



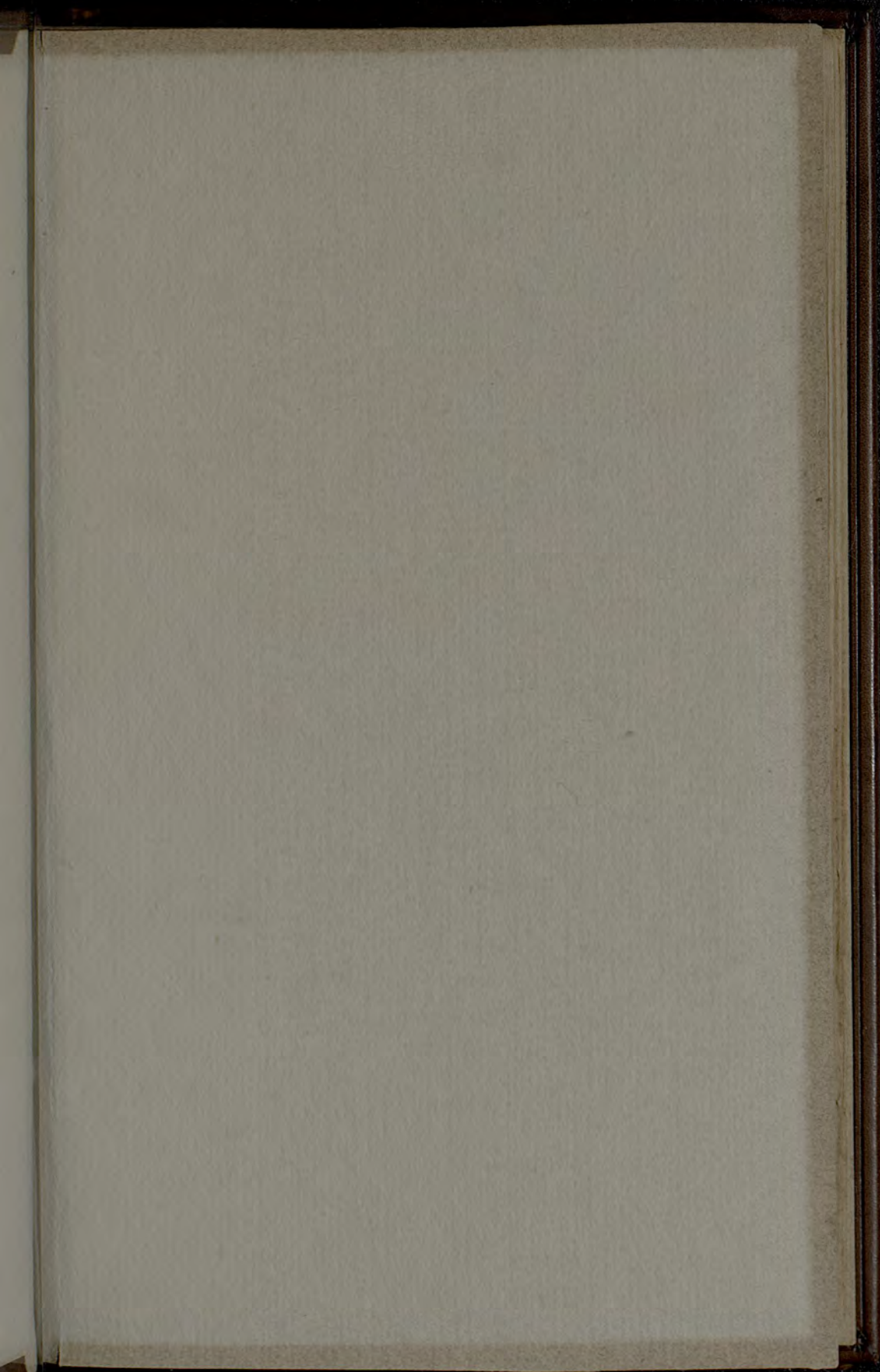
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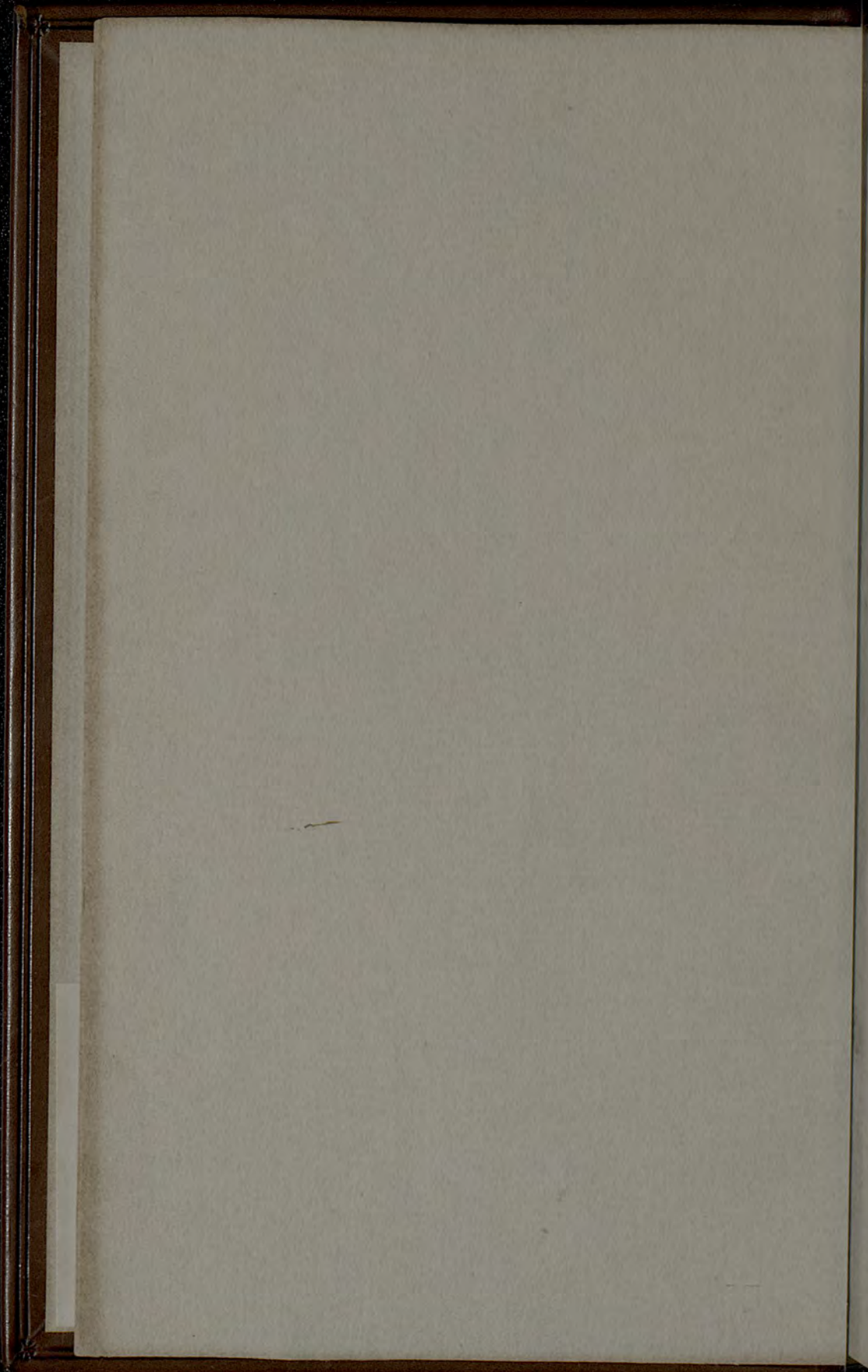


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April<sup>the 14</sup>  
1803



*R. D. Whittenbury.*

THE  
NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE;

AN INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING

H I S T O R Y,

FOR THE USE OF

CHILDREN OF BOTH SEXES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

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Embellished with Thirty-two beautiful Cuts.

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V O L. I.

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Printed for JOHN STOCKDALE, opposite Burlington  
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NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN

AN HERBARIUM OF THE UNITED STATES

ESTABLISHED IN 1847

FOR THE USE OF

SCIENTISTS AND STUDENTS

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

HERBARIUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

NEW YORK

1847

W. C. CROCKER

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## P R E F A C E.

SOME writers have affirmed that mankind are all born with the same dispositions and the same degree of understanding; and that education, laws, and customs, create all the difference perceivable between man and man. I confess, I can hardly bring myself to suppose that education alone produced the wide dissimilarity which exists between the characters of Therfites and Achilles, or those of Socrates and Anytus: at the same time it will ever be an acknowledged truth, that even he who is most indebted to Nature will reap

but small advantage from her gifts, unless they are improved by mature and judicious cultivation.

It is unnecessary to undertake a serious demonstration of a truth universally admitted in all ages and nations; a truth confirmed by daily experience, and the practice of which was the object constantly aimed at by the labours both of the philosopher and the bulk of mankind. The improvement of the latter, as far as it can be effected by education, has been more attended to in the present age than ever it was in any preceding one. If the endeavours used to this purpose have not had all the success that might be expected from them, they have at least excited the attention and directed the minds of men towards an object, the accomplishment of which, as it is more or less perfect, has ever a  
pro-

proportionable effect upon the happiness of families, and consequently upon the state of society in general.

A great genius of the present age has contributed, even by his false opinions, towards the accomplishment of this important object: for the errors of great men are remarked, and the discussion of them frequently leads to the truth from which they have deviated. Thus Mr. Rousseau's *Emilius* will, in spite of the false opinions advanced in it, always be a valuable book, both on account of the important truths which it contains, and those which it has caused to be discovered; and it would be unjust not to attribute to it at least a considerable enlargement in our ideas concerning education.

To free our species, as far as in us lies, from the ailments and disabilities

to which Nature subjects them from their very birth, is a great object, but certainly not the only one. It is essential to society that its members be sound and robust in constitution; but if they are not, at the same time, honest, just, and good, they will be of more prejudice than advantage to society. Mr. Rousseau was perfectly sensible of this truth; he has paid considerable attention to it; but, if I may be allowed the assertion, he was frequently deceived both in the nature of social virtue, and the extent to which it should be practised. While he boldly attacks the prejudices under which we are enslaved from our infancy, he has, on the other hand, denied, or endeavoured to render doubtful, many valuable truths which constitute our happiness in a more advanced age. While he meant  
to

to prune away the greedy branches that impeded the growth of the tree, he has, though perhaps without intention, wounded its very roots. Whilst he wishes to assist Nature, he allows Nature too much; and where he thought he found her defective, he has not always been able to find the best means of supplying her defects. In a word, young Emilius is the child of Mr. Rousseau's fancy, not the child of education.

Nevertheless, the following work is indebted to that of Mr. Rousseau for the form that it bears. Mr. Campe, the author of it, expresses himself thus: "I never read the following passage in the second volume of Emilius without the most sensible satisfaction. Nothing upon earth can be so well calculated to inspire one with ardour in the execution

of a plan approved by so great a genius."

" Might there not be found means," says Rousseau, " to bring together so many lessons of instruction that lie scattered in so many books ; to apply them through a single object of a familiar and not uncommon nature, capable of engaging the imitation, as well as rousing and fixing the attention even at so tender an age ? If one could imagine a situation, in which all the natural wants of man appear in the clearest light to the understanding of a child, and in which the means of satisfying these wants unfold themselves successively in the same clear, easy manner, the lively and natural description of such a state should be the first means that I would use to set his imagination at work.

" I see thine expand already, thou ardent

dent philosopher. But be not in pain; we have found such a situation. It is described, and no disparagement to your talents, much better than you would describe it yourself, at least with more truth and simplicity. Since we must have books, there is one that furnishes, in my opinion, the best imagined treatise upon natural education that can possibly be. This book shall be the first that I will put into the hands of my Emilius; this singly shall for a long time compose his whole library, and indeed shall always hold a distinguished place there. It shall be the text to which all our discourses upon natural science shall serve as a commentary. It shall be the criterion of our taste and judgment; and, as long as these remain uncorrupted, the reading of it will always be agreeable to us. Well,

then, what is this wonderful book? Is it Aristotle, Pliny, Buffon?—No: it is Robinson Crusoe.

“Robinson Crusoe, alone in his island, deprived of the assistance of his fellow creatures, without \* tools of any sort, yet providing for his safety and subsistence, and even procuring himself a sort of happiness, presents a subject interesting to every age, and which there might be a thousand ways of making agreeable to children. This you see realizes the ideal circumstances of the desert island, which I used at first as a comparison. I grant, it is by no means the state of man as destined for society;

\* Mr. Rousseau is mistaken here. The *Old Robinson Crusoe* has plenty of tools and instruments, which he saves from the wreck of a ship; whereas the *New Robinson Crusoe* has nothing but his head and his hands to depend on for his preservation.

nay,



may, probably Emilius might never experience such a situation ; nevertheless, it is that by which he should estimate the value of every other condition in life. The surest way to rise superior to all prejudice, and to form our judgment upon the true report of things, is to place ourselves in the situation of a man cut off from all society, and to judge of every thing as that man must naturally judge, regard being had at the same time to his own degree of utility in the sphere of existence.

“ This story, cleared of all its unnecessary rubbish, beginning with Robinson’s being shipwrecked upon his island, and ending with the arrival of the vessel that takes him away, shall be both the amusement and instruction of Emilius during the tender age that I speak of. I will have his head run  
upon

upon nothing else but Robinson Crusoe; he shall talk incessantly about his castle, his goats, and his plantations. He shall learn, not from books, but from things, every single particular necessary to be known in such a case; he shall imagine *himself* to be Robinson Crusoe, and dress himself up in skins, with a great cap on his head, a broad sword by his side, and, in short, the whole of the grotesque dress and accoutrements with which we generally see Robinson Crusoe's picture represented, except the umbrella, for he shall have no occasion for that. I will have him study how he should proceed if he happened to be in want of this or that necessary; he shall examine his hero's conduct, and try if he has left nothing undone, or if he went the best way to work about what he has done; he shall remark  
where

where he is wrong, and take care not to fall into the same mistake himself; for you need not have the least doubt but he will be for imitating Robinson in his whole plan. Nothing, indeed, can be better calculated to please the imagination at that calm period of life, when, if our wants are satisfied, and our actions unrestrained, we look no farther for happiness.

“ What advantage may not an able master take of this romantic project in a child! a project to which he himself has given birth for the sake of the profitable fruits that may be reaped from it. The child, ever busy and eager to make provision for his island settlement, will be more ready to learn than the master to teach. He will desire to know every thing that is useful, and nothing more; you will  
have

have no occasion to spur him on—  
The exercise of the natural arts, for  
which one man alone is sufficient, leads  
to the invention of the arts of industry,  
which require the co-operation of many  
hands.”

This passage from Rousseau will explain, infinitely better than I can, the utility of a book composed upon such a plan ; it now remains to be seen how far Mr. Campe, the author of the following work, has pursued Mr. Rousseau's idea.

The public is pretty generally agreed not to depend on the report of translators concerning the works which they translate, especially if their judgment be favourable to the original : and I believe this caution is well founded ; for it is no easy matter to decide with impartiality

partiality where self-opinion has equal influence with justice in passing the sentence.

Perhaps some may not think as I do concerning this work of Mr. Campe's; particularly, those who are fond of metaphysical treatises upon education, will, no doubt, be disappointed to find nothing in the New Robinson Crusoe but things that are useful, introduced in an unaffected manner, clearly expressed and demonstrated without pedantry; they will be surpris'd to see children speak like children, and their instructor assume the simple language of childhood, in order to make himself understood. Those who are governed by the spirit of free thinking will find it strange that religion is respected and rendered respectable in this work; that God is represented as the mover of all things,  
and

and the principle to which all our actions should be referred, as well as the motives which determine them, and the sentiments which gave them birth. These are, no doubt, particularities that may be remarked: nevertheless, at this time of day, to think wisely, we must not always think with philosophers.

“The Old Robinson Crusoe,” says Mr. Campe, in his Preface to the original of this work, “independent of its other defects, is erroneous in one particular sufficient to destroy every advantage that this History might produce, which is, that Robinson Crusoe is provided with all sorts of European tools and instruments necessary to procure him many of those conveniencies that belong to society. Thus the opportunity is lost of affording the young reader a lively sense both of the wants of man in a state  
of

of solitude, and the multiplied happiness of a social life; another important reason why I thought proper to depart from the old History of Robinson Crusoe.

“ I have, therefore, divided the time of my New Robinson Crusoe’s remaining upon the island into three periods. In the first he is all alone and destitute of any European tool or instrument whatsoever, assisting himself merely by his hands and invention; in order to shew, on the one hand, how helpless man is in a state of solitude, and, on the other, how much reflection and persevering efforts can contribute to the improvement of our condition. In the second period, I give him a companion, on purpose to shew how much a man’s situation may be bettered by taking even this single step towards society. Lastly,  
in

in the third period, a vessel from Europe is shipwrecked on his island, and gives him an opportunity thereby of providing himself with tools and most other articles necessary in common life, in order that the young reader may see how valuable many things are of which we are accustomed to make very little account, because we have never experienced the want of them."

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Thus far the French Translator's Preface; which containing a very ample explanation of the plan and scope of the following work, there is little necessity to offer any thing in addition to what he has said upon that subject. It only remains for the English Translator to request the indulgence of the  
Public,



Public, on account of the deviations which he has taken the liberty to make from the original. Many passages he has found himself obliged either to omit entirely, or to throw into a new form, according as the difference of national manners and character seemed absolutely to require it. He hopes, however, that this liberty has never been used unless under circumstances of unavoidable necessity. For the external form of this little work, it is but just to observe, that no pains have been spared to embellish it, and that the addition of 32 handsome cuts cannot fail of rendering it at once more sprightly and intelligible to the young reader, for whom it is intended. In effect, these little prints serve admirably to afford the child a just conception of the remarkable passages in a work; and it may, perhaps, be affirmed,

affirmed, with truth, that no parts, even of the most interesting stories, make a stronger or more lasting impression on the memory, than those which are the subjects of the cuts.

With these advantages, it is hoped, the New Robinson Crusoe will find its way to the studies of the younger class of both sexes, and afford them at once both innocent entertainment and moral instruction.

