

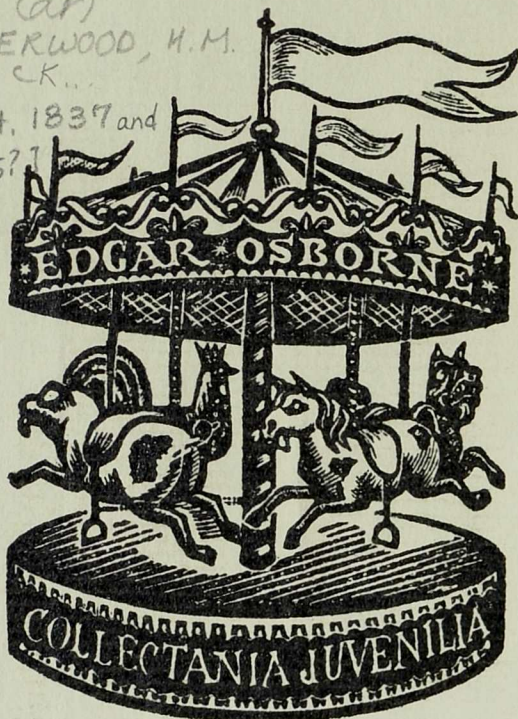
JACK THE SAILOR BOY



BY MRS SHERWOOD

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JACK...

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JACK THE SAILOR BOY.

BY MRS. SHERWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "SOCIAL TALES," "HENRY AND HIS BEARER," "THINK BEFORE YOU ACT,"
"FRANK BEAUCHAMP," "GRANDMAMMA PARKER," "SISTERLY LOVE,"
"THE WRECK OF THE WALPOLE," "THE HERON'S PLUME," "THE
FALL OF PRIDE," "THE LOST TRUNK," "MARTIN CROOK,"
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JACK, THE SAILOR BOY.

LOOK at the frontispiece, and there you will see some mischievous boys stealing hot chesnuts from poor Betty Lane. Betty Lane was a cross bad woman, who drank gin, and then she went into such terrible passions it was quite fearful to see her. Betty had got a plate with something good in it on her lap, with which she was regaling herself; and the boys seeing her occupied, the bigger of the two seized a chesnut, and was just giving it to his brother who stood behind him, when a jagged bit of his sleeve caught a nail in the board, and in pulling his arm away he knocked the fire-pan over, making the table to totter and shake like a ship in a storm.

Betty started, and in so doing overturned her plate, and knocked down her tripe, which made her only

the more angry when she saw the young thieves at her chesnuts.

With her hand spread in a threatening attitude she poured forth a torrent of abuse against the naughty boys, who thought it safest to make off as fast as their feet could carry them; but she was up and after them in a very short time. The bigger of the two got clear off, but she caught the little one, and was beating him most unmercifully, when Jack came up.

Jack was the son of a sailor, who had been away from England many years, and the parish allowed Betty Lane something weekly for feeding and clothing him; but this bad woman generally spent the greater part of the money in buying gin, and thus poor Jack was often obliged to go without a good meal; whilst his clothes were so ragged he could scarcely keep them on. Hearing the little boy's screams, Jack ran to help him. What are you doing? he said, as he pushed himself in between the woman and the child: you will kill him—you will kill him.

Betty left off beating the boy to set upon Jack; and if some of the neighbours had not run in, she would have made her threatenings good,—for she

threatened that she would not leave a whole bone in his skin.

Very sorely, however, she did beat him, for she had taken more gin than usual that morning, and scarcely knew what she did.

The neighbours, however, drove her back to her stall, and when Jack had thanked them for saving him, he walked away, intending never to go back again to live with her. He kept his resolution; he never returned.

Betty was vexed when she found he did not come back, because the people about said that he had gone away because he was ill-used.

So she went the next week to other lodgings, where no one knew anything about Jack.

It was only a few weeks after she had changed her lodgings before she met a sailor in the street, who stopped and asked her if she was not the woman to whom the parish officers had given the charge of little Jack.

She said she was.

Well then, said he, you can tell me, perhaps, what is come of the boy?

Come of him, answered she, why he is dead, and

has been so these two years; he died of the small pox, and I laid him out.

Poor lad, replied the man, his troubles are over then, and my cares about him are over too. My name is William Ball,—I was his father's chum, and voyaged over many a league of sea with him. I thought to have looked up the boy, and been a father to him whilst he is away; but that a'nt to be—so good bye.

Why did Betty say that the boy was dead? Because she had used him ill, and did not want to be brought to account by any of his friends.

It was wrong, however, in Jack to run away, and you will see he had some troubles in the end for doing so.

And now I am going to say no more about Betty Lane, for the rest of my story is all about Jack. Look at the picture, and you will see a man who spends all his time in begging about the streets, and being a kind-hearted person, he has more than once given Jack crusts of bread, or bones of meat, that had been given to him in charity. On running away from Betty Lane, Jack sought this man to ask him what he should do to gain a livelihood.

The best way is begging, Jack, replied the man, for it is an easy life.



But I do not think I should like it, said the boy. Father was a sailor, and I want to be like father.

You a sailor, cried the beggar, why, lad, you are so small, they will make you a swabber, and nothing better.

What is a swabber? asked Jack.

A swab is a kind of mop used for cleaning the

decks of ships, said the man ; and a swabber is one that uses a swab.

Jack did not like the idea of being only a swabber, so for some days he followed the advice of the beggar, and went wandering about the streets asking for money.

The poor boy was now in a way for being ruined for ever ; but his heavenly Father had not forgot him, and in mercy to Jack he made the life of beggary hateful, and even unprosperous to him ; and he opened the eyes of the boy to see that no person could honestly continue a beggar by trade.

Jack had been blessed in infancy with a pious and tender father, and the lessons of that father had by the grace of God taken too powerful a hold in his heart to allow his conscience to sleep altogether.

His father had not been heard of for years, and it was only his son, of all his friends, who believed that he was still alive ; but the boy clung eagerly to the hope, and it was his most earnest wish to be a sailor, that he might search the world over for his dearly loved father.

On the sixth night after Jack had left old Betty's, he laid himself on a step under the porch of a fine

house, but after sleeping for an hour or two, he awoke, and could not sleep again.

What is the use, he said to himself, for me to be idling about in this way. I will go straight to the river, and get into some service aboard some sort of craft, if I live till to-morrow. Suppose they do set me to swab at first, why should I care? I shall be put forward after awhile, and I shall have bread to eat, and tight clothes to wear, and shall be getting to know more, and in the way, may be, to find father, poor father: the time when I lived with father, is all come as fresh to me as yesterday.

