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THE
CHILDREN'S
ROBINSON CRUSOE;

OR THE
REMARKABLE ADVENTURES

OF AN ENGLISHMAN,
WHO LIVED FIVE YEARS ON AN UNKNOWN AND UNINHABITED
ISLAND OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

BY A LADY.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute ;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

COWPER.

EMBELLISHED WITH CUTS.

BOSTON:
HILLIARD, GRAY, LITTLE, AND WILKINS.

1830.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS.....to wit :

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the eleventh day of December A. D. 1830, in the fifty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Hilliard, Gray, Little, and Wilkins, of the said District, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, *to wit* :

"The Children's Robinson Crusoe ; or the Remarkable Adventures of an Englishman, who lived Five Years on an Unknown and Uninhabited Island in the Pacific Ocean. By a Lady.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute ;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

Cowper.

Embellished with Cuts."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned" ; and also to an act entitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, 'An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned' ; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

Res.
Regent R. L. Hubbard
74
11-3-1924

ADDRESS TO PARENTS.

It will very naturally be asked, why another is added to the numerous stories, already in circulation, founded on De Foe's interesting fiction, and purporting to be abridgments of it, for the use of children, or variations of the story, intended to render it more instructive. To this, it may be replied, that the abridgments lose much of the spirit and graphic manner of the original, while they retain certain parts, that are ill adapted to the perusal of children of the present day. The stories which vary materially from the original tale, may have a merit of their own; but they have not the distinguishing features of De Foe's narrative, while they far exceed his in the exhibition of the marvellous and improbable. To those who love and respect the minds of children as they ought to be loved and respected, the impropriety of so exciting them must be apparent.

These objections to the various new "Robinson Crusoes" in circulation, determine some parents to put the original work into the hands of their children; and remembering only the delight with which they pored over its pages in their own childhood, they forget how much was skipped over as unintelligible in those juvenile readings, and are not aware of its want of adaptation to the state of education at the present day.

The great merit of De Foe's work is its naturalness; it seems to be exactly what it purports to be,

the narrative of a profane, ill-educated, run-away apprentice of the seventeenth century ; and with perfect consistency of character even his better feelings have a stamp of vulgarity and superstition. But can such a tale, though perfect in itself, be suited to children who have been carefully guarded from all profaneness, vulgarity, and superstition ? It was written for grown persons, particularly that class to which the hero is supposed to belong ; and the very skilful manner in which it was adapted to them, makes it unfit for the perusal of children. There is necessarily much in it which they cannot comprehend, and much that a judicious parent would hope they might pass over without understanding ; yet the story is so fascinating, that the book is constantly read by children, with the most intense interest ; and Robinson Crusoe, with all his faults, his disobedience to his parents, and his inordinate love of adventure, becomes their favorite and admired hero.

The best modern writers for children have considered it important, that characters which excite in them a deep interest, should be represented as models of those qualities which we wish them to admire and cultivate ; and it occurred to the writer of the following story, that the fascination of De Fœ's hero might be enlisted on the side of industry, perseverance, resignation to the will of God, and numerous other good qualities of which he might be supposed an example.

With this view, the Children's Robinson Crusoe is here represented as an amiable and well educated youth, early trained to habits of observation and reflection, and capable of pure and exalted feelings of religion ; a hero, in

short, whom children may safely love and admire, yet not faultless, or they could not sympathize with him. In consequence of the mismanagement of his own mind, he grows up with a strong bias for a sailor's life, which is the occasion of all his misfortunes, whilst his good qualities alleviate his sufferings under them.

He goes to sea with the consent, though against the wishes, of his parents; and meets, immediately, with disasters, which occasion his being cast ashore on a desert island. There his sufferings cure him of all his wandering propensities; and he feels nothing but regret at having left his comfortable home, and contrition for having acted contrary to the inclination of his parents. All the prosperous voyages and bold enterprises, which in the original tale precede Robinson Crusoe's life on the island, and which are calculated to encourage a love of roaming over the world, are here purposely omitted; and as this story closes with the hero's return to England, after spending five years in solitude, there is no danger of its fostering, in the reader, any spirit of adventure, like that which De Foe's narrative has been known to infuse.

As much information about domestic arts as could well be interwoven with the story, has been introduced; but without attempting to make the book a child's Encyclopædia, which would be apt to be occasionally consulted rather than read. The hero is here left for a while destitute of all those materials, which the original Robinson Crusoe obtained from the vessel he was wrecked in, with a view of making the young reader fully sensible of the value of iron, of edgetools, and of all those means which civilized life furnishes. This has been done in some of the abridgments, already before the public; but the ob-

jection to them is, that Robinson Crusoe is made to perform impossibilities, with only shells and stones for tools. Some of the ingenious contrivances, however, which those works contain, have been adopted in this ; though most of the incidents are either borrowed from the old story, or are entirely new.

The *Life and Adventures of Alexander Selkirk*, lately published from authentic sources, has furnished some anecdotes ; and from that work the author has taken her description of the beautiful scenery and abundant productions of her unknown island. As goats were carried by the Spaniards, from South America to the island of Juan Fernandez, and there increased to a large flock, it has been considered allowable to place lamas, in the same way, on this supposed island of the Pacific ; and as a more interesting and important class of animals, they were preferred. Robinson's fall from a precipice, with a lama under him, is copied from the account of a similar accident that happened to Alexander Selkirk with a goat, which was thought to have saved his life by breaking the fall.

The man Friday, of the *Children's Robinson Crusoe* is supposed to be a native of the Sandwich Islands, which were discovered about the time of the date of this story. Their inhabitants being of a mild, affectionate, and tractable nature, it was thought they might furnish a very teachable and interesting Friday ; and for the representations here given of the manners and customs of that people, the writer has the authority of an enlightened traveller, who has been much among them, and to whom she is indebted for many valuable hints, which she begs leave gratefully to acknowledge.

The religious sentiments here inculcated are not those of any particular creed ; nothing has been admitted which is not common to all Christians ; those simple views of love to God and constant dependence upon him, which were most likely to be suggested by the circumstances of Robinson Crusoe's situation, and which children can best understand and sympathize with, are all that the writer has attempted, leaving to parents the sacred charge of directing the minds of their offspring to particular doctrines.

Notwithstanding the reasons here given for this undertaking, the author is very sensible that, in its execution, it falls far short of what such a book might be. She thinks with Rousseau,* that it might be made a great instrument in the education of children, leading their minds to a philosophical investigation of man's social nature, and introducing them to trains of thought, which no other story could so well suggest ; and the only considerations, which induce the writer of this volume to of-

* “ Puisqu'il nous faut absolument des livres, il en existe un qui fournit, à mon gré, le plus heureux traité d'éducation naturelle. Ce livre sera le premier que lira mon Émile : seul il composera durant long-temps toute sa bibliothèque, et il y tiendra toujours une place distinguée. Il sera le texte auquel tous nos entretiens sur les sciences naturelles ne serviront que de commentaires. Il servira d'épreuve durant nos progrès à l'état de notre jugement, et tant que notre goût ne sera pas gâté, sa lecture nous plaira toujours. Quel est donc ce merveilleux livre ? Est-ce Aristote, est-ce Pline, est-ce Buffon ? Non ; c'est Robinson Crusoe.

“ Robinson Crusoe dans son isle, seul, dépourvu de l'assistance de ses semblables et des instrumens de tous les arts, pourvoyant cependant à sa subsistance, à sa conservation, et se procurant même une sorte de bien-être ; voilà un objet intéressant pour tout âge, et qu'on a mille moyens de rendre agréable aux enfans.

“ Ce roman, débarrassé de tout son fatras, commençant au naufrage de Robinson près de son isle, et finissant à l'arrivée du vaisseau qui vient l'en tirer, fera tout à la fois l'amusement et l'instruction d'Émile durant l'époque dont il est ici question.”

fer her imperfect attempt to the public, are founded in the belief, that it comes nearer what is wanted, than those which have preceded it, that its influence will be favorable to the cause of truth, social order, and religion, and that it contains nothing incompatible with that love and respect for childhood, in which it was written, and with which it is now commended to the careful and anxious parent, who may be seeking among the loaded counters of the children's bookseller, a safe and useful book.

ADVENTURES

OF

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

ROBINSON CRUSOE was the youngest son of a respectable broker in the city of York. His parents took great pains with his education, and not only sent him to the best schools in York, but supplied him with entertaining and instructive books to read at home; and as his brothers were all much older than himself, and there were no playmates for him in the family, he became more studious than most boys of his age. He loved to hear grown persons talk, and was the constant companion of his father when business called him from home. Mr. Crusoe took pleasure in answering his little son's numerous questions as to how things were made; he often took him to see the different tradesmen at their work and explain to him what they were doing; and as Robinson was not one of those giddy children who like to see every thing but never examine any thing attentively, he learned to understand the common arts of life pretty well.

His father gave him a set of carpenter's tools and a little room for a workshop, and when he was nine years

old he could make boxes, and stools, and benches ; and though the boxes were not always very neatly dovetailed together, and sometimes one leg of a stool would be shorter than the rest, his parents encouraged him to persevere, and told him he would do better every time he tried. In basket-making he was very successful ; and from an old blind man, who lived near his father's house and maintained himself by weaving baskets and mats, Robinson learned the art. He used to do many kind things for the blind man, who in return taught him to make basket-work almost as neat as his own ; and he not only supplied his mother's house with baskets, but frequently made presents of them to his friends.

When he was old enough to work in a garden, his father gave him a small piece of ground to manage as he pleased ; he had a spade, rake, hoe, and wheelbarrow of the right size for him to work with conveniently ; and his great ambition used to be to have a dish of pease out of his little garden, before there were any fit for use in his father's large one.

Robinson was very fond of studying natural history, and whenever there was a show of wild beasts in the city, his father allowed him to go and see them as often as he pleased ; he would examine each animal separately, and read the account of it in some book of natural history ; and sometimes he would take the book with him, and spend hours in reading and comparing the description and the plates with the real animal. In this way he became acquainted with each specimen, and never confounded tigers, panthers, and leopards all together, as some children do.

Robinson took great pleasure in reading about the manners and customs of different countries ; and every book of voyages and travels that he could get hold of, he read through with delight. When he grew older, his fondness for this kind of reading increased ; and as he could not understand all the hardships and sufferings which travellers and navigators are obliged to bear, he thought their life must be the pleasantest in the world.

About this time, there was a great deal said of circumnavigating the globe; some very enterprising voyages were made; the newspapers and journals were full of accounts of newly found islands in the Pacific ocean; many false stories were circulated about countries recently discovered and their marvellous productions; and Robinson's head was filled with these things. Much was then believed which has since been contradicted, and voyages of discovery were the fashion of the day.

When Robinson was fifteen years old, his father told him he must now make choice of some business that he would like to follow, and learn to provide for himself, as his elder brothers had done. Robinson's parents had often talked about this to their son, and urged him to make up his mind as to what he would prefer; but he had always objected to every employment they had proposed, not because he was idle and wished to do nothing, but because his great desire to travel and see different countries made him wish above all things to be a sailor and go to sea.

When he told his parents what his choice was, they were very much astonished as well as grieved; and they tried to convince him that he had chosen an occupation that he was not fit for. They explained to him the great hardships and privations of a sailor's life, told him he must work night and day, be exposed to storms, often be in wet clothes for days together, and sometimes not have enough to eat; they reminded him too, that vessels were often wrecked, and that he might be drowned, or obliged to go on shore among savages.

All his parents said, against a sailor's life, made no impression upon Robinson's mind, because it was filled with his own false notions about the pleasures of going to sea. His father told him, he would teach him to be a broker, and as soon as he was old enough, he would take him into partnership; and he explained to him all the advantages of such a business, and showed him so clearly

what an easy and pleasant life he might lead in the city of York, that if Robinson had not, for a long time before, set his heart on being a sailor, he would certainly have made up his mind at once, to take his father's advice and remain with him. But Robinson had read so many accounts of voyages and different countries, that he longed to make a voyage himself, and to see some other country besides England; and, though he would not think of going to sea without the consent of his parents, he did not feel willing to give it up and stay quietly on shore.

After many long conversations on the subject, his parents determined that, as they could not convince him, he had better stay at home, they would not oblige him to do so out of mere obedience to their will.

When Mr. Crusoe told his son their determination, he added, "Now, Robinson, if you go to sea, it must be as a common sailor, and you must work your way up, as well as you can; for they only make good captains, *'who come in over the bows,'* which is the sailor's phrase for beginning as a common hand." To this Robinson readily agreed, and thanked his parents very heartily for allowing him to follow the strong inclination he felt to be a sailor; and from that time, he could talk and think of nothing else, but the new life he was going to lead. Every evening after supper, he would get a map of the world that he had won as a prize at school, and spread it on the table, and trace upon it the various voyages that he wished to make; whilst his father would smile at his extravagant wishes, and remind him that he made none but fair weather voyages on that paper, but his real voyages would be full of difficulties and dangers that he never thought of now; and then his mother would sigh and wipe away the tears that stood in her eyes, and tell him how much she wished he could be contented to remain on dry land, and give up his foolish fancy for sailing all over the world. When she talked in this way, it made Robinson, who loved his mother dearly, feel very unhappy, and he would slip away to bed, as

soon as he could, to get rid of his unpleasant feelings ; and when he fell asleep, he was sure to dream of what filled his thoughts all day. The voyages he made in his sleep were all prosperous, and he would often sail round the world, and see every curious thing that he remembered to have read about, in the course of one night ; and then he would awake in the morning, more eager than ever to begin that life which he expected to find as agreeable in reality, as it was in his dreams.

Poor Robinson ! If he could have known what would afterwards happen to him, how glad he would have been to stay at home and follow any business, rather than go to sea and suffer all that befell him.

His father told him he must remain at school one year longer and learn navigation, and then if he continued of the same mind, he would fit him out and send him to sea, as a common hand, with the best captain, and in the best ship, he could find in Hull.

As Robinson knew how very useful it would be to him to learn to navigate a vessel, and that without it he could never rise to be a mate or master of a ship, he applied himself very industriously to his new studies ; in his leisure hours, he made a complete model of a ship, like the one he had seen, and rigged it, by which he learnt how a real ship is rigged ; and a boy of his acquaintance, who had been at sea, helped him, and told him the name of every part. Robinson's parents hoped that his fondness for going to sea would be lessened, by being with the boy who taught him to rig his model ; for that youth had been one voyage, and disliked it so much that he preferred doing any thing on land, to going again on the water. But Robinson, like many other foolish people, did not like, when he had fixed his heart upon a thing, to hear any body speak against it ; and therefore, instead of getting all the information he could from his young friend, and so correcting some of his own wrong notions, he begged him never to say a word against a sailor's life, for a sailor he was determined to be, and he was sure he should like it, if no one else did. Now if Robinson

had been a little more reasonable and less wilful, he would have wished to hear all that could be said *against* his favorite plan, as well as *for* it, *before* he made up his mind ; but like a silly boy, he made up his mind *first*, and then would not listen to any thing that could be said against it.

During the year that Robinson was studying navigation, a course of lectures was given in the city, on Natural Philosophy, which his father wished him to attend ; but Robinson said, it would be of no use to a sailor to know such things, and he would rather not. His father, however, was kind enough to explain to him how all sorts of knowledge might be useful to a sailor, told him that the more he knew, the more pleasure and information he would get from seeing foreign countries, and showed him that in all the common things that we do every day, he would find it useful to know just what those lectures would teach him ; so he advised Robinson to try and fix his attention upon them and learn all he could. Robinson promised he would, and regularly attended the lectures ; how much he learned from them will be seen in the course of his story.

At length the time came for Robinson to go to sea, and his kind parents fitted him out with all the comforts and conveniences that a sailor could desire. He had a very nice chest made to hold his clothes, with a little box fixed inside of it, called a *till*, to hold his money and any very small things that he might have ; his mother had plenty of checked and baize shirts made for him, besides jackets and trowsers such as sailors wear ; and his father gave him a set of maps and charts, a quadrant and compass, and a good silver watch. A little girl of his acquaintance made a large thread-case for him, and filled it with such needles and thread as would be most useful to him ; and when she gave it to him, she said, "As you will go away from all the friends who would be glad to mend your clothes for you, here is something to help you to do it for yourself."

Robinson thanked her for her useful present, and told her, he thought it would be fine fun to turn seamstress, when he had nothing better to do. "There I shall sit," said he, "on the clean, white deck of the vessel, and sew up the holes in my stockings, whilst the ship is gliding over the beautiful blue water, and the dolphins are sporting round her bows, and the sea-birds are making circles in the air, and the sailors are singing songs or telling stories around me. O how happy I shall be!" "Ah!" said the little girl, "just so my poor brother Edward thought, when he set his heart upon being a soldier; nobody could make him believe what a hard life a soldier's is; he used to talk just as you do, Robinson, about the *pleasures* he expected to find in it; but he soon perceived his mistake, poor fellow, when he was sick of a fever, among strangers, and had no one to care any thing about him; and now that he has been shut up for years in a dismal prison, I dare say he thinks what a fool he was, to fancy a soldier's life must be a pleasant one. So it will be with you, Robinson; you will find out your mistake when it is too late." "I hope not, Mary," said Robinson, as he turned away from her, feeling pretty serious at what she had said, but not wishing to show it.

Many voyages were talked of for Robinson, and he and his father made several visits to Kingston, upon the river Hull, a port of great commerce, thirty-six miles from York. The foreign trade of that place is chiefly up the Baltic, and Robinson's father advised him to go there for his first voyage. But he did not like so short a one as that; his mind was full of Lord Anson's sailing round the world, and nothing would satisfy him but crossing some great ocean. So at last his father found a vessel that was going to the North American Colonies, the captain of which he knew something of, and considered a fit person for his son to sail with; and Robinson was delighted with the idea of being shipped as a sailor on board the *Neptune*, a fine ship of three hundred tons' burthen.

Robinson had frequently been on board vessels ; but he generally staid on the deck, or went into the cabin, and he had never thought much of the accommodations he should have as a common sailor, till his father took him into the *forecastle** of the Neptune, and showed him the damp, narrow, dark *berth*† that would be his bed, telling him that one of them served for two sailors, as half the crew were always on deck, and that when he took his turn to watch on the deck, one of the men who had been watching would take the berth he left. He told him also, that his chest would be the only seat he would have, that there never was any more light in the fore-castle, than what came down the *hatchway*,‡ and that he would have no table set for his meals, but must sit on his chest, and eat out of a small wooden tub, called a *kid*, with an iron spoon, or off a hard biscuit for a plate, with his jack-knife, like all the rest of the sailors ; and then he desired Robinson to look at the rough set of men he would be obliged to live with, and consider whether he would be the happier for exchanging his comfortable home for such a place as that. Robinson looked very grave, and his father told him, it was not at all too late to change his mind, that all his friends would rejoice to have him stay on shore, and he might now give up going to sea entirely. Robinson colored and hesitated, and then asked his father, if he could think well of a person who should give up a great object, because of some bodily inconvenience, adding, “ I thought you admired men who bore hardships well.” “ So I do,” replied his father, “ when hardships cannot be avoided ; if I was very poor, and could not provide for you in any other way, but by making a sailor of you, I should like to see you undertake it cour-

* An apartment under the most forward part of the deck, where sailors eat and sleep.

† A boxed-up shelf at the side of the vessel, in which bedding is put, and people sleep.

‡ A hole in the deck by which sailors pass in and out of the fore-castle.

ageously, and make the best of every thing ; but when there is no need of your going to sea, when you can be better provided for in many other ways, there is no merit in running into difficulties to see how well you can bear them. What object can you have in going to sea, that can make you prefer this ship to your own comfortable home ? ”

“ O dear father ! pray don't say a word more against it. I have an object ; I want to see the world ; I have set my heart upon it, ever since I was ten years old ; and now I cannot give it up, indeed I cannot, though I own, I never thought of sleeping in such a dismal hole as this.” “ I dare say not,” said his father ; “ and you will meet with many more dismal things in a sailor's life, that you *never thought of* ; but since nothing can convince you of your folly, you must go and find it out for yourself.” So saying, he turned away from Robinson, and went up on deck to tell the captain that his son would go with him, and ask what day he must join the vessel. Mr. Crusoe and his son then returned to York, and as Robinson appeared as cheerful as usual, and continued his preparations for going, his father lost all hope of his changing his mind, though he frequently observed to him that it was not too late to give up his voyage, if he thought better of it.

Robinson persevered in his resolution to see the world, and his friends took a sorrowful leave of him on the 10th of June, 17—. He embarked at Hull, on board the good ship Neptune, Captain Gordon, bound to Virginia ; but as the vessel and crew were not heard of after they left the Downs, they were all given up for lost, and Robinson Crusoe was mourned as dead by his affectionate family.

[The preceding account of Robinson Crusoe's childhood is furnished by a friend of his mother, as an introduction to his own narrative written during his residence on a desert island.]

CHAPTER II.

REASONS FOR WRITING—LEAVING HOME—SEA-SICKNESS
—A SQUALL.—A GALE OF WIND—LOSS OF THE NEPTUNE.

I, ROBINSON CRUSOE, mariner, of the city of York, England, being cast away on this desert island, on the 14th of October, 17—; and, having spent two years here in perfect solitude, have resolved to write down all I can remember of my past history, from the time I quitted my native land to the present, and then continue my narrative, as long as I remain in this uninhabited spot.

It has pleased Providence to send me some alleviation of my difficulties, in the stores and tools furnished by a wreck, driven on the shoals; and being now provided with all that is necessary to my bodily comfort, and having provisions enough by me to last many months, I make use of the writing materials, found in the wreck, to write my own history. I begin it on the second anniversary of my being cast ashore here.

Having lived so long without a human being to speak to, or a book to read, I have amused myself by continually thinking over all the circumstances of my life, and particularly those which led to my shipwreck on this island; every little detail of my voyage is as fresh in my memory, as if it happened yesterday; and I shall set the whole down exactly as I have been accustomed to call it to mind when thinking it over.

I recollect too, perfectly, my first days of misery on this island, and how I became gradually reconciled to my solitude. My first attempts at making myself a habitation, all the difficulties I met with, and my various contrivances to supply the place of tools, are all fresh in my recollection; and it will be a pleasure and satisfaction for me to put all this in writing, though no eye but mine may ever see it.

If ever I return to social life, I will take it with me, to show my friends what shifts a man can make, when driven to them by necessity, and to prove that, in the most forlorn condition of life, he need not despair, but that, by the proper regulation of his mind, and a firm trust in God, he may enjoy a good deal of happiness under the most adverse circumstances.

If I die here, I will put my manuscript in the safest place I can make for it, and so mark the spot that any one, landing on this side the island, shall be attracted to it; with the hope that, through such means, it may be carried to England, and give my friends there an account of the life and adventures of poor Robinson Crusoe.

Narrative of the Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, written by Himself, on a Desert Island.

FROM ten years of age, I was possessed with the idea that a sailor's life was the best in the world, and I set my heart so firmly on following the seas, that nothing my good parents and friends could say, to dissuade me from it, had the least effect; so I left a comfortable home and good prospects on shore, to seek my fortune in sailing over the world, and gratify my curiosity in seeing different countries, little thinking, to be sure, how soon all my voyages would end, or that my knowledge of foreign parts would be confined to an uninhabited island of a few miles in extent.

I well remember though, how much my heart misgave me, as the time drew near for me to sail, how sorrowful all my friends were, what discouraging speeches every body made about my going to sea, and that I found it much harder than I expected, to leave my happy home and part from my dear father and mother.

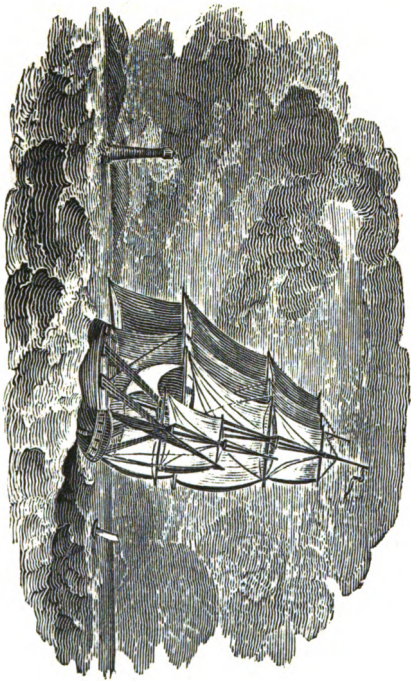
The last evening before I left home, I felt wretchedly; again and again it came into my head that I had better give it all up, and stay quietly where I was; all that my friends had said to me, without making the least impres-

sion, now rushed into my mind with great force ; and I saw how reasonable it was, and, at the bottom of my heart, I wished I was not going, but had not courage to say so. I was afraid of being laughed at, and ashamed of acknowledging that I had changed my mind ; so, like a fool that I was, I hid what was passing within me, kept to my determination, and thus brought on myself all the misery I have since endured. May my false shame and foolish pride be a warning to others !

I passed a wretched night ; and the next morning, when I embraced my weeping mother for the last time, I could hardly help saying, " I will not go " ; but I shut my lips tight, and forced myself away, in an agony of mind that I cannot describe. But if I had then known all that was to happen to me, I could not have felt worse ; and I now think that I had those painful feelings because it was not right for me to go.

I reached Hull just in time to join the good ship *Neptune*, as the crew were weighing anchor. The bustle and novelty of all around me, turned my thoughts from home and the dear friends I had left ; and as I had now lost all the good opportunities I had had of changing my plan of life, I resolved to bear its hardships as well as I could, and make the best of every thing ; thinking that if I did not like it, after one voyage, I could give it up, and spend the rest of my life with my friends in England.

The weather was fine, the waters of the *Humber* were smooth, and I recovered my spirits, as the ship, under full sail, glided down that fine, broad river, which serves as a mouth for the *Trent*, the *Ouse*, the *Derwent*, and several other streams. I soon began talking with the sailors, and one of them, perceiving my love of adventures, gave me a marvellous account of something that I now believe never happened ; and I was taking it all for true, when I suddenly felt so giddy, I could not stand, without holding fast of something ; then I felt very warm and miserably sick all over, and not knowing what ailed me, I cried out, " O dear ! what is the matter with me ? " This made the sailors burst out in a



loud laugh ; they told me I was sea-sick, and made such sport of my sufferings, that as soon as I had relieved my stomach, I was glad to get away, and creep into my berth, in the fore-castle ; and as I was too sick to be of any use on deck, I was allowed to lie there all night. I could not sleep much, on account of the various noises all around me ; the dashing of the waves against the sides and *bows* of the vessel sounded so loud, and seemed so near my ear, that I could hardly believe the water was not coming into my berth ; then the rattling of the ropes on the deck, the heavy tread of the sailors, the singing noise they made in hoisting, with the whistling and rushing of the wind through the sails and rigging, were all sounds so new to me, that I could not help listening to them, instead of sleeping.

When I came on deck, in the morning, I was extremely surprised to find myself so far from land ; and I made the sailors laugh, by asking where the river was that we were sailing down the night before. I was told that we were now on the North Sea or German Ocean, many leagues from the Humber, and that we were off *Spurn Head* ; when I grew sick with the Ocean swell, which we came into just there. I was surprised to find so much motion in the water, when there was so little wind ; but I soon found that the waves of the Ocean seldom cease to roll, even in a *dead calm*. For three days I continued very sick, but after that I began to get better. When I had any thing to do, that I could not leave, it would keep off the sickness for a while ; and as I was inclined to be industrious, I learnt my duty as a sailor very quickly, and often surprised the *old hands* on board by imitating them so exactly. A person who goes to sea, for the first time, is always laughed at and called a *land-lubber* ; but I bore all the sailors' jokes good-humoredly, and by being civil and obliging to every body, I soon became a general favorite, and instead of faring the worse for being a *green-hand*, every one seemed disposed to make my situation, as agreeable to me as possible, and to save me from any very hard

duty. The weather was remarkably fine, and the winds favorable ; and we soon reached the Straits of Dover, and passed through the British Channel. During this part of our voyage, we could see the coast, at a distance, all the time ; but when we had passed the Land's End, in Cornwall, and the Scilly Isles, a brisk wind soon carried us entirely out of sight of all land ; and then there was nothing to be seen but the wide waters all around, and the sky and clouds above.

A few days after we lost sight of land, I was surprised to hear the captain give orders to take in most of the sails ; for it appeared to me that we were sailing along very pleasantly, and I could see no reason why we should *shorten* sail and go more slowly. I was surprised too, to observe with what activity the sailors sprung to their work, and what haste every body was in. I did not know, then, how quickly sailors can see when it is going to blow very hard. They are constantly looking at the water and the clouds, and observing every little change in their appearance, and can perceive that the wind is blowing very *fresh*, at a distance of several miles, some minutes before it reaches them ; and then they take in most of the sails, and prepare for it, as well as they can. They had just got every thing snug, on board the Neptune, when the *squall* * struck her, with such force, that she was thrown on her *beam ends*, or laid down sideways, so that her lower *yards* † almost touched the water. I was thrown down by the suddenness of the motion, and slid to the lower side of the deck ; but I had presence of mind enough to catch hold of something as I went, or I might have gone *overboard*. In a few moments the vessel *righted* ‡ again, and I was able to get upon my feet ; but she pitched and tossed about so violently, that I was obliged to hold on by something all the time, or I should have fallen again. One of the sailors told me, that if

* A sudden gust of violent wind.

† Poles that go across the masts at different distances, to which the sails are fastened.

‡ Became upright.

they had not seen the squall, before it came, and prepared for it, it would most likely have upset the vessel, and he added, "So now you see the use of keeping a good look-out at sea."

In half an hour, the wind abated, and they *set** a little more sail. I asked why they did that, when the sea was still so rough, and the vessel tossed about as much as ever; and I was told that she would be much steadier under more sail, and, as the wind had gone down, there was no risk in doing it. I was pleased to observe what command the captain's knowledge gave him over the vessel; and though I was becoming more acquainted with the danger of the sea, I felt increased confidence in the skill that could provide against it. The sailors watched the weather very closely all the afternoon, and before night closed in, there was every sign of a heavy gale coming on; and we all prepared for it accordingly. Seeing me look very serious, one of the sailors told me not to be frightened, for that with a good ship under them, like the *Neptune*, and plenty of *sea-room*,† there was very little danger, even in a storm. I was glad to hear this; for though I was not frightened, I liked to know how much danger they expected to be in; I resolved to attend to every thing that passed, and try to be as quiet and collected as the most experienced sailors. I had always felt a great curiosity to know what a storm at sea really was; but though I was now about to be gratified, I felt more serious than I expected to do; I could not help thinking of my pleasant home and dear parents, and comparing their situation with my own. My attention was however soon called away from these thoughts, by the duty I had to do; I was afterwards so occupied in watching the vessel, and listening to the wind, and observing the enormous waves, that I thought no more of any thing but the present scene. It blew very hard all night, and I

* Spread out.

† Sufficient distance from shore.

could not be persuaded to take my turn *below*; * for I could not make up my mind to go to sleep, in the midst of such a gale, as some of the sailors did. By day-break, the next morning, the wind abated a little, and as it became fair for us to *steer our course*, we *scudded* before it all day, and went very fast, though we had only a *foresail and close-reefed † main top-sail set*. At last I was tired out with watching the vessel, and the weather, and I slept most of the forenoon. When I came on deck again, I was surprised to find no alteration in the weather. I had no idea of a gale lasting so long, and asked the sailors, if it was not likely soon to be over; but they shook their heads, and said they thought it would blow harder before it blew less. And sure enough, that afternoon, the wind increased, the clouds thickened, it suddenly became unusually dark, and thundered and lightened terribly. I knew by the flashes of lightning being followed so quickly by the thunder, that the clouds, which were full of electricity, must be very near us, and as I had never before heard such long and loud peals of thunder, or seen such very bright flashes of lightning, I thought there must be great danger of the vessel being struck by the lightning and shivered to pieces; but, as I could not discover any appearance of alarm in the countenances of those about me, I kept my fears to myself, and stood ready to do as others did, if any thing should happen. I now suppose that all on board the ship knew the danger they were in from the lightning, as well as I did; but they had been in such storms before, and had escaped unhurt; they also knew that the best way to avoid danger, was not to be alarmed by it; so they quietly awaited whatever might happen. They had besides great confidence in their captain, and he seemed as perfectly calm and self-possessed, as if it were fine weather. Every flash of lightning showed me the monstrous size of the waves, which looked, each time they broke near the vessel, as if they would overwhelm

* Under deck.

† Tied up in part, so as to be spread as little as possible.

her; and sometimes we actually *shipped a sea*,* that swept the deck *fore and aft*,† and obliged every one to hold fast, to avoid being carried over-board. When the vessel rose on the top of a great wave, she seemed to be on a pinnacle, with a deep gulf on every side of her; and when she sank down again into the *trough* of the sea, she appeared to be in a deep pit, and ready to be buried under the waters that rose on every side of her, almost as high as her masts; but when I observed her to descend safely from the pinnacle, and rise as safely out of the deep pit, a great many times, I became accustomed to the size of the waves, and was not alarmed by them.

The storm lasted several hours; at length a flash of lightning, more vivid than any before, struck the *main-mast* ‡ and *mizen-mast*,§ and shivered both. When the lightning struck the masts, and the cracking of the wood was heard with the thunder, I thought the whole vessel was split to pieces, and I expected to find myself in the water the next minute; I was therefore astonished to hear Captain Gordon give his orders about *cutting away* the rigging, and clearing the deck of the broken masts, in the same calm voice he always used.

The behaviour of the captain gave me fresh courage, and I helped to execute the commands, so coolly and distinctly given. The first mate was sent to examine whether the *hull* of the vessel had been injured by the lightning; he returned with a face of alarm, and told the captain that the vessel had *sprung a leak*, and there was already considerable water in her *hold*. This made our danger very great; but the captain preserved his presence of mind, and quietly said, "Set the men at the pumps, and fire signal guns; there may be some vessel within hearing, though there is none in sight." Whilst that was doing, the captain told me to assist him in throwing overboard every thing we could move, in order to lighten the ship as much as possible, and keep her from

* Had a wave break over and deluge the deck.

† From one end to the other.

‡ Middle and highest mast. § The hindermost mast.

sinking as long as we could, in hopes some other vessel would come to our assistance. Though we pumped as fast as we could, the water in the hold became deeper and deeper, and the captain was convinced the ship must soon sink; he therefore consulted with the mates as to what they had better do. The last flash of lightning had been followed by a torrent of rain, which, though it appeared to me to increase the difficulties of our situation, was, I found, of great use, in lessening the waves and quieting the waters. The captain observed this, and as the wind began to abate, he proposed that we should all get into the boats, taking some bread and water and a compass with us, and row away from the vessel, before she sank under us. Whilst the rest were lowering the boats and getting the provisions into them, the captain and I continued to fire the signal guns as long as we could. My courage was kept up by that of Captain Gordon, who was the last to leave the vessel. We rowed away from her as fast as we were able, and when we were far enough off, to escape being drawn in by the vortex she would make in going down, we *lay upon our oars* to see her sink. After settling down lower and lower in the water, she suddenly made a plunge and went down, *bows* foremost, with the water spouting out of the cabin windows. There was something grand in that plunge, which made me shiver all over; some of the sailors looked very solemn, and spoke of the vessel as if it was a living creature. We were all glad that we had left the ship in time to avoid sinking with her; but what would become of us in the midst of the ocean, in small boats, and with only a few days' provision, was still very uncertain. We were considering the danger of our situation, when, to our great relief, we heard a gun fired, in answer to our signals of distress; and when it stopped raining and the clouds cleared away, we could see a large vessel coming directly towards us. The captain took off his shirt, which was white, and tied it by the sleeves to one of the oars, and stuck it up in the boat for a flag, knowing how



much more difficult it would be for the people on board the ship to see so low an object as a boat, than for those in the boats to see the ship; the mate in the other boat did the same with his checked shirt; and we soon had the pleasure of observing a flag hoisted on board the ship, which was to let us know that we were seen, and should be relieved. In half an hour more we were all on board of a large Spanish ship, bound to South America. Being extremely fatigued, as well as wet, and cold, and hungry, we were very glad to accept the kindness of strangers, and be where we could get shelter, food, and dry clothes, all of which were freely offered us by the Spaniards, who, though they could not speak or understand English, made themselves intelligible by signs.

CHAPTER III.

CHANGE OF PROSPECTS — THE SANTA MARIA — TEDIOUSNESS OF THE VOYAGE — NEW EMPLOYMENTS — CHANGE OF WEATHER — FALKLAND ISLANDS — SEALS — PENGUINS — PASSAGE OF THE SOUND — STATEN ISLAND — BEHAVIOUR OF MANEGRO — UNKNOWN LAND — SHIPWRECK — ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

WHEN, after a sound and refreshing sleep, I went on deck, I found my ship-mates looking very dejected, and talking over the misfortune of losing the Neptune and their own private losses, and regretting that the ship, which had picked them up, was bound to South America. I had been so rejoiced, to get into a place of safety, that I never once thought of the loss of my clothes and every thing that I had on board the Neptune, till I heard the sailors talking of what they had lost; and then I remembered that I now had nothing in the world but one suit of clothes, and no money to buy more. I wondered what I should do; but recollecting that all my companions

were in a like situation, I thought I could do as they did, and manage as well as they. As soon as South America was mentioned, I eagerly inquired to what part of it the ship was bound; and hearing that it was to Callao, in Peru, I asked what they knew about that country. All they could tell me was, that the Spaniards had possession of it, and would not suffer any other nation to trade thither; and that they had plenty of gold and silver there, but it would cost an Englishman his life to pick any of it up, though he trod it under foot at every step. As I could get no further information respecting the present state of Peru, I called to mind all I had read about it in the history of America; and recollecting how extremely interested I had been in the account of the Peruvians, and of their conquest by the cruel Pizarro, I felt a strong desire to see that people, and visit the places where those events had happened. I considered too, that as Peru lies on the western side of South America, I should cross the equator, sail over the South Atlantic ocean, and go round Cape Horn, in order to get there; I should thus see a great deal of the world, and be in a tropical climate; by passing into the southern temperate zone, I should see grand constellations, that I had never seen before; I thought, too, we might touch at some islands on our way, and put into some other ports besides Callao. Thus, on the whole, I considered the change in our prospects, occasioned by the loss of the Neptune, as very favorable to my desire of seeing the world; for though I felt for my ship-mates, who had no such wish, and therefore regretted the accident very much, I could not help rejoicing on my own account. I had neither money nor clothes; but I knew many kinds of work by which I could earn a living, and I determined that my hands should labor for the gratification of my mind.

Pleased as I was with my new prospects, I found a great many disagreeable things in my present situation. The Spanish ship, called Santa Maria, and commanded by Captain Manegro, was very different from the Nep-

tune ; being ill-shaped, she was a *dull sailer*, and was besides extremely filthy and full of vermin ; the berths were the most odious, dirty holes that ever any decent person was obliged to sleep in ; the provisions also were so bad, and cooked in a way so disgusting to English stomachs, that I could hardly eat them ; but whenever I complained to my ship-mates, they made light of the *badness* of the food, and only hoped the *quantity* on board would be found sufficient to last us to the end of such a long voyage, as this was likely to be.

The captain and crew, on board this ship, were very much inferior to those of the Neptune. Though I could not understand a word they said, I soon discovered that the captain was a passionate man, neither respected nor beloved by his crew ; and that the sailors were lazy and disobedient, fond of playing cards, smoking, and swearing. The Santa Maria had lost several of her hands since she left Old Spain ; two were washed overboard in the late storm ; one had died of a fever soon after they sailed ; and thus the captain was very glad of the assistance of our ship-wrecked mariners, in working the vessel.

The voyage now became extremely tedious to me ; I, who had before been the most reconciled to our change of situation, was now the first to complain ; and my friends would sometimes reproach me with my impatience, and remind me how pleased I had been with the idea of a long voyage ; but I did not know then how little variety there would be in it. And when we got into the trade winds, which I longed for so much, the days were more tedious than ever, for there was nothing at all to be done ; the sails remained in one position, from one week's end to another. Even the variety of climate which I experienced on approaching the equator, was less agreeable to me than I expected ; and I found the heat of the sun so great, that I wished myself again in a temperate zone.

The want of necessary occupation very much increased my restless and uncomfortable feelings ; and though I

gladly joined my countrymen, in doing all the work they could find to do about the ship, and helped to put the *Santa Maria* in better order than she had been in for years, yet there were many hours, each day, that I was obliged to spend in idleness. O, how I longed for some book to read! the most uninteresting one, that ever was written, would have been a treasure to me. But no book could I get; and having lost all my things, I had no pens, ink, or paper, that I might amuse myself with writing.

One day, however, I found a bit of chalk, and with that I began making figures on the deck, and calculating sums; two hours passed away, while I was thus employed, without my perceiving how time went. Rejoiced at the discovery, I resolved to employ part of every day in that way; and though my piece of chalk was soon used up, and no more could be had, I contrived to make a little piece of charcoal answer as well. Finding me so occupied with my figures, that I no longer complained, as I had before done, of the tediousness of the voyage, the English sailors began to take an interest in them too. As they had not been so well educated as I was, they asked me to teach them, which I found great pleasure in doing; and my school of Arithmetic beguiled me of some hours, each day, very pleasantly. Two of the Spanish sailors, when they perceived that we Englishmen were using the same figures which they were accustomed to, took some interest in what was going on, and began to learn also; and in return, they taught me the names of every thing on board the vessel, as well as to count in the Spanish language. When Captain Gordon found how I was employed, and how much I disliked idleness, he kindly offered to go over with me, by means of my charcoal pencil, the problems and calculations that belong to the art of Navigation; which was of great use to me, in refreshing my memory, and occupying my mind agreeably; and when the sailors had made some progress in Arithmetic, I taught them the lessons I had learnt from the captain.

This continued as long as we were in fine weather latitudes, and had little to do in working the ship; but when we approached Cape Horn, the weather became tempestuous, and we were obliged to give up our studies, for more active employment. We became anxious too, for our water and provisions ran very short; and though it was the intention of the Spanish captain to touch at the Falkland Islands to get water and wild fowl, there were some apprehensions felt by the English sailors, that we had missed of those islands altogether. Westerly winds had prevailed for a long time, and we feared that they had set us so far east, that we should run by them, without being near enough to see them. We had no confidence in the captain's *reckoning*; * there was no quadrant on board, and the charts were very poor; the ship was badly worked, and the voyage made longer than necessary, by the bad seamanship of the master; and yet he was so obstinate and passionate, that no one dared to advise him. According to his reckoning, we ought to have *made* † the islands three days before they actually appeared. At last, when the only salt meat on board was cooking, and the last cask of water was on tap, we were relieved from the worst apprehensions, by the thrilling sound of "*Land O!*" O what a welcome sight was that group of uninhabited islands! after such a tedious voyage, and so many fears of having passed them.

We entered a sound, between the two largest of them, and found good anchorage, opposite a fine beach of hard sand. I was all impatience to set foot on the land, and, fortunately for me, the captain ordered me into the boat that took him, the mate, and Captain Gordon ashore.

When we ran the boat aground, and jumped out on dry land, I was almost wild with delight; every sense was regaled. I threw off my shoes, and ran barefoot, on the sand, for a mile. After being confined, so long,

* An account, kept by the captain, of the daily progress of the vessel.

† Sea-phrase for *seen*.

to the narrow bounds of a vessel's deck, the sensation of freedom was enchanting. When I returned I found my comrades drinking largely, at a fine rivulet of pure water, that was running and sparkling over the beach, to the sea ; and I could not help throwing myself down by it, at full length, and drinking of it *horse fashion*, as sailors say. After the bad water we had been using for weeks, the taste of this was delicious ; I could hardly drink enough of it. And so it was with every one present ; they drank as though they would never be satisfied.

There were no trees to be seen any where ; but the land was covered with tall, rank grass. The beach was bordered with numerous little hillocks, that seemed to be formed by the decay of the coarse grass, resembling sedge, that grew upon them, and hid the sand that was interspersed among them. I was amusing myself with stepping, or jumping, from one of these hillocks to another, when my bare foot slipped off the little eminence, and rested on something cold, and wet, and slippery, and full of muscular motion ; a sound between a squeak and a grunt followed, and then a most hideous roar, as loud as a lion's, completed my horror and alarm. I lost my balance, as the creature moved under my feet, and fell down upon him ; and there I rolled about, among the grass, between two hillocks that hindered my rising, with this roaring monster creeping out from under me. Every drop of blood seemed to curdle in my veins, and I expected to be torn in pieces every instant. At last I made out to rise, and run to my companions, who looked almost as much alarmed as I was ; and turning round to face the enemy at a distance, I saw seven great, shaggy animals, half beast, half fish, issuing from the sedgy border of the beach, and making towards us.

Captain Gordon exclaimed, " Kill all you can ; they are very good eating." Being near our boat, we armed ourselves, some with muskets, others with oars, and began our attack. The animals were endeavouring to reach the water, but having only tails

and fins to push themselves along with, they advanced but slowly. We beat them over the back, as hard as we could, but without making any impression on them ; we fired at them, and several balls took effect ; yet the creatures proceeded toward the sea, upsetting every one who came in their way. At last we discovered their snouts to be the most vulnerable part ; a few blows there stopped their progress, and we made five of them prisoners.

When we rested from our labors, I begged to know what these terrible-looking creatures were, and was told they were *sea-lions*. Captain Gordon called them *shaggy seals*, and said that their skins were very valuable ; that they contained a great deal of blubber, which made very good oil ; and that their flesh was palatable food. Delighted with this addition to our sea-stores, we secured them in the boat, and then proceeded to explore the island further.

We found large flocks of ducks and other sea-fowl, so tame that we could drive them before us, and fire into them, before they attempted to fly. In this way, great slaughter was made among them. On advancing into the island, our attention was suddenly fixed upon a ridge of land, just above us, on which were ranged, in the most regular order, what appeared to me a number of little children, of the same age and size, and dressed alike, with their arms extended. I could think of nothing but a charity school, with an uniform of brown frocks and white aprons. After gazing a moment, in silent amazement, I perceived the heads to be those of birds, and recognised the shape and position of the *penguin*, as described and drawn in books.

