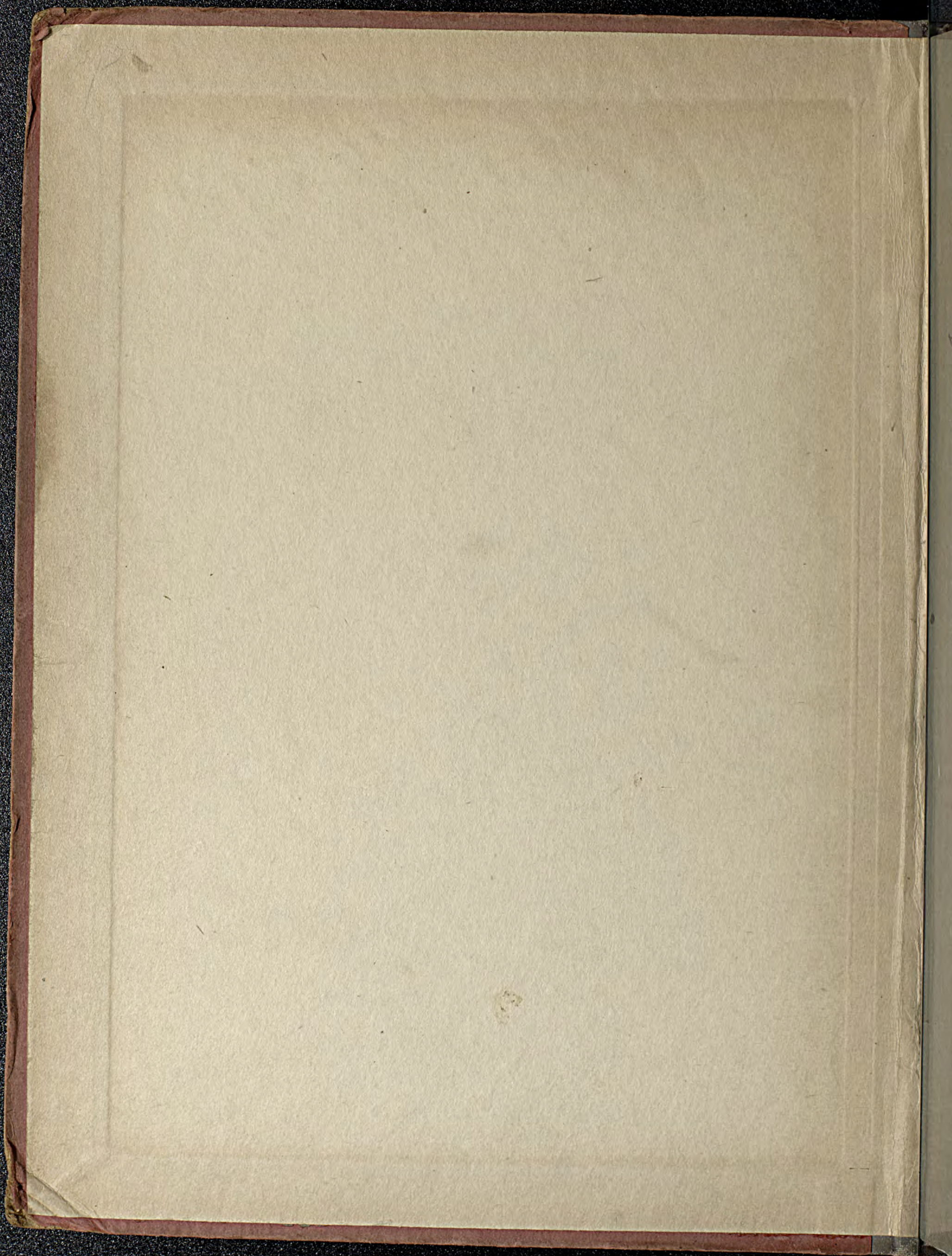


MASTERMAN READY



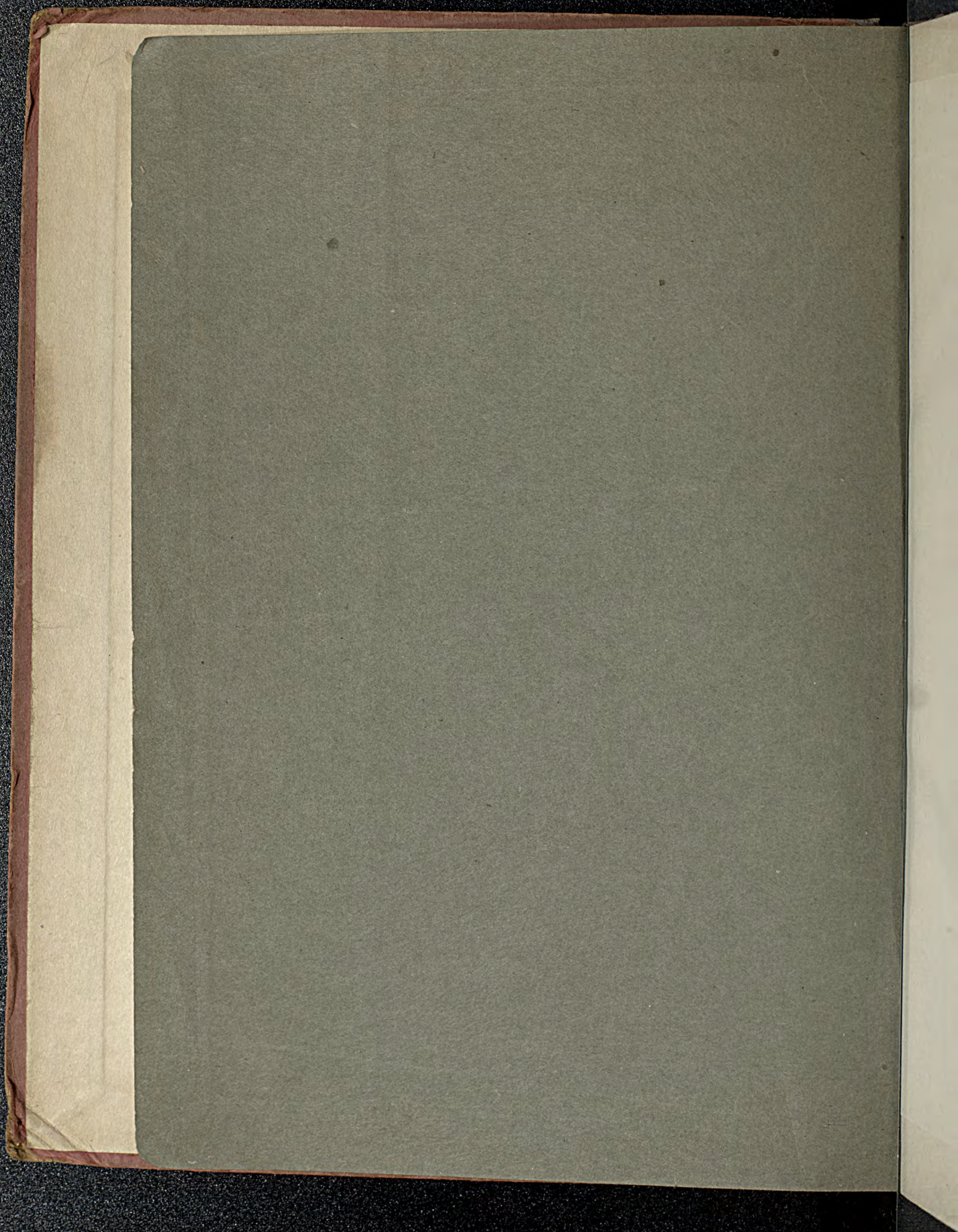
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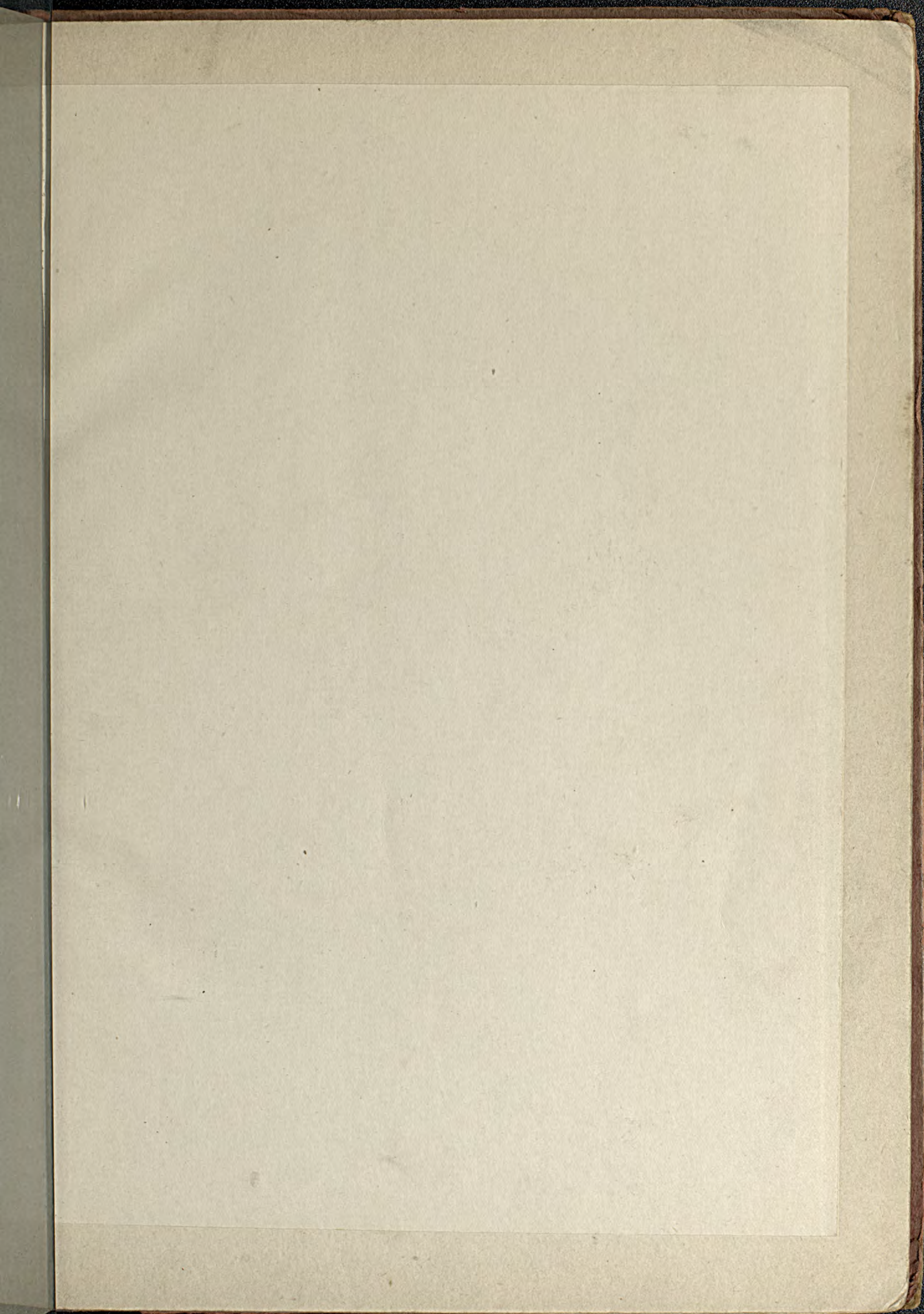


For my dear Douglas
wishing him "Many happy
returns of his Birthday."

Anna

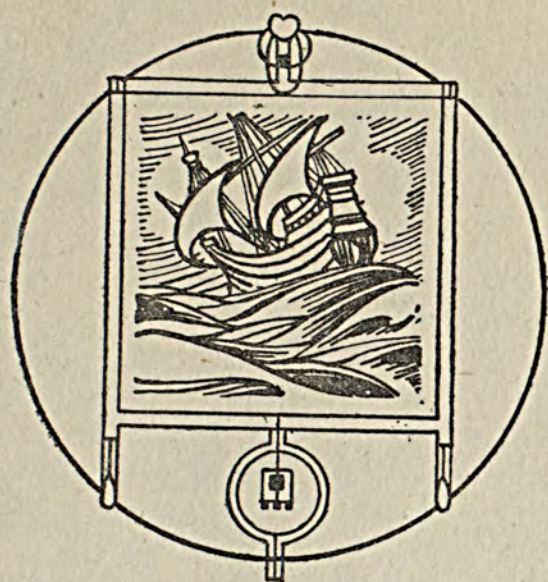
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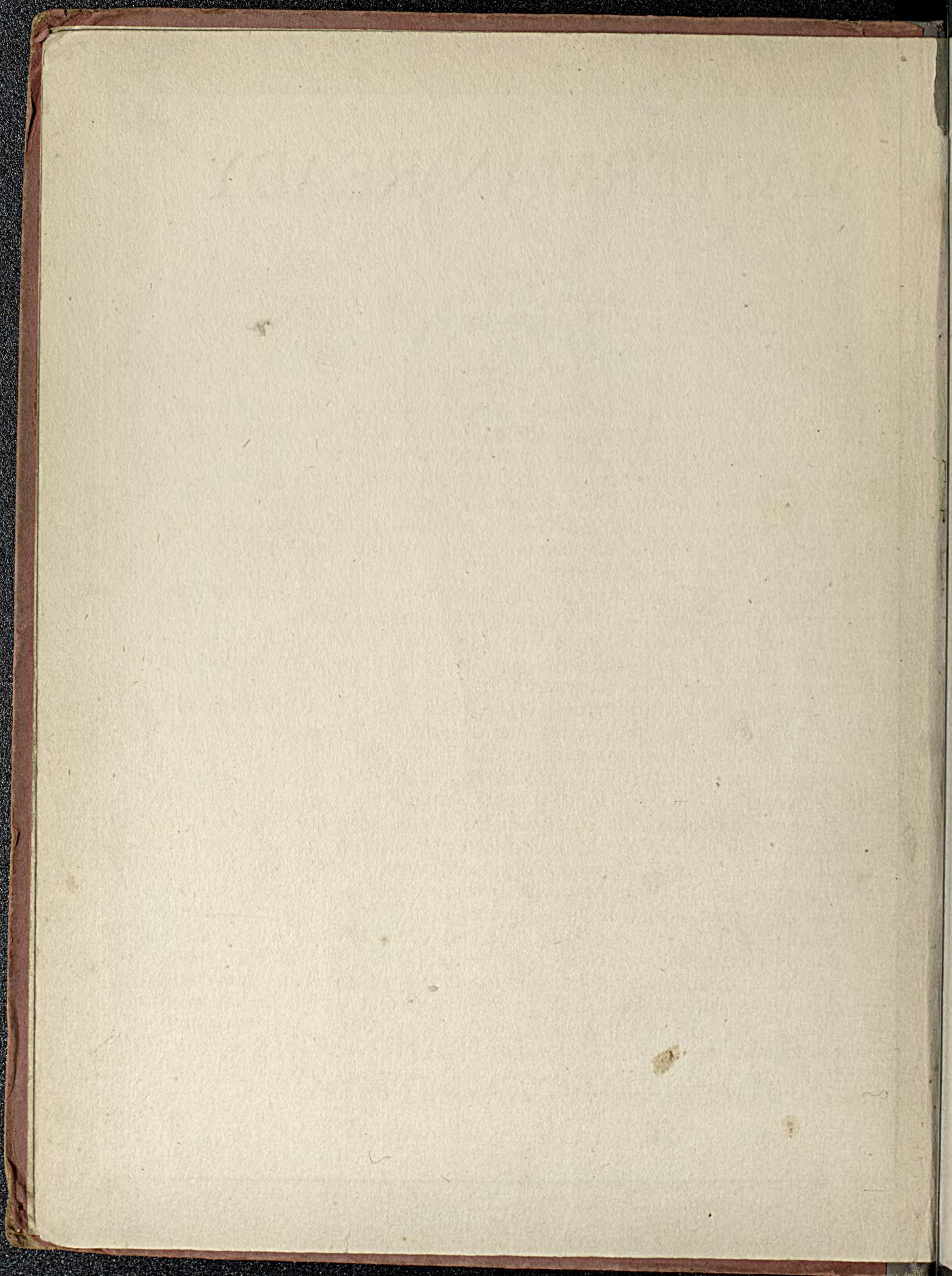
MASTERMAN READY



By
CAPTAIN MARRYAT

(Abridged)

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS
London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and New York



MASTERMAN READY.

It was in the month of October 18— that the *Pacific*, a large ship, was running before a gale of wind in the middle of the vast Atlantic Ocean.

Besides the captain of the ship and the two men at the wheel, there were two other personages on deck : one was a young lad about twelve years old, and the other a weather-beaten old seaman.

The young lad, observing a heavy sea coming up to the stern of the vessel, caught hold of the old man's arm, crying out, "Won't that great wave come into us, Ready?"

"No, Master William, it will not ; don't you see how the ship lifts her quarters to it? And now it has passed underneath us."

"I don't like the sea much, Ready ; I wish we were safe on shore again," replied the lad. "I wish you would help me down below, for I promised mamma not to stay up long."

"Then always keep your promises, like a good lad," replied the old man ; "now give me your hand, and I'll answer for it that we will fetch the hatchway without a tumble."

Having seen Master William safe to the cabin door, the old seaman returned to the deck, for it was his watch.

Masterman Ready, for such was his name, had been more than fifty years at sea, having been bound apprentice to a collier which sailed from South Shields when he was only ten years old. His face was browned from long exposure, and there were deep furrows on his cheeks, but he was still a hale and active man. He had served many years on board of a man-of-war, and had been in every climate ; he had many strange stories to tell, and he might be believed even when his stories were strange, for he would not tell an untruth. He could navigate a vessel, and, of course, he could read and write ; he had read his Bible over and over again. The name of Ready was very well suited to him, for he was seldom at a loss ; and in cases of difficulty and danger the captain would not hesitate to ask his opinion and take his advice. He was on board as second mate of the vessel.

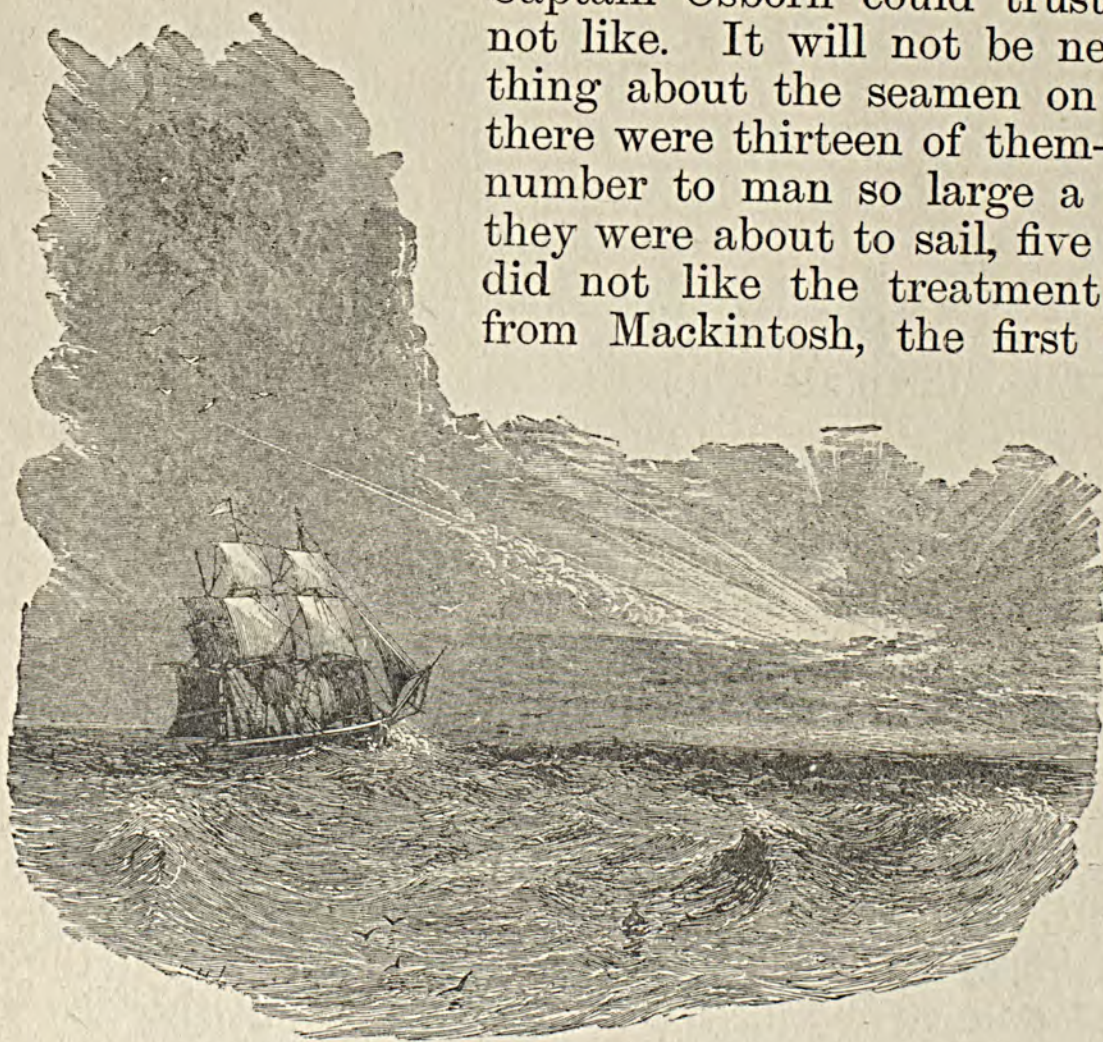
The *Pacific* was a very fine ship, and well able to contend with the most violent storm. She was of more than four hundred tons burthen, and was then making a passage out to New South Wales, with a valuable cargo of English hardware, cutlery, and other manufactures. The captain was a good navigator and seaman, and moreover a good man, of a cheerful, happy disposition. His name was Osborn. The first mate, whose name was Mackintosh, was a Scotsman, rough and ill-tempered, but paying strict attention to his duty—a man that

Captain Osborn could trust, but whom he did not like. It will not be necessary to say anything about the seamen on board, except that there were thirteen of them—hardly a sufficient number to man so large a vessel; but just as they were about to sail, five of the seamen, who did not like the treatment they had received from Mackintosh, the first mate, had left the

ship, and Captain Osborn did not choose to wait until he could obtain others in their stead. This proved unfortunate, as the events which we shall hereafter relate will show.

Master William, whom we have introduced to the reader, was

the eldest boy of a family who were passengers on board, consisting of the father, mother, and four children; his father was a Mr. Seagrave, a very well-informed, clever man, who having for many years held an office under Government at Sydney, the principal town in New South Wales, was now returning from a leave of absence of three years. He had purchased from the Government several thousand acres of land; it had since risen very much in value, and the sheep and cattle which he had put on it were proving a source of great profit. His property had been well managed during his absence in England, and he was



now taking out with him a variety of articles of every description for its improvement, and for his own use, such as furniture, implements of agriculture, seeds, plants, cattle, and many other things too numerous to mention.

Mrs. Seagrave was an amiable woman, but not in very strong health. The family consisted of William, who was the eldest, a clever, steady boy, but, at the same time, full of mirth and humour; Thomas, who was six years old, a very thoughtless but good-tempered boy, full of mischief, and always in a scrape; Caroline, a little girl of seven years; and Albert, a fine strong little fellow, who was not one year old; he was under the charge of a black girl called Juno, who had come from the Cape of Good Hope to Sydney, and had followed Mrs. Seagrave to England. We have now mentioned all the people on board the *Pacific*: perhaps we ought not to forget two shepherd's dogs, belonging to Mr. Seagrave, and a little terrier, which was a great favourite of Captain Osborn, to whom she belonged.

It was not until the fourth day from its commencement that the gale abated, and gradually subsided until it was nearly a calm. On the third day of the calm, the barometer fell so low as to induce Captain Osborn to believe that they should have a severe gale, and every preparation was made to meet it, should it come on.

Their preparations were hardly complete before the wind had settled to a fierce gale from the north-east. The sea rose rapidly; top-sail after topsail was furled; and by dusk the *Pacific* was flying through the water with the wind on her quarter, under reefed foresail and storm staysail. About three o'clock in the morning the wind suddenly subsided; it was but for a minute or two, and then it again burst on the vessel from another quarter of the compass, splitting the foresail into fragments, which lashed and flogged the wind till they were torn away by it, and carried far to leeward. Captain Osborn was standing by the weather gunnel, holding on by one of the belaying pins, when he said to Mackintosh, who was near him,—

“How long will this last, think you?”

“Longer than the ship will,” replied the mate gravely.

“I should hope not,” replied the captain; “still, it cannot look worse.—What do you think, Ready?”

“Far more fear from above than from below just now,” replied Ready, pointing to the yard-arms of the ship, to each of which little balls of electric matter were attached, flaring out to a point. “Look at those two clouds, sir, rushing at each other; if I——”

Ready had not time to finish what he would have said before a blaze of light so dazzling that it left them all in utter darkness for some seconds afterwards burst upon their vision, accompanied with a peal of thunder at which the whole vessel trembled fore and aft. A crash, a rushing forward, and a shriek were heard; and when they had recovered their eyesight, the foremast had been rent by the



lightning as if it had been a lath, and the ship was in flames: the men at the wheel, blinded by the lightning, as well as appalled, could not steer; the ship broached to; away went the mainmast over the side, and all was wreck, confusion, and dismay.

Fortunately the heavy seas which poured over the forecastle soon extinguished the flames; but the ship lay now helpless, and at the mercy of the waves. There was much delay and much confusion before they could clear away the wreck of the

masts; and, as soon as they could make inquiry, they found that four of the men had been killed by the lightning and the fall of the foremast, and there were now but eight remaining, besides Captain Osborn and his two mates.

Sailors are never discouraged by danger as long as they have any chance of relieving themselves by their own exertions. Mackintosh, the first mate, rallied the men, and contrived himself to fix a block and strap to the still smoking stump of the foremast; a rope was rove through the block, and the maintop-gallant sail hoisted, so that the vessel might run faster and answer her helm better than she did.

The ship was again before the wind, and comparatively safe, notwithstanding the heavy blows she now received from the pursuing waves. Night again came on, but there was no repose, and the men were worn out with exposure and fatigue. Captain Osborn and Ready

had often gone down to afford some assistance and comfort to the passengers in the cabin. Mrs. Seagrave, worn out with fear and anxiety, had become seriously unwell, and her husband watched her; the children were persuaded to remain in their beds, and the infant never left the arms of the patient and unwearied Juno.

The third day of the gale dawned, but the appearances were as alarming as ever. The countenance of Captain Osborn showed great anxiety: the carpenter was busy fixing a step for one of the spare topmasts instead of a mainmast, and the men were fitting the rigging;



the ship unfortunately had sprung a leak, and four hands at the pumps interfered very much with their task. Before night the gale again blew, the sea rose, and the leaking of the vessel increased so much that all other labour was suspended for that at the pump. For two more days did the storm continue, during which time the crew were worn out with fatigue—they could pump no longer: the ship, as she rolled, proved that she had a great deal of water in her hold—when, melancholy as were their prospects already, a new disaster took place, which was attended with most serious results. Captain Osborn was on the forecastle giving some orders to the men, when the strap of the block which hoisted up the maintop-gallant yard on the stump of the foremast gave way, the yard and sail came down on the deck, and struck him senseless. As long as Captain Osborn commanded them, the sailors had so high an opinion of his abilities as a seaman, and were so encouraged by his cheerful disposition, that they performed their work well and cheerfully; but now that he was, if not killed, at all events senseless and incapable of action, they no longer felt themselves under control. Mackintosh was too much disliked by the seamen to allow his words to have any weight with them. They were regardless of his injunctions or requests, and they now consulted among themselves.

“The gale is broke, my men,” observed Ready, going up to the sailors on the forecastle. “The wind is going down fast.”

"Yes," replied one of the men, "and the ship is going down fast—that's quite as certain."

"A good spell at the pumps would do us some good now," replied Ready. "What d'ye say, my lads?"

"A glass of grog or two would do us more," replied the seaman. "What d'ye say, my boys? I don't think that the captain would refuse us, poor fellow, if he could speak."

"What do you mean to do, my lads?" inquired Mackintosh—"not get drunk, I hope?"

"Why not?" observed another of the men; "the ship must go down soon."

"Perhaps she may—I will not deny it," said Mackintosh; "but that is no reason why we should not be saved. Now, if you get drunk, there is no chance of any one being saved, and my life is precious to me. I'm ready to join with you in anything you please; but get drunk you shall not, if I can help it—that's certain."

As Mackintosh's courage and determination were well known, the seamen again consulted, and then asked him what he proposed.

"We have one good boat left—the new yawl on the booms; the others, as you know, are washed away, with the exception of the little boat astern, which is useless, as she is knocked almost to pieces. Now we cannot be very far from some of the islands—indeed I think we are among them now. Let us fit out the boat with everything which we require, go about our work steadily and quietly, drink as much grog now as will not hurt us, and take a good provision of it with us. The boat is complete with her masts, sails, and oars; and it's very hard if we do not save ourselves somewhere. Ready, do I give good advice?"

"You give very good advice, Mackintosh—only what is to become of the cabin passengers, the women and children? and are you going to leave poor Captain Osborn, who lays there abaft, insensible?"

"We won't leave the captain," said one of the seamen.

"And the passengers?"

"Very sorry for them," replied the spokesman; "but we shall have enough to do to save our own lives; the boat is not over large."

"Well, my lads, I agree with you," said Mackintosh. "Charity begins at home. What do you say, then?—shall it be so?"

"Yes," replied the seamen unanimously; and Ready knew that it was vain to expostulate. They now set about preparing the boat and providing for their wants. Biscuits, salt pork, two or three small casks of water, and a barrel of rum were collected at the gangway;

Mackintosh brought up his quadrant and a compass, some muskets, powder and shot; the carpenter, with the assistance of another man, cut away the ship's bulwarks down to the gunnel, so as to enable them to launch the boat overboard, for they could not of course hoist her out now that the masts were gone. In an hour everything was prepared. A long rope was made fast to the boat, which was brought to the gunnel ready for launching overboard, and then the ship's broadside was brought to the wind. Ready had taken no part in their labour; he had once or twice sounded the well, to ascertain if the water gained upon the ship, and then sat down by the side of Captain Osborn, who still remained insensible from the blow which he had received on his head. As the ship was brought to the wind, Mr. Seagrave came on deck and looked around him.

He perceived the boat ready for launching, the provisions and water at the gangway, the ship brought to the wind; at last he saw Ready sitting down by Captain Osborn, who was apparently dead. "What is all this, Ready?" inquired Mr. Seagrave. "Are they going to leave the ship? have they killed Captain Osborn?"

"No, sir. Poor Captain Osborn was struck down by the fall of the yard, and has been insensible ever since; but as to the other matter, I fear that is decided; you see they are launching the boat."

"But my poor wife, she will never be able to go—she cannot move—she is so ill!"

"I'm afraid, Mr. Seagrave, that they have no idea of taking either you or your wife or your children with them."

"What! leave us here to perish? Merciful Heaven! how cruel!"

"It is not kind, Mr. Seagrave; but still it is the law of nature. We must put our trust in a merciful God, Mr. Seagrave, who will dispose of us as He thinks fit."

"We must. What! do not you go with them?"

"No, Mr. Seagrave. I have been thinking about it this last hour, and I have made up my mind to remain with you. But here the seamen come; the boat is all ready, and they will now take poor Captain Osborn with them."

The sailors lifted up the still insensible captain. As they were going away, one of them said, "Come, Ready, there's no time to lose."

"I shall stick to the ship," replied Ready.

"Nonsense, Ready! come into the boat," replied the first mate.

"I shall stay here, Mr. Mackintosh; and I only beg that you will acquaint Mr. Seagrave's friends with what has happened, and

where it is most likely we may be found. Do you promise me that you will do this?"

"Yes, I do, Ready, if you are determined to stay; but," continued he, whispering, "it is madness: come away, man!"

"Good-bye, Mr. Mackintosh," replied Ready, extending his hand.

For some time after the boat had shoved off from the ship, old Ready remained with his arms folded, watching it in silence, and Mr. Seagrave stood by him.

"They think that they will be saved and that we must perish, Mr. Seagrave; they forget that there is a Power above who will Himself decide that point—a Power compared to which the efforts of weak man are as nought. Look there, sir," said he, pointing out some floating seaweed to Mr. Seagrave.

"I perceive it," said Mr. Seagrave. "And look there, where I point my finger. I think I see something, but I can hardly tell what it is: it appears to be in the air, and yet it is not clouds."

"You're right, sir," replied Ready; "there is something. That is an island, sir, depend upon it; but I will go down and get my glass."

"It is the land, Mr. Seagrave," said Ready, after examining it with his glass; "yes, it is so. I must now go to the helm, for we must steer right for the island; it would not do to pass it, for, Mr. Seagrave, although the ship does not leak so much as she did, yet I must now tell you that I do not think that she could be kept more than twenty-four hours above water."

When they were within three or four miles of the island, Mr. Seagrave went forward and directed the steering of the vessel. When



they were within half a mile of it, the colour of the water changed, very much to the satisfaction of Ready, who knew that the weather side of the island would not be so steep, as was usually the case; still it was an agitating moment as they ran on to the beach. They were now within

a cable's length, and still the ship did not ground; a little nearer, and there was a grating at her bottom—it was the breaking of the coral trees, which grew below like forests under water; again she grated, and more harshly, then struck, and then again; at last she

struck violently, as the swell lifted her farther on, and then remained fast and quiet. Ready let go the helm to ascertain the position of the ship. He looked over the stern and around the ship, and found that she was firmly fixed, fore and aft, upon a bed of coral rocks.

"All's well so far, sir," said Ready to Mr. Seagrave; "and now let us return thanks to Heaven."

Ready kneeled down on the deck, took off his hat, and remained a short time in prayer. Mr. Seagrave did the same; the children at first looked on, and wondered, and then knelt down by the side of them, following the example of Juno.

As they rose, William came up and said, "Father, my mother has sent me to you; she was awakened by the noise under the ship's bottom, and is frightened—will you go down to her?"

"Yes, my child, directly," said Mr. Seagrave.

"What is the matter, my dear—and where have you all been?" exclaimed Mrs. Seagrave, when her husband went down below. "I was in such a sound sleep, and I was awakened with such a dreadful noise."

"Be composed, my dear," replied Mr. Seagrave; "we have been in great danger, and are now, I trust, in safety. Tell me, are you not better for your long sleep?"

"Yes, much better; but do tell me what has happened."

"Much took place, before you went to sleep, which was concealed from you; but now, as I expect we shall go on shore in a short time——"

"Go on shore, my dear?"

"Yes, on shore. Now be calm, and hear what has happened, and how much we have reason to be grateful to Heaven."

Mr. Seagrave then entered into a detail of all that had passed. Mrs. Seagrave heard him without reply; and when he had finished, she threw herself in his arms, and wept bitterly.

Mr. Seagrave remained with his wife, using all his efforts to console her, until Juno reappeared with the children, for it was now getting late; and then Mr. Seagrave returned on deck to consult with Ready.

"I grant that there is no immediate danger, Ready. How are we to get on shore?" he asked.

"I have thought of that, sir, and I must have your assistance, and even that of Master William, to get the little boat on board to repair her."

"And when we get on shore?"

"Why, Mr. Seagrave, there are cocoanut trees in plenty on that

island. I expect a little difficulty with regard to water, for the island is low—very low and small; but we cannot expect to find everything exactly as we wish. Now, Mr. Seagrave, you may go down below. Master William had better let loose the two dogs, and give them a little victuals, for we have quite forgot them, poor things. I shall keep watch; so, good-night, sir."

Mr. Seagrave wished Ready good-night, and went below. Ready remained on deck, fixing his tackles ready for the morrow. At last, tired out, the old man fell asleep. He was wakened at daylight by the dogs, and at once rose to make preparations for the day's work.

"Now let me see," said he, talking to himself; "first—but I'll get the logboard and a bit of chalk, and write them down."

Ready placed the logboard on the hencoop, and then wrote on it with the chalk:—"Three dogs, two goats, and Billy, the kid (I think there's five pigs); fowls (quite enough); three or four pigeons (I'm sure); the cow (she has lain down and won't get up again, I'm afraid, so we must kill her); and there's the Merino ram and sheep belonging to Mr. Seagrave—plenty of live stock. Now, what's the first things we must get on shore after we are all landed? A spar and top-gallant sail for a tent, a coil or two of rope, a mattress or two for madam and the children, two axes, hammer and nails, something to eat—yes, and something to cut it with." "There, that will do for the present," said old Ready, getting up. "Now I'll just light the fire, get the water on, and boil two or three pieces of beef and pork to go on shore with them; and then I'll call up Mr. Seagrave, for I reckon it will be a hard day's work: and may we have God's blessing on it!"

As soon as Ready had executed his intentions, and had fed the animals, he went to the cabin, and called Mr. Seagrave and William.

The boat was turned over, and Ready commenced his work; while Mr. Seagrave, at his request, put the pitch-pot on the galley fire, all ready for pitching the canvas when it was nailed on. It was not till dinner-time that Ready, who had worked hard, could patch up the boat; he then payed the canvas and the seams which he had caulked with pitch both inside and out.

"I think we shall do now, sir," said Ready; "we'll drag her to the gangway and launch her."

A rope was made fast to the boat, to hold her to the ship; she was then launched over the gunnel by Mr. Seagrave and Ready, and to their great satisfaction she appeared to leak very little.

"Now, sir," said Ready, "I think, as the water is as smooth as

glass, and we can land anywhere, that you and I had better go first to reconnoitre."

"Very well, Ready; I will first run down and tell my wife."

Ready put the sail in, an axe, a musket, and some cord. Mr. Seagrave came up again; they both got into the boat, and pulled to a sandy cove, with brushwood growing in front of the cocoanut trees.

In a few minutes they arrived at the cove; the water was shallow, and as clear as crystal. They pulled the boat in, and landed.

"Well, Ready, now that we are on the island, what do you think?"

"I was looking for a place to fix a tent up for the present, sir, and I think that on that little rise would be a very good place till we can look about us and do better; but we have no time now, sir, for we have plenty of trips to make before nightfall. If you please, we'll haul the sail and other articles on to the beach, and then return on board."

As soon as they returned on board, Mr. Seagrave went down to cheer his wife with the account of what they had seen. In a few minutes Juno and Tommy made their appearance on deck; Ready put some tools into the boat, and a couple of shovels, which he brought up when he went for the dogs, and once more they landed at the cove.

"Here are two trees which will answer our purpose pretty well," said Ready, when they reached the little knoll. "We must lash the spars up to them, and then throw the sail over, and bring it down to the ground at both ends."

"But how can we reach so high, Ready?"

"Why, sir, we can manage that by first lashing a spar as high as we can reach, and then standing on that while we lash the other in its proper place. I shall bring another spar on shore, that we may do the same when we set up the other tent."

Having by this plan succeeded in lashing the spar high enough, and throwing the sail over the spar, Ready and Mr. Seagrave spread it out, and found that it made a very good-sized tent.

After some further trips to the ship for stores, Mrs. Seagrave and the others were safely landed, and the second tent was then completed.

Mr. Seagrave then offered up a prayer of thankfulness, and they all retired to rest.

Mr. Seagrave was the first who awoke and rose from his bed on the ensuing morning. He stepped out of the tent, and looked around.

The dogs, which had crept into the tent and laid themselves down by the side of William and Tommy, now fawned upon him.

Every one was awake except old Ready, who appeared still to sleep

very sound. Mrs. Seagrave had passed a very good night, and felt herself much refreshed. William made some touch-paper, which he lighted with one of the glasses from the telescope, and they soon had a good fire. Mr. Seagrave went to the beach, and procured three large stones to rest the saucepan on; and in half an hour the water was boiling and the tea made.

Juno had taken the children down to the cove, and, walking out into the water up to her knees, had dipped them in all over, as the shortest way of washing them, and had then dressed them and left them with their mother, while she assisted William to get the cups and saucers and plates for breakfast. Everything was laid out nice and tidy, and then William proposed that he should awaken old Ready.

"Have you had sleep enough?" said William, as the old man sat up.

"Yes, Master William. I have had a good nap, I expect; and now I will get up."

While they were at breakfast, William told Ready how Juno had dipped all the children in the sea.

"But Juno must not do that again," replied Ready, "until I have made all safe; you know that there are plenty of sharks about these islands, and it is very dangerous to go into the water. When I have time I shall make a place for you to bathe in in safety; but we have plenty to do before we think of that, and we must decide whether we shall stay here or not."

"Stay here or not, Ready!—what do you mean?"

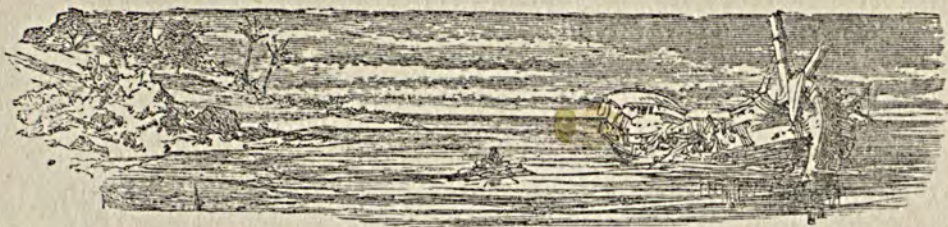
"Why, we have not yet found any water, and that is the first necessary of life; if there is no water on this side of the island, we must pitch our tents somewhere else."

"That's very true," replied Mr. Seagrave; "I wish we could find time to explore a little."

"So we can, sir, but we must not lose this fine weather. It may be rough to-morrow, and then we shall not be able to get anything from the ship. We had better go now."

The whole day was spent in landing every variety of article which they thought could be useful. All the small sails, cordage, twine, canvas, small casks, saws, chisels, and large nails, and elm and oak planks, were brought on shore before dinner. After they had taken a hearty dinner, they went to work again. The cabin tables and chairs, all their clothes, some boxes of candles, two bags of coffee, two of rice, two more of biscuits, several pieces of beef and pork, and bags of flour

(for they could not manage to get a whole cask out), some more water, the grindstone, and Mrs. Seagrave's medicine-chest were then landed. When Ready came off again, he said, "Our poor boat is getting very leaky, and will not take much more on shore without being repaired. We had better, before it is dark, get all the animals on shore. I don't much



like to trust them to swim on shore, but they are awkward things in a boat. We'll try a pig, at all events; and while I get one up, do you and Master William tie the legs of the fowls, and put them into the boat. As for the cow, she cannot be brought on shore: she is still lying down, and I expect won't get up again any more; however, I have given her plenty of hay, and if she don't rise, why, I will kill her, and we can salt her down."

Ready went down below, and the squealing of the pig was soon heard; he came on deck with it hanging over his back by the hind legs, and threw it into the sea; the pig floundered at first, but after a few seconds it turned its head away from the ship and swam for the shore.

"He goes ashore straight enough," said Ready, who, with Mr. Seagrave and William, was watching the animal; but a minute afterwards Ready exclaimed,—

"I thought as much—we've lost him! D'ye see that black thing above water pushing so fast to the animal? That's the back fin of a shark, and he will have the poor thing; there, he's got him!" said Ready, as the pig disappeared under the water with a heavy splash.

As soon as the pigs were in the boat, Ready sculled it on shore, while Mr. Seagrave and William brought up the goats and sheep ready for the next trip. Ready soon returned. "Now this will be our last trip for to-day, and, if I am any judge of the weather, our last trip for some days; it is banking up very thick in the offing."

They got into the boat, which was deeply laden, for the corn was heavy; but they got safe on shore, although the boat leaked very much.

They were not at all sorry, after their hard day's work, to find that Juno had prepared coffee for them.

"We shall have plenty to do here to-morrow," observed Mr. Seagrave, "in getting things into their places."

"We shall have plenty to do for some time, I expect," replied Ready. "In two months, or thereabouts, we shall have the rainy

season come on, and we must be under cover before that time, if we can. We can't expect this weather to last all the year round."

"Well, I think it's time for us all to go to bed," said Mr. Seagrave. "William, bring your mamma the Bible."

When breakfast was over the next morning, Ready observed, "Now, Mr. Seagrave, we must decide upon an exploring party for to-morrow. The first question is, of whom is the party to consist?"

"Why, Ready," replied Mr. Seagrave, "it appears to me that you and William should go."

"That point's settled, then," observed Ready; "the next is to prepare for our journey. We must take some provisions and water with us, a gun and some ammunition, a large axe for me, and one of the hatchets for Master William; and, if you please, Romulus and Remus had better come with us, and Vixen shall remain with you. Juno, put a piece of beef into the pot. Master William, will you fill four quart bottles with water, while I sew up a knapsack out of canvas for each of us?"

Before they went to prayers and retired for the night, the axe was sharpened, the knapsacks made, and everything else ready.

"When do you intend to start, Ready?" said Mr. Seagrave.

"Why, sir, I should like to get off at the dawn of day, when the heat is not so great."

"And when do you intend to come back?" said Mrs. Seagrave.

"I hope to be back some time on Friday evening, but I won't be later than Saturday morning if I can help it."

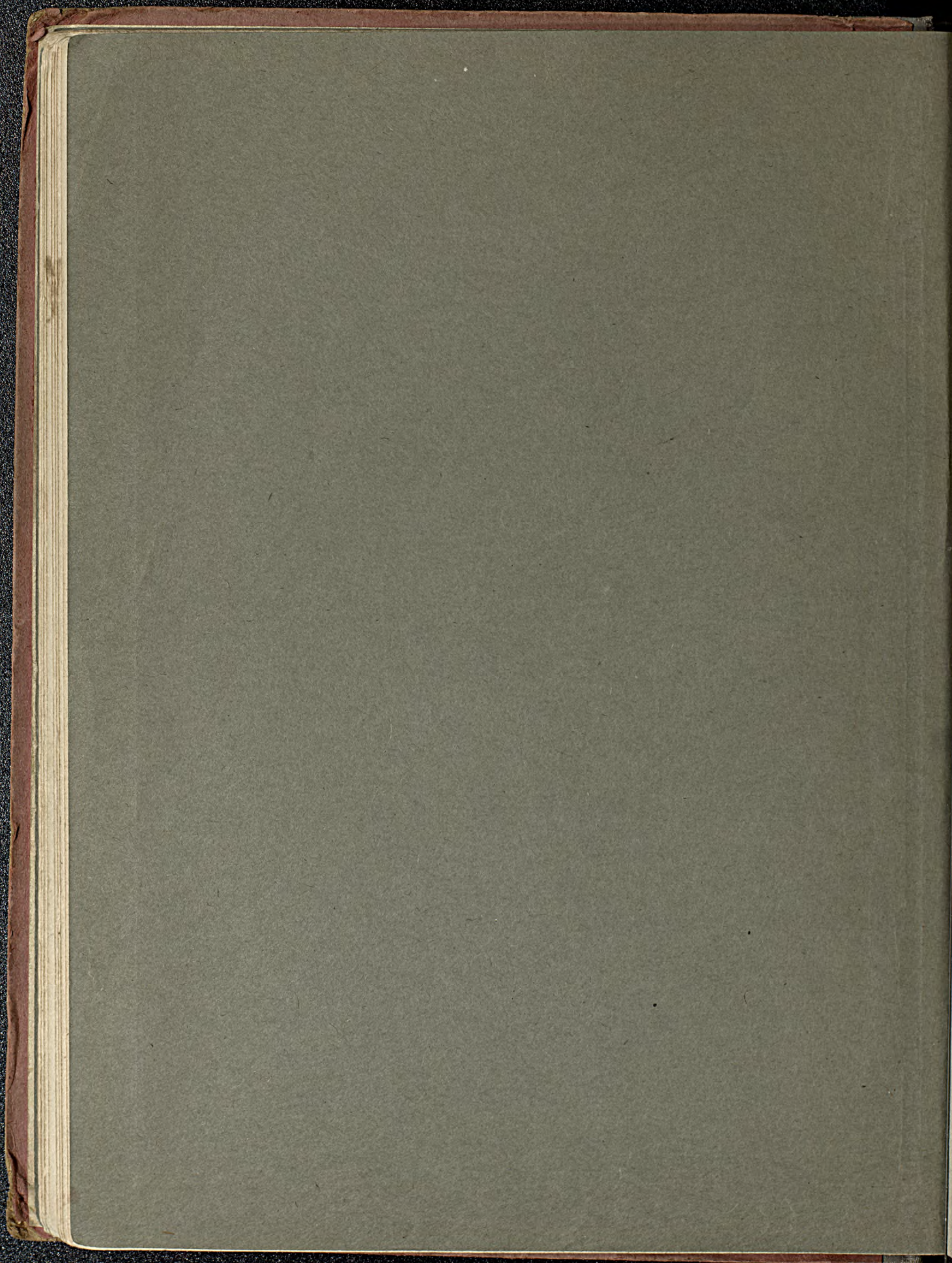
"Good-night—and good-bye, mother," said William, "for I shall not see you to-morrow."

"God bless and protect you, my dear child," replied Mrs. Seagrave. "Take care of him, Ready, and good-bye to you till we meet."

Ready was up before the sun had appeared, and he awakened William; they dressed themselves in silence, because they did not wish that Mrs. Seagrave should be disturbed.

As soon as the knapsacks were on, Ready took the axe and the gun, and asked William if he thought he could carry a small spade on his shoulder, which they had brought on shore along with the shovels. William replied that he could; and the dogs, who appeared to know they were going, were all ready standing by them, when Ready went to one of the small water-casks, took a drink himself, gave one to William, and then as much to the dogs as they would drink. Having done this, just as the sun rose, they turned into the cocoanut grove, and were soon out of sight of the tents.





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"Now, Master William, do you know," said Ready, stopping after they had walked twenty yards, "how we may find our way back again? This forest of trees is rather puzzling, and there is no path to guide us. We must *blaze* the trees."

"Blaze them! What! set fire to them?" replied William.

"No, no, Master William. *Blaze* is a term they use when they cut a slice of the bark off the trunk of a tree, iust with one blow of a sharp axe, as a mark to find their way back again. They do not blaze every tree, but about every tenth tree, first one to the right, and then one to the left, which is quite sufficient. So now we'll begin. But I have another friend in my pocket," continued Ready, "and I must use him soon—poor Captain Osborn's pocket compass."

Ready and William continued their way for more than an hour longer, marking the trees as they went along; they then sat down to take their breakfast, and the two dogs lay down by them.

When they recommenced their journey the ground became more undulating, though still covered with cocoanut trees. They continued their march, occasionally looking at the compass, until William showed symptoms of weariness.

"How many miles do you think we have walked?" said Willy.

"About eight. It's slow work, travelling by compass, and marking the trees."

They now descended into a small hollow, and then went uphill again. As soon as they arrived at the top, William cried out, "The sea, Ready! there's the sea!"

Ready remained for some time without speaking; he scanned the



horizon right and left ; he surveyed the reefs in the distance ; and then he turned his eyes along the land. At last William said,—

“What are you thinking of, Ready?”

“I am thinking that we must look for water as fast as we can.”

“But why are you so anxious?”

“Because, Master Willy, I can see no island to leeward of us, as I expected, and therefore there is less chance of getting off this island ; but we cannot judge at first sight. Let us now sit down and take our dinner, and after that we will explore a little.”

As soon as their meal was finished, they continued their walk ; and, forcing their way through the brushwood which grew thick upon the point of land, they soon arrived at the end of it.

“What is that out there?” said William, pointing out to sea.

“That is another island, Master William, which I am very glad to see. It is a much larger island than this. Well, we have done very well for our first day. I am rather tired, and so, I presume, are you ; so now we will look for a place to pass the night.”

They returned to the high ground where the cocoanut grove ended, and collecting together several branches and piles of leaves, made a good soft bed under the trees.

William slept as sound as if he had been on shore in England upon a soft bed in a warm room—so did old Ready ; and when they woke the next morning it was broad daylight. The poor dogs were suffering for want of water, and it pained William very much to see them with their tongues out, panting and whining as they looked up to him. “Now, Master William,” said Ready, “shall we take our breakfast before we start, or have a walk first?”

“Ready, I cannot really drink a drop of water myself, and I am thirsty, unless you give a little to these poor dogs.”

“I pity the poor dumb creatures as much as you do, Master Willy ; depend upon it, it’s not out of unkindness ; on the contrary, it is kindness to ourselves and them too which makes me refuse it to them ; however, if you like, we will take a walk first, and see if we can find any water.”

They soon came to a dell, and the dogs snuffed about.

“Look, Ready, at Romulus and Remus—how hard they are digging with their paws there in the hollow !”

“Thanks to Heaven that they are, Master William.”

Ready walked quickly to where the dogs continued digging, and it was with difficulty he could get them out of his way to use his spade.

He had not dug two feet before the water trickled down, and in four or five minutes the dogs had sufficient to drink copiously.

"That is a plenteous spring, depend upon it, sir," said Ready, as they walked back to where they had slept and left their knapsacks; "but we must clear it out farther up among the trees, where the sun cannot reach it, and then it will be cool, and not be dried up. Where we are now will be a capital spot to build our house on."

As soon as the breakfast was over, Ready said, "Now we must go down and explore the other point, for you see, Master William, I have not yet found a passage through the reef, and as our little boat must come round this side of the island, it is at the point on this side that I must try to find an entrance."

At the end of the point of land they found that the water was deep, even close to the beach, and there was a passage of many yards wide.

"I'm quite satisfied now, William, and all we have now to think of is moving away from the other side of the island as fast as possible."

"Shall we go back to-day?"

"Yes, I think so. It is not twelve o'clock, I should think, and we shall have plenty of time."

So, calling the dogs, they set off on their journey back to the cove.

Guided by the marks made on the trees, William and Ready made rapid progress in their return.

"There is a gale coming on, Master William," said Ready, as they cleared the wood: "let us go on to the huts as fast as possible, for we must see that all is as secure as we can make it."

The dogs now bounded forward, and in a moment more William was pressed in his mother's arms.

"I am glad that you are come back, Ready," said Mr. Seagrave, shaking him by the hand; "I fear that bad weather is coming on."

"I am sure of it," replied Ready, "and we must expect a blustering night. It looks threatening. Now we must go down and haul up our little boat as far from the beach as we possibly can."

The boat was soon hauled up high into the brushwood, and then Ready, assisted by Mr. Seagrave, got out some heavy canvas and lines, and commenced putting it as a double cover over the tents, to keep out the rain; they also secured the tents with guys and stays of rope, so as to prevent them being blown down.

As the sun went down the whole family retired to bed. The storm now raged furiously, the lightning was accompanied by loud peals of thunder, and the children awoke and cried with fright, till they were

hushed to sleep again. A dreadful and weary night they all passed, anxiously waiting for the morning. At dawn of day, Ready went out of the tent, and found that the gale had spent its force. He turned

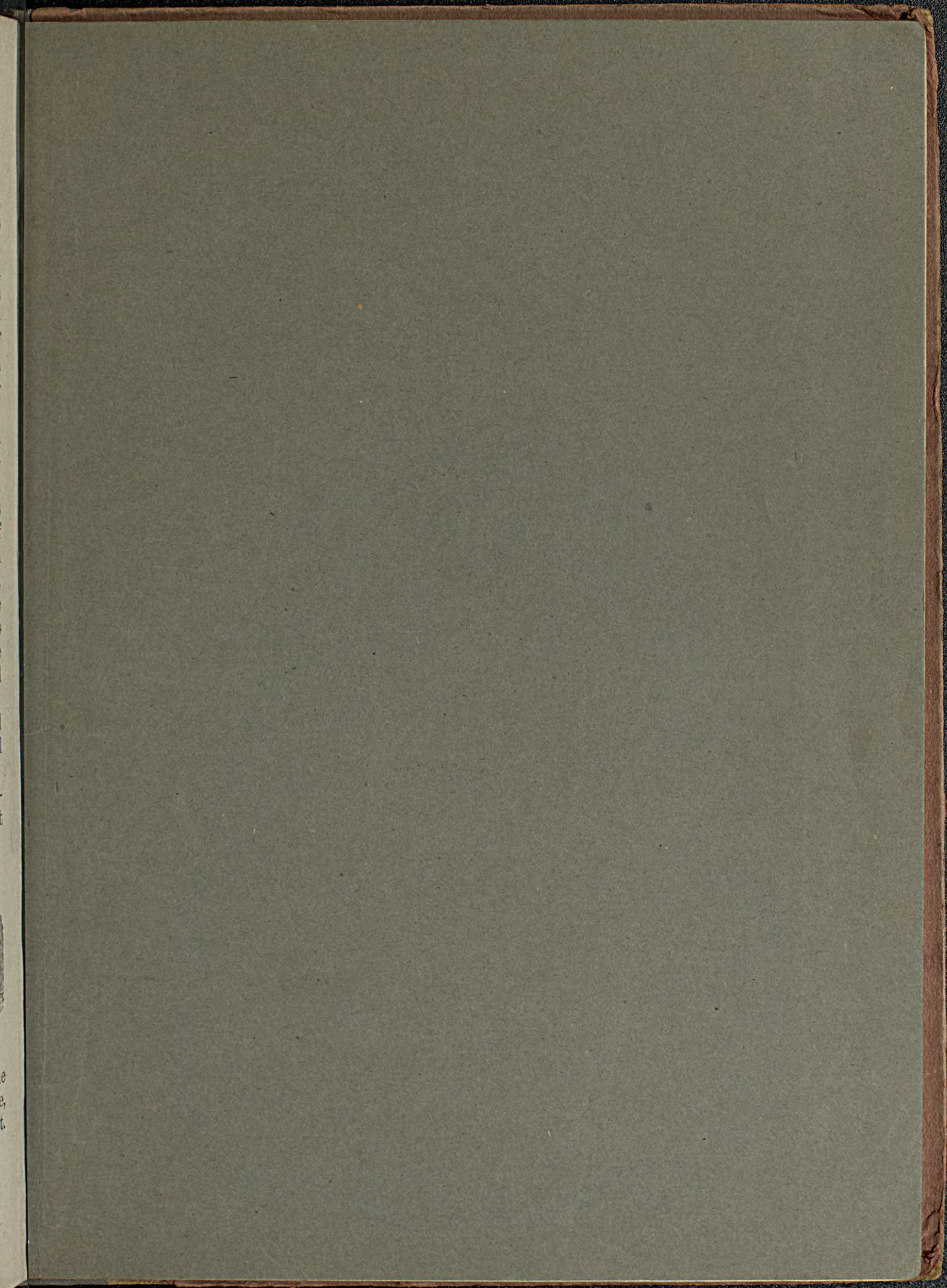
his eyes to where the ship had been fixed on the rocks, it was no longer there ; but the fragments of it and the contents of the holds were floating about in every direction, or tossing amongst the surf on the beach.

They went down to the beach after breakfast. Ready first procured from the stores a good stout rope, and as the waves threw up casks and timbers of the vessel, they stopped them from being washed back again, and hauled them up with the rope until they were landed. As for the timbers and planks of the vessel, they left them to be landed whenever chance might direct.

Everything was now preparing for their removal to the leeward side of the island. Ready had nearly completed the boat ; he had given it a thorough repair, and fitted a mast and sail.

On the eighth day after the gale they were ready, and a consultation was held. It was arranged that Ready should put into the boat the bedding and canvas of one tent, and should take William with him on his expedition. Having transported this safe, he should return for a load of the most necessary articles ; and then the family should walk through the grove to the other side of the island, and remain there with Mr. Seagrave while Ready and William returned for the other tent. It was a lovely calm morning when Ready and William pushed off in the boat, which was well loaded ; and as soon as they were clear of the cove, they hoisted the sail, and went away before the wind along the coast.







In two hours they had run to the eastern end of the island, and hauled up close in shore. In a very short time they had lowered the sail, and were pulling in for the sandy beach.

The boat was soon unloaded, but they had some way to carry up the things. Willy reported the spring to be up to the brim with water, and that he had never drunk any water so excellent in his life. They then pushed off the boat, and, after rowing for about two hours or more, found themselves at the entrance of the cove, and Mrs. Seagrave, with Tommy by her side, waving her handkerchief to them.

"When do we set off?" asked Mrs. Seagrave, when they had come ashore.

"Not till the day after to-morrow, ma'am, I should think; for I must have another trip for the cooking utensils and the bundles which you have made up. If you will spare Juno to walk through the wood with Master William to-morrow, we will then have the tent ready for you and the children. Mr. Seagrave will remain with you, ma'am."

"Certainly, Ready; and had they not better lead over the sheep and goats? It will be doing something."

"I thank you for thinking of it, ma'am; it will be time saved."

Old Ready had his boat loaded and had made sail for the other side of the island long before the family were up; indeed, before they were dressed he had landed his whole cargo on the beach, and was sitting down quietly taking his breakfast.

About ten o'clock William made his appearance, leading one of the goats by a string, followed by the others. Juno came after with the sheep, also holding one with a cord; the rest had very quietly joined the procession.

In an hour a fireplace was made, Ready had done all that he could, the goats were milked and let loose, and then William and Juno set off through the wood on their journey back.

Ready went down to the beach. On his arrival there, he observed a small turtle; creeping up softly he got between it and the water, and succeeded in turning it over. "That will do for to-morrow," said he, as he stepped into the boat.

Ready arrived at the cove, and, having hauled up the boat, proceeded to the tents, where he found the whole party anxiously listening to William, who was detailing what had been done. The arrangements for the next day were made as soon as Ready joined them. They then separated for the night. Next day, as soon as they had breakfasted, the plates, knives, and forks, and some other necessities, were packed;

Ready laid the fowls on the top of all, and set off by himself for their new location.

Ready arrived at the point, and was again on shore in less than two hours after he had set off. As soon as the boat was safe in, he did not wait to land his cargo, but going up to the turtle which he had turned the day before, he killed it, and cleaned it on the beach. He then went to where they had built up the fireplace with stones, made a fire, filled the iron saucepan full of water, and set it on to boil; he then cut up a portion of the turtle, and put it into the pot, with some slices of salt pork, covered it up, left it to boil, and went back to unload the boat. He released the poor fowls, which were very stiff from being so long tied by the legs, but by degrees they recovered themselves, and were very busy seeking for food.

It was two or three hours before he had carried everything up, for it was a good distance, and the old man was not sorry when he had finished his task, and could sit down to rest himself.

Shortly afterwards the party made their appearance, very hot and fatigued, and Mrs. Seagrave went into the tent to repose a little, before she could even look at the place which was to be their future residence.

They waited half an hour, and then all sat down to dinner.

"Dear me," exclaimed William, as Ready took the cover off the saucepan, "what is it that you have so good there?"

"It is turtle-soup, and I hope you will like it."

"Indeed, it really is excellent; but it wants a little salt. Have you any salt, Juno?"

"Got a little, ma'am. Very little left," replied Juno.

"What shall we do when all our salt is gone?" said Mrs. Seagrave.

"If we want salt," said Mr. Seagrave, "we can have as much as we please by boiling down salt water in the kettle, or else making a salt-pan in the rocks, and obtaining it by the sun drying up the water and leaving the salt; Ready knows that as well as I do."

"I'll soon arrange that for you, ma'am," said Ready, "and show Juno how to get it when she wants it."

"I am very glad to hear you say so, for I should feel the want of salt very much," replied Mrs. Seagrave; "I really never enjoyed a dinner so much as I have to-day."

The soup was pronounced excellent by everybody. As soon as they had finished, they returned thanks to God for their having gained their new abode, and, tired out with the fatigue of the day, were soon fast asleep.

The next morning, when breakfast was over, Mr. Seagrave observed,—

“Now that we have so many things to do, I think, Ready, we ought to lay down a plan of operations. To-morrow is Sunday; and although we have not yet been able, since we have been cast on shore, to honour the day as we should, I think that now we must and ought to keep it holy.”

“Yes, sir,” replied Ready. “The two most pressing points, with the exception of building the house, are—to dig up a piece of ground, and plant our potatoes and seeds; and to make a turtle-pond, so as to catch the turtle and put them in before the season is over.”

“You are right,” replied Mr. Seagrave; “but which ought to be done first?”

“I should say the turtle-pond, as it will be only a few days’ work for you, Juno, and Master William. I shall not want your assistance for this next week. I shall fix upon some spot, not far from here, where the trees are thickest in the grove, and cut them down so as to clear out a space in which we will, by-and-by, build our storerooms. Now I think of it, I must return to the cove.”

“What for?”

“Don’t you recollect, sir, your two-wheeled carriage, packed up in matting, which was thrown on shore in the gale? The wheels and axle will be very useful, as we can make a wide path to the place when I cut down the trees, and wheel out the logs much more easily than we can drag or carry them.”

“That is an excellent idea. It will save a great deal of labour.”

“I expect that it will, sir. Master William and I will go away early on Monday morning, and be back before breakfast. To-day we will fix upon the spots where our garden is to be, our turtle-pond to be made, and the trees to be cut down.”

Mr. Seagrave and Ready then walked down to the beach, and Ready said, “See, sir, the reef here is high out of the water, and the space within the reef and the beach is deep enough, and the rocks on the beach nearly fill up that side and prevent the turtles crawling away by the shore. We have, therefore, little more to do than to fill up the two other sides, and then our pond will be complete. Now, sir, suppose we make a signal for Master William and Juno, and set them to work.”

Mr. Seagrave called, and waved his hat, and Juno and William came down to them. Juno was ordered to go back for two handspikes, while Ready explained to William what was to be done. Mr. Seagrave

and Ready then proceeded to the point, to fix upon a spot for a garden, leaving William and Juno to continue their labour.

Arrived at the point, they found a sufficiency of mould, although not very deep; and as the point was narrow at its joining on to the mainland, no great length of enclosure would be required.

"You see, sir," said Ready, "we can wait till after the rainy season is over before we put up the fence, and we can prepare it in the meantime, when the weather will permit us to work."

After dinner was over, Mr. Seagrave worked very hard, and when he had cut down and cleared a portion of the ground, he carried away to a little distance, and piled in a heap, the bushes which he had cleared away. He then took his spade to turn up the mould.

Mrs. Seagrave was sitting down at the front of the tent, the little baby, Albert, crawling close to her, Caroline trying to work with her needle, and Master Tommy was making holes in the ground, and putting a small stone into each hole.

"What are you doing, Tommy?" said Mrs. Seagrave.

"I'm playing—I'm making a garden," replied Tommy.

"Making a garden! Tommy dear, bring your brother Albert back; he has crawled close to Billy the goat, and he butts sometimes."

Tommy went after the baby, who was crawling towards the kid, which had now grown pretty large, and as he took up his brother he kicked at the goat's head.

"Don't do that, Tommy; he'll butt at you, and hurt you."

"I don't care," replied Tommy, holding the baby by one hand while he continued to kick at Billy. Billy, however, would not stand it any longer: he lowered his head, made a bound at Tommy, struck him in the chest, and Tommy and little Albert rolled on the ground. Mrs. Seagrave ran up to them and caught up the baby; and Master Tommy, a little alarmed, caught hold of his mother's dress for protection.

"Why don't you mind what is said to you, Tommy? I told you that he would butt you," said Mrs. Seagrave, pacifying the child.

"I don't care for him," replied Tommy, who perceived that the goat was walking away.

"No; you are very brave now that he is gone, but you are a very naughty boy not to mind what is said to you."

Ready came up to where Mrs. Seagrave was sitting, and laid down a bag. "I've brought you some young cocoanuts from the trees that I have been cutting down. Is there anything you want from the other side of the island, for I shall go there directly?"

"What for?"

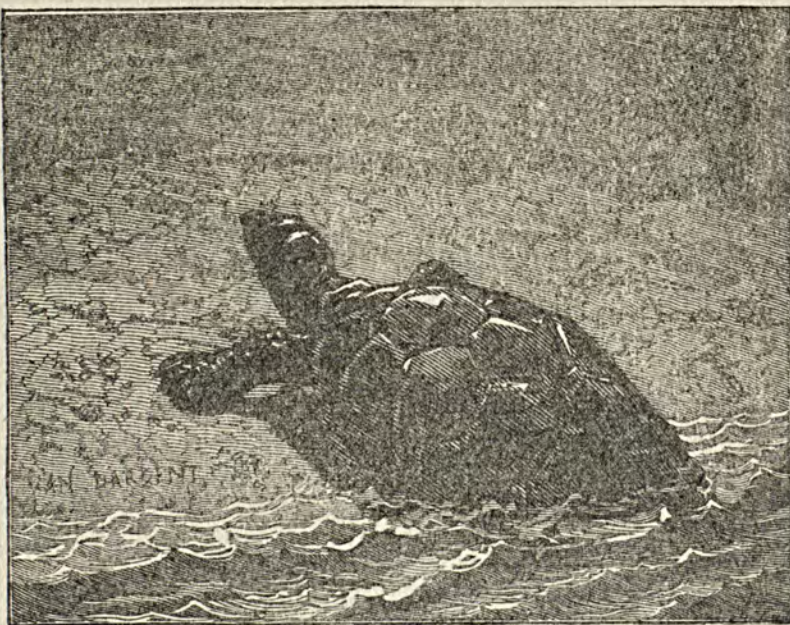
"I must bring the wheels to get the timber out. I must have Master William to help me."

William and Ready set off in the boat, and before it was dark returned with the wheels and axle of the carriage, and several other articles to make up their load. Mr. Seagrave had left his work that afternoon, and gone to the assistance of Juno, and reported that the turtle-pond was so far made that the turtle could not get out if they were put in.

"Now, Master William," said Ready, "if you are not very sleepy, perhaps you would like to come with me to-night, and see if we cannot turn some of the turtle."

"Yes, I should like it very much."

As soon as the sun had disappeared, William and Ready went down to the beach, and sat quietly on a rock. In a short time Ready perceived a turtle crawling on the sand, and desiring William to follow him



TURTLE.

without speaking, walked softly down by the water's edge, so as to get between the animal and the sea.

As soon as the turtle perceived them it made for the water, but Ready, seizing hold of one of its fore-flippers, turned it over on its back.

"You see, Master William, that is the way to turn a turtle. Take care that he does not catch you with his mouth, for if he did, he would bite the piece out. Now the animal cannot get away, for he can't turn over, and we shall find him here to-morrow morning; so we will now walk along the beach, and see if we cannot find some more."

Ready and William remained till past midnight, during which time they turned sixteen turtles, large and small.

The next morning, before breakfast, all hands were employed in getting the turtle into the pond. After breakfast, William and Juno finished the pond where the walls had not been raised high enough; and when they returned to dinner they reported that their task was completed. Mr. Seagrave also said that he had cleared ground enough for

the present ; and as Mrs. Seagrave wanted Juno to help her to wash the linen that afternoon, it was agreed that William, Ready, and Mr. Seagrave should all go down to the garden and put in the potatoes.

Ready worked with the spade, while Mr. Seagrave and William cut the potatoes in pieces, so as to have an eye in each piece.



That night, tired as they were, Ready and William went out and turned eight more turtles. They continued felling the cocoanut trees and dragging the timber for the remainder of the week, when they considered that they had nearly enough to commence building. Sunday was passed in devotion and quiet. On the Monday night they turned nine more turtles, and caught three large fish ; and on the Tuesday morning they commenced building the house.

For three weeks they worked very hard. As soon as the sides were up, they got on the whole of the roof and rafters ; and then, with the broad leaves of the cocoanut trees which had been cut down, Ready thatched it very securely, keeping the thatch down with the weight of heavy poles slung over the top of the roof with stout ropes.

It was late on the Saturday night that the family were shifted

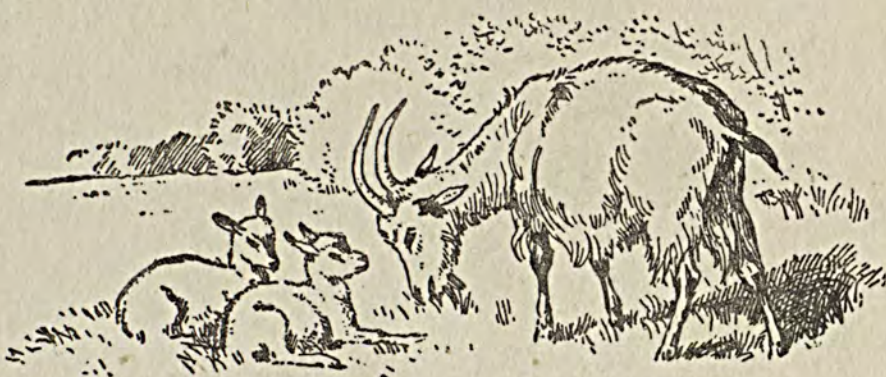
into the new house. On Sunday the first storm burst upon them ; the wind blew with great force ; the lightning was vivid, and the thunder appalling, while the rain descended in such a continuous torrent that it appeared as if another deluge was at hand.

Next morning, however, the clouds had cleared off, and the sun was shining brightly. Ready was the first out, with the telescope under his arm.

"Now to find the sheep and goats," said he, "and then my morning's walk is over. Now, Romulus—now, Remus, boys, find them out;" and the dogs, who appeared to know what he was in search of, soon found the sheep and two of the goats, but the third goat was not with them.

"Why, where can Black Nanny be?" muttered old Ready, stopping a little while; at last he heard a bleat, in a small copse of brushwood, to which he directed his steps, followed by the dogs. "I thought as much," said the old man, as

he perceived Nanny lying down with two newborn kids at her side. "Come, my little fellows, we must find some shelter for you," said he, taking one up under each arm. Ready walked back to the house,



and brought in the kids, followed by Nanny. He found Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave and the children all dressed.

"I've brought an addition to our family, Mrs. Seagrave," said Ready; "I must request you to allow them to remain in the house until I can knock up a little shelter for them."

So Nanny was tied up in a corner, and was very content with fondling and nursing her progeny.

The morning was fine, and as soon as breakfast was over, they took the wheels down to the turtle-pond, and Ready having speared one of the largest by means of a pike with a barb to it, which he had made on purpose, they hauled it on shore, slung it under the wheels, and took it up to the house. Then Ready, Mr. Seagrave, and William set off with the cross-cut saw and hatchets, to commence felling the cocoanut trees for the building of the outhouse.

"I mean this to be our place of refuge in case of danger, sir," observed Ready, "and therefore I have selected this thick part of the wood, as it is not very far from the house, and by cutting the path to it in a zigzag, it will be quite hidden from sight. We must make the path just wide enough to allow the wheels to pass, and stump up the roots of the trees which we are obliged to cut down, otherwise the stumps would attract attention. Not that I think we shall ever want it; but still it is a precaution which we may as well take, as it will not give us a great deal of extra labour."

"I agree with you, Ready," replied Mr. Seagrave; "there is no saying what may happen."

"You see, sir, between ourselves, it is often the custom for the natives in this part of the world to come in their canoes from one island to another, merely to get cocoanuts. I can't say that the other



COCOANUT TREE.

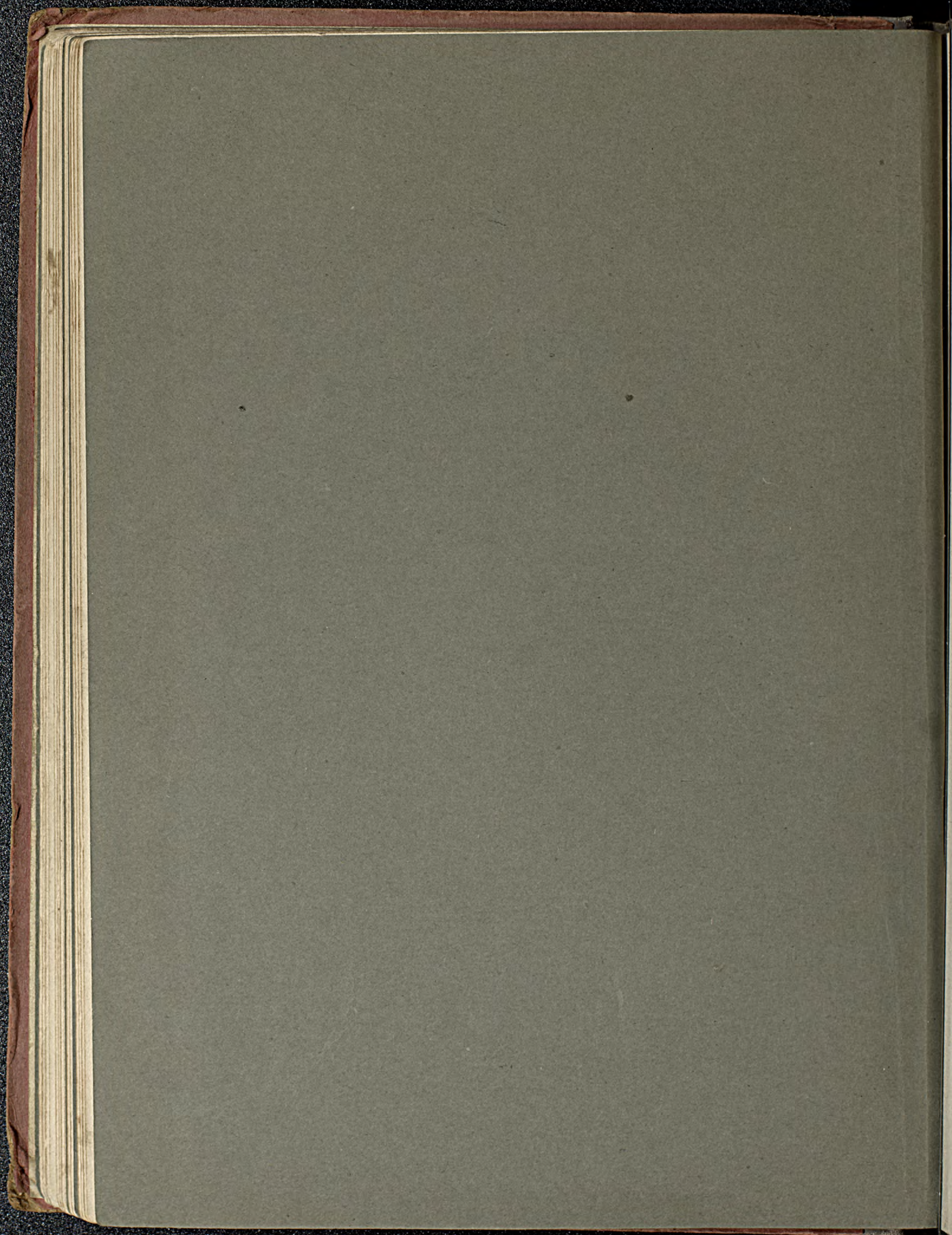
islands near us are inhabited, but still it is probable, and we cannot tell what the character of the people may be. Now I'll just mark out the trees which are to stand, Mr. Seagrave, and those which are to be cut down, so as to leave about four feet of stump standing.—Master William, will you please to take the other end of the line?"

As soon as they had planned the building, the axes and saw were in full use, and tree after tree fell one upon the other. They worked hard till dinner-time, and were not sorry to sit down to a rich mess of turtle-soup.

For a fortnight, with little intermission, the weather was fine, and during that time Ready, Mr. Seagrave, and William worked from daylight till dusk. At last the storehouse was complete, thatched and wattled in on three sides leaving one open for ventilation; the lower part, which had been arranged for the folding

of the stock at night and during the rainy season, was also wattled in with cocoanut boughs on three sides, and made a very comfortable retreat for the animals. The winding path to the storehouse was also cut through the cocoanut grove, but the stumps were not removed, as they could not spare the time. All the stores that they had brought round were put into the storehouse.





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"Well, Ready," said Mr. Seagrave, after breakfast next day, "which is to be our next job?"

"Why, sir, I think we had better all set to to collect the branches and ends of the cocoanut trees cut down, and stack them for fuel. After that, as the weather will not permit us to leave the house for any time, we will cut our salt-pan and make our fish-pond—they will take a week at least—and then we have little more to do near home."

"And we are to explore the island, are we not, Ready?" said William. "I long to do that."

"Yes, Master William; but that must be almost the last job, for we shall be away for two or three nights, perhaps, and we must look out for fine weather."

The whole of that day was employed in piling up the cocoanut branches and wood. Ready made a square stack, with a gable top, over which he tied the branches, so that the rain would pour off it.

"There," said Ready, as he came down the ladder—"that will be our provision for next year; we have quite enough left to go on with till the rainy season is over, and we shall have no difficulty in collecting it afterwards when the weather is dry."

The fish-pond was commenced the next morning. Ready, Mr. Seagrave, and William went down together to the beach, and, after much examination, chose a spot about one hundred yards from the turtle-pond as most eligible for the purpose, the water being shallow, so that at the part farthest from the shore there would not be more than three feet.

The construction of the fish-pond proceeded rapidly, and on the third day it was complete. The day after the pond was completed the weather changed, but the storms were not so violent as at the commencement of the rainy season. The rain poured down with great force, but it was not accompanied with such terrific thunder and lightning, nor were the storms of so long continuance, generally clearing up after a few hours. In the intervals of fine weather they caught a great many fish, which they put into the pond, so that it was well stocked. But a circumstance occurred which was the occasion of great alarm to them all. One evening William was taken with a shivering, and complained very much of a pain in his head. He was put into bed, and the next morning he was in a violent fever. Mr. Seagrave was much alarmed, as the symptoms were worse every hour; and Ready, who had sat up with him during the night, called Mr. Seagrave out of the house, and said, "This is a bad case, sir."

Master William was working yesterday with his hat off, and I fear that he has been struck by the sun."

The poor boy was for many days in great danger; and the cheerful house was now one of gloom and silence. On the ninth day William was pronounced by Ready and Mr. Seagrave to have much less fever, and shortly afterwards it left him altogether; but he was so weak that he could not raise himself in his bed for two or three days, and it was not till more than a fortnight after the fever had left him that he could go out of the house. By that time the bathing-place was finished, and there was no longer any fear of the sharks.

A few mornings afterwards, Juno came in before breakfast with six eggs in her apron, which she had found in the henhouse.

"Look, Missy Seagrave—fowls lay eggs—soon have plenty—plenty for Master William—make him well—plenty for chickens by-and-by."

"Tommy likes eggs very much," said Tommy.

"Yes; but Tommy cannot have any at present: Tommy is not ill. I have promised Caroline that she is to take care of the chickens," said Mrs. Seagrave, "and I think she must have the egg department also; she promises to be a very useful little girl."

For a few days Mr. Seagrave and Ready were employed at the garden clearing away the weeds, which had begun to sprout up along with the seeds which had been sown; during which time William recovered very fast. The two first days Juno brought in three or four eggs regularly; but on the third day there were none to be found. On the fourth day the hens appeared also not to have laid, much to the surprise of Mrs. Seagrave. On the fifth morning, when they sat down to breakfast, Master Tommy did not make his appearance, and Mrs. Seagrave asked where he was.

"I suspect, madam," said old Ready, laughing, "that Master Tommy will not come either to his breakfast or his dinner to-day."

"What can you mean, Ready?" said Mrs. Seagrave.

"Why, madam, I will tell you. I thought it very odd that there were no eggs, and I thought it probable that the hens might have laid astray; so I went about yesterday evening to search. I could not find any eggs, but I found the egg-shells, hid under some cocoanut leaves; and I argued, that if an animal (supposing there was any on the island) had taken the eggs, it would not have been so careful to hide the egg-shells. So, this morning, I fastened up the door of the henhouse, and only left open the little sliding door by which the fowls go in to roost; and then, after you were up, I watched behind the trees, and saw

Master Tommy come out and go to the henhouse. He tried the door, and finding it fast, he then crept into the henhouse by the little sliding door. As soon as he was in, I let down the slide, and fastened it with a nail ; so there he is, caught in his own trap."

"And there shall he remain all day, the little glutton!" said Mr. Seagrave, who was much amused.

It was not till the evening that the door of the henhouse was opened, and Master Tommy permitted to come out. He looked very foolish, and sat down in a corner without speaking.

"Well, Master Tommy, how many eggs did you suck to-day?" said Ready.

"Tommy won't suck eggs any more," said the urchin.

"No, you had better not," replied Mr. Seagrave, "or you will find, in the end, that you will have less to eat, instead of more."

"I want my dinner," said Tommy.

"You'll have no dinner this day, you may be sure," said Mrs. Seagrave ; "we can't allow you both dinner and eggs."

Tommy found that he could not help himself, so he waited very sulkily till supper was ready, when he made up for lost time.

After a great deal of consultation, it was at last settled that Ready and William should make the first survey to the southward, and then return and report what they had discovered. This was decided upon on the Saturday evening, and on the Monday morning they were to start. The knapsacks were got ready, and well filled with boiled salt pork, and flat cakes of bread made by Juno. They were each to have a musket and ammunition, and a blanket was folded up to carry on the shoulders, that they might sleep on it at night. Ready did not forget his compass, or the small axes to blaze the trees as they went through the wood. The whole of Saturday was occupied in making their preparations.

They were all up early on Monday morning, and breakfasted at an early hour. William and Ready rose from the table, and taking an affectionate leave of Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave, they started on their journey. The sun was shining brilliantly, and the weather had become warm. They set off in high spirits, and having called the two shepherd dogs, they passed the storehouse, and ascending the hill on the other side, they got their hatchets ready to blaze the trees ; and Ready having set his course by his pocket compass, they were fairly on their way.

"The wood is thicker here than ever, Ready," observed William.

"Yes, sir, it is ; but I suspect we are now in the thickest part of it,

right in the middle of the island ; however, we shall soon see. We must keep a little more away to the southward."

They continued their way for more than an hour, when William cried out, "I see the blue sky, Ready ; we shall soon be out, and glad shall I be, for my arm aches with chopping."

"I daresay it does, sir. I am just as glad as you are, for I'm tired of marking the trees ; however, we must continue to mark, or we shall not find our way back when we want it."

In ten minutes more they were clear of the cocoanut grove, and

found themselves among brushwood higher than their heads, so that they could not see how far they were from the shore.

"Well," said William, throwing down his hatchet, "I'm glad that's over. I think that before we go on, Ready, we had better have our dinner ; that will do us good."

They opened their knapsacks, and made their meal, the two dogs coming in for their full share ; after which they again started on their discoveries. For about ten minutes they continued to force their way through the thick and high bushes, till at last they broke out clear of them, and then looked around them for a short time without speaking. The sea was about half a mile distant, and the intervening land was clear, with fresh blades of grass just bursting out of the earth, composing a fine piece of pasture of at least fifty acres, here and there broken with small patches of trees and brushwood ; there was no sandy beach, but the



BANANA TREE.

rocks rose from the sea from twenty to thirty feet high, and were in one or two places covered with something which looked as white as snow.

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"Well, Ready," said William, "there will be no want of pasture for our flock, even if it increases to ten times its number."

"No, sir," replied Ready; "we are very fortunate, and have great reason to be thankful; this is exactly what we required. And now let us go on a little, and examine these patches of wood, and see what they are. I see a bright green leaf out there, which, if my eyes do not fail me, I have seen many a time before." When they arrived at the clump of trees which Ready had pointed out, he said, "Yes, Master William, I was right. Look there: this is the banana; it is just bursting out now, and will soon be ten feet high, and bearing fruit which is excellent eating."

"What is that rough-looking sort of shrub out there, Ready?"

"I can't see so well as you, Master William, so let us walk up to it. Oh, I know it now; it is what they call the prickly pear in the West Indies. I am very glad to have found that, for it will be very useful."

"What is this plant, Ready?"

"I don't know, Master William; I never saw it before."

"Then I think I had better make a collection of all those you don't know, and take them back to my father, for he is a very good botanist, and I daresay will know them all."

"We will do so, sir; it is a very good thought of yours."

William pulled a branch of the plant off, and carried it with him. On their arrival at the next patch of trees, Ready looked at them steadfastly for some time.

"Let me see," said he; "I think I know that tree; I have often seen it in hot countries. It's the guava."

"What! is it the fruit they make guava jelly of?" said William.

"Yes, Master William, the very same."

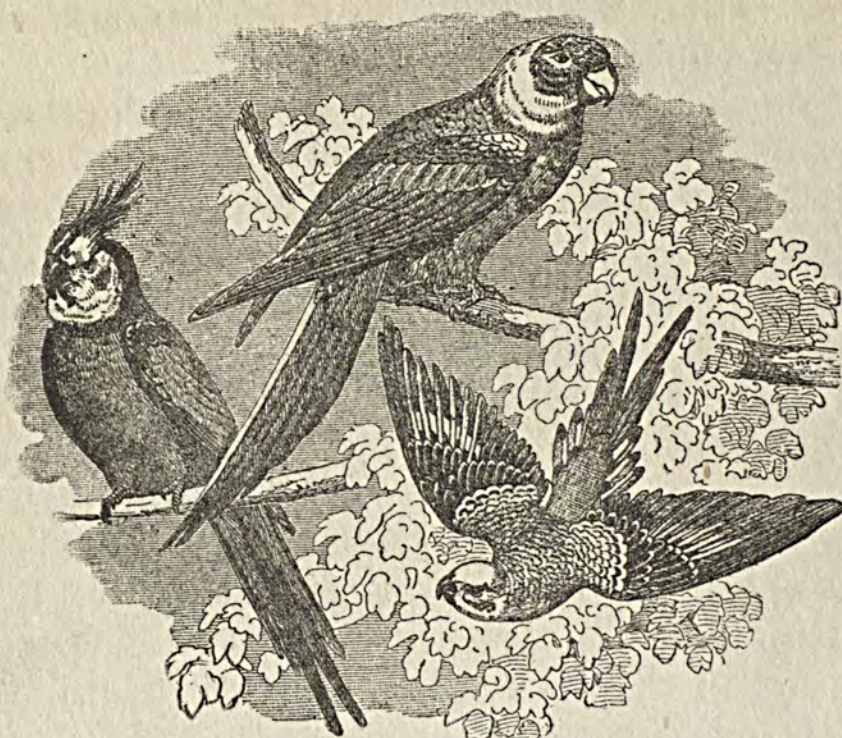
"Why, Ready, what noise is that? Hark! such a chattering; it must be monkeys."

"No, sir, they are not monkeys; but I'll tell you what they are, although I cannot see them; they are parrots—I know their noise."

As soon as they came under the trees there was a great rioting



GUAVA.



and fluttering, and then flew away, screaming as loudly as they could, a flock of about three hundred parrots, their beautiful green and blue feathers glistening in the beams of the sun.

"I told you so, sir. Well, we'll have some capital pies out of them, Master William. Look, sir! this is the very best thing I have found yet. We now need not care so much about potatoes."

"Why, what are they, Ready?"

"Yams, sir, which they use

instead of potatoes in the West Indies."

At this moment the dogs dashed among the broad yam-leaves, and commenced baying; there was a great rustling and snorting.

Ready gave a shout, and out rushed, instead of the six, about thirty pigs, large and small; which, snorting and twisting their tails, galloped away at a great rate across the pasture-land, until they gained the cocoanut grove.

"Why, Ready, what a quantity of good things we have found out already! We have good three hours' daylight; suppose we go back and tell what we have seen. My mother will be so glad to see us."

"I agree with you, Master William. We have done well for one day, and may safely go back again."

One hour before sunset they arrived at the house, where they found Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave sitting outside.

William gave a very clear account of all they had seen, and showed his father the specimens of the plants which he had collected.

"This," said Mr. Seagrave, "is a well-known plant, and I wonder Ready did not recognize it; it is hemp."

"Now, William, what is the next?"

"This odd-looking rough thing."

"That's the egg-plant: it bears a fruit of a blue colour. I am told they eat it in the hot countries. Why, William, you should know this:

it is the wild grape ; we shall eat them by-and-by—perhaps make wine. Here comes Juno to get supper on the table ; so we will go.”

As usual, Ready was the first up on the following morning, and set off on his accustomed rounds, to examine into the stock and their other possessions. He was standing in the garden at the point, when he raised his eyes and looked out to the offing, and, as usual, scanned the horizon. He thought he saw a ship to the north-east, and he applied his telescope to his eye. He was not mistaken—it was a vessel.

The old man's heart beat quick ; he dropped his telescope on his arm, and fetched some heavy breaths before he could recover from the effects of this unexpected sight. After a minute he again put his telescope to his eye, and then made her out to be a brig under top-sails and top-gallant sails, steering directly for the island.

Ready walked towards the house, where he found that William was up.

“William,” said Ready, as they walked away from the house, “I have a secret, which you will at once see the necessity of not telling to any one at present. A few hours will decide the question.” William readily gave his promise. “There is a vessel off the island.”

William stared at Ready, and for a moment could not speak, his excitement was so great.

“O Ready, how grateful I am !”

“I know it, Master William, I know it. But now we must be quick, and at work before breakfast.”

William and Ready went to the storehouse for an axe. Ready selected a very slight cocoanut tree nearest to the beach, which he cut down ; and as soon as the top was taken off, with the assistance of William he carried it down to the point.

“Now, Master William, go for a shovel and dig a hole here, that we may fix it up as a flagstaff. When all is ready, I will go for a small block and some rope for halyards to hoist up the flags as soon as the vessel is likely to see them. When the hole is deep enough, come up to breakfast as if nothing had happened. At breakfast-time I shall propose that you and I get the boat out of the sand and examine her, and give Mr. Seagrave some work indoors.”

Ready's stratagem answered well. Without being perceived by those in the cottage, the flagstaff was raised, and fixed in the ground, and the flags all ready for hoisting ; then Ready and William returned to the fuel-stack, and each carried down as much stuff as they could hold, that they might make a smoke to attract the notice of those on

board the vessel. All this did not occupy much more than an hour, during which the brig continued her course steadily towards the island. When Ready first saw her, the wind was light, but latterly the breeze had increased very much, and at last the brig took in her top-gallant sails. The horizon behind the vessel, which had been quite clear, was now banked up with clouds, and the waves curled in white foam over the reefs of rocks extending from the island.



"The breeze is getting up strong, Master William," said Ready. "Let us hoist the flags; we must not lose a chance."

William and Ready hoisted up the ensign first, and below it the flag, with the ship's name, *Pacific*, in large letters upon it. "Now then," said Ready, as he made fast the halyards, "let us strike a light and make a smoke; that will attract their notice."

As soon as the cocoanut leaves were lighted, Ready and William threw water upon them, so as to damp them and procure a heavy column of smoke. The vessel approached rapidly, and they were watching her in silent suspense, when they perceived

Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave, Juno, carrying Albert, with Tommy and Caroline, running down as fast as they could to the beach. The fact was that Tommy, tired of work, had gone out of the house and walked towards the beach; there he perceived, first, the flags hoisted, and then he detected the vessel off the island. He immediately ran back to the house, crying out, "Papa! mamma! Captain Osborn come back—come back in a big ship." At this announcement Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave ran out of the house, perceived the vessel and the flags flying, and, as we have stated, ran as fast as they could down to where William and Ready were standing by the flagstaff.

"O Ready, why did you not tell us this before?" exclaimed Mr. Seagrave, out of breath.

"I wish you had not known it now, sir," replied Ready; "but, however, it can't be helped; it was done out of kindness, Mr. Seagrave."

"Does she see us, Ready?" exclaimed Mr. Seagrave.

"She does, she does!" cried William, throwing up his hat; "see! she hoists her ensign."

"Very true, sir; she does see us. Thanks be to God."

As soon as they were a little more composed Ready observed, "Mr. Seagrave, that they have seen us is certain, and what we must now do is to get our own boat out of the sand. We know the passage through the reefs, and they do not. I doubt if they will, however, venture to send a boat on shore until the wind moderates a little. You see, sir, it is blowing very strong just now."

"But surely," said Mrs. Seagrave, "even if it does blow, they will come after the gale is over."

"Yes, madam, if they can; I do think they will."

The brig had, in the meantime, kept away again, as if she was running in; but very soon afterwards she hauled to the wind, with her head to the northward, and stood away from the island.

"She is leaving us," exclaimed William mournfully.

They watched her in silence, and as she gradually diminished to the view, so did their hopes depart from them. The wind was now fierce, and a heavy squall, with rain, obscured the offing, and the vessel was no longer to be distinguished. Mr. Seagrave turned to his wife, and mournfully offered her his arm. They walked away from the beach without speaking. The remainder of the party, with the exception of old Ready, followed them. How different was their return to the house from the joyous descent to the beach! Ready remained some time with his eyes in the direction where the vessel was last seen. He was melancholy, for he had a foreboding that it would be seen no more. At last he hauled down the ensign and flag, and throwing them over his shoulder, followed the disconsolate party to the house.

During the night the wind howled and the rain beat down. The children slept soundly, but Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave, Ready, and William were awake during the whole of the night, listening to the storm, and occupied with their own thoughts. It was the most unhappy night that had been passed since they first landed.

The following day Ready was up early, as usual, and William accompanied him to the beach.

"I don't think that it blows so hard as it did, Ready."

"No, Master William, it does not; the gale is breaking, and by night, I have no doubt, will be over. It is, however, useless looking for the vessel, as she must be a long way from this. It would take her a week, perhaps, to come back to us, if she was to try to do so, unless the wind should change to the northward or westward."

"Ready! Ready!" exclaimed William, pointing to the south-east part of the reef; "what is that? Look! it's a boat."

Ready put his telescope to his eye. "It's a canoe, Master William, and there are people in it."

They hastened along the beach to where the canoe was tossing on the surf, and watched it as it approached the shore.

In a moment or two afterwards the canoe passed through the surf and grounded on the beach. The two people in it had just strength enough left to paddle through the surf, and then they dropped down in the bottom of the canoe, quite exhausted.

"Let's drag the canoe higher up, Master William. Poor creatures! they are nearly dead."

While dragging it up, Ready observed that the occupants were both women: their faces were tattooed all over, which disfigured them very much; otherwise they were young, and might have been good-looking.

William then left Ready, and went up to acquaint his father and mother with this unexpected event.

William soon returned with Mr. Seagrave, and as the women were now able to sit up, they hauled up the canoe as far as they could, to prevent her being beaten to pieces. They found nothing in the canoe, except a piece of matting and the two paddles which had been used by the natives.

Ready beckoned to them to get on their feet, which they both did, although with some difficulty.

It required a long time for them to arrive at the house. Mrs. Seagrave, who knew what had happened, received them very kindly, and Juno had a mess ready, which she put before them. They ate a little, and then lay down, and were soon sound asleep.

"Where shall we put them to-night, Ready?" asked Mr. Seagrave.

"Why, sir, I have been thinking about that. I wish we had a shed close to us, but as we have not, they must sleep in the storehouse."

"Yes, that will do very well."

We must now pass over a space of fifteen days, in which there was

nothing done. The expectation of the vessel returning was still alive, although each day decreased these hopes.

The Indian women had, in the meantime, recovered their fatigues, and appeared to be very mild and tractable. Whatever they were able to do, they did cheerfully, and had already gained a few words of English.

On the Saturday morning, when Ready, as usual, went his rounds, as he walked along the beach he perceived that the Indian canoe was missing. It had been hauled up clear of the water, so that it could not have floated away. Ready's heart misgave him; he looked through his telescope in the direction of the large island, and thought he could distinguish a speck on the water at a great distance. As he was thus occupied, William came down to him.

"Master William," said Ready, "I fear those island women have escaped in their canoe. Run up and see if they are in the outhouse, or anywhere else, and let me know as soon as you can."

William in a few minutes returned, breathless, stating that the women were not to be found, and that they had evidently carried away with them a quantity of the large nails and other pieces of iron which were in the small kegs in the storehouse.

"This is bad, Master William—very bad indeed; this is worse than the vessel not coming back."

"Why, we can do without them, Ready."

"Yes, sir; but when they get back to their own people, and show them the iron they have brought with them, and describe how much more there is to be had, depend upon it, we shall have a visit from them in numbers, that they may obtain more."

They communicated the intelligence to Mr. Seagrave when they were outside. He at once perceived their danger, and then they held a council, and came to the following resolutions:—

That it would be necessary that they should immediately stockade the storehouse, so as to render it impossible for any one to get in; and that, as soon as the fortification was complete, the storehouse should be turned into their dwelling-house; and such stores as could not be put within the stockade should be removed to their present house, or concealed in the cocoanut grove.

The family on the island were in so sad a state of suspense that for three weeks after the vessel had been driven away, notwithstanding their consultations and resolutions, they still remained quite inactive—at times indulging the hope that the vessel might return; at others,

looking anxiously in the direction of the larger island, to ascertain if there was not a fleet of canoes coming down for their destruction.

One morning, at sunrise, as they were looking round with the telescope, close to the turtle-pond, Masterman Ready said to Mr. Seagrave, "Indeed, sir, we must no longer remain in this state of idleness. I have been thinking a great deal of our present position and prospects: as to the vessel coming back, we must, at present, give up all hopes of it. It appears to me that it will not do to remain in the house, for we may, as I have said, be surprised by the savages at any hour in the night, and we have no means of defence against numbers."

"I feel that, and have felt it for some time," replied Mr. Seagrave. "What shall we do, then? Shall we return to the cove?"

"I should think not, sir," said Ready; "what I propose is this: we have made a discovery on the south of the island, which is of great importance to us—not that I consider the fruit and other plants of any great value, as they will only serve to increase our luxuries, if I may so call them, during the summer season. One great advantage to us is the feed which we have found for our live stock, and the fodder for them during the rainy season; but principally, the patch of yams, which will afford us food during the winter. I therefore propose, as the weather is now set in fair, and will remain so for months, that we pitch our tents on that part of the island, and remove the whole family there; we shall soon be very comfortable, and at all events much safer there than if we remain here without any defence."

"It is an excellent plan, Ready; we shall, as you say, be removed from danger for the time, and when there, we may consider what we had best do by-and-by."

"But, Ready, you don't mean to say that we are to leave this side of the island altogether?" said William.

"No, Master William, not altogether; for now I come to the second part of my proposition. As soon as we have done our work at the yam-plantation, and made everything as comfortable there as we can, I think we may then leave Mrs. Seagrave and the children in the tents, and work here. As we before agreed, let us abandon the house, in which we live at present, and fit out the outhouse, which is concealed in the cocoanut grove, as a dwelling-house, and fortify it so as to be secure against any sudden attack of the savages; for return here we must, to live, as we cannot remain in the tents after the rainy season sets in. Now, the first job is for William and me to try for the passage through this side of the reef with the boat, and then we will look for

the little harbour which we discovered ; as soon as that is done, we will return, and take the tents and all we require round in the boat."

"Let us not lose a day, not an hour, Ready," replied Mr. Seagrave.

The subject was introduced to Mrs. Seagrave while they were at breakfast, and as she perceived how much more secure they would be, she cheerfully consented. In less than an hour afterwards, William and Ready had prepared the boat, and were pulling out among the rocks of the reef to find a passage, which, after a short time, and by keeping two or three cables from the point, they succeeded in doing.

"This is very fortunate, Master William," observed Ready ; "but we must now take some marks to find our way in again. See, sir, the large black rock is on a line with the garden point ; so, if we keep them in one, we shall know that we are in the proper channel. And now for a mark abreast of us, to find out when we enter it."

"Why, Ready, the corner of the turtle-pond just touches the right wall of the house," replied William.

"So it does, sir—that will do ; and now let us pull away as hard as we can, so as to be back in good time."

They soon were on the south side of the island, and pulling up along the shore.

"There are two rocks close to the shore, Ready," said William ; "and you recollect there were two or three rocks outside of the harbour."

"Very true, Master William ; and I should not wonder if you have hit upon the very spot. Let us pull in."

They did so, and, to their satisfaction, found that they were in the harbour, where the water was as smooth as a pond.

"Now, then, Master William ; we will step the mast, and sail back at our leisure."

They stepped the mast, and as soon as they had pulled the boat clear of the harbour, they set the sail, and in less than an hour had rejoined the party at the house.

As soon as dinner was over, Mr. Seagrave and Juno assisted them in carrying down the canvas and poles for the tent, with shovels to clear away, and the pegs to fix the tents up properly. Before they started, William observed, "I think it would be a good thing if Ready and I were to take our bedding with us, and then we could fix up one tent this evening, and sleep there ; to-morrow morning we might set up the other, and get a good deal of work over before we came back."

"You are right, Master William," replied Ready ; "let us see what Juno can give us to eat, and then we will do as you say."

After a smart pull, they arrived again at the small harbour.

They were soon hard at work, and long before sunset one tent was ready, and they had put their bedding in it.

The next morning, at sunrise, they were up again. As soon as they had washed themselves, they went back and made their breakfast.

"Now, Master William," said Ready, "we have to prepare a fireplace for Juno; we must go down to the beach for stones."

In another hour the fireplace was completed, and Ready and William looked at their work.

"Well, I call this a very comfortable lodging-house," said Ready.

"And I am sure," replied William, "it's very pretty. Mamma will be delighted with it."

"We shall have no want of bananas in a few weeks, sir," said Ready; "look, they are all in blossom already. Well, now, I suppose we had better leave everything here, and go back again. We must have another trip this afternoon, and sleep here to-night."

They went down to the boat, and sailed back as before.

The boat was well loaded that afternoon, and they had a heavy pull round, and hard work afterwards, to carry all the articles up. William and Ready were, therefore, not sorry when their work was done, and they went to bed as soon as they had taken their supper.

At sunrise they went back to the bay in the boat, which they hauled up, and then proceeded to the house, where they found that every one was ready to start. Mr. Seagrave had collected all the animals, and they set off; but they had a good deal of trouble with the goats and sheep, and did not get on very fast. It was three hours before they got clear of the cocoanut grove, and Mrs. Seagrave was quite tired out. At last they arrived, and Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave could not help exclaiming, "How beautiful!"

"But what are we all to do, Ready?" said Mr. Seagrave; "we must not be idle."

"No, sir; but I think we must give up this day to putting everything to rights, and making everything comfortable inside the tents; we must be at Mrs. Seagrave's orders to-day, and to-morrow we will commence the ditch and hedge round the yam-plantation. We need not work very hard at it, for I don't think the pigs will venture here again, as I mean to tie up all the dogs round the yam-patch every night, and their barking will keep them off."

"That will be a very good plan, Ready. What beautiful food there is for the sheep and goats!"

"Yes, sir; this must be their future residence for the best part of the year. Now, sir, I think that to-morrow we will begin a piece of the ditch, and show William how to put in the cuttings of prickly pear for the hedge; and then, sir, I should propose that we leave Master William here with his mother, to work at his leisure, while you and I go to the cove to examine the stores, and select what it will be necessary to bring round. I think you said that you must go yourself?"

"Yes, Ready, I wish to go; Mrs. Seagrave will not object to parting with me for three or four days. When we have made selection, I will return, and then you and William, who is more used to the boat than I am, can bring the stores round. I presume we shall not bring them here?"

"No, sir, we will take them round to the storehouse. When we have done that job, we must then commence our alterations and our stockade."

Before Mr. Seagrave and Ready started on the following morning, the latter gave William directions as to the boat. They took leave of Mrs. Seagrave, and set off, each armed with a musket, and Ready with his axe slung over his shoulder.

As soon as they arrived at the house, they stopped there an hour to rest, and then went down to the garden at the point; the potatoes and peas were looking very well, and the onion seed had not failed.

They recommenced their journey, and in two hours more reached the cove, where they had first landed.

They sat down to rest themselves, and then they went to the tents in the cocoanut grove, in which they had collected the articles thrown up when the ship went to pieces.

"Why, the pigs have been at work here," said Ready; "they have contrived to open one cask of flour somehow or another. All these are casks of flour."

The first cask which was opened had a cake round it as hard as a board; but when it was cut through with the axe, the inside was found in a good state.

After dinner they resumed their labour. "I wonder what's in this case?" said Mr. Seagrave, pointing to the first at hand. Ready broke off the lid, and found a number of pasteboard boxes full of tapes, narrow ribbons, staylaces, whalebones, and cottons on reels.

"Now for this cask with wooden hoops," said Ready.

The head was soon out, and they discovered a dinner set of painted china with gold edges, which was very beautiful.

"Now for that cask, Ready."

"I can tell what that is by the outside; it is oil, and very acceptable, for our candles are nearly out. Now we come to the most valuable of all our property. Here are three kegs of small nails, besides two bags of large, and there are several axes, hammers, and other tools. And here's two casks, one of cartridges made up, and the other of gunpowder; and here's the half-cask of cartridges, all in good order, and the other six muskets, which, by-the-bye, will want a little cleaning. But that was to be expected."

"These are really treasures, Ready, and yet how well we have done without them."

"Yes, sir. Now I think we can make up some kind of bed, eat our suppers, and go to sleep."

The next morning they resumed their labour, and opened every other case and package that had been saved from the wreck.

A chest of tea and two bags of coffee, which Ready had brought on shore, were, much to their delight, found in good order.

About noon they had finished, and as they had plenty of time, Mr. Seagrave took the bearings of the different points of land with the compasses. They then shouldered their muskets and set off on their return.



They gained the house in the bay, and having rested a little while at the storehouse, they proceeded on their way to the tents in the meadow. They had about half a mile to go, when Ready heard a noise, and made a sign to Mr. Seagrave to stop. Ready, whispering to Mr. Seagrave that the pigs were all close

to them, loaded his musket; Mr. Seagrave did the same, and they walked very softly to where they now heard their grunting. They did not see them till they were within twenty yards, and then they came upon the whole herd. The pigs raised their heads; the old ones gave a loud grunt, and then, just as Ready fired his musket, they all set off at full speed. Mr. Seagrave had no opportunity of firing, but Ready had shot one, which lay kicking and struggling under a cocoanut tree.

The pig was soon slung, and they carried it between them. As they cleared the wood, they perceived Mrs. Seagrave and William, who had heard the report of the musket, and had come out to meet them.

After some conversation they had their supper, and went to bed.

On the Monday morning, William and Ready went away in the boat to bring round various articles from the cove. They worked hard during the week, and on Saturday they had completed their task ; with the exception of a portion of the timbers of the ship, everything had been brought round, but had not been carried up to the storehouse, as that required more time.

On Saturday morning they went for the last time to the cove, and Ready selected some heavy oak timber out of the quantity which was lying on the beach, part of which they put into the boat, and the remainder they towed astern.

It was much later than usual when they arrived at the little harbour, owing to the heavy load, which made the boat so long in coming round from the cove ; and when they pulled in, they found Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave and the children all down, waiting for them.

"You are very late, William dear," said Mrs. Seagrave. "I was quite uneasy till I saw the boat at a distance."

"Yes, mamma ; but we could not help it ; we had a heavy load to bring round ; and now our work is done."

"And my work is done," said Mr. Seagrave : "the hedge and ditch were finished this morning."

"Well, then," observed Ready, "we must hold another council, but I presume it will not take very long."

"No ; I expect not ; it seldom does when people are of the same mind. Mrs. Seagrave won't be left here, Ready, and I don't want to leave her, so I presume on Monday we all start home again."

"Yes, sir, if you please," replied Ready.

"Juno, I hope you have a good supper," said William ; "for I'm very hungry."

"Yes, Massa William ; plenty fried fish. Massa catch 'em this morning."

Monday morning was one of bustle ; there was packing up and every preparation for departure.

Mrs. Seagrave and Juno packed up the breakfast and dinner things in a basket after breakfast was over, and then Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave and the family set off on their journey, accompanied by the dogs,

through the cocoanut grove. Little Albert could now walk very well, and only required to be carried occasionally by Juno, who led him by the hand. Caroline walked by her papa and mamma, and Master Tommy was too independent to walk with any one.

William and Ready lost no time in getting through with their work; the crockery, kitchen utensils, tables, and chairs were the first articles put into the boat. The goat was then led down, and they set off with a full load, and arrived at the bay long before the party who were walking through the wood. They landed the things on the beach, and then shoved off again to bring round the bedding, which was all that was left. By three o'clock in the afternoon they had arrived at the bay with their second and last load, and found that the other party had been there about an hour, and Mr. Seagrave and Juno were very busy taking the articles up from the beach.

"Well, Master William," said Ready, "this is our last trip for some time, I expect; and so much the better, for our little boat must have something done to her as soon as I can find time."

Before night everything was in its place again in the house, and as comfortable as before, and as they were very tired, they went very early to bed, having first arranged what work they should do in the morning.

Next morning, after a little consultation with Mr. Seagrave, Ready marked out a square of cocoanut trees surrounding the storehouse, so as to leave a space within them of about twenty yards on each side, which they considered large enough for the enclosure. These cocoanut trees were to serve as the posts, between which were to be fixed other cocoanut trees cut down, and about fourteen feet high, so as to form a palisade or stockade, which could not be climbed over, and would protect them from any attack of the savages.

As soon as the line of trees had been marked out, they set to work cutting down all the trees within the line, and then outside to a distance of ten yards, so as to give them room for their work. Ready cut out cross-pieces, to nail from tree to tree; and now they found the advantage of having saved so many of the large spike nails, without which they never could have made so good or so quick a job of it. Mr. Seagrave cut down trees, William and Juno sawed them off at a proper length with one of the cross-cut saws, and then carried them to Ready. They soon had more cut out than he could use, and then they dragged away the tops and branches, and piled them at a distance on the ground, to use as winter fuel, while Mr. Seagrave helped Ready in

fixing up the palisades. They worked very hard that day, and were not sorry to go to bed. Ready, however, took an opportunity to speak to William.

"I think, sir," said he, "that now we are here again, it will be necessary to keep a sort of night-watch, in case of accident. I shall not go to bed till it is quite dark, which it will be by nine o'clock, and shall have my glass to examine the offing the last thing. You see, sir, there is little fear of the savages coming here in the night-time, but they may just before night, or very early in the morning, so one of us must be up again before daybreak, to see if there is anything to be seen."

"I agree with you, Ready. You take the night part, and I will do the morning part of the watching."

"Very well, Master William; for the matter of that, I could do both myself, but I think if you were to get up in the morning they would not notice it so much; as for my staying out at night, that they are accustomed to."

In a fortnight the stockade was almost finished. The door was the occasion of a good deal of consultation; at last it was agreed that it would be better to have a door of stout oak planks, but with second door-posts inside, about a foot apart from the door, between which could be inserted short poles one above the other, so as to barricade it within when required. This would make the door as strong as any other portion of the stockade. As soon as this was all complete, the storehouse was to be altered for a dwelling-house, by taking away the wattles of cocoanut boughs on the sides, and filling them up with logs of cocoanut trees.

Before the week was ended, the stockade and door were complete, and they now began to fell trees, to form the sides of the house. This was rapid work; and while Mr. Seagrave, William, and Juno felled the trees, and brought them on the wheels to the side of the stockade, all ready cut to their proper lengths, Ready was employed in flooring the house with a part of the deal planks which they had brought round from the cove. But this week they were obliged to break off for two days, to collect all their crops from the garden. As soon as this was done, they again set to work.

A fortnight more passed away in continuous hard work, but the house was at last finished, and very complete, compared to the one they were residing in. It was much larger, and divided into three rooms by the deal planking: the middle room which the door opened into was the

sitting and eating-room, with a window behind ; the two side rooms were sleeping-rooms—one for Mrs. Seagrave and the children, and the other for the male portion of the family. This made it much more comfortable and complete.

The next day was fully employed in changing their residence, and shifting over the bedding and utensils ; and that night they slept within the stockade. Ready had run up a very neat little outhouse of plank, as a kitchen for Juno ; and he also took care, by degrees, to fill the large water-butt full of water, and had fixed into the bottom a spigot for drawing the water off.

Another week passed away, during which Ready repaired the boat, and William and Mr. Seagrave were employed in digging up the garden.



YAM.

On the Monday, William and Ready set off in the boat to the little harbour, and found all the stock doing well, and promising to increase. Many of the bananas and guavas had ripened and withered, but there were enough left to fill the boat half full. The yams had not been broken in upon by the pigs, and the tents were in good order.

Having procured some yams, they set off on their return. Before they arrived at the bay, the sky clouded over and threatened a storm. It did not, however, rain till after they had landed, when a smart shower

announced the commencement of the rainy season.

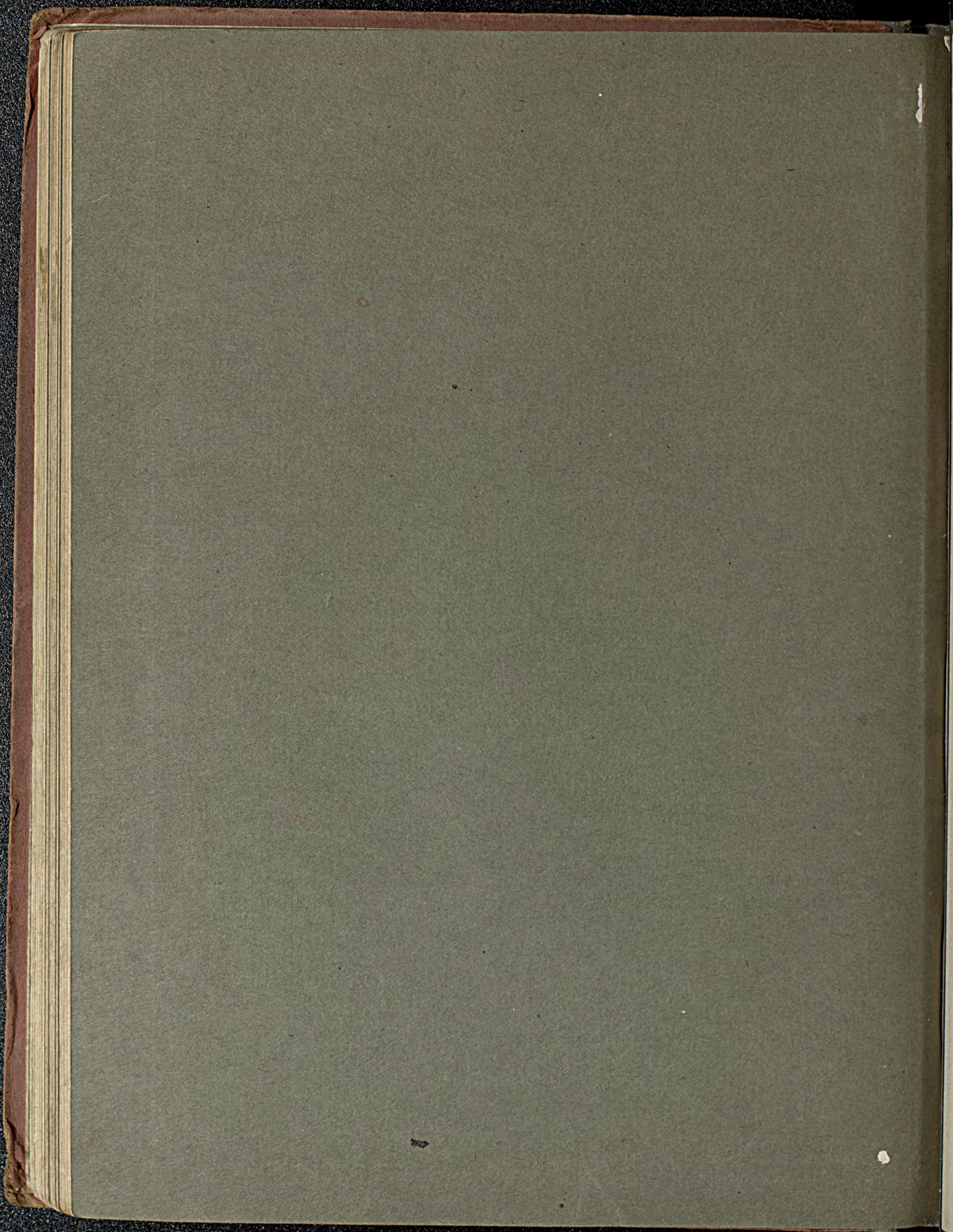
The next morning, just before the day dawned, Ready and William unfastened the door of the stockade, and went down to the beach. The wind was still to the eastward, and blowing rather fresh, and the sky was cloudy. As the sun rose, Ready, as usual, had his telescope with him, and looked through it at the offing to the eastward. As he kept the spyglass to his eye for some time without speaking, William said,—

“Do you see anything, Ready?”

“Either my old eyes deceive me, or I fear that I do,” replied Ready ; “but a few minutes more will decide.”

There was a bank of clouds on the horizon to the eastward ; but as soon as the sun had risen above them, Ready, who had the telescope fixed in the same direction, said,—





"Yes, Master William; I am right. I thought that those dark patches I saw were their brown grass sails."

"Sails of what, Ready?" said William hastily.

"Of the Indian canoes, Master William; I knew that they would come. Take the glass, and look yourself, Master William."

"Yes, I have them now," replied William, with his eye to the glass. He at last said,—

"Why, there are twenty or thirty of them, Ready, at least."

"And each with twenty or thirty men in them too, Master William."

"Good Heaven! What must we do, Ready? How frightened my poor mother will be! I'm afraid we can do nothing against such a number."

"Yes, William, we can do a great deal. That there are hundreds of savages, there is no doubt; but recollect that we have a stockade, which they cannot easily climb over, and plenty of firearms and ammunition, so that we can make a good fight of it, and perhaps beat them off, for they have nothing but clubs and spears."

"How fast they come down, Ready! They will be here in an hour."

"No, sir, nor in two hours either; those are very large canoes. However, there is no time to be lost. Run up to the house and beckon your father to come down to me; and then get all the muskets ready, and bring the casks of powder and of made-up cartridges from the old house into the stockade. After you have done that, you had better come down and join us."

In a few minutes after William ran up to the house, Mr. Seagrave made his appearance.

"Ready, there is danger, I'm sure. What is it?"

"It is, Mr. Seagrave, that the savages are now coming down upon us in large force—perhaps five or six hundred of them; and that we shall have to defend ourselves with all our might and main."

"Do you think we have any chance against such a force?"

"Yes, sir; with God's help I have no doubt that we shall beat them off; but we must fight hard, and for some days, I fear. I think, sir, we had better not wait here any more, as we have not long to prepare for them. We have only to fix up some of our strong deal planks on the inside of the stockade for us to stand upon when we are attacked, that we may see what the enemy is about, and be able to fire upon them. But first we had better go to the old house, and take out what provisions and other articles we shall most want, and roll the casks into the stockade; for to the old house they will go first, and

perhaps destroy everything in it. The casks they certainly will, for the sake of the iron hoops. An hour's work will do a great deal, for the distance is not very great. I believe we have everything we want in the stockade: Juno has her fuel; the large butt of water will last us two or three weeks at least; and if we have time, we will get the wheels down, and spear a couple of turtles for fresh provisions."

"We hardly need think of turtle just now, Ready."

"Why not, sir? It's as well to have them as to leave them for the savages to eat for us. I will get all up I can, even if we do not eat them; they will live for weeks on their back in the shade."

This conversation passed as they walked up to the house. As soon as they arrived, they found William and Juno had just brought in the powder and cartridges. Mr. Seagrave went in to break the matter to his wife, who, he feared, would be much alarmed.

"I was told that I had to expect this, my dear," replied Mrs. Seagrave, "so that it has not come upon me altogether unawares."

As they could have a very good view of the canoes from where the old house stood, Ready examined them with his glass every time that he returned from rolling up a cask to the stockade. Every one worked hard; even Mrs. Seagrave did all she could, either assisting in rolling the

casks, or carrying up what she was able to lift. In an hour they had got into the stockade all that they most cared for, and the canoes were still about six or seven miles off.

In half an hour six turtle were brought up by Juno and William, and then Ready followed them into the stockade.

They then rolled the casks and upheaved them by the sides of the stockade, and fixed up deal planks to stand upon, just high enough to enable them to see over the top of the palisades, and to fire at the enemy. Mrs. Seagrave had been shown how to load a musket, and Juno was now taught the same.



As soon as the children were dressed, Mr. Seagrave called Ready, who was outside watching the canoes; and they went to their morning devotions, and prayed heartily for succour in this time of need. They then breakfasted in haste; for, as may be supposed, they were almost too anxious to eat.

Then Ready and William, concealed behind trees, watched the savages, a large portion of whom had landed out of ten of the canoes. The savages were all painted, with their war-cloaks and feathers on, and armed with spears and clubs, evidently having come with no peaceable intentions. At first they occupied themselves with beaching the canoes, and as they were very large and heavy, this was a work of some few minutes' employment for the whole of them.

William, who had taken the telescope to examine them more minutely, said to Ready, "What a fierce, cruel set of wretches they appear to be; if they overpower us, they will certainly kill us."

"Of that there is no doubt, Master William; but we must fight hard, and not let them overpower us."

William shuddered at the idea, and then replied in a determined tone, "I'll fight as long as I have breath in my body; but, Ready, they are coming up as fast as they can."

"Yes, sir; right up to the old house; we must wait no longer."

"I thought I saw another vessel under sail, out away by the garden point, Ready, just as we turned away."

"Very likely, sir—a canoe which has separated from the others during the night. Quick, Master William; they have begun to yell."

Another half-minute, and they arrived at the door of the stockade: they entered, shut the door, and then barricaded it with the cocoanut poles which they had fitted to the inner door-posts.

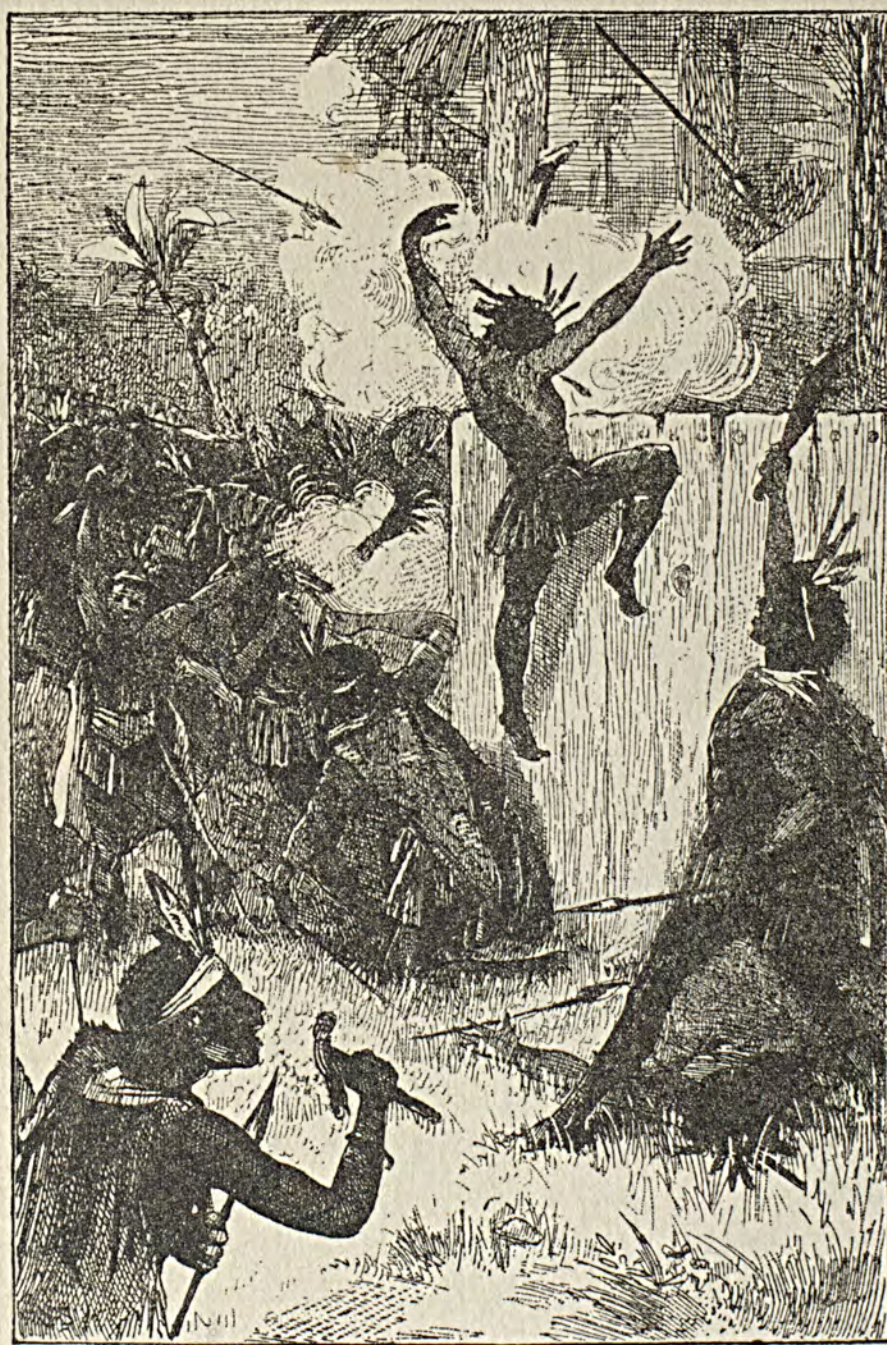
"That is secure enough," observed Ready; "and now we must trust to Heaven and our own exertions."

The loud yells of the savages struck terror into the heart of Mrs. Seagrave; it was well that she had not seen their painted bodies and fierce appearance, or she would have been much more alarmed. Little Albert and Caroline clung round her neck with terror in their faces: they did not cry, but looked round and round to see from whence the horrid noise proceeded, and then clung faster to their mother. Master Tommy was very busy finishing all the breakfast which had been left, for there was no one to check him as usual; Juno was busy outside, and was very active and courageous.

"Here they come," said William; "and look, Ready—is not that

one of the women who escaped from us in the canoe who is walking along with the first two men?"

"You are right, Master William; it is one of them. Ah! they have stopped; they did not expect the stockade. Now, Master William,



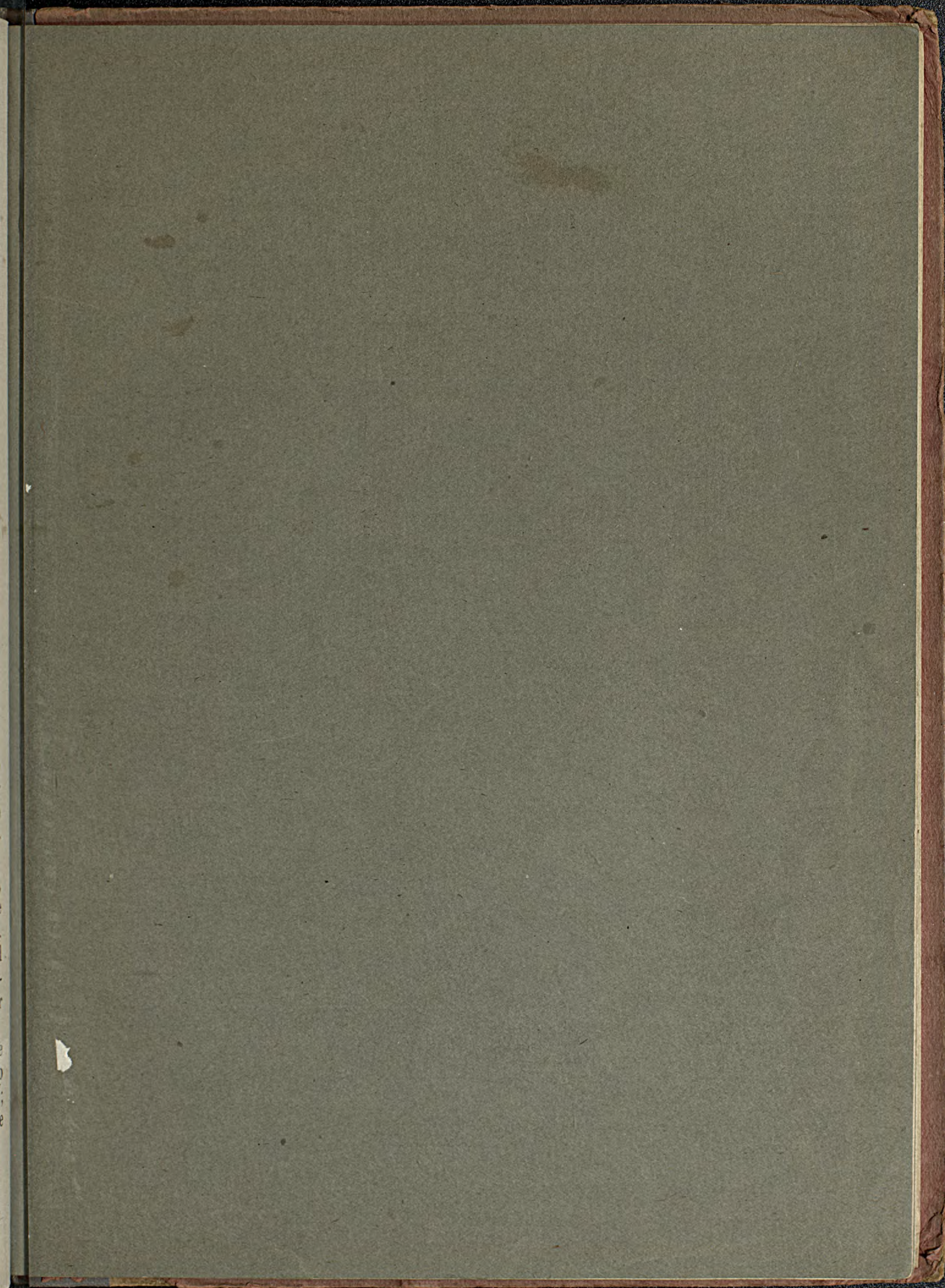
although I intend to fight as hard as I can, yet I always feel a dislike to begin first; I shall therefore show myself over the palisades, and if they attack me, I shall then fire with a quiet conscience."

Ready now stood upon the plank within, so as to show himself to the savages, who gave a tremendous yell, and, as they advanced, a dozen spears were thrown at him with so true an aim that, had he not instantly dodged behind the stockade, he must have been killed. Three or four spears remained quivering in the palisades, just below the top; the others went over it, and fell down inside the stockade, at the farther end.

"Now, Master William, take good aim;" but before William could fire, Mr. Seagrave, who had agreed to be stationed at the corner,

so that he might see if the savages went round to the other side, fired his musket, and a tall chief fell to the ground.

Ready and William also fired, and two more of the savages were seen to drop, amidst the yells of their companions. Juno handed up the other muskets which were ready loaded, and took those discharged; and Mrs. Seagrave, having desired Caroline to take care of her little





brother, and Tommy to be very quiet and good, came out, turned the key of the door upon them, and hastened to assist Juno in reloading the muskets.

The spears now rushed through the air, and it was well that they could fire from the stockade without exposing their persons, or they would have had but little chance. The yells increased, and the savages now began to attack on every quarter; the most active, who climbed like cats, actually succeeded in gaining the top of the palisades, but, as soon as their heads appeared above, they were fired at with so true an aim that they dropped down dead outside. This combat lasted for more than an hour, when the savages, having lost a great many men, drew off from the assault, and the parties within the stockade had time to breathe.

"They have not gained much in this bout, at all events," said Ready; "it was well fought on our side. Master William, you certainly behaved as if you had been brought up to it; I don't think you ever missed your man once."

"Do you think they will go away now?" said Mrs. Seagrave.

"Oh no, madam, not yet; they will try us every way before they leave us. You see these are very brave men, and it is clear that they know what gunpowder is, or they would have been more astonished."

"Well, I'm very thirsty, at all events," said William; "Juno, bring me a little water."

Juno went to the water-tub, to comply with William's request, and in a few minutes afterwards came back in great consternation.

"O massa! O missy! no water; water all gone."

"Water all gone!" cried Ready and all of them in a breath.

"Yes; not one little drop in the cask."

"I filled it up to the top!" exclaimed Ready very gravely; "the tub did not leak—that I am sure of; how can this have happened?"

"Missy, I think I know now," said Juno; "you remember you send Massa Tommy, the two or three days we wash, to fetch water from well in little bucket. You know how soon he came back, and how you say what good boy he was, and how you tell Massa Seagrave when he come to dinner. Now, missy, I quite certain Massa Tommy no take trouble go to well, but fetch water from tub all the while, and so he empty it."

"This is a very awkward thing, Mr. Seagrave," observed Ready gravely.

Mr. Seagrave shook his head. "This is a very bad business, Ready. What would we give for a shower of rain now, that we might catch the falling drops?"

"There are no signs of it, sir," replied Ready; "we must, however, put our confidence in One who will not forsake us."

"I wish the savages would come on again," observed William; "for the sooner they come, the sooner the affair will be decided."

"I doubt if they will to-day, sir; at night-time I think it very probable, and I fear the night attack more than the day. We must make preparations for it."

"Why, what can we do, Ready?"

"In the first place, sir, by nailing planks from cocoanut tree to cocoanut tree above the present stockade, we may make a great portion of it much higher, and more difficult to climb over. Some of them were nearly in this time. If we do that, we shall not have so large a space to watch over and defend; and then we must contrive to have a large fire ready for lighting, that we may not have to fight altogether in the dark."

As Ready had supposed, no further attack was made by the savages on that day. The poor children suffered much: little Albert wailed and cried for "water, water;" Caroline knew that there was none, and was quiet, poor little girl, although she suffered much; as for Tommy, the author of all this misery, he was the most impatient, and roared for some time, till William, quite angry at his behaviour, gave him a smart box on the ear, and he reduced his roar to a whimper, from fear of receiving another. Ready remained on the lookout; indeed, everything was so miserable inside the house that they were all glad to go out of it.

But the moaning of the children was very soon after dusk drowned by the yells of the savages, who now advanced to the night attack.

Every part of the stockade was at once assailed, and the attempts now made were to climb into it; a few spears were occasionally thrown, but it was evident that the object was to obtain an entrance by dint of numbers. It was well that Ready had taken the precaution of nailing the deal planks above the original stockade, or there is little doubt that the savages would have gained their object; as it was, before the flames of the fire, which Juno had lighted by Ready's order, gave them sufficient light, three or four savages had climbed up and had been shot by William and Mr. Seagrave, as they were on the top of the stockade.

When the fire burnt brightly, the savages outside were more easily aimed at, and a great many fell in their attempts to get over. The attack continued more than an hour, when at last, satisfied that they

could not succeed, the savages once more withdrew, carrying with them, as before, their dead and wounded.

"I trust that they will now re-embark and leave the island," said Mr. Seagrave to Ready.

"I only wish they may, sir; it is not at all impossible; but there is no saying. I have been thinking, Mr. Seagrave, that we might be able to ascertain their movements by making a lookout. You see, sir, that cocoanut tree," continued Ready, pointing to one of those to which the palisades were fastened, "is much taller than any of the others; now, by driving spike-nails into the trunk at about a foot apart, we might ascend it with ease, and it would command a view of the whole bay; we then could know what the enemy were about."

"Yes, that is very true; but will not any one be very much exposed if he climbs up?"

"No, sir, for you see the cocoanut trees are cut down clear of the palisades to such a distance that no savage could come at all near without being seen by any one on the lookout, and giving us sufficient time to get down again before he could use his spear."

"I believe that you are right there, Ready; but at all events I would not attempt to do it before daylight, as there may be some of them still lurking underneath the stockade."

"Certainly, there may be, sir, and therefore, until daylight, we will not begin. Fortunately, we have plenty of spike-nails left."

Mr. Seagrave then went into the house; Ready desired William to lie down and sleep for two or three hours, as he would watch.

"I can't sleep, Ready. I'm mad with thirst," replied William.

"Yes, sir; it's very painful—I feel it myself very much. Come, Master William, lie down at all events, even if you cannot sleep."

Mr. Seagrave came out and found old Ready on the watch.

"Ready, I had rather a hundred times be attacked by these savages, and have to defend this place, than be in that house for even five minutes and witness the sufferings of my wife and children."

"I do not doubt it, sir," replied Ready; "but cheer up, and let us hope for the best; I think it very probable that the savages after this second defeat will leave the island."

"I wish I could think so, Ready—it would make me very happy; but I have come out to take the watch, Ready. Will you not sleep for a while?"

"I will, sir, take a little sleep. Call me in two hours; it will then be daylight, and I can go to work, and you can get some repose yourself."

"I am too anxious to sleep ; I think so, at least."

"Master William said he was too thirsty to sleep, sir ; but, poor fellow, he is now fast enough."

"I trust that boy will be spared, Ready."

"I hope so too, for he is a noble fellow ; but we are all in the hands of the Almighty. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night, Ready."

The second day was passed in keeping a lookout upon the savages, and awaiting a fresh attack. They could perceive from the top of the cocoanut tree that the savages held a council of war in the forenoon, sitting round in a large circle, while one got up in the centre, and made a speech, flourishing his club and spear while he spoke. In the afternoon the council broke up, and the savages were observed to be very busy in all directions, cutting down the cocoanut trees, and collecting all the brushwood.

Ready watched them for a long while, and at last came down a little before sunset, and calling William, said, "Master William, water we must have. I cannot bear to see the agony of the poor children, and the state of mind which your poor mother is in ; and more, without water we never shall be able to beat off the savages to-morrow. We shall literally die of choking in the smoke, if they use fire. Now, William, I intend to take one of the seven-gallon barricos, and go down to the well for water. I may succeed, and I may not, but attempt it I must ; and if I fall, it cannot be helped."

"Why not let me go, Ready ?" replied William.

"For many reasons, William," said Ready ; "and the chief one is, that I do not think you would succeed so well as I shall. I shall put on the war-cloak and feathers of the savage who fell dead inside the stockade, and that will be a disguise ; but I shall take no arms except his spear, as they would only be in my way, and increase the weight I have to carry. Now, observe you must let me out of the door, and when I am out, in case of accident, put one of the poles across it inside ; that will keep the door fast, if they attack it, until you can secure it with the others. Watch my return, and be all ready to let me in. Do you understand me ?"

"Yes, perfectly, Ready, but I am now, I must confess, really frightened ; if anything was to happen to you, what a misery it would be !"

"There is no help for it, William. Water must, if possible, be procured, and now is a better time to make the attempt than later,

when they may be more on the watch. They have left off their work, and are busy eating; if I meet any one, it will only be a woman."

Ready went for the barrico—a little cask, which held six or seven gallons of water. He put on the head-dress and war-cloak of the savage, and taking the barrico on his shoulder, and the spear in his hand, the poles which barred the door were softly removed by William, and after ascertaining that no one was concealed beneath the palisades, Ready pressed William's hand, and set off across the cleared space outside the stockade, and gained the cocoanut trees. William, as directed, closed the door, passed one pole through the inner door-posts for security, and remained on the watch. He was in an awful state of suspense, listening to the slightest noise; even the slight rustling by the wind of the cocoanut boughs above him made him start. There he continued for some minutes, his gun ready cocked by his side.

"It is time that he returned," thought William; "the distance is not a hundred yards, and yet I have heard no noise." At last he thought he heard footsteps coming very softly. Yes, it was so. Ready was returning, and without any accident. William had his hand upon the pole, to slip it on one side and open the door, when he heard a scuffle and a fall close to the door. He immediately threw down the pole, and opened it, just as Ready called him by name. William seized his musket and sprang out; he found Ready struggling with a savage, who was uppermost, and with his spear at Ready's breast. In a second William levelled and fired, and the savage fell dead by the side of Ready.

"Take the water in quick, William," said Ready in a faint voice; "I will contrive to crawl in if I can."

William caught up the barrico of water, and took it in; he then hastened to Ready, who was on his knees. Mr. Seagrave, hearing the musket fired, had run out, and finding the stockade door open, followed William, and seeing him endeavouring to support Ready, caught hold of his other arm, and they led him tottering into the stockade; the door was then immediately secured, and they went to his assistance.

"Are you hurt, Ready?" said William.

"Yes, dear boy, yes; hurt to death, I fear; his spear went through my breast. Water, quick, water!"

"Alas that we had some!" said Mr. Seagrave.

"We have, papa," replied William; "but it has cost us dearly."

William ran for a pannikin, and taking out the bung, poured some water out of the barrico, and gave it to Ready, who drank it with eagerness.

"Now, William, lay me down on these cocoanut boughs ; go and give some water to the others, and when you have all drunk, then come to me again. Don't tell Mrs. Seagrave that I'm hurt. Do as I beg of you."

"Papa, take the water—do, pray," replied William ; "I cannot leave Ready."

"I will, my boy," replied Mr. Seagrave ; "but first drink yourself."

William, who was very faint, drank off the pannikin of water, which immediately revived him, and then, while Mr. Seagrave hastened with some water to the children and women, occupied himself with old Ready, who breathed heavily, but did not speak.

William then opened his shirt and examined the wound : the spear had gone deep into the lungs. William threw off his own shirt, tore it up into strips, and then bound up the wound so as to stop the effusion of blood.

Ready, who at first appeared much exhausted with being moved about, gradually recovered so as to be able to speak in a low voice, when Mrs. Seagrave came out of the house.

"Where is that brave, kind man," cried she, "that I may bless him and thank him?"

Mr. Seagrave went to her, and caught her by the arm.

"He is hurt, my dear—I am afraid very much hurt. I did not tell you at the time."

Mr. Seagrave first briefly related what had occurred, and then led her to where old Ready was lying. Mrs. Seagrave knelt by his side, took his hand, and burst into tears.

"Don't weep for me, dear madam," said Ready ; "my days have been numbered ; I'm only sorry that I cannot any more be useful to you."

"Dear, good old man," said Mrs. Seagrave, after a pause, "whatever may be our fates—and that is for the Almighty to decide for us—as long as I have life, what you have done for me and mine shall never be forgotten."

Mrs. Seagrave then bent over him, and, kissing his forehead, rose from her knees, and retired, weeping, into the house.

"How do you find yourself, Ready?" said William.

"I am quiet and easy, William, and without much pain ; but I think I am sinking, and shall not last long. They will come at daylight, William—I think so at least ; you have not much time to spare ; climb to the lookout, and wait there till day dawns ; watch them as

long as you can in safety, and then come down to tell me what you have seen."

Ready's voice became faint after this exertion of speaking so much.

He motioned to William, who immediately climbed up the coconut tree, and waited there till daylight.

At the dawn of day, he perceived that the savages were at work, that they had collected all the fagots together opposite to where the old house had stood, and were very busy in making arrangements for the attack. At last he perceived that they every one shouldered a fagot, and commenced their advance towards the stockade. William immediately descended from the tree, and called his father, who was talking with Mrs. Seagrave. The muskets were all loaded, and Mrs. Seagrave and Juno took their posts below the planking, to reload them as fast as they were fired.

"We must fire upon them as soon as we are sure of not missing them, William," said Mr. Seagrave; "for the more we check their advance the better."

When the first savages were within fifty yards, they both fired, and two of the men dropped; and they continued to fire as their assailants came up, with great success for the first ten minutes; after which the savages advanced in a larger body, and took the precaution to hold the fagots in front of them, for some protection as they approached. By these means they gained the stockade in safety, and commenced laying their fagots. Mr. Seagrave and William still kept up an incessant fire upon them, but not with so much success as before.

Although many fell, the fagots were gradually heaped up, till they almost reached to the holes between the palisades through which they pointed their muskets; and as the savages contrived to slope them down from the stockade to the ground, it was evident that they meant to mount up and take them by escalade. At last it appeared as if all the fagots had been placed, and the savages retired farther back, to where the cocoanut trees were still standing.

"They have gone away, father," said William; "but they will come again, and I fear it is all over with us."

"Here they come in a swarm," said Mr. Seagrave.

The whole body of savages were now advancing from the cocoanut wood in a solid mass; they raised a yell, which struck terror into the hearts of Mrs. Seagrave and Juno, yet they flinched not. The savages were again within fifty yards of them, when fire was opened upon them; the fire was answered by loud yells, and the savages had already

reached to the bottom of the sloping pile of fagots, when the yells and the reports of the muskets were drowned by a much louder report, followed by the crackling and breaking of the cocoanut trees, which made both parties start with surprise; another and another followed, the ground was ploughed up, and the savages fell in numbers.

"It must be the cannon of a ship, father," said William; "we are saved—we are saved!"

"It can be nothing else; we are saved, and by a miracle," replied Mr. Seagrave in utter astonishment.

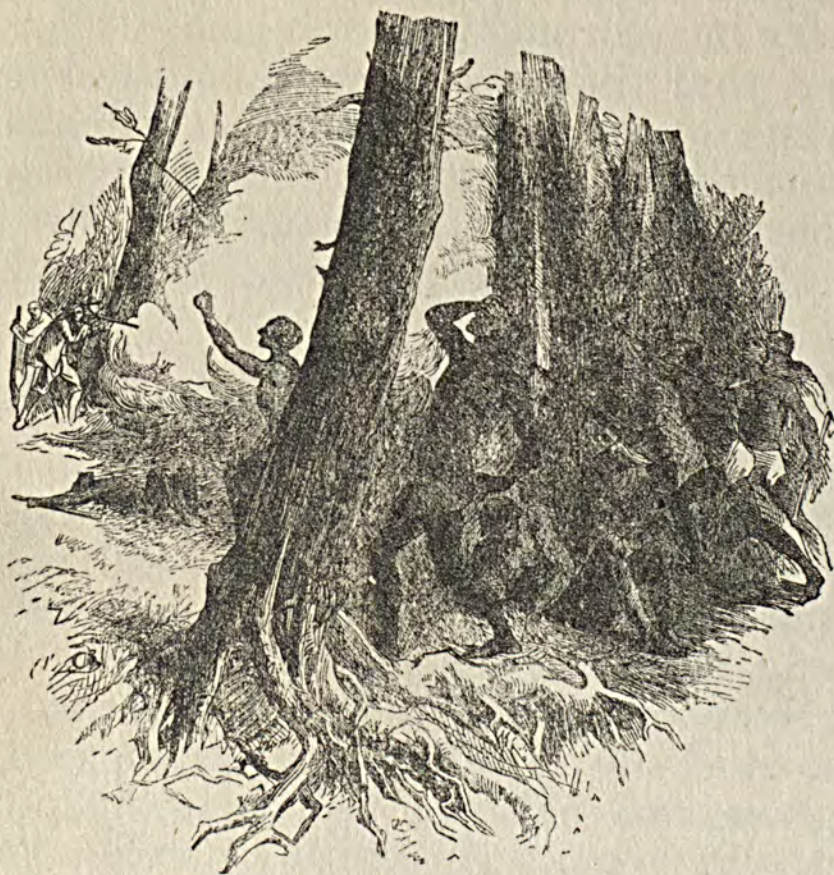
The savages paused in the advance, quite stupefied; again, again, again the report of the loud guns boomed through the air, and the round shot and grape came whizzing and tearing through the cocoanut grove. At this last broadside the savages turned and fled towards their canoes.

William hastened up to the lookout on the cocoanut tree, and now cried out to them below, as the guns were again discharged,—

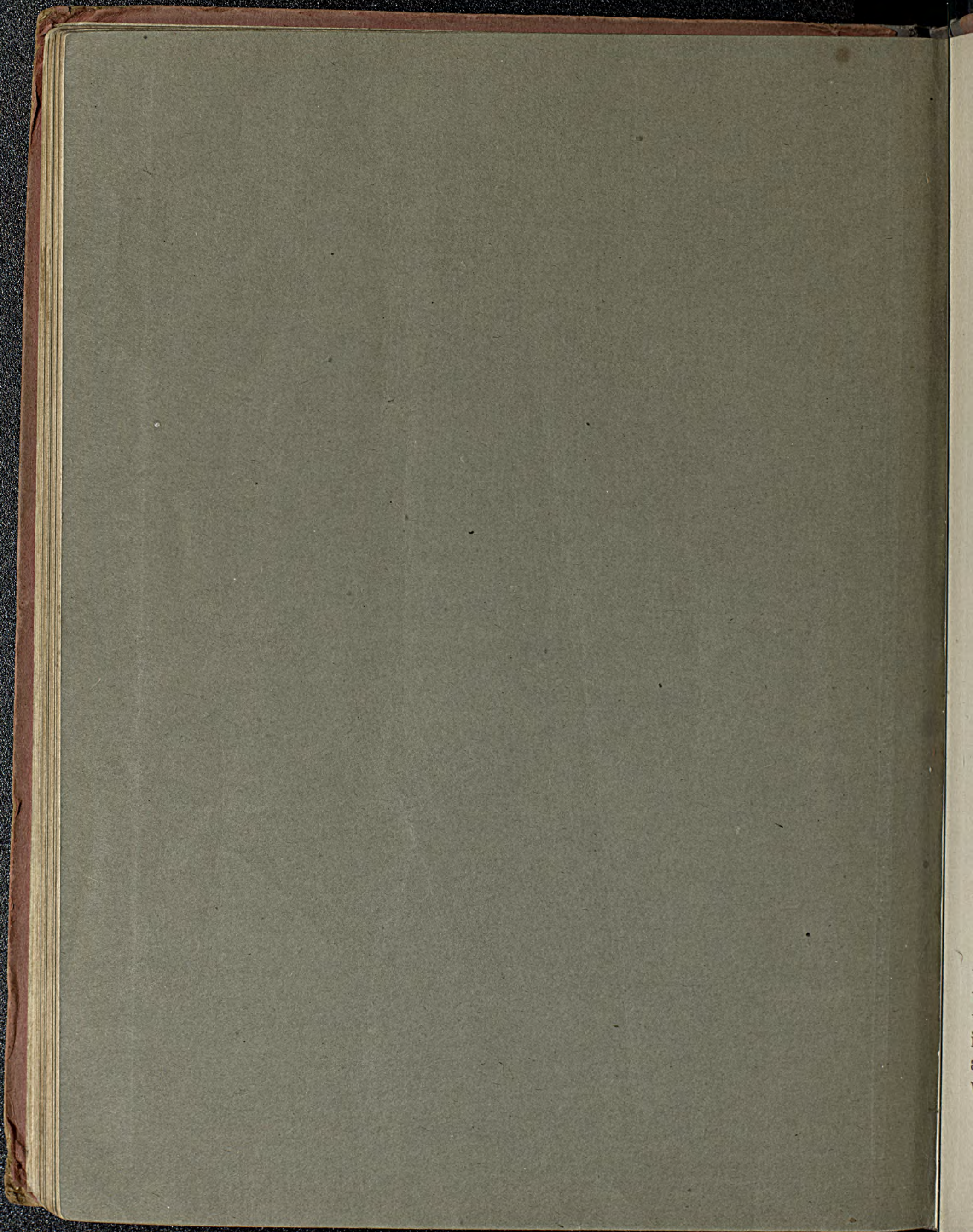
"A large schooner, father; she is firing at the savages, who are at the canoes; they are falling in every direction; some have plunged into the water; there is a boatful of armed men coming on shore; they are close to the beach, by the garden point. Three of the canoes have got off full of men; there go the guns again; two of the canoes are sunk; the boat has landed, and the people are coming up this way."

William then descended from the lookout as fast as he could. As soon as he was down, he commenced unbarring the door of the stockade. He pulled out the last pole just as he heard the feet of their deliverers outside. He threw open the door, and a second after found himself in the arms of Captain Osborn.

My readers must, if they can, imagine the joy of Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave when they beheld their old friend Captain Osborn. All danger was now over; the party who had landed with him went out under







the command of the mate, to ascertain if there were any more of the savages to be found ; but, except the dead and dying, all had escaped in some of the smaller canoes. Captain Osborn remained with the Seagraves, and in a few words told his own history ; and they then informed him of the state of poor old Ready, whom William had gone to attend as soon as Captain Osborn was engaged with his father and mother. Captain Osborn hurried out to see him ; Ready knew him immediately—that is, he knew his voice, for the old man's eyes were already so dim that he could not see.

"That is Captain Osborn, I know," said Ready in a faint voice. "You have come in good time, sir ; I knew you would come, and I always said so ; you have the thanks of a dying man."

"I hope it is not so bad as that, Ready ; we have a surgeon on board, and I will send for him at once."

"No surgeon can help me, sir," replied Ready ; "another hour of time will not pass before I shall be in eternity. I thank God for the preservation of the family, but, Captain Osborn, my time is come."

The old man then joined his hands across his breast, and remained for some time in silent prayer.

"We had better leave," said Captain Osborn ; "he wishes not to be interrupted. I will send for the surgeon, at all events, although I feel it is useless ; the hand of death is already on him."

Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave walked away with Captain Osborn, all of them much affected with the scene. William still remained by Ready's side, to give him water when he asked for it. A few minutes afterwards, Ready opened his eyes.

"Are you there, William ? I can't see you. Listen to me, my dear boy. Let me be buried under the trees on the mound above the well. I wish to lie there. Poor little Tommy ! don't let him know that he was the cause of my death. Bring him here now, and Juno and Caroline, to say good-bye, William."

William, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, hastened into the house, and communicated Ready's wish to his father and mother. They all went out in a body to take a last farewell ; Ready called them all by name, one after another. They knelt down as he called them, and kissed him. He bade them farewell in a faint voice, which at last was changed to a mere whisper. They still remained, in silence and in tears, standing round him, William only kneeling and holding his hand, when the old man's head fell back, and he was no more !

"It is all over," said Mr. Seagrave mournfully, "and he has, I have no doubt, gone to receive the reward of a good and just man. 'Happy are those who die in the Lord.'"

The next morning they were up early, and packed up the few articles which still remained to go on board. Mr. Seagrave read the prayers, and they went to breakfast. Few words were exchanged, for there was a solemn grief upon all of them. They waited for the arrival of Captain Osborn and the crew of the schooner to attend the funeral of poor old Ready. William, who had gone out occasionally to look at the vessel, now came in, and said that two boats were pulling on shore. A few minutes afterwards, Captain Osborn and the commander of the schooner made their appearance.

The coffin, covered with the Union Jack as a pall, was raised on the shoulders of six of the seamen, and they bore it to the grave, followed by Mrs. Seagrave and the children, the commander of the schooner, and several of the men. Mr. Seagrave read the funeral service, which was occasionally interrupted by the sobbing of Juno; the grave was filled up, and they all walked back in silence. At the request of William, the commander of the schooner had ordered the carpenter to prepare an oak paling to put round the grave, and a board, on which was written the name of the deceased and the day of his death. As soon as this had been fixed up, William, with a deep sigh, followed the commander of the schooner to the house, to announce that all was finished, and that the boat waited for them to embark.

They all embarked, and were soon on the deck of the schooner, from whence they continued to fix their eyes upon the island, while the men were heaving up the anchor. At last sail was made upon the vessel, the garden point was cleared, and as they ran away with a fair wind, each object on the shore became more indistinct. Still their eyes were turned in that direction. Juno and William stood abaft; William had the spyglass, and was looking through it very steadily as the vessel ran on, when Captain Osborn inquired what he was looking at. "I am taking my last farewell of Ready's grave," replied William.

"He really a good man," said Juno in a low voice.

As they ran down to the westward, they passed the cove where they had first landed, and Mr. Seagrave directed Mrs. Seagrave's attention to it. Mrs. Seagrave remained for some time looking at it in silence, and then said as she turned away,—

"We shall never be more happy than we were on that island, Seagrave."

"It will indeed be well, my dear, if we never are less happy," replied her husband.

The schooner now ran fast through the water, and the island was every minute less distinct; after a time, the land was below the horizon, and the tops of the cocoanut trees only were seen; these gradually disappeared. Juno watched on, and when at last nothing could be seen, she waved her handkerchief in the direction of the island, as if to bid it farewell, and then went down below to hide her grief.

The wind continued fair, and, after a favourable passage of little more than four weeks, they arrived at Sydney Cove, the port to which they were bound when they embarked from England on board the good ship *Pacific*.

THE END.

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