

The brave Highlanders had suffered severely. In the last four days they had lost *one-third* of their number, and though in the joy of deliverance the gallant fellows ceased to think of their losses, their pains, their wounds, their weariness; yet when the first burst of enthusiasm was past, sadder and sterner thoughts came over them, as they turned, with mournful and chastened feeling, to speak, among themselves, of the names and number of their fallen comrades. Such are the crimson triumphs of red war. They have been graphically described in Byron's lurid lines:—

“The midnight brings the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Rider and horse—friend, foe,—in one rude burial blent!”

With the relief of the Residency the last campaign of Havelock terminated, the chief command of the forces devolved upon General Outram. The continued siege and final relief of Lucknow does not belong to this narrative.

Havelock's name had now become a household word, and was repeated with enthusiasm by every man, woman, and child throughout the empire, or wherever the English language was spoken. Sovereign, Peer, and People vied with each other in doing homage to the greatest warrior of his time. But in the midst of boundless enthusiasm, and a nation's pride and praise, Havelock was suddenly withdrawn from earth. He was not, for God took him.

Havelock's death was a fitting close to his life. As years of military service were a discipline for that last campaign; so years of devoted discipleship were a preparation for this last struggle. In reliance on Him, who hath overcome the sharpness of death, and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers, he calmly faced the final foe, and dying, found the last enemy beneath his feet,

“Victorious at Futtehpore, victorious at Lucknow,
The gallant chief, of gallant men, is more than conqueror now.”