"I shall not want a guardian long, Uncle Raleigh!"

"Indeed young gentleman, when do you intend to throw off authority?"

"I know I shall not be long here, and I want you to be Miss Austin's guardian now."

"You must ask Miss Austin's consent."

"She will refuse me nothing."

"Ah! that is something to know. Miss Austin, will you extend your favour?"

"Charlie has grown faint; will you please open that window sir?"

"Anything for a pretext to keep me at a distance. Why is this Mara? It was not always so."

"The lightest atom of difference shall destroy the nice balance of equality;" how easy it was to keep that text before my eyes when Mrs. St Clair was present, she was a living embodyment of that theory; but there were times when it was difficult to curb the chafing will and when the traitor heart was glad to parley with the enemy; the quick whisper of discretion was impeded, for flattery took a softer tone. Alas! when instead of self government we make our own happiness the aim of life.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Ere winter had set in cousin Nellie visited us. Her presence was welcome to all, and to Charlie, as the first breath of spring. She was a bright radiant creature, unacquainted with sorrow, and one who seemed born to walk under an unclouded sky all the days of her life. And then she was so good and meek. Mr. Raleigh came oftener to Well Park when Miss Eleanor Scott was there, for all he was so grave and distant, and at times almost strange, she was not in the least afraid of him, and a smile would light up his dark face when she came. They read together, sang together, walked together, and even Charlie, I thought missed me not when cousin Nellie was with him. I loved that fair young girl, and she clung to me with childish fondness.

"I love Aunt Marian, but I should like to have you always with me, Miss Austin," she would say in her fond clinging way.

It was strange to see that shy, sensitive child, chatting so familiarly with Mr. Raleigh, of whom I stood in so much awe. He seemed spell bound before her; he called her child, rose bud, and liked best to call her by her second name of Violet. As I sat reading or working beside Charlie, she would flash in upon us like a spirit of light, with the tread of a fairy, and stay with us, making our sunshine, until Mr. Raleigh came and called her away.

Charlie thought uncle Raleigh unkind, and said so. I had to comfort him as best I could—cousin Nellie would return soon, Mr. Raleigh would then stay with us, and we should then all be happy.

She looked a mere child beside Mr. Raleigh, but he looked older than he was. Yet there was not a thread of silver in his dark hair, his form was erect and stalwart, his eye yet glowed with youthful fervour, and manly vigour was displayed in every movement.

Eleanor was advancing towards womanhood; in a few years the graceful guileless girl would be a fitting bride for even such as Mr. Raleigh, he would then be still in his prime; more unlikely marriages took place every day. He loved the child, that was clear, and she did not shun him, nay, she treasured even his flowers. dwelt upon his sayings, sang his favourite songs, and certainly she believed him powerful and wise. What was it to me? what right had I to speculate upon Mr. Raleigh's intentions? It was just as probable he would not marry at all. And what if he did? It could make no difference to me whom he chose for his bride. Disappointment, weariness, and envy,—yes, I envied that beautiful young girl her happier destiny—to be loved by Sydney Raleigh.

GENERAL HAVELOCK.*

Every circumstance connected with the history of this great and good man must have its interest. The publication of the present volume has been delayed that further particulars and documents received from India during the present year might be added.

The birth and parentage of Sir Henry Havelock have been stated over and over again: for the information of those who have never read, or may have forgotten, that statement, we may briefly say that he was born at Ford Hall, Bishop Wearmouth, a suburb of Sunderland, on the 5th of April, 1795.

A very long pedigree has been assigned to him, and his descent traced back to the Norse kings. He is esteemed for his own rare qualities and valiant deeds, and therefore he need not draw on the resources of these defunct gentlemen for his respectability.

His mother was an admirable person, and

* "Memoirs of Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B." By John Clark Marshman. Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts, London. Pp. 462.

of good standing in society. To her early teaching he owed those principles which afterwards took such deep root, and by which he moulded his life. His father was a shipbuilder, and being eminently successful in business, removed from Ford Hall to Ingress Park, near Dartford. Besides the subject of this memoir he had three other sons. All four of them eventually became soldiers. Henry began his education under the care of the Rev. J. Bradley, the curate of Swanscombe. He remained at this school for five years, and before he was ten, was sent to the Charter House, and boarded with the headmaster, Dr. Raine. There he remained for seven years. The following particulars of his boyhood are interesting:—

He regarded the tuition and associations of the Charter House as having contributed essentially to the formation of his character as a man. He never considered the severity of its discipline, or even the hardships of fagging, which were severely imposed on him, as furnishing any argument against the system of public schools. Indeed, he was often inclined to trace his propensity to strict discipline in the army to his Carthusian experience of its benefits. At the Charter House, Havelock exhibited all that power of application which characterised him through life. He never allowed himself any relaxation while anything remained to be done. He became an accomplished, though by no means a profound, Latin and Greek scholar; and not only appreciated the beauties of the classic authors, but to a considerable degree imbibed the spirit of their writings. To this early familiarity with the matchless models of antiquity is to be traced the purity and vigour which marked not only his more elaborate compositions, but his familiar correspondence. The early religious impressions he had received under the tuition of his mother were revived and deepened at the Charter House. In a memorandum which he drew up many years after, he remarked that the most important part of the history of any man, is his connection, through faith, with the invisible world. So, of Henry Havelock it may be recorded that there were early indications of the stirring of the Spirit of God within his soul, though Satan and the world were permitted for many years to sway his life. Four of his companions united with him in seeking the seclusion of one of the sleeping rooms for exercises of devotion, though certain in those days of being branded, if detected, with the epithet of hypocrite and "canting hypocrites." But such was the native resolution of his character, that no strength of opposition or keenness of ridicule would have induced him for a moment to forego these meetings. From his earliest years, the performance of what he considered "duty," was the moving principle of action; and he would no more have flinched from it in the cloisters of the Charterhouse, than he subsequently did amidst the severest shower of bullets. His sober and contemplative disposition procured him among his companions the soubriquet of "philosopher," abbreviated into "Phlos," the name by which he was best known in the school.

