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# SIR HENRY HAVELOCK,

## THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

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The army is not a good school for piety; the circumstances of a soldier's life are not such as to favor the development of the highest types of christian character; but, if a man be truly a christian, the camp and the field may afford him many opportunities for usefulness. Side by side with deeds of physical daring, he may exhibit those of moral courage and fortitude; and in the midst of the most splendid manifestations of the power of carnal weapons, he may show the silent but wonderful and beneficent power of the gospel of truth. In a word, the christian soldier may be not less a moral than a military hero—nay, he may unite both of these characters in himself. Nor, need a man be any the less a christian because he is a soldier, nor any the less a soldier because he is a christian. Such are the reflections which occur to us upon reading, as we have just done, the Life of Sir Henry Havelock, the hero of Cawnpore and Lucknow.

He was born at Bishop Wearmouth, Durham county, England, April 5th 1765. As a boy he was quiet, thoughtful and brave. Associated at school with some of those who were afterwards esteemed among the first men of the day, he was fully their equal in diligence and learning. At a very early period he gave evidence of possessing those qualities for which he was afterwards so much distinguished. His chosen companions were boys of deep religious thought and feeling; and in his own family when his mother assembled her children for prayer, he was always a devout and earnest participant in the exercises, and as he grew older, was called upon to read the Bible to the assembled household. No less clear were the indications of his military predilections. He was a great reader of military works; and it is said of him that he frequently retired to some secluded spot and there rehearsed the battles of Napoleon, "taking up his positions

and marshalling his battalions under their several generals." He was from the first a military enthusiast.

It was the cherished purpose of his mother that he should devote himself to the profession of law; and with this view she had caused him to be educated; and though she died before he was old enough to enter upon the study of his profession, when he reached a suitable age he became a student at law under the celebrated Chitty, whom he describes as "the great special pleader of his day." His career as a law student was of brief duration. When Napoleon returned from the island of Elba, and war again began to rage in Europe, more violent from the brief lull, his military ardor, which had, with great effort, been only partially smothered, burst forth with uncontrollable energy. He yielded "to the military propensities of his race;" and determined to become a soldier. His brother William was already in the army, and having greatly distinguished himself at Waterloo, was enabled to procure for young Henry a commission as second lieutenant in the Rifle brigade.

From the time of his appointment in 1815, until the year 1823 he served in England, Ireland and Scotland, "travelled in France and the north of Italy, read a good deal in a discursive way and acquired some knowledge of his profession, which was useful to him in after days." This kind of life was in some respects pleasant, but did not satisfy his intensely earnest nature. He sighed for something more active. Besides, he coveted distinction in his profession which he would not be likely to gain in his present position. His discontent prompted him to look for an exchange. India was the field to which he cast his eyes. He accordingly studied Hindoostanee and Persian to qualify himself for the Indian service, and, having obtained a transfer to the 13th Light Infantry, in 1823 he embarked for India.

The voyage to India is in the case of Havelock, intimately associated with what he calls "the most important part of the history of a man his connexion through faith with the invisible world." In the General Kyd the vessel in which he sailed, was James Gardner, also a lieutenant in the 13th. "This excellent person was most influential in leading Havelock to make public avowal by his works of christianity in

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earnest." To use his own touching words: "While he was sailing across the wide Atlantic towards Bengal the spirit of God came to him with its offers of peace and mandate of love; which, though sometime resisted, were received and at length prevailed. Then was wrought the great change in his soul, which has been productive of unspeakable advantage to him in time, and he trusts has secured his happiness throughout eternity."