T H E

NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE.

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FIRST EVENING.

**A** GENTLEMAN, of the name of Billingsley, resided some years ago at Twickenham, who, having a pretty large family, and but a moderate fortune, determined to undertake himself the care of his children's education. He proposed, by this plan, on the one hand, to avoid the enormous expence of keeping them at what are called genteel boarding-schools, and, on the other,

to

to enjoy the pleasing observation of their improvement in learning, sense, and good behaviour. To remark, with silent but attentive eyes, the gradual advance of his children towards the perfection of reason and virtue; to assist, with his advice and instruction, their endeavours to become more learned, honest, and wise; and to have the happy consciousness, that he should one day be considered, what all parents ought, as the instrument and cause of his children's eternal welfare; all this, he thought, would be more than a sufficient reward for whatever cares and fatigue he should undergo in the course of their education.

He, therefore, laid down for them a regular plan of study, to which he afterwards strictly adhered. In this was included a course of reading; and some book, that was at once both instructive and entertaining, afforded them amusement every evening for two or three hours before supper. But, as this exercise was meant by their father solely to encrease their fund of knowledge, and  
enlarge

enlarge their understanding, in order that it might appear rather as a relaxation from their closer studies, than a labour imposed on them, Mr. Billingsley, in general, undertook the task of reading himself. The following History of the New Robinson Crusoe was, during some weeks, the subject of their evening's entertainment; and was thus introduced.

Mr. and Mrs. Billingsley, being seated by the parlour fire, together with Mr. Rose and Mr. Meredith, two intimate friends of the family, and all the children, whose names will appear successively in the course of the story, being assembled in their proper places, Mr. Billingsley began his relation as follows :

*Mr. Billingsley.* Well, my dear children, I have a book for your entertainment this evening that contains a very extraordinary story. Some parts of it will make your hair stand on end, and others will perfectly delight you.

*George.* Ah ! but do not let it be too melancholy, papa.

*Harriet.* No, my dear papa, not too melancholy ; for then it will make us all cry, you know.

*Richard.* Hold your tongues ; papa knows what to read, I warrant you.

*Mr. Bill.* Do not be uneasy, my dears. I will take care that there shall not be any thing too tragical in it.

There lived in the town of Exeter a person of the name of Crusoe, who followed the profession of a broker. He had three sons, the eldest of whom, having an inclination to serve in the army, enlisted himself as a soldier, went abroad with his regiment to Flanders, and was killed at the battle of Fontenoy.

The second entered the University of Oxford, and made a considerable progress in learning ; but pursuing his studies with too much eagerness, he impaired his health beyond all possibility of recovering, and died of a consumption.

There

There remained, therefore, but the youngest, whose name was Robinson. In him, as he was now become their only son, Mr. and Mrs. Crusoe placed all their hopes and expectations. They loved him as the apple of their eye, but their love was blind and injudicious.

*Geo.* What is the meaning of that, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* I will tell you—your mother and I love you all, my dear children, as you well know; but for that very reason we keep you close at your business every day, and teach you many things both useful and agreeable, because we know that to be the best way to make you good and happy. But Robinson's parents did not act in the same manner. They suffered their *dear child* to do whatever he pleased; and as this *dear child* liked better to play than to work or to learn any thing, they let him play almost the whole day long, by which means he learned little or nothing. Now this is what we call an injudicious love in parents.

*Geo.* I understand now, papa.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson grew up a stout stripling before his parents had determined what profession they should give him. His father was desirous that he should learn some trade, but the son had not the least inclination that way. He said he should like better to travel, to see the world, and become acquainted with the various objects and customs that foreign countries afford.

In speaking thus, young Crusoe shewed his ignorance and folly. If he had begun by laying in a good stock of learning, it would have been another matter. But what profit could a raw, ignorant boy, like him, gain by seeing foreign countries? When a man wishes to make his way in the world, be it in what country it will, he ought to be provided beforehand with a tolerable share of knowledge; but this was what Robinson never once thought of.

He was now seventeen years of age. The greatest part of this time he had mispent in sauntering about and playing in the streets of Exeter. Every day he was teasing his  
father



father for leave to go and travel. But his father told him that he did not know his own mind, nor what sort of a request he was making, and therefore would not hear a word upon the subject. "My dear child," his mother would say to him, "stick to your own country, and never think of rambling!"

One day——

*Harriet.* Aha! now it begins.

*Edw.* Pshaw! hold your tongue.

*Mr. Bill.* One day, when, according to custom, he was strolling about the streets, he met one of his old playfellows, whose father was captain of a ship trading to Amsterdam, and who had just come down from Plymouth to see some of his relations that lived at Exeter. He told Robinson that he was to set off with his father in a day or two for Amsterdam.

*Charlotte.* What, papa, by the stage?

*Henry.* No, Charlotte, but in a ship; for you must cross the sea to go to Amsterdam. Well, papa.

*Mr. Bill.* He asked Robinson if he should

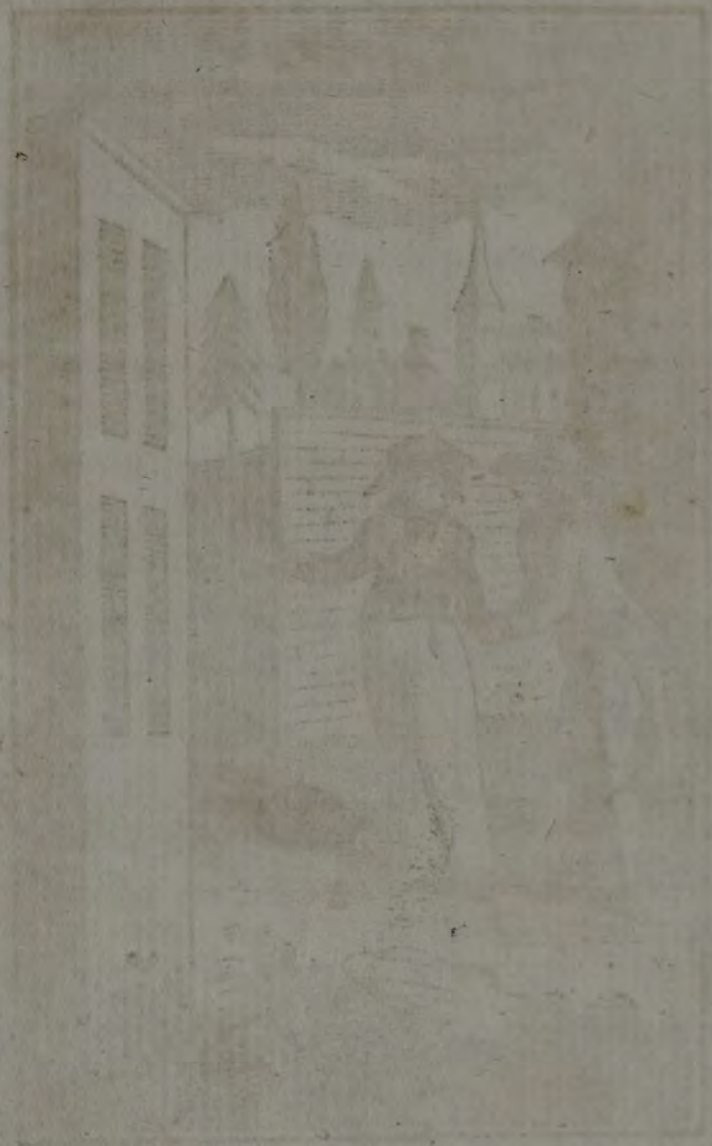
like to go with him. "Yes, very well," replied he, "but my parents will not consent to it." "Pooh!" said the other, "come off with me as you are, just for the frolick. We shall be back again in a month or six weeks; and as to your father and mother, you have only to let them know where you are gone." "But," says Robinson, "I have no money in my pocket." "You will not want any," replied his companion; "but if you should, when we arrive at Amsterdam, I'll supply you."

Young Crusoe hesitated a few moments, as if considering what resolution he should take; at last, flapping his companion's hand, he cried, "Agreed, my boy! I will go along with you: let us set off this moment for Plymouth." At the same time he commissioned one of his acquaintances to let his father know (after the expiration of a few hours), that he was only gone to see the city of Amsterdam, in Holland, and that he should be back in a week or two.

*Rich.* I do not like this Mr. Robinson Crusoe.

*Edw.*





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*Edw.* Nor I neither.

*Mr. Rose.* Why so, Richard?

*Rich.* Because he seems to make nothing of leaving his father and mother without their permission.

*Mr. Rose.* You are extremely right, Richard; he committed there a very rash, foolish action, and we should pity him for his folly. But, thank Heaven, there are not many young persons now so ignorant as not to know their duty towards their parents.

*Edw.* What! are there other boys, then, like Robinson Crusoe?

*Mr. Rose.* I have not yet found any; but one thing I know for certain, which is, that no good can ever come of young people who behave like him.

*Rich.* Well, let us hear what becomes of Robinson.

*Mr. Bill.* A short time after Robinson and the captain's son were got on board, the sailors weighed anchor and set their sails. The wind blew fresh, and they cleared out

of the harbour, bidding adieu to Plymouth for a short while. Young Crusoe was upon the deck with his friend, and almost out of his wits with joy that he was at length going to begin his travels.

The evening was fine, and the breeze blew so favourably, that they soon lost sight of the town and harbour of Plymouth. They were now on the open sea, and Robinson stared with admiration when he saw nothing before him but the sky and the water. By degrees they began to lose sight of land, and as night came on, they could see nothing on that quarter but the Eddystone lighthouse. This also disappeared in a short time, and from that moment Robinson saw nothing above him but the sky, nor before, behind, and all round him, but the sea.

*Geo.* That must be a prospect!

*Mr. Mered.* It is not impossible but you may see such a one before it be long.

*Geo.* Oh! shall we go upon the sea?

*Mr. Mered.* If you will be very attentive  
while

while you are learning geography, so as to know which course you must take to go from one place to another.

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, and if by working constantly, and being temperate in your victuals, you make your bodies hardy enough to bear the fatigue of such a voyage, we may, perhaps, some day in summer, take a boat down the river as far as London, where some of you have never been yet.

*All the Children.* Oh! oh!

*Mr. Bill.* I cannot tell but we may take a trip to Margate for a few weeks, where you will have as wide a prospect of the sea as Robinson Crusoe had when he was sailing out of Plymouth harbour. (*Here they all get up and run about their father. They hang on his neck, his arms, and his knees, expressing their joy with caresses, clapping of hands, and jumping about.*)

*Harriet.* Will you let me make one of the party?

*Mrs. Bill.* Yes, my dear, if you are able to go so far.

*Harriet.* But it is very far, is not it, papa? Perhaps farther than Richmond, where Mr. Compton lives, and another gentleman that has a great house and a large garden—oh! so large! a great deal larger than our garden. I was all through it, was not I, papa? the day that Charlotte and I were gathering cowslips in the meadow.

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, I remember, and we were looking at the folks plowing.

*Harriet.* Yes, and we went into a smith's forge that was by the road's side.

*Mr. Bill.* And afterwards up into a windmill.

*Harriet.* Ah, yes, where the wind blew off my bonnet.

*Mr. Bill.* Which the miller's boy brought back to you again.

*Harriet.* That was a good boy; was not he, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, he was a good boy for being so obliging as to do us a kindness, though he had never seen us before.

*Harriet.*



*Harriet.* However, you gave him something, I suppose.

*Mr. Bill.* Certainly, my dear, I gave him something; for every one likes to reward those that are obliging—But we forget Robinson Crusoe. We must make haste to overtake him, or else we shall lose sight of him, for he is going at a furious rate.

For two days they had constantly good weather, and a favourable wind. The third day the sky was darkened with clouds, the wind blew with uncommon violence, and the air grew every moment darker and darker.

In short, it was a dreadful storm. At one time the lightning flashed as if the sky was on fire; then succeeded a pitchy darkness, like that of midnight, with claps of thunder which they thought would never end. The rain came down in floods, and the violence of the wind tossed the sea about in such a manner that the waves swelled and rose mountain high.

Then it would have been worth while to  
see

see how the ship went see-saw. One time a large wave carried it, as it were, up to the clouds ; another time it dipped down as if it was going to the bottom of the deep ; then it rolled to one side and the other, and lay down so flat that at times its very masts seemed to touch the water.

What a noise was amongst the ropes ! what a clattering upon the deck ! The sailors were obliged, each of them, to hold fast to something or other for fear of being washed overboard. Robinson Crusoe, who had never been accustomed to all this, grew giddy, felt a sickness at his stomach, and was so bad that he thought he should have vomited to death. They call it sea-sickness.

*Rich.* That is what he has gained by running away.

*Mr. Bill.* “ Oh ! my poor parents ! my poor father and mother ! ” cried he incessantly ; “ they will never see me more ! Oh miserable fool that I am to have brought this affliction on them ! ”

Crack !

Crack! went something on the deck. "Heaven have mercy on us!" cried the sailors, turning as pale as death, and clasping their hands together. "What is the matter?" asked Robinson, who was half-dead with affright.

"Ah! we are all lost!" answered one of the seamen; "the lightning has shivered our mizen-mast to pieces," (that is, the hindmost of the three masts that are in a ship,) "and the main-mast stands by so slender a hold that we must cut it down and throw it overboard."

"We are all lost!" cried out another voice from below; "the ship has sprung a leak, and there are four feet water in the hold."

At these words Robinson, who was sitting down on the cabin floor, fell backwards void of sense and motion. All the rest ran to the pumps, in order, if possible, to keep the vessel afloat. At last, one of the sailors came and shook Robinson by the shoulder, asking him if he intended to be the only one who would do nothing for the preservation of  
of

to do when he fired, and, therefore, hastened to clear up his mistake. He raised him in a friendly manner, embraced him affectionately, bid him take courage and cease trembling; and added, that he would teach him, in a moment, how to make the same thunder and lightning; for there was nothing but what was perfectly natural in every thing he had seen and heard. He explained to him the nature and effects of gunpowder; shewed him the construction of the gun; and, loading it in his presence, gave it to him, that he might fire it off. But Friday was still in too great a fright, and begged Robinson to try the experiment in his stead. He, therefore, set up a mark about a hundred yards off, and fired, while Friday stood by his side.

He was very near falling a second time, so terrible did what he saw and heard appear to him. There were several grains of shot in the mark, which had entered pretty deeply into the wood. Robinson, having remarked this to him, made him perceive  
how

how secure they must be for the future against all attacks of the savages, while they had this artificial thunder and lightning in their power. What he was now witness to, and what he had seen in the ship, inspired him with so profound a veneration for Europeans in general and Robinson in particular, that for some days he could not recover that air of familiarity which he had usually kept up with his friend. Night coming on put an end to the agreeable labours of this happy day.

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TWENTY-FIFTH EVENING.

*MR. BILL.* I suppose it will be agreeable to you, my dear children, if I begin directly, and without any preface, upon our friend Robinson's affairs.

He

ny dangers it got safe at length to the ship, where they were all taken in.

*Geo.* Ah! well, I am glad, however, that the poor people were not drowned.

*Edw.* I was sadly in pain for them.

*Harriet.* Well, this will teach master Robinson never to be so naughty again.

*Mrs. Bill.* That is just my opinion too. Let us hope that he will be the better for this danger.

*Henry.* Well, what became of him after?

*Mr. Bill.* The ship that had taken him and the rest of the crew in, was bound to London. In four days she arrived at the Nore, and the next day came to anchor in the river.

*Charlotte.* What is the Nore, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* The Nore is a small sandy bank at the mouth of the Thames, where a vessel is constantly stationed, which hangs up two lights every night to be a guide to ships that enter the river.

They now landed, and happy was each  
one

one to have thus escaped the dangers of the sea. As to Robinson, his first care was to see London, and for this purpose he spent a day or two in rambling all over the city, where he met with such a variety of new objects as entirely put the remembrance of past dangers out of his head, as well as all thoughts of the future. Happening one day to meet the captain with whom he had set sail from Plymouth, he received an invitation to dine with him, which was very agreeable to Robinson, as he had spent what little money he had borrowed from the captain's son, and his pocket now was not able to afford him a single meal. At dinner the captain asked him what particular motive he had for going to Amsterdam, and what he intended to have done there. Robinson answered him frankly, that he had nothing in view but his amusement; that he had come off unknown to his father and mother, and at present did not know what to do with himself.

“ Unknown to your father and mother !”  
cried

cried the captain, laying down his knife and fork: "Good heavens! why did not I know that before? Believe me, imprudent young man, if I had known so much at Plymouth, I would not have taken you on board of my ship, if you had offered me a million of money."

Robinson sat with down-cast eyes blushing for shame, and unable to answer a single word.

The honest captain continued to represent to him the folly that he had been guilty of, and told him that he could never be happy unless he repented of what he had done, and obtained forgiveness of his parents. At these words Robinson wept bitterly.

"But what can I do now?" cried he at length, sobbing heavily. "What can you do?" said the captain: "Return to your parents, fall on your knees before them, and, like a sensible and dutiful lad, implore their pardon for your imprudence: that is what you can do, and what you ought to do."

*Harriet.*



*Harriet.* Ah, papa, I like this captain much ; he was a very good man.

*Mr. Bill.* My dear, he did what every one ought to do when he sees his fellow-creature fall into an error ; he endeavoured to bring this young man back to his duty.

“ Will you take me with you to Plymouth again ?” said Robinson.

“ Who, I ?” said the captain : “ Have you forgot, then, that my ship is lost ? It may be a considerable time before I return there in a ship of my own : but as for you, there is not a moment to lose ; you should go aboard of the very first vessel that sails for Plymouth, if it were even to-day.

“ But,” says Robinson, “ I have no money.”

“ Well,” said the honest captain, “ I will lend you a couple of guineas out of the little that I have to spare. Go down to the river, and get aboard of some vessel that is bound for Plymouth, unless you rather chuse to travel by land. If your repentance is sincere, God will bless your return,  
and

and make it happier than your outset has been." With these words, having made an end of dinner, he shook Robinson by the hand, and wished him a good voyage, who parted from him with many thanks for his kindness and good advice.

*Edw.* What, is he going back home again already? I thought the story was only beginning.

