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THE
SAILOR BROTHER;

OR,

THE HISTORY

OF

THOMAS SAVILLE.

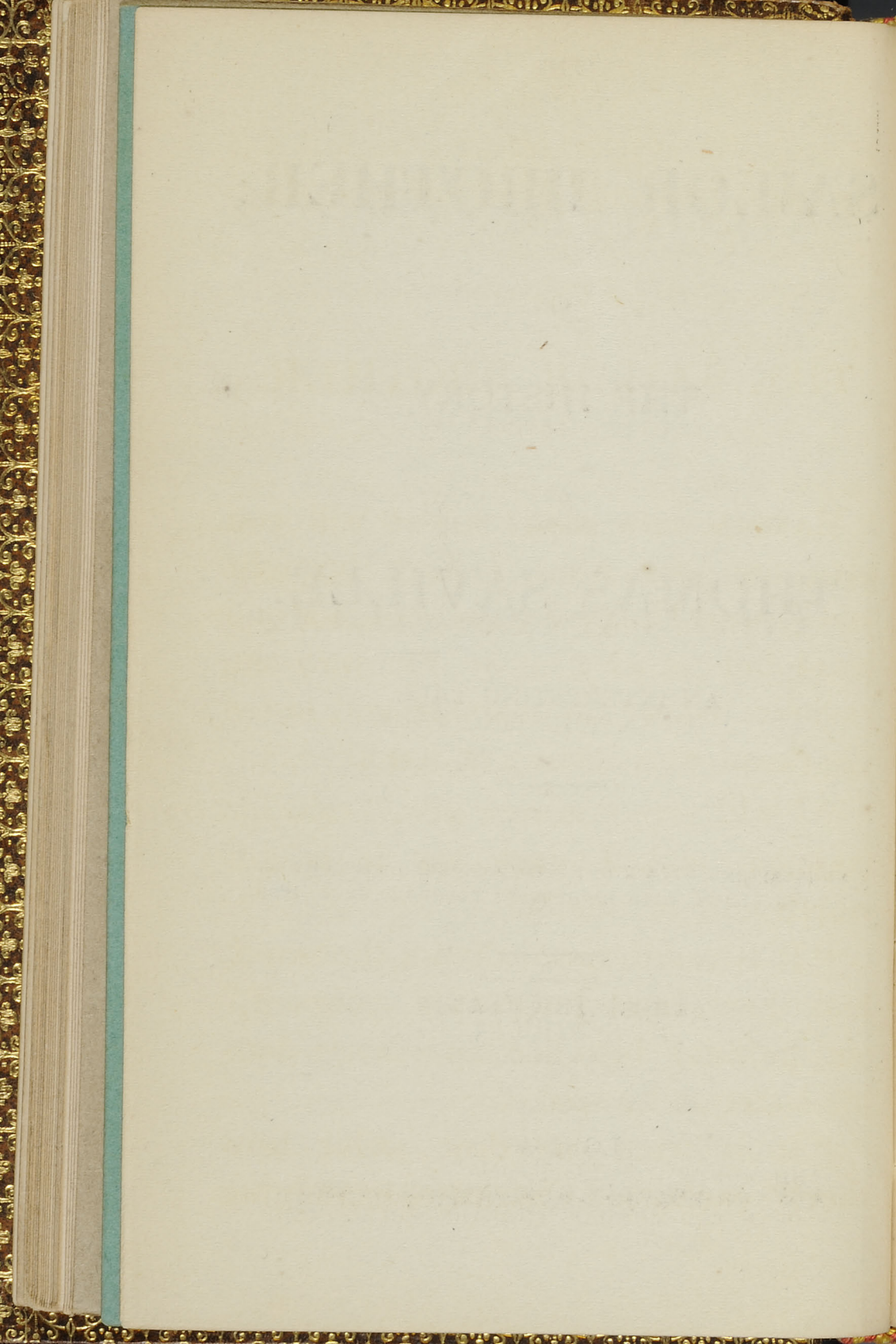
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THE SAILOR BROTHER.

“MAMMA, how many kisses will you give me, for what I have brought you?” said Harry Saville, holding one hand behind him, as he ran into the parlour, where his mamma and sister Charlotte were sitting at work.

“I will give you one kiss,” said his mamma, and I dare say it is not worth half of one.”

“It is worth more than a thousand, look here, and judge for yourself,” and he flung into her lap a large double letter as he spoke.

“It is from our dear sailor brother!” exclaimed Charlotte, examining

the direction of the letter; Oh, yes, it is his own hand-writing, and now we know he is safe;" (for Tom had been absent more than three years, and his family had heard nothing of him for many months.

"Do make haste and open the letter, dear mamma," cried the impatient sister; but mamma's hand trembled, and her eyes were full of tears, she could not read a line, but put the letter into Charlotte's hand, and bade her read aloud.

I cannot tell you all the letter contained, for it was a very long one, written on two large sheets of paper, but in one part it said: "I have suffered shipwreck, and nearly escaped from drowning; I have a long story to tell you, but I shall defer it till a happier day, which I trust is not far distant, when I hope to visit once more the home so dear to me."



