

The gallant men who to fight their country's battles have left their glorious home—the asylum of broken-hearted patriots—the palladium of constitutional liberty—carry with them not only the honour of their country, but the admiration, the respect, the sympathy, the heart-prayers of every true British soul from the illustrious Lady, the model English mother that wears her ancestral crown, to the barefooted urchin in the streets whose thin blood warms at the sound of the fife and drum. What more touching than the prayer of the aged veterans of Greenwich Hospital, with the wear and tear, the scars and snowy locks of three score-years and ten, craving their sovereign's permission to go forth on the briny deep, to fight her battles against the common foe. One could wish that Arthur Wellesley with his patient valour, his comprehensive generalship, his eagle glance, his prompt decision, were back to his country in her hour of need from his quiet slumbers—back as when in full development of his great powers he overthrew the most brilliant warrior of modern times. But one of Wellesley's most distinguished Captains will at the head of England's hosts, we trust, fully sustain his former fame.

But since the death of Nelson at Trafalgar, England has had no worthier son "to guide her march upon the mountain wave" than Charles Napier who will, all men believe, achieve whatever Providence shall permit to careful deliberation, cool self-possession and an almost miraculous daring. He has led into the Baltic the most powerful fleet that ever floated upon the deep. It will be a magnificent sight to see such troops as those of England and France, side by side, defending the sacred rights of nations, and of human progress; and it is a striking exhibition of the vicissitudes of human affairs that the heiress of George III. finds her firmest and