





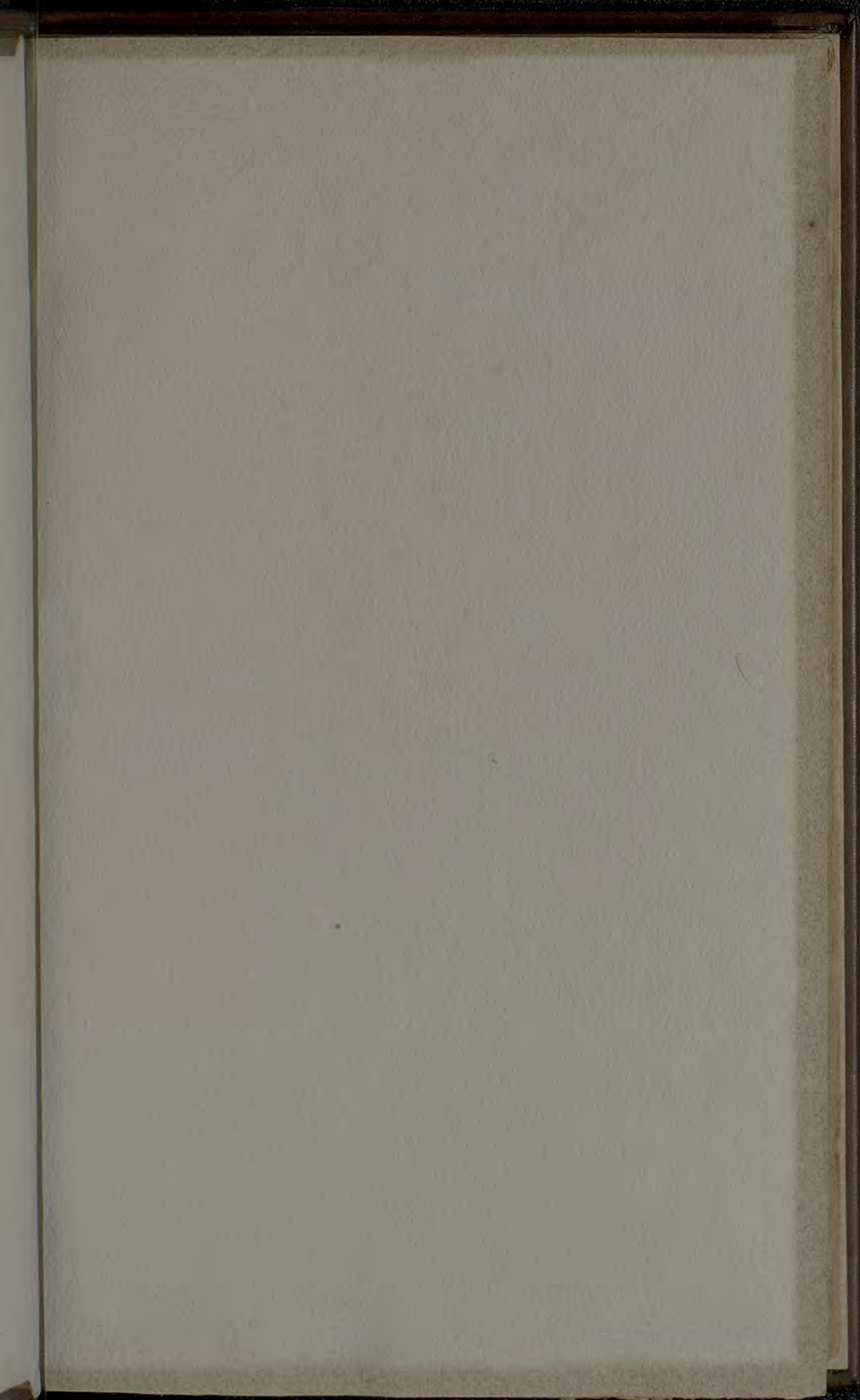
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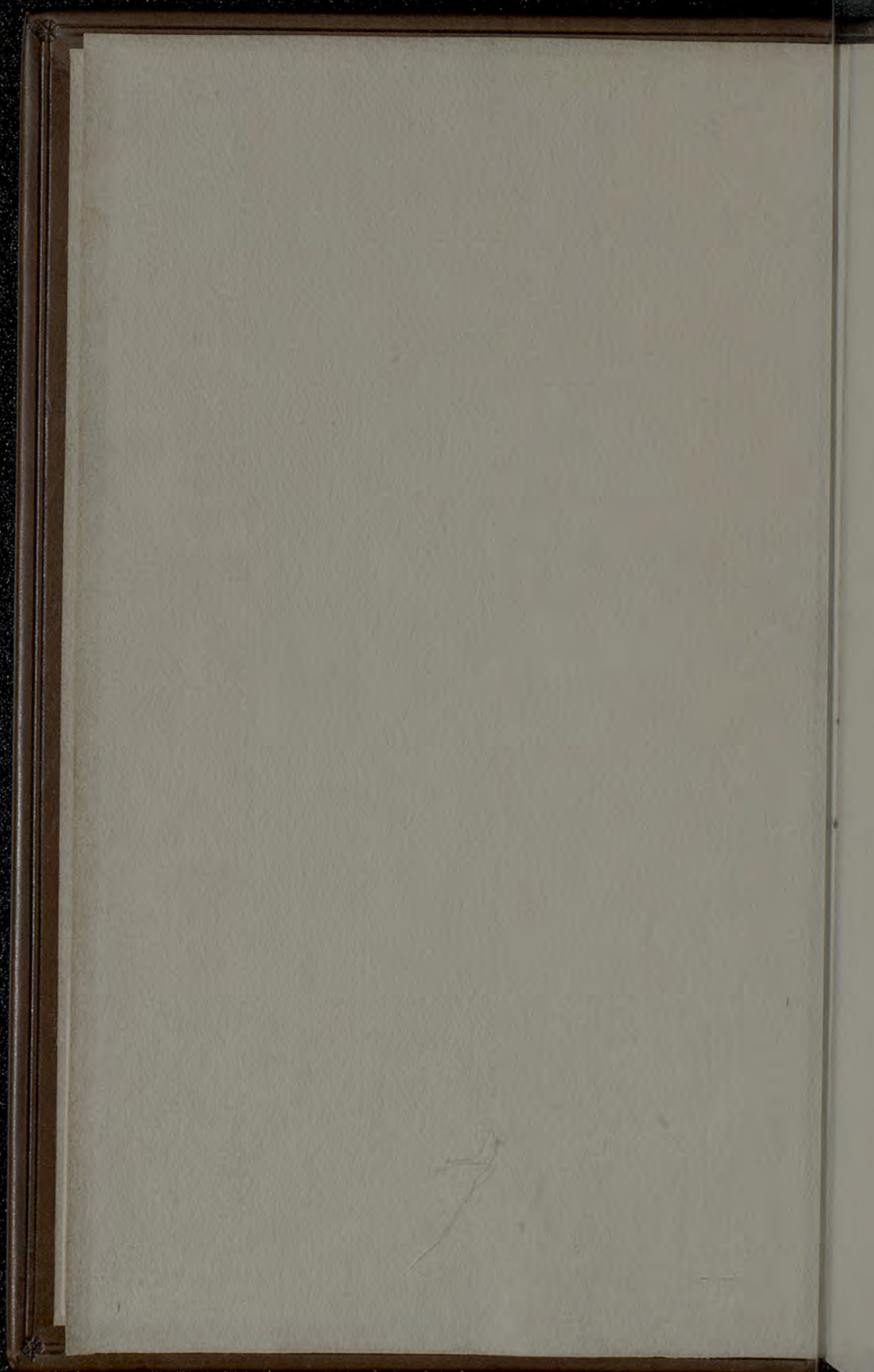
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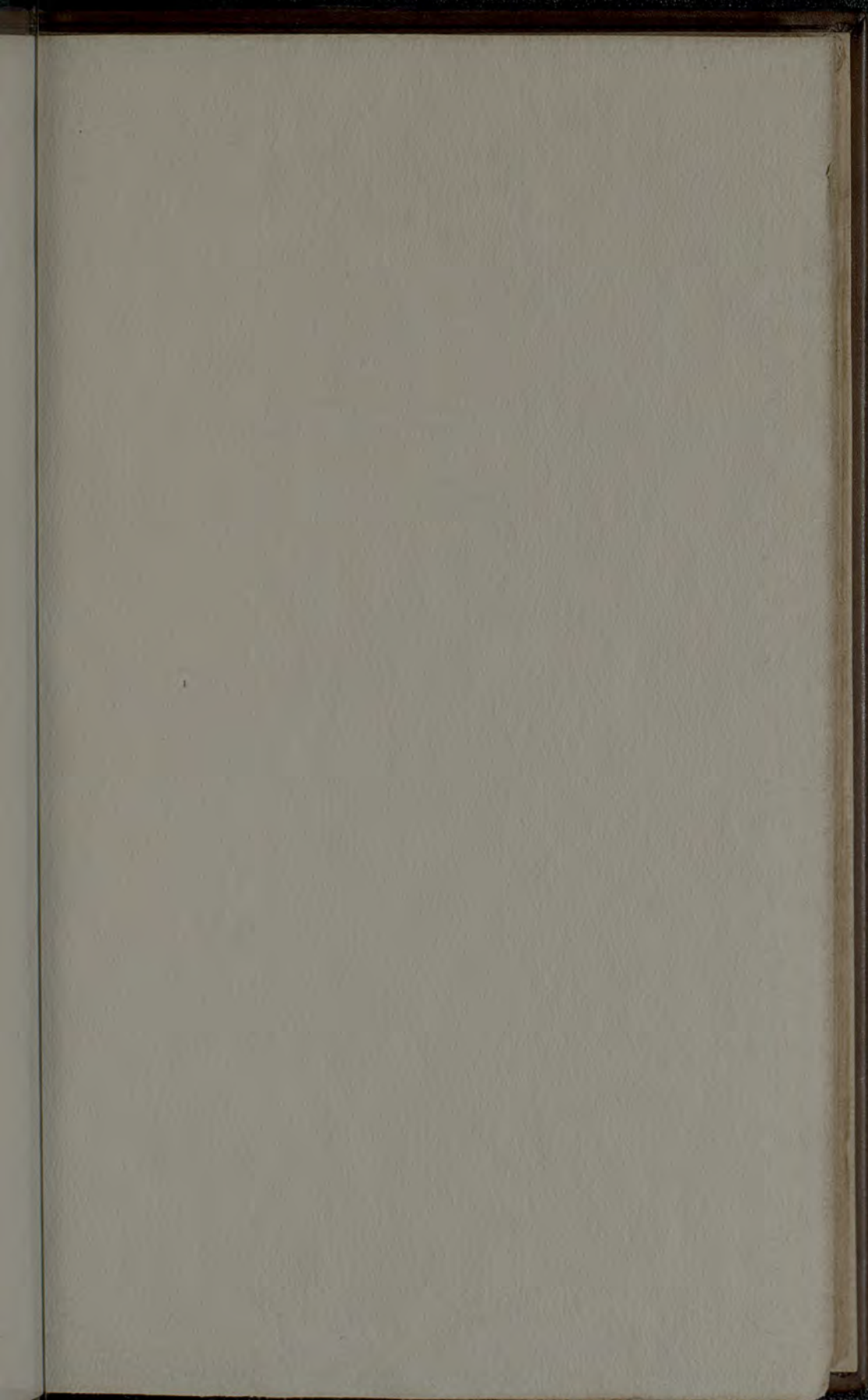


















New

Robinson Crusoe

E. Morrell

C. C. Script







T H E  
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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THE

# NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE;

AN INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING

METHOD OF TEACHING

FOR THE USE OF

CHILDREN OF BOTH SEXES.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY

THE REV. J. H. ROBINSON, D.D.

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

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THE  
NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE

FOURTEENTH EVENING.

*MR. BILL.* Yesterday I gave you the particulars of Robinson's manner of living. Three years passed away, and it was still the same. In all that time, and with such persevering constancy in labour, how far do ye think was he advanced in the making of his canoe? Alas! he had scarcely cut through half the trunk of the tree, and it now seemed a matter of doubt to him whether he could cut down the tree in less

A 3

than



than three or four years more, though he were to work with the same constant regularity as before.

In the mean time he never slackened the work. What else, indeed, could he have undertaken? And, then, he was neither willing nor able to remain idle. One day the thought struck him, that as long as he had lived in this island, he had seen but a very small part of it. He was angry with himself for his own weakness, when he reflected that fear was the cause which had prevented him from traversing the whole of it. "Perhaps," said he, "had I been less afraid, I might have discovered many things which would at present be very useful to me."

This consideration determined him to set out the very next morning by day-break in order to take a view of the whole island.

*Edw.* How large might this island be?

*Mr. Bill.* Perhaps much about the extent of the county of Middlesex. The same day he made every requisite preparation



tion for his departure; and the next morning, having loaded one of his lamas with provisions for four days, having armed and accoutered himself, and prayed for the divine protection, he set out on his journey with confidence. His design was to keep as much as possible to the sea-side, and to avoid forests, that he might be less liable to meet with wild beasts.

His first day's journey was remarkable for no extraordinary accident. He travelled about twenty miles. The farther he went the plainer he could perceive that the situation of his dwelling-place was in the barrenest part of the island. In many parts he found trees, such as he had never seen before, which appeared to bear fruits capable of furnishing him with a nourishment as wholesome as it was agreeable. It was not until some time after that he knew the usefulness of them, and learned their names.

Amongst these trees was one called the



paper mulberry tree, the bark of which is wrought into a fine sort of paper by the people of Japan, and makes a handsome summer stuff for the inhabitants of Otaheité. I will shew you a piece of it, which I received as a present from a gentleman who had been with Captain Cook. Robinson slept the first night in a tree, that he might be the more secure from wild beasts, and at the first dawn of day he set out again.

He had not travelled far before he found himself at the Southern extremity of the island. In some places the soil was sandy. He had a mind to walk out upon a neck of land which extended pretty far into the sea, but suddenly starting back, he grew as pale as death. He looked round him all in a tremble, and then, hanging his head, stood stock still and incapable of motion, as if he had been struck by a thunderbolt.—

*[See the frontispiece to this volume.]*

*Rich.* What was the matter with him?

*Mr.*



*Mr. Bill.* His eyes discovered what he never expected to find there, the tracks of men's feet imprinted in the sand.

*Edw.* What! does that frighten him? I think he should rejoice at the sight.

*Mr. Bill.* I will explain to you the reason of his fright. Upon his first beholding these tracks, he did not represent to himself the men, whose steps had left the impressions he saw, as civilized, humane, compassionate beings, ever ready to assist their fellow creatures according to their power; but he imagined them to be barbarous, cruel, ferocious, ready, if they met him, to fall upon him, cut his throat, and devour him: in a word, he did not suppose that civilized Europeans had been upon the spot, but savages and cannibals; that is, as I before explained it to you, and which you could not hear without being shocked, men whose horrible custom it was to feed upon human flesh.

*Rich.* That idea is enough, indeed, to shock one.



*Mr. Bill.* It would have been better for Robinson, had he been accustomed from his childhood not to give way to the impulse of terror, even in the greatest dangers, and had he, at this moment, preserved more coolness and presence of mind. We can all bring ourselves to it, if we will but pay an early and constant attention to the rendering of our bodies, as well as our minds, sound and vigorous.