We next had a fine battle with the penguins ; but were not so successful as with the seals, for they bit so hard, we could not hold them, and we could manage to carry only one on board the vessel ; that one we took alive, and to keep him safe, during the night, the captain ordered us to put him in the pen, with a pig that we had on deck, the last of our live stock. We did so, and left

the two strangers, to make each other's acquaintance ; but in the morning, to our great surprise, we found there had been a mortal combat between them, which had ended in the death of the pig.

We spent two days at anchor in the sound, and, by turns, all the ship's company were allowed to go on shore, and refresh themselves ; but there were no more adventures, like those I was engaged in. The hands, that were left on board the vessel, were busied in skinning the seals, boiling the blubber, and salting the meat for future use. We took in a good supply of excellent water ; and on the third day after we made the land, we proceeded on our voyage.

There were some deliberations, in the cabin, as to the course we had best take ; whether we should leave the sound the way we entered it, and sail round to the eastward of the group of islands, or whether we should find a passage through the sound, and so keep nearer the cape, and nearer the west wind that was continually blowing. Captain Gordon advised to the former course, as he found that no one on board had ever passed through the sound, and they had no chart of it. This determined the obstinate Manegro to try the passage through the islands. By keeping a boat out ahead, to sound the way, we got safely through ; but there were, in some places, such quantities of sea-weed, that this of itself threatened wholly to obstruct our passage ; we could but just force the ship through it. We pulled up some of the smaller plants of this weed, which is like what we call *kelp*, and found that it grew with one large stem, very deep in the water, and that it had a wide spreading head to it, which floated very near the surface. From the strength of its stalks, I could easily believe what a sailor told me, about its being used for fishing-lines and cordage in some parts of the world.

After we had got safely through the islands, we were glad we had taken that course, as it would make it easier to get round the cape ; still I perceived that Captain Gordon was anxious, and the English sailors were very

watchful. The third night after we left the Falkland Islands, we were all startled by the cry of "Land O! land close aboard, over the *larboard** *bow*." Captain Gordon was on deck in a moment, and gave the necessary orders for altering the vessel's course; for there was not a moment to be lost, and the master of the vessel was below. Every one was astonished, at seeing land on our left; if it had been on the right, we should have thought all was well. In a few minutes, we were close in with the land on the *starboard* † side. To me, who was unaccustomed to the appearance of land at sea in a dark night, it looked like a high wall that we were running directly against; and well it was for us that it was a bold shore, for we had only just time to *tack* and keep clear of the steep rocks that rose on either side of us.

The Spaniards were very much alarmed, and began to call upon their saints. The captain allowed he did not know where we were; but after consulting the miserable charts on board, Captain Gordon came to the conclusion, that we were in the channel, between Staten Island and the main land, and, as he had heard of vessels going through there before, he determined to keep on. Daylight soon appeared, and we could then see our way very well; but the current was so strong, and the eddies so numerous, that we were strangely whirled about. Although there was a good breeze from the west, and we had several sails set, we were sometimes turned completely round by an eddy, just as if we had been a mere log on the water. By the good sense of Captain Gordon, however, and the good conduct of the English sailors, we did get safely through the strait, and reach the open sea near the cape.

As soon as we were out of danger, Captain Gordon gave up his command, and treated the master of the ship as though nothing had happened; but Captain Manegro had one of those little minds, that cannot bear the superiority of others, and he was shy and jealous of Captain Gordon on account of the services he had rendered.

* Left side.

† Right side.

Manegro was a very ignorant man. If he had never had an opportunity of learning, he had no reason to be ashamed of his ignorance ; it was his misfortune, not his fault ; and if he had acknowledged it, he might have benefited by the company of Captain Gordon ; but instead of that, he tried to conceal it, and affected to despise every thing he did not understand.

He seemed to think he could hide his ignorance, by being very authoritative in his manner, and severe in his punishments, which, as he was a passionate man, were often very unjust. My heart would sometimes swell with indignation, and my eyes fill with tears, at the injustice which the Spanish sailors were obliged to suffer ; but my comrades cautioned me against showing what I felt, as it would only make matters worse.

I was often provoked, to see how uncivilly Manegro treated Captain Gordon, whom I loved and admired, more and more every day, for his mildness and forbearance toward our ignorant commander.

On one occasion, in *doubling* * the cape, we were in great danger ; and the difference between the two captains was most striking. The man, whose business it was to command the vessel, was so frightened, he could not give a single order ; but kept calling upon all the saints he could think of, to come and save them ; and cried and lamented over his situation, like a distracted creature. Whilst our good captain, seeing we might be lost, for want only of a little presence of mind, if he did not take the command, seized the helm himself, and gave a few clear directions to his own men, who were watching him, and hoping he would do so ; and, in a few minutes, all danger was over.

The Spanish captain was so overjoyed at finding himself in safety, that he knelt down before Captain Gordon, and kissed his hands, and thanked him over and over again. But his gratitude was not of a kind to last long ; it was soon changed into dislike of the person that had done him a service ; and he became as jealous

* Going round.

as ever of Captain Gordon's superior knowledge and presence of mind. He would not hear any observation from him on the management of the ship, and was ready to quarrel with every one who knew more than himself.

We had a great deal of tempestuous weather, in doubling Cape Horn; and as the currents were very strong, and the sea rough, and the reckoning but poorly kept, we hardly knew when we really had doubled it. We continued to have heavy gales of wind, after we knew that we were several hundred miles from the cape, and our voyage became every day more unpleasant. Our provisions were scanty and poor; we were all on short allowance, and heartily tired of our voyage, counting the days and weeks that must still be endured before we reached our destined port.

About three weeks after we left Cape Horn, we were sailing along, under close-reefed topsails, with as much wind as we could bear, when we were all thrown into consternation, by the cry of "Land right ahead." That which is so cheering a sound, when expected, is an equally alarming one, when not expected; for if the seaman finds land where he only looked for water, he knows that he cannot be where he supposed himself; and this, on the ocean, is a fearful predicament.

Manegro now pretended to be very knowing; he said he knew very well what land it was, and he meant to go ashore there, and get some fresh provisions. Captain Gordon advised keeping off till the wind abated, or sailing round the island, and entering a port to the leeward.

But our obstinate commander insisted upon keeping on just as we were. The wind was increasing every moment, and we were anxiously expecting orders to shorten sail, or alter our course, when a gust came that nearly *capsized* us, and carried away several sails. All was dismay and confusion; Captain Manegro refused all aid from Captain Gordon, while he gave contradic-

tory orders to his men, and we suddenly perceived breakers very near us. The wind was blowing us directly upon a reef of rocks, and the vessel was unmanageable.

When it was too late, Captain Gordon's voice was heard, amid the roar of the waves, the whistling of the wind, and the cracking of spars. Anchors were let go, and some judicious measures taken; but the breakers were all around us, and nothing could save the vessel from destruction. She was driven upon the rocks with such force, that none of us could keep his feet; and, after striking three times, she remained immovably fixed upon the reef, and the sea broke all over her. The force of the waves now filled me with fear and amazement. While we were afloat, the vessel had borne a great deal of tossing about, without injury, because she moved with the waves; but, as soon as she was firmly fixed, and could not give way before the dashing waters, their mighty power was apparent, and it seemed to me, that the vessel must be destroyed in a few minutes. I was convinced by all I saw, that we were in the greatest possible danger; the Spaniards gave themselves up to useless cries and lamentations; the Englishmen gathered round their captain, to consult on what they had better do.

He said the vessel must soon *go to pieces*, and therefore, though the sea was so rough that a boat could hardly *live* in it, he thought they had better take to the boats, and see what could be done in them; they might be carried towards the land, without *capsizing*, and get into some sheltered bay or creek. Just as they came to this determination, a great wave broke away part of the stern, and carried off a boat that was hanging there. There was then but one boat left, and that was only large enough to hold, with safety, a part of those on board; so one of the English sailors proposed that they should go off in her, and leave the Spaniards behind, as they would not do any thing to help themselves, and it was their obstinacy and ignorance that had brought

us into this situation. But our good captain would not listen to such selfish advice ; he said, " They saved our lives once, and we will try to save theirs now ; at least we will give them a chance with ourselves." So, while his men were getting ready to *launch* the *long boat*, he called the Spaniards. As he had before saved them from shipwreck, all, who were not too much alarmed to listen to any thing, came upon deck, when they heard his voice. With his direction and assistance, the boat was launched, and all on deck got into her ; though not without great difficulty and danger. The boat was so tossed about by the waves, that she was sometimes a great way from the vessel ; and then she was again dashed up so near, that we feared she would be broken in pieces against the side of the ship.

We rowed as well as we could towards the land, and as the boat *drew* very little water compared with the ship, we passed over the reef on which the vessel had stuck fast, and proceeded in safety about half a league ; but as we approached the land, we saw nothing like any bay or inlet, and the breaking of the waves on the beach made it impossible to land ; we could but just keep the boat from filling with water, where we were ; and nearer the shore, it would be entirely out of our power.

In this situation there was nothing more to be done, and those in the boat, who were good and wise, were quietly making up their minds to be drowned in a few minutes ; when a monstrous wave, larger than all the rest, overturned the boat, and covered us all with its mighty waters.

As I was a good swimmer, I did not lose my presence of mind, when I found myself under water ; I tried to rise to the surface, that I might take breath ; this, however, I could not do ; the motion of the waves was so great, it baffled me ; and I must soon have been suffocated, if that very force had not carried me so far toward the beach, that when it was spent, and the wave went back again, it left me upon the sand in shallow water.

Though much exhausted with the exertions I had made, and the want of breath, I struggled successfully against the *under-tow*,* and advanced towards the land ; but I had not proceeded far, before I saw the sea coming after me, like a high wall. I knew it would carry me towards the shore, so I gave myself up to its power, and held my breath, and kept my strength, that I might struggle against it, when it retired again. In this way I approached nearer and nearer to the land with every wave ; till at last I felt ground with my feet. The next moment my head was out of water, and I could breathe freely !

I stood still a moment, to recover my breath, and then ran forward as hard as I could. Again I was covered, many feet deep, with water, and carried along with the breaker ; but I managed as before, and resisted the *under-tow*, and was again on my feet with my head out of water, and a good deal nearer land. Once, as the sea was carrying me along very swiftly, I struck against a rock, which hurt me very much, and disabled me from struggling against the retreat of the waves ; but, happily for me, I thought of holding on by the rock, and so resisted the *under-tow*. There I remained, supporting myself by the rock, till I recovered from the blow ; while several waves passed over me, and retired again. After this, a few more runs, between the breakers, brought me quite out of the water ; I had just strength enough left to walk up the beach, above the mark of high tide, when my knees bent under me, and I sank down on the dry sand. Here I had hardly realized my escape, and felt the joy of present safety, when, exhausted by the great exertions I had made, I fainted away.

* The name given by sailors to the water which runs back from the beach after the wave is spent.



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CHAPTER IV.

MISERABLE SITUATION — BETTER FEELINGS — FIRST NIGHT ON THE ISLAND — FIRST WALK — SAD REFLECTIONS — AGREEABLE SURPRISE — THE BEACH — WANT OF TOOLS.

How long my swoon lasted, it is impossible for me to say, and it is almost as impossible for me to describe how I felt on recovering from it. It was some time before I could recollect what had happened to me ; but, by degrees, the sight of the wreck at a distance, the blowing of the wind, and dashing of the waves, helped me to recall the disasters, which occasioned my being where I now found myself. At last, the dreadful certainty, that I alone, of all that were on board, had reached the shore alive, burst upon me, and made me truly miserable. Let whoever reads this, consider well the circumstances of my wretched condition, or they can form no idea of my feelings.

There I was, cold, wet, hungry, and thirsty ; without any thing in the world, but the wet clothes I had on. I was alone, in an unknown country ; it might be full of savages and wild beasts ; I could see no traces of cultivation ; I had no fishing-tackle, to get fish ; no gun, to shoot birds ; no means of lighting a fire. I was far, very far, from my pleasant home and dear parents, and could not hope ever to see them again. In this dismal situation, I could not rejoice in having saved myself from drowning ; for I expected a worse death. I walked up and down the beach, in a state of agitation not to be described. I wrung my hands, and cried, and sobbed aloud, and reproached myself, in the bitterest manner, with the folly and obstinacy which had brought me to this wretched condition ; till, quite exhausted, I sat down on a large stone ; and, resting my head on my knee, I fell into a silent agony of despair.

How long I sat there, I cannot tell ; but I was roused

from that fit of dejection, by a distressing sensation of thirst. I bore this for some time ; at last it overcame my reluctance to move, and I went in search of water.

I looked fearfully around, to see if any savage man, or wild beast, were near me ; but seeing no living creature, I walked slowly up the beach, and made my way over long grass and through shrubs, towards a place where the form of the ground and the slope of the woods made me think there might be a valley, with a stream of fresh water in it. After wandering about for some time, I came to a narrow vale or dingle, the sides of which were clothed with beautiful flowering shrubs and trees ; and there I heard the pleasant sound of a brook. Winding among rocks, that sometimes broke it into small cascades, I found a clear sparkling stream, of which I drank plentifully. Greatly refreshed by my draught, I seated myself on the grass, at the foot of a beautiful, large tree, with leaves like a laurel ; and there, in that sheltered spot, I began to reflect more calmly on my sad condition.

The anguish of my heart subsided. I remembered there was One Friend, from whom no outward circumstances could separate me. My Heavenly Father was as near me there, as in my own happy home. By thinking on the power and goodness of God, my courage and strength revived, and after much serious meditation, my soul was comforted. I resolved to trust in God entirely, and do the best I could to continue the life that had been so remarkably preserved amid the greatest dangers.

Just as I had formed this good resolution, I heard the most melodious warbling of birds, in the bushes near me, and the sound cheered my heart ; “ Those birds are happy here,” said I to myself, “ and why may not I be happy too ? ” The thought that they had companions, and I had none, again filled my eyes with tears, and my heart with sorrow ; but it was not of that distracting kind, which I had felt before ; it was a tender feeling, that made me lift up my heart to God, and trust entirely to his loving-kindness and tender mercy.

The birds were not at all afraid of me, but flew about so near me, that I could observe them getting their food ; and I said to myself, " Will not the same Power that directs them to their proper nourishment, and supports their life, also guide and sustain me ? " I felt an assurance, in my heart, that it would ; and being very hungry, I returned to the beach, and looked there for something eatable. I had not walked far, when I found some oysters, and something like limpets, only much larger. As I had been accustomed to eat such shell-fish raw, I satisfied my appetite pretty well. I had great difficulty in opening some of the oysters, as I had no knife, and could not always succeed in catching them with their shells open, long enough to put a stick or stone in, to prevent their closing.

When I had finished my meal, it was about sunset ; the wind had abated, but it began to rain very fast, and I returned to the little valley, to seek a shelter for the night. I could have found a dry spot under the dense foliage of many trees, and lain very comfortably on the grass, but I was afraid of wild beasts. I knew that such animals keep very quiet during the day, and roam about at night in search of their prey ; and therefore it would not be safe to lie on the grass, without any thing around me to keep them off. I had no means of making any defence ; so at last, I thought my best plan would be, to follow the example of the birds, and sleep in a tree. I found one, whose thick foliage would screen me from rain, and whose numerous crooked branches made it easy to climb ; and in it I fixed myself, as securely as I could, and being very much exhausted, I soon feel asleep.

My slumbers were disturbed by frightful dreams. I fancied the boat upset, and myself again struggling with the waves ; and, making a motion in my sleep, as if to reach the shore, I fell down out of the tree. My joy, on awaking, was great, to find that I had only been dreaming, and that I really was on dry land and not struggling in the water ; and, as I had not climbed up

very high into the tree, and the tall grass was thick around it, my fall did not hurt me much ; and bodily pain seemed very trifling, compared to the distress of my mind in the dream.

I placed myself, once more, in the tree, and determined to lie awake the rest of the night, rather than run the risk of dreaming again that I was shipwrecked ; but fatigue overcame this resolution, and I soon fell into a profound sleep, which lasted till the day was far advanced.

I awoke refreshed, and with a keen appetite for my breakfast. Leaving my airy bed, I washed my hands and face in the brook, before I remembered that I had no towel, or cloth of any kind, to wipe them with. They dried however, as I walked to the shore, to look for shell-fish for my breakfast.

To my great disappointment, the tide was high ; and there were no oysters, or limpets, to be found. The water was full of fishes, to be sure ; but I could not make up my mind then, to eat such fish raw, even if I had had the means of taking them.

The dread of being starved to death, now rushed upon my mind, and, for a few minutes, nearly overpowered me ; but my good mother had always taught me to consider God as a kind Parent, who sees all our wants, and provides bountifully for them. I now remembered, and felt the comfort of her instructions ; I thought upon the goodness of God, and my mind became tranquil.

It occurred to me, that though I had failed of getting fish for my breakfast, there might be wild fruits inland, that would satisfy my appetite as well ; so I walked away from the shore, and seeing a high hill, that appeared about a mile from where I was, I determined to ascend it, and take a survey of the country, and look for something eatable, as I went along. I walked, for some distance, over a sandy soil, partially covered with tall, rank grass, and then I came to rocks and bushes ; but I looked in vain for any berries. Every thing was growing luxuriantly, and various beautiful flowers met my eye,

but no fruits were to be seen. All the productions of the earth were like those of a fine spring ; and when I reflected, that I must be between twenty and thirty degrees from the equinoctial line, and in south latitude, I was satisfied that it must be the spring-time of the year in this region ; and that, in due season, these brilliant and beautiful blossoms would give place to berries and fruits, that might prove wholesome food.

With this consoling hope, I pursued my way, and began to ascend the hill I had seen at a distance. I found it more difficult to climb, than I had anticipated ; and I was often obliged to go a great way round, in order to avoid perpendicular cliffs, or thick, impassable woods. But my desire of getting a good view of the country, and ascertaining whether I was on an island or on the main-land, and the hope of finding some plant with ripe fruit, urged me on. After a long and toilsome ascent, I found myself on the bare summit of a very high hill ; and discovered, that I was on a small island, whence I could see nothing but the wide ocean all around me. I looked for the wrecked vessel, but it had entirely disappeared ; the loss of that last vestige of civilization made me feel more lonely than ever.

I looked very earnestly, in every direction, to see if there were any traces of the island being inhabited, but could discover none ; though I had feared to meet with savages, I felt very melancholy when I was convinced I was alone on an uninhabited island. " Here then," said I to myself, " I must pass the remainder of my life, on this desert island, in the middle of the ocean, far away from my friends, who will never know what has become of me. I shall never see the face of any human being again. Here I must live and die alone."

As I thus realized my dismal situation, I could not help shedding a flood of tears, and inwardly exclaiming, " O my dear parents ! if you could see your unhappy son as he now is, you would pity and forgive him. You will never know how severely he is punished for not taking your advice ; here I must live and die,

unpitied and unknown !” As these thoughts passed through my mind, I wept bitterly, and almost wished I had been drowned with the rest of the ship’s company ; but something within reproved me for that thought, and I repressed the half-formed wish.

I have since seen the folly of anticipating evil ; for my situation, bad as it seemed then, has not proved so utterly miserable as I feared ; and if I had not given way to the fear of starving, and other apprehensions, I should have spared myself some very unhappy hours.

Almost exhausted by fasting and sorrow, I began to descend the hill, intending to reach the shore by the time the tide left it, and look for shell-fish to allay the pains of hunger, which began to be very severe.

My feet had become very sore and tender, with so much walking on rough ground, and in thin, old shoes ; to favor them I took the smoothest paths, and in doing so I insensibly wandered away from that side of the hill, by which I went up ; and when I arrived at the bottom of it, I found myself still very far from the shore, where I expected to get the food I so much needed. This was a great disappointment, as I feared my strength would hardly last, to carry me back to that part of the coast where I had found the oysters. The trees were so thick around me, I could not see which way to go ; but by observing the sun, I could tell the points of the compass, and direct my steps accordingly ; for I remembered that the beach, on which I landed, was on the south side of the island, and run east and west. As I walked along, frequently casting my eyes upward, to see that I kept a right course, I observed some very curious-looking trees, with tall, naked stems, and a great tuft of leaves on the top. I had seen such in paintings, but could not, at once, recall what they were ; as I approached them, I saw, among the long, drooping leaves, some very large three-sided things ; and thinking it possible they might be good to eat, I threw stones at them, till I knocked one down. It was nearly as large as my head, covered with a husk that was tough, and full of fibres, and came

off with difficulty ; but what was my joy and delight, when I discovered, by the inside shell, that it was a *cocoa-nut* ! I had often seen and tasted cocoa-nuts in England ; but I had never seen one with the husk on, which was the reason I did not know what this was, as soon as I saw it. I quickly broke the shell on a stone, drank off the delicious milk it contained, and then devoured the kernel. One did not satisfy me, half-starved as I was ; so I knocked down a second, and ate that as voraciously as the first. While I was thus satisfying my appetite, my eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, for this new relief in my distress ; and I felt, more sensibly than ever, that I ought not to despair, but to do the best I could in the present moment, and remain unconcerned about my future subsistence.

I had seen sketches of trees like these, in some books of travels ; but they were called palm trees ; and the pictures gave me such a poor idea of them, and how they actually looked, that I was now very much struck with their grand appearance and singular way of growing. Though I thought it likely there were more cocoa-nut trees, on the island, I marked the spot where this cluster of them stood ; and, taking with me one of the broken nut-shells for a drinking-cup, I continued my way to the beach.

The tide had receded, a considerable distance ; but I could only find a few oysters and limpets, not enough to make a meal of, which made me doubly glad that I had found the cocoa-nuts. I had the prudence not to eat the oysters I now picked up, but saved them for my next meal.

I found some fragments of the boat, that had been dashed to pieces on the rocks the day before, and a couple of oars that had been washed ashore ; but none of the bodies of my shipmates. The oars and fragments of the boat, I carefully collected, and carried, with my oysters, to the shady valley of the brook, where I meant to pass the night in the same tree I had already lodged in.

Being now relieved from the fear of immediate danger from savages or wild beasts, as I had seen no traces of either during my day's journey, I began to feel something like security in the pleasant retreat I had found by the brook. Seating myself on a grassy bank, I tried to plan some kind of habitation ; but the total want of tools seemed to render it impossible for me to do any thing. If I had had a spade, or an axe, or a knife, or any iron tool, I could have contrived many things for my comfort and security ; but without any of these implements, what could be done ! Careful, as sailors generally are, to have their jack-knives tied to a button-hole, I had been so unfortunate as to lose mine, just after the wreck of the Neptune. I had two more knives in my chest, but that went down with the ship. All the while I was on board the Santa Maria, I was very much incommoded by the want of a knife ; but I little thought it would soon prove the most serious loss I ever met with. I had reason, now, to regret my knife more than I can express ; every plan, that came into my head, for bettering my situation, failed for want of it ; and I went to my tree for the night, very much depressed in spirits by the helplessness of my condition.

CHAPTER V.

SECOND EXCURSION—A TERRACE AND CAVE DISCOVERED
—ENLARGING THE CAVE—A WILLOW HEDGE—ROPE
LADDER—SUNDAY—AN ALMANAC—A FLAG.

My position in the tree, though improved by placing a piece of plank among the branches, was not comfortable enough to make me sleep after day-light ; I therefore made an early breakfast of the oysters, I had collected the evening before, and set off on a long walk, resolved to see

as much as I could of the island, before the noon-day sun should make it oppressively warm. I found the country beautifully undulated, plentifully watered, and filled with a great variety of vegetable productions. I looked earnestly at every plant and tree, as I went along, in hopes of discovering something that I might safely eat ; but every thing looked strange to me, except a water plant, which so resembled the water-cress of England, that I ventured to taste it ; and, finding the flavor the same, I ate a good deal of it, and relished it well. I regretted, at every step, that I knew nothing of botany ; and remembered with shame and sorrow, that I used to laugh at a boy of my acquaintance, for studying it, and trying to understand the nature of different plants that he found growing wild in the fields. " O that I had done the same," exclaimed I, " and then I might find some wholesome food among these numerous weeds, and distinguish those which are poisonous, from those which are good to eat." Though I knew nothing of botany, my habit of observing every thing that I saw done, enabled me to make one valuable discovery during my walk.

Happening to pluck up some long stalks of a plant, resembling a nettle, that grew in my way, I observed that they were composed of numerous fibres, so tough that I could hardly break them ; and, recollecting to have seen hemp dressed, I thought this looked a good deal like it, only smaller ; so I gathered a large bundle of it, tied it up with some of the stalks, and slung it over my shoulder, that I might try, at my leisure, if it could be made into cordage.

The chief object of my excursion was, to look for some hollow among the rocks, or natural cave in the earth, where I might sleep in safety, instead of perching, like a bird, in a tree. I wished to fix on some spot, which should be shaded from the noon-day sun, and yet high enough to command a view of the ocean ; for to that I looked continually, in the hope of discovering a vessel near enough for some communication by signal.

I thought so much of being taken off, that I could not bear to be out of sight of the ocean, even for a few hours at a time. Vain hope ! idle expectation ! how long and how fondly indulged !

After wandering about, for several hours, among the wo od and hills on the same side of the island where I first landed, I found a smooth, grassy terrace, on the south side of a steep, rocky hill ; it looked as if a piece of the hill had been cut out, to make this level spot, and the rocks rose up behind it, as steep as the side of a house ; so that it was perfectly protected on the north. This terrace was about two hundred paces long, and twenty broad ; and from the front edge of it, the land sloped gently down to the low ground near the beach. There were large fragments of rock scattered over it, as if by some great convulsion of the earth in ages past ; and small clusters of trees dotted the terrace, very ornamentally. Numerous shrubs and plants grew among the rocks that bounded it on the north, and it looked as if it were made for the site of a romantic cottage. No situation could have suited me better, if I had had the means of building myself any kind of hut ; but, as I could not make a shelter for myself without tools, I was obliged to look for one ready made, in the earth, or among the rocks, as animals do. Being very warm and thirsty from my walk, I searched about for a spring of water ; and, in so doing, discovered a small, hollow place in the steep side of the hill. This, enlarged a little, would be exactly what I wanted ; but how to make it big enough to sleep in, without a pick-axe, spade, shovel, or any iron tool, was the grand difficulty. I determined, however, not to give up so fine a situation, without exerting all my ingenuity to adapt it to my purpose ; and I was still more encouraged to undertake it, when I perceived, at a small distance, a beautiful, clear stream of water, trickling out of a crevice in the rock. The more I observed the advantages of this remarkable spot, the more determined I was to make it my residence ; and though I had nothing but my hands to work

with, I resolved to scoop out the earth with them, rather than give up sleeping in the cave.

Having refreshed myself by a good draught of water, I made the best of my way back to the sea-side. This I now reached by a much shorter route, than I had taken in discovering the terrace. I hastened back, that I might gather shell-fish while the tide was low ; and in this I was more successful than before. While wandering over the beach, I found a very large, strong shell, with a sharp edge to it, which I thought would serve me instead of a spade, and answer much better than my hands had done, to scoop the earth out from the little cave. With the aid of this tool, I hoped to make it large enough to sleep in that night.

When I had satisfied my appetite, I carried my bundle of nettles, and the large shell, to the side of the brook, and there I tied up the plant in small bunches, and put it in the water to rot the woody part of the stalk, a process I had seen adopted with regard to hemp. By the time that was done, I was so tired, that I lay down on the green bank to rest myself ; and before I was aware of it, I fell fast asleep. My position was so much more comfortable, than when perched in the tree, that I was more refreshed by that hour's nap, than by any sleep I had had for many nights. As wild beasts generally sleep during the heat of the day, I thought it would be advisable for me always to take a nap on the grass at noon.

When I awoke, I hastened by the shortest way to the terrace ; and, carrying the great shell with me, began to work most industriously at enlarging the cave. By patiently removing a little earth and few stones at a time, I made some progress ; but it was so much slower than I expected, that I was obliged to give up all thoughts of sleeping there that night. It also occurred to me, that it would not be safe to lodge there, without some means of defending the entrance ; for though it was well guarded by the high rock at the back, there was nothing in front of the terrace to keep off savages or wild beasts.

The cave, when made large enough to sleep in, would be too contracted if the entrance were closed up entirely ; it was therefore necessary to contrive some barrier, that would protect me while the mouth of the cave was left open. I was greatly puzzled to think of any kind of defence, which it was in my power to make ; but, by reflecting upon it all the while I was digging out the cave, this way of doing it came at last into my head.

I had seen a great many young willow trees at the foot of the hill, which I knew could be easily transplanted, as their roots do not grow deep in the earth ; I therefore resolved to pull up a number of them, and plant them close together, in a semi-circle, round the entrance of the cave. They would be some protection at once, and when they grew larger and fixed themselves in the earth, they would make a very effectual barrier.

I returned to my tree that night, after a hard day's work, but more comforted and cheerful than I had been since my shipwreck. I longed to stretch my tired limbs, at full length on the grass, but the fear of wild animals, roaring about in search of prey, sent me to my tree for the night.

For many days, I devoted myself to digging out my cave and transplanting trees ; and though the want of proper tools made it very laborious, I persevered, and succeeded beyond my expectations. While thus occupied, I dined every day on shell-fish, and breakfasted and supped on cocoa-nuts and water-cresses. I indulged myself too with an afternoon nap on the grassy bank, by the side of the brook, whose murmuring sound lulled me to sleep.

One day, thinking the nettles might have lain long enough for the woody part to separate easily, I took them out of the water, and spread them in thin layers on the grass to dry ; I next pounded them with a large stick, as I had seen flax pounded ; and succeeded perfectly in freeing the fibres from the stem. They were of a good length, and could be twisted into pack-thread.

Much pleased with the success of this experiment, I went on twisting and doubling the string, till I made some very strong cord. It was not quite so even as that made by rope-makers, for I had no wheel to twist the threads, nor a second person to assist me ; but rough and clumsy as it was, it soon proved of great service to me.

I went on with my work very diligently ; and planted tree after tree, until I formed a complete semi-circle round the cave. But as a single row of such saplings, did not seem sufficient, I spared no pains, but planted a second row, outside of the first. I then interwove the branches of the two rows together, and at last hit upon the plan of filling up the space between with the earth and stones I was removing from the cave. This made the barrier very strong. Every morning and evening I watered my little hedge ; but this was a tedious process, as I had nothing bigger than a cocoa-nut shell to carry the water in. I was however rewarded for all my labor by seeing the willows alive and growing after their removal.

My plan was to make no opening in the hedge, lest I should not be able to secure it firmly if attacked ; so, when I had nearly completed it, I spent a whole day in making a rope ladder out of my cordage. The rock, behind the cave, was about as high as the second story of a house ; and on the top of it was a tree. To this I fastened one end of the ladder, and fixed the other to the ground, beside the cave, by means of stakes driven in firmly. I then tried to mount by it, and finding I could go up and down very safely I completed the barrier, and piled up, on the inside of it, the rest of the rubbish taken from the cave.

When I had worked a little longer at enlarging my cave, I came to hard points of rock that I could not possibly remove with my hands or shell. O how I longed for an iron crow ! but as I knew that wishing was of no use, I tried to think of something that might answer the purpose. I remembered seeing, on the beach, some hard,

green stones scattered about ; and on examining them I found one, the sight of which made my heart leap for joy. It was nearly in the form of a wedge, with a very sharp edge to it. Searching further I found another that was equally well fitted for my purpose. It was very thick and heavy at one end, while at the other it was small and easily grasped ; so that I could use it as a mallet or hammer.

Delighted with my new tools, I set to work with them immediately. I applied the sharp edge of the wedge to the rock, and striking it with the mallet, I broke off a large piece. In this way I cleared the cave of all the sharp projecting rocks inside of it ; and made it large enough for me to lie at ease, and be at some distance from the mouth.

I had before plucked up with my hands a quantity of grass, and dried it in the sun ; this hay I now threw down from above into the enclosure, and made a most comfortable bed of it at the back part of my new lodging-room.

From this time, I was able to sleep on a dry, soft, sweet-scented bed, sheltered from wind, rain, and sun. Those who have always been able to stretch their weary limbs on a good bed, in a secure place, can hardly imagine how delighted I was with my rude accommodations ; their being obtained too by my own industry and ingenuity, gave me a sense of self-approbation that I cannot describe. I went to sleep that night, feeling happier than I could have thought it possible for me to be on this uninhabited island.

The following day was Sunday. I remembered it as soon as I awoke. I recollected too that I had always been in the habit of putting on clean linen on the sabbath ; but now I had no clothes of any kind, except those I had worn so long. I determined, however, to make myself as clean as I could ; so I bathed in the brook, and left my shirt to soak in the stream, tied by its sleeves to a bush.

On my way back to my new habitation, I gathered

cocoa-nuts enough to last all day ; and then rested from all my labors, and spent the day in serious meditation, devout prayer, and tender recollections of my far-distant home, and the dear friends whom I feared I should never see more.

As I was counting over the number of days that I had been on the island, and trying to remember on what day of the month I was wrecked, it occurred to me that I should soon lose all knowledge how time passed, if I did not mark the days, as they went by. The next morning, therefore, I set to work to make myself an almanac, by which I could count the days regularly.

Having no paper, pens, or ink, or any thing on which I could write, I chose one of several trees, that stood close together and had very smooth bark ; on this I made a scratch, with the edge of a shell, for every day I had been on the island, and a longer scratch for Sunday.

When this was accomplished, I considered the importance of having some kind of signal put up, to give notice, if a vessel should happen to pass by, that there was somebody on the island who needed assistance. I could easily find a tree, for a flag-staff ; but what to make use of for a flag puzzled me extremely. At last, I made up my mind to give up my only shirt for the purpose ; "I have but one," said I to myself ; "it cannot last long, and when in rags I must do without it ; so I had better give it up at once, and use it in the only way in which it can possibly do me any great service. If it should make a vessel stop and take me off this desert island, it will certainly be the best use I can put it to."

Thus resolved, I washed my old shirt in the brook, made it look as white as I could, and left it to dry in the sun, while I explored the hills on the south side of the island, and searched for a tall, straight tree that could be converted into a flag-staff by stripping it of its branches.

On a point of land, higher than the hill on which I lived, and more to the eastward, I found a solitary tree,

with a straight trunk, that would serve my purpose extremely well, if I could get the branches off, and so make it look enough like the work of man, to attract the attention of a sailor; but without any iron tools, this seemed impossible. I resolved, however, to try my wedge and mallet; and, by very great patience and perseverance, I succeeded in removing a good many of the upper branches. Finding it such slow work, I concluded to leave the larger boughs below, and fasten my shirt, to the top of the bare stem above; and after two days' hard labor, I had the satisfaction of seeing my flag flying in the air, well secured, and sufficiently conspicuous.

The high point of land, on which I had placed it, I called Signal Hill; it is in sight from the ground above my cave, and commands a more extensive prospect, than the hill under which I live, and to which I have given the name of Fort Hill, from my fortifications on its side.

CHAPTER VI.

PREPARATIONS FOR A THIRD EXCURSION — LAMAS — CURIOUS COOKERY — A THUNDER STORM.

I HAD now eaten up most of the cocoa-nuts that grew on the only trees of the kind which I had yet seen; and the shore furnished me with such a scanty supply of shell-fish, that I began to be uneasy about getting food enough to keep me from starving.

I had been so constantly employed in making a safe retreat to sleep in, that I had explored only a small part of the island; but now I determined to travel over it, and seek for more cocoa-nuts, and other articles of food.

Being considerably weakened by the hard fare to which I had been exposed, since I was wrecked, and for

some time before, I found the noon-day sun very oppressive ; and having no hat to shelter my head from its ardent rays, I spent half a day in making an umbrella, to shade me on my intended journey. I had neither silk nor whalebone ; nor had I a knife or scissors, sewing-thread or needle ; yet I contrived to make something that answered all the purpose of a large parasol.

I found a kind of willow, the branches of which were very slender and pliable ; with these, I wove a circular piece of wicker-work, like the cover of a round basket ; to the hollow side, I fastened a stick, and made it firm by tying it with pack-thread. Then from a young palm tree, whose top I could reach by a little climbing, I gathered some large leaves, with which I covered the outside of my wicker-work. Thus I contrived to make a screen for my head, which the sun's rays could not penetrate ; and I was as much pleased with this basket-work umbrella, as ever any little girl was with a new silk parasol.

The rest of the day I employed in making a bag to hold any provisions I might be so happy as to find in my excursion ; and having a good stock of pack-thread by me, I thought I would net one with that. I took a piece of reed, that grew in the marshy ground near the sea, to form the meshes on ; and fastened the end of the string to a smooth twig six inches in length, for a needle ; and though it was very inconvenient to net with a long string hanging about, instead of being wound up, as it is on a proper netting-needle, yet, as I was an expert netter, I managed with it ; and before night, I had a good-sized bag, with a string in the top, by which I could hang it round my neck.

Having thus completed the preparations for my journey, I went to bed, slept well, and rose as soon as the first rays of light made their way into my apartment. I tied a large cord round my waist ; into which I stuck my stone mallet, and with my bag and umbrella I began my day's march. I went first to the beach and breakfasted on what I could find there ; then to the group of

cocoa-nut trees, to furnish my bag with a nut, that I might have something to eat at noon, if my morning's walk should not lead me to a new stock of provisions.

The morning was delightful ; the sun was rising in all his glory, and appeared to ascend out of the sea. A variety of birds were singing their morning songs, and rejoicing at the return of light ; the air was pure and refreshing, and the plants and flowering shrubs gave out the sweetest scents. I walked cheerfully forward, on my tour of discovery ; but, as I was not yet assured that the island did not contain beasts of prey or savages, I avoided, as much as possible, all forests and thickets ; and kept, as much as I could, on open ground, which allowed of my looking around me. Unfortunately, those high, open places were the barrenest spots on the whole island, so that I walked a long way without meeting with any thing that could repay me for my trouble. Seeing some pretty flowers, that resembled the convolvulus, and reminded me forcibly of my own garden, in dear, distant England, I gathered several ; and, in pulling at the vine, I happened to pluck up the roots ; they looked a little like potatoes, and thinking they might be eatable, I put a couple of them in my bag with the flowers.

After wandering about all the forenoon, I felt the want of food and rest ; and having just arrived on the banks of a pretty rivulet, I sat down under the shade of a fine branching tree, with leaves like a laurel, to eat the cocoa-nut I had brought with me. I had just begun my repast, when, all at once, I heard a noise like the trampling of many animals. I started up on my feet, and seizing my stone mallet, and holding my umbrella before me as a shield, I prepared to defend myself against the attack of some wild beasts. I soon saw a troop of four-legged creatures coming towards me ; but my alarm was turned at once to joy, on perceiving them to be that most harmless and useful of animals, the *lama* or *Peruvian camel*.

They trotted by, without appearing to see me, and

pursued their way to the rivulet, where I suppose they were accustomed to drink. I watched their movements unobserved. I had once seen a lama, in a collection of wild beasts exhibited at York, and remembered reading an account of the Peruvians taming them, and using them as beasts of burden, just as Europeans do mules and horses. I knew too that warm, soft clothing was made from their hair or wool, and that their flesh was excellent food. This thought brought with it a strong desire to taste a piece of meat, which I had not done for so long a time; and I determined to kill one of them, if I could. For this purpose, I placed myself close to the spot by which they had passed, partly hid behind a tree, with my mallet in my hand, and waited their return from the rivulet. A young one happening to come very near my place of concealment, I gave it such a stroke on the back of its neck, as laid it dead at my feet in a moment.

I never remembered, till I had killed the lama, that I had no fire to dress it by, nor the means of lighting one. I had no flint, steel, matches, or tinder; and though I could strike fire with two hard stones, I could make no use of the spark, without some kind of tinder; and how to procure that, I was entirely at a loss. I had read of savages rubbing two dry sticks together till they take fire; and the moment I recollected that, I was satisfied I could do the same, and therefore promised myself a good meal of cooked meat that evening.

Having rested sufficiently, and eaten a cocoa-nut, I prepared to carry home my dead game. If I could have opened the body, as hunters do, and got rid of its contents, my load would have been much lighter; but the want of a knife, or any sharp instrument, made that impossible; so I threw the whole carcass over my shoulder, and turned my steps homeward.

On my way, I made another agreeable discovery, and that was, of a group of lemon trees; they had fruit and blossoms on them, and some ripe lemons had fallen to the ground; these I picked up and put in my bag. Af-

ter a long and warm walk, I reached the terrace with my various acquisitions. My eagerness to eat a bit of meat made me set to work directly to skin the lama. But this I found impossible, with such a poor tool as a stone wedge. After pulling and hacking away at it for some time, I was obliged to content myself with the tongue, which I succeeded in pulling out whole; and I could not help smacking my lips, at the thought of eating such a delicate morsel, as I knew that would be, when cooked. I next set to work to kindle a fire by rubbing two pieces of dry wood together, and expected to see it light at once. I rubbed so briskly that the sweat ran down my face in large drops, but I could not raise a spark; for when the wood was heated enough to smoke, I was so tired I could not rub a moment longer. While I stopped to rest and recover my breath, the wood cooled, and all my labor was lost. I worked away in this manner a long time, and tried many different kinds of wood, but all to no purpose. I could never do more than make the wood smoke a little. At last I gave up in despair, threw away my sticks, and lay down on the grass exhausted and disappointed. I indulged in many sad thoughts, and mourned bitterly over my lonely condition. "If I only had a companion," said I to myself, "he could rub when I was tired, and we should soon procure fire; but alone here, I am worse off than the savages."

After some time spent in these mournful reflections, hunger made me think of eating the meat raw; but on trying it I found it so tough, I could hardly bite it, and the taste was so unlike that of cooked meat, that I could not relish it at all; and I went to my cave for the night, feeling very hungry and tired and melancholy. Sleep, however, soon came to my relief, and I forgot my troubles for a while.

The first thing I thought of, on awaking the next morning, was the flesh of the lama, which only wanted a fire to make it delicious food. As I lay reflecting upon it, and trying to remember how savage nations cook

their meat, or prepare it without the use of fire, I recollected having read an account of the Tartars putting the meat, they mean to eat, under their saddles, and cooking it by the heat of the horse's body, as they ride along; this heat, I said to myself, may be given to the meat in another way, as well as by the horse's back; so up I jumped and began a new experiment in cookery.

I found two pieces of thin, flat stone; between them I placed the lama's tongue, and began to strike upon the upper stone with my mallet. These blows I continued, without intermission, for eight or ten minutes; and feeling the stone grow hot, I went on striking it with redoubled activity for half an hour or more. By that time, the meat had become, partly by the heat and partly by the blows, quite tender and fit to eat; and to one, who had not eaten any animal food for such a length of time, it tasted very well. I was so hungry that the lama's tongue did not half satisfy me; so I made great exertions to pull off a part of the skin, and get a piece of the flesh to cook in the same manner; and at last I succeeded. I made this still more palatable, by squeezing a little lemon juice over it; and the excellent meal I now made, repaid me for all my labor. I ate it with a thankful heart, and was greatly refreshed and strengthened by it.

I could not help feeling sad, when I reflected on the helplessness occasioned by the want of a common pocket knife; with that, I could have skinned the lama, and saved the skin whole for various purposes. I could have eaten my meat, too, much more comfortably, with a knife to cut it, instead of tearing it to pieces with my fingers and teeth, as I had been obliged to do. I turned my mind from these vain regrets, by thinking over all I had read about the lama, and then a thought occurred to me which proved a most happy one. It struck me that, as the lamas suckle their young, they must have milk; and if I could catch one of the mothers alive, I could use her milk as food, and have the pleasure of her company too. Delighted with this idea, I was revolving

in my mind the best way to catch one, when a violent shower of rain obliged me to shelter myself in the cave. It was the first shower that had fallen since I was cast upon the island ; and though heavy dews and fogs had partly supplied the place of rain, and prevented the earth's being very much parched, I welcomed the shower, anticipating the pleasure of walking out after it was over, and enjoying the freshness of every thing that had been washed by it.

The rain became heavier every moment, till it seemed to run in streams from the clouds, rather than to fall in drops. I had never seen such rain before, but I had read of its being common in the West Indies. Presently it began to thunder and lighten violently. At each flash the cave seemed illuminated, and after each blaze of light there came such loud claps of thunder, as I had never before heard.

I knew how useful storms are in clearing the air, and that men and animals, trees and plants, are refreshed and invigorated by them ; therefore I was not sorry to see one. I rejoiced that I had a cave to shelter me from the rain, and only feared that my barrier might be undermined by the floods of water that came down on all sides. I kept my eyes fixed upon it with some anxiety, and was very sorry to see some of the earth and stones washed away ; but it happened very fortunately, that there was one weak place, in this barrier, at which the rain found a passage ; for otherwise, it would have collected inside, till the quantity of water would have been so great, as to carry away all my works of defence at once. As it was, it made an opening for itself, and ran off harmlessly.

The rain continued so long, that I was obliged to give up all thoughts of making any excursion that day ; but as I sat in my cave, contemplating my barrier and the breach made in it by the rain, I resolved not to close it up entirely, as before, but to leave a space to pass in and out, and secure it at night as well as I could. Never having had any alarm, from man or beast, since I had

been on the island, I began to think so much precaution unnecessary. Also the convenience of a passage in and out would be very great, and save my climbing the ladder so often, and running round the hill to my terrace. In the evening I made my gateway, and secured it with the two oars I had, till I could get something better. Then I went to bed, full of schemes for catching lamas with nooses, as the Peruvians do wild horses, and dreamt all night that I was in the midst of lamas, and horses, and Peruvians.

CHAPTER VII.

CATCHING A LAMA ALIVE — THE CAPTIVE LAMA — EFFORTS TO GET A FIRE — NEW RESOURCES.

