ever met,

were the well-known Major Broadfoot, Mahomet Hassan Khan, the Afghan chief under English rule, and Havelock, and that the professedly religious man was the bravest of them all. The other friend whom Havelock lost at Ferozeshuhur was Sir Robert Sale, under whom, twenty-two years ago, he had begun his military career, and the loss of these friends was a great grief to him. The battle of Sobraon followed, but here the victory was dearly won by the Europeans, at a sacrifice of 2,400 on their side.

Havelock was next appointed deputy adjutant-general of the Queen's troops of Bombay, but having had so many years of active service in India, and not having been strong when he went out there, his health now began to suffer very much, when physicians told him that he must go to Europe for his health.

In 1847 he wrote to his brother-in-law, and best of friends, Mr. Marshman (from whose very interesting memoir of Sir Henry Havelock I have gathered much for this little work—whence also the letters are borrowed)—that he was thankful to God that he was much better, but that he must be off to England next year.

"I have felt," he said, at the end of his letter, "during some portion of this sickness, a longing for a Christian's rest, relying on the Christian's hope, but the sight and the thought of my unprotected wife and children makes me wish for life, though with labour and vexation, until their lot is more settled."

His wife, he also wrote, was convalescent, though still thin, the girls healthy, and the boy (the last baby, George) growing fat. For himself, he said, he could not boast.

Another time he wrote, "I am, as regards worldly goods, in an evil case somewhat, and also in a strait between two; but a merciful God will solve the enigma, and I trust, if He wills that I die in India, give me a death of hope, and eternal life after earthly dissolution, and will put it into the hearts of others to devise something for those whom I leave—with a bleeding heart I write it—almost penniless. If it pleases God to spare me to return to India, to the one object of doing something for those dear children—putting aside all thought of war or policy, with reservation only to my eternal hope—my life should be devoted. But what are human resolves or aims? All is in the hands of God, and He will deal mercifully and wisely with us for His Son's sake."

Early the following year, 1848, Havelock had the great sorrow of losing his elder brother, William, who fell at the battle of Ramnuggur, during the Sikh wars. It was to him, as we remember, that Henry Havelock was indebted for his first commission in the army.

Havelock, for various reasons, gave up the idea of going home to England so soon as he had hoped, and although his wife was obliged to leave for England in April, 1849, on account of the health of their eldest little daughter, he did not then accompany them; but

at the end of that year, his own failure of health made it necessary for him to follow.

He was very glad to be in England again, and after the lapse of all those many years that they had been separated, two of his old Charterhouse schoolfellows, Sir William Norris and Archdeacon Hare, found him out, and wrote letters to him; and he had the pleasure also of seeing them both once more while he was in England. Archdeacon Hare still addressed him as "My dear Phlos." Sir William Norris had now retired from public life; he had been in Ceylon as Chief Justice of that island.

Havelock also wrote again to his good friend, now Colonel Gardner, with whom twenty-six years ago he had travelled to India, and to whom he had said, "I owe you more than to any man living." In this letter he sympathised with him for bereavements and losses, telling him that he too had his cares. Then he went on to say, "But we are journeying on, I trust, to the land where none of these exist, and to which the Saviour, who has been our hope on earth, shall there give us a glorious welcome."

This letter, dated November 24th, 1849, must have been written on the very day on which, eight years later, in the far-off capital of Oudh across the water, he himself found entrance into that land of rest!

Havelock's health was so much shattered, through his twenty-six years of perpetual sojourn in India, that for a time he had serious thoughts of not returning

thither. But he afterwards determined otherwise, and went out again in the year 1851, then leaving his wife and children, for his children's sake, in Germany. He was in the habit of guiding them in their choice of reading, and one day his eldest little girl wrote to India to ask her father what book she should read next—she was then reading "Alison's Europe," and he wrote back to tell her that she had not begun that book long enough, yet, to think of what she would read next, and that when she had arrived so near to the end of it as to allow time for her letter to reach him and his answer to come back to her, just when she would be reading the last volume, she was to write again, and then he would tell her, but he did not like such desultory reading.

Major Havelock was made Brevet-Colonel on his return to Bombay in 1851, and then, through the interest of Lord Hardinge, Quartermaster-General and Adjutant-General of Queen's troops in India.

To his youngest child, his boy Georgey, he wrote in 1854, when he was about seven years old, telling him to read the accounts of the battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, and promising, if spared, when he next saw his little son, to explain them to him. He also told him in that letter to be industrious, and added, "Do you, my little George, though you should be the lowest man in India, in rank and worldly endowments, take care that you have Jesus for your Friend, and He will exalt you to

share His kingdom in glory." It was a long letter, and these lines were also added: "I have just returned from the tomb of the great man after whom you are named—Major George Broadfoot. He is called in the inscription on it, from the pen of his friend, Colin M'Kenzie, 'the foremost man in India,' and truly in intellect and resolution he was."

About this little fellow's education his father wrote later on to his mother: "I wish to draw your attention particularly to the boy's military education. The Germans are good mathematicians, but every nation has its own peculiarities, and an English officer would, I suspect after all, be best trained in England. I wish this boy to have advantages I never possessed, in a really good military education, and let his riding be well attended to."

At the beginning of January, 1857, Colonel Havelock was offered the command of a division in an expedition against Persia, which he accepted at once. In writing to tell his wife of his proposed plans, he said: "Pray that I may faithfully discharge my duty to the end. I have good troops and cannon under my command, but my trust is in the Lord Jesus, my tried and merciful Friend. If I fall in the discharge of my duty, the sovereign will provide for your wants."

It would seem as though it would have been impossible for Henry Havelock to rise or fall except in the discharge of his *duty*. That little word was certainly his watchword; and he never seemed to tread,

for one moment, out of its sometimes rough, and very steep path. In spite, too, of heavy expenses that he had often had to bear, and the small pay that he had so often had to receive, that promised tenth part of his income had always been given up, as he had determined that it should be, to works of charity.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MUTINY.

Havelock had drawn up his troops for church parade on a Sunday morning, the 5th of April, 1857, when Sir James Outram rode up and told him that a treaty of peace had been signed with the Persian ambassador at Paris a month ago. A little while before, 7,000 Persian infantry, with five or six guns, and ever so many cavalry, had fled from a detachment of a few hundred British infantry.

When Havelock heard of this treaty of peace on the morning of his birthday, he wrote: "The intelligence which elevates some and depresses others finds me calm in my reliance on that dear Redeemer who has watched over me, and cared for me, when I knew Him not, threescore and two years."

It was a very good thing that this treaty of peace with Persia had now been signed, for there was then only a small body of European troops in India to

protect our great territories, and they were soon all to be needed, and many more besides.

The Commander-in-Chief, General Anson, wrote to tell Havelock, on the 15th of March, from head-quarter camp, that they were still in trouble there with the disaffection in regiments because of the cartridge question, and that the 19th regiment were in open mutiny. "There are generally," the Commander-in-Chief went on to say, "in these matters faults everywhere, but open mutiny cannot be passed over, or even partially excused;" and when Havelock reached Bombay, on the 29th of May, he heard that the native regiments had mutinied at Meerut, Ferozepore, and Delhi, and that the fort of Delhi was in the hands of the military insurgents.

The meaning of the "cartridge question" was that a report had been spread through the native army that the Government wished to destroy the caste or race of the Sepoys by making them bite off the ends of cartridges greased with cow fat, to make Christians of them.

On February 19th the mutiny had broken out at Berampore, but had been quickly quelled by the 19th and 34th native regiments being discharged from the service, though still having all their arrears of pay given to them. The Indian mutiny was really a revolt of the native army against the rule of England in India, and of the authority set over them, and broke out regularly at Meerut on May 10th, 1857.

On the 8th of May cartridges had there been served out to the 3rd Cavalry, which they refused to accept, although they had been assured that they had not been smeared with grease. They might have thought that England owed her conquests in India to their bravery, and now they would conquer for themselves.

Eighty-five of the men of the 3rd now refusing to obey were tried by court-martial, and then sentenced to imprisonment, with hard labour, for five to ten years. But on Sunday, May 11th, many of the Sepoys began to set fire to European houses, when the 3rd Cavalry rushed to the jail where their comrades were imprisoned, no European guards being then stationed there, knocked off the irons of the prisoners, and liberated them. They then shot Colonel Finnis and other officers who were trying to quiet them, and, rushing into houses right and left, killed European men, women, and children.

Afterwards they left Meerut and took the road to Delhi, which was forty miles away. Some of these mutineers were shot down, but the European troops were too late, and the mass rushed on to Delhi, where, when they arrived, they persuaded two regiments to join with them, when most of the Europeans they could find in the city they put to death most cruelly. The pensioned king of Delhi was proclaimed Emperor of India, and the arsenal, with its stores and war materials, fell into the hands of the rebels.

Other native regiments, in other districts also,

broke into revolt and went to Delhi; and from Meerut to Allahabad, through a territory of many hundred miles, only at the fort of Agra and the intrenchment at Cawnpore was there any sign of a Government, which, at the beginning of the year, had seemed to be all-powerful. To take the lead in quelling this rebellion Havelock was now called. Wishing to meet with a steamer going from Suez to Calcutta, he started to take passage from Bombay to Galle in the steamer *Erin*. A few nights after they were at sea, Havelock, at about one o'clock in the early morning, felt in his cabin a concussion, and was sure that the vessel had struck. They were then close to the island of Ceylon. His eldest son, who was with him, slept on deck, but, coming down to his cabin, said, "Get up, sir! the vessel is ashore!" And, when he had quickly got up, dressed, and had gone on deck, he found that the vessel had struck on a rock. The forepart had already filled with water, and she was expected to go down head-foremost. The captain was in great distress, and the crew would neither listen to nor obey his orders. The vessel struck again, and at last became fixed.

Havelock is then said, by one who was on board, to have addressed these words to the few European sailors who were present:—"Now, my men, if you will obey orders and keep from the spirit-cask, we shall all be saved."

For four long hours the passengers were expecting the vessel to go to pieces or sink, while distress-guns were fired and a danger-light was burnt, when at last a brave native swam from the beach, whither many had been attracted, with a line to the vessel. A large rope was then drawn on shore, by which communication was opened out by means of the rocket-car. At dawn canoes pushed off to the vessel, and the passengers and crew were all saved. On reaching land Havelock asked all those who had been his fellow-passengers to kneel down and return thanks to God for their deliverance. He now quickly went on to Galle, and from there to Calcutta, in a vessel which had been sent for any troops that could be collected. During the voyage, we are told, Havelock had been thinking a great deal about the dreadful condition of India, and wrote out a sketch of what he thought should be done to restore order again. When he arrived at Calcutta he found that the little garrison of Cawnpore and the Residency at Lucknow were also now threatened. It was soon decided that he was to command a body of troops to be formed at Allahabad, first quell the disturbances there, and then help Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow and Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore, taking the quickest measures he could to put down the mutiny.

Cawnpore, a very important station in the Bengal Presidency, was 120 miles from Allahabad, on the right bank of the Ganges, under the command of

Major-General Sir Hugh Wheeler. When Sir Hugh noticed in May a spirit of hostility in the 4th native regiment, that he commanded, he threw up an intrenchment as a place of resort in case of danger, but he had still perfect faith in the loyalty of the troops whom he had commanded so long, therefore the work was not made so very capable of being defended, nor was it either well enough supplied with food, for the purpose for which it was afterwards needed.

On June 6th these native regiments also broke out in mutiny, and after plundering £170,000 from the treasury, determined to go on to Delhi, and join the rest of their rebel brethren, but Nana Sahib persuaded them to take service under him, and put an end to the English and their power.

This Nana had been adopted by the Peishwa, or head of the ancient Mahratta confederacy, who had once tried to destroy Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone, the Resident at his Court, but had himself been conquered and driven from his capital, when his conquerors, however, admitted him to terms, and gave him an annuity of £90,000. After enjoying this money from the British Government for thirty-two years, he died at his residence, Bithoor, which was about sixteen miles from Cawnpore.

He left Nana Sahib a large sum of money, but Nana was not satisfied, and demanded that the pension should be continued, and when this was of course refused, felt very bitter towards the English;

but disguised his feelings, and visited among them at Cawnpore as a native nobleman. After the discontent at Cawnpore first showed itself, he behaved in a most friendly way towards Sir Hugh Wheeler, and allowed six hundred of his men and two of his guns to guard the treasury. But when the open mutiny here broke out, he plundered a large part of this treasury, and putting himself in command of the mutineers, he called himself Peishwa, and raised the Mahratta standard.

Many people had now taken refuge with Sir Hugh Wheeler in the intrenchment, but every one who had not done so, Nana Sahib had cruelly tortured and killed.

More than one hundred English gentlemen and ladies, who had escaped, and were going down the river to Allahabad, were caught, and horribly put to death. And then the dreadful Sepoys closed round the intrenchment and opened an incessant artillery fire upon those poor Europeans taking refuge within it, who were there exposed to every privation.

After a time of awful suffering, for the sake of the poor women and children, the garrison said they would surrender if they could be sent to Allahabad, and this promise was given, the oath being taken on the Ganges, which to the Hindoos is their most solemn oath ; but almost all the poor Europeans, who had believed the promise, were slain. And this capitulation had taken place on the day that Have-

lock, in Calcutta, received the appointment to command the troops that were to march to the relief of Cawnpore.