In 1809, when he returned home to pass the Christmas vacation, he found his mother in delicate health. She could not pass the evening with her family as she had been accustomed to do, but was obliged to leave them for her room.

We read no more of her until January 6th, 1811, when she joined in the Twelfth-Night amusements. Probably the exertion was too much for her, as the following morning she became very ill, and while Havelock and his sister were reading the Bible to her, she suddenly fell from her chair in a fit of apoplexy. She rallied for a while, and all present danger being apparently over, Havelock returned in February to the Charter House. "She appeared to lose all cheerfulness after he was gone; silent sadness took possession of her mind."

She died on the 26th. Her son, uninformed, of the sad event, was summoned home. On arriving, he rushed madly to her room, requesting to see her. The nurse withdrew the curtain, when, believing her to be sleeping, he leant down and kissed her. Then he saw that she was dead! He did not recover this shock for many years.

On his return to the Charter House, he tried to banish all painful thoughts by closer application to study. In April, he was fourth in the fifth form; of which, as he remarked, "Walpole (a grandson of Sir Robert) was first; Hare, second; John Pindar, third; and Havelock, fourth."

Dr. Raine dying soon after, the headmastership was given to a Dr. Russell, who introduced several innovations into the school. These interfering with the general routine and course of study, were distasteful to Havelock, who requested his father to remove him. He returned to Ingress Park, where he devoted himself to general literature and the classics. But that residence was not his home for long. His father had speculated largely; the speculations were unsuccessful, and Ingress Park was the forfeit. To cover his losses, he sold it to Government for £50,000. Then the family removed to Clifton, and it became necessary for Henry to adopt some profession.

It had always been his mother's wish that he should become a lawyer. In obedience to that wish, he now made up his mind to go to the bar. He entered the Middle Temple in 1813, and became a pupil of Chitty, one of the most celebrated pleaders of the day. He prosecuted his studies for twelve months, and then an unfortunate misunderstanding with his father, inducing the latter to withdraw his support, he was obliged to relinquish the legal profession, and look for something else.

As a boy, he had wished to be a soldier. The old desire returned now, and was, perhaps, encouraged by his brother William, of the 43rd.

William had joined the British army in Spain, in time for the gallant but fruitless action which General Crawfurd fought on the banks of the Coa; had accompanied his regiment in the memorable retreat to the lines of Torres Vedras, and was in the hottest of the fight at Busaco and Salamanca. At the battle of

Waterloo he was aide-de-camp to Baron Charles Alten, who had succeeded to the command of the Light Division in Spain, on the death of General Crawfurd. In gratitude for the services rendered to the Baron on the field of Waterloo, where he was severely wounded, he offered to use his influence in favour of his young friend in any way he might point out. William Havelock, finding on his return to England that his father continued to reject every overture for enabling his brother Henry to resume his studies at the Middle Temple, advised him to choose the army for his profession; and having nothing to ask for himself of the Baron, proposed to solicit his influence to procure him a commission. The offer was gladly accepted, the Baron obtained the commission, and Henry Havelock, at the age of twenty, became a soldier. In the course of the year 1815, he was appointed second lieutenant in the 95th, or Rifle Brigade, and was some time after attached to the company of Sir Harry Smith, also one of the heroes of the Peninsula and of Waterloo, and subsequently the conqueror at Aliwal, on the banks of the Sutlej. His education in the practical duties of a soldier was pursued under the tuition of Captain Harry Smith, whom in his subsequent correspondence he designated his "guide, philosopher, and friend," and to whom he always felt the strongest attachment and gratitude.

Thus, then, did he receive the first impulse toward that career in which he afterwards became so celebrated. During the next eight years he was unremitting in his application. He studied all the best military authorities, read every author whose works he could procure, and cultivated the classics, that he might "make himself master of their military strategy." He also made himself familiar with the history of every British regiment, knew when and where each had been in action, what honours had been gained,—in fact, there was scarcely anything connected with the history of the British Army he did not know. Sometimes he was stationed in Scotland, sometimes in England; in 1820, he was present at the suppression of the riot in Glasgow; in 1821, he made a pedestrian tour through France, Italy, and a part of Germany.