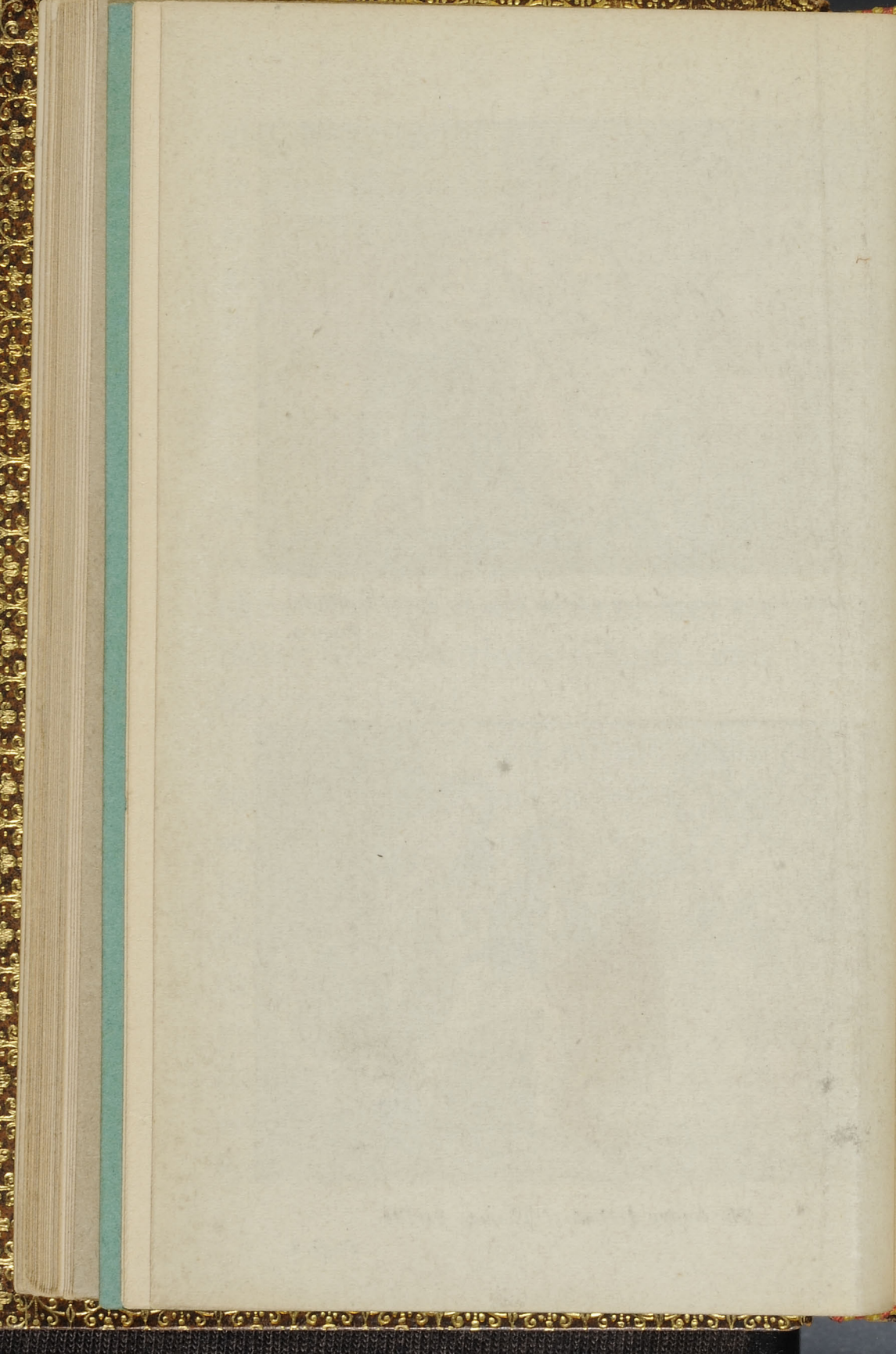
Little Harry announcing a letter from the Sailor Brother.

Page 4.



The happy Arrival of Thomas Saville.

Page 8.



In the postscript, he said: "Give my love and a kiss, to all my dear sisters, and brother Hal; and tell him I have not forgotten him, and have brought home a companion for him as mischievous as himself." When Charlotte read this part of the letter, she said; "I suppose it is the monkey that Tom promised to bring home last voyage." On hearing this, Harry gave a shout of joy, and bounding on to the lawn, flung his cap into the air, crying; "Oh, a monkey! a monkey! brother Tom is coming home and has brought a monkey for me!"

"A monkey for you; exclaimed Jane, who was at play in the garden; "what sort of a thing is a monkey?" for Jane never chanced to have seen a monkey. While Harry was giving little Jane a long description of two monkeys he had once seen; and recounting all the stories he had ever

heard or read of their tricks, his mother was seeking her husband to impart to him the joyful news.

Mr. Saville was walking in the fields when the letter arrived, and Mrs. Saville found him sitting under a tree, fatigued by his long ramble. This affectionate father experienced no less pleasure than his wife and children had felt, on being assured of the safe return of his beloved son.

After a week of tedious expectation, another letter arrived, in which the young sailor named the day for his return home. On the morning of that happy day, the family were all stirring at an earlier hour than usual, and many preparations were made for the reception of the welcome visitor.

Charlotte dressed her little sisters Jane and Mary, with unusual care and neatness, brushing their flaxen curls over her fingers, that they might ap-

pear to the best advantage before their sailor brother; while Harry, merry little Harry, having escaped from the careful hands of the nurse maid, was on the watch to be the first to shake hands with brother Tom, and receive the expected monkey, which he imagined would make its appearance running by his brother's side, or perched on his shoulder.

At length a chaise rapidly approached the house, and Harry with a transport of joy, proclaimed, "Brother Tom, monkey and all!"

It was indeed the long-absent, and long-looked-for, sailor brother; but three years had altered the gay laughing rosy youth of sixteen, to the fine sensible-looking young man, and though the scorching climate he had been under, had changed the fair white and red of his complexion, to one of the darkest brown, he bore the

same open and amiable expression of face as formerly.

The meeting between the young sailor and his friends, was one of smiles and tears; I leave it to my young readers who have ever felt the joy of having been folded to the breast of an affectionate, and long absent brother, to imagine the feelings of Saville's sisters on this occasion, it is not in my power to describe them as I could wish to do.

As to little Harry, he certainly was surprised, if not disappointed, when on the arrival of his brother, not the expected monkey, but a little boy about six years of age with dimpled cheeks, and lively black eyes, was lifted carefully from the chaise, and presented to him as the promised playmate mentioned in the letter: "I thought," said Harry, in a tone of some regret; "that it was a monkey

you were bringing home for me." His brother laughed heartily at Harry's mistake, and said; "you will find my little godson, monkey enough, if he only plays half the tricks on shore, that he used to amuse me with on board the Queen Charlotte; I am sure, my dear brother; he added, "that you will treat this little stranger with kindness, and show him every mark of attention, when I inform you, that he has neither father nor mother living, nor indeed, any friend in the world besides myself. I have a long story to tell you all bye and bye respecting him. This information alone was sufficient to insure the friendship of Harry Saville for the little orphan, and he assured his brother, he would do every thing in his power to render the little Edward happy.

If three years had made an alteration in the appearance of the young

sailor, it had wrought no less change in the persons of those he had left behind him.

“Why Charlotte,” said he, surveying his eldest sister with some pride of heart: “You were but a child as I may say, when I left you; and now you are grown quite a woman, and are nearly as tall as my mother; and here Harry, a fine fellow, bids fair to rival me in height;” and he shook the hand of the delighted Harry as he spoke—who raised himself on tiptoe to make himself appear taller, and verify his brother’s prediction.

