



Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1859.
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Communications for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer in confidence.

We have this week the pleasure of publishing for our readers such valuable correspondence. From the United States we have the letter of our very regular and attentive correspondent; from England we had the communication of our excellent friend whose pen, seldom quiescent, we opine, has yet intermitted its labours in our behalf somewhat longer than our high appreciation of its products would lead us to wish. Henceforth we trust "our own English columns" will figure more frequently in our columns. The quick and hearty response with which a highly intelligent and gifted gentleman in Calcutta has responded to our request to contribute to our columns full and fair intelligence respecting the progress of events in those Eastern possessions of Britain which the anxious eyes of the religious as well as the political world are now concentrated, entitles him to the thanks of the thousands who will peruse with eager interest his well drawn sketches of Indian Affairs.

The tidings which, anticipated in brief outline last week, has now borne to us in full proportions by the English mail last received, is of a character to command more than the usual amount of regard and meditation. The death of HAYLOCK is its first thrilling announcement. A name which, though for forty years or more on the army list, was probably known to none of our readers before the outbreak of the Indian insurrection, has been by that event rendered so familiar that in every household the thought that they will bear of it no more in connexion with daring exploits and distinguished devotion to God and to the country that gave him birth, except from the record of history, has already produced the natural sentiment of sorrow. His name has passed forever from the roll of England's living soldiers; it has passed forever into the roll of her immortal heroes: better than this it stands emblazoned in the Lamb's book of Life. That HAYLOCK should die just in sight of those honours which stimulate the exertions of military men; that having toiled so long through the zodiac under the burning sun and over the heated sands of India, he should fall a victim just as his feet pressed the globe, while the air was laden with the plaudits of his countrymen and his Queen was deaving tokens of her admiration and the Nation's gratitude, may seem to be in some respects a sorrowful fate, and furnishes indeed a momentary lesson to those who live and labor only for the enjoyment of worldly honors. But HAYLOCK did not so live, and his death, in our estimation, was such as a soldier might wish to die, whilst he was sure it was such as the righteous man might lawfully desire. He had set his heart upon noble achievement, and God suffered him to live long enough to see its accomplishment. He had vindicated the honor of his country; he had the salvation of her Eastern empire; and when his work was done, not by the shafts of his savage foe, but by the instrumentality of the demon enemy to which we all must yield, he was snatched indeed from the glories of earth; but ushered into the brighter glories of heaven; his ears were closed to the sounds of praise that accompanied his name throughout the globe, but he gained the patent of eternal glory signed with the sign manual of the Captain of his salvation. Henceforward while the conquering course of Clive with its gully incidents and gloomy termination, and the ascending progress of Hastings with its bitter end, may serve as a march to the youth of the Indian empire, the strict Christian life of HAYLOCK, his tedious march towards life, and the unimpaired glory of the close of his career may be a pole-star to guide them.

