

extent and violence of the accusations that have been heaped upon me. If I am ever to be righted in public opinion, God knows. *Time will show.* The Duke had his day of abuse—aye, and of vulgar abuse, too—but then he was not abandoned by the Ministry of the day, and all strove to uphold his character. Moreover, he was a great man, to which I have no pretension, and he had in reality with his vast superiority of mind and firmness, no need of support. He could stand alone.* In the modesty of his nature, Lord Raglan did himself a successful injustice. He could stand alone, and, to the lasting opprobrium of the Government, he did.

It is needless to follow the siege to its close. The French army, which had been about equal to the English at the outset, became four times as large. 'The peculiar circumstances which thence arose,' said Admiral Stewart, in his manly speech at Greenwich, 'would be understood without dwelling on them.' In other words, the movements of Lord Raglan were more than ever at the mercy of the French commander-in-chief. The obstacles which arose from this source cannot prudently be related in detail at present. The just conclusion from the facts is embodied in the remark which Admiral Stewart made to Lord Lyons on returning from a conference,—that if the Duke had been in the place of Lord Raglan, he could not have done more. The difficulties which he encountered in getting our allies to take their fair share of the work, the procrastination which followed promises, and the mingled suavity and and firmness by which he ultimately prevailed, have been revealed in part. In the work of the Staff Officer† it will be further seen how, *what time* Lord Raglan believed that Sebastopol would fall before a vigorous onset, the fatal caution of General Canrobert prevented the assault. Nor is any one ignorant that the attack of the 18th of June failed because General Pelissier insisted upon departing from the arrangements agreed on, and advancing at daybreak, instead of waiting a couple of hours till a short bombardment should have silenced the works of the enemy. The cannonade which the English commander opened after the repulse had the effect he anticipated, and a second assault still promised success, when the French Generals declared that their troops were despondent, and could not be trusted to fight with their usual animation. The more the circumstances are known, the more the public must concur in the verdict which an able contemporary has pronounced:—'Everything which was done rightly seems to have been prompted by Lord Raglan,—everything which was done wrongly he appears to have opposed.*' His best concerted plans, after the death of Marshal St. Arnaud, were sacrificed to the alliance, and, except for his personal weight, his generalship would have prevailed even less than it did. It was not our army, but its commander, which kept us from sinking into a contingent of the French. 'He upheld by his ability, and the grandeur of his character,' wrote one who was intimately conversant with the facts, 'the power and consideration of England in the contest.—When he passed away we ranked with the Sardinians.'‡

In the opening of the war Lord Raglan, as remarked to be the most cheerful man in the camp. This was a sensation which he retained to the end, but though his countenance was the same his heart was changed, and he only appeared martial by a hero's effort. The tone of the official communications robbed him of a portion of the little rest he allowed himself at night, and it was this treatment of the Government, as he did not conceal from his friend to whom he confided his cares, which weighed so heavily upon him and broke his fine and gallant spirit! Several circumstances in his career during the Peninsular days of his life to aggravate his sorrow.—The failure of the attack on the Redan could not be otherwise than a distress, and on returning to his quarters, after the repulse, he found a letter announcing the decease of the only surviving member, besides himself, of that large family of brothers and sisters, to every one of whom he had been tenderly attached. Close upon the news of this calamity came the death, on the 24th, of General Estcourt, who was an old and dear friend. 'He had intended,' says the Staff Officer, 'to have been present at the funeral, but found the trial too much for him, and for the first time his wonted composure left him, and he was quite overcome with grief.' Next arrived the intelligence that the gallant son of Lord Lyons was sinking under his wounds, and Lord Raglan suffered sorely for the heart-broken father. The first appearance of a change in him was on the 23rd of June, but it was not till the 26th that he took to his bed, at the request of his physician, who saw as yet no ground for alarm. The evening after he was thought to have improved, and by noon of the 26th, but when, back on the morning of the 27th, it became evident that he was sinking. His nephew, Lord Burghersh, whom he loved for the sunny disposition congenial to his own, which he maintained in the midst of danger and trial, informed him he was growing worse. With that resolute mind which had attended him through life, and which succumbed to nothing, he affirmed that he was better. As he seemed, however, not to wish to talk, he was left undisturbed till about eight o'clock, when General Airey, to rouse him, told him that his nephew was in the room. He woke up and said, 'Francis, come to the other side.' 'Francis give me your hand,' and then repeated several times, 'Francis, lift me up.' They were the last words he spoke. He expired twenty minutes afterwards in such perfect quietness that the bystanders could hardly tell that he was gone,—dying with the same simplicity with which he had lived. Providence, who had visited him with so many afflictions to fit him for his happy hour, spared him the sorrow of apprehending his danger and the bitterness of the pang which would have come over him when he thought of the relatives and friends far away in his native land. His entire life may be said to have been a preparation for death. To the eye of the observer his character seemed without a flaw, and many a time have his friends been heard to say that, if ever a perfect being existed in the world, Lord Raglan was the man. That he was chosen solely for his qualities in his early youth as a bosom friend of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and that he retained this pre-eminence of authority. The subsequent preponderance of the force of our allies gave them the power, and after he was dead they had the will, to do much as they chose, and thus keep the concluding act of glory to themselves.