*Mrs. Bill.* Are not you satisfied, then, my dear Edward, that he should go home to his parents, and put an end to the sorrow and distress that they suffer on his account?

*Mr. Mered.* And are you not pleased to find that he sees his error, and is willing to make amends for it?

*Edw.* Yes—that—to be sure. But I thought to hear something diverting before it came to that.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, he is not returned home yet. Let us hear the remainder of his adventures.

While he was walking down towards the river, his head was filled with various reflections.

reflections. "What will my father and mother say," thought he to himself, "if I go back to them now? Certainly they will punish me for what I have done. And then all my companions, and every one else that hears of it, what game they will make of me for returning so soon, after seeing only two or three streets of London!"

This thought made him stop short. One moment he seemed determined not to go home yet; again, he reflected on what the captain had told him, that he would never be happy unless he returned to his parents. For a long time he was at a loss what to resolve on. At length, however, he went down to the river; but there he learned, to his great satisfaction, that there was not a single vessel in the river bound for Plymouth. The person who gave him this information was a captain of a ship in the African trade, who was shortly to set sail for the coast of Guinea.

*Charlotte.* Where is the coast of Guinea, papa?

*Mr. Bill.*

*Mr. Bill.* Henry can tell you that; he knows where it lies.

*Henry.* Don't you remember there is a country called Africa? Very well; one part of the coast——

*Charlotte.* Coast! What is that?

*Henry.* The land that lies along by the sea-side. Hold, here's Fenning's Geography: look at this little map. All this part of Africa that turns down here is called the Coast of Guinea.

*Mr. Bill.* And English ships sail to this coast in order to trade there. The person who spoke with Robinson was captain of one of those ships.

When he found that the young man had so eager a desire for travelling, and would have been sorry to return so soon to Plymouth, he proposed to him to take a trip to the Coast of Guinea. Robinson at first was startled at the idea: but when the captain assured him that the voyage would be exceeding pleasant; that, so far from costing him any thing, it might turn out a very profitable

profitable adventure. Robinson's eyes began to sparkle, and his passion for travelling revived in his breast with such force that he immediately forgot every advice which the honest Plymouth captain had given him, and all the good resolutions that he himself had taken but so short a time before.

"But," said he, after considering a while within himself, "I have only two guineas in the world; what use can I make of so small a sum in trading at the place that you mention?"

"I will lend you five more," said the captain; "that will be quite sufficient to purchase you goods, which, if we have but tolerable success, may make your fortune."

"And what sort of goods must I purchase?" said Robinson.

"All sorts of toys and playthings," answered the captain; "glass, beads, knives, scissars, hatchets, ribbands, guns, &c. of which the negroes of Africa are so fond that they will give you a hundred times the value in gold, ivory, and other things."

Robinson was not able to contain himself for joy. He forgot, at once, his parents, friends, and country. "Captain," said he, "I am willing to go along with you when you please."

"Agreed!" replied the other, taking him by the hand, and thus the matter was settled.

*Rich.* Well, now it is all over; I shall never have the least pity any more for such a blockhead as Robinson, whatever misfortunes may happen to him.

*Mr. Bill.* No pity, Richard?

*Rich.* No, papa: why is he such a fool as to forget a second time his duty to his parents? Providence, no doubt, will punish him afresh for it.

*Mr. Bill.* And do you think that a man deserves no pity who is unfortunate enough to forget his parents, and to draw down upon himself the chastisement of Heaven? I grant he is himself the cause of every thing that happens to him; but is not he for that very reason so much the more unfortunate?

Oh!

Oh! my dear child, may Heaven preserve you and every one of us from that most terrible of all punishments, to feel that we alone have caused our own wretchedness! But whenever we hear of such an unfortunate person, we should consider that he is our brother, our poor deluded brother; we should shed over him tears of compassion, and offer up to Heaven the prayers of brotherly love in his behalf.

All were silent for a few moments; after which Mr. Billingsley continued in the following words:

Robinson made haste to lay out his seven guineas. He purchased with them such articles as the captain had mentioned to him, and had them carried on board.

After some days, the wind being favourable, the captain weighed anchor, and they set sail.

*Henry.* What course should they hold to arrive at Guinea?

*Mr. Bill.* Here, you have Fenning's Geography: I should think you cannot be at

a loss to know, as you pointed out to your sister the Coast of Guinea just now. However, I will shew you their course. You see, from London here they go down the Thames, and come into the Downs. Afterwards they steer West, through the British Channel, and enter the great Atlantic Ocean, in which they continue their course here close by the Canary Islands, and so past the Cape Verd Islands, until at last they land hereabouts on the Coast of Guinea.

*Henry.* But at what particular spot will they land?

*Mr. Bill.* Perhaps there, near Cape Coast Castle.

*Mrs. Bill.* Well, now I think it is high time for us to set sail towards the land of supper. What think ye, children?

*Geo.* I am not the least hungry, mama.

*Harriet.* And I would rather hear the story too.

*Mr. Bill.* To-morrow, my dears, to-morrow evening we shall have the rest of Robinson's adventures. At present we will put him by and prepare for supper.



## SECOND EVENING.

THE next evening the whole company having taken their places as before, Mr. Billingsley continued his story in the following terms :

Robinson's second voyage began as favourably as the first. They had already cleared the Channel without any accident, and were now in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean : here they met with such contrary winds for several days successively, that they found themselves driven a considerable way towards the coast of America.

Here, my dear children, I have brought you a large map, which will shew you much better than a small one the course which the ship should have held, and that which the wind obliged her to take. They wanted to steer down all along this way, so ; but because they had a side wind from that quarter, they were driven, in spite of themselves, towards this part, where you see

America lie. I will lay it down here on the table that we may all cast our eyes upon it whenever there is occasion.

One evening the steersman declared that he saw a fire at a great distance, and that he heard the firing of guns from the same quarter. All hands immediately hastened upon deck, where they both saw the fire and could distinctly hear the report of several guns. The captain examined his maps, and found there was no land on that quarter within the distance of a hundred leagues; and they all unanimously concluded that what they saw could be nothing else but a ship on fire.

It was immediately resolved to assist the vessel in distress, and they accordingly steered that way. In a very short time their conjectures were verified; for they beheld a large ship all in flames, and burning with the greatest fury.

The captain instantly ordered five guns to be fired as a signal to the poor people who were on board the burning ship, that  
help



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help was at hand. Scarcely was this order put in execution, before they saw, with terror and astonishment, the ship which had been on fire blow up with a dreadful explosion; and immediately after every thing sunk, and the fire was seen no more. It is to be observed, that the flames had, at length, reached the powder room, and this was the cause of the ship's blowing up.

Nobody could tell as yet what was become of the poor people belonging to her. There was a possibility that they might have taken to their boats before the vessel blew up; for which reason the captain continued firing guns the whole night, in order to inform them on what quarter the ship was that desired to assist them. He also ordered all the lanterns to be hung out, that they might have a chance of seeing the ship in the night time.

At break of day they discovered, by means of their glasses, two boats full of people, tossing about at the mercy of the waves. They could perceive that the

wind was against them, but that they rowed with all their force towards the ship. Immediately the captain ordered the colours to be hoisted as a signal that he saw their distress, and was ready to relieve them. At the same time the ship made all the sail possible towards them, and in the space of half an hour happily came up with them.

There were sixty in the boats, men, women, and children, who were all taken on board. It was an affecting scene to behold the actions of these poor people when they saw themselves so happily delivered. Some sobbed and wept for joy, others lamented as if their danger was but just begun; some jumped about upon the deck as if they had lost their wits, others were wringing their hands, and as pale as death; several of them were laughing like mad people, and danced and shouted for joy; others, on the contrary, stood stock-still as if speechless and insensible, and could not utter a single word.

Sometimes one or two amongst them fell

ON

on their knees, lifted up their hands to Heaven, and with a loud voice returned thanks to God, whose providence had so miraculously saved them from perishing.

Some of them again would start up, dance about like children, tear their cloaths, cry and fall down in fainting fits, from which they could with difficulty be recovered. There was none of the ship's crew, though ever so hardened, that could help shedding tears at the sight of these poor people's extravagant behaviour.

Among them happened to be a young priest, who acted with more firmness and dignity than any of the rest. As soon as he set his foot upon the deck, he fell upon his face, and seemed to have lost all sense and motion. The captain went to assist him, thinking that he had swooned away; but the clergyman calmly thanked him for his good-nature, and said, "Allow me first to return thanks to my Creator for our deliverance; I will afterwards endeavour to shew you how lively a sense I entertain of

your extreme kindness to us." Upon this the captain politely withdrew.

The priest remained a few minutes in this posture of humble prostration; after which, rising chearfully, he went to the captain to testify his gratitude to him for the civility that he had shewn to him and his people. This done, he turned to his companions in misfortune, and said, "My dear friends, calm the agitation of your minds. The Being who is supremely good, hath vouchsafed to stretch out a father's hand over you. You should lift up your hearts to him, and thank him without delay for the unexpected preservation of your lives." There were several of them who acted in conformity to his exhortations, and immediately began to return thanks to Heaven with fervour and devotion.

After this the priest gave the captain an account who they were, and what had happened to them.

The ship that was burnt was a large French merchantman, bound for Quebec  
—Here,



—Here, you see; this spot in America—  
The fire broke out in the sail room, and  
burned with such rapidity as baffled all  
their endeavours to stop it. They had  
barely time to fire some guns as signals of  
their distress, and then to take to their boats,  
uncertain of the destiny that awaited them.  
The most likely prospect before them in  
that moment of horror was, that, upon the  
least swell of the sea, the waves would swal-  
low up them and their boats, or else that  
they must perish with hunger, as they had  
been able to save nothing from the ship  
on fire but a small quantity of biscuit and  
water, sufficient for a few days.

*Charlotte.* What occasion had they to  
carry water with them? They were on the  
water.

*Mr. Bill.* You forget, my dear Char-  
lotte, that the water of the sea is salt and un-  
fit for drinking.

*Charlotte.* So, so!

*Mr. Bill.* In this distressful situation they  
heard the guns that were fired by the En-  
lish

lish ship, and soon after observed the light of their lanterns. They passed all that long and dismal night between hope and fear, exerting all their strength to get to the ship, but continually driven back by the winds and waves. At length, however, the long-wished-for appearance of day put an end to their distress.

Robinson all this time had been filled with the most dreadful reflections. "Heavens!" said he to himself, "if these people, amongst whom there are certainly many good and devout persons, have suffered so great distress, what must not I expect, who have acted with so much ingratitude towards my poor parents!" This thought lay heavy at his heart. Pale and silent, like one whose conscience is not good, he sat in a corner, with his hands clasped together, and scarcely daring even to pray, because he feared lest God would have no regard to his prayers.

The people who were saved from the boats, and were almost exhausted with fatigue,

tigue, had now taken some refreshment, when their captain, holding a large purse full of money in his hand, came up to the ship's captain, and told him that whatever money they had been able to save from their ship was in that purse, which he begged him to accept as a slight mark of the gratitude which they all entertained towards him for the preservation of their lives.

“God forbid,” answered the captain, “that I should accept your offers! I have done no more than humanity required of me, and I am convinced that you would have done the same thing if you had been in our place, and we in yours.”

In vain did the Frenchman press him to accept the purse; the captain persisted in refusing it, and begged him to say no more about it.—It was now debated where they should land the people that had been saved. To carry them to Guinea did not appear advisable for two reasons. In the first place, why should those poor people be obliged to make so long a voyage to a country  
where

where they had not the least business in the world? And besides there were not provisions enough aboard for so many people to hold out until they should arrive at Guinea.

At length the captain generously resolved to go a hundred leagues out of his way for the sake of these poor people, and to carry them to Newfoundland, where they might have an opportunity of returning to France in some of the ships employed in the cod fishery.

*Harriet.* What is that?

*Rich.* Do not you remember what papa has told us about the cod fish; how they come down from the North seas to the very banks of Newfoundland, where people fish for them and catch them in such quantities?

*Harriet.* Oh, yes! now I recollect.

*Rich.* Look here on the map: this is Newfoundland up here, near to America, and those dotted spots are the banks where they fish for the cod.

*Mr. Bill.* To Newfoundland, therefore, they bent their course; and as it happened

to

to be the middle of the fishing season, they found several French vessels there, which took on board the people of the ship that had blown up. Their gratitude to the English captain was too great to be expressed in words.

As he had now, therefore, conducted them to ships of their own nation, he returned with a favourable wind, in order to continue his own voyage to the Coast of Guinea. The ship cut the waves with the swiftness of a bird that wings its airy way through the skies, and in a short time they had sailed some hundred leagues. This was what Robinson Crusoe liked; things never could go too fast for him, as he was of a restless, unsettled disposition.

Their course now was mostly directed to the Southward. One day as they were steering in that direction, they perceived a large ship making up towards them. Presently after they heard them fire some guns of distress, and could discern that they had lost their foremast and their bowsprit.

*Edw.*

*Edw.* Bowsprit? What is that?

*Mr. Bill.* Why, surely, you cannot have forgot what that is.

*Edw.* Ah! right! It is a little mast that does not stand straight up like the rest, but comes out sloping, so, from the fore-part of the ship.

*Mr. Bill.* Very well. They steered their course towards the ship that was in distress, and when they were within hearing of each other, the people aboard of her cried out, "For Heaven's sake have compassion on us, and save our lives! We are at the last extremity, and must perish if you do not relieve us."

The captain, therefore, asked them in what consisted their distress; when one of their number answered thus:

"We are Englishmen, bound for the French Island of Martinico"—See, children; here it lies in the West Indies—"We took in a cargo of coffee there; and while we were lying at anchor, and just ready to depart, our captain and mate, with  
most

most of the ship's crew, went ashore one day to get in a few things for the ship's use. In their absence, there arose so violent a storm that our cable was broke, and we were driven out from the harbour into the open sea. 'The hurricane'——

*Geo.* What is that, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* It is a kind of whirlwind occasioned by many winds blowing from different quarters, one against the other.——

“The hurricane,” continued he, “blew furiously three days and three nights. We lost our masts, and were driven some hundreds of leagues out to sea. Unfortunately we are most of us passengers, with but one seaman and a boy or two on board to work the ship; so that for nine weeks we have been driven about at the mercy of the winds and waves: all our provisions are gone, and many of us are, at this moment, dying with hunger.”

Immediately the good captain ordered out his boat, took some provisions, and went  
aboard

aboard the ship, accompanied by Robinson Crusoe.

They found the crew reduced to the most deplorable condition possible: they all looked as if they were starved, and many of them could hardly stand. . . But when they went into the cabin—Heavens! what a shocking spectacle they beheld! A mother, with her son and a young maid servant, were stretched on the floor, and, to all appearance, starved to death. The mother, already quite stiff, was sitting on the ground between two chairs tied together, with her face leaning against one of the planks of the ship's side. The maid servant was stretched at her length beside her mistress, and had one of her arms clasped round the foot of the table. As to the young man, he was laid upon a bed, and had still in his mouth a piece of a leather glove, of which he had gnawed away the greatest part.

*Harriet.* Oh! papa, what a shocking account this is!

*Mr.*



*Mr. Bill.* Right—I had forgot that you did not wish to hear any thing melancholy. Well, then, I will pass by this story.

*All.* Oh no! Oh no! Dear papa, let us have the whole of it now.

*Mr. Bill.* As you please. I must tell you then, in the first place, who these poor people were that lay stretched in this deplorable manner.

They were coming passengers in this ship from America to England. The whole crew said that they were very worthy people. The mother was so remarkably fond of her son, that she refused all manner of nourishment purposely that her son might have something to eat, and this excellent young man had done the same thing, in order to reserve every thing for his mother. The faithful maid servant was more concerned for her master and mistress than for herself.

They were thought to be dead, all three, but, on examination, appeared to have some remains of life; for, after a few drops

drops of broth had been forced into their mouths, they began, by degrees, to open their eyes. But the mother was now too weak to swallow any thing; and she made signs that they should confine their attentions to her son. In effect, she expired a few minutes after.

The other two were brought to themselves by the force of cordials, and as they were in the flower of their age, the captain, by his attentive care, succeeded in restoring them to life. But when the young man turned his eyes upon his mother, and saw that she was dead, the shock made him fall again into a swoon, from which it was very difficult to recover him. However, they were fortunate enough to bring him to his senses again, and he was, in a short time, perfectly re-established; as was also the servant maid.

The captain furnished the ship in distress with all the provisions that he could possibly spare: he ordered his carpenter to put up masts for them in the room of those  
that

that had been broken, and gave the crew proper instructions for conveying themselves to the nearest land, which was that of the Madeira Islands. He bent his course thither also, on purpose to take in more provisions.

One of these islands, you know, is called Madeira, from which the rest take their name.

*Henry.* Yes, I know it; they belong to the Portuguese.

*Rich.* From them the fine Madeira wine comes: does it not?

*Geo.* And the sugar canes.

*Mr. Bill.* The same. At this island the captain cast anchor; and Robinson went ashore with him in the afternoon.

He could never sufficiently admire the beautiful prospect which this fertile isle affords. As far as his eyes could see, the mountains were all covered with vines. How his mouth watered at the sight of the delicious grapes that hung on them! and how did he regale himself when the captain  
paid

paid for him that he might have leave to eat his fill!

They understood from those who were in the vineyards, that in making wine they did not press the grapes here in a wine press, as they do in other countries.

*Geo.* How then?

*Mr. Bill.* They tumble the grapes into a large tub, and then tread upon them with their feet, or bruise them with their elbows.

*Harriet.* Oh fie! I shall not like to drink Madeira wine for the future.

*Rich.* Now I should not like to drink it, if it were even made with the wine press.

*Charlotte.* Why?

*Rich.* Ah! you were not here when papa shewed us that wine is not good for young people. If you were to know all the harm that it can do them!

*Charlotte.* Is he in earnest, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, my dear; nothing can be more true. Children that drink wine or other strong liquors often, become weak and silly.

*Charlotte.*

*Charlotte.* Gracious! I'll never drink wine any more.

*Mr. Bill.* You will act very wisely, my dear.