Before, he might have been looked upon as a nominal, now he became a real christian. The powers of the world to come had taken full possession of his mind and soul. From this time to the end of his life, whoever knew him, knew him as a firm, consistent servant of Christ. His military turn of mind, and his long habit of strict, implicit obedience to an earthly authority rendered it easy and natural for him to follow without doubt or hesitation his new master. Nor was he willing to content himself with performing such religious acts as are usual with christians, or to confine himself to the improvement of such opportunities of usefulness as might be thrown in his way; he determined to make opportunities; and to use his influence as an officer to promote the spiritual welfare of his men. As soon as he reached India, he commenced to act upon his determination; and upon every convenient occasion called his men together for reading the Scriptures and devotional exercises. It may not be uninteresting to our readers, to know how, at this time, he was regarded by his brother officers.—One of them writes: "When I first knew Havelock he was only eight and twenty; but he was conspicuous as an earnest student of his profession, a chivalrous soldier and a man of the highest integrity. That which formed the brightest glory of his whole character was his sterling christian consistency. He was not a man to parade his opinions or to make any striking display unless called for by some act or word of others, when no one could be more firm in the avowal of his sentiments and his calm impressive manner always told with effect."

His sterling worth as a man and his ability and efficiency as an officer soon made him favorably known to the army. When, in 1824, war was declared against the Burmans, he was appointed to the General staff of Sir Archibald Campbell,

as Deputy Assistant Adjutant General; and acted in that capacity, with the exception of a short period, during the whole war. So highly was he esteemed by the commander in-chief that, upon the conclusion of peace, he was appointed one of three on a special mission of importance to the King of Burmah.

In connexion with the Burman war an incident is recorded, which at once shows his reputation as a soldier, and the acknowledged effect of his teaching upon his men. Upon one occasion the alarm was given that the enemy was approaching, and already near at hand. General Campbell deeply impressed with the importance of guarding a certain position sent in haste to order the men of a particular corps to that position. It was found that the order could not be obeyed as many of the men were drunk and unfit for duty. Upon being informed of this; the General replied. Then call out Havelock's saints; they are never drunk and Havelock is always ready." In a moment the men were under arms and in position and the enemy was driven back.

We can hardly conceive of a more interesting character than young Havelock: Full of enthusiasm in his profession, brave as the bravest, promptly discharging his duties as a soldier, and, at the same time, equally enthusiastic in the discharge of his duties as a christian. "He invariably secured two hours every morning for reading the Scriptures and private prayer. If the march began at six he rose at four, if at four he rose at two." He was poor, depending entirely upon his pay for his support, and yet he rigidly and cheerfully devoted one tenth of that to religious purposes. With all this there was no gloominess or moroseness in his character. He was ever the cheerful, kind and courteous gentleman. As much, perhaps, as any man of modern times he combined faithfulness in a secular calling, with fervency of devotion. As a christian he was both meditative and practical; with many he sat at the feet of Jesus, with Martha he constantly served.

The 9th of February 1829 he was married to Hannah, the third daughter of the Rev. Dr. Marshman, so well known as one of the founders of the Serampore Baptist Mission; and the 4th of April of the following year he was baptized by Rev.

John Mack at Serampore, and from that time was identified with the Baptists. His connexion with a particular sect caused it to be said of him that, "He was not a large or liberal minded man, on the contrary *he was a sectarian of the Baptist persuasion.*" The charge against him was as unjust as the proof of it is flimsy and inconclusive. There have been very many sectarians of the Baptist persuasion who were both large and liberal minded. In a speech delivered at Bombay in 1849, he defines the position of the Baptists generally not less than his own. After stating that he was a Baptist, he said ;

"But whilst he should part with his Baptist principles only with his life, he declared his willingness cordially to fraternize with every christian who held by the Head, and was serving the Redeemer in sincerity and truth. And here he would protest against its being alleged as adversaries would insinuate, that where men of various denominations met, as this evening, in a feeling of brother-hood, they could only do this by passing down to the smallest portion the mass of their religion ; on the contrary he conceived that all brought with them their faith in all its strength and vitality. They left, indeed, he thought at the door of the place of assembly the husks and the shell of their creed, but brought into the midst of their brethren the precious kernel. They laid aside, for a moment, at the threshold the canons and articles and formularies of their section of Christianity ; but carried along with them, up to the table at which he was speaking, the very essence and quintessence of their religion."

