

It was not the slogan of the Highlander but his musketry fire—fire answering fire; and not the pibroch peeling, but the whizzing of the Minie bullet that announced the approach of the succouring host.

Slowly, but surely, Havelock and Outram are pressing on to the Residency—through walls of fire and lanes of death—through avenues of smoke and flame—through cannon that volleyed right and left, cannon planted at the angle of every street—through murderous fire poured from every window and door, and sloping down from the flat roofs of the houses—through the midst of fifty thousand Sepoys raging around them with demoniacal fury; on still they press—while horse and hero fall—the gallant Neil slain—Outram wounded—the red rain dropping from many hearts—the track of relief strewn with the dying and the dead; on still they press, until hungry, thirsty, and weary, with the shadows of evening falling thickly around them—the lines of the Residency are reached, the feeble ramparts pierced, and the column of relief and the garrison—the rescuers and the rescued, rush into each others' arms, and Havelock and Inglis meet at the goal of their glory.

The enthusiasm and excitement of relief baffles all description. The joy of deliverance was almost more than could be borne. "The garrison's long pent-up feelings of anxiety and suspense burst forth in a succession of deafening cheers. From every pit, trench, and battery,—from behind the sand-bags piled on shattered houses—from every post still held by a few gallant spirits, rose cheer on cheer—even from the hospitals many of the wounded crawled forth to join in that glad shout of welcome to those who had so bravely come to their assistance." It was a moment never to be forgotten. Officers and men met in cordial embrace. Rough and bearded Highlanders shook the ladies *by the hand*; and taking up the children in their arms, with tears streaming from their eyes, thanked God they had been in time to save the lovely little ones from another Cawnpore.