The mutiny was terribly wide-spread by now, so from Cawnpore General Havelock was with his troops to go on to Lucknow, there also to try to put it down. Sir Henry Lawrence, the Resident of Lucknow, had suppressed the rebellion when it first broke out on the 2nd of May, and when on the 30th the troops were again in open rebellion, he did all that the very bravest man could do with the small number of troops at his command ; but they were overpowered, the workmen left the Residency fortifications, and the Residency itself, in which the Europeans had taken refuge, was placed in a state of siege, and the collecting of food supplies was stopped.

When General Havelock marched out of Allahabad to recapture Cawnpore, he had only four European regiments under his command. He had also no cavalry, and every kind of difficulty stared him in the face. It was, to begin with, the month of July, in which the Indian sun is so hot that a soldier's march is generally looked upon as an impossibility, and showers of drenching rain fell repeatedly.

Many of his artillerymen had only a very slight knowledge of gun-drill, and even the bullocks, that drew the guns, were quite unfitted for their work.

But the General was very glad to have at last a force entirely under his own control, that he could

command as he thought best; and in writing to Mrs. Havelock to tell her that he was appointed Brigadier-General to this expedition, he said, in his own trustful way, "May God give me wisdom to fulfil the expectations of Government, and to restore tranquillity in the disturbed districts."

His eldest son went with him as his aide-de-camp, and it was on the 7th of July, four days after they had heard of the massacre at Cawnpore, that they started to retake the town.

On the first day of the march it poured in torrents, and as the draught cattle had not been able to keep up with the troops, there were no tents at night under which the men could sleep; they had therefore to lie down on the damp earth. Sometimes the troops marched at midnight, and sometimes they were as many as twenty-four hours without taking food, but on they pushed as best they could. On the 11th July, after having kept up a march for nine hours, the soldiers were about to take a meal, when the spies, of whom the General took good care to have plenty, reported that the enemy was advancing, and, at the same moment, a shot struck the ground close to the General. Food was at once put aside, the troops fell into rank, and gained a splendid victory, for in four hours eleven guns were captured, and the rebel army was driven from a strong position, without any loss on the British side, and this battle of Futtehpore was the first action in which Havelock had been his own

general, and the first in which these mutineers had been defeated.

In thanking his men afterwards for their "pluck," General Havelock told them that "the victory was also to be attributed to the blessing of Almighty God on a most righteous cause, the cause of justice, humanity, truth, and good government in India."

The Sikhs, who had also rebelled and had been conquered in 1849, were now fighting very faithfully under Havelock's command, and he, anxious to spare his European troops exposure to the sun, found them most useful in fatigue-duties.

On the troops marched, and nearer and nearer they came to Cawnpore, thinking the enemy to be in full retreat thither, followed by the General's dreadfully exhausted troops, when a firing once more opened upon them. Nana Sahib himself was near, and his troops were shouting and beating their drums as though confident of a great victory. But they were to be disappointed. Our General had just had his horse shot under him; but had quickly mounted another, and was calling to his men to leap to their feet and advance, and a short time afterwards this battle of Cawnpore was won by 1,000 British soldiers, 300 Sikhs, and 18 horse, against a body of 15,000 native troops and numerous cavalry.

The rebels had left Cawnpore when General Havelock and his troops reached the town; but

when they went into the building in which the European women and children had been confined, a most awful sight met their gaze. Tortured, mangled dead bodies were there exposed to view, clothes that had belonged to the dead, pieces of hair, and outside they found a well full of dead bodies, many of which they believed had been put into it only half dead. Even soldiers shed tears as they gazed upon the dreadful scene. It seemed that when Nana Sahib heard of the defeat of the rebels by General Havelock he caused those of the Europeans who still survived to be killed at once, these amounting to 212 women and children.

Very sad news also reached the General from Lucknow when he arrived at Cawnpore. His dear friend, Sir Henry Lawrence, had there died, through the explosion of a shell in the Residency, trying to the very last to forget his own great suffering, so as to better provide for the safety of those round about him. Before dying, this good and great man had said that these words were to be put on his tomb: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy on him."

There was another care for General Havelock after entering Cawnpore. The march through tropical sun, under tropical rain, so often without time for necessary food, without a cover for the night, had told upon the health of his brave men, and many were sick and many wounded, and the General was

very busy going in and out among them, to carry them all the comfort and solace that he could.

One case a surgeon had said was hopeless, but General Havelock answered : " He will recover, doctor; he has a heart in that chest as big as a cart-wheel, that will yet carry him through."

The loss of brave comrades who had died by the way, the sight of the frightful massacre that they had so lately witnessed, had brought sorrow to the victors in the midst of their victories. And the brave General himself, we are told, began to wonder whether he had undertaken what was beyond the strength of his men ; but then, in answer to these doubts, we read that he calmly said one evening to his son : " If the worst comes to the worst, we can but die with our swords in our hands."

He had been wondering also where Nana Sahib now was, but the spies whom the General had sent to Bithoor soon returning thence, said that his defeat at Cawnpore had broken up his army ; most of the Sepoys had deserted him, and, with a few followers, he had fled on an elephant to take refuge in Oudh. The son of the late Peishwa's old general, who had been put in confinement by this wicked Nana Sahib, had regained his liberty, and wrote to offer Havelock the possession of the town.

Major Stephenson was then sent thither, and he burnt down Nana Sahib's palace, blew up the magazine, and came back with twenty of his guns.

General Havelock was most anxious now to get on to Lucknow as quickly as possible, but knew that it would be unwise to leave Cawnpore without proper defence, so he had first an intrenchment constructed there. To cross the Ganges was his next difficulty, as there were so few boats at their disposal; but, leaving General Neill in charge of the encampment of the sick and wounded, he rode himself to a ferry, four miles off, in pouring rain, and saw the Highlanders and the guns safely across. No time should be lost, he knew, before reaching Lucknow, and the Ganges could only be crossed in detachments. They had now heard that Nana Sahib had collected 3,000 men and several guns again, and intended to cut off their rear when they advanced towards Lucknow.

The next action was at Onao, and here fifteen guns were captured and the enemy lost 300 men. That of Busseerutgunge followed on the same day, where the enemy abandoned their guns, and fled in confusion through the town. In the evening, as the General was riding towards his men, they shouted, "Clear the way for the General!" when he smiled and responded: "You have done that *well* already, men." And then, made glad by the word of praise, they answered again, "God bless the General!"

General and men alike seemed to have confidence in one another. But yet more difficulties arose. Eighty-eight men had been killed and wounded in the two last actions; opposition, as they came nearer

to Oudh, was likely only to increase; many men were disabled by fatigue and cholera, besides the great number of sick and wounded, to carry whom there were no vacant doolies; so it seemed to be impossible now to push on. Therefore, most reluctantly, the General retired to Mungulwar. From here he wrote to tell General Neill that, although successful everywhere as yet, he was quite sure that, without reinforcements, he could do no good to Lucknow, and would wait there for reinforcements to be sent to him. The news that they had enough provisions for the present at the Residency comforted him somewhat in having to make this resolution.

But he was destined to have yet to bear another disappointment, for fresh bands of rebels sprang up, and troops that were on their way to reinforce General Havelock had to be detained to protect the newly threatened districts, and only about 250 extra men at last arrived. He determined, however, to push on once more and make another effort to reach Lucknow, so left Mungulwar on the 4th of August. It was a dreadful trial to have had to wait so long for fresh troops and then to receive so few.

Another battle soon followed, in which the General was again victorious; but still one more difficulty beset him. He possessed no map of the route upon which he could place dependence, so had to trust to what his scouts told him.

But it was most anxious work, and, when he

should have been taking hardly-earned rest with his men, the General was ever planning and thinking how to act, what to do next. He reckoned that he had three strong positions to force before he could get to Lucknow, and that, if his losses were many, he would have but very few to attack the city; and, as man after man died around him of cholera, he began to fear that the enterprise must prove fruitless, which would then send others into the ranks of the rebellion, and make it yet more difficult to restore our power; but, on the other hand, he could not endure the thought of leaving the garrison to their fate.

Yet at last he determined that, painful though it would be both to him and his troops, to give up the attempt till reinforcements came, it was his clear *duty* to do so, and Colonel Tytler, Captain Crommelin, and Lieutenant Havelock, all agreed with him.

Therefore, grieved and disappointed, they went back again to Mungulwar, while he asked once more for reinforcements. From here he also wrote again to his wife, and his letter ran thus: "I must now write as one you may never see more, for the chances of war are heavy at this crisis. Thank God for my hope in the Saviour. We shall meet in Heaven."

Two more actions were fought, at Boorhiva and Bithoor, where it was necessary to disperse the rebels before marching to Lucknow. As the men cheered their General after this last battle was won, he said so kindly to them: "Don't cheer me, my men; you did

it all yourselves." Receiving, however, at this time, news from the spies that the mutineers were again at Cawnpore, his army moved back thither.

Hardly any rest had they had for five most trying weeks; but in these five weeks they had gained nine battles in succession, and had lost none. The day after the battle of Bithoor, the General wrote, in the order that he gave his soldiers, "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 labours, your privations, your sufferings, and your valour will not be forgotten by a grateful country. You will be acknowedged to have been the stay and prop of British India in the time of her severest trial."

This battle of Bithoor ended what was called the first campaign for the relief of Lucknow.

CHAPTER V.

THE GATE OF THE RESIDENCY.

It was a great sorrow to General Havelock that throughout this campaign to Lucknow, his men were without religious privileges, which he felt they then so very much needed. The chaplain at Cawnpore

had been a victim in the horrible massacre, but directly the General could obtain another he did.

And he was anxious that the spiritual wants of all should be provided for; the Roman Catholics and members of the Church of England, as well as his own "saints," as so many of the Baptists had been called in derision. He had also great respect for the prejudices and religious feelings of his native soldiers, and on one occasion found fault with two officers for having entered one of their temples, which the natives looked upon as an act of desecration.

Hindoo and Christian soldier alike had a true friend in his General.

The Hindoo thinks very much of his faith. Malleson, in telling us that he believes "the mutiny was really caused not less by the annexation of Oudh, than by the sudden and treacherous manner in which that annexation was carried into effect," adds "that the greased cartridges were simply a means used by higher conspirators to force to revolt men who could be moved only by violence to their faith."

Directly Sir Colin Campbell arrived in Calcutta to become Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army, in place of General Anson, who had died, General Havelock wrote to him, begging for reinforcements, and saying that with them he could march to Lucknow, to Agra, to Delhi, or wherever his services might be required.

Sir Colin in answering said, "The sustained

energy, promptitude, and vigorous action by which your whole proceedings have been marked, during the late difficult operations, deserve the highest praise, and it will be a most agreeable duty to me to make known to his lordship, the Governor-General, the sense I entertain of the able manner in which you have carried out the instructions of General Sir Patrick Grant. I beg you to express to the officers and men of the different corps under your command, the pride and satisfaction I have experienced in reading your reports of the intrepid valour they have displayed upon every occasion they have encountered the vastly superior numbers of the enemy, and how nobly they have maintained those qualities for which the British soldiers have ever been distinguished—high courage and endurance."

Sir Colin also said that he agreed with the General's reasons for not then pushing on to Lucknow, and thought the view that he had taken on the subject a sound one.

But very startling news was now to reach our General. He had just won nine battles in quick succession, over the rebels, and yet the Government of India was depriving him of his command. Sir James Outram, who was Commissioner of Oudh, and of higher rank, and who had now come back to India from the Persian expedition, was appointed to command the divisions where the General's operations lay. Havelock was therefore to be no longer in command, and

only to hold the position of General of Brigade ; but in spite of the ingratitude that might have seemed to have been shown to him, he lost none of his zeal, and his sense of duty urged him on just the same to make every possible preparation to be ready to advance to Lucknow.

Another letter came from Sir Colin Campbell, in which reinforcements were promised, and in this he also said that the interest felt for General Havelock and for the brave troops who had proved themselves worthy of having him for their leader was of the warmest kind ; the letter having this ending : "May God speed you, my dear General."

When at last reinforcements came, as we know, good Sir James Outram was sent with them to take the command of the expedition to the relief of Lucknow. But, instead of taking the command that had been offered to him, he said that he would act as a volunteer under the command of General Havelock, and leave to him the glory of the relief of Lucknow, to accomplish which he had already striven so hard. Till this was accomplished he would waive his rank in consideration of and gratitude for the brilliant deeds achieved by General Havelock and his brave troops. He said that he was confident, at the same time, that the end for which they had so long and gloriously fought would now, under God's blessing, be accomplished, and that after it was he would resume his position again at the head of the force, General Havelock thanked Major-General Sir James

Outram most warmly and gratefully for this almost unheard-of act of generosity, for which also all who have since heard of it have loved and praised this great general, for it was "an act of self-sacrifice and generosity on a point, of all others, which is dear to a real soldier," as the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Colin Campbell, expressed it when he publicly testified to the army his admiration for Sir James Outram's conduct.

It was on the 16th of September that the third attempt was made to reach the capital of Oudh. Three days were occupied in reconstructing the floating-bridges across the Ganges, but at last the river was crossed, fortunately with very little resistance from the enemy, and that which was made to their landing on the Oudh bank was soon overcome. The heavy guns were also crossed on the 20th of September.