If father could speak now to me, I know he would say, Jack, I would rather you should be a swabber than a beggar about the streets, I know he would; so I will be striving by daylight, and see what I can do.

Almost before it was light, Jack got up from his hard bed, and took the nearest way by the streets to the river's side, somewhere below London Bridge; but there were so many vessels of all sorts and sizes, and such a noise and such a clamour, that for some time he could get no one seriously to heed him.

One said, Who would take you into the ship, all rags and mire as you are? and another said, What

service could such a hop o' my thumb do at sea? and a third bid him go off, and not trouble him. Poor Jack was quite out of heart, and could scarcely keep himself from crying with grief. At last, however, a person dressed in a very decent sailor's dress seemed to take pity on him, and was going to throw him a penny piece—

It is not money I so much want, Sir, said poor Jack, but a service on board some ship.

What, said the man, you are for being a sailor, my lad. What can you do?

Nothing, Sir, answered Jack.

Then you don't expect big wages, asked the sailor; but get into the boat, and I will give you a cast down to our ship, and if our captain will take you in tow, your fortune is made.

Jack was full of glee, as he joyfully climbed into the boat.

And pray where are your parents, asked the man, that they allow you to go about in this way, my lad?

Mother died before I can remember, Sir, replied Jack, and they tell me father was pressed for a sailor. I love father dearly, Sir, and I want to go all over the world till I find him.

Then yours was a good father, I suppose, my boy, said the stranger.

The best that lives, Sir, answered Jack. He taught me to read, Sir, before he left me, though I was then but seven years old; and I am afraid he must be dead, for I cannot think anything else would keep him so long away from me. Jack then told the sailor that his father gained his livelihood by fishing and boating, and helping to lade and unlade vessels which went up and down the river; but, tired as he might be, Sir, he added, with the tear in his eye, how happily did we spend our evenings together; for he would take me on his knee and tell me stories, many of which I think I shall ever remember. Ah, Sir! if I turn out a bad boy, I must first forget all father used to say to me when I was a very little child.

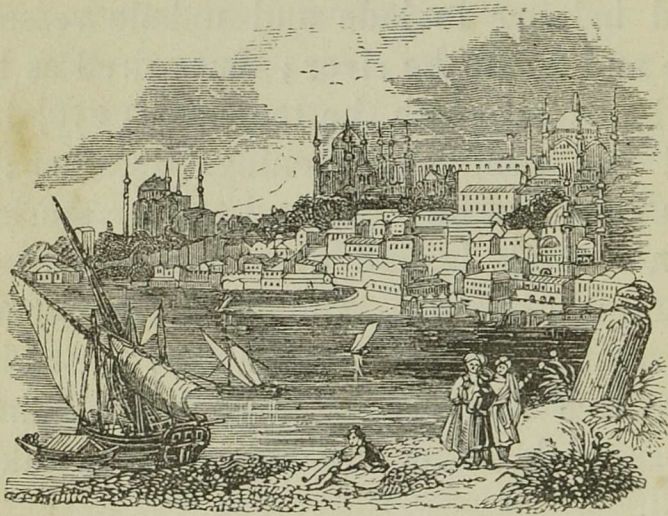
When Jack reached the ship, the Captain, whose name was Cook, made no objection to taking him on board.

There never was a kinder captain nor a better seaman than Captain Cook. He was a religious man, and not only never suffered a bad word in his ship, but took good care that the boys and young men on board should be well taught in reading and

writing, as well as in all business belonging to the sea.

Jack was out many months in his first voyage, and was quite a tall stripling when he came back.

His next voyage was under a friend of his old captain. With him he went to the Levant, and as far as the famous city of Constantinople.



Constantinople was in past years called Byzantium, one of the largest and most famous cities in Europe. The sea of Marmora washes its walls on the south, and the Channel of Constantinople on the north.

The people are half Turks, a good many of the rest Christians, and a few Jews. They sell slaves in the market-place, and the Jews generally sell them to the Turks ; for the Christians do not encourage slavery. They say that there are at least 3770 streets or lanes in Constantinople, some of which are very handsome, but the greater number are mean and dirty.

When Jack returned from his second voyage, he was a fine tall youth, and was up to anything about a ship. He had never taken to drink nor to use tobacco, and was particularly smart and neat about his dress.

His father, by his early teaching, had given the boy what may be called a good start in life ; but it is not every one who is made to profit as Jack did by the teaching of a pious parent in his very early childhood.

When our sailor boy was on his return from his second voyage, his ship passed by the dangerous Eddystone rocks, which are about twelve miles and a half from the middle of Plymouth Sound. The many fatal accidents which these rocks caused, was stopped for awhile through the ingenuity of a Mr. Winstanley of Littlebury, in Essex, who engaged to

erect a lighthouse on these rocks. This he succeeded in doing, but a most fearful storm soon afterwards dashed the lighthouse to pieces, and Mr. Winstanley, who was unfortunately within it, perished.

Some years afterwards, this present one you see in the picture, was erected on an improved plan, which has stood now for a century, baffling the winds and waves



Soon after they passed the Eddystone rocks, a small boat with letters came alongside the ship, and an old sailor stepped from it on board, who went with them into Plymouth. After some discourse, Jack found that this man was on board the Star when his father and William Ball were pressed:

and from him he learned that the ship had been bound for New York ; but this man had left the Star in America, and could say no more of Ben, Jack's father, than that he had heard of him accidentally, and that he was on his road to Canada with a friend,



who intended to make a home for himself in the Canadian forests.

Jack knew that America is called the New World, because it was found out after the other three quarters were known ; and he had in his possession a

tattered old book, given him by a messmate, in which was a story about some people in America. The story was about a white boy being taken by the red men, or the savage inhabitants of America, and by them dressed after their own fashion, and made to live with them as one of them, and Jack had a picture in



his book of the white boy and a red man, and this is it.

In this book was one other picture of the red men, and there you might see the boy's father and his friends coming to claim him from the savages, and Jack was always very glad when he read that the boy was given up to his father.

Our sailor boy knew that America was nearly as big as two of the quarters of the Old World put together; and it seemed almost as easy to him to look for one particular fish in the wide seas, as to look for one particular man in the wide New World.

But I will go to Canada any how, he said; that must be my first place, and when I am got there, I must try to find out my father's friend.

It was whilst Jack was looking out for a ship going to America, that he overheard a conversation amongst some shrimp fishers, which I shall repeat to you.