From the time of his appointment on the staff of Sir. Archibald Campbell until 1831, Havelock was most of the time engaged in staff-duty. But whenever he was attached to his regiment, he did not neglect the religious instruction of the soldiers. It may be mentioned as a proof of his success, that the Church in the regiment at one time numbered about thirty men and women. It may also be mentioned as a proof of the energy of this little Church, that when the regiment was at Agra, the Baptist soldiers rebuilt a chapel, in which in 1843, there were a pastor and a good congregation. Nor was this the only chapel which these Baptist soldiers built. These facts are taken from brief memoranda written by Havelock

himself. We only wish that we had some fuller account of his labors. We have, however, convincing proof that those labors were crowned with abundant success.

In 1835, he was appointed adjutant of his regiment, because as the Governor, General said, "He was the fittest man for it." It was while he was acting in this capacity that the cottage in which his wife was living was burned. Two servants and a little girl lost their lives in the flames, and Mrs. Havelock and her child were greatly injured. Besides many of Havelock's papers and nearly all his property thus perished. Upon hearing of the accident, the soldiers of the 13th came to him and begged to be allowed to devote one month of their pay to replace his losses. This act of kindness, so grateful to him and so honorable to those who proposed it, Havelock declined; but it no doubt went far towards repaying him for any sacrifices which he had made for their good.

In 1838, after serving twenty three years as a subaltern he was promoted to a captaincy; and as aid-de camp to Sir Willoughby Cotton, accompanied the expedition that invaded Afghanistan. In this expedition he was in many battles, and afterwards published an account of it. In 1842 he was in Jellalabad when that place was besieged, and so much distinguished himself, that he was made major by brevet and received the Cross of Companion of the Bath. In 1843 he was appointed Major of his regiment, and in 1844 was again brevetted for gallant conduct. The service in which he was now engaged was most active. He made several narrow escapes, and had three horses shot under him. He stood high in favor with his superior officers, being now called upon to act as adjutant general of forces, now receiving a permanent appointment as assistant adjutant general, and finally as military secretary to the commander-in-chief.

Amid all these engagements his health failed, and the news brought to him of the death of that brother who had, years before, procured for him his commission. His letter to his sister upon this occasion is worthy of him both as a soldier and a christian.

BOMBAY 15th December, 1848.

*My very dear Sister:*—I need not remind you how seldom I take up my pen to address you, though you were one of the

greatest comforts of my youth and early manhood; and my heart still bounds at the recollection of those days.

\* \* \* The occasion of my writing is indeed mournful. In a cavalry action, fought the 22nd of November, our beloved brother William met a soldier's death at the head of his noble and cherished dragoons \* \* \*. There our gallant brother fell, not until his regiment had sustained a heavy loss and he had conquered the admiration and sympathy of every brave man, who can look with delight on the acts of a kindred spirit with his own, \* \* \* His body has never been found, for no one has been able to approach the spot whilst the Sikhs yet remain in position. \* \* \* \* To how small a number our seven of a family—eight at first, is now reduced! As each falls in succession into the grave is not the event a warning to those who remain to draw nearer and nearer to Jesus Christ? Then will he draw nearer to us and be our stay here, and hereafter our everlasting portion."

A visit to England was deemed essential for the restoration of his shattered health; and the 6th of November 1849, after an absence of twenty seven years, he reached his native land. His wife, his two daughters, and his youngest son were with him. After a short stay in London he removed to Plymouth where he met the sister, to whom the above letter was written. Their meeting was delightful. Amid the familiar scenes of early life and among appreciating friends "the war-broken soldier" found rest and peace. He visited his old school fellows, now men of rank and distinction and was happy to find that their feelings and opinions which were in unison with his own before he went to India, were equally so on his return. There was nothing to mar the pleasure of the meeting but the thought that they must soon separate. It was recommended that he should try the virtue of the medicinal waters of Germany; and accordingly he and his family spent some time at Ems, where his health was greatly improved. With returning vigor there came thoughts for the future. His residence in India had not materially improved his fortune, and he must make some provision for his family. It was determined that he should return to India, but that his wife and daughters should remain in Germany. He found for them a comfortable residence in Bonn on the Rhine, and after spend-



ing some months with them there, set out for England preparatory to returning to the scene of his life-long labors. He paid another short visit to his family at Bonn, and then left them the 27th of Oct. 1851. Before parting they all knelt together and he committed his dear ones to the keeping of their Heavenly Father. As the event proved this was the last time that family knelt together for prayer.

