

hundred thousand men set themselves to work to overthrow our Empire, and to sweep from the shores of India every vestige of Saxon Race and Rule. Havelock's *last Campaign* broke the spell of that mutiny and nobly vindicated the Majesty of British Supremacy.

For a time the progress of the mutineers was fearfully rapid. Stronghold after stronghold, and treasure after treasure fell into their hands. From many an ancient city the time-honored, and hitherto triumphal, flag of England was torn down amid wild and fanatic cries. From Meerut to Allahabad all British Rule was trampled to the ground, and the King of Delhi proclaimed the Sovereign of India.

Such was the state of affairs when Havelock arrived in India, and at a season when, from time immemorial, campaigns in that land had been brought to a close, he entered upon his *last Campaign* for the Capture of Cawnpore and the Relief of Lucknow.

Cawnpore is an important city situated on the right bank of the Ganges, about 124 miles from Allahabad, and a little more than 600 miles from Calcutta. With the first appearance of mutiny, in this important position, Sir Hugh Wheeler, a distinguished and courageous Indian officer, though reluctant to believe that the men amongst whom his life had been spent would prove treacherous, made preparations for defense.

On the night of the 6th of May the Native regiments broke their lines, plundered the camp, robbed the treasury and then placed themselves under the leadership of one, who, in a few months, came to be regarded, throughout the civilized world, as the personification of perfidy and cruelty, and, who, in a brief space, earned for himself the darkest place in the annals of human infamy.

Nana Sahib—to whom I refer—was the adopted son of the Bajee Row, the Peishwa, or head of the Mahratta Confederacy, and inherited a large portion of his vast treasures.