As the captain was obliged to stop here some time to repair his ship which had received a little damage, poor Robinson, at the end of a few days, began to grow tired of his situation. His restless temper wanted some change, and he wished to have wings that he might fly all over the world in as short a time as possible.

Just at this interval arrived a Portuguese ship that came from Lisbon, and was bound for Brazil, in South America.

*Henry (pointing to the map).* Is it not this country here, belonging to the Portuguese, and where so much gold-dust and precious stones are found?

*Mr. Bill.* The very same.

Robinson got acquainted with the captain of this ship, and hearing him talk of gold-dust and precious stones, he would have given the world to make a voyage to

Brazil, where he thought he should fill his pockets with diamonds.

*Edw.* He did not know, I suppose, that in that country nobody dares to gather gold-dust or precious stones, which are the sole property of the king of Portugal.

*Mr. Bill.* And the reason that he did not know was, because when he was young he would never learn any thing.

Finding, therefore, that the Portuguese captain was disposed to take him along with him as one of his crew, and that the English ship would be obliged to stop at least a fortnight longer, he could not resist his desire of rambling. He, therefore, told his good friend, the English captain, bluntly, that he was going to leave him, and to take a voyage to Brazil. The captain, who had learned from Robinson himself, a short time before, that he was rambling thus about the world without the knowledge or consent of his parents, was glad to get rid of him. He agreed to take Robinson's venture, which consisted of toys and hardware, for  
the

the money that he had lent him in England, and gave him besides all manner of good advice.

Robinson, therefore, went aboard the Portugese; and now behold him sailing for Brazil. They passed pretty near the island of Teneriff.

*Harriet.* Where that high mountain is to be seen, called the Peak of Teneriff; eh, papa?

*Rich.* Aye, aye, don't interrupt.

*Mr. Bill.* It was an admirable prospect, even long after sun-set in the evening, when all the sea was covered with gloomy darkness, to see the top of that mountain, one of the highest in the whole world, shine with the rays of the sun as if it had been all on fire.

Some days after they saw another sight upon the sea, which was very agreeable. A large number of flying fishes rose upon the surface of the water. They glistened like polished silver, so that they threw forth a strong light from their bodies, as it were in rays.

*Charlotte.* What, are there fishes that fly?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, Charlotte; and I think, on a certain day, you and I saw one.

*Geo.* Ah, yes; that was when we were in town last Whitsuntide: but for all that, papa, it had neither feathers nor wings.

*Mr. Bill.* But it had a couple of long fins, which serve it as wings when it rises above the surface of the water.

For several days successively the voyage was as fine as possible; but all of a sudden a violent hurricane arose from the South-East. The waves frothed and rose mountain high, tossing the vessel too and fro. This dreadful storm continued for six days successively, and carried the ship so far out of her way, that neither the captain nor any person on board knew where they were. However, by their reckoning, they supposed that they could not be far from the Caribbee Islands. They lie hereabouts.

The seventh morning, exactly at day-break, one of the sailors threw the whole  
crew



crew into a fit of extravagant joy, by crying out from the mast head, Land!

*Mrs. Bill.* This call comes very seasonably, for supper is almost ready in the next room. To-morrow we shall hear the rest.

*Geo.* O dear mama, only let us hear how they landed, and what happened to them afterwards. I should be contented with a bit of dry bread, if papa would but go on.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, my dear, as your mama only says that supper is *almost* ready; perhaps there may be a few minutes to spare. If she will indulge you until supper is quite ready, I am content.

*Mrs. Bill.* I have no objection: so that you may go on until I call you, which shall be when every thing is perfectly ready.

*All the children.* Oh! that will do. That is charming!

*Mr. Bill.* To proceed, therefore, with my story:

The whole crew hastened upon deck to

see what land this was; but in the very moment their joy was changed into terror and consternation: the ship struck, and all those who were upon the deck received so violent a shock as almost to throw them backwards.

*Rich.* What was the matter?

*Mr. Bill.* The ship had run upon a sand bank, and stuck fast as suddenly as if it had been nailed to the spot. Then the foaming waves dashed over the deck with such violence, that they were all obliged to take refuge in the cabin and between decks, for fear of being carried overboard.

Nothing was now to be heard amongst the crew but lamentable cries, groans, and sighs, that would have softened a heart of stone. Some were praying, others wept aloud; some tore their hair like people in despair, others were half dead, and stupidly insensible. Amongst this last class was Robinson Crusoe, who was literally more dead than alive.

Suddenly some one cried out that the  
ship

ship had split. These dreadful tidings brought them all to new life. They ran hastily upon deck, lowered the boat as fast as possible, and all jumped into it with the most precipitate haste.

But there were now so many people in the boat, that its sides were scarcely four inches above the water. The land was still far off, and the storm so violent, that every one thought it impossible to reach the shore. Nevertheless, they exerted their whole strength in rowing, and fortunately the wind drove them towards land. All at once they beheld a wave, mountain high, rolling towards the boat.

At this dreadful sight the whole crew sat motionless, and dropped their oars. The huge wave strikes the boat, oversets it, and all are at once swallowed up in the enraged deep!

Here Mr. Billingsley made a stop; the whole company remained silent, and many of them could not help sighing with compassion for the fate of the poor seamen. At length Mrs. Billingsley arriving with the

news that supper was ready, put an end to these melancholy ideas.

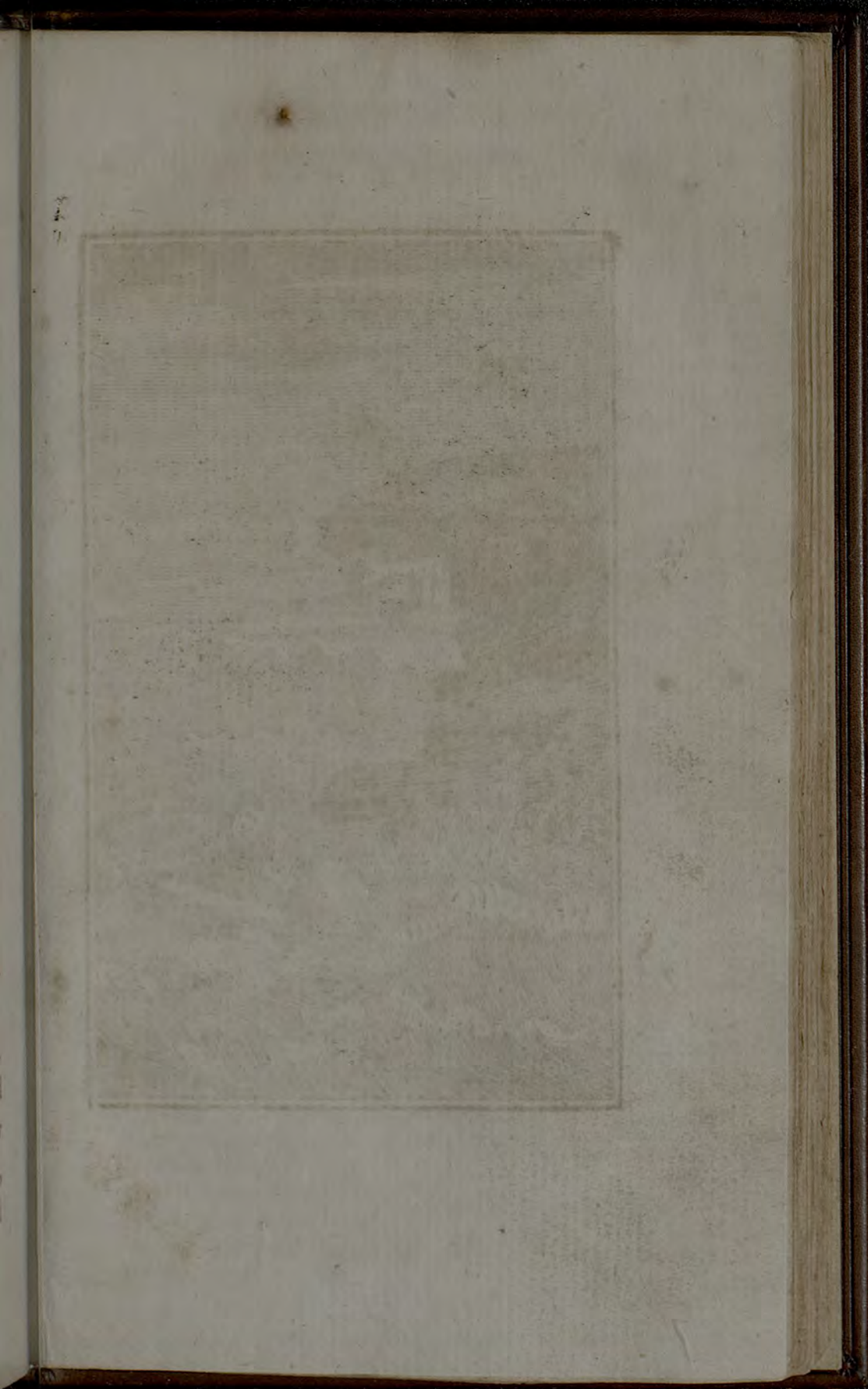
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## T H I R D E V E N I N G .

**G**EOURGE. Dear papa, is poor Robinson Crusoe lost for good? Is he dead?

*Mr. Bill.* We left him last night in the most imminent danger of losing his life, the boat being overset.

Robinson was swallowed up in the sea along with the rest of the ship's company; but the same wave, that dreadful wave, which had buried him in the deep, at its return drew him along with it, and dashed him towards the shore. He was thrown with such violence upon a piece of a rock, that the pain occasioned by the jolt roused him from the state of almost insensibility that he was in before. He opened his eyes,  
and





and seeing himself, contrary to all expectation, upon dry ground, he exerted the last efforts of his strength to gain the top of the beach.

He reached it at length, but the moment that he arrived at this spot of safety he fainted away with fatigue, and remained a long time without sense or motion.

When he recovered, he opened his eyes and looked round. Heavens, what a prospect! The ship, the boat, his companions, all lost! There was nothing to be seen but a few broken planks, which the waves drove towards the shore. He alone was saved out of the whole ship's company.

Trembling at once with fear and joy, he fell upon his knees, lifted up his hands towards Heaven, and, while he shed a flood of tears, returned thanks aloud to the Maker of Heaven and Earth for his miraculous preservation.

*Rich.* But, papa, why did God Almighty

save Robinson Crusoe alone, and suffer the rest to perish?

*Mr. Bill.* My dear Richard, are you always able to discover the reasons why we who are so much older than you, and who love you tenderly, act towards you in this manner or that?

*Rich.* No.

*Mr. Bill.* Lately, for instance, when the day was so fine, and we had all so great a fancy to go on a nutting party, what did I do?

*Rich.* I have not forgot it. Poor Edward was obliged to stay at home and keep house, and the rest of us were forced to go to Richmond, and not on the nutting party.

*Mr. Bill.* But why was I so cruel to poor Edward, not to let him go with us?

*Edw.* Ah, I know the reason of that. James came presently after, and took me to Lady Castleton's. Frederick, my old playfellow, was just come home from school, and begged his mama to send for me.

*Mr.*



*Mr. Bill.* And was not that better than to go a nutting?

*Edw.* Oh yes, a hundred times.

*Mr. Bill.* I had sent word before to Lady Castleton, that you should go and see her son, as she requested; and therefore it was that I ordered you to stay at home. And, Richard, what did you meet at Richmond?

*Rich.* I met you there, papa, and my mama. You were there before me.

*Mr. Bill.* That too I knew; and, therefore, I made you for that time go to Richmond, and not on the nutting party. My intention in all this never once entered your heads, for you did not know my reasons. But why did not I tell you these reasons?

*Rich.* That you might afford us an unexpected pleasure.

*Mr. Bill.* Just so. Well, my dear children, do you not think that our heavenly Father loves his children, that is to say, all mankind, as much as we love you?

*Geo.* Certainly, and more.

*Mr. Bill.* And have you not learnt long ago,

ago, that God knows all things better than we poor mortals do, whose knowledge is so contracted, and who can so seldom tell what is really for our own advantage.

*Rich.* Yes; I believe it. God has a knowledge that is without bounds, and, therefore, knows every thing that will come to pass; a knowledge that we have no idea of.

*Mr. Bill.* Since, therefore, God loves all mankind as his children, and is at the same time so wise that he alone knows what is really useful for us, it is impossible but he should do what is best for our interest.

*Geo.* Without doubt, and so he does continually.

*Mr. Bill.* But are we always able to discover the reasons why God doth any action that affects us in one particular manner rather than in another?

*Rich.* To discover them, we should have as much knowledge and wisdom as God himself.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, my dear Richard, do  
you

you wish now to repeat the question that you asked me just now?

*Rich.* What question?

*Mr. Bill.* Why the Supreme Disposer of things saved only Robinson Crusoe, and suffered the rest to perish?

*Rich.* No.

*Mr. Bill.* Why not?

*Rich.* Because I see now that it was an unreasonable question.

*Mr. Bill.* Unreasonable! How?

*Rich.* Because our Maker knows very well why he does any action, and we are not capable of knowing it.

*Mr. Bill.* The Ruler of the Universe had therefore reasons which were wise, excellent, and worthy of himself, for suffering the whole crew to perish, and saving only the life of Robinson Crusoe. But these reasons are inscrutable to us. We may, indeed, carry our conjectures to a certain length, but we ought never to flatter ourselves that we have hit upon the truth.

For instance, infinite wisdom might foresee  
that

that a longer life would be more hurtful than advantageous to those whom he suffered to perish: they might fall into great distresses, or even become wicked: for that reason, perhaps, he removed them from this world, and conducted their immortal souls to a place where they are happier than here. As for Robinson Crusoe, probably his life was preserved to the end that affliction might be a school of wisdom to him; for God, being a kind father, all wise and all just, sends adversity to turn the hearts of men, when they are blindly insensible to his goodness and support.

Keep this in remembrance, my dear child, through the course of your life. You may meet with accidents and reverses in which you cannot perceive the design of Providence. Then, instead of rashly endeavouring to reason or explain the seeming inconsistency, say to yourself, "God knows better than I what is for my good; I will, therefore, suffer with cheerfulness this misfortune which he sends me as a trial. I am con-

convinced that his dispensations of good and evil are ever intended to render us better than we are; I, for my part, will therefore labour to become so, and certainly God will bless and reward my endeavours."

*Henry.* Did Robinson think so upon that occasion?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, then when he had been in so great danger of perishing, and saw himself cut off from all the world, then he felt sincerely how unjust and blameable his conduct had been; then he prayed to Heaven, on his knees, for pardon; and then he took the steadfast resolution of amending his life, and of never doing any action contrary to the warning of his conscience.

*Edw.* But what did he do after that?

*Mr. Bill.* When the joy that he felt on his happy deliverance had a little subsided, he began to reflect on his situation. He looked about him, but could see nothing except trees and thickets; he could not perceive, on any side, the least mark that the country was inhabited.

This

This was a dreadful necessity imposed upon him; to live all alone in a strange country! But his anxiety was still more dreadfully increased when this reflection occurred to him, What, if there should be wild beasts or savages here, so that I should not be able to live a moment in safety!

*Charlotte.* What are savages, papa?

*Rich.* Savages are wild men. Have you never heard talk of them, Charlotte? In countries, a great, great way off from this, there are men nearly as wild as beasts.

*Geo.* That go almost naked—What do you think of that?

*Henry.* Aye, and know scarce any thing in the world. They cannot build themselves houses, nor make gardens, nor sow and plant, as we do.

*Harriet.* And they eat raw meat and raw fish. I heard my papa tell of them—Did not you, papa?

*Rich.* And would you think it? These poor creatures are entirely ignorant of their  
Maker,

Maker, because they never had any person to instruct them.

*Henry.* It is for that reason too that they are so barbarous. You would hardly believe that some of them eat human flesh.

*Charlotte.* Oh! what wicked men!

*Mr. Bill.* What poor unhappy men! you should say. Alas! these poor people are sufficiently to be pitied, that they have been brought up in this ignorance, and live like brutes.

*Charlotte.* Do they ever come here?

*Mr. Bill.* No: the countries where these unfortunate people live are so far off, that they never come here. Their number also grows less every day, because other civilized men, who come amongst them, endeavour to instruct and civilize them.

*Henry.* Were there, then, any of those savages in the country where Robinson Crusoe was thrown by the storm?

*Mr. Bill.* That he could not tell himself as yet. But having formerly heard that there were savages in the islands in this part  
of

of the world, he thought it very possible that there might be some on the particular spot where he now was; and this thought raised such an apprehension of danger in his mind, that every bone of his body shook for fear.

*Geo.* I do not doubt it. It would be no very pleasant matter to meet with savages.

*Mr. Bill.* Fear, at first, rendered him motionless; he did not dare to stir; the least noise terrified him; his heart was frozen: but a burning thirst forced him at length from this fearful state of inaction, and sent him up and down in search of some brook or spring to quench his thirst. Luckily he found a brook of pure and clear water where he might refresh himself to his utmost wish. Oh! what a delicious treasure for a man who was parched up with thirst!

Robinson returned thanks to God for it, hoping, at the same time, that he would also vouchsafe him food. "He who feeds the fowls of the air," said he, "will not suffer me to perish with hunger."

Indeed,



Indeed, hunger was not very pressing on him at this time; fear and anxiety had taken away his appetite. He longed for rest more than any thing else. His pain and vexation of mind had so overpowered him that he could scarce stand upon his legs.

However, the question was, Where must he pass the night? On the ground, under the open air? There he would be exposed to savages or wild beasts that would devour him. House, or cabin, or cave, he saw no signs of. He knew not what to do; his distress brought tears into his eyes; he cried heartily. At length he resolved to imitate the birds, and like them to seek a retreat in some tree. Presently he discovered one, the boughs of which were so thick and so closely interwoven, that he could sit amongst them, and even lay himself at his length very conveniently. He climbed up this tree, offered up an earnest prayer to his Maker, then settled himself, and fell asleep in a moment.