*Rich.* But I do not rightly understand how we can bring ourselves to this temper.

*Mr. Bill.* By fortifying our bodies with sobriety, regularity, and exercise, conformably to the intent of nature, and by preserving our minds free from blemish, by a steady and enlightened piety. Thus fortified, we shall be able to bear every change of fortune, and look upon danger with an eye of indifference. Thus, my dear children, if you will always temperately confine yourselves to those sorts of food which are by so much the more wholesome, as they are more plain and natural than others, and



and prepared with less luxurious nicety; if you will abstain more and more every day from delicacies, those poisons in disguise, as pernicious to the health as they are agreeable to the taste; if you will avoid idleness, which is equally destructive to the body as the soul; if, as far as lies in your power, you will accustom your minds to a habit of attention and reflection, and strengthen your bodies with a degree of exercise that inures you to motion without exhausting you; if sometimes, on purpose, and of your own free choice, you will abstain from a thing which would be very agreeable to you, which you even desire, and which it is perfectly in your own power to procure yourselves; if, upon other occasions, you contentedly bear with things that seem disagreeable, though you could avoid doing so; if, farther, you contract the habit of not having recourse to others, but, on the contrary, of finding in yourselves a resource for all your wants, thus, as far as lies in your power, doing without the assistance



of other hands, and using your own judgments in order to receive from your own faculties advice and assistance in every trouble and difficulty; if, lastly, you labour with care to acquire and preserve to yourselves the precious treasure of a conscience free from reproach, which assures you of the protection and favour of the Almighty: then, my dear children, you will gain, and you will feel yourselves possessed of, all the strength of body and mind that you are capable of possessing. The most whimsical and most undeserved changes of fortune will not trouble nor discompose your souls. The most disagreeable events may cause you some surprise, but will not have power to shake your fortitude, nor to alter the serenity of your minds; persuaded that, under the government of a Providence as wise as powerful, nothing can possibly happen which will not turn to your greatest advantage.

Robinson, as you see, had not yet reached, by his progress in true piety, that degree of fortitude so necessary to his happiness



ness and repose. This may be imputed to the life which he had led for some years, so tranquil and so unexposed to dangers. In a state of constant tranquillity, (mark well this truth, my dear children,) in a situation of perfect security, man never acquires all the energy nor all the courage of which his mind is susceptible. Does it so happen that he is suddenly placed in circumstances unusual and terrifying? He is weak, timid, and overpowered with terror. Nay, too much ease sometimes serves no other purpose than to render a man vicious. We ought, therefore, to receive as blessings those trials which Heaven sends us from time to time, be they ever so severe, since they are the means of knowing, of exercising, and strengthening our courage by experience.

You remember into what a consternation the unexpected sight of some tracks of men's feet threw the poor affrighted Robinson. He looks round to every quarter; at the noise of every leaf he feels fresh terror. In  
the



the confusion of his spirits, he knows not what to resolve on: at last, mustering up all his strength, he takes to flight, with the utmost precipitation, like a man who is pursued; and so great is his terror, that he dares not, even once, look back. But suddenly he stops; his fear is changed into horror. What an object strikes his eye! Ah! my dear children, prepare yourselves for the most shocking spectacle in nature; the horrible consequences of man's depraved state when totally abandoned to himself, and deprived of all education. He saw a round hole, in the middle of which was a space whereon a fire seemed to have been kindled, though it was then out. All round this hole—I shudder while I relate it—he perceived hands and feet, skulls, and other human bones, scattered about, which presented the horrible remains of an unnatural feast, where a human body had been devoured

*The Children.* How shocking! What, by men?

*Mr. Bill.* Can they be called men? They have



have only the outside of men: without education, degraded, rendered brutal, and like the most ravenous animals, neither the loathing which such an action would naturally produce, nor the compassionate feelings of humanity, prevent them from following the abominable custom of murdering their fellow-creatures to feed on them. These were their prisoners of war, on whom, after they had cut their throats and roasted them, they made a horrible feast, in which their savage joy manifested itself by dances and songs, or rather the howlings of gorged cannibals.

*Charlotte.* Oh! the detestable creatures!

*Mr. Bill.* Let us, my dear *Charlotte*, detest their atrocious manners, and not their persons: they have received no education, no instruction. If you had been so unfortunate as to have received your birth amongst these savage people, you would, like them, run about naked in the woods, without the least shame, stupid and fierce as a brute beast: you would paint your body



dy and your face with various colours, particularly red: you would make holes in your nose and ears, and be very proud to carry in them, for ornament, birds feathers, sea shells, and other trifles: you would, then, make one at the abominable feasts of your depraved relations, and there take your share with as much pleasure as you do now at our best dinners. Rejoice, therefore, all of you, and bless God that you belong to parents who were born and bred up in polished society, where they have learned, from their infancy, to be humane, civil, polite, and friendly, and not to neglect any thing that may render you also mild, agreeable, compassionate, and susceptible of every virtue. Pity the unhappy lot of those men who, being left to themselves, still lead a savage life like that of wild beasts in the woods.

*Henry.* And are there any such still?

*Rich.* Far off, very far off from hence, in an island called New Zealand. Papa read us something about it last winter in Captain Cook's Voyages. The natives of  
that



that island eat human flesh ; but, it is to be hoped, their intercourse with our people will, by degrees, bring them to leave off so barbarous a custom.

*Henry.* That would be well done.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson turned his eyes away from the hideous spectacle ; it made him quite sick, and he would, in all likelihood, have fainted, if nature had not relieved herself, by forcing him to throw up whatever was upon his stomach. As soon as he was a little recovered, he fled away again with so much precipitation, that his lama could scarcely keep up with him ; for this faithful animal followed close at his heels wherever he went. Fear had so taken possession of Robinson's faculties, that he quite forgot his lama, and, hearing its steps close by him, as he ran, had not the least doubt but there was a cannibal behind in close pursuit of him. Filled with this notion, he fled with redoubled speed, to escape from the imaginary savage at his heels, and, in order to be less encumbered and lighter in his flight, he  
threw



threw away his spear, his bow, his arrows, and his hatchet. This might have been the moment to make use of them, but he never once thought of doing so; in flight alone he placed all his dependence. But, in his flight, he forgets whither he is running; he regards not which way he takes: the openest ground is that which he prefers, let it lead him where it will. Thus, after he had run for near an hour, it happened that he made a circuit, which brought him back to the very spot from whence he had set out.

Here was new terror! new perplexity! He forgot the place; he had no idea that it was the same which he had seen before; he takes it for a second proof of the horrible cruelty, the sight of which he was endeavouring to avoid. He turns away, therefore, from the spot, and continues his flight as long as he has strength to carry him. At length, quite exhausted, he falls down without sense or motion. Here his lama, having overtaken him, lies down beside him, spent with fatigue. By mere chance  
it



ROBINSON CRUSOE. 17

it was the very spot where Robinson had thrown away his arms; and these were the first objects that struck his eyes the moment he opened them. Seeing his arms scattered about on the grass, he imagined himself in a dream, and that whatever had passed was no more. He could not conceive by what means they were conveyed there, nor how he came there himself; so much had his fright disturbed all the faculties of his mind.

He rose now to leave the place, but his confusion being somewhat abated, he was not so imprudent as to forget his arms: he gathered them up, and firmly resolved to part no more with the only means of his defence. He was so weakened, that it was impossible for him now to make so much haste as before, though equally urged by fear. He had no appetite for the remainder of the day, and he never stopped but once, which was only for a moment, at a spring to quench his thirst.

He hoped to be able to get home that  
same



same day, but found it impossible. At night-fall he was within a couple of miles of his own dwelling, at a place which he called his country seat. It was a pretty large enclosure, which he had chosen as a kind of park for one part of his flock, because the grass was better there than in the neighbourhood of his cave. The year before, he had lain there several nights in the summer time, being grievously tormented with muskitoes at his old dwelling-place. For this reason he called the spot his country seat. His strength being quite gone, he was not able to go any farther. Whatever danger there might be in passing the night in so unsafe a place, necessity obliged him to stop there. Quite worn out with fatigue, and his mind still agitated with fear, he lay down to take some repose; but scarcely was he half asleep, when a fresh subject of terror had nearly deprived him of his senses once more.

*Rich.* Poor fellow! to what alarms he is exposed!

*Edw.*



*Edw.* What was the matter, then?

*Mr. Bill.* He heard a voice in the air, which very distinctly uttered these words, "Robinson, poor Robinson! where have you been? How came you here?"

*Rich.* Bless me! what could it be?

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson started up, all in a tremble, not knowing what to think. He hears the same words repeated; he ventures to turn his eyes towards the quarter from which the voice came, and finds——what think ye?

*The Children.* Nay, we can't tell.

*Mr. Bill.* He found, what a coward, if he would take the pains to examine before he gave way to his fears, would almost always find—that he had no reason to be alarmed; he found that it was no voice in the air, but the voice of his own parrot, which was perched upon the branch of a tree close by.

*The Children.* Ha! ha! ha! that is droll enough.

*Mr. Bill.* No doubt the bird was tired  
of



of being left alone in the cave, and as it had many a time before followed its master to the place where he now was, it came thither to seek him, and pronounced the same words which Robinson had repeated to it hundreds of times.

His fright was now turned to joy at having found out the cause of the false alarm. Robinson stretches out his hand and calls "Poll!" The bird flies to him, and welcomes him with a hundred fond caresses, all the while crying, "Robinson! poor Robinson! where have you been?"

Still restless and apprehensive, Robinson scarce closed his eyes the whole night. He had for ever before him the horrid spot which first occasioned his fright. He strove, but in vain, to banish it from his imagination; all his endeavours were to no purpose. When once the imagination receives a violent shock, to what extremities does it cause a man's thoughts to wander? What a cloud of darkness does passion spread over his reason? Robinson thought of a thousand  
sand



land plans for his future security, every one more extravagant than the other. Amongst the rest—would you believe it?—he had formed the resolution of destroying, as soon as it was day-light, all the works that he had made, and not to leave a trace remaining of all that had cost him so much labour. The copse in which he now lay, and the hedge enclosing the whole park, were to be destroyed; his lamas turned loose; his dwelling-place at the cave, and the willow row, to be all demolished; his garden and trees to be grubbed up; in short, every thing was to be sacrificed to his safety. He would not have the smallest appearance remaining of any thing that might seem to be the work of man's hands.

*Rich.* For what reason?

*Mr. Bill.* That, if the savages should chance to pay a visit to this side of the island, they might not perceive, nor even suspect, that there was a man there.

Let us now leave him to his apprehensions, as we can be of no assistance to him;  
and



and while we go to rest, sheltered from the danger to which *he* thinks himself exposed, let us be sensible of our own happiness. Let us return thanks to the Supreme Being, that we were born in a country, where, living amongst men who are civilized, and willing to afford us friendship and assistance, we may compose ourselves to rest without having any thing to fear from the barbarity of inhuman savages.

*The Children.* Good night, papa; much obliged to you. How agreeable has this evening's entertainment been!

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## F I F T E E N H E V E N I N G .

**M**Y dear children, it is a good proverb which advises us *to consult our pillow* before we take any important resolution.

Robinson



Robinson found the advantage of conforming to this advice.

You remember the strange resolutions which his excessive fear made him form. He was very happy that he put off the performance of them until the next day. Scarce had the mild light of morning dispersed the shades of night, when he saw things in quite a different view. What he before judged prudent and necessary, appears to him a senseless and extravagant project. In a word, he rejects all the hasty schemes that fear had put in his head, and he forms other plans which his sober judgment approves.

Let his example teach you, that, in affairs which may be put off, you should not pass from resolving immediately to performing; defer this latter till the next day, as often as you conveniently can.

Robinson now saw and acknowledged that his fright, the day before, had been carried to an extravagant pitch. "I have been here," said he, "a long time, and no savage has ever yet come near my habi-



tation, which is proof enough that they are not settled in this island. It is most likely that they are inhabitants of another island, from whence some of them come here now and then, to celebrate their victories by a horrible feast; and probably they never land but at the Southern point of the island, and return to their own country without having the curiosity to come any farther. It is, therefore, by the particular direction of Heaven that I have been thrown on this part of the coast, the least fertile in the whole island. This very disadvantage is now the cause of my security.

“Why should I not hope that the same good Providence will continue to protect me against all dangers, since I have hitherto been so remarkably preserved from the greatest?” He then reproached himself bitterly for having the night before shewn so little confidence in his heavenly Father. Filled with sorrow and repentance, he threw himself prostrate on the ground, to implore pardon for this new fault. Having now recovered



covered his strength, he walked towards his cave to put in execution the new designs which he had just formed.

*Rich.* What did he propose to do?

*Mr. Bill.* He intended to take some proper measures for his greater security, which was very reasonable: for although it be our duty to depend on Providence, being persuaded, that, while we conform our lives to the divine precepts, we shall not be forsaken in time of need, yet, on our sides, we should neglect nothing that may contribute to our happiness or security; for we certainly were never endowed with reason, nor our minds, nor even our bodies, enriched with such various faculties and powers, for any other purpose, but that we should, as far as in us lies, make them all unite towards rendering us more securely happy.

The first thing that he did, was to plant, without side, at a small distance from the trees which enclosed the front space before his cave, a thick wood which might cover



it at a distance, and hinder it from being seen.

With this design, he planted, one after another, near two thousand slips of that sort of willow which he had before observed to take root and grow up in so short a time. He took good care not to plant them in rows: on the contrary, he avoided all regularity, on purpose to give the whole the appearance of a natural growth rather than of artificial arrangement. He resolved next to dig a subterraneous passage from the bottom of his cave to the other side of the hill, that, in a case of extremity, as, for instance, when the enemy should have scaled his barricade, he might have a back-way to escape by. This was also a troublesome and tedious task; and you must understand, that, in order to have leisure for it, he was obliged to give up the making of the canoe for a while.

In opening this subterraneous passage, he began exactly as miners do, who first dig a pit, and then a gallery.

Geo.



*Geo.* What sort of a gallery?

*Rich.* Do you forget? I can tell you. The miners, in making a mine, first dig into the earth straight down, as those do who are digging a well; and this perpendicular opening they call a pit. When they are come to a certain depth, they begin to hollow it out horizontally; and this passage they call a gallery. Thus they go on from pits to galleries, and from galleries to pits, until they come to the vein or bed of metal which they are seeking.

*Mr. Bill.* Very well explained. Observe, that, when they dig thus sideways, or horizontally, the earth which is over their heads would soon crumble down, if they did not take care, as they went on, to keep it up: this they do by means of cross planks, which reach from one side of the passage to the other, and rest upon uprights. Robinson took the same precaution.

Whatever earth he cleared out of it, he carried close to the hedge, and took care to level it. Thus, by degrees, he raised a ter-



race, about ten feet high, and almost eight thick. At convenient distances, he had left openings, or port-holes, that he might see the out-country. He had, besides, made steps to go up to the top of the terrace, in case he should, one day or other, be obliged to defend his little fort from the top of his rampart.

He seemed now sufficiently secured against a sudden or short attack. But, then, if the enemy should be obstinate, and block him up for some time, what are to be his resources?

