

race ; nor led up the merry dance ; his gait was unsteady, his look timid, his demeanour a strange contrast of wild excitement and miserable despondency. The passion for drink had swallowed all that "was lovely and of good report," it was like the daughter of the horse leach still crying, "give, give ;" altho' it had devoured his health, and reputation and was fiercely preying on his life. He was frequently an inmate of the Hospital, and Claude exhausted on him all his modes of persuasion and entreaty in vain. He would indeed for a time become moderate, but returned to his old course with increased avidity. He became at length useless to the service, and was marked to be sent to England as an invalid. Thus the Comrades parted never to meet again. He arrived at Chatham in a shattered and feeble condition. When his parents heard of his arrival, they came to see him accompanied by the still faithful Mary. Before they had reached the ward's of the Hospital at Fort Pitt, they met the surgeon under whose hands he was ; and old Ellwood requested his opinion of his son's case—"The climate of that dreadful island has murdered him," said he.—The surgeon beckoned the old man into an office, where he opened a book, "Look here," said the officer, "I will not flatter you with hopes for his life"—(in the book opposite the name of Henry Ellwood was written in red ink—"of confirmed intemperate habits.") "For a case like this there is no hope. When this evil brings its aid to the diseases of tropical climates, the efforts of the doctor's cannot save, or even prolong life."—Old Ellwood groaned.

When the party entered the ward, Henry Ellwood half rose from his bed. But the hand of death was heavy on him and he sunk back again. His eyes however for the moment sparkled, and his face flushed with some resemblance to his former beauty ; but the pallid hue of disease and death soon settled on his brow. Mary and his mother sat down on each side of him and took his