Shrimps are very small fishy insects of the lobster kind; they have long slender feelers, and between them two projecting laminæ or scales.

Their claws have a single hooked, moveable fang; they have three pair of legs, and seven joints in the tail. They are found along the shores of Great Britain, and are collected in thousands with a net.

I have described a shrimp to you, and now I will tell you what the shrimp fishers were saying.



Is the Mermaid off the coast yet? asked the woman of her companion; what a time she has been lingering here.

She is to be off, wind and tide permitting, tomorrow, replied the sailor; and she will, I think, have a fine voyage to Canada.

So she goes there as usual, said the woman; and what is her cargo?

People don't quite agree about it, answered the man, laughing; I dare say it is something profitable, any how.

A ship going to Canada, thought Jack, I will inquire which she is, and get a berth if possible in her : Oh, I remember he called her the Mermaid, and she sails to-morrow ; well, an hour will be enough for me.

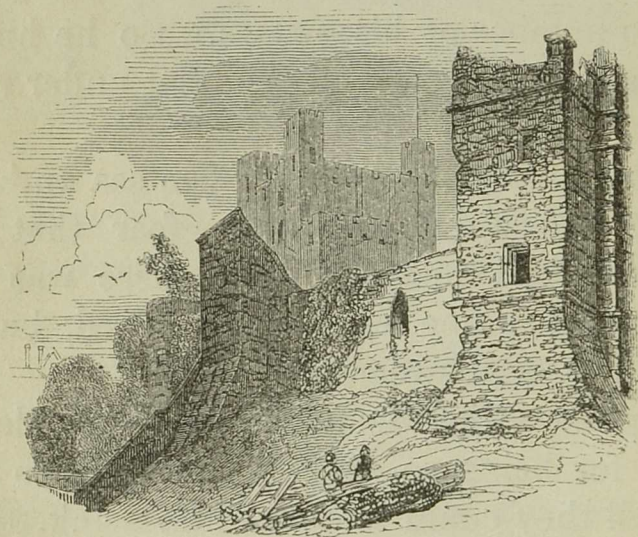
So, without stopping to consult any of his acquaintances or friends, Jack found out his way to the Mermaid ; and, as he thought, was fortunate enough to learn, that the captain was only waiting to increase the number of his sailors. So he hurried on board, and that very evening she got under weigh for America.

Jack was hardly out on the open sea on board the Mermaid, before he began to fear that he was got into very bad company ; for there was nothing going forward in fine weather on board, but drinking, smoking, and swearing.

The captain of the Mermaid and his people did not like Jack for being so quiet as he tried to be ; and they did all they could to make him drink, that they might find out what was in him, as they said ; but his heavenly Father kept him from drinking, and so he got clear of that snare.

The Mermaid made a pretty good voyage till she

came into the Gulf of St. Lawrence; but then a storm, with a strong wind came on, and lasted several days, driving the ship to the north coast, and making such work with her masts and rigging, that the captain was glad to take shelter in the mouth of a small river which ran into the sea. On the bank was a castle or fort, of huge heavy stone. It had evidently not been built many years, though now left



to a decay which was likely to be rapid in that cold country.

All about and around the ruined fort, excepting at

the side of the river, were wild, thick, dark woods, and there was not a house of a white man for many miles round. The Mermaid lay several days under the fort, whilst the people of the ship were very busy in putting those things to right which the storm had damaged.

When they had been there a week, the captain sent about half a dozen men on shore with their fowling pieces, to shoot such birds or beasts as they could find. Let us have some fresh meat for one day at least, my lads, he said; but mind you must all return by sun-set, for I am sure the wind is about to change favourably for us, and we must take her in the mood.

Jack was one amongst those sent on shore, and now for the first time he seriously felt the inconvenience of not being liked by his comrades for they all refused to go with him or to let him join their party in the woods.

Jack used to say afterwards, he thought the affair must have been arranged before they left the ship, or else it could scarcely have happened as it did; for when, after a successful day's sport, he returned to the fort, all that he could see of the Mermaid was

her top-sails glistening in the red rays of the evening sun, on the very line in which the sky seemed to meet the water.

Jack was not behind time; he therefore clearly saw that the captain and the ship's crew had taken this plan of getting rid of him, lest he should tell tales of them; for during the voyage he had discovered that the captain was a thief and a smuggler, and all the men under him were thieves and smugglers too.

Jack was for some minutes so shocked and so cast down, when first he found how he had been served, that he could not rally, but stood on the shingles by the river, wringing his hands and crying, How did I deserve this from them? What ill did I do them? Then was it brought to his mind,—But is it not God's will that I should be left in this place? Will he now forsake me? No, whether I live to get out of this trouble, or whether I die in these woods, I know that he will not forget me; so my God being with me, I will not fear.

The sun went down as Jack stood on the river's side, and as its golden rays fell upon the fort, Jack suddenly thought it would prove a comfortable and

safe lodging for him ; and so he took up his bag of the birds he had shot, and having filled a gourd with water, he went up to the fort. It was a wild ruinous place, and if it ever had doors, they were gone or fallen to decay.

He went first into a great hall, and then up a winding stair, broken in some places, to another stone room above. He had gathered a few sticks and dried leaves as he came up the bank, and with the flint of his gun he contrived to light a fire with his dried leaves and sticks. Having plucked and drawn his birds with the clasped knife he always carried in his pocket, he set them



to bake or scorch in the ashes, which caused certain owls, the only dwellers in the ruined fort, to hoot and to call to one another, as if telling the strange news.

Jack had taken with him on his shooting excursion some sea biscuits and a gourd to hold water, also his compass to guide him ; so you see he was not quite so badly off as he might have been.

Jack was very tired with his day's work, so, notwithstanding the hooting of the owls, he had scarcely laid down by his fire, before he was fast asleep, and it was bright day-light before he awoke again.

I am happy to say he first thanked God for keeping him in safety through the past night, and then going up to the highest part of the fort, he looked out upon the country around. There was no sail to be seen on the wide waters of the Atlantic, and on all other sides Jack could see but one vast dark forest, such as no one who has not been out of England could ever see or scarcely fancy.

Well, said Jack, this is no very pleasant sight for a lone youth like me. Who can say what dangers lie under those shades, what wild beasts may be there ? I have heard of wolves and panthers in these American forests, of bears and wild buffaloes ; but these I would rather meet than the terrible red men.