A battle was fought at Mungulwar, where the rebels were defeated, who fled to Lucknow. When sixteen miles from Lucknow the General had a salute fired, in the hope that the sound might be heard in the Residency and bring news of comfort, but it was not. Heavy showers of rain came down again, and, without shelter from it, the troops, in their wet clothes, had to take what rest they could upon wet ground, when any short intervals for rest occurred. But the General still had good care for their bodily comforts. When abstinence from spirit had been for their benefit, he had most strongly urged them to observe this abstinence; but now when he

thought it would do them good, he ordered a double allowance of grog to be measured out to the men.

Real opposition began to overtake the troops when they arrived near to the Alumbagh, for here the enemy had taken up a strong position. The Alumbagh was a pleasure-garden belonging to one of the princes of Oudh, enclosed by a high wall, and in this pretty garden another great battle took place, the result of which was that five guns were taken by the British, and the rebels were driven back. Sir James Outram, at the head of the Volunteers and Native Cavalry, pursued them to the Charbagh bridge, which spans the canal on the margin of the city.

When the troops bivouacked for the night in this walled garden, Sir James Outram was able to tell them the good news that Delhi had been assaulted and so successfully, that a great part of the city was now in our possession. This was very cheering, and gave the men fresh courage for the perilous work before them, and the sound of the guns from within the garrison that reached them from time to time told how resolutely their besieged comrades still held out.

The force halted and pitched their tents at the Alumbagh on the 24th, to afford a little rest to the troops, who for three days had not once taken off and dried their clothes which had been so soaked with rain. Here, also, arrangements were to be made as to the plan to be adopted to advance to the Residency, as there were three ways of reaching it; and the

decision to which the generals at last came was that the passage of the Charbagh bridge was to be forced, and that they were then to advance along the left of the canal. Spies had brought news that on the other side of the bridge the enemy had a strong intrenchment, that six guns were keeping the approach to it, and that every step of their path was strewn with dangers. Increased perils would also threaten the garrison they so longed to relieve, should they meet with any check to their enterprise, yet they were most eager to brave all and lose no time in going to the rescue of their poor countrymen and country-women.

Very early the next morning, September 25th, General Havelock rose before it was daylight, so as to have time to pray before the new march began, and to ask God's protection for himself and troops. Many of the men were looking ill and worn; but they seemed to have little thought for themselves, and their General's brave endurance of every hardship must have helped them very much to be brave themselves in enduring also.

Between eight and nine o'clock the order to advance was given. Sir James had command of the 1st Brigade and the Artillery, and General Havelock of the 2nd Brigade.

While Sir James Outram entered the enclosure to the right, to clear it of the enemy, General Neill, who had command of the 1st brigade during his absence,

felt it necessary to order a charge, so the 1st Madras Fusiliers were ordered to advance.

A young officer, Lieutenant Arnold, the next moment dashed on to the bridge with a few men, and this act is supposed to have saved the regiment from great slaughter, for mistaking this small band and its two mounted officers for the main body, the enemy fired. Arnold and his followers fell, and Lieutenant Havelock alone stood on the bridge, waving to the Fusiliers to come on, which, led by their officers, they did; and before the enemy had time to re-load, they had crossed the bridge and taken the guns, just as Sir James emerged on the edge of the canal; and thus our troops entered Lucknow.

All through the day they fought their way on, nearer and nearer to the Residency, and those within the garrison were gathering hope, for in the morning they had heard heavy firing, and felt sure that their deliverers were near.

No rest and no refreshment had the soldiers had during that trying day of almost incessant fighting, and Sir James thought it would be wise to halt, collect the wounded, and go on the next day to the Residency; but the General wished to reach, and have communication with, the besieged garrison at once, and his advice was taken.

Many of the brave Highlanders had fallen during the day; but those who had survived were, with the Sikhs, now called to the front.

Sir James himself had had a wound during the early part of the day—a musket ball had pierced his arm—but he paid little heed to it, and now placed himself, with the General, at the head of the band, and on they moved. As they passed under an arch, some rebels, hidden in a room above, shot General Neill through the head, as he came near the arch, and the next moment the great and gallant man had fallen dead from his horse, and was lost to the regiment. His followers would have stayed to revenge his death, but General Havelock said "Forward," and on they went.

They were marching through one of Lucknow's principal streets, at each angle of which batteries were placed, and from doors, roofs, windows, burst a storm of fire; but calmly, as though on parade, did General Havelock, even now, walk his horse, and ever and anon rose his voice, distinct and calm above the battle roar, to urge on his men; and it was said to be marvellous how he escaped quite unhurt.

And then the gate of the Residency was reached; the barricades were broken down; and those of the soldiers who had been spared to see this happy moment, for numbers and numbers had fallen by the way, rushed forward, and loud cheers pealed from the garrison, as the officers and soldiers triumphantly went in and stood face to face with the men, women, and little children whom they had saved.

And the great work was thus far accomplished which General Havelock had undertaken three months before, for the garrison at Lucknow was relieved, after four months and a half of captivity.

CHAPTER VI.

THE 24TH OF NOVEMBER, 1857.

THERE was sadness in the camp that September night, when dear, brave comrades were missing, for a vast number had fallen under the enemy's guns, and very many indeed were wounded; amongst the latter the General's son, who had been shot through his left arm.

On the following day, September 26th, General Havelock gave over the command of the force to Sir James Outram, and took up a subordinate position.

Sir James had intended to take away the sick and wounded from the garrison at once to Cawnpore, but they were so closely blockaded that this was not possible, and they too remained besieged in the Residency for six weeks longer, until Sir Colin Campbell came to help them out.

Placed now again in an inferior position, Havelock did his work as well, and as cheerfully, it would seem, as he had ever done it before.

When Sir Colin Campbell did at last arrive with a large body of troops, the three Generals were very

glad to meet one another; but while General Havelock was congratulating Sir Colin on his success in reaching them, his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Hargood, came in to tell him that his son had just been wounded again, and in spite of the information General Havelock went on talking to Sir Colin with great composure, as though nothing had happened. But his aide-de-camp, really knowing how anxious he was, risked his own life a second time to go to ascertain what the injury was, and was very glad to be able to return to the General, and tell him, to his great relief, that the wound was not a dangerous one.

General Havelock seems to have had a wonderful self-command, and may not this, perhaps, be one of the great secrets of the perfect command he exercised over others—his having first thoroughly mastered the great art of self-control?

On the 19th of November he wrote thus to his wife:—"The papers of the 26th of September announce my elevation to the Commandership of the Bath, for my first three battles. I have fought nine since. Dear Harry has been a second time wounded, in the same left arm. He is in good spirits and doing well. Love to the children. I do not, after all, see my elevation in the *Gazette*, but Sir Colin addresses me as Sir Henry Havelock."

In another letter he wrote:—

"We are getting out our women and children, ladies, and Martinière boys, which will be a great

load off our minds. Our treasure and crown-jewels also go out to-day." And the General ended his letter by saying that reinforcements were approaching, which might alter the state of affairs. But Sir Henry Havelock did not live to see the alteration in the state of affairs himself.

He had never given in for a day, an hour, one moment we might say; his strength, weak man though he physically was, had never yielded while there was that great work for him to do; but exposure, want, fatigue, and, while the blockade lasted, insufficient food, were telling their sad tale upon him, and as disease laid her hold upon his weakened frame there was no strength left to grapple with it.

On the 19th of November the wounded were removed to the Dil-Khoosha, or palace of the King of Oudh, and Lieutenant Havelock stopped his litter when leaving the Residency with the convoy, to say "Good-bye" to his father. The General was then reading Macaulay's History of England, and did not seem to be ailing, but the next morning was not at all well. He, however, became better again after taking some medicine. On the 21st Lieutenant Hargood rode down to the camp for some sago and arrowroot, which he also took, but during the day Sir Henry Havelock became worse and was then taken in a litter to the Dil-Khoosha, where a soldier's tent was pitched for him.

On the 22nd some of the enemy made an attack

on the Dil-Khoosha, when bullets fell around his tent, and he had to be removed to a more sheltered part. That day he also received letters from home, which cheered him a great deal. He did not appear to be very ill, but still told those around him that he did not think he would recover.

The next day a friend went to inquire if he felt better since he had been removed to the Dil-Khoosha, when Sir Henry's medical attendant and aide-de-camp, who were lying down, whispered that he was worse, pointing to the doolie on which he lay.

"I approached," the friend said, "and found young Havelock seated on the farther side upon the ground by his dying father. His wounded arm still hung in a sling, but with the other he supplied all his father's wants. They told me that the General would allow no one to render him any attendance but his son. I saw that to speak was impossible, and sorrowfully withdrew."

Two medical men, after holding a consultation, said that he was worse. He was quite calm and happy, relying firmly on the merits of his Saviour, and repeatedly said, "I die happy and contented."

Once he called his son and said to him, "See how a Christian can die." And in the afternoon, when Sir James Outram went to see him, he said to him, "I have for forty years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear."

He slept but little that night, and died next

morning, November 24th, 1857, at the age of sixty-three, and his death seemed to be one of perfect peace, full of hope. The cause of his death was dysentery.

Almost directly after the General had passed away, the troops began to march to the Alumbagh, and carried with them on a litter the lifeless body of the great General, who had so often not only led them to victory here, but had also tried to lead them farther onwards to victory There whither he had now preceded them. On the low plain by the Alumbagh they laid him in his grave, while Sir Colin Campbell, the Commander-in-Chief, Sir James Outram, Colonel Inglis, and many brave soldiers who knew the sterling worth of the leader they had loved and lost, were mourners at that lonely grave in far-off India.

Dr. Russell, the *Times* correspondent, spoke of Sir Henry Havelock in his "Diary in India" as "the soldier who seemed to have started up suddenly, in the midst of a great calamity which had befallen us, to avenge our wrongs."

On September 26th he had been made Knight Commander of the Bath, which had pleased him very much; and on the 27th of that month a Major-General.

When Sir Colin Campbell issued a General Order as a tribute to the memory of Sir Henry Havelock from headquarters in Cawnpore the following month, he called him "a martyr to duty." It ran thus:—

"The Governor-General in Council has expressed

his deep feelings of grief at the demise of the late lamented Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B., who died a martyr to duty two days after he had left the Residency at Lucknow.

"The Commander-in-Chief would fain join in that expression of heartfelt sorrow.

"During a long Indian career the late Major-General was ever distinguished. The campaigns of Burmah, of Afghanistan, of Gwalior, of the Sutlej, and, lastly, of this eventful year, testify to his constant presence wherever hard service was to be done, and honour was to be gained.

"But his march of this year, from Allahabad to Cawnpore, his frequent victories, gained over immensely superior numbers, when he was nearly without artillery and cavalry, and almost destitute of the means of feeding his troops, under the sun of July and August, with cholera and fever in his camp; concluded, as it was, by the onslaught on and forced entrance into Lucknow, have established a renown which will last as long as the history of England. Such is the glorious heritage he leaves to his children. Such a life and such a death leave recollections pregnant with the brightest example to the armies of her Majesty the Queen, and of the Honourable Company."

The "glorious heritage of an honoured father's name" was surely the best legacy that the great man could leave to his children; but they were also otherwise provided for.

Sir Henry Havelock had been wont to say: "I have only two wishes. I pray in life and death to glorify God, and to leave my wife and children provided for," both of which prayers were surely fully answered; and might he not have glorified God in death yet even more fully by being trustful and contented to the very end, without receiving the comfortable assurance of the answer to that prayer of his for others, or knowing that his great deeds were to meet with their reward and redound to his glory?

Trustful as his life had been, so apparently was his calm, happy death, for we hear of no anxious thoughts then filling his loving heart with regard to the dear ones he was leaving behind. We hear only the echo of words such as these borne to us across the wide ocean: "See how a Christian can die."

On November 26th, before news of Sir Henry Havelock's death had reached England, the title of baronet was conferred upon him, and Her Majesty had graciously made provision to secure to him a pension for life of £1,000 a year. Afterwards Lady Havelock had the rank of a baronet's widow bestowed on her, and the baronetcy, which the father did not live to receive, went to his eldest son. The £1,000 a year was also granted to the widow, and an annuity, or yearly sum, was given to the present baronet.

Sir Henry Havelock had possessed great gifts, great talents, and seems to have made good use of them all. And he had evidently tried hard to

conquer the faults that he had, for he is said to have been a man of a fiery temper, and yet one who had learned to exercise a perfect self-control.

At all times, too, and in all circumstances, would this great General seem to have been a man of strictest principle.

It is narrated that in the Franco-German war of 1870-1, every German soldier carried in his knapsack a little biography of our Sir Henry Havelock, which was, no doubt, to help to incite them all to be brave, as he was, and to neglect no part of their duty.

Side by side with the monument of Nelson, whose motto was "England expects every man to do his duty," stands another in Trafalgar Square, erected to the memory of Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, reminding all who look upon it, that not only does England expect every man to do his duty, but that amongst the bravest of her men she finds those who *do* their duty.

Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST WOUNDS.

Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, is said to have been very fond of children, and, as a natural consequence, to have had very many little people to love him, and be his friends, in return. And now, surely, many another who gazes at the kind, anxious-looking face, the wrinkled brow, the mass of curly hair, which the portrait of this Scottish warrior shows, will want more and more, as he learns to know the history of the good and brave deeds that won for Lord Clyde the name of hero in the battles of the Peninsula, the Crimea, and Indian Mutiny, to be allowed to count among his friends and admirers too.