This good brother had brought home a trifling present for each member of his family. There were two large wax dolls for Jane and Mary, and plenty of sweetmeats; there was a fine India shawl for his mother, and a silk handkerchief for Charlotte; he had brought for his father a beautiful Indian pipe;

“and though,” said he, “I could not bring it down in the chaise with me, there is a monkey for you, brother Harry, which I bought of a sailor on board ship, and it will be here very shortly.”

It would take a long time to tell you all the stories that Saville related to his family, and the accounts he gave them of the different countries he had visited, during the three years he had been absent from his home. I shall confine myself to a few particulars concerning the manner in which he became acquainted with the little orphan, and what happened to him when the ship was wrecked, which I shall endeavour to give you in his own words, as near as lays in my power.

The Sailor Brother's Narrative.

AMONG many other passengers that we took in at Ceylon, there was one family to which I attached myself more particularly than to any other on board, it consisted of Colonel Fletcher, his wife, her sister, and his only child, a little boy between four and five years old, the very same that now stands at my knee. I always loved children, as you well know; and the lively and affectionate manners of little Edward Fletcher did not fail in attracting my attention to him; the little fellow soon became attached to me, and at last was my constant companion, so that I was more frequently his nurse and instructor, than either his father, mother, or aunt.

The child's regard for me soon produced a greater degree of intimacy between his parents and myself, and

I became a constant visitor in the cabin they occupied, whenever my duty permitted me to be so.

The friendship of Colonel Fletcher proved a source of great advantage and pleasure to me; he had seen much of the world, and was a man of great sense and observation; he had passed almost all his life in India, having left England as a cadet when very young. The ill health of his wife, and the education of his son, were the chief motives for his return to his native country; though at the same time, he informed me, that he had no near relations living, and very few friends, having quitted his home when but sixteen years of age. During his residence in India he had acquired a considerable property, part of which he had transmitted to a banker in London; and the rest, chiefly in gold and jewels, was on board our vessel.

It happened that little Edward Fletcher had never been baptized, and the Colonel wishing that ceremony to be performed by the Chaplain of our ship, and both he and Mrs. Fletcher requested me to stand godfather for their little son; I accepted the office with much pleasure, for I loved the child dearly; but I little thought at the time, how soon I should be called on to fulfil my duty, and supply the place of both parent and guardian to my little godson.

It was about the middle of April, when the weather which for some time had been serene and beautiful, became hazy and overcast; the air was intensely hot, and there was so little wind, that we were almost becalmed: Our captain was of opinion that this calm would be followed by a violent storm; and his conjectures were but too soon verified.

Towards the afternoon the sky wore a lurid and dense appearance, and sudden squalls of wind, succeeded by heavy swells of the sea, gave melancholy warnings of the storm that followed.

As the sun sank, the wind arose to a fearful height, and night and darkness came on dressed in horrors, which till that hour I had formed no idea of; the intense darkness was for some time broken only by faint flashes of light, at the verge of the horizon, accompanied by low and very distant peals of thunder, which by degrees became louder and more frequent; and before midnight, the tempest approached in all its terrors.

The mingled roaring of the winds and waves, together with the awful peals of thunder that burst over our heads; the sheets of vivid lightning that streamed from the clouds, and

gleamed over the foaming billows that surrounded us; were sufficient to appal the stoutest heart among us.

Our Captain had foreseen during the whole of the day, that the storm would prove a severe one, and he had taken every precaution necessary for the safety of the vessel, and had caused the boats to be got in readiness, and several rafts to be made for the preservation of the crew and passengers, in case of wreck.

Every moment I could snatch from duty I passed with my friends, endeavouring to instil in their minds a hope which I was far from feeling myself: but nothing could quiet the apprehensions, or soothe the mind of Mrs. Fletcher, who was, as I before told you, in very weak health.

As the wind and tempest increased, she became more violently agitated and at last she fell into an agony of

grief and terror, which almost un-
nerved us all. My little favourite,
happily unconscious of the scene of
distress and danger that surrounded
him, had fallen asleep: and I could
distinguish at intervals, when his
mother's sobs were hushed, his soft
low breathing.

While I was regarding his quiet
slumber with feelings almost amount-
ing to envy, the Captain called me
upon deck to him.—“Saville,” said
he, laying his hand impressively on my
shoulder as he spoke: “I feel assured
the vessel can never last out this
night; the water gains so fast upon us
in the hold, that all our efforts seem
fruitless to repel them: the storm is
not yet at its height, and our helm
has become useless. We must, how-
ever, put our trust in that God who is
the ruler of the winds and waves, for

he only can save us from destruction this night."

At this period the waves were running mountains high, the vessel labouring, so that it was impossible to keep her course: the Captain bade me summon the passengers, and such of the crew that could be spared from the pumps, to attend in the great cabin, and implore the assisting of the Almighty, to succour and relieve us in this our great necessity.

While I was performing this melancholy duty, I thought of my home; on you, my dear parents, my dear sisters, and brother, and I prayed to God to bless and console you all for my loss; and I felt my full heart relieved by the tears which these thoughts caused me to shed.

While we were still engaged in solemn prayer, a sudden and unusual motion was felt throughout the vessel;

and in another second, a violent shock which thrilled through every frame, told us but too plainly, the ship had struck upon a reef of sunken rocks.

It is hardly possible to give you an idea of the scene of confusion and uproar that followed: the screams of the women and children,—the groans and distraction of the men, so merunning one way, some the other,—none knowing what to do or where to go, but all desirous of escaping from the wreck: it was an awful sight, and one that can never be effaced from my memory.

The deck was soon crowded, the boats were lowered, and every necessary prepared in case of the worst.

The raging waves and the storm above, struck dismay and terror in the mind of many who had at first been most anxious to quit the wreck, and some returned to the cabin, in despair of ever escaping from it. Among

these was Colonel Fletcher: "Saville," said he, "I am resolved not to quit the ship; I have made up my mind to stay and meet my fate with resignation: I cannot leave my wife and child, and I fear there is small chance of escape from the boats, they are already overloaded; but you are young, and may yet find a way of saving yourself.—God bless you, my dear boy, we shall meet no more in this world; but his will be done!" Saying this, he wrung my hand, and with a look which pierced my very soul, again bade me farewell, and I saw him no more.

