

## EDWARD BURTON FULTON.

## IN MEMORIAM.

OF heroes old and sages grey,  
 Full many a mighty bard has sung;  
 But saddest is the song that mourns  
 The death of them that perish young.  
 But twice the lilac trees had bloomed,  
 Since many a friend beheld him part,  
 From the old Guardian of his youth,  
 With manhood's hand, but boyhood's heart.  
 But twice the lush laburnum's branch,  
 Had bow'd beneath its golden weight;  
 But twice—and he we knew so well—  
 Was stricken by the hand of Fate.  
 Them that die young, the gods love best:  
 Pluck'd, but not blighted, was the flower;  
 And by the hand of Him that reigns,  
 All time is meted by an hour.  
 Then where he sleeps let flowers be strewn,  
 Spring flowers—the diadem of May—  
 That there like him, in their first bloom,  
 They'll breathe their perfum'd breath away.  
 Let studied praise and labour'd verse,  
 Pay tribute to another's grave;  
 For him—suffice the simple line—  
 “He was as good as he was brave.”

We feel sure that some particulars relating to the death of Edward Burton Fulton will be interesting, although of melancholy interest, to many of his former school-companions and friends. They are gathered chiefly from several letters, sent home from the Cape to his relations soon after the unfortunate occurrence, from which we have kindly been permitted to make extracts.

Edward Fulton was the fourth son of General J. J. Fulton, late of the Madras Staff Corps. He was educated at St. Gregory's

College, Downside, which he entered on the 20th May, 1872, remaining there till the Christmas of 1879. Shortly after leaving school he obtained a commission in the 4th battalion Scotch Fusiliers (late Ayr and Wigton Militia). In September, 1881, much against the wish of all at home, though with their full consent, he started for the Cape, intending to join the Cape Mounted Rifles. When he arrived at the Cape he changed his intention and joined the Cape Field Artillery, and was sent up to King William's Town. He was frequently up country, and by his soldiery bearing gave a noble example to all around him. On the 26th of January he met with the accident which caused his death. We think we cannot do better than extract from the letters with which we have been furnished such particulars as may be interesting. The commanding-officer of the Cape Field Artillery writes thus to General Fulton:—

KING WILLIAM'S TOWN, CAPE COLONY, *Jan. 29th, 1882.*

MY DEAR SIR,

It is with the very deepest pain that I write to you to break the sad news of your son's (Mr. E. B. Fulton's) death, which took place in the Gray Hospital at 6 a.m. on Friday last, the 27th inst. His death was occasioned by a severe wound which he accidentally received on the morning of the 26th. The poor boy was mounting his horse, which was rather restive, and before he could settle in his saddle the horse "bucked" and threw him, his sword slipping from the scabbard at the same moment and inflicting a deep wound in his side, which caused his death. He was at once conveyed to the hospital and received every possible care from three doctors, but the case from the first was pronounced hopeless by them. I saw your son, as soon as I was permitted to do so after his accident, and obtained from him your address. He then seemed perfectly resigned and evinced the true pluck of the gentleman that he was. We buried him in the cemetery that same afternoon with military honours, and it is the general wish of his late comrades in arms to erect a memorial to him. It may afford you some consolation to know that your son was universally admired and liked, and that the sad ending to such a promising career as his has produced the deepest feeling of regret. I, as his commanding officer, cannot express to you my feelings on the subject. The manly way in which he stuck to his work, determined to get on, although he had chosen a line of life which I warned him would be uphill work at first, and probably distasteful to a man with his breeding and education, was a subject of the warmest admiration to me.

Believe me, yours very truly,

GEORGE E. GILES.

An intimate friend of Edward Fulton, Mr. Arthur Nangle, of the same regiment, undertook the melancholy duty of breaking the sad news to an intimate friend of the family in Ireland. The letter, written by one who was on the closest terms of friendship with him, and who remained with him to the last, gives such a succinct account of the accident, and of the last moments of the poor boy, that we give it here entire:—