The child Colin was not born a Campbell, for his father, who was by trade a carpenter, was named Macliver. He married Agnes Campbell, of good Scottish family, and this son of theirs afterwards took his mother's name. The Maclivers having settled in Glasgow, here their son Colin the eldest of the

family, who had one brother and two sisters, was born on October 20th, 1792. But very little seems to be told us of the boyhood of Lord Clyde, though there is little doubt that he was a steady, plodding Scottish boy, who had his own patience and perseverance to thank for his future greatness.

His first lessons were learned at the High School in Glasgow; but he was removed from there at ten years old, sent to England, and placed, by an uncle on his mother's side, Colonel John Campbell (who took care of him as a boy), at the Royal Military and Naval Academy at Gosport. Established in the year 1791 by the Rev. Dr. William Burney, the academy is still carried on by a younger son, and the tradition of the school is that while Colin Campbell remained there he spent his holidays with Dr. and Mrs. Burney.

Many youths who afterwards distinguished themselves were here with him at school, among others the late Lord Chelmsford, who entered the navy, and then, fifty years after leaving Gosport, became Lord Chancellor. Old Gosport scholars were wont to speak with the greatest pride of Colin Campbell as one of the most distinguished of their schoolfellows.

He remained at this academy for five years, and when fifteen and a half entered the army, receiving a commission on May 26th, 1808, in the 9th Regiment of Foot. It was at this time that his name became

changed, for the Duke of York, supposing "the boy," as he said, "to be another of the clan," put it down as Colin Campbell, which name he afterwards always bore.

On both sides of his family the boy had relations who had distinguished themselves in the army, for his grandfather Macliver had followed the Pretender in the rising of 1745, and had lost his property on an island called Islay, in Argyleshire, in consequence; and many a Campbell relative had carried arms before him.

Five weeks after receiving his first commission he was promoted to a lieutenancy, and, in the August of the same year, began to take part in the battle of Vimiera, in Portugal, where the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, defeated the French.

At the beginning of the battle, when Colin Campbell was with the rear company of his battalion, his captain called him, and, taking the boy's hand, led him to the front and walked him up and down before the leading company, for several minutes, to try his nerve and accustom him to fire, for he was then in full view of the enemy's artillery, which had begun to play upon our troops. Then, letting go of Colin Campbell's hand, the captain told him to join his company; and his object had been attained, for the boy had gained confidence. In later years General Shadwell tells us (in his most interesting

biography of Lord Clyde, from which many of his sayings and great doings recorded in this volume have been gathered, and the letters and speeches have been taken) that he said to him, "It was the greatest kindness that could have been shown me at such a time, and through life I have felt grateful for it."

After this battle he was transferred from the 2nd to the 1st Battalion of the 9th Foot, to go to Spain with Sir John Moore, to help to drive the French from Spanish territory.

It was of the greatest advantage to Colin Campbell to be gazetted to this regiment, for Sir John Moore trained his soldiers so very well, and was the institutor of some of the best maxims of war. His officers had to learn and share the soldiers' duties, till, by doing so, they felt more interest in their soldiers, who also, in return, looked upon them in the light of protectors and friends.

The lad, for he was then about seventeen, took part in 1809 in the great retreat to Corunna. This retreat was found to be necessary, as Napoleon was advancing with the very large army of fifty thousand men, which Sir John Moore felt, with his small detachment, it would be most unwise to encounter. Colin Campbell used to tell his friends how he had to march with bare feet some time before he reached Corunna, because the soles of his boots had quite worn away, and he had no chance of replacing them; and when he

arrived on board ship he could not take them off, as, through not having been able to do so for so long a time, the leather had stuck to the flesh of his legs, and he had to soak them in very hot water to have the leather cut away in strips, which brought the skin away with it, and all this hardship was aggravated by the march taking place in cold winter, till many of the men became so exhausted on the march that numbers died, and others were taken prisoners. It was at the battle of Corunna, as we know, that Sir John Moore so bravely fell, and the soldiers of Colin Campbell's regiment had the honour of digging his grave, and laying the great man to his rest on the ramparts.

In the summer of 1809 Colin Campbell was unfortunately attacked by a fever, which very often troubled him during his life, for he and his battalion were sent with the force that had been told off to attack Antwerp, under the Earl of Chatham, and were there stationed in such marshy land that very many of this battalion died there, and the rest had to return that same summer to England.

In 1811 Colin Campbell fought in the battle of Barossa, which brought him into very favourable notice. The battles of Tariffa, Taragona, Vittoria, San Sebastian, and Bidassoa followed, and he took part in them all. At the assault of San Sebastian he led the storming party, and received two wounds. First he was shot through the right hip, and tumbled

down the steep breach. Rising, and going up the breach once more, he was shot in the left thigh, and so brave was he that after the battle Sir Thomas Graham, the general in command, in his despatch to Lord Wellington, said: "I beg to recommend to your lordship Lieutenant Campbell, of the 9th, who led the forlorn hope, and who was severely wounded in the breach."

The battle of San Sebastian was on July 25th, 1813, and when, the following September, Colin Campbell's division marched farther on, his wounds were not healed, so he was left behind in hospital; but thinking that another engagement was likely to take place, he and a fellow officer escaped from the hospital without leave, and with difficulty found their way to their division, and took part in the action of Bidassoa the next day, where Colin Campbell was once more badly wounded. Both officers were reproved by Colonel Cameron, their superior officer, though, on account of their bravery, they were, as we can well imagine, soon forgiven. But after that battle Colin Campbell did no more duty with this 9th regiment, because of his wounds, from which he did not now recover for a long while, and he soon had to go home to England on leave of absence. In reward for his services he was, however, made captain, without purchase, of the 60th regiment, being then twenty-one years of age, and having served a little over five in the army. He carried with him, we are told, a letter

to the Horse Guards, recommending him as "a most gallant and meritorious young officer."

Colin Campbell had no private means of his own, so had only had his small pay as lieutenant upon which to live, but he always seems to have been most anxious to keep out of debt, and to have also gone without every luxury that he felt himself unable to afford, even when the temptation to do otherwise was very great; and so soon as he received a captain's pay he made his father an allowance of between £30 and £40 a year. His leave of absence he spent with his uncle, Colonel Campbell, and now received a pension of £100 a year in consequence of his wounds; but he still suffered so much from them a year afterwards that when he then joined his regiment in Nova Scotia he had to come home once more; and during seven years, from 1819 to 1826, that he spent in the West Indies as a staff-officer, they often gave him trouble, when also from time to time he was attacked with his old fever. But on the whole he withstood the hot climate very well, especially as he was five years of the time in unhealthy Demerara, where, in 1823, he quelled a negro insurrection. He seems to have had really a strong constitution, and to have been wise enough to take every proper care to preserve it.

At the end of the year 1825 he became a major by purchase, a friend kindly lending him most of the money to obtain the commission. Being a major made it necessary for him to give up his staff

appointment, so he returned in 1826 to England, bringing with him a letter from the Commander-in-Chief which spoke of his services in the West Indies in the highest terms.

Major Campbell joined the depôt of the 21st Regiment, at Windsor, afterwards going to Portsmouth, and then to Ireland, with it. In the year 1831, five years later, the major was very anxious to purchase his lieutenant-colonelcy, and some relations of his mother's kindly offered to help him to do this, but it was not until the following year that he was able to make the purchase, and then he could only obtain an unattached lieutenant-colonelcy, which enforced for some time an idleness that he did not like at all. Having received his first commission in 1808, and it being now the year 1832, he had served in the army about five and twenty years, and was forty years old.

He now went to Germany, where he determined to spend a quiet time and master the German language. But as soon as he had made these arrangements he received a letter from a friend, advising him to return to England, as there seemed to be a prospect of his being employed in a service in Spain. Always ready to obey a call at a moment's notice, Colin Campbell went back to England the next evening, but he was disappointed in obtaining the employment, and seems to have spent a very weary, anxious time in London, longing for attachment to some regiment, and active service.

At last the long looked for appointment came. His first regiment, Sir John Moore's 9th Foot, had been ordered to India, and he was gazetted to a lieutenant-colonelcy in it; but although he wrote in his journal, "Gazetted to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the gallant and good old 9th regiment on 8th May, 1835, in which I had received my first commission on May 26th, 1808, and in which I served until promoted to a company in the 60th regiment on November 9th, 1813," a few days later, the general, Sir John Cameron, was saying how disappointed he was to have heard that Campbell, whom he had been so very glad to welcome back into the 9th, had exchanged into the 98th regiment.

The reason for making the exchange had been that the 98th had nearly ended her foreign service and would now remain in England, and after well considering the matter, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell decided that it was wiser for him to remain there and keep his health than go to India, receive much more pay, but in all probability have a return of the Demerara fever and trouble with his San Sebastian wounds, if not lose his health altogether.

During the few weeks' leave of absence that he now had, until the return of his regiment, he again visited Germany, and upon his return to London made the acquaintance of Captain Eyre, of the 98th, who became one of his best and dearest friends. He had come up from his depôt on a visit to the capital,

and now gave all the information he could with regard to his new regiment to Colonel Campbell, who in the summer of 1837 assumed command of the 98th, which regiment very soon seems to have begun to profit by the extra good training that he himself had had in the 9th Foot.

He quickly won both love and respect from those under his command, for although he was very stern, when stern discipline was required, he was a most kind and considerate commander, and made officers and soldiers alike feel proud to serve under him. He required no punctuality and obedience from the soldier that he did not enforce from the officer, and none from the officer that he did not practise himself. He would sympathise, too, with their different occupations, until, through him, a good feeling spread through all ranks of the regiment, and, to set an example to his officers to regularly pay their mess expenses, we hear of his being most frugal and economical himself. Habits of drunkenness he also tried to put down, and was very careful of the health of his men, sparing them all unnecessary fatigue.

In General Shadwell's "Life of Lord Clyde," we read an interesting anecdote to show the discipline and order perfected in the 98th. During one of its long marches from Hull to Newcastle, before railroads were introduced, a halt was made one Sunday at York, where accommodation had been provided at an inn for the troops. Sir Charles Napier,

returning from a tour of inspection in the north, arrived by the coach, and also went to the same inn for refreshment where Colin Campbell was billeted (a billet is a ticket directing soldiers where they are to lodge). Sir Charles asked a bugler at the door if the commanding officer were inside, and at once introduced himself. He looked at his watch, and saying that the coach stopped so many minutes for dinner, he asked if it would be possible to collect the men under arms during that time. Colin Campbell quickly answered "Yes." The assembly was sounded, the men collected in front of the inn, and directly after his dinner, Sir Charles Napier inspected the troops, and as the horses were put to, just as he had finished the last company, he mounted the box, exclaiming, "That's what I call inspecting a regiment." This was in the year 1839, and was not only Colin Campbell's first, but a most satisfactory, introduction to Sir Charles Napier.

CHAPTER II.

COMMAND OF THE 98TH REGIMENT.

Two years later Sir Charles Napier had another opportunity of congratulating this regiment and her commander, for in May, 1841, before the 98th left Newcastle, he made the half-yearly inspection, when

the ceremony was a most interesting one, as he presented them at the same time with their new colours.

"Soldiers of the 98th," he then said, "it is a proud thing to present 600 British soldiers with those splendid standards, under which they are to fight the battles of their country—a country that will bear no baseness, a people that exult in the achievements of their warriors. These colours, I well know, will never be abandoned by the 98th. The first colour is that of the Queen, which represents the honour of the British Crown, and of the navy and army, which has guarded its glory untarnished and refulgent for a thousand years. As the Queen's colour represents the general renown of the whole army, so does the regimental colour represent the immediate and particular glory of the regiment. . . .

"Regiments are the real, constant, and integral parts of which the British army is composed. To these celebrated battalions has England confided the honour of her arms. Bravely have they responded to the trust reposed in them, and more so in this, than in any former age; for never before did they encounter so noble and fierce a warrior as Napoleon, never before were they led by so great a general as Wellington. In presenting to you these colours, soldiers, it may not be out of place to observe that we all enter the British service of our own free will. We are not slaves forced into the ranks by a despot; we

are free men who enlist from a spirit of enterprise, loyalty, and patriotism.

"We swear before God and man to be true to our colours, round which we are bound to rally. To break such a solemn oath is to dissolve the ties of military society. A deserter is a scoundrel, who betrays his God, his Queen, his country, and his comrades. He betrays his Creator, because he swears in the presence of the God of truth to be true, and he is false. He betrays his Queen, because he swears to stand by his colours, and he abandons them. He betrays his country, because she pays him, she feeds him, she clothes him, she arms him, and he deserts. He betrays his comrades, because by desertion he throws that duty upon them which he has sworn to do himself. Soldiers, it is incumbent upon those sensible and right-minded men, whom I have the honour to address, to admonish the young and thoughtless against the disgrace of desertion; I say 'disgrace,' because no honourable man can think without shame and sorrow, of seeing the British uniform paraded in a felon's jail. That noble red uniform, so admired by our friends, so dreaded by our enemies! That uniform which Wolfe and Abercromby and Moore shed their life's blood to honour! Shall this be seen herding in a felon's jail? The very thought of it is disgusting to the heart of a soldier, and I will turn from it to a subject that is more grateful to my feelings, and speak of the beautiful regiment which is before me; and in

truth I know of nothing which makes a perfect regiment, that the 98th does not possess. Young and hardy soldiers, steady and resolute non-commissioned officers, enterprising and honourable officers, the whole well knowing and well doing their duties ; and above all, because it is the mainspring of the machine, an able and experienced soldier at your head. When I say this, I pay no vain and empty compliments. It is not in my disposition to say such things without foundation.

