

lock writes, "oft repeated since my school days has been answered, and I have lived to command in a successful action. . . . But away with vain glory. Thanks to Almighty God, who gave me the victory, I captured in four hours eleven guns, and scattered the enemy's force to the winds." The streets of the town were choked up with baggage, among which were ladies' dresses, worsted work, and other tokens of our murdered country-women, which seemed to make the men wilder for vengeance. The troops halted on the 13th for repose, and resumed their route on the 14th, when the small body of native irregular cavalry, who had become mutinous and dangerous, was disbanded. On the 15th, the force came up with the enemy at Aoung. The engagement lasted two hours, and the enemy fought much better, but they were at length driven off the field. No sooner were the men halted, however, than intelligence was received that the insurgents had retired to a strong entrenchment on the opposite bank of the Pandoo nuddy, or stream, and were preparing to blow up the bridge. The troops were ordered up, and recommenced their march with alacrity. After advancing three miles they reached the stream, which was swollen by the rains to the dimensions of a large river, but the bridge was untouched, though guarded by two long 24-pounders. The troops moved on under a continuous fire, and the enemy's position was stormed. It was owing to Havelock's forethought and promptitude that the bridge was gained before the enemy could destroy it. Had he not advanced instantly, his career would have been arrested for an indefinite period by the stream, on which there were no boats, and which there would have been no means of crossing. The casualties were only twenty-five, but the great loss was that of Major Renaud, who had always led the advance. The wearied soldiers bivouacked for the night on the spot where the last gun was fired.

That night Havelock received information that Nana Sahib in person intended to oppose his entry into Cawnpore at the head of 7,000 men. News had also reached the camp that our countrywomen at Cawnpore were yet living, and the hope of rescuing them dispelled every sense of fatigue. That night and morning the troops marched fourteen miles, and after cooking and eating their food under the trees, advanced on the enemy at two in the afternoon. The heat was terrific, and at every step some one fell out of the ranks, many never to return. The enemy's position was guarded by artillery at every point. Havelock determined to try his favourite plan of turning the flank of the enemy. His small troop of cavalry masked his operations, while the main body, by a masterly movement, came upon the flank of the enemy; but their guns were too well protected for our artillery to silence them. The Highlanders were lying down. Havelock came up to them, and pointing to the battery of the insurgents, told them to take it. They rose, fired one rolling volley, and, on receiving the word to charge, rushed forward with impetuosity, and overcoming all opposition drove the enemy from the village. "Well done, Highlanders," said Havelock, "you shall be my own regiment in future. Another charge like that will win the day." The field was nearly won, but one huge 24-pounder was dealing destruction among our ranks. Six men of the 64th had been laid low by one discharge. Havelock went up to them, and addressed a few inspiring words. "That gun must be taken by the bayonet. I must have it. No firing; and remember, I am with you." The troops advanced, the grape from the gun crashing through them; but their charge was irresistible, and the enemy was everywhere in flight.

Such was the battle of Cawnpore, in which 1,000 British troops and 300 Sikhs, after a march of twenty-four miles under a blazing sun, without cavalry, and with inferior artillery, in three hours and forty minutes put to flight 5,000 of the enemy, armed and trained by ourselves. Havelock always considered this his best day's work, and in no engagement was the superiority of generalship, and the personal daring and physical force of the Europeans more conspicuous. But the prize for which the troops had braved such dangers was lost. On entering the town of Cawnpore, they learnt that on the preceding day Nana Sahib, enraged by his defeat at the Pandoo nuddy, had ordered the slaughter of all the women and children. "With every kind of weapon, from the bayonet to the butcher's knife, from the battle-axe to the club, they assailed these English ladies; they cut off their breasts, they lopped off limbs, they beat them down with clubs, they trampled on them with their feet; their children they tossed on bayonets. . . . The bodies, yet warm, in some, life not yet extinct, were dragged into a well hard by, limb separated from limb, all were thrown in in one commingled mass; the blood was left to sink into the floor, to remain a lasting memento of insatiable vengeance."