His brothers—William in the 4th Dragoons, and Charles in the 16th Lancers—were both in India. Wishing to see active service, he determined to follow their example. He first exchanged on half-pay to the 21st Regiment, and there obtained a lieutenancy in the 13th Light Infantry, stationed at Calcutta. "To qualify himself for service in India, he went up to London, and attended the lectures of Dr. John Gilchrist, formerly Professor of Hindostanee in the College of Fort William, Calcutta, and, in 1822, the ablest and most popular oriental lecturer in England." His proficiency in Hindostanee and Persian was so great, that he was pronounced to be entitled to the "mark of a full moonshee." This may be, and no doubt was, a distinguishing mark of talent; but, as Europeans, we do not see much in it.

The 13th was then commanded by Major Robert Sale—under him was Dennie. Havelock was twenty-eight when he embarked for India. He is described as being "small in stature, but well built, with a noble expanse of forehead, an eagle eye, a countenance remarkably comely, which exhibited that union of intellect and energy which never fails to command deference."

A young officer's military career is not calculated to foster or increase religious impressions. Havelock was a steady and moral man; but much of his mother's teaching and the principles he had imbibed from her seemed forgotten. At one time, he inclined to Unitarianism, and was disposed to deny, or at any rate doubt, the divinity of the Saviour. On his voyage out to India, however, he met one who proved a most valuable friend and guide to him, in the person of Lieutenant (now Colonel) Gardner, also of the 13th Foot. This "humble, unpretending man," saw and deplored the state of Havelock's mind. He spoke to him about religious matters; tried to lead his thoughts in the right direction; sought to disperse all his doubts, and establish the truth in him. He efforts were blessed. Before the end of the voyage,

Havelock had added to the qualities of the man and the soldier the noble spirit of the Christian; and thus was he accoutred for that career of usefulness and eminence which has endeared him to his fellow-countrymen. Vital religion became the animating principle of all his actions, and a paramount feeling of his duty to God rectified and invigorated the sense of his duty towards man.

On his arrival at Calcutta, the fort was so crowded, that only a single bedroom and sitting-room could be allotted to two subalterns. This was an inexpressible annoyance to the sober-minded Havelock, who feared the introduction of some noisy roysterer into his rooms. To prevent this most undesired contingency, he requested Gardner to share them. Thus these good friends continued together for some weeks, until Gardner could obtain separate apartments.

Havelock's first campaign was in Burmah. Before he had been in India twelve months, the Burmese war broke out. His military talents, which had been recognised at Fort William, gained for him a staff appointment. He was made Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General of the expedition embarking for Rangoon. By a series of disasters and delays, however, he was unable to sail with the expedition: he hastened after it with all speed, but to his great disappointment found that he had missed the opening of the campaign and the capture of Rangoon, which had been in possession of the British for a week.

The enemy disappeared on the capture of Rangoon, but they gave evidence of their continuance in the neighbourhood by stealthy and annoying attacks. Their quarters, how-

ever, were carefully concealed, until it was at length discovered that they had taken up their position in

Two large stockades on the edge of the jungle, bristling with advanced abattis, strongly compacted with earth. The 13th and 38th, the two regiments which bore the brunt of the campaign, availing themselves of an opening left for ingress and egress, rushed upon the stockades, and carried them at the point of the bayonet.

This occurred on the 11th of May. On the 5th of July, Havelock found himself for the first time in command, the senior officer being exhausted by fatigue and unable to act. But, ere long, disease broke out among the British troops; the rains had set in, and the over-crowded town was full of fever. Havelock, prostrated by a liver attack, was ordered by his medical man to return to Bengal. In Calcutta, still more stringent measures were advised, and a return to England prescribed as the only chance of saving his life. This he would not hear of, but consented to take a trip to Bombay, by sea, promising that if he did not gain the necessary benefit from it, that he would undertake the longer voyage to England.

He embarked for Bombay in January, and after passing some weeks with his brother William in Poonah, returned to Madras in May.

The voyage seemed to give him a new lease of life, and he was enabled to pass through thirty-two years more of Indian labour.

He spent a fortnight in Madras, and then once more set out for Burmah. It was during this campaign that the following well-known incident took place:—

A sudden attack was made on an outpost at night, and Sir Archibald Campbell ordered up some men of another corps to support it; but they were not prepared for the call after a carouse. "Then call out Havelock's saints," he exclaimed, "they are always sober, and can be depended on; and Havelock himself is always ready." The "saints" got under arms with promptitude, and the enemy were at once repulsed.

On the termination of the first Burmese war, Havelock was selected by Sir Archibald to proceed to Ava, and receive the ratification of the treaty. Captain Lumsden and Dr. Knox accompanied him. His appointment as Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General ceased with the termination of hostilities.

During the campaign, however, he had formed the acquaintance of Col. Willoughby Cotton, Brigadier-General of one of the Divisions of the Army. The colonel, appreciating his talents, and thinking it a pity that he should be "entombed among the lieutenants of a regiment of foot," obtained for him the appointment of interpreter. He therefore accompanied Colonel Cotton, who had been appointed to the command of a large body of troops proceeding to Cawnpore. The following letter, addressed to the compiler of his biography, proves that he did not feel much flattered by having the office of interpreter given to him:—

MY DEAR MARSHMAN,

I write to enclose a soldier's mite towards the building of your new chapel at Serampore. Had the British army, on reaching Yandaboo, manœuvred in two columns on both banks of the Irawaddy, instead of turning diplomatists, I might by this time have been in a condition to have sent you a larger offering, but could not have accompanied it with greater solicitude for the success of all objects congnate to that to which I beg you to devote this trifling one. I move in the humble post of interpreter, which is not very flattering to the vanity of the Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General of the first British army which extended our conquests beyond the Ganges eastward; but I am not in despair of something better awaiting me on our north-west frontier.