The repeated shocks which ran through the ship, as she struck again and again on the rocks, and the rushing sound of the water rising in the hold, added to a love of life, which clung to me, made me determine to embrace the only means that offered of escaping; which was to venture

myself on one of the rafts.—A divine power seemed to strengthen and confirm me in my hazardous design; and, I prepared every thing for my voyage. I was on the point of launching my raft, when the scream and well-known voice of my little favourite arrested my attention, and I hastened to the cabin, resolving to make an effort to save him: lifting him from his berth where his aunt had laid him, I folded him in my arms, and bidding him be quiet and not cry, I hastened with him to quit the sinking vessel:—But in that awful moment, before I committed my frail bark to the raging waters, I commended my soul to the mercy of God.

By the lightning, which still gleamed over the waves, I could discern the boats struggling among the breakers; and have reason to fear that every

soul in them perished during that melancholy storm.

My little godson clung weeping and terrified to my knee, and it was with some difficulty that I quieted his cries and soothed his fears; bidding him keep fast hold of me, while I exerted all my strength to keep my raft afloat, and steer it among the breakers. Fortunately for me, the storm was past its worst, and though the thunder still burst in peals around me, yet the wind was much abated; and the rain which had poured down in torrents before, was now falling with less violence.

As the day dawned, I beheld to my unspeakable joy, land not far distant, though the approach to it seemed difficult, on account of the rocks with which it was surrounded. With much toil and difficulty I moored my raft into a little creek between two rocky



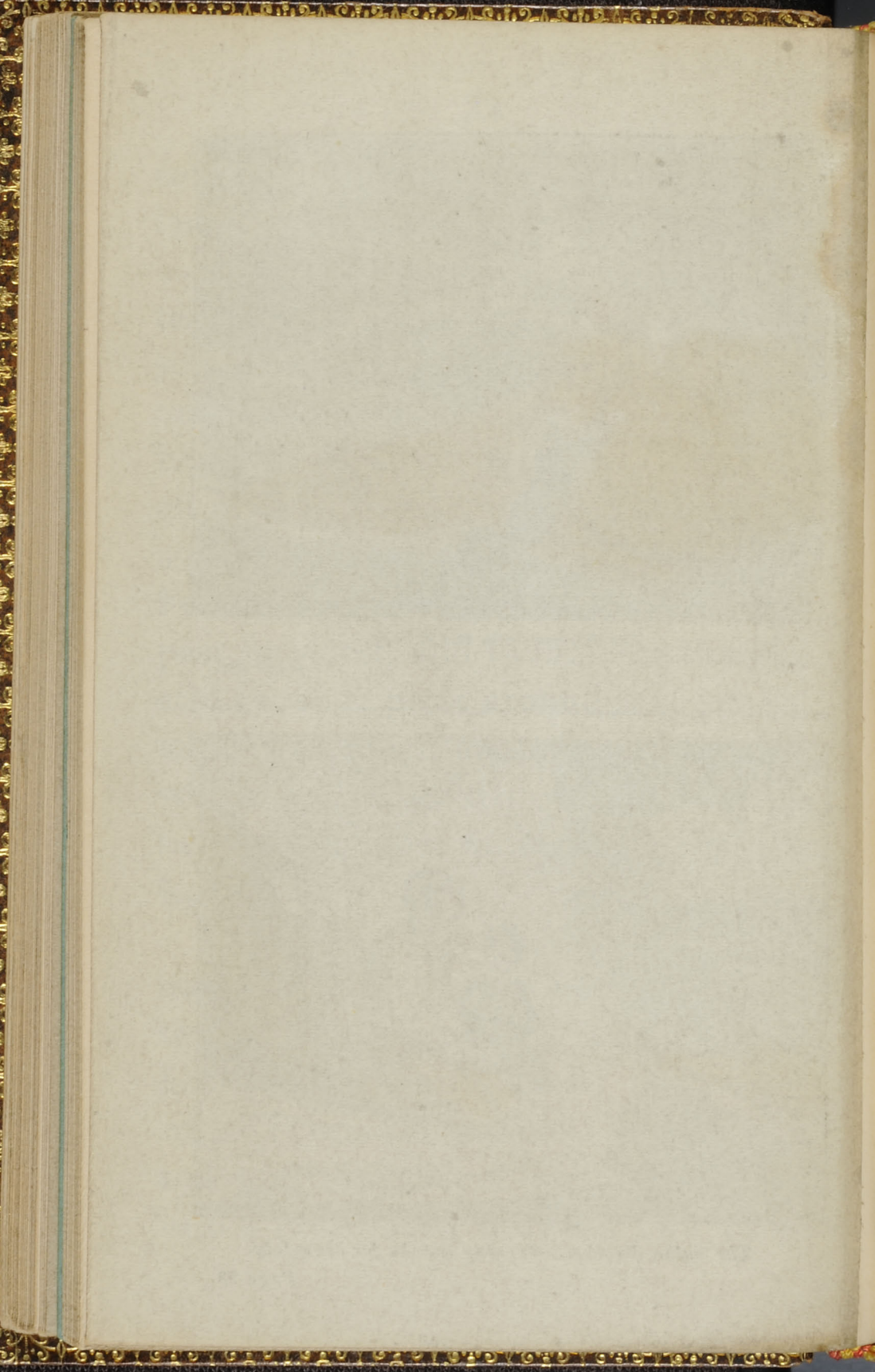
The Escape from the Wreck.

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The Sailor Brother returning thanks for his safety.

Page 23.



banks; and lifted my weary, but patient companion from it, and placed him in safety on the shore.

My first impulse on landing, was to throw myself on my knees, and pour forth my grateful thanks to the Almighty, who had preserved my life and that of my little godson; I next turned my eyes in the direction that I imagined the wreck to be: but they only wandered over a wide expanse of water, still agitated and white with breakers; and I concluded the vessel had sunk during the night; and had every reason to fear the boats had shared the same fate.

While I was yet lost in a train of melancholy reflections, my godson roused me to a sense of my own condition, and his yet more helpless one. It was a painful task to explain to him the loss he had sustained, and the cause of our present situation; his

innocent questions respecting his parents and the wreck of the ship, made me feel very sad, and I often joined my tears with his; but fortunately he was not of an age to indulge in ceaseless sorrow, and his natural vivacity soon returned to him again.