This parting with his family was a sore trial to him. It brought into requisition all his fortitude, and nothing sustained him in it but the thought that he was in the path of duty. A letter to his wife from Leipsic Oct. 30th will reveal what passed in his mind upon this occasion:

"I purpose going to see the battlefield (of the Volkerschlacht, as the Germans call it) tomorrow morning, so I will commence another letter to you in the solitude of my chamber. Oh! how ardently I desired to turn back and rejoin you at Bonn, as I lay in my bed at Frankfort. It was a totally sleepless night a thing as you know, most unusual with me. I sat up meditating and writing until near eleven, and when called at six had not once closed my eyes; not even dozed or slumbered for a moment. The bitterness of parting, my position after so many years which renders it unavoidable, and I fear, not of few doubts, about the worldly future, passed in rapid succession through my brain, which without being in the least fevered, was so wrought upon that I never slept a single second. But I did indeed find sweet relief in the thought of meeting you in that better kingdom, for all earthly meetings are uncertain, and only terminate in longer or shorter separations. Join with me in prayer, that we through faith in the blood of the Lamb may be held worth to partake in his resurrection, and be together with him and our children in his glory. I know not what lies before me, but I do feel that we are both in the path of sacred duty. Let us do his will and leave the event to God. Perhaps He may be merciful to us and grant that we may soon meet again, though we see not how."

We must pass over the events of Havelock's journey—he reached Bombay in December 1851. From this time he kept up a regular and frequent correspondence with his family; and as his letters both reveal the workings of his mind and

mention the chief incidents in his life, we gladly avail ourselves of them in completing our task.

To us by no means the least interesting feature of his character is his tenderness and solicitude for his children. Any sketch of him however brief, which did not show something of what he was as a father would be incomplete. This must be our excuse for inserting the following letter to his little son:

MAHABLESWUR, June 4, 1853.

“My dear George—Tomorrow is the Sabbath, and also your birthday. If spared until tomorrow you will be six years old; so in sight of the house in which you were born, I am again permitted to write to you and wish you many happy and holy returns of the day.

I trust your dear mamma will deliver this letter to you and explain it all where it needs explanation; and I wish you to keep it for a few years at least, that you may remember that you have a papa who, though distant from you for the present and likely to be long distant, under no circumstance of time or place forgot you, but was constantly asking of God to bless you, and to send his Holy Spirit to lead you into all truth and all good.

“Things are much changed, George, since I was a boy. In the month of January 1800 (this is 1853), my brother William and I were taken on ponies away to school at Dartford, three miles from Ingress, where we lived (you have been in county of Kent), and set down at once to our learning. I was not five years old until the April after. Now you seem to have had a long holiday; no schooling yet, though you are six! But I trust you have learnt a little from your dear mamma’s instruction, and that you are willing to learn a great deal more. Now, we can none of us tell what shall befall us, since God orders all, and will not tell us beforehand what shall happen but it is likely that all my sons must earn their bread as soldiers. So very early I wish you to learn to ride, as one of the things most necessary for a soldier. So I hope, before you are seven years old, you will have made some progress in this branch of learning. Your uncle William rode very well before he was seven.

May 9th 1854, he writes to his wife—“We know not what an hour may bring forth. Since I finished my letter the mail

came, announcing that I am Quartermaster-General. Let us thank God for this apparent mercy, and beseech Him to bless it and make it a mercy indeed."

This appointment necessitated his removal from Bombay to Calcutta. On the way he passed many scenes with which he was familiar and which were associated with some of the most important events of his life. "At Serampore," (says he to his wife,) "I rose early in the morning and visited the Printing Office, the Manufactory, the College, all venerated scenes. In the Chapel I saw the monumental slab to your dear mother's memory, on the same wall with those of Carey, Ward, Marshman and Mack. The next building was empty. I read two chapters in the Bible on the table before the pulpit and prayed alone." What would we not give to have stood with Havelock by the grave of the Apostle of India—a spot sacred in the eyes of the christian world.