After the Burmese war, a long period of repose was granted to him. We hear of nothing of peculiar interest until 1838, when, once more under the command of Colonel Cotton—at that time Sir Willoughby Cotton—he marched across the Indus to Cabul. At the solicitation of Sir Willoughby, Lord Combermere—then Commander-in-Chief—bestowed the appointment of Adjutant of the Depôt at Chinsurah on Havelock.

In 1828, he came before the world as an author. His first work, "Campaigns in Ava," was published at Serampore. It did not succeed, and judging from the following anecdote was in especial disfavour at the Horse Guards:—

Some time after its appearance, his brother William having visited England and called at the Horse Guards, saw the "Campaigns in Ava" lying on the table of the officer to whom he addressed himself. "Are you the author of that work?" was the first inquiry. "It is from the pen of my younger brother." "Is he tired of his commission?" was the curt and significant rejoinder.

Yet, by some this was considered one of the best models of military history which had ever appeared in India.

Havelock remained at Chinsurah three years, frequently visiting Serampore. In the latter place he became acquainted with a lady who exerted a peculiar influence on his after life, for on the 9th of February, 1829, he was married to Hannah Shepherd, the youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Marshman, one of the Serampore missionaries. The following proves his stern adherence to duty, under circumstances which might have excused neglect:—

On the morning fixed for the wedding he was summoned to attend a military court of inquiry in Fort William, which was to be held at noon. It was in vain that his friends urged on him that so important an event as his marriage would have been considered an ample justification of his absence. He maintained that as a soldier he was bound to obey orders, regardless of his own convenience. The marriage was therefore solemnized at an earlier hour, after which he proceeded

to Calcutta in a swift boat, attended the court, and returned to Serampore in time for the nuptial banquet.

His kindly disposition is evinced in the following fact:—

From the period of Havelock's arrival in India, and the commencement of his Indian allowances, he had determined to devote a tenth of his income to objects of piety and benevolence. On his marriage he resolved to adhere to the same rule, from which he never swerved, even when his resources were reduced to the scanty pay of a lieutenant.

The appointment at Chinsurah ceasing, Havelock rejoined his regiment at Dinapore. He here resumed his religious instruction to the men, reading the Bible, and preaching it, and praying with them.

In 1831, the 13th were moved up to the cantonment at Agra. Before this, after investigating the question of infant or adult baptism for years, and being convinced that the latter was more in accordance with the Saviour's intention, Havelock joined the Baptist community, and was baptized by the Rev. John Mack, in the chapel at Serampore. This change in religion gave great offence to some of his brother officers, who bore no good will to "saints." On one occasion when Havelock had been ill for some days, it was reported that one of his "saints" had been found drunk. The antagonistic band of sinners rejoiced, but on examination it was discovered that there were two men of the same name in the regiment, and that it was not Havelock's man who had committed the misdemeanour.

It was then that Colonel Sale exclaimed, "I know nothing about Baptists, but I know I wish the whole regiment were Baptists, for their names are never in the defaulters' roll, and they are never in the congee, or lock-up house.

The following is a high and deserved testimony to the memory of this excellent man:—

The influence of Havelock's Christian exertions, combined with his sound judgment and vigour of mind, was powerfully felt, not only in his own regiment, but beyond its circle; and it has been well remarked by a Presbyterian clergyman, who enjoyed much domestic intercourse with him, that he was, in the highest and best sense of the word, a noble Christian missionary, recommending both by precept and example the Gospel of Christ to all around. In him the military character was so clear and so fully developed; he was such a stern and rigid disciplinarian; and his command over his soldiers was so absolute, that worldly men easily tolerated the "saint" in their admiration of the soldier. His character was well argued in one expressive sentence, when Lord Hardinge said of him, "he is every inch a soldier, and every inch a Christian."

Seventeen years had this excellent man been in the army, and still he was only junior lieutenant. Time after time had he been purchased over, and as he had no money to buy his step, his promotion seemed but a distant prospect. A series of the most disheartening disappointments kept him back, as we read in the following statement:—

He could not fail, says the author, to perceive how highly detrimental it was to his prospects to find others continually purchasing over his head. An effort was now made by his friends at Serampore to prevent this disheartening supercession, and Messrs. Alexander and Co., the most eminent of the great agency houses in Calcutta, consented to hold themselves in readiness to make good the value of a company whenever it might be required. The engagement was duly communicated to the regimental agent in England, and the dread of being again superseded was removed. But while Havelock's letter of grateful acknowledgment was on its way from Agra to Calcutta the firm was swept into the Insolvent Court by the commercial crisis which at this time extinguished the chief mercantile establishments in Calcutta. His friends then applied to Messrs. Mackintosh and Co. for similar aid, and it was cheerfully offered; but before their letter of credit could reach London they likewise had been obliged to suspend payment. A third application was made to the house of Messrs. Ferguson and Co., which seemed likely to survive the general wreck, and they cordially responded to the request. Havelock's pulse now beat high with hope. He considered himself satisfactorily enrolled as a candidate for the first vacant company. "Such," he writes to Serampore, "are now my prospects, and on a bountiful Providence we must rely to guide us through all attendant difficulties, as he guards us from the greater dangers of unbelief and presumption." But the cup was dashed to the ground when it appeared to approach his lips. Before his communication could reach England this firm was likewise obliged to bend to the adversity of the times. The disappointment was most grievous to Havelock's feelings, for supercession is perhaps the most bitter ingredient in a soldier's lot.

