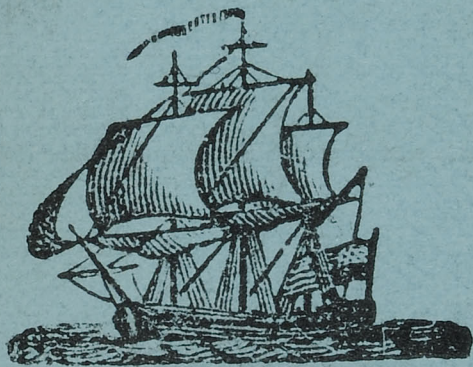


THE 10
SAILOR BOY;
OR THE
FIRST AND LAST VOYAGE
OF
LITTLE ANDREW.



PORTLAND:
BAILEY & NOYES.



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THE
SAILOR BOY.

In a village in Hampshire, there lived a little boy, named Andrew, who having lost his parents, while he was very young, was kindly cherished and comfortably maintained, by an aged grandmother, who often sent him in to the town, which was a sea-port, to sell the stockings which the dame so well could knit.

This journey was always a treat to Andrew, for he saw much bustle and gaiety, and the shop keeper who bought his goods, never let him depart without a penny for him-

self; one time he came home,
and was in high glee.
“What’s the matter Andrew”

“Why, I have been down
taking a look at the ships and
merry sailors. O! how nice
they did look in their blue jack-
ets and trowsers! I saw one
not bigger than myself; he was
dressed up, and looked like a
man! he talked with me, and
said he had been many hun-
dred miles across the seas,
even when the winds were
blowing like great guns, and
he was not a bit afraid! And
when he had got to the place
on the other side of the sea,
it was filled with black people;
they spoke to him in English,
and were quite good natured

And what do you think he brought home?—Fine large cocoa-nuts, and sweet things in a jar! If I go to town on Monday week, he will give me some of both, and tell me a great deal about this strange place that he has seen.”

The old woman smiled as she listened to this account of wonders; she feared his new friend had not told the worst part of the story.

Andrew could not believe that there was any thing bad to tell; and in short, was so pleased with the young sailor's account of himself, of the voyage. &c. that he longed fo-

the time when he was to hear more; and, on the wished-for day, was up and dressed before any other boy in the village had opened his eyes.

“Take care,” said the old dame, “that you do not forget my errands, in running after the sailor boy. All the sweets he may give you, will not make worsted for my stockings; and unless I knit them quickly, we shall be badly off, I can tell you.”

“No, no,” cried little Andrew, “I shall never neglect your orders, my dear grandmother; but I may as well hear the great news, when it is in my way; and I should

like to taste some of the boy's sweet-meats, and bring you some, or they would not be sweet to me." The second interview with the young stranger, made them quite like old friends; and our village boy came back talking about Joe Carr, as if he had been known to him all his life. He brought a cocoa-nut, and some tamarinds, which were to cure his grandmother's cough; and he had so many wonders to relate, that the clock struck nine before half were told.

From this day, Andrew began to think the village a very dull place, and his former play-mates very stupid He

said there was no fun or pleasure to be taken, while among them, and as for his poor grandmother, she was getting so old, that she must need a load of comforts, that could not be gained by the knitting of stockings. What was to be done? the village boys thought themselves as cleverer as Andrew, and his grandmother did not grow younger, though she did not desire all the nice things he wished to give her. At last Andrew found out, that if, like Joe, he went to sea, he might earn a deal of money, and in time become a great Captain, keep a fine house for his grand-

mother, and have plenty of sugar for his puddings.

All these thoughts made a great bustle in his little head. He was restless, and did not eat his meals as though he were hungry. The good dame noticed the change, and it grieved her kind heart, but she did not at first find out the cause; but at length poor Andrew made known his wishes, and then she stared, and was quite sorrowful, for she thought the boy's head was urned.



And so it was, towards the sea, for he could talk of nothing else; and even his learning seemed to give him no pleasure. His cheeks were getting pale and thin, which frightened his grandmother; so she bade him cheer up, and she would see what could be done for him.

He was taken to a Captain, who was pleased with his smart appearance. But he told Andrew he was yet too young, he must wait another year, learn his books, and make himself clever, that he might prove a bright seaman, and make his fortune

Andrew was sorry that he

had to wait longer, for he hoped to be at the end of the world in a month. Yet, as he could not have his own way, he endeavored to content himself, and to do all he could towards qualifying himself for the duties of a Sailor Boy.

Again he took his books and went to school every day; and when spring came, his master said he was the best scholar in the school, as he studied hard while others played.

As the year was nearly gone, Andrew felt sorry on parting with his grandmother; but a sailor should have a

stout heart he said, and swallowed his grief like a man.

She gave him a farewell kiss, and Andrew was quickly on his journey.

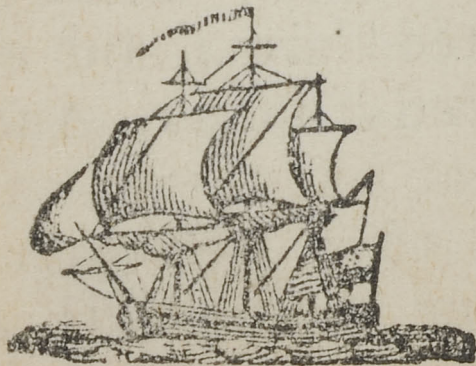
A few hours not only brought him to the port, but safe on board of ship, when so many strange things met his view, that he looked about in amazement, to the delight of the joking sailors, whose rough manners he did not quite like. At night he slept in a hammock, which is a bed suspended from the ceiling. But it was not so sweet, nor



as pleasant as his own little chamber at home.

Andrew wept sorely, when he stretched himself upon this strange couch for repose. He thought of all that he had left and he felt that the change was not for the better; but he said his prayers and prayed God to protect his grandmother, and make him a good man.

All things were now ready; the wind was fair, the sails were loosed, and the captain



ordering the vessel to be cast off, she was soon seen gliding out to sea.

Andrew was taken sick and for a whole week was unable to attend to his duties. When he got better he found he was far away from his country, with many masters to obey, and at their head, a cross captain.

Alas! for his dear grandmother's fire-side, and the play-mates of his native village. He was wanted here, and wanted there; and every one scolded if stupid Andrew was not at hand when called.

Week after week passed away, and Andrew thought he was never more to see

land, till at length the joyful sound of "land ahead!" was heard.

The ship's crew took the fever, and many died, as did the captain and mate. At last a captain took pity on him, and said he would carry him to England. Most grateful was the young sailor, who hurried on board, taking with



him a Parrot, and a Monkey, which he bought.

The voyage was tedious, and the weather bad. The ship sprang a leak, and after being tossed to and fro, two days and nights, they were relieved from their perilous condition by one of the King's frigates.

How did Andrew's heart throb when he saw the green fields of his native land! But this was not the port he sailed from. With Poll in one hand and a string to lead the Monkey with, in the other, he walked his shoes off his feet, before he came in sight of his native village. Yet he could not be tempted to sell his Par-



rot, which was to make the girls and boys laugh, by its prattle; nor the Monkey, which would please them with his funny tricks.

At length our ragged sailor boy reached his grandmother's cot. It was a meeting of sincere love, and both shed many tears; but hers was soon dried up, when Andrew assured her he would never go to sea again.