Again, in Sept. 1856, he passed Serampore. On this occasion, he thus writes to his wife:

"Since the 22d we have been slowly steaming this sacred stream, or rather buffeting the waves of this inland sea, the banks of which you and I so well knew in the days of our humility. I pointed out, as we passed every well known spot in Serampore to Seymour; walked over every foot of Chinsurah with General Anson and suite, and we cooled this morning at the ghat of William Carey the Missionary. You will remember our visit of 1834. The same God protects us now. \* \* \* May God, if it be his pleasure, grant us once more on earth a happy meeting, if not, in heaven may we meet and be forever reunited."

At one time it seemed that this prayer for a happy meeting on earth would be answered. It was arranged that Mrs. Havelock should visit India the following year, but the breaking out of the Persian war blasted their fond hopes. It was necessary for her to postpone her visit. The occasion of this postponement is thus stated:

AGRA, Jan. 6, 1857.

"Lord Elphinstone has telegraphed General Anson, offering me; at Sir James Outram's recommendation a divisional command in the Persian expedition. I have accepted and expect to start immediately for Bombay. At my time of life

the undertaking is arduous but I go in faith in Him who has led me so long and guided me."

Havelock entered with zeal upon the command to which he had been appointed. He was assigned to the second division of the army to be employed against Persia, with two Brigadiers under him. His position was rendered more agreeable by the fact that his son Henry was with him. In speaking of the expedition he says: "Our operations will soon extend to Mohammerah, a place below the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates. Our expedition against this point will sail in a few days. \* \* \* Pray that I may faithfully discharge every duty. I have good troops and cannon under my command, but my trust is in the Lord Jesus Christ, my tried and merciful friend: to Him all power is entrusted in heaven and on earth. Him daily seek for me as I seek him without shadow of doubting."

This was written the 18th of February. The 28th of March he wrote from his camp at Mohammera:

"Our expedition against this place has been entirely successful, but the victory was won by the Indian navy; the troops of my division, which landed in the best order and in the highest spirits had not a shot to fire. The Persians were commanded by a Shahzada, and their works were formidable, but in three hours and a half they were so hammered by our war ships that the enemy abandoned them in dismay, suffering great loss; and before my regiments could be landed in the date groves, intersected by water courses, and my columns formed, they were in full retreat, followed by a handful of cavalry. I had not a single casualty in my crowded troop-ships, and in the Scindian in which H. was embarked, the only man killed was his head servant, who was smashed by a cannon ball that had traversed the ship from stern to stern, where the poor man met his fate. I had hoped that my troops would have won laurels, but Providence decreed it otherwise. We must be even thankful for the preserving mercies of the day, the 26th of March. The cannonade was warm, and my steamer, the Berenice, crowded with Highlanders led the troop-ships to the point where we landed. I felt throughout that the Lord Jesus was at my side."

Shortly after the capture of Mohammerah peace was con

cluded and Havelock returned to India. On the way he was met by the news of the mutiny of the native troops, which for a time threatened the overthrow of the British rule in Hindostan. With eager haste he pressed to the scene of duty and of danger. The 17th of June he reached Calcutta, the 21st he wrote :

“ I have barely time to tell you, by the after packet which leaves to-day, that I was yesterday re-appointed Brigadier General, and leave by dawk as soon as possible, for Allahabad. Sir Patrick Grant lost no time in recommending me for this important command, the object of which is to relieve Cawnpore, where Sir Hugh Wheeler is threatened, and support Lucknow, where Sir Henry Lawrence is somewhat pressed. May God give me wisdom and strength to fulfil the expectations of Government and restore tranquility in the disturbed provinces.”

