

**MAYNE  
REID**



**LOST LENORE:  
THE ADVENTURES  
OF A ROLLING  
STONE**

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# **Lost Lenore: The Adventures of a Rolling Stone**

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# **Volume One—Chapter One.**

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### **Family Affairs.**

The first important event of my life transpired on the 22nd May, 1831. On that day I was born.

Six weeks after, another event occurred which no doubt exerted an influence over my destiny: I was christened Rowland Stone.

From what I have read of ancient history—principally as given by the Jews—I have reason to think, that I am descended from an old and illustrious family. No one can refute the evidence I have for believing that some of my ancestors were in existence many hundred years ago.

The simple fact that I am in existence now is sufficient proof that my family is of a descent, ancient and noble, as that of any other on earth.

Perhaps there is no family, in its wanderings and struggles towards remotest posterity, that has not experienced every vicissitude of fortune; sometimes standing in the ranks of the great; and in the lapse of ages descending to the lower strata of the social scale, and there becoming historically lost.

I have not yet found it recorded, that any individual of the family to which I belong ever held a very high position—not, in fact, since one of them named Noah constructed a peculiar kind of sailing craft, of which he was full owner, and captain.

It was my misfortune to be brought into existence at a period of the world's history, when my father would be

thought by many to be a man in “humble circumstances of life.” He used to earn an honest living by hard work.

He was a saddle and harness-maker in an obscure street in the city of Dublin, and his name was William Stone.

When memory dwells on my father, pride swells up in my soul: for he was an honest, temperate, and industrious man, and was very kind to my mother and his children. I should be an unworthy son, not to feel pride at the remembrance of such a father!

There was nothing very remarkable in the character of my mother. I used to think different once, but that was before I had arrived at the age of reason. I used to think that she delighted to thwart my childish inclinations—more than was necessary for her own happiness or mine. But this was probably a fault of my wayward fancy. I am willing to think so now.

I was a little wilful, and no doubt caused her much trouble. I am inclined to believe, now that she treated me kindly enough—perhaps better than I deserved.

I remember, that, up to the time I was eight years of age, it was the work of two women to put a clean shirt on my back, and the operation was never performed by them without a long and violent struggle. This remembrance, along with several others of a like nature, produces upon me the impression, that my parents must have humoured my whims—too much, either for my good or their own.

When I was yet very young, they thought that I was distinguished from other children by a *penchant* for suddenly and secretly absenting myself from those, whose duty it was to be acquainted with my whereabouts. I often

ran away from home to find playmates; and ran away from school to avoid the trouble of learning my lessons. At this time of life, so strong was my propensity for escaping from any scene I did not like, and betaking myself to such as I deemed more congenial to my tastes, that I obtained the soubriquet of *The Rolling Stone*.

Whenever I would be missing from home, the inquiry would be made, "Where is that Rolling Stone?" and this inquiry being often put in the school I attended, the phrase was also applied to me there. In short it became my "nickname."

Perhaps I was a little vain of the appellation: for I certainly did not try to win another, but, on the contrary, did much to convince everybody, that the title thus extended to me was perfectly appropriate.

My father's family consisted of my parents, a brother, one year and a half younger than myself, and a sister, about two years younger still.

We were not an unhappy family. The little domestic cares, such as all must share, only strengthened the desire for existence—in order that they might be overcome.

My father was a man without many friends, and with fewer enemies, for he was a person who attended to his own business, and said but little to any one. He had a talent for silence; and had the good sense not to neglect the exercise of it—as many do the best gifts Nature has bestowed upon them.

He died when I was about thirteen years old; and, as soon as he was gone from us, sorrow and misfortune began for the first time to show themselves in our house.

There are many families to whom the loss of a parent may be no great calamity; but ours was not one of them; and, young as I was at the time, I had the sense to know that thenceforward I should have to war with the world alone. I had no confidence in my mother's ability to provide for her children, and saw that, by the death of my father, I was at once elevated from the condition of a child to that of a man.

After his decease, the work in the shop was carried on by a young man named Leary—a journeyman saddler, who had worked with my father for more than a year previous to his death.

I was taken from school, and put to work with Mr Leary who undertook to instruct me in the trade of a harness-maker. I may say that the man displayed considerable patience in trying to teach me.

