

The attack was to be made on an entirely new plan ; strategy was to play the chief part this time. There was no hiding or moving by stealth ; at noon they marched through the Lahore gate, bearing themselves stoutly. They were seen of course ; they wished to be seen. The British force turned out ; but ere long they turned in again : the enemy was not in sight. But when Hodson gave the information that the strategic Sepoys were in the rear, Sir Henry Barnard ordered Col. Hope Grant, with seven troops of British cavalry, the Guides, and twelve guns, to attack them. The odds were not very great—350 against 3,000, barely one against ten. Turner, Bishop, and Tombs had charge of the guns ; Yule and Daly headed the cavalry. The Sepoys fought desperately, and in spite of cannon shots and cavalry charges were near success. Two guns had they captured ; Yule was shot dead, and Daly fell wounded and was carried off by the Guides. But at this point the Rifles (60th) and the Bengal Fusiliers rushed on the scene. The two guns were recaptured, the Sepoys were driven back to Delhi and the British, victorious but heavily punished, retired to their camp. "And it was night."



#### OH ! BONNIE'S THE VALE.

OH ! bonnie's the vale where the auld folks bide,  
 And sparkling the waters that rin to the Clyde,  
 That sing to the castle, sae ancient in years,  
 Where Ossian sang of sweet Mona in tears.  
 And lovely the land of valor and worth,  
 The grey land of Scotia, the gem o' the North,  
 Where brave men are reared in a Freedom that fills  
 The glens and the braes and her heather-clothed hills.  
 In far-away climes, or sailing the faem,  
 The Scot in his heart has a corner for hame ;  
 In busiest market, at kirk, or at play,  
 His wonder is still, what the auld folk will say.  
 In the journey through life he is aften enrich'd  
 By leaving alane what has ithers bewitch'd ;  
 If few are the freens that remain if he's puir,  
 The few that he has he jist loes a' the mair.  
 He thinks o' the mountains, the loch in his dreams,  
 The touch o' his mither, sae gentle it seems ;  
 The voice o' a father, o'er a far-away sea,  
 Comes soughin' in whispers like sweet melody.  
 The north wind is chill an' the snaw's on the hill,  
 But warm are the thochts that memory fill ;  
 We lov'd not enough—still our hearts are aglow  
 For the kind hearts that rear'd us, long, long ago.  
 The gold light o' gloaming encircles them noo,  
 And silvery hairs are shed on the broo ;  
 And frail are the forms, sae winsome to me,  
 As seen through the mists o' the saut, saut sea.

*Scottish American.*

JOHN S. MACNAB