

came the spoil of the victors. The rebels having rallied at Busseerutgunge, the bugle sounded a second time for march and for battle, and before sunset a second victory was gained. The wearied men were, at the close of the day, leaning upon their arms, when Havelock rode along. "Clear the way for the General," they exclaimed. "*You have done that already, my brave fellows,*" was Havelock's reply, in tones that stirred the soldier's heart like the blast of a trumpet. Electrified by the well-timed compliment, they rent the air with their cheers, and said, in earnest accents: "God bless the General." He had gained the confidence and sympathy of his troops. With ten thousand such men he might have marched, invincible and victorious, through the length and breadth of India.

The army was elated with success; but that night was a sleepless one to General Havelock. He could not hope to reach Lucknow with more than six hundred men. *Could he retreat?* What would they say in England where his progress was watched with painful interest? What would they say at Head-Quarters from which his commission emanated? What would be the effect in the residency, the fate of which might be determined by the delay of a single day? To fall back required more of moral courage, than onward march. Havelock possessed moral greatness as well as military genius; and to save his army, and to save India, he fell back to a strong position at Mungulwar.

Having obtained a small reinforcement, Havelock commenced his second march of relief. Meeting the enemy in the old battle ground at Busseerutgunge he gained another victory, and for a time pressed rapidly on to the goal of his efforts. But again he encountered his most potent and deadly foe—the cholera. Men who fought and conquered the Sepoys in the field by day, were compelled to succumb to disease in their tents by night. There was no alternative. Encumbered with cholera-stricken and dying men, he must again relinquish