

Kingston William Henry Giles

Jack Buntline



William Kingston

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Preface

Look at yon smooth-faced blue-eyed lad; his fair locks escaping from beneath his broad-brimmed hat stuck to the back of his head; his blue shirt collar, let in with white, turned over his neck-handkerchief, which is tied with long streaming ends; his loose jacket, his wide trousers. You know the sailor lad at a glance. He is a well cared for apprentice under a kind captain. He wins your regard by his artless frank manners, and you think all sailor boys are like him. Then see that fine specimen of a man rolling along, with his huge beard and whiskers, his love locks, his dark flashing eyes, his well bronzed countenance, his bare throat, his dress, similar to that of the lad, but of good quality and cut to a nicety. He looks the hero of the sea, and so he is, and so he feels himself.

What will he not dare and do? He will board a foeman's ship by his captain's side, however few with him or many against him; storm a battery sending forth showers of deadly shot; leap overboard to rescue a shipmate from a watery grave; will lift in his arms a charged shell with the fuzee yet burning, or will carry on his shoulders a wounded comrade from beneath the very guns of the foe. He loves to fight on shore as well as at sea. He will suffer cold, and hunger, and thirst, and face death in a thousand forms without complaint if his officers set him the example. He is the true man-of-war's-man, proud of his calling and despising all others.

Now watch yonder nicely dressed old gentleman, with his three cornered hat, white neckcloth, long blue coat with gold lace cuffs. He is a Greenwich pensioner. He has done his duty to his country and done it well, with all his heart; and now his country, whom he served in his strength and manhood, cares for him as she should in his old age.

From these pleasing pictures people are apt to form their notions of sailors and of a sea life, but there exists another numerous class of whom I have a very different sketch to present.

They are as a class, however, gallant fellows. They also will dare and do all that men can accomplish. Many are kind hearted, generous, brave; but others are too often brutal, fierce, vicious, drunkards, blasphemers, thinking only of present gratifications, and utterly regardless of the future or of the world to come.

If such characteristics be theirs, I have a very solemn question to ask. Why are they so? Who has allowed them to become so? What steps have been taken to improve them? The newspapers often give us one reason why they are brutal. Sent ignorant to sea, ignorant they grow up, no one taking thought for the wellbeing of their souls or bodies; placed often under ignorant brutal masters, whose only idea is how to get the most work out of them, whose only argument is a handspike or rope's end; ill-fed, ill-treated, ill-clothed, ill-lodged (oh what foul, wet, dark holes have thousands of gallant sailors to live in on board ship); ill looked after in sickness; when they return to port, handed over to the tender mercies of crimps and foul harpies of every description, the lives of our merchant seamen are short and hard indeed.

Remember that these are the men who supply us with all the luxuries we enjoy, who have charge of the merchandise which has made England great, glorious, and powerful. Who then, I ask, has an excuse for refusing to support any measure which will benefit them, their souls and their bodies? Can any one deny that our seamen have a claim on the sympathies and aid of every member of the community, whether living in an inland town, in the sequestered village, or on the wild sea side?

Oh could you but behold the merchant seaman on board his ship, the coaster, the trader to neighbouring lands, aye on board some fine looking craft also bound to distant ports; could you see him as he is, day after day toiling on in his tarry, dirty clothes, unshaven, unwashed, with rude

companions, obscene in language and habits, in their foul den of a berth; could you hear the expression applied to him by his superiors, his groans of pain, his muttered curses as kicks and blows and cuffs follow after the oaths showered on him; could you see him in port consorting with the vilest of the vile, living in filth and iniquity till his hard-earned gains being spent, his senses steeped in drink, he is put on board another ship, often not knowing where he is going till far out at sea. Could you see and hear, I say, one tenth part of the horrors which take place, unnoticed by man, on the wide ocean, you, my readers, would weep and exclaim, unless your hearts are harder than adamant, “We must, we must do something for that poor fellow’s soul and mortal frame.”