This blocking up was not a vain fancy: it was by no means impossible that such a thing might happen some day or other. He thought it, therefore, necessary to provide also against such an event, and to contrive means whereby he might avoid the necessity of surrendering for want of provisions, or else dying of hunger. To prevent any such extremity, he resolved to keep constantly within the enclosure, at least, one of his lamas that gave milk, and to have, by way



way of reserve for the support of this animal, a small rick of hay, which was not to be touched unless in case of necessity. He was moreover resolved to lay up a stock of cheese, fruits, and oysters, and recruit it from day to day, according as the one or the other became unfit to keep.

He had thought of another design, but was obliged to give it up, foreseeing that it would be too tedious in the execution. He was desirous that the water of the neighbouring spring, which formed a small rivulet, might be conveyed, if possible, to the very door of his cave, that, in case of a siege, he might not be deprived of so necessary a conveniency. To effect this, he would have been obliged to cut through a small hill, which, however, was large enough to require a very considerable time before the labour of a single man could complete such a cut. He thought it, therefore, better to give up the idea, and return to the making of his canoe.

For some years there happened nothing



worth relating. I hasten now to an event which had more influence on the lot of Robinson, than all that had happened to him in his island as yet.

One fine clear morning, as he was working at his canoe, he perceived a very thick smoke rising at a distance. The terror with which he was at first seized upon sight of this, gave way to curiosity. He hastened to the top of his little hillock to discover the true cause of the smoke. Scarcely was he arrived there, when he was struck with consternation at the sight of five or six canoes drawn up on the beach, and a score or two of savages dancing round a great fire, with the most fantastic motions and horrid cries imaginable.

Though Robinson ought to have expected such a sight one time or other, yet here again he was near falling into a swoon with terror. However, this time he quickly recovered his spirits, by placing his confidence in his Maker. He ran down the hill to put himself in a posture of defence, took his arms,



arms, implored the assistance of Heaven, and firmly resolved to defend his life to the last extremity. Fortified in this resolution by his piety, he found himself master of sufficient courage and presence of mind to go up again by his ladder of ropes to the top of the hill, from whence he was desirous of viewing all the enemy's motions.

Presently his indignation and horror was raised to the highest pitch, when he beheld them drag two unfortunate wretches from the canoes towards the place where the fire was. He suspected, at first sight, that they were going to dispatch them; and he very soon found that he was not mistaken. Some of these monsters kill one of the captives, and two others fall upon him, no doubt, in order to cut him into pieces, and prepare their abominable feast. During this shocking execution, the other prisoner sat a melancholy spectator of what was doing, in the expectation of very soon receiving the same treatment in his turn. But while these barbarians were busily taken up with the



butchery of his companion, he watches a moment when no body had an eye upon him, and, with the hope of escaping death, he suddenly starts away, and flies with astonishing swiftness directly towards Robinson's dwelling-place.

Joy, hope, fear, and horror, alternately seized on Robinson's heart; they appeared successively in his countenance, which was pale and red by turns. He felt a joy mingled with hope, when he observed the prisoner to gain ground considerably on his pursuers: he was filled with fear and horror when he saw both parties coming as straight as possible towards his habitation. They were separated from it only by a small creek, which the savage, who fled, must cross, by swimming, to avoid falling into the enemy's hands. As soon as he came to the bank of it, he threw himself in without hesitation, and crossed it with the swiftness that he had exerted in running. Two of those who were nearest to him threw themselves in after him, and all the rest returned to their abominable feast.



feast. Robinson perceived, with much satisfaction, that these two last were not, by a great deal, such expert swimmers as he whom they pursued. He was landed before they had half crossed the creek. At this moment, Robinson was animated with a courage and zeal, such as he had never felt before: his eyes sparkled; his heart throbbed, and seemed to urge him to the assistance of the weaker party. He takes his spear, and, without hesitating, runs down from the top of the hillock. In the twinkling of an eye he passes through the grove, and, coming out on the other side, finds himself just between the pursuers and the pursued. He cries to the latter, "Stop! stop!" but he, turning about, is terrified at the looks of Robinson drest up in skins; he takes him for some superior being, and hesitates whether to fall at his feet or run away from him. Robinson, stretching out his hand, gives him to understand, by signs, that he was his friend, and then, turning about, marches towards the enemy. When



within reach of the foremost savage, he throws his spear at him, and strikes him to the ground. The other savage, being about one hundred yards behind, stops, quite surprised, fixes an arrow to his bow, and discharges it at Robinson, who was coming up to him. The arrow struck him on the left breast, where the heart lies; but luckily it came with no great force, and the skins kept it off as well as a coat of armour could have done. The arrow fell at Robinson's feet, and he felt not the smallest hurt from it.

Our hero does not give his enemy time to shoot a second arrow; he rushes upon him, and, before the savage can draw the bowstring, Robinson lays him lifeless in the dust.

He now turns towards him whom he had protected, and sees him still on the same spot motionless, betwixt hope and fear, doubting whether the action that he had just been witness to, was meant for his preservation, or whether he himself must fall, in his turn, beneath the mighty blows of this  
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unknown being. The conqueror calls him; makes him understand, by signs, that he is to come nearer. He at first obeys, then stops, walks on a little way, stops again, advances slowly with evident marks of fear, and in the attitude of a suppliant. Robinson makes him every sign of friendship possible, and invites him to come close up to him. The savage approaches; but at every ten steps prostrates himself on the ground, at the same time to thank him and to testify his submission to him.

Robinson takes off his mask, and looks at him with a mild, humane, and friendly air. At this sight the savage hesitates no more, but flies towards his deliverer, prostrates himself, kisses the ground, takes one of Robinson's feet and puts it on his neck, to signify that he was his slave. But our hero, who knew that he had more occasion for a friend than a slave, quickly held out his hand to him in a friendly manner, raised him up, and endeavoured, by all the means imaginable, to convince him that he should  
be



be well used. However, there still remained something to be done.

The first savage was wounded, but not killed. Being now come to himself, he was gathering herbs and applying them to his wound to stop the blood. Robinson made the savage, who stood near him, observe this, who immediately spoke some words in return. Though Robinson did not understand them, yet they pleased his ear by their novelty, being the first sound of the human voice that he had heard for many years. The Indian, fixing his eyes alternately upon Robinson and his hatchet, pointing to it with his finger, and then drawing his hand back again shily, gave him to understand that he desired this weapon to dispatch the enemy. Our hero, though loth to shed human blood, yet sensible of the necessity of killing the wounded savage, gives his hatchet, and turns his eyes from seeing the bloody use that is going to be made of it. The Indian runs up to his adversary, strikes off his head at a blow, and returns with the  
cruel



cruel smile of gratified revenge. Then, making a thousand wry faces, and throwing himself into a thousand odd postures, he lays at Robinson's feet, by way of a trophy, the hatchet, together with the bleeding head of the savage he had killed.

Robinson made signs to him to gather up the bows and arrows of the slain, and to follow him. The Indian, in return, gave him to understand, by signs, that, before they went away, it would be proper to bury the two dead savages in the sand, that, if their companions should afterwards come to seek them, they might not find any remains of them.

Robinson having signified that he approved this precaution, the Indian fell to work with the assistance only of his hands, but with so much activity and dispatch, that in less than a quarter of an hour the two bodies were buried. They then set out together towards Robinson's abode, and went up to the top of the hillock.

*Charlotte.*



*Charlotte* But, papa, was not Robinson guilty of murder?

*Henry*. Oh! those that he had killed were savages; there was no harm in killing them.

*Charlotte*. Yet still they were men.

*Mr. Bill*. Certainly they were men, my dear Henry; savages or civilized is not the point. The question is, Had Robinson a right to take away their lives?

*Rich*. I think he did very right.

*Mr. Bill*. And why?

*Rich*. Because they were inhuman creatures, and would have murdered a poor wretch who perhaps had never done them any harm.

*Mr. Bill*. How did Robinson know that? Might not the savage who was pursued have deserved death? The others were, perhaps, officers of justice, acting under the authority of their superiors. Besides, who had made Robinson judge between them?

*Edw*. If he had not killed them, they  
would



would have discovered his retreat, and have told all their companions of it.

*Geo.* And they would all have come in a body, and have murdered our poor Robinson.

*Henry.* And devoured his body.

*Mr. Bill.* Why that is a pretty good reason. You are not far wrong: he had a right to do it for his security. But, am I excusable in taking away another man's life that I may preserve my own?

*The Children.* Yes, certainly.

*Mr. Bill.* Why so?

*Rich.* Because it is the will of our Maker that we preserve our lives as long as it is in our power: whenever, therefore, any one goes about to deprive us of life, it must certainly be just to prevent him by taking away his, if there be no other means.

*Mr. Bill.* Without doubt, my dear children, such a forced defence of ourselves is allowable by all laws divine and human; provided, however, that we have absolutely no other means of saving our lives, than by  
de-



depriving the unjust aggressor of his. But if, on the other hand, we destroy our enemy, when we have it in our power to preserve ourselves without doing so, either by flight, or by the protection of others, or, lastly, by putting it out of his power to hurt us, we are then guilty of murder, and amenable to the law.

Remember, my dear children, to thank God that you were born in a country where the government has taken such proper steps for the security of our persons, that there is scarcely one in one hundred thousand under the disagreeable necessity of using such a legal defence for the preservation of his life.

This is enough for to-day. When we assemble to-morrow evening, I shall, perhaps, find something more to relate to you.



## SIXTEENTH EVENING.

*MR. BILL.* What shall I read to you this evening?

*The Children.* The New Robinson Crusoe!

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson's lot, my dear children, in which we are all so deeply concerned, is still very uncertain. He went up, as I told you yesterday evening, along with the savage whom he had just delivered, to the top of the hill behind his dwelling, being both of them exceedingly uneasy as to what might still befall them. The posture of their affairs was dangerous and critical; for, was it not very likely, that the savages, after their horrible feast, would set out to seek their two companions who were missing, as well as the victim that had escaped from them? In such a case, it could not be doubted but they would discover

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Robinson's habitation, and, uniting all their forces, have broken into it, and massacred him, together with his new companion.

All these thoughts came into his mind, while from the top of a hillock and sheltered by a tree he took a view of the savages, who, by their extravagant dances and horrid howlings, expressed the joy that they felt after their barbarous feast. He deliberated how he should act; whether to fly, or shut himself up in his fort. His thoughts rising to the Almighty Protector of Innocence, he found in himself courage and resolution enough to choose the latter determination. In order not to be perceived, he slipped behind the bushes, crept to his ladder of ropes, made a sign to his companion to follow him and do as he did, and very soon they were both at the bottom.

The Indian, seeing the commodious arrangement of every thing in his deliverer's dwelling-place, was seized with surprise. His eyes had never beheld any thing so well laid out.



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About an hour afterwards, they heard, all at once, strange and dreadful cries at a distance, which seemed to come from many savages together. They both prepared for combat, and, by their looks, mutually encouraged each other to make the most vigorous defence. The cries ceased—presently they began again, louder and nearer—they are succeeded by a deep silence.—Quite near at hand—

*Charlotte.* Oh! papa, if they come I shall run away.

*Henry.* What nonsense!

*Geo.* Do not be uneasy, Charlotte; Robinson will contrive to defend himself. I am not in pain for him.

*Charlotte.* You will see; they are going to murder him.

*Rich.* Pshaw, hold your tongue.

*Mr. Bill.* Quite near at hand shouted a terrible hoarse voice, which was repeated by the echo of the hillock. Already our two champions were in a posture of defence; already their bows were bent: the first sa-

vage



vage that shewed himself must infallibly have received a mortal wound. Their eyes, all attention and sparkling with courage, were fixed on that quarter of the wood from whence the voice had been heard. Here I stop.—

*The Children.* But what is the reason of this long silence? Why does not papa go on with the story?

*Mr. Bill.* To furnish you with a fresh opportunity of exercising yourselves in the art of conquering your desires. You are all impatient to know the success of the bloody fight in which Robinson seems on the point of engaging. If you absolutely desire it, I am ready to satisfy your curiosity. But let me see, suppose you were, of your own accord, to suspend it for to-day; suppose you were freely to give up the gratification of your curiosity until to-morrow? However, you are at perfect liberty to do as you please, and decide either way. Speak; do you consent or not?

*The Children.* Yes, papa, we agree to it.



—We shall be in some pain about Robinson—but never mind, to-morrow evening will make amends—Heaven preserve poor Robinson!

*Mr. Bill.* Your compliance, my dear children, fills me with joy. Amuse yourselves, for the remainder of the evening, in whatever way is most agreeable to you. I am never apprehensive that your time will hang heavy on your hands; on the contrary, I rather suppose that you will think the call for supper too early.

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SEVENTEENTH EVENING.

*MR. BILL.* We last night left Robinson and his companion on the watch, to observe whatever might be going forward on the outside of the barricade. They continued on guard till it was almost night; but



But having perceived no enemy, nor heard any voice for some hours, it seemed very probable, that the savages, disappointed in their search, had returned to their canoes, and were gone back to their own island. They laid down their arms, therefore, and Robinson brought out something for supper.

As this day, so particularly remarkable in the adventures of our hero, happened to be a Friday, he resolved, in some measure, to perpetuate the remembrance both of the day and the events which distinguished it, by giving to the savage, whose life he had saved, the name of Friday.

Till now, Robinson had scarce time to look at him with attention. He was a well-made young man, about twenty years of age; his complexion was swarthy, his hair black and long, not woolly like that of the negroes; his nose was short, though not very flat, his lips small, and his teeth as white as ivory. In his ears he wore various feathers and shells, an ornament on



which he seemed to lay no small value ; in other respects he was naked.

Robinson, who had a proper regard for decency, would not go to supper, though hunger called him pressingly, until he had fitted a skin for his new guest, which served him by way of apron. He then made signs to him to sit down beside him and eat his supper. Friday, as we shall now call him, approaches Robinson with all the tokens imaginable of respect and gratitude ; he falls down on his face before him, and places the foot of his deliverer on his own neck, as he had done before.

Robinson, whose heart could scarce contain his joy on having found at length a companion and a friend, which he had so long and earnestly wished for, would have been glad to express it by a thousand marks of kindness ; but, not knowing the character of his new guest, he thought it prudent, for his own security, to keep him in a state of respectful subjection, to receive his homage as due to him, and, in a word, to act as his  
love-



sovereign for some time. He made him, therefore, understand by signs that he would take him under his protection, but on condition of perfect obedience; that he should perform whatever he was ordered, and abstain from every thing which he, his lord and master, should, of his good will and pleasure, forbid him. While he instructed him thus by signs, he pronounced the word *Cacique*. Fortunately he remembered to have once heard that the savages of South America call their chiefs and princes by that name.

By this word Friday understood, much better than by the signs which accompanied it, what his master meant; and, to shew that he accepted the condition of obeying, he repeated the word *Cacique* several times with a loud voice, intimating that he applied it to Robinson, and fell down prostrate at his feet once more. To signify what respect he bore to the royal authority, he put a spear into Robinson's hands, and fixed the point against his own breast, shewing and acknowledging thereby that his master had



the power of life and death over him. Robinson, with the dignity of a monarch, held out his hand to him, assuring him of his protection, and ordered him again to sit down beside him and eat his supper. Friday, out of respect, sat down on the ground, while Robinson was placed on a seat of turf.

