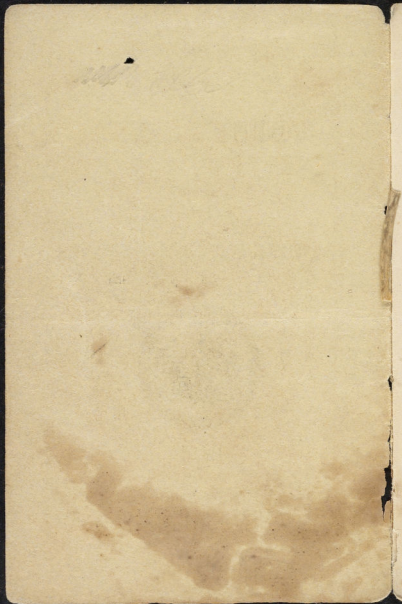


THIRD SERIES.—No. 8.

THE
YOUNG SAILOR;
OR THE
SEA-LIFE OF TOM BOWLINE.



NEW YORK:
KIGGINS & KELLOGG,
123 & 125 William St.



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Tom Bowline on the Farm.

THE
YOUNG SAILOR.



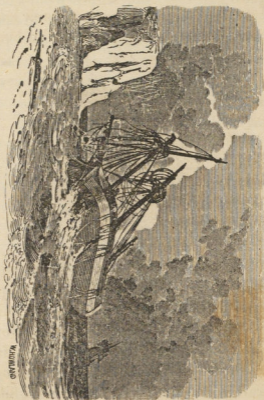
TOM BOWLINE, the son of an humble farmer, from his earliest years formed an attachment to the life of a sailor. His parents tried to incite in him a love for agricultural pursuits. But in vain. He had no inclination for following the plough. His parents, after repeated trials, finding it impossible to direct him otherwise, at last permitted him to follow the bent of his inclinations. He therefore prepared to make his first voyage in the ship Godolphin, of which his Uncle Mason was captain. His father and mother hoped that one voyage would be suffi-

cient to convince their son of the reality of the dangers and hardships of the life he had chosen. When the time arrived for the vessel to sail, our hero took leave of his family, and was received on board as one of the crew.



At first, Tom felt rather giddy when he looked down from the masts upon the deck; but in a few days he became accustomed to it, and was quite at home in any part of the rigging. A few days after she put to sea, the ship encountered a severe storm. The wind blew a complete hurricane, tearing in pieces,

The Ship in a Storm.



WHOMLAND

in an instant, such of the sails as had not been completely secured. The sea beat against the ship as if it would break her quite up, now and then breaking over her with such fury as to sweep everything before it. Poor Tom was all this while nearly out of his wits with fright, and he was so dreadfully sea-sick that he could not hold up his head.

After various adventures they entered the Indian ocean, touching at several ports in the East Indies, and at length went to China, where they took in a cargo, and then set sail for New South Wales. Their course was uninterrupted for several days, when, one morning, during a high gale, the ship struck upon a rock, and all their endeavors to get her off were unsuccessful; so they finally resolved to leave her and try to reach the shore. Part of the crew got upon a raft which they had made, and the remainder took to the boat. As the wind

The Crew leaving the Wreck.



blew very hard, they were unable to keep together long; the raft drifted out to sea, and was never heard of again.

Luckily for Tom, he had got into the boat with his uncle. But their provisions were soon gone, the burning sun shone down upon their heads, and they had not a drop of water to wet their lips. "Oh!" cried Tom, "I wish I was safe at the dear old cottage again!" And the tears came into his eyes as he thought of his kind father and mother.

After sailing several days, during which they were forced to work at the oars, although they were suffering horribly from hunger and thirst, they reached Banguay, a small island which lies to the north of Borneo. Here they found water.

As they rambled about the island, they met two Malays. To these Captain Mason made signs that they wanted food; and he offered them some silver spoons which he had saved from the wreck, in

exchange. The Malays soon brought them some cocoa-nuts and sweet potatoes, which the sailors took to their boat, and left the island.

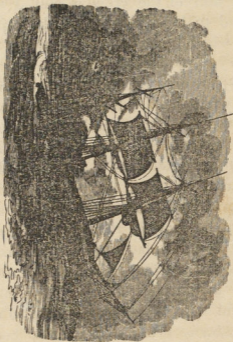
The small stock of water which they had taken at the island was soon gone, and again the unfortunate crew suffered greatly from thirst. At length they reached a group of islands, where they were attacked by some Malays, and all taken prisoners. They were carried to the island of Suba, where they were kept many months in the most cruel slavery. At length, having arranged matters, the sailors one night stole the boats of the Malays, and having bored holes in all but one, they put out to sea in that, with the hope of making their escape.