While he slept, his heated imagination represented

represented to him afresh the transactions of the preceding day. Disturbed with tumultuous dreams, he fancied he still saw the waves swelling round him, and the ship sinking. The cries of the seamen still founded in his ears. After this, he imagined himself transported into the presence of his parents: they appeared overwhelmed with sorrow and distress for the loss of their beloved son: they sighed, wept, lifted up their hands to Heaven, and were utterly destitute of comfort. A cold sweat broke out all over his body: he cried aloud, "I am not lost, my dear parents; I am restored to you once more:" and with these words, making a motion in his sleep as if to embrace his parents, he lost his seat amongst the branches, and fell down out of the tree.

*Harriet.* Oh poor Robinson!

*Geo.* I suppose he is killed now.

*Mr. Bill.* Fortunately for him, he had not fixed himself far up in the tree; and the grass was so high upon the ground that his fall was not very severe. In effect, the slight pain which it occasioned him he  
hardly

hardly felt, in comparison to the anguish that he had suffered in the conflicts of his dream, and which still agitated his whole body. He, therefore, climbed up once more into the tree, and lay there quietly until sun-rise.

He then began earnestly to consider how he should procure himself food. He had no sort of victuals such as we use in this part of the world, neither bread, nor meat, nor vegetables, nor milk; and, had he even been master of a joint of meat, he had neither fire, nor spit to roast it on, nor pot to boil it in. All the trees that he had seen hitherto were logwood-trees, which never bear any fruit.

*Rich.* What sort of trees are they, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* These are trees the wood of which is of considerable use in dying. They grow in some countries of South America, and much of the logwood is brought to Europe. When it is boiled, the water  
turns

turns of a reddish black colour, and dyers make use of it to give a shade to other colours.

But to return to Robinson Crusoe.

Still uncertain what he should do, he came down from the tree. As he had eaten nothing the day before, hunger began to be exceedingly troublesome to him. He rambled about for several miles, but found nothing, except grass, and trees that bore no fruit.

It was impossible now to add to his distress: "Must I, then, perish with hunger at last!" cried he, sobbing and looking up towards Heaven. However, necessity reanimated him with fresh strength to go and search carefully along the shore for something eatable.

But in vain: nothing but logwood-trees and Indian willow; nothing but grass and sand. At length, fatigued, weakened, and exhausted, he threw himself down with his face to the ground, burst into tears, and  
wished

wished that he had perished in the waves of the sea rather than be preserved only to die a miserable death by hunger.

He thought of nothing, therefore, now but of waiting in this forlorn situation for the slow and dreadful approach of death; when, turning by chance, he saw a cormorant devouring a fish that he had taken. Immediately he recollected that he had somewhere read the following words:

The Lord, who feeds with bounteous hand  
The feather'd tenants of the air,  
Will surely over MAN expand  
The wings of his paternal care.

He then reproached himself with having put so little trust in Divine Providence; and, rising hastily, he determined to walk as far as ever his strength would permit him. He shaped his course, therefore, along the shore, and looked narrowly about to discover, if possible, something that might serve him for food.

At length he perceived a number of oyster shells lying on the shore. He ran eagerly

towards the spot where they were, and carefully examined all round it, hoping to find oysters thereabouts. He did find some, and his joy was inexpressible.

*Rich.* Are there oysters on land then ?

*Mr. Bill.* Why no, not properly. On the contrary, they belong to the sea and live in it. There they fasten themselves to rocks, one upon another, in immense quantities. Such a heap of them is called a bed of oysters. Now, the waves, in dashing against this, loosens several of the oysters, and the tide carries them towards the shore. Afterwards, when the tide ebbs, and it is low water, these oysters are left on the beach, where it is then dry.

*Charlotte.* You say when the tide ebbs, papa, what is that ?

*Harriet.* What, don't you know that ? It is when the water that was so high before, runs back, and grows quite shallow.

*Charlotte.* What water ?

*Harriet.* Why, the sea water, or a river like our Thames, where the tide comes up.

*Mr.*

*Mr. Mered.* Charlotte, make your brother Richard explain that to you. He will be able to give you a clear idea of it.

*Rich.* Who, I? Well, I will do my best. Have you never observed that the water of the Thames rises sometimes pretty high at the bottom of our garden; and then, after a while, falls back and leaves the ground dry; so that one can walk where it was but a little time before covered with water.

*Charlotte.* Oh! yes, now I remember to have seen it.

*Rich.* Well, when the water rises in that manner, it is called the tide, or the flowing of the tide; and when it falls back and leaves the ground dry, it is called the ebb. Thus we say the tide ebbs and flows.

*Mr. Bill.* Besides this, you must know, my dear Charlotte, that, in the course of four and twenty hours, the water of the sea rises thus twice, and falls twice. It continues to rise for a little more than six hours, and then to sink for a little more than six

hours. The hours during which it rises, are called the time of the flow, and the hours during which it falls, are called the time of the ebb. Do you understand it now?

*Charlotte.* Yes; but why does the sea always rise so?

*Geo.* I think I have heard the reason. It is said, the moon attracts the waters in such a manner, that they are obliged to rise.

*Edw.* Oh! we have often heard that. Let papa go on.

*Mr. Bill.* Another time, Charlotte, I will tell you more upon this subject.

Robinson was almost out of his wits for joy at having found something to appease his raging hunger. The oysters that he found did not, it is true, serve to fill his belly; but he was satisfied with having found something which barely made him forget his hunger as it were.

His greatest uneasiness was next to know where he should dwell for the future, to be free from all dread of savages and wild beasts.

His first bed had been so inconvenient, that  
he



he could not think of his condition without shuddering, if he should be obliged to pass all his nights in the same manner.

*Geo.* Oh! I know very well what I would have done.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, what would you have done? Inform us.

*Geo.* In the first place, I would have built a house, with walls as thick *as that*, and with iron gates—so strong!—And then I would have made a ditch all round with a drawbridge, and this drawbridge I would have lifted up every night, and then the savages must be pretty cunning if they could have done me any harm while I was asleep.

*Mr. Bill.* Here is fine talking! It is a pity that you had not been there. You would have been able to give poor Robinson excellent advice.—But—answer me one thing—Have you ever carefully observed how carpenters and masons go about building a house?

*Geo.* Oh! yes, many a time. The mason begins with preparing the lime and  
E 3 mixing

mixing sand with it. Then he lays one stone upon another, and with his trowel puts mortar between them to keep them firmly together. Next the carpenters, with their hatchets, cut out the rafters and place them carefully. Then, by means of a pulley, they raise the beams to the height of the wall and join them. Afterwards they saw the boards for the floors, and make laths, which they nail to the rafters in order to place the tiles. And then——

*Mr. Bill.* I see you have taken particular notice how they go about building a house. But then a mason makes use of lime, and a trowel, and bricks; or else stones, which must first be cut into form: and carpenters have occasion for hatchets, and saws, and chissels, and nails, and hammers. Where would you have found all these, if you had been in Robinson's place?

*Geo.* Why—really I don't know.

*Mr. Bill.* Neither did Robinson, and for that reason he was obliged to give up the scheme of building a real house. He had not

not a single tool in the world. Nothing but his two hands, and with these alone people do not build such houses as we live in.

*Edw.* Why, then, he had only to make himself a little hut with the branches that he could have plucked from the trees.

*Mr. Bill.* And could a little hut, made of branches, have defended him from serpents, wolves, tigers, panthers, lions, and other fierce beasts of prey?

*Rich.* Ah! poor Robinson, how will you manage in this distressful situation?

*Edw.* Could he shoot?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, if he had only a gun, with powder and ball; but once more I tell you, the poor lad had nothing—absolutely nothing but his two hands to depend on.

When he viewed his situation, and saw that all resources failed him, he fell again into his former despondency. “To what purpose,” said he within himself, “have I hitherto escaped perishing with hunger, since, perhaps, this very night wild beasts will tear me to pieces?”

He even fancied (such is the force of the imagination) that a furious tiger was before him, with its dreadful jaws open and ready to devour him. Thinking that the tiger had him already by the throat, he cried out, "Oh! my poor father and mother," and fell to the ground half dead.

After having lain there some time in an agony of grief and despair, he recollected a hymn which he had heard his excellent mother sometimes sing, when she had any profusion of affliction on her mind. It began thus :

He who beneath Heaven's guardian wing  
Hath wisely fixt his place,  
May to his soul thus freely sing,  
When sorrows come apace :

In God's eternal Providence  
My hope redemption sees :  
Blest with so pow'rful a defence,  
My soul, be thou at ease.

The reflections contained in these words strengthened him considerably. Two or three times he repeated these beautiful lines

to himself with much devotion ; after which he exerted his strength to rise, and went upon another search, endeavouring to find some cave that might serve him as a safe retreat.

But in what part of the world was he ? In South America, or elsewhere ? Was he upon an island or a continent ? This was more than he could tell as yet himself ; but he saw a pretty high hill at a distance, and he walked towards it.

As he went along, he made this sorrowful discovery, that the whole country produced nothing but grass and trees which bore no fruit. It is easy to imagine what gloomy ideas a sight like this inspired him with.

He climbed up, with some difficulty, to the top of the hill, which was pretty high, and from which he could see all round him to the distance of several leagues. To his great mortification, he perceived that he was really in an island, within sight of which there appeared no other land, except two or three small islands that rose out of the sea at the distance of a few leagues.

“Poor, unhappy wretch that I am!” cried he, lifting slowly his trembling hands towards Heaven: “I am, then, separated, cut off from all men, and have no hopes of being ever delivered from this savage place. Oh! my poor afflicted parents, I shall, then, never see you more! I shall never be able to ask you forgiveness for my folly! Never shall I hear the sweet voice of a friend, of a man!—But I deserve my fate,” continued he. “Oh Lord, thou art just in all thy ways! I should but deceive myself were I to complain. It is I myself that have made my lot so miserable.”

In this mournful silence he continued on the spot, with his eyes fixed, as it were, to the ground. “Cut off from God and man!” was the only reflection that possessed his mind. At length, however, thoughts more rational and consoling came to his relief. He threw himself upon his knees, lifted up his heart to Heaven, promised to be patient and resigned to his distresses, and prayed for strength to support them.

*Harriet.*

*Harriet.* It was a good thing, however, that Robinson could say his prayers in the time of distress.

*Mr. Bill.* Certainly it was happy for him. What would have become of him, then, if he had not known that God is the Father of all mankind; that he is supremely good, almighty, and omnipresent! He would have sunk under his terror and despair, if he had not formerly been taught these great and comfortable truths. But the idea of his heavenly Father's goodness gave him constantly fresh courage and consolation, whenever his distresses were upon the point of overpowering his resolution.

He now found himself much strengthened, and began to travel round the hill. All his search was, for a long time, useless: he could find no place where he might be in safety. At length, he came to a little hill, which, in front, was as steep as a wall. In examining this spot attentively, he found a place that seemed to be hollowed in under the hill, with a pretty narrow entrance to it.

If he had had a pickaxe, a crow, and other tools, it would have been an easy matter to hollow out a complete dwelling under the rock, which was partly done by nature; but he had none of these tools. The question was, then, how he should supply the want of them.

After puzzling his head a long time, he began to reflect in this manner: "Some of the trees that I see here are like the willows of my country, which are easily transplanted. I will pluck up a number of these young trees, and here, before this hole, I will plant them close together, so that they may form a sort of wall. When they grow up pretty high, I shall be able to sleep within this enclosure as safely as if I was in a house; for behind, the steep wall of this rock will secure me, and in front, as well as on both sides, the close row of trees will keep off all danger."

This happy thought pleased him very much, and he immediately set about putting it in execution. His joy was still greater when



when he saw, not far from that spot, a beautiful and clear spring bubbling out from the side of the hill. He hastened to quench his thirst at it, being extremely dry, as he had run about a good deal during the hottest time of the day.

*Geo.* Was it so very warm, then, in the island?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, you may easily imagine that it was warm. Look here, (*pointing to the map,*) this is the coast of South America, near which, probably, was situated the island on which Robinson was cast away. Now, you see, this part is not far from the equinoctial line, where the sun is sometimes directly over people's heads. It is, therefore, natural to suppose that all that quarter must be extremely hot.

Robinson now set about plucking up out of the ground, with his hands, some of the young trees that I mentioned before, which he effected with a great deal of trouble, and carried them to the place that he had destined for his dwelling. Here again he was obliged to  
scratch

scratch a hole in the ground for each of his trees, and as this work went on but very slowly, the day closed by the time that he had fixed five or six of them.

After he had finished his work, hunger obliged him to walk down towards the shore in order to search for oysters; but, unfortunately, the tide was up, so that he found none, and was forced for this time to go to bed supperless. But where was his bed?—He determined, until he could finish for himself a complete and secure habitation, to lie every night in the tree in which he had lain the last night.

But, that he might not be exposed to the same accident as had then disturbed him, he took his garters, tied them round his body, and fastened himself tightly to the branches on which he lay; and then, recommending himself to his Creator, he fell asleep.

*Rich.* That was wisely done of him to tie himself so.

*Mr. Bill.* Why, necessity is the mother of invention. She teaches us many things which  
which

which we should not know but for her. It is to this intent that our Creator hath formed us, and this earth that we inhabit, in such a manner, that we have different wants, which we cannot satisfy unless by the manifold efforts of invention. If ever we are masters of good sense and an active understanding, it is to these wants that we are indebted for them: for if larks fell down out of the air into our mouths ready roasted; if houses, beds, cloaths, victuals, and every thing else necessary for the preservation and comfort of our lives, grew up of their own accord out of the ground or on the tops of trees, quite ready and prepared to our hand, certainly we should do nothing else but eat, drink, and sleep, and be as stupid as brutes as long as we lived.

## FOURTH EVENING.

*MR. Bill.* Well, my dears, where did we leave Robinson Crusoe last night?

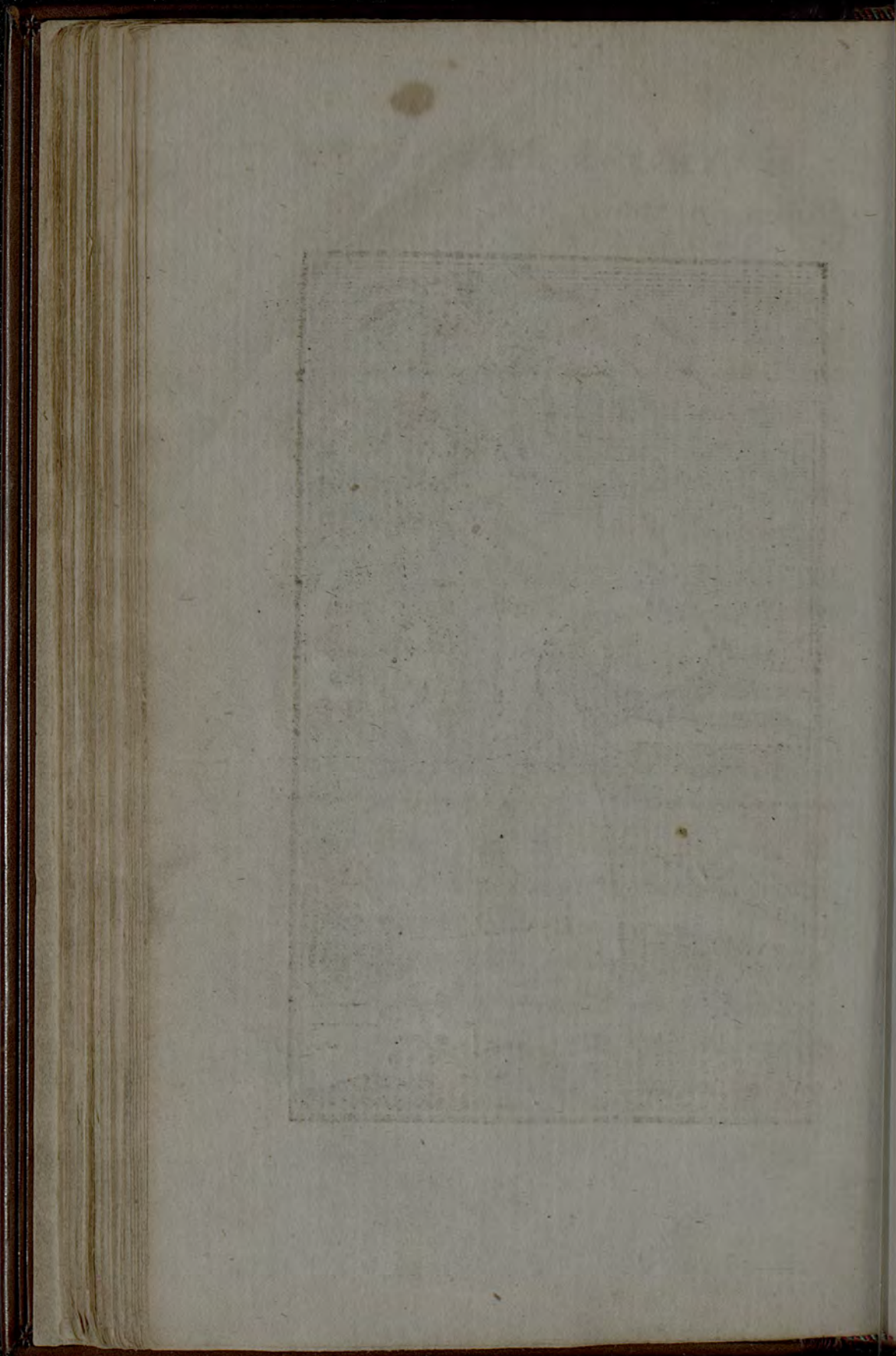
*Rich.* We left him like a bird perched in a tree to take his night's rest.

*Mr. Bill.* Very well. To proceed, then, with his story: Every thing went on that night as well as possible; he had no fall, and slept soundly till morning.

At break of day, the first thing that he did was to set off towards the shore to look for oysters, intending afterwards to return to his work. He happened this time to go another way, and, as he walked along, was overjoyed to find a tree which bore large fruit. It is true, he did not as yet know what they might be; but he hoped to find them good for eating, and therefore, to make a trial, he knocked down one.

It was a large nut, something of a triangular form, and as big as a young child's head. The outward rind was composed of filaments,





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filaments, or stringy folds, as if made of hemp. The second husk or shell was, on the contrary, almost as hard as the shell of a tortoise, and Robinson soon perceived that it would serve him for a cup. This shell is so large that it sometimes affords a place of retirement to the little long-tailed American monkey. The fruit within was a sort of juicy kernel, which tasted like a sweet almond, and in the middle of this kernel, which was hollow, he found a most delicious and finely flavoured milk. This was a most agreeable treat for poor Robinson, who was half starved.

His empty stomach was not satisfied with one nut, he knocked down a second, which he ate with equal greediness. His joy at having discovered this excellent fruit brought tears into his eyes, and he looked up to Heaven with sensations of the warmest gratitude.

The tree was tolerably large, and quite hung with fruit; but, alas! it was the only one in the whole island.

*Geo.*

*Geo.* What sort of a tree might it be, then? We have none such here.

*Mr. Bill.* It was a cocoa-nut tree. They grow chiefly *there*, in the East Indies; and *here*, in the South Sea islands. There are some of them found in the West Indies; indeed, they are pretty common there.

Though Robinson's hunger was now satisfied, yet he did not omit going down to the shore, to see what shew the oysters made that day. He found a few, indeed, but far too few to afford him a hearty meal. He had, therefore, great reason to thank God for having this day furnished him with another sort of food; and he did so with a heart full of gratitude.

He carried home for his dinner the oysters that he had found, and went chearfully about his yesterday's work again.

He had picked up on the beach a large shell, which served him instead of a spade, and advanced his work considerably. A little after he discovered a plant, the stalk of  
which



which was full of threads, like flax or hemp. At another time he would not have paid any attention to such matters, but, at present, nothing was indifferent to him. He examined every thing, and reflected on every thing, in order, if possible, to apply every thing to advantage.

Having some hopes that this plant might be used in the same manner as flax or hemp, he plucked a quantity of it, tied it up in small bundles, and left them to soak in water. Having observed, at the end of a few days, that the thick outside skin was sufficiently softened by the water, he drew out the bundles, and spread them thinly on the grass before the sun, the stalks being now quite soft. As soon as ever they were properly dried, he made a trial with a large stick to pound them and break them like flax, and he succeeded.

Immediately he endeavoured to turn the stringy part of these plants to use by making small cords of it. It is true they were not so well twisted as those made by our rope-makers

makers here, for he had neither wheel nor a second person to assist him. However, they were strong enough to fasten his great shell to the end of a stick, by which means he was now master of an instrument not much unlike a gardener's spade.

He then went on with his work very diligently, and planted tree close by tree until he had completely palisaded the space that was before his intended dwelling. But, as one single row of a tree so very pliable did not seem a sufficient wall of defence, he spared no labour, but planted a second row round the first. He then interwove the branches of the two rows together, and, at last, hit upon the idea of filling up with earth the distance that was between them. This completed his wall, so solid that it would have required a considerable force to push it in.

Every morning and evening he watered his little plantation with water from the neighbouring spring, which he took up in his cocoa shell; and he had very soon the satisfaction

ROBINSON CRUSOE. III

satisfaction of seeing his young trees sprout up and flourish so as to afford a charming view to the eye.

When he had almost entirely finished his hedge, he spent a whole day in making a number of thick cords, out of which he formed, as well as he could, a ladder of ropes.

*Henry.* What was that for?

*Mr. Bill.* I'll tell you. His design was to make no door to his habitation, but to plant more trees, and so stop up even the opening that remained.

*Henry.* How, then, was he to go in and out?

*Mr. Bill.* By the assistance of his ladder of ropes.

It is to be observed, that the rock which hung over his habitation was about as high as the second story of a house, and on the top of the rock was a tree. To this he fastened his ladder of ropes, and let it hang down to the ground. He then tried to climb up by it, and succeeded to admiration.

All

All this being finished, he considered by what means he might make the little hollow under the rock large enough to serve him for a habitation. He saw very well, that with his hands alone he should never be able to manage it. What was to be done, then? He must find out some tool or instrument for the purpose.

With this design he repaired to a spot where he had seen a great number of hard green stones scattered on the ground. Having searched amongst them carefully, he at last found one, the very sight of which made him jump for joy; for, in effect, this stone had the very form of a hatchet, and even a hole to fit the handle in. Robinson saw, at first view, that it would make an excellent hatchet, if he could but enlarge the hole ever so little. After a world of pains he at length happily accomplished this by means of another stone; then he fixed a pretty thick stick in it, by way of handle, and with some of the cord which he had made himself, he fastened it as firm as if it had been nailed in.

He

He now tried to fell a small tree, and the attempt proving no less successful, filled him with inexpressible joy. Had any one offered him one hundred pounds for his hatchet, he would not have parted with it, such vast advantages did he promise himself from the use of it.

Searching still amongst those green stones, he found two more equally fit for use. The one had nearly the form of a mallet, such as is used by carpenters and stonecutters; the other was shaped like a stout short bludgeon, having an edge or corner at the end. Robinson carried them both to his habitation, intending to go to work with them immediately.

He succeeded to his wish. Laying the edge of the one stone upon the earth and rock, and striking it with the other resembling a mallet, he knocked off several pieces of the rock, and, in a few days, was so far advanced in clearing out the hollow, that it seemed large enough for him to lie in at his ease.

He had before this plucked up with his hands a quantity of grafs, which he had fpread before the fun to make hay of it. This being now fufficiently dried, he carried it to his cave to make himfelf a good bed.

From this time he was able to fleep like a human creature, without being obliged, as he had for many nights before, to perch like a bird up in a tree. What a luxury it was to him to fretch his weary limbs upon a foft bed of hay! He thanked God, and faid within himfelf, “ Oh! if my countrymen knew what it is to pafs, as I have done, feveral nights fucceffively, feated upon a hard branch of a tree, how happy would they count themfelves to be able to enjoy the refreshment of fleep in convenient beds, feure from accidents by falling or otherwife! Certainly they would not let flip a day without fincerely thanking Providence for all the conveniencies and delights which they enjoy.

The following day was Sunday. Robinfon

binson dedicated it to rest, to prayer, and meditation. He spent whole hours on his knees, with his eyes turned towards heaven, praying to God to pardon his sins, and to bless and comfort his poor parents. Then, with tears of joy, he thanked his Maker for the providential assistance that he had experienced in a situation in which he was cut off from the whole world; he promised to grow better every day, and to persevere in his filial obedience.

*Harriet.* Well, I think master Robinson is grown much better than he was.

*Mr. Bill.* Providence foresaw that he would grow better under affliction, and, therefore, suffered him to undergo the trial of it: for thus our heavenly Father acts towards us all. It is not in his anger, but in his tender mercy, that he sends us misfortunes: he knows that they are necessary to us, in order to render us humbler and better. Far from being hurtful to us, they become salutary remedies in his beneficent hands.

That he might not forget the order of days, but know regularly on what day Sunday would fall, Robinson thought of making himself an almanack.

*Rich.* An almanack?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes; not a printed one, it is true, nor quite so exact as those that we have in Europe, but still an almanack by which he was able to count the days regularly.

*Rich.* And how did he manage that?

*Mr. Bill.* Having neither paper nor any thing else requisite for writing, he chose four trees that were close beside each other, and pretty smooth on the bark. On the largest of the four he marked every evening a notch, to signify that a day was past. When he had made seven notches, the week was expired. Then he cut in the next tree another notch, to express a week. As often as he had completed in the second tree four notches, he marked on the third, with a notch of the same sort, the revolution of a whole month; and, lastly, when these



these marks that stood for months amounted to twelve in number, he made a score on the fourth tree, to denote that the whole year was expired.

*Henry.* But all the months are not equally long: some have thirty-one days, others but thirty: how then could he mark exactly the number of days in each?

*Mr. Bill.* That he could reckon on his fingers.

*Rich.* On his fingers?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes; and, if you chuse, I will shew you how too.

*All the children.* Oh! dear papa, do.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, then, observe. He shut his left hand so; then, with the fore finger of his right hand, he touched one of the knuckles or finger joints of the left, and then the hollow that is beside it, and so on, naming the months in their order. Every month that falls upon a knuckle has thirty-one days, whereas the others which fall upon the hollows between the joints have only thirty; excepting the month of Febru-

ary alone, which has not so much as thirty, but twenty-eight, and once in every four years twenty-nine.

He began, therefore, with the knuckle of the fore finger, and touching that, he named the first month of the year, January. How many days then has January?

*Rich.* Thirty-one.

*Mr. Bill.* I will go on, then, reckoning the months upon the knuckles of my fingers, and do you, Richard, as I name each, tell me the number of days that it contains. In the second place, therefore, February?

*Rich.* Should have thirty days, but it has only twenty-eight, and sometimes twenty-nine.

*Mr. Bill.* March?

*Rich.* Thirty-one.

*Mr. Bill.* April?

*Rich.* Thirty.

*Mr. Bill.* May?

*Rich.* Thirty-one.

*Mr. Bill.* June?

*Rich.* Thirty.

*Mr.*

*Mr. Bill.* July?

*Rich.* Thirty-one.

*Mr. Bill.* August (pointing to the knuckle of the thumb)?

*Rich.* Thirty-one.

*Mr. Bill.* September?

*Rich.* Thirty.

*Mr. Bill.* October?

*Rich.* Thirty-one.

*Mr. Bill.* November?

*Rich.* Thirty.

*Mr. Bill.* December?

*Rich.* Thirty-one days.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, Henry, you have reckoned along with us in your pocket almanack, have we made it out right?

*Henry.* Yes, papa, you have not missed a tittle.

*Mr. Bill.* Such little matters as these are worth remembering, because you have not always an almanack at hand, and yet there is occasion for you sometimes to know how many days there are in this or that month.

*Rich.* Oh, I'll warrant I shall not forget.

*Henry.* Nor I, for I have taken particular notice.

*Mr. Bill.* It was thus, then, that our friend Robinson took care not to lose the order of time, but to know on what days the Sabbath fell, that he might keep it holy, after the manner of Christians.

In the mean time, he had used the greatest part of the cocoa nuts that he had stored up, having discovered but one tree of the kind as yet, and the shore furnished him with so few oysters, that they were not sufficient to keep him alive. He began, therefore, to be uneasy again concerning the article of food.

Hitherto fearful and cautious, he had not dared to go to any great distance from his dwelling. The dread of wild beasts, or of men not much more civilized, if any were to be found in the country, kept him at home; but necessity at length obliged him to conquer his reluctance, and to walk a little farther into the island, in order, if possible, to discover a new stock of provisions.

With

With this intent he resolved, the following day, with God's blessing and protection, to traverse the whole island.

But, in order to defend himself from the excessive heat of the sun, he spent the whole evening making an umbrella.

*Edw.* Where did he find silk and whalebone?

*Mr. Bill.* He had neither silk nor whalebone; nor had he either knife, scissors, needle, or thread; and yet——but how do you think he set about making an umbrella?

*Edw.* That I cannot tell.

*Mr. Bill.* He wove the top of it with sprigs of willow, like a large round basket, not very deep: in the middle of this he fixed a stick, which he tied with his packthread, and then he went to the cocoa-nut tree for some large leaves, which he fastened with pins to the outside.

*Rich.* With pins? Where had he those pins?

*Mr. Bill.* Guess.

*Harriet.* Oh, I can tell. He found them among the sweepings, or between the chinks of the floor. I find a good many there.

*Rich.* A wise discovery! As if one could find pins where there was nobody to lose them! Besides, what sweepings could there be, or what floor in Robinson's little cave?

*Mr. Bill.* Well, who can guess? How would you do if you wanted to fasten any thing and had no pins?

*Rich.* I would use thorns, such as grow on the hawthorn tree.

*Geo.* And I would use those strong prickles that we see on gooseberry bushes.

*Mr. Bill.* Pretty well both; however, I must tell you, that Robinson used neither the one nor the other, by reason that he never saw either hawthorn or gooseberry tree in all his island.

*Rich.* What then did he use?

*Mr. Bill.* Fish bones. The sea threw dead fishes up on the beach, from time to time, and when their bodies rotted away or  
were

were devoured by birds of prey, their bones remained dry. Of these Robinson had gathered some of the strongest and sharpest to use as pins.

By means of them he contrived to make up an umbrella so close that not a single ray of the sun could penetrate it. Whenever any new piece of work succeeded with him, his joy was inexpressible; then he used to say to himself, "Have not I been a great fool to pass the best part of my youth in idleness? Oh! if I were in Europe now, and had all those tools at my command that are so easy to be procured there, what things I could make for myself! And what a pleasure it would be to me to make up myself the greatest part of my furniture, and the working tools that I should have occasion for.

As it was not very late, he bethought himself of trying to make a bag that might hold his provision, if he should be so lucky as to find any in his excursion. He turn-

ed this scheme in his thoughts for a while, and at length succeeded in finding means to accomplish it.

You must know, he had made a tolerable good stock of packthread; of this he resolved to weave a piece of network, and of the network to make a bag.

Now it was thus he set about it. He fastened across, between two trees that were little more than a yard asunder, several threads, one under the other, and as close as possible. This resembled exactly what weavers call the *warp*. In the next place, he joined regularly, from top to bottom, thread with thread, still as close as possible, knotting the thread that went down with each thread that went across, exactly in the same manner as when one weaves a net. These threads, therefore, that went downwards formed what is called the *woof*; and by this sort of workmanship he in a short time completed a piece of netting not unlike such as fishermen use. He

next



next slipped off the ends of the threads from the trees to which they were fastened, and joined the sides of the netting together, closing up the bottom; thus he left no part open but the top. Here was a bag or pouch complete, which he hung by his side, having fastened both ends of a stout piece of packthread to the mouth, and slipping the loop over his neck.

The happy success of his labour filled him with so much joy that he was scarce able to close his eyes all night.

*Geo.* I should like to have such a bag as that.

*Edw.* So should I too, if we had only some packthread.

*Mrs. Bill.* If you wished to enjoy as much satisfaction from your work as Robinson did from his, you should begin with making the packthread yourselves, and you yourselves should prepare the hemp or the flax for that purpose; but as there is neither flax nor hemp ripe at this time of the year, I will furnish you with packthread.

*Geo.*

*Geo.* Oh! dear mama, will you be so good?

*Mrs. Bill.* Yes, my dear, if you desire it.

*Geo.* That is delightful.

*Harriet.* You are doing what is very right; for if ever you should happen to be in an island where there was not a living soul but yourself, you know beforehand how to set about such things; eh, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* Right. Well, make a trial. As to Robinson, we will let him sleep till to-morrow. In the mean time, we shall see if it is not possible to be as cunning as he, and to make an umbrella.

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FIFTH EVENING.

**T**HE next evening, the company being assembled in the usual place, Edward came strutting in with a pouch of network

network that he made himself, and which drew the eyes of the whole company upon him. Instead of an umbrella, he had borrowed a sieve from the cook, and stuck a broomstick through it. This he held over his head as he came in, and marched up to the table with a great deal of importance and solemnity.

*Mrs. Bill.* Bravo, Edward! why this is excellent! I had almost taken you for Robinson Crusoe himself.

*Rich.* Ah! if I had but had a few minutes more time to finish my bag, I could have come in the same manner.

*Geo.* So could I too.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, Edward has shewn that other people can make pouches of network as well as Robinson Crusoe. But, my man, your umbrella is not worth a farthing.

*Edw.* Oh, papa, I only make shift with this for the present, because I was not able to finish another in the time.

*Mr. Billingsley* (opening a closet door, and fetching out an umbrella which he had made himself).

*himself*). What say you to this, Mr. Robinson Crusoe?

*Edw.* Ah! that is a fine one.

*Mr. Bill.* I keep it until we come to the end of the story. Then he who shall have best performed the several pieces of work mentioned in it, shall be our Robinson Crusoe, and I will make him a present of the umbrella.

*Geo.* And must he really make a cave too, or a hut?

*Mr. Bill.* Why not?

*All the children.* Oh, that is excellent, that is delightful.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson could scarce wait for the daylight. He rose before the sun, and prepared for his journey. He slipped his pouch string over his neck, put a strong cord round his waist by way of girdle, in which he stuck his hatchet instead of sword, took his umbrella upon his shoulder, and so courageously began his march.

He first paid a visit to his cocoa-nut tree, to furnish his bag with a nut or two. Provided

vided

vided with some of this excellent food, he went straight down to the sea-side to seek also some oysters; and, having got a small store of these two articles, in case of necessity, he took a slight breakfast, with a drink of fresh water from his spring, and marched off.

The morning was delightful; the sun was just then rising in all his glory, and seemed as if he ascended out of the sea. A thousand birds, of different sorts, and the greatest variety of admirable plumage, were then singing their morning song, and rejoicing at the return of light. The air was as pure and as fresh as if it had been but just then created, and the plants and flowers exhaled the most exquisite perfume.

Robinson felt his heart expand with joy and gratitude. "Even here," said he, "even here doth the Creator of the Universe shew himself the most beneficent of beings!"—He then mixed his voice with the melody of the birds, and sung a morning hymn, which he had formerly learnt, and still retained in memory.

As

As his fear of wild animals, whether men or beasts, was not yet entirely dissipated, he avoided, in his walk, as much as possible, all forests and thickets, chusing, on the contrary, such grounds as allowed him an open prospect on every side; but unfortunately these grounds were the barrenest parts of the whole island, so that he had gone a pretty long way without finding any thing that could repay him for his trouble, or be the least serviceable to him.

At last he observed a parcel of plants, which he resolved to inspect a little closer: they were growing together in tufts, and formed a kind of little coppice. Some had reddish blossoms, others white; a third sort, instead of blossoms, were covered with little green apples, about the size of a cherry.

He eagerly bit one of these apples, but found it unfit for eating, which so vexed him, that he plucked up the whole tuft, and was going to fling it away, with all his force, when he perceived, to his great surprize, a number of round knobs hanging from the  
roots

roots of the tuft. He immediately suspected that these were properly the fruit of the plant, and, therefore, began to examine them.

But, however, this time his taste disappointed him; the fruit was hard and disagreeable to the palate. Robinson had a mind to throw the whole away; but fortunately he recollected that a thing should not be reckoned absolutely useless, because we cannot all at once discover the utility of it. He, therefore, put a few of these knobbed fruit into his pouch, and continued his walk.

*Rich.* I know what these knobbed fruit were.

*Mr. Bill.* Come, what do you think they were?