Here, my dears, you may see an example of the first beginning of kingly power in the world. Men, who excelled others in wisdom, strength, and courage, were the first kings. Weak men implored the protection and help of the stronger, either to defend them from the danger of wild beasts, which were, in early times, more numerous than at present, or to secure themselves against the injustice of violent men. In return, they promised to submit entirely to them, and to pay them every year a certain part of their fruits and flocks, that the protectors, not having to provide for their own subsistence, might be wholly at leisure to defend their subjects. This yearly payment, which the subjects obliged themselves to make good to their



their king, was called by the name of *tribute*, *impost*, *public taxes*, and the like. Such is the origin both of the power and riches which all the different sorts of rulers in the world enjoy, and of the duty and submission which their subjects pay them.

Robinson was now, therefore, in effect a king. The island was his kingdom, his lamas and his fruits were his treasure; and Friday his subject; his only one, it is true, but a valuable one. His parrot was the only courtier that he had, and almost useless in that character. Nevertheless, his majesty of the island vouchsafed to descend even to his vassal as far as his dignity would permit him.

*Henry.* What is a vassal?

*Mr. Bill.* The same as a slave.—After supper, it pleased his majesty very graciously to give orders concerning every thing that he chose to have observed in the ceremony of going to bed. It was not prudent that Friday, who had been so lately advanced to the stations of his *subject* and *prime minister*, his



*commander in chief* and his *whole army*, his *master of the horse* and *steward of the household*, his *chamberlain* and *groom of the stole*; it was not prudent, I say, that this new servant should so soon repose in the same chamber with his majesty. He, therefore, judged it proper that he should pass the night, not in the cave, but in the cellar. How could he resolve to trust his life, and the secret of the subterraneous passage, to a stranger, whose fidelity, having not been yet sufficiently tried, was far from being established? He therefore ordered Friday to make up a bed of hay for himself in the cellar, whilst his majesty took the wise precaution to carry, with his own hands, all the weapons into his bed-chamber.

Afterwards he was not ashamed to appear publicly, before all his people, in the most humble and rustic employment possible. This action, perhaps the only one of its kind, will no doubt surprise you, and you would hardly believe it, if I did not assure you that it is found in clear and express  
terms











terms in the annals of Robinson's reign, which have been made public to the whole world many years ago. Robinson Crusoe, king of a whole island, absolute master of the life and death of all his subjects, did not blush, in the least, to descend, in the presence of Friday, to a servile office. He went to the lamas that were kept in his enclosure, and with his own kingly hands began to milk them. It was meant for the instruction of his prime minister, and to shew him how to do the same, as he intended, for the future, to commit the care of this business to him.

Friday, with all his attention, could not understand what his master was doing; for neither he nor his stupid countrymen had ever suspected that the milk of animals might be proper food for man, and as wholesome as it was nourishing. He had never tasted any, and was agreeably surpris'd at the sweetness of it, when Robinson persuaded him to put some to his lips for a trial.

After



After the fatigues which they had suffered during the day, they both found themselves in want of repose. Robinson, therefore, ordered his slave to go to the place of rest which he had pointed out to him, and lay down himself, blessing Heaven for having, in one day, preserved him from so many dangers, and given him one of his fellow-creatures to be his companion, and, perhaps, his friend.

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EIGHTEENTH EVENING.

**RICHARD.** I am curious to know what Robinson will undertake now with his man Friday.

*Edw.* Now that he has assistance, he will be able to perform many things which he could not before.

*Mr. Bill.*



*Mr. Bill.* My dear children, you will see every day more clearly what great advantages man derives from society, and what reason we have to thank Heaven for having so deeply engraven on our hearts the inclination that leads us to seek the company and friendship of our fellow-creatures.

The first thing that Robinson did the next morning, was to go with Friday and examine the spot where the savages had held their abominable feast the day before. In their walk, they came to the place where the two Indians were buried, whom they had slain the day before. Friday pointed it out to his master, and plainly hinted that he was desirous of digging up the dead bodies and satisfying his unnatural appetite upon them. Robinson, with a look of detestation and horror, shewed him how much he disliked such an inclination, and, lifting up his spear in a threatening manner, signified to him that he would run it through his body if ever he touched them. Friday under-



understood his master's threatening, and submitted without hesitation to his orders; yet he could not conceive why he was forbidden to taste a sort of food, of which, from his earliest youth, he had always been extremely fond.

They soon arrived at the place of the feast. What a sight! The ground stained with blood! Bones scattered about! Robinson turns his eyes away from it, and ordered Friday immediately to make a hole, and bury these loathsome remains of barbarous voracity.

While Friday was at work, according to his orders, Robinson was carefully stirring the ashes backwards and forwards, in the hopes of finding some fire still amongst them: but to no purpose; the whole was extinguished, much to Robinson's dissatisfaction, who, next to the valuable gift which Heaven had lately made him in his companion, had now scarce any thing left to wish for, except a fire. While he hung his head and looked sorrowfully upon these ashes, the re-  
mains



mains of fire totally extinguished, Friday, seeing him so melancholy, made several signs which Robinson did not at all comprehend; then he snatches up the hatchet, flies off like lightning, darts into the wood, and leaves Robinson, who knew not his design, in the greatest astonishment possible.

Having followed him with his eyes as long as he could, "What can this mean?" said he; "Can the ungrateful fellow intend to forsake me? Can he be treacherous enough to take possession of my dwelling-place, and keep me out of it by force? Or would he have the barbarity to deliver me up by stratagem to his savage countrymen?"—Horrid thought!—Transported with rage, he seizes his spear, and sets out in pursuit of the ungrateful traitor, at once to punish and prevent his base attempts. Already he was running full speed, when, suddenly, he perceived Friday returning as fast. Robinson stops in a surprise; he sees, to his no small astonishment, the imaginary traitor holding up in the air a small bundle of dried grass,  
which



which first appeared to smoke, and then to be on fire. Friday throws it down, and hastily gathers round it other grass and dried branches, and kindles a bright clear fire, which fills Robinson with joy and astonishment. He then understood the reason of Friday's sudden absence. Not able to contain his joy, he flies, with transport, to Friday, embraces him with ardour and affection, and, in his own mind, asks him pardon, a thousand times, for the injurious suspicions that he had entertained of him.

*Edw.* But where could Friday have found fire?

*Mr. Bill.* He had hastened into the wood on purpose to cut two dry branches. These he had rubbed together with such dexterity and dispatch, that they took fire quickly. He then wrapped them up in dry grass, and, running swiftly with this bundle held up in the air, the fire soon kindled the grass, and broke out in a blaze.

*Mr. Mered.* Here, again, Robinson appears to me to be very much to blame.

*Rich.*



*Rich.* In what respect, pray?

*Mr. Mered.* In this; that, without having any sufficient proof of Friday's treachery, he forms, in an instant, the blackest suspicion of him. How is it possible to be so excessively distrustful?

*Rich.* What he feared might very well be true; so that he had a right to be upon his guard against Friday.

*Mr. Mered.* Understand me right, my dear little friend. I do not blame him either for thinking it possible that he was betrayed by Friday, or for running after him to prevent the fatal designs that he might have formed. This precaution was allowable, nay necessary, with respect to a person totally unknown to him. But what I am angry with him for, is, that he never doubted a moment the truth of his odious suspicions; that he suffered himself to be transported with rage; that he was so wholly mastered by this passion, as never even once to think that Friday's intentions might be harmless. Now, our distrust of  
other



other men should never go so far as that, unless we had already received certain proofs of their treachery. In a doubtful case, let us see the evil of another man—till then let us judge well of him.

*Mr. Bill.* A good maxim. Attend to it, my dear children, that you may put it in practice hereafter.

Robinson, as I told you, was transported with joy to find his ill suspicions groundless, and himself once more in possession of fire, of which he had been so long deprived, and which he had so long and so earnestly wished for. He delights to behold the waving motion of the flames. At last he snatches up a burning branch, and hastens with Friday to the cave.

He instantly lights up a large fire, and places potatoes round it to roast. He next runs to his flock, chuses out a young lama, kills it, and, having skinned and cut it up, puts a quarter of it on the spit, which he instructs Friday how to turn.

While he is thus employed, Robinson  
cuts



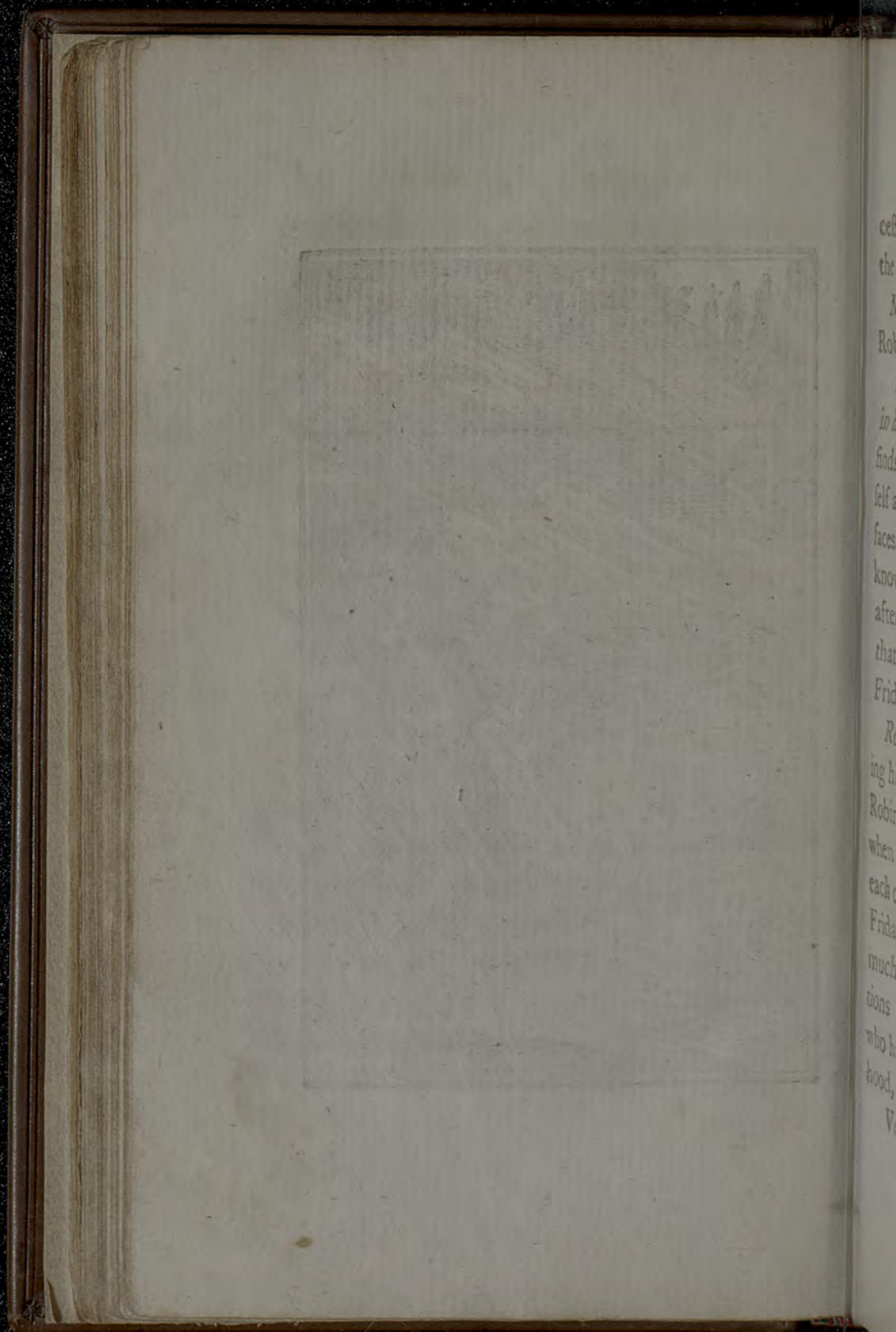
cuts off a piece from the breast of the lama. He then peels a few potatoes, bruises and grinds some maize between two flat stones to make flour of it, and puts the whole into one of his pots, which, after he had poured in a sufficient quantity of water, not forgetting salt, he sets over the fire.

*Geo.* I know what he was going to make—some broth.

*Mr. Bill.* The very thing. He had not tasted any for eight years past. You may guess how much he longed for some.

Friday looked on while all these preparations were making, but did not understand to what purpose they were made. He was acquainted, indeed, with the custom of roasting meat; but, as to all the rest of Robinson's cookery, he was entirely in the dark. He knew not even the effect which fire would produce on a vessel full of water. The pot began to boil just as Robinson went into the cave upon some occasion or other. Friday, surprised at this odd appearance, had no idea what could thus put  
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cessary, in rescuing Friday, once more, from the hands of his barbarous enemies.

*Mr. Mered.* Now I like you, my friend Robinson.

*Mr. Bill.* He springs out, with his spear in his hand ; but, to his utter astonishment, finds Friday all alone, crying, twisting himself about, and making a thousand wry faces. Robinson stood motionless, not knowing what to think ; at length he found, after a few signs, by way of explanation, that all this outcry was occasioned by poor Friday's scalding his hand.

Robinson had no small difficulty in quieting him. But that you may know, what Robinson did not learn until a year after, when they were both able to understand each other ; that you may know, I say, why Friday had made such a noise and so much ado, I must first inform you what notions ignorant people, in some countries, who have had no instruction in their childhood, commonly entertain when an accident



happens to them of which they know not the reason.

These poor people imagine that some invifible being, or fome fpirit, is the caufe of every thing for which they cannot affign a reason. According to them, this fpirit never does any thing but by the orders of a perfon to whole fervice it is bound. They diftinguifh, by a particular name, thofe whom they fuppofe to poffefs fuch a power over one or more fpirits; if it be a man, they call him a conjurer; if a woman, a witch.

For inftance, in fome places, if an ignorant countryman has either of his cattle fall fuddenly ill, and cannot guefs its diforder, he, perhaps, will be weak enough to think that fome old perfon in the neighbourhood has bewitched the beaft; that is, made it fall fick by means of an evil fpirit.

*Charlotte.* Yes, papa; juft fo Nanny, our dairy-maid, faid the other day, when one of the cows went dry all of a fudden.

*Mr. Bill.* My dear Charlotte, you fhould  
try



try to convince the poor girl of her error; it will certainly be better for her to be undeceived.

If, on the one hand, ignorant people give credit to these silly notions, there are not wanting, on the other, impostors who turn such credulity to their own advantage, and cunningly trick those out of their money who are so weak as to believe in witchcraft, or conjuring: for, by pretending to the art, they confirm the others in the notion that there is really such a thing. Under the name of conjurers and fortune-tellers, they promise, with an air of confident gravity, to break the charm, and force the evil spirit to loose its hold; but they always demand, for their trouble, a certain recompense, which is to be paid them beforehand. In return for this, they amuse their employers with empty words, ridiculous grimaces, unmeaning gestures, and nonsensical mummary. If the beast's illness ceases of its own accord, the fortune-teller triumphs, and the credulous man, whom he



has deceived, is disposed, more than ever, to be the dupe of such imposture. On the contrary, if the sickness gets the better, and the beast dies, the conjurer will, by his evasions and unintelligible cant, impose on the ignorant owner, who will afterwards be as ready as ever to consult a fortune-teller upon the same occasion.