Religion in England.
It can never be said that Methodist history is devoid of interest. The life of any Wesleyan Minister for a month has plenty of romance about it. Few men have more adventures. Few lives are less monotonous. The journal of the most otiose and easy-going in the ranks is full of interesting and often thrilling records. But although the individual aspects of the system in action may change, and shift, and frequently happen that in the aggregate of its operations Methodism, to a newspaper correspondent at least, is barren indeed. A "penny-a-liner," however imaginative and exhaustive his abilities, would find it difficult to make a living out of the history of Methodism during the last month or two. The fact is, the situation of England, political, social, and ecclesiastical, has been fairly monopolized by the two events of the times, the Indian Rebellion and the Monetary Panic. One great event, however, has happened to Methodism, in connexion with all the Churches and the world,—a New Year has dawned. The Past has gained another year to its long and momentous age. The world has one year less for her thrice-born church has one year less for her mighty work. The members of the great Methodist family, the wide world over, regard the advent of the New Year with peculiar solemnity of feeling. The thrilling service of the Watch-night,—once peculiar to Methodism, but now very largely observed not only by the Dissenters but by Episcopalians,—together with the Renewal of the Covenant on the first Sabbath of the year, are sufficient of themselves to invest the New Year's dawn with almost awful sacredness. But perhaps few of the members of our Body have allowed Eighteen hundred and Fifty-eight to enter the ranks of time, without recalling gratefully the memories of Eighteen hundred and Fifty-seven. The last year was indeed a good year,—a year of red-letter days in the history of Methodism.—"Then had the Churches rest." It is a long time since we have been able to look back upon twelve months of Methodist history with so much unqualified satisfaction. The hand of the Lord was clearly visible in all our movements. The cloud of His presence went before us, and now that we are standing on the threshold of Eighteen hundred and Fifty-eight it is most delightful to feel that our great system is pervaded by a spirit of the most perfect harmony,—that the ancient landmarks stand firm, though bearing upon them the story of storm and flood,—that the noble and catholic doctrines of the Wesleyan creed are held in all their primitive simplicity and power; and that while other churches heave in the throes of doubt and heresy, the Ministers and people of Methodism cling firmly and faithfully to the great essentials of Christian Truth, holding the faith in a pure conscience, and being zealous to maintain good works. It is a blessing to have a creed in these times, and to hold to it. Among the most prominent of the religious movements of the day is a scheme for improving the religious advantages of the

country's arms under Sir Robert Sale were seldom exposed to actual attack, the Lockwood garrison, of inferior strength, have, in addition to a series of force assaults, gallantly and successfully resisted, been for three months exposed to a nearly incessant fire from strong and commanding positions, held by an enemy of overwhelming force, possessing powerful artillery, having at their command the whole resources of what was but recently a kingdom, and animated by an insane and bloody fanaticism. From 20 to 25 guns, some of very large calibre, were laid in position by the enemy. All these were planted at great distances—some actually within 50 yards of the British defences. "Nor was this all. There were mosques and houses near the Residency, which were occupied by the enemy by force. From these they kept up a terrific fire day and night. "There could not have been less," writes Brigadier Inglis, "than 8,000 men firing at one time into our position." For 87 days which elapsed between the investment and the arrival of Havelock and Outram this went on day and night. Besides four general assaults were made, mines were constantly exploded under the most critical positions of the works, and had it not been that a system of countermining was incessantly carried on by the garrison, the Residency would have been forced before even the arrival of the first relief. The night brought no relief from the perils of the day, but rather additional fatigue. It was then the bodies of the slain were committed to the earth, and the cases of the purifying ballistics were covered up, lest worse diseases should be engendered, for the garrison were suffering severely from disease as well as from the searching fire of the enemy. Everybody was at work; delicate ladies attended to the wants of the wounded men; civilians handled the matted and shorn, not without playing an effective part in the more direct operations of the defence. For 87 days the fierce, overwhelming foe, notwithstanding the great disparity of numbers and the advantage of his position, could not succeed in winning an inch of ground from Englishmen who knew well that they had no mercy to expect at the hands of the enemy. If the position had been forced they would have been butchered to a man, and every Englishman in Lucknow foibly dishonored and then butchered too. "All honour," continues the Times, "should be given to those faithful native soldiers—among the many faithful, faithful only found—of the 13th, 48th, and 71st Regiments of the Line who formed part of the defenders of Lucknow. Their loyalty has indeed been tried in the fire, and we rejoice to see that, as a mark of honour, the survivors are to be incorporated into a single regiment, to be called 'the Regiment of Lucknow.' No reward is too great for such men as these, as no punishment is too severe for the vile traitors who have betrayed their trust amid circumstances of cruelty so revolting that one can but think of them as wild beasts to be exterminated from the surface of the earth. In 87 days, then, after the first investment, and after a sickening period of hope deferred, Havelock and Outram forced their way into the Residency. Then came the second investment, of which it will be sufficient to say that as the first so was the second period of trial. One terrible proof of its severity we have in the death of the good soldier "HAYLOCK," an event which will be felt as a domestic calamity by every household in the empire. Henry Havelock was no fine gentleman and not a man who loved his profession and knew its duties well. From Havelock's career we may learn what a real soldier can perform, and how an empire may be saved by the skill and energy of a single man. All honor again we say, to the glorious memory of such a man as this! England can well distinguish in the long run between the officers who are fitted to conduct her armies to victory and the more abundant crowd of military pretenders who appear on the stage but as the harbingers of shame and defeat. How deeply every Englishman must regret that this gallant soldier passed his rest without hearing how his services had been appreciated by his countrymen!"

