

XI.

See how the siege progressed, its daring few,
 Assailed by frequent sorties, ten to one,
 Drove back within their walls the craven crew,
 And forward urged the skill-conducted plan—
 'Till came the hour, to God and woman due !
 When through the ranks a joyful murmur ran,—
 To-day we storm their gates, the train ! the train !
 And fierce Impatience stamped upon the plain.

XII.

See those brave men,—immortal be their names.
 Bearing the powder-bags to that huge gate.
 Through which is pointed scores of deadly aims ;
 But spite of all, those iron mouths of fate,
 They place the powder,—fall ! and instant flames,
 And shock, and roar, and struggle desperate,
 Trouble the heavens : Burgess,* let thy soul
 With brave Carmichael's,* view the torrent roll.

XIII.

Right through the Cashmere gate, now blown away.
 The steely tempest drives ; and far along
 With lion-roar, the Briton holds his way,
 O'er ramparts, blazing bastions, and among
 The routed devils, flying from his sway,
 And begging Vishnu† with a bitter song.
 They'd shown no mercy, and no mercy found,
 But reeled to earth with many a purple wound.

XIV.

Yet see, amid the carnage and the strife,
 The Briton's sign of nobleness prevailed ;
 Sacred is held the honor and the life
 Of woman, and of child ; though *his* had wailed,
 And shuddered down to night beneath the knife
 Of their accursed kin,—with plaudits hailed.
 Thus be it ever ; let man war with man ;
 But spare *her* veins from the inhuman plan.

* These two intrepid heroes fell " riddled with balls " in the execution of the task described.

† The preserving and pervading Deity of the Hindoos.