In proportion as men's understandings are narrowed by prejudice and darkened by ignorance, the more they are inclined to this ridiculous superstition: you may imagine, therefore, that it is pretty generally received amongst savage nations. Whatever cross accidents happen to them, of which their weak reason cannot point out the cause, they attribute them to evil spirits; and this was exactly Friday's case.

He had never heard it said, nor discovered by his own experience, that water could be made to boil; nor had he ever felt the effect of it in that state, by putting his hand into it; so that he could not conceive whence that acute and sudden pain proceeded, which  
he



he felt on touching the boiling water, and, therefore, firmly believed that there was enchantment in it, and that Robinson was a conjurer.

I am going to put you on your guard, my dear children, that you may not be deceived in these matters. You will often, in the course of your lives, have occasion to see effects of which you will not be able to discover the causes. You will meet with jugglers, persons who deal in slight of hand, who will frequently surprize you with the ingenious tricks and devices that they shew, but oftener by the dexterity with which they perform them. For instance, they will change, to all appearance, a bird into a mouse; they will cut a bird's head off, and afterwards shew it to you alive and well; in short, they will perform several tricks of the same nature, and you shall never be able, with the greatest attention, to find out the manner of performing them. If, on such occasions, you should be tempted to believe that there is witchcraft in the



matter, remember Friday, and be assured that you are in the same error with him, and take that for supernatural, which, when explained, appears perfectly natural and easy. But, to give you a proper idea of this subject, we will, at some convenient opportunity, shew you one or two of these tricks, and, at the same time, explain to you how they are performed, that you may be able to form a judgment of all others of the same nature.

Robinson, as I told you before, did not easily succeed in comforting Friday, and persuading him to take his place again at the spit. He consented to it, however, at last, but could not help looking still at the pot with a mixture of curiosity and horror. As to Robinson, whom he took for a supernatural being, he could not lift his eyes towards him without shewing the most timorous respect. What confirmed him in his opinion was his master's ruddy complexion and long beard, which gave him an appearance



ance so different from that of Friday and his tawny, beardless countrymen.

*Edw.* Have the savages of South America no beard?

*Mr. Bill.* No; and it has been long thought that they were beardless by nature. But some pretend lately to have observed that the reason of their seeming to have no beard, is their taking the greatest care imaginable to pluck it up as it grows.

But the broth, the potatoes, and the roast meat, were now ready. As they had no spoons, Robinson poured out the broth in two pipkins, but nothing could induce Friday so much as to taste it; he had not the least doubt of its being an enchanted liquor. It made him shudder to see Robinson sup it with so much appearance of satisfaction; but he helped himself to the roast meat and potatoes, which made him amends.

You may easily imagine how delicious these nourishing victuals, drest properly on the fire, must seem to Robinson. They made him forget all his past troubles and



hardships. He imagined himself not in a desert island, but transported to some populous country. Thus Providence, in an instant, by a flow of unexpected happiness, cures those wounds which have been made in our hearts, and which, though intended for our good, the sense of present pain makes us ever regard as the most incurable evils. I hardly need tell you, that Robinson, in that happy moment, remembered the Giver of all good Things, and thanked him from the bottom of his heart.

The meal being finished, Robinson retired to meditate seriously on the happy change of his situation. Every thing round him wore a more smiling face. He was no longer solitary; he had a companion, with whom, it is true, he was not able to converse as yet; but the very company of this man was some satisfaction to him, and promised to afford him the most valuable assistance. Besides, being no longer deprived of fire, he might enjoy as wholesome and agreeable victuals as he could wish.

“What



“What is there to hinder you now,” said he, “from living contented and happy? Enjoy in peace the many benefits which you have received from Heaven. You have fruits in abundance, and a numerous flock, which will always be more than sufficient to furnish your table with whatever you desire. Make amends to yourself now, by ease and good cheer, for the fatigues you have suffered, and the scantiness of your provisions for these several years past. Let Friday, who is young and stout, work for you. His services you have a right to claim, as you have saved his life at the risk of your own.”

Here an idea occurred to him which totally changed the complexion of his thoughts.

“But,” said he to himself, “what, if you were very soon to see an end of all this prosperity? If Friday were to die? If your fire were to go out again?” This reflection made his blood curdle with horror.

“And if, moreover, by being accustomed to an easy, delicate, inactive life, you



were to render yourself incapable of supporting a hard, solitary, and laborious way of living, such as you have already experienced? If you should be forced to return to it?"—He sighed heavily.

"To what, then, are you principally indebted for getting rid of the many faults and weaknesses which once disgraced you? Is it not to the sober and laborious life which circumstances forced you to pursue? And now, by indulging yourself in sensuality and idleness, you would run the risk of losing that health and strength of body and mind which temperance and exercise have procured you. Heaven forbid!"—With these words, he rose hastily, and walked about in a thoughtful mode before the mouth of his cave. Mean time, Friday put away the remains of the dinner, and, by his master's order, went to milk the lamas.

Robinson continued to reason with himself. "If you were to renounce labour and temperance, you would soon forget both the adversity which you surmounted, and



and the friendly hand which assisted you. Very soon you would become ungrateful, presumptuous, and, perhaps, impious." Horrid idea! and falling on his face to the ground, he prayed to be preserved from so dreadful a state of depravation. This led him to take a resolution as prudent as it was unalterable.

"I will," said he, "partake of the gifts of Heaven, but always with the greatest temperance. The most simple victuals shall be my favourite food, let my provisions be ever so abundant and various. I will persevere in my labours with the same assiduity, though they will no longer be so necessary to me as formerly. One day in each week I will live on the same cold victuals with which I have hitherto subsisted myself; and the last day of each month I will confine myself to the same solitude as I have experienced ever since I have been on this island. I will send Friday to my country seat, and he shall pass that day there."

Having formed these resolutions of self-denial, he felt the pleasing and pure satisfac-



tion which ever accompanies the efforts that we make to attain a higher degree of perfection. He foresaw the happy consequences of these voluntary sacrifices; his countenance, therefore, becoming more serene, spoke the pleasing sentiments of a heart overflowing with joy. But he was sufficiently acquainted, from experience, with the inconstancy of the human heart, not to be on his guard against the fickleness of his own. He thought it best to make some visible mark, which, frequently meeting his eyes, might make him recollect his laudable resolutions every day. For this purpose, he engraved, with his hatchet, in the rock over the entrance of his cave, these words—*Labour and Temperance*.

My dear children, I give you until tomorrow to reflect upon these instructive particulars in the life of our friend Robinson. Try if you cannot find some amongst them, which you would do well to imitate. You will communicate your thoughts to me, and I will also acquaint you with mine.



## NINETEENTH EVENING.

ROBINSON had never been in so happy a situation since his arrival on the island as he was now. The only thing that remained to trouble him, was his apprehension lest the savages should return to seek for their two countrymen, in which case he might probably be exposed to the necessity of shedding blood. He shuddered at the thought of being reduced, once more, to the dreadful choice of either destroying his fellow-creatures or perishing cruelly himself.

Things being, therefore, in this situation, it was incumbent on him to labour for his security, and put himself into a state of defence. He had long been desirous of fortifying his habitation still more; but, while he was alone, the execution of this design appeared impossible. Now, with the assistance



sistance of a companion, he thought himself capable of undertaking it. He mounts, therefore, to the top of his hillock, to form a plan of further fortification, which he very soon did, as his situation enabled him to have the whole ground under his eyes at one view. He resolved, therefore, on the outside of the barricade of trees which enclosed his habitation, to dig a broad deep trench, the inner bank of which should be defended with a strong row of paling.

He, moreover, conceived the design of dividing the neighbouring rivulet into two branches, one of which should run in this trench, and the other through the middle of the enclosed space before his cave, that, in case of a siege, he might not be in want of water.

It was not easy to make Friday comprehend, by signs, the whole of this plan; but as soon as he had some idea of it, he ran to the sea-side, and came back loaded with great shells, and with flat and sharp stones, fit to serve for digging. They both, therefore, fell to work immediately.

I dare



I dare say you can easily imagine that this was no slight undertaking. The trench, to be of any use, must be, at least, six feet deep and eight broad; the length might be about four score or one hundred yards.

To execute such an undertaking as this without any instrument of iron—no pickaxe—no shovel—think what a difficulty it must be. Besides, it required little less than four hundred pales; to cut these and shape them with only one hatchet of stone, was a laborious task. Lastly, in order to turn the rivulet into this trench, there was a necessity of digging a canal, which, in one place, must cross a rising ground; and this, to crown the difficulty of the work, it was absolutely necessary to cut through.

All these obstacles did not discourage our friend Robinson, who had taken a resolution that was not to be shaken. By leading a life of temperance and continual labour, he was, in the execution of difficult undertakings, master of a degree of courage which is not possessed by men brought up in idleness,



ness, used to delicate living, and enervated by effeminacy. *With God's help, and with perseverance*, was his motto, in beginning a work of labour and time; and, you know, when once he was determined on a matter, he never rested until he had completely finished it.

He was the same on this occasion. Friday and he worked every day with equal pleasure and earnestness, from sunrise to sunset; so that, in spite of the awkwardness of their instruments, they advanced the work every day surprisingly. Fortunately, during two whole months the savages never appeared; a contrary wind hindered them from coming over to Robinson's island. All this time he was able to work without being obliged to take any precautions against the fear of an attack.

Robinson, who was earnestly desirous of being able to converse with Friday, took the opportunity to teach him a few words of English every day, while they were both employed at work; and Friday, on his part,  
was



was so attentive, that in a short time he made a considerable progress. Robinson took the most natural and easy way to communicate the language to him: whenever it could conveniently be done, he placed the object before his eyes, and then pronounced the name of it distinctly; but when it was necessary to communicate the names of things which could not be made perceptible in this manner, Robinson accompanied the name with gestures and signs so expressive that Friday could not possibly misunderstand. And, by these means, in less than six months he was able to explain himself tolerably well in English.

This was a fresh addition to Robinson's happiness. Hitherto Friday had been no better than a dumb man to him; now they are able to communicate their thoughts to each other as friends. How frivolous did the pleasure seem which Robinson used to enjoy in the senseless chatter of his parrot, in comparison to the real satisfaction which he felt at present!

The



The more he knew Friday the more he liked him. The young man was frank and good-natured, and had the greatest affection possible for his master: so that Robinson grew fonder of him every day, and made him take share of his cave, that they might pass the nights together.

In less than two months they finished the trench; and now they saw themselves capable of defying the savages, or even of beating them off should they venture to attack them; for before any one of them could cross the trench and the paling, it was an easy matter for the two besieged to send an arrow or a spear through his body. They looked upon themselves, therefore, as sufficiently guarded against all danger of this sort.

Robinson and Friday, being one day near the sea-side upon a rising ground, from whence they had an extensive prospect all over the sea, perceived, at a distance, some islands, which appeared like small clouds. Friday fixed his eyes attentively on that quarter. All of a sudden he starts up, falls a dancing,



dancing, and throws himself into so many extravagant attitudes, that Robinson thought he was seized with a sudden frenzy. "Good! good!" cried he, still continuing to skip about. Robinson asked him the cause of this extraordinary transport. "Yonder is my country!" answered he, almost breathless with joy; "that is where my people live!" His countenance, his eyes, his gestures, all expressed the love which he bore his country, and his desire to see it once more. Robinson was not at all pleased with this disposition of Friday's: it was certainly a laudable one, as it shewed that he loved his country, his friends, and his relations; nevertheless, Robinson feared lest he should leave him some day or other, and return to his own island. In order to be certified on this head, he resolved to sound his intentions, and, therefore, began the following conversation, which will shew you the excellent disposition of Friday.

*Robinson.* Would you be glad, then, to  
return



return to your countrymen, and live amongst them?

*Friday.* Oh, yes; I should be very glad to see them again.

*Rob.* Perhaps you long to eat man's flesh with them again?

*Frid.* No, certainly. I would teach them not to be savages, but to live on milk and the flesh of animals, and, above all, to abstain from eating men.

*Rob.* But, perhaps, they would eat yourself?

*Frid.* No, they will never do so.

*Rob.* And yet they have devoured many men, and will many more still.

*Frid.* Ay, but only their enemies.

*Rob.* Could you make a canoe that would carry you to them?

*Frid.* Yes, certainly.

*Rob.* Well, then, make one, and set out when you please.—How! you look down! What is the matter with you? Why do you look so sorrowful?

*Frid.*



*Frid.* Because my dear master is angry with me.

*Rob.* Angry! What makes you think so?

*Frid.* Because he wants to send me away.

*Rob.* Well, but did not you wish just now to be in your own country?

*Frid.* Yes; but if my master does not go there, I will not go—no—no more.

*Rob.* Your people would take me for an enemy and eat me, so that you must go by yourself.—But, what is the meaning of this? Why do you draw the hatchet from my side, and put it into my hand? Why do you lay down your head, and stretch out your neck? What would you have me do?

*Frid.* Kill me: I would rather die than be sent away from you.

Saying these words he shed a flood of tears.

Robinson was melted with tenderness, and embraced him. Be comforted, my dear Friday; I love you too well to wish a separation from you: what I said was only to try you, and to know if your friendship was equal



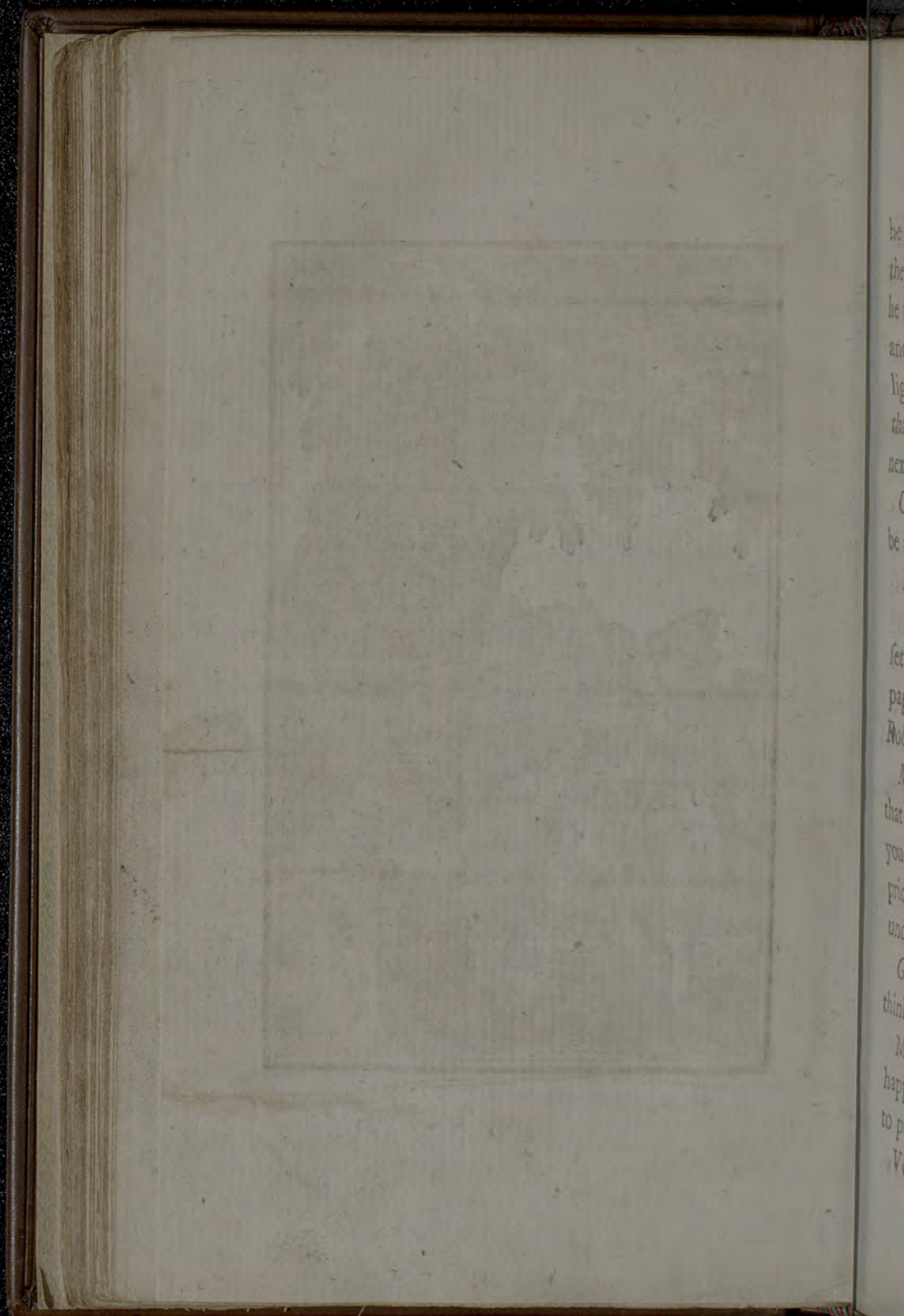
equal to mine. These tears of joy and affection which you see me shed, are pledges of my sincerity. Come to my arms once more. Let us dry up our tears, and never part.