FULL of my new schemes, for catching lamas alive, I rose with the sun, and began my preparations for breakfasting on another piece of meat, cooked between stones, as before ; but the remaining flesh of the lama was spoiled, the weather being extremely sultry when I killed it. So I buried it, at a distance from my cave, and went to the beach in search of other food. There I found, in the crevices of the rocks, some large, round balls, that looked like eggs, having soft shells resembling parchment. Supposing them to be the production of some large sea-fowl, I sucked one of them, found it palatable food, and made a very good breakfast in spite of my disappointment about the meat. I then prepared a noose in such a manner, that it should not choke the lama, but only draw up to the size of its neck ; and throwing the rope over my shoulder, I marched off, accoutred as before. The country was greatly improved by the rain ; all the vegetable world seemed clad in new beauty, and the birds sang over my head more merrily than ever. I now penetrated into the island by new paths, and much more beautiful ones than I had before

seen. I crossed some very pretty valleys, abounding in shrubs and flowers, berries and other kinds of fruits. Some of these resembled a little the fruits I had been accustomed to, in my own country, but most of them were such as I had never before seen. The fear of being poisoned could not restrain me from the tempting banquet spread before me by the hand of nature, and I ate without injury of several of the fruits.

Before the sun had reached the highest point of his course, I had crossed the range of hills that run nearly east and west (on the south side of which I live), and penetrated several miles into the country, without seeing any living creature except birds, or discovering the least trace of any human being. I began to fear that, in changing my course, I should miss of the lamas altogether; but being weary with my long walk and the heat of the day, I resolved to rest myself at the first shady place I should find. Seeing a winding river at a little distance, I walked that way, and presently came to a beautiful, wooded spot on its banks. From childhood I had always admired and loved fine scenery, and this taste was now a source of great pleasure to me. I laid myself down on a smooth, grassy bank, and forgot for a while my unhappy situation, in contemplating the beauties of nature around me. But I never remained long unemployed without having painful thoughts, and my mind soon turned to the dear friends and sweet home that were so far off; my tears began to flow, and there is no knowing how long I might have indulged in unprofitable sorrow, had not the well remembered sound of the lamas' footsteps roused me to action.

I jumped up, and had just time to place myself behind a large tree, and adjust my noose properly, before they appeared. I fixed my eye upon a mother with two young ones following her; and as she moved gently by my place of concealment, I had no difficulty in throwing the loop over her head. The bound she gave on feeling the rope touch her, drew it close round her throat, and had well nigh pulled the end of it out of my hand.



Perceiving that her struggles would soon free her from my hold, I made the end of the rope fast by giving it a turn round the trunk of a small tree. Thus secured, she jumped and pulled in vain, till she tired herself out. The young ones played many pranks about her, wondering, no doubt, what ailed their poor mother. I sympathized so much with her unwillingness to be made a captive, that I had serious thoughts of letting her go; but at length I yielded to reason. Knowing how useful she would be to me, and that she would, in time, be reconciled to captivity, I resolved to lead her home if I could.

I might have caught as many as I pleased, for my presence did not alarm them in the least; they passed by me as unconcerned, as if I were a tree or a stone. This should have satisfied me that the island was uninhabited; for whenever the power of man has been felt, his approach is feared by all inferior animals.

The flock of lamas drank at the river, and then trotted off again into the woods; and when I thought my prisoner was sufficiently exhausted to be manageable, I began to lead her to her future home, while her kids followed close after us.

At first she stepped along very quietly, and I began to think I should have no more difficulty with her; but she soon undeceived me, and began such a set of capers that I was obliged to throw away my umbrella, and then, with both hands, I could but just keep hold of the cord. Sometimes she showed her anger by stamping on the ground with her fore feet; then she would bound as high as my head, and draw me along with such force as nearly threw me down; now and then she would stand entirely still, and fix her large, dark eyes upon me, lay back her ears, and spit in my face. I had seen an animal of this kind do the same thing before at a show of wild beasts, or I might have supposed it a peculiar mark of scorn and indignation at my treatment of her.

Occasionally she would allow me to lead her along for some distance; but, at intervals during the whole route, she was very refractory; and I was so worn out

with the exertions I had made, that when I reached my terrace, I could only tie her to a tree, and go at once to my soft bed of hay, where falling asleep directly, my whole night's rest seemed like one short nap.

I well remember that my first sensation on awaking was hunger, for I had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours but the eggs that I found on the rocks, and some wild fruits gathered on my long walk; and this was a spare diet for one who had taken so much exercise. I rose, determined to kill one kid for present use, and by so doing secure to myself a part of the mother's milk; but when I joined my new companions, and saw the pretty gambols and joyous faces of the young ones, and the subdued appearance of their captive mother, I could not bring myself to take the life of either. I tried, however, to get some milk from the old one, but in vain; so I supposed the rightful claimants, the kids, had been beforehand with me, and left nothing for their new master. But I afterwards found that the lama withheld her milk at pleasure; and it was not till she became tame, that I could get a drop from her.

I went to the beach for a breakfast, and found more of the same kind of eggs, and plenty of oysters; both good kinds of food to eat raw. I was now convinced that there was no danger of my starving to death, while I had strength and health to obtain and eat the raw viands within my reach; but still I foresaw many accidents, that might happen, to cut off these resources. I strongly desired, therefore, to have a stock of vegetables and fruits near my cave, together with a flock of lamas, and a fire to cook with. As I had already done more towards making my situation tolerable, than I had at first thought possible for a man to do alone and without tools, I resolved not to despair of effecting a great deal more.

I now turned all my thoughts to the invention of some method for obtaining a fire. I tried to make tinder of dried leaves and decayed wood, and the ravelings of my cotton stockings; but none of these would take fire from the sparks produced by striking together two pie-

ces of quartz ; again and again I lamented my ignorance of the substance called *spunk*, used by the sailors to light their cigars with. I remembered perfectly how it looked, and thought from its appearance it must be a marine plant. I therefore spent many hours looking for it among the rocks and sea weed ; but all in vain. At last, as I was one day in a thick wood looking for coconuts, I seated myself under the shade of a fine branching tree of a kind unknown to me ; and, upon examining its bark, I saw, growing out of it, a *fungus* that looked so exactly like spunk, I could not doubt that it was the very thing I had been in search of. As I always carried two stones in my pocket that would strike fire, I made the experiment at once ; but alas ! without success ; every spark fell lifeless on the fungus. I was disappointed, but not discouraged ; it came into my head that it might require to be dried before it was used. I therefore looked about, to find some that had been severed from the tree long enough to dry, or for a dead tree, on which it might have grown and died with its parent stem. The latter soon presented itself, and my heart beat perceptibly quicker, as I struck the stones together over this dry fungus, and found to my great joy that it kindled immediately. With the lighted spunk, I set fire to some dry leaves and broken twigs, that lay about, and delighted my eyes with the sight of a blaze, that I might fully realize the certainty that I possessed that "best of servants, and worst of masters" — a fire.

As I had nothing with me to cook, I suffered the fire to burn out ; but collected, very carefully, all the spunk I could find, and carried it home. Having no meat in my possession, and my three lamas being now such pets that I could not bear to kill one of them, I went to the beach for something to cook ; intending, if I found nothing else, to gather some oysters and roast them.

As I reached the sands, I saw something on them like a large roundish stone, where I had never remarked one before ; on approaching it, I perceived that it moved on

four legs ; and when I overtook it, I found it to be a kind of turtle, though not exactly like the green turtles, that are brought to England from the West Indies.

I quickly stopped its march toward the sea, by turning it over on its back, which made it quite helpless. Then, following its track to the place it had just come from, on the sands, I found, lightly covered, a large deposit of the soft eggs, which I had eaten for birds' eggs, but which, I was now convinced, belonged to this creature.

Having my bag by my side, I put several of them in it, with sea-weed between, to prevent their breaking ; and then took the turtle on my shoulder, and walked back to my terrace. I thought he weighed a good many pounds, when I first lifted him up ; and before I reached home, his weight seemed doubled. I had scarcely strength to ascend the terrace with him on my shoulder, so much was I weakened by the want of nourishing food, properly cooked.

From descriptions I had read of a kind of turtle or tortoise, found in some of the South Sea islands, and called *terrapin*, I knew this must be of the same kind, and if so, very good to eat ; I was therefore determined to kill him at once, and dress some of the meat. But this was easier said than done ; for he had drawn his head into his shell, and covered it so closely with his hard, scaly legs, that it was impossible to get at it. His legs, when drawn up, presented a tough, hard substance, that just filled up the interstices of his shell ; and made him as invulnerable as a knight in complete armour. I rolled him over and over, and tried every means I could think of, to make him alter his position ; but all in vain. There he remained, immoveably closed up ; well knowing that his safety depended on his being perfectly passive.

This was a most tantalizing situation for a hungry man like me ; if I had possessed a hatchet, I should quickly have divided his upper from his lower shell ; but how to do that with my stone wedge and mallet I did not know. Disliking, however, to mangle the poor crea-

ture without killing him at once, I determined to make a fire and roast my eggs, and let him alone a while longer.

In rummaging round for materials to light a fire with, I found the roots which I had gathered long before, and which belonged to a vine like the convolvulus; these, I also thought of roasting, and having made a fine cheerful fire, and got a good bed of ashes, I put them and the eggs into it.

The eggs were done long before the roots, and as my appetite was very keen, I could not wait for the whole dinner to be served up at once, but began on the first dish; and never did any thing taste so well to me. No one can imagine the luxury of eating cooked victuals, who has not lived for months on raw provisions, as I had done. To me these eggs, though of a coarse kind, and eaten without salt, which they very much needed, tasted deliciously; and when I reflected on the various benefits to be derived from fire, my heart overflowed with gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts, for this great blessing.

When I had done my dinner, I found my boxed-up friend had walked off, unobserved, to a considerable distance; but as soon as I came near him, he shut himself up as before; so I put him on his back, within my enclosure, and left him.

I now set to work to make a fishing-net of the string I had amused myself with spinning, at various times, from the fibres of the nettle. I knew I could catch a variety of fish, which, with the help of fire, would be excellent eating, though quite useless to me without; and as I lived near the sea, in which they abounded, they would be a very convenient article of food.

I let my fire burn out, and some hours after withdrew the roots from the warm ashes, and found them a most excellent vegetable, in texture like a potatoe, but much sweeter. Of these and a drink of lama's milk, obtained for the first time, I made a most luxurious supper; and went to bed, in excellent spirits, and full of schemes for the future.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADDITIONAL COMFORTS — ROAST MEAT — THE LAMA LOADED —
TALKING — FISHING — STATE OF MIND — ANTICIPATIONS —
PREPARATIONS.

THE first days, which I spent on this island, made such a deep impression on my mind, that I can remember precisely what I did each day ; but as week after week passed away, and I became accustomed to my situation, I cannot so distinctly recollect the manner in which my time was employed. Though I know the order of events, I cannot now tell how many days passed, after I caught the live lamas, and before I found the spunk, but I know it was several ; and during that time, there were some little matters, which I have omitted to put down in their proper place, but which I will now mention.

Not knowing that lamas have stomachs somewhat like camels, and that they do not drink often, I thought it important to have a good watering-place for them ; so I put a large shell under the little stream, that flowed out of the rock near my cave. This shell was at least two feet long, and about sixteen inches broad, of an irregular oval shape, with deep notches in the margin, of a pink color inside, and highly polished. The constant flowing of the stream kept it full of water, and made it run over at all these notches. It had thus a very pretty effect, and doubly repaid me, by its beauty as well as usefulness, for the hard tug I had in bringing it from the beach to my terrace.

About the same time, I made myself a comfortable seat, under the shade of a tree, near my pretty fountain, by placing a piece of the plank that was washed ashore from the wrecked boat, on some stones ; and there I frequently sat, to enjoy the company of my dumb companions, the lamas, which had become quite tame. The young ones soon followed me about, and put their noses

into my hand, to find if I had any berries for them, as I often brought home from the woods such as I observed them to be fond of. By robbing them of a little of their mother's milk every day, they were soon weaned; and I had the full benefit of the old one's milk, which I used to keep in cocoa-nut shells, and drink out of the same.

After I found the spunk, I was very desirous of eating some roast meat, not only for the sake of its taste, but because I hoped it would restore my strength, which was considerably wasted; so I went into the country behind the hills, and killed a young lama, and brought it home on my back. I thought the load would tire me less than the exertion of leading it home; and, besides, I knew that if I brought it home alive, I should be unwilling to kill it at all.

The pleasure of eating this sort of food was dearly bought; great was the trouble it cost me, to tear off a part of the skin, divide the limbs, or get off a piece of the flesh, without a knife, or edged tool of any sort, unless my stone wedge may be so called. I was forced to use my teeth and nails, and pull and tear the flesh apart, which was so disagreeable to me, that I could hardly bring myself to do it.

When I had at last succeeded in separating a proper sized piece to roast, I made a good fire, in a sheltered nook of the rocks, near my cave. I then took for a spit a slender branch, and having run it through the meat, I rested the ends on two forked sticks, stuck into the ground before the fire. This was all done and the meat began to scorch, before I remembered that it ought to be basted with something, or it would burn on the outside before it was done through. Having seen my mother's cook use salt and water for this purpose, I put my meat a little way back from the fire, while I ran with two cocoa-nut shells, to the sea-side, for some salt water. When I had brought it to the spot, I found a dripping-pan was still wanting to complete my means of cooking; so, to supply that deficiency, I took my shell shovel, washed it clean, and placed it under the meat,

while I poured on the salt water ; this soon mixed, in the shell, with the juices that dropped from the meat, and made very good dripping.

I made a basting-ladle, by sticking a shell into a slit in the end of a twig ; with this I basted the meat well, all the time it was roasting. It seemed to me to be a great while cooking ; partly, I suppose, owing to my impatience, and partly in consequence of the fire not being enclosed, and there being nothing round the meat to reflect the heat on the side farthest from the fire, as the tinned screen does in my mother's kitchen. Considering my slender preparations, however, I performed the duties of a cook to my own satisfaction entirely. The crackling of the wood was music to my ear, and the sight of the fire delighted me, though its heat made the sweat run down my face.

At last however, the meat seemed thoroughly done ; and for want of a dish, I took it up in the dripping-pan, or shell shovel, and placed it on a large, flat rock for a table. Without a knife, fork, or plate, I was obliged to use my fingers and eat out of the dish ; but hunger and necessity will reconcile one to many things ; so I made light of these inconveniences, and the meat certainly tasted better than the best dressed dish that was ever served up to me before. All that was wanting to make the meal delicious, was bread and salt ; those two common articles of food would now have been to me the greatest delicacies. The dryest crust, the blackest rye bread that I ever saw in England, would have been a treat to me ; and I wondered that I had not valued bread more when at home. I regretted that I had not procured more of the excellent roots resembling potatoes sweetened, and roasted them to eat with my meat ; but that was a luxury reserved for another time. Soon afterwards, I made a business of gathering a large quantity of those roots ; but, as the vine was out of blossom, and I was not well acquainted with the leaf, I had at first some difficulty in finding it.

Remembering that the Peruvians use the lama as a

beast of burthen, I determined to try to make mine useful in that way. It was necessary to have some contrivance for holding the load on the back of the lama ; so after a good deal of consideration, I thought of attempting to make some panniers, such as are slung over the backs of mules, in countries where those animals carry all the burthens.

I found enough of the proper kind of willow for wicker-work, growing near the terrace ; but I had great difficulty in getting off twigs enough for my purpose, as the wood was very tough, and I had nothing to cut it with. When once I had procured my *stock*, it was no trouble to me to weave the panniers ; for I learned the art of basket-making when a boy, and had not forgotten how to set to work. To be sure, I had never woven any thing of the shape I now wanted, with one flat side, to go next the lama ; but I succeeded tolerably well, and made a pair of panniers, that were pretty good mates, and sufficiently strong and capacious.

These I slung over the back of the lama with a stout cord ; and that this might not hurt her, I put it over a piece of bark with a stuffing of grass under it, like the little saddle used in a cart-harness, and made all fast with a string.

I had for some time accustomed the old lama to be led about ; and as I often took her to graze on the herbs she liked best, she was always willing to accompany me. But when I fastened the empty panniers on her back, she was really frightened, and tried to run away from them ; to prevent this, I made blinders for her, of bark, and fastened them on with my cordage. This produced the desired effect ; for, though she was a little uneasy at first, on feeling something on her back, she was not alarmed by it. I accustomed her first to a small load, and then to a heavier one, until by degrees she did all the work I had occasion for.

With this excellent help, I brought to my cave a good stock of the sweet potatoes, as I called them ; also berries and fruits and various kinds of nuts, besides cocoa-

nuts, that I found to be palatable food. I even made her bear one of her own species on her back, when I had killed it for eating.

I hardly need say that I became very fond of this useful creature, and often contrasted my first walk with her, through the woods, with the journeys that we now made together. The kids generally followed in our train, but were not old enough to share our toils. Wild lamas would sometimes approach us, when we were out on these excursions, and show some astonishment at their sister in harness ; but she took very little notice of them, and seemed perfectly contented with her lot. The kids would join the herd and sport with them awhile, but soon left them again, to return to my side, which was a proof of attachment that pleased me very much.

The affection of these animals was a great comfort to me in my solitude ; I used to talk to them just as if they could understand me, and so try to cheat myself into a belief, that they were more to me than their natures were capable of. I had another reason for this ; I feared I might forget how to speak, if I did not practise ; and as I always hoped to be taken off the island by a passing vessel, I wished to be able to speak intelligibly. Every Sunday, I used to recite aloud all the hymns and chapters that I could remember ; and having learned a good many, in my childhood, it kept me spouting for an hour or more. At other times, I would repeat songs, tell stories, and narrate my own adventures, for the sake of practice. Any one who had heard me, and seen me addressing my lamas as if they were human beings, would certainly have thought me crazy.

My terrapin became one of my family, and finding I no longer tried to injure him, he walked about, at his ease, within my barrier. Occasionally I let him out on the terrace, when the kids would try to play with him ; but his grave demeanor baffled them, and prevented any intercourse.

The difficulty of preparing meat for eating made me live a great deal on fish, and I succeeded very well in

contriving some fishing-tackle. I netted a bag and then fastened it to a hoop made of a twig bent round ; this I tried to tie to the flat end of an oar, but for want of a notch in the oar, which I had no knife to make, the string continually slipped off ; instead, therefore, of the oar, I was obliged to get a straight branch of a tree with a small fork at the end. It was very difficult to sever even this slender limb from the trunk without any iron tool, but when I succeeded, it answered the purpose nicely ; for I could put the hoop into the fork, and tie each *tine* to the side of the hoop securely. With this instrument I often scooped up three or four fine fish at once, besides crabs, which I found to be excellent food and easily cooked, for I could roast them in their shell and eat them out of it. As I had no pot to boil any thing in, I was obliged to roast all my fish, or cook them in the ashes.

Procuring and preparing food, with such small means as I had of doing either, took up a great deal of time ; and every thing spoiled so quickly, in this warm climate, that I could do little more than provide for each day as it came. It was, however, very happy for me, that I had this constant employment ; for when I was not obliged to exert myself, I spent hours in melancholy reverie, with my eyes fixed on the ocean, hoping to spy out a sail. During the first month of my solitary life, I was subject to sudden changes in my feelings. After being very busy and cheerful for a while, some trifle would remind me of my misfortunes, and throw me into a state of dejection that would last for hours. When worn out with vain regrets, I used to turn my mind to God ; and when I lifted up my heavy heart to that ever-present Friend, my sorrow would gradually subside. The more I thought on the goodness of my Heavenly Father, the more I loved him ; and with that love, came peace and comfort to my soul. After experiencing this blessed relief many times, I learned to seek it sooner, and thus my fits of melancholy became shorter, and returned less frequently ; but what I suffered during that first summer

can never be told, or comprehended by any who have not been similarly situated.

When I had been on the island six months, by my reckoning, I found it would be inconvenient to count the weeks as they became more numerous ; and therefore I added another column to my calendar by taking another tree and making a notch on that for every four weeks. But as I hoped to get away before it would be necessary to count years, I would not make any arrangements for such a long period.

On first coming here, I found every thing in the beauty of spring ; the vegetable world was putting forth buds and blossoms in October, just as it does in April and May, in England ; and knowing that, in southern latitudes, the seasons are reversed, I considered that I had a long summer before me. In this, I was not mistaken. For many months the weather was fine, though rather oppressively warm, with occasional thunder storms and sudden gusts of wind, that blew for a few minutes, or half an hour, and then were as suddenly over. But when I had enjoyed this fine weather for six months, I began to think what sort of change I might expect. The few cocoa-nut and lemon trees, that I had found, convinced me I need not fear any cold weather ; but I had read of mild climates that were subject to long continued rains. Thinking that might be the case here, and remembering the torrents that fell during a thunder storm, I determined to provide against such a time as well as I could.

As I had not yet explored much of the island, or found out half its resources, I resolved on making an extensive tour while the fine weather lasted. It will seem strange that I should not sooner have visited every part of the small spot of earth to which I was confined ; but several reasons prevented it. My shoes being soon worn out, my feet blistered, and continued very tender for a long while. Besides this, I always liked to be in sight of the ocean from the south side of the island ; it increased my sadness to go away from the coast, even for

a few hours. I feared, too, that there were savages on the other side of the mountains, which divided the north from the south part of the island, and I dreaded discovering myself to them. These, and many other smaller circumstances, had hitherto kept me from wandering far; but now my feet were hardened by use, my fears were allayed by long continued safety, and I was bent on making the tour of the island by the coast, as well as examining the interior. I therefore prepared for an excursion of several days.

My umbrella was often inconvenient; so I made a cap of wicker-work, and covered it very thickly with leaves to defend my head from the sun, and contrived a brim of leaves, likewise, to shade my eyes and neck. I also made a pair of smaller panniers and blinders for the young lamas, and put halters about their necks, and pack-saddles, of bark and hay, on their backs. Having trained them for a few days before I set off, and found them very tractable, I thought I could make them carry the panniers alternately, and lead the one that was loaded, leaving the other at liberty to follow, till her turn came. I took with me some spare ropes and string, my stone wedge and mallet, and a cocoa-nut shell for a drinking-cup, some spunk and stones to strike fire with, my fishing-net and the bag I wore suspended round my neck. This was all the treasure I possessed in the way of implements except my shell shovel, and I resolved not to leave that behind, fearing I might want it in my journey. I took a few baked potatoes with me, for present use, trusting for a further supply of eatables on the way; and thus prepared I set forward. But the history of this excursion deserves a fresh chapter and a new pen. I have written all the foregoing with the same one, lest my stock should not hold out; and without mending it, as I have no penknife.

CHAPTER IX.

DEPARTURE — LAND'S END — GORDON VALE — GORDON BAY —
NAIL COVE — MOSQUITO RIVER — A SURPRISE.

AMONG other preparations for my journey, I had climbed to the top of Signal Hill, to take a survey of the country, and learn something of the coast, that might serve to guide me in my course; but objects look so differently, when viewed from a height, that I was not much the wiser for my toilsome ascent. I discovered, however, that the range of hills, on the south side of which I lived, extended a good way to the eastward, and that the land seemed to be in the form of a point or promontory. As I had never been far in that direction, I resolved to take that course, and, by keeping along at the foot of the hills, see where it would lead me.

Every thing favored my departure, and I set off in excellent spirits, on this tour of observation and discovery. I kept as near the coast on my right hand, as I could without encountering rocks, for I wished to understand the shape of the island and know all its bays and coves; while the range of hills on my left was a general guide.

After walking slowly about three hours, as well as I could judge by the sun, the hills gradually disappeared, and I came to a smooth, grassy cape, or ridge of land, that sloped down to the coast on each side. The herbage here was short and sweet, so I let the lamas graze, while I walked forward far enough to ascertain that this point of land was really what it seemed. The waves gently kissed the shore on each side, and the stillness of the water, far and near, reminded me that it was justly named the Pacific Ocean. There was not a cloud in the sky, or a breath of air to be felt; and as the sun was now pretty high, the heat was oppressive. Being satisfied that the cape terminated in a rocky point,

and that there was nothing further to be seen, I named it the "Land's End," after the last corner I saw of old England, which it somewhat resembled in shape; and hastened back to my lamas, determined to seek a shady spot, in which to rest myself and them.

I now followed the coast on the opposite side of the cape, and soon found myself on the northern side of the same range of hills. I then struck more inland, and came to a narrow valley, that appeared to extend from the hills to the coast, and to be full of trees, for I could see their tops from the high land by which I approached it; and I did not doubt that I should there find water as well as shade.

The sound of a mountain stream saluted my ear, as soon as I began to descend the wooded sides of this valley; but what was my surprise and delight, when, from a rock a few yards lower down, I beheld the prettiest water-fall I ever saw!

A considerable stream leaped from a perpendicular cliff, at the head of this dingle, into a large basin, formed in the rocks many yards below; and then found its way, by various romantic windings and lesser falls, to the sea.

The groves, on each side, were free from underwood, and perfumed the air with their delicious odors. I was lost in admiration at the great variety and beauty of the trees around me; most of them were such as I had either never seen, or seen only of a much smaller size. Here were myrtles and laurels as large as forest trees, besides lofty palms and numerous pimentos. From every part of this last tree proceeded a grateful perfume that filled the air. In an account I once read of Jamaica, there was a particular description of the pimento, by which I knew it as soon as I saw and smelt it; it is much valued there for its seeds, which are used as spice all over Europe, and called in England *allspice*, or *Jamaica pepper*. The trees were now in fruit; and I determined to return here when the time came for gathering the berries, and supply myself with a stock of spice, to season my food with, instead of salt.

Where the stream ran smoothly along, its banks were of the most vivid green, interspersed with flowers of various hues. Such a scene of enchantment I never before beheld ; and I sighed to think, that there was no human being to admire it with me ; no one, to whom I could say, "How beautiful this is !"

The impatience of my dumb companions to reach a particular kind of herbage, that grew near the water, aroused me from my reverie ; and I accompanied them to a part of the stream, where its glassy surface was unbroken by a ripple ; and no one would have suspected it to be in rapid motion towards the sea, unless a leaf or a stick, floating upon it, showed the rate at which it moved.

Here I unloaded the lamas, and gave them their liberty, while I refreshed myself with some of the older one's milk, and the roasted potatoes I had brought with me ; and at the same time feasted my eyes on the beauties around me, and thought of my dear native land and her smiling landscapes.

At first, I thought I should be happier for living in this delightful valley ; but, on further consideration, I knew I could never bear to be out of sight of those "wide waters," towards which I constantly looked for deliverance from my solitude. My first and last act, every day, was to climb, by my rope ladder, to the high land above the cave, and look out for a vessel ; the bare possibility of escape was more to me, than all this fine scenery, much as I admired it. So I resolved to continue my residence at the cave, but to make frequent visits to this romantic spot ; and in imitation of other travellers, who give names to the places they discover, I called this Gordon Vale, in remembrance of my late excellent friend and commander.

Having eaten my dinner, I fell asleep, and so passed away the warmest part of the day. On awaking, I found my faithful attendants sleeping close by me, and the head of one resting on my leg. The attachment and confidence, thus displayed, was a cordial to my heart,

and brought tears to my eyes. As soon as I moved, they started up and seemed as ready as I was, to continue their journey.

I reloaded them, and went down the vale to the coast, where the mountain stream emptied itself into a pretty little sheltered bay, and was so shallow we could easily ford it.

I followed the sweep of the bay, and was examining some curious sea-weed, such as I had not before seen, when a most unexpected sight fixed my eyes — fragments of sailors' clothes, like those I wore, and numerous human bones lying among them. I was convinced that I here saw the remains of my own shipmates, whose bodies had floated ashore, and been quickly consumed by birds of prey and insects.

I could not, at first, account for the clothes being so torn ; but, after a while, I supposed it to be done by the birds of prey, in order to come at the flesh within them. The pieces which had buttons on them, I picked up and threw into my panniers, also the shoes, though a good deal injured by salt water and the sun. I then set to work, to bury the bones, and the rest of the fragments. This I did, out of respect to the memory of my former companions, and for my own satisfaction ; for to them I knew it could not be of the least consequence.

While working, sorrowfully enough, at putting the bones into a grave, dug for the purpose with my shell shovel, I made a most valuable discovery ; it was nothing less than a jack-knife ! I found it still tied, in true sailor fashion, to a button-hole of a jacket. No one can at all imagine how I felt on taking possession of this knife, all rusty as it was, unless situated like me ; which I hope no one ever will be. My joy seemed too much for me ; and being already a good deal overcome by my occupation, I cried and laughed by turns, like a fool.

Finding this treasure put it in my head to look for other articles that might be in the pockets, or fallen out among the bones ; and I was happy enough to pick up another knife, a better one than the first, three tobacco-

boxes and a broken watch, with chain, key, and seal, which I knew to be the captain's. This made my tears flow afresh, as it convinced me that some of the bones, I was then burying, had belonged to my excellent commander.

I also found some Spanish dollars and half-dollars, but they were so perfectly useless to me, I hardly thought it worth while to pick them up ; and I could not help saying aloud, as I compared the real value of silver and iron, "I would not exchange one of my rusty iron knives, for a hundred pounds of silver, or of gold either."

I wondered that men should ever set such a value upon those metals ; not considering at that moment, as I now do, that they are valued, when coined into money, as the representatives of useful articles of food, clothing, &c. ; a convenient kind of substitute, that can always be exchanged for the necessaries of life, among civilized people.

When I had finished burying the remains of my companions, I collected all I had reserved for my own use ; and having carefully secured my precious knives and the watch, I threw the rest into my panniers, only putting the money into the tobacco-boxes.

I then marched off from Gordon Vale and Gordon Bay, well satisfied with the names I had given to those places, and feeling very rich in my new acquisitions.

Finding these bodies on this side of the island, made me think it likely I might discover others, as well as parts of the wrecked boat, and perhaps of the ship *Santa Maria* herself ; as she disappeared from the sand bank, the night after I reached the island, when the wind blew very hard for two or three hours, and was probably dashed to pieces. I now followed the coast closer than ever ; and visited every part that looked like a bay, or inlet, or cove, where I thought it likely any thing might be washed on shore. But though two hours' walking brought me to another small bay, I found nothing but some pieces of plank, too heavy for me to carry away ; these I dragged a little farther from the water than they

might not float away, in case I should want them at some future time ; and carefully extracting all I could of the rusty nails, that were sticking in them, I tied them up in a piece of cloth so as not to lose one of them ; well knowing the value of iron, and of any thing sharp-pointed, like a nail.

I now thought it was time to look for a sheltered spot to spend the night in, as well as for some provisions for my supper. My fishing-net soon procured me a crab, and two or three fishes ; these I put in my panniers, lest the land productions, of this part of the island should not serve me for food ; and then, having determined to call this second bay Nail Cove, I turned my steps inland, and left the seashore for that day.

A beautiful wood, the top of which was illumined by the red glow of the setting sun, looked very inviting ; and I made my way to it over a plain covered with grass as high as my shoulders, which was very tiresome walking. The lamas would not go first, to beat a path for me ; they knew better, and chose to follow in my *wake*.*

This high grass was very dry, and looked a little like a ripe crop of oats ; for the seeds grew on the top of the stalks in the manner of oats, only smaller. They sometimes thrashed my lips as I passed along, and I found they had quite a good, farinaceous taste ; so I put some of them in my pocket, hoping to make them grow near my cave, and improve by cultivation, but they never came to any thing.

After walking at least three quarters of a mile through this high grass, I came to a little sluggish stream, which separated me from the wood where I intended to sleep ; but, as the banks of it afforded some sweet herbage for my companions, I altered my mind, and resolved to pass the night on this side of it. A dry, gravelly bank promised me a good place to sleep on, as I had now little fear of man or beast ; and plenty of dry wood, lying about, offered me the means of making a fire.

* The track a vessel leaves in the water.

I congratulated myself on having brought my supper with me, from the seashore, as I here saw nothing eatable, except some cresses that grew in the brook. I unloaded my lamas, milked the old one, and set them all at liberty to get their own meal, while I cooked mine. But I soon found, that this would prove no place of rest for me, for I was beset by mosquitos on every side; the first I had met with on the island, and coming no doubt from some stagnant waters, near this sluggish stream, which was so unlike the mountain torrents and sparkling brooks, that I had before met with. I hastened to kindle a fire, that I might screen myself from the attacks of these tormenting insects, by getting to *leeward* * of the smoke. I roasted my crab, and tried to eat it, but could not enjoy my supper, on account of the mosquitos; and I determined to quit the spot, before I attempted to sleep. The moon was just risen, and by her light I found my way, with my reloaded lamas, across the stream, which I called Mosquito River. It was not without difficulty that I crossed, as there was a good deal of mud and soft ground on each side. A cloud of mosquitos still followed me, and I feared I should not get rid of them by changing my quarters; but as I ascended the high ground opposite, a brisk wind suddenly arose, and delivered me at once from my tormentors. A long, barren slope led from the river to the wood, which clothed the side of the hill; and, on reaching the skirts of it, I turned to see the prospect, and had a very fine view of the country below. I now perceived, that in crossing the plain of high grass, I had had the mouth of a large river on my right; into which, the small stream, that I had just crossed, emptied itself.

Being very much fatigued, by my day's march, I threw myself down on the first dry and sheltered spot I could find; and my lamas were no sooner unloaded, than they did the same. I observed that they never feed at night; they only sleep and ruminate, being in that respect like the domestic cow.

* The side towards which the wind blows.

I soon lost all consciousness of where I was, in a deep slumber ; how long it continued, or what awaked me, I know not ; but on opening my eyes I beheld a most appalling sight. Vast clouds of smoke and sheets of flame, were rolling over the plain below. I rubbed my eyes and stood up, to convince myself I was really awake ; and then gazed, in silent amazement, at the wide-spreading conflagration, so suddenly and unaccountably kindled. A gentle breeze fanned the flame, and carried it over the plain at a rapid rate. It was a grand sight, and accompanied by such a loud, crackling, roaring noise, as made it quite awful. As I gazed upon it, I shuddered to think how little the power of man could do, to arrest the progress of such a fire as this ; and I felt grateful for my own safety, which I thought I might possibly owe to those tormenting mosquitos, that drove me across the river.

I watched the progress of the fire, till it had swept across the plain, and began to diminish for want of the dry fuel it had there found ; and when it was almost extinct, I dropped asleep again, from exhaustion of mind and body.

CHAPTER X.

SECOND DAY'S JOURNEY — BREAD-FRUIT — CHANGE OF MIND
— PARROTS — MOUNTAINS — STRANGE NOISE — GRAPES
— RETURN — SUPPER.

My second day's journey was so much less remarkable than the first, that I do not remember half so much about it. One thing, however, I must not omit to notice, and that is, my discovering the cause of the fire, the night before. In the morning, the plain presented a dismal appearance, blackened all over by the burnt stalks of grass ; and as I gazed at it, I observed that this black appearance extended, in one place, to the gravelly bank,

by the side of which I lighted my fire. The truth then flashed on my mind. The fire had been communicated by dried leaves and sticks, that lay on the top of the bank, to the grass on the plain, and I was myself the innocent cause of the destruction I had witnessed. I resolved to take a lesson of caution, for the future, from this accident, and never again to leave a large blazing fire to burn out unheeded.

On crossing the top of the wooded hill, on the south-east side of which I had passed the night, and coming to an opening in the trees, I saw the large river, the mouth of which I had discovered by moon-light; it was flowing majestically through a wide valley, bounded on each side by more woody mountains, than any I had yet seen. I spent the whole day in this valley; travelling, sometimes in a forest, sometimes on open ground, and often changing my course without perceiving it; till I came to a height, from which I could see the river, the course of which I was trying to pursue. The beauty of several small valleys tempted me to explore them, and delayed me some hours; but as my object was to see as much as I could of the island, I did not regret it. At night-fall, I found myself in that part of the vale, where a sudden bend of the river to the west seemed to enclose it entirely. A dry nook, among some sheltering rocks, with a bed of fern leaves, received my weary limbs, after a light supper of milk and berries; and undisturbed repose restored my vigor for the morrow.

My interest in exploring the country increased as I proceeded; and though travelling where there are no roads or paths, is very hard work; and depending for food on what one can find, is a very uncertain way of living, I enjoyed myself more, during this journey, than at any time since I was wrecked.

My third day's journey was entirely among the mountains. As I could not cross the river with my loaded lamas, I followed its course among the hills; and was rewarded for my pains, by discovering new and beautiful productions.

Of various trees, that met my view, and were entirely new to me, one kind particularly attracted my attention. It was as large as a middling-sized oak, but with a straight trunk. The branches came out very regularly and horizontally from it, on every side, beginning about twelve feet from the ground ; the lower ones being the longest, and the next set of branches shorter, and so on, up to the top. The shape of the tree was beautifully regular. The leaves were about a foot and a half long, very thick and soft, and yielded a milky juice, when squeezed. The fruit of this superb tree was as remarkable as the foliage ; large, pale green balls hung from every part of it, heart-shaped, and of the size of a child's head. I never saw a richer looking fruit ; but whether it was eatable or not, I did not know ; and I determined, that if it were possible, I would handle as well as see it. I could not climb the bare trunk, and so get to the branches, and thence to the fruit ; what then was to be done ? I threw stones at the fruit, to knock it down, as I did cocoa-nuts ; but it was too tender to bear a blow without injury, and too firmly fixed to the stalk to fall off. At last I thought of a way of getting at it. I threw the end of a rope over one of the long horizontal branches, and having pulled it down within my reach, gathered several specimens of the fruit. It had a thin skin ; and on breaking it open, I found a substance more like new bread, than any thing else ; it had very little taste, and that was sweetish. The sight of it reminded me strongly of the wheat bread in my father's house, and made me long for a slice of it very much. While thinking about it, it popped into my head that I had heard or read of a tree, called the bread-fruit tree ; and that this might be it. As the fruit was not very palatable when raw, I resolved to try it cooked ; for it looked so good, I thought it must be eatable.

Being about the time that I usually dined and rested, I unloaded my lamas, and kindled a fire with my spunk. This fruit seemed too tender to bear baking in the ashes, and as I had no utensil for boiling, I tried roasting it.

Every few minutes, I cut out a little piece with my knife, and tasted it, to find out what effect the fire had on it. Every time I tasted, it was improved ; till at last it was so like bread, that I could no longer doubt it was the true bread-fruit, and that I had made a very valuable discovery. With this bread, and the lama's milk, I made an excellent meal ; and before leaving the spot, I gathered enough to load my lamas, with what was already in their panniers.

I amused myself, as I went along, with cutting sticks with my new found tool, the jack-knife ; and promised myself great advantages from it, when I should return to my cave, and have leisure to clean off the rust and sharpen it on a stone. I slept the third night in a pretty grove of trees, on the side of a hill, surrounded by mountains. I did not fall asleep immediately, but lay on a bed of dry leaves, looking at the moon and stars. Nothing made me feel the great distance which separated me from my friends, more than the appearance of the heavens in a clear night. Instead of the Great and Little Bear, and all those familiar constellations, I beheld a large assemblage of stars, that were entirely new to me ; I could only distinguish among the polar constellations that called the Cross. While gazing on its brilliant stars, my thoughts turned on dear England and those I loved there, and suddenly it crossed my mind that a vessel might pass the island, without my knowing it, while I was so far inland, and that I might thus lose an opportunity of escape from solitude. The idea made me miserable for a while ; I blamed myself for ever leaving the coast, and wished myself back at my cave so much, that I could hardly wait for daylight, to return. After fretting and lamenting for some time, I began to consider whether I was not wrong in making myself unhappy in this way ; and then I thought over the great advantages I had gained by my excursion, and was quite ashamed of myself. Before I went to sleep, I settled it in my own mind, that I had nothing to regret in having taken this journey ; but that it was time for

me to turn my steps towards my cave, and find my way back again to the coast.

I was awakened, the next morning, by strange noises that mingled in my dreams, before they roused me entirely ; when quite awake, I could not tell what to make of them, until I discovered a tree, at some little distance, covered with parrots, that seemed to be holding a council, in which all were talkers and none hearers.

I wished to catch one of these parrots alive, and carry it home with me, that I might teach it to talk, and so have the pleasure of hearing a few words uttered by a different voice from my own. For this purpose, I hastily made some loops of twine, with slip-knots, and fastened them to the ground by suitable stakes, cut with my jack-knife ; then I strewed some crumbs of bread-fruit over them for bait, and withdrew to eat my breakfast, and watch the effect of my *gins*, from a distance. But though the saucy creatures came and ate up the crumbs, and looked very knowingly at the loops and sticks ; they walked over the string, without happening to catch their feet in one of the loops, and I was too anxious to reach the seashore, to spend any more time in ensnaring parrots. But I named the grove after them ; and resumed my walk, as soon as I had finished my breakfast and loaded my lamas.

I now kept the rising sun on my left hand, and marched directly south, knowing that my cave must be in that direction ; and as I had been travelling on a northwesterly course, ever since I left the Land's End, I thought it would be but a short cut, across the country, to my abode on the terrace. I found it, however, a much longer journey than I expected ; for, though the distance was not great, the nature of the ground was such, that I was three days in accomplishing it. The first day I was entirely among mountains ; and they so bewildered me, that I frequently walked many miles out of my way. At night I took up my quarters by the side of a considerable river, which ran across my path, and effectually pre-

vented my going any farther in that direction. I stretched my weary limbs on a grassy bank, and had not yet fallen asleep, but was looking at the stars, and observing the stillness of the night and clearness of the atmosphere, when every nerve in me was shaken by a loud crashing noise, such as I never before heard. It reverberated among the mountains in the most solemn manner, and then died away, making the stillness that succeeded most striking and appalling. It was some time before I could breathe freely, and when I recovered my composure, I felt oppressed by the remarkable stillness of the night. This I had experienced before, but the loud noise was new to me. I could not understand it for some time ; but as I knew it must have a natural cause, I tried to think what it could be. At last I came to the conclusion, that it must be either a falling rock, or a falling tree ; and as it had not affected my safety, I resolved not to be kept awake by it. After asking the protection of God for the night, I fell asleep and rested well.

In the morning, I surveyed the right bank of the river for some place shallow enough to be forded ; for, though I could easily have swum across it myself, and so could my lamas too, without their loads, I was obliged to devise some means of taking my goods and chattels over. The stream was deep and rapid, and there was no possibility of crossing it thereabouts ; so we were forced to turn our faces eastward, and go up the valley by the side of the river. I soon found that it took a bend to the south, which favored my course ; and by going over a high hill, I got rid of the river, and saw no more of it. But the precipices and chasms, that I met with, frequently turned me out of my way, and prevented my getting much nearer the coast, after a long and fatiguing day's march. I lived, during this part of my journey, on bread-fruit and milk. The third day I was allured from my direct southerly course, by a fertile looking plain to the west ; and there I met with a rich reward for all my toilsome journey over the moun-

tains, an abundance of fine ripe grapes, on which I feasted both my eyes and palate, and found them very refreshing. The vines hung in beautiful festoons from tree to tree, or covered, with their rich foliage and fruit, the smaller bushes and shrubs that grew in their way. Numerous trees, such as I had seen elsewhere, and many that were new to me, adorned this beautiful plain, which was bordered on the north and south by a river, on the east by the mountains, and extended to the west further than I had time to go. I was very desirous of taking away with me some of these delicious grapes; but how to carry them, without crushing them by their own weight was the difficulty. At last I thought of tying some bunches to the edges of the panniers on the inside, and in this way I brought off a small supply, resolving to go there again very soon and procure more. I also gathered some ripe lemons on this luxuriant spot, which I called my vineyard. The river that lay to the south of this plain, intercepted my course homeward, and obliged me to go up its banks till I found a shallow place, at which to ford it. I now approached the range of hills on the south side of which I lived, and saw a flock of lamas sporting on their sides. This was a most fortunate encounter; for being now possessed of a knife, I longed much to eat some roast meat, properly cut and carved. Yet I had neither time nor strength to go out of my way in search of them. Attracted by the tame lamas, they came very near us, and seemed to be observing the difference between these loaded animals and themselves. I therefore had no difficulty in knocking down a young one with my stone mallet. On seeing their comrade fall, they all took to their heels and scampered off among the hills.

I shall never forget the satisfaction I felt in having a sharp instrument, with which to cut open the lama and take out the contents of the body. I put it across the back of the unloaded kid, and tied the feet under her. Soon afterwards, I reached a part of the hill where I had frequently been before, and felt something of the

pleasure that travellers do, on approaching their homes ; though mine was nothing but a cave on a desert island, and contained no friend to greet me on my return. When I came over the brow of the hill on which I lived, and was again in sight of the ocean and the beach on which I first landed, my heart swelled with a variety of emotions that caused me a flood of tears ; and I should have thrown myself down on the grass, and indulged in a long and painful reverie, had not the necessity of following my lamas, who were trotting nimbly towards their well known home, obliged me to hurry forward to unload them.

The sight of my flourishing hedge, pretty fountain, and comfortable retreat, the cave, awakened better feelings, and made me glad to get back to my accustomed abode ; and when I had reflected on the treasures I had acquired in my excursion, I became quite cheerful. Being very hungry and in need of nourishing food, I resolved to have a meat supper ; so I set about skinning the dead lama with my jack-knife, while it was yet light enough for me to see to do it. I cut off a good slice of the haunch, and roasted it as well as I could without any salt water to baste it with ; and having seasoned it with lemon juice, I ate it with a good relish ; all the better too for having a knife to cut it with, and some roasted bread-fruit to eat with it. This was the best meal I had yet made on the island ; and after my long privations it seemed so excellent, that I thought nothing could be better. The business of preparing my supper had driven away all sad thoughts ; I ate it with a thankful heart, and went to bed composed and happy.

When I lay down on my bed of hay, I felt a lump under me that never was there before ; and on thrusting my hand through the hay to feel what it could be, I discovered my old friend, the terrapin ! He had probably taken possession of my bed for one of his long naps of two or three months, and little expected to be disturbed till he was ready to come forth ; but I soon showed him the way out of my sleeping apartment, and covered him up with hay in a nook outside of the cave.