peace, without a moment's interruption, the death of the Duke—a space of more than thirty years—will be ever remembered. Or, if a testimony is desired to his bearing during the painful war period, which provoked the censor, it will be found at the words of the able and enterprising sailor who contributed so largely to the success of the expedition, and who said it would ever be one of the proudest reflections of his life to have had the entire confidence of such a man as Lord Raglan, so high-minded and so noble a creature as he was. Nor was it only fellow-countrymen who were drawn by him, who thought of him thus. The French commanders who had co-operated with him had learnt to honour and love him; and when General Canrobert and General Pelissier went to visit his remains, they stood by the bedside and wept. In truth, no one was ever associated with him who did not become deeply attached to him. His charming conversation, his appreciation of humor, his perpetual cheerfulness, made him a delightful companion; but they were his moral qualities which won the hearts of all about him—that generosity which rendered him oblivious of himself and mindful of everybody else, that tenderness which made him sympathise with suffering in all its forms, mental and physical; that far rarer benevolence which caused him to abhor every species of evil speaking, whether thoughtless or malignant; that ceaseless industry which enabled him to move easily beneath a load of daily business that would have crushed almost any one but him; that serene greatness which shone forth in periods of general danger and alarm. Even the treatment which banished sleep from his pillow, undermined his constitution, and brought him to his grave, never raised in anger, was his only emotion. Sorrow, not indignant, in his wisdom and mercy, can never come amiss to him for whom he wills it, however mysterious it may seem to our imperfect sight; and for others Lord Raglan has left a memorable precedent—an example to commanders to teach them how to act with spirit and suffer with resignation, a warning to the public to beware of rash judgments and hasty abuse, and a lesson to governments not to quail before the wild voice of popular clamour, and leave a distinguished servant to sustain alone a terrible crisis because they are too timid to support, and cannot afford to recall him.

The Ferry Steamer *Three Rivers*, which plied between Three Rivers and the South shore, and which was lying at her winter quarters in the St. Maurice, was burned on the night of the 14th instant, to the water's edge. Mr. Bourgeois is the principal owner, and refused last summer £1600 for her. The act is thought to have been committed by an incendiary. She was not insured.

* Great surprise was felt both by the army and the public that he was not appointed to succeed his master at the Horse Guards. Sir William Napier has well expressed the general sentiment. 'Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the comrade, the confidential approved friend of the departed—he, the man who had so long controlled the vast machinery of the British army, honored and loved for his justice, fine temper, and generous heart, was, when he should have stepped into the vacant command, set aside without explanation! It was a wrong to him and to the nation.' Sir Charles Napier was likewise deeply pained by the injustice done to Lord Fitzroy; and to have obtained the suffrages of these distinguished brothers is the best reward, and the highest kind of fame.

* The 'Saturday Review' of January 3, 1857.

† This, let it be in justice remarked, was not the fault of General Simpson. Besides the influence he derived from his rank, and his presence in the Peninsular war, Lord Raglan made his reputation with the French, while the equality of the two armies enabled him to speak with