To dissipate the sorrowful ideas that he had excited in Friday's mind, he spoke to him again of a canoe, and asked him several questions upon that subject. Being satisfied with his answers, he took him by the hand, and led him to see the canoe that he had begun some years ago. Friday, on examining it, laughed heartily to find the work so little advanced for the time. The tree was scarce cut into the third part of its thickness. Robinson asked him what fault he found in the work. Friday answered, that he could see a vast deal of time had been lost, and labour thrown away, which might have been spared; for that a tree like this could be hollowed in a few days with fire, and that much better than by any other means whatsoever. At these words Robinson was transported with joy: he fancied the canoe already finished; he











he fancied himself already sailing in it on the open sea; already, after a happy voyage, he fancied himself landed on the continent, and conversing with Europeans. How delightful were all these ideas! He resolved that the work should be begun the very next morning by break of day.

*Geo.* Ah! then, our amusement will soon be at an end.

*Mr. Bill.* How so?

*Geo.* When he has a boat he will soon set sail, and then, when he comes home, papa will have nothing more to tell us about Robinson.

*Mr. Bill.* And would you not give up that amusement for Robinson's sake? Would you not freely procure him, at that small price, relief from the hardships he labours under in his desert isle?

*Geo.* Why, yes—very true—I did not think of that.

*Mr. Bill.* Besides, who knows what may happen? Whether he may not be obliged to put off the working at the canoe, or his



own departure? The future is very uncertain; it brings with it so many changes, that, for the most part, it deceives our expectations. We often see our best founded hopes disappointed, and it is the part of wisdom to expect and be prepared for these vicissitudes.

Robinson, who had experienced them several times already, returned home, perfectly resigned to whatever a good and wise Providence should order with respect to the accomplishment of his wish, being persuaded that his heavenly Father knew better than he what was for his real interest; and such, I hope, would be our way of thinking in similar circumstances.



## TWENTIETH EVENING.

*MR. BILL.* My dear children, I mentioned to you last night, that, in the affairs of life, the best founded hopes frequently vanish and end in disappointment. The adventures of Robinson Crusoe have furnished you with frequent instances of this truth, and you have learned, I hope, from them, and the instructions that I have given you, to bear calmly whatever events may happen contrary to your expectations. But I have something farther to propose to you, while we are upon the subject of self-denial, as proper to accompany the practice of that virtue. It is an exercise of the greatest utility, and, with your consent, I will mention it.

*The Children.* Oh, yes, papa! yes, papa!

*Mr. Bill.* If, then, you desire in the future part of your lives to labour in strength-



ening your bodies, and exalting the powers of your minds, to the end that you may become distinguished characters, and capable of contributing effectually to the happiness of your fellow-creatures, and thereby to enhance your own, I offer to you, for that purpose, the following plan.

I will, on my side, read to you, for your instruction, the writings of the ancient philosophers who were preceptors to the illustrious persons whom you so much admired when I went over the ancient history with you. These writings contain the precepts which such philosophers gave to their scholars, and by the observance of which their scholars became great men. Every week I will write down one of these precepts upon a table covered with white paper; I will explain it to you, and shew you how, in the course of the week, you may acquire, in an easy and agreeable manner, the practice of it. Yet, you must not expect that this can be done without sometimes costing you a sacrifice: you must, at one time,



time, resolve to deprive yourself of a favourite amusement; at another, to bear with things very disagreeable. This is the true way to acquire that masculine courage which is to assist us in conquering our irregular inclinations, and in preserving a prudent equanimity upon all occasions of loss, disappointment, and danger. As to us who are advanced in life, we shall not be contented with merely pointing out the path to you, we will walk in it ourselves, and be your guides: in short, we shall advise you to nothing of which we shall not at the same time shew you the example. What say you, my dear children, to this proposal?

*The Children.* We agree to it; we agree to it.

*Mr. Bill.* Very well, then we shall begin the first convenient day. It is now time to return to Robinson. What I hinted to you yesterday merely as possible, did, however, happen in reality.

*The Children.* What was that, papa?



*Mr. Bill.* I said, that, whatever reason Robinson might have to hope for a probable and speedy departure from his island, there might, nevertheless, happen some unforeseen obstacle which would cause him to remain on it longer. This obstacle appeared the very next day.

On that day the rains began, and set in with great violence. Robinson, during his stay on the island, had remarked that they take place regularly twice a year, and always about the time of the equinoxes. During this rainy season, which generally lasted a month or two, it was impossible to do any work in the open air, it rained so hard and so incessantly. He had also experienced, that nothing was more prejudicial to the health than to go much out of doors, or to get wet during this season. What was he to do now? He found it absolutely necessary to put off the building of the boat, and to find some employment without going out of his cave.

What a happiness for Robinson, during these



these wet days and the long dark evenings of this season, to have fire and light, besides the company of a friend, with whom, while they were both at work together, he might converse familiarly, and fill up the wearisome hours with agreeable employment! Formerly, he used to pass these dull evenings all alone, in the dark, and without any thing to do; whereas, now, sitting with Friday before a good fire, and cheared with the light of a lamp, he converses with a fellow creature, and is not afraid of time hanging heavy upon his hands.

He learned from Friday all the methods which the savages have for procuring themselves any conveniency, and Robinson, in his turn, taught him a thousand things of which savages have not the least idea. Thus they both enlarged the extent of their knowledge and industry. By mutual assistance, each exerting his particular talent, they succeeded in making several small pieces of work which would have been impossible to either of them singly: and this convinced them



how infinitely advantageous it is for men to be united by society, and held together, as it were, by the bonds of social affection and love of their fellow-creatures, in comparison to being dispersed, and wandering on the earth, each by himself, like brute beasts.

Of the bark of trees Friday could make mats of a texture sufficiently fine and firm at the same time to make a sort of stuff proper for cloathing. Robinson, having learned the manner of this work, made, in conjunction with Friday, a stock sufficient for cloathing them both. And it was no small satisfaction to him that he was now able to quit those inconvenient garments made of hard raw hides, which he had hitherto been obliged to wear.

Friday had also the art of making cordage out of the stringy covering of the cocoa-nut and the bark of plants resembling flax; and this cordage was far superior to any that Robinson could make. He had, also, a particular method of making nets with



with thread; an occupation which seemed to render many an evening short that would otherwise have been insupportably tedious.

During these sedentary employments, Robinson took pains to clear up the darkness of his friend's understanding. He endeavoured, particularly, to give him just ideas of the Supreme Being. You will easily judge how great was Friday's ignorance and how gross his errors upon the article of religion, from the following dialogue between Robinson and him.

*Robinson.* Tell me, Friday, do you know who made the sea, the land, yourself, and all living creatures?

*Friday.* Oh, yes, very well. *Toupan* made every thing.

*Rob.* Who is *Toupan*?

*Frid.* He that makes the thunder.

*Rob.* Well, then, who is he that makes the thunder?

*Frid.* It is a very, very old man, that lived before any thing else in the world, and he makes the thunder. He is older than the



sun, moon, or stars; and all the creatures in the world say O to him (that is, according to Friday's meaning, worship him).

*Rob.* Where do your countrymen go when they die?

*Frid.* They go to *Toupan*.

*Rob.* And where is *Toupan*?

*Frid.* He lives upon the high mountains.

*Rob.* Has any man ever seen him upon these high mountains?

*Frid.* None but the Owokakeys (that is, the priests) are allowed to go up to him. They say O to him, and then they bring us word what he says to them.

*Rob.* Do those enjoy any happiness who go to him after they die?

*Frid.* Oh, certainly, if they have killed and eaten a great many of their enemies.

Robinson shuddered at this discovery of an opinion as erroneous as it was barbarous, and from that moment he laboured seriously to give him juster notions both of the Supreme Being and of  
a future



a future state. He taught him that God is an invisible being, almighty, infinitely wise and good; that he created all things, governs and upholds all things; that he himself is without beginning, is every where present, knows all our thoughts, hears our words, and sees all our actions; that he delights in good and abhors evil, and that he will make happy in this life, and in that which is to come, those who endeavour, with all their heart, and with all their strength, to become better and better every day.

Friday heard these sublime and comforting doctrines with a respectful attention, and lodged them deeply in his memory. As the zeal of the master to instruct was equal to the scholar's desire to learn, the latter was very soon clearly convinced of the principal truths of religion, at least as far as the former was capable of explaining them to him. From that moment Friday esteemed himself infinitely happy in having been transported from his own country to this island; nor did the reflection escape



him, that the intentions of Providence towards him were favourable in suffering him to fall into the hands of his enemies, since, had it not been for that event, he should never have known Robinson. "Thus," added he, "I should always have lived in ignorance of the Being who is all-good and all-powerful."

Ever afterwards Robinson accustomed himself to pray in Friday's presence; and it would have been an affecting sight to see with what joy and devotion mixed the poor Indian repeated the words of his master's prayers. They were now both of them as happy, in their way of life, as two men can be who are totally separated from the rest of the human species.

The dull, rainy season passed away without appearing heavy to them. The sky now cleared up, the winds abated, the stormy clouds were dispersed; Robinson and his companion once more breathed the mild and temperate air of spring, and felt their spirits enlivened afresh: they now, there-



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THE HISTORY OF THE  
LIFE OF  
JOHN DE Witt  
BY  
JOHN DE Witt  
OF  
THE  
PROVINCE OF NEW YORK  
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NEW JERSEY  
IN  
PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED  
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YEAR OF OUR LORD  
ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED  
AND FORTY TWO  
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therefore, joyfully set about the important work which they had designed before the rains came on.

Friday, as being head carpenter in this business, hollowed the trunk of the tree by means of fire. This method was so effectual and expeditious, that Robinson could not help blaming his own stupidity for never having thought of it. But he satisfied himself by saying, " Yet, if I had thought of it, I could not have made use of it, as I had no fire."

You will excuse me from describing to you the daily progress that they made in this work, as an account so particular would have nothing in it either entertaining or instructive. I shall only tell you, that the boat, which Robinson alone would scarce have finished in several years, was entirely completed, with the assistance of Friday, in two months. Nothing was wanting now but a sail, which Friday undertook to provide, and oars, which Robinson promised to furnish.

*Rich.*



*Rich.* Ay! how could he make a fail? He should have cloth for that.

*Mr. Bill.* He certainly did not know how to make cloth; nor had he a loom; but, as I told you before, he could make mats of the bark of trees, and this matting the savages use for fails.

They both finished their tasks nearly at the same time; Robinson the oars, and Friday the fail. But now, though the canoe was finished, it was still to be launched.

*Henry.* What is that, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* Were not you with your uncle once to see a ship launched at Deptford?

*Henry.* Oh! yes; I remember.

*Mr. Bill.* Then you must have observed, that the ship rests upon a hollow frame of wood-work, which is called the stocks. When they strike away the side stays that keep the vessel from moving, it slides along the frame (which is now called the stanchions) into the water, and this is termed launching a ship.

Unfor-



Unfortunately, the place where they had made the boat was more than half a mile from the sea-side. How were they to get it thither? Must they carry it, or drag it, or roll it along? Each of these ways seemed equally impracticable; the canoe was too heavy to be so managed. What are they to do? Here they were at a full stop: how were they to get over it?

*Edw.* Why, Robinson need only have made a couple of levers, like that with which he rolled two great pieces of rock out of his cave when he was all alone.

*Mr. Bill.* He had not forgot the use that might be made of so simple an instrument; in fact, he had recourse to it upon this occasion; but the method was so tedious, that Robinson expected to be a month before he should convey the canoe to the sea-side. Fortunately, he thought of another method, to the full as simple, which is used by carpenters and other tradesmen in Europe, for carrying the heaviest burthens. They use rollers for the purpose.

*Henry.*



*Henry.* What are rollers?

*Mr. Bill.* They are pieces of wood made long and round, something like a rolling-stone. They are placed under the loads which are to be conveyed from one place to another. A man pushes the load at one end, which yields without much resistance, and moves on towards the place whither it is to be conveyed, the rollers turning under it all the while, as if of themselves.

Robinson no sooner made trial of this method, but he was highly pleased to see with what ease and dispatch the boat could be moved along, and in two days time it was launched in the sea. His joy was doubled when he saw that it sailed with the greatest steadiness.

It only remained now to make preparations for their departure; that is, to lay in a stock of provisions, as much as the boat could carry, and then to set sail, both being equally eager to begin the voyage. But where were they to go? Friday's wishes were to return to his native island; Robinson,



son, for his part, would have been glad to land on the continent of South America, where he hoped to meet either with Spaniards or other Europeans. Friday's island was only about four miles off, and the continent was more than a dozen or fourteen. If they landed first on his island, they went some miles farther off from the continent, and, by so doing, encreased the danger of sailing thither afterwards. Friday knew nothing of the sea thereabouts, but barely to sail towards his own island; he was quite unacquainted with the passage to the continent, and Robinson knew it no better, having never sailed upon these seas.

At length Robinson's uncertainty gave place to a fixed desire of seeking to land on some civilized country. In spite of all Friday's objections, and whatever he could urge, it was determined that they should prepare to depart the next morning, and set sail, under God's protection, with the first favourable wind, for that quarter where Friday  
expected



expected the nearest part of the continent lay.

But this is enough for to-day. It is time for us to make our preparations for retiring to rest.