"Of the abilities for command which your chief possesses, your own magnificent regiment is a proof. Of his gallantry in action, hear what history says, for I like to read to you of such deeds, and of such men ; it stimulates young soldiers to deeds of similar daring." Sir Charles Napier then read the account of Colin Campbell's attempt to mount the breach of San Sebastian on 25th July, 1813. . . "'It was in vain that Colin Campbell, breaking through the tumultuous crowd with the survivors of his chosen detachment, mounted the ruins. Twice he ascended, twice he was wounded, and all around him died.' There," continued Sir Charles Napier, "there stands Colin Campbell, and well I know that should need be, the soldiers of the 98th would follow him as boldly as did those gallant men of the glorious 9th, who fell fighting around him in the breaches of San Sebastian.

"Soldiers! young, well-drilled, high-couraged as

you are, and led by such a commander as Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, I must, and do, feel proud to have the honour of presenting you with these splendid colours, confident that if the day of trial comes, and come I think it must, they will be seen waving victoriously in the smoke of battle, as the 98th forges with fire and steel its onward course through the combat. War is to be deeply regretted; it is a scourge and curse upon nations. It falls not so heavily upon soldiers—it is our calling; but its horrors alight upon the poor, upon the miserable, upon the unhappy, upon those who feel the expense and the suffering, but have not the glory. War is detestable, and not to be desired by a nation; but if it comes, then I will welcome it as the day of glory for the young and gallant army of England, and among the rest for those brave men who will fight under the consecrated banners which I have this day the honour of presenting to the 98th Regiment."

But in the following year dreadful sickness came to this "beautiful regiment," and one by one her young and gallant men were swept away even by hundreds. The 98th was ordered to China, and arriving at Chin-kiang-foo in very hot summer, in thick European clothing, many were at once struck down by sunstroke, their commander amongst them, though he happily soon recovered.

Many others were seized with cholera, till the troopship *Belleisle*, which had brought them hither,

was soon made into a floating hospital, and the sickness continued to attack the regiment for a long time.

Every possible care was taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell of the survivors, but it must have been a terrible grief to him to watch these splendid, well-trained soldiers, of whom he had been so justly proud, thus to fall ill and one after another die. In eighteen months we read that he had lost 432 men. He suffered on and off repeatedly also from fever himself, but he never seems to have lessened his duties, and he was so abstemious and careful in his diet, that he quickly recovered from his attacks.

After the treaty of peace was signed between England and China, in August, 1842, at the conclusion of the Opium war, the small island of Hong-kong, at the mouth of the river Canton, was ceded to the English, and Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell was appointed Commandant of that island, where he seems to have been a universal favourite with the English and Chinese residents. He was then made Commander of the Bath, and in 1843, at which time he had served thirty-five years in the army, was appointed aide-de-camp to the Queen, with the rank of Colonel.

He obtained permission, when later on he was, as brigadier of the second class, in command of Chusan, a healthier part of China, more in the north, thither to remove the 98th from her unhealthy

quarters in Hongkong, which he did early in the year 1845, and the men very soon felt the benefit of the better climate.

By now Colonel Campbell had not only made provision for his sister, to whom he was also making a yearly allowance, but for his father as well, should he die before them; and, although he often longed for rest and repose, and to save money for that purpose, yet he never seems to have saved for himself when others could benefit by his spending; and was glad, against his own inclination, to remain abroad, so as to add to the comfort of those dependent on him. His incessant care of and self-denial for others was a beautiful trait in this great soldier's character.

At some expense he had now at Chusan a little house fitted up for himself in the cantonment, so as to be near to the regiment, and while there he wrote in his journal:—"I feel grateful to the Disposer of all goodness for my good fortune in having been so much favoured in being sent to Chusan."

Fever and ague every now and then returning, would bring with them great depression at times, but notwithstanding this, a spirit of thankfulness was evidently most natural to him.

On March 5th, 1846, this entry was in Colonel Campbell's diary:—"Anniversary of Barossa. An old story—thirty-five years ago. Thank God for all His goodness to me! Although I have suffered

much from ill-health and in many ways, I am still as active as any man in the regiment, and quite as able as the youngest to go through fatigue."

And what about the beloved 98th Regiment by now? This we find—that in 1847 the zeal of her Colonel had once more brought her to a very faultless condition; and, with reference to a toast that was proposed for him at mess after an inspection, before he bade good-bye to the regiment to go to Lahore, there to take command as brigadier of the second class, Colonel Campbell writes in his journal:—"I could not speak with indifference, and my manner could not conceal my deep anxiety respecting a corps in which I had served so long. I begged that, if their old Colonel had been sometimes anxious and impatient with them, they would have the kindness to think of their exertions, and the satisfactory feeling which that recollection would occasion, and to forget the manner and impatience of one who had no other thought or object in life but to add to their honour and reputation collectively and individually."

His naturally quick temper seems often to have been a source of great sorrow to Colin Campbell; but perhaps the great man shows us his greatness as much in his sorrow for, and acknowledgment of, this weakness, as in all his brave deeds. "I wish I had not allowed my temper to beat me," he writes in one part of his journal; "but I am too old, I fear, to

change my bad ways and habits, and this heat of temper has always told against me."

Then, again, we read that he was in the habit of making entries of "having forgotten himself," and that on the fly-leaf of one of his diary-books he wrote in French :—"It is very seldom that what we say in a moment of passion does not cause us regret." But he must have been very gentle, too, for children to be his especial pets ; and he seems to have been most polite and courteous towards ladies, and a great favourite with them.

Colonel Campbell had worked off another load from his mind, for by now he was nearly free from all money obligations, and to be in any debt seems always to have been a great trouble to him. Another anxiety, however, befel him. His eyesight for a time became defective, but with care and medical treatment this trouble passed away.

The Sikhs, or native soldiers of the Punjab, now threatening to rise against British authority, Colonel Campbell was soon very busy taking precautions to put them down. He took active part in October, 1848, in the battle of Ramnuggur, that same battle in which Major-General Sir Henry Havelock's eldest brother William lost his life, and then at Chillianwallah, where he himself was wounded again.

An interesting incident is told of one of these wounds. An enemy had inflicted a wound on Colonel Campbell's right arm, but he only found out the next

morning, when he was being helped by his junior aide-de-camp to take off his clothes in his tent, that he had also a bruise under the lowest rib in his right side. After that a hole was found in the lower pocket of a waistcoat which he had once promised a lady, who had made it for him, that he would always wear when he had ague. His aides-de-camp had in fun put a small pocket-pistol in that pocket in the morning, the handle of which had been smashed to pieces, and his watch had also been broken by the shot; and the seeming accidental circumstance of his having worn that waistcoat and carried the pistol in its pocket had, humanly speaking, saved his life.

Colonel Campbell seems not only to have been kind and considerate towards people, but towards animals also, for we are told that after the battle of Chillianwallah he found that his horse was ill and could not eat, whereupon he had it brought into his own tent, where it remained for the whole of forty-eight hours, until a veterinary surgeon could be brought to it. When he arrived he found that the poor horse had been wounded in the mouth.

But the Colonel still longed for home and rest, and wrote during these Sikh wars to his sister Alicia, who was two years younger than himself, in these words:—"If it should please God to take me through this war, I hope my circumstances will admit of my return to England in course of another year. I must say, however, that I never entered

action with a lighter and happier heart than upon the recent occasions, for I had you provided for."

Towards the end of 1849, Sir Colin Campbell was appointed to the command of Peshawur. Yes, *Sir* Colin Campbell now, because, when the Sikh wars ended, for his great services during them, he was promoted to the second grade of Knight Commander of the Bath, which gave him the title of Sir. And when Sir Charles Napier wrote to his friend to congratulate him upon this promotion, he said that "No man had won it better, and he hoped he would long wear the spurs."

CHAPTER III.

THE CRIMEA AND THRICE HOME TO ENGLAND.

Sir Colin Campbell had a great love, veneration, and respect for Sir Charles Napier, who was then Commander-in-Chief of the army in India, and he, on his part, seems quite as much to have appreciated the merits of Sir Colin Campbell, and once after the latter had had a rather severe attack of fever, he said that if he were to vacate the command of Peshawur, there was no one upon whom he could lay his hands to replace him. But Sir Charles in 1850, to the great grief of his friend, resigned his command of the forces in India, and was succeeded by Sir William Gomm, and two years later Sir Colin resigned his command also.

Since he had been at Peshawur he had deservedly won the esteem and love of all classes, as he had before won them in Hongkong, and on one occasion, when he dined with a regiment stationed there, these men, whom he had once led and commanded in the field, showed him every honour that they could.

He was induced to send in his resignation of the command of Peshawur, because of displeasure that the Governor-General had expressed with regard to his movements. The reason he gave, and a very good one for the step he was taking, was failure of health, and having now been in active service in India for eleven consecutive years, it was surely high time that he should pay some attention to that, and his medical advisers also said that it was urgent that he should leave India as soon as possible.

Sir Charles Napier, who was then in England, having read what the Indian papers had, as he evidently thought, most unjustly written of Sir Colin's conduct, with regard to these causes of displeasure, sided with him entirely; but it must have seemed hard to his loving, generous nature, to have been by some so unthankfully treated.

It was March, 1853, when Sir Colin Campbell, now sixty years of age, arrived in England once more. How gladly he must have been welcomed by his relations and friends; but as to the little friends whom he had left behind eleven years ago, surely many of them must have grown almost out

of his recollection, though he is said to have had so good a memory, that after ever so many years, if he saw a man, he could tell him his name and in what regiment and rank he had served, so perhaps he did not forget them, and certainly all the children friends, who had been old enough eleven years ago to remember anybody, would now remember him.

After Sir Colin's resignation of Peshawur he was once more senior Lieutenant-Colonel of the 98th Regiment, but on reaching England he retired on half-pay and visited his friends, amongst others Sir Charles Napier. A great grief befel Sir Colin Campbell during that brief holiday, for this dear friend, and former chief, then died in the August of 1853, when he was one of the mourners at his grave.

But the holiday of rest, though yearned for so long, was indeed brief, for early in the following year (1854) Sir Colin was called upon to go to the Crimea in command of the Highland Brigade, there, with the allied armies of England, France, and Turkey, to defend Turkey against the inroads that Russia was making upon her. His Highland brigade was to consist of the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd Highlanders, and to form the left wing of the Duke of Cambridge's division.

In July, 1854, he was made a Major-General, and in the September following, the battle of Alma, the first of these Crimean battles, was fought. It took its name from the river Alma, that had to be crossed

before the troops could ascend the heights on which the Russians had intrenched themselves and secured their batteries; and at this battle Sir Colin and his Highlanders very greatly distinguished themselves.

Having forded the river, which was already dyed red with the blood of wounded British soldiers, he led his brigade up the left of the steep heights at four o'clock on the memorable 20th of September, 1854, the Guards ascending on the right. First telling his staff not to follow him, Sir Colin called to the 42nd, "Forward, 42nd!" and they, the "Black Watch," went with their leader up the heights to ascertain the enemy's position. His horse was twice struck while he was surveying it, but did not appear to be much hurt. The 42nd swiftly climbed the hill, from the top of which the Russian batteries were described as "vomiting down fire," and Sir Colin was about to engage against twelve battalions with only three. The 79th next came following in the rear, when the chief lifted his hat as a signal for the 93rd to come on too, when they also rushed up the hill-side, which soon re-echoed with glad, confident shouts.

The Guards and Highlanders dashed forward, crossed bayonets with the Russians, and the latter turned and fled to the top of the heights, which our troops had not yet reached. Followed by them, they were soon utterly routed, and galloping off, left their position. The Guards and the Highlanders were each anxious to be the first to enter the Russian redoubt,

"and," we are told, "the brave old Sir Colin, far ahead of his men, shouted to them, with heroic emulation, 'We'll hae none but Highland bonnets here!'" and the Highlanders "rushed into the battery like lions." * Sir Colin's horse was shot under him, when its rider instantly mounted the charger of Lieutenant Shadwell, his aide-de-camp.

"Campbell's charger," Kinglake says, in his "History of the War in the Crimea," "twice wounded already, but hitherto not much hurt, was now struck by a shot into the heart. Without a stumble or a plunge, the horse sank down gently to the earth and was dead."

Most of the Russians had now fled, those that remained were killed, and at five o'clock that September evening the allied armies were in possession of, and had taken in three hours, a strong position, which in the morning the Russians, when they occupied it, had thought impregnable.

It was a grand, but to the Russians a terrifying, sight to see Sir Colin's splendid Highlanders ascending the hill, for they were men of great height, and wore a strange dress, with large waving plumes hanging from their caps. "We thought," some of the Russians said, "that we had come to fight men, but we found devils in petticoats."

Very eager, very impetuous, as well as very brave, were those men of the Highland Brigade, and King-

* "History of War with Russia." By Henry Tyrrell.

lake tells us how the chief, before the battle began, gave them this warning:—"Sir Colin," we read, "had spoken to his brigade a few words while they were still in column, words simple and, for the most part, workmanlike, yet touched with the fire of warlike sentiment.

