

putty-like matter, the teeth drop out, old scars open and fester, and the wretched sufferer goes. And it is all preventable—ay, even curable up to a very late stage—by proper food and plenty of vegetables. I have seen a man almost in the agony brought back from death by having onions and potatoes crushed in a rude press over his mouth and their juice allowed to run in. It acted like an elixir of life; and being fed on purely fresh vegetable food, the patient was well enough to resume his duties in less than a fortnight. But apart from these awful complaints from which Admiral Blake suffered, and which he bore with most Christian fortitude, there can be no doubt that his blood was poisoned, his whole frame permanently enfeebled, by the gross maltreatment of his wound received off Portland. This was aggravated by his constant exertions and hardships since, so that now, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, he was a broken-down, decrepit old man, beginning to look wistfully forward to his long, long rest.

Then came orders from home to return at once, bringing joy to the whole fleet, where all had been in gloom and despondency. Martin especially rejoiced, for his heart ached for the friend whom he had scarcely ever left, night or day, and upon whose noble head the shadow of death was already resting. The admiral's flag was once more hoisted in the *George*, and the welcome order was given to make plain sail to a favouring south-westerly breeze of good strength; and majestically the weather-worn squadron released from its long vigil, moved homeward.