Before, therefore, I begin the life of Jack Buntline, I must tell you how that something may be done. There exists in London a society called The Missions to Seamen, which I was the humble means of establishing there some five years ago. It had before existed at Bristol. It is warmly supported by numerous admirals, and other naval officers and men of influence. The office is at 11, Buckingham Street, Strand, and the Secretary is the Rev. T.A. Walrond, an excellent clergyman, who has devoted himself with the utmost zeal and energy to the interests of sailors. The object of the Society is to supply clergymen and lay missionaries for seamen: but they do not wait till the sailors come to them, they seek them out on board their ships, not only in harbours and rivers, but even in open roadsteads, such as the Downs, the Solent, and Portland Bay, wherever, indeed, any number of vessels are brought up together. The Society possesses several small vessels, on board which seamen are collected and services are held, as also boats for carrying the missionaries on board the ships. They have a flag, the design of which is an angel carrying the open gospel in her hand, on a blue ground.

The work of the chaplains and missionaries is, as I have said, especially to seek out seamen on board their ships, without waiting for them to come to hear them. They visit them in their berths, however close or foul they may be, read and explain the Bible to them, pray with them, collect them for public worship, and preach to them; offer them Bibles, leave tracts with them, and speak to them as friends whose only desire is for their soul’s welfare. Under God’s guidance a very large amount of good has, I believe, by these means been done, not only among British, but foreign seamen who visit our ports. Five years ago I was induced to commence the work by the Rev. T.C. Childs, who had succeeded the Rev. Dr Ashley, as sole chaplain of the Bristol Channel Mission, the only one then existing. We have now eleven chaplains, twelve lay missionaries, and an income which already exceeds 6,000 pounds per annum. God has evidently particularly blessed our work. Still we have calls from all directions for more Chaplains and Scripture Readers, and all who read this little book will, I trust, give their aid to the work by such contributions as they can collect, taking care that they send them to the Society for which I plead.

I should add, that I wrote the following story to read to the pupils of the Rev. J. Thomson, of Blackheath, and also to those of my friend the Rev. T. Langhorne, of Loretta House, Musselburgh, near Edinburgh. Mr Thomson’s boys collected upwards of 10 pounds soon afterwards for the Missions to Seamen. Great will be my satisfaction if all my readers follow their excellent example, and collect similar sums for the same important object.

William H.G. Kingston.
Middle Hill, Wimborne, Dorset.

Dedication

My dear Mr Walrond,

Allow me to dedicate the following little work to you, that I may have the gratification of expressing my admiration of the judgment, energy, and perseverance with which you have laboured in the great and noble cause we both have at heart – the spiritual welfare of the British seaman, so long unhappily neglected. Nearly twenty of our flags (the angel with the open Bible), waving in as many ports or roadsteads, joyfully proclaim that it is neglected no longer. Should thrice that number

be hoisted ere long, as I pray God there may be in various parts of the world, I feel assured that you will be more gratified than you would be by attaining any reward which the whole earth could give you. That you may live to see abundant fruit from your labours, is the earnest wish of

Yours most truly,

William H.G. Kingston.

To the Rev. Theodore A. Walrond, Secretary, Missions to Seamen.

Chapter One

The sailor boy, as he is described in romances, or when he is made to act the part of a hero on the stage, has run away from school or from his parents, and entered under a feigned name on board a man-of-war; there, instead of being punished for his misconduct, he is placed on the quarter deck, and turns out in the end to be the heir to an earldom or to a baronetcy.

Such was not the origin of poor Jack Buntline. He was the only son of his mother, and while he was yet an infant she was left a widow. His father had been a sailor, a true hearted gallant man. He found Bessie Miller, then neither young nor good looking, in distress and poverty. He married her, saying that she should no longer want to the end of her days. How was he mistaken! He went away to sea. In vain his anxious wife waited his return. He never came back. It was supposed that his vessel was run down, and that he and all hands perished. His poor widow struggled hard to support herself and child: for some years she succeeded. She endeavoured also to impart to him what knowledge she possessed. It was but little. But lessons of piety she instilled into his mind at an early age. The following, among many other quotations from Holy Writ, she taught him: "God is love." "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." "In God put I my trust, I shall never be brought to confusion." Deep into the inmost recesses of his memory sunk those blessed words, and though long disregarded, there they remained to bring forth fruit in due season.

At length a mortal sickness attacked the poor widow, and Jack was left an orphan, houseless and hungry, to druggie with the hard world. The furniture and clothes his mother possessed were seized for rent, and he was carried off to become an inmate of the workhouse. He knew not where he was going, but he thought the people very harsh and unkind. He was let out the next day to follow a coffin to a pauper's grave. They told him his mother slept beneath that low green mound. When far, far away over the blue ocean, often would his memory fly back to that one solitary spot, to him the oasis in life's wilderness. No relation, no friend had he. A pauper he lived for many a day, picking oakum and wishing to be free. That workhouse had a master, a stern, hard man.

