

**DAWN
ISLAND. A TALE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649433308

Dawn Island. A Tale by Harriet Martineau

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HARRIET MARTINEAU

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DAWN ISLAND.

A Tale.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



MANCHESTER:
J. GADSBY, NEWALL'S-BUILDINGS.
1843.

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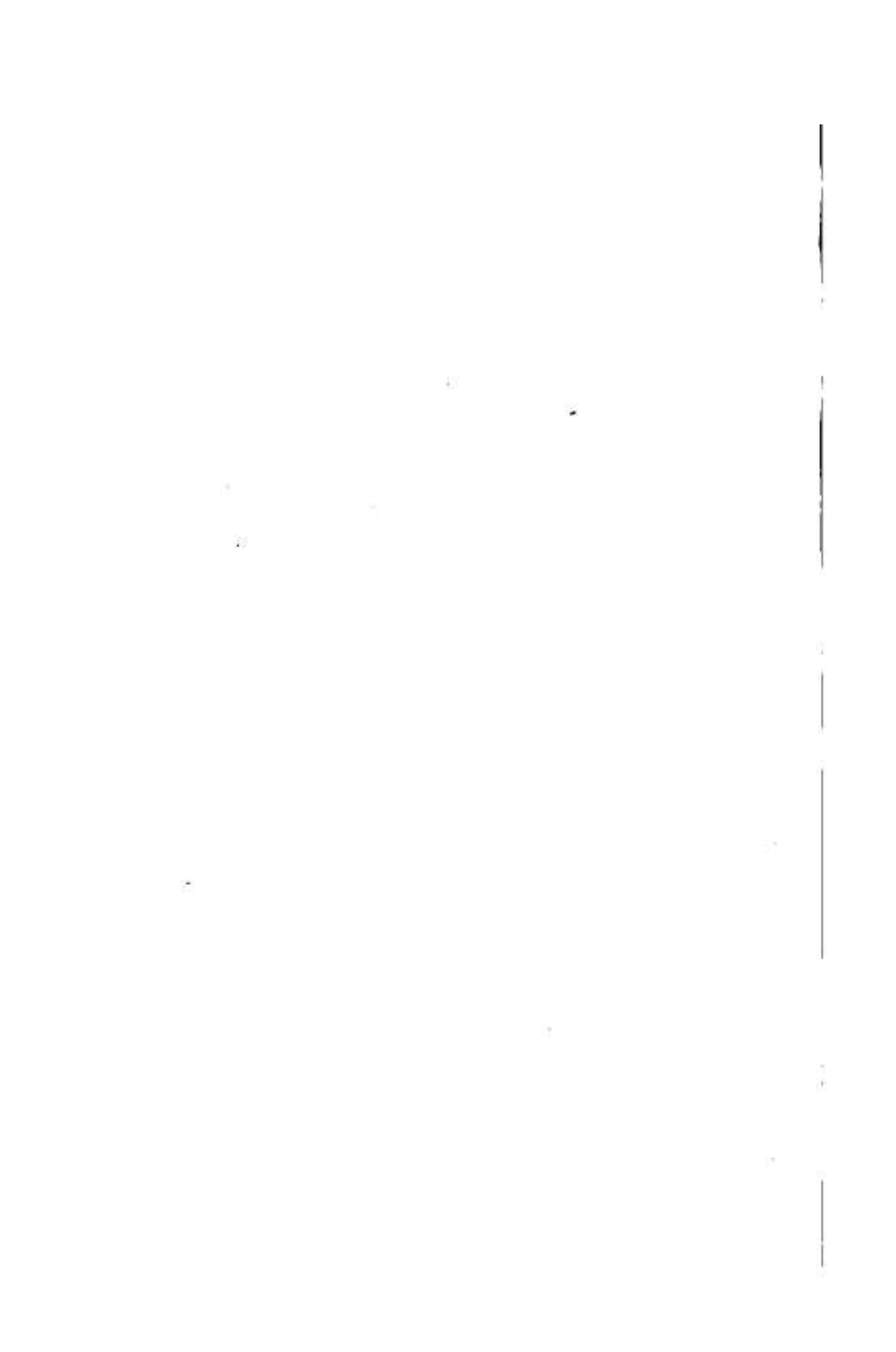
PREFACE.

