

**JACK BUNTLINE OR  
LIFE ON THE OCEAN**

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Jack Buntline or Life on the Ocean by William H. G. Kingston

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**WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON**

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JACK BUNTLINE,

OR

*LIFE ON THE OCEAN.*



Jack Bantline and Sambo on a Raft.—See p. 26.



# JACK BUNTLINE

OR

*LIFE ON THE OCEAN.*

BY

WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON,

AUTHOR OF "FIGHT THE WHALBS," "KINGSTON BEACHESIDE,"  
"THE BOY'S OWN BOOK OF BOATS," ETC.



LONDON:

SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND CO.

47 LUDGATE HILL.

1861.

250 c 183





## DEDICATION.

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MY DEAR MR. WALROND,

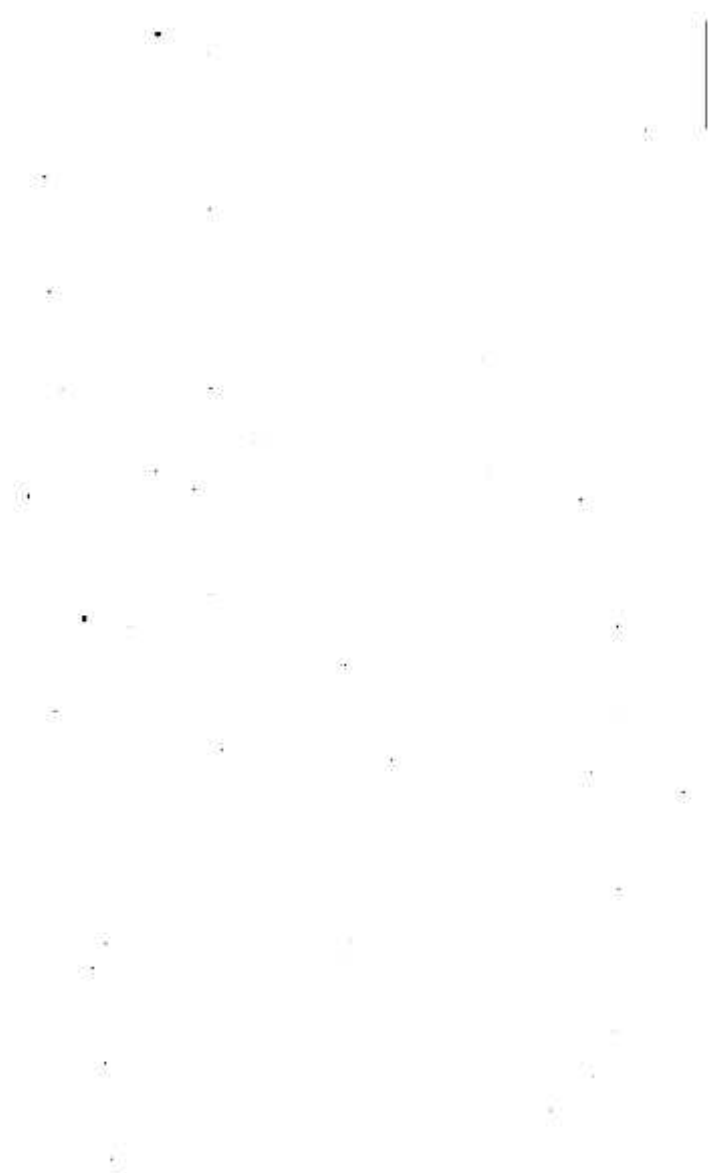
ALLOW me to dedicate the following little work to you, that I may have the gratification of expressing my admiration of the judgment, energy, and perseverance with which you have laboured in the great and noble cause we both have at heart—the spiritual welfare of the British seaman, so long unhappily neglected. Nearly twenty of our flags (the angel with the open Bible), waving in as many ports or roadsteads, joyfully proclaim that it is neglected no longer. Should thrice that number be hoisted ere long, as I pray God there may be in various parts of the world, I feel assured that you will be more gratified than you would be by attaining any reward which the whole earth could give you. That you may live to see abundant fruit from your labours, is the earnest wish of

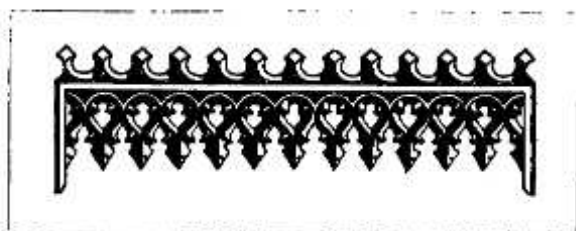
Yours most truly,

WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

*To the*

*Rev. Theodore A. Walrond,  
Secretary, Missions to Seamen.*





**L**OOK at you smooth-faced blue-eyed lad; his fair locks escaping from beneath his broad-brimmed hat stuck to the back of his head; his blue shirt collar, let in with white, turned over his neckhandkerchief, which is tied with long streaming ends; his loose jacket, his wide trousers. You know the sailor lad at a glance. He is a well cared for apprentice under a kind captain. He wins your regard by his artless frank manners, and you think all sailor boys are like him. Then see that fine specimen of a man rolling along, with his huge beard and whiskers, his love locks, his dark flashing eyes, his well bronzed countenance, his bare throat, his dress, similar to that of the lad, but of good quality and cut to a nicety. He looks the hero of the sea, and so he is, and so he feels himself.

What will he not dare and do? He will board a foeman's ship by his captain's side, however few