An old companion, captain of an African trader, came to see him. As they sipped their brandy and water – "I want a boy or two aboard there," said Captain Gullbeak, "one o' mine fell overboard last week and was drowned."

"You may have as many on 'em as you like, perwided you takes care they none on 'em come back again on the parish. The guardians don't approve of that ere joke."

"Not much fear of that, I guess," replied the captain with a grin; "they has a knack of dying uncommon fast out there in Africa. It's only old hands like me can stand it do ye see."

So it was settled that little Jack was to be a sailor. Jack was asked if he would like to go to sea. Would a sky-lark in a cage like to be free? He knew also that his father was lost at sea, and he thought he might find him; so he said "Yes." The guardians were informed of the lad's strong desire to go to sea. His resolution was highly approved of, and leave was granted him to go. So under the tender care of Captain Gullbeak, of the *Tiger* brig, poor Jack commenced his career as a seaman – in mind still a child, in stature a big lad. The only thing he regretted was being separated so far from his mother's grave. Away over the ocean glided the African trader. Hard had been Jack's life in the workhouse – much harder was it now. Every man's hand seemed against him. A cuff or a rope's end was his only reward for every service done his many masters.

Occasionally in the workhouse he did hear prayers said and a discourse uttered, somewhat hard to understand, perhaps. Now, blaspheming, scoffing, and obscenity were in every sentence spoken by those around him. What words can describe the dark foul hole into which Jack had to creep at night to find rest from his grief in sleep. It was in the very head of the vessel. The ceaseless murmur of the waves was ever in his ears, and as the brig plunged into the seas the loud blows the received

on her bows made his heart sink within him, and it was long before he could persuade himself that his last hour was not near at hand.

On, on flew the brig. Hitherto the weather had been fine. Jack had sometimes gone aloft, but as yet he was but little accustomed to the rolling and pitching of a ship at sea. One night he was asleep dreaming of the humble cottage by the greenwood side. He was kneeling, as he was wont, by his mother's knee, uttering a simple prayer to heaven for protection from peril. Now, alas, he has forgotten when awake how to pray. Loud harsh voices sound in his ear. "All hands shorten sail." He starts up. "Rouse out there, rouse out," he hears. He dare not evade the summons. He springs on deck. The wind howls fiercely, the waves leap wildly around, and sheets of spray fly over the deck. Lightning flashes, dark clouds obscure every spot, the thunder growls, scarcely can he lift his head to face the storm. But he must go aloft and lay out on the topgallant yard, high up in the darkness, where the masts are bending like willow wands. So rapidly, too, are they turning here and there, that it seems impossible any human being can hold on to them. A rope's end urges him on. Up he climbs, the lightning almost blinding him, yet serving to show the wild hungry waves which break ever and anon over the labouring vessel. He reaches the topgallant yard. There he clings, swinging aloft, the rain beating in his face, the wind driving fiercely to tear him off – darkness around him, darkness below him. Not a glimpse can he obtain of the deck. It appears as if the ship had already sunk beneath those foaming waves. How desolate, how helpless he feels! How can he expect to hold on to that unstable shaking mast. Now rolling on one side, now on the other, he hangs over the dark threatening abyss. What can he do to conquer that struggling sail? But there is one who sends help to the helpless, who turns not away from the poor in their distress. Jack there hears the first words of kindness addressed to him since he came on board, and a helping hand is stretched out to aid him. The voice is that of a negro. "No say I wid you," adds Sambo, "or I no help you again." The sail is furled, and Jack descends safe on deck, his heart lighter with the feeling that there is near at hand a human being who can sympathise with his lot.

Chapter Two

The storm increased, but the brig, brought under snug canvas, rides buoyantly over seas. “Hillo, youngster, you are afraid of drowning are you?” cried old Joe Growler, as he saw Jack’s eye watching the heavy seas, which came rolling up as if they would engulf the vessel. “This is nothing to what you may have to look out for, let me tell you.” Jack thought the sea rough enough as it was, but he made no reply, for old Joe seldom passed him without giving him the taste of his toe or of a rope’s end. The other sailors laughed and jeered at Jack. He was not, however, afraid of the heavy seas. He soon got accustomed to the look of them. He had a feeling also that God, who had put it into the heart of the negro to help him on the topgallant yard, would not desert him. The other men often reminded him of that awful name, but, alas, they used it only to blaspheme and curse.