Before the necessary preparations could be made the fate of Cawnpore was sealed ; and the garrison most treacherously and cruelly murdered. The object now was to retake that place and relieve the gallant defenders of Lucknow, who, shut up in the Residency, were besieged by an overwhelming force. The 7th of July, Havelock began his march with a force of less than 1200 men ; but he had been preceded by Major. Renaud, with 820 men ; and when these two forces were united the whole strength of the army was 1400 infantry, eight pieces of artillery and a small body of cavalry. The 12th, they came upon the enemy 3500 in number, strongly posted at the village of Futtéhpore, and after a short engagement gained a complete victory. The day after the battle Havelock thus writes :

“ One of the prayers oft repeated throughout my life since my school days, has been answered, and I have lived to command in a successful action. I must refer you for the particulars to my dispatch. I will here only say that I marched down upon this place yesterday morning, Sunday the 12th, (battle of the Boyne), with harrassed troops intending to attack the insurgents next day, but their fate led them on.— Out they sallied and insulted my camp, whereupon I determined to try an immediate action. We fought, and I may say that in ten minutes the affair was decided, for in that

short time our Enfield Rifles and cannon had taken all conceit of fight out of the mutineers. Among them was the 56th, the very regiment which I led on at Maharajpore.

"I challenged them,--'There's some of you that have beheld me fighting, now try upon yourselves what you have seen in me.'

"But away with vain glory! Thanks to Almighty God who gave me the victory! I captured in four hours eleven guns, and scattered the enemy's whole force to the winds. I now march to retake Cawnpore, where, alas! our troops have been treacherously destroyed, and to succor Lawrence at Lucknow. . . . H. was in the thickest of the fight, but, God be praised, escaped unhurt."

Not to go more into detail, we may learn something of the rapidity and energy of Havelock's movements when we are informed that between the 7th and the 16th of July, he marched 126 miles and fought four battles, each time defeating forces largely superior to his own; and in all taking 44 guns. His own loss was only one hundred men. Unfortunately, although he marched in triumph into Cawnpore on the 16th, he was not able to rescue the women and children, who were there held as prisoners by the mutineers. When it became evident that they could not hold the place, under the direction of their perfidious chief Nana Sahib, the cruel wretches drove their prisoners together into a close room, and, regardless of their sex and tender years, slew them without mercy. When the British soldiers entered that room, they stood over their shoes in blood.

Such a scene only made them more anxious to relieve their comrades and friends in Lucknow. Notwithstanding the smallness of his own and the greatness of that of the enemy, on the 21st Havelock crossed the Ganges, and the 25th commenced his onward march. The 29th he came upon the enemy posted at Unao. The position was exceedingly strong. The village was approached only by a causeway, commanded by cannon, which ran through fields flooded by recent heavy rains. The houses were surrounded by gardens, enclosed with walls, and these walls were loop-holed for musketry.

But in spite of such obstacles, after a brief cannonade, the village was cleared at the point of the bayonet. The enemy

retreated only a few miles and made a stand at **Busseru Gunge**. Here, again, after a short and hotly contested battle the mutineers were put to flight. The loss of the enemy in these two engagements, is estimated at from 500 to 1500—that of **Havelock** was 12 killed and 75 wounded.

The victorious career of the gallant little army was here checked by the ravages of cholera. It was found necessary to fall back to a position near **Cawnpore**, to permit the men to recruit their strength, exhausted by labor and disease. Having received reinforcements which increased his force to 1400 men, the 14th of August, **Havelock** again advanced, again he met the enemy at **Busseru Gunge** and again proved victorious; again the cholera appeared, thinning his ranks, and again he was compelled to fall back. The enemy taking courage from these retrograde movements, threatened his position with a force estimated at twenty thousand. He did not wait for them to attack him, but marched out with his little force, met them and gained another victory, but with the loss of one hundred and forty men. It now became necessary to wait for further reinforcements.

From **Cawnpore** August 27th he wrote: "It is an age since I have had a letter from any of you, none, I think since I left **Calcutta**. Here I am in the midst of most exciting affairs, which hardly give me breathing-time, but I snatch half an hour to tell you that by God's blessing H. and I are still alive and well. We have fought nine fights with the enemy, everywhere defeated him; and captured forty-two pieces of cannon. Sir, **Henry Lawrence**, the most amiable of men, was badly wounded on the 2d of July and died on the 4th. \* \* Troops are coming up to me; but I fear that it will be too late, and that the place will fall before I re-enter **Oude**."

