

heroes. Up, to the blazing muzzles of the guns, they rushed with resolute force, stifled and crushed out the maddening and murderous fire, silenced that terrific battery, and took possession of the bridge.

The firing of that morning must have been re-assurance to the garrison. They knew of the approach of the relieving army; but knew also of the overwhelming hosts through which they must fight their way. What of the battle of the Alumbagh? There must have been a period of painful suspense succeeding that conflict—all that night,—all the next day,—all the night of the 24th. The story of Jessie Brown, so graphically descriptive of the pent-up feeling and distressing suspense of the sufferers, though altogether groundless in detail, may have been founded upon some incident growing out of that painfully protracted delay. We all remember with what thrilling interest we heard, for the first time, that touching story of the Eastern wars. We heard how Jessie Brown the Corporal's wife, overcome with fatigue, sought repose, asking them to wake her when her father came home frae ploughing, thinking in her delirium of her Scottish home—how her fevered ear caught the first sound of the relieving host—how she rose up, and rushed to the batteries exclaiming, "Courage men! Hark to the slogan! Here is help at last!"—how the soldiers held their breath and their fire and listened, but could hear no sound above the tumult of battle—how a murmur of disappointment rose from the men and a wail of anguish from the women who had flocked to the batteries—how Jessie sank to the ground in deep, despairing, passionate grief—how she awoke in wilder joy, saying, "I am nae dreaming, the Campbells are coming"—how that shrill sound, the blessed pibroch peeling, was heard above the roar of cannon, and seemed as the voice of God—how Havelock and Outram thundered at the gates—how the men and women of the garrison threw themselves, simultaneously, to the ground, exclaiming, some with suppressed sobs, and others with tumultuous joy, "*We are saved. We are saved.*"