working classes. By "the working classes" we mean, in England, the artisan, the mechanic, the mason, and men of kindred professions. As a class, the working men of our land are proverbially indifferent to personal religion in its dogmas and forms. The artisan is generally a sceptic. His employment perhaps induces this habit of thought. While working at his engine, or loom,—or pursuing his craft, whatever it may be,—his mind is naturally busy. The apostles of loyalty have directed their main endeavors to this class; and their specious arguments have not been without a very serious influence,—for in these moments of leisure they present themselves to the unfurnished and yet capable mind with considerable power. The working-classes of England are generally suspicious of Religion,—and it is not to be wondered at; not only because of the coolness which religious men have shown the matter of Mechanics' Institutions, but because of the style and bearing of many of the English clergy of all denominations. "Mother Church" and her daughters have not provided the most tempting home for their working kindred. Methodism has always offered greater inducements to the working-classes than the Churches of the Establishment and Dissent. Hence the fastidious jacket and corduroy trousers are not very unusual phenomena in a Wesleyan chapel. Indeed the more homely "shirt-sleeve" is not entirely unknown among our free-trading. The artisan and mechanic are frequently among the ranks of our Local Preachers,—and capital preachers they may be called. The ranks of worship belonging to the Church of England, and the most eminent Dissenting communities, the working-man is seldom seen. The wealthy man, the middle-class tradesman, the poor, may be found in large numbers; but if you want to find the intelligent working-man on the Sabbath you must go to his home, where he drags the hours out in listless idleness, or into the green fields, where he tries to breathe the fresh air on his one holiday,—or to the infidel club, where the doctrines of Christianity are wantonly ridiculed,—or to the public-house, where he plays at skittles, or steeps himself in drink and degradation.