"'Now, men,' he said, 'you are going into action. Remember this: whoever is wounded—I don't care what his rank is—whoever is wounded must lie where he falls till the bandsmen come to attend to him. No soldiers must go carrying off wounded men. If any soldier does such a thing, his name shall be stuck up in his parish church. Don't be in a hurry about firing. Your officers will tell you when it is time to open fire. Be steady. Keep silence. Fire low. Now, men, the army will watch us; make me proud of the Highland Brigade.' And," Kinglake adds, "those who know the old soldier can tell how his voice would falter, the while his features were kindling," while he said this.

And Sir Colin *was* proud of the Highlanders, for we are told by General Shadwell that in a letter which their commander wrote after the battle to Colonel Eyre he said:—"Lord Raglan" (who was Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea) "came up afterwards and sent for me. When I approached him I observed his eyes to fill and his lips and countenance to quiver. He gave me a cordial shake of the hand, but he could not speak. The men cheered very much.

I told them I was going to ask the Commander-in-Chief a great favour: that he would permit me to have the honour of wearing the Highland bonnet during the rest of the campaign, which pleased them very much, and so ended my part in the fight of the 20th instant.

"My men behaved nobly. I never saw troops march to battle with greater *sang-froid* and order than those three Highland regiments. Their conduct was very much admired by all who witnessed their behaviour.

"I write on the ground. I have neither stool to sit on, nor bed to lie on. I have not had off my clothes since we landed on the 14th. I am in capital health, for which I have to be very thankful. Cholera is rife among us, carrying off my fine fellows of all ranks."

Both Sir Colin and his men had suffered very much from the summer heat, but as of old, every care that it was in his power to take of his men seems to have been taken by him now. And that four-footed friend that he lost was again mentioned by Sir Colin after the battle of Alma, in a letter to his sister. "His best horse," he told her, "a noble animal, was shot"; but he added, "and sank at once," as though pleased to be able to tell her that it did not linger on in pain.

To retain possession of Balaklava was a most important point in this war, and Sir Colin Campbell

now took charge of the troops in defence of that place. It was a very anxious time for him, and all day long the men were hard at work putting up, and strengthening, the defence-works, and through the night keeping watch and vigil. A few moments at a time only here and there did he snatch a little sleep, till his troops wondered how, at the age of sixty-two, and after forty-seven years of service, he could keep up so well. When he did lie down he seems to have been always the last to do so, and the very first to rise, on foot or on horseback all the day, commanding, encouraging, or rebuking his men as occasion might require; and then again at night visiting them from time to time, and cheering them.

A very strange story is told us by Kinglake of a diversion that the Highlanders had at Balaklava. It was after the Turks had fled and left their guns. "They saw," he says, "how the Turks in flight met a new and terrible foe. There came out from the camp of the Highland regiments a stalwart and angry Scotch wife, with an uplifted stick in her hand, and then, if ever in history, the fortunes of Islam waned low beneath the manifest ascendant of the Cross, for the blows dealt by this Christian woman fell thick on the backs of the Faithful. She believed, it seems, that besides being guilty of running away, the Turks meant to pillage her camp, and the blows she delivered were not mere expressions of scorn, but actual and fierce punishment. In one

instance she laid hold of a strong-looking, burly Turk, and held him fast until she had beaten him for some time, and seemingly with great fury." She was known in the regiment by the name of Kokono, which means lady or madam.

On October 25th the battle of Balaklava was fought. Infantry usually prepare to meet cavalry by forming squares, but Sir Colin did not think it worth while thus to receive the Cossacks (Russian cavalry) at this battle, and arranged his men in an unbroken even line, which, from the colour of their uniform, was called "The Thin Red Line."

Before the battle he rode down it, and said to his soldiers, "Remember, there is no retreat from here, men; you must die where you stand," and the men, we are told, cheerily answered, "Aye, aye, Sir Colin, we'll do that." He also reminded them that he would be with them. But they had *not* to fall where they stood, for the Cossacks, as they advanced to attack the line, were instantly shot down, and having deviated from the precedent of forming squares to receive the cavalry, the victory gained at the battle of Balaklava, made this "Thin Red Line" of Sir Colin's memorable, and a general order after the action on the 25th of October, conveyed this compliment to him and his troops: "The Commander of the Forces feels deeply indebted to Major-General Sir Colin Campbell for his able and persevering exertions in front of Balaklava, on the 25th instant, and has great

pleasure in publishing to the army the brilliant manner in which the 93rd Highlanders, under his able directions, repulsed the enemy's cavalry."

When the battle of Inkermann followed, in the first week in November, the Highlanders were still busy at their defence of Balaklava, and when now heavy rains came down, and a hurricane and snow-storm followed, for a very little while Sir Colin and his troops took shelter in a house. But soon he thought that this was too far off the defence works to be quite safe, so he sought refuge for his men in a stable nearer to hand, though they often "stood to arms" in all weathers.

The well-being of his troops, their food supply, in the midst of other deep anxieties, were all matters of grave consideration to the commander, for whose little word of praise, so gladly and willingly bestowed, they laboured in return so indefatigably; and, not only were his own troops a matter of consideration with the Major-General, but when he saw the Turkish troops overworked in unloading ordnance stores, he interfered to protect them, obtaining also for them working pay; and thus he won not only the love and respect of his own brave Highland regiments, but of their allies, the soldiers of the French and Turkish regiments too.

The French commander Vinoy was a very great friend of his, and they would often meet to consult and aid one another.

At last, during the month of September, Sir Colin consented, for a short time, when heavy work and anxious thinking and planning, and want of rest were beginning really to tell upon him, to occupy a little house some hundred and fifty yards from the battery; but he was so anxious all the time that he could not really rest there, and would sleep in a tent near to the defence works, when he would rise very often during the night and visit his guards in the battery. And meanwhile another anxiety awaited him: the trying winter weather began to swell the sick-list.

But on the 5th of December, Sir Colin Campbell really did lie down for the first time for many weeks with his clothes off; but so unstrung were his nerves, after the many anxious nights of watching that he had lately spent, that an officer, who passed the night in the same room with him, told an anecdote of how, in the middle of it, he jumped up and cried, "Stand to your arms!" The reason for venturing upon this more comfortable rest was that the Russian infantry had now retired across the Tchernaya river, first having, as could be seen by their adversaries, set fire to their huts. Their reasons for so doing were not known at first, so yet greater precautions had to be taken.

A great compliment was now paid to Major-General Sir Colin Campbell. General Bentinck, who commanded the 4th division, had been wounded and was going home to England, and it was probable that

the Duke of Cambridge would leave the army in the Crimea, and thus create a vacancy in the 1st division, so General Lord Raglan told his military secretary to offer Sir Colin his choice of the command of the 4th division at once, or of that of the 1st should the Duke vacate his command. But Sir Colin, although greatly pleased and flattered at Lord Raglan's offers, made no choice whatever himself, but just left it to the Commander-in-Chief to choose whether he should accept either of these offers, and if so, which, or stay with his Highlanders; as he himself wished to do that which would be best for the service. So Lord Raglan left him with the Highlanders at Balaklava; but he was later on appointed to the command of the 1st division.

A funny story is related of the vigilance that was kept up at the Balaklava defence-works. General Canrobert visiting Sir Colin's troops one day, was told that a few nights before a strange noise was heard, which had caused "a general turn-out," but, when the cause of the noise was ascertained, it was found to have been occasioned by some frogs in the neighbourhood. General Canrobert, as we may imagine, was very much amused, but the soldiers, who were known to say that they had learned to sleep with one eye open and one shut, were very much complimented for the good look-out that they kept.

In June, 1855, another great sorrow befel Sir Colin Campbell, for the Commander-in-Chief, Lord

Raglan, died. Not only because he had been so good a friend to Sir Colin, who loved and respected him very greatly, did he so mourn his loss, but Sir Colin felt also that his death was a grievous calamity to the army in the Crimea and the cause in which they were engaged. "God pity the army," he had said some time before, "if anything were to occur to take him from us!"

General Simpson was made Commander-in-Chief in his place, and by other vacancies occurring Sir Colin Campbell became second in command. For the services that he had already rendered in this Crimean War, he had been made Knight Commander of the Grand Cross, or highest order, of the Bath.

Sir Colin's Highlanders were again so strong in health and numbers that he was hoping he would be sent with them to make the final assault upon Sebastopol, and he had with General Cameron, who commanded another division, and also hoped to take part in the action, been making arrangements as to the plans they had better adopt, when Lord Panmure, the Minister of War, insulted Sir Colin by offering him a command of no importance whatever in Malta. He was most justly angry, feeling sure that it was an underhand way of trying to get rid of him from the army in the Crimea, which his honest heart resented. Here, he knew that his services could still be of the utmost value, whereas for no purpose would it seem did Lord Panmure wish suddenly to send him off the

field to train young soldiers in Malta. General Simpson, the Commander-in-Chief, was also intending to resign, and it was reported that Sir William Codrington was to be placed in command over Sir Colin's head, as it were. Sir Colin did not wish to be Commander-in-Chief, but it was surely a great injustice to place a man his inferior in rank, in service, and in age thus over him. He did not, however, remain in the Crimea to see whether this took place.

Although he was full of humility, always ready to deem himself unworthy of honours, he must have felt that after his long and faithful service, it was right and only just to himself, to resent the unfair way in which he was now being treated; so resigning his command, he returned to England. After arriving Sir Colin was told that a letter had been sent to him to the Crimea, which he had crossed on the road, to inform him that Sir William Codrington was appointed to the Command-in-Chief.

He was now honoured, however, by being sent for to pay a visit to the Queen herself and the Prince Consort at Windsor, whose reception of him was so kind and gracious, that every feeling of anger went away at once; and because her Majesty wished him to return to the Crimea, his answer to her was that he was ready to return thither to serve under a corporal if she wished it, and he accordingly went.

As a General Sir Colin landed for the second time in the Crimea; but peace being soon concluded,

he returned once more to England. Before starting home again we are told that he assembled his Highlanders and thus affectionately addressed them :—

"Soldiers of the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd Old Highland Brigade, with whom I have passed the early and perilous part of this war, I have now to take leave of you. In a few hours I shall be on board ship, never to see you again as a body. A long farewell! I am now old and shall not be called to serve any more, and nothing will remain to me but the memory of my campaigns, and of the enduring, hardy, generous soldiers with whom I have been associated, whose name and glory will long be kept alive in the hearts of our countrymen. When you go home, as you gradually fulfil your term of service, each to his family and his cottage, you will tell the story of your immortal advance in that victorious echelon up the heights of the Alma, and of the old Brigadier who led and loved you so well. Your children, and your children's children, will repeat the tale to other generations, when only a few lines of history will remain to record all the enthusiasm and discipline which have borne you so stoutly to the end of this war. Our native land will never forget the name of the Highland Brigade, and in some future war that nation will call for another one to equal this, which it can never surpass. Though I shall be gone, the thought of you will go with me wherever I may be, and cheer my old age with a glorious recollection of

dangers confronted and hardships endured. A pipe will never sound near me without carrying me back to those bright days when I was at your head and wore the bonnet which you gained for me, and the honourable decorations on my breast, many of which I owe to your conduct. Brave soldiers, kind comrades, farewell!"

It must have moved these Highland men much to have listened while their old loved and venerated chief thus grandly and affectionately spoke to them; but he was not right in saying that he would never serve again, as great work for him to do was yet before him, and in command also of some of those same brave men of the 93rd Highlanders.

Scotland was not behind England in conferring honours on Sir Colin Campbell, when he returned the second time from the Crimea; for Glasgow, the city of his birth, so proud of him now, proud that Sir Colin Campbell, who as long as fifty years before had left his native place, was yet one of her own children, conferred on him the freedom of the city, and six thousand contributors presented him with a sword of honour.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HIGHEST COMMAND IN INDIA.

SAD but important news now arrived from India. The outbreak of the dreadful Mutiny was reported, and also the death of Lord Anson, the Commander-in-Chief, from cholera. The high post held by the latter, therefore, became vacant, and was offered to Sir Colin Campbell by Lord Panmure.

It was on Saturday afternoon, July 11th, 1857, when this offer was made, and, on being asked how soon he could start for India, Sir Colin replied that evening, if necessary, as he could purchase what socks, and such-like necessaries, he would need, at Southampton. That evening he was still required in England, but the very next day (Sunday) really saw him off, but he had first the honour of once more waiting upon her Majesty the Queen at Buckingham Palace.

"Nothing," he wrote in his journal of July 12th, "could be more gracious or kind than the Queen's whole manner, and her expressions of approval at my readiness to proceed at once were pleasant to receive from a sovereign so good and so justly beloved. . . .

"Started after dinner for the station at London Bridge. Never did a man proceed on a mission of duty with a lighter heart and a feeling of greater humility, yet with a juster sense of the compliment that had been paid to a mere soldier of fortune like

myself in being named to the highest command in the gift of the Crown.

"My sister had been made independent—a great comfort to my feelings—and I left England on terms of friendship with all I cared for in any degree at home. Started at 8.30 p.m., bidding adieu to London with a confident hope of returning to England, to pass a little time with the few friends that may be left to me."

On arriving at Suez Sir Colin heard more details of the horrible Mutiny, and soon afterwards of the deaths of Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow and of Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore. All the native troops at Lucknow, but one regiment, had mutinied and run away. Sir Henry Lawrence (who was then Resident at Lucknow) had gone out to fight, but his men had also run away, upset the guns, and he had had to retreat. The guns were lost, including a large howitzer, which the enemy used, and it was a shell from one of these that killed Sir Henry Lawrence. The garrison defended themselves very gallantly.