But he bore it all like a Christian, bowing submissively to the will of Him, who saw fit thus to deal with him.

"I have," he says, in writing of these circumstances to a friend, "every prospect of reaching Agra a full lieutenant of foot, without even the command of a company, and 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 and hope, and of humble dependence on Him who has so long guided and guarded me."

The adjutancy of the regiment becoming vacant, Havelock made application for it through his Colonel to Lord William Bentinck. A letter from Mrs. Havelock to Lord William seconded the request. The appointment was obtained, and then his lordship in an interview he had with Mrs. Havelock, read to her portions of letters he had received from different officers, dissuading him from thus disposing of the place.

The letters spoke of Havelock as a "Methodist," and "religious fanatic." They complained of his religious familiarity with the men, and finally said that his strong religious views would prevent his acting impartially as adjutant. These were, however, perfectly harmless, Lord William not paying the slightest heed to them.

Havelock discharged the duties of adjutant for three years and a half, during that time he continued his religious instruction to the men. He had chapels for both Baptists and

Church of England men erected near the barracks. He instituted a Temperance Society in the regiment, and had a coffee-room built, as a counter attraction to the canteen. He frequently met the men in this place, and addressed them, urging them to sobriety, and offering every encouragement to a steady and respectable life.

Towards the end of 1836, a terrible accident happened to Mrs. Havelock. She had gone with her young family to the hill station of Landour. One night there was a cry of "fire;" in a few moments the bungalow was in flames. Seizing the infant, she tried to dash through the flames, but fell before she could make her way through. Had it not been for the exertions of a faithful native servant she must have perished; as it was she lay for three days, hovering between life and death; the baby was so severely injured that it died within a week.

In 1838, after twenty-three years service, and in the 43rd year of his age, Havelock obtained his company without purchase! Then came the Affghan war. The following remark uttered by him, after the capture of Ghuznee, should be remembered, coming as it does from such reliable authority. He says:—

None of the excesses which invariably attend the capture of a town by assault were committed on this occasion. The self-denial, mercy, and generosity of the hour, may be attributed to the fact of the European soldiers having received no spirits since the 8th July, (the capture of the town took place on the 22nd) and having found no liquor among the plunder of Ghuznee. No candid man of any military experience will deny that the character of the scene in the fortress and citadel would have been far different if individual soldiers had entered the town primed with arrack, or if spirituous liquors had been discovered in the Affghan depots.

Still bent on authorship, he determined to publish a narrative of the campaign in Affghanistan. To hasten the publication of this work he returned to India. This premature movement he saw (when too late) was detrimental to his military advancement. I have, he says,—

By this step lost my only military patron—[Sir Willoughby Cotton had been appointed to the command in Affghanistan, and Havelock was his aide-de-camp]—my situation as aide-de-camp, and a post as interpreter, which a day or two after was sanctioned by the Governor-General, a place made purposely for me. The two situations, with my pay and allowances, would have been equal to 819 rupees a month. I have never been very fond of money, but my children need it. Moreover, I am not quite free from self-reproval in this matter, which of all things I dread.

The work was published by Colburn, but it fell dead from the press. After setting this book on train, Havelock returned to Cabul, in June, 1840, and was appointed Persian interpreter to General Elphinstone, who had been appointed to the chief command in Affghanistan, in place of Sir Willoughby Cotton, retired.

This appointment—of General Elphinstone—was one of the peculiar blunders of judgment for which our Government has become conspicuous. The poor gentleman, it is true, was once of undoubted valour and intrepidity, but he had met a foe to vanquish him at last, and that was none other than—gout!

He was so complete a martyr to gout as to be physically incapable of any exertion! . . . . . Havelock could not but deeply regret that Government should have thought fit to select for this weighty command, an officer who was entirely incapacitated for it by disease.

The fearful Affghan war terminating—a lengthened and very excellent account of the campaign is given in the work before us—Havelock returned to his corps, and was soon joined by his wife. He was now in the forty-eight year of his age, and the twenty-eighth of his service, and still—only a captain. He made an effort to obtain his majority by purchase, but with his usual ill-luck was in the first instance disappointed. Within the year, though, by the retirement of a superior officer he was successful. The Gwalior campaign came next. All the scenes and events the author circumstantially relates. The following remarks, relating to the great Indian mutiny, suggest a new view of the causes which produced that most terrible revolt:—