The Malays soon discovered the flight of their prisoners, but were unable to overtake them, because it took so long to repair the boats which the sailors had

left. The poor fellows arrived safe at Rio, where they found some kind countrymen, who fed and clothed them, and paid their passages in a ship bound to their own country.

On the voyage home, a melancholy incident occurred which made so deep an impression upon Tom's mind that he will never forget it, and always alludes to it when speaking of his experience of the life of a sailor. Tom had read many marvellous stories of the rapacity of the shark, and this incident gave him an opportunity of judging of the truth of the yarns with which sailors are fond of entertaining gaping landmen. They were near one of the stopping-places, for vessels wanting water or other necessaries, when it became necessary to take in water to fill up the empty casks. While a Portuguese seaman was employed in this duty, he unfortunately overbalanced himself and fell overboard.

Ship in which Tom returned Home.



The sea being calm, and the man an excellent swimmer, no danger was apprehended on his account. The first mate and four of the crew prepared to descend to his assistance in the captain's gig which hung astern, but owing to the hurry of the moment the boat was carelessly lowered by the run, and the whole party immersed. No time was of course lost in getting out another boat, but before it could be lowered the man in the foretop shouted out—"A shark! a shark! make haste, men, for your lives!" A general rush was instantly made to the sides and bow of the vessel, which by this time had been put about, and the spars and rigging became also crowded with anxious spectators. A scene of fearful interest presented itself to view, and almost every man's cheek became blanched with horror. Within about twenty feet of the first mate, who was swimming toward the vessel, utterly un-

conscious of the proximity of his dangerous neighbor, was an enormous shark, whose extended jaws were already prepared to engulf his unsuspecting victim.

On seeing those on board point at some object behind him (for hear he could not at a distance), the latter looked round, and became paralyzed with terror. The monster was on the point of seizing him, when the second boat arrived opportunely to his assistance, and picked him up. Cheated of his prey, the shark made for another of the struggling men, and succeeded in laying hold of a poor fellow named Andrews, who could not swim, and who was supporting himself on a hen-coop that had just been thrown overboard to him. An imploring look and an agonizing scream, that went to the heart of every one present, told all was over with the unfortunate man; and the next minute the calm and mirror-like surface of the waters was



Tom Bowline's last look at the Ship.

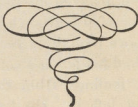
crimsoned with his blood. The remainder of the party reached the boat in safety ; but the fate of their companion, and the narrowness of their own escape, had such an effect upon them, that two of their number were confined to their hammocks for nearly ten days after. When the mate, who happened to be one of them, rose from his bed, his hair had turned as white as snow !

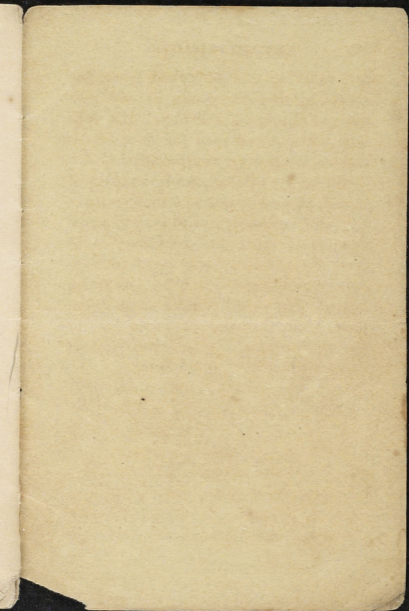
Tom was put on shore near his father's residence, by a boat. After landing, he waited, saw the boat return, and then watched the receding figure of the ship, as it was borne majestically away by a strong wind, till it was nearly out of sight, and then directed his steps toward the home he had left with such joyous anticipations, more than three years before.

Tom reached his father's cottage with far different feelings from those with which he had left it. He had grown much, and was so worn out with toil

and suffering, that he looked much like an old man. Indeed, his parents recognised him with difficulty. His feelings, when he reached the door of the cottage, completely overpowered him.

With the kind and careful nursing of his affectionate mother, he soon recovered; but the scenes he had gone through completely cured him of his love for the sea. He now remains at home with his parents, and admonishes all his young friends not to seek for ease and happiness on the uncertain ocean, so long as they have a comfortable home, with all its endearments, open to them.





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