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TWENTY-FIRST EVENING.

*MR. Bill.* Robinson and Friday have now put all their provisions on board the canoe, and the wind is favourable to them; so that, my dear children, you have now to bid them farewell, perhaps, for ever. Who knows if we shall ever see them again, or, more properly speaking, whether we shall ever hear of them more?

*The Children.* Oh! how sorry we are that they are going away!

*Mr. Bill.* Such is the lot of men. They cannot



cannot flatter themselves that they shall always live with those who are most dear to them. They must, perhaps, more than once, endure the torments of inevitable separation. It is, therefore, wise to prepare one's self beforehand for these partings, which are as painful as they are, at times, indispensable.

Robinson, on coming out of his cave for the last time, stopped upon the top of the hillock to indulge meditation for a moment, and suffered his companion to go on before him. He reviewed, in his own mind, the various situations in which he had been during his solitary stay on this island; and when he recollected the singular care with which Providence had supported him in a most extraordinary manner, his heart was moved with gratitude. He shed tears of joy, and, lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven, he addressed the Almighty with the most fervent devotion.

“ Oh ! heavenly Father, how shall I sufficiently thank thee for all that thou hast  
hitherto



hitherto done for me ! Unable as I am to express in words the whole ardor of my thoughts, suffer me to manifest them also by the lowly posture of adoration. On my knees, or prostrate with my face to the ground, or rolling in the dust, let me, as it were, sink into nothing before thee. But every thing is open to thy eyes ; thou readest my heart ; thou seest it filled with inexpressible sentiments of the liveliest gratitude. This heart, which thou hast vouchsafed to amend, and which breathes but for thee ; this heart, so often filled with sorrow, and so often comforted by thee ; this heart, Oh Lord ! is all that I can offer thee in return for thy innumerable kindnesses : accept it, therefore, accept it whole, and finish the work which thou hast begun in it. Oh ! heavenly Father, receive me in thy arms, to which I commit myself with confidence, and dispose of me according to thy fatherly mercy. May I never forsake the road of virtue in which thy goodness has placed me ! Suffer me not, Oh Lord ! to abandon it.



it. In this hope I yield myself up to thee; govern me according to thy wise and good pleasure; I will go wherever thou shalt conduct me. I go, with equal tranquillity and confidence in thee, to expose myself, perhaps, to fresh dangers. Vouchsafe still to accompany me, and grant me thy invisible, but effectual safeguard! Watch over my immortal soul, and strengthen it in the trials to which it may be exposed! Preserve my heart from weakness, impatience, and ingratitude towards thee! Oh, heavenly and eternal object of my soul's love, my Creator, my Preserver, my all, my God!"

Here the power of utterance yielded in Robinson to the force of his feelings: with his face to the ground, he had only strength to weep. Encouraged, however, at length, by secret consolations from above, he rose up and cast his eyes once more upon the country which he was going to leave, and which seemed, on that account, to become more dear to him. Like a man who is quitting his native land without hopes of ever seeing it  
again,



again, his moist and sorrowful eyes wandered still with affection over every tree which had once afforded him shelter or an agreeable shade, and over every one of those works which owed their being to the labour of his hands and the sweat of his brow. All these objects seemed like so many friends from whom he was going to be separated. What were his feelings, when he perceived his lamas feeding at the foot of the hillock! If he had not quickly turned his eyes from these dear animals, his resolution to depart would have been shaken.

However, at length, his fortitude got the better of his tenderness; he recovered his courage. With his arms open and stretched out towards the country, as if he would have embraced it, together with all the objects that it contained, "Farewell," cried he, with a loud voice, "farewell, ye witnesses of my past sufferings; for the last time farewell!" But this last farewell was lost in sobs. Lifting, once more, his eyes to Heaven, he went on without farther hesitation











sitation towards the sea side. As he went along, he perceived his faithful Poll, who accompanied him, flying beside him from tree to tree. He felt an irresistible desire of taking Poll with him: he, therefore, held out his hand, and calls the parrot by its name. Poll comes flying to him as swift as an arrow, lights upon his hand, runs swiftly up his arm, and rests upon his shoulder. Robinson now overtook Friday, who was waiting for him with impatience; and they both went aboard without farther delay.

It was the 30th of November, at eight o'clock in the morning, the ninth year of Robinson's stay upon this desert island, that they set sail, with clear weather and a fresh and favourable breeze. They had hardly got a few miles out to sea before they met with a reef of rocks.

*Harriet.* Oh! dear, let us know first what a reef of rocks is.

*Mr. Bill.* Seamen give this name to a number of rocks joined together, and



either entirely covered with water, or, in some places, rising above it. This reef or chain of rocks reached from a promontory of the island more than four leagues out into the sea. It seemed dangerous to sail over these rocks: they, therefore, tacked; that is, placed their sail in another position, that, by taking a sweep round, they might get on the outside of the reef.

*Edw.* But if the water covered this reef, how could they know how far it reached into the sea?

*Mr. Bill.* They could judge of that by the waves which they saw break over it; for in places where there are hidden rocks under the water, the waves rise higher, and appear whiter with foam, because these rocks, in stopping them, make them rise and break them.

Scarce had they gained the outmost point of the reef, when, all at once, their canoe was carried away with as much rapidity as if they had many sails set and went before a strong gale of wind. They

were



were both terrified, and made haste to furl their sail, because they thought they had been surpris'd by a smart breeze. But this was in vain; for the canoe was carried over the billows no less rapidly than before; and from thence they concluded that they were in the middle of a strong current, which forced them along.

*Henry.* What! are there currents in the sea?

*Mr. Bill.* The bottom of the sea is no less rugged and uneven than the surface of the land; and under the water there are mountains, hills, and vallies, as well as upon land. Now, the water naturally runs with more swiftness towards the parts that are lower; whence it comes to pass, that there are currents in the sea as large as the Thames, and often exceedingly rapid. It is very dangerous for small boats to fall into these currents, because they find it difficult, not to say impossible, to get out of them again; so that they are frequently carried a hundred leagues out of their course.



*Rich.* Ah! poor Robinson, what is to become of you now?

*Harriet.* Why did he not stay in his island? I thought something would happen to him.

*Mr. Bill.* In undertaking this voyage, he cannot be accused either of levity or rashness. He was moved to it by reasons of the greatest prudence, and most maturely weighed. Whatever happens to him now, he may look upon as a decree of Providence, and to that he resigns himself entirely.

They tried, in vain, to force themselves out of the current by rowing: an irresistible power carried them along with the swiftness of an arrow; and they were now so far out at sea as to have lost sight of the coast of their island. Their destruction appeared inevitable; for, in less than half an hour more, they would lose sight of the tops of the highest hills upon the island: after that, let the impetuosity of the current cease sooner or later, it was all over with



with them; for they could not possibly recover the island, having no compass to direct their course.

*Henry.* What sort of compass?

*Mr. Bill.* A mariner's compass. Edward, who has made choice of a sea life, will tell you what it is?

*Edw. (laughing)* I wish I knew every thing that a good sailor should know as well as I do that. A compass, Henry, is a magnetic needle in a round box.

*Henry.* But what is a magnetic needle?

*Edw.* It is a long thin piece of steel that has been touched and rubbed with a sort of stone called a *magnet*, or loadstone; from which rubbing it acquires this surprising property, that, if balanced upon a copper pivot, one end of it will turn constantly towards the North. By means of this compass navigators can steer their proper course, even when they see nothing but the sky and the sea; otherwise they would soon lose themselves, and not know which way to sail.



*Mr. Bill.* Do you understand, Henry?

*Henry.* Pretty well. But to return to the boat in danger.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson, having no compass, could not possibly recover the island, if once he lost sight of it. What a dreadful situation was he threatened with! To be rolled and tossed about upon a vast ocean, in a slight skiff, with provisions only for a few days! Can any thing be imagined more hopeless of safety? It then appeared clearly that a true piety and a conscience void of reproach are an inestimable treasure in time of distress. Without this valuable resource, how could Robinson have supported the weight of despair which threatened to overwhelm him? He would have acted as a person destitute of hope, and, perhaps, deprived himself of life, to avoid the dreadful alternative of perishing with hunger.

His companion, whose piety was neither so firmly established, nor so well tried by the number and duration of his distresses, as that of his master, was in the height of despair.

Una-



Unable to work, and absolutely bereft of all courage, he rests his oar, looks at his master with a hopeless, disconsolate air, and asks him whether they shall plunge themselves into the sea, to prevent, at once, by a speedy death, the cruel terrors of that lingering one which seemed inevitably to await them. Robinson, at first, spoke to him affectionately, and endeavoured to reanimate his courage: he, then, mildly reproached him for not putting his trust in the wisdom of Providence, which disposes of every thing for the best; and briefly reminded him of all that he had already taught him upon this subject. "Is it only upon land," said he, "that we are in the hands of the Almighty? Is he not also master of the ocean? If he thinks right, can he not order these waves, which are now so dangerous to us, to carry us to a place of safety? Do you think, that, by throwing yourself into the sea, you could escape from the lot to which he has destined you? Learn, inconsiderate young man, that your



immortal soul will, during eternity, be under the boundless empire of the Almighty, and that it cannot hope for happiness, if, rebellious to its sovereign, it counteracts his orders, by consenting violently to break the bonds which unite it to the body."

Friday was sensibly affected with the truth of these wholesome exhortations, and blushed for his own weakness. He immediately took up his oar again, and they both continued to row, although they had not the smallest hope that all their efforts could save them. Robinson said, "We are but doing our duty; for while we have a spark of life remaining, we are bound to do every thing in our power to save it. If we fail, we die with the comfortable assurance that such is the will of the Supreme Being; and his will, my dear friend," added he, raising his voice to a tone of generous animation, "his will is ever wise, even when we, miserable worms, cannot interpret it."

The rapidity of the current continued still the same: they could now see no more of the island



island than the tops of the hills; and now, even of them, they could discover but one, the very highest, and that was lessening to their view very fast: in short, all hope of being saved was vanished.

But when all human assistance fails, when the distress of the unfortunate is at its height, then, my dear children, then comes in aid the powerful hand of Him who governs all things; and the man who was on the point of perishing, is placed wholly out of danger, by means which he never would have foreseen. This appeared in the present critical moment. Robinson had lost all hope of avoiding a speedy death; but, at the very moment when, exhausted with fatigue, he was obliged to cease rowing, he perceived that the swiftness of the boat's motion abated all at once: he observed also, that the water did not appear so muddy as before; and, casting his eyes over the surface of the sea, he farther remarked that the current parted into two unequal branches, the largest of which ran violently towards the North,



while the other, less rapid, turned short to the South; and in this latter the canoe happened to take its course.

Transported with joy, he addresses himself to his companion, who was half dead with fear. "Courage, Friday! It is the will of Heaven that we shall still be preserved!" And immediately he pointed out to him the circumstances upon which he founded his hope. They both, therefore, took up their oars again, which fatigue had made them let go. Re-animated with the sweet and unexpected hope of escaping from death, they exerted their last efforts to get out of the current, and saw, with infinite satisfaction, that, for once, their labour was not ineffectual. Robinson, who, from a long series of disappointments, was accustomed to let nothing slip his attention, observed, at this moment, that the wind would be of service to them; he, therefore, quickly unfurled the sail, which, catching the breeze, helped, together with their redoubled exertions in rowing,



ing, to carry them very soon out of the current into a smooth sea.

Friday was ready to jump for joy; he rose up to embrace his master, who, however, begged him to suspend his transports for a moment, as there remained a good deal still to be done before they could think themselves completely out of danger. In fact, they had been carried out to sea so far, that they could barely perceive their island, like a very small cloud in the farthest extremity of the horizon.

*Henry.* Horizon? What is that?

*Mr. Bill.* When you are in an open country, does not the sky seem, like a great arch, to touch the ground before you, which way soever you turn?

*Henry.* Yes, it does.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, then, the circle which thus bounds our view on all sides, where the earth seems to end and the sky to begin, is called the horizon. You will soon learn more about this.

Our two intrepid sailors rowed with so much



much perseverance, and a prosperous breeze pushed them on so favourably towards the Eastern coast of the island, for which they were making, that they very soon began to see the mountains again. "Come, my friend," said Robinson to Friday, who sat toward the head of the boat, with his back to the island, "come, Friday, we are near the end of our toil." He had scarce finished these words before the canoe received so violent a shock, that the two rowers were thrown from their seats, and fell down at their length in the bottom of the boat, which now stuck fast, and was soon covered with waves that broke over it.

*Mrs. Bill.* Well, my dear children, I would give up my supper, and, I suppose, you would do the same, to save our poor friend; but it is all over with him. Come, supper is ready in the next room. Nanny has been twice to tell me so.



## TWENTY-SECOND EVENING.

*SEVERAL of the Children at once.* Well, papa, let us know quick what is become of poor Robinson.

*Mr. Bill.* You remember, that, at the very moment when he thought himself free from every danger, he fell into a fresh one, of a much more threatening nature than that from which he had just escaped. The canoe stuck fast all at once, and the waves broke over it. If it has struck upon a rock, there is no more to be said—our friends are lost.

Robinson made haste to feel all round the canoe with his oar, and finding no more than about two feet depth of water, and a tolerably hard bottom, he jumped, without more ado, into the sea. Friday did the same, and they both recovered their spirits, on finding that the canoe had struck upon a  
bank



bank of sand, and not upon a rock. They united their strength to free the boat from the sand, by pushing it towards that side where the water was deepest. They succeeded, and when it was afloat they got into it again.

*Harriet.* But poor Robinson will catch cold—he has wetted his feet.

*Mr. Bill.* My dear, when a man has strengthened his constitution by a simple and laborious life, as Robinson had, he does not so easily catch cold; so do not be uneasy on that account.

*Rich.* We ourselves do not so easily catch cold as formerly. How often had we our feet wet last winter, without feeling the least inconvenience from it?

