

Lord Elgin might have not lived to the natural period of the life of man. As it is, he is gone at fifty-two. When we think of the young daughters, of the boys deprived of him just when arriving at the need of his care, and of other interests, private and public, we feel as if there must be crime somewhere, that such sacrifices have been repeated so often. It seems scarcely possible to say more than has been long and often said about the perils of Calcutta. We know that the mere climate of India is not dangerous, but that there is in Calcutta, and in almost every station, an assemblage of every evil condition, which requires only the application of heat to be rendered murderous. The highest functionaries cannot altogether escape these conditions; and they have, besides, their perils of over-work and anxiety. In such a position a man may die of that position, without any one of the four or five maladies which carry off thousands of our soldiers and civilians there. Any predisposition may be fatally wrought upon; the weakest part of the frame gives way; and another great man goes down early to his grave.

There rest now the three friends—living so much the same life with such different qualities and powers, charged finally with the same great duty and destiny, and dying the same death. In the noble line of rulers of India they will, in their order, form a group of singular interest, standing on the boundary-line of the old and the new systems of Indian rule. Thus they will always be remembered together, and regarded as apart.