CAPE FIELD ARTILLERY, KING WILLIAM'S TOWN,  
CAPE COLONY, SOUTH AFRICA,

*January 31st, 1882.*

DEAR \_\_\_\_\_,

I feel it incumbent on me to perform the painful duty of informing you of the death of Edward Fulton, whom, I believe to have been a very dear friend of yours. His death has been a great blow to all of us here and has cast quite a gloom over this place, but more especially has it proved a blow to me, for on losing him I have lost a very dear friend, and I was with him throughout his short but painful illness subsequent to the accident which caused his death. In compliance with a wish expressed by him, I send you his pocket-book, prayer book, and gloves he wore when he met with the accident. (The pocket book contains a photograph, a broken bracelet, some verses, and some visiting cards, and also some notes.) I also send you a locket which belonged to him. It contains a photograph, and I have put the petal of a flower in it which came from a wreath on his grave. I will now relate the circumstances of his accident. On Wednesday the 25th, he was told off as brigadier general's orderly for the following day; and on Wednesday evening he told me that he did not like his own horse and expressed a wish that I would lend him mine. I told him he might have it, knowing the animal to be as a rule very quiet. Next morning, Thursday the 26th, at about 9 o'clock he brought the horse out saddled up, but as he was mounting, the horse pranced forward before poor Fulton was properly seated, and he got thrown, and in falling, his sword slipped out of the scabbard. He fell on it, and the point of the sword entered six or seven inches or more into his stomach making a dreadful wound. He got up and walked into his room, took off his sword and lay down on his bed; he was then very sick and suffering great pain. A doctor arrived in less than ten minutes after the accident, and he was carried down to the hospital. I think it would be almost too much for you were I to relate all the poor fellow suffered, for his sufferings were great. Shortly after the accident I rode down to the hospital, but he could hardly speak to me. He wished to see Father Fagan who is the priest here, so I rode off to his house, but found that he had gone to East London

(forty miles distant) so I had a telegram sent off and he arrived at about 8 o'clock in the evening. I sat up with him all that night and at one time I really thought he would get better, but he took my hand and held it against his breast and spoke to me telling me he would die in the morning. Poor dear fellow, I did all I could to relieve his sufferings, but the night was oppressively hot, which added much to his sufferings. I fanned him and bathed his head in eau-de-cologne, but he was beyond all human aid. At 12 o'clock that night he got worse, and continued so till about 5.48 in the morning, when he seemed to suffer less, and at 6 o'clock in the morning he died. God had in his infinite mercy released him of all his sufferings in this unhappy world. But his loss is irreparable, and I shall never find a friend like him again, and the place will never seem to me now what it was before he left us. He was buried with military honours at 4.30 that afternoon. It was a very, very sad funeral party—strong, rough men there were who could not control their emotions. He was buried; the firing party fired three volleys over his grave and we had to march back to barracks. A stone is going to be placed over his grave by the officers and non-commissioned officers and men of the corps he was serving with when he died (the Cape Field Artillery). I have got the coat he wore when he met with the accident. It is very much stained, there is the mark in it where the sword went through. It had to be cut off him when he was in the hospital. If you would care about having it, you are welcome to it, but if you do not wish for it, I will never part with it. I am sending the pocket book, prayer book, gloves and locket, to England by a friend of mine, thinking it the safest and and quickest way. My friend will give them to Viscount Valentia, my uncle, who will have them registered and forwarded to you. I will send you a photograph of the grave when the stone is placed. If you have a photograph of him, one that you could spare, I should take it as a very great favour if you could kindly send me one. I'm afraid it will be a terrible shock to his poor mother. I have written to my uncle in Oxfordshire giving an account of the accident, and asking him to try and find out to what club General Fulton belongs, thinking that the general might like an account of all that happened, for I suppose that I am the only one that can give a true account of all that happened from the beginning to the end.

I have not time for more, but if there is anything you might wish to know more than what I have stated you have only to write. I hope you will let me know when you receive the things which I shall send off to-day.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

ARTHIUR NANGLE.

The next letter is from the priest who attended him on his death-bed and speaks for itself:—

KING WILLIAM'S TOWN, CAPE GOOD HOPE,

*March 28th, 1812.*

MY DEAR ———,

I now perform a duty which I should have discharged sooner. I did not like to be first with the sad intelligence, and having to go away from my mission for some time with my bishop and in company with our former bishop prevented my writing earlier. I will now try to reply to your kind letter which I received yesterday.

The day your good son met with the accident I was at East London, forty miles from here. A telegram reached me at 1.45, but the mid-day train had just started and I was obliged to wait for the evening train. When your dear son found that I was away he sent to the convent for some one to pray for him. I need not tell you that all the nuns prayed the whole afternoon that he might be sensible until my return. Fortunately we have one nun who could go out, and in company with a young lady who was at the convent: she went and stayed with him for a long time. He asked the nun if he would not recover, but when she told him that his wounds were too serious to expect that, and, to bear his sufferings in union with our Lord's sufferings, he became quite reconciled, and asked God to have mercy on him. He said he always wore a cross which was to be given to his sister, but which was buried with him; up to the end he wore his medals and scapulars.

He frequently asked for me during the day. It was only the Sunday week previous that he was at Holy Communion.

