

um sort of things ; gemmen, by your leave, I'll tell
 a bit of a story—it's a story that has made many a
 fellow waste his salt water ; and, by the way,
 may say it's about a countryman of your own, too—
 Tom Beaumont was born in Newcastle, and he was
 a man, mate, and master of a Shields collier, many a
 day. During our last scuffle with the Yankees, I
 was master-runner of as handsome a gun-brig as ever
 credit to a dock-yard, or dipped a keel in the water.
 We ye, it would have done your eyes good to have
 seen her skimming before the wind, and breasting the
 waves as gently as a boy's first kiss, which only touches
 the cheek, and that's all. Then we carried fourteen as
 pretty guns as ever drove a bullet through a Frenchman's
 ribs. Old Tom Beaumont—(God bless him!)—
 was our commander, and a better soul never cracked a
 scuit. He was a hardy seaman to the backbone, an
 upright and down-straight fear-nothing ; but the kindest-
 hearted fellow in the world, for all that. Well, gemmen,
 I'm saying—Tom (we always called him Tom, because
 he loved him) married young, and, for two years, he
 was the happiest dog alive. He had a wife as pretty
 as an angel, and as good as himself ; and a little rogue
 for his son—the very picture of his own face in a button—
 who was beginning to climb upon his knee and pull his
 whiskers. Man alive couldn't desire more—the very
 one might make a Dutchman dance, or a Russian
 happy. After two years fair wind and weather, in all
 mortal reckoning it was reasonable to expect squalls.
 Beaumont had not then joined the navy in a regular
 way ; and at that period he found it necessary to proceed
 to America, where he had entered into extensive mer-
 cantile speculations. Finding that he should be
 compelled to remain there much longer than he dreamed
 of, he sent for his wife and child. They sailed—but
 proved a last voyage to a new world. However,
 gemmen, it's a voyage we must all take, from the
 Admiral down to the cabin-boy—that's one comfort ;
 and may we, by the aid of a good chart, steer clear of
 the enemy's lee-shore and brimstone shoals ! Poor
 Tom's inquiries were fruitless ; no one ever heard of the
 vessel, and no one ever doubted that all hands were as
 low as Davy Jones. It was like a shot between wind
 and water to Beaumont ; but he bore up after a way,
 though it had shivered his mainsheet. Well, as I was
 saying, it was during our last scuffle with the Yankees,
 more than twenty years after Tom had lost his wife and
 child—we were returning with the little brig from the
 West Indies, when I was roused in my hammock by a
 bustle upon deck, and the cry of ' A Yankee ! ' I sprang
 up at the glorious news, and through the clear moon-
 light perceived an impudent-looking lubber bearing
 upon us full sail, and displaying American colours.
 ' Haul to, my lads ! ' cried old Beaumont ; ' let them
 smell powder for breakfast.' Small time was lost in
 obeying the order ; for we were always in readiness
 for welcome company. Twice they attempted to board
 us, but were driven back for their kindness with some
 score of broken heads, and the loss of some hundred
 American fingers. After two hours' hard peppering,
 Beaumont, seizing a lucky moment, ordered us to throw
 in a broadside. Every shot told ; the Yankee began
 to stagger, and in a few minutes gave evidence that her
 swimming days were ended. ' Vast firing ! ' cried
 Beaumont ; ' let us save a brave enemy.' He repeated
 the word enemy ; and I heard him 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 the portrait of a beautiful
 lady from his breast, and handed it to the commander.
 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," continued the narrator,
 " 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
 any questions he pleased. I wish I could tell you this
 scene ; but I can't. However, there sat the full,
 bursting-hearted old boy, the big tears pouring down
 his cheeks, with the hand of the young American in
 his ; and, sobbing like a child, he inquired, ' Were
 you born an American ? ' The youth trembled—his
 heart filled, and he wept, just like old Tom. ' Alas !
 said he, ' I know not ; I have been educated an Ame-
 rican. 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 winds had driven
 on shore. My unfortunate mother could only recom-
 mend 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 them ! "

