

**MASTERMAN READY; OR,  
THE WRECK OF  
THE PACIFIC. WRITTEN  
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE**

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Masterman Ready; or, the wreck of the Pacific. Written for young people by Frederick Marryat

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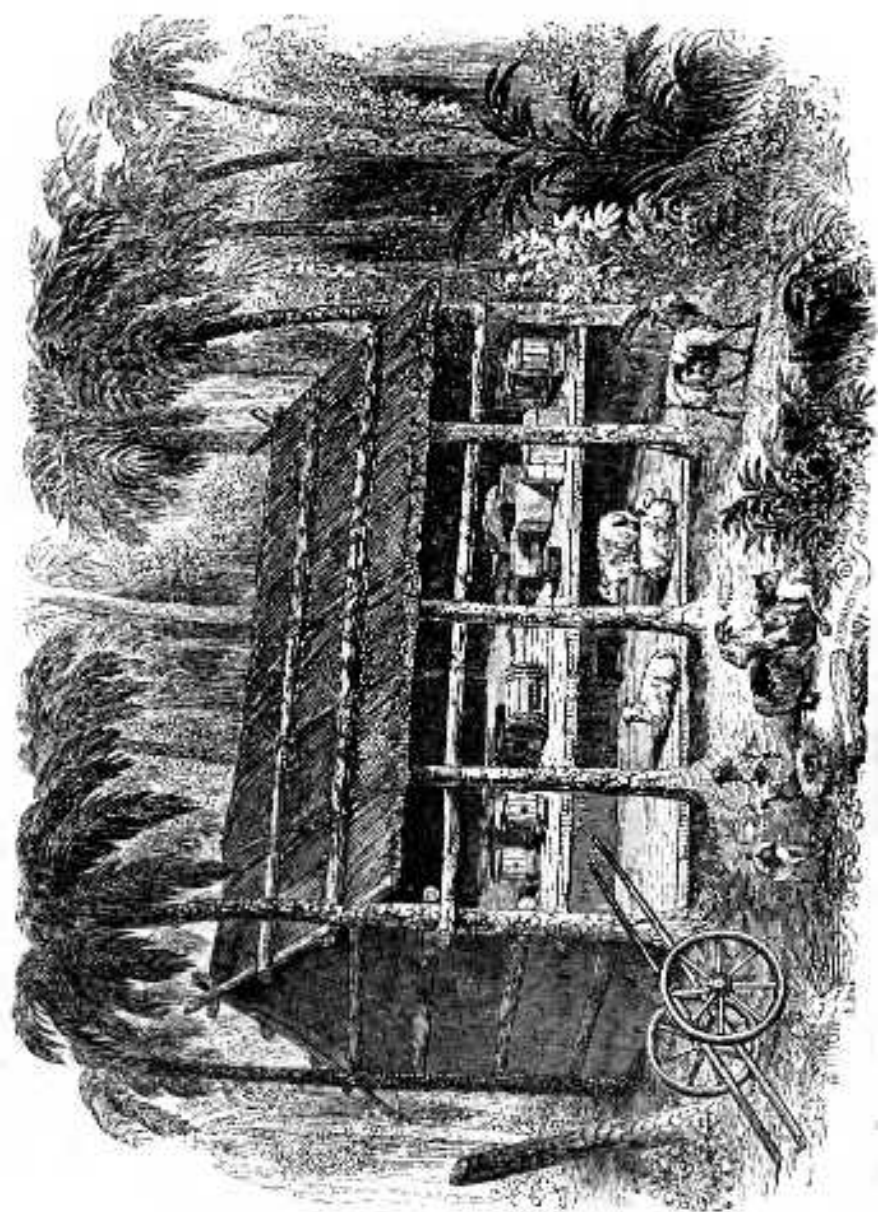
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**FREDERICK MARRYAT**

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FRONTISPIECE.

MASTERMAN READY;

OR,

THE WRECK OF THE PACIFIC.

WRITTEN FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY

CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

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VOLUME II.  
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*Abel Smith*

MASTERMAN READY;

OR,

THE WRECK OF THE PACIFIC.



READY FINDING THE KIDS.

CHAPTER I.

At the end of the first volume we left off where our party on the island had taken possession



of their new house, at the commencement of the rainy season. It was on Saturday, and a storm had come on, which had continued during the whole night; for the storms are very violent in the tropical countries, when the rainy season (which is equivalent to our winter) first makes its appearance. When, however, they all rose up the next morning, the clouds had cleared off, and the sun was shining bright. Ready and Juno were the first out of the house—Ready with the telescope under his arm, which he always took with him when he went his rounds, as he termed it, in the morning.

“Well, Juno,” said Ready, “this is a fine morning after the rain.”

“Yes, Massa Ready, very fine morning; but how I get fire light, and make kittle boil for breakfast, I really don’t know—stick and cocoa-nut trash all so wet.”

“Before I went to bed last night, Juno, I covered up the embers with ashes, put some

stones over them, and then some cocoa-nut branches; so I think you will find some fire there yet. You see, Juno, we must do our best; we can't do every thing at once; but next year, if we live and do well, I dare say we shall have a stack of dry fuel, and well thatched, all ready for the rainy season. I was going my morning's round, but I will stay a little and help you."

"Tank you, Massa Ready; plenty rain fall last night."

"Yes, not a little, Juno; you must not expect to find the water at the well very clear this morning; indeed, I doubt if you will see the well at all. Here's some stuff which is not very wet."

"I got plenty of fire, too," replied Juno, who had removed the branches and stones, and was now on her knees blowing up the embers.

"You'll do very well now, Juno," said Ready; "besides, Master William will be out directly—so I'll leave you."

Ready whistled to the dogs, who came bounding out, and then set off on his round of inspection. He first directed his steps to the well in the ravine; but, instead of the gushing spring and the limpid, clear water, with which the cask sunk for a well had been filled, there was now a muddy torrent, rushing down the ravine, and the well was covered with it, and not to be distinguished.

“I thought as much,” said Ready, musing over the impetuous stream; “well, better too much water than too little.” Ready waded through, as he wished to examine the turtle-pond, which was on the other side of the stream. Finding all right, he again crossed the water, where it was now spread wide over the sandy beach, until he came to the other point, where he had moored his boat, both by the head and stern, with a rope, and a heavy stone made fast to it, as an anchor.

From this point, as usual, he surveyed the