During the day the weather appeared finer, though the brig still lay hove to; but at night the wind blew fiercer and fiercer, the sea broke more wildly than ever. Towards morning a loud report was heard, as if a gun had been fired on board: the fore-topsail had been blown from the bolt-ropes. Before another sail could be set a terrific sea struck the ship, washing fore and aft. “Hold on, hold on for your lives,” sung out the master. Jack grasped the main rigging, so did Sambo and others; but two men were forced from their hold by the water and carried overboard. A flash of lightning revealed their countenances full of horror and despair. A shriek – their death wail – reached his ears. Jack never forgot those pale terror-struck faces.

When morning broke, the crew no longer seemed inclined to jeer and laugh at Jack. The ship was labouring heavily. About noon, the carpenter, who had been below, appeared on deck with a countenance which showed that something was the matter. “What’s wrong now?” asked the captain. “Why, the ship’s sprung a leak, and if we don’t look out we shall all go to the bottom,” answered the carpenter gruffly. He and the captain were on bad terms. “All hands man the pumps,” sung out the captain. The men looked sulkily at each other, as if doubting whether or not they would obey the order. “Let’s get some grog aboard; and no matter, then, whether we sink or swim,” said one. “Ay, hoist up a spirit cask, and have one jolly booze before we die,” chimed in another. It was evident that they would if they could break into the spirit room, and steeping their senses in liquor, die like brute beasts. Sambo and Jack, however, rushed to the pumps to help the mates rig them. When the captain saw the hesitation of the rest of the crew, uttering a dreadful oath, he entered his cabin, and immediately returned on deck with a pistol in each hand. “Mutiny – mutiny!” he exclaimed. “You know me, my lads – just understand I’ll shoot the first man who disobeys me.” Strange, that the men who an instant before would not have hesitated to rush into the presence of their Maker, were now afraid of the captain and his pistols. Without another word they went to the pumps. The labour was incessant, but they were able to prevent the water from increasing. All day, and through the next night, they pumped on. In the morning the storm began to break; and soon, the wind shifting, the brig was put on her proper course. Still the water poured in through the leak; but as the sea went down, half the crew were enabled to keep it under. It was hard work though, watch and watch at the pumps. The captain and his mates walked the deck with their pistols in their belts, ready to shoot any man who might refuse to labour. Jack and Sambo were the only ones who pumped away with a will. Several days passed thus. At length the water grew of a yellowish tinge, and a long line of dark-leaved trees appeared, as if growing out of the sea. Jack was told that they were mangrove bushes, and that they were on the coast of Africa. A canoe came off from the shore full of black men. One of them, dressed in a cocked hat and blue shirt, with a pair of top boots on his legs, but no other clothing, stepped on board. He told the captain that he was son to the king of the country; and having begged hard for a quid of tobacco and a tumbler of rum, offered to pilot the brig up the river. The brig’s head was turned in shore, and passing through several heavy rollers which came tumbling in, threatening to sweep her decks, she was quickly in smooth water, and gliding up with the sea breeze between

two lines of mangrove bushes. The men required to shorten sail, had slackened at their labours at the pumps. This neglect allowed the water to gain on them; so the captain, instead of ordering the anchor to be let go, when some way up the river, ran the brig on shore. He did this to save her from sinking, which in another ten minutes she would have done. It was now high tide; and the captain hoped when the water fell to get at the leak and repair damages. He was come to trade in palm oil, ivory, and gold dust, besides gums and spices, and any other articles which might sell well at home. He had brought Manchester goods – cottons, and cloths, and ribbons; and also other merchandise from Birmingham, such as carpenters' tools, and knives and daggers, and swords and pistols and guns, to give in exchange for the productions of the country.