That is the question, are there any red men in

those woods? God, however, is my friend. Oh, that I could but trust more steadily in my God. But now for my dangerous journey, said Jack, as he turned his back on the fort, and plunged into the gloomy forest. I want to go to Canada, which is to the south-west, and my compass must be my guide.



No one can tell how many ages have passed since these woods have grown in this place. The immense trees, whose branches met over head, quite shut out, excepting in a very few places, all view of the blue sky, and even so much of the light of the

sun, as to make it often hard to discern from what quarter the rays came down on the woods. There was not a beaten path through all these solitudes, excepting such as might have been made by beasts, and in some places it was only by main strength that Jack could make his way through the brush-wood, and the long bristling reeds which sprang up in boggy places. The air was close and damp under the cover of these forests, and numbers of winged insects buzzed about and settled on Jack's face and hands, pricking him with their tiny stings.

There was no sound in those vast woods which came to the ears of Jack during all the first day of his walk, but those made by birds of various kinds, birds which made strange sounds, and some quite new to his ears. Some uttered doleful hootings, and others chattered like jays or parrots, others of the dove kind moaned in soft notes, and others uttered strange harsh sounds in their throats, like the corn-crake in the woods in England.

Once poor Jack thought he heard a low dismal howl, like that of some wild beast, on which he looked at his fowling-piece, to make sure that it was ready to let off, and placed his knife so that he might

have hold of it in a moment ; so he went on and on, being guided by his compass, which was then a real treasure to him.

He stopped at noon by the side of a little brook, which came flowing gently along a pebbled bed. He there slaked his thirst and filled his gourd, and ate one of his birds and a few crumbs of biscuit, and when he had thanked God for thus providing for him in the wilderness, he walked on.

He knew that he was going as he meant to go, straight to the south-west ; but though he had walked miles since the morning, all around looked the same as when he first got into the woods. Trees were around him, and beyond were trees, and briars and brambles, reeds and creepers, and prickly aloes ever meeting his steps, and ever to be pushed through. His clothes were torn, his face and hands scratched, and his feet blistered ; but he saw no end of his labours for hours yet to come ; but Jack was not out of heart ; he trusted in God, and he felt quite sure that God was caring for him.

As the sun was going down, Jack began to think how he could manage for the night. He thought of the comfortable room and good fire in the fort the night

before, and wished for such another bed-chamber that night; but where was he to find such? I must be content with a bird's lodging for once in a way, he said, and look me out a safe perch upon some good tree, and this must be done before the sun leaves me. So Jack looked well about him, and having espied a great tree, which looked like a cedar, and where he might sit at ease, where four vast branches sprang from the trunk at many feet from the ground, he climbed into it, and there settled himself in such a way that he could not fall, even if he fell asleep. Any how, he said, this is a better berth than a topmast in a squall; I shall do here very well.

Jack was hardly settled in his green bed-chamber, when the sun dipped beneath the horizon, and darkness came on almost immediately.

Jack did not care; he ate a little of what he had, and drank some water, sucking it out of his gourd. He was seated on one vast bough, as a man sits on a horse, and was leaning back against another, and being very tired, he soon fell asleep; and had the woods been quiet, he would no doubt have made one long nap of it till morning.

The holy Bible, when speaking of the happiness of the latter days, when our blessed Saviour shall rule over the whole earth, says of the people, they shall dwell quietly in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods. But those times are not yet come; there is no safety now in the wilderness, and no quiet sleep in wild forests.

When the sun had gone down, all the wild creatures in the woods began to rouse themselves. They came forth from their dens to seek their prey. Poor Jack had quite forgotten himself. He was dreaming that he was on board ship, and was swinging on the top-mast. His dream changed, and he thought a storm had arisen, and the wind was howling terribly. He opened his eyes, and just recollected himself in time not to jump out of the tree; for he could not get his leg over the branch before he was awake.

It was not the wind that howled, but it was the beasts of the forest. He first distinguished the harsh baying of the wolf, and then the melancholy cry of the panther. He could even hear the rustling of the brushwood, as the creatures forced their way through it. At length he was aware of some beast right

under his tree ; he could hear the rise and fall of its deep breath.

Poor Jack ! it was a dreadful moment for him ; his heart arose in prayer to God, and at the same moment he placed his hand upon his fowling-piece, and felt if his knife was ready.

The beast had surely scented him in the tree ; he believed that it was walking round and round the great trunk. That was a terrible ten minutes, or may be more, whilst Jack remained in that state of fear.

A horrid yell next burst from one side. Some other creature, he thought, sprang from the brush-wood near. It attacked the first beast under the tree. One of these, by the deep gruntings, was, he was sure, a wild boar, what the other was he could not make out.

Between these savages there ensued a dreadful battle. The woods rang with howlings and hideous cries. The battle lasted Jack knew not how many minutes. It finished by a yell of pain or anger. Jack heard the scound of flight, then a groan, and all was still about the tree, though the howlings of wild

creatures were heard in the distance during all that miserable night.

There was no more sleep for poor Jack. He kept his painful and fearful watch all night, often and often lifting his heart in prayer and thanks to God; for He had saved him by causing the two beasts to contend with each other under the tree. He resolved not to leave the tree till it was full day light; and then, as he looked about him from his green chamber, he saw that the bushes under the tree were trodden down and dyed with blood.

Jack did not begin this day's journey with such strength and freshness as he had set out the day before. He had not gone very far when he came to a more open place in the wood, and saw other signs besides those he had seen near the tree, in which he had spent the night, of the work of bloodshed. He saw a young cow, or buffalo, lying dead on the ground; some beast had killed it during the night, and had been driven from it before it could devour or tear it to pieces. Some bird which lives on carrion had already settled on it.

Ah! said poor Jack, I am indeed in a savage world; but God rules all things, why should I fear?

As he walked on he ate his last biscuit, and picked the bones of his last bird, till the sun was quite up, and the bright rays here and there pierced through the tree. Then he consulted his compass, and found that he was going in the right way. But he began to consider that he must now be looking out for some bird to shoot, though how he was to cook it he hardly knew. In the night he should be in danger—whilst seated on the ground for the purpose of cooking—of being himself made a supper of by wild beasts, and he did not like to spare the time from the bright day.

Whilst thinking of these things, he thought he heard the rushing of water as falling from a rock, and he had hardly turned a corner of a very thick bush, before he saw a clear cascade, leaping, as one might say, down a steep rock, may be of a hundred feet high. He hastened to the water, and having drunk eagerly, he was about to fill his gourd, and had just turned round to get it out of his bag, when he saw three men standing in a row, not six yards from him. They were red men. Jack had never before seen a red man, though he had read and heard much about them.