On the termination of the Gwalior campaign a spirit of insubordination began to manifest itself among the Sepoys of the native army. For several years a feeling of disaffection had been growing in their ranks. They had no grievances to complain of, but they had been placed in a false position by the mistaken kindness of Government. No troops, no Asiatic troops at least, can stand being pampered. But the Sepoys had been surfeited with flattery, and sweetmeats, and donations, to keep them in good humour. They had thus been encouraged in the supposition that they were necessary to the State, and became less amenable to control when inflated with this conceit of their own importance. The spirit of insubordination, which should have been crushed at once, was soothed; and it, therefore, burst forth repeatedly from time to time, till at length the whole of the Bengal army was extinguished in a blaze of mutiny. On the present occasion the most lenient measures were adopted, when the exigency required the most stern and uncompromising energy. Havelock, always the unflinching disciplinarian, was indignant at the feeble course which was pursued, and in his intercourse with his superiors, as well as his correspondence, urged the necessity of adopting the mode pursued by Sir Edward Paget, the commander-in-chief in 1824, by whose orders the mutinous 47th Native Infantry had been decimated at Barrackpore. "It is believed," he writes on the 30th of August, "that thirty-nine of the 64th mutineers are capitally sentenced. At least the course of their trials justified this expectation. They ought *all* to be executed." But not one of them suffered the extreme penalty of the law, and an impression of the timidity of government was thus diffused through the native army, which laid the foundation of future calamities.

We do not agree with the foregoing assertion, or believe that an error on the side

of over kindness produced the terrible Indian mutiny.

The Sikh war followed the Gwalior campaign. Here Havelock lost two valued friends, Sir Robert Sale and Major Broadfoot, After the battles of Moodkee, Feroseshuhur, and Sobroan, he returned from Lahore to Simlah, with Sir Hugh Gough, and on representation being made to the Duke, in consideration of his having "fought side by side with his chief in three of the severest battles in the annals of India," the appointment of Deputy-Assistant-General of Bombay, was bestowed on him. His health, judging by his own account, had become seriously impared. On September 18, 1847, thus he writes:—

The whole of the members of the faculty whom I have consulted since 1824 have assured me that the functions of the great organ in question, the liver, were deranged; and hard work, great exposure to the sun, or any untoward accident of climate, would soon finish the story in ruptured abscess and death. But it behoves me to consider that this catastrophe may happen in England as well as in India. There I should die in poverty and among strangers; here I am at least known, and have the means of living, while my life is spared, in comfort; and from the moment that I embark for England, what is to become of the education of my children? Nevertheless, I believe I shall see it my duty to be off, if I am spared so long, in March next. I do not think my health will much improve in India until I have tasted of a change. So I suppose I must endeavour to go, and leave the event to God. I have backed out of every expense that can be spared; see no company, and never dine even with a secretary, with no one, in short, but the commander-in-chief and the governor. But my unavoidable expenses are heavy. Horses, uniform, houses at three several places, and long tours, eat up money awfully; and then supervene education bills, and the allowance to my ensign of foot.

These letters are extremely interesting, giving a true but sad picture of the minor suffering, the mental disquietude of this excellent man. We will, therefore, extract from them again, feeling certain that no mere details of wars of which we have already heard so much, will be half as acceptable. On the 28th of September, thus he writes:—

"I do not doubt that the advantages of sea air round the Cape would balance the irritation which a long sea-voyage would produce on the spirit of one who has ever hated that element ardently, and not less confinement in any shape. The Red Sea, the Mediterranean, and the waters between the Straits of Gibraltar and the pier at Southampton, will be quite enough of salt water for me. I wish this measure could be avoided, but the wish is vain, I shall not be fit again for Indian service, without two years cooling and quiet in England."

Again on November 24, 1847, he writes:—

"I feel quite sure that I cannot remain another year in India without running the greatest risk of leaving poor Hannah and my five boys and girls without a sixpence in the world, but my major's pension, £70 per annum, and a £1,000 in the funds. But I feel it my duty to be off in March. I feel myself to be in the hands of a gracious God, and relying on the merits of the Redeemer, look calmly forward and joyfully to the event of my own departure and dissolution; but it behoves me to think of your dear sister, and the rest whom God has given me. If I were to die to-morrow the Queen's Widows' Fund would send home Hannah and the three children here in India, and land them in any spot in England they would name; but here, the advantage would cease. If I can raise the means of returning to England the doctors seem to think that a year's absence would entirely restore my health, and that two would make me as good a man for Indian work as I have ever been. To my post I could then return without let or hindrance. The difficulty is in going to, returning from, and living in England. There my 15s. per diem will give us bread and salt, but would not give my boy education, or my girls instruction of a tolerable kind. If I go to England at all I must lay my account in finally, sacrificing my prospects in the army by purchase, by expending before I returned the £1,000 placed in the funds for that purpose. 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 heads of others to devise something for those whom I leave—with a bleeding heart I write it—almost penniless."

In March, 1848, he gave up the idea of this much-needed change, for we find him writing thus:—

"I have given up my passage for the first of April, and determined by God's help to try another year in India. It would take much time fully to explain this change. But the chief reason is, that I found myself at the last moment, or, at least, in the last month, so much better that my doctor gave me the opinion that I might stay without much risk; so I thought it to be my duty to try and spend one more year in India, a year of the strictest self-denial and economy for my children's sake. I have been told, however, that I must remain constantly ready to start at a fortnight's notice, or less, if my constitutional disorder should unfortunately blaze out."

He remained in India until October, 1849, when he embarked for England. He spent two years at home, devoting a part of that time to a tour through Germany: then he returned to the East.