He also assisted my mother with his counsel—which seemed guided by a genuine regard for our interests. He managed the business in the shop, in what appeared to be the best manner possible; and the profits of his labour were punctually handed over to my mother.

For several weeks after my father's death, everything was conducted in a manner much more pleasant than we had any reason to expect; and the loss we had sustained seemed not so serious to our future existence, as I had at first anticipated.

All of our acquaintances thought we were exceedingly fortunate in having such a person as Mr Leary, to assist us in carrying on the business. Most of the neighbours used to speak of him in the highest terms of praise; and many times

have I heard my mother affirm that she knew not what would become of us, if deprived of his assistance.

Up to this time Mr Leary had uniformly treated me with kindness. I knew of no cause for disliking him; and yet I did!

My conscience often rebuked me with this unexplained antipathy, for I believed it to be wrong; but for all that, I could not help it. I did not even like his appearance; but, on the contrary, thought him the most hideous person I had ever beheld. Other people had a different opinion; and I tried to believe that I was guided by prejudice in forming my judgment of him. I knew he was not to blame for his personal appearance, nor for any other of my fancies; but none of these considerations could prevent me from hating Matthew Leary, and in truth I *did* hate him.

I could not conceal my dislike—even from him; and I will do him the justice to state that he appeared to strive hard to overcome it with kindness. All his efforts to accomplish this were in vain; and only resulted in increasing my antipathy.

Time passed. Mr Leary daily acquired a greater control of the affairs of our family; and in proportion as his influence over my mother increased, so did my hostility towards him.

My mother strove to conquer it, by reminding me of his kindness to all the family—the interest he took in our common welfare—the trouble he underwent in teaching me the business my father had followed—and his undoubted morality and good habits.

I could not deny that there was reason in her arguments; but my dislike to Mr Leary was independent of reason: it had sprung from instinct.

It soon became evident to me that Mr Leary would, at no distant period, become one of the family. In the belief of my mother, younger brother, and sister, he seemed necessary to our existence.

My mother was about thirty-three years of age; and did not appear old for her years. She was not a bad looking woman—besides, she was mistress of a house and a business. Mr Leary possessed neither. He was but a journeyman saddler; but it was soon very evident that he intended to avail himself of the opportunity of marrying my mother and her business, and becoming the master of both.

It was equally evident that no efforts of mine could prevent him from doing so, for, in the opinion of my mother, he was every thing required for supplying the loss of her first husband.

I tried to reason with her, but must admit, that the only arguments I could adduce were my prejudices, and I was too young to use even them to the best advantage. But had they been ever so just, they would have been thrown away on my father's widow.

The many seeming good traits in the character of Mr Leary, and his ability for carrying on the work in the shop, were stronger arguments than any I could urge in answer to them.

My opposition to their marriage—now openly talked about—only engendered ill-will in the mind of my mother; and created a coldness, on her part, towards myself. When finally convinced of her intention to become Mrs Leary, I strove hard to overcome my prejudices against the man: for

I was fully aware of the influence he would have over me as a step-father.

It was all to no purpose. I hated Mr Leary, and could not help it.

As soon as my mother had definitively made known to me her intention of marrying him, I felt a strong inclination to strengthen my reputation as a runaway, by running away from home. But such an exploit was then a little too grand for a boy of my age to undertake—with much hope of succeeding in its accomplishment. I did not like to leave home, and afterwards be compelled to return to it—when I might be worse off than ever.

I formed the resolution, therefore, to abide in my mother's—soon to be Mr Leary's—house, until circumstances should force me to leave it; and that such circumstances would ere long arise, I had a painful presentiment. As will be found in the sequel, my presentiment was too faithfully fulfilled.

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# **Volume One—Chapter Two.**

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### **A Sudden Change of Character.**

Never have I witnessed a change so great and sudden as came over Mr Leary, after his marriage with my mother.

He was no longer the humble journeyman—with the deportment of a respectable young fellow striving to retain a situation, and gain friends by good conduct. The very day after the wedding, his behaviour was that of a vain selfish overbearing plebeian, suddenly raised from poverty to wealth. He no longer spoke to me in his former feigned tone of kindness, but with threats, in a commanding voice, and in accents far more authoritative, than my father had ever used to me.

