

OTTAWA CITIZEN.

XV.

The swift of foot, with terror in their eyes,
Hold to the east, and o'er the Jumna stream
Carry the shame of Delhi's dread surprise,
To those who still of Pagan conquest dream ;
Pursued, their King is captured,—suppliant sighs,
With ashen lips, he urges for the gleam
Of mean existence, urges, and is heard,
Though guilty, not the worst, and age is spared.

XVI

A tear for all who 'neath that burning sky,
With gallant Nicholson* in battle fell ;
Beauty and Valor linked will often sigh
O'er the white monuments, that soon will tell
Where they in honor's shroud for ever lie,
Heedless of marriage chime or funeral knell.
Their Country grieves, the World's great heart is sore,
And sobs beneath the stars ; their march is o'er !

XVII

Meantime, great Havelock's Highland *chiefs* advance,
Through the fierce plains of Oude ; on every hand
He sees the swarming natives round him dance,
Threat'ning destruction to his fearless band.
But on he leads them,—victory in his glance,
Till front of bleeding Lucknow's face they stand,
Just in the nick of time, reporters say,
Defences ready to be blown away.

XVIII.

O blest relief ! O what a joyful shock,
Shook the faint watchers who had looked for aid
Through desperate weeks, which nearly seemed to mock
The hero's hope, and trust of those who prayed—
The angel weepers, leaning on the rock
Of Him who called to Peter when afraid,
Walking upon the waters ;—Woman fair,
God and his upper angels heard you there.

* General Nicholson while scaling the walls of Delhi, fell under the fire of the enemy, and has since died of his wounds.