In the Persian war, his military services seem for the first time to have been recognized. He held several important appointments, and was soon promoted to the rank of Major-General.

Then came the horrible Indian mutiny, which was to give the last fatal blow to his shattered constitution. Every particular of that dreadful contest is known; we need not recapitulate. The following, coming from Havelock, will be acceptable to the regiment:—

Of the 78th Highlanders, Havelock had formed a very high estimate, and in his confidential report of that corps, made before leaving Persia, a copy of which was found among his papers, had said, "There is a fine spirit in the ranks of this regiment. I am given to understand that it behaved remarkably well in the affair at Khooshab, near Bushire, which took place before I reached the army; and during the naval action on the Euphrates and its landing here, its steadiness, zeal, and activity under my own observation, were conspicuous. The men have been subjected in this service to a good

deal of exposure, to extremes of climate, and have had heavy work to execute with their entrenching tools, in constructing redoubts, and making roads. They have been while I have had the opportunity of watching them, most cheerful, and have never seemed to regret or complain of anything but that they had no farther chance of meeting the enemy. I am convinced the regiment would be second to none in the service, if its military qualities were drawn forth. It is proud of its colours, its tartan, and its former achievements."

That is a high encomium coming from such lips. But we must hasten through the remainder of this good man's career. The following particulars of the Nana, and the cause of his hatred to the nation, are worth extracting:—

Nana Sahib, whose name will ever be conspicuous in the annals of crime, as the personification of perfidy and cruelty, was the adopted son of Bajee Row, the Peishwa, or head of the ancient Mahratta confederacy. In the year 1818, while at peace with the British Government, the Peishwa had endeavoured, by an act of the basest treachery, to destroy Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone, the President at his court; but the assault was gallantly repelled, and he was obliged to fly from his capital at Poonah, and was hunted through the country for several months by Sir John Malcolm. His power was finally crushed at the battle of Kirkee. But just at the period when he was brought to bay, and must have surrendered at discretion, he was admitted to terms, and by an act of reckless prodigality endowed with an annuity of £90,000. This provision he lived to enjoy for thirty-two years, and, after having received from the British Government a sum exceeding two millions and a-half sterling, died at Bithoor, about 16 miles above Cawnpore, which had been assigned as the place of his residence. Of these accumulations, he bequeathed a large portion to his son, Nana Sahib, who had the assurance to demand the continuance of the pension. It was as a matter of course refused, and from that time he conceived the most bitter hostility to the English. His feelings were, however, artfully dissembled, and he freely associated with, and gave entertainments to, the European community at Cawnpore, by whom he was regarded as a liberal and enlightened nobleman. When the spirit of disaffection first appeared among the native troops at Cawnpore, the Nana manifested the most friendly dispositions towards Sir Hugh Wheeler, and, at his request, afforded every assistance for the safeguard of our treasury, which remained for several days under the protection of 600 of his men and two of his guns. But no sooner had the Sepoys at Cawnpore broken into open mutiny and obtained the ascendancy than he threw off the mask and took the lead of the hostile movement. Having obtained the larger share of the plunder of the treasury, and persuaded the mutineers to place themselves under his command, he proclaimed himself Peishwa, and raised the far-famed national Mahratta standard. The indiscriminate destruction of the European and native Christians, under any form of barbarity, who had not taken refuge in the entrenchment to which Sir Hugh Wheeler had retired, now became the pastime of this fiend in human shape.

The sequel is known. We are all unhappily familiar with the heart-rending detail. Horror followed quickly upon horror, there was nothing but death, and fury, and treachery on all sides. General Havelock saw his friends cut down rapidly, it was a sore blow when he lost one of the most valued of them, the good Sir Henry Lawrence.

This excellent man died just before Havelock marched to the relief of Cawnpore. The General, who had conceived the deepest attachment to Sir Henry, wrote to him, telling him of the projected march; he little thought that at the time he was writing, his friend was no more. The manner of his death was as follows:—

Sir Henry Lawrence was struck on the morning of the 2nd of July, while seated in his room, by the fragment of a shell from the howitzer which had been lost at Chinhut. It soon became apparent that the wound was likely to prove mortal, and Sir Henry immediately called together the chief officers of the garrison, and, in the most calm and collected manner, dictated a series of instructions on every point connected with the defence of the Presidency, and delegated the command to Major Banks and a military council. In this remarkable document he likewise directed that no inscription should be placed on his tomb but this:—"Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy on him!" Seldom has a nobler sentiment been uttered by a statesman and a soldier in the prospect of dissolution. Great as Sir Henry had shown himself in all the arduous and responsible positions he occupied during life, he was still greater in his last moments, as he lay on the couch of death, writhing with pain, yet dwelling only on the perils of those he was about to leave, and labouring to provide for their safety. He lingered for two days, and expired on the morning of the 4th of July.

Havelock felt his death acutely, and his triumphant entry into Cawnpore was saddened by the loss of so esteemed a friend.

We cannot follow the General through this campaign in Oude, but must hasten on to the last sad closing scene in his career.