The island on which I had landed, presented a rocky and barren appearance to the eye, with scarcely any signs of vegetation; and I began to fear that we had only saved ourselves from drowning, to perish with hunger and thirst, for I was aware the slender provision I had been able to make before quitting the ship, could not last many days, and I had no fresh water at all, and was already tormented by a burning thirst; from this I was soon relieved, for a few steps further I beheld a stream of clear water gushing from a natural sort of

basin, at the foot of a rocky promontory.

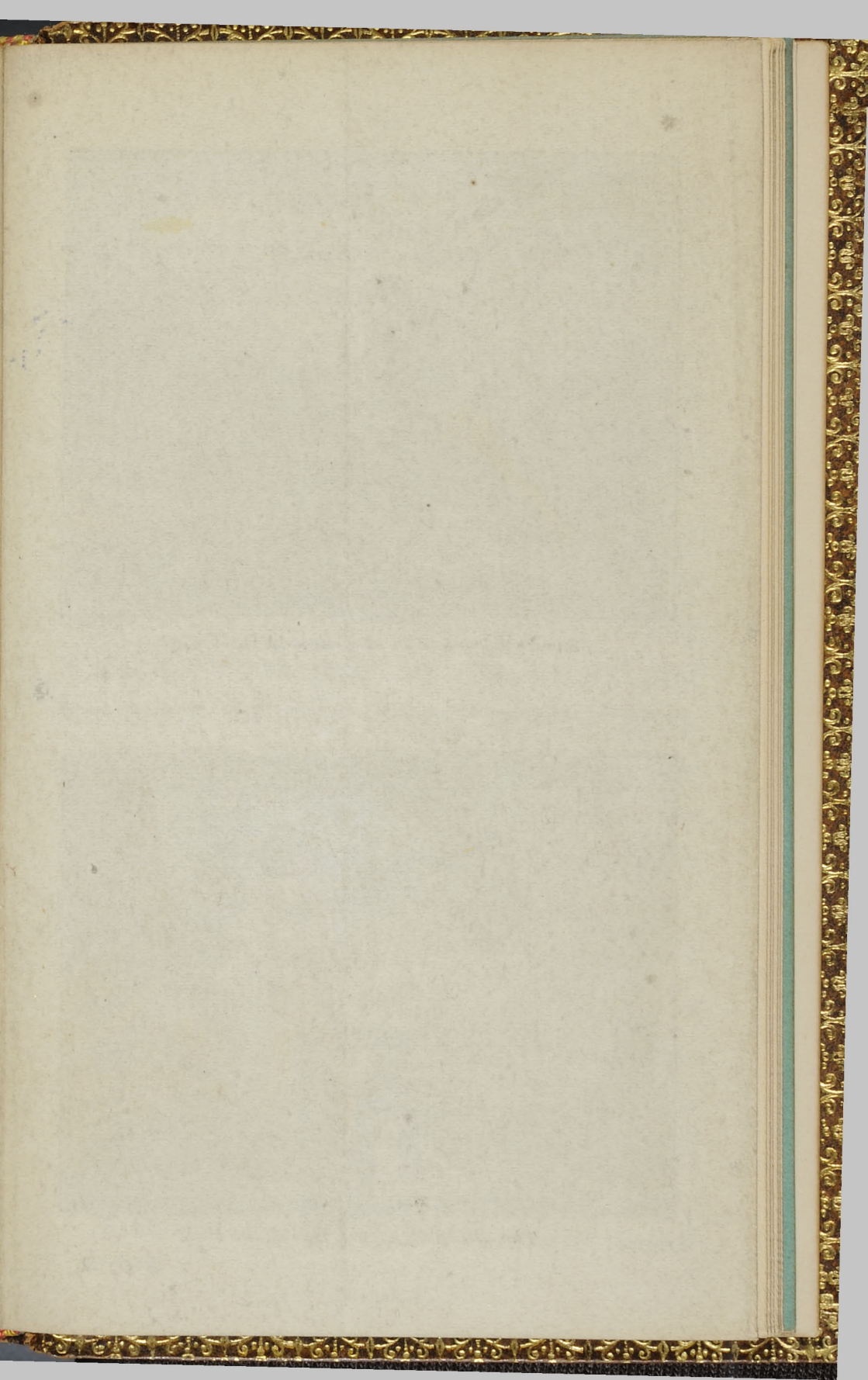
I was very grateful for the refreshment this stream afforded me, and sitting down under the projecting rocks, gave my little favourite some biscuit with which I had stored my pockets, and eat a small portion myself; this scanty meal greatly recruited our exhausted frames; and having rested ourselves for some time, we left our retreat, and walked forth to explore the island: and observe what it produced likely to procure us a subsistence.

The sun rising with great splendour dispelled the dark clouds, and gave promise of a beautiful day, which somewhat cheered our drooping spirits.

We wandered for some time over a barren plain which bore no other marks of vegetation, than a few marine plants, which bound together the

light soil. I found abundance of turtles' eggs, with which I filled my pockets; but the heat arising from the sand was very great, and my heart sunk within me, when I reflected on what we should endure without a single tree to shelter us from the burning heat of the sun; for as yet I had not see one upon the island.

A naked chain of barren rocks seemed to form a complete wall round this desolate plain; and as I then thought, served to defend it from the waves of the sea; but as they were far above the level, I thought some advantage might be gained from ascending one. With much labour and difficulty I at length reached the summit, attended by my little companion; and my fatigue was amply repaid; for on looking down I beheld not the sea-beach, as I had imagined, but a delightful valley, full of shady cocoa-nut and palm-trees,





Saville discovering Cocoa-nuts in the Valley.

Page 27.



The discovery of the Hut on the Hill.

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through which ran a clear stream of water, and which I afterwards found flowed from the same source: the ground was covered with verdant grass, and the sides of the rocks which surrounded this valley clothed with shrubs and low bushes.

My joyful feelings at this pleasing change were inexpressible, as you may suppose. Our descent to the valley was rendered easy by the roots and branches of the trees, which grew among the chinks and fissures of the rocks. Tired with our long walk, we gladly reposed our weary limbs on a green bank beneath some shady trees. Having procured some cocoa-nuts, I cut one with my knife, and gave some of the milk to Edward, who was grateful for the refreshment it afforded him, and soon after sunk in a profound slumber.

Although greatly fatigued, my mind

(for some time) was too much occupied by my own sad thoughts, to partake of a like repose; the sorrow which I felt for the loss of my friend, and the probability of passing the remainder of my life on this island, pressed heavily on my heart, and caused feelings of regret, which again gave place to others of a bitter nature.