It was not time yet for the terrapin to lie dormant, as his brethren were to be seen walking about the shores ; but I suppose that, being a prisoner and deprived of his usual walks, he betook himself to sleep, because he had nothing else to do.

CHAPTER XI.

LAYING IN STORES — RIDING THE LAMA — RAINY SEASON
— INACTIVITY — AN ALARM — A LAMP.

THE morning after my return from my journey, I spent in overhauling the treasure, of various kinds, that I had brought home with me. Different ledges of rock, in my cave, served for shelves ; on these I arranged my bread-fruit, and stowed away my tobacco-boxes filled with silver coin, and the old shoes and pieces of clothing and nails, that I had picked up in Gordon Bay and Nail Cove. The bunches of grapes, I hung up in the sun to dry ; and took care to put them out of the reach of the lamas, who liked grapes as well as their master. My precious jack-knives I kept always about me, well secured to button-holes, that I might not lose them in any of my walks and jumps. With one of them, I cut some small stakes, and stretched out the lama's skin on the grass, that it might dry in the sun, and be of some service to me afterwards.

I found it took up so much time to cook victuals three times a day, that I now dressed enough at once to make several meals, and ate it cold. As long as the lama's flesh lasted, I desired nothing but that and the bread-fruit. I found, however, that a large portion of the meat spoiled before I could eat it, and I tried to invent some way of preserving it ; which, as I had no salt, was very difficult.

I remembered having read, that the Peruvians cut up their meat in long strips, and hang it in the sun to dry; and I tried this experiment, but it did not succeed, owing, I suppose, to the air being moister here than in Peru, where it is remarkably dry. I next tried to make the water of the ocean answer instead of brine. I put a piece of meat in a hollow of the rock, which I filled with salt water by means of a capital dipper, made with four cocoa-nut shells, tied upon an oar; with this I soon baled up water enough to fill the hollow, and having put the meat in, I laid a clean stone on it to keep it under water. Here it kept longer than in the open air, but not long enough for me to depend on a stock of provisions so cured.

The day that I was disappointed, by the meat's spoiling which was in salt water, I found, on the shore, a fine, large terrapin; and happening to have a stick in my hand with a fork at the end of it, I went softly behind the creature, and pinned his head to the sand with my stick, in such a manner, that he could not draw it into his shell, and then I easily severed it from his body with my jack-knife. The nourishing food I had lately eaten, had so restored my strength, that I easily shouldered this heavy terrapin, and carried him to my terrace. There I cut open his shell and cooked some of the flesh, which I found to be delicious food, of a much finer flavor than the lama, and so much fatter, that I was at no loss for any thing to baste it with. I had found a deep recess in the rock, near my cave, where I made my fire. Being sheltered from the wind, it burnt pretty steadily, and a good quantity of ashes retained the heat, and enabled me to roast and bake pretty well. Still I was greatly in want of cooking utensils, and, next to a knife, an iron pot would have been the greatest gain to me.

Having cooked as much of the terrapin as I could eat while good, I regretted very much that the rest should spoil. While I was thinking what I could possibly do with it, my eyes rested on a thick column of smoke, that was rising perpendicularly from my fire, by the side of a



smooth rock ; and it suddenly came into my head, that I might preserve meat by smoking it. When I had once thought of this way, I wondered it had not occurred to me before, for I had seen fitches of bacon smoked in the chimney of my father's kitchen ; and though they were salted first, I trusted that the smoke might do without the salt.

As I could not drive nails into the rock to hang the meat on, I fixed two poles, one on each side of the fire, and made the ends meet above it, high enough not to burn, and low enough for the meat, suspended between them, to hang in the thickest of the smoke. I selected the leanest part of the terrapin to dry ; and having hung it up, and made a good fire under it, I preserved the fat, by melting it in my shovel and pouring it while hot into a cocoa-nut shell. This I thought would do to baste a lean lama, or might be used as butter with the bread-fruit or sweet potato, when I was too busy to prepare a dish of meat. It never served me for either of these purposes, but proved far more valuable in another way, as will appear hereafter. The upper shell of the terrapin, which was very rounding, I scraped out clean, and set in the sun to dry. It made me an excellent vessel, fit for various uses ; and the under shell, which was nearly flat, I prepared in the same way, and employed as a plate.

My plan of smoking succeeded so well, that I made several excursions after lamas, in order to get their meat and prepare a stock of provisions for the winter, before the fine weather should be over. I found the lamas had become shy of me and my tame companions. I was often obliged to spend hours in ambush, in order to get a chance of killing one. Sometimes I attempted to run down a young one ; and as my activity and speed increased much with practice, I was soon able to catch them in this way. I kept some alive and increased my flock of tame ones, as well as added to my store of smoked meat. Between my hunting excursions, of which I became very fond, I occupied myself in digging up a fresh

stock of sweet potatoes ; and with the help of my lamas I brought home a large supply of that excellent vegetable.

The grapes which I had hung up in the sun dried so well, that I determined to have a good store of them by me. Accordingly, I went to the rich plain I called my vineyard, before the grapes were over ripe ; and as I could not, with all my contrivances of sticks put across the panniers, carry home many in this fresh state, I resolved to gather a large quantity, leave them to dry there, and go for them when they had become raisins, and could bear transportation. I brought home with me, in one of these excursions, several dozen limes and lemons, from trees that grew in the vineyard ; and, as the best means of keeping them, I surrounded each one with soft, dry hay, and stacked them up in a corner of my cave. The dried grapes proved excellent. I brought home two large panniers nearly full of them, and for want of something else to put them in, I let them remain in the panniers and stand where they could in my cave, which began to be so filled up, I had hardly room to move in. Expecting a very rainy season when the winter should set in, I was anxious to have all my provisions within the shelter of my cave ; and that being only about ten or eleven feet deep, by eight or nine wide, my bed and stores nearly filled it. As fast as the meat which I hung in the smoke was sufficiently dried to keep, I removed it to the cave ; some of it I hung up, and some I packed in dry sand, hoping that would help to preserve it, if not sufficiently smoked. The lamas' tongues I took particular pains with, and they kept perfectly well for months.

When I had secured a good stock of these provisions, which were to be had without going far from home, I determined to make an excursion to Gordon Vale, and gather some of the pimento berries, or allspice, which must, I supposed, be ripe by that time. As the clouds began to gather and the weather looked threatening, I was desirous of going there and back as quickly as possible ; so I thought I would try to make my old lama

perform the duty of a saddle-horse. As I mounted her very gently, with her blinders on, she made no opposition to it; but when I was seated on her back, I could not make her go forward; she waited to see me by her side. When I spoke to her, she would turn round to look for me. By degrees, however, I coaxed her to proceed; and by the time we were a mile from home, she trotted off with me at a brisk pace, and I found the motion agreeable and exhilarating. Her thick, soft wool and hair made a very good saddle, and I enjoyed my ride to Gordon Vale exceedingly. That romantic spot charmed me as much on my second visit as before; and, had not the weather warned me to lose no time, I could have lingered about those groves, and that waterfall, for hours. As it was, however, I hastened to fill the small panniers I had brought, with the green berries that contain the spice, and made the best of my way home again. I arrived just in time to avoid a drenching shower, and was truly glad to find myself safe within my cave. I only regretted it was not large enough to hold my lamas too. A clump of trees which grew on my terrace were their shelter; and by feeding them every evening with a plant they were very fond of, and keeping one tethered, I easily prevented the others from straying.

This proved to be the beginning of winter; and though I was tolerably well prepared for it, there were still many things left undone that would have added greatly to my comfort, by giving me employment when confined to my cave.

I regretted that I had not laid in a stock of the fibrous nettle, and soaked and dried it, ready for twisting into pack-thread and cordage; as that would have been an excellent occupation for me during the many hours that I sat with nothing to do but to watch the torrents of rain that fell, with occasional intermissions, for several weeks.

One difficulty now presented itself, which I had never once thought of before the rainy season set in; and that was, how to make a fire, in the midst of so much wet.

My cave was too small, and too much crowded with combustible matter, for me to light one inside of it; and without, every thing was so wet, that it was scarcely possible to make the wood burn. I was obliged, whenever I did make a fire, to rob myself of some of the hay I slept on for kindling-stuff.

My smoked meat I ate raw. By cutting it in very thin shavings, with my jack-knife, I could chew it, and, by degrees, I learned to like it tolerably well. Whenever the rain ceased long enough for me to make a fire, I improved the opportunity to bake as much provision as I could consume while it was good. In these intervals I visited the shore, and picked up oysters and crabs to vary my diet.

I found it necessary to be very careful not to wet my clothes at this time, for if I did I could not dry them again for a great while, having no fire constantly burning and no sun-shine; besides the air was chilly, and as I had no room to exercise in my cave, I thought it would certainly make me ill, if I sat still in wet clothes. I missed my accustomed exercise exceedingly, and felt the want of useful occupation so much, that my time passed very heavily. I lost my appetite too, and my food did not taste good to me, as it used to do, when I returned to it after a day's hard work in the open air. During the nights, which were now so long that I could not sleep through them, I used to lie in the dark, thinking of my far distant parents and friends, and lamenting my unhappy condition. For the first week after the rain set in, I used, as soon as it was dark, to throw myself on my bed and begin a melancholy train of reflections; till one evening, my mind was suddenly impressed with a strong conviction, that I was doing wrong in thus indulging sad thoughts and useless regrets. I always knew that it was foolish to do so, but now it appeared to me great ingratitude to that benevolent Being who had comforted and supported me in the severest trials, and who had led me to find so many alleviations in my solitude. Struck to the heart by this sense of my ingratitude, I earnestly de-

sired to value my blessings as I ought, and by degrees my mind became so tranquil and happy, that I was surprised at myself. I was sure that God loved me, and my heart was full of love to Him; and the happiness of loving Him, as I then did, was so great, that I thought I could be content to live alone on that island all my life, if I could be always in that frame of mind. After this, I spent a great many hours in pleasant meditation, and happy thoughts about God, and his care over his creatures; and the nights did not seem so tedious as they had before done.

One of my few amusements at this time was feeding my flock of lamas, on a kind of berry that they are very fond of, and of which I had laid in a good stock for their use. After wandering about all day, and sheltering themselves from the rain among the trees and rocks, they would come a little before sunset to the enclosure before my cave, and, when I let them in, they eagerly devoured all I chose to give them. Sometimes they tried hard to get into my cave, and it was as much as I could do to keep them from taking possession of my apartment, and helping themselves to my provisions; but as soon as they had taken their allowance of berries, and I had stroked and patted them a while, I generally drove them out of my enclosure, and barricadoed the entrance with branches of trees. One night after doing this, I seated myself on a pannier, turned upside down, at the entrance of my cave, to watch the last rays of the sun, whose slanting beams were visible on the watery atmosphere, and was deep in thought, when I heard a sound behind me like a person sighing deeply. It went through me like an electric shock, and so amazed and startled me, that my knees trembled, under me, as I jumped up and stepped into the cave to see whence the sound proceeded. It was so dark I could see nothing, and so still that I heard nothing, but the beatings of my own heart. I felt about, but could discover nothing, and concluded, at last, that I must have been mistaken; perhaps I had sighed myself, and some part of the cave had returned the sound to my ear. Thus I reasoned with myself, but

still I was not satisfied, and I earnestly wished I had a light to see if any living thing was in the cave besides myself. I then recollected the cocoa-nut shells that I had filled with the fat of the terrapin, which had soon become too rancid to eat ; this I knew would burn if I could contrive a wick for it. After much consideration, and trying several things that would not do, I put my hand on the ravellings of my cotton stockings, which I had attempted to use for tinder without success ; and doubling up a short piece and twisting it slightly, till I made a wick about as large as that of a tallow candle, I stuck it into the grease, and having struck fire on my spunk, I blew it till it lighted the cotton wick. This interesting occupation made me forget all about the unaccountable sigh ; but on looking round my cave, to see it illuminated by my new lamp, I was surprised and amused to perceive that I had an uninvited guest, sleeping very quietly in the farthest corner. A young lama, which had escaped my observation when I drove out the flock, had preferred good quarters to good company, and it was a long breath of hers that I had mistaken for a sigh.

I could not bear to turn her out that night in the rain ; so, after amusing myself some time with my lamp, and finding it succeed perfectly well, I put it out and went to bed.

CHAPTER XII.

BOWS AND ARROWS — A FIT OF SICKNESS — UNEXPECTED RELIEF — RECOVERY — NEW CLOTHES.

HAVING accustomed myself to a great deal of exercise, I suffered much during the rainy season from the want of it, though I took advantage of every interval of fair weather to stretch my limbs, by running on the hills behind my cave, or down to the shore and back again.

My unavoidable idleness, too, was a great trial of my patience. Though I did not indulge melancholy thoughts, after the first week, and had many happy feelings and delightful meditations upon the great Creator and his works, I still wished to find something for my hands to do, as I sat in my cave from morning till night.

At last, I thought of making some bows and arrows, and learning to shoot at a mark, which would prepare me for a new kind of sport when the fine weather returned. I made several excursions between the showers, or rather torrents, and brought home several large bundles of rods and branches of various trees, before I found any thing suitable for a bow; and when, after much pains and labor, I discovered a kind of wood that was elastic and supple enough for the purpose, it was so tough, that I had great difficulty in severing the branch with my jack-knife. I did succeed, however, and had great satisfaction in shaping it into a bow. I also made a great number of arrows, and winged them with the feathers of a large bird, that I found dead on the shore. I knew they would not fly steadily, unless they were loaded with something heavy; nor do much execution, without being sharp pointed, and, at the same time, not liable to break; but how to unite these properties was the difficulty. I had read of savages that fix fish-bones, and sharp stones, to the end of their arrows; I tried both, but the bones were too light, and the stones were not sharp enough. I made but a clumsy piece of work of it at that time. How I afterwards succeeded, will be seen when I come to that part of my story.

In looking for wood to make my bow and arrows of, I came across a large bed of that kind of nettle which furnished the fibres for my twine and cordage. Finding the rain had so completely soaked the stalks, that the fibres separated very easily, I carried home a good supply of it; and had ample employment in spinning and twisting it for future use. With some of it, I made new fishing-nets, and a stock of strings for my bow, which I took particular care to make smooth and strong.

I had now so much occupation, that the dark, rainy days did not give me daylight enough for all I wanted to do, and I found my cocoa-nut lamp very convenient. As the fat was consumed, I cut away the sides of the shell, that I might have all the advantage of the light which the blazing wick could give; and by the decrease of it I judged how time passed, and avoided sitting up too late, which I might have done without perceiving it, when busily engaged.

About this time, I made myself a sort of high bench for a table, and a three-legged stool, out of the pieces of plank that I picked up on the shore, immediately after my shipwreck; with my jack-knife I cut holes in the corners, and stuck in legs, made of the boughs of trees, and wedged them in very tight. These two articles, simple as they were, added greatly to my comfort; and could not have been procured without the use of a knife.

Now I believe I have related all that happened to me, before I fell ill, which was a new and unexpected trial that befell me towards the close of the rainy season, and was, I suppose, a seasoning sickness, that few escape on first living in a new climate.

I was seized with shivering fits, pains in my head and limbs, and a burning thirst; all these symptoms came on so quickly, that I had only time to fill some cocoa-nut shells with water, and set them by the side of my bed, before I was obliged to throw myself upon it, in utter helplessness. I had often thought how miserable my condition would be, in case of my being ill; but had always hoped my active life and hard fare would preserve me from it; and, as I lived almost like wild animals, I hoped to escape sickness, and die suddenly, as they generally do. I now perceived that I was not to be so favored; I was to experience the miseries of that situation in which, of all others, we are most dependent on the kindness of our friends, without the aid of any human being. My heart sunk within me at the thought; and, overcome by bodily and mental suffering, I wept aloud. This emotion increased the pain in my head, and I soon found

myself in a burning fever, and felt so badly all over, that I had no doubt my death was near at hand. This idea comforted and calmed me; for I had, for some time past, regarded death as a friend, that would deliver me from all my present trials, and unite me for ever to that Good and Great Spirit, who had been my support in this solitude. I dreaded a long fit of sickness, without any one to assist me; but I welcomed the idea of death, and only hoped it would come quickly, and relieve me from my sufferings.

Thinking of this desirable change, I turned my mind on that Almighty Father, whose love had so often filled my heart, and made me happy in spite of my desolate condition; and I was surprised to find, how much less I felt the pain of my body, when my thoughts were fixed on God. How long I continued in this state, I know not. I remember suffering much from thirst, after I had drained my nut-shells dry; and I have an indistinct recollection of going to the fountain, and drinking plentifully of its crystal water. But whether I did so, or whether I only dreamt it, I cannot say; though from what afterwards occurred, I think it probable, that in the delirium of fever, I went there and drank, and that it produced a favorable crisis; for I remember being in a profuse perspiration, and very sleepy; and when I came to the full use of my reason, the fever had left me, and all my pain was gone. I could not at first recollect what had happened. On trying to get up, I found myself so excessively weak and helpless, that I could not doubt I had been ill and delirious; but it was long before I could recall all the circumstances I have here set down.

I had scarce strength to turn myself on my bed of hay, and I could not sit up five minutes, or stand at all. In this condition, what was to become of me! There was no human being to bring me the little nourishment I so much needed; and I expected nothing, but to starve to death, which was, I knew, a lingering and painful way of dying.

I however soon became resigned even to this; my

heart was full of love to God, and I felt willing to submit to any thing.

I judged by the shadows at the mouth of the cave, that it was near sunset, and was considering how long I should probably live without food, when I heard the sound of the lama's footsteps, and the next instant my old friend was at my side. She seemed surprised to see me lying there, instead of being ready to feed her with her favorite berries; and while she was surveying me, I resolved to make an effort to use the little strength I had in milking her. I put my hand accidentally on an empty cocoa-nut shell, and she no sooner perceived my intention, than she placed herself so conveniently, that I easily drew from her as much as I required, and drank it off. Never was there a more acceptable draught, or more seasonable relief; it gave new vigor to my exhausted body, and filled my heart with wonder, love, and praise.

I was very much puzzled, to know how the lama found her way into my enclosure; because I knew that I had fastened up the opening, after filling the cocoa-nut shells with water, just before I took to my bed; but I have since concluded, that I must have gone to the fountain in my delirium, and left the pass open on my return, thus enabling the faithful creature to render me this kind service. She rewarded herself by eating heartily of the berries she was so fond of, and then went away.

Revived by the milk, I contrived to crawl to that corner of my cave, where I kept my raisins; and by eating a few of them, at several different times the next day, I did very well, till the lama came again, and again supplied me with a delicious draught of milk. She was now accompanied by the rest of the lamas, and they made an end of their berries very quickly. If my raisins had not been well secured, they would have eaten them too; for I had no power to prevent their doing as they pleased. The rains were abated, and the weather was very fine, or I suppose I should have had the whole flock to sleep in my cave, not being able to drive them out; but as it

was, they preferred another lodging, much to my comfort and satisfaction.

In a few days I was able to walk about a little, and to enjoy the beautiful appearance that every thing was putting on since the rains had ceased. The fineness of the weather aided much in my recovery ; and as soon as I was well enough to venture on a long walk, I went into the woods with my bow and arrows to try my skill in archery by shooting at birds. Considering the clumsiness of my arrows, I succeeded tolerably well ; for I killed two birds in twenty shots. And though it cost me a great deal of fatigue and the loss of many arrows, I was well satisfied with my day's sport, and had a good meal of the birds, which I roasted, and ate with an excellent appetite.

I found the pimento berry, or Jamaica pepper, very useful in seasoning my food, instead of salt ; the want of which was for several months a serious inconvenience to me. I often revolved in my mind the possibility of obtaining some, not only as a seasoning to render my food more palatable, but as a means of preserving meat ; but all my schemes failed at that time for want of proper tools.

The weather was now that of a fine, mild spring ; but vegetation was much more tardy than I had ever seen it in England. Dame Nature seemed to be taking advantage of the long summer before her, to do her work as slowly as possibly. The singing of birds, however, and the agreeable temperature, rendered my walks delightful ; and, after my long confinement to such narrow bounds, I highly prized the privilege of again exercising in the open air.

It was about this time, that my clothes became so ragged and worn, that at every leap or run I took, they would split out or give way in some new place ; and I found it absolutely necessary to invent some kind of covering for my body. The difficulty of the task made me think of accustoming myself to go without clothes, as some savages do ; but, on trying the experiment, I found

many inconveniences that I had never thought of. The heat of the sun scorched my skin till it almost blistered; the mosquitos, which had become numerous in some parts of the island since the rainy season, tormented me sadly; and I was continually scratching and hurting myself in passing through the woods. Besides all this, I felt so uncomfortable in this savage state, that I could not bring myself to bear it.

Clothes therefore being absolutely necessary to my comfort, I set about contriving some out of the skins of the lamas which I had killed for my stock of smoked meat. These skins I had stretched and dried in the sun, but had not tanned them; and therefore they were stiff and brittle, and proved very difficult materials to work into any shape that could be worn without chafing me. They were besides much too warm a covering for the climate; but as I had nothing else to make clothes of, I resolved to use these for the present, and to tan some skins for future use. Accordingly, I cut out a jacket and a pair of trowsers, as well as I could, by using my old clothes for a pattern, and making my new ones a good deal larger. I sewed up the seams, by making holes in the skin with a sharp pointed nail, and then pushing the thread through with my fingers. This was very slow work, but still the edges were fastened together, and I went on very patiently with my clumsy tailoring. At last I remembered seeing shoe-makers fix a bristle to the end of their thread to make it go through more easily; and though I could not get any bristles or shoe-makers' wax, I thought I might find something that would answer as well. After trying thorns, and straws, and several other things, I found that a fish-bone would do pretty well, and by means of a row of fine notches on one end, I could tie the thread to it without its slipping off; and with this contrivance I got on a little faster. The buttons on my old clothes being made of horn or metal, they were not worn out; so I transferred them to the new ones, and made slits serve for button-holes.



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After working very industriously for many hours, I completed my suit of clothes ; and, though they were such shapeless things, as hardly deserved the name of jacket and trowsers, they served to cover my body without impeding its movements ; whereas the old rags had become so troublesome, I was glad to throw them off. As soon as I was equipped, I took my bow and arrows, and went into the woods to shoot birds. On my way I passed a little pond of water made by the late rains ; being smooth as glass, it reflected my image like a mirror, and when I caught a sight of it, I was so astonished at my wild and savage appearance, that I hardly knew myself. My hair had grown very long and thick and fell over my neck and shoulders, whilst, in front, I parted it and hitched it behind my ears. My beard covered my upper lip and chin. This hairy appearance, added to the fur of the lama skins in which I was dressed, gave me a wild and almost ferocious look. My wicker hat, covered with leaves, was not the most becoming head-dress in the world, and with my bow and arrows in my hand, I might have passed for an Indian warrior among my friends in England ; for none of them could possibly have recognised, in the figure I then cut, the smooth-faced and blooming youth whom they parted from in York.

CHAPTER XIII.

RESOURCES — SALT-MAKING — SLIDE OF EARTH — ANNIVERSARY — LIME — SALT-MAKING — A HAY STACK — POTTERY.

WHEN I was once equipped in a new suit of clothes, I spent most of my time in the open air, and made up for my long confinement to the cave, by wandering about the island a great deal. After I was recovered from

my seasoning sickness my appetite became very keen ; and having a plenty of animal food and a fire to cook it by, I soon regained my strength, and became broader and stouter in my figure, than I ever was before. My chief amusement was chasing lamas, and by constant practice I became very swift of foot, and an expert climber among the crags and precipices of the mountains that they frequent.

I had now experienced what a winter was in this fine climate ; I had explored a great part of the island ; I had acquired some regular habits of living, and I began to feel at home in my domain, and accustomed to solitude. My greatest wants were salt, bread, and a kettle ; for the first I had used Jamaica pepper, but it was a very poor substitute ; for the second I had bread-fruit, when in season, but that was only a small part of the year ; as for the last, I could find nothing to supply its place.

The sweet, mealy roots which I called potatoes, were a very valuable article of food ; and I determined to keep a good stock of them always by me. I thought a little of making a garden near my cave, and planting it with those roots and other esculent vegetables ; but considering the difficulty of fencing it in from the lamas, and my ignorance of the proper method of cultivating these vegetables, I resolved to trust to nature's planting, and only take the best advantage of her bounty. It was no objection to me, that the places where the sweet potatoes grew wild, were a good way from my cave ; as I had nothing better to do, than to go after them with my lama and panniers.

Having given up all thoughts of a garden, there were two other projects that ran in my head, on which I dwelt a great deal ; one was for enlarging my cave, the other for making salt. The former I knew to be practicable ; it only required industry and perseverance in removing piece by piece a loose rocky ledge ; but the latter puzzled me extremely. I knew that sea water contained salt, in solution, but how to come at it I could not tell,

In all the accounts I had ever read, or heard, of making salt from salt springs or sea water, the process consisted in boiling ; and I had no pot, or kettle, or other utensil in which to boil any thing. I had read in some book of voyages, that the natives of an island in the Pacific Ocean, make salt from sea water, by suspending it in a large leaf over a fire ; but I had seen no leaf on the island, that was at all like the one there described. Still I was not discouraged ; I went on thinking about it, and trying to remember all I had ever learnt of evaporation and crystallization, which I knew to be the two things necessary in order to make salt. At last I recollected that in the course of lectures, which I attended in York the winter before I left home, the lecturer said that the sun produced evaporation ; that clouds were formed by the small particles of water which his heat caused to rise from rivers, lakes, and oceans. I had moreover often remarked how quickly the sun dries up or evaporates, in the morning, the dew that collects on plants in the night ; so I resolved to try whether the heat of the sun, which is very great here in the middle of the day, would not evaporate the water and leave the salt, if I put some sea water in a shallow place, where the sun would shine on it all day long.

For this purpose I formed a shallow pan of earth, above high-water mark, and undertook to fill it with seawater, with my cocoa-nut dipper ; but the water would sink into the earth and disappear. This puzzled me a good deal, for I could not see why the water did not stay above ground there as well as on the beach, where the sea remained upon it. So I lay down, well tired with my fruitless exertions, to ponder on the subject, and after a while I came to the conclusion that the beach was so small compared to the waters that rolled upon it, that if it soaked up all it could, it would make no perceptible difference ; and I have since found that below the level of the sea at high water, the sand is always full of moisture.

My next attempt was to form a pan of clay ; and I

made an excursion with my lamas to a narrow valley, where I had observed some appearance of a clay soil. On approaching the spot I could not recognise it; the valley seemed to be filled up and changed entirely. On scrambling up a bank of loose earth and stones, I beheld such a phenomenon as I had read of, but never expected to see. It was what was called a *slide of earth*. Since I was last there a large tract of land had slidden down from the side of the mountain, and half filled the valley. I discovered that the bed of earth thus removed, had rested upon a slanting, smooth rock; and when moistened by excessive rains, it could not, I suppose, keep its place, but glided off. I regretted that I had not seen this piece of land in motion, for it must have been a very grand sight; and to view it in safety, from a distance, would be something like seeing a fine ship launched, only the spectacle would be far more sublime.

After gazing some time at the novel scene before me, and tracing the outline of the slide on the side of the mountain, and wishing again and again that I had seen it move, I led my lamas to the nearest part of a large bed of clay exposed by the slide, and, having loaded them, I made the best of my way home.

It cost me a good deal of labor to construct my clay pan, and fill it; but it held the water so well, I was quite repaid for my trouble, and hoped now to succeed in my important undertaking. But as evaporation is a slow process, I was obliged to make up my mind to wait patiently for a considerable time.

It was on a fine moonlight evening that I completed my clay pan, and filled it with salt water. Having fed my lamas and made my daily notch on the tree, I sat down by the fountain to enjoy the moonlight scene, and meditate a little before I went to bed.

While reflecting on the past and anticipating the future, I recollected that when I last numbered the notches which stood for months in my calendar, it wanted but a few weeks of the anniversary of my shipwreck,

the memorable 14th of October. I had resolved to keep the day very solemnly, to dedicate it to religious exercises, and fond recollections and tender thoughts of my dear, distant home, and the loved friends I must never see more.

Wishing to plan my work with some reference to this intended day of solemn rest, I went to examine my reckoning. As I had counted only four weeks to a month, I knew it would require thirteen such months and one day to make a year, so I made my calculations accordingly ; and to my great surprise and disappointment, I found that the evening was come of that long expected anniversary, and I had spent it in a far different way from what I intended. I felt vexed and provoked with myself for my inadvertence, and returned to my rustic seat near the fountain, so out of sorts that my conscience told me it was not right.

I tried to persuade myself that I was grieved at losing an opportunity of exercising my mind religiously ; but reason told me I might devote any other day to that purpose quite as well as this particular one that was past ; and, after examining myself some time, I was obliged to acknowledge that I was sorry to have lost so favorable an opportunity of making myself melancholy, and indulging vain regrets ; and that it was much better for me to be employed usefully and cheerfully, as I had been the whole of the day, than to spend it as I intended.

My thoughts turned quite often enough on my far distant friends, without appointing a special time for thinking of them ; and every day it was equally my duty and my happiness to think of God, to love him with my whole heart, and thank him for all his mercies.

Having thus reasoned myself out of my foolish regrets and lifted up my heart in prayer to my Heavenly Father, I went to bed and slept in peace.

Knowing by experience, that the best way to prevent impatience, as to the result of an experiment, is to set to work industriously about something else, I turned my attention from my salt-pan, and leaving it to the power

of the sun, I began my operations for tanning leather. As there are no oak trees here, I was obliged to search for bark that would best answer the purpose, and soak it, in water, to find out what kind made the water taste most astringent, or had most of the tanning principle in it. It happened to be the very best season for stripping off bark, for the sap was running freely, and made it come off very easily; so I pulled off a good deal more than I then wanted for tanning leather, and piled it up for future use. This afterwards proved very serviceable in many other ways. I broke up the bark as well as I could, with my hands and knife; with great labor I dug a deep hole in the earth, and lined it with clay; this I filled with bark and water, and suspended some lama skins in the liquor. Those which I first tried had the hair on; but I resolved, if I could get any lime, to dress others without it, and make good leather if I could.

As I was no mineralogist, I could not tell whether there was lime stone to be found or not; but as I knew lime could be made from shells, I collected a large quantity and put them in a dry and sheltered nook, among the rocks, and heaped up plenty of dry wood among them, and then set fire to the pile and tended it well, to keep the shells in the hottest part of it. When I thought, by their crumbling, that they were burnt enough, I tried one of them by wetting it with fresh water, and was delighted to find that it immediately hissed and smoked, and could be mixed into a paste with the water, just like burnt lime-stone.

The success of this experiment was very important to me on another account, besides that of removing the hair from the lama skins; I hoped it would enable me to build a chimney and fireplace, and make something like a little kitchen, in which I could have a fire in rainy weather.

With all these schemes in my head, and experiments on my hands, I was very busy and tolerably cheerful from morning till night; though the idea, that I had now entered on the second year of my banishment from hu-

man society would come across my mind occasionally, and make me feel very sad.

I did not go near my salt-pan for some time, that I might find the experiment well advanced when I did visit it ; my vexation and disappointment may therefore be imagined, when I found the clay all cracked to pieces, and the water leaked out. I knew bricks were made of clay and were dried in the sun without cracking, and therefore I wondered why my clay pan had failed me so entirely. Perhaps I had not worked the clay enough ; so I began again. After kneading and mixing it well, I made another pan and heaped up the sand round the outside, to protect the edges from the sun, and, having filled it with sea-water, tried the experiment over again. This time the water did not leak, it evaporated ; and every time I tasted it, I found it more salt ; and though it became bitter also, I felt almost sure of success.

At last I was certain that my purpose was accomplished, for I saw a white substance deposited in the bottom of the pan. Overjoyed at this discovery, and impatient to realize the success of my experiment, I made a hole in the side of the pan and let the water off, then tasted the deposit and found no flavor of salt in it ! I was never more surprised or more severely disappointed, and at first I resolved to give it all up in despair ; but, after some useless repining, I thought I would try to find out the reason of my disappointment.

The water had certainly been very salt and very bitter ; yet here was a substance that was neither, and the salt must still be in solution in the water. On tasting a little of it, which still remained in one corner of the pan, I found it excessively salt, and somewhat bitter. I then saw the great mistake I had made in drawing off and wasting the water when the salt in it was probably just about to crystallize. I was so provoked with myself that I found it harder to bear with my own folly and precipitancy, than with an unavoidable misfortune. To prove whether my supposition was correct, I carefully removed

all the white deposit, which looked like lime, and which I have since found to be such, and left the small remaining quantity of salt water to crystallize if it would ; and the result showed I was right. In a few days I found some perfect crystals of salt in the pan, and could only blame myself for not having a much larger quantity. The moisture that remained was still very bitter, but had lost all taste of salt. The spoonful of salt thus obtained, served to season a few meals, and was so grateful to my palate, and invigorating to my whole frame, that I set to work with fresh zeal to profit by my experience in making more. The clay pan was repaired and filled again ; and while the water was evaporating, I pursued my other plans. I did not forget *to make hay while the sun shone*, literally, as well as metaphorically ; for I pulled up a large quantity of fine grass, and made it into very nice, sweet hay ; this I stacked up on my terrace, and covered with the bark I had by me. I remember feeling particularly pleased with this piece of work, and congratulating myself on having done it in true farmer-like style ; but my conceit was soon taken out of me, by seeing some smoke issue from the top of my stack, and, to save it from burning up, I was forced to pull it all apart, and dry the hay more thoroughly. I knew that moisture was the cause of its smoking, and that it would soon be in a blaze and be consumed ; but I puzzled myself in vain, to find out how moisture could kindle a fire ! I cannot now understand it at all ; but if ever I am again in reach of a book that can explain it, I will find out all about it ; and I shall lay it up in my mind as a mode of getting fire, if I am ever again without other means.

As I had no way of cutting down trees, I used the limbs and branches that I found on the ground for firewood ; but as this was rather a scanty supply, and collected with great labor, I often regretted that I had neither axe nor saw to help myself with. Sometimes the lightning did me good service by splitting and shivering trees on the hills, and then I used to collect the fragments.

Being now sure that salt could be made by evaporation in the sun, I made two more salt-pans of clay like the first, and placed them on different levels, one below the other, that I might draw off the water into the second one, when it had deposited the lime in the first, and then clean that out and fill it afresh. While working and mixing the clay for this purpose, it occurred to me that I could make some useful utensils of clay ; and possibly, some that would hold water, and stand fire.

Overjoyed at this thought, I tried the experiment at once ; but it would have set any one a laughing, to see the awkward attempts I made at forming a *pipkin* * out of clay. Such one-sided things, of such unequal thickness, were never seen before. Sometimes the clay was so soft, that it fell in or fell out ; and the vessels would not bear their own weight. Some dried too suddenly in the sun, and cracked, and fell to pieces ; but at last, after many disappointments and much patient labor, I made two tolerably well shaped pipkins, and dried them in the sun very hard. But after all, they would not hold any liquid ; it all filtered through them ; then I remembered something about glazing earthen ware, and mixing sand with the clay. So I tried a fresh set of experiments, on some finer clay mixed with sand, and resolved to burn these vessels in the fire, as well as dry them in the sun, hoping the heat would melt the sand, and so glaze the pots. I made several, but fortunately I tried the effect of burning them, on one alone ; that I put into the centre of a very hot fire, and away it went, cracked all to pieces, as I ought to have known it would be beforehand.

The next I heated gradually ; and that did not crack. I watched it and tended the fire many hours, in hopes it would come out glazed and fit for use ; but alas ! I was again disappointed, and entirely at a loss what to do next. While considering the subject, and turning about the utensil in my hand, I discovered one little spot on the

* An earthen-ware pot, used instead of an iron vessel to cook in, by the poor.

bottom of it, that was perfectly glazed ; this gave me new life and energy, to find out a glazing for my earthen ware ; because this convinced me there was a substance within my reach, that would do it. Accordingly, I examined every step I had taken, and tried to remember where I had set it down and every thing I had done with it, from first to last ; but I could not account for that one spot of glazing, unless a few drops of salt water from my pans, had got on the clay. I did not think it at all likely that this would produce any such effect, and was on the point of giving it up without a trial, when I thought I would just satisfy myself it was not that, by dipping another of my pipkins into strong salt water, and burning it in the fire. I did so, and to my inexpressible joy and great surprise, it came out well glazed inside and out ! Here then I had a vessel in which I could boil my food, and was at once possessed of what I had so long desired, and had thought that nothing but the materials and skill of a regular manufacturer could furnish.

I lost no time in boiling a piece of meat and some sweet potatoes in it ; and by adding a little pepper and salt, I made very good broth of the liquor, though I had nothing to thicken it with, as I had seen my mother's cook thicken her soups.

Nothing could taste better to me than this dinner of boiled meat, simple as it was ! It was such a novelty that it relished highly, and all the more for being obtained by my own ingenuity and perseverance ; indeed it was that which made me care about it at all ; for I am not of the dainty sort, and care not what I eat, if it is but wholesome food and there is enough of it.

CHAPTER XIV.

A GREAT CATASTROPHE — AN UNEXPECTED CALAMITY —
NEW PLANS — A DISCOVERY — PHILOSOPHIZING — A
STRANGE PHENOMENON — ADDITIONAL ACCOMMODATIONS
AND CONTRIVANCES.

I NEXT turned my thoughts upon building a sheltered fireplace and chimney ; I had made lime enough for the purpose, and carried it to my terrace, and had collected there sand and stones sufficient to enable me to begin ; but I had not quite settled where to place it, or how to contrive it to the best advantage, when an event occurred that made a great change in my situation, and is one of the most remarkable and wonderful of my life. It has left such an impression on my memory, that I can recount every particular just as it happened.

It was about noon, on one of the hottest and stillest days I ever experienced ; not a breath of wind moved upon the face of the waters ; not a leaf stirred ; the only cloud in the sky had been motionless for hours, and I was reposing under the shade of some fine trees, near my favorite brook, when I heard a low, rumbling sound, which seemed to come from under the ground, on which I was lying. I raised my head ; the sound grew louder, and then died away ; the earth trembled as it does during a heavy discharge of artillery ; and I was instantly possessed with the idea, that it was the report of cannon at a distance, and that a ship might be in sight. I started up, to run to the nearest spot that commanded a view of the coast ; but before I had proceeded many steps, I was suddenly thrown prostrate on the ground, by a shock which I now knew to be that of an earthquake. I shall never forget what an awful thing it was to feel this earth, which we consider so firm and solid, heave and shake under me like something afloat. Not knowing what would come next, I thought it best to lie where I was ; and this I was the more willing to do, on account of a sensa-

tion at my stomach, like sea-sickness ; which, with the alarm I felt, made me unable to stand. While lying there, many appalling thoughts passed through my mind. I had read of islands in the ocean, that were thrown up by an earthquake, and, after remaining above water a few years, suddenly disappeared. I thought this might be one of that sort, and that the island was now going to be swallowed up again in the mighty deep. This, and many other frightful ideas, crossed my imagination, and filled me with dread for a few minutes ; but I soon turned my thoughts upon that Almighty Friend, in whom is no change, and on whom we can firmly rely, for the safety and happiness of our souls, even though the world itself should crumble to pieces under us. As soon as my mind was fixed on God, it became calm ; and I was able to bear with tolerable composure the next shock, which was much more violent than the first, and attended with a loud noise, such as cannot be described ; for it was unlike any other noise that I ever heard. The earth heaved less than before, but shook more. I lay with my face downwards, my head resting on my arms, and my eyes shut, scarce daring to breathe, while the vibration lasted. Long after it had subsided, I remained motionless, expecting another shock ; but that proved to be the last ; and when my fear of a repetition of it was passed away, I sat for some time on the ground, thinking on the mighty convulsion which must have taken place within the earth, thus to affect the surface. I felt thankful that I had not been swallowed up in one of those chasms, that are said to open in the ground, and then close again immediately. I remembered meeting with accounts of earthquakes far more terrible than this, the horrors of which I could now appreciate much better than when I read about them, in dear, happy England, where such calamities are little known.

Thus I sat, meditating upon this awful event, till I was recovered from its effects, and inclined to return to my business on the terrace ; but great was my consternation when, on approaching my place of abode, I be-

held stones, and earth, and fragments of rock, scattered around ; and, on reaching my cave, I perceived it to be half filled with rubbish, and that there was a rent in the hill directly over it, which spoiled the roof of my habitation.

This new misfortune afflicted me greatly, for, rude as my dwelling was, it was a comfortable home to me, and was endeared by many interesting associations. It had sheltered me from the heavy rains and sudden gales of winter, and was of vast importance to me as a store-house, no less than as a dwelling-place. Besides, it had cost me much hard labor to make it what it was ; and to see it all destroyed, filled me with sadness. After the first shock to my feelings was over, I began to find some comfort in the thought that I was not in the cave at the time of the catastrophe, and that it happened during the dry season, as I could sleep without its shelter while preparing a new abode for the winter. To do this, now became my chief concern.

I thought a good deal of building a hut of stones, laid in mortar ; but how to roof it in was the difficulty, unprovided as I was with tools. I could cover it with bark, or cocoa-nut leaves ; but there must be a wooden frame to rest the covering upon ; and to make any sort of rafters with only a jack-knife, seemed impossible. If I had only possessed an axe, I could have built myself a log cabin, and made as many roofs as I wanted ; but without any edgetool larger than a knife, my powers were very small. At one time, I thought of building a circular wall, round a tall, straight tree, and then making the roof by fastening pieces of bark in a slanting position from the tree to the wall ; but I had not nails enough, to nail the bark to the tree, and even if I could fasten it in some other way, I knew I could not make the roof tight enough to keep out the pouring rains of the wet season. I surveyed my cave again and again, to see if I could not make that once more habitable, by clearing out the loose earth and stones, and covering over the slit or rent in the top. After mature deliberation, I resolved to make the attempt.

I scooped up the rubbish with my large shell, and throwing it into a pannier, carried it to a proper distance, and thus by slow degrees, I lessened the pile in the cave.

My old lama helped me a little, for I had taught her to kneel down to be loaded, as camels do. Now I made her kneel, while I filled a pannier on each side of her, just full enough for her to rise pretty easily ; then she carried the dirt away for me ; I followed, and emptied the panniers, without taking them off her back. At first, she did not like the rattling of the earth and stones so near her legs, but she soon learned to bear it very quietly.

As I removed the earth, I saw that the damage to my cave was greater than I had at first supposed ; the rent which spoiled the roof, extended through the back part of the cave ; but the floor, being solid rock, remained uninjured ; and when I could scramble over the loose earth, I found a narrow, dark passage made by the earthquake.

Eager to know the extent of it, and what other openings had been made in the hill, I groped about till I found my cocoa-nut lamp ; and having lighted it, I explored, with a mixture of curiosity and trepidation, these cracks and openings in the earth. I held the lamp so as to show my footing at every step, and proceeded several yards in a narrow pass, just wide enough for me to walk in without rubbing against the sides ; which were of a white, compact texture, and as even and perpendicular as if they had been cut with tools. It was well for me, that I looked carefully to my footing ; for after going some distance, the fissure widened very much, and the rock, on which I had been walking, terminated abruptly. I held the lamp out as far as I could, to see what was beyond ; but I could only discern a dark abyss beneath my feet. I threw a small fragment of rock into it, and after falling a great way, I heard it plash in water. Having discovered all I then could, I retraced my steps, and was glad to see daylight at the end of the passage.

As I was about to re-enter my cave, I observed something like an opening in a rock, on my left hand ; it was just large enough for me to squeeze through ; but what was my wonder and delight, when I found myself in another cave, larger and more regularly formed than the one I had lived in ! Here then was a habitation, better than any I could build, and all ready to receive me and my stores ! I stood still, for some time, in perfect amazement and delight ; then I walked round it, and held my lamp up to the sides ; and found them so regular and smooth, that I thought they must have been formed so by the action of water. Perhaps the sea might once have covered much more of the island than it now does ; and my terrace might have been under the ocean, and the washing of the waves might have made these caves.

Then there was another way which I thought of in accounting for them. They might have been formed by fresh water, dissolving and carrying off with it the softer particles, that once filled up the cave ; and the water in the deep abyss, at the end of the narrow passage, made me think this very likely. But let the cave be formed as it might, I was delighted to find it, and determined to fit it up for my habitation, against the next rainy season.

While exploring my new-found apartment, it crossed my mind several times, that there might be danger in living in a cave, since the island was subject to earthquakes ; but my fear was not great enough to overcome other considerations in favor of it ; and as I had lived safely so many months in a cave, and been away from it when the earthquake happened, I persuaded myself that I should be equally fortunate in future.

I now went on with the work of clearing my old cave with fresh spirit ; for as that would be my entry, or antechamber, I wished to have it in order. While shovelling, or rather *shelling* away the earth, it occurred to me that I could make a very good kitchen of this outer cave, and that the crack in the roof would serve a capital pur-

pose, for I could build a chimney up through it, and so carry the smoke out of my house.

When I thought of this contrivance, I was standing near the opening into the narrow passage, and being greatly delighted, I clapped my hands and shouted out "capital"; but the next moment I was startled almost out of my wits; for an echo repeated the noise I had made, and the word "capital" was so distinctly returned, that it was exactly like a human being imitating me.

After the first surprise was over, I knew it must be an echo; and then I amused myself very much with it, and had great pleasure in hearing my words repeated, though they were only my own sounds, sent back to me by caves and rocks.

Strange as it may seem to my friends, if they should ever read this history, I must say that I never was happier in my life, than while I was arranging these two caves for my kitchen and lodging-room. My work prospered finely; I succeeded very well in building a chimney, and making a kind of fireplace, with loose stones and fragments of rocks, that I found lying about, near at hand; and I take some credit to myself for the contrivance I used to supply the place of scaffolding, which enabled me to build the chimney higher than my head. I fixed into the wall projecting stones, that I could stand upon, and so reach higher and higher, till I carried the chimney up through the top of the cave, and could work upon it from above. As I was obliged to make my chimney pretty large, owing to the clumsiness of my materials, I thought the rain, which falls very perpendicularly in the wet season, would certainly come down in sufficient quantity to put out my fire; so, to obviate that difficulty, I made a tile of clay, which was so shaped as to protect the top of the chimney from rain, and yet let out the smoke. I was so pleased with my fireplace, that I could hardly wait for the mortar to dry, and the masonry to become solid, before I lighted a fire in it; and when at last I thought it would do to try the experiment, I found it to answer perfectly well; which so delighted me, that I danced and capered about like a child.

