

secret mines. They held out in this way for a month, not retreating an inch from their first positions. But they could gain no tidings of the coming relief. At last, towards the end of July the deliverer was at hand, and they were already enjoying in anticipation the lively pleasures that a relief from so many privations, and so heavy a sense of danger would be sure to bring. Then came the messenger of despair himself to tell that Havelock, beaten by the pestilence and not by the enemy, had been obliged to retreat to Cawpore. Could they have any spirit left after so cruel a disappointment? Yes they had. They still repaired their crumbling fortifications, still kept up a fire upon the enemy all round, though they had more guns than gummers—thirty pieces of artillery and only twenty-four men to serve them—still, I presume, gave to each other the cheerful word, and encouraged each other with the brightest look they could put on.

And so at last the day came, it was the 25th of September, when Jessie Brown, whose scattered senses had wandered to her father's farm, heard in her sleep the pibroch of the Highlander. Her delirious ear was the first to catch the sounds of that wild music which she had heard so oft in the land to which her dreams had transported her, and springing to her feet, and filling the hearts of all with her voice, (it must have seemed like a message from heaven) she shouted, "we're saved! we're saved!" And then those wan and weary men, who thought and arranged that that very day was to be the last of their existence here on earth, strained their ears to listen, and though at first they could not hear the melody of deliverance, it soon broke clear and full through the air, and Havelock, bursting through miles of street fortifications that were crammed with the rifles and cannons of the enemy, at last entered the devoted Residency in the very hour of its settled doom; and then all that had the strength to kneel before God bent heart and body to His footstool, and some in