

Did ye hear it? No, 'twas the wind! How hearts beat  
during that awful pause! How the boys jumped, when—

'That heavy sound breaks on once more  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat.'

How faces change and brighten as boom follows boom, too steady for chance firing, too slow for battle;—boom boom, each one clearing away a doubt until the oldest and wariest permits the children to see his face beam all over; and then the 21st boom and it ceases. It is a salute! a royal salute! Old England at the door! Queen, people, all the nation crying 'we come!' How the babies were hugged at that moment!''\*

Three or four miles this side of Lucknow stood a beautiful Country residence, of one of the Oude Princes, called Alumbagh—"the garden of the world." Here ten thousand of the mutineers awaited the approach of Havelock,—a force sufficient to test to the utmost, on the very threshold of the struggle, the *materiel* of the advancing army. But the battle cry of the British was, *Remember Cawnpore*; and, though not without severe conflict, they were victorious. The Sepoys were driven from their position, and Havelock intrenched the Alumbagh for the protection of his own troops.

One day was imperatively needed for repose, and the next morning—the 25th,—they were drawn up for the last tremendous contest. Havelock had resolved that it should be the last. The men were there to do or die. Between them and the City was a low plain covered by thick grass, a canal run through the plain, and a bridge crossed the canal. As the column of relief defiled through the plain the tall rank ass streamed with musketry fire. When they came within the range of the battery, on the bridge, the tempest which smote them was terrific and the ground was piled with dead. But nothing could resist the determination of the British

\* London Quarterly Review.