India—The Insurrection.
The exultation inspired by the complete success of this hazardous enterprise, was suddenly checked by the intelligence of the death of General Havelock. What the precise circumstances connected with this sad event were, we have not yet ascertained, our knowledge being limited to the bold fact communicated by a telegram that "General Havelock died two days ago." Beyond this information nothing has been authenticated; but it is said that the illustrious warrior died from dysentery on the 25th ultimo, and was buried at Alum-bagh. Other rumours are rife as to the cause of his death, but considering the anxiety and exhaustion he must have endured, and the reaction occasioned by the relief, the one named is, at least, highly probable. Third in the order of time, General Havelock was first in the order of merit of the brilliant troops who did not survive the distinguished honours so gratefully awarded as a tribute to their valor by Her Majesty the Queen only a few brief weeks ago. General Nicholson after a career of glorious service, fell mortally wounded in the assault upon Delhi, and refused to be carried off the field, affirming that to be the most appropriate death-bed of a soldier. Next, General Neill, the distinguished deliverer of Benares and Allahabad and the terror of Nana Sahab, whose fortress at Bithoor he reduced,—who fell in the first relief of Lucknow, when cutting away through the swarming hosts of rebels exposed to a "hail of fire under which most could not have lived." Last of the names of Havelock is now added to a list of victors who have earned the ending gratitude of their species. It is difficult to estimate the loss of such a man at present crisis. It is impossible in the moment of that loss to do justice to the character of the great and mighty one who has fallen. The historian of the rebellion will assign him a niche of no subordinate position, while his name will ever be a synonym for all that is heroic in the soldier, patriot in the man, and excellent in the Christian. He appeared to be fitted by providence for a special providential work, and while it remained incomplete he seemed to wear a charmed life. His course was one of activity and almost incessant action in the field, yet although he had been in more than three campaigns, man of them imminent perils, he never received a wound. In advancing to the relief of Lucknow he had four horses shot under him, but continued unhurt himself. The good man is said to be immortal till his work be done, and so, no doubt, it was with him. However far it may transcend human comprehension, his work was done. It is gratifying to know, while the problem of the compatibility of military genius and righteousness is being wrought out, that he united the most soldierly qualities with the highest Christian virtues, adorning alike his profession and his faith. "The memory of the just is blessed." During the absence of Sir Colin Campbell and his former General Windham was in command at Cawnpore.—Taking advantage of the opportunity, the rebels planned and effected an exploit singular and successful daring. The entrenchments at that station are situated on the Grand Trunk Road on the one side, and at a distance of three miles on the other to the station of Delhi the British Camp pitched at a place called Nawabganj.—Close to the latter post the ground is very uneven and intersected by numerous dense wooded ravines affording shelter for man and beast. Stealing along these natural avenues under cover of the night, the Gwalior Contingent, a force in the service of the Maha Rajah Scindiah, and originally our allies, but now the fiercest rebels against their own Chief and us, came suddenly upon the outlying ricket and made a dash upon the Camp with such rapidity as to accomplish a complete surprise. Cutting the cords which held the entrenchments together, they came out, those who escaped being obliged to retire within the entrenched lines. The Camp of the 24th 82nd and 88th Regiments were burned with all the material they contained. This was on the 27th ultimo, and on the 28th the insurgents 25,000 strong, attacked the entrenchments from the South and the Subadar's Tent was destroyed by the Rebels from the former position was successful in beating them back with the loss of 2 guns of 18 calibre, and also in silencing the battery from the Tank, but it is admitted that our extreme right and the 64th regiment suffered very severely. Brigadier Wilson was killed, and Major-General Wilson wounded. Two Officers belonging to the camp named corps were seized, and met with a cruel fate at the hands of the enemy, one of them being hanged on our own gallows, and the other fastened to a gun and beaten to death with shoes, this mode of punishment suggesting itself as the most ignominious they could inflict. On the evening of the 28th the Commander-in-Chief arrived to the joy and succor of the Cawnpore garrison, having made a forced march of 38 miles, notwithstanding the presence of more than 3,000 wounded, and women and children, on hearing of the critical condition of the station. His first care was to place the disabled and non-combatants in a position of safety. This occupied a week during which the insurgents were in full possession of the town. Having completed his preparations Sir Colin advanced to attack the enemy at 11 o'clock on Sabbath the 6th inst. The battle was sharp but of short duration, as the rebels were speedily driven from their position, and retreating in confusion were heavily pursued to a distance of 14 miles where they were left with the loss of 16 guns of various calibre, 26 battery carts and waggons, and immense supplies of ammunition, park stores, grain, bullocks, and baggage. The loss on our side was very considerable, Lieutenant Salmood, A. D. C. to General Grant being the only officer reported killed. On returning to the camp the expedition was organized and sent off under the command of General Hope Grant to overtake the fugitives. Marching day and night he came up with them at a place called Serjhatn on the Ganges, where they were getting their guns shipped to cross over to Oude—the new rallying point. Taking them unawares he attacked them with much vigor at the head of H. M. 9th Lancers, and with such effect as to complete their defeat. In a short time other 15 guns of large size were in our possession and further large quantities of all kinds of stores. A considerable number of the Gwalior force were killed and the rest routed and scattered. Turning from the North to the East, Chitragong comes in for a passing notice. The station situated on the west coast of the Bay of Bengal has contributed the latest chapter in the history of the revolt. Here three companies of the 34th Regiment of Native Infantry had been doing duty for some time. At 11 o'clock on the night of the 25th ultimo the mutiny broke out, and the troops were hurried upon the coffers and appropriated the contents, about 3 lakhs, (£30,000). They then proceeded to the Jail, where meeting with resistance from the Barkundaz in charge they overtook the difficulty by sending a couple of balls through his head, when snatching up the keys they opened the doors for the release of the inmates, 300 in number. The station was left in charge of Sir James Outram, supported by a body of men deemed sufficient to hold it until operations for the reduction of the city could be resumed.