The second advance towards **Lucknow** and the final relief of that place is best described in the words of **Havelock** himself—

LUCKNOW Nov. 10, 1857.

"You will wonder at not having received a letter by the last two mails. It will be best to begin at the beginning of the story. Sir **James Outram** brought up my reinforcements on 18th and 19th September. I threw a noble bridge of boats across the **Ganges**, and reached the further bank with 2500 men. Sir **James** announced that I should have the honor of

relieving Lucknow, and that he would accompany my force only as Chief Commissioner and as a volunteer. I beat the enemy on the 21st at Munghulvara and again at Alum Bagh Bhayon on the 23d. . . . We penetrated through a suburb and passed under cover of buildings, a fire from the Kaizer Bagh, or King's Palace, under which nothing could have lived. About this time an Orderly brought intelligence that H. was severely wounded. Night was coming on, and Sir James wished to put the troops into a palace and rest them; but I strongly represented the necessity of reinforcing the garrison, lest it should be attacked and surprised in the darkness. So the 78th Highlanders and the Sikh Regiment of Ferozepore were called to the front. Sir James and I and two of the staff, put ourselves at their head, and on we charged through streets of loopholed houses, fired at perpetually, and over trenches cut in the road, until we reached in triumph the beleagured Residency. Then came three cheers from the troops, and the famished garrison found mock-turtle soup and champagne to regale me with as their deliverer. But the rest of my force and guns could not be brought in until the evening of the 16th, and by that time I had lost 535, killed, wounded and missing. Since that night we have been more closely blockaded than in Jellalabad. We eat a reduced ration of artillery bullock beef, chupatties and rice, but tea, coffee, sugar, soap and candles are unknown luxuries."

From this position the garrison was finally relieved by the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell with five thousand men. After reaching the Residency, it was found impracticable to drive off the besiegers. It was accordingly determined to evacuate the place. A steady fire was kept up, and in the meantime long lines of pickets thrown out, between which the women and children and all property which could be moved were conveyed to a place of safety without the knowledge of the enemy and without a single accident.

The nineteenth of Nov. Havelock writes:—"Sir Colin has come up with some five thousand men and much altered the state of affairs. The papers of the 28th September came with him, announcing my elevation to the Commandership of the Bath for my first three battles. I have fought nine more since. . . . Dear H. has been a second time wounded in the same left arm. This second hit was a musket ball in the



shoulder. He is in good spirits, and is doing well. . . . Love to the children. . . . I do not after all see my elevation in the 'Gazette,' but Sir Colin addressed me as Sir Henry Havelock."

This was his last letter. Before it reached the little circle at Bonn, she for whose eyes it was intended, knew that the hand that wrote it was cold. In connexion with the siege of Jellalabad he had read and applied to himself the words of the prophet, "I will surely deliver thee; and thou shalt not fall by the sword. for thy life shall be a prey unto thee; because thou hast put thy trust in me saith the Lord." His family had learned to call this his prophecy; and to regard the promise as made to him. And to him it was fulfilled.— He fell, but not in battle nor by the weapons of his enemies. His arduous labors had wrought upon his health; and for sometime he had looked sick and careworn. And now that those for whom he had so nobly labored and fought were safe, the excitement which supported him no longer existed and he yielded to the attacks of disease. He was taken with dysentery; and every thing that medical skill could suggest was done in vain. In a very short time it was evident that he must die. When his old and tried friend, Sir James Outram, came to him on his death bed, he remarked, "For more than forty years, I have so ruled my life that when death should come, I could meet it without fear." He said again and again, "I die happy and contented." His son of whom he wrote "I never saw so brave a youth as the boy Henry," was at his side. "Come, my son," said the dying father, "and see how a Christian can die." Thus at Alim Bagh, the scene of one of his greatest victories, the 25th of November, 1857, Havelock passed away. He lived long enough to know that his labors were appreciated by a grateful government, but not long enough to know how dear his name became to the people, nor how proud they were of the Christian hero. He heard not the generous applause that gushed warm from thousands of admiring hearts.

"Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

But what was of infinitely more importance to him, he heard from his Master the proud "well done," and entered into his

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