Mr Leary had been hitherto industrious, but was so no longer. He commenced, by employing another man to work in the shop with me, and plainly expressed by his actions that his share in the business was to be the spending of the money we might earn.

Up to that time, he had passed among his acquaintances as a temperate man; but in less than three weeks after his marriage, he came home drunk on as many occasions; and each time spoke to my mother in an insulting and cruel manner.

I took no trouble to conceal from Mr Leary my opinion of him and his conduct; and it soon became evident to all, that he and I could not remain long as members of the same family.



Our difficulties and misunderstandings increased, until Mr Leary declared that I was an ungrateful wretch—unworthy of his care; that he could do nothing with me; and that I should remain no longer in his house!

He held a long consultation with my mother, about what was to be done with me—the result of which was, that I was to be sent to sea. I know not what arguments he used; but they were effectual with my mother, for she gave consent to his plans, and I was shortly after bound apprentice to Captain John Brannon, of the ship “Hope,” trading between Dublin and New Orleans.

“The sea is the place for you, my lad,” said Mr Leary, after the indenture had been signed, binding me to Captain Brannon. “Aboard of a ship, you will learn to conduct yourself in a proper manner, and treat your superiors with respect. You are going to a school, where you will be taught something—whether you are willing to learn it, or not.”

Mr Leary thought, by sending me to sea, he was obtaining some revenge for my ill-will towards him; but he was mistaken. Had he known what pleasure the arrangement gave me, he would, perhaps, have tried to retain me a little longer working in the shop. As I had already resolved to leave home, I was only too glad at being thus sent away—instead of having the responsibility of an indiscretion resting on myself. I had but one cause for regret, and that was leaving my mother, brother, and sister, to the tender mercies of a man like Mr Leary.

But what was I to do? I was not yet fourteen years of age, and could not have protected them from him by staying at home. The hatred between us was mutual; and, perhaps,

when his spite was no longer provoked by my presence, he might treat the rest of the family better. This was the only thought that consoled me on parting with my relatives.

I could do nothing but yield to circumstances, leave them to their destiny, whatever that was to be, and go forth upon the world in search of my own.

My brother bore our father's name, William Stone. He was a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, with a mild, gentle disposition, and was liked by everyone who knew him. He never did an action contrary to the expressed wishes of those who had any authority over him; and, unlike myself, he was always to be found when wanted. He never tried to shirk his work, or absent himself from school.

My little sister, Martha, was a beautiful child, with curly flaxen hair, and I never gazed on anything more beautiful than her large deep blue eyes, which seemed to express all the mental attributes of an angel.

It pained me much to leave little Martha—more than parting either with my mother or brother.

My mother wished to furnish me with a good outfit, but was prevented from doing so by Mr Leary—who said that he could not afford the expense. He declared, moreover, that I did not deserve it.

After my box was sent aboard the ship, and I was ready to follow it, little Willie and Martha were loud in their grief, and I had to tear myself away from their presence.

When it came to parting with my mother, she threw her arms around me, and exclaimed, "My poor boy, you *shall* not leave me!"

Mr Leary gave her a glance out of his sinister eyes, which had the effect of suddenly subduing this expression of grief, and “we parted in silence and tears.”

Often, and for hours, have I thought of that parting scene, and wondered why and how Mr Leary had obtained so great an influence over the mind of my poor mother.

I once believed that she had a will of her own, with the courage to show it—an opinion that had been formed from observations made during the life of my father, but since her marriage with Mr Leary, she seemed afraid of giving utterance to a word, that might express independence, and allowed him, not only to speak but think for her.

I knew that she had much affection for all of us, her children—and her regret at thus sending me, at so early an age to encounter the hardships of a long voyage must have been deep and sincere.

I know that her heart was nearly breaking at that moment. The expression of her features, and the manner in which she wrung my hand, told me so; and yet the passion of my grief was not equal in power to that of her fear for the frowns of Mr Leary.

My amiable step-father accompanied me to the ship, which was lying in Dublin Bay; and on our way thither, he became much excited with drink. He was so elated with whiskey, and with the idea that I was going away, that he did not speak to me in his usual unpleasant tone. On the contrary, he seemed all kindness, until we had got aboard the ship.