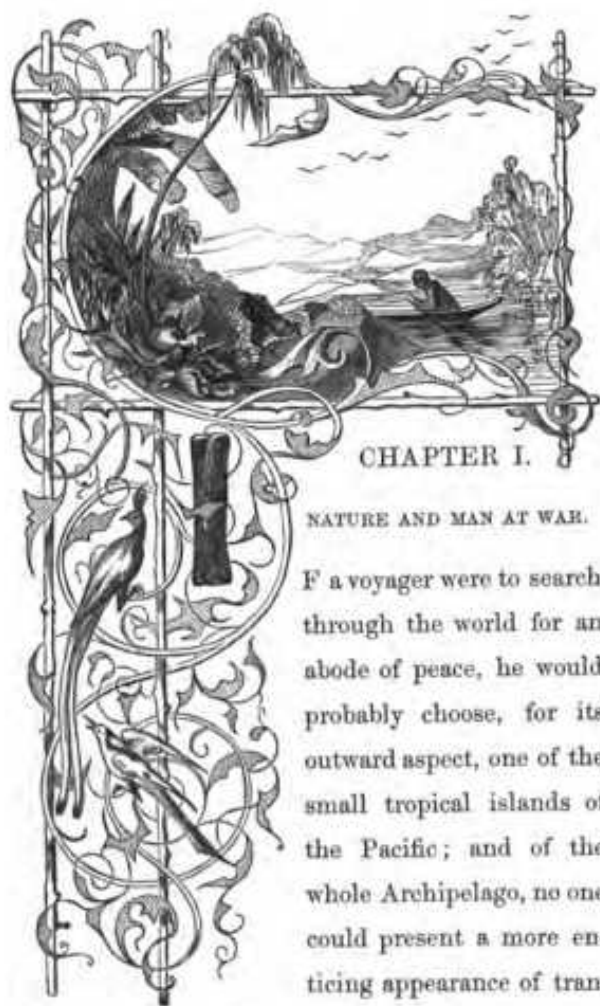
This Tale, written for the purpose, is my offering to the Bazaar of the National Anti-Corn-Law League.

However small its value, this contribution is made by me without hesitation, because I think that earnestness of conviction on the principle of Free Trade,—as on any principle whatever,—is most effectually evinced and employed by every one working in his own way for the cause. The separate gifts of a thousand of us contributors may be of insignificant value in themselves; but, as evidence that a thousand minds, and a thousand pairs of hands have been at work on the ground of a common conviction, the testimony is not unimportant. For my share, therefore, I have written this Tale; and I shall be gratified by its being granted a place among a myriad of other avowals of interest in the cause of Free Trade.

H. MARTINEAU.

Birmingham, April, 1845.





CHAPTER I.

NATURE AND MAN AT WAR.

If a voyager were to search through the world for an abode of peace, he would probably choose, for its outward aspect, one of the small tropical islands of the Pacific; and of the whole Archipelago, no one could present a more enticing appearance of tran-

quillity than that which was, while yet unknown to navigators, called by its inhabitants the Island of the Day Spring; or, as we should call it for shortness, Dawn Island. The lofty summits of the central mountains seemed to bring down to earth something of the unfathomable quietness of the tropical skies which overarched them. The transparency of the atmosphere gave an appearance of stability to every object within reach of the eye,—a clearness of outline, and firmness of position, hardly to be conceived of by inhabitants of regions where every thing is seen through shifting and refracting fogs and mists. The waving of the plummy foliage of the cocoa-nut grove, and the leap and gush of the mountain streams, rather lulled than disturbed the senses of the observer; and if he turned his gaze to the shores, he could not but think that the space between them and the coral reef which surrounded the island contained the stillest waters he had ever seen. The coral reef extended to various distances from the shore, now stretching out so as to enclose a lake-like expanse of two miles in breadth, and then bending inwards so as to leave