

however, holding in his hand two handsome shawls, with which he approached his now thoroughly humbled bride.

"Dear little wife," said he, "accept a peace offering from my hands. I acknowledge that our quarrel was entirely my own fault; and as a proof of my consciousness of guilt, I beg you will take your choice of one of these shawls"—unfolding and displaying them as he spoke.

Emma scarcely looked up, and when she did raise her eyes, they were full of tears—not such tears as she had shed an hour before, but proceeding from a very different source, which the reader may guess. She wished to avoid making her choice, and begged that Alfred would not ask her *now*; but he persisting, in his own determined and perverse way, "Choose, little one, choose," the victorious wife silently pointed to one of the shawls, which the vanquished husband cheerfully placed round her shoulders; and indeed, to those who had not witnessed the progress of the battle, it would have appeared that the victory and defeat were in exactly the reverse quarters from what we know them to have been.

"I have come three parts of the way to meet you, little wife—"

What could the little wife do but answer the appeal by hiding her half-crying, half-laughing face on her husband's shoulder, and whispering in his ear, "Very good—the table is set!"

So peace was declared between those who, we hope, never allowed it to be again disturbed; and Catherine seemed meditating how best to follow her daughter's example. Looking admiringly at the other shawl, she laid her hand on her husband's shoulder with the familiar words: "Old man!"

"Well?"

"See now, there is yet another shawl: will you not be reconciled to me too?"

"With a shawl? nay, I cannot afford it."

"But consider," urged Catherine.

"Old wife, I hope you are more reasonable; a young bridegroom may make it up with his bride by bringing her a peace-offering; when he is as old as I am, he will do so no longer."

Hal and Bettina were now busy in attendance as the breakfast proceeded; the maiden took every opportunity of turning her back upon her fellow servant, he all the time watching her with looks of entreaty, but there was no sign of yielding in that quarter.

Alfred gaily addressed his favourite servant as he stood behind him: "Is it all right now between you and Bettina?" but the answer was given in profound melancholy: "No, sir, no; she will never give in."

"Bettina *must* say the words," cried Emma; "she is the cause of all the trouble, and now she must say them."

"It is true," said the old lady; "now, Bettina, you must say them before us all as a punishment. Say the words after me—"Very good—the table is set."

The laughter that followed puzzled the old lady, who at first did not perceive that she now for the first time had said the words herself,

until her husband's triumphant shout reached her ear: "You have said it at last, my wife!"

Catherine joined in the laugh, and acknowledged herself vanquished; and now it only remained for the still stubborn serving maiden to follow in the track.

"Now, Bettina," said her young mistress, "it is your turn; you must do as we have done." But with much confusion Bettina turned away from Hal's entreatings looks, and declared it was *impossible*.

"Do you know that I have arranged everything for your wedding in three weeks?" asked the indulgent mistress.

"Very good," demurely answered the maiden, as if it did not signify much.

"Well, well, you have said it half, now say the rest," was the universal chorus.

Bettina finding she had now no supporters, and perhaps liking the prospect of the marriage in three weeks, after the long years of courting between Hal and herself, took the courage of despair, muttered hastily "The table is set," and, throwing her apron over her blushing face, fairly ran away.

Reader, this simple, trivial story, perhaps you will call it, has its moral so forcibly presented all through the course of it, that I need add none. But I will remind you of the severe things written in the book we all reverence, concerning a certain "little member," only quoting these words by way of conclusion, "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Quite in the spirit of this text are the lines of one of our most musical poets:—

"Alas! how slight a cause can move
Dissensions between hearts that love,
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied,
That stood the sea when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fell off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity."

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

FORCED by circumstances to embrace the profession of arms, an honourable ambition led him to aspire to the highest distinction in it. By dint of severe application he obtained a complete mastery of the art of war. Nature had pre-eminently endowed him, among other military gifts, with a talent for strategy. In youth he delighted to marshal his mimic battalions, and fight the battles of Napoleon over again. This gift was improved by study. So familiar was he with the evolutions of great commanders, that, whatever combination was required during the events of the day, he could at once call to mind, for his own guidance, the course they had pursued under similar circumstances. Hence, he was never staggered by any difficulty, however unexpected, and was prepared for every emergency. He possessed what was considered by Napoleon—whose maxims were his favourite manual—the first qualification of a general, "a clear head." His perception was quick, and he possessed the peculiar quality of judging soundly while he thought rapidly. Amidst the din and confusion of battle he was, if possible, more cool, collected, and imperturbable than in ordi-

nary circumstances, and, though often taciturn in society, was remarked to be chaty and cheerful under fire. The most prominent feature in his military character was his self-reliance. He courteously accepted the advice and suggestions of others, though his inferiors, but he never doubted for a moment the soundness of his own decision, and he was thus enabled always to act with vigour and promptitude.