These men were of a red copper-colour, nearly naked, though curiously painted in strange stripes and figures of all colours, which made them look more fierce and strange than they would otherwise have done. Two of them had their hair cut very close, and their heads ornamented with feathers. They had each a large and crooked knife in their girdles, and they carried a tomahawk—a frightful instrument of death, like a spear with a beaked head, in their hands. Their features were strong and marked, expressive of cunning and resolution, and their dark eyes were like fiery stars; but they moved not from where they stood, whilst poor Jack, being filled with horror dropped his gourd, and stood as still as they did.

Some minutes passed before either the red men or the white youth moved; at length the savages advanced, and Jack, though hardly thinking what he was doing, put his hand upon his knife. At this sight the savages set up a yell, such as might have come out of the mouth of a hyæna roaring over his prey; and not an instant afterwards, where poor Jack had seen only three savages, he saw twenty or more, all armed with knives, and running to the well known war-cry.

If Jack thought that one against three was no fair odds, what could he do against so many. When the last-come savages saw the white youth, they raised another yell, which made the woods ring more terribly than they had done in the night, and then coming forward, they all began to talk together,



but Jack did not understand one word which they said.

If I show fight, thought Jack, I shall be cut to

pieces where I am ; if I submit, I may have a chance for my life, though a poor one, I fear.

Whilst this thought passed through his mind, he was surrounded by the men who had first seen him : they laid their hands upon him, though there was no attempt to hurt him. The chief of these, taking hold of his arm, made signs to him to go with him. What they said he could not understand, but they took no notice when he implored them to let him go.

The savages had not led Jack one hundred paces, before they came to a turn in the wood, which having taken, he saw before him a collection of it might be fifty huts, not arranged in streets, but just set here and there amongst such bushes as had been left to grow, according to the whim of the builders. The huts were made of logs, plastered with clay in a very rude manner ; but there was one in the midst of the village which stood up higher, and seemed rather better than the rest. All the roofs of these huts were rounded, and looked at a distance not unlike hives of bees.

As soon as the savages has brought Jack to the entrance of the village, they set up another yell, which brought all the women and children from the huts.

The wildest and fiercest gipsies and fishwives ever seen in Europe are nothing to the half-naked women of an Indian village; and it was well for Jack that he did not understand what they said of him, as they pointed their fingers to him, and called him a pale-face, come to spy them out, that he might bring his people to destroy them. Pale-face is the name given by the red men to the white people. The little naked children ran by their mothers, as Jack was led along, tossing their arms, and showing that they only wanted time to make them such as their parents.

The men who led Jack, paid no heed either to the women or the children, but brought their prisoner straight to the best house in the village, into the presence of their chief man. A curtain of matting hung before the door, and as it was raised up without much ceremony, Jack saw that which is drawn in the picture.

As they entered, they met a man carrying out some mattings, which were the usual ornaments of the huts.

The chief himself has his back towards us; that female is his favourite wife, and that is his eldest son,

who is standing behind the person with the strange thing on his knee, which Jack could find no name



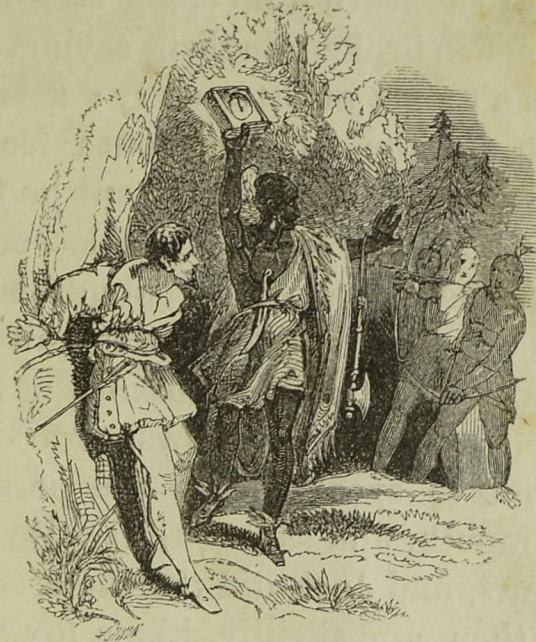
for, though it was evidently a musical instrument. This man was singing, and seemed not to have been

disturbed by the noises without. Perhaps such yellings were no uncommon things, or perhaps they understood, from the sound of them, whether they were of any consequence or not.

The chief looked very like the man Jack had first met, and his wife or squaw, as they call them, like some of the women in the street; but the man who was singing was very different from the savages. He wore more clothes, had less of the red copper-colour, and had a cap on his head; he seemed to take no notice whatever of Jack.

There was a long and loud consultation among the savages, of which Jack did not understand one word. At the end of this long talk, Jack was led out again to the edge of the wood, and then the red men took every thing he had from him, his bag, his knife, his powder-horn, his cap, and his clothes, which they made him change for a European shooting dress, the owner of which they had probably murdered. They next bound him with his back to a tree, whilst they examined everything which had been in the bag. What they took the compass for, he could not tell, but perhaps for some magical instrument; for these people believe in magic, and one of them,

in great fury, raised it in his hand, and dashed it to the ground.



The wild men having bound poor Jack, went back to their village, leaving him to think of what he was next to suffer from them. He could look for nothing but a cruel death; but God left him not without the assurance, that whatever was to happen to him, all would end in his everlasting happiness.

The shadows of night were coming on, and Jack

was only kept up by the bonds which held him to the tree, from sinking in weakness to the ground, when suddenly he heard a creeping step behind him, and then a voice in broken English, saying, Don't fear, pale-face ; don't start or utter a cry ; it is a friend.

Oh ! what did the fainting youth feel when he heard those words. The next moment he felt that the thong which bound one hand was loosed, and then the other, and next that which bound his body, and at the very same instant that he was quite free. He felt his hand seized by this unknown friend, and found himself gently drawn away into the bushes. He was about to speak, when the person laid his hand on his mouth, and saying softly, Do as I do : he fell on all fours, and Jack did the same.

Stealthily then, and silently, like a fox getting near a hen-roost, the two crept along under the bushes, till they came to a hut which stood much apart from the others, at the edge of the village, and which, as Jack afterwards saw, had been built by some one who understood much more of the ways of white people than those with whom he lived.

This hut stood within a little paling ; it had two rooms ; in the outer stood a rough table, and a bench

with a coarse desk upon it. In the inner room were several pieces of furniture, which had certainly been made and used by civilized people.