Whilst these thoughts occupied my mind, I insensibly fell asleep, and I suppose must have slept some hours, for the sun was fast declining, before either myself or my little companion awoke.

Greatly restored by our long rest, we determined to examine our valley a little further, before night closed in. Hitherto I had perceived no signs of habitation, nor any marks by which we might imagine the island ever to have been explored, but as I proceeded along the side of a grove, I was some-

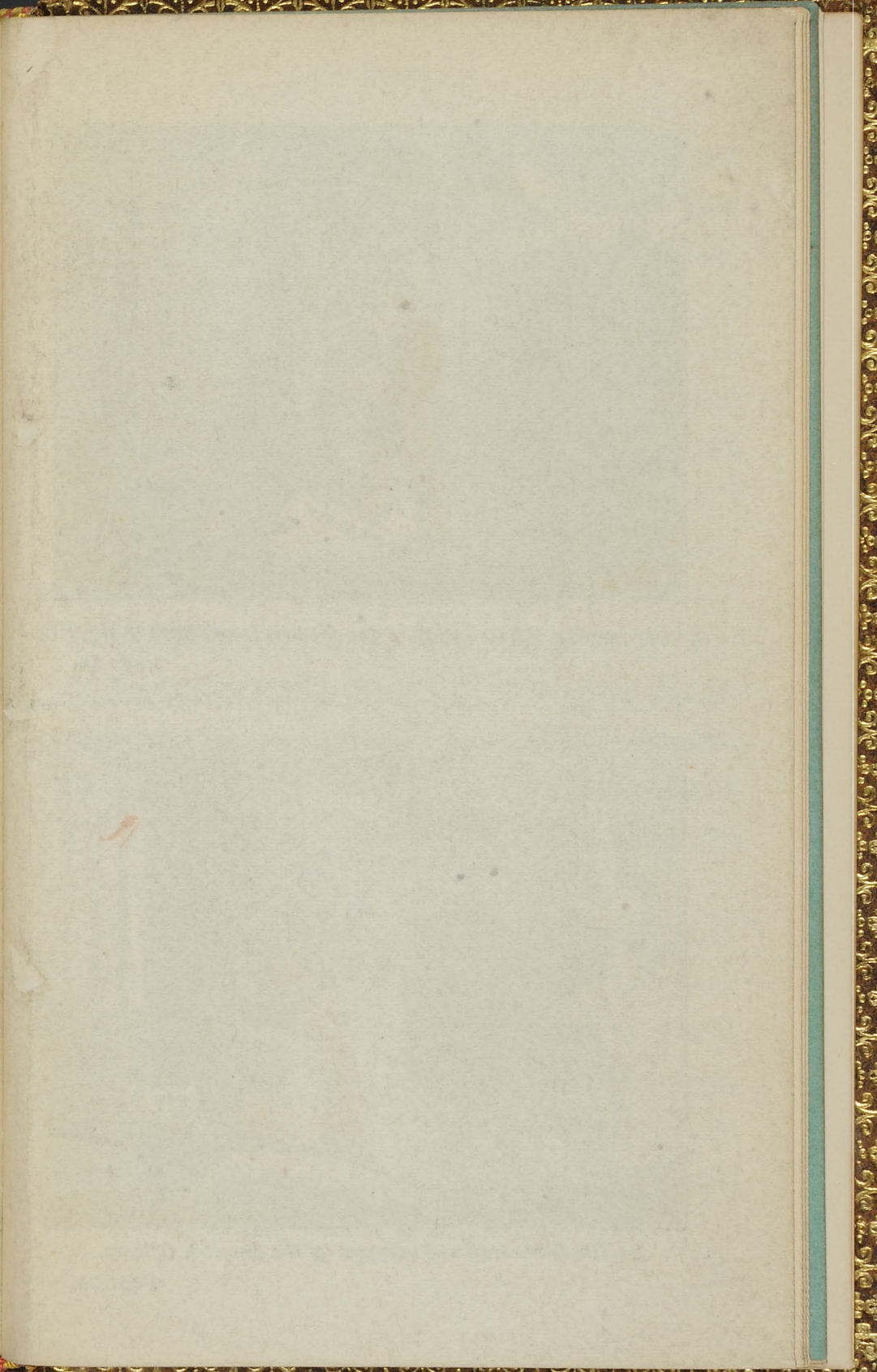
what startled by the evident marks of trees having been felled by a hatchet, though not lately, as the chips and pieces of wood evidently showed; on emerging from this little wood, I was still more surprised by finding a seat beneath a tree, made after the fashion of European garden-chairs, and whilst I was busied in conjecture as to its appearance; little Edward, who had been skipping on before me, called my attention to a yet more agreeable sight, and on looking up on the summit of a steep acivity, I beheld what at first sight appeared to be a temple, supported by pillars; but on a nearer approach it proved to be a sort of hut, formed with stakes, and thatched on the top with some of the long grass with which this part of the island abounded.

I immediately concluded that the island was inhabited, and I fully ex-

pected to encounter the master of the dwelling, at every turn of the path which led to it: but here I was disappointed, the hut being quite empty, and no living creature appearing, I raised my voice, and shouted as loud as I could, but was answered only by the echo of my own voice among the rocks, and then all was silent again. On casting my eyes on one of the pillars that supported the hut, I perceived letters cut on it, and removing the moss which partly covered the characters, I read the following inscription:

James Hardy, Carpenter, of the Elizabeth, East-Indiaman, was wrecked off the rocks, bearing west of this island; and was cast ashore the 2nd of May, in the year of our Lord 1787, and remained on this place during the space of seven years; when by the providence of God, he was discovered by the crew of the King George. He inscribes this as a memorial, for the sake of any unhappy mariner, who may be cast away at any future time, and landed on this island.

I read this little narrative with great





Saville reading the memento of the former Inhabitant of the Hut.

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Saville discovered and released by the English Officers.

Page 33.

interest, and felt grateful to the hand that had inscribed it, as it afforded me the most lively hopes of one day being delivered in like manner.

The only kind of reptile, that I saw, during my residence on that island, was a very small speckeled snake, which lived in the chinks and holes of the rocks: and though I believe these creatures were perfectly harmless, the sight of them always occasioned much uneasiness to my little charge, who generally ran back to me in great alarm if he chanced to meet one in the path, or among the flowers he was gathering.

I have neglected to inform you, that besides the hut, which I had first discovered, there was another more sheltered below the hill, which though much warmer, was not so agreeably situated, but it proved of great service as a sleeping place and store-house.

The early part of the day, and the cool of the evening, I employed myself in collecting turtles' eggs from among the sand, and exploring the rocks for the nests of the sea-fowl; in these excursions, little Edward was my constant companion, and he soon became as expert in climbing as myself. The young fowls were roasted or boiled; for you may be sure while I had a knife in my pocket, and a flint was to be found on the island I would not eat raw food: as to fuel, we had plenty in the valley, and the shell of the cocoa-nuts served as dishes.

On the whole, my time passed pleasantly enough on the island, and I had nothing to disturb the tranquility of my mind, excepting thoughts of that home, after which my heart still yearned.

We had been four months on the island as near as I can reckon, when

one day, while I was preparing some eggs and vegetables for dinner, little Edward rushed into the hut quite out of breath, and flinging his arms about my knees, in a voice almost rendered inarticulate through agitation, exclaimed, "They are coming! they are coming!" "Who are coming?" I demanded with some surprise, "The men! the men to catch me!" was all the explanation I could obtain from the panting child.

I was still endeavouring to learn the cause of his terror, when the sound of approaching footsteps made me turn round; and, to my unspeakable joy, I beheld two young men, dressed in the uniform of the East India Company, ascending the rocky steps that led to my dwelling.

I gladly hastened to meet my welcome visitors, and briefly explained to

them my present situation and wish to leave the island.

My new acquaintances were much interested in my adventures, and promised to take me on board the *Queen Charlotte*, then homeward bound; and assured me of every necessary and comfort, during my passage to England.

They informed me (in answer to my enquiries) that anchoring in sight of land, the captain had sent them on shore with the boat's crew, to get fresh water and fruits, if such were to be found; and chancing to observe the signal flag, they commanded the men to rest on their oars, while they went on shore, conjecturing that it must have been hoisted by some one, who through accident had either been cast ashore, or left on the island; this idea was strengthened by hearing the voice of a child, singing, as they entered the valley; and to their great surprise they

beheld a little boy gathering herbs from the brook: they had approached close to him before he perceived them: but on speaking, he started up in great haste, and fled; and though they called loudly to him and ran after him, he climbed the side of the rock with the agility of a wild goat, and was soon lost among the bushes on the summit. This account explained to me the terror of little Edward, when he rushed into the hut.

It was not without some feelings of regret, that I quitted a spot where I had passed so many tranquil and happy hours: my little Edward was very loth to quit the valley and his home, as he was accustomed to call the hut on the hill; nor would he be persuaded to leave the deck, while the least part of the island remained visible.

We were received with the greatest kindness by every one on board, espe-

cially by the Captain, who offered me the situation of secretary, having lost the young man who had formerly filled that place, through a fever of which he had died a few days before my coming on board.

I have now my dear friends, related to you, as near as I can remember, the most remarkable occurrences that have taken place, since last we parted, and believe me, I consider the perils and storms I have passed through, were amply repaid, when I folded in my arms each beloved member of my family; and was assured by my sisters, that they had not forgotten their long lost, absent, but affectionate SAILOR BROTHER.

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Aladdin, and the Wonderful Lamp; an eastern tale.
Children in the Wood; a tragical history.
Little Goody Two Shoes; an entertaining history.
Little Jack, who was suckled by a Goat.
Little Tom of Bristol; or, the Green-haired Monsters.
Little Red Riding Hood.
Little Thumb and the Ogre; or, the Seven league Boots.

TOY BOOKS.

- Cries of London; a new edition.
Courtship and Marriage of Cock Robin and Jenny Wren
Death and Burial of poor Cock Robin.
Mother Hubbard and her Dog.
Johnny Gilpin's diverting Journey; a humorous tale

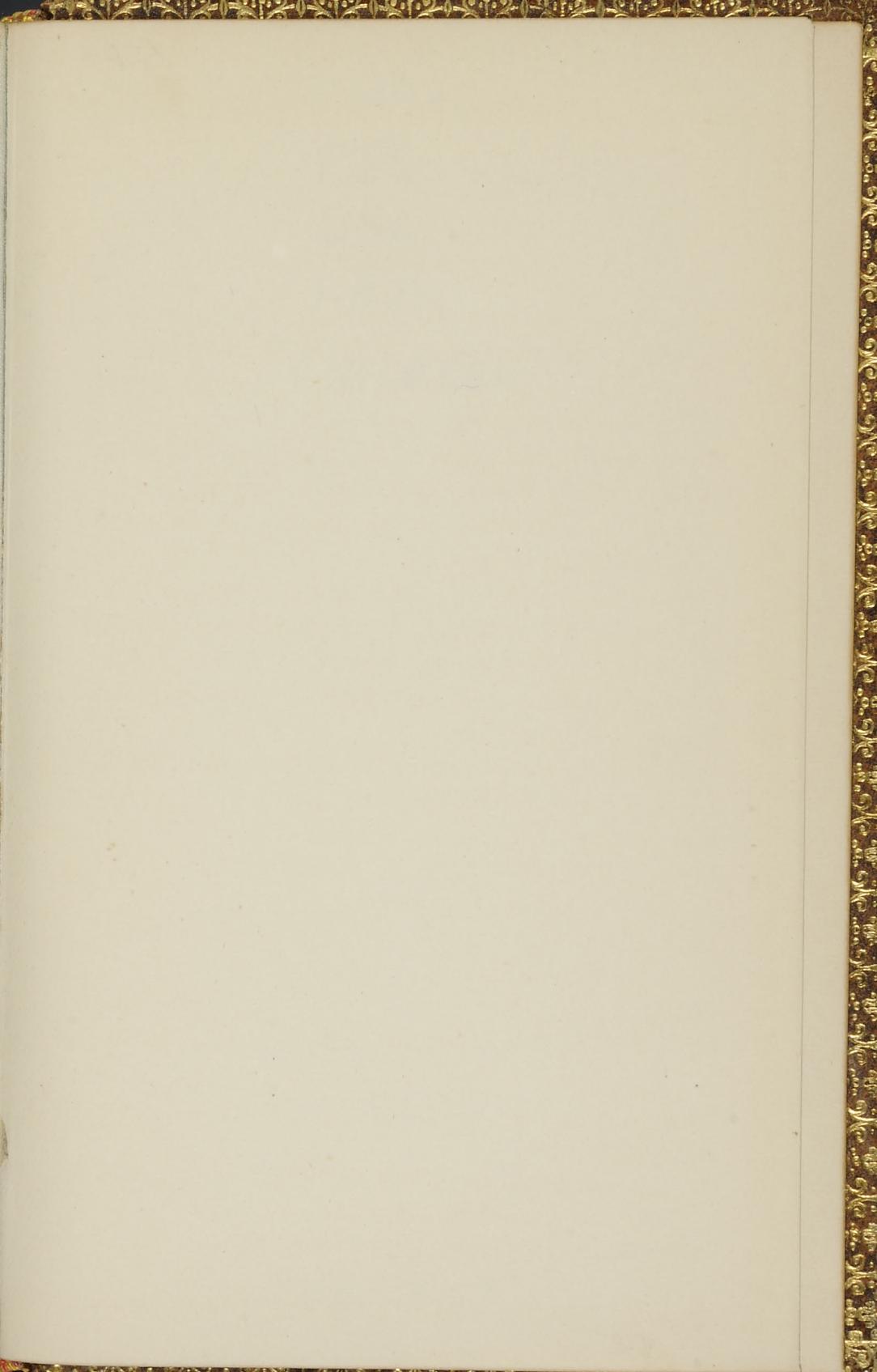
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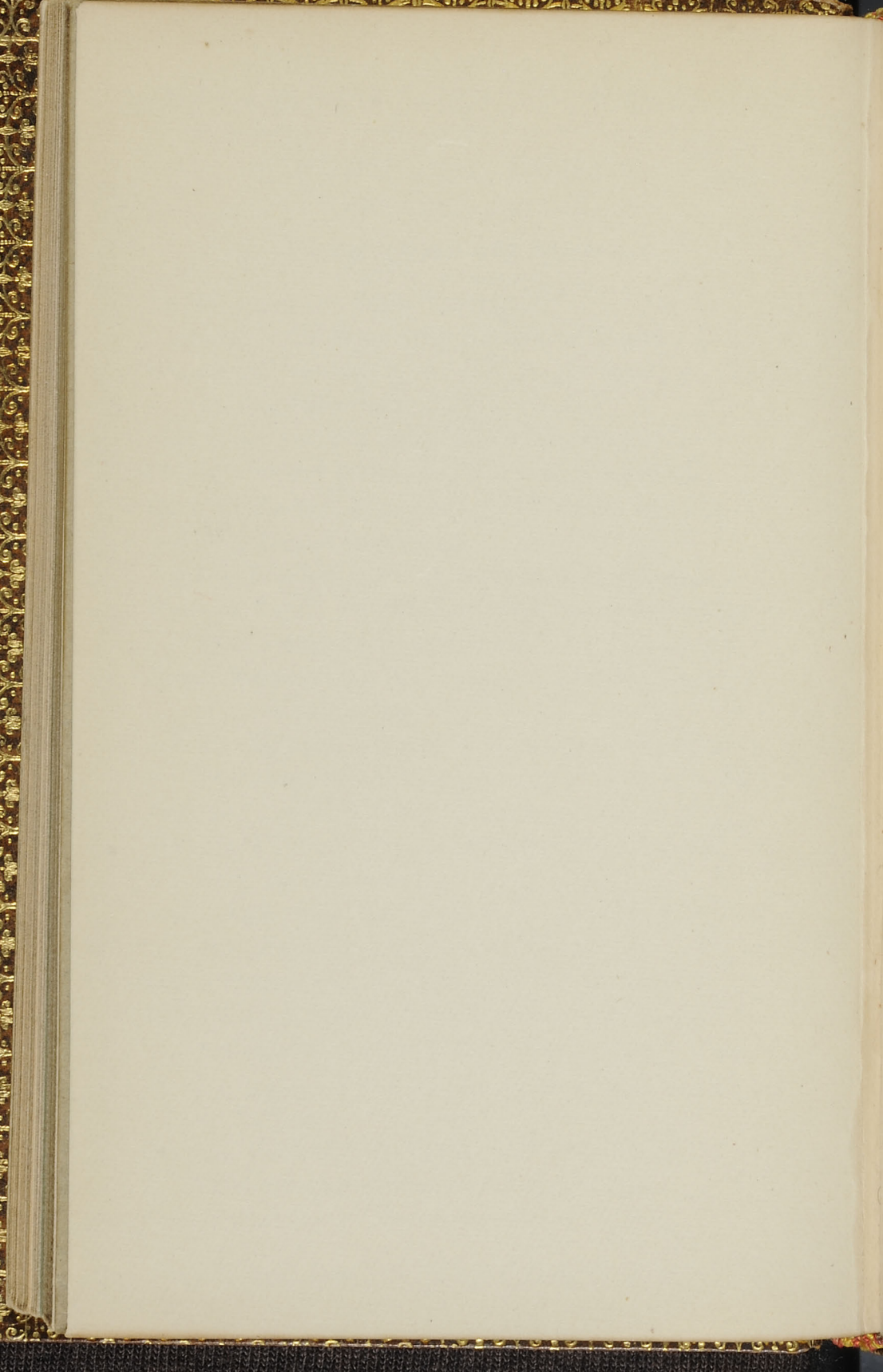
POPULAR BOOKS

CHIEFLY ORIGINAL.

With neatly coloured Engravings.

- Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves
Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp; an Eastern Tale
Beauty and the Beast, or the Magic Rose; an enter-
taining Fairy tale
Blue Beard, or the Story of, Female Curiosity.
Children in the Wood, the Tragical History of,
Cock Robin and Jenny Wren, Marriage and Death of,
30 coloured engravings
Cries of London, with 16 coloured engravings.
Fearless John, or the Lad who could not Shudder;
with 7 coloured engravings.
Goody Two Shoes; with coloured frontispiece and nu-
merous engravings
Johnny Gilpin's Diverting Journey to Ware; with 13
humorous coloured engravings
Jack and the Bean-Stalk, the Adventures of,
Juvenile Riddle Book; an amusing collection of Riddles,
with numerous engravings
Little Jack who was suckled by a Goat; embellished
with 7 coloured engravings
Little Thumb and the Ogre; or, Seven League Boots
Little Tom of Bristol, and the Green-Haired Monsters;
with large coloured frontispiece
Mother Hubbard and her dog; with 16 neat coloured
engravings
Orphan Rachael, or Fruits of Perseverence; elegant
frontispiece and 6 coloured engravings
Sailor Brother: an interesting moral tale





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