When he left Calcutta, in June, those persons who knew him well, noticed so great a change in his looks, that they prophesied that he would never stand the fatigue of another campaign. But his health improved, and for some time he seemed strong and hardy. But,

During the blockade of the Presidency, he appeared to lose his former vigour. The privations to which he was subjected, and the hard fare on which he was constrained to subsist, weakened his frame, and rendered it incapable of resisting the shock of any attack of disease. On the evening of the 19th the wounded were removed to the Dil-Koosha, and Lieut. Havelock, on leaving the Presidency with the convoy, stopped his litter to take leave of his father, and found him seated alone in his chamber, reading Macaulay's history by lamp-light. On the morning of the 20th symptoms of diarrhœa made their appearance, but yielded to medicine. On the 21st, soon after dawn, his aide-de-camp, Lieut. Harfood, rode down to the camp for some arrow-root and sago, luxuries long unknown at the Presidency. During the day Havelock's complaint assumed a more serious aspect, and he was removed after nightfall in a doolie to the Dil-Koosha, where a soldier's tent was pitched for him. He suffered severely from the jolting of the journey, though the change of air appeared at first to produce a beneficial result.

On the 22nd, while he lay in this precarious condition, the enemy attacked the Dil-Koosha. The shot flying close to his tent, it was removed to a greater distance. On the 23rd, he became much worse. The next

morning he revived, but at eight o'clock there was another change; he died at half-past nine, on the 24th of November, 1857, at the advanced age of sixty-three. The following particulars concerning him may be interesting:—

Havelock's religion underlay his whole character, of which he formed the stamina. For thirty-five years of his life religion was the ruling principle which pervaded his mind and regulated all his conduct. It was this which enabled him to overcome the innate defects of his character, and to become distinguished for qualities which nature had denied him. In all circumstances he was the bold and unflinching champion of Christian truth, though he never obtruded his religious views on others. The strength of his Christian character, aided by his high mental endowments and his great consistency of conduct, insured him the respect and esteem of those who slighted his religious feelings. His invariable dependence on Divine aid enabled him to exhibit the greatest serenity and vigour in the midst of difficulties. It was his constant aim to adorn his religious profesaion and to demonstrate that spiritual-mindedness was not incompatible with the energetic pursuit of a secular calling, that "a saint could be a soldier." More than any other chief did he appear to combine the great military talents of the generals of the commonwealth with the fervour—though not the fanaticism—of their religious feelings; and it is, perhaps, owing in a great measure to this identity of character that the name of Havelock is so warmly cherished by his fellow-countrymen.

We have only given a very brief outline of the contents of this charming book. Towards the close of it we learn that the author was brother-in-law to the General.

In the preface he asks the "indulgence of professional writers." The request is needless. This is a true sad story beautifully told; the life of a good man accurately given; the detailed account of the Indian mutiny is the best we have read; the whole is written clearly, pleasantly, and decidedly. Is "indulgence," necessary to such a work? We think not.

CROSS SHADOWS FROM AN ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

IN WHICH THE HERO IS SUPPOSED TO DIE.

A solemn fast! a stillness in the air,
Speaking of sin and penitence and sorrow;
A thousand altars, and a nation there,
With heartfelt words dissemblers dared not borrow;
Words of humiliation, earnest prayer
For light and guidance, through the darkening morrow;
And then the rainbow's bright, celestial form,
To tell whose power unerring, rules the storm.

The heart of our loved nation wildly beating,
In hope and expectation long repressed;
The breathless pause, when the fierce foes are meeting,
The trembling fear, in words still unconfessed;
The lightning message and the joyous greeting,
The shout of victory flies from East to West;
The Russians fly, amidst the cannon's roar,
And the proud city strews the Euxine shore.

Peace! Peace! The shout re-echoes thro' our land,
The struggle over, and the war is ended;
Peace! Peace! And now is heard on every hand,
How is the mourner's cry with triumph blended;
Peace! Peace! Britannia on her shores shall stand,
And welcome back the brave ones who defended
The freedom of the world, when Russian Czar
Would spread the yoke of slavery too far.

Such is the record, and we count the cost,
So many men upon that field were slain;
With perhaps a score of sons or brothers toss'd
Into the balance sheet to make all plain;
So much of gold weighed out, as won or lost,
And a great sprig of laurel for our gain:
So much, in short, of life and gold expended,
The sheet is balanced, and the war is ended.

But when ten thousand sons and brothers lie,
Wrapp'd in the pale shroud of the evening mist;
No kindly hand to close the filming eye,
Or soothe the brow that once a mother kissed:
The record ends not when they bleed and die,
And figure in round numbers on a list;
Ten thousand legends of remembrance start,
That tell of valorous deed and loving heart.

. . . . .

The sun rose like a fiery shield one day,
Glinting the Alma's cliffs with crimson light;
O'er hill and woodland vale each golden ray
Scattered some shadowy phantom of the night,
Leaving a myriad traces on its way,
Where waving stems and trembling leaves were bright;
And like a shield again, but quenched in blood,
It seemed to sink beneath the Euxine flood.

Then as the first warm glory of the dawn,
Across the fields of azure light had crept,
From leaf and flower, on woodland, field and lawn,
Kissing the tear drops that the dew had wept:
So came the night, with lengthening shadows drawn,
Where the dark waters of the Euxine slept;
O'er the Levant, still on by sea and land,
Till the dark shadow stretched across our strand.

On towards the great Atlantic; but there lay
On England's hearths and homes a ghostly shade: