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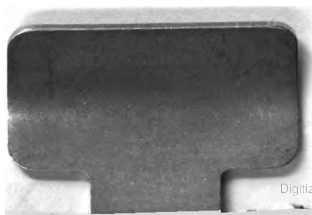
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ALAS, MY BROTHER! I KINGS, xiii, 30.

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A

LETTER TO THE FRIENDS

OF

HARRY GEORGE CHESTER,

LATE

LIEUT.-COL. OF THE 23<sup>rd</sup>. ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS,

WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA,

SEPT. 20, 1854.

BY HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW

SIR CHARLES BRENTON, BART.

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QUANTUM DOLOREM ACCEPERIM—FRATRIS NOSTRI MORTE—TU EX-  
ISTIMARE POTES, NAM MIHI OMNIA QUÆ JUCUNDA EX HUMANITATÆ  
ALTERIUS ET MORIBUS HOMINI ACCIDERE POSSUNT, EX ILLO  
ACCIDERANT. *Letters to Atticus.*

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**ERRATA.**

**At Page 18, 2nd line from top, for 'WORLD' read 'WARRIOR.'**

**At Page 23, 13th line from top, for 'LITTLE' read 'DAILY.'**

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TO THE OFFICERS  
OF THE  
TWENTY-THIRD ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS  
THIS LETTER  
IS MORE ESPECIALLY ADDRESSED  
WITH MUCH RESPECT  
BY  
THEIR OBLIGED FRIEND AND SERVANT  
THE WRITER.



## A Letter, &c.



MY DEAR——

My reason for addressing you in print is easily given. So many have been the inquiries that have reached me from the friends of my late brother-in-law that it would be morally impossible to satisfy their demands for information except by the aid of the press.

Even the ingenious contrivance of the *Manifold Letter Writer* would ill suffice to spare my aching hand and head, wearied with the labour of incessant transcription. Though I might not grudge the *trouble* of gratifying my friends in that way, I have neither the wish nor the right to incur so great an expense of time.

But it is one thing to print, another to *publish*. We find however that papers, especially *narratives*, printed only for private circulation easily become open to the public, as much so as those which were originally destined for the world at large. I therefore think it better to avow that my letter is a *publication*, it will be written

with that view, and I neither shrink from the labour or the responsibility which such a measure implies. And indeed I go a step further. I freely confess that I am willing to take advantage of the peculiar circumstances of my present position to bring before the public and more especially the religious part of the community, certain truths which I hold to be of high importance, but which would naturally be limited in their circulation if conveyed through the medium of a sermon or a tract.

The thrilling interest of a soldier's life, and still more of a soldier's death may excite the attention of the most careless, and may, under God, be the means of communicating to their minds a light which they little expected and still less desired to see.

In most respects my letter will best explain itself, I may however just remark at the outset that my plan will be a very simple one. I propose in the first place to collect into one view, without note or comment, or with as little as the nature of the case will admit of, the intelligence communicated by official documents, private letters, public newspapers, and other more or less reliable sources of information, and then add such remarks as appear to me naturally and reasonably suggested by the facts themselves.

My views may appear to many peculiar, in that case, if true, the sooner and the more widely they are circulated, the better; if erroneous, the publication of them may lead to their correction and thereby at least secure an advantage to myself.

To the friends of the late Col. Chester, and to such this letter is immediately addressed, I need hardly say it is no unwarrantable assumption to take it for granted that many felt a deep interest in him.

Tears have flowed fast in Ryde on the occasion of his death, where no one but myself was allied to him by the ties of blood or marriage, and it has been to me a high though melancholy gratification to find to what an extent such feelings have prevailed. I now proceed to give the extracts. The first is—

From the Illustrated London News, Saturday, Oct. 21,  
1854.

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#### LIEUT.-COL. HARRY GEORGE CHESTER.

This gallant officer fell on the 20th ult., at the Battle of the Alma, at the head of his regiment, the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Col. Chester's father was the late Major-General Chester, of the Coldstream Guards; and his mother was the youngest daughter of General Sir Henry Clinton, K.B. The family of Chester is a very ancient and eminent one, and was long seated at Royston, county of Cambridge. Its lineal representative, Robert Chester, Esq., grandfather of the distinguished soldier whose death we record, married Harriet, daughter and co-heir of Charles Aldermore Cæsar, Esq., the descendant of Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls, temp. James I.

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If I remember right, and if the account I have heard was the true one, the founder of the family was an Italian, of

whose foreign name *Chester* was a corruption, having no connection with the city or county of Chester, or the Latin *castrum*.

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Copy of letter addressed to Sir C. Brenton, by Capt. E. W. D. Bell of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

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ALMA HEIGHTS, SEPT. 22, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is my melancholy duty to inform you of the death of Lieut.-Col. CHESTER, who was killed by a round shot at the passage of the river Alma.

My task is a most bitter one, for individually I always looked upon him as my best friend; and in the regiment, and by all who knew him, he was generally beloved.

His death (though but poor consolation to his friends) was a most glorious one. His horse having being shot under him, he seized the colours of the regiment, and advancing at their head, was killed by a round shot, just as the Russians were giving way.

An inventory of his effects has been taken, and they

have been sold, and the amount will be transmitted to the regimental agents. His watch I have reserved, which I will send on board ship for safety as soon as I have an opportunity.

He was buried with eight of his brother officers, who fell by his side in action. His name, I am sure, will be mentioned in the public dispatches as amongst the bravest of the brave who fell.

I must now conclude, deeply sympathising with you in your bereavement.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

E. W. D. BELL,

Capt. Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

P.S.—I forgot to state, that the burial service was performed by the Chaplain of the Division.

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The following extracts were kindly furnished by Colonel Frederic Clinton, late of the Grenadier Guards, now in the temporary command of the militia at Portsmouth.

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“The officer in command of the *Dépôt* of the 23rd Regiment (Capt. now Major, Herbert) tells me he has had “two letters from the Regiment since the battle, both are full of praise of the conduct of my poor friend Chester,



a friend indeed I may call him, as for fifteen years we have lived together more like brothers than friends." The following is an extract from a letter from the Crimea. "The Colonel was most brave and behaved splendidly, when Butler (one of the second lieutenants) who had rushed forward to try and place the regimental colour on the redoubt, fell riddled with balls. Chester immediately took his place, and, colour in his hands, pressed forward till, with three balls through his body, he fell from his horse. Granville and a serjeant Stait were with him immediately, and tried to carry him to the rear. Granville was obliged to return to his company, and the serjeant took him off towards the rear. Poor fellow! it will be long ere we see his like again."

"I have also seen" Major Herbert continues, "a letter from the serjeant to his wife who is with us. He says when he got the Colonel on his back, he was not quite dead; but must have received another wound when being carried off, as in his (the serjeant's) great coat, which together with the blanket he had on his back, he found a ball which he supposes must have passed through his beloved Colonel. When he could examine him, he found a ball through his head, another through his body, another through his thigh. He fell with the colour in his hand. His death is a great loss to all the Regiment. No one could have been more popular. He was more like a friend than a commanding officer, yet right well he did his duty."

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The next letter is one addressed to me by Capt. Charles Hopton of the 23rd Fusiliers, dated

Canon Frome Court, near Ledbury,  
October 27, 1854.

My dear Sir,

In answer to your letter received yesterday, I wish I could give you any more particular account of the death of our late much beloved Colonel Chester than Capt. Bell has already done in his letter.

Although at the top of the redoubt at the time he was shot, I did not actually see him fall, from the dense smoke and confusion. It was dark that evening before we had collected our scattered regiment, and consequently it was useless attempting to look for the dead and wounded that night. The next morning at daybreak I started with Capt. Dawkins of the Coldstreams in search of poor Chester's body, we found it by the side of the river Alma beside five of his brother officers, it had evidently been carried there, and I suppose the evening before—there were shots in the breast, but I did not open his coat and from the quantity of blood I could not say how many. I did not see the mark of a round shot, and I should think he was too near the redoubt to have been hit by one, especially as on our advance the enemy commenced retiring their guns—the features were calm and his death must have been instantaneous. A serjeant of the 23rd named Stait told me that he saw the Colonel fall, and immediately lifted him on his back to carry him to the rear, and that while doing so the Colonel received two

musket shots in his body, but at this time he believed him to be quite dead.

He was, as you say, universally beloved and deservedly so, in his own regiment his loss is severely felt, individually I had known him for upwards of eleven years, and many an act of personal kindness I have to be ever grateful for.

I cannot tell for certain, but I think his writing-case and papers he left with the baggage on board the Victoria steamer, which vessel conveyed us from Varna to the Crimea.

If there should be any other particulars concerning poor Col. Chester that you might wish to know, I hope you will not scruple to write to me, I shall be only too happy to give you any information that is in my power.

Believe me,

my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

C. E. HOPTON.

“ And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride—  
And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail.”

Such was the aspect of the banks of the Alma, but such was not the appearance of the officers of the 23rd, who fell on that bloody day. I gladly make the following

extract from the *Globe* of October 10, which may be soothing to the minds of Col. Chester's friends, as indeed it has been to my own, the writer bearing testimony to the absence of all appearance of suffering in the countenance of the departed. The passage commences as follows :

“ As we advanced up the slope, the indications of carnage became more marked, and the nearer we came to the fatal battery, the thicker were our noble dead. On a grassy slope on that hill side, with the soft September sunshine looking on them out of the cloudless heavens, lay, with their faces to the sky, Col. Chester and four of his gallant officers, two more lying a few yards distant. One could not look on their calm, still faces, without thinking of the blank they would make at English fire-sides. They lay buried together like soldiers may on that lone Crimean hill side. It is a holy spot now.”

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The next letter requires a few words of explanation. In the spring of 1846 Colonel (then Captain) Chester returned to Canada in the *Cambria Steamer*. The vessel ran aground, probably in a fog. He hastened to Boston with such seasonable expedition as to elicit from the *Cunard Company* the following substantial acknowledgment of his services :

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Tremont House, Boston, May 5, 1846.

My dear Chester,

I have to thank you in my own name and in that of all interested in and connected with the *Cambria*, for the great expedition with which you drove (qv. rode,)\* express from Cape Cod to Boston, and for the important assistance which you were the means of bringing to our aid, you not only performed the work efficiently, but you undertook it with cheerfulness, and I hope that you will allow me as a small acknowledgement to place at your disposal whenever you return to England a cabin in any of the Steamships.

I trust it may suit you to return in the *Cambria*, but if not, you will find a cabin at your service in any one of the others.

Believe me to be,

my dear Chester,

Yours very truly,

E. CUNARD, JUN.

“THERE IS HOPE IN THINE END.” JER. xxxi. 17.

The foregoing extracts will have established two points; the first, that Col. Chester was esteemed for his bravery

\* At all events I have still the impression that a considerable part of the journey was performed on horseback.

and officer-like conduct ; the second, that he was beloved for his kindness. Kindness, however, and bravery are not the "whole of man," and many an anxious heart among his most sincere friends has trembled at the question "Was the kind and gallant Col. Chester *prepared to die*?"

Without presuming to give a positive answer to this question, I shall enter upon the discussion of it with the hope not only that his friends may be comforted, but that the very examination into the proofs of such fitness may be a profitable exercise of mind both to the writer and reader.

I would, however, remark at once that unless I had a comfortable persuasion that the question might be answered in the affirmative, I should refrain from noticing it altogether. It is the blessed hope that sudden death in this case was (not sudden glory, for glory is hardly to be expected before the Lord is manifested, but) a sudden entrance into the Lord's presence, (PHIL. I. 23.) that encourages me to proceed in this solemn investigation.

Two answers will readily be given by parties diametrically opposed to each other. I am thankful to say I differ widely *from both*. The first will remark, Why raise the question at all? The Colonel was so kind, so amiable, so moral, he performed his duty so completely on parade or in action, while he was equally gentle and courteous in private, that we ought not to desire anything more. How could such a man be *anything but a christian*? The opposite party will say How could such a man be *a christian at all*? A man who delighted in field sports, who almost idolized his dogs, who could stand for seven hours in a red shirt up to his waist in a river spearing

fish, whose accomplishments were shooting, hunting, driving four-in-hand sleighs, and, above all, *smoking*. This man, they would say, but for the peculiar circumstances of the case, you would yourself condemn. But now that he has fought and bled gallantly and happens to have been *your brother-in-law*, you canonise him at once. Happily I am neither held to anything so unscriptural as the first of these opinions or so distressing as the second. "*There is hope in his end,*" and for this conclusion I esteem it no waste of time to give the following reasons. I may be accused of a certain degree of prolixity, but those who most truly loved Col. Chester, and therefore *cared for his soul*, will not complain of excess of evidence in favour of his salvation.

The discussion of the question already before us involves the consideration of another which to some will appear still more unreasonable than the former, viz. What place does the renunciation of worldly amusements hold in the character of a true christian ?

The considerations which have occurred with most comfort to my own mind fall under the following heads :

I. That *much* prayer was made for him.

II. That the truth of the gospel had been frequently and clearly put before him.

III. And lastly; that in his conduct, his manner and language, towards the close of his life, there were indications of *deep seriousness*.

I dare not say I have all the encouragement I could wish, I only thank God and take courage that there is so little reason for despair.

I am not going to write a religious biography, nor, had

I the wish to do so, have I the materials for one. But it is impossible to elucidate the probable state of Col. Chester's mind at the time of his death without referring more or less to the circumstances of his birth and his domestic history.

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### HARRY GEORGE CHESTER

Was born in the island of Alderney, Sept. 22, 1811, and thus had he lived two days longer, he would have completed his forty-third year. His father, the late Major-General Harry Chester, held some military appointment in that island, which he shortly left for England. His mother died before this her youngest child was a year old, but this did not prevent his inheriting that precious legacy, a mother's prayers. Her health, I believe, had been some time declining, and, christian as she was, we may well suppose her heart was especially drawn out in supplication for the son of her sorrow, so soon to be left without a mother's care.

It was acutely remarked\* in reference to Wordsworth's saying, 'the boy is father of the man,' that it is equally true 'the mother is *the father of the boy*.' It is however also true that there are fathers who become the mothers of their children. Such was General Chester. Some widowers with large families have thought it right to marry again, and they are not to be blamed, he rather

\* See Binney's Lecture on Life of Sir Fowell Buxton.



sought to fulfil the mother's part himself. For the few remaining years of his life he seemed to devote himself almost exclusively to the care of his bereaved children.

I must not lengthen my letter by needless dwelling upon matters only incidental to the main subject, and will dismiss the notice of General Chester with the insertion of one of his letters.

I will only remark as to an expression contained in it, that *mere* reading and reflection are a poor preparation for the Lord's Supper, still the feeling of this dying writer may be considered as worthy both of the father and the christian. It was one of the last letters, perhaps the last he ever wrote, and was addressed to his eldest daughter who died at Paris June 22, 1844.

My dearest Mary,

Little as you may think it, my thoughts dwell more upon you than all the rest of the family, in regard to your *eternal* welfare. I am too weak and too ill at present to add more than *read, reflect*, and receive the Sacrament on Christmas Day, and that you may benefit thereby is the fervent prayer of

Your affectionate father,

H. C.

41, George Street,

Dec. 22, 1820.

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I have no more to say of the parents of Col. Chester, but it is absolutely necessary to name other members of the

family, whose prayers, advice, or example had a material influence on his character. The first in order, who, as she modestly expressed it, was the first, yet last amongst the christians of her family, (i.e. first as to time, but last in spiritual attainments,) was his youngest sister, the only one of the five who changed her name, and who, in God's unspeakable mercy to myself, changed it for mine. This little one was to become a thousand. Blessed with wonderful success in her own family, her earnest intercession embraced the wide world of sinners, and having commenced her charity at home, she knew no bounds to it abroad.

But before I dwell upon the soothing history of her giving out, I must refer to the time and place of her taking in, the precious consolation of the gospel.

Her mother's youngest brother, the late Lieut.-General Sir Henry Clinton was a mighty man of valour, but *not* a leper. In the Peninsula and at Waterloo he had greatly distinguished himself, and had more than once received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. The world had done for him all that the world could do, but God had done infinitely more. Gasping for breath under the pressure of a severe asthmatic affection, he would cheerfully though with difficulty articulate the words, "Oh, the glory!" not the past and fading glory of Waterloo, but the coming glory of heaven. These words and a corresponding Christian practice made a deep impression on the mind of his youngest niece, Anna Maria Mary, the late Lady Brenton. He was a kind uncle and a distinguished soldier, but she saw that he was something more. Kindness and courage, as I have already re-

marked, might be displayed by men of the world; here was one who possessed a treasure that the world could not do without, and that a poor man or a little child might enjoy at once.

The winter she passed under his roof was not spent in vain, and she returned home carrying with her the life of Henry Martyn, and what was still more precious

“other views of men and manners now  
Than once, and others of a life to come.”

A sermon she afterwards heard on Naaman the Syrian from Mr. Sibthorp of Ryde, then in the zenith of his spiritual usefulness, was the means, under God, of opening her eyes. From that day she could date the knowledge not merely that she was a sinner, but that she was a sinner saved by grace.

It is not the Lord's way to keep his servants in inactivity, however they may *seem* to be cut off from usefulness. The fields around her were white unto the harvest, and she forthwith thrust in her sickle and reaped. No member of her family had a more urgent claim on her prayers than her elder brother William. In person and manner he was agreeable, of fair talent, and designed for the ministry. But as to religion, he was little better than an infidel. She saw him thus standing on the brink of a precipice, about to become that most miserable and despicable of characters, a clergyman without religion. Her fears were most painfully awakened, but her alarm was not in vain, it drove her to prayer. During the long night of her brother William's unbelief, the fire on the altar of her intercession never went out, the Spirit pleading within her with a power not her own, the very action

of God in her soul. It will appear in the sequel that her prayers were heard, and it will also appear that the character of William was not irrelevant to the condition of his brother's mind.

A few brief extracts from a manuscript memoir of her elder brother will be sufficient to illustrate this part of my subject.

She had consulted a christian friend about William, who said to her Do not trust to means alone, without prayer they are nothing, pray earnestly for your brother and the prayer of faith will not be in vain, This caution (she writes in the memoir) was very needful to me, for I felt a kind of rest after I had used these means, but the Lord stirred me up from it and forced me to cry to Him night and day to deliver my dear brother from the bonds of Satan. I may say he was laid upon my heart continually. He was the subject of my most fervent supplications, and I interceded for him with an earnestness almost amounting to agony. I have never felt the same for any one since. Many a night when all around me were asleep, have I been kneeling in prayer, the tears streaming down my cheeks, and the most earnest cries ascending to heaven on his behalf. I am sure this was not mere nature's work. I have tried so to stir up myself for an unconverted relative again, but quite in vain. The Spirit did not plead within me as He did at this time. It was not I, but the grace of God in me. Sometimes this gave me hope that the Lord was making

“the prayer of His elect  
Still instrumental to effect  
The purpose of His will.”

But I had no encouragement to sense I was kept pleading in faith and hoping against hope.——Again—Read Martyn to William, saw a tear in his eye. *Precious drop!* perhaps of contrition. He appeared much softened and I left him at prayer. Shed some sweet tears of gratitude and joy. My soul longed to praise Him who had already begun His work in my dear brother's heart. I could not doubt it, and adored for ever be His name, let me persevere in prayer for him. I need add no more extracts from his Memoir, it is sufficient to say that the prayers were answered in showers of blessings—William was a devoted servant of God during his life, and died in peace.

I may now briefly state my reasons for saying so much of the elder brother. Because the younger certainly had the advantage of his brother's prayers. But beyond this William not long before his death cheered his sister with the following words or words to this effect, "Go on and fear not that you will be disappointed. Your prayers and exhortations prevailed with me, though I rejected your advice for a time, and threw your letters aside—you will prevail with Harry\* too." Such words were not likely to abate his sister's zeal in prayer. But William did more. He charged my friend, Mr. J. P. Maurice, rector of Michelmersh, near Romsey, "never to lose sight of him," a dying charge which I may say was fulfilled, and more than fulfilled.

Before I dismiss this part of the subject, I must men-

\* Perhaps I may as well mention that his name was *properly* Harry, and never Henry.

tion one more name, to show by what influences Colonel Chester was surrounded, and what a sweet conspiracy of prayer was engaged in his behalf. His youngest sister but one, Katherine Eliza, died shortly before I became acquainted with the family. But it was impossible to be acquainted with the surviving members and to be ignorant of her. I only name her to add weight and clearness to the statement above made, that *much* prayer was made for Colonel Chester. Two sisters, at least, and a brother were engaged in most earnest supplications for his soul.

I have little more to say of the family, and I have already explained my reasons for saying so much. I now proceed to show how far the fruits of this intercession appeared; I ought, however, to add, that prayer was made for him beyond, as well as within, the circle of his own relations. As I would not extend my letter to a wearisome length, I shall say little more of that treasure of prayer that was laid up for Col. Chester either by his family or his friends.

I will however briefly mention two points and then pass on from giving an account of the culture of the tree to a description of the fruits it bore.

In the course of the summer of 1851, my dear friend Sir E. D.\* paid me a visit. I joyfully embraced the opportunity of introducing him to my brother-in-law, and remember with pleasure his remark when we were alone together; "I have great hope of him." But this was not all. After the sad news had been received from the Crimea I visited this christian friend in London. Our

\* Many readers of this letter will recognise the initials.

conversation naturally turned on the one engrossing subject and I was comforted by his assuring me that he had always prayed for him. As this letter will be read by Sir E. D. I shall say no more of the value I attach to his intercession.

One other circumstance connected with the cheering thought of intercession I will mention and then dismiss the subject.

Those who knew my late wife will not suppose that I was in the habit of denying her requests, or that she often had to repeat them. But with an importunity I *never* remember her to have shown on other occasions, she would often, her eyes perhaps fixed on his portrait, say, *DO YOU pray for Harry?* I name this to show that what she so earnestly desired another to do she was not likely to leave undone herself.

But mere prayer did not satisfy her. She did not if I may so speak, leave the new-born fruits of her intercession like ostrich eggs in the wilderness, careless whether the foot crushed them or not. She *watched* as well as prayed, watched over her brother, not merely with a sister's affection, but with a mother's care. Her conscience, though less scrupulous than mine, was far more tender. In the true liberty of a child she could, as it were, sport in her Father's presence, so long as she did not grieve Him. But her sensitiveness, so long as the soul of another was concerned, especially her brother's soul, was most acute. I will give an instance. She once heard me tell him that I had read an account he had himself written of a bull-fight he had witnessed in Spain, with 'intense interest.' She instantly took the alarm, and intreated me,

when we were alone, to be cautious how I expressed too much sympathy with him in his worldly amusements. The fear may have been extreme, but it was in a holy direction. So we may have seen a father exhibiting for his child's amusement or instruction the interior of a watch, and cautioning it to withhold not only its finger, but its *breath*, from the works of the delicate machine.

To conciliate her brother's mind, to win him without the word, or gently to instruct him in it; to urge upon him by an appeal he could never resist, the example of his brother William or his sister Katherine (both in the grave), to remove every possible obstacle out of the way of his salvation—this was not merely the object of her little prayers, but the practical study of her life. Richly as she had been blessed in answer to her prayers, still, with a holy *dissatisfaction* with the measure of blessing received in the conversion of William, the desire of her heart was “O that Harry might live before Thee.” And I have a good hope that her desire was granted, that he does live before God, and that long life has been granted him, even life for ever and ever.

I now proceed to notice the fruits, as far as I can speak of them, of all this labour of love, of this unfailing intercession. And here I must caution my readers to prepare for disappointment, at least of a certain kind. That is, if they expect to hear that Col. Chester made a high, or even very distinct profession of religion, that he openly renounced the world, or gave any very clear evidence that he had passed from death unto life, they *will* be disappointed. As I have said above, I should be glad of more evidence. I am also well aware that a Pharisee or a



Socinian may abound, not indeed in *real*, but in *seeming* good works, and that, were I to lay stress in speaking of my brother-in-law on his kindness, his temperance,\* his reverence for holy things, the moral purity of his language, his disinterestedness and remarkable freedom from the love of money,—if, I say, I were tempted to bring forward proofs such as these of his fitness for death, it might with reason be objected, these qualities are not in themselves and of necessity the fruit of the Spirit of God. Still, I would ask, are even such traits of mere morality often found in *military men without religion*? I pass on then to state the grounds of my hope that Col. Chester was prepared to die. I speak of probability, not of certainty. The first witness I shall call is a christian lady who thus wrote to me about a month since: “The last time I saw him was in Wales, this time last year, and I remember with comfort now the serious manner in which he talked with——on religion, the inquiries after spiritual truths which he made, and the way in which he referred to the advice and teaching of his dear sisters. The same lady writes again “I have heard him plainly declare the great doctrines of the gospel as things to be believed, though he did not in words declare his own personal belief (qv. interest) in them. I never heard him mock at anything sacred, and when I have spoken to him of his soul’s welfare, &c. he always listened kindly and often said—“That’s what my poor dear sisters used to tell me. I dare say you are all right and some day I may

\* As far as I can remember, he generally, if not always limited himself to three glasses of wine and never touched spirits. We dined very early and he never took supper.

think like you. And again, we may gather comfort from the fact that he did not rest his hopes on, or even draw his enjoyments from, the pleasures of the world, he acknowledged their complete unsatisfactoriness, and lamented the want of *reality* and integrity which seemed to govern society. I like to think of this, and, coupled with his genuineness of character and his reverence for what was good and right, I mean religiously so, in others, I must think that God was teaching him, &c."

In the above extract, I have once or twice very slightly altered the language, to make it more intelligible, but I have *never* altered the sense.

I have now the pleasure of inserting an extract from a second letter of Capt. Charles Hopton of the 23rd Fusiliers, which will in a great measure explain itself. A few words of introduction, however, may not be amiss.

On Monday the 23rd of October, I visited the Dépôt at Winchester, where I was courteously and kindly received by Major (then Capt.) Herbert and by another officer whose name I much regret to say I do not remember. Major Herbert, in addition to other interesting communications, informed me that Capt. Hopton of their Regiment had recently returned from the Crimea having been wounded in the battle, and that from him I could obtain still further information. I immediately wrote to Captain Hopton, and, being on my way to Cheltenham, I thought it might be worth my while, as indeed it ultimately proved to be, to endeavour to obtain a personal interview. Accordingly, on the evening of Friday the 27th, I found myself on the road from Hereford to Canon Frome Court. I confess I was not without

sundry misgivings. I had never so much as heard Capt. Hopton's name till within the last few days. I was approaching the house of a family with whom I had no acquaintance, and that at an unseasonable hour, (about six o'clock,) of a dark October evening. How could I tell that Capt. Hopton shared the feeling of his brother officers with regard to their late Colonel? In a few minutes, however, all my fears vanished. I might almost say Capt. Hopton's regard for the Colonel exceeded what others had already expressed. I must here publicly express my gratitude for the truly English or rather christian hospitality with which I was received by a family to whom I was totally unknown, save as being the brother-in-law of Colonel Chester. "I was a stranger and they took me in." I ought of course specially to remember the kindness of the worthy head of the house, Capt. Hopton's father, who united in his person the characters of both lord of the manor and incumbent of the parish of Canon Frome.

I had much interesting conversation, especially with Capt. Charles Hopton, and part of his information, feeling it was too precious to be trusted to the frail casket of my memory, I elicited from him in writing in the form of the following extract.

Kemerton Court,  
Nov. 10, 1854.

My dear Sir,

Your letter of November 6th. reached me here yesterday. If you have any wish to print the

letter I wrote to you containing what I knew of poor Colonel Chester's death, I have not the least objection to your doing so, or making use of my name.

Regarding the conversation you wish to have recounted, to the best of my memory it was to the following effect. In riding with Colonel Chester from the encampment of the Light Division to Varna, a day or two previous to the embarking for the Crimea, he asked me why I wished to go with the regiment when I might have remained behind, or gone to England, particularly as I was a married man, my reply was merely that it was my wish to go wherever my regiment was ordered. He then said (I suppose anticipating that before long we might engage the enemy,) but, putting other considerations aside, **ARE YOU PREPARED TO DIE?**

For some time we rode on, talking on different subjects, but of nothing important enough to relate, or perhaps, in fact, to remember."—

I know not what the majority of my readers may think, but to my own mind there is something in the above-mentioned conversation and the sequel of it that approaches the sublime.

Setting aside the question of the lawfulness of war,\* here are two army officers, both ready to sacrifice their lives to what they believe to be their duty, the senior counselling the junior to avoid needlessly exposing himself to danger, to think of his young wife and family; the junior refusing to avail himself of an honorable opening to consult his safety, both jeopardizing their lives on the

\* See Postscript.

high places of the field of Alma, till *the captain returns home wounded to tell how the Colonel died.*

But there is something beyond even this. More striking than moral sublimity (save as that finds its highest expression in spiritual truth and spiritual devotedness) more interesting than the eloquence of these simple facts, is the colonel's concern for the captain's soul. *Are you prepared to die?* is, I suppose, a question not very frequently heard in camps or on battle fields. And what after all most interests and comforts me, and I believe will have the same effect on the mind of Col. Chester's friends, what perhaps more than anything else encouraged me to publish this letter, was the conclusion to which we are so reasonably led, that the soldier who thus cared for the salvation of another was not unconcerned about his own.

I would, for the sake of three different classes of readers, return to the subject of worldly amusements.

1. Those christians who think any indulgence in them incompatible with a reasonable hope of salvation.
2. Those christians who, though they do not *make* this difficulty, much less make it willingly, do not know how to answer the objection when raised, and
3. Those who know they are not christians, and who,

because they delight in worldly amusements, feel on the one hand they cannot renounce such pleasures, and, on the other, that they cannot be saved without renouncing them.

These then may possibly express their difficulty in the same words in which Colonel Chester did, "I *cannot* give up smoking!" Perhaps you cannot, at all events not just yet, nor hunting, nor shooting. But where are we told that abstinence from these pleasures and pursuits must *go before* salvation? That they will follow, I may allow. You may answer, "Faith without works is dead." Granted, but faith without works *preceding* it is not dead. But I may go further. Not only is such abstinence not required previous to salvation, but it will not necessarily *always* follow. Good works will, I admit. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Here then is my twofold answer to smokers and sportsmen who have *some* desire to have peace with God. First, that faith in Christ will give them peace *before* they give up these amusements, and secondly, that it is not *absolutely* necessary they should give them up at all. I am quite sure that in most cases, say, if you please, ninety-nine out of a hundred, they will. But what I press beyond everything else is that they look to the Lord Jesus, instead of looking to their religion, their works, or their abstinence from worldly amusements. "*Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.*" Let them get a view of Christ, and they will see that salvation comes first instead of last. If they are members of the Church of England, as most sportsmen are, let them study well

the thirteenth article, and see whether that does not accord with my doctrine that they must have peace with God before they can serve God; God must serve *them*, before they can serve *Him*. As a christian once said, "Your salvation is not begun till you believe, and then it is finished." I do earnestly wish that some of those gallant and noble-minded young men among the friends of Colonel Chester, who I believe would willingly have exposed their lives to save his (nay, perhaps *did* so at the Alma), might receive what I hope and trust he received, if indeed they are not already partakers of that grace, full, free, *present* remission of sins, *and the knowledge of it*, through simple faith in the blood of the Lamb. This doctrine is foolishness to man, but it is the deep wisdom of God. It is *not* written Thou shalt not smoke. It *is* written Verily, verily I say unto you, "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." Happy are they who shut their ears to the teaching of man, even of sanctified man, and listen to the simple Word of God.

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I would add a few words on the interesting question how far true holiness can co-exist with sporting.

The late Sir Fowell Buxton, a real servant of God, the friend and co-adjutor of Mr. Wilberforce, never gave up shooting. I do not say he could not have found out 'a more excellent way.' My object is not to prove that it is *well* for a christian to be a sportsman, but that *it is possible* for a sportsman to be a christian.

The following instance of a christian sportsman presents a case so exactly in point, that I find it almost impossible to withhold it, though on some accounts I might feel a wish to suppress all mention of the name. The individual referred to was a very dear relative of mine, long since dead, to whom I owe the gratitude, and more than the gratitude, of a son.

The late John Brenton, Esq., of Fetcham, Surrey, had returned from Java, after the reduction of the island, with a constitution shattered by that trying climate. He had been secretary to Sir Robert Stopford and prize agent. He sought to restore his broken health not by reclining on a sofa, frequenting watering-places or applying to physicians, but by violent exercise. He would hunt three times a week, and fill up or nearly fill up the interval with shooting. But not only was Sunday a sacred day, but daily, morning and evening, he assembled his household for prayer. The effect on my own mind at a very early age, of seeing him regularly kneel down, often in his red coat, top-boots and spurs, and hearing him read the prayers with uncommon solemnity and devoutness of manner, was, perhaps, to give me rather too favorable an opinion of hunting, but it taught me one thing, that religion was *never* to be neglected. I was also given distinctly to understand that if ever my uncle took orders (of which at one time there was some probability) he would instantly give up hunting. Neither the poet Cowper nor the Editor of the *Record* could well have expressed themselves more strongly against the 'cassocked huntsman' than he would have done. But this was not all. As Sunday was a sacred day, it could not be an idle day.



Not only did he stipulate, where an opportunity offered, for a second service in the church, but with a disinterestedness not *always*, it is to be feared, found in sportsmen, he turned one of his cottages into a Sunday School, of which he regularly took a class himself, and I can remember to this day, I hope not without profit, his earnest exhortation to the boys never to leave their chamber without first praying to God. Many of my readers perhaps will ask How could these things be? I reply The things which are impossible with men are possible with God. Others will ask How did all this end? As a christian life always ends, *in a christian death*. My uncle finally gave up hunting some ten years before he died, but I remember either shortly before or shortly after he was last out with the hounds his reading to his servants *with tears* on a Sunday night a discourse of his own composing. I should add that various circumstances concurred to remove him from Fetcham. God in His providence, which as regards His Saints, is only another name for His *grace*, at least for a part of it, seemed to order him elsewhere.

His property was diminished, his finest horses met with extraordinary accidents, so that it was necessary to kill them, his family increased, and, above all, he longed for more christian society. Even at Fetcham Mr. (now Dr.) Mc. Neile from Albury, and Dr. Mayo from Cheam were welcome guests. He died in December 1836 under my father's roof, at Greenwich Hospital, leaving me a rich inheritance—his example.

To this day if I were tempted to any low, unworthy, unchristian action, I should be checked by the remembrance of this noble-minded man.

His eldest daughter married Albert Carey, Esq., of Rozel, Guernsey, his second is the wife of Commander von Donop, of H.M.S. Vulcan.

I am not going to apologise for the length of this digression, for, in fact, in a letter to the friends of a military man, the introduction of such a narrative is *not* a digression: my fear was, in the first place, wounding the delicate feelings of his widow by printing his name at all, and secondly, the making my own family too prominent, for next to the egotism of talking directly about one's self, is the vanity of saying too much of one's own relations.

In the former part of this letter I should not have said so much about my wife, if she had not been Colonel Chester's own sister, and, as I have so much reason to hope, the means, under God, of his salvation.

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### WE ARE SEVEN. WORDSWORTH.

Some, into whose hands this letter may fall, may need to be informed that the Colonel was never married. This was not to be regretted so long as he was not, as a christian himself, a fit partner for a christian wife, and a woman without religion would have been a millstone round his neck.

But though he left neither child nor widow, he had known, at least during the intervals of foreign service, what it was to have a happy home. His brother and

sisters delighted in him, and when all the seven but himself and his youngest sister had been removed by death, he was ever a welcome and happy visitor under our roof. And after my own severe affliction, when it had pleased God to extinguish, as it were, the one light in my dwelling, I received him back with increased interest and affection, as a kind of living relic of her whom I had lost.

His disinterestedness was remarkable. The difficulty was to get him to receive anything, and when he was prevailed upon to allow himself to be helped in any small degree, his gratitude was overflowing. He seemed by a sort of intuition to recognise and enjoy the truth of that saying "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

As may be supposed, when he had lost his brother and all his sisters, I felt my responsibility, or, to speak more modestly, I certainly *ought* to have felt it. I was, however unworthy of such a place, their representative, and my desire and efforts were to water what they had planted.

In answer to some exhortation to give up the world he would reply. (in reference to my want of taste for his pleasures, such as music, drawing, and more especially smoking) I cannot be like you. But I could generally silence him with the unanswerable rejoinder "I don't ask you to resemble me, I want you to be like your brother William."

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Of the seven brothers and sisters, all but one lived to grow up, and yet the whole six were cut off at a com-

paratively early age. Of all these six I have a very good hope, of some more decidedly than of others. Of the one (Augusta) who died in childhood I know little, except that she was a girl of singular beauty. The one of whom of course I knew the most is the one of whom I should feel called upon to say the least, except for the reasons assigned in an earlier part of the letter. Anne Eliza, Augusta, and Katherine, died before I became acquainted with any one of the family.

The only members of it whom I knew besides my wife were her two brothers and her sister Mary. The latter was the eldest of the whole family, and during the early period of their orphan state had been in many respects a mother to them. Her death took place under singular and affecting circumstances. On the occasion of my taking my wife to the Continent for her health, in May, 1844, she had kindly undertaken to go with us to Havre, for the purpose of helping and watching over her sister. From Havre she was induced to accompany us first to Rouen and then to Paris. In the first hotel we entered at Paris the whole party, except myself, were attacked with fever, the rest recovered, but in a few days after some false and flattering symptoms of recovery, poor Mary died. After sending her remains to Ryde, we pursued our journey, according to the original plan of proceeding to Switzerland, and my wife's attention and feelings were more than ever concentrated upon the sole survivor of her family. What the effect of that concentration was, I have related above. I have added this partly because I thought a knowledge of his relatives would interest the Colonel's friends, and partly for a very

singular reason, such as perhaps never entered the mind of man before. Supposing there was more matter than eventually there has proved to be, I had allowed the printer to stamp\* price 6d. on the title page, which now appears to be an exorbitant price for a short pamphlet. A false balance is or ought to be an abomination to a christian, and, as it is too late to reduce the price, I must increase the actual value of the commodity, and so elongate my pamphlet.

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The following extracts from newspapers may prove interesting, I therefore insert them. The first is from a Limerick paper of November the 10th.

“Corporal J. Harwood, 23rd Fusiliers, thus writes of the battle of Alma and the late Colonel Chester’s last “charge.”†—We crossed a vineyard, and were led by Colonel Chester through the river, the opposite bank of which was very steep. The Colonel went through with us, we all shared alike, and, as we clambered out, the enemy gave us a fierce fire, the cannon belched forth murderous volleys of grape and round shot, and musket balls fell as thick as hail. The men fell dead and wounded before me and at my side. Up the hill we went with the

\* Et semel impressum manet irrevocabile verbum.

† The inverted commas in the newspaper probably contain an allusion to the “Charge, Chester, Charge” of Marmion.

Rifle brigade, and half way up the heights we reached the cannons' mouth which were planted on the intrenchments. Our regiment was about to cross the stockade in the enemy's position, when the word was given, "Cease firing and retire." Our Colonel rushed in front of us, shouting "No! no! on lads!" He fell with the words on his lips. He never spoke or raised his head again. We did retire then, and an unfortunate mistake it was; for the enemy returned to the guns we had silenced, and gave us some terrific volleys; but we soon rallied, and, supported by the 7th, 33rd, a portion of the Guards and Highlanders, we rushed up the hill again, and the enemy fled in every direction. Our regiment suffered awfully."

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The two next extracts, I believe, are from 'The Times,'  
the dates are not important.

"**LORD HARDINGE AND THE 23RD FUSILIERS.**—The promoters of the special subscription on behalf of the bereaved survivors of the 23rd have felt the declaration of those who oppose the scheme (that the regiment is chiefly composed of Irishmen and Scotch) almost as a libel upon their countrymen. Their sense of injustice has reached the ear of the Commander-in-Chief, who in a private letter to a friend thus refers to the subject:—"I send the last return of the Welsh Fusiliers, signed by its gallant and distinguished leader, who fell so nobly at its head in the action of the Alma. I wish the return had specified Welshmen,

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and I shall give directions that in the Welsh Fusiliers the four countries shall be separately and distinctly recorded. The number was 969, of which only 8 were Scotch and 182 were Irish. But the Welsh Fusiliers have always been a remarkable regiment, and their conduct on every occasion has shown they have in no instance degenerated from their former fame. The Welsh Fusiliers were engaged at Albuera, and, by a curious coincidence, they lost 14 officers, killed and wounded, the same as at Alma; but the loss of men was greater at Albuera, namely, 324 men, and at the Alma 197 men." The above has proved the greatest satisfaction to those who felt that the bravery of the Welsh was detracted from by being drafted into other regiments instead of that which bears their name."

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"THE CRIMEA AND THE 23RD REGIMENT.—Thirty centuries since the Crimea was the hunting-ground of the Cimmerioi, a people who, on the invasion of their country by the Scythians, fought a desperate battle among themselves on the question of resistance or non-resistance; and then, having very probably become *hors de combat*, abandoned the land to the invaders. This circumstance itself seems sufficient to identify the Cimmerioi with the Celtæ, whose valour was so often and so fatally expended on internal quarrels. This was ever the great error of the Cymry, or Welsh, who thus appear to be one in name and manners with the ancient Cimmerioi. The traditions of

the Cymry point to the *Ghwalad yr Haf* (Summer Land), or the Crimea, as their original home, and that they emigrated under their leader Hu Gadarn, seeking a land where they could dwell in peace. This evidently alludes to the Gwlad yr Haf having become the scene of war and bloodshed; and their wanderings are stated to have continued until their arrival in the Island of Britain. After the revolutions of ages, a mighty expedition has sailed from Britain and landed in the Crimea; and in that expedition some of the descendants of the Cimmerioi have returned to their *mam wlad* (mother-land), where many of them, with that "heroic gallantry," which has conquered on numberless fields of fame, have fought and died, and been covered with earth, among the barrows of their 'old fathers.'

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The next is a letter I sent to the 'Record' which was inserted about a fortnight ago.

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### THE LATE COLONEL CHESTER.

"We have received the following letter from this gallant officer's brother-in-law, Sir Charles Brenton, Bart., referring to a letter copied from the *Times*, in which there



are some little inexactitudes. The letter referred to was written by Capt. Bell, who led the Regiment out of action :—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RECORD.

Sir,—I have only just seen your paper of the 23rd inst. Perhaps you will allow me to make one or two remarks in reference to your notice of my brother-in-law, the late Colonel Chester, who fell at the Alma.

I have conversed, within the last few days, with an officer who was wounded in the battle. It appears that the Colonel's horse, though literally shot, was not *killed* under him. He voluntarily dismounted, finding the horse unable to climb the rough and steep ascent, advanced on foot, and soon received his death wound, not from a round shot, but from two or three musket balls.

Speaking after the manner of men, Colonel Chester indeed died gloriously, with or without the colours in his hand, for this seems a doubtful point; but I am not without the blessed hope that he is now the expectant heir of another glory, even "a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

I am reminded of a word fitly spoken by John Sargent, father-in-law of the Bishop of Oxford, when commenting on the last line of Wolfe's Ode on Sir John Moore—"They left him alone with his glory;" "*a poor thing to leave a man with.*" I may add that Capt. Bell's letter, which you probably saw in the *Times*, was addressed to myself. I forwarded it to Mr. Harry Chester, who kindly inserted it.

If your space is not exhausted, I have an anecdote at

your service, communicated to me last week by a christian lady. It is contained in, an extract from her son's letter. It is as follows:—"I must tell you of a signal preservation we had. Yesterday we went down to Sebastopol, about 3,500 yards off (two miles, all but twenty yards), believing ourselves quite secure. While taking a good look in, a masked *barbette* battery opened on us. I was on the quarter-deck, close to the wheel; the first was a shell that burst about halfway, and we laughed at it; but before we had time to laugh again, a red-hot shot passed over our heads, followed by two or three others as well aimed. Captain Jones was on the bridge; he never moved, only quietly inquiring what ropes were cut. Not so I, dearest mother. *I jumped abaft the mizenmast, for it is only the Christian (that) can afford to be brave.*"

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

CHARLES BRENTON.

Montagu House, Ryde, Oct. 30, 1854.

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My readers will be interested in the two following extracts, though neither of them is connected with the name of Colonel Chester, I therefore insert them.

The first is taken from a letter I received within the last few weeks from a lady residing near Dover. After a few lines of condolence on the death of Colonel Chester,

she adds:—‘A dear friend of mine, Colonel Beckwith, of the Rifles, a true christian, also has fallen, but not his the death the soldier is proud to die. He perished of the epidemic within sound of the guns and sight of the battle of that terrible hill side. But as if with a prophetic certainty that his day was dwindling fast, he, once a gay and thoughtless, but always a noble creature, was determined at last to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. And I now recal with melancholy pleasure the talk I often had with him on those matters and the comfort he derived from, &c.”

This intelligence took me by surprise. Though Col. Beckwith was my own cousin I had never heard him spoken of as a religious man. I therefore wrote to a relative of mine in a distant part of the country whom I knew to possess singular opportunities of information. The next extract is taken from her letter.

“In answer to your question, I believe ———, that Sidney Beckwith died as a true Christian, that is, he rested his hope of salvation on the merits of his Saviour—and on that alone—his mind had been gradually working for years, mostly through the instrumentality of his brother Charles, together with the Christian death of his brother Henry and his niece, both of whom died in strong faith, leaning only on the Rock of Ages. Sidney was of a reserved disposition, and seldom talked about himself and his feelings. The few words he

spoke on his deathbed showed how much he had thought. "This," said he, "does not take me by surprise, I am prepared for it." Almost immediately after he was aware of his danger, he became unconscious.

Col. Beckwith's brother Charles is the present Gen. Beckwith, so well known among the Vaudois. He lost a leg at Waterloo. But the loss of his limb was, I believe, instrumental to the salvation of his soul. "The lame take the prey." I may add that so strong was the desire of Col. Beckwith to be present with his regiment in the action of the Alma, that he insisted on being carried into the field on a mattress, where he remained exposed to the fire of the enemy, till the general ordered him to be removed.

I shall now conclude, fearing that my letter may have already proved too long for the patience of some of my readers.

I remain,

Yours,

LANCLOT CHARLES LEE BRENTON.

P.S. "I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love till he please." SOL. SONG, viii. 4. I had entertained thoughts of adding a few lines on the subject of war, and my views of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of it. But nothing is farther from my intention or desire at present than to engage in controversy. I would not hazard a word that should disturb the holy and happy impression that I would fain hope the facts contained in the preceding letter may have produced on the minds of my readers. And to engage in a keen

strife of words about the evil of a strife of swords would argue anything but a *pacific* spirit.