As very little light could find its way into my new apartment, I left open the crack across my kitchen roof, till I should be obliged to close it on account of the rain; this I meant to do with bark laid across, and loaded with stones, to keep it in its place. The light, that came through this crack, enabled me to do many things in the inner cave without a lamp; though it did seem a very dark place, when I first entered it, out of broad daylight.

It gave me great pleasure to arrange my stores in my new room, and make up a nice bed of sweet, fresh, new hay. I easily cut places in the sides of the cave, and so made shelves to put my little utensils upon; for the rock was as soft and crumbling as chalk. Never was a little girl more happy in arranging a new baby-house, than I was in furnishing my rude apartment with the few goods and chattels I possessed.

CHAPTER XV.

A BOWER — A PARROT—DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES — ARRANGEMENTS FOR WINTER — SECOND RAINY SEASON.

THIS second summer passed swiftly away, while I divided my time among my salt-works, pottery, and tan-pits, hunting, shooting, and making exploring excursions over the island. I found a short cut over the hills to Gordon Vale, and I frequently carried my dinner with me, and spent the whole day in that enchanting spot. I made a very pretty bower there, by planting young trees in a regular form, and near together; then training creepers about their trunks, and making the topmost branches meet to cover it in. By watering and pruning, it became, by the end of the summer, a very shady retreat, and a sufficient shelter from moderate rains. In

it, I placed upon stones a piece of plank, brought from Nail Cove, which made a settee long enough for me to stretch myself upon it at full length. There I took many a noon-day nap and sometimes spent the night.

In crossing Oat Plain this summer, I found it covered with a fresh crop of grass, of quite a different kind from what grew there before. I was at first surprised, that the fire had not destroyed every seed in the earth; but, on further reflection, I remembered what my young friend, the botanist, once said to me about seeds, when he tried to interest me in his pursuits; and if this ever reaches my friends in England, I request them to tell him, I remembered that conversation in my solitude, and wished I had learned more of him. He told me that there are a great many more seeds produced, than are usually wanted; on purpose, it would seem, to provide against accidents; and when a fire destroys all vegetation to a certain depth, there are still seeds in the earth below, that are ready to start up and supply the loss. He related, also, many curious facts about seeds, their manner of spreading themselves over the earth, and their power of resisting decay, which I recollect with pleasure.

In one of my excursions, I went as far as Parrot Grove, and was saluted, as before, with the inharmonious notes of these gay birds, that, in a wild state, seem formed to please the eye more than the ear.

Knowing that they can be made to imitate the human voice, I was very desirous of procuring a young one that I could teach; and, after many fruitless attempts, I succeeded in making one prisoner. The poor little creature was hardly fledged, and could not fly; I found it on the ground, and supposed it must have fallen out of its nest. I carried it home in a pannier, covered over with boughs and leaves, so that it could not escape.

The addition of a parrot to my family, pleased me much, and I determined as soon as the fine weather was over, and I had more leisure, to make her a cage; which I thought I could do with wicker work, as I was quite

a skilful basket-weaver. Till then, I tied a small weight to her foot, which prevented her flying, but allowed her to walk about. She soon became tame and familiar ; but it was long before I could teach her to pronounce even her own name, Poll.

To return now to the history of my domestic manufactures. My tan-pit gave me a great deal of trouble. Changing the water and tan, was quite a job with such poor tools as I had ; sometimes it leaked, and then I had a deal of trouble to find the leak and mend it ; but as the skins appeared to be doing very well, their texture approaching nearer, every day, to that of leather, I was encouraged to persevere. I had just time enough to complete the process, and dry the skins, before the rains began.

My salt-works succeeded very well when there was no rain ; but, in the driest weather and with every attention on my part, I could not hasten the process of evaporation or crystallization ; that must go on in its own slow way. As my three pans were all small, I could not make salt enough to cure any meat for the winter ; I could only get as much as I should want to season my food with, as I ate it.

Encouraged by my success in making, baking, and glazing one pipkin, I made a great many more vessels, of various sizes ; but as their shapes were not very regular, I did not know what names to give them. They were a good deal like the worst shaped crucibles I ever saw ; still they answered my purpose as well as the most beautifully moulded China vases and cups could have done ; and when I had completed a good many vessels, and ranged them on a shelf in my kitchen, I was as well satisfied as any lady in England with a closet full of rare and valuable china. I esteemed things now according to their usefulness, not their beauty.

I found the chimney very convenient to smoke my meat in for the winter ; but as I should not now be obliged to eat it raw, I dried it less than before, and found it, when soaked and boiled, quite palatable.

I laid in a good stock of vegetables and fruits ; and dried so many grapes, that any one would have thought I meant to live on them altogether. I also provided large bundles of willow wands for basket stuff, soaked nettle stalks for cordage, and dried wood for fuel. I had, moreover, plenty of room to stow every thing under cover in my two caves.

I was now so well prepared for the rainy season, that I only dreaded it on account of the confinement to which I should be subjected, and its injurious effects upon my health ; I was, therefore, considering how I should contrive to exercise within my house, and how I could diet myself to avoid disease, when it occurred to me that, with my present hairy garments, I might perhaps set the rains at defiance, and exercise in the open air, even in the wet season. To make it still safer to do so, I made myself a second suit of clothes from skins, dressed with the hair on ; and then when I came in wet, I could change my garments for others that were dry and equally warm.

My second attempt at tailoring was an improvement on the first ; and the skins that had been tanned, were so much more soft and agreeable, that I always put them on to exercise in.

At last the fine, serene sky, which had not been obscured except by a passing cloud or a welcome thunder storm, for several months, became overcast ; the wind whistled ominously through the trees ; the ocean became dark and rough ; and the rainy season was ushered in by a gale of wind, that blew violently for a few hours. When it subsided, the rain began to pour down in floods, and I gladly sought the shelter of my inner cave. Among other earthen vessels, I had made some for lamps ; and having saved a great deal of oil and fat, from turtles and lamas, I hoped to be well provided with light during the dark days I was to spend in my new parlour ; but my ravelled cotton stocking would not last through the season ; so I was obliged to think what I should do for wicks when that was gone.

My lamas continued to be as useful and as dear to me

as ever. The old one had a kid during the fine weather; and, as I now had room enough, I allowed her and her young one to shelter themselves in my kitchen. I fastened the mother by a halter, and fed her with the plant she was most fond of; I shared her milk with the kid, that was suffered to go at large, and often got punished for his impertinence. Once he put his nose into some hot broth, which scalded him. Another time he offended Poll, and she made him feel her sharp bill in a way that taught him to keep his distance in future. One day he walked off through the narrow passage, and I fully expected he would fall from the rock at the end and be killed; so I followed gently after him and pulled him back by the hind leg. He singed and scorched himself continually against the hot stones of the fireplace, and would often play about the wood pile till he threw it all down on himself or his mother.

These mischievous tricks amused me, and though he sometimes plagued me a little, I could not bear to deprive him of his liberty. To prevent any accident with either of the lamas, as the old one was sometimes loose, I blocked up the narrow passage beyond the entrance to my parlour, with the wood I had collected for fuel; this was also useful in giving me more room in the kitchen.

I found my parrot a very entertaining companion and very affectionate too; she loved to be caressed and talked to, and was always delighted to sit on my hand, to be fed by me, and have her head rubbed; but though I talked to her a great deal, she did not learn to speak that winter. I made her a very commodious wicker cage with a swing in it, that she took great pleasure in, when shut up; but she loved so well to be at liberty, that I only put her in the cage occasionally.

This second winter was far less tedious to me than the former; I was better prepared for it, and I knew what to expect from the first, and made up my mind to it. I also found that I could expose myself in my shaggy coat to the hardest rain, without any inconvenience; and I smiled to think that my rude garments were a better de-

fence from weather, than the best suit of English broad-cloth. In my wet walks, I needed a different hat from that I had worn in summer; and I accordingly made a frame of wicker-work, as near like a broad brimmed hat as I could, and covered it with lama skin, putting the hair outside, that it might shed the rain; and though much heavier than my leafy head-dress, it suited the weather far better, and kept my head and neck perfectly dry.

Though I took frequent runs in the open air, for the sake of exercise, my chief occupations were within my dwelling; and, during the latter part of the time, I found work enough within doors, for exercise and pleasure too.

On being better acquainted with the form and position of my inner apartment, I felt sure that it approached very near the outer one, at one particular point; and as it would be very convenient to have a passage directly out of one into the other, I resolved to see what could be done.

To work I went, with my green stone wedge and mallet, and soon convinced myself it was practicable. The reverberation in both caves, occasioned by the blows on the rock, in breaking it away, was so powerful that at first it almost stunned me; but I became accustomed to the sound, and after laboring very diligently many days, a good opening was made between the two caves.

I have heard of ladies being very much pleased with having their drawing-rooms open into each other; but they were not more delighted than I was, when I had a passage-way from my kitchen to my parlour, large enough for me to walk through erect, with elbow-room on each side. As the former entrance from the narrow passage was now of no use, I shut it up with a piece of plank, and felt better satisfied than ever with my accommodations.

Towards the end of the rainy season, all my cotton wicks were used up. I spent several evenings in the dark, before I could think of a substitute. At last I remembered seeing candles, used in cottages, that were

called *rush lights*; the name led me to the conclusion, that the wicks were made of rushes; and though I looked in vain, on the marshy grounds near the terrace, for any thing like the English rush, I found other plants with pithy stems; and after several experiments, I succeeded in making very good wicks of pith, and was never afterwards at a loss for a light.

When it had rained with little interruption for two months, the return of fine weather was preceded by a violent storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by a heavy gale of wind. I never before heard such loud, crackling thunder, or saw such vivid lightning. An English thunder storm is nothing compared with it. The wind, too, blew a perfect hurricane for a few hours. This storm came on about sunset, and lasted all the first part of the night; but after listening to it till I was tired, I fell asleep, and did not awake again till the morning was far advanced.

It rained hard all the next day, and I hardly stirred out of the cave; but the morning after, the sky was clear, and there was every appearance of fine, settled weather. I was impatient to go forth and view the island after the storm; but the sight, which that morning's light disclosed, must be described in a separate chapter.

CHAPTER XVI.

A WRECK — VISIT TO THE WRECK — A RAFT — A NARROW ESCAPE — VALUABLES SECURED — A NIGHTLY VISITOR.

HAVING hastily despatched my breakfast in order to go out and see the effects of the storm, I mounted my ladder to take a general survey of the scene from the top of Fort Hill. Instantly my eyes were fixed upon a sight so new, so strange, and so full of interest, that

I remained in one attitude, with my head stretched out and my eyes straining open in dumb amazement, for I know not how long. The object I was so eagerly looking at, was a wrecked vessel, aground on a shoal not far from the reef on which the *Santa Maria* was lost.

As I gazed upon it, and thought of the probable fate of the crew, and remembered my own shipwreck, my feelings were so wrought up that they quite overpowered me ; my knees trembled and bent under me, and I sank upon the grass in a flood of tears.

How long I indulged this useless emotion, I do not remember. But I well recollect what it was, that made me jump on my feet, and run towards the shore ; it was the idea that some one or more of the crew might have reached land in safety, as I had done ; and the hope of finding a fellow being, a companion in my solitude, gave new strength and fleetness to my limbs. I ran about the beach, examined every nook among the rocks, and made the air resound with my shouts ; but all in vain, no human voice responded to mine, and my heart sank within me, as I gave up the hope of meeting with a fellow man. I frequently turned my eyes on the wreck, to see if there were not some one remaining on it, but there was no appearance of any human being on the deck, cleared as it was of every thing that could be carried away by the force of the waves. It was not till I had given up all hope of greeting any living being, saved, like myself, from destruction, and my mind had become more calm, that I thought of the possibility of visiting the wreck, and finding things in it, that would be useful to me in my solitude. In my various fishing excursions, as well as in swimming for pleasure, I had thoroughly explored the coast towards the Land's End, and the shoals near it ; I knew that at low water it would be easy for me to reach the wreck by wading and swimming, and I impatiently awaited the ebbing of the tide.

The mere sight of this shattered vessel, of any thing made by human hands and tools, was so exciting that I could think of nothing else ; I could not eat, or drink,

or do any thing but sit on the rocks opposite the vessel with my eyes fixed on the interesting spectacle, waiting for the proper time of tide. At last I thought it would do to set out ; so I stripped off my leathern suit and waded off towards the object on which all my thoughts now turned. I made a circuit to avoid deep water, and with some swimming reached the grand shoal on which the vessel lay. As I approached her I heard a sound which, to my excited imagination, seemed nothing less than a human voice. O how my heart beat, and how eagerly I pressed forward, to find the sufferer and relieve him ! In a moment I fancied the meeting I hoped for, with a fellow-being ; another sound, like the first, confirmed me in my expectation ; and breathless with hope I reached the side of the vessel.

Here an unthought of difficulty presented itself. As the vessel lay aground, she was so high out of water, that I saw no means of climbing up her rounding and slippery sides. Twice I waded round her, to see if I could discover any way of getting into her ; the second time I espied a small piece of rope, hanging down by the *fore-chains* *. I reached this with some difficulty, and finding it fast at the other end, I climbed up by it to the deck and hurried to the cabin. The *dead-lights* † were in, which made it so dark I could hardly see any thing. I spoke, but no one answered. I felt in the berths, but found no body. I stumbled over things on the floor, till by degrees my sight became clearer, and by the feeble light which came down the *gangway* ‡ I saw traces of the recent departure of the former occupants of the cabin. On the table stood an open writing-desk, which

* Short pieces of large chain, or crooked pieces of iron, bolted to the sides of the ship abreast of the *foremast*, to which are fastened the ends of large ropes, called *shrouds*, which, at the other end, are attached to the *foremast*, near its top, for the purpose of supporting the mast.

† Window-shutters used only in a storm.

‡ The stair-case leading from the deck to the cabin.

appeared to have been hastily emptied of its contents ; an evidence as it seemed to me, that the owner had hopes of saving his life, when he abandoned the vessel ; otherwise he would not have taken those things with him. A repetition of the sound I had before heard, now hurried me forward again, in my search for some living being. I approached the spot whence it proceeded ; I heard it more distinctly ; I pushed open a sliding door, and out leaped a large, black dog !

My disappointment was extreme ; I felt provoked with myself for being so carried away by my hopes and wishes, as to have mistaken the whining of a dog, for a human voice.

Convinced now that there was no probability of finding any fellow being on board, I pursued my examination more calmly. I found that the ship was *bilged*,* and had a great deal of water in her *hold* ; but as she had drifted stern foremost on the sand-bank, that part of her was so lifted up that the cabin and the *run* † of the ship were dry, though the fore-castle was full of water.

I saw by the papers that were still left in the above-mentioned desk, that the ship's name was the *Thames*, and that she was a London *whaler*. It was very interesting and affecting to me to see the traces of human beings all around me. I had dwelt so long in a spot, where I had reason to believe no man but myself had ever lived, that to be where I knew that men, my countrymen too, had recently been, gave rise to new and overpowering thoughts. I was so exhausted by the strong emotions I had experienced, and the exertions I had made to reach the vessel, that I feared my strength

* This is said of a vessel when she has a hole in her bottom that lets in water.

† That part of the vessel which is under the cabin floor. It is entered by a trap-door in the cabin floor, and contains a store of provisions.

would fail me before I had accomplished half I wished, if I did not take some nourishment and endeavour to regain my usual composure. I therefore went in search of bread, and soon found some in the steward's pantry. I might have considered it rather uninviting when I lived at home, and ate good household bread every day ; but after my being nearly two years without tasting a mouthful of bread of any kind, this hard, brown biscuit was most delicious. As I refreshed myself with it, I reasoned myself into greater calmness, and began to see that, although I was disappointed of finding some one on board, I might derive great advantage from the vessel's being driven on this shore ; and I resolved to make the best use I could of it.

My experience had taught me, that tools were the greatest treasure I could possess ; so, while I was still eating, I went about looking for the carpenter's chest ; and as the vessel was an English *whaleman*, I found an excellent assortment of the most useful tools. O how pleased I was to see and handle an axe, a saw, chisels, gimblets, hammers, planes, &c. I could not refrain from examining and trying them all, anticipating the pleasure I should have in using them. I had already fancied myself doing wonders with them on the island, when my spirits were suddenly damped by recollecting that I had no boat to carry any thing ashore in. I was however, so accustomed to depend on my own contrivances, and had accomplished so many things which had at first appeared impossible, that I did not despair of getting all these tools safe on shore in some way or other. I resolved, if I could do nothing better, to tie an axe and a saw to my back, and swim ashore with them at any rate. The afternoon was very fine, the sea was become calm, and though it was some distance from the wreck to the beach opposite my dwelling, it was not very far to the rocky shore nearest the shoal ; and if I could only land the tools on any part of the coast, I knew I could easily transport them afterwards wherever I pleased. My first plan was to get an empty half-barrel

head up the tools in it, and float them ashore in that, pushing it before me as I swam over the deep places, and carrying it, where the water was too shallow for it to float. I was trying to get at a cask for this purpose, when, seeing some spare spars between decks, it occurred to me that I could make a raft, and carry the whole chest of tools and many other things ashore, quite dry and safe. To work I went with great spirit, and carried up four small spars on deck; having fastened a rope to one end of each, I threw them overboard and tied them to the side of the ship, to keep them from floating away; then I lowered myself down into the water and lashed the ends of these spars together, in the form of a hollow square, and on this frame I placed some short pieces of plank that I also found between decks. Here then was a raft made at once, on which I could stand perfectly dry and secure; but I found that my weight alone brought it down to the water, and an additional load would sink it below the surface. I therefore looked about the ship for some more spars, and found a spare topmast which would be very buoyant, I knew, from its size, if I could but get it into the water; so I took a saw out of the carpenter's chest and sawed it into four pieces; and with great pains and labor I got these tied under my raft, and found they buoyed it up finely out of the water. Besides this I laid on more pieces of plank, and secured them with ropes and nails, so that they could not slip off. Now my raft floated high enough for me to venture to put the tool-chest upon it. The tide had risen so much, that the height of the ship's deck from the water was not nearly so great, as when I first climbed up the bows; and by the help of ropes fastened to the vessel at one end, then passed round the chest and held in my hands at the other, I lowered the precious burden down to the wooden platform, or raft.

As I had now done working in the water, and intended to go ashore with my goods, I dressed myself in a suit of sailor's clothes, of which I found a good many in

the officers' cabin ; and having collected all the best articles, I packed one chest full of them and lowered that to the raft, as I had done the other. In rummaging about the wreck, I met with a great many more things that would be extremely useful to me, and was quite puzzled what to take first ; but I remembered the danger there was of losing all, if I attempted too much. So for fear some change in the weather might prevent my reaching land with my inestimable treasure, I hurried away, leaving many tempting things behind me, and only taking, besides the two chests, an iron pot, two guns, and some powder and shot. One oar was all I could find, but that would be useful as a rudder to steer with ; the tide was rising and the current setting towards the west end of the island ; what little wind there was blew directly on shore, and the water was remarkably smooth. With every prospect of a safe passage, I pushed off from the side of the ship, and while I could feel bottom shoved the raft along, by the help of my oar. When I was beyond the sand bank the wind and tide floated me along, in the very direction I wished to go. It was a beautiful evening, the sensation of floating over the bright blue waters, by the unseen power of wind and tide, was delightful ; and, as I sat upon the chest of tools and thought of its valuable contents, I was so happy that I forgot my disappointment at not finding a fellow creature on board the wreck. I also enjoyed being once more dressed in well-shaped clothes, made of soft materials ; all except the shoes and stockings felt very comfortably ; but these cramped my feet so much, that I did not keep them on long. I had gone barefoot till I disliked the feeling of any covering, however large or easy. The more I reflected on the choice I had made of things to be first secured, the better pleased I was ; and I hoped, if the weather continued favorable, to make many other trips, and bring off a great deal more.

When I had got about half way, I perceived that my raft drifted more to the west, and as I approached the

land, I could not steer it straight for the beach ; so I let it float westward, trusting that when I got near the creek or inlet of the sea, into which my favorite brook emptied itself, the *indraught* would enable me to land there.

As soon as I had passed the rocks which terminate the beach on the west, I found a strong current setting into the creek, and was quickly carried in that direction. I tried to keep as near the middle of the stream as I could ; but not being well acquainted with the shores, and a raft being difficult to steer, one end of it ran aground upon a shoal, which raised it so much on that side, that all my precious cargo had like to have slipped off into the water. Seeing the danger I was in of losing my treasure at last, I set my back firmly against the chests and kept them from sliding off, while I held the smaller things with my hands. In this situation I could not move without endangering my goods, and I could make no efforts to push off the raft ; but I knew the tide was rising, and if I could hold out to keep the things as they were, for a few minutes, I hoped the other end would gradually float as high as that which rested on the ground, and so relieve me.

The time appeared to me very long, that I stood in this constrained posture ; and I almost despaired of the raft becoming level again, when I perceived the weight on my back to lessen gradually, and soon after all was afloat and drifting safely up the creek. I kept in the deepest water till I approached a certain spot, where I knew the bottom was level ; so I pushed my raft over it, and kept it there with my oar, stuck into the mud, till I could wade ashore and pull it after me as far as it would float ; then making it fast with a rope to a large stone, I kept it there till the tide fell and left it high and dry.

It was not till I had thus secured my new possessions that I thought any thing about the dog, which had raised my expectations so high, and then disappointed them. He had rushed by me when liberated, and disappeared ; and I had been so engrossed by other things,

that I had entirely forgotten him from that time, till my cargo was safely landed. I now wondered what had become of him, and hoped to find him on the island ; but I would not leave my precious tools for any thing, till I had them safely deposited in my inner cave. Accordingly I labored hard at my task all the rest of the afternoon, assisted by my lamas, and when I went to bed that night, I had my two great chests, one of tools, the other of clothing, securely placed in my sleeping apartment ; my iron pot graced my kitchen, and the powder and guns were put in a dry spot, away from all danger of sparks, from fire or lamps. O how rich I felt, and how full my mind was of schemes for the improvement of my condition ! Tired as I was with such a day of excitement and exertion, it was long before I closed my eyes in sleep ; and when I did lose myself, it was only to dream of wrecks, and rafts, and difficulties such as I had experienced during the day. Again I heard sounds that I was sure were human, and again I eagerly pursued them. My imagination exceeded the reality ; the search was longer than before, and my hopes were oftener raised and disappointed.

I was so affected by my dream that my emotions awakened me ; but even then, I did not lose the sounds that had so moved me. I started up, rubbed my eyes, and listened with breathless attention ; the sounds continued at intervals. I endeavoured to collect my thoughts and judge calmly of what I heard ; then I discovered it to be the same noise which had before deceived me, and that it proceeded from the entrance to my apartment, which was barricaded at night, to keep out the young lama. I was now very glad to hear the sound, and rejoiced at the return of the dog. I thought of the strong attachment often formed between a dog and his master, and felt that I should gain in this the next best companion to a rational one.

Supposing he must be very hungry, I determined to rise and strike a light, and begin the acquaintance immediately by feeding him ; but on letting him in, he soon

convinced me that he was in no mood to form a new friendship. He ran by me into the cave, intent only on finding the scent of his old friends ; having gone round the apartment with his nose to the floor, he scampered off again towards the shore, in spite of every effort I could make to detain him by kindness, or to call him back. Disappointed as I was, I could not help admiring his attachment to his lost master, and I comforted myself with the hope, that he would ere long give up his vain search, and transfer his affection to me. I perceived, as I passed through the kitchen, that he had helped himself to food ; I did not doubt that when he wanted a fresh supply he would return to the same spot, and gradually become domesticated. After this nocturnal visit I slept soundly till morning.

CHAPTER XVII.

SECOND VISIT TO THE WRECK — DOG'S BEHAVIOUR — A TESTAMENT — A SECOND RAFT — AN ASSORTED CARGO — A SAFE LANDING — A HUNGRY GUEST.

As soon as I was up the next morning, and had made my daily arrangements, I was impatient to be again on board the wreck. The weather was as fine as the day before, and I was greatly inclined to swim the whole way, rather than wait for low tide. On second thought, however, I gave that up, for fear the currents among the rocks and shoals might be too strong for me, or I should be exhausted by swimming so far. I thought a little of taking the raft off to the ship ; but, considering the danger there was of my not being able to guide it to the point I wished to reach, and of my being carried out to sea, I resolved to trust to making another ; and while waiting for the tide to fall, I laid my plans, and determin-

ed what it would be most important to secure next. It then came into my head for the first time, that I might possibly have found some books on board the vessel ; and I blamed myself severely, for not thinking of them next to tools. I wondered I had not seen any in the cabin ; but then I remembered how dark the cabin was, and that any books which might be on board, would most likely be in the officers' *state rooms*, as their little sleeping-closets are called. I now resolved to make a thorough search after what was most desirable next to tools.

Of all eatables, I most desired bread and salt. Of the latter I had never made enough in my little salt-pans, to season all the meat I ate, and had none to cure provisions with ; the taste I had of the former, the day before, made me long for a hard, brown biscuit, more than I ever did for cakes, or sweet-meats, when a child.

As soon as it would do to set off, I started for the wreck with no other garments except a shirt and a pair of thin cotton trowsers which I thought I could swim in without difficulty.

As I approached the vessel, I saw the dog looking earnestly at me from the deck. I could not doubt that the sight of me made him hope that one of his old friends was coming back, and I greatly pitied him for the disappointment he must soon feel. When I reached the deck he smelt me, and then walked slowly away, and laid himself down by the gang-way, with a countenance so expressive of sorrow, that it went to my heart. I spoke to him and attempted to caress him, but he took no notice of me, and looked all the while so solemn and thoughtful, that I felt almost as much for him as if he had been a rational being. He was of the Newfoundland breed, and very large, with a fine expressive face ; and his silent grief was so touching, that it would soon have made me melancholy, if the desire I felt to find some books had not hurried me away to the cabin.

There on a little shelf in one of the state-rooms I found three or four volumes, and hastened with them to

the light, to see what they were ; the first one I opened, was an old romance about knights and squires, and so was the second ; thus I began to fear, I had gained nothing that would amuse or instruct me. The third book, however, looked more promising, and proved to be Moore's Navigator ; and the fourth was to my great joy and satisfaction a Testament. This I pressed to my lips, resolving to study it well and never to part from it.

Valuable as my time was, and much as I had to do, I could not help sitting down on the cabin stairs, and reading a few verses out of the precious book that I had so often heard my mother read aloud at home. I happened to turn to the latter part of the 6th chapter of Matthew ; the dependence on God which it teaches, had been so brought home to my mind, by my own experience, that my whole heart assented to the truth of every sentence, and it seemed to me far more beautiful, and full of meaning, than it had ever done before. Having finished the chapter and pondered upon it awhile, I concluded that though we were not to make ourselves anxious about the morrow, we ought to do diligently what appears to be the duty of the present day ; so I jumped up and went to work.

Another raft was to be made, and there were no more spars to make it of ; but I had thought of what would do quite as well, namely, empty casks ; and, as the vessel was a whaler, and had not half her cargo of oil on board, I found plenty of them. They were packed together so tightly, that it was with great difficulty I could start any of them ; but when I had loosened one, the rest were easily removed.

I had trouble enough in tying the barrels together ; being round and slippery, and tapering off at each end, it was very hard to make the rope stay round the biggest part ; and when, after great pains and perseverance, I succeeded in that, I had as much more trouble in fixing planks upon them. But when all was made fast, I found my second raft much more buoyant than the first. Having carried the carpenter's chest with all its contents on

shore, I should have been at a loss for tools, had I not found several hatchets about the vessel, and a keg of nails and spikes, which enabled me to make my raft. These I also wanted to carry on shore, for iron had become so important to me, that I coveted all I saw ; but I left one hatchet and some nails, for future use on board the vessel.

I now went in search of salt, and soon found a cask nearly full of it ; but it was so heavy, I could not move it ; and as my time was very precious, I considered how I could convey its contents in the quickest manner to my raft. The best way I could think of was this. I placed an empty cask on the raft, which floated close to the side of the vessel, and having found two pails of nearly equal size, I slung them by a rope over my shoulders, and carried them full of salt up the cabin stairs, and from the deck poured their contents into the cask on the raft. In this way, I soon removed all the salt ; and then I carried up bread in the same manner, and filled three casks with good hard biscuit. Finding the raft so buoyant that these four barrels hardly sank it perceptibly, I packed on it a variety of other things, such as a barrel of salt beef, and another of pork, a bag of coffee and some sugar ; a seaman's chest filled with crockery and tin ware, knives, forks, and spoons. On this, I piled up the bedding I found in the cabin ; and among it, I safely deposited a spy-glass and the captain's writing desk, with a store of pens, ink, and paper, that I found in a locker. I looked every where for a compass and a quadrant, but could not find any ; so I concluded that they were taken by the captain and crew, when they abandoned the vessel. Some spare sails that I found between decks, and some coils of rope called whale lines, I also brought away ; besides some iron hoops and many other articles, that I need not name. When I had loaded the raft as heavily as I thought it safe to do, and had scarcely left room enough for myself to move upon it, I recollected that I had no oar to steer it with ; for I had taken ashore with me the only one I could find, and left it there.

I now looked about for something that would serve the purpose of an oar ; and happening to find carefully stowed away, a number of long, narrow, cedar boards, about six inches wide and half an inch thick, I tried to get one of them for a rudder. In pulling at it, I threw down the whole pile, and discovered a number of new oars, fine long ones such as whalemens use ! I hastily seized one, and having tried in vain to coax the dog to accompany me, I jumped on my raft ; fixed two spikes in one end, just wide enough apart to receive the oar as a rudder ; and pushed off. The wind and tide were quite as favorable as they were the day before ; and I arrived without any accident at a place in the creek, which I had explored in the morning, and which, at high water, made a fine, natural wharf of rock, the side of which I could approach without running aground. I moored my raft and unloaded it with great ease ; for, having headed up the casks of provisions before I piled on other things, I could now roll them on shore at once.

What a relief it was to my mind, when all these goods were safely landed on the island ! How rich I felt ! How thankful I was that this valuable wreck had been driven on shore, within my reach !

I thought a great deal of the poor fellows, who had abandoned it ; and could not help regretting that they had not stuck by the vessel. In that case their lives would probably have been saved ; and I should have had companions to dwell with me. By our united exertions we might have built a boat, large enough to carry us away from this lonely island, to the abodes of our fellow men.

Many such trains of thought passed through my mind, while engaged on the wreck, and in transporting my treasures from the creek to my dwelling-place. The latter task I might have taken very leisurely, as the fine weather was now set in, and the goods were safe enough any where ; but I had so much pleasure in arranging them in my two caves, and in looking over and handling the utensils I was now in possession of, that I worked

very hard all the rest of the day, and carried a good many of the things to the terrace. My lamas never were so loaded before; but they were in excellent spirits, and assisted me finely. The barrels of provisions I left on the shore by the creek, above high water mark.

Looking out, for the last time, before I retired to rest, on the beautiful moonlight, as it made the long line of sandy beach distinctly visible, I perceived a small, dark object come out of the water, and soon distinguished it to be my unsociable acquaintance, the dog. I concluded that hunger had driven him from his sad and lonely watch on the deck of the vessel, and determined, if possible, to win his favor by giving him a good meal from my own hand.

He received it with some signs of pleasure and gratitude; he licked my hand, and wagged his tail, and even followed me into my kitchen; but happening to go rather nearer Poll's cage than she liked, she made such a frightful noise as drove away all his social feelings at once, and off he went again to his melancholy station on the wreck.

He continued to come ashore for food every night; but as long as the vessel lay there, he kept his station on her deck.

CHAPTER XVIII.

VARIOUS ACQUISITIONS — A VALUABLE DISCOVERY — CARELESSNESS — THE LAST TRIP — SUNDAY READING — A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

FOR eight days the weather continued the same; during that period, I made ten more excursions to the wreck, bringing off, each time, large cargoes of goods. The difficulty of finding materials for a raft increased

every trip ; there were plenty of casks to be had, but planks and boards became scarce ; and I was obliged to use *bulkheads*,* doors, *hatches*,† and whatever else I could find, that would serve for a platform on the barrels. Wanting, one day, some short pieces of board to complete the floor of my raft, I was about to saw in two one of the long, narrow, cedar boards before mentioned ; being struck, however, with their number, uniformity, and nice workmanship, I stopped to think for what possible use they could be intended ; and although I did not then find out, I thought it most prudent not to cut or destroy them, but to carry them all on shore as they were, when I had nothing of more value to load my raft with. While busy in selecting various articles for transportation, the idea of those mysterious boards would force itself upon my attention ; and two or three times I left my work to re-examine them ; but all to no purpose at that time. My greatest prize, this trip, was a grindstone, which I accidentally put my hand on when groping about that part of the vessel which had the most water in it. Had I not been very strong and well accustomed to exert my muscles, I never could have lifted it from where I found it ; but I was resolved to possess myself, if possible, of so very important an article ; and I succeeded in getting it safely to land. Two brass lamps, a large ball of wick-yarn, and a tinder-box, with a flint and steel, were valuable additions to my household goods. Notwithstanding my earthen-ware lamps had answered far better than none, these brass ones were more easily trimmed and carried about. A flint and steel also gave better sparks, than two pieces of quartz, valuable as they had been to me. When the tinder-box first met my eye, it reminded me forcibly of the time, when such an article would have been to me the greatest treasure next to a knife ; and, though I had contrived so well to supply its place, I was glad to have a more complete ap-

* The partitions in a vessel are so called.

† Covers to the openings in the deck.

paratus. The experience of the past year made me highly prize all the conveniences of life, which I had been obliged to do without, and a common tinder-box now appeared to me a great acquisition.

I lighted a lamp, that I might examine the run of the ship, and see better what was in the dark cabin; and thus many things were brought to view that I was glad to secure.

As I passed about with the lamp in my hand, I caught sight, unexpectedly, of my own face in a small looking-glass, that hung in the cabin; and it gave me such a start, as made my heart beat violently for a few minutes. It was so long since I had seen myself, that I hardly recognised my face, and at the first glance, I took it for that of another man; but the deception was only for a moment, after which I gazed at myself with great curiosity and some complacency.

If this account is ever read by my friends, they will be inclined to laugh at me, when they learn that I carried this looking-glass very carefully to my cave, and hung it up in a convenient place, that I might frequently view myself in it. But the truth is, I did not do it from vanity; it was merely for the sake of seeing a human face, and gladly would I have exchanged this image of my own, for that of any fellow being.

Continuing my examination by lamp light, I was very much struck with the manner in which things were *stowed* away, so as to take up the least possible room. Near the pile of cedar boards, I discovered, packed away so snugly that I had never seen them before, a great many curiously shaped pieces of wood. Many of them just alike, and of such neat workmanship, that I thought these and the boards might belong together. After considering them very attentively, for some time, I exclaimed aloud, "A boat! These are materials to build a boat with! Here are the *knees* and *ribs*! This must be meant for a *keel*, and this for the *stem*! But where is the *sternpost* and *rudder*!" I then recollected that whaleboats are made sharp at both ends and steered

with an oar. Overjoyed at finding these materials for boat building, I hastened to place them on the raft and looked forward to the happy time, when I should put them together, not without a hope that they might eventually be the means of my return to society. My next most important discovery was, a cask of lime, a pair of blacksmith's bellows, and all the materials for building a forge. These I joyfully transported to the island; and I got the lime ashore dry.

When I had brought off all the rigging and sails that I could find, and a great quantity of stores of all kinds, I began cutting up the cables in pieces, as long as I could lift, and bringing them on shore too; also harpoons, lances, and little spades, used in cutting up whales. Of these, as well as of hoops and nail-rods, I found a great stock, and valued them highly as iron that could be converted to other uses. I also found a number of scythes without handles, a spade, two iron shovels, and several large copper dippers, that I was very glad to obtain.

All my voyages were prosperous except one, and that was the last, when my raft was heavily laden with pieces of cable, harpoons, and other iron implements. I suppose that constant success had made me less careful, and as my cargo was not the most valuable I had brought off, I was very easy about it, and did not steer as well as usual. My carelessness met with its just punishment, for all my goods were tumbled into the creek, and I got a good ducking myself.

It was on a Wednesday that I first boarded the wreck, and on the following Friday week, I brought off my last cargo, having made in all twelve trips, and carried away almost every thing that one pair of hands could move. There being no masts standing, I could not use a *tackle* and *fall* * to hoist up things with, out of the *hold* † and from between decks, or else I might have saved myself a great deal of time and trouble. I was obliged to carry

* Pulleys and ropes adjusted so as to hoist up weights.

† A large space in the lower part of the vessel under the lower deck, where the chief part of the cargo is placed.

every thing upon deck by hand, which was tedious enough ; but by patient industry and perseverance, I had possessed myself of a large quantity of very useful articles. I determined as long as the weather would permit, to go on board every day, for when I thought there was nothing left worth taking, I still discovered some new treasure ; and if the fine weather had continued, I suppose I should have brought away the vessel itself piecemeal. As it was, I sawed out a part of her side, and took out some things in that way that I could not otherwise get at. On Saturday morning the sky was overcast, and there were indications of a change of weather ; but during the day I ventured on board the wreck notwithstanding this, and in searching about the cabin once more, I found a locker which I had not before opened. In it were a large pair of scissors and a bag of dollars. As money was wholly useless to a person living alone, I had serious thoughts of leaving it on board the ship, to go to the bottom of the sea with her. The hope, however, of being taken off the island, by a passing vessel, never left me ; and as in that case I might again find some use for such an article, I determined to save it. When I had worked some time at tearing up a part of the vessel's deck, to make another raft, I perceived that a brisk wind had sprung up from the north-east, which would entirely prevent my getting it on shore. The water was becoming darker and rougher every minute, and the gathering clouds warned me to leave the wreck as soon as possible.

I hastened, therefore, to put the few things I wished to take with me, into a small keg ; to this I fastened a rope, which I meant to tie round my waist with a knot, that could be easily loosened, if the keg became troublesome ; I then lowered it down to the water, but it would not float ; the keg was not large enough to support the weight it contained ; I was therefore obliged to exchange it for a half-barrel, which was more buoyant. I returned by the shoals and rocks, wading and swimming alternately ; carrying the half-barrel in shallow water, and pulling it after me when it floated. In this manner,

I reached the rocky shore, eastward of the beach, and landed my last load safely.

By the time I arrived at the terrace, the wind had risen very much and the waves were dashing over the *stranded* vessel. In the night it blew very hard for two or three hours, and when I looked out, the next morning, the wreck had entirely disappeared. I immediately thought of the faithful servant and sincere mourner, the dog, and wondered what had become of him; the food I had placed for him was consumed, though he was nowhere to be seen.

As this was Sunday morning, and there was now no necessity for my doing any work, I determined to rest and keep the day in the best way I could. I well remember the comfort I had in washing and dressing myself that day; for I had the luxury of using a towel, for the first time for two years, and of putting on clean linen, and well made clothes. My breakfast, too, was an unusual one; for I treated myself with some coffee and bread and butter, from my new stores. When I had done my morning's work, I took my Testament to the shady seat by the fountain, and there I pored over the precious volume I had been so long deprived of. So deeply was I interested in it, so eagerly did I devour its once familiar contents, that the forenoon was gone before I was aware of it. I read for three hours without knowing it to be more than one; but when I did leave off, I found myself very much exhausted in mind and body by this unwonted application, and not disposed for any other Sunday exercises; I therefore made a light meal of cold victuals, and set out for a walk to the seashore. In a sheltered nook of the rocks, I found the faithful dog, seated with his face to the sea and looking towards the spot where the vessel had lain. I spoke to him, in a lively and affectionate manner, and thinking Neptune would be a good name for him, I so called him. He immediately came to me, wagging his tail, and showed himself really glad to see me, and disposed to cultivate my acquaintance. Whether I had accidentally hit upon

his real name and that conciliated him, or whether he was now without any hope of finding his old friend and ready to make a new one, I could not tell; but from that time he adopted me as his master, and became my faithful and affectionate companion; never leaving me by day or night, except to execute my commands, and always ready to exert his utmost powers in my service.

When I returned from my long and agreeable walk, rendered doubly pleasant by the company of my intelligent though dumb companion, I felt disposed to pour out my heart in thanksgiving to the great source of all good, for the numerous mercies I had received from Him, and to recite my hymns and chapters and serious pieces, as I was accustomed to do on the Sabbath. When these exercises were ended, I again took up my Testament, and read till the lengthened shadows of the trees warned me that it was time to attend to my household concerns.

Reading was such a novelty and such a treat to me, that I suppose I should have continued it through the evening, if a pain and weakness in my eyes had not admonished me to leave off. After being so long out of the habit of reading, I suppose it strained my eyes to look at such small objects as letters, and that I made an exertion to see them which I was not aware of.

I afterwards thought it was better for me, on another account, to lay aside the book. I had read so much that I could not clearly recollect one quarter of it; whereas the half chapter that I read, by itself, on board the vessel, had made such an impression on my mind, that I could repeat every word of it by rote. This convinced me that I ought, in future, to limit myself to such a portion as I could take in and remember, and thus have it to meditate upon when going about my business.

CHAPTER XIX.

ARRANGEMENTS — LETTERS — A WATCH — CONTENTS OF A CHEST — A NEW FLAG — TOO MUCH LEISURE — NEW PROJECTS — SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

AFTER the disappearance of the wreck, I devoted all my time for a week to examining, sorting, and arranging my various goods and chattels. My caves were so lumbered up, that they seemed already full; yet many things were still at the creek, and the terrace was strewed with bulky articles.

Having taken a lesson on board ship, in stowing away things in the smallest compass, I thought it likely that, with order and good contrivance, I might get all my things into the two caves and the long, narrow passage beyond; but I doubted whether that was desirable, for, in case of another earthquake, they might all be buried up at once, under such a load of earth as I could not remove. The possibility of such an accident, determined me to make a temporary store-house, of spars and sails, in a pleasant, shady spot, close by my favorite brook and not far from the landing-place in the creek; and to carry thither all the stores which still remained on the shore and which did not require to be kept cool. O what a pleasure it was to me to use good tools! the mere driving a nail with a proper iron hammer was a treat. Having made my store-house secure against a summer shower, which was all I had to fear for some months to come, I stowed into it a great variety of things, with as many empty casks as it would conveniently hold, because they would shrink and become leaky by exposure to the heat of the sun; but all the beef, pork, butter, cheese, and other provisions, that required to be kept cooler still, I deposited in my inner cave or the narrow passage, which formed an excellent store-closet. I had now so much to do with casks, that I became quite expert at rolling and managing them, though awkward enough, when I

first began to move them on board the wreck ; those that were filled with provisions, I rolled all the way from the landing at the creek, to the terrace, a distance of more than a mile of rising ground. It took me a good while to be sure, and made me very tired, but my time was of little value when I had nothing to do but to take care of myself, and rest was the sweeter for toil.

Between these heavy jobs, I indulged myself in the lighter and more agreeable task of examining the contents of several seamen's chests, which I had filled up with small articles and brought away, without looking at the things already in them, or opening the tills.

In one of these, I found several letters addressed to "James McIntyre, second mate of the ship Thames." They were all in the same hand-writing, but only one had any post mark, and I could not make out what the name of the place was. The seals were all broken open, and the letters appeared to have been much read. I found them tied together with a rope-yarn. Sitting with them in my hand, I fell into a deep reverie, on the probable fate of the person to whom they were addressed, and the sufferings of the writer, when, after vainly expecting his return, all was given up for lost. This led me to think of my own friends, who had probably mourned me as dead ; and brought up so many painful thoughts that a flood of tears followed, and I was obliged to quit these memorials of affection, take a turn on the terrace, and attend to some of my daily concerns in order to recover my composure.

I had been taught to consider it a very mean action to read any manuscript that was not intended for my perusal, and when I lived among men, I never had the least desire to look into any papers or letters that did not concern me ; I was therefore greatly surprised at the curiosity I now felt, to read the letters that had accidentally fallen into my hands.

I was ashamed of my feelings, and determined not to gratify them ; so I put the letters out of sight and tried to forget them, by occupying myself with other interesting

personal effects, that I found in the chests and tills ; such as a thread-case well filled with needles and thread, a present no doubt from some kind female friend or relation ; the sight of it reminded me directly of the one I had possessed, and of Mary's speech when she gave it to me, which proved a foreboding of what actually befell me. I was in danger of falling into another melancholy reverie, when I was suddenly cheered up by the welcome sight of a watch ; a large, bright-looking, silver watch lay among the miscellaneous contents of this till. I had always wished for one very much, and now I had tools, I had intended trying to mend the one I found in Gordon Vale ; but it was so much broken and so rusted that this was quite a hopeless task, and I rejoiced exceedingly in finding one that appeared to be whole. I seized it and applied the key to it, but, to my great disappointment, it unwound as fast as I tried to wind it ; I then looked at the works and saw that the chain was broken, which was enough to account for its doing so. If this was all the injury, I knew I could mend it ; so to work I went directly, and though I did not use any watch-maker's tool, but merely a woman's implements, needle and thread, I soon had the satisfaction of winding and setting the watch, and hearing it tick. There seemed to me to be real company in the ticking of that watch, and I hung it up in a conspicuous place.