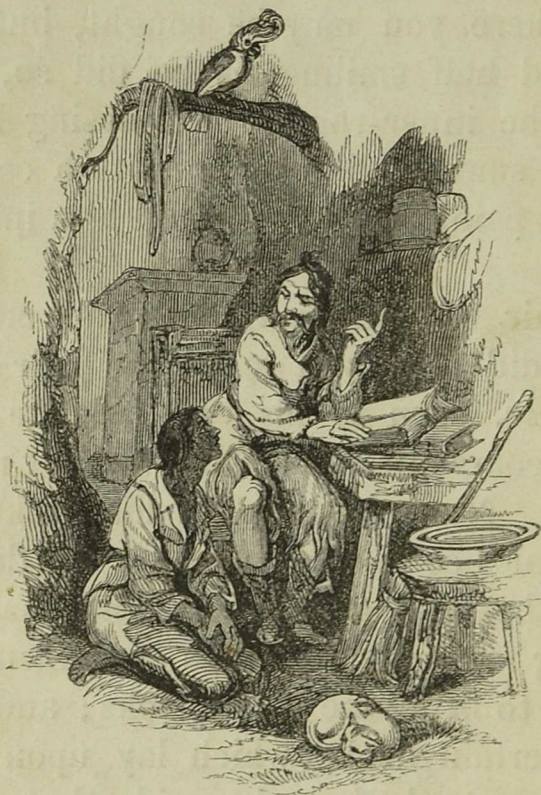
Having reached this hut, Jack's friend pulled him in and barred the door.

Not a word, pale-face! he said; you are not safe yet; even here you may be sought, but I am prepared. And half smiling as he did so, he pushed Jack into the inner-room, and causing him to strip himself, he smeared him over with a certain black ointment or paint, which changed him into a perfect negro.

Jack's hair was naturally dark and crisp, but his new friend did not even spare his hair; and when this was done, even to his very feet, he caused him to put on a coarse dress, usually worn by negro slaves in America. Now, said he, in his broken English, if your enemies come here to look for the pale-face, remember that you are Quashi, and that you came this evening from the pale-face settlement, from my old master, to bring me these books; and he laid his hand on certain books which lay upon the table; but mind you, pale-face, he said, that you do not speak; leave me to do that for you.

If Jack was not suffered to open his mouth, there was not a look or an action which he spared to express his thankfulness.

The old man did not forget that Jack must be both hungry and faint; he set before him some mess in a large earthen dish, with a pot of clear water.



Jack had hardly finished his meal before there

was a buzz as of many voices in the village, and then a yell and a howl which made Jack tremble from head to foot.

The old man hastened to put all things ready for a rush of the red men into his house; for he was aware that they had missed their captive, with whom they had meant to have had barbarous sport that night.

He had burned the clothes which Jack had worn, and then causing Jack to sit down on the ground, he placed himself at his table, turning over his books, as if they were indeed all newly come to him.

In this way they both sat a long time, whilst the yells and cries of the savages were sometimes nearer and sometimes farther off.

At length a burst of loud voices at the door, told Jack that the savages were near; and the next minute several dark painted faces and terrible flashing eyes, glared in upon the old man and his pretended slave. The old man did not move from his place, and seemed to hear what was said to him as if it had not concerned him at all. In all that was said, Jack only made out the name of Quashi, which when pronounced, all the terrible eyes glared upon him.

In a little while, which seemed very long to Jack,

the red men made off again ; and the old man motioned to him to lay himself down and sleep on the floor of the inner-room.

Jack went to the place shown to him, and, strange as it may be thought, soon fell into a deep sleep from very weariness.

It was at the very darkest hour of that dark night, when the old man putting his mouth to the ear of Jack, said,—Up, speak not a word, but follow me. Jack was up in a moment ; he almost felt that his enemies were upon him, and that his last moment was near ; and the old man led him out of the hut, and plunging strait into the brushwood, he went before him till they both came down to the shore of a river, on the bank of which they found a canoe slung like a cot, between two high trees. The old man cut down the canoe, and with Jack's help, got it into the stream. They both then got into it, and though it was still nearly dark, the old man knew very well how the little boat was to be directed.

Scarce a word was spoken all this time, though each minute the stream was carrying them further from the wigwam. At length, when the morning had fully appeared, and the stream had become much

broader than it had been at first, the old man spoke.

So far well, Quashi, said the old man; we are through the worst. I shall not leave you till I see you safe with the pale faces at Hopetown, which is the nearest settlement. We must sleep this night in our canoe, slinging it to a tree; it will not be the first time that I have done so, and by to-morrow's sunset we shall be at their settlement.

And I shall owe my life to you, with God's blessing, said Jack.

Not to me altogether, said the old man, but to him that was my master, to whose house I shall take you.

The old man then told his history to Jack, as they gently glided down the stream. He made a very long story, but we shall make it a very short one. He accounted for his being whiter than the men of the wigwam, by saying that he believed his father was a white man; but his mother was Indian, and he had been reared in the wigwam they had left that night.

When he was no longer a young man, himself and others of his people, and certain run-away negroes, had been in a business in which they had tried to sur-

prise and murder a small party of emigrants, who were on an advanced post on the edge of a wood, and there, he said, several of them had been killed, some had run away, and he had himself been left for dead on the earth. Then and there it was, he added,



that his master had found him, and caused him to be brought into his house, and had himself dressed his

wounds, and nursed him till he was quite recovered.

The old man, for he appeared perhaps to Jack to be older than he was, said, that he had lived ten years with his master, and learned many precious things from him, amongst other things, to read.

Why, then, asked Jack, did you leave this master to return to the red men ?

A smile came over the face of the old man, and he answered, Suppose I love my mother's people, and suppose I wish to do them good, and teach them, if God pleases, what my master taught me ; but when you see my master, he will tell you more. Call me Sam ; for so I was called when I was baptized.

You are a Christian, then ; said Jack, in great joy.

Else I should not have saved the pale-face, he answered ; else I should not have known that God has made all men of one blood.

What would the red men have done with me ? asked Jack.

They would have wrought their savage will upon you ; answered old Sam. How can I know what that might have been ?

It was towards the evening of the second day after leaving the wigwam, when, as the little canoe turned round a shadowy corner of the stream, they suddenly came in sight of a number of white boys bathing. They all knew old Sam, and hailed him as an old friend.



Sam answered them cheerfully, and when he asked if his master was well, they gave him good news of his health. The old man brought his canoe to the

shore, and getting out, walked on into a place which looked like a beautiful English village.