“Now my little ‘Rolling Stone,’” said he, when about to take leave of me, “you are going to have plenty of rolling

now, and may you roll so far away, as never to roll across my path again.”

He appeared to think this was very witty, for he was much amused at what he had said, and laughed long and loudly.

I made no reply, until he was in the boat, which was about to shove off from the ship, when, looking over the bulwarks, I called after him.

“Mr Leary! if you ill-use my mother, brother, or sister, in my absence, *I will certainly kill you when I come back.*”

Mr Leary made no reply, further than to answer me with a smile, that a hyena might have envied.

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# Volume One—Chapter Three.

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### Stormy Jack.

There have been so many stories told of the sufferings of boys, when first sent to sea, that I shall not dwell long on those that befell myself.

What a world to me was that ship! I little knew, before it became my home, how many great men there were in the world. By great men, I mean those high in authority over their fellows.

I went aboard of the ship, with the idea that my position in it would be one which ordinary people might envy. I was guided to this opinion by something said by the captain, at the time the indentures of my apprenticeship were being signed. No sooner were we out to sea, than I learnt that there were at least a dozen individuals on board, who claimed the right of commanding my services, and that my situation on board was so humble, as to place me far beneath the notice of the captain in command. I had been told that we were to be *friends*, but before we were a week out, I saw that should it be my lot to be lost overboard, the captain might only accidentally learn that I was gone. The knowledge of this indifference to my fate was not pleasant to me. On the contrary, I felt disappointed and unhappy.

Aboard of the ship were four mates, two boatswains, a carpenter and *his* mate, and a steward, besides some others who took a little trouble to teach me my duty, by giving me orders which were frequently only given, to save themselves the trouble of doing what they commanded me to do.

Only one of these many masters ever spoke to me in a pleasant manner. This was the boatswain of the watch, in which I was placed, who was called by his companions, "Stormy Jack," probably for the reason that there was generally a tempest in his mind, too often expressed in a storm of words.

For all this, Stormy Jack was every inch a sailor, a true British tar, and all know what that means.

Perhaps I should have said, that all know what it might have meant in times past, for Stormy Jack was not a fair specimen of English sailors of the present day. The majority of the men aboard of British ships are not now as they were thirty years ago. English sailors, in general, seem to have lost many of the peculiarities that once distinguished them from other people, and a foreign language is too often spoken in the forecastle of English ships.

To return to Stormy Jack.

One day the carpenter had ordered me to bring him a pannikin of water. Leaving a job on which I had been set to work by Stormy Jack, I started to obey. In doing so, I caught the eye of the latter, who was standing a little to one side, and had not been seen by the carpenter as he gave me the order.

Stormy shook his head at me, and pointed to the work he had himself ordered me to perform, in a manner that plainly said, "go at it again."

I obeyed this interpretation of his signal, and resumed my task.

"Did you hear what I said?" angrily shouted the carpenter.

“Yes, sir,” I answered.

“Then why do you not start, and do what I told you?”

I stole a sly glance at Stormy Jack, and seeing upon his face a smile, approving of what I did, I made bold to answer, in a somewhat brusque manner, that I had other work on hand, and, moreover, it was not my business to wait upon him.

The carpenter dropped his adze, caught up his measuring rule, and advanced towards me.

He was suddenly stopped by the strong hand of Stormy placed firmly on his shoulder.

“Avast!” said the sailor, “don’t you molest that boy at his work. If you do, I am the one to teach you manners.”

The carpenter was a man who knew “how to choose an enemy,” and with such wisdom to guide him, he returned to his own work, without resenting in any way the check he had thus met with.

The fact that I had refused to obey the carpenter, and that Stormy Jack had interceded in my behalf, became known amongst the others who had been hitherto bullying me, and I was afterwards permitted to go about the ship, without being the slave of so many masters.

Some time after the incident above related, Stormy Jack chanced to be standing near me, and commenced a conversation which was as follows:

“You are a boy of the right sort,” said he, “and I’ll not see you mistreated. I heard what you said to the lubber as brought you aboard, and I always respects a boy as respects his mother. I hope that man in the boat was not your father.”

“No,” I answered, “he is my step-father.”