If our minds are still solemnized by the 'sound of the trumpet and the alarm of war' it may be a more profitable exercise of thought to reflect on the happiness of those who though they fell in battle died in the Lord, than to discuss the vexed question of the lawfulness of war.

There are many soothing thoughts and what may almost be called 'thoughts of peace' connected with Colonel Chester's fall. Not only was it his 'maiden fight,' but there is reason to hope that he never was himself concerned with actual slaughter. His unstained sword slept in the scabbard.\* Had he survived the day of Alma, he would still have been exposed to the murderous fire from the walls of Sebastopol. He could hardly have died an easier death. And if, as I trust I have been able to show, there was 'hope in his end' we have reason to feel more thankfulness than sorrow at the thought of his life and the thought of his death.

He was interred, as Capt. Bell's letter states, on the field. A false report that his remains were on their way to Constantinople obtained circulation for a time, and I had thoughts of interring them in the Brading New Cemetery close to those of his beloved sister.

But the distance between their graves is not the separation of their souls.

They were lovely and pleasant in their lives and we may hope that in their death they are not divided.

\* At least as far as my information extends.

A Wykehamist may be forgiven for inserting a few lines  
in his *mother-tongue*, Elegiac Verse.

Molliter insistens lugubria saxa, Viator,  
Nonne audis gemitum triste sonantis aquæ?  
Dura magis resonant gravioraque murmura ponti,  
Et premit infaustos mœstior aura locos.  
Hic jacet, ah ! dignus qui aliâ jacuisset arenâ,  
Qui procul a patriâ non cecidisset humo.  
Vellem, equidem vellem, dextram tetigisse cadentis,  
Inque suum mentem sic revocâsse locum.  
Forsitan agnôsses vultum præsentis amici,  
Forsitan hæc tibi res sola tulisset opem.  
Nec tamen hic longum tibi non inscripsit amorem,  
Dulce caput, nulli quam mihi flebilius !  
Nec te solus amor, sed spes in morte sequetur,  
Cum spe perpetuo fœdere junctus amor.

For his sake I incurred greater expense than I might otherwise have thought necessary, or even right, in the stone and its appendages that covered his sister's grave, especially as she would herself have objected to a needless outlay. But I could not bear the thought of his being grieved by any appearance of neglect. I caused the following lines to be engraved, in addition to an English epitaph, which had been partly suggested by herself.

Ut subiit mentem placidè morientis imago,  
Et non humanos vox imitata sonos ;

Et propior summo jam tempore Christus, amorque  
 Vivus, et in mediâ morte decora fides;  
 Flevimus, at dubio spes est subjecta dolori,  
 Et breviter placido fudimus ore preces :  
 O mihi sic reliquam liceat decurrere vitam,  
 Sic tandem, vitâ deficiente, mori !

On the principle of 'prodesse delectando' I insert a translation of a passage from a hymn-book well known, at least in certain quarters.

Innumeris sanctos invadunt fraudibus hostes,  
 Peccati pressos pondere quemque sui.  
 Præcipuè meritis quæsitæ superbia falsis,  
 Humano nunquam pectore digna, nocet.  
 Intus, aperta simul, simul haud manifesta, moratur,  
 Atque opus instaurat fraudeque vique suum.  
 Hanc contra si tu voto luctère frequenti,  
 Vix adeo tali crimine liber eris.  
 Hanc contra eloquio liceat tonuisse profundo,  
 Major ab eloquii flumine fastus erit.  
 Nec tu illam speres placida vicisse quiete,  
 Ipsa quies tacito pectore vulnus alet.  
 Me quoque, dum scribo, laudis malesana cupido  
 Impulit, et vetitas cogit inire vias.  
 Sancte Deus, frangas immitis sceptrâ tyranni,  
 Tu mea si solvas vincula, liber ero.

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The next page or two will contain a few extracts from  
 Colonel Chester's letters.

London, Canada West, April 23, 1853.

Many thanks for your kind congratulations upon my promotion, and, as you say, what I gain in honor, I lose in pocket—I have had to pay in all £1720, viz. £1300 the price of commission, £400 to the Colonel who sold, and £20 to the agent who transacted the business. We have just received an order to hold ourselves in readiness to return to England this year, but, whether it will be now or in the Autumn is not yet known.

I am sorry for it for one reason, viz. that we shall probably be reduced, and I, by that means, either placed upon half pay, or put into another regiment, which I shall not at all like.

I am going to leave this for Toronto on the 28th to take charge of the Battalion, and we shall all move to Quebec early in May—Report says the Vulcan is coming out to take us home, I hope it is true, as I should like to go home with Edward von Donop.

Believe me

Ever your affectionate Brother

H. G. Chester.

Portsmouth, April 1st, 1854.

My dear Charles,

I have been trying to get over my work lately in hopes of being able to pay you a visit, but it is now 5 o'clock and I am too late. I will if I can go over



to-morrow. We embark at Southampton on Tuesday at about ten o'clock.

Our ship is the Trent Steamer, and we go direct to Constantinople.

Should I not be able to go over to-morrow, pray accept my best wishes for your health and happiness, and that I may shortly return to meet you is the sincere desire of

Your truly affectionate brother,  
H. G. Chester.

P.S. Remember me most kindly to Admiral and Mrs Brenton.

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I shall only add an extract from the last letter he wrote dated—

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On board Steamer Victoria,  
Varna Bay,  
Sept. 3, 1854.

My dear Charles,

We are now all safe on board the ship which is to carry us to Sebastopol. The expedition is expected to sail in a few days. The men of war will protect our landing, and the 23rd is to be the second Regiment to land.

How long the affair will take is a mystery, likewise the result. Of course we never talk of defeat whatever we may think.

I hope and trust you are getting better.—I sincerely hope we may be successful before Sebastopol and not commit ourselves in any way.

I trust my life may be spared, but should it not be, I have the satisfaction of knowing there are not many that care for me.\*

God bless you——

and believe me ever

Your affectionate Brother,

H. G. Chester.

In the subscription of his letters he never would use any expression short of "your affectionate brother," 'yours affectionately' would not have satisfied him.

One or two not very important, but at the same time not uninteresting anecdotes may help to fill up the vacant space of the last sheet, and then I shall have done. On the morning of the day (Oct. 9) when the fatal news was confirmed by the Gazette, a lady known only to me by name, but with whom (or with her daughter) Colonel Chester had been frequently out yachting, called and inquired with tears if the news were true. She mentioned in the course of our conversation that he had said to her Why do you not go and hear the preaching in a certain place? *It would do you a great deal of good.*

A remark made by one of my domestics expressed much of his character in few words: "O Sir, he did not treat us like servants."

\* Here he was entirely mistaken.

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