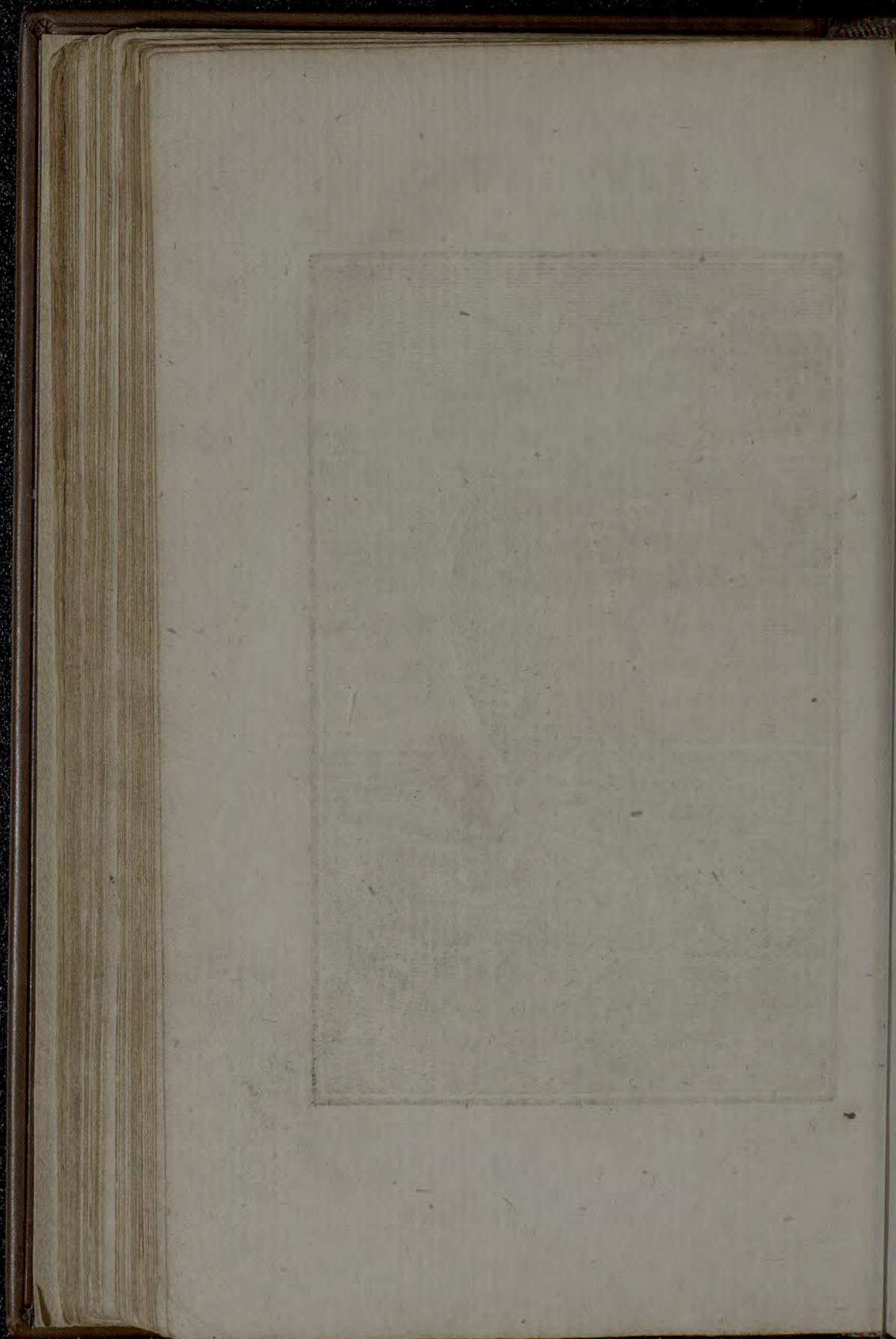
*Mr. Bill.* A proof that your manner of living has already strengthened you a little.

After they had emptied the boat of the water that was in it, using for that purpose their oars and the hollow of their hands, as well as they could, they resolved to be more careful, and to use only their oars without a sail,









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fail, that they might be better able to guide the boat at their pleasure. They rowed, therefore, to clear the sand bank, keeping close by the side of it, in hopes of soon coming to its end. This, however, they did not reach till after four hours rowing, to such a length the bank extended from North to South. Robinson remarked that it reached to the very spot where he was shipwrecked nine years before, and, indeed, that this bank was really the same upon which the ship had struck.

*Henry.* Struck, how?

*Rich.* Oh! you are always interrupting.

*Mr. Bill.* He does right in wishing to be informed, and you are wrong, my dear Richard, to take his questions amiss. Do so no more. A ship strikes, Henry, when it comes full against a sand bank, or a rock, from which it cannot disengage itself.

*Henry.* Thank you, papa, for the explanation.

*Mr. Bill.* At length, as they were come into a part of the sea that was open and navigable,



vigable, they rowed with all their strength to arrive at the island, which they now saw pretty near them. They came up to it just as the sun was setting, and his beams only to be seen upon the tops of the hills; and they landed, quite spent with fatigue, but infinitely pleased to be out of danger.

They had neither of them taken any food the whole day; therefore, without waiting until they should arrive at the cave for a refreshment so absolutely necessary to them, they sat down upon the beach, and ate heartily of the provisions that they had put into the boat. When their meal was ended, they drew up the boat into a creek. You know, I suppose, what that is?

*Rich.* Oh, yes: it is a small opening, as it were, in the shore, somewhat resembling the shape of a bay or gulf.

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, but with this difference, that a bay is much larger, and a gulf still more so.—They drew up their canoe in a creek, and set out for their habitation, carry-

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ing back every thing that they had before put aboard the boat.

*Edw.* Come, the story is not quite finished yet.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson and Friday are gone to bed. Friday is by this time fast asleep; Robinson, after returning God hearty thanks for this fresh instance of preservation, is preparing also to compose himself to rest. We might very well do the same, but as it is not late, I will tell you what happened the next day.

Robinson, at breakfast time, spoke to his companion thus: "Well, Friday, do you find yourself disposed to make a second attempt with me to-day, like that which we made yesterday?"

*Frid.* Heaven forbid!

*Rob.* Then you are determined to spend your days with me in this island?

*Frid.* Ah! if my father was here with us!

*Rob.* Then your father is still alive?

*Frid.* Unless he has died since I left him.

Here



Here Friday, who was deeply affected, let fall the potatoe that he held in his hand, and, sitting motionless, he shed a flood of tears. Nor could Robinson contain his, when he thought of his parents. Lost in the tender recollection of former scenes, they both maintained a long and deep silence.

*Rob.* Be comforted, Friday; your father is probably still alive. We will go and find him out the first convenient day, and bring him hither.

This was joyful news for Friday; it put him almost beside himself: his exclamations, his attitudes, were such as expressed the transports of his joy: he falls at Robinson's feet to thank him, but, in the fullness of his heart, he is not able to utter a word.

*Mrs. Bill.* Ah, my dear children, what an admirable pattern is this of filial love in a savage, who has received no education, no instruction from his father; who is indebted to him for nothing but barely life,  
and



and even that a life which is really miserable.

*Mr. Bill.* So true it is that God has engraven in the hearts of all men principles of affection and gratitude to their parents. Alas! what a horrible monster must that man be, if it were possible for such to exist amongst us civilized beings, who should stifle in his heart these first workings of nature, who should feel no more than indifference for his parents, and who should knowingly give them cause of sorrow and vexation! If ever you meet with such a monster, my dear children, remain not with him under the same roof; avoid him, he is the pest of society; he is capable of the most dreadful crimes, and will not fail to experience the terrible effects of heavenly vengeance.

When the transports of Friday's joy were a little calmed, Robinson asked him if he knew the passage over to his father's island so well as to be certain, that, if they undertook it, they should not be exposed to dangers



gers like those which they had experienced the day before. Friday assured him that he knew the passage perfectly, and would undertake it with confidence even by night; that he had sailed it several times with his countrymen, when they came to this island to feast after their victories.

*Rob.* Then you were amongst them when they killed men and ate them?

*Fri.* Certainly.

*Rob.* And you took your share with them too?

*Fri.* Alas! I knew not that there was any harm in it.

*Rob.* On which side of the island did you generally land?

*Fri.* Always on the South side, as being nearest to our island, and also because co-  
coa-nuts are to be found there in plenty.

This was an additional proof to Robinson that he had good cause to thank God for having suffered him to be shipwrecked rather upon the Northern coast than the Southern, as, in this latter case, he would  
soon



soon have fallen a prey to the savages. He then repeated his promise to Friday that he would shortly cross over with him to his island, and endeavour to find his father. He made him sensible, however, that this was not to be done immediately, as the present season was precisely the season for working in the garden, and this important business would by no means permit them to be absent.

They, therefore, set about this work without delay. Robinson and Friday strove to surpass each other in the art of digging. During the intervals of rest, they employed themselves in finding out means to improve their gardening tools. Robinson, whose patience and invention were equally inexhaustible, succeeded in making a rake, though he had no more than a sharp-pointed stone to make the holes which were to receive the teeth: from the nature of the instrument that he used, one may guess how long he was in making them. Friday, for his part, contrived with a sharp stone to



make two spades of so very hard a wood, that they were nearly of the same strength and effect as if they had been made of iron.

Robinson was not content with providing merely for his wants; he thought of making some improvements about his habitation, and, by degrees, of ornamenting it. Such, my dear children, has ever been the natural consequence of the progress of the arts. While men were obliged to think of nothing but the means of providing for their subsistence and security, they had not the least idea of cultivating those arts which serve merely to adorn the objects that surround them, or to procure them pleasures more refined than those which they enjoy in common with other animals; but no sooner were they assured of their subsistence and safety, than they sought to unite the agreeable with the necessary, the beautiful with the useful. Hence arose, and were gradually brought to perfection, architecture, sculpture, painting, and all the other arts known by the general denomination of *the fine arts*.

Robinson



Robinson began by improving and ornamenting his garden. He divided it regularly into different quarters by pretty broad walks, which he marked out with a line. He planted hedge-rows, and made summer-houses and dark walks. One quarter was designed for a flower garden, another for a kitchen garden, and the third for an orchard. This last he enriched with all the best of the young lemon-trees that he found scattered over the island, besides a variety of other young trees, which he grafted with scions from the bread-tree. I had forgot to tell you, that in one of his walks he had discovered a second tree of this species. Friday, who was present at the operation of grafting, could not sufficiently express his surprise; he had no idea of the intent of it, and would have doubted its success, had any other person but Robinson mentioned it to him.

They planted potatoes and sowed maize, both in great quantities; and, as the soil had probably lain fallow since the creation of the world, whatever they sowed sprung



up as favourably as they could wish, and brought them a plentiful crop.

At times they went a fishing with the nets which Friday had made during the rainy season, and always caught more of the finny tribe than they could consume: they, therefore, released those which they thought superfluous, throwing them back into their own element. "It is abusing God's gifts," Robinson sensibly observed, "to grasp at more than is necessary to satisfy our wants; and it is an odious cruelty to take away the lives of harmless animals, when we are about to use them for our nourishment."

After fishing they generally bathed. Robinson could not sufficiently admire Friday's cleverness in swimming and diving. He commonly chose some steep rock against which the waves broke. He would cast himself headlong from the top of this rock into the sea, remain some minutes under water, and by the time that Robinson was become uneasy about him, he would pop his head up all at once, and then throw himself into a thousand different positions:



sitions: now stretched on his back, he let the waves roll him about; at another time—but, were I to tell you the particulars of his performance, it would almost appear incredible to you. On these occasions Robinson reflected with admiration upon the surprising diversity of men's natural dispositions, capable, in a manner, of arriving at any perfection, if rightly exercised from their infancy.

Sometimes they went a fowling or hunting. Friday was no less skilled in using the bow and arrow than in making them. They killed birds and young lamas, but never more than were requisite for their table. Robinson, I observed before, considered as a very blameable degree of cruelty the odious passion of killing any animal whatsoever for mere amusement, and without a view to conveniency.

Whatever superiority Robinson might have over Friday with respect to understanding and industry, the latter, in his turn, was possessed of much skill and dexterity, to which his master had hitherto been a stran-



ger, but which, however, were of infinite service to them. He had the art of making, out of bones, shells, stones, &c. all sorts of tools, which he used very dexterously in carving wood, the work of which seemed almost as well executed as if it had been cut with iron. For instance, having found a long bone, he made a chisel of it; of a branch of coral he made a rasp; a knife he made out of a shell, and a file of a fish's skin. With these tools he provided for their apartment many little pieces of furniture, which contributed to render their situation much more commodious.

The art of reducing the fruit of the bread-tree into a kind of paste or dough, was of the greatest importance. This paste was as nourishing as our bread, and had nearly the same taste. The savages use this paste raw, but Robinson gave it a little toasting on the fire, which made it eat as agreeable as any bread.

He learned, also, from Friday, the use of the chocolate-nuts, which having formerly found



found in one of his excursions, he had brought home a small stock of them for trial. When they were roasted before the fire, they afforded a food very agreeable to the taste, and as wholesome as it was nourishing.

Robinson, who was fond of making experiments, pounded a few handfuls of these nuts between two flat stones, and, having reduced them to powder, he boiled them with milk. What an agreeable surprise! The moment he tasted it he knew it to be chocolate.

*Henry.* Ay!

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, like our chocolate in every respect, but that he had no sugar with it. Thus every day Robinson found new resources to supply his wants and gratify his palate. But I must say, to his praise, that he persevered nevertheless in his resolution and habit of living temperately, and of confining himself to the plainest sorts of food.

From this time they began to undertake longer and more frequent excursions all over the island, particularly when they ob-  
served



served that the wind was unfavourable for the savages to come over. In these excursions they made several discoveries which they easily turned to their advantage.

When their work in the garden was finished, they fixed upon a day to go in quest of Friday's father; but the nearer the time approached, the more Robinson's anxiety encreased. "What if these savages," said he to himself, "should treat you as an enemy? What if they should pay no regard to any thing that Friday could say? In short, what if you should fall a prey to their monstrous appetites?" He could not help communicating all these apprehensions to his friend. Friday protested to him, by every thing the most sacred, that these fears were ill-founded; that he knew his countrymen well enough to assure him that they were incapable of using those ill who were not their enemies. Robinson was convinced that Friday would by no means speak so positively, if there was the smallest room for doubt. He, therefore, banished all fear and



and fuspicion, depended upon Friday's good faith, and resolved to fet sail the very next day.

With this intention they again floated their canoe, which had been drawn up on the beach, and moored it to a ftake fixed in the ground. The fame evening they roasted a quantity of potatoes, and prepared other provifions, intending to lay in a ftock for at leaft eight days. Friday fhewed upon this occafion that he was not ignorant in the art of cookery. As they had juft killed a young lama, he propofed to his mafter a method of roafting it whole in lefs time than they could on the fpit, and he engaged that its flefh fhould eat more tender and juicy when dreft after this manner. He went to work thus.

He dug a hole in the ground about two feet deep; this he filled with feveral layers alternately of dry wood and flat ftones. Here he made the fire, over which he held the lama, to finge it, or burn its hair entirely off: he then fcraped it with a fhell, and  
made



made it as clean as if it had been scalded in boiling water. With the same shell he cut it open, and then took out the bowels. In the mean time the wood was burnt to charcoal, the hole was completely heated, and the stones red hot. He took out the wood and the stones as fast as possible, only leaving as many of the latter as were sufficient to cover the bottom of the hole. On these stones he spread a layer of leaves of the coconut-tree, and on these leaves placed the lama, which he covered again with other leaves; and, lastly, over these he laid what remained of the hot stones. The whole was covered with earth.

When they took up the lama after it had lain there some hours, Robinson was curious to taste it, which he did, and found that the meat of it was really more tender, more juicy, and more savoury than if it had been roasted on the spit. From that time, therefore, he constantly used this method.

*Rich.*



*Rich.* It is exactly the same way that the people of Otaheité bake their dogs.

*Mr. Bill.* Very true.

*Geo.* Their dogs? Do they eat their dogs?

*Rich.* Certainly. We read of them last winter. Captain Cook's people tasted some of the flesh of their dogs drest in this manner, and found it excellent.

*Harriet.* Excellent indeed!

*Mr. Bill.* You know, I suppose, that these dogs do not feed as ours; they do not eat flesh, but fruits; so that the meat of them may taste quite different from the flesh of our dogs.

Well, children, all the preparations for the voyage are made. Let our two voyagers rest for this night, and to-morrow evening we shall see what may have happened to them.