“I thought as much,” said Stormy, “by his appearing so pleased to get rid of you. It’s my opinion no one ought to have more than one father; but you must brace up your spirits, my lad. Two or three voyages will make a man of you, and you will then be able to go back home, and teach the lubber manners, should he forget ’em. Do the best you can aboard here to larn your duty, and I’ll keep an eye on you. If any one goes to boxing your compass, when you don’t deserve it, I’ll teach him manners.”

I thanked Stormy for his kind advice, and promised to do all I could to merit his protection.

After having made a friend of Stormy, and an enemy of the carpenter, I began to be more at home on the ship, and took a stronger interest in its mysteries and miseries. Familiarity does not with all things breed contempt. That it should not is a wise provision of Nature, for the accommodation of the majority of mankind—whose necessity it is to become familiar with many cares, annoyances, and disagreeable circumstances.

Second nature, or habit, is only acquired by familiarity, and seamen become so familiar with all that is disagreeable in a life on the sea, that they are never satisfied long with any home, but a floating one. The mind of youth soon becomes reconciled to circumstances, however unpleasant, much sooner than that of an older person, and this was probably the reason why, although greatly dissatisfied at the beginning of the voyage, I soon became so contented with a life on the sea, that I preferred it to one on land—at least in a home with Mr Leary as my master.



Upon occasions, Stormy Jack permitted the storm in his soul to rage a little too wildly. One of these occasions occurred about two weeks, before we reached New Orleans. He had got into a dispute with the second mate about the setting of a sail, and both becoming intemperate in the use of the Queen's English, words were used which had to be resented with violence.

The first assault was made by the mate, who soon found that he was but a child in the hands of Stormy Jack.

The first mate happened to be on deck smoking his pipe, as also the carpenter, and, as in duty bound, both ran to the relief of their brother officer. Poor Stormy was knocked down with the carpenter's mallet, his hands were tied behind him, and he was dragged below.

The next day I was allowed to take him his dinner, and found him well pleased with his situation. I was expecting to see him in great grief over his misfortune—which to me appeared very serious—and was agreeably surprised to find him in better spirits than I had ever seen him before.

"It's all right, Rowley, my boy," said he. "If they can afford to keep me in idleness, and pay me wages for doing nothing, I'm not the one to complain. I'm glad this has happened, for I never liked the first breezer, nor yet Chips, and now I've got an opportunity for letting them know it. I'm going to leave the ship, and when I've done so, I'll teach them manners."

I expressed the opinion, that it could not be very pleasant to be kept so long in a dark place and alone.

"That's no punishment," said Stormy. "Can't I sleep? I've been served worse than this. On a voyage to India I refused

duty on the second week out. I was put in a pen along with some turkeys and geese, and was told whenever I would go to my duty, I should be taken out. I never gave in, and finished the voyage in the turkey coop. That was far worse than this, for the noise on deck, with the conversation between my companions, the turkeys and geese, often used to keep me from sleep. That was a queer plan for teaching a fellow manners, but I did not let it succeed.

“I was going to say one place was as good as another, but it a’nt. This ship is no place for me. After we reach New Orleans I shall leave it, and if ever I come across eyther the first breezer, or carpenter, ashore, they’ll both larn what they never knew afore, and that’s manners. When two men are fighting, another has no right to interrupt either of ’em with a blow of a mallet, and the man who does so has no manners, and wants teachin’.”

I was pleased to hear Stormy say that he intended to leave the ship, for the idea of doing so myself had often entered my thoughts, and had been favourably entertained.

I had no great hopes of finding a better home than I had on board the ship, but I had been placed there by Leary, and that was sufficient reason for my wishing to leave her. He had driven me from my own home, and I would not live in one of his choosing.

I resolved, therefore, to take leave of the ship if Stormy would allow me to become his companion, and even if he should not, I had more than half determined upon running away.

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# Volume One—Chapter Four.

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### **A Change of Calling.**

Two days before we reached New Orleans, Stormy Jack expressed some sham contrition for what he had done, with an inclination to return to his duty. He was liberated, and once more the deck was enlivened by the sound of his rough manly voice giving the necessary orders for working the ship.

I found a favourable opportunity of telling him, that I should like to go along with him. At first he objected to aid me, and urged me to remain, as a reason for my doing so, urging the argument: that a boy serving his apprenticeship was much better off than one wandering about without a home.

To me this argument was worth nothing. The idea of remaining for seven years in a situation chosen for me by Mr Leary, was too absurd to be seriously entertained for a moment. I told Stormy so; and he finally consented that I should go with him.

“My reason for objecting at first,” said he, “was because I did not like to be troubled with you; but that’s not exactly the right sort o’ feeling for a Christian to steer by. One should expect to have some trouble with those as need a helping hand, and I don’t know why I should try to shirk from my share of it.”

I promised Stormy that I would try not to cause him any trouble, or as little as possible.

“Of course you will try,” said he, “or if you don’t, I’ll teach you manners.”

Stormy’s threat did not alarm me; and our conversation at the time ended—leaving me well pleased with the prospect of getting clear of the ship, by his assistance.

Stormy’s return to duty was only a pretence. It was done to deceive the officers—so that he might the more easily find an opportunity of escaping from the ship.

Two days after our arrival in the port of New Orleans, he was allowed liberty to go ashore; and I was permitted to accompany him. The Captain probably supposed that the wages due to Stormy would bring him back; and the suspicion, that a boy like myself should wish to leave the ship, had never entered into his mind.

Several of our shipmates went ashore along with us; and the first thing we all thought of was, what the reader will readily imagine, to find a place where strong drink was sold. This is usually a sailor’s first thought on going ashore after a voyage.

After having taken two or three glasses with our shipmates, Stormy gave me a wink, and sidled towards the door. I followed him; and slipping unperceived into the street, we turned a corner, and kept on through several streets—until we had arrived at another part of the city. The little that Stormy had drunk had by this time only sharpened his appetite for more.

“Here I am,” said he, “with clear twelve shillings in my pocket. What a spell of fun I could have, if ’twas not for you! Seven weeks without a spree, and now can’t have it because I’ve you to take care of. Thought ’twould be so.

Rowley, my boy! see what I'm suffering for you. You are teaching me manners, whether I'm willing to larn 'em or not."

I allowed the sailor to go on uninterrupted with his storm of complaints, although there was a reflection in my mind, that if I was keeping him from getting drunk, the obligation was not all on my side.

Stormy had but twelve shillings, and I half-a-crown, which the Captain had given to me before coming ashore.

It was necessary that something should be done, before this money should be all spent.

Under ordinary circumstances, the sailor need not have felt any apprehension, about being out of money. He could easily get employment in another vessel; but as matters stood, Stormy was afraid of being caught, should he attempt to join another ship—before that from which he had deserted had taken her departure from the port. If caught, Stormy knew he would be punished; and this rendered him a trifle serious.

The next day we passed in wandering about the city—taking care to avoid all places where we would be likely to meet with any of the officers, or men of the ship "Hope."

Stormy's thoughts were all day in a fearful storm, commingled with anxiety as to what we should do to make a living.

"On your account, Rowley," said he, "I'm not misinclined for a spell on shore, if I could find anything to do, but that's the trouble. There's not much work ashore, that be proper for an honest man to bear a hand in. What little of such work there is here, is done by darkies, while white men do

all the cheating and scheming. Howsomever, lad, we must try to get at something.”

The next day Stormy did try; and obtained work at rigging a new ship, that had just been launched. The job would last for a month. The wages were good; and the storm in Stormy’s mind had now subsided into an agreeable calm.

We sought a cheap lodging-house, not far from where his work was to be performed; and that evening the sailor indulged in a pipe and a glass, from which he had prudently refrained during all the day.

I was unwilling that the burden of supporting me should be borne by my generous protector; and being anxious to do something for myself, I asked him what I should go about.

“I’ve just been thinking of that,” said he, “and I believe I’ve hit upon an idea. Suppose you sell newspapers? I see many lads about your age in that business here; and they must make something at it. It’s not hard work, besides it appears to be very respectable. It is a lit’rary business, as no boy should be ‘shamed of.”

I approved of the plan, and joyfully agreed to give it a trial.

It was arranged that the next morning I should go to the office of a daily paper—buy a bundle of copies; and try to dispose of them at a profit.

Early the next morning, Stormy started off to his work on the ship, and I to a newspaper office.

I reached the place too early to get out the papers; but found several boys waiting like myself. I joined their company, listened to them, and was much interested in