

ed upon them to acknowledge the goodness of God in their escape; and amid the most respectful attention, himself poured out the general thanksgiving for their deliverance from a watery grave.

This was on the 5th of June. On the 17th he reached Calcutta, on the 20th he was appointed brigadier-general, and set out for the relief of Cawnpore and Lucknow. On the 30th June he arrived at Allahabad, and on the 7th July began his march to Cawnpore, having to contest his way every foot, with less than 1,200 men, against many thousands of the mutineers. He fought four pitched battles, and on the 16th he entered Cawnpore, too late, it is well known, to prevent the horrid massacre of the women and children which Nana Sahib had accomplished but a few hours before.

Then came those wonderful marches towards Lucknow, through inundated fields and hovering host of enemies. Once, and a third time did he advance, and each time he had to fall back; yet each advance was a victory, and each retreat more grand than the advance.

Reinforced by General Outram, who although superior in rank, waived for Havelock's sake his right to assume the command, the relieving column again set forth on the 10th September. Through alternate pouring rain and scorching sunshine, with constant skirmishing, the gallant band pursued their toilsome march, closed on the 23rd by the hard-won battle of the Alumbagh, the firing of the artillery at which was the first signal to the garrison beleagured since the beginning of July, that relief was nigh.

There was a long day's fighting, amidst a sheeted fire of cannon and musketry, through the long, narrow, and tortuous streets of Lucknow, with its more than 50,000 armed and ferocious rebels, ere they could reach the Residency. No words can picture that march of fire and death. Every inch of the way was covered, point-blank, by unseen marksmen; at every turn, heavy artillery belched forth its fiery breath of grape and canister. Now it is getting dark, but the road is lighted up by the incessant flight of shot and shell and the furious play of the musketry. The way at last is clear; the gate of the Residency is before them, and with a cheer which only British soldiers know how to give, the vanguard of Havelock's "Column of Relief," enters in bringing to the beleagured garrison safety, at least, if not deliverance.

This was on the 25th of September. They had hard work after that to maintain their position, till towards the middle of November they were joined by Sir Colin Campbell, with a force of 5,000 men, and ultimately withdrawn, with all the women, children and wounded, first to Cawnpore and then to Allahabad.

Ere they left Lucknow, Havelock wrote home on Nov. 19:—"The papers of 26th Sept. came with Sir Colin Campbell, announcing my elevation to the Commandership of the Bath for my first three battles. I have fought nine more since. . . . I do not after all see my elevation in the *Gazette*, but Sir Colin addresses me as Sir Henry Havelock." For forty days he had not had a suit of clothes to change, but there was a prospect at last of some repose. He had been somewhat unwell; now it was thought, and fondly hoped he would presently rally and regain his health.

But no! On the 20th he was better, but worse again at night. Next day again better, he was removed to Dilkoosha, but the improvement was momentary. On the 22nd, the disease became malignant. To Sir James Outram he said, "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear."

His eldest son though wounded himself, was his constant and assiduous nurse. On the 34th, the end was obviously nigh. "Come," said the heroic old soldier of sixty-two, "come, my son, and see how a Christian can die? And so Havelock died. "But he being dead yet speaketh."