On landing at Calcutta, news of the awful massacre at Cawnpore reached Sir Colin, and how General Havelock had retaken the city and had made an advance to the succour of Lucknow.

Sir Patrick Grant, who had, after Lord Anson's death, until Sir Colin arrived, acted as Commander-in-Chief, gave him much information with regard to the mutiny, and, after assuming command of the

army, he communicated first with Sir James Outram, and then with Havelock, writing him* the letter which approved of his movements. A petition from General Havelock for reinforcements then arrived, another letter was sent to say that they had started, and very soon afterwards news reached Sir Colin of the magnificent way in which Sir James Outram had behaved in choosing to waive his superior position and serve under General Havelock as a volunteer.

Then General Havelock, as we know, and Sir James Outram, valiantly fought their way through the town and reached the Residency, but were not strong enough to go back again. The new troops had to remain besieged with the old garrison, and at the end of October Sir Colin left Calcutta to proceed to Lucknow, and join, and take command of, fresh troops to relieve Sir James Outram, General Havelock, and the rest of the besieged. He meant, if possible, to avoid what he called the "desperate street fighting so gallantly conducted by General Havelock and Sir James Outram—the only course open to them;" but, although Sir Colin knew the urgent need there was for him to reach Lucknow so soon as he could, he was resolved to make no unwise haste, and to have his plans well laid, and enough troops at his disposal, before he made the venture.

Part of the journey—that from Calcutta to Raneegunj—Sir Colin took by rail, and part by carriage-

* Page 52.

dâk or post-chaise, and when driving to Benares from Raneegunj he had a narrow escape of being taken prisoner by a party of the 32nd Native Infantry mutineers, who almost crossed his path, mounted on many elephants, but fortunately they did not recognise Sir Colin.

At Allahabad, where Sir Colin halted, he was glad to receive the news that Sir James Outram thought he could hold out, if necessary, on further reduced rations, until the end of November; but still the cries for succour from Lucknow continued to be very urgent, and everywhere difficulties stared him in the face, one of the greatest perhaps being that so much of the field artillery was shut up at Lucknow.

At Calcutta Sir Colin Campbell had been very busy seeing to the pressing forward of the troops, but when he reached Cawnpore he found that the road thither from Allahabad was again threatened by rebels, so by leaving Cawnpore he laid it open, as it were, to a re-capture; yet push on to Lucknow, in spite of all counter-calls, he felt he must. On November 9th another start was therefore made.

Sir Colin had told his Highlanders in the Crimea that their old General would serve no more, and had bidden them a long farewell. He was in command again, and would yet serve as gallantly and victoriously as ever, and among the troops, too, from England, who had come to reinforce him, was the 93rd Highland Brigade; and it must have been difficult to say, when

chief and soldiers met, whether the commander was more pleased to have them once more to command, or they to be commanded by him, so much did they honour and love him. Dr. Russell, the *Times* correspondent, once said : "The Highlanders are proud of Sir Colin, and he is proud of them. They look on him as if he belonged to them, like their bagpipes—a property useful in war."

There was desperate fighting before the Residency could be reached, for the enemy to be encountered was numerous, and their position was very good, and the loss to Sir Colin, as they pushed on, was 45 of his brave officers and 426 of his brave men ; but Malleson tells us that "as the grey-haired veteran of many fights rode at the head of his army, with his sword drawn, keen was his eye, as when in the pride of youth he led the stormers of San Sebastian."

As they advanced nearer and nearer to the Residency the garrison was cheered by hearing the Highland pipes playing "The Campbells are coming, they come, they come," for those glad sounds told them that deliverance, so long yearned for, was really quite near to them at last.

It was midnight on the 19th of November, when the beleaguered garrison, 600 women and children, and 1,000 sick and wounded, moved out of the Residency without one loss of woman, of child, or of European or native soldier, in the withdrawal, so completely was the enemy vanquished.

How glad, how thankful the gallant old chief must have been ; but how well he deserved his success!

However much he might long for repose, at a moment's notice he was ready to embark on any and every perilous undertaking, and he never spared himself any pains or trouble, and overwhelming numbers had no chance against the overwhelming courage of the leader of the well-disciplined, courageous few.

But in the midst of triumph and glad deliverance, a great sorrow befel the relievers and relieved. To the Dil Khoosha the sick and wounded had first been taken, and there, on November 24th, 1857, one died who had risked his health, his life, his all for the sake of British India, and British life in India. Major-General Sir Henry Havelock's death cast a very sad gloom over the little camp.

Leaving Sir James Outram with a division at the Alumbagh, about five miles from Lucknow, Sir Colin retired to Cawnpore, where the garrison had been attacked by the mutinied Gwalior Contingent. Galloping thither, attended by his staff, while the sick and wounded were left in the rear, in charge of the infantry, with orders to press on, he was met by an officer who brought bad news from the Cawnpore garrison, and, chiding the officer for his desponding tone, he spurred on his horse, and made for the intrenchment. As he entered it he found more of the Balaklava Highlanders, who, directly they recognised him, shouted gladly, and these glad Highland

cheers were soon re-echoed, as soldier after soldier learned who stood among them.

Sir Colin reinforced the garrison, and the Gwalior Contingent was thoroughly beaten; but not yet, for until, on the 3rd of December, the women, children, and many of the wounded were sent on *viâ* Allahabad to Calcutta under a strong escort, the Commander-in-Chief did not attempt to strike a blow.

On December 5th the battle of Cawnpore was fought, and we are told that by the 8th of December Sir Colin Campbell "had so thoroughly beaten the enemy that he had disposed of 2,500 of them, including the formidable Gwalior Contingent, at a cost of only ninety-nine casualties amongst the troops he had led to victory." The enemy had lost thirty-nine out of the forty guns with which they had advanced against Cawnpore, nineteen of which had been captured by Sir Colin Campbell's force at the battle of Cawnpore. General Hope Grant, who had ably seconded him throughout, had captured fifteen of the guns.

Lord Canning was now Governor-General of India, and had written from Calcutta in most grateful and flattering terms to thank Sir Colin Campbell for all that he had done for the relief of the garrison at Lucknow, and he was anxious for him, as soon as it would be advisable to do so, to lay siege to that city.

CHAPTER V.

HONOURS AND THE PEERAGE.

THE greatest honour that could come to Sir Colin Campbell in the way of congratulatory letters now reached him, for the Duke of Cambridge, we are told, sent him a letter from Queen Victoria, which ran thus :—

"Jan. 19, 1858.

"The Queen must give utterance herself to the feelings of pride and satisfaction with which she has learnt of the glorious victories which Sir Colin Campbell and the gallant and heroic troops which he has under his command have obtained over the mutineers. The manner in which Sir Colin has conducted all these operations, and his rescue of that devoted band of heroes and heroines at Lucknow (which brought comfort and relief to so many, many anxious hearts), is beyond all praise.

"The Queen has had many proofs already of Sir Colin's devotion to his sovereign and his country, and he has now greatly added to that debt of gratitude which both owe him. But Sir Colin must bear one reproof from his Queen, and that is, that he exposes himself too much. His life is most precious, and she entreats that he will neither put himself where his noble spirit would urge him to be, foremost in danger, nor fatigue himself so as to injure his health. In this

anxious wish the Prince most earnestly joins, as well as in all the Queen's previous expressions. That so many gallant and brave and distinguished men, beginning with one whose name will ever be remembered with pride—viz., General Havelock—should have died and fallen, is a great grief to the Queen. To all European as well as native troops, who have fought so nobly and so gallantly, and amongst whom the Queen is rejoiced to see the 93rd, the Queen wishes Sir Colin to convey the expressions of her great admiration and gratitude.

"The Queen cannot conclude without sending Sir Colin the congratulations and good wishes of our dear daughter, the Princess Royal, who is in a fortnight to leave her native land. And now, with the fervent wish that the God of battles may ever attend and protect Sir Colin and his noble army, the Queen concludes."

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge also wrote to say that the colonelcy of the 93rd Highlanders having become vacant, he had recommended the Queen to remove him to the command of that corps, and added:—"I thought such an arrangement would be agreeable to yourself, and I know it is the highest compliment that her Majesty could pay to the 93rd Highlanders, to see their dear old chief at their head."

In a letter from Lady Canning to Sir Colin, dated February 6th, she said:—"I must tell you of the

Queen's last joyful letter to me, after hearing of your rescue of Lucknow—news which filled their hearts with joy, and gave them all the happiest Christmas that ever was. Her letter begins with this, and ends by these words :—'I hope and trust dear old Sir Colin is not seriously hurt. Say everything, pray, most flattering and kind to him from us on his success, which is such a blessing.'"

Once more Lucknow was now to be besieged, and Sir Colin spent much time in preparing for the siege, ascertaining the position of the enemy, and the works of defence that they had prepared.

A funny little anecdote is told by Dr. Russell, who accompanied Sir Colin and his army on their marches, which shows somewhat the opinion in which the men held their leader. He relates how he was kept awake one night by a very talkative picket, near the watch-fire, close to his tent.

"An Irish corporal was instructing his men in the art of war. 'It all dipinds,' said he, 'on where you hit yer inimy. Suppose I offered to hit you, Hollman, on the head, ye'd have yer two hands ready for me, and I would't hurt you a bit; but suppose I gev you a shtroke in the stomach, bedad I'd do for you. That's what we calls a vinerable part; and that's the whole art of war to find it out and do it clane and clever. It's Sir Colin finds out the vinerable part; its their flanks or their sides he comes down on, and thin they turn their backs in a minute, for they're

'cute enough to know when they're bate, anyhow ; and sometimes they discovers it afore it happens, the poor craytures.' "

Having collected a large force once more, Sir Colin now joined Sir James Outram at the Alumbagh, and attacked Lucknow.

It was on the 2nd of March, 1858, that a division of infantry moved upon the Dil Khoosha, soon after which the palace was taken, then outer works were carried, and the enemy were gradually beaten from their strongholds. The advance to the Kaiser Bagh followed, and when on the 13th of March this Kaiser Bagh fell into the possession of our troops, although much work was still here to be done, Lucknow was considered to have fallen. The Kaiser Bagh was a citadel of the rebels, and consisted of many courts and buildings, shut in by several lines of defence.

The palaces of Lucknow were soon afterwards captured ; severe fighting took place in obtaining possession of some, particularly of the Secundar Bagh, which, after a desperate resistance, was carried by assault, and the garrison were put to the sword, while the victors cried " Remember Cawnpore ! "

Twenty days from the time that the recapture of Lucknow began it was accomplished, and the last of the mutineers were driven from their strongholds. Although 100,000 armed rebels had now been expelled from the strong positions they had made for

themselves, the British army had suffered on the whole but little loss.

And thus British authority was, in March, 1858, again established in Lucknow, the capital of Oudh, and the city gradually became quiet and orderly.

After the fall of Lucknow Sir Colin Campbell, on April 13th, 1858, sent the following reply to the Queen, for her gracious letter addressed to him:—

"Sir Colin Campbell presents his humble duty to the Queen, and ventures to give expression to his deep feelings of respect and gratitude towards her gracious Majesty. Sir Colin Campbell has received the Queen's letter, which he will ever preserve as the greatest mark of honour it is in the power of her Majesty to bestow. He is happy to be able to assure the Queen that her Majesty's gallant army, to which he is so much indebted for this great proof of her Majesty's favour, is in good health and condition, and ready to undergo whatever fatigues the present service may render necessary. He will not fail to execute the most gracious commands of her Majesty, and will convey to the army, and more particularly to the 93rd Regiment, the remembrance of the Queen."

The service to his Queen and country was not yet ended, and for many months Sir Colin, with his brave men, was busy in bringing British India again under British control. Summer came back and still they were marching and fighting, till many a British soldier in the Indian heat fell dead from sunstroke.

Sir Colin shared their privations; when they bivouacked at night so did he; he spared himself in nowise, though now in the year 1858 he was 66 years of age. And, as he rode on the march, and bore the heat and fatigue of each day, the men marvelled at his wonderful endurance. Then, when they were inclined to grow weary, he cheered them with kind, hopeful words, that he knew so well how to speak when needed.

In a forced march across the Ganges to Futtehguhr, crossing a sandy plain, they one day encountered a wind of hot dust, which nearly blinded them, and the men had to crouch on the ground on their faces. This was a simoon. Dr. Russell, in telling us of this misadventure, said, "Presently sitting over his horse's shoulder, with an air of fatigue, as well he might, came Sir Colin himself, with a few of his staff. His clothes and face were covered with dust, his eyes were half-filled with sand, and indeed I scarcely recognised him for a moment, when he drew up to speak to me. 'Futtehguhr is only four miles away,' said he; 'we'll be there in an hour and a quarter.'"

In June the Indian mails brought back the answers from England to the news there received of the recapture of Lucknow.

A vote of thanks to Sir Colin had been carried through both Houses of Parliament, and Lord Derby, the then Prime Minister, wrote to tell him that to mark the Queen's high sense of his eminent

and brilliant services, he was to be raised to the dignity of a peer of the United Kingdom, by the title he should see fit to assume.

"I have the highest gratification," Lord Derby wrote from Downing Street in May, 1858, in being honoured with the Queen's commands, to signify to you her Majesty's unqualified approval of the distinguished services which you have rendered to her Majesty and to the country as Commander-in-Chief of the armies in India. Sanguine as were the hopes which her Majesty had entertained of the results which might be expected from your appointment to that high command, you have more than realised them all;" and then the letter went on to praise every action of Sir Colin's, and the qualifications which had led to his great successes, for which he was now to be made a peer.

There was a Lord Campbell in the House of Peers already, so he chose the name of Clyde, because it was associated with his birthplace; but he seems at first to have been too modest to like to receive so great an honour, and we are told that he very rarely signed the name of "Clyde" in his letters, but generally put "C. C." or "C. Campbell."

In replying to Lord Derby's letter, Sir Colin wrote back right loyally, "I beg the great favour of your lordship to place me at the feet of her Majesty, and to tender the expression of my profound devotion to the Queen, and of my gratitude for the extra-

ordinary favour with which her Majesty has been pleased to regard my humble services."

At first it was proposed that he should be "Lord Clyde of Lucknow," but he refused that title, because, he said, "the baronetcy of the late Sir Henry Havelock was distinguished in that manner," and so he became Lord Clyde of Clydesdale. "It might be unbecoming in me," he added, "to trench, as it were, on the title of that very distinguished officer."

It was winter again, and yet war for the re-establishment of British supremacy in India was still being carried on, and on the 26th of December, 1858, another accident befel the Commander-in-Chief in battle. The day before the Chief had looked at the skies, as if he were contemplating a march, but when a staff officer said, "Oh! sir, remember it is Christmas Day," and he was told that the men's puddings would be spoilt, he gave them their way, and rested that day. The accident happened thus, and was at Burgidiah. Lord Clyde's horse, while he was galloping at full speed to overtake a young officer, who had gone off with the Horse Artillery guns, putting his foot in a hole, fell, and threw its rider with great violence on to the ground. Lord Clyde's surgeon was fortunately near, and dismounting quickly, found him sitting up, but evidently in great pain, with blood trickling down his face, and unable to move his right arm. He had hit his head on very hard ground, his right shoulder was

put out, and a rib was broken. All that Lord Clyde himself seems to have remarked about the accident was how unlucky it was for him to be disabled in this manner, just as he was on the point of bringing the war to a conclusion, and, getting up, he walked to the front as though nothing had happened. Even now he would not give up his work, and still personally superintended the operations.

From the back of an elephant, while the battle lasted, Lord Clyde, after his accident, watched and directed the movements of his troops, and one district after another, that had been in insurrection, became subjugated, and her armed men, who had rebelled, succumbed to the power of the British arms.

After a few weeks' rest in Lucknow, which he was obliged to take, he seems to have to a great extent recovered from his accident, but later on had so severe a relapse that for a time he was obliged to remain in bed and have his doctor constantly with him.

This mishap had prevented the Commander-in-Chief from writing any letters for some time, but at last he was glad to be able to write and congratulate Lord Canning upon the Oudh war having come to an end, and to thank him for the kind anxiety he had shown with regard to his accident.

The Governor-General had expressed a wish for Lord Clyde to go to Simla, there to try to regain his health, but now, when he felt that he could be spared from India, his longing for England and rest seemed

to come back in full force. Home, quiet, peace, these were what the veteran now yearned for, and he wrote to tell Lord Canning that he meant soon to write and ask the Duke of Cambridge to accept his resignation. It was accepted, though the Duke wrote back:—"I regret the resolve deeply, as I know how important it is to have an able and distinguished man like yourself at the head of the army in India, and that it will be indeed difficult to find another officer to replace you; but, at the same time, I cannot be surprised at your wish, after your anxieties and severe bodily and mental labours, to enjoy some quiet and repose in your native land."

But the quiet and the repose were pleasures to be still deferred, for hostilities broke out in China, and, Lord Canning requiring the advice of his Commander-in-Chief with regard to the expedition thither that was being planned, he remained in India to be of this further use, and it was June 4th, 1860, before he set sail for England, to be succeeded in command by Sir Hugh Rose; and on reaching Paris he heard from the Duke of Cambridge that he had been appointed to the Colonelcy of the Coldstream regiment of Foot Guards.

CHAPTER VI.

"REST."

LORD CLYDE'S reception in England was most warm and enthusiastic from all classes. His father had died at a good old age in the January of the previous year, and, after establishing his sister in a home of her own, he took chambers for himself in the Albany.

As though, some thought, to escape from the great attention that he received, Lord Clyde visited the Continent, and renewed his intercourse with his friend Vinoy, who had been made a general for his successes at the Malakoff; and, later, when he had a house in which to receive them, the French general and his wife paid him a visit.

The freedom of the City of London was conferred upon Lord Clyde, and he and Sir James Outram, now home too, had the hononr together of being presented with swords at the Mansion House. Lord Clyde was also raised to the highest military rank—that of Field Marshal.

After paying a second visit to France, when he, in the spring of 1861, returned to the Albany he did not look as well as he had when he left it, and complained of a feeling of weakness. He would also tell of a pain in his heart, which was sometimes so severe that when he was out walking he had to stand still and almost groan aloud.

Many a short enjoyable visit he seems to have paid to his friends General, Mrs. Eyre, and their children—yes, the children must not be left out, for their society seems to have been one of the charms that tempted Lord Clyde to visit their home at Chatham so often, where their father held command.

But even now he does not seem to have really taken entire rest, for we read of his soon being sent by military authorities to Prussia, there, at some manœuvres, to represent the British service, when he was received by the Prussian Royal Family.

At the beginning of November in that year he also had the honour of dining at Windsor Castle with the Queen and Prince Consort, which would have been about a month before the Prince Consort died. He was now made by her Majesty a Knight of the Star of India.

There seems even after this to have been a question raised as to the possibility of his being required to go to Canada, and once again, though he was feeling weak and ill, he records, "If asked to go I am quite ready." But his services were not needed, and he remained in England.

Sometimes he paid one visit, sometimes another, evidently much attached to his old friends; but, on the whole, his health was breaking, and the feeling of weakness increasing. In November, 1862, he took a house in Berkeley Square (No. 10), but only for a short

time was it to be his abode. We read that when he moved into this house in March, 1863, one of the great pleasures to which he looked forward was the fact that his friends, General and Mrs. Eyre, would be able to visit him, and he sent this message to their children, "he had two nice little iron beds, of the same size and form, put up in the room above the one destined for their father and mother." So children were to be his guests there too! But we never hear of these little beds being occupied—and only too soon of the increased failure of health of the children's would-be kind host.

Their parents paid him a visit in May, when he was suffering more or less. For some time he had now had to be careful of the night air, and to always drive, instead of walk, home from his club of an evening, which he used to like to do; but when they went back to Chatham, he did not seem to them to be really ill.

Soon after General and Mrs. Eyre returned from their visit to Chatham, however, the General was telegraphed for to come back, because Lord Clyde was very ill and wished to see him. He soon rallied, and General Eyre went home again, when Lord Clyde himself, the next month (June), suddenly arrived there too. He stayed with his friends a fortnight, during which time he seemed to be very unwell, his eyesight also troubling him. After returning to Berkeley Square, for a few days, he left his new house once

more, and now for the last time went back to Chatham.

He was decidedly worse, and apparently did not think himself that he had long to live. Since he had been in England he had been most liberal with the money that he had saved, and gave it away in thousands of pounds, we hear, the year before; but for himself he does not seem to have cared for riches, and called money "dross that he could not take away with him." With the title of Lord Clyde he had received a pension of £2,000 a year.

We are told by General Shadwell that now the great soldier "prepared himself in all humility for the end, and said to the friend at whose house he was dying: 'Mind this, Eyre, I die at peace with all the world.'" Also, how he would ask Mrs. Eyre to pray with him and to read aloud portions of the Bible and sacred poetry. At times he would be nervous and excitable, and would then jump up from his chair if he heard a bugle, and exclaim, "I am ready." He seems to have suffered a great deal, but when well enough to have loved to be taken for a drive, or to sit on a chair in the garden.

For rest he had longed in China, in India, in the Crimea, but had patiently toiled far away while his work and labours were needed by a Queen and country, and now he seems to have longed for a more

lasting rest than was to be found here on earth, for General Shadwell relates that once, after suffering great pain, he exclaimed, "Oh! for the pure air of Heaven, that I might be laid in rest and peace on the lap of the Almighty."

July 24th came round, and Lord Clyde was still suffering, but he did not wish to die that day, for the next was the anniversary of the attack on San Sebastian. He said to General Eyre, "I should like to live till to-morrow, because it is the anniversary of San Sebastian, which is perhaps a fitting day for the old soldier to die."

His memory too, we read, "would frequently dwell on his faithful Highlanders, and find expression in terms of gratitude for the trust they had reposed in 'the Chief who loved them so well,'" when he would be anxious, too, that they should receive due reward for their services.

Everybody, more or less, was now deeply grieved to hear of Lord Clyde's severe illness, and longed for better accounts, which, however, never came.

The Queen herself had another letter written to him by Sir Charles Phipps, in which she expresses her sincere sympathy and anxious hope for his recovery. "You are well aware," was added, "of the high appreciation of her Majesty of your invariable and unbounded devotion to duty, which has rendered your life so glorious and so valuable to your Queen and country." The letter ends with these words:—

"She prays that a merciful God may lessen your sufferings and grant you peace."

When about to see his sister on the 1st of August we are told that he was anxious to take a stimulant, "to give me strength," he said, "to go down a few steps to meet the old sister when she comes, that I may embrace her before to-night—before I die;" and also that their interview was most touching. She remained at Chatham, and, when she could not be in the sick-room of him who had been so good a brother to her, but whom she had not strength now to nurse, she watched outside.

But still he lingered on for days. All through the night of August 13th his sister sat by his side till, in the early morning, he recognised her, and made her go to bed. That day, at a few minutes past noon, she was summoned again to his side, when calmly he passed to his rest, whilst General and Mrs. Eyre and a faithful servant of his all knelt around him.

Lord Clyde had said that he wished his funeral to be a very quiet one, so preparations were being made for him to be buried in Kensal Green Cemetery; but the Government resolved to pay a national tribute to the memory of this great hero of so many conquests; so he was buried in Westminster Abbey, on August 22nd, 1863.

A plain stone which marks the spot where he lies is inscribed with these words:—

Beneath this Stone
Rest the remains of
COLIN CAMPBELL, LORD CLYDE,
Who, by his own Deserts,
Through 50 years of arduous service,
From the earliest battles in the Peninsular War
To the Pacification of India in 1858,
Rose to the Rank of Field Marshal and the Peerage.
He died, lamented
By the Queen, the Army, and the People,
14th August, 1863,
In the 71st year of his age.

Lord Canning and Sir James Outram lie close beside their friend in Westminster Abbey, both of whose funerals he had himself attended, that of Sir James Outram in the spring of that year (1863), and of Lord Canning (who had died on the very day that he landed in England from India), with Sir James Outram, the previous year.

"Loyal, loving, generous, self-denying, unflinching in his duty," was this brave old soldier, and when he passed away from this earth to a well-earned, long-coveted "rest," we may say truly that in Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, we lost a hero of whom all his country may justly feel proud.

Shortly after Lord Clyde had been laid in his grave these appropriate lines made their appearance in *Punch*:—

Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde,

Died Friday, August 14th; buried, Saturday, August 22nd, 1863.

Another great, gray-headed chieftain gone
To join his brethren on the silent shore!
Another link with a proud past undone!
Another strain of life-long warfare o'er.

Few months have passed since that gray head we saw
Bending above the vault where Outram slept;
Lingering as if reluctant to withdraw
From that grave-side, where sun-bronzed soldiers wept.

The thought filled many minds, is *he* the next
To take his place within the abbey walls?
A gnarlèd trunk, by many tempests vext,
That bears its honours high, even as it falls.

He *is* the next! the name that was a fear
To England's swarthy foes, all India through,
Is now a memory! no more fields will hear
His voice of stern command, that rang so true.

The tartaned ranks he led and loved, no more
Will spring, like hounds unleashed, at his behest;
No more that eye will watch his soldiers o'er,
As mothers o'er their babes, awake, at rest.

A life of roughest duty, from the day
When with the boy's down soft upon his chin,
He marched to fight, as others run to play,
Like a young squire his knightly spurs to win.

And well he won them; in the fever swamp,
In foughten field, by trench and leaguered wall,
In the blank rounds of dull routine, that damp
Spirits of common temper more than all.

He trod slow steps but sure; poor, without friends,
Winning no way, save by his sweat and blood;
Heart-sick too often, when from earned amends
He saw himself swept back by the cold flood

Against which all must strive, who strive like him
By merit's patient strength to win the goal,
Till many a swimmer's eye grows glazed and dim,
And closes, ere the tide does shoreward roll.

Stout heart, strong arm, and constant soul to aid,
He sickened not nor slackened, but swam on;
Though o'er his head thick spread the chilling shade,
And oft, 'twixt seas, both shore and stars seemed gone.

Till the tide turned, and on the top of flood
The nigh-spent swimmer bore triumphant in,
And honours rained upon him, bought with blood,
And long deferred, but sweeter so to win.

And fame and name and wealth and rank were heaped
On the gray head that once had held them high;
But weak the arm which that late harvest reaped,
And all a knight's work left him was to die.

Dead! with his honours still in newest gloss,
Their gold in sorry contrast with *his* gray,
But by his life, not *them*, we rate his loss,
And for sweet peace to his brave spirit pray.

No nobler soldier's heart was ever laid
Into the silence of a trophied tomb;
There let him sleep—true gold and thrice assayed
By sword and fire and suffering—till the doom!

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