As soon as I had looked and listened to it enough, my thoughts returned to those letters, and I felt the strongest desire to read them. Cut off as I was from all social intercourse, I longed to share in the thoughts of other minds ; to peruse these written pages, which were probably the outpourings of family affection, appeared to me the greatest pleasure I could have in my present situation ; but I remembered how I had always regarded looking into other peoples' letters, and I determined not to do it. So, to divert my thoughts, I went again to *overhauling* the tills in the mate's chest ; and as their contents were very characteristic of the profession and proved very useful to me, I will here note down the principal

items.—Two razors, one covered with rust ; a box-wood shaving-box with a brush beside it ; a small looking-glass ; a coarse and a fine tooth comb ; a small horn filled with grease, and stuck full of sail-needles ; a *mounted palm* which is the kind of thimble sail-makers use ; two spare jack-knives ; a small *marline spike* ; a rusty pair of scissors, a broken breast-pin in the shape of an anchor ; eleven horn buttons ; and other trifles too numerous to mention.

In the bottom of the chest I found to my great joy four more books ; a volume of Anson's Voyages ; an old romance in two volumes, with the title-page torn out of each, and all the leaves soiled and defaced ; and "The Complete Letter-Writer." Much as I wanted books, I was disappointed in the contents of these ; with the first I was very familiar ; the romance did not promise to be at all instructive from the few pages I read in it ; and the last, being mere models of letters and not the expression of real feeling, was uninteresting. I put them however on the shelf with my other books, and went on sorting and arranging my various possessions.

Those, who have always lived surrounded by every article of necessity and even luxury, can form little idea of the pleasurable feelings I experienced, in seeing, handling, and using such common things as a tea-cup and saucer, a knife, fork, and spoon, a pewter teapot, or even a tin cup. All these things looked beautiful to me, and I was really delighted with arranging them on shelves cut in the soft, rocky sides of my inner apartment. As I had a great many more of these articles than I had occasion to use, I thought it prudent to pack up what I did not immediately want in a chest, and deposit them in my store-house, at the brook, lest another earthquake should deprive me of my subterranean treasures. For the same reason I divided my tools, and kept part of them at each place.

Among the articles brought from the wreck, but not yet named in this narrative, was a suit of colors ; and in taking possession of them, I could not help contrasting

the condition of the good ship *Thames* when, with her colors flying, and all her valuable stores on board for a long whaling voyage, she sailed down the river whose name she bore, with her forlorn appearance when, deserted by her captain and crew, stripped of her masts and sails, she was driven, tempest-tost, on this shoal. I now overhauled this suit of colors, and determined that one of them should grace my flag-staff, in place of the poor old shirt, a very small fragment of which now remained.

As I was possessed of pulleys and ropes in plenty, I meant to rig the flag-staff properly, in order to hoist and lower the flag at pleasure. So one afternoon, I shouldered an axe and a saw, a line and pulley, and walked off to Signal Hill, with other tools in my pockets, and an English jack* in my hand. It was quite an amusement to me, to climb the tree and pull down the old rag, and then fix my little block firmly to the top of the stem, and *reeve* the line through it. Having done this, I finished the work of stripping the tree of its branches. While thus employed, I could not help comparing the ease with which I now chopped or sawed off large limbs, with the difficulty I formerly had in getting off the small topmost branches. "So much for edgetools," thought I, as I looked at my useful axe and saw. When stripped of its limbs, this tall, straight tree made an excellent flag-staff; and having joined together the two ends of the line that was *rove* through the block, I tied the flag to the line and then pulled away till it was up to the block. The loop was easily fastened to the trunk of the tree. The ensign † made a fine show, and now I felt sure that no English captain would come in sight of it, without making an inquiry into its meaning.

At the end of a week, devoted to assorting and arranging my goods, I got my house into tolerable order; and the things I was obliged to leave at the creek and upon the terrace, were conveniently placed. I was now so well

* A certain flag so called.

† Another name for the same flag.

off for provisions and utensils that I had a great deal of leisure. Not being obliged to hunt the lama, or fish for my daily food, and having now no inducement to tan leather, or make pipkins, or contrive salt-pans, I became rather indolent for a while ; and, as with other idlers, time soon hung heavy on my hands. The week after I completed my arrangements, seemed longer to me, as it passed, than any previous one, since the first month I spent on this island. I did nothing but read, and lounge about, or play with Neptune and send him after sticks into the water, and shoot a little in the woods, for mere amusement.

I found my body languid, and my mind sluggish and apt to fall into sad reveries. On seriously considering my condition, I saw there was danger of my newly acquired treasures depriving me of what was far more valuable than any outward possession — health and cheerfulness ; and I firmly resolved not to be so unwise and so ungrateful to the Giver of all these gifts, as to suffer them to become snares instead of blessings.

I was convinced that active employment, both of body and mind, were necessary to my health and happiness ; and that even on a desert island I had no right to waste my time in idleness. I endeavoured to fix on a plan of regular employment, and numerous schemes were formed and rejected. Large as was my present supply of provisions, I knew it would not last good more than two years ; and as I might live here much longer than that, it was most prudent to keep up the habit of using such productions as the island afforded, for then I should not miss my present luxuries so much, when they were gone. These considerations made hunting once or twice a week enter into all my plans. I wished there was something that I felt obliged to do, for I always preferred necessary labor to what was done for the mere sake of employment. At length it occurred to me, that I must have a store-house, to keep my goods secure from rain, before the wet season came ; and I resolved to set about building one directly. The more I thought of

it, the more necessary it seemed, and I rejoiced in being obliged to set to work and in having tools to work with.

Thinking it best to divide my time between hard labor and sedentary employments, I was planning a course of exercises in writing and reading, when the idea struck me for the first time, that I could write a narrative of my own adventures.

The thought pleased me extremely ; for, next to the desire of seeing my distant friends, was the wish that they should be informed of my fate ; and I resolved to put my manuscript as fast as it was written, in some safe and conspicuous place, so that if I should die here, it might be found by any one who should touch at the island.

It will perhaps seem very strange that I did not immediately set to work to build a boat out of the materials I was so rejoiced to find ; but various considerations made me defer it. I had never sailed a boat, or seen one built. I feared I should not succeed, and dreaded the disappointment. I disliked the idea also of throwing away my life, which had become bearable and almost agreeable, in a fruitless attempt to improve my condition ; and the fear of exchanging my peaceful and independent mode of living, for one of slavery among the savages, more than counterbalanced my desire of seeking companions, in on open boat, on an unknown sea. When the idea of writing an account of my shipwreck and residence on a desert island, came into my head, I resolved to complete that before I risked myself in a sea voyage ; so that if I perished, my history might remain, and be one day made known to my fellow-men. If it never reaches my own friends, I wish others to know what I have endured, and what hardships and sufferings a man may live through, and yet keep a stout heart and trust in God through every thing.

The second anniversary of my shipwreck approached, and I thought the best way of keeping it would be, to begin upon that day both my great works, the store-house, and the history of my adventures ; but the memorable 14th of October returned before I had sufficiently set-

tled my plan of building, to begin. As I was not now so fully occupied as before, the day did not slip by unobserved. The moment I awoke I remembered it, and my thoughts turned involuntarily on my far distant friends, and the trying scenes I had passed through since I parted from them. My mind being thus full of the subject, it appeared to be the very time for beginning my narrative, and accordingly I devoted most of the day to writing. This occupation, by fixing my attention on the earliest events of my history and exercising my intellect, prevented my being as melancholy as I should have been, if I had spent the day in thinking over all the troubles I had met with, since I left my father's house. In the evening, when I had tired myself with writing, I took a walk to my favorite brook. Happening to seat myself on the very spot where I sat when I first visited the little valley, I remembered that it was there I felt the beginning of peace and calmness in my soul, after my shipwreck; and my heart turned with renewed thankfulness to God for his great goodness to me then, and his continued mercies ever since. A long train of thought followed, in which, instead of numbering my trials as I had often planned to do on this anniversary, I numbered my blessings, and remembered how often all sense of loneliness had been removed, by drawing near in spirit to God. By meditating upon Him, by loving Him, by trusting in Him, my sorrow had often been turned to joy, and I had spent my time contentedly, even on a desert island.

These thoughts brought to mind the following hymn, written by a French lady, and altered by me to suit my own situation. I sung it with a full heart and loud voice, before I quitted the spot for the night.

1.

“ O Thou ! by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide ;
Dear Lord, how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment.

2.

"All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love ;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee,
In heaven, on earth, or on the sea.

3.

"To me remains nor place nor time ;
My home is in an unknown clime.
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

4.

"Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all."

 CHAPTER XX.

DIFFICULTIES AS A WRITER — A STORE-HOUSE — MAKING
CHARCOAL — WORKING AT A FORGE — THE STORE-HOUSE
FINISHED.

Now that I was resolved on building and writing, which would exercise both body and mind, I felt myself justified in living for a while on my sea-stores, as it took less time to prepare them ; so I divided the day very methodically between my domestic affairs, the erection of a store-house, and the history of my own adventures. I used to work hard morning and afternoon, and write in the middle of the day, when it was too warm to labor in the sun. I generally returned from my work a little before noon ; ate my dinner in the cool shade of my outer cave, with Poll on one side and Neptune on the other, each being fed occasionally by a nice bit from my plate. After dinner I washed my dishes, like a professed cook, and put every thing away in its proper place. Then I threw myself on my bed and slept half an hour. This refreshed me and made me feel bright

for my writing, when I again seated myself at the mouth of the cave, with the portable writing-desk, found in the cabin of the Thames, placed on my clumsy table.

I found writing my own history much slower work than I at first expected. I loved to dwell on every minute particular, in hopes it might be read by my dear parents, who would wish to know every thing about their poor lost son ; and I was so out of the habit of writing, that I made a great many mistakes, and altered and altered till the manuscript was illegible, and required to be written all over again. This wasted my materials, of which I had not a very large stock ; and when I found that I had used up a quire of paper without telling more than a quarter of my story, I became more careful, and considered better what I was going to say, before I put it down. Sometimes my hand trembled so much, after hard work, that I could scarcely write at all ; but still it was a very agreeable employment, and I seldom let a day pass without adding something to my narrative. I fear my friends will have a very poor opinion of my authorship, when I acknowledge that I did not bring my history up to the time of writing, till I was confined to my cave by the next rainy season. Nevertheless I love to tell, not only the truth, but the whole truth ; for I have no wish to appear better or cleverer than I really am ; and if my readers will only sympathize in my trials and sufferings, they are welcome to laugh at my weaknesses.

I was a good while deciding how to build my store-house. My first idea was to make a log cabin, as I had read of the early settlers doing in the woods of America ; but I feared that I could not lift and manage trees large enough for my purpose ; and as I did not need a warm building, but merely a shelter from rain, I gave that up. Mud walls and a thatched roof, like a Welsh or Irish cottage, next occurred to me ; but to work in mud like a beaver was not very inviting, so this too was rejected. I was determined to build near my favorite brook, among the romantic slopes and rocks, trees and shrubs, that ornament the little valley through which it ripples, before

it loses itself in the salt water of the creek. I could not however make up my mind as to the materials or shape of the building, till one day I observed a smooth, perpendicular cliff, about eighteen feet high, and decided to take that for one wall of the house. Some tall straight trees grew at the foot of it, and by cutting down three of them, I could make a clear space large enough for the building, while those that remained would serve for corner posts, and assist me, if I built of wood, in making the side opposite to the cliff. A low front wall and a long sloping roof, like that of a green-house, seemed to me the easiest form to build, and having fixed upon a thatched roof * and wattled ends, † I began to make my preparations accordingly.

I fitted a handle to one of those scythes which I had found on board the Thames, and with that I cut some very tall, rank grass, the stalks of which were as big as oat-straw, and spread it to dry, against I was ready to thatch my house. The art of doing this, I had learnt when a boy, by observing some laborers at work on a cottage, and persuading them to let me try my hand at it ; and though they went over my work after me, and did it better than my strength would allow me to do it, yet I learnt the method, and felt sure that I could now practise it.

After much cogitation, I determined to turn mason, and build the front wall of stone and mortar ; the former abounded on the spot, and the latter I could easily make, having plenty of quick-lime among my stores, and sand and water close at hand ; and as the chief weight of the roof would be on this front wall, I knew it ought to be strong.

Trowels, plummet, leather apron, and every thing necessary to a mason, were found in the wreck ; so I went to work with great pleasure to dig the foundation of the

* A covering of straw or reeds, laid on very thick over the roof timbers, and fastened down with willow bands and wooden pegs.

† Slender branches woven together.

wall by line and measure, and then to build it as much like a mason as I could. It was to be twenty-five feet long, five feet high, and as thin as I could conveniently make it with irregular fragments of rock, and yet have it strong enough to support the roof.

It was so agreeable to me to work with good tools, that I had great pleasure in building this wall; and I succeeded so well that instead of using the trees for corner posts, I avoided them. Turning the corners with my masonry, I continued the wall across the ends, leaving spaces for door-ways, and making the end walls at first no higher than the front one.

By the time I had done this, I had become so expert with the trowel and mortar, that I thought it would be the shortest way to build up the ends of stone high enough to meet the roof. To do this I must have a stage and a ladder; the former I made by resting the ends of boards on barrels, and then putting another row of barrels on the boards, and another set of boards on them, and so on till the stage was as high as I wanted it; the ladder was easily made out of the variety of small spars that I now possessed, and I soon produced a very good-looking substantial one, ten feet long. With this, I could carry stones and mortar up to the staging; but my masonry went on much more slowly than before, for I found climbing up a ladder, and holding, at the same time, a large stone or a bucket of mortar on my shoulder, no very easy task. I persevered however, and built up the ends till they were fifteen feet high where they joined the cliff, and sloped gradually down to the front wall.

My next business was to cut down tall, straight saplings for *rafters*, and make notches in the cliff, three feet from the top, to receive one end of each, while the other rested on the front wall. Knowing it would be very difficult to prevent the rain from coming into the house, where the roof joined the cliff, I thought it would help the matter to make the joining at some distance below the top of the rock; and as that was a little overhanging, I

hoped the rain would fall on the roof beyond the joining, and so be conducted off.

I nailed pieces of wood across from timber to timber, close enough together to support the thatch ; which I put on in a masterly manner, and had the satisfaction of seeing a tight, even, and very sloping roof, that would carry off a deluge of rain.

I made a large door-way at each end of the building, for the sake of admitting light and air to my goods ; and found plenty of boards and bulkheads, out of which I made two capital doors ; but what to do for hinges I did not know. A whaling vessel has almost every thing on board, but I could not find a pair of hinges among all my stores ; and when I had made my doors, I was greatly disappointed at not being able to hang them. Having succeeded so well in every part of my new building, I did not like to have the doors incomplete, or fastened up in any bungling manner ; so I resolved, whilst my hand was in as a mason, and I had mortar made, to set up the forge I had found in the wreck, make some charcoal to use in it, and try to form a pair of hinges out of the iron in which I abounded.

As I had often seen charcoal made, I had no difficulty in doing it except that of selecting a spot near at hand, which I was willing to have disfigured by a charcoal pit ; for I loved the little valley of the brook so well, I could not bear to have it there. At last I fixed on a place, dug up the turf, made a shallow pit, and arranged the wood in it so as to give it air enough to *char*, without allowing it to blaze and consume to ashes. When I had piled up wood enough, I covered it over with turf and earth ; and leaving a sufficient number of vent-holes, as I thought, I set fire to it in several places. It did not burn well, but soon went out ; I made more openings and kindled it again, and then it burnt freely, and sent out columns of black smoke at every vent-hole. In a sheltered nook among the rocks of my favorite valley I set up my forge ; to build the chimney, hang the bellows, and fix the anvil, was a great amusement to me,

and required no more ingenuity than I possessed ; but whether I should be able to perform the part of blacksmith, and make any thing that would serve the purpose of a hinge, I was a little doubtful ; though, having all the tools necessary, I was resolved to do my utmost to succeed.

When it was time to look after my charcoal, I opened the pit and found plenty of ashes, but very little coal ! It had burnt too freely, and consumed instead of charring. There was however enough to fill a pair of panniers, and my faithful lama brought it to the forge for me. I had not felt a doubt about being able to make charcoal, it seemed such a simple operation ; but I found it required experience, and it was not till I had tried several times, that I could feel a certainty of succeeding.

Quite different from this was my experience at the forge ; what had appeared very difficult proved tolerably easy. I found I could heat iron, and hold it, and hammer it into what shape I pleased, with far more facility than I had anticipated. My only mistakes were not getting the iron hot enough to weld, which requires it to be more than red-hot, and my hammering it too much in trying to make the work smooth, and so reducing the size more than I intended. My hinges were of the simple construction that I had seen on gates, a sort of large iron eye with a staple that hooked into it. When these were made and put on, and the two doors hung, I was greatly pleased ; and the work of a smith was so agreeable to me, that I afterwards amused myself very often with fashioning iron into various shapes. Among other things, I made some arrow-heads, for I had become fond of shooting with a bow when I had very clumsy arrows ; and now that I could make very good ones, I liked it better than shooting with a gun.

My new store-house had quite a pretty effect under the shade of the fine trees that grew close around it. It reminded me of the pretty thatched cottage of the English peasant, and to make the resemblance still stronger, I white-washed the walls with lime. It was complete

now in all respects but the floor ; and though there could not be a prettier carpet for it, than the fine greensward that now covered it, I knew that would be so damp in the rainy season as to be unfit to set my goods on. I therefore dug two narrow, deep trenches across it, and as the wall was now settled and dry enough not to be injured by it, I continued the trench under the foundation and a good way beyond the building, to a slope in the ground that would carry off the water. These drains I filled with large stones put in loosely, and felt confident they would make the ground dry within the building.

I forgot to say in the proper place, that in ridding myself of the three trees that stood within the walls of my building, I did not cut them down entirely, but only took off their branching tops, and left the trunks standing as high as they could without interfering with the roof, knowing they would be very useful ; some of the forks too, made by the branches, I left for the purpose of laying poles and cedar boards across from tree to tree, and of hanging things upon them. When the building was finished, I spent three days in cutting my name and the date of its completion on a large stone in the wall.

It cost me many weeks of hard labor to build this store-house ; but I had a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction in doing it, was cheerful and healthy all the time, and felt richly rewarded for my exertions when all my goods and chattels were safely removed, from their temporary shelter, to this substantial place of deposit, and I saw them arranged in proper order within its walls.

There was another consideration which made me particularly well satisfied with this piece of work. It was likely to last much longer than I should, and if the island were visited after my death, it would afford proof that a civilized being had resided here, and might lead to the discovery of my manuscript.

CHAPTER XXI.

BUILDING A PYRAMID — NEPTUNE'S SERVICES — THE PYRAMID COMPLETED — A GRINDSTONE.

To make a safe and conspicuous place of deposit for my manuscript, was my next undertaking ; and being quite in the spirit of building, I lost no time in setting about the necessary preparations. A stone monument on Signal Hill was what I was resolved upon ; and whilst I was thinking about the shape of the structure, I busied myself in transporting my tools and materials to the spot where it was to stand.

My old lama, whom I called Judy, did me good service in carrying up lime and sand ; and the mortar was made and the stones were selected before I could decide on the form of the monument. Great strength and solidity were necessary, to withstand the wind in this exposed situation ; and yet it must not be so shapeless as to be mistaken at a distance for a mass of rock, or it would be useless. After puzzling over the subject till I was tired of it, and altering my mind so often that I seemed likely not to set about it at all, I at last fixed upon a small pyramid as the most enduring form, and one which I could most easily build ; it would also be readily distinguished from the surrounding rocks.

Thinking it would help me forward with my work, I took an irregular shaped rock for the centre, and determined to build my pyramid around it. In order to make the four sides equal, I dug a foundation eight feet square, and placed a pole upright in the rock, so that the top of it should be twelve feet from the ground, and equally distant from each corner of the foundation. To this pole I fastened four lines, and brought them down to the four corners of the square base ; these marked out the exact shape of the pyramid, and enabled me to build it very evenly.

As the prevailing winds were from the south, the cavity for the manuscript was to be on the northern or most sheltered side ; there I meant to have a chamber two feet square, smooth-plastered within, and closed by an iron door. All the rest of the pyramid was to be of solid masonry.

The summit of Signal Hill was composed of ledges of rock, with natural seams ; I was thus able to separate large slabs, and if I had had a fellow-laborer to help me lift and transport them, the work would soon have been completed. As it was, I proceeded but slowly, though I made all the use I could of levers and rollers, and even rigged a tackle to a neighbouring tree, that I might the better move large pieces of the rock. Very often the labor of a whole hour would be lost, for the want of another hand to keep a rope from slipping, or to push one end of a stone round while I held the other, or to afford some such slight service as any second person could have rendered me ; I then sighed over my lonely condition. After a while, I thought of making a little cart on which to carry the stones from the quarry to the monument. This I at length did by taking the large *lignum vitæ* * sheaves † out of four blocks, and fastening them with axles to a broad piece of plank. With a rope I could easily draw this vehicle along, and it proved to be of great service to me ; for I could rest my arms, after placing the stone on the cart, before I lifted it to its place, while I moved it forward by the rope passing round my waist.

I accidentally found out an easy way of splitting the rock with wooden wedges. I had driven some in, very hard and very close together, without success, when I was obliged by a shower to quit my work for that evening ; on my return, the next morning, the rock was split. The wedges were so swelled by the rain as to produce

* A kind of dark, heavy, firm wood.

† The grooved wheels of a pulley.

that effect ; and, availing myself of this hint, I was able to proceed more rapidly.

While working on the pyramid I had exercise enough, without walking to and from Signal Hill, twice a day ; so I used to ride backwards and forwards upon Judy, and tether her, while I was at work, by a long rope, kept on her neck for the purpose. One day she pulled up the stake, to which the rope was fastened, and walked off among the hills. When I perceived she was gone, I looked about for her in every direction ; I climbed the rocks and called after her, but all to no purpose ; and I gave her up for that day. But my watchful companion, Neptune, understood what was the matter, and off he went full speed, in the track of the lama. I saw how eager he was in the pursuit, but did not believe he would be able to catch her if he found where she was. At the end of an hour however, I saw the poor fellow laboring up the hill very slowly, panting as if he were very much tired, and holding the rope in his mouth, by which he led the lama back to me. I suppose she gave him a long run before he caught her ; but when I saw them, she was letting him lead her along very submissively.

Another day she broke loose as before, and I sent Neptune after her, feeling very sure that he would soon return with her ; but to my surprise he returned without her. I looked gravely at him, and immediately he set off again ; but came back in half an hour as before, without the lama. He now jumped upon me, barked and yelped, and ran a little way down the hill, and then back again to me, as though he wanted me to follow him. I did so, and then he ran on delighted ; and, after winding about among the hills for a considerable distance, he brought me to where my poor old lama was fastened by her tether to a tree. She had run round it till she had wound the rope all up on the trunk ; and there she was, lying down close to it, looking quite subdued and forlorn. I soon released her and led her back, with Neptune for a guide, or I could not have found the shortest way to my work


There was no water nearer the top of Signal Hill, than a quarter of a mile ; and as I frequently wished to drink when working so hard under an ardent sun, I taught Neptune to bring me water in a cocoa-nut shell which I fitted up for the purpose with a bale like a bucket. I used to put the handle in his mouth and point to the spring, when away he would scamper, dip it in the stream and bring it to me about half or one third full. I took great pains to teach him to bring it more carefully so as not to spill so much ; but he generally gave some unlucky jump before he got back, that made his self-command the rest of the way of no use.

After many days of constant labor the monument began to look as I expected and hoped it would. As I approached the top, I hammered the stones very carefully, that the form might be regular and true. With the uppermost one of all, I took great pains, and as it was a pretty large piece, it cost me much exertion to raise it to its place ; but it formed a very complete apex to the pyramid, and so rewarded me for all my trouble.

On the whole, this humble imitation of the greatest wonders of the world, was a respectable miniature ; and I flattered myself it was as remarkable a production for one pair of hands, as the pyramids of Egypt were for the thousands that probably worked upon them.

On the largest and smoothest stone in the pyramid, I carved my name, and the date of my shipwreck, with the words "LOOK WITHIN" ; and fearing this inscription might, in time, become illegible by the wearing away of the stone, I made one of iron letters out of nail rods, and put it on the side where the iron door was. It took me a great while to make all this iron work to my satisfaction, and fasten the letters securely to the stone, but it was at last accomplished ; it looked very well, and was very substantial. I then made, out of a very hard kind of wood that grew on the island, a box of my best workmanship, to hold my manuscript ; and only waited for the monument to be dry enough to deposit there what was already written.

By the time all these works were accomplished, my tools needed grinding very much, and I found I must rig my grindstone so as to turn and grind at the same time, or I could not use it at all. I had so often stood by the side of the knife and scissors grinders in the streets of York, and watched the motion of their large wheel and treadle, that I was at no loss how to fit up my grindstone. For a wheel I nailed two pieces of plank together and sawed them round by a chalk mark made with a string fastened in the centre. I cut a groove in the edge to receive the band, and made an iron axle for it with a *bell-crank** to fasten the *treadle* † to ; and another iron axle for the grindstone and the little *drum* ‡ that was to carry the band. When these parts were prepared, I made the frame and legs, and the box for water under the stone ; for I had heard my father tell my mother never to employ a grinder that ground with a dry stone, as it *takes all the temper out* § of the steel. My mounted grindstone looked very grand and workman-like ; but when I put on the band and tried to turn it with my foot, I found, to my mortification and surprise, that it would not go round at all. The treadle sank under my foot, but never rose again. I sat down before it, and putting my elbows on my knees, and resting my chin on my hands, I determined to reason upon it till I found out where I had failed. I now remembered that the lecturer I heard in York, explained all about *fly-wheels*, and *momentum*, and treadles, and cranks ; he showed us also some pretty models, and related some curious facts that interested the audience very much ; but just in the middle of his explanations, a stray dog walked up to the lecturer's table, and looked so knowingly in his face, that I could not help being diverted by it ; thus, like a

* A crooked axle of this shape, 

† The part the foot is placed upon to produce motion.

‡ The broad wheel over which the band passes.

§ Softens it.

simpleton, I suffered the foolery this incident gave rise to among my companions, to take off my attention from the lecture entirely, and in this way, I missed the information which would now be so useful to me. I sighed over my folly, and then tried to exert my ingenuity in finding out what I might have then learned. After thinking some time, I perceived that my wheel and drum were not large and heavy enough for the size of the grindstone ; and that, if I were to make them in the same proportion with that of the scissors-grinder, they would be too large to be moved by the foot ; I accordingly began to think that I should be obliged to contrive some means of turning my grindstone by water power, which would be a long and difficult business for one pair of hands. My thoughts then wandered to my father's back-yard, and the many times that I had turned his grindstone for him. I recollected too, that in playing with the grindstone I used to turn it very fast for some time and then let go the crank, when it would fly round several times of itself before it stopped. When this occurred to me, I thought the same force which turned the handle after I let go of it, would raise a treadle ; as soon as this possibility struck me, I went to work and fixed the axle with the bell-crank and treadle to the grindstone itself, instead of having a separate wheel. Full of doubts and fears, I put my foot upon the treadle ; it went down and rose again ! I could continue the motion with my foot, and make it turn very fast. Here then, I supposed, was an end to my difficulties. But another disappointment awaited me ; when I applied my axe to the stone, it went slower and slower, till at length it stopped, and no exertions of my foot and leg were able to keep it moving. This partial success, however, put me on a right train of thought. It seemed to me that the force which raised the treadle was made by the weight of the stone, and the quickness with which it moved ; if therefore, I could increase either of these powers, I should get force enough to turn it, when grinding a tool. The rate of its going I could not increase, but its weight I could ;

so I cut out of the trunk of a tree, the size of which was a little smaller round than the grindstone, a piece a foot thick, and boring a hole through it, I put it on the axle by the side of the stone. On trying the treadle it moved better than before ; but even now it would not grind an axe ; the most I could do was to sharpen my jack-knives, and some small tools.

Very much disappointed at the small success which attended all my labors and contrivances, and convinced now that I never could grind an axe without some greater power than that of my foot, I gave up the matter for the present, hoping some bright thought would occur to me when my mind was less wearied with the subject.

CHAPTER XXII.

VARIOUS OCCUPATIONS — NEPTUNE — NEW CONTRIVANCES — NEPTUNE'S PERFORMANCE — A WATER-WHEEL.

IN the next three or four weeks, I made several excursions among the woods and mountains, and visited the vineyard in search of some ripe grapes, and Gordon Vale to enjoy its beauty and its perfumes. I had, besides, several fine lama hunts, and tried my new iron-headed arrows with very good success. I believe that what made me so fond of shooting with a bow, was having heard in my childhood many stories of the famous English archer, Robin Hood, who could split a willow wand at one hundred yards' distance, together with my having once attended, with my father, a meeting of John of Gaunt's Bowmen,* and seen prize archery.

Besides this enjoyment of the fine weather, beautiful scenery, and luxuriant vegetation, I busied myself in

* The name of a society that practises archery, and shoots for prizes once a year.

cutting down, and piling up to dry, a stock of fuel for the winter. As I was obliged to carry it home on the backs of my lamas, in a sort of cradle made for the purpose, I did not wish to increase the load by carrying any sap in the wood.

In all my excursions I was accompanied by Neptune, except when I hunted, and then I was obliged to leave him tied up at home ; for he made the lamas very wild by running after them, and spoiled my sport entirely, without being of the least use. These animals had become so shy, that it was with difficulty I could approach them. As they always ran for the highest land, when pursued, I used to have very fatiguing chases, and often returned without any success. Their flesh, however, not being now necessary to me for food, I did not like to shoot them ; I merely wished to hunt them and run them down, for the sake of the sport and exercise, and that I might be able to catch them when necessary.

When Neptune was first added to my family, he did not know how to behave himself to the lamas ; I was often obliged to interfere in their gambols to prevent his playing too roughly with the kids, and I had to chastise him several times for driving them away, when they were returning home at night.

After a while, however, he came to understand matters so well that, when they staid later than usual, he would go after them and drive them home. By the time Neptune and I had lived together a few months, he understood every thing I said to him, and used even to read my countenance wonderfully. His intelligence seemed to me so nearly to resemble reason, that I valued his company exceedingly ; and if he was missing for an hour or two, I felt lonely and uneasy at his absence.

Neptune did not get on with Mistress Poll so well as with the other members of my family. She received all his advances very ungraciously, and never let him approach her without pecking his nose with her sharp bill, and raising her voice in most discordant notes. I was some-

times amused, and sometimes provoked, with the silly creature, for her continued hostility to one who never offended her ; but he was never disturbed by it, and always treated her as if she were of too little consequence for him to resent any thing she did. It was curious enough, that the first attempt she made at speaking should be pronouncing the name of him she so disliked ; but she heard me say "Nep, Nep, poor Nep," so much oftener than "Poll, Poll, pretty Poll," that she learnt to repeat those words very distinctly, before she tried her own name. I never shall forget the sensation it gave me, when I first heard a word spoken on that island, by another mouth than my own.

In all my various occupations and excursions, I kept thinking about my grindstone, and trying to invent some mode of turning it ; for both my axes and all three of my hatchets had become so blunt, I could hardly use them at all. It frequently occurred to me, when near the brook, that I should be obliged to use some of its pretty little cascades to turn the grindstone ; but the trouble and labor of making a dam and a water-wheel seemed to me so great, that I delayed in hopes of finding some easier way. The idea of a small wind-mill occurred to me, as a possible contrivance, but there were many objections to that. After various plans, formed and rejected, I resolved at last on trying a very simple method, suggested to me by thinking about home, and the customs of my father's house, where all the meat was roasted by a turnspit dog moving a large, hollow wheel or tread-mill, by his own weight. "I will make a tread-mill," said I to myself, "and teach Neptune to turn it." Very confident of success, I made two large pieces of frame-work that answered for a double set of spokes, and joined them together by staves, cut in pieces as long as I wanted the wheel to be wide. I hung the wheel on an iron axle, by putting one end of the axle on the fork of a small tree and resting the other on a piece of plank fixed upright in the ground to receive it. On this end of the axle I placed a little wheel with a groove in it, and on

the axle of the grindstone another, and then connected them by a smooth cord. I turned the wheel with my hand and the stone went round perfectly well. "Now," thought I, "if I can only teach Neptune to run in this wheel, I shall be set up." I first coaxed him into it, by placing his dinner there, and fixing the wheel so that it should not turn round; but he did not like it very well, and he jumped out as soon as he had done eating.

I had contrived the wheel so that I could shut him in to it, if I pleased, and meant, if no other way succeeded, to teach him as young turnspits are taught in England, and as I had often seen my mother's cook train puppies, viz. by putting a little piece of hot coal into the wheel behind him, which falling against his heels would urge him forward, and keep him going till he should understand what was required of him. But I could not bear the idea of hurting my good dumb friend, if I could possibly do without it; and by dint of playing and coaxing, and commanding and rewarding him, I taught him what I wanted of him, without the hot coal.

Neptune trotted off finely, and round went the wheel under him, while he remained in the same place. If he could have reasoned a little upon his employment he would have wondered how it could be, that he never moved from the same spot though he was running as hard as he could.

The grindstone turned very well though not very fast, and sanguine of success I applied the edge of my axe to it. Disappointment again attended all my efforts to grind so large a tool. The dog's weight was only sufficient to overcome the weight of the stone and carry that round; — the moment I bore upon the stone hard enough to do any good, the dog was obliged to stand still, for the wheel would not move under him.

I was greatly chagrined at losing so much time, pains, and contrivance, and rather provoked with myself for not having reasoned upon it, before I began to make the wheel, enough to satisfy myself it would not succeed. But the most trying thought of all was, that if I had attended

to the lecturer in York, I should have saved myself this disappointment, and made a water-wheel at once.

When I had recovered from my chagrin enough to feel in spirits to set about my water-works, I perceived that my past labor would not be wholly in vain, as the large wheel I had made for the dog to run in, would, with a little alteration, serve for a water-wheel.

I first surveyed the brook, to find the best place for a dam and water-course, and discovered a spot higher up than I usually went, where nature seemed to have done the work for me. The waters of the brook were here collected in a natural basin, formed by a quantity of stones and earth which had gathered about some aged trees that had fallen across the stream. This natural dam made a sufficient head of water for an *under-shot* wheel, and the principal outlet was close to the left bank of the stream, on which were all my other works. Now the first thing to be done, was to get rid of the water while I made my *race*, and set up my wheel; and the readiest mode seemed to be, to stop up this outlet in a temporary manner, and let the water rise, till it found vent at some other place. There was some danger, to besure, that the increased pressure would carry away the whole embankment, and thus spoil my project; but I ventured it, and anxiously watched the little basin, filling higher and higher, till at length it discharged itself without injury to the natural dam, and at a convenient distance.

I now planted firmly, in the bed of the brook, two posts, to support the wheel; and having made a large wooden trough for a *race*, I secured it in a slanting direction, one end joining the temporary dam, and the other reaching to where I thought the lower part of my wheel would come. Then I made a substantial frame and gate at the top of the *race*, to let the water in, when the dam should be removed. Neptune's tread-mill was converted into a water-wheel by placing on the outside of it a series of projecting pieces, called, I believe, *float-boards*, which would catch the water as it fell, and cause the wheel to turn round. I made the axle to extend beyond the post nearest the bank

and over the green margin of the brook, as the grindstone was to be fitted to that end of it. Having filled up the space around my race firmly with stones and sods, and hung my wheel, I took away my temporary dam, and let the water come against the gate. So far all promised well, and with a beating heart I proceeded to raise the gate. The water rushed down the race upon the floats with such force and splashing that I started back, and the next instant the wheel went round to my entire satisfaction, with a regular motion and at a quicker rate than I expected.

Now remained the oft repeated test of applying the edge of a broad axe to the surface of the stone. Twice before, the stone had turned as well as it did now, but had ceased to move on applying the axe ; so with a trembling hand and fearful heart I held it to the stone. It did not alter its pace. I thought my anxiety made my hand weak, and that I did not bear on hard enough ; so I pressed harder and heard the welcome sound of the grit of the stone taking hold of the iron, and saw a bright line made along the edge of the axe without sensibly altering the motion of the wheel.

This experiment succeeded completely, and I was delighted.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SHED BUILT — VALUE OF BREAD — HOW TIME GOES — A BAY DISCOVERED — A NARROW ESCAPE — NEPTUNE ACTING NURSE.

I OBSERVED with pleasure that the lamas I had tamed, became more and more dependent. Weaned from their natural habits, they were less capable of taking care of themselves, and relied more upon me ; and as one of the great trials of my situation was having no one but myself to care for, I was rejoiced to find these dumb creatures look up to me for food and shelter. The de-

sire they had shown to take refuge from the rain in my cave, determined me to construct a shed for them on the terrace; and as there were eight now domesticated, it required a good-sized building to accommodate them. I placed it against a perpendicular cliff and made use of a thatched roof, like that of my store-house; but instead of a low front wall, I let the roof timbers rest on the ground, and left both ends open for air and light. A rough kind of manger held their provender; and when they were all ranged along in my rude stable, and fastened by their halters, they looked quite like a *stud*, and gave me a pleasure superior to that of a German prince, whose steeds inhabit a building fit for a palace.

I had not forgotten to gather a good stock of the plant that the lamas were most fond of; and as it grew only on the highest hills, I often devoted a whole day at a time to collecting and bringing it home. I used to ride *Judy*, when I went on these foraging expeditions, in the service of her own species; and she would carry me, of her own accord, to the places where the plant was abundant. If I muzzled her, to prevent her eating it, she would look further and find more; and when her panniers were filled, I let her satisfy herself, before we returned.

All this summer I lived chiefly on bread and fruits. In my hunting and shooting excursions, I used to put three or four hard biscuits in my pocket, and these, with the wild fruits of the island, made me a delicious repast, wherever I was. I dried a large quantity of fine grapes, and packed them down close in a clean, dry half-barrel, where they kept as well as those sold in boxes in England.

Though I lived so much without animal food this summer, I did not lose my strength, because I had the *staff of life*, as bread is truly called; and there is so much nourishment in wheat, that it kept up my health and strength finely. I even felt better with this diet in very warm weather, than when I ate meat. But I saw, with concern, that my stock of bread diminished fast; I dreaded being again without that first and best of all

kinds of food. If I had had any wheat in the kernel, I should have tried to raise my own bread-stuff; but there was none among all my stores. In looking for wheat, however, I found a bag of barley, put up, no doubt, to feed fowls on; so I determined to plant some of it, and see if I could not get a crop of this inferior grain, before my wheat bread was all consumed. I had once tasted barley bread and thought it very tolerable.

I knew how many operations, requiring new contrivances, would be necessary, before a crop of barley, even if it grew and ripened well, could be converted into a loaf of bread; but I did not despair, now I had tools, of accomplishing the whole process, if the grain did but come to perfection. I could not tell whether it would be best to sow the seed in the autumn or the spring; so I thought I would sow half at one season, and half at the other. Accordingly, I set to work; selecting a piece of ground, I dug it over with a spade, and then made a rake serve the purpose of a harrow, throwing in the seed as I had seen farmers do. This sort of work was quite new to me; I liked it so much that I resolved to have a garden in the spring, and amuse myself with cultivating vegetables and flowers, although nature's gardening was carried on around me upon so grand a scale.

I tried to be regular and methodical in the distribution of my time and labors, and had generally made a point of writing and reading a little every day; still my writing advanced but slowly. When deeply engaged in any important work, I sometimes gave myself up to it entirely, and was often too tired to do any thing at night, but get supper for myself and my dumb companions, and go directly to bed.

The various occupations of this summer made it pass away very agreeably; though, on looking back to the storm that drove the wreck on shore, at the end of the last rainy season, the interval seemed a long one. The weeks were so marked by different pieces of work, attempted or accomplished, and especially by the great and exciting task of clearing the wreck of its valuables,

that this period seemed longer than the whole time that preceded it.

I looked forward with pleasure to the approaching winter, when there would be nothing to tempt me abroad, and I could devote myself to writing my history. My heart filled with joy and gratitude, when I contrasted my situation now with what it was at the beginning of the first rainy season I spent on the island.

In one of my lama hunts, during the latter part of summer, I made a discovery, which proved that I had not yet explored the whole of the island. I suppose the mountains had deceived me, and by turning me out of my intended course, had prevented my visiting a bay on the northeast side, till now; when I unexpectedly came upon it, and found a sheltered situation for vessels to lie at anchor in. My heart sank within me, as I reflected on the possibility of a merchantman or whaleman having put in there, for wood or water, since I had been on the island, and of my having missed an opportunity of being taken off. After a careful examination of the shore, and the ground about the nearest springs, I satisfied myself that no one had lately been there; but considering it far more likely that a vessel should approach the island on the north side, where this fine bay would afford them shelter, than on the south, where there are so many rocks and shoals, I thought of putting up a signal on one of the high hills seen from the bay.

This, however, I was prevented from doing, by an unaccountable sense of danger, which always arose in my mind, whenever I thought of setting about it. I had never felt so about my first signal; and it seemed to me so foolish and inconsistent to have a flag on one side of the island and none on the other, that I once made some preparations for erecting a second; but all my cheerfulness forsook me, and I felt as though I was about to do something wrong; I therefore gave it up. The peaceful, happy feelings I had, when I resolved not to put up this flag, satisfied me I was right, though I could not see the reason of it. The more I attend to what passes in

my own mind, the more my heart is filled with love for the Great Creator of that mind, and the more dependent I feel upon him for help and guidance in all I do, or think, or feel.

When I read the Scriptures in this perfect solitude, they speak to me with new force and beauty; many expressions I now understand for the first time, and many sentences which I used to think mere figures of speech, I find to be literally true in my own experience.

I have now come to the last material circumstance that occurred, before the wet weather began in good earnest. There had been a few showers, and the clouds were gathering; but I thought I would take one more ramble on the hills, and have one more lama hunt, before I gave up the sport for the season.

The ground was rather wet and slippery; but I became deeply engaged in chasing a young lama, and had followed her to some high ground, full of precipices and crags, when she trotted up a slanting ledge of rock that led to the brow of a perpendicular cliff. Stepping along in a zig-zag course, to avoid the steepness of the ascent and secure a footing, I saw her directly over me, and her hind legs within reach. In my eagerness to seize hold of her, I threw my whole weight on one foot; it slipped from under me and I fell to a great depth below, dragging the lama with me (for I held her firmly by one leg), and we rolled and tumbled together to the bottom of the cliff. My senses forsook me in falling, and I know not how long I lay on the ground before I recovered them; but when I opened my eyes, I was lying upon a dead lama, very much bruised, and my clothes were stained with blood; but on trying to move, I found I had the use of all my limbs. A sprain in my ankle and some severe bruises were all the injury I had received, in a fall which had killed the lama; and I did not doubt, that bringing the animal down with me had broken my fall, and perhaps saved my life.

Thankful to have escaped so well from such a foolish and useless risk of life, I made the best of my way home.

Walking, however, was extremely painful, and I was nearly exhausted by suffering and fatigue, when I met one of my lamas grazing at the foot of Fort Hill; I gladly mounted her and rode home.

Neptune greeted me very affectionately, and seemed to understand directly that something unusual was the matter; for he looked on with a countenance that expressed the greatest concern, while I wrapped up my limbs with a plaster of salt and tallow, which, I had learnt from my father, was the best thing in the world to remove the soreness and stiffness of bruised and sprained muscles. When I retired for the night, the good dog took up his station, for the first time, at the foot of my bed, like a kind nurse; and whenever I moved, he awoke and watched me till I fell asleep again. It is impossible for me to describe, how grateful to my feelings was the conduct of this dumb friend; it often brought tears into my eyes.

I congratulated myself that my accident had occurred at the end of the pleasant season, and that I should lose but little out-door exercise by it. The application I used, cured the soreness and stiffness of my limbs; but it was several weeks before I recovered from the sprain in my ankle.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FAMILY ANECDOTES — A NEW TABLE — CHAIR-MAKING —
NEW USE OF A RAZOR — A CURIOUS WORM — END OF
THIRD WINTER.

As my arrangements were nearly completed before my accident, and as the heavy rains came on soon after, I had few inducements to venture out; my lame ankle, therefore, had time enough to get well. With so many comforts and even luxuries around me, I did not dread

the confinement at all, but determined to be very industrious with my pen, and bring my narrative up to the present time, before the fine weather should return.

I found Neptune a very amusing companion, and many hours were insensibly beguiled, by the pleasure of teaching him to perform certain tricks, and by settling quarrels between him and Poll. She behaved so ill to Neptune, that I did not like to let her go at large; yet, as she disliked her cage, I could not bear to keep her in it. So I made a long perch for her, and placed it near the mouth of the cave, high enough to prevent her pecking at the dog; to this I fastened her, with a light chain, made of iron wire, and a ring that traversed the perch. Thus giving her as much liberty as she would use properly.

When Poll once began to speak, she improved very fast, and I taught her to say many things, just for the sake of hearing words spoken, that I did not utter myself. Though this *parrot talk* had no meaning, and the bird did not know when she spoke my name, and when the dog's, yet it gave me great pleasure to hear her say, "Robin, poor Robin," or "Poor Robinson Crusoe," which she did very distinctly. She imitated my whistling for the dog so exactly, that Neptune would come running to me, thinking it was I who called him; and she added to her accomplishments a frightful noise, which she meant for barking, but which I could well dispense with.

One member of my family absconded, during the time I was so busy on Signal Hill. My *Jack-in-a-box*, as I called the terrapin, grew tired of solitude and made his escape, which on reflection, I was not sorry for. To separate him from his fellows, and lessen the number of his enjoyments, when there was no necessity for it, and when I could give him nothing in exchange for liberty, was really cruel; and I regretted having kept him a prisoner so long.

When any thing called me abroad in the rain, I was glad to put on my suit of home-made clothes, which

were a much better protection from the wet weather than broadcloth. The first time I dressed myself up in these hairy garments, Neptune did not know me at all, but was much frightened at my uncouth appearance; and it was some time before I could reconcile him to it, or make him come near me. Whenever I exchanged them for my European dress, he would jump upon me, lick my face and hands, wag his tail, and show as much joy, as if I had returned after an absence. This dog was not, however, wanting in courage; he always met any known danger bravely, but he was apt to be alarmed at new sights. Much as I wished to get on with my narrative, I could not write more than two or three hours at a time without cramping and tiring my hand so much, that my words became illegible and I was obliged to change my occupation. When this was the case, I found the use of tools the best relief; I was fond of carpenter's work, and this I could do and yet continue thinking about my history, and so prepare matter for the next time I sat down to write.

