

that omnipresent terror; that same insignificant Horatio, once the sport of the Quebec girls on the Battery. He has fulfilled his promise of making England mistress of the seas. His Radiant Orb has guided him aright, and in full measure has his thirst for renown been gratified, but at what a cost! He lost his right eye at the Siege of Calvi, his right arm in the assault on Santa Cruz; his life at Trafalgar. He was never one to say to his sailors, "Go into the carnage," but "Follow me!" and he was there with them in the thick of it, all the time, inspiring them by his dauntless spirit into doing their duty for England, even as he did himself.

Mary and I had not the heart to witness the sad spectacle of his mighty, though melancholy funeral, at which the tears of a whole nation flowed freely for their hero. When shall we see his like again? He had done his work, and so at the age of forty-seven, he was permitted to pass into the only well-charted haven. If Honour be indeed that which is best worth seeking in life, he gained more than any man our country has yet seen, but was he happy? Not with the wife he won that springtime of '87—never as I have been with my Mary. We in our lowlier station would not have chosen to change places with him at any moment since we parted. His battered body has been placed in a magnificent tomb in St. Paul's, and the gratitude of a delivered nation will hand down his name in loving remembrance