Having thus reached Cawnpore, Havelock marched against Bithoor on the 19th; having received all the reinforcements which Neil could spare, he crossed the Ganges, by the aid of a little steamer, which had been placed at his disposal. The whole force, consisting of 1,500 men, was united on the left bank on the 25th, and, after completing all the arrangements for advancing to Lucknow, started at five in the morning on the 29th. The men were without tents; the whole country was under water, and the troops could advance only on the high road. After marching five miles, Havelock found the enemy occupying a strong position at the village of Onao. He gave the order to advance, and after a severe struggle, the town was gained. As our troops debouched into the plain beyond, they were again threatened by the enemy's cavalry and infantry, but the former had not the pluck to charge, and the latter fled on the first onset, leaving their guns behind them. It

was now half-past eleven, and there was a burning sun over head. The men halted to take breakfast and rest. At two p.m., the advance was again sounded, and the troops at length came up to the strongly entrenched position of Busarut-gunj, a walled town, with a jheel, or sheet of water, in front, and a larger one in the rear. It was flanked on either side by a swamp, and the road approaching it was commanded by four pieces of cannon, planted on a round tower. But the Fusiliers and Highlanders steadily gained ground, and on coming within charging distance, rushed on with the bayonet, and the town was captured. The enemy retreated to a village beyond the lake, and kept up an unremitting fire all night. It was six o'clock before the town was captured. The troops had been marching thirteen hours, with the exception of the time allowed for breakfast; they had fought two engagements, and were completely knocked up; officers and men had vied with each other in these terrific struggles; they had suffered severely from heat, cholera, dysentery, and the enemy's fire, and their numbers had been reduced in two days to 1,200. Havelock was losing at the rate of fifty men a day; he had to convey all his sick and wounded with him; the enemy was continually recruited with swarms of insurgents, and his communication with Cawnpore was certain to be cut off. He determined not to sacrifice the lives of his brave men in a fruitless attempt to reach Lucknow, and most reluctantly retraced his steps back to the banks of the Ganges. On the 11th he started a third time, though his force was now reduced to about 1,000 men, but the same daring spirit still animated them all. Three miles beyond Onao, they came upon the enemy, now increased to 20,000, and occupying a line which extended five miles, while ours when deployed did not extend more than half a mile. Manoeuvring was out of the question, he must beat them by dint of sheer British pluck, or not at all. Our troops dashed among the enemy with undaunted courage, and the victory was at length gained, but it was one of those victories which recalled to mind Pyrrhus's melancholy exclamation. We had lost 140 men out of 1,000, without advancing ten miles towards Lucknow. There was but one course to pursue—to retire to Cawnpore and wait for reinforcements. Havelock reached the station on the 13th of August, and found that reinforcements were on their way up; but his occupation was gone. He had failed to relieve Lucknow, and the Government of Calcutta resolved to supersede him, and sent Sir James Outram to take the conduct of the campaign out of his hands.

In thirty-five days he had fought five pitched battles and four minor actions, against an enemy vastly superior in number; yet, under these disadvantages, he had advanced three times towards Lucknow, and struck such terror into the enemy, that his retirement was always unmolested. Outram arrived on the 16th of September, and with a degree of generosity which will ever be remembered to his honour, determined to leave the credit of relieving Lucknow to Havelock, and to accompany him only in a civil capacity. Just before crossing, Havelock wrote to the author of this sketch—"The enterprise of crossing the Ganges, opposed to double my numbers, is not without hazard; but it has to me, at sixty-three, all the charm of romance. I am as happy as a duck in thunder." The army was crossed over in safety, though not without difficulty. At the Alumbagh the enemy was strongly entrenched, but though our troops had been marching seven hours, it was at length stormed. On the 25th the British force was in motion at an early hour; for six hours was it engaged in a deadly struggle with the enemy, who fired on them, as they advanced, from every house and enclosure. At the Kaiser Bagh, the palace of the late king, a fire was opened on them of grape and musketry from an entrenchment, under which, as Havelock states in a letter, nothing could live. Here the brave Neill fell mortally wounded. Sir James Outram was wounded; Havelock's son was wounded in the arm, his own horse was disabled by two bullets. Night was coming on, and they were still two miles from the Residency. It was proposed to halt at the Fused Bukah till the morning; but Havelock so strongly represented the importance of achieving at once a communication with the beleaguered garrison, and restoring their confidence, that it was determined to advance. The Highlanders and Sikhs were called to the front, and Outram, Havelock, and three of their staff, rode at their head, as Havelock wrote, "and on we dashed through streets of loop-holed houses, from the flat roofs of which a perpetual fire was poured. But our troops were not to be denied. We found ourselves at the great gate of the Residency, and entered in the dark in triumph." Then came three cheers for the leaders, and the joy of the half-famished garrison. "Our reception," says one of those present, "was enthusiastic; old men and women, and infants, pouring down in one weeping crowd to welcome their deliverers. Fortunate, indeed, was it for the garrison that the relief was achieved at the time; for one of the enemy's mines, most scientifically constructed, was ready for loading, the firing of which would have placed the garrison at their mercy." The delay of another day must have sealed their fate. This was one of the most arduous days of the campaign, and will be ever memorable in the annals of British India. One-fourth of the force fell; the killed, wounded, and missing, amounted to 535. Counting from the day of his arrival at Allahabad, he had enjoyed the uncontrolled direction of the campaign for the space of eighty-eight days; but this brief period was crowded with achievements which have contributed in no small measure to the national glory, and drawn on him the admiration of the civilized world. For eight weeks subsequently, he was employed within the garrison in defending the works, and little opportunity was afforded for strategics; but all his

