

"Aye, and after that, I was in a French prison four years and one hundred and twelve days, and got all my back pay and clothing, and eight pounds, three shillings and twopence halfpenny farthing, smart and prize money.— But I have some good news for you, there is an assistant wanted in the general Hospital, and I have spoken to the staff surgeon about you,—I told him you had been a sort of a doctor's mate, and he will ask the Colonel's leave for you to go. The Doctor will do any thing for me ; we were in a French prison together. The gentlemen who were prisoners used to give Bill Owens and me many a bottle of wine, to sing them 'Rule Britannia,' and such like, it used to keep up our hearts, and vex the frog-eating rascals of Frenchmen who guarded us."

Claude obtained the situation, and found the observation of his old friend to be just ; for half of at least the diseases were caused or rendered incurable by intemperance. About this time he got a letter from Ellwood. It was written after a fit of illness, and during one of those paroxysms of remorse to which drunkards are subject, but we give his own words—

"Dear Comrade,—This comes to inform you that I am well, that is, not exactly *well*, but getting well of a fever which brought me very low, I had a dream during my sickness, or something like a dream, I have put it into a rhyme for you.

MIDNIGHT.

"Twas at deep midnight, calm and dead,
No life sound thro' the silence broke,
Save my own footsteps' measured tread,
When thus my inward spirit spoke :

"O, would I had my native wings!
I grieve that I am league'd with thee;
For by-gone time ill omen brings,
Of what the future yet may be.