The Relief of Lucknow—Withdrawal of the Garrison—Death of Havelock—Attack on Cawnpore by the Gwalior Contingent—Their Success—Opportunities of the Commander in Chief—Their defeat—Retreat at Chitragong—Skirmish with the Sepoys at Oude—Despatches from Lucknow.
CALCUTTA, 11th Dec. 1857.
The readers of the "Provincial Wesleyan" are sufficiently acquainted with the past of the Insurrection in India, to render it unnecessary, in taking up the narrative, now to refer to circumstances already recorded, except in so far as from their connection with the present, may be required for the elucidation and right understanding of current events.
The intelligence for this Mail has been partially anticipated. Tidings of the relief of Lucknow were received only in time for transmission by the Steamer of the 25th ultimo, but as full particulars were not then to hand a recurrence to that part of the story may not be out of place here.
The force with which Sir Colin Campbell started from Cawnpore on the 12th November, on the expedition of relief, consisted of about 8,000 men, 6,000 being Europeans, and the remainder native levies contributed by independent friendly or tributary Princes. The British portion included General Grant's Squadron from Delhi, and Captain Peel's detachment of Marines. Marching all night they reached the British Camp, a distance of more than 40 miles, early in the morning. On arriving at Alum-bagh, an outpost held by a division of Havelock's army, a place of attack somewhat different from the original design was agreed upon, and preparations commenced to carry it out. Leaving only a sufficient force to cover a retreat, the Brigade moved forward, and taking a more circuitous route than that adopted by General Havelock and Sir James Outram, the danger of a passage through the dense forest, peopled part of the city might be avoided. A line of strongly fortified houses skirted the road chosen for the advance. These were all in the occupation of the rebels and had to be dealt with in detail. The first, an orphanage, improvised into a fortress, was the first formidable obstacle they encountered. A terrible resistance prolonged for several hours ended in the capture of the place. Driven from the post with great loss, the rebels speedily mustered again and made an assault on the position to regain it, but were successfully repulsed. The next garrison was the Dilkhoush (Heart's Delight) one of a group of Mahals or Palaces appropriated ordinarily to the use of Wafid Ali Shah's 300 wives. Here a fierce conflict occurred with a result similar to the former instance. At a short distance beyond this point the city is intersected by a canal; pushing on they were soon across this impediment, and advancing straight on Secunderbagg, they carried it after a severe and sanguinary struggle. The heavy loss sustained here by the insurgents was due to a strategic movement showing alike the value of skill in the leader, and discipline in the ranks.—Declining the risk of a general engagement, the rebels maintained a galling and incessant fire from the shelter of walls and loopholed houses. To dislodge them, Sir Colin Campbell, who commanded in person, caused the bugle to sound a retreat. The order was obeyed, but not without a murmur of mingled surprise and dissatisfaction. The men did not comprehend the device, and would not have touched and fallen on the field than survive the disgrace of fleeing before a recreant rabble of Sepoys. They followed their leader at double quick time, however, with the unquestioning subservience that explains the efficiency of British soldiers. The rise succeeded. The rebels, supposing themselves victorious, sallied forth from their place of shelter, and set off to complete their conquest by cutting off the fugitives. The retrograde was continued until the pursuers were drawn well out from their defences, when the bugle was again sounded. The order was now, right about face, accompanied by the magic word advance.—In a moment the stratagem was understood by both parties. The rebels, who were precipitate flight, the insurgents were committed by a detachment of Cavalry which on both sides they could no longer evade an engagement, but could do little in a hand to hand fight with combatants so valiant and so justly incensed. The contest was brief but decisive, as when the advance was resumed the ascertained number of 1,500 of the enemy killed were left in heaps upon the field. The next point of obstruction in the progress of the troops was the Samuch, a stubbornly defended battery, which resisted an attack of Artillery for nearly 3 hours, but was at length added to the "roll of victories." Early on the morning of the 17th a communication was opened with the left rear of the barracks toward the canal, a cannonade being kept up against the mass house. After a fight characterized as one of almost unexampled tenacity, the position was carried by assault at 2 o'clock on the afternoon. The Motee Mahal was the only remaining difficulty to be encountered before reaching the Residency, and rushing on with unbridled impetuosity the British braves captured it before the sun went down. No sooner was this accomplished, than General Havelock and Sir James Outram came to rest for themselves and for the garrison the tribute of gratitude so justly due to those who had dared and done so much for their rescue. For some time they had been reduced to such straits as to use their horses for food, and could not have stood out so long if they had not gone on short allowance of seven such supplies. The total loss of the rebels in killed, is circumstantially stated as from 6,000 to 7,000. The fatalities on our side have not been reported, but judging from the fact that there were 2,000 wounded, they must be very numerous. Among the wounded is the illustrious name of the intrepid Commander-in-Chief, who is understood however, to be only slightly injured. His finger was imminent to be inferred from the fact that scarcely an officer in his suite escaped unhurt; both the Allison,—sons of the historian of Equior,—being wounded, one of them severely. Finding the effective force insufficient to admit of division, Sir Colin resolved on withdrawing the garrison and removing them with the wounded and the sick, under a convoy comprising his entire available men.—The unresizable guns in position were forthwith destroyed, and bringing the others with him, as well as 23 lakhs of treasure, and a number of state prisoners, he retired with the dignified majesty of a victorious Marshal, leading off from the Residency—the noble band of worthies who, with such surpassing bravery had held it so long, and literally clearing an avenue for the 8 miles length of his camp in the midst and in the presence of the whole military strength of Oude. Alum-bagh was left in charge of Sir James Outram, supported by a body of men deemed sufficient to hold it until operations for the reduction of the city could be resumed.

