

and bastions of the fortress to view, and revealed the dusky figures of the garrison, in the act of pointing their guns, or endeavouring to penetrate the denseness of the obscurity beneath, in order to assure themselves of the position of their assailants. Then followed the din and roar of artillery—the terrific explosion of the gates—the crash of woodwork and masonry—the hollow rumbling of the old towers as they came in huge masses to the ground—the rush of the storming party through the breach, and the deafening cheers and shouts of besiegers and besieged. It seemed as all the elements of destruction had been let loose at once, and yet I panted to be in the midst of them—I barely dared to breathe from the very intenseness of my anxiety, and it was not 'till I saw the British flag floating from the citadel that I could respire freely. To the soldier there is nothing more trying or chafing than to be condemned to a state of inaction during the progress of such spirit-stirring events as these. While the Afghans were disputing our entrance into the citadel, an incident occurred which for a moment diverted the attention of the combatants, and turned their fury into pity.

Amongst the foremost of the party who signalled themselves by their desperate gallantry was an aged chieftain, the richness of whose costume excited general attention, his turban and weapons being resplendent with jewels.—The hope of plunder immediately marked him out as an object of attack, and numbers at once assailed him. He defended himself like a man who knew there was no chance of life, but resolved to sell it as dearly as he could. He had killed several of the Queen's Royals, and severely wounded Captain Robinson, when a grenadier of the company to which the latter belonged, seeing his officer in danger, rushed to his assistance, and with a bayonet-thrust brought the gallant old chieftain to the ground. The grenadier was about to despatch him, when a beautiful girl, about seventeen, threw herself into the melee, and plunged a dagger into his breast. She then cast herself on the body of the chieftain, for the purpose of protecting it; and the Afghans, forming a sort of rampart before them, maintained their ground until the heroic girl succeeded in getting it conveyed into the interior of the citadel. Shortly after the place was taken she was found weeping over the remains of the brave old man, who, on enquiry, we learned was her father.—She was treated with the utmost respect and tenderness by our men, who neither obstructed

themselves on her grief, nor offered any interruption to the preparations which she made for his interment.—*Taylor's Scenes and Adventures in Afghanistan.*



Written for 'The Amaranth.

### SUMMER.

BRIGHT summer hath the waving grain  
And fields of modest green,  
On mountain ridge and lovely plain,  
Unstained by a single stain,  
As far as eye can gleam.  
It hath the rose's blushing hue,  
A beautiful array,  
And skies of calm and peaceful blue  
That lie within the raptured view,  
A theme for poet's lay.  
It hath the mellowed tinge of bloom  
Upon its landscape wide,  
That time itself can scarce consume—  
Or change successive of the moon,  
Disrobe it of its pride.  
It hath the shades that blending shine  
To gild the evening skies,  
And westward mark the sun's decline—  
The progress of departing time,  
In deep, undying dyes!  
It hath the fragrance and perfume  
Of fairy flowers and rare,  
And light of colours to illumine  
The barren deserts waste of gloom,  
With rays supremely fair.  
It hath the garden's promenade  
And mazes of delight;  
Where wreaths of scented flowers display  
Their bright and beautiful array  
To sip the sunbeams' light!  
It hath the rain-bow's arch withal—  
Beneath the weeping sky,  
When showers and sunbeams mingling fall,  
Their colours shedding over all,  
Rejoicing every eye.  
It hath the gladsome tone and smile  
Of pleasure in its reign;  
And balmy breathes o'er sea and isle,  
But to relieve us and beguile  
Our mortal hours of pain.  
Be mine the joys that summer's reign  
To every landscape bring;  
The freshness of the verdant plain,  
An emblem of my heart's domain  
Whence early pleasure springs!

Liverpool, N. S., 1843.

ARTHUR.