Sam next pointed out his master's cottage, standing in a garden enclosed with a paling; in a pretty porch adorned with honeysuckle, sat a little white girl reading.

That little one, said Sam; is an orphan girl, the child of a lost friend, whom my master has taken for his own. And calling to the child, he said, Little Miss Jane, where is the master?

Is it you, Sam? said the child, smiling; the master is yonder, under the cedar trees; it is a holiday, and he has got the children there to read to them and give them cakes, and I am keeping house.

Sam turned from the little girl, and walked in the way she pointed. As they came near the cedar trees, they saw an elderly man leaning on a stick, amongst a number of children seated on the ground, whom he was regaling with cakes and fruit.

There is my master, said Sam; stand and look at him before we show ourselves.

At the first look, Jack thought he had seen that face before—it was as if he had seen it in a dream.

The master, as old Sam called him, spoke to the children, and Jack thought he knew the voice.



There is my master, said Sam, bless him; for he has not his fellow in this country. Look at the little ones all about him: is he not like a shepherd watching and feeding his lambs? But hark you, he is telling them some story; how still the children are; step on softly, and let us sit down and listen too. If he sees us, which he will be sure to do, he will

only give me a nod or a kind look, as much as to say you are welcome; and as to you, he will think that you are some poor wild boy picked up by me, and may be wanting white man's good services,—so step quietly.

Old Sam then led the way, and Jack followed. When they came near to the circle of little children, the master saw them, but without stopping in his story; he only nodded and smiled, as Sam had foretold he would do, and then the two travellers sate down on a bank, and were at rest to hear what the white man was saying. The master is telling some parts of his own history, whispered old Sam to young Jack; I have heard the story often: he is just about where he came to this country, only a private sailor, on board one of King George's ships. I have heard the first part of his story many times, and can tell it to you, some time, as well as he can himself; but it has not much to do with what he is now saying—so listen, and you will learn what sort of a man he is, by his own words.

Jack listened, and these were the words which he heard.

Our vessel, said the old sailor, was in so bad a

plight from the storms we met with in the passage, when she got into the port of Boston, that there was no chance of her being ready to sail back again for many weeks ; so we sailors had nothing to do but to idle about, or stand and look at each other ; and as we were being kept at great expense, and no profit, the captain made no objection to give a few of us our discharge, and to pay us up, and let us go about our business. I and my friend Will, did not part then, nor till some time afterwards, for we got service in a vessel going up to Canada ; and when we got there we left the ship, and began to consider whether we could not make a better living by taking a bit of land up here, or somewhere among the woods and wild country ; for we had been told of very comfortable living being made in this sort of way, and our heads were quite full of the scheme. Our plan was, to take all we had on our backs and in our pockets, with a gun over our shoulders, and a knife in our girdles, and go up towards the woods, to engage ourselves as servants in the first white settlement we came to, where land might be had cheap. It was a wild, ill-advised business—but we had taken counsel from persons who were as fresh to the country as we were our-

selves, and we were so hot on our scheme, that we did not wait for better advice. So we hired a boy, one of the lads of the red men, who bore a good character at the port, and with him for a guide we set out to walk to a new settlement, where, as we were told, the people would be glad enough to hire us as servants, for a year or so; after which, we thought of building ourselves a log hut, and clearing a bit of ground, and so on. So off we set, with the youth for our guide. The lad's name was Kookoo; but he could speak a sort of English, and we thought him the most innocent creature that ever breathed. We took our notion of him from Robinson Crusoe's man Friday; for that was a book we were both of us — that is I and Will — most uncommonly taken with. So we travelled some days through the cleared countries, and among the English and Scotch settlers, and met with every kindness; and several there were who would gladly have hired us, but thereabouts was no land to be had—it was all occupied. So like fools as we were, we would take no counsel, but must needs go further inland, where land could then have been had for very little.

I cannot justly remember how many days had

passed since we had left the seaport, when we came to the edge of a forest, a place, perhaps, which had never been cleared since the trees had sprung up there, after the waters of Noah's flood had drained off the face of the earth; and Kookoo told us our way lay right through the wood, in the direction which the sun goes down—that is, due west.

Neither I nor Bill liked the look of the place, but we were headstrong, and foolishly daring. So we went on, and travelled a whole day right forward through the woods; Kookoo leading us to believe that we should easily clear them by noon the next day.

There is no safety in those wild woods in the night, but in getting up into a tree. Before it began to be dark, we therefore chose one which might, as poor Will said, serve our turn for the night, as well as many a berth we had on board ship. Sailor lads are not particularly nice about their accommodations; so having eaten what provisions we had brought with us, and slaked our thirst at a convenient watercourse, not far off the tree where we meant to sleep, we all three climbed up to our bed

chamber, and settled ourselves, as we hoped, for the night; but had it not been for the tender care of Providence it would have been a long night for me. Before we slept, Will and I had a long talk. It was the darkness, aye, and the silence too, which made us fall on the deep subjects which we then did. There is no silence like that of a deep forest, in the dead hour of night; though, to be sure, it is sometimes broken by the wailing of some wild creature, or the groaning and creaking which always sounds among old trees upon any change from heat or cold. Will and I then spoke of the changes and chances of this life, and talked of those we had left in the little island at home, and agreed, as it were, if any chance should happen to one of us, that the other, if it should ever be in his power, should assist such helpless ones as might be left to the other—and then we fell on religious subjects. And so we went on from one thing to another, till we got drowsy, and forgot ourselves. I can't say how long I slept, but when I awoke, there was a glimmer of light from the full moon, which was high up in the heavens. I first looked to see if Will was there, and there he was. I then looked for

the boy, but to my great wonder I could see him nowhere. That is strange, thought I, and I gave Will a shake.

What is it? he asked; half waking and half sleeping.

Kookoo is gone! I said, and at that he roused, and was alarmed; but we had no great time to speak our thoughts, whatever they were; for suddenly there burst upon us, and from all round us, the most terrible yell I had then ever heard—though since that time I have heard many a war-cry of the red men, when their savage nature is all alive and thirsting for blood. Not that they are naturally worse than the white men, but worse they surely are by education and custom, and total ignorance of the God of the Christians.

Then Kookoo had betrayed you? said one of the children.