I asked a C. F. A. young man, a companion of your dear boy, if he had spoken of his mother. The young man told me that he mentioned your name, but he could not understand what he said,

There is no doubt he is now praying for his afflicted mother. Knowing there was a serious case in the hospital, I went from the train direct for the Holy Viaticum and the Holy Oils to administer the last sacraments. This was between 8 and 9 o'clock p.m. He was then as sensible as any one could be, but in great pain. He told me he knew that he was dying and that he could not live much longer. His death was like his life, good and edifying. May he rest in peace. I was, I think, the first he came to see after arriving in town, and from that until his death he gave good example in church and out of it. His attendance at the various offices in the church was most remarkable; unlike most young men, he answered out loud at the Rosary, the Angelus, at the prayers of the Confraternity of the Holy Family, and would sing at the Benediction; he also performed the jubilee after coming here. Indeed, after he joined the C. F. A., I looked on his coming up to the front seats in the church in his uniform as a

marked profession of his faith. His edifying demeanour was remarked by not a few; he was admired as well as respected by all who knew him

Captain Giles who is going home next week will bring home some of the good young man's things. I dare say the remains will reach you shortly after this letter.

I cannot conclude these few lines without sympathising very much with you in your deep distress, but the scene has its bright side. I therefore rejoice with you at having brought up such a good son, at having another intercessor in heaven.

Believe me to be yours very sincerely,

JOHN FAGAN.

Besides the letter which Mr. Nangle wrote, and which we have given above, he sent also a detailed account to his uncle, from which we make the following extracts:—

CAPE FIELD ARTILLERY, KING WILLIAM'S TOWN,  
CAPE COLONY, SOUTH AFRICA,

*January 28th, 1882.*

MY DEAR ———,

A very sad accident, which has ended fatally happened here on Thursday last. One of our men was told off on Wednesday night as brigadier general's orderly, for the following day, and on Wednesday night he and I were talking together, and he expressed a wish that he would like to ride my horse instead of his own. And as he was a great friend of mine I lent it to him, little thinking then what was to take place. The next morning I was on magazine guard, and he passed me, and told me he had fed my horse. When I was relieved from guard, I went to have breakfast, and as I was coming out of the room, one of the men told me that my horse had thrown young Fulton (that was his name) and had hurt him very much. I rushed to the barrack room, and found the poor fellow lying on his bed, in great agony, as white as a sheet. It was a terrible sight, and one that I shall never forget. There he was, lying down with a terrible wound in his stomach.

It appears that whilst mounting, the horse (something must have irritated it) pranced forward before Fulton was quite seated and threw him, and in falling his sword fell out of the scabbard. He fell on it and about 8 inches of the blade entered into his stomach. He must have fallen with all his weight on it, for the sword was very much bent. The strange thing was, that he picked himself up and walked into the room, about 15 yards, unbuckled his sword belt, and laid down. I was then told off to take his place as orderly, whilst he was taken on a stretcher to the hospital. As soon as I was dis-

missed I went down to the hospital, but the poor fellow was suffering so greatly that he could not speak to me. I had to return to barracks shortly after, but got leave to attend to the hospital. The next time I went down, about 8 o'clock p.m., I entered the room, and as soon as he saw me, he beckoned to me to go to him. He caught hold of my hand, and held it against his breast for some time, and talked to me till weakness stopped him. He told me he would not live over the next morning. He then seemed much better. I sat up with him all night, fanning him, and attending to him. At about 12 o'clock at night the poor fellow began to suffer most fearfully, and continued to suffer so till next morning, and at 5.45 a.m. became quieter, and at 6 o'clock a.m. he passed away, but let us hope, for a better place. We removed his body to the dead house, and I and the nurse put clean things on him. We had to bury him that afternoon, and though many are the funerals that have taken place here, within the last few years, I am perfectly sure there was never a more solemn procession than the one that took place yesterday; some of the men, rough as they were, were crying like children. He was the son of a General Fulton and had a commission in the 4th battalion Scotch Fusiliers (late Ayr and Wigton Militia) and I think only intended to stop in this corps for a short time.

I remain, your affectionate nephew,

ARTHUR NANGLE.

It only remains for us to add that the body of young Edward Fulton, who at his death was only in his twentieth year, was brought to England, and committed to its last resting-place in the cemetery of the village church of St. Benedict at Downside, within the precincts of the college, within whose walls he had passed so many happy years of his short life.

---

## SILVER JUBILEE OF FF. ISIDORE GREEN AND AMBROSE PEREIRA.

A SILVER JUBILEE, like a silver wedding, is a bright day in life's journey. It is the brow of the hill of life: on the one side the pleasing retrospect of the years of youth and early manhood, with their reminiscences, friendships, days of energy and work, uphill struggles, difficulties overcome, triumphs gained: on the other the prospect of the years of maturity and experience, the gentle decline