The king's son remained on board, and acted as interpreter. Numbers of natives came down to the banks of the river, and a brisk trade commenced. No vessel had been there for some time, and the captain congratulated himself on quickly collecting a cargo. The men, meantime, had to work in the mud under the ship's bottom to stop the leak; and the hot sun came down on their heads, and at night the damp mists rose around them, and soon the dreadful coast-fever made its appearance. One by one they sickened and died. Jack's heart sank within him when he heard their ravings as the fever was at its height. They died without consolation, without hope, knowing God only as a God of vengeance, whose laws they had systematically outraged. The mates died, and the carpenter and the boatswain, till two men only of the crew besides the captain and Jack's friend, Sambo, remained alive. The captain thought that he had discovered the means of warding off disease, and always talked of getting the brig afloat, and returning home with a full cargo. He seemed to have no sorrow for the death of his shipmates, and cursed and swore as much as ever. At last Jack felt very ill, and one morning when he tried to get up he could not. Sambo came and looked at him, and telling him not to fear, returned on deck and sent off for a cocoa-nut-bottle full of some cooling liquid. When it came, no mother could have administered the beverage with greater gentleness than did Sambo. Though it cooled his thirst, still Jack thought he was going to die. The fever grew worse and worse, and for many days Jack knew nothing of what was taking place around him.

While he had been well he had never said his prayers; but now the recollection of them came back to his mind, and he kept repeating them and the verses he had learned from his mother over and over again.

Chapter Three

At last Jack completely recovered his senses. The two men who had remained in the berth were no longer there. Sambo, who nursed him tenderly as before, was the only person he saw. He inquired what had become of the rest. "Captain and all gone. Fis' eat them," was the answer. Yes; out of all that crew the negro and the boy were the only survivors. The king's son and his subjects had carried away all the cargo, and the rigging and stores and the bare hull alone remained.

Jack was still very weak, but his black friend carried him on deck whenever the sea breeze blew up the river, and that refreshed him.

While he lay on his mattress, he bethought him of repeating the verses from the Bible and his prayers to Sambo. The black listened, and soon took pleasure in learning them also. Jack remembered something about the Bible, and how Jesus Christ came on earth to save sinners; and Sambo replied it was very good of him, and that he was just the master he should like to serve.

Thus many weeks and months passed away till Jack was quite strong again, and he wished to go on shore and to see what was beyond all those dark mangrove trees; but Sambo would not let him, telling him that there were bad people who lived there, and that he might come to harm.

But a change in their lives was coming which they little expected. As they were sitting on the deck one evening, a long dark schooner appeared gliding up the river like a snake from among the trees. Sambo pulled Jack immediately under shelter of the bulwarks, and hurried him below. "The slaver – come to take black mans away – berry bad for we." The slaver, for such she was, dropped her anchor close to the brig. Jack and Sambo lay concealed in the hold, and hoped that they had not been seen. Oh that men would be as active in doing good as they are when engaged in evil pursuits. The slaver's crew, aided by numerous blacks from the shore, forthwith began to take on board water and provisions, and in the mean time gangs of blacks, tied two and two by the wrists, came down to the river's banks from various directions. Sambo looked out every now and then, and said that he hoped the schooner would soon get her cargo on board and sail. "She soon go now," said he one day, "all people in ship."

While, however, he was speaking, a boat touched the side of the brig, and to their infinite dismay the footsteps of people were heard on deck. Still they hoped that they might escape discovery. "What dis smoke from?" exclaimed Sambo. "Dey put fire to de brig!" So it was. The smoke was almost stifling them. They had not a moment to lose. Up the fore-hatchway they sprung, and as they did so they found themselves confronting three or four white men.

"Ho, ho, who are you?" said one, who turned and spoke a few words to his companions in Spanish.

Jack replied that they were English sailors belonging to the brig, and that they wished to return home.

"That's neither here nor there, my lads," was the unsatisfactory answer. "You'll come with us, so say no more about the matter."

Thereon Jack and Sambo were seized and hurried on board the schooner. Her hold was crowded with slaves. The anchor was apeak, and with the land breeze filling her sails, she ran over the bar and stood out to sea. "We are short handed and you two will be useful," said the white man who had spoken to them, and who proved to be the mate; "it's lucky for you, for we don't stand on much ceremony with any we find troublesome." Sambo had advised Jack to say nothing, but to work if he was bid, and the mate seemed satisfied.

What words can describe the horrors of a crowded slave ship, even in those days before the blockade was established. Men, women, and children all huddled together, sitting with their chins on their knees and without the power of moving. A portion only were allowed to come on deck at a time, and the crew attended to their duties with pistols in their belts and cutlasses by their sides ready to

suppress an outbreak. Many such outbreaks Jack was told had occurred, when all the white men had been murdered. He was rather less harshly treated than in the brig, but he had plenty of work to do and many masters to make him do it. It was dreadful work – the cries and groans of the slaves – the stench rising from below – the surly looks and fierce oaths of the ruffian crew, outcasts from many different nations, made Jack wish himself safe on shore again.