movements were marked by the same skill, perseverance and daring which have rendered his career memorable.

At length, on the 17th of November, Sir Colin Campbell, with a force of 5,000 men, came up to the relief of the garrison. On the 19th of November Havelock writes: "Sir Colin Campbell has come up with 5,000 men, and made a complete change. The mail of the 26th of September came in with him announcing my elevation to the dignity of a Knight Commander for my first three engagements. I have fought nine since—*ubicunque felix*—by the blessing of God." The next night he was attacked with dysentery. The "recoil on his constitution," of which he had a presentiment, proved fatal. From the day of his leaving Allahabad he had for twenty-two weeks been worn out with incessant anxiety and exertion, and now that the great object of his labours had been accomplished in the deliverance of the besieged women and children, his constitution sank under the attack of disease. He was taken out to the Dilkoosha, where he was tended with filial affection by his son, who had shared with him the dangers of the campaign, and displayed a spirit of gallantry worthy of such a father. In the letter, which announced the melancholy intelligence of his death, he says, "My father died on the 24th of November, having been attacked with acute dysentery on the 20th. For two months that we had been shut up in Lucknow, he had been literally starved for want of proper nourishment, and his constitution had not strength to survive the shock. God grant that the Christian resignation, and peaceful confiding reliance on the Master he had so long and so faithfully served, may have a lasting influence on my life. He died in perfect peace. To Sir James Outram, who came to see him on the previous evening, he said, 'For more than forty years I have so ruled my life, that when death came, I might face it without fear.' Once turning to me he said, 'See how a Christian can die;' and repeatedly exclaimed, 'I die contented.' Immediately after his death, the force was removed to the Alumbagh, where he was buried the next day. Sir Colin Campbell, and numbers of his sorrowing comrades, who had followed him in so many victorious fields, accompanied his remains to the grave."

Havelock's personal appearance was emphatically that of a soldier. Though of diminutive stature, there was a spirit of determination, not only in the expression of his noble countenance, but in the fiery glance of his eye, which marked his character. He was as strict a disciplinarian as Frederick the Great and Wellington, and attached the greatest importance to the principle of implicit military obedience. Hence he was often considered severe, and even stern, by his subordinates; but every feeling of irritation vanished as the time for action approached. He enjoyed the perfect confidence of his men; and his spirit-stirring addresses to them, after the engagements they had shared together, served to awaken feelings of the highest enthusiasm. His utter disregard of danger exceeded the ordinary feelings of courage, and excited the admiration of the bravest. He was never more cheerful or chatty than under fire. The predominant impulse of his mind was the rigid performance of duty, for which he was ready to make any sacrifice, even that of life itself. On every occasion in life, whether in the performance of its ordinary duties, the maintenance of his religious views, or the organisation of a battle, his conduct was equally marked by decision. Few men have ever more eminently illustrated the truth, that the fear of God excludes all fear of man. His religion was marked by all the strength of his own character, and he never flinched from the defence of evangelical truth in any society. While firmly attached to the tenet peculiar to the Baptists, because he considered it in accordance with the Bible, he was delighted to associate, and that most cordially in the benevolent labours of all other denominations.

## Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

### Valedictory Address,

From the Baptist Church in Onslow, to Elder D. W. C. Dimock, an assuming the pastoral care of the Baptist Church in Truro—a branch of the former, but lately organised into a separate Church.

BELOVED PASTOR,

You have for a number of years past continued with us steadfastly in the Apostle's doctrine, in fellowship, in breaking of bread, and in prayers, and other ministerial avocations, and when we recall those happy seasons of fellowship and communion we the more deeply regret that the changes or movements which have lately taken place have made you feel it to be your duty to labour wholly in but one of the two departments of the Church which were till recently but one. From daily experience, we find that the external tie uniting Pastor and people is frequently broken: it has been so from the earliest ages of Christianity, and it is often necessary that it should be so. The great changes which time makes, adverse circumstances, sickness, and, surest of all, and most unerring in his aim, death will at last break the external bond; but the internal bond of sacred friendship and heaven-born love, uniting all true believers, whether pastor or people, we believe, cannot be broken. Under your labours our Church has greatly enlarged her borders.

You have been made instrumental in converting sinners from the error of their way, saving souls from death, causing joy in heaven, and joy on earth while leading willing converts to put on Christ—to make a good profession before many witnesses and to go on their way rejoicing; we do, therefore, the more earnestly pray that God may continue to bless your labours, and give you souls for your hire—which will be stars in your crown—that you may have an eye single to his glory—and that your life and that of your amiable partner, who has endeared herself to us by her sociability and Christian deportment, may be lives of faith in Jesus Christ, and that your children may grow up around you with evidences of a heavenly birth and walking in wisdom's ways till you shall attain to a good old age, and see your children's children enjoying the blessings of heaven and good things of earth, are the desires of the people of your former charge.

By Order, and on behalf of the Church,

JOHN KING, }  
THOMAS SOLEY, } Committee.

## REPLY:

TO THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN ONSLOW:

Beloved Brethren and Sisters,—Your most affectionate address awakens many emotions in my mind, which, indeed, it is not possible to express, and long indeed must be the interval of passing years that will remove from my memory the many sweet seasons of refreshing we have experienced. The relation which exists between a pastor and Church, if realized in any thing like its importance, will create ties which cannot be severed without pain. So sacred, too, do I consider that relation, and so important, that its severance is justified, only by still stronger claims. Duty is the stern mandate which often causes us to decide contrary to our natural feelings. The convictions of what I conceived to be duty led me to the conclusion, which has resulted in the dissolution of our former relation.

The cause of God seemed to me to demand additional labour. I did not see it to be my duty to attempt the supply of what I felt to be the demand, the real necessities of the former sphere of my labours, the cause of God required more, I yielded to my convictions—not, however, without pain. Many were the struggles of my mind. And though our separation is a result not anticipated by me, yet I trust we may all eventually see, that divine wisdom, often so mysterious to us, has overruled all for the glory of God.

You speak of the breaking up of the ties that have existed, as painful. About sixteen years' labour together in the gospel has indeed formed ties of deep interest—how can they be severed without pain? That which causes me, however, the most pain is, that I have not been more holy, more devoted, more faithful, more useful to you and to the souls of my fellow men.

The kind mention you make of Mrs. Dimock and our family is, I assure you, by us both highly appreciated, and is an additional bond which binds us in christian sympathy to the Church with which we have been connected, and another inducement to pray for those whom we love in the fellowship of the gospel.

It is my most earnest prayer that the pastor you now expect may be greatly blessed in building up the interests of the Church, and in the salvation of many souls.

Separated though we are, in different localities, our aims and objects are one. May the churches located so near to each other live in unity; and may you, dear brethren and sisters, abound in the work of the Lord, is the prayer of him whose happiest days have been spent in endeavouring to serve you in the gospel of Christ.

I am, in Christian fellowship,

Yours, very truly,

D. W. C. DIMOCK.

Truro, March 10th, 1858.

For the Christian Messenger.

### The Need and the Danger.

Much has been said of late through your paper on Acadia College. But occupying a position in some respects favorable for observing and judging, I have thought it worth while briefly to state my own views on the subject. If they awaken in any of the friends of the Institution a favorable response, they may help somewhat the common cause; and if they awaken no such response, yet an object will even then be accomplished.

The College is in need. But how great is that need? The Board have been compelled to borrow considerable sums to meet the expense for the last year; something is still due for salaries; and there should be additional means