As my few wants were well supplied, I did not know exactly what to make with my tools; and having no one to work for but myself, I was apt to say, such and such a thing will do well enough for me; why should I trouble myself to contrive any thing better? This want of motive to exertion, was the reason why I did not do many things that occurred to me, and will perhaps enter the minds of my readers.

It was a pleasure to me to work, whenever I had a sufficient inducement, and I often taxed all my ingenuity to find one. At last I made myself believe I should write better, if I had a less rickety support for my writing apparatus. Once convinced of this, I went to work with great zeal and pleasure, to make a substantial, well proportioned table. Thinking to improve upon my three-legged bench, I determined that this new piece of furniture should have four, well shaped legs; but after taking great pains to have them all exactly of the same length, I found there was not a place on the uneven floor of my

dwelling where they could all rest on the ground at once, though I perceived that three would touch anywhere. This taught me the necessity of returning to that number, and making my table suit my floor.

A higher and easier seat, I also found desirable; and I undertook to make a chair with a back to it, because I thought an easy posture of the body would be favorable to recollection and composition, and nothing was indifferent to me that would help me on with my history. It was a difficult undertaking for me, to make a firm, even, three-legged chair, with a leather seat and high back; and I labored at it several days, before it was far enough advanced for me to try it. When it was nearly finished, I seated myself in it; but, to my great disappointment, instead of finding any comfort or repose, I never sat on so uneasy a chair. The back was too upright, the seat too narrow, and I felt as if I was slipping out of it all the while; nothing could be more wearisome than sitting in it. To work I went, to alter its whole shape, and after many trials I at last formed a chair that was tolerably comfortable, though not very good-looking.

Another small piece of work was making a wooden sword, with which to practise the broad-sword exercise; this I found to be a very salutary exertion of the muscles, and one which could be made in a small space.

It was well for me that my stock of quills were all ready made into pens; for I did not possess a pen-knife, and it was not till I had written a great deal, and been so saving of my pens as to spoil the looks of a good part of my writing, that I thought of trying to mend a pen with a razor, and found it answer the purpose perfectly well. I was not afraid of spoiling the edge of this instrument for its proper use, as I preferred wearing my beard; it protected my chin from the sun, and from the attacks of mosquitos, and was much less troublesome than shaving. Besides this, I always thought it a barbarous custom to cut off this natural and appropriate ornament of the face of man; old pictures and busts, that repre-

sent persons with their beards, always looked very comely to me ; so I thought I might as well gratify my taste, and consult my convenience, by letting mine grow.

Considering the uncertainty of life and health, and being very desirous that all which was written of my history should be preserved from accident, I used, whenever a chapter was completed, to button it up under my jacket, put on my hairy garments over the others, mount upon Judy, and ride off to the pyramid, to deposit it safely in the box, in the little chamber of the monument.

By making it my chief business, to write as much as I could every day and all through the long, rainy evenings, I have at last brought up my narrative to the present time ; and as the winter is not quite passed, I shall miss this daily employment very much.

I will here add one remarkable incident which occurred to me last summer, but which I have omitted in its proper place. During the hottest weather, and some days after a long walk over swampy ground, I was troubled by an inflammation on my ankle. Thinking it was a bile, I poulticed it, to bring it quickly to a head, that I might not be hindered by it. One evening, I was changing the poultice by the light of a lamp, that shone full on the inflamed spot, and saw something project from it in a curious way. It was white, round, and smooth, of about the size of a large bristle. I took hold of it and pulled it gently ; it came out several inches. Amazed at this, and not knowing how long or what it might be, and fearful I was pulling out some part of my body, I stopped to consider what I had best do.

As I sat with my eyes fixed upon this new object of wonder, I perceived it to move a little ; and keeping my ankle quite still, I saw plainly that it was alive and ought therefore to be removed ; so I continued pulling gently, till I had drawn it out twelve inches at least. My amazement kept pace with the length of the worm, but not my strength, for by the time I had pulled it out eighteen inches, I was quite faint and qualmish ; so I resolved to do no more at it that night. But being very de-

sirous that this intruder should not return to his lurking place in my flesh, I wound up what I had pulled out on a stick, and bound up my ankle for the night. The next morning, I went to work upon it again, pulling and winding as I pulled, till I was lost in astonishment at the length of the operation. Fearing that this slender creature would break in two, and that the part which remained in my flesh would trouble me, I was careful to draw it out very gently ; but though I felt no pain, the operation again brought on faintness and nausea, and I was obliged to desist for some hours. In the evening I rid myself of this extraordinary worm, which I had wound upon a stick and could not therefore see its length till it was unwound, when it measured more than five feet ; how much more I will not say ; for no one would believe the whole truth, and what is already told is enough, I fear, to make those, who do not know the author, disbelieve the story. But if this is ever read by my parents and friends, they will know, that what I gravely assert to be true, is not to be doubted, and they will believe this account of the *hair worm* as I call it. I never suffered any further inconvenience ; the wound healed up very soon, and I preserved the worm in a bottle of spirits, which I had among my stores, and which I came very near not bringing on shore, thinking ardent spirits would be entirely useless to one who never drank any in his life. As I do not like to have the character of telling what are called travellers' stories, I shall put the bottle, with the worm in it, in the pyramid ; and I request that whoever takes the manuscript, will also take the bottle, and carry both together to my friends.

Now that my past history is completed, I shall not mind running some risk of my life ; therefore I intend, when the fine weather returns, to try my hand at boat-building, and if I succeed in putting together the materials I have by me, I shall vary my amusements by sailing about the shores of this beautiful island. I shall also pay great attention to raising barley, and making the necessary arrangements for converting it into bread. These are my two great projects for the coming summer.

I shall now deposit this last chapter of my narrative with the others, and continue the account of my residence here, by keeping a diary.

CHAPTER XXV.

THIRD ANNIVERSARY — BARLEY FIELD AND GARDEN — BOAT-BUILDING — LAUNCH OF THE BOAT — ROWING AND SAILING — SHIFTING BALLAST — A HEAD WIND — AN ALARMING SITUATION — A FAVORABLE CHANGE.

WHEN I completed the foregoing part of my narrative, I intended to continue it in the form of a diary ; but on further consideration, I am convinced that in so doing, I should note down many things which might seem interesting at the moment, but would not be worth reading a little while after. There is not much variety in my life from day to day, and my stock of writing materials is small ; so I have thought it best to write at intervals of several months, and give a general account of what has occurred.

The winter passed away as I have described, but the weather continued unsettled longer than usual. I spent the third anniversary of my shipwreck in reading, meditating, and comparing my situation with that of travellers who have fallen into the hands of savages or pirates, or who have been made slaves by Moors or Turks. By dwelling on the blessings which I had enjoyed in this solitude, and thinking how much worse my condition might have been, I did not feel so melancholy as on the preceding anniversary.

When at last the clouds and vapors disappeared, and the sun shone forth in all his splendor, I began my rides and walks, which were rendered doubly agreeable by my previous confinement.

I had the pleasure of finding that my store-house had preserved my goods in excellent order ; the thatched roof had kept out the rain, and the drains had prevented the ground on the inside from becoming moist enough to hurt any thing.

I took down my water-wheel at the beginning of the rainy season, for fear the brook should be so swelled as to break, or carry it away. I now replaced it ; also my forge was set up again as before, that all might be ready for the new business of boat-building.

The barley that was planted in the autumn made its appearance above ground in the course of the winter, but grew very slowly ; and I sowed the rest of the grain in another patch by the side of it. As my lamas roamed about at large in the summer, it was necessary to enclose my barley field. To do this with the least labor and in the shortest time, I cut down some small trees, of a light, soft kind of wood, and split them up into long, narrow pieces ; these I piled up in a zig-zag form, by laying their ends together, in the same way that we place our fingers when we lock our hands together. I never saw such a railing, but I once heard a traveller describe one, which he had seen in some foreign country, I forget where.

When I enclosed my barley field, I took in twice as much ground as that crop occupied, that I might make a garden of the rest ; and I have spent many hours very pleasantly in preparing the land and transplanting a variety of wild fruit trees and vegetables, flowering shrubs and plants, most of which do pretty well ; though, having taken them from various situations, I cannot expect them all to live in one spot, with the same degree of heat and moisture, and the same kind of soil. My farm and garden are situated on a gentle slope of rich land, very near my terrace, and I have great pleasure in watching the growth of my crops. When those labors were completed, which required to be done early in the spring, I devoted myself to boat-building.

Considering my entire inexperience in the business, I succeeded tolerably well ; with what I had seen and heard of ship-building I managed to begin in a pretty *ship-shape* way, as sailors say ; though I have no doubt that I took far more pains than was necessary for building a boat. I laid a row of blocks of wood on the shore, near enough to high water mark, at *spring-tide*,* for the *ways* † to enter the water, that the boat in launching might float as she left them. Then I made the ways of the smoothest plank I had, and a *cradle* ‡ that would slide very easily on the ways, and yet be kept firmly in its place by *shores* § till the boat was ready to go off.

All this had been explained to me once, by a ship-builder, in his yard, where I went with my father to see a merchantman launched ; but I doubt whether I should ever have got much farther in the undertaking, had I not found a *keel* and two *stem pieces*, and a complete set of *ribs* all ready fashioned to my hand. I think the people on board the Thames must have intended to build an additional boat, and made all these preparations on their voyage ; for some of the parts were numbered to show how they were to go together, which helped me greatly. My interest in the work increased very much as I went on, and by the time I had all the frame up and began to nail on the long, narrow cedar boards, I thought boat-building the pleasantest business I had yet attempted.

The smallness of the ribs, and lightness and delicacy of every part of this boat, surprised me. If I had been contriving a boat for men to risk themselves in, on the ocean, in pursuit of whales, I should have supposed it necessary to make the timbers much larger and to build it in a much more substantial manner. The

* The tide which happens at or soon after the new and full moon, and which rises higher than other tides.

† Two long, sloping pieces of wood, down which the cradle slides into the water.

‡ A wooden frame, that supports the vessel on the ways.

§ Pieces of wood that are placed in a slanting direction, from the ground to the side of the vessel, as props.

elegance of the form too delighted me, when I had put on all the boards, and could see the beautiful outline of her swelling sides and long, tapering ends. Fitting up the inside with *thwarts*,* a floor, and *cuddies* † at each end, was very agreeable work, and occupied me many days. I had much pleasure too in painting this boat with the paint I had brought from the wreck. I made the outside white, with one green stripe near the top, and the inside I painted green and white, in an ornamental manner.

I longed so much to see my pretty piece of work disencumbered of her cradle and shores, and floating in the water, that I could hardly wait for the paint to dry before I launched her.

To fill up the time, I occupied myself in making a small anchor for the boat ; this was the heaviest job of smith's work that I had done. It tried the strength of my arms to the utmost, and required the greatest heat I could produce to weld together the *shank* ‡ and *flukes*. §

When at last my beautiful boat was ready to be launched, I could not help sighing to think that I had no one to sympathize with me in my pleasure at having completed it, no one to say how well it was done, no one to look on and see it move off towards the water, when the last *shore* should be knocked away.

I was sitting on a rock, waiting for high water, when these sad thoughts crowded upon me, and converted what I had looked forward to, as a joyful occasion, into a sorrowful one. "Time and tide wait for no man," or I know not how long my melancholy reverie would have lasted. The ways were greased, the tide was high, the last prop was to be removed ; I struck it with a beating heart ; it fell before my axe, but the boat did not stir.

* The pieces that go across the inside of a boat, and make seats for the sailors.

† Small apartments in a ship or boat to put things in, that must be kept dry.

‡ The straight piece of iron that joins the flukes.

§ The part that sticks in the ground.

Surprised and disappointed, I looked about on every side to find out the obstacle. The boat rested in the *cradle*, the *cradle* on the *ways*, and I could see no reason why she did not go off. I gave her a push with my hand ; that impulse was all she wanted, and away she went with a gentle but increasing motion, till she dipped her bows in the water, and floated off as light as an egg-shell. I had fastened one end of a coil of rope to her, and with it I checked her motion when she had reached the middle of the creek.

This complete success raised my spirits ; and though deprived of human sympathy, there was one faithful friend present, whose noisy rejoicings were some substitute for the cheers that always attend a good launch, and whose carresses I received instead of the compliments usually bestowed on the master builder. Neptune barked and jumped, as if he were almost frantic with excitement, when the boat went off ; then he came and fawned upon me, and licked my face and hands,—and last of all, as if he meant to act out the doings of men on such occasions, he went off to the boat. But there the parallel ended, for with all his strength and sagacity he could not get on board.

For several days after my launch, I amused myself with rowing or sculling about the creek, or venturing a little beyond the mouth of it, and exploring the coast on each side ; but as it was hard work for one pair of arms to row so large a boat, I was very careful not to expose myself to any strong current.

I next made some experiments in sailing as well as rowing. With a mast fixed as I had seen it in other boats, and the *main royal* sail of the Thames rigged so as to be easily hoisted and lowered, I pushed off from my natural wharf of rock, and sailed down the creek with a side wind, which would, I knew, be fair both ways. I enjoyed the motion extremely, and felt it quite a luxury to be carried along without any muscular exertion. The wind, though light, came in puffs over the land, and each time it struck the boat, she leaned on one side in a fear-

ful manner. At first I thought she would inevitably upset, but I found she went so far and no farther ; in smooth water, therefore, there was no danger, though in any thing of a sea she would certainly have filled. After a while, I found the reason of this was, my having no ballast on board, and I laughed at myself for forgetting such an essential thing, when I had remembered so many of less consequence.

I found the whaleman's mode of steering with a long oar very inconvenient, and determined to make a *rudder* * and *tiller* † before I took another voyage. To do this I was obliged to exert my ingenuity at the forge in making *pintles* ‡ and *gudgeons* § to hang the rudder to the boat with. But I was now so practised a blacksmith, that I made much better work of it than when I first attempted something of the same sort, as hinges for the doors of my store-house.

My next sail was with a rudder and a sufficient quantity of smooth, round stones for ballast, that I picked up on the shore. The boat now worked much better. It did not toss about as before, and I made a considerable voyage along the southern shore towards the Land's End. By my knowledge of this part of the coast I was able to avoid the shoals and rocks, and keep in the deepest water. The weather was delightful, and the soft south-wind just strong enough to make the boat dance beautifully over the waves ; and as I lolled at my ease, and guided her by a gentle touch of the tiller, it seemed possible for me to traverse, in this manner, the whole expanse of waters that divided me from my fellow beings. It was quite an effort of mind to recall the different appearance of this same ocean, when tossed

* A broad, flat piece of wood attached to the hind part of a vessel by hinges, or gudgeons and pintles, by which her course is governed.

† The handle that moves the rudder.

‡ Iron pins, that hook into the gudgeons, and are fastened to the rudder.

§ Iron eyes, driven into the stern post, to receive the pintles of the rudder.

about by a gale of wind, and to conceive how sudden the transition might be, from my present safety to imminent danger.

A slight circumstance, however, soon convinced me that, without any change of weather, a little want of skill would put my boat in jeopardy, though not my life, as I could swim well enough to reach the shore, from any part of the course I then steered. As I passed by the hilly land and approached the Land's End, a puff of wind made the boat *heel* * very much, and the ballast shifting to the leeward side, prevented her rising again when the wind abated. The waves also were a little higher here, and every now and then one broke over the *gunnel* †. Another such puff, and the boat would certainly fill and sink ; accordingly I lowered the sail as quickly as possible, and began moving the ballast with my hands to the higher side. When, by this means, the boat *righted*, ‡ I opened the *scuttle*, § and baled out the water with a copper dipper I had put on board for that purpose. This accident reminded me of having seen in boats a board, placed lengthwise in the bottom, which divided the ballast into two portions ; and now for the first time I perceived that its use was to prevent the ballast from shifting, as mine had done to the lower side. I therefore resolved to have such a contrivance myself, before I made another excursion ; for the bare idea of losing my pretty boat, now I had taken so much pains to build it, and derived so much pleasure from it, greatly disturbed me.

I doubled the cape which I call the Land's End, and reached Gordon Bay without any further accident. There I moored my little bark, and paid a visit to the beautiful cascade and perfumed groves of the valley ; when I had made my dinner of some cold provision and taken a short nap, it was four o'clock before I was aware of it.

* Lean down on one side.

† *Gunnel* or *gunwale*, the upper edge of the boat.

‡ Recovered her upright position.

§ A small part of the floor that takes up.

I was awakened by my good dog Neptune, who was licking my hands and uttering low notes of delight at having found me, for I left him tied up at home, not wishing for his company in the boat, lest he might embarrass my movements in working her ; and knowing, by experience, that he would swim after me if at liberty. How he found me out, I do not know, but there he was with the broken rope by which I had fastened him, hanging about his neck. After caressing him awhile, and rewarding him for his affection with the remains of my cold dinner, I re-embarked, leaving him to swim after me, or go by land, as he pleased. The wind had changed to west, and though very fair for my run to the Land's End, was very unpropitious for my return ; but as I thought I understood *sailing on a wind*, I expected to make a *beating* passage home, in a few hours. Neptune looked after me till I turned the point, and then very wisely trotted off by land.

I steered my boat as *near the wind* as I could, and *tacked* from time to time ; but my sail did not work very well, and I regretted that I had not made a proper *sprit-sail* instead of using this square one that belonged to the Thames, which, though it did very well with a fair wind, did not answer for beating. After doing my best for three hours, and tacking a great many times, I had not proceeded more than half a mile from the point, when I found that I was contending against a strong current, as well as a head wind. Despairing now of reaching the creek, or even the beach, this evening, I thought I would return to Gordon Bay ; for there was no place short of that, where I could land and leave my boat in safety ; and I could not bear to moor her, where she would probably knock a hole in her bottom before morning. I therefore *put down the helm*, and turned round towards the point ; but I was carried back the half mile I had come, so swiftly, that I had passed it long before I thought of *putting about*, so as to go round it ; and when I did, I could no more reach Gordon Bay, than I could make my passage home. The wind and tide were too much for me, and I was somewhat alarmed to find my

self carried away from the island, in an easterly direction, and the shades of night coming on. I did not however lose my presence of mind, but did the only thing that could be done. I continued *tacking*, and *beating up to windward*, as well as my awkward sail would permit, and so kept as near the land as I could, hoping to avail myself of the first change in the wind, or turn of tide. Soon after I was blown off from the point, and while it was yet twilight, I observed something in the water coming towards me, with a motion too uniform for a fish; but it was some minutes before I discovered it to be my faithful Neptune. When I turned back, he was, I suppose, watching me from the land, and when he found that the distance between us increased, he swam off, and was so tired, that on reaching the boat, he could hardly scramble into it with my assistance. That he should thus come, to share my fate, when I considered it so full of danger and uncertainty, was quite touching, and made me welcome him with some emotion; though I feared his weight and indiscreet movements might add to the danger of the shifting ballast, should the wind increase.

I was such a novice in sea-faring matters, and so ignorant of the management of a boat, that I hardly knew what to apprehend, and yet I felt myself to be in a most unpleasant situation. If the wind should increase, and carry me out of sight of land, I should not know which way to steer; for here in this southern hemisphere is no pole-star to show which is south, and I reproached myself for not having observed the motions of the stars in the Cross, sufficiently to regulate my course by them, as I knew might be done. Here then I was, alone in a boat, upon the wide ocean, without compass, or light, or provision, and carried off to sea by the wind and tide, just as night was coming on.

Oh how desirable did my home, even on a desert island, seem to me now, in comparison with my present situation! How I blamed myself for venturing on the unstable element! How I wished myself ashore, on any

part of the island ! I bitterly lamented having thought so much of saving my boat from injury, as not to land when and where I could, and let her take her chance.

While indulging these vain regrets, the twilight had entirely disappeared, but the stars made it light enough for me to discern the island, though it looked only like a dark streak in the horizon ; I kept my eyes constantly turned towards it, fearing every moment to lose sight of it.

I perceived the wind to change a little and become more favorable ; and as I knew the tide must turn in a short time, I was beginning to feel more at ease, when a new and unthought of circumstance rendered my situation more precarious than ever. A thick fog arose, which hid the island entirely, obscured the heavens, and left me at the mercy of the wind and the waves, without any means of knowing which way the land lay.

All exertions on my part were now useless, so I lowered the sail, *unshipped the tiller*,* and gave myself up to my fate. I could not, at first, reflect on the danger of my situation, without a feeling of despair, that made me tremble all over ; but by turning my mind to God, and trusting in that Friend who never faileth, I became calm enough to perceive that the wind was dying away, and though the island was hidden from me by the fog, the tide must soon turn, and then I should be carried towards it. After some time spent in meditation upon that Power which can calm the troubled soul, as surely as it can still the raging sea, I became reconciled to my situation ; and being wearied by the exertions of the day, the gentle, lulling motion of the boat closed my eyes in sleep, and I enjoyed a sound and refreshing nap.

When I awoke, the stars were shining brightly upon me. As soon as I could recover my senses enough to know where I was, I looked around me in hopes of seeing land, and to my great relief, found myself much nearer to it than when the fog came on. As the wind

* Took it out of the place where it is used.

was fair, I hoisted sail immediately, and was gently wafted towards the home I so much wished to regain; resolving, as I went, not to venture on the water again without a proper sail that I could work to windward with, ballast that would not shift, and a knowledge of the tides and stars that would save me from such an adventure in future.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MEASURES OF SAFETY — MAGNETISM — A NEEDLE MADE
MAGNETIC — BOAT NEW RIGGED — WANT OF KNOWLEDGE
— PREPARATIONS FOR A VOYAGE.

WHEN I was floating about on the waves, and lost in the fog, I thought I should never venture again on the ocean; but after enjoying the safety of land for a few days, the sight of my pretty boat, sitting like a duck on the water, made me long for another cruise. Considering moreover, that with greater prudence and forethought I might have the pleasure without the danger, I determined to take all necessary measures for sailing about in safety.

I watched the tides and made a table of the times of high and low water. I looked at the stars more attentively than I had ever before done; and being acquainted with that splendid collection of stars called Orion, I perceived that it always rose in the east, and set in the west; and by observing several other constellations that did the same, at different times of night, I made sure of knowing the points of compass pretty nearly, provided the sky was not overcast. But with all my star-gazing, I was still at the mercy of the weather; and I sighed to think how impossible it was to supply the place of that blessed invention, the mariner's compass. With that, the sailor

finds his way over the pathless ocean, in the darkest night, with even more certainty, than when he has all the lights of heaven to guide him.

While thinking of the importance of the wonderful stone, with which artificial steel magnets are made, I remembered the old story of its being first discovered by a shepherd, who, in tending his flock, felt his crook to be suddenly attracted to one spot, by an invisible power; and found on examination, that it was drawn down by a large, black stone, which had the same effect on every thing made of iron or steel.

I wished I could feel my spade fastened to the earth, in the same way; this wish suggested the possibility of finding a magnet, or load-stone, on the island.

From this time I was continually examining every dark-colored, heavy stone I saw. I even took several long walks and rides in search of the magnetic ore, but without discovering any thing of the kind. I used to carry a sewing-needle on my cuff, and apply it to every thing that looked at all like a load-stone; but it never showed any signs of attraction.

Although this search proved entirely vain, as far as regarded the object looked for, it was, nevertheless, of great use to me in another way; for, by keeping my mind upon the subject of magnetism, I was able to recall much of what the lecturer in York said about it, particularly the following facts:— that magnets have two different kinds of poles or ends; that those which are alike, or point the same way, repel each other, and those which are unlike, attract each other; that magnets communicate these same properties to any small piece of iron or steel placed near them, without any perceptible loss of their own power; that the earth itself is a great magnet, the poles of which are nearly the same as the geographical poles, and that it communicates magnetism to bars of iron, just as an artificial magnet does to a sewing-needle.

All this made a lively impression on my mind, because it was connected with the mariner's compass; but as I

never expected to be without a magnetic needle, or to wish to make one, I did not retain all the lecturer said about magnetizing needles. I recollected, however, his telling us that the magnetic needle must be made of hard steel, or it would soon lose its power. He described the process of converting iron into steel by mixing it with *carbon*,* and then hardening it by heating it very hot, and plunging it suddenly into cold water. This he called *tempering* steel, and said it was more brittle and hard, according as it was heated to a greater degree, and cooled more quickly.

Reflecting on this part of the lecture, brought to mind another that was more to my purpose; for I was now bent upon making a magnetic needle, if it could be done, by the magnetism of the earth. Something was said about heating a common needle, placed in the direction of the earth's poles, and that when softened by heat, it imbibed magnetic power from the earth; but what was to be done with it afterwards, I could not call to mind. It appeared to me reasonable, that the magnetism should be retained by cooling the needle suddenly, and thus hardening it; and this experiment I resolved to try.

Having drilled a hole near the middle of a large darn-
ing-needle, and adjusted it so that it would turn easily on the point of another needle, fixed upright to receive it, I placed it north and south in a bed of live coals; and, when red hot, threw on cold water enough to deluge my fire, and cool the needle very quickly. I hastily seized it and balanced it on the pivot, prepared for it; but, alas, neither end pointed to the north! I was disappointed, but not discouraged. I repeated the experiment several times, tried different needles, and various degrees of heat; at last on balancing one of them, it vibrated awhile, and then fixed itself very nearly north and south! O how my heart throbbed with delight! Here was a magnetic needle, with which to construct a

* Pure coal; when crystallized it is a diamond, and one of the hardest substances known.

mariner's compass ! Now I could sail over the ocean, independent of the sun and stars ! Elated by my success, I almost believed my new invention would enable me to cross the ocean in an open boat.

I had great pleasure in marking off all the points of the compass on the back of an old playing-card, found in a seaman's chest, and in drawing a *fleur de lis* for the north ; this card I fixed in the bottom of a shaving-box, and over it, on its pivot, I placed the needle, thus making my mariner's compass complete.

While pursuing my search after loadstones and making experiments on needles, I employed part of each day in new rigging my boat. I now put two masts in her, and made proper, well-shaped *sprit-sails*. In doing this, I was truly glad to have the *mounted palm*, found in the mate's till, and some of his sail-needles out of the horn, already mentioned ; for without them, I should have been greatly puzzled to sew such stiff cloth as sails are made of. A very pretty little reed that grows on the island, split and bent into small hoops, answered to fasten the sails to the masts, and made it very easy to hoist and lower them. I arranged the *sheets** of both sails, so that I could manage them without leaving the *after part* of the boat, where I was constantly needed at the helm. While considering what would be the best way to fix the ballast, so that it should not shift, it came into my head that I might use, instead of stones, some buoyant substance that would not sink the boat, if she filled with water, as stones certainly would. I first thought of a barrel of water for ballast, which would float if the boat filled, and not weigh her down at all ; but then a barrel of oil seemed better still, for that was lighter than water, and would help to keep her afloat when full of water. I had two half-barrels, and as they would lie snugger and be handier than one whole one, I put them on board, and lashed them down firmly.

* Ropes fastened to the lower corners of a sail, by which its position is altered.

While occupied with my boat, I did not neglect my barley-field and garden, but kept them both in good order, and had the pleasure of seeing my crop of grain grow finely.

I also attended to my daily duties, and exercised with my bow and arrow, and in hunting and fishing. I read a little every evening, and watched the stars till bedtime, and became so interested in them that I often rose three or four times in the night to continue my observations. Oh, how I longed for a map of the heavens, or a celestial globe, with the names of the constellations! What pleasure I should have taken in making them all out, and learning the right names of those groups of stars that I was now becoming familiar with, but had no names for. Here I was, with plenty of leisure, and a strong inclination for acquiring knowledge, but for want of more previous information and of books and instruments, I could not do any thing worth mentioning.

If I had had any knowledge of botany before I left England, I could have amused myself with collecting and arranging dried specimens of plants; but as it was, I had no pleasure in collecting them ignorantly, and without any classification. It was the same with mineralogy and entomology; a little knowledge of these things, would have given me an interest in a great many objects around me, which I now only gazed at ignorantly, or passed by unnoticed.

December 12th, in the fourth year of my exile.

Having tried my new-rigged boat several times, and found that she now works well to windward, I intend to imitate the great navigators of old, on a small scale to be sure, by sailing round — not the world — but my world, the island. I shall lay in provisions for a week, and carry with me my compass, lantern and tinder-box, fishing-tackle, bows and arrows, gun and ammunition, cooking utensils, spy-glass, &c.

Neptune and Poll shall go as company for me and for each other. They have become the best of friends ever

since Poll was knocked off the gunwale of the boat with a chain fastened to her foot, when Neptune was generous enough to forgive all her bad treatment, and plunge in after her. He took her up very carefully by one wing, and brought her back to me. Poll now likes to sit on the dog's back, or run after him as fast as her short legs and parrot toes will permit; and when he is beyond her reach and out of her sight, she keeps on her perch and looks as if she were in the dumps, till he returns. Then she shows her joy, by dancing up and down before him, keeping close to him, and saying over all the words she knows. When she unconsciously calls Neptune by name, he looks as pleased as she. These two friends are to be my shipmates, and as I mean to set sail tomorrow, I must finish this chapter and deposit it in the pyramid. As it may be the last one I shall live to write, I have dated it, that my friends may know, in the event of my death, about what time it happened.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BANKS OF THE RHINE — ROCKY COAST — A LAKE DISCOVERED — A GREAT SURPRISE — AGITATING THOUGHTS — TRUST IN GOD — A WAKEFUL NIGHT — VOYAGE CONTINUED — VISIT TO THE BAY — GORDON VALE — REFLECTIONS ON RETURNING.

I AM safely returned from my voyage round the island; but it has been such an eventful one, that I must not trust myself to speak of it in general, before I give the details, or my narrative will be less interesting.

On the 13th of December, the weather being to all appearance settled and fine, and a gentle breeze blowing from the south, I set sail from the creek in my good boat, called the Success; I steered about northwest, keeping pretty near the coast, which is formed of

high rocks of a reddish color, and the most irregular shapes, without any bay, cove, inlet, or shelter of any kind, for three or four miles. I followed the direction of the coast, steering more northerly, and my boat dancing beautifully over the waves, with the wind just on her *quarter*, and both sails *drawing* finely. In a very short time, I came up with a head land, and sailing round it, found myself in the mouth of a river, which I supposed to be the same that runs through the vineyard, and which I called the Rhine. I went but a little way up it, not knowing how shallow it might be, and fearing very much to get my boat aground where my strength could not push her off again; so I lowered my sails, approached a rock near enough to jump out, shoved off the boat into deep water, and made her fast to the shore with a long rope that sailors call a *painter*. Accompanied by my shipmates, one on my shoulder and the other trotting on before me, I walked along the left bank of the river, far enough to ascertain that it certainly was the one I supposed it to be. Seeing at a distance the plain covered with vines, I could no longer doubt; but as it was too early for grapes to be ripe, I did not go all the way to the vineyard, but struck off at a right angle with the river, to explore the country between it and the coast. I found it to be undulated ground, covered with rank grass and interspersed with trees and shrubs, among which various birds were sporting about. Having walked several miles, I returned to my boat, crossed the mouth of the river, and landed on the other side. I was weary of carrying Poll, so I left her chained to the boat, and set off to explore the country on the right bank of the Rhine. A thick wood, with a great deal of under-brush, made it very difficult to penetrate far. I persevered however, till I came to swampy ground, which so increased the difficulty, that I gave it up. Whistling to Neptune, who was far ahead of me, and seemed very unwilling to return, I retraced my steps to the river and got on board my boat, a good deal fatigued, and much heated by my walk. As it was past my usual

dinner hour, and I had a good appetite, I dropped anchor in the shadow of a high rock, and dined before I proceeded on my voyage.

I then continued my cruise round the coast, looking out all the way for a good landing-place, where I could safely leave my boat ; for I was bent upon lying on shore every night, if I could. I had brought a spare sail to make a shelter for me to sleep under, and a blanket to wrap myself in. I sailed five or six miles along a rock-bound coast, without seeing a spot where a landing could be made if there were any sea going, or where, if once landed, a person could climb the rocks so as to get into the country beyond them. Overhanging cliffs, and perpendicular rocks, and rugged points every where opposed themselves to the surge of the ocean, and made me rejoice that I had not been wrecked on this side of the island.

At last after a very pleasant sail of two hours, from my last departure, I came to a small opening in the rocks, where a few rods of something like a beach, promised me a landing and safe moorings for my boat. As I wished to explore this part of the country, I resolved here to spend the night. I had kept the run of the tides ; so I knew that if my boat *grounded*, she would be afloat again by the time I wanted her in the morning ; and as the bottom of this little bay seemed smooth and free from rocks, I hauled her into it just far enough to *ground* a little after high water, and float again a little before.

The afternoon was delightful ; a refreshing breeze had set in from the west, and cooled the air. I left Poll boat-keeper as before, and taking Neptune with me walked inland in a southerly direction. A range of hills were before me, which I hastened to ascend, that I might get a distant prospect from them ; and when, after a scrambling walk, I reached the brow of one of them, a new and pleasant landscape opened upon me. At the distance of a mile was a beautiful little lake, surrounded by fine trees and various flowering shrubs. I was sur-

prised that I had never happened to cast my eye upon this spot before, in my numerous excursions over the island. But the rivers and mountains had so often turned me out of my course, that having no particular object in view, I had never systematically explored it.

As I gazed on the lovely scene below me, I reflected on the comfort I enjoyed, in being free from all fear of savages, wild beasts, and noxious reptiles. I had been three years on the island, and had never seen any four-footed animals, but lamas and terrapins. I had walked through brakes and swamps, and untrodden woods, and had never been alarmed by snakes or stung by any thing bigger than a mosquito ; and though my solitude had, at times, been a very great trial to me, I had often felt it to be far preferable to a life of dependence among a fierce and uncivilized race of men, such as inhabit many of the islands in the Southern Pacific Ocean. Reflecting with great satisfaction and thankfulness on the safety and beauty of the island, on which my lot was cast, I descended from the hill and approached the lake.

The setting sun gilded the tops of the tall trees near it, and cast long shadows on its glassy surface. Neptune hurried forward and was soon bathing himself in its pure waters. I sought another part of it that I might quench my thirst, where he had not disturbed it ; and after forcing my way through a thick shrubbery of laurels and myrtles, I came upon a part of the margin that was of fine white sand. Looking down to observe the quality of it, I beheld a sight that fixed me to the ground, as motionless as a statue, and almost as breathless too. To my great amazement, I beheld the print of a human foot ! It was so distinctly marked that it could not be mistaken, and was repeated at the distance of a common step, three times, crossing the sand in a slanting direction, and then vanished upon the grass and stones.

This astonishing sight so appalled me, that at first every pulsation in me seemed to cease. I stood like one transfixed, in the very attitude in which I was when it first caught my eye ; and then it sent the blood rushing

through my veins to my head and heart, till both throbb-
ed violently, and I sunk down upon the sand, unable to
bear my own weight.

If I had ever been here before, I might have supposed
it my own track, for it was the print of a naked foot ; but
I never had. The marks too had every appearance of
being very fresh. There was therefore another human
being besides myself, on the island. In the crowd of ideas
that whirled through my mind, I remember thinking it
might be one of my own shipmates whose foot-print I
saw, and I was about to raise my voice and halloo, after
the manner of an English sailor, in hopes of making him
come forth from his hiding-place, when the fear that it
might be the track of a savage stopped my mouth, and
fell like a weight on my heart. I might be, at that mo-
ment, surrounded by a band of fierce natives, who were
eyeing me from their ambush among the trees, ready to
pierce me with their arrows, or make me their prisoner
for life. A cold shiver passed over me at the thought.
I hid my face in my hands, as I lay prostrate on the
ground. How long this unreasonable agitation lasted, I
do not know, but as soon as I had self-command enough
to turn my mind to God, and trust to him in my despair,
it began to subside. By degrees I became calm and ra-
tional, and could see how unlikely it was that there should
be any considerable number of men on the island, with-
out my having perceived something of them before now ;
if there were, it was still more unlikely, that they should
lie in ambush for one defenceless individual whom they
could so easily overcome, and do as they pleased with.

I now raised myself up, and looked around ; the same
lovely scene was before me, but the happy feeling of
safety was gone ; much as I had longed for the sight of
a human being, I now dreaded it. I wished myself at
home again in my cave, and was sorry I had ever made
this discovery. When I indulged this feeling, I felt con-
demned for it by my conscience, and this made me hope
that there was some hidden good, in that which now oc-
casioned me so much uneasiness. Fixing my heart

again devoutly and trustingly on God, a sweet feeling of peace and assurance that all would yet be well, sprang up in my mind, and melted me into tears ; precious tears of love and gratitude to Him, who is strength to the weak, and a present help in every time of trouble.

Fortified by this communion with God, I felt renewed strength in every limb ; having drunk of the water before me, and called Neptune, I retraced my steps to the little bay, intending, in consequence of what I had seen, to spend the night afloat in my boat. In this however I was disappointed by finding the tide had left her aground. While thinking how I could best provide for my safety, a delightful feeling arose in my mind of confidence in God, and security every where. This convinced me I might lie down any where, and be protected by Him who had sent peace into my troubled soul.

I did not want any supper myself, but I fed my dumb companions, and arranged my sails so as to make myself a very comfortable bed in the bottom of my boat. It was several hours before I could get any sleep ; for, though my fears were allayed, I could not help thinking over the circumstance that had made such a change in my condition. I said to myself, "I am no longer the sole inhabitant of this island ; some fellow-being is here also ; but he either conceals himself from me intentionally, or he is ignorant of my residence here. Perhaps he does not dwell here ; he may have been here lately and have gone away again ; but if so, whence does he come and whither does he go ? Is he alone, or one of a company ? When will he come again ? Shall I ever see him ? Will he prove friendly ? Can I ever make a companion of him ?" Thus conjecturing, hoping, and wondering, I passed most of the night ; and towards morning, lost myself in a troubled sleep that did me little good.

I was dreaming that I had just seen the foot-prints in the sand, and heard myself called by name several times, when I awoke ; some one seemed speaking to me. I thought I was still be dreaming, so I rubbed my eyes

and sat up in the bottom of the boat, when I distinctly heard a voice saying, "Where are you, Robin Crusoe? where are you? where have you been?" Startled almost out of my wits, I jumped up and looked around, expecting to see not only a human being, but some well known friend. What then was my disappointment and vexation, when I saw Poll sunning herself on the gunwale of the boat, and found it to be her senseless repetitions that had so deceived me! As soon as I could recover my composure, I separated the real events of the preceding evening from my dreams, and finding my boat afloat, I pushed off into deeper water, and there anchored while I fed my dog and bird, and tried to eat something myself; but I had no appetite, and felt perplexed as to the course I ought to pursue.

The morning was very fine, but the quiet pleasure of my cruise was gone. I cannot possibly describe the great change produced in me and all my views by that *foot-print* in the sand! I hesitated about proceeding on my voyage, for it occurred to me that the natives of some neighbouring island might be now in the large bay, on the northeast coast, and that I might run myself into great danger by going there; but then I thought it best to know the worst, for I could never enjoy any comfort while fearing some unknown danger; besides I could approach very warily and perhaps get a sight of them unperceived. I longed to set eyes on a fellow-being, if I could do it safely; and I considered that with my fast sailing boat, I could more securely approach them by water than by land; and as I happened to have my gun and some ammunition on board, I could frighten them by firing it, if necessary. So with all these plans and cogitations, I at last determined to continue my voyage to Safety Bay, as I called it when I visited it last autumn.

The wind was contrary, but my boat now beat to windward so well that I did not mind that; and in case of a retreat, chased by an enemy, I should have a fair wind, so I rather preferred it. As the sea was very calm, I determined to land on the rocks, outside the bay,

make fast the boat, and Neptune in her and taking my spy-glass climb the rocks till I could get a sight of what was going on there, without exposing myself to observation.

I did so, and very cautiously did I raise my head high enough to look along the shores of the bay ; when, instead of a half a dozen canoes and fifty naked savages, which my imagination had pictured, there was nothing at all to be seen but the gentle Pacific marking with a long line of glittering bubbles the curved form of the shore. Very agreeably disappointed, I returned to my boat and made all sail for the bay. I landed on the east side, where I had observed a fine stream of fresh water, in my former visit ; I intended to traverse the beach and look for tracks in the sand, and for any sign of its having been visited by human beings, since I was last here. I walked the whole length of it, armed with a musket, and looking earnestly for foot-prints, but saw none. Warm and thirsty with walking so far on the sands, in a hot sun, I made my way to the brook ; and observed, with some dismay, that a path led to it which had certainly been made in the grass, and through the bushes, since I was last there. With a beating heart, I approached it ; and there I found proof enough that it had been visited ; not by savages, but by civilized man ; for there were pieces of iron hoop lying about, one or two bungs, an old, black, silk neckerchief, and a torn hat.

I was distracted now, between the fear that I had missed an opportunity of returning to my friends, and the idea that I had escaped falling into dangerous hands.

I knew not which to think ; but tried to preserve my composure, and observe coolly all I saw. In looking about me very attentively, I perceived marks in the earth of some extraordinary trampling of feet ; the grass was so trodden down, that it had not recovered itself, and some of the roots were torn up. I even thought I could see the faint traces of the heels of men's shoes ; the fearful conjecture rushed upon me that here had been a fierce encounter between some of my fellow

creatures, and it was abundantly confirmed, by my finding in a bush, very near the spot, a dirk that had evidently been covered with blood.

Here then was cause for thankfulness, that I had not met with these bloody-minded men, whoever they were ; and then it flashed across my mind, how I had felt about putting up a flag-staff on this side the island, and my heart was filled with love and gratitude to the Gracious Power who bestowed on me a conscience, capable of directing me so wisely, in a matter in which my understanding could not have guided me. If my conscience had not so clearly warned me against it, I should have thought it very wise and prudent to set up a signal on this side of the island, last autumn ; and if I had done so, it is most likely I should have fallen into the hands of the men, whose deeds appeared so violent and alarming.

I now found a few shoe-marks in the earth, close to the brook, and occasional tracks all the way by the side of the stream to the sea-shore ; and I judged from all I could observe that these intruders on my peaceful abode, had left it for the present at least.

I quitted the scene of strife too, as soon as I had learned from it all I could ; and leaving the bay, which no longer deserved the name of Safety, but rather that of Terror, I doubled the cape that bounds it on the east, and continued my voyage in a southerly direction, with a range of high hills in sight, that run nearly parallel to the coast, which I have often climbed, to survey from their summits that part of the coast I was then on. These hills gradually diminish as they approach the mouth of Grand River, which I entered, and sailing across it, reached the well known shelter of Gordon Bay.

Though still harassed by the idea that there was a human being skulking about the island, who might be watching to do me some harm, I felt more safe and comfortable on reaching this familiar spot ; and when, after making fast my boat, I walked up the valley, the agreeable associations with that lovely scene were so powerful, that they quite exhilarated me, and made me rather

hope than fear to meet this unknown partner in the island. "If I could be sure there was but one, I would search him out and make him meet me," said I to myself; but the fear of being overcome by numbers restrained me.

I do not know whether I have already mentioned that I have a very pretty bower in Gordon Vale, which I began to make the second spring, and which I have beautified from time to time ever since. I have slept under it many summer nights and taken many a noon-day nap in it. There I now carried my supper and blanket, my musket and ammunition; and accompanied by Neptune and Poll, I took up my quarters for the night, in very good spirits.

Having had no dinner, I took an early and hearty supper, and lay down to sleep soon after, hoping to make up for the rest I lost the night before.

A long and dreamless sleep made the whole night seem but a mere point of time, and when I first awoke I could not tell whether the night was spent or whether I had but just lain down. The dawn of day however soon convinced me how long and how soundly I had slept, and I arose refreshed in mind and body, and restored to my usual cheerfulness and composure.

As this part of the island was perfectly familiar to me, I made the best of my way home, had a head wind to the Land's End, and then sailed along before it till I reached the creek, having circumnavigated my whole dominions in three days; and met with that which convinces me that, like many other monarchs, I hold my sovereignty by a very uncertain tenure, and am liable to be dethroned by secret enemies.

As it was about the middle of the afternoon when I arrived at my landing in the creek, I had plenty of time, before dark, to inspect my store-house, water-wheel, and forge, to see if they had been visited during my absence; but though I found one door open that I believed I left shut, I could not be certain that any one had been there. I thought it prudent, however, to fasten up the

doors more securely than I was accustomed to do, before I left the creek for the night.

“Now,” thought I, “that I am restored to the capital of my kingdom, I feel like myself again, and the more I reflect on the probability of there being a man on the island, the more I desire to meet with him. He may not be a savage, he may be an European, escaped from the scuffle in the Bay of Terror, and suffering far worse feelings than I did, when first I landed here.

“I cannot imagine any situation more appalling to a man with a guilty conscience, than the solitude of this island. If there is a fellow being near me, who has led a bad life, and is now made unhappy by it, I should like to find him ; if he speaks my language, I would try to comfort, soothe, and soften him, and I would tell him where to go for pardon and for peace.

“If his life has been that of a buccaneer, and his heart is ever so hardened, and he cannot understand a word of English, I would endeavour to melt his heart by acts of kindness ; and I should not despair, in this solitude, far from the bustle and the temptations of civilized life, of seeing him become a better and a happier man, than he had ever yet been.” These thoughts made me earnestly hope, that the mysterious man of the lake was a white person, and that I should find in him, a companion of my exile. I might learn from him the probability of a ship’s touching at the island, and what would be the danger of my showing myself to the next crew that came on shore to water.