He was, in Carlyle's phrase, an "earnest man," and he possessed in a singular degree the power of communicating his own earnestness to others. His enthusiasm infected all those under him, and there was no danger his men would not encounter when animated by the clear tones of his voice or a glance of his eagle eye. Every man felt that he was acting under the eye of a master spirit, whose approbation, from being rarely and never undeservedly bestowed, was the most valuable reward he could desire. The unbounded confidence which his soldiers felt in him inspired them with confidence in themselves. Even at the most difficult crisis, he exhibited an example of serenity and calmness which buoyed up and inspirited others. Though by nature of a fiery temper, he had acquired, under the influence of religious principle, and by conscientious habit, a spirit of self-control which nothing could disturb. His personal endurance of hardships was unflinching; and nothing served more to attach the men to him, in spite of his stern uncompromising character, than the constant evidence that the self-denial he exacted of others he invariably practised himself. Always a strict, and sometimes a stern disciplinarian, by some he was deemed to err in being too severe in his exactions from those under his command. Yet, if he did not spare them when duty required the sacrifice, neither did he spare himself; and no general ever took greater precautions to husband the strength of his soldiers, or to prevent a needless waste of life, or more diligently strive to alleviate their sufferings and improve their condition. As an instance of his rigid adherence to the rules of military discipline, it may be stated that although his son, Lieutenant Havelock, as Sir James Outram remarked, had afforded valuable assistance to the General in the operations of the 16th and 17th, and was severely wounded on the latter day, his father never mentioned him in his despatch with the rest of his staff, and would not permit his name to be entered in the list of casualties, because he was not then officially released from the surgeon's list. Havelock never displayed any impatience of authority. The implicit obedience he exacted from those under him, he unhesitatingly accorded to his own superiors. Hence, his orders were ever cheerfully obeyed.

In every military disposition, he always calculated the possibility of failure, and endeavoured to provide against it. He thus incurred, on some occasions, the charge of over-caution when anticipated difficulties did not arise. Yet few men have ever so thoroughly combined the utmost daring with the utmost prudence. It was the rapidity and the dash of his movements from Allahabad, when he followed up the enemy without allowing them breathing-time, and beat them in nine fields in five weeks, that gave

the first check to the mutiny and turned the tide of events in our favour. It was remarked of him by one of the most distinguished of his subordinates, General Neill, that "nothing could be more admirable or more instructive than the way in which he handled his troops." The little army under his command, notwithstanding its defective organization, resembled a machine over which he had the most complete mastery, and which he worked with perfect ease. He did not, like his brother William, love danger for its own sake, but he manifested the greatest contempt for it when it was to be incurred in the execution of duty. His personal intrepidity in action was so prominent, that it was often said of him that there was little merit in his courage, because he did not know what the quality of fear was. Yet, those who knew him intimately affirmed that the reverse was the case, and that this intrepid bearing was only another proof how completely a paramount sense of duty could overcome all constitutional tendencies.

Regarding the higher and more important quality of moral courage, however, there could be no diversity of opinion. There was more moral courage in assembling his men to read the Bible and to sing psalms, amidst the jeers of his brother officers, than in leading them to storm a battery amidst the bullets of the enemy. It demanded more moral courage to relinquish the advance on Lucknow than it required of personal courage to face the greatest dangers in prosecuting it. In both cases he was actuated by a predominant sense of duty. His moral courage was proof against any adverse opinion. When he felt himself in the path of right, everything else was a matter of indifference to him. He invariably maintained that if it were right to do a thing, it was right to face all its consequences. This sense of duty was the pole star of his course through life. He had brought himself so habitually to act under the influence of this high principle, that his private feelings, tastes, and inclinations, and his personal comfort and convenience, became entirely subordinate to it. He was not insensible to military distinction; he valued more than most men the honours earned by military virtue and success, but even the brightest prospects of the soldier were light when weighed in the balance of duty. This imparted to his character that high-mindedness and elevation which gave him so great an ascendancy over others. It was the conviction that he was a "man of principle" which gained for him the confidence of others, whether above or below him, quite as much as his high professional qualifications.