*Rich.* Why, they were potatoes; they grow exactly as you have described these knobs.

*Henry.* And America is their original soil too.

*Geo.* Aye, it was from that country that  
Sir

Sir Francis Drake brought them. But Robinson was very stupid not to know potatoes.

*Mr. Bill.* Would you know them?

*Geo.* Law! I have seen potatoes, and eat of them a hundred times. I am very fond of them.

*Mr. Bill.* But Robinson had, perhaps, never seen any of them; at least, as they grow in the ground.

*Geo.* No?

*Mr. Bill.* No: consider, that was forty or fifty years ago, when they were by no means so common in some parts of England as they are at present.

*Geo.* Oh! then I beg his pardon.

*Mr. Bill.* You see, my dear George, how wrong it is to be too hasty in blaming others. We should always put ourselves in their place, and first ask the question if we could have done better than they. If you yourself had never seen potatoes, nor heard in what manner they should be dressed, you would have been as much puzzled as  
Robinson



Robinson to find out the use of them. Let this teach you never to think yourself cleverer than other people.

*Geo.* It shall, papa.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson continued his walk, but very slowly, and with a great deal of caution. The least noise, made by the wind in shaking the trees and the thickets, startled him, and made him put his hand to his hatchet to defend himself in case of need. But he always saw, to his great joy, that his fright was without foundation.

At length he arrived on the banks of a rivulet, where he resolved to make his dinner. He seated himself at the foot of a large branchy tree, and was just going to regale himself heartily, when, all at once, a noise, at a distance, threw him again into a terrible fright.

He looked round, with terror in his countenance, and, at length, perceived a whole troop of—

*Edw.* Oh la! savages, I suppose.

*Geo.* Or else lions and tigers.

*Mr. Bill.*

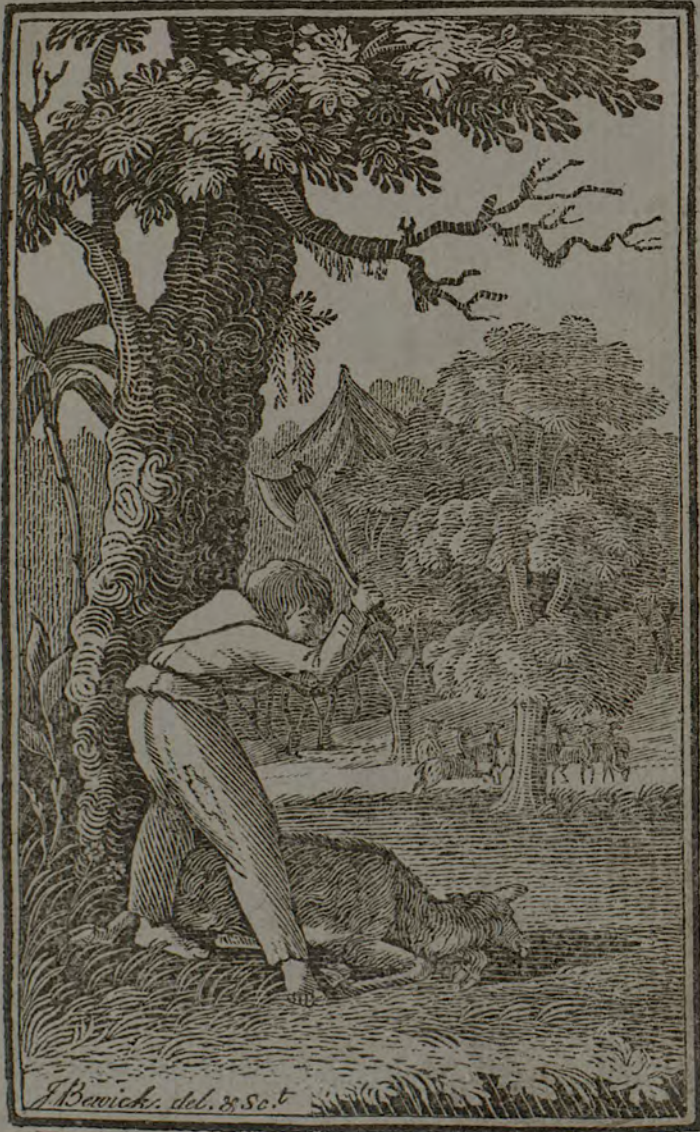
*Mr. Bill.* Neither one nor the other ; but a troop of wild animals, which have some resemblance to our sheep, except that on their back they bear a small bunch like that of a camel. As to their size, they were very little larger than a sheep. If you would wish to know what these animals were, and how they were called, I will tell you.

*Rich.* Oh ! yes, papa, if you please.

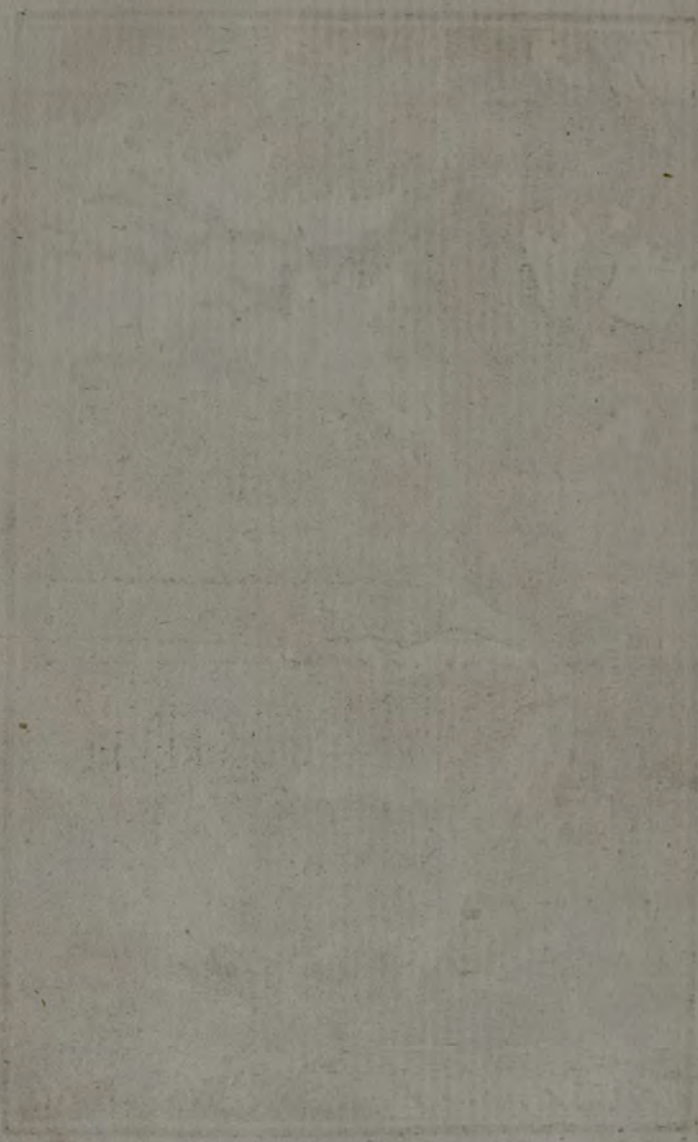
*Mr. Bill.* They are called lamas ; their country is properly that part of America which belongs to the Spaniards, and is called Peru. There, before the discovery of that extensive country by Francis Pizarro and Almagro, the Peruvians had tamed this animal, and were accustomed to load it, and use it for a beast of burthen, as we do horses and mules. Of its wool they made stuffs for cloathing.

*Rich.* Then the people of Peru were not so savage as the other Americans.

*Mr. Bill.* Not by a great deal. They lived in houses properly built ; as did also the  
Mexicans



J. Bewick. del. sc. 5



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Mexicans (here in North America); they had built magnificent temples, and were governed by kings.

*Geo.* Is it not from this country that the Spaniards draw all that gold and silver for which they go every year to America, in their galleons, as you have told us.

*Mr. Bill.* The same.—Robinson, seeing these lamas approach, felt a violent desire to eat some roast meat, which he had not tasted for so long a time. He thought, therefore, of killing one of these lamas; and for that purpose he stood close beside the tree, with his hatchet of flint in his hand, waiting until the beast should, perhaps, pass so close to him, that he might strike it with his hatchet.

It happened as he expected. These animals, walking on without suspicion, and probably having never been disturbed by any living creature, passed by, free from the least dread of danger, close to the tree where Robinson stood in ambuscade; and one of the smallest of them coming within his reach, he gave it so effectual a stroke, on

the nape of the neck, that he laid it dead in a moment.

*Harriet.* Oh fy! how could he do so? The poor little sheep!

*Mrs. Bill.* And why should he not, Harriet?

*Harriet.* Nay, the poor little thing had done him no harm, however; and so he might very well have let it live.

*Mrs. Bill.* Certainly, he might so; but he had occasion for the flesh of this animal for his food and nourishment; and dost thou not know that God hath permitted us to make use of animals whenever we have the like occasion.

*Mr. Bill.* To kill any living creature without necessity, or to torture it, even barely to teaze it, is cruelty, and no good person will do so; but to draw all the advantage possible from them, and even to kill them and use their flesh for our nourishment, is not forbidden. Besides, do not you know, as I explained to you the other  
day,

day, that it is very well for animals that we should deal thus with them?

*Rich.* Ah! very true; if we had no occasion for animals, we should not take care of them, and in that case they would not be near so well off as at present. How many of them would be starved to death in a hard winter!

*Henry.* Yes; and they would suffer still more if they were not killed, but left to die of sickness and old-age, because they cannot assist each other as men do.

*Mr. Bill.* Again, we must not suppose that the death to which we put animals causes them a great deal of pain. They are not sensible beforehand that they are going to be killed, so that they are quiet and contented to the very last moment; and the feeling of pain, while they are killing, is soon past.

Robinson never thought of asking himself how he was to dress the flesh of this young lama, until the moment that he had killed it.

*Harriet.* Dear me! could not he boil it or roast it?

*Mr. Bill.* That is what he would have done with all his heart, but, unfortunately, he had not a single article for the purpose; he had neither pot nor spit, and, what is worse, he had not even fire.

*Harriet.* No fire? Why, then, all he had to do was to light one.

*Mr. Bill.* True, if he had a flint and steel, tinder and matches; but he had none of them.

*Rich.* I know what I would have done.

*Mr. Bill.* What, pray?

*Rich.* I would have rubbed two bits of dry wood one against the other, until they took fire. I recollect, that is the method used by some savage people. We read it in a collection of voyages.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson had exactly the same idea. He took up the lama, therefore, upon his shoulders, and turned his steps homewards.

On the way, he made another discovery, which



which afforded him infinite joy. This was a number of lemon-trees, seven or eight, round which, on the ground, he found several ripe ones that had fallen. He gathered them up carefully, marked the spot where these trees grew, and, quite happy and content with his acquisition, hastened home to his habitation.

There his first business was to skin the young lama. He effected this by means of a sharp flint, which served him for a knife. He stretched the skin in the sun as well as he could in order to dry it, because he foresaw that it might be of service to him.

*Rich.* Why, what could he make of that?

*Mr. Bill.* Oh! a great many things. In the first place, his shoes and stockings began already to be full of holes. He thought that, when his shoes were quite gone, he might make soles of this skin, and fasten them under his feet, so as not to be obliged to walk quite barefoot. Besides, the thoughts of winter troubled him not a little, and he was glad that he had found a way to furnish

himself with fur against the severity of the cold.

It is true, he might have spared himself this uneasiness; for, in the country where he now was, there was never any winter.

*Geo.* Never any winter?

*Mr. Bill.* The cold of winter is seldom felt in any of those hot climates between the two tropics. I was speaking to you about them lately; have you forgot how they are called?

*Henry.* The Torrid Zone.

*Mr. Bill.* Right.—However, to make amends for this want of winter, they have, during two or three months of the year, incessant rains. As to Robinson, he knew nothing of all that, because, in his youth, he would not suffer himself to be properly instructed. History, geography, and every other improving science, were tiresome and hateful to him.

*Rich.* But, papa, I think, for all that, that we have read once how very high mountains, like the Peak of Teneriff, are  
always

always covered with snow; and how, on that ridge of mountains which bounds Chili on the East, and extends from Peru to the Straits of Magellan, snow is to be seen the whole year. It must certainly be always winter there; and yet these places are between the tropics.

*Mr. Bill.* You are right, my dear Richard. Situations very high and mountainous are an exception; for upon the tops of these high mountains there is commonly a perpetual snow. Do you remember too what I told you of some countries in the East Indies, when we lately went over them on the map?

*Rich.* Yes; that, in some countries there, summer and winter are but two or three leagues asunder. In the Island of Ceylon, which belongs to the Dutch; and there also—where—where was it?

*Mr. Bill.* In the peninsula on this side of the Ganges: for, when, on one side of the Gaut mountains, it is winter, namely, upon the Coast of Malabar, on the other

side of those mountains, that is, upon the Coast of Coromandel, it is summer, and so alternately. The same is the case also in the Island of Ceram, one of the Moluccas, where a man needs only to travel three leagues to get out of winter into summer, or out of summer into winter.

But here have we travelled very far from our friend Robinson. Observe how, at one spring, our thoughts can transport themselves in the twinkling of an eye to places distant from us by many thousands of leagues. From America we have taken a flight to Asia, and now—take care—hey pass! we are back again in America, at Robinson Crusoe's island. Is not this wonderful?

After ne had skinned the lama, taken out its bowels, and cut off a hind quarter to roast, his first care was to provide a spit. For this he cut down a young slender willow-tree, peeled off the rind, and made it sharp at one end; after which he chose a couple of forked branches to hold  
up

up the spit. Having cut them of an equal length, and sharp at the ends, he stuck them into the ground, opposite to each other; put the joint on the spit, which he then laid on the two forked sticks; and great indeed was his joy when he saw how well his spit went round.

He wanted nothing now but, what is most necessary of all, fire. In order to produce it by rubbing, he cut two pieces of wood from a dry trunk, and immediately fell to work. He rubbed so briskly, that the sweat ran down his face in great drops; but he could not accomplish his purpose: for when the wood was heated until it smoked, just then he found himself so fatigued, that he was under an absolute necessity to stop a few moments and recover strength; in the mean time, the wood cooled a little, and his whole labour became useless.

Here again he had a lively instance of the helplessness of man in a state of solitude,

tude, and what mighty advantages the society of other men affords us.

He wanted but another man to go on rubbing when he was tired, and then he certainly would have set the piece of wood on fire; but those interruptions, which he could not avoid, rendered the thing impossible.

*Rich.* And yet I always thought that the savages produced fire by rubbing.

*Mr. Bill.* So they do. But then these savages are generally much stronger than we Europeans, who are brought up a great deal too delicately. In the next place, they know better how to set about it. They take two pieces of different wood, one soft, the other hard, and they rub the latter with a great deal of rapidity against the former, which, at length, takes fire. Or else, again, they make a hole in one of the bits of wood, into which they put the end of the other, and then turn it between their hands, with so quick and incessant a motion, that at length it begins to burn.

Of

Of all this Robinson knew not one tittle, and therefore did not succeed.

At last he threw away the pieces of wood, sat down upon his bed of hay in a melancholy mood, supporting his head upon his hand, and, sighing heavily, cast a look now and then upon the fine joint of meat which was likely now to remain on the spit without roasting. Then suddenly reflecting what would become of him in winter if he had no fire, he felt such piercing anxiety at the thought, that he was obliged to rise precipitately and walk about, in order to breathe more at his ease.

As his spirits were a good deal agitated, he grew thirsty, and went to the spring with a cocoa-nut shell to fetch some water. With this he mixed the juice of a lemon, which made a most excellent drink, and afforded him unspeakable refreshment in a moment when he stood extremely in need of it.

In the mean time, the sight of his meat upon the spit made his mouth water; he

ardently longed for a little slice of it. He recollected at length to have heard that the Tartars put the meat which they mean to eat under their horses saddles, and so bake it, as it were, at full gallop. This, said he to himself, might be done as well by another method, and he resolved to try.

No sooner said than done. He went to seek two pieces of stone, pretty broad and smooth, of the same sort as that of which his hatchet was made. Between these two stones he placed a piece of meat that had no bones, and began immediately to strike without intermission upon the uppermost stone with his stone mallet. After he had done this for five or six minutes, the stone began to grow hot, which made him continue to strike with redoubled activity; so that in less than half an hour, the meat, partly by the heat of the stone, and partly by the pressure and weight of the blows, was grown quite tender and fit to eat.

No doubt the taste of it was not altogether so good as if it had been properly roasted;



roasted; but to Robinson, who had been so long a time without tasting meat, it was a delicious morsel. "O you," he cried, "O you amongst my countrymen, whose delicate stomachs are often qualmish at the sight of the best food in the world, if it does not exactly suit the depraved sensuality of your appetites, if you were only a week in my place, how contented would you be all the rest of your lives with whatever food Providence should send you! How careful would you be of despising good victuals, and of shewing your ingratitude to the all-nourishing bounty of Heaven!"

In order to make this meat more savoury, he squeezed a little lemon juice upon it, and then he made such a meal as he had not made for a long time. Neither did he forget to thank, from the bottom of his heart, the Author of all Goodness for this new benefit.

When he had made an end of eating, he debated in his own mind what work would be the most necessary to set about. The  
dread

dread of winter, which had but a little before affected him so strongly, made him think of taking or killing a great number of lamas, merely to provide himself with skins; and, as these animals seemed to be exceedingly tame, he hoped to accomplish this intent without much trouble.

With this hope he went to bed, and a sound refreshing sleep repaid him richly for all his fatigues during the day.

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SIXTH EVENING.

**M**R. BILLINGSLEY continued the story of Robinson Crusoe in these words:

Our friend Robinson slept till it was pretty far in the day. He was frightened, when he awoke, to find it so late, and, rising briskly, he was going directly to take the  
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field against the lamas ; but the heavens did not permit him.

For no sooner did he put his head out of the cave, than he was obliged to draw it in again.

*Harriet.* How was that, papa ?

*Mr. Bill.* It rained as hard as it could pour, so that there was no possibility of going out. He resolved, therefore, to wait until the shower was over.