And served us right, replied the old man, for our folly, in imputing innocence to one who knew not even the name of the Redeemer. But we had a lesson then, never to be forgotten. Will and I were ready in a minute with our firelocks, but we had better have let them alone. We each discharged a

piece, thinking that the sound would have driven the savages off, as Robinson Crusoe describes them to have fled at the report of his gun, with the smoke and flash. But fire arms were no new thing to our savages. The instant we had discharged our guns, they came on, and dreadful was the scuffle that followed, though I know little of the particulars. I received a blow on the head, and fell like one dead, at the foot of the tree, and there I was left, after the savages had taken everything of the smallest value from me, excepting only a check shirt and my check trousers; why they did not take these I never knew, unless they were disturbed by the sound of persons coming that way; for, as you all know, these children of the wilderness can hear and read the lowest sounds, at a distance to us not to be believed.

Well, I lay at the foot of that tree like one dead, and as I afterwards learned, being thought to be dead, not only by the savages, but by poor William, whom they had taken away with all his wits about him. There I lay till the very persons came up whom they had heard at a distance. These persons were white men, hunters and dealers in furs and skins. They came, led on by a kind Providence; they found me—believed

that the life was still in me, and took such means with me that they brought me to myself, and set me on my feet, though I could not walk. They carried me to the nearest settlement of white men, and there I was housed and nursed by those good people, whose little girl, now an orphan, lives with me, and is a daughter to me. These friends set me a going, and under God I owe to them all I now have in this world; and this day every year, being the anniversary of my great deliverance, we, as you know, meet under these trees to speak of the goodness of God in having thus delivered me, and his marvellous mercy in taking one and another of the children of men to make them his own, even in this present life; and in providing for them those means of instruction in his holy word, which alone can make us differ, as it regards our hearts and affections, from the fiercest savage of the forest.

But what became of poor Will? asked one of the little girls.

Will thought me to be dead, answered the old man, but I was not so sure of his being dead. My friends, the hunters, did all they could to find him out, and good hunters they were; and so surely did they scent out

the red men who had taken him prisoner, that they at last made out that he had got away off to the sea, and on board some vessel; and all this was true,—for some few years afterwards he came back again to this country, having been in England. How amazed we were to meet. I was just on the start too, to look after the poor little boy I had left at home, meaning to bring him back to this country; but William brought me word of my boy's death, and then I made up my mind to stay in Canada, and go back to my place—for I had no longer any call to England; and I would have had William come here with me, but he had got married, and had a child at home.

What was the name of your little boy? asked one of the children; and had he his mother living?

These were the very questions which Jack was wishing to ask. How attentive he was to the answers.

My poor wife died, answered the old sailor, when my boy was very small; that was a great grief to me, but hardly so bad a one as being pressed and taken on board a King's ship, far away from the poor infant, who, no doubt, perished from unkindness. But that is past and gone; poor Jack is happy—he is in peace

with his Redeemer. The old man's voice changed as he spoke these last words, and at the very same moment Jack jumped upon his feet.

I am sure now, he said, it is so! and he was running towards the old man, whom he then knew to be the father he was seeking, when Sam caught him by the arm, saying, what now, white boy—what are you at?

He is my father! my own father! cried Jack, shaking him off, and running through the circle of children, he rushed towards his father, and fell down on his knees before him, putting his arms round his legs.

The children, though they were used to see dark people, were startled at the manner of Jack. They all got up, and gathered together in groups, like frightened sheep. They screamed, too, so loudly, that the old sailor could not hear what Jack said; and he too was not a little surprised to see a black, or rather a red boy, kneeling to him and crying, Father! Father!

What is it you want, poor boy? he said; and he tried to get from him, but Jack held him closer.

Old Sam was come up by this time. He had con-

trived to quiet the children, by telling them that they had nothing to fear; but it was a minute or more before he could get his master to listen to him, or even to the youth at his feet.

Master, said he, listen, listen to me; he says you are his father, and that he is your son!

My son! replied old Jack; those are words—he is no son of mine.

Yes, yes! indeed, indeed I am, cried Jack; your own, your very son.

With that black skin, poor boy, said the old sailor; nay, that will not pass; but if you want a friend—

He is no more dark, nor half so dark as I am, said old Sam; there is no stain there but what water will take away—is there my lad?

A few quiet words soon explained how the case stood, and the old sailor took in the truth, as it were, all at once; and the next minute he fell forward on the breast of his son, and was like one fainting from the greatness of his joy.

My father! my father! were the only words which Jack could say, and the father could not speak a word: when a little recovered he wept as sorely as if he had lost instead of found his boy.

Delighted as poor Jack was in finding his long-lost father, yet he could not help looking somewhat eagerly on the white loaves and bowls of milk. It was long since he had had a good meal, and people must eat, they cannot live on joy only.

So, my boy, said the old sailor, as he looked on his son, who was eating a white cake like one who had been half famished, and so you can eat your bread without sauce—you cannot wait to have it buttered; but when am I to see you? What are you like, my boy? tall and straight I see; but what like is your face? I hope you are not altered, and that I shall still see in you the features I loved when you was a little one; but here comes little Jane. Jack you must be a brother to Jane; she has been my comfort for several years past. Jane was come from the house with an old servant, bringing a basket with more food, and what a history there was to tell her, and how delighted she was; for she had often heard her father, as she called the old sailor, talk of little Jack, and tell how he taught him his letters when he came home at night, and on Sundays, by writing them on the sand. How happy were the two hours which followed. When Jack had taken as much as he

could eat, the story of his coming there was to be told over again. Jack first told his part, and then Sam took it up; and very proud was old Sam of what he had done—proud; I say, but that is not the word; he was pleased and grateful to God.

The sun was setting, and it was growing dark under the cedar trees, when the party broke up to go to their homes.

What a sweet cottage—what a lovely home had God provided for poor Jack; and yet he had brought him to that home through a dark and dangerous way.

Jack was put to sleep in a neat little room; his father called it a cabin: it had a window peeping out from the roof, which was covered with shingles, or wooden tiles; and in the morning Jack saw below it a beautiful garden, and beyond it many fair fields, either waving with golden corn, or covered with flocks; these were his father's lands. At day-break Jack went down to the brook to bathe, and came out with a whiter face, though he could not at once get rid of all the stains.

His father had seen that clean linen and a decent jacket and trousers should be provided in his room. These he took to the water's side, to dress himself

there. When he came back he found the family in the porch, waiting breakfast for him.

There he is, cried old Sam, as Jack came in at the gate.

And there he is, my boy! my son! cried the old sailor; and a fine fellow he is, and so like what he was. And he ran forward to meet him.

The meeting was such an one as might have been with old Jacob and his beloved Joseph.

Jack never left his father from that time, but became his right hand man in his farm, and his support when he could labour no longer.