Havelock's religion underlay his whole character, of which it 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 con-

sistency 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 profession, 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.

Havelock was a man of thought as well as action. His literary tastes were as strong as his military. He was well read in English literature, and more particularly in history. His English style was pure and classical, and his despatches were models of military composition. To his knowledge of the ancient classics, which he continued to cultivate through life, he added a fair acquaintance with French and Italian, acquired by study, and improved during his continental tour. He possessed a most retentive memory, great powers of reasoning, a ready wit, and a natural aptitude for criticism. His taste in youth was for poetry and the drama; as he advanced in years his partiality for literature was in a great measure confined to military history, which had the same claim for him in the last days of his life as it had in his boyhood. All his habits were regular and active. From the period of entering the army, he was habitually an early riser, and he acquired to a remarkable degree the power of waking at a pre-determined moment, and of taking sleep at any time by snatches. He was not only temperate but abstemious, perhaps beyond the bounds of prudence. His figure was slender, but well-knit, erect, and graceful; his height five feet six inches. His countenance was an index of his mind. His features were regular, the forehead high and broad, the nose aquiline, the chin well developed, and the eyes of piercing intensity. His voice was clear and powerful, and audible to a great distance—no small qualification in a general. Of his domestic virtues, as a devoted husband, an affectionate father, and a constant friend, no better evidence can be adduced than the letters which have been quoted in this volume.

The report of Havelock's early victories produced a burst of enthusiastic feeling through England. A bright ray of hope relieved the gloom of the mutiny; even the dreadful intelligence of the Cawnpore tragedy was in some small degree alleviated by the report brought by the same mail, that the miscreant Nana Sahib had been routed, and Cawnpore re-captured by Havelock. His name at once flew through the land, and became familiar to every circle. “Nothing,” said one of the most popular journalists, “surpasses, and few things can equal, his eight days' incessant march to Cawnpore, his winning four victories in twice as many days, his terrific strides across a swampy region, blistered by the heats of the Indian midsummer, his succes-

sion of rapid and overpowering blows.” As each successive mail brought news of fresh victories—his fifth, his seventh, his ninth, he became the idol of the nation. The public eagerly inquired into his past history, and found that he was a man of great military endowments, who had been distinguished in many fights, but had till this time been repressed by the cold shade of adverse influences. Even his Methodism was deemed to brighten his renown. “We implicitly believe,” said an influential journalist, “that none fear men less than those who fear God most. No soldiers ever showed themselves more invincible than those who can pray as well as fight, nor have any swords proved more resistless than those wielded by the right hands that know their way through dog's-eared bibles. This is evidently a Christian warrior of the right breed.”

His exploits became the theme of admiration in every journal throughout the country. Meetings were at this period held in every considerable town, to organise auxiliary committees for the Indian Relief Fund, and on every occasion, the name of Havelock was brought forward to stimulate exertion, and never was it mentioned without eliciting rapturous applause. Men of all ranks and classes, the statesman, the noble, the minister of religion, and above all, the middle class, who claimed him as their own, vied with each other in doing honour to the man who had so nobly maintained the honour of his country; and in six weeks the “neglected lieutenant” rose by national suffrage to the pinnacle of renown.

On the 7th of January, while the nation was eagerly expecting some fresh achievement from the great hero whom God had raised up at a great crisis, the telegram from India announced that “General Havelock died on the 24th November from dysentery, brought on by exposure and anxiety.” The national hopes were at once quenched in death, and one common feeling of grief pervaded the whole land, from the royal palace to the humble cottage. There has been no example of so universal a mourning since the death of Nelson. It was felt in every bosom that England had sustained the heaviest loss by the removal of one of her noblest sons. Every journal hastened to pay homage to his memory. In hundreds of discourses from the pulpit, on the succeeding sabbaths, ministers of every denomination made this national bereavement the subject of mournful comment. The most eminent statesmen of the day, without distinction of party, united in paying the tribute of their respect to the memory of the General. It was the tears of a nation which bedewed his grave.

As long as the memory of great deeds, and high courage, and spotless self-devotion is cherished amongst his countrymen, so long will Havelock's lonely tomb in the grave beneath the scorching eastern sky, hard by the vast city—the scene alike of his toil, his triumph, and his death—be regarded as one of the most holy of the many spots where our patriot soldiers lie.*

* “Memoirs of Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.,” by John Clark Marshman. London, Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts.