

**STORIES FOR SUMMER
DAYS & WINTER NIGHTS.
THE SHIP AND THE ISLAND**

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Stories for Summer Days & Winter Nights. The Ship and the Island by Anonymous .

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STORIES

703

Summer Days & Winter Nights.

SECOND SERIES.



THE SHIP

AND THE ISLAND.



LONDON

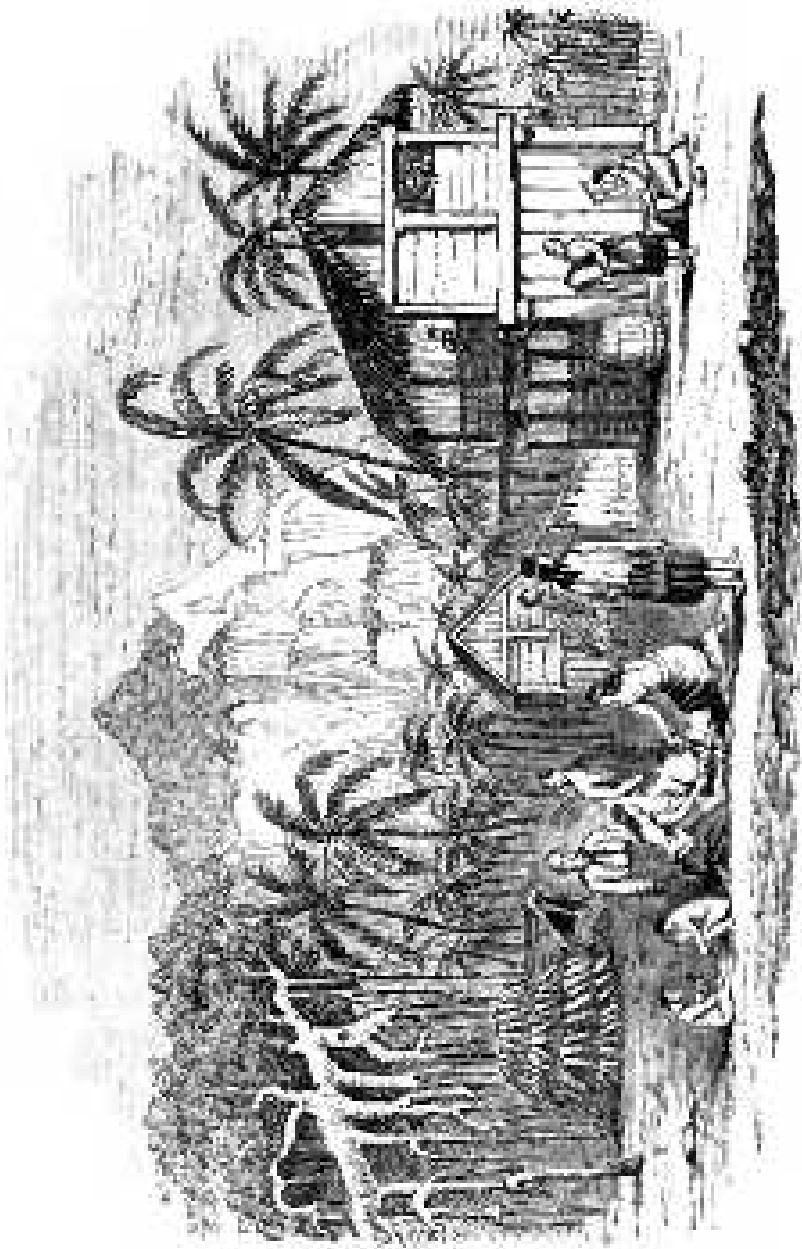
GRONDRIDGE AND SONS,

FIFTEENTH ROW.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

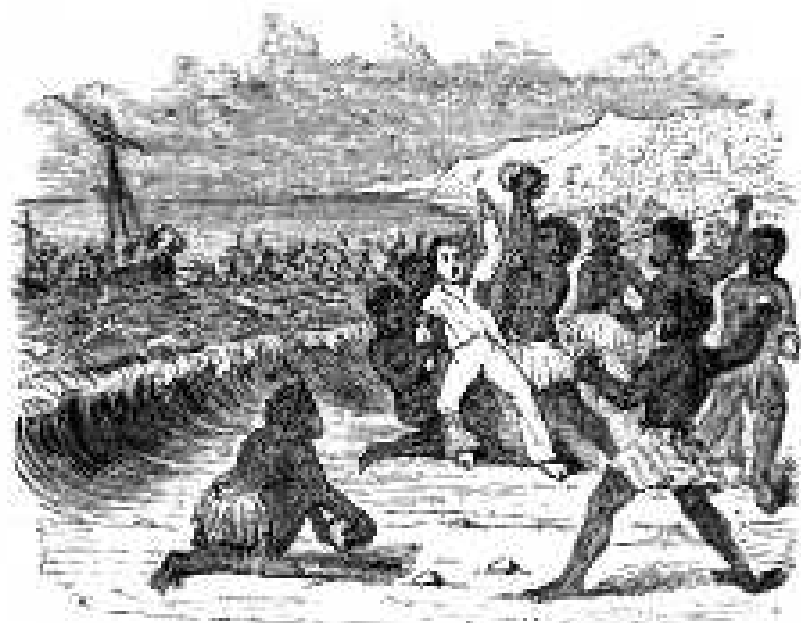


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The Village.

THE
SHIP AND THE ISLAND.



The Attack at Tifoo.

Page 15.

LONDON:
GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

" O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home !
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change."

THE SHIP AND THE ISLAND.



CHAPTER I.

THE BOUNTY SAILS FOR TAHITI—COLLECTING THE BREAD-FRUIT PLANTS—THE MUTINY.

'GRANDFATHER! I want to speak to you.'

'Well, my little boy; what have you to say?'

'Can't you guess, grandfather? I want you to tell us another story.'

'Oh, that's it, is it? Well, go and call your brothers and sisters; and then we will settle what it shall be about.'

'Now, grandfather, we are all ready. You once said that some extraordinary events had taken place in the last century; can you not tell us something about them?'

'Quite right; many events took place in the last century, some of them the most interesting and extraordinary the world has ever seen. There were the great American War of Independence, the voyages of Captain Cook round the world, and the memorable French Revolution, besides so many wonderful inventions and discoveries, that you would grow tired of listening to all the stories that could be told about them.'

'Oh, grandfather! we can never grow tired of your stories; we have been thinking we should like one about adventures on the sea.'

'It shall be as you like, children : so listen.'

When Captain Cook came back from his voyages of discovery, before he met with an untimely death far away from his native land, he brought accounts of many curious and valuable things which he had seen in foreign countries. Among these was the bread-fruit tree, which grows to the size of an ordinary oak, with long drooping leaves, and bears a fruit nearly in the shape of a pumpkin and larger than a child's head. When the fruit is full-grown it is plucked while green, and roasted, and then the soft white pith or pulp with which it is filled has an agreeable taste, something like that of wheaten bread and artichoke, and is much relished, not only by natives of the countries where it grows, but also by travellers from other lands. It lasts in season for eight months of the year, and is often produced by the trees in prodigious quantities. When this fruit was heard of in England, many people thought it would make excellent food for the negroes, who were then slaves in the West Indies, if it could be made to grow there ; and, after considering the matter, the government gave orders for a ship to be fitted out to sail to the South Sea Islands, to collect a number of bread-fruit plants, and convey them to Jamaica. This was about sixty years ago.

A vessel named the *Bounty* was accordingly made ready, and fitted up with shelves and racks to hold the pots and tubs, so that they should not be injured by the rolling of the ship in stormy weather, and two gardeners were appointed to take care of them. The commander was Lieutenant Bligh, who had been out with Captain Cook ; next to him came the officers, and last the crew, making altogether forty-six persons on board ; and being provided with every thing necessary for the success of the voyage, the *Bounty* sailed from England two days before Christmas in the year 1787.