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Poetry.

Hopes and Fears.

Our hopes are like the wreaths of foam That glitter on each shining wave...

Seeking for love, for fame for power, For the frail threads of life we cling...

Though severed be love's magic chain, Still to its broken charms we trust...

Our hopes are like the flowers that bloom Upon the mountain's verdant side...

Our fears are like the clouds that shed Their gloom on the misty sky...

Where the bright wells of glaucous spring, Hope will the youthful heart delude...

A rainbow never spans the sky, But some dark spot of the storm...

We seek the laurel wreath of fame, And all her fickle favors trust...

Agriculture.

Skill in Everything.

The science of agriculture is made up of a whole group of sciences...

He must know something of Chemistry, to understand the treatment of the soil...

It was not our purpose, however, when we penned the heading of this article...

Mr. A. is a farmer, and nothing else. If a strap breaks in a harness...

Mr. B. is another sort of man. He is as good a farmer as Mr. A. But he is lumber and mechanic...

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their powers in a practical way. You can never predict what treasures you will find.

Domestic Recipes.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—A correspondent of the London Medical Circular vouches for the relief he has experienced in the liberal use of lime (fresh lemon) juice...

LEMON PIE.—Take 3 good sized lemons, squeeze the juice, and chop the peel, and mix with two cups of molasses...

EXTRA NICE BAKED APPLES.—Take sour apples—those of a keen acid and to every square tin filled with them...

BAKED APPLE PUDDING.—One pound of apples stewed and strained; one pound of sugar; six eggs; one pint of cream...

Miscellaneous.

Singular Theory of the Mississippi River.

The Mississippi river is the greatest stream in the world. Its total length is 4,000 miles.

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Playing Franks.

Water's uncle had given him two speckled hens, for which he was to build a coop. For a week he had been collecting his materials...

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The Provincial Wesleyan.

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