Thus, the slave ship sailed on across the Atlantic, the officers and men exulting in the thought of the large profit they expected to make by their hapless cargo.

But there was an avenging arm already raised to strike them. No enemy pursued them – the weather had hitherto been fine. Suddenly there came a change. Dark clouds gathered rapidly – thunder roared – lightning flashed vividly. It was night – Jack was standing on deck near Sambo – “Oh! what is dat?” exclaimed Sambo, as a large ball of fire struck the main-topmast head. Down it came with a crash, riving the mast into a thousand fragments. Wild, wild shrieks of horror and dismay arose. Bright flames burst forth, shewing the terror-struck countenances of the crew. Down – down sank the ship, the fierce waves washed over her decks. Jack thought his last moment had come as the waters closed over his head, while he was drawn in by the vortex of the foundering vessel; but he struck out boldly, and once more rose to the surface. He found himself among several spars with a few fathom of thin rope attached to them. He contrived to get hold of these spars, and by lashing them together to form a frail raft. This was the work of a minute. He listened for the sound of a human voice, yet he feared that he himself was the sole survivor of those who lately lived on board the slave ship. Not a sound did he hear, nothing could he see. How solitary and sad did he feel thus floating in darkness and alone on the wide ocean. Oh picture the young sailor boy, tossing about on a few spars in the middle of the Atlantic, hundreds of miles away from any land, thick gloom above him, thick gloom on every side. What hope could he have of ultimately escaping? Still he remembered that God, who had before been so merciful to him, might yet preserve his life. He had not been many minutes on his raft when he shouted again, in the hopes that some one might have escaped to bear him company. With what breathless anxiety did he listen! A voice in return came faintly over the waters towards him from no great distance. He was sure he knew it. “Is that you, Sambo?” he exclaimed. – “Yes, Jack, me. Got hold of two oars. Come to you,” answered Sambo, for it was the black who spoke. After some time Sambo swam up to him, and together they made the raft more secure. It was a great consolation to Jack to have his friend with him; yet forlorn, indeed, was their condition.

Chapter Four

At length the night passed away, and the sun rose and struck down on their unprotected heads. They had no food and no water. Anxiously they gazed around. Not a sail was in sight. Death – a miserable death – was the fate they had in prospect. Their condition has been that of many a poor seaman, and oh, if we did but think what consolation, what support, would a saving knowledge of religion present to men thus situated, we should rejoice at finding any opportunity of affording it to them. The day wore on, Jack felt as if he could not endure another. He could hold very little conversation with his companion. The night came. He had to secure himself to the raft to save himself from falling off, so drowsy had he become.

The sun was once more shining down on his head, when an exclamation from Sambo roused him up. Not a quarter of a mile from them was a large ship passing by them. But, oh, what agony of suspense was theirs, lest no one on board should see them! They shouted – they waved their hands. Jack had a handkerchief round his neck, – he flew it eagerly above his head, – he almost fainted with joy. The ship's lighter sails were clewed up. She was brought to the wind, a boat was lowered and pulled towards them. They were saved. The ship was an outward bound Indiaman. Humane people tended the poor sufferers. A little liquid was poured down their throats: a little food was given them: they were put into clean hammocks. For many a day Jack had not enjoyed so much luxury. He had hitherto been accustomed only to kicks and blows. He thought Sambo the only good man alive. Kindness won his heart, and he learned to love others of his race.

The voyage was prosperous. India was reached in safety. With a fresh cargo the ship then sailed for China. What wonders Jack saw in that strange land I cannot stop to describe. Laden with tea the good ship, the *Belvoir Castle*, returned to England, and Jack's first and eventful voyage was ended.

Chapter Five

Jack's Second Voyage

Jack had behaved so well when on board the Indiaman, that Captain Hudson, her commander, kept him on to assist in looking after the ship while she was refitting for sea, and once more he sailed in her. Nearly all the crew had been shipped when Sambo made his appearance and got a berth on board. Away rolled the old *Belvoir Castle* laden with a rich cargo, and full of passengers hoping to gain fortune and fame in the distant land of the East. None of them, however, took notice of the young sailor lad, nor did it ever occur to Jack that such grand people would think of speaking to such as he. How vast was the gap between them!

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