But there appeared no likelihood of this ; on the contrary, it grew more and more violent. It was accompanied also with lightning so bright, that his cave, which commonly was pretty dark, seemed to be all in a blaze ; and then the flashes were followed by such claps of thunder as he had never heard. The earth trembled under the storm, and the echoes of the mountains repeated the sound of the thunder so often, that the tremendous roar seemed to be without end.

As Robinson had not received a good  
educa-

education, it was natural enough for him to be foolishly afraid of the storm.

*Geo.* What, afraid of thunder and lightning?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, so frightened, that he did not know where to hide himself.

*Geo.* Why, it is something grand; how could it frighten him?

*Mr. Bill.* I cannot well assign a reason for this fear. Perhaps it is, that the collection of sulphur, salt, and nitre, which produces the explosion of thunder, by taking fire, does, sometimes, in its course, set buildings on fire, and destroy the lives of those who are exposed to it.

*Rich.* Yes; but these accidents are very rare.

*Mr. Bill.* Besides, how many advantages does the storm bring with it! It purges the air of sulphureous vapours; it renders the air much purer and fitter to promote the vegetation of plants; the burning heat of the weather it renders cool and temperate; and,

and, last of all, it presents us with the grandest and most awful spectacle in nature.

*Harriet.* I love to see the lightning dearly. Papa, will you let us go out with you when it thunders, that we may observe the course of the lightning.

*Mr. Bill.* With all my heart.—Robinson, as you remember, had been ill-instructed in his youth. This was the reason why he knew not how great an advantage storms are; how they clear the air, and make every thing grow better in the fields and gardens; and how, consequently, they contribute to refresh and give, as it were, new life to both men and animals, trees and plants.

During the storm, he sat in a corner of his cave, with his hands clasped together, and oppressed with most dreadful anxiety. The rain, mean while, ran down in streams, the lightnings flashed, and the thunder roared incessantly. It was almost noon-day, and the violence of the storm had not, in the least, abated.

Robinson

Robinson was not hungry ; his terror had entirely taken away his appetite ; but his imagination was disquieted with the most frightful ideas.

“ The time is come,” said he to himself, “ when God will make me suffer the punishment due to my transgressions. He has withdrawn from me his fatherly protection. I shall perish ; I shall never behold my poor parents again.”

*Mr. Mered.* I must confess, I am not well pleased at all with my friend Robinson this time.

*Edw.* Why not, Sir ?

*Mr. Mered.* Had not his merciful Creator done enough already in his favour, to convince him that he never forsakes those who trust in him sincerely, and whose contrition is undiffembled ? Had he not saved him from the most imminent peril of death ? Had he not already assisted him in such a manner, that he had ample reason never to fear perishing with hunger ?—And

yet



yet to be so desponding! Fy, fy! It has not a good aspect.

*Mrs. Bill.* I am of your opinion, Mr. Meredith; nevertheless, let us have compassion on the poor youth. It was but very lately that he had begun to think at all, and, consequently, it was impossible for him to have made so great a progress as one who had studied from his earliest years to become always wiser and better.

*Mr. Bill.* My dear, you are right. Your compassion for poor Robinson is as just as it is worthy of your tender nature. I myself begin to have a considerable regard for him, as he has been some time past in the right way.

While he sat thus desponding, overwhelmed with trouble and disquiet, the storm, at length, began to abate. As the claps of thunder became less loud, and the rain came down lighter, hope by degrees revived in his breast. He thought he should now be able to set out on his expedition against the lamas, and was going to  
take

take his hatchet and his bag, when, all at once—what do you think?—he fell backwards, quite stunned and senseless.

*Rich.* Hey-day! What was the matter with him, then?

*Mr. Bill.* Exactly over his head there burst the terriblest noise imaginable: the earth trembled, and Robinson was thrown backwards, and fell like a dead man. It seems the lightning had struck against the tree which grew on the top of the cave, and shattered it all to pieces, with a sound so tremendous as deprived poor Robinson of his senses, and he actually thought he was killed.

He remained on the ground a considerable time before he recovered his senses. At length, perceiving that he was still alive, he rose up, and the first object that he beheld before the door of his cave was part of the tree which the lightning had torn in pieces, and thrown down. A fresh misfortune for Robinson! How was he now to  
fasten

fasten his ladder of ropes, if the whole tree was broken down, as he thought it was?

As the rain had now totally ceased, and the thunder was no longer heard, he took courage, at last, to go out; and then what did he see?

That which, in a moment, filled him with gratitude and love towards his Creator, and covered him with confusion for suffering himself to fall into despondency, as he had done. You must know, the trunk of the tree which had been struck by the lightning was all on fire. Thus Robinson found himself, in a moment, master of that which he had most wanted; and thus Divine Providence had taken the most particular care of him, exactly at the moment when he imagined, in his despair, that he was entirely abandoned. Full of inexpressible feelings of joy and gratitude, he lifted up his hands towards Heaven, and, shedding a flood of tears, he thanked, with a loud voice, the affectionate Father of the Universe, who governs all, and who, even when he permits  
the

the most terrifying events to take place, acts ever by the wisest and most charitable reasons. "Oh!" said he, "what, then, is man, this poor worm of the earth, whose views are so confined? What is he, to dare to murmur against that which God hath brought to pass by means inscrutable to all mankind?"

From that time he had fire, without having had the least trouble in lighting it; from that time it was easy for him to keep the fire in; and from that time he had reason to be less uneasy about his subsistence in this desert island. The design that he had upon the lamas was dropped for today, because Robinson was desirous to make use of the fire immediately and roast his meat, which had been upon the spit ever since yesterday.

As the fire had not yet reached the lower part of the tree, to which his ladder of ropes was fastened, he could mount in perfect security. He did so, took a burning splinter of the tree, descended again into the enclosure

closure before his cave, kindled a good fire under his meat, and then climbed up once more to put out that which was still burning in the trunk of the tree. This he effected in a short time.

And now he set about performing the duty of a cook. He tended the fire and turned the spit very carefully. The sight of the fire rejoiced him infinitely; he looked upon it as a precious gift which God had sent him from the clouds, and while he reflected on the great advantages that he should enjoy from the possession of it, his eyes were often turned with gratitude towards Heaven. And during the rest of his life, as often as he saw or thought of fire, he never failed to say within himself, "*That also God gave me.*"

*Mr. Mered.* Fire, which preserves all that breathe on this earth, is an emblem of the Divinity; it is the noblest of all elements.

*Mr. Bill.* Hence it is that the worship of fire hath been very common amongst the

ignorant pagans. At Rome it was preserved in the temple of Vesta; at Athens, in that of Minerva; at Delphi, in that of Apollo; and you must remember how much it was revered in Persia.

*Mr. Mered.* Yes, but thank Heaven we are better instructed, and know that fire is not God, but a gift of God's bounty, like water, earth, and air, which he hath created from the love he bears us.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson, during his repast the day before, had only regretted the want of salt, which would have improved the taste of the meat that he dressed by blows of the mallet. He hoped, however, in time to find some salt in his island; for the present he contented himself with going to the shore, and bringing home, in a cocoa-nut-shell, some sea water, with which he sprinkled his meat several times, salting it in this manner, in default of a better.

His meat was now done. The joy with which he cut off the first slice, and put the first bit into his mouth, cannot be described, but

but by one, who, like him, should not have tasted for a month before a single mouthful of meat properly drest, and who should have almost given up the hopes of ever tasting any such again.

After this, the main point was how to keep in his fire always.

*Geo.* That he could easily manage by adding constantly fresh wood.

*Mr. Bill.* Very good. But at night, while he was asleep, if there came a sudden shower, what was he to do then?

*Harriet.* But, papa, I'll tell you what; I would have made the fire in my cave where the rain could not come.

*Mr. Bill.* No bad thought. But, unfortunately, his cave was so small, that it just served him to lie down in: and, then, chimney he had none; so that the smoke would have been exceedingly inconvenient to him; he could not have borne it.

*Harriet.* Nay, in that case I do not know how to assist him.

*Rich.* What a terrible situation! There must

must always happen something to puzzle poor Robinson. One would think, now and then, that he was made completely happy; but, your humble servant, something new comes all at once to cross him.

*Mr. Bill.* This may shew you how extremely difficult it is for one man singly to provide for all his own necessities, and how great the advantages are that we enjoy from civil life. My dear children, we should be but poor miserable beings, if we were obliged each of us to live by himself, and if nobody were to receive any assistance from his fellow-creatures. A thousand hands are not sufficient to prepare what each of us wants every day.

*Rich.* Oh! papa!—

*Mr. Bill.* What, do you think that incredible? Well, let us reckon how many things you have had occasion for this day. In the first place, you have slept till sunrise this morning, and that on a good bed.

*Rich.* With a mattress underneath.

*Mr. Bill.* Very well. Mattresses are  
stuffed



stuffed with horse-hair: this horse-hair requires two hands to cut it, two more to weigh and sell it, two to pack it up and send it off, two to receive it and unpack it, and two, again, to sell it to the saddler or upholsterer: lastly, the upholsterer's hands find employment in picking it and filling the mattress with it. The cover of this mattress is ticking; where has that been made?

*Rich.* At the weaver's.

*Mr. Bill.* And how?

*Rich.* In a loom, with thread, and a shuttle, and paste, and—

*Mr. Bill.* That is enough. How many hands did it take to make the loom? Let us be moderate, and say, for instance, 20. Paste is made of flour. What a number of things must be done before we can have flour! How many hundreds of hands must be moved, to make every thing that belongs to a mill, where wheat is ground into flour!—But to return to the weaver: thread

is what he principally uses; where does he get this?

*Rich.* From the women who spin it.

*Mr. Bill.* Out of what.

*Rich.* Flax.

*Mr. Bill.* And do you know, again, through how many hands flax must pass before it can be spun?

*Rich.* Oh yes, we were reckoning that lately. In the first place, the husbandman sifts the flax seed, that it may not be mixed with tares: then the land must be dunged and ploughed twice; after which they sow, and then harrow. Next, when the flax begins to sprout up, a number of women and girls come to weed it. Again, when it grows to a proper height, they pluck up the stalks, and ripple them in order to pull off the little round heads that contain the seed.

*Edw.* Yes, and then they tie the stalks together in bundles, and steep them in water.

*Henry.* And when the bundles have been steeped

steeped long enough, they take them up out of the water.

*Geo.* And spread them in the sun to dry.

*Charlotte.* Then they clear the flax from the hulls with a *break*.

*Harriet.* Not yet, my dear Charlotte; it must be well pounded first.

*Charlotte.* Very true, and then they *break* it, and then——

*Rich.* And then they *scutch* it, and then they *hackle* it to separate it from the tow.

*Mr. Bill.* Now, put together all these things, which must necessarily be done before we can have linen; consider, also, how many sorts of different labours are required to make the instruments used by the husbandman, the flax-dresser, and the spinner; and you must own I do not exceed the truth in saying that more than a thousand hands have been employed in the making of your mattresses.

*Geo.* A thousand hands! It is wonderful, and yet it is very true.

*Mr. Bill.* In the next place, consider how

many things you have daily occasion for, and then pray tell me, should it surprize us that Robinson Crusoe found himself every now and then puzzled and at a stand, when not another hand in the world but his own worked for him, and when he had not a single one of those instruments by means of which things in this part of the world are so easily and expeditiously made.

At this time, therefore, what puzzled him was the finding of some method or other to hinder his dear fire from going out. Sometimes he scratched his head as if he would have plucked a lucky thought out of it; again, letting his hands fall, he would walk backwards and forwards in his enclosure, not knowing what to have recourse to. At last he fixed his eyes by chance on the rock at the edge of his cave, and that moment the thought struck him how he was to act.

*Henry.* Eh! how was that?

*Mr. Bill.* There projected out of the rock, about a yard from the ground, a very large and thick ledge of stone.

*Charlotte.*

*Charlotte.* How large might it be?

*Mr. Bill.* Why really I have not been able to procure the exact proportions of it; but I will suppose, at a guess, that it was about as long as I am, its breadth and thickness might be a yard and a half.

Though it had rained very hard, the ground under this large piece of the rock was perfectly dry. Robinson saw at once that this spot would answer every purpose of a fire-place, being completely sheltered from all accidents; but he saw, moreover, that it would require no great trouble to make a proper kitchen under the stone, together with hearth and chimney, and therefore resolved to go immediately to work about it.

With his spade he hollowed the ground under the great stone about a yard deep. After that, he conceived the idea of enclosing this ground, at the side, with two small walls reaching up to the stone itself.

*Geo.* But how could he make walls?

*Mr. Bill.* He had been accustomed, you

know, minutely to remark every thing that he met with, and he always asked himself the question, "What use may be made of this?" He had, amongst other things, observed a particular sort of clay in one part of his island, upon sight of which he immediately said to himself, "Perhaps this clay would make good bricks, if ever I should have occasion to build a wall."

At that moment he recollected the clay, and, having nearly finished hollowing out his kitchen, he took his spade and his knife of flint, and repaired to the spot where this clay was to be found, in order to set about the work without delay.

The heavy rain had made the clay so soft, that he found no difficulty in shaping it to the form of bricks, and cutting it smooth with his knife. After preparing a pretty good number of these bricks in a short time, he placed them, beside each other, in a spot where the sun shone all day. He determined to go on with this work the next day, and in the mean time returned  
home

home to eat the rest of his roast meat, the eagerness with which he had worked having sharpened his appetite. That he might regale himself in a princely manner on such a day of rejoicing as the present, he indulged himself by adding to his supper a cocoa-nut from the small number of those that still remained.

The repast was excellent. "Ah!" said Robinson, sighing from the bottom of his heart, which was partly content and partly sorrowful, "Ah! how happy should I be at this moment, if I had but one single friend, merely a man, were it the most miserable beggar in the world, to bear me company; one single man, whom I might call my friend, while I professed to him an equal friendship! Had I, at least, the happiness of being master of some tame animal, a dog or a cat, to whom I might shew kindness in order to gain its affection! But to live thus solitary, absolutely cut off from every living creature, and as if I were the only

only being upon the earth!—Here a few tears dropped down his cheeks.

He then recalled to memory the time, when, having it in his power to enjoy the sweet society of his brothers and other companions, he nevertheless had frequently quarrelled and disputed with them: the recollection of this filled him with bitter sorrow. “Ah!” said he to himself, “how little I then knew the value of a friend, and the impossibility of doing without the love and esteem of our neighbours, if we would live happy! Oh, if I could now begin to pass those days over again, with what complaisance and good-nature would I behave towards my brothers and other children! How patiently would I put up with small offences, and how would I exert myself to charm every body with my gentleness and good behaviour, and force them to love me in their turn! Heavens! Why did I not know how to value the happiness of friendship until I had lost that happiness—alas! lost it for ever?”

With



With these words he turned his eyes accidentally towards the entrance of his little lodge, and perceived a spider which had spread its web in a corner. The thought of lying under the same roof with some living creature so filled him with joy, that he did not trouble himself in the least about the species of the animal. He resolved to catch flies every day for this spider, to shew it that it lived in a place of freedom and friendship, and in order to make it tame, if it was possible.

As it was still day, and the air, freshened by the storm, was infinitely agreeable to the sense, Robinson did not chuse to go to bed yet, and, that he might employ the time in somewhat useful, he took up his spade again, and began to hollow out the ground for his kitchen. In doing this, he struck all at once upon something hard that was in the earth, and was very near breaking his spade.

He took it at first for a stone; but what was his astonishment, when, having drawn  
out

out a great heavy lump of something, he discovered it to be—pure gold!

*Rich.* Gracious! Well, he certainly has surprising luck, this Mr. Robinson Crusoe.

*Mr. Bill.* Surprising luck, indeed! This mass of gold was so thick, that, had it been coined, it would have produced upwards of 10,000*l.* Behold him, therefore, at present, a man of vast fortune! What a number of things could he procure himself now! He could build himself a fine house, he could have a carriage, horses, footmen, apes, monkeys; he could——

*Geo.* Ay; but where was he to have all these things in his island? There was nobody there that had any thing to sell.

*Mr. Bill.* Oho! I had forgot.—Robinson, however, did not; so that, instead of rejoicing for the treasure that he had found, he kicked it from him with contempt, and said, “Lie there, miserable metal, which men in general covet so greedily, and which they purchase with so many base actions and even crimes! Of what use art thou.

thou to me? Oh! that, in thy place, I had found a good lump of iron, with which I might, perhaps, have made myself a hatchet or a knife! How willingly would I give thee for a handful of iron nails, or for some useful instrument!"—He left, therefore, all this precious treasure lying neglected on the ground, and afterwards, as he passed by, scarce thought it worth a look.

*Harriet.* I'll tell you what, papa. He did exactly as the cock did.

*Mr. Bill.* What cock?

*Harriet.* Oh! do you forget the fable that you read to us one day? Once upon a time there was a cock——

*Mr. Bill.* What next?

*Harriet.* That scratched upon a dung-hill, and found a—what was it?

*Mr. Bill.* A pearl?

*Harriet.* Ah! yes; a pearl—And then he said, "Of what use art thou to me with all thy brightness? If I had found, instead of thee, a grain of barley, it would have been of much more service to me." Saying this,

this, he left the pearl on the ground, and went away without taking any farther notice of it.

*Mr. Bill.* Very good. Just so did Robinson with the lump of gold.

Night now came on. The sun had for some time sunk beneath the main—

*Geo.* What, in the sea?

*Mr. Bill.* So it appears to those who live in an island, and see nothing round them but water. The sun, in fact, seems to them to sink down into the sea at night when he sets; and, therefore, people sometimes express themselves thus, as if the thing were really so.

The moon rose bright at the other end of the heavens, and shone so beautifully into Robinson's cave, that the delightfulness of the view hindered him from going to sleep.

*Harriet.* Oh! look, look, dear papa; our moon too begins to appear yonder.

*Rich.* Oh! what an enchanting sight! how mild her light is! how pleasing!

*Mr.*

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*Mr. Bill.* Well, my dears, Robinson is asleep, while his fire, kept up by large pieces of wood, continues to burn slowly. Now, what do you think of doing in the mean time?

*Edw.* I think, at least, that I shall hardly sleep much to-night, I am so impatient to know the rest of Robinson's adventures.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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