

mutter, 'flesh of our own flesh.' The vessel was riddled like the lid of a pepper-box, and sank so rapidly that we were able to save only thirty of her crew. Their captain was among the number, and a gallant-looking youth he was; but in their last attempt to board us, Beaumont had wounded him on the shoulder with his cutlass. The blood ran down his arm, and poured from his fingers; yet the brave soul never whispered it, nor made a wry face upon the matter, but stood and saw his countrymen attended to. Nature, however, gave way, and he fell upon the deck. Beaumont eagerly raised him in his arms, and conveyed him to his own bed: on examining his wound, the surgeon took a portrait of a beautiful lady from his breast, and handed it to the captain. Poor old Tom gazed upon it for a moment—he started—he uttered a sudden scream—I thought he had gone mad. 'Do you remember that face?' he exclaimed. How could I forget it!—to have seen it once was to remember it a hundred years—it was his wife's! I won't tire you with a long story, for it's all true, and no yarn. For several days the gallant young American lay delirious, as the doctor called it. But—I can't describe it to you, gemmen,—had you seen poor old Tom, during all the time! No, hang me, I can't describe it!—The youth also wore upon his finger a diamond ring, upon which were inscribed the names of Beaumont and his long lost Eleanor. Flesh and blood could not stand the sight—there was the old man keeping watch by the bed-side, night and day, weeping like a child, pacing the cabin floor, beating his breast—and sometimes snatching the hand of the poor sufferer to his lips, and calling

him his murdered son, and himself the murderer. Then he would doubt again, and doubt made him worse. At length the doctor declared the invalid out of danger, and said the commander might put to him a question he pleased. I wish I could tell you this scene; but I can't. However, there the full, bursting-hearted old boy, the tears pouring down his cheeks, with the hair of the young American in his; and sobbing like a child he inquired, 'Were you born an American?' The youth trembled—his head filled, and he wept, just like old Tom. 'Alas!' said he, 'I know not; I have been educated an American. I only know that I was saved by the good old man who adopted me as his son, and who found me almost lifeless, in the arms of a dying woman, on the raft of a deserted wreck, which the wind had driven on shore. My unfortunate mother could only recommend me to his care, and died.' The very heart and soul of the old tar wept. 'And this portrait, and this ring?' he exclaimed, breathless, and shaking like a yacht in a hurricane. 'The portrait replied the youth, 'was a part of what my mother had saved from the wreck, and as I was told by my foster father, is a likeness of herself. The ring was taken from her finger—and from the engraving upon it, I have borne the name of Beaumont.' 'My son!—my own Tom! child of my Eleanor!' cried the happy old father, hugging him to his breast. Gemmen, you can imagine the rest; said our one-armed companion; and raising the fourth glass to his lips, he added, "and by your permission here's a health to old Tom Beaumont, and his son, Heaven bless and prosper them!"

DEATH OF THE CHEVALIER DE LA BEAUTE.

It was near midnight, on the 12th of October, 1516, when a horseman, spurring his jaded steed, rode furiously down the path leading to the strong tower of Wedderburn: he alighted at the gate, and knocked loudly for admission.

"What would ye?" inquired the warder from the turret.

"Conduct me to your chief," was the laconic reply of the breathless messenger.

"Is your message so urgent that you must deliver it to-night?" continued the warder, who feared to kindle the fiery temper of his master, by disturbing him with a trifling errand.