After indulging this train of thought for a while, I took up another supposition. The unknown might be a savage, fierce in his temper, and accustomed to the lawless indulgence of his appetites and passions. Even so, I would like to hold communion with him. I would overcome him by gentleness, or, if absolutely necessary, I would first impress him with a sense of my power, by the use of my fire-arms ; and then I would show him by acts of kindness that I had no intention to harm him. He must have some feelings, some affections in common

with me, for we are of the same nature, both immortal beings, both cared for by an Almighty Power. If he is ignorant and debased, I would instruct him, and do every thing in my power to improve and serve him.

The idea of doing good to any human being, seemed to me, after living so long with nobody but myself to care for, the greatest privilege of life ; and I reflected on the pleasure of taking care of and instructing a poor, untutored savage, till I hoped the unknown might prove to be a being of this description.

I am writing this, on the day after my return, and shall now mount Judy and carry it to the pyramid, for I consider the uncertainty of my life increased by the presence of a man on the island, who keeps himself concealed ; and if I should die by his hand, I wish my narrative to be as complete as possible. I shall not venture from home now, unarmed, but carry my musket wherever I go ; and with fire-arms and a faithful dog, I am ready to meet the stranger at any time.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOPES RELINQUISHED — A HATCHET LOST — BREAD LOST
 — A MAN ON THE ISLAND — THE STORE-HOUSE ENTERED
 — THE STRANGER WATCHED FOR — HIDE AND SEEK — A
 MAN FOUND — OBEDIENCE EXACTED — FIRST MEAL WITH
 A GUEST — FRIDAY LOST AND FOUND — FRIDAY AND NEP-
 TUNE — FRIDAY AND POLL — FRIDAY DRESSED — FRIDAY
 AT DINNER — FRIDAY'S HAIR CUT — HOW WE SPENT THE
 AFTERNOON — FRIDAY'S QUARREL WITH NEPTUNE — AN
 EVENTFUL DAY ENDED — REMARKS ON FRIDAY — SCARCITY
 OF INK.

FOR three weeks after I saw the foot-prints in the sand, my mind was constantly occupied with thinking, whether there was a man on the island or not, and what

sort of a person he was ; and my time was chiefly devoted to walking about, with my gun and dog, in search of him. I visited the little lake twice, but could see no trace of a living being. The tracks on the sand were gone, and the place was as smooth as if the foot of man had never pressed it. I climbed the hills and gazed in every direction, with my spy-glass, but saw no traces of there being a soul on the island besides myself. I never could see the smoke of a fire, or find the ashes where a fire had been ; and after so much fruitless search, I began to think I must have been mistaken as to the marks I saw being recently made, and that they might have been the tracks of one of the party, who landed at the Bay of Terror ; so I very reluctantly gave up the search, and returned to my usual occupations.

My barley was ripe and needed to be cut ; and as I had but two barrels of biscuit left, it was important to me to make the best use of my little crop, by saving it all for seed next year. I went to my store-house to get my scythe, and found it all shut up just as I had left it, the day I returned from my cruise ; and I sighed as I opened it, to think how unnecessary my precaution had been.

I had brought from the wreck six scythes without handles ; one I had mounted and used a good deal in mowing, and as it had become dull, I thought I would take a fresh one, to cut my barley with. I went to that part of my store-house where I had put all my edge-tools, to pick out a sharp scythe, and to my surprise found the arrangement of my things altered, and one large chisel missing. I had been so accustomed to place my tools in one particular way, that I could hardly believe myself deceived ; and yet it appeared impossible for any one to have touched them but myself, locked up as they were in this building. While trying to recollect whether I had myself deranged the tools, I picked out a sharp scythe and fixed it on the handle that I had already used. Having adjusted the wedge that was to fasten them together, I looked about for a hatchet (usually kept in that place) to drive it in with, but could not

see it. There were other tools that would answer the purpose as well, but I wished to know what I had done with my hatchet; I therefore hunted all round for it, inside the building and out; it was nowhere to be found. I looked about the forge and the grindstone for it, but in vain. Perhaps it was left in the boat. I went on board to see; but it was not there. I had always kept one at the creek, and one on the terrace; it was possible that I had accidentally carried both up to the terrace; so I shouldered my scythe and walked up there to satisfy myself. There was but one to be found. I did not like to be so forgetful, and I tried very much to recollect what I had done with this hatchet. I kept thinking about it, while I was mowing my barley; but all my cogitations ended in the firm conviction, that the last time I had seen it, was when I returned from my cruise, and carried it with the rest of my things to the store-house. I could hardly believe it was not still there; repeated researches, however, convinced me it was not, and I gave it up as one of the unaccountable events of life.

A few days after this, I was arranging some things in the store-house, when, on moving a cask that I supposed full of biscuit, I perceived by its lightness that it must be almost empty. It was marked on the head "bread" in my own hand-writing; it was the last cask but one of that valuable article, and I knew it to have been full some weeks before.

Amazed at the change, I knocked out the head and found more than two thirds of the contents gone. It was not worm eaten and there was no appearance of rats having made their way into the cask; how then could it be! I never was more puzzled in my life. I felt sure that all the casks I headed up, were full of bread, and yet here was one with only a few pounds in it. I began to think my memory or my senses had failed me; and while gazing at the cask as if to ask an explanation of that inanimate object, I perceived that the hoops, at the opposite end to that which I had opened, looked as if they had been started. I turned it up and

found a part of the head slipped on one side ; this could not have been loosened without hands, for I knew the cask to have been whole and tight when I last moved it. The idea now flashed upon my mind, that there was a man on the island, and that he had found his way into this house. He had taken the chisel ; he had stolen the hatchet ; and he had helped himself to my bread. All the mysteries that had so puzzled me were cleared up ; I said to myself, " I need no longer doubt the evidence of my own senses ; the foot-prints were recently made, and a man is here, near me, and has been on this very spot ! "

When I had recovered from this new surprise, I looked about to see what other traces I could find of my unbidden guest, and to discover how he had got into the house ; for I had bolted and barred one door inside ; and had put a padlock on the outside of the other, and there were no marks of either having been opened. I examined the walls and the ground around the building to see if they had been undermined, for I thought it possible this wild man of the woods might work himself a passage under ground, like a mole ; but there was no appearance of any such thing. I looked at the roof to see if an entrance had been made there, but the thatch on the outside seemed untouched. I perceived, however, that on the inside, it looked a little rough and loose, at one of the front corners ; and on examination, was convinced it had been removed, since I placed it there. The peg that fastened it was missing, and the straw, instead of being pressed down in a very tight and compact manner, was laid on very loosely. Here then the intruder entered ! Here he means to enter again ! I was amused at his ingenuity, in contriving to replace the thatch so well as to conceal his place of entrance, and it struck me that I might perhaps catch him in his own trap.

If I could only see him enter, and be sure that he had no fire-arms, I could follow him in, at his own hole, and make him my prisoner ; for let him be what he

would, I longed to see him, and convince him he was welcome to share all my goods, without being at so much pains to get them secretly.

I found several other casks that he had served like the bread cask. That the poor, hungry, solitary creature should take my provisions, did not surprise me, for I supposed he was some one brought up to deeds of violence, and ignorant of the rules of honesty ; but I feared from his taking the chisel and hatchet that he meant to attack me, and make himself master of all my goods at once ; so I determined to be very much on my guard, and, instead of going about the island after him, to catch him in the trap he had made for himself.

I replaced the things just as they were before with the exception of such tools as I thought he might arm himself with, if surprised in the building ; those I removed to a safe distance. Then I shut up the doors and went on with my daily occupations as usual, only taking a longer nap than common after dinner, that I might be ready to watch all night for the stranger.

I wondered that in all my walks, I had never caught a glimpse of this being, and that Neptune had never smelt him out. I remembered, however, that the dog had sometimes barked a great deal, when I could see nothing to occasion it, and now it occurred to me that this man was probably in ambush near me, and that it was at him, Neptune barked. From his keeping himself so closely concealed, and never leaving any tracks about my buildings, I thought he must be an uncivilized being, like the natives of the South Sea Islands, as savages are generally very adroit in such things. But then his taking the chisel and hatchet was more like an European, as I did not suppose an Indian would know the value of edge-tools. I thought a white man would have been glad to make himself known to me and become my comrade ; he must have discovered that I was alone on the island, and if he watched my movements, he must have seen me unarmed very often.

Thus wondering and conjecturing I passed the day ;

and though I went about my work as usual, on purpose to avoid raising any suspicion, if I was watched, I could think of nothing but the probability of soon seeing a fellow creature.

I went to the cave at my usual hour ; but when it was dark, or rather when there was no light but what the stars gave, I prepared for my night's watch, by fastening up Neptune, and arming myself with a gun and an axe. I walked very silently down to the creek ; there I fixed myself in a nook among the rocks, from which I could plainly see the front wall of the store-house, and observe the approach of any one towards it.

For the first hour, my heart beat very quickly and I felt much agitated by the hope of soon beholding a fellow creature ; but hour after hour passed away, and the morning dawned without my having seen any thing but the inanimate objects around me, or heard any thing but the babbling of the brook, or the fall of the water higher up the valley.

Very much disappointed, I quitted my post, and returned to my cave for breakfast and a good sleep if I could get it. Considering how unlikely it was that the stranger should visit my premises every night, or that my first watch should happen to be on the same night he would choose, I was not discouraged in my plan of watching ; but repeated it for three successive nights, without any better success. As I slept as much as was necessary in the day-time, I was wakeful all night ; and knowing how softly a savage can step, I did not expect my ears to be of much use to me ; so I kept a sharp look-out, and hardly took my eyes off of the building, lest he should slip in unperceived. Late on the fourth night of my watching, a little splashing of the water that was unusual, attracted my attention ; and looking towards the brook I saw something large enough for a man, moving along in the water. My hopes were now raised to the highest pitch, and in breathless expectation, I watched the approaching object. In my anxiety to examine it, I had well nigh forgotten to keep out of sight myself ;

and when I perceived it was really the form of a man, I could hardly restrain myself from running forward to meet him. This would, I knew, be the very way to miss him ; for the moment he saw me he would probably take to his heels, and leave me as ignorant as ever, who and what he was.

I therefore put a strong guard on myself, and watched him quietly from my hiding-place, while he waded slowly up the brook. When he was opposite the store-house, he took something from round his waist, stooped down, rose up without it and walked two or three steps, then stooped again, then rose and advanced as before. I could not imagine what he was about ; but I could see he was a naked man, of a dark color and slender form, and that he was unarmed. As he passed along very near me, I perceived that he had a long leaf like that of the cocoa-nut tree, which he laid on the ground before him, to step upon, that he might leave no foot-marks. When he had taken as many steps as its length would allow, he bent it round his foot, and again brought it before him. In this way he proceeded to the store-house ; and going to the corner where I had supposed him to enter, he pushed aside the thatch, and disappeared through the roof. Now the time was come for me to act ; and thinking an axe the better weapon of the two, for close quarters, I threw aside my gun ; and lighting a lamp which I had with me for the purpose, I enlarged the opening in the thatch and jumped in after him. I looked around, confident of seeing the stranger, but saw no one. "O," thinks I to myself, "you expect to deceive me by hiding, but I will soon find you." To prevent his escaping, I fastened up the hole at which he had entered, very securely, as I was prepared to do. I then placed my lamp, where it would best light the whole building, and began in good earnest the most interesting game of hide and seek that I ever played. I hunted among my goods, between casks, and in every hole and cranny that I could think of. I unrolled the sails, and pulled down piles of lumber, and turned almost every thing up-

side down, in looking for this hidden man ; yet no signs of him were to be seen ! I began to think he must have glided by the house without entering at all ; yet I felt sure I had seen him go through the hole in the roof, and I had found it open and entered the same way myself. "He must be here," said I to myself, "unless there is some other way for him to get out." I took the lamp in my hand, and examined the walls, the roof, and the cliff, to see if he had made an opening for himself, or had climbed them like a cat, in search of a hiding-place. But all in vain. I renewed my search among the goods ; I moved almost every thing ; I looked again and again in the same places. Again I surveyed the sides of the building, with the lamp lifted high over my head. No one was to be seen. I stood amazed, perplexed, and disappointed. While considering what I had best do next, my eyes happened to rest on a sailor's chest ; seeing the hasp unfastened and swinging as if it had been lately removed, it popped into my head to look inside of it, though I thought it too small to hold a man. I lifted the lid, and up jumped a poor, trembling creature. He raised himself to a kneeling posture, and uttered two or three sentences in a language unknown to me ; but by his clasped hands and imploring looks, I supposed he was begging for mercy.

I laid my hand gently on his head, and looked him kindly in the face. My feelings were touched by his imploring countenance, and by my own reflections on seeing a fellow man for the first time for three years and a half. I supposed he perceived my emotion ; for after gazing fixedly at me, he took my hand very respectfully and pressed it to his forehead. I made a sign to him to get out of the chest and stand up before me ; he did so with a frightened look, and made gestures of submission. To assure him of my kind feelings towards him, I imitated his action and pressed his hand to my forehead ; on which the poor creature threw himself on his knees before me, and kissed my feet. I raised him up and embraced him ; then he clapped his hands, jumped for joy,

made a great many gesticulations, and said a great deal that I could not understand ; and now and then he spoke some words that sounded like Spanish, but I was not sure it was that language. All his words and gestures, however, seemed expressive of respect and gratitude to me.

I unbarred the door and led him out of the building, taking care to keep fast hold of him all the time ; for though he seemed willing to accompany me, I was afraid he was watching for an opportunity to escape. I went towards the place where I had left my gun, that I might take that and leave my lamp ; but the moment my companion saw the musket, he trembled all over, and used the most imploring gestures. I did all I could to assure him I would not hurt him, but the moment I touched the gun he tried to get away from me ; so, to quiet his fears, I left it behind, and took him with me to the terrace.

He seemed very willing to accompany me till we came to the entrance of my cave ; then he started back with a look of horror, and trembled violently, and begged me by his gestures not to put him in there. So I humored him, and went and sat under the trees with him ; but I wanted to give him something good to eat, and that I could not do without leaving him a few minutes (which I was afraid of doing), or taking him with me to the cave.

As I sat on my bench, and he on the grass beside me, I fell into a long train of thought about my new-found companion, and the course of conduct I ought to pursue towards him. His having broken into my house and taken my goods, gave me a right to prevent his doing so any more ; but as I had no wish to punish him for the past, but only to show him a better mode of living, I meant to use this right over him only for his own good. It was clear to my mind, that as he was ignorant and helpless, it was as much for his good to obey me, as it is for a child's good to obey his parents. As he could not be reasoned with, on account of his not understanding my language, I must establish my authority by some act

that he could understand. I must show him that I was stronger than he, but that if he obeyed me, I would only use my power to protect him, and make him happy. The sooner my authority was established the better, and therefore I resolved to make him go with me into the cave.

I made signs of eating to him and of offering him victuals, which he readily understood; and led him towards the cave, pointing to it as the place where we should find something to eat, but he drew back and shook his head. I motioned to him in a gentle but firm way, that he must go; he implored again as he did before, but I did not give way as I did then; I insisted on his entering. Finding his entreating actions vain, he ground his teeth together, and fixed himself in an attitude of resistance. This seemed the moment for convincing him, he must submit to my authority; so I caught him up in my arms and carried him into the inner cave. He shrieked as he entered, and covered his face with his hands. I put him down gently on my bed, but he kept his face covered and would not move; so I left him to prepare an early breakfast for him and myself, as it was about four o'clock in the morning.

I never set out a meal with so much pleasure as this; for I never before had occasion to place two plates, and two cups and saucers, on my table. Having some one to share my repast, though it was, to be sure, a stranger and an uncivilized being, was so much pleasanter than eating it alone, that I was in great spirits, and cooked several dishes of meat and fish, and roasted some sweet potatoes, and made some coffee, and got together as many good things as I could, to welcome the stranger.

I lighted my two lamps, and placed my old stool and new chair for us to sit on. When all things were ready, I went for the guest, and thinking it best to accustom him to hear me speak, and to call him at once by some name, I could think of nothing better than the name of the day on which I found him; so as this was Friday morning, I called him Friday, and said, "Friday, come and eat," with suitable actions to explain my words.

When I first spoke to him, he was sitting on the bed and looking around him ; but when I approached him, he threw himself down at full length, and hid his face from me. I took his hand and pressed it as before, to my forehead. This reassured him of my friendly feelings ; he embraced my knees as I stood beside him, looked affectionately in my face, and jabbered away in his own tongue something which he repeated several times, and seemed very anxious to make me understand. Finding all his efforts vain, he suffered me to lead him into the next room, though he looked suspiciously around him. I encouraged him to examine the place, and made signs to him that there was no one near us, that he and I were the only inhabitants. When at last the table, full of good eatables, caught his eye, and I was about to do the honors of the feast in a civilized manner, he reminded me what sort of a guest I had, by seizing, with both hands, the whole contents of a dish of fried fish, and seating himself on the ground to eat it.

I longed to teach him better manners at once ; but I considered it would be safer to let him eat of these good things, in his own way first, and then, when he knew how well he liked them, make him behave as I did, in order to obtain them.

So there he sat, on the ground, cramming his food into his mouth with both hands, in the most disgusting way. I gave him a part of every thing on the table, and offered him a knife to cut his meat, but he preferred tearing it in pieces with his teeth, and I let him have his own way this once. I gave him a mug full of weak coffee sweetened, and he drank it off as if he liked it well. After eating an enormous meal, he jumped up and began dancing and capering about, and singing a sort of tune to which he kept time. I was glad to see him so happy ; but when I had cleared my table and put away all the things, I wanted a nap before sunrise ; so I led Friday to the bed in the inner cave, and made him understand he was to lie down there and go to sleep. He obeyed instantly, and then I took a mattress and

blanket, and having shut the door between the caves, I lay down so close to it, that it could not be opened without my awaking.

I slept soundly for two hours. On awaking, I could hardly realize the fact of my having a fellow creature near me; and when I did, I could not help sighing to think how ignorant he was of such things as interested me, and how different our habits were. It made me feel sad, to recollect how he behaved at breakfast, and how he disappointed me of the pleasure I expected, in having a companion at table with me; but then I comforted myself by thinking how affectionate and amiable he seemed, and that I could teach him better manners, and make him more companionable every day.

I longed to see how Friday would look by daylight; so I jumped up and entered his sleeping apartment. I looked at the bed, he was not there! I looked all round the cave, he was nowhere to be seen! My heart sank within me at the idea of his having escaped, and I said to myself, "No sooner found than lost! O it must not be! Friday, you must not leave me!" I felt then how valuable his company was, though he did behave like a savage; and I resolved to find him, if he was alive on the island.

Surprised, disappointed, and vexed with myself for not having guarded, more effectually, against his running away; I turned to go out of the cave, when I heard a low moan, like some one in distress. I listened more attentively; it was certainly a person sobbing and crying.

The idea of the long narrow passage, with the precipice at the end of it, and Friday fallen down there, now rushed into my mind; and fearing the poor creature was half killed, I lighted a lamp and hurried to his assistance. The reality was not so bad as I feared; he was not hurt, only frightened; he had found his way out of the cave by the narrow opening into this passage, which being very much lumbered up, he could hardly move along, and had not gone far, I suppose, before he lost himself and could not tell how to get out; so there he was, squatting down between two barrels, crying and sobbing as if his heart would break.

As soon as I appeared, he ran to me, and throwing his arms round me, clung to me for protection. I soothed and comforted him, and shewed him the nature of the place he was in, by walking to the end of it with my lamp; but he was unwilling to examine it much, and only wanted to get away. So I led him back to the cave, piled up the stones, fixed the boards as they were before, and motioned to him that he must not go there again. I then showed him through the kitchen into the open air; when he got out on the terrace, and saw the ocean and the shores, the trees and the grass, he soon forgot his alarm, and became very cheerful. I saw he was observing every thing that was new to him; but he did not handle any thing, which showed a degree of self-command that surprised me.

I was every moment afraid of his darting off and leaving me, and yet I did not like to appear to constrain him. Knowing that people who have very little to do, often think a great deal of what they eat, I determined to bribe Friday to stay with me, by giving him good things; so I brought him a fine bunch of raisins, which he ate with evident pleasure.

While he was thus occupied, I went about my usual morning work. The sun had been up some time, and my lamas were calling to me to come and milk them and turn them out to pasture for the day. Neptune, also, who was tied up in the barn with them, was impatient to be set at liberty. This must, I knew, be done with caution, lest he should frighten Friday. I therefore led the dog out, holding in my hand the rope by which he had been tied, fully expecting that he would greet the stranger very roughly, and that Friday would be afraid of him. To my surprise, the savage was not at all alarmed at seeing him, or hearing him bark; but Neptune was so frightened at the sight of Friday, that he would not go near him, but skulked away with his tail between his legs, just like a timid cur. This made Friday laugh and run after him, till poor Neptune took to his heels, and was out of sight. I was afraid Friday would

follow, so I called him loudly by name and beckoned to him to return; to my great relief he obeyed, and I showed him I was pleased with him for so doing, by smiles and caresses.

I next introduced him to another member of my family. Mistress Poll was ready for her breakfast; so I brought her out of the kitchen on my arm, and fed her from a cup I held in my hand. Friday looked very much surprised, and as if he considered this a fresh proof of my wonderful power. A bird flew over our heads at the moment, and he made a sign to me to call it down and make it sit on his arm, as Poll did on mine. I shook my head; then he asked me to make it sit on my arm; again I refused; then he wanted Poll to sit on his arm. I tried to make her go, but she would not quit me. Fearing he would get bitten if he teased her, I gave him a ripe plum to feed her with; but he did not understand me, and put it in his own mouth. This disappointed Poll of the treat she expected; so she flew at Friday, screaming in her most discordant manner, and tried to peck open his lips to get the plum. Friday now gave her such a blow, as laid her on the ground, quiet enough; and I was sadly afraid my amusing favorite was killed. Friday was mightily pleased with what he had done, until he observed my countenance, and then he looked more surprised and puzzled than ever.

That I should call a bird from the air, or the woods, to sit on my arm, as a proof of power, did not surprise him so much, as that I should care any thing for the life of the bird; and I shall never forget the inquiring glances he gave me, while I was trying to restore my favorite. After a while, Poll opened her round, black eyes, shook her ruffled plumage, and seemed fast recovering from the rude treatment she had received. I then made signs to Friday, that he must never give her such a blow again; he showed me his lip, that she had bitten quite through. I understood his justification perfectly, but here my signs failed; for I could not, without language, make him understand that Poll considered the

plum as hers, and knew no better than to peck open his lips to get it. I shook my head at Poll to show him I did not approve of her biting him, and gave him some more plums to eat, while I replaced Poll on her perch.

I longed to see Friday dressed in a suit of my clothes, as he had nothing on but a piece of cloth fastened round his loins and hanging down half way to his knees; but fearing to try his patience and obedience too much, I waited for a good opportunity of proposing it. He soon gave me one by coming up to me, opening the bosom of my shirt, pointing to my white skin, and then to his own dark; color and looking inquiringly at me. I could not answer his question, if he meant to ask why we were of different colors, so I evaded it by nodding to him, bringing out a white linen shirt and a very thin pair of trowsers, and inviting him to put them on, and be so far like me. I believe the poor fellow thought, that by covering himself up he should turn white, for he looked very much pleased while I put the shirt and trowsers on him; and though he hardly knew how to move his free limbs, under the incumbrance of clothes, he was delighted to wear them, and to compare them with mine. He looked much better now that he was dressed, and much larger also than before.

I placed him in a shady spot, where he could see me milk my lamas, turn them out, clean their barn, and do a great many little jobs which needed to be done, and which my search after him had made me neglect. I thought it would amuse him to see me at work, and so it did. He watched every movement, and often made signs of admiration and delight, when I did any thing that showed strength. He was a little afraid of a lama, if it came very near him, and I could not persuade him to taste the milk; he turned from it with an expression of disgust, and shook his head when I drank some of it, as if he could not bear to see me. I observed him very narrowly, because it was only by his actions and the expression of his countenance, that I could judge of his present feelings and wishes, or form any idea of his

former habits. By his disgust to milk, I knew he had not been used to live where they had cows, goats, or asses; and by his not being afraid of Neptune, I concluded he had been accustomed to dogs. In the course of the forenoon, I went to my barley patch to tie up my crop in bundles or sheaves. Friday went with me, and I thought I saw in his face a wish to join in the work; so I invited him to do as I did, and soon found that here he was so expert, that I could learn of him; he made a straw band to bind the sheaf with, better and quicker than I, and he seemed delighted to help me.

As we had gone on so amicably through the forenoon, and he had given no sign of wishing to leave me, I was determined to begin his education that first day, by teaching him how to sit and how to eat at table. He again showed some unwillingness to enter the cave, but followed me when I said very gravely, "Friday, come here!" and was soon very much amused in looking at my various utensils, and seeing me fry some pork, and roast some sweet potatoes for our dinner. The hissing and bubbling of the pork in the frying-pan diverted him very much, and he laughed and talked to it. Once he attempted to touch it, but the hot fat burnt him, and taught him better manners. He watched me all the while I was laying the table, but as soon as I dished up the pork, I saw he was prepared to make a dash at it, and bear off his hands full, as he did at breakfast. I therefore made signs to him that he must not touch it, saying at the same time very impressively, "No, no, Friday." He seemed to understand me perfectly; for, putting his hands behind him, he looked quietly on, while I placed the dinner on the table. I then made him sit as I did, instead of squatting on the floor, and keep his hands still while I helped him. To all this he submitted, very willingly; but when I tried to show him how to use the knife and fork, he made bad work of it, and grew so impatient to eat the meat before him, that I let him nearly satisfy his appetite with his fingers first, and then induced him to use the knife and fork by giving

him more, on condition he should eat it properly. But such work as he made of it to be sure ! I had enough to do to help laughing out at his awkward ways. He held the knife and fork in every way but the right ; sometimes he tried to cut with his fork, and put the meat into his mouth with his knife, at the great risk of cutting his lips ; for he did not know which edge of the knife was sharp, or which was blunt. When he had nearly done his meal, I began mine ; then he watched me, and tried to imitate me, and improved very much before dinner was over. I commended him by my looks and gestures, and he seemed to know very well what I meant.

Oh how I wished that we spoke the same language ! How I longed to tell him a hundred things that I could not express by action ; to hear from him the story of his life, and how he came to be cast, like myself, alone on this desert island. Here we were, both full of thoughts and feelings, wanting to communicate with each other, and yet unable to do so, because we spoke different languages. How we should ever talk together, I could not imagine ! It seemed to me nearly impossible, that Friday should ever learn to speak English, without my understanding his language so as to translate for him, till I remembered, that children learn to speak in the same way that Friday must learn English, that they generally speak by the time they are two years old, and that when removed to a foreign country, they learn a second language, by only hearing it, much quicker than the first ; so I hoped that, in less than a year, Friday and I should be able to converse together. He seemed to me so much like a simple child, that I hoped he would learn with the facility of one.

While we were at dinner, Neptune appeared and began to bark at the stranger. He now showed no signs of fear, but treated Friday as an intruder, whom he meant to be rid of. This change I attributed to Friday's having clothes on. The poor fellow was now afraid of Neptune, and I was obliged to scold the dog

and encourage the man, and use all my influence to reconcile them to the presence of each other.

After dinner, I made Friday wash his face and hands very thoroughly. I also tried to comb his hair, but it was so matted together, I could not pass the comb through it at all; so I thought it best to cut a good deal of it off; and to reconcile him to this, I trimmed my own locks first. This amused him very much; he called the scissors *oopah*, and seemed much delighted with the execution they did. He was a little frightened when they were first brought near his own head; but as he felt nothing unpleasant under the operation, he played with the hair that fell down, and made no objection to my ridding him of a large portion of it. The remainder I washed in warm suds, till it was perfectly clean, and could be combed quite smooth. Every thing that I did to Friday improved his looks, and made him more like a civilized man; and that rewarded me for my pains.

He was a youth of about sixteen, as near as I could judge, with a slender figure, but perfectly well made; straight in his limbs, and active in his movements. He had a very good countenance, particularly when he smiled. His face was round and plump; his nose small, with very full nostrils, but not flat like a negro's; his mouth was well shaped, though the lips were rather thick, and his teeth as white as any I ever saw. His color was a kind of light-brown olive, that had rather a pleasing effect, but cannot easily be described; his hair was black and straight, and a great deal of vivacity sparkled in his black eyes.

His docility and reverence for me astonished me, and I could not help thinking, he considered me as some superior being whom it was right for him to obey; for he was as obedient as a good child to a beloved parent.

In the afternoon I walked with him down to the creek, and when we approached the store-house, he tried to tell me a long story; but his gestures were as unintelligible to me as his language, and when he found that though he raised his voice and repeated the same

sounds again and again, I could not understand him, he looked much dejected for a few minutes.

I showed him the forge, but he did not care about looking at any thing there. I set the water-wheel in motion, and that made him laugh and clap his hands.

We next walked down the little valley, till we came to the salt water, and saw my pretty boat afloat upon it. Friday immediately motioned to me to go on board of her; I assented, and went to pick up the rope that was fast to her, and by which I could haul her up to my natural wharf; but Friday plunged at once, clothes and all, into the water, and swam off to her. I waited to see what he would do, and saw him spring very nimbly into the boat, and beckon me to follow him.

I then pulled in the boat towards the shore, and stepped into her from the rock. Friday showed me how wet his clothes were; and knowing how uncomfortable they must feel, and fearing that he might take cold in them, I advised him to pull them off, and hang them up in the sun to dry. He made some very laughable attempts at stripping them off, and could not extricate himself from his new trammels without my assistance. We took a very pleasant sail, which Friday enjoyed as much as I. He did not understand working a boat, yet he showed no surprise at my management of her.

Neptune met us on our return; but as soon as he saw Friday, he scampered off again, which convinced me that it was the clothes that made the difference. As they were now dry, I made Friday put them on again, and we returned to the terrace. I then did my evening work, while Friday looked on; and once in a while I gave him some little job to do for me, which pleased him very much.

When it was time for the lamas to be fed and milked and put in the stable for the night, I sent Neptune after them to hasten them home, and he soon appeared driving the flock before him.

This subjection of dumb animals to my power, seemed to interest Friday much more than any of my mechani-

cal contrivances ; which I attributed to his having knowledge enough of wild animals, to understand the change made in them by domestication ; whereas, he did not know enough about the arts of civilized life, to appreciate my boat-building or masonry, my forge or water-wheel.

My usual supper was roasted potatoes and milk ; I prepared a bowl of it for Friday, as well as one for myself, and placed it on the table before I called him in ; while he was playing with Neptune, and making friends with him, as I thought. What was my consternation on going for him, to find him in the act of strangling my good dog !

I seized hold of Friday's hands, and loosened the cord in time to save my faithful servant's life. When he recovered enough to see and know me, he licked my hands and face, and I caressed him till he was quite restored. While thus occupied, I was trying to moderate my feelings so as to act properly towards Friday, and thinking how I should make him understand, that he had done very wrong. But when, at last, I looked round upon him, I saw that he was already self-condemned. My actions towards the dog had convinced him of his fault, and he stood a little way off, looking like the picture of sorrow and contrition. When he caught my eye, he threw himself on his knees, and begged my pardon with the most intelligible gestures.

I beckoned him to me ; he pointed to the dog, intimating that he was afraid of him ; but I made Neptune lie down, and encouraged Friday to approach. He did so, tremblingly, and again threw himself on his knees before me. I then discovered that his shirt collar was bloody, and that he had been severely bitten in the neck ; it was, therefore, in self-defence, that he had used the dog so hardly, and my countenance relaxed towards him.

He made light of his wound, but seemed very anxious to know if he was restored to favor ; so after scolding Neptune for biting Friday, and showing Friday that he

must never again try to strangle Neptune, I let him see that he was forgiven; at which, he made the most extravagant gestures of delight and gratitude. He prostrated himself before me, placed my foot on his head, to express his entire submission and willingness to serve me, and then implored me not to let the dog bite him again. I promised him protection, and tied up Neptune. We then went to supper, and his second lesson in the art of eating decently was rather more easy than the first. I made him observe and imitate me, and he got on better with a spoon than with a knife and fork; he ate the milk with a great relish, not remembering, I suppose, where it came from, and that he had shuddered at it in the morning.

I made up a second bed in my sleeping apartment, and let Friday occupy it with me; for after watching him all day, I was convinced that he would not intentionally do me any harm; and as he showed some fear of that long narrow passage where he lost himself, and of being left alone in the inner cave, I did not like to shut him up in it for the night. Neither did I like to let him lie in the outer cave, for fear of what mischief he might ignorantly do to my goods, or to Poll. The only precautions I took, were removing all destructive weapons and edge-tools out of the apartment, fastening up the door, so that it could not be opened without noise, and hanging up a lamp to burn all night. This done, I went quietly to bed, and slept in the same room with a savage whom I had known but one day.

Thus ends the history of this memorable day, Friday, which gave me my man Friday! I have been thus particular in my account of it, because every thing relating to my finding and domesticating this companion of my solitude was so interesting to me, I have not known what to leave out; and as this was the most remarkable event of my exile, and changed the whole tenor of my life, I hope I may be excused for dwelling upon it so long.

This day had been one of such great excitement to me from three in the morning till nine at night, that it

seemed the longest one of my life. No one who has not lived in perfect solitude, as I have done, for more than three years, can conceive the wonderful change produced by the presence of a fellow being ; though of a different race, speaking a different language, and brought up in totally different habits. Notwithstanding all the differences that exist, there are enough points of resemblance to make me feel a strong fellowship with him. He has many thoughts and feelings in common with me, and to see the varied expression of a human face, after being so long deprived of it, is an indescribable pleasure. I have looked so much at his fine open countenance, that he has often been abashed by my earnest gaze ; and if he were an European, he would think me a very rude fellow to stare at him so.

I did not go to sleep on that remarkable Friday, without pouring out my heart in praise and thanksgiving to God, for this new alleviation of my solitary condition. I gratefully acknowledged the many blessings I had received, since the time when, without food, or shelter, without arms, ammunition, or tools, without fire or the means of kindling one, I first allayed the pains of hunger, by eating raw oysters on the shore. My condition has been gradually improving ever since those first sad days ; and now when I am comfortably lodged, have plenty of wholesome food and good clothing, and enjoy all the necessaries and many of the comforts of life, a crowning blessing is added, in the company of a fellow man.

I have written this account ten days after finding Friday, and in all that time I have been watching his every movement, every change of countenance, with an intense interest, only to be accounted for by my previous solitude. I am obliged to put a strong guard on my feelings, to prevent my showing this interest to Friday, in a way that might make him conceited and exacting ; though I must do him the justice to say, that from all I have observed in him, there is very little danger of his being either the one or the other. He is modest, affectionate, and obedient ; and already begins to understand several

short sentences, and to speak some words. The feud between him and Neptune is at an end. As soon as the dog became accustomed to his color, and found out that he was to be a part of my family; he ceased his hostilities; and the playfulness of Friday soon made him very acceptable company to Neptune.

I am so delighted to have a companion, that I think I could be contented to end my days here, if I only felt secure from the intrusion of such visitors as left traces of their violence in the Bay of Terror. But the feeling of security, which I have enjoyed for more than three years on this beautiful island, and which was one of its greatest blessings is gone, never to be recalled. Whenever I see a vessel approaching the island, I shall be distracted between the hope of escape, and the fear of changing my condition for the worse. I rejoice that I settled myself on the southern side of the island, for had I been on the northern side, I should hardly have escaped the hands of those rude men who landed in the bay; and I greatly prefer living and dying here, to falling into the hands of buccaneers, or a fierce tribe of natives.

Having finished this long history of the longest day of my life, I shall not write again for some time, lest I write too much about Friday, and make my narrative tedious. Another consideration warns me to be more sparing in my details; my ink will soon fail me entirely. It dries up in the ink-bottle very fast, and it is only lately, that I have learnt the importance of keeping it closely stopped, when I am not using it. Before I discovered this, I lost a great deal in that way; and though the black substance remains, when the watery particles are evaporated, I cannot make as good ink by adding water to it again. It does not incorporate as it did before, and the color is not so good; I must therefore use my ink sparingly, as there are no nut-galls here with which to make any more.

CHAPTER XXIX.

STOLEN GOODS RETURNED — FRIDAY'S PLACE OF CONCEALMENT — FRIDAY'S CANOE — FRIDAY'S COOKERY — CANOE — FRIDAY'S PRESENT — FRIDAY IN MASQUERADE — A LESSON IN FENCING — LANGUAGE.

IN resuming my narrative, after a considerable interval, I must go back to the early days of my acquaintance with Friday, and notice some particulars of his behaviour, which are so characteristic, that they ought not to be omitted.

The morning after that long and memorable Friday, I slept later than usual; and on opening my eyes, I was excessively startled, by finding my companion's face close to mine; he was seated on the ground beside me, and his white eye-balls were the first objects I saw. He was anxiously waiting for me to awake, being impatient to leave the cave for the open air. I soon gave him his freedom, and went myself about my morning work; but what was my chagrin, at seeing him take to his heels and run off into the woods, as fast as he could go. I very much feared that he preferred his own wild life to mine, that he meant to give me the slip, and to keep out of my reach if he could; nevertheless I tried to persuade myself he was only exercising his limbs, and that he would soon return. I therefore kept about my work, and prepared breakfast for two; but though I delayed far beyond my usual hour, I was obliged at last to eat my meal alone, which I did with but little appetite.

I had just finished, and was putting away the things, when Friday entered. He was out of breath with running, and had the lost hatchet in one hand, and a large bundle of biscuits in the other, curiously packed together, and tied up in leaves. These he laid at my feet with many gestures, expressive of submission, and contrition for having robbed me.

His bringing back these things pleased me much; for it showed, that there was a foundation in Friday's mind,

on which good principles might be built ; and it convinced me, he had no thoughts of separating his interests from mine, but that he meant to live with me.

He tried very hard to tell me something about the hatchet and the bread, but I could not understand his gestures, any better than his words ; so, after giving him his breakfast, I offered to accompany him to the place whence he had now brought them ; for I was very curious to see where he had hid himself, and find out what he had done during the time of his concealment.

He led me at a brisk pace, and by the shortest cut, to the vineyard ; and seemed more acquainted with the country than I was ; for he brought me to a part of the Rhine which I had never discovered. The river was narrow, and the banks steep ; some projecting rocks formed a natural bridge nearly over it, and with one good leap we crossed it dry-shod. We then entered a very thick wood, and I was somewhat put to it to keep up with Friday, as he threaded his way through the bushes with the dexterity of an American Indian. There was no path, and the foliage over our heads and all around us, was so thick we could see nothing ; yet he pursued his way with as much certainty, as if he had been walking through an open country ; and brought me suddenly into a little circular opening, enclosed on every side, and at the top, by the thickest foliage, a sort of natural arbour. It was so completely surrounded by trees and shrubs, that I could not see where I had just entered, and so shaded by leaves, that the light within resembled twilight.

The shrubs which Friday had taken away from the middle of this place, he had planted between the trees that were round it, and so intertwined their branches, that the space within could not be seen at all from the outside. I am sure I should have passed by it a dozen times without discovering it. A natural carpet of dry leaves covered the floor of this rustic habitation, and some fishing-tackle, cocoa-nut shells, and the remains of crabs and other kinds of fish, showed that Friday had

lived on something besides my biscuit. His strong, smooth, even fishing-lines were made of the fibre of cocoa-nut husks ; the hooks were of shell, and very well shaped. I saw nothing in this habitation that looked like a seat, or a bed, so I made signs to ask him where he slept ; he immediately threw himself on the ground, and placed his head on a log of wood, which he used as a pillow, and seemed to consider an excellent accommodation. When I had sufficiently admired Friday's dwelling-place, I made signs to him to take his fishing-tackle with him, and that we would now return home ; but he eagerly invited me to accompany him further, and I consented ; for I wished to see all his contrivances, and learn all I could of his way of life. I was now satisfied that he had made a very proper use of the hatchet he had carried off, but still I could not account for his having taken the chisel.

After following Friday half a mile, through the thickest wilderness of shrubs and trees I ever saw, I found myself in a little open spot, near the river, where he was making a canoe out of the trunk of a tree. The outside was already shaped, and he had made some progress in hollowing it out, though his only instrument appeared to be the lost chisel, transformed into what he calls a *toë*. He had taken the steel part out of its proper handle, and fixed it at right angles to a much longer one, thus making a sort of small adze, which he used very dexterously with one hand.

The canoe was a small one, and so placed as to be easily launched into the river, yet quite concealed from it ; and I found it was situated very near the spot where I once landed and entered the wood. How astonished I should have been, had I stumbled upon this half-made canoe !

Having now seen all Friday's handiwork, I returned home, leaving him, after he had guided me through the woods, to catch some fish for our dinner. About noon, he arrived at the terrace with a number of small fish, which he assured me were very good eating, and

I set him at work to dress them in his own way ; though I watched his mode of proceeding, in order to make him do it with more cleanliness than savages are accustomed to.

As soon as he found he was to perform the part of cook, he collected a number of smooth stones which he put in the fire to heat ; and while that was doing, he dug a hole in the earth, and gathered a bunch of green leaves. I could not imagine what all this was for ; but when the stones were hot, he laid a number of them in the bottom of the hole ; on these he scattered some leaves ; next he put in the fish, and covered them over with leaves ; and then he placed another layer of hot stones, and covered it all up with earth ; leaving the fish to be baked by the heat of the stones. This mode of baking proved very good, and I remembered having read of some of the South Sea Islanders cooking all their provisions in this manner ; so this confirmed me in the idea I had already formed, that Friday was a native of some of those newly discovered islands.

When the dinner was dressed after his fashion, I made him eat it after mine. His desire to please me made him learn my customs very soon ; though the fish bones, which he had been used to separating with his fingers, did plague him sadly, when he tried to manage them with his knife and fork.

A few days after this, I was making some broth in a large iron pot that hung over the fire ; and, as Friday wished to assist me, and had acted the part of cook so well himself, I told him he might take the meat out of the pot ; expecting, to be sure, that he would do it with a fork. But instead of that, he plunged his hand into the scalding broth ; and the first I knew of his clumsy cookery, he was roaring and hopping about with a scalded hand. I made him put it directly into a pail of cold water, and hold it there till it was easy. I now found out that he had never seen any thing boiled, and knew nothing of hot liquors ; his people bake every thing, as he did the fish.

Knowing that every body is happier for being employed, and finding Friday well disposed to do whatever I set him about, I planned several little jobs of work for him ; but I was so fond of his company, and took so much pleasure only in looking at a fellow being, after living so long alone, that I contrived to keep him near me most of the time. When I let him work on his canoe, I went to the place with him, and sat down in a shady spot with a book in my hand ; but I hardly looked into it, I was so occupied in observing him. He proceeded in hollowing out the log, differently from what he began ; for having now the command of fire, he burnt out the inside, and then finished it off with his *toë*, as he called the chisel he had so curiously mounted. I tried to teach him the use of some of my tools, that would do his work more expeditiously ; but he preferred his own instrument, and liked nothing that required the use of two hands at once. To sit and chip off a little bit at a time with one hand was his delight ; and he did the work much faster than any one would suppose he could.

Long after I thought the canoe was done, he dubbed away with his *toë*, and took so much pains in finishing it off, and rubbing it down with the skin of a fish that was as good as sand-paper, and ornamenting it with a rude kind of carved work, that I was surprised at his perseverance. I must confess that mine did not equal his ; I grew tired of going so far, in warm weather, only to watch him ; and he went alone the latter part of the time. When I asked if the canoe was done, I was so often answered in the negative, that I left off inquiring. I was therefore agreeably surprised one day, when working in my garden, by seeing a canoe approach the beach ; and if Friday had not been dressed in English clothes, I might have supposed him a stranger, just arrived from some distant island. He had made himself a paddle, with which he pushed himself along over the waves ; and I was amused to see how dexterously he landed in the surf, without filling his little bark, but drawing it up after him, high and dry on the beach.

I will now relate an incident that happened only a week after I found Friday. I was sitting under the trees, on my terrace, very busy mending my clothes, when Friday approached me, looking half pleased, half doubtful, and with some of his native gestures and bows, presented me with what he called *e ray*; it was a necklace and armlets, made of shells, very curiously strung together. I signified my thanks, and admiration of his present, as well as I could, and allowed him to decorate me with them. He was delighted with this permission, but was greatly puzzled to know how to place them to the best advantage, on a person who wore an European dress. He wanted to put them next my skin, and yet he did not like to have them covered by my shirt; so, at last, he put them outside, and tried to satisfy himself with my being dressed in his offering; though he perceived that these ornaments did not look so well on a white man in clothes, as on a colored man, without clothes.

I had observed him employing every spare minute, in picking up shells on the beach, but I did not know what they were designed for, till he brought me the necklace and armlets; then I encouraged him to make another set for himself; for I had not full employment for him then, of a more useful kind, and I thought that was better than idleness. A few days after, he appeared before me, such a savage-looking figure, that he quite startled me. He was stripped of his English dress, with only the cloth on, which he calls *maro*, and ornamented with numerous necklaces, armlets, bracelets, and bands round the knees, to which bones were suspended that rattled as he moved; and on his head was a most curious-looking mask or helmet, with a high crest of green leaves. This mask only covered the forehead and cheeks, leaving the nose bare; but the chin was partly concealed, by strips of cloth hanging down from the lower edge of the mask, intended I suppose to look like a beard.

In this savage trim, he came and danced before me,

throwing his arms and legs about in the strangest manner ; and every now and then he acted and spouted, as if he were performing a part in some comic piece. I wished I could comprehend what he was saying, for it seemed to divert him very much, and perhaps it might have amused me, if I had understood it. As it was, however, it made me feel sad to see Friday look so like a savage, when I wanted to civilize him and make him a fit companion for me ; so after looking at him awhile, I made signs to him to go and put on his clothes again, and take off that frightful mask.

He quickly perceived that I did not relish his performance, and looked so dejected and disappointed, that I was sorry I had shown my feelings so plainly. To comfort him, I examined the mask, and commended his ingenuity in making it out of a gourd, and arranging the green twigs so as to look like a waving plume. I even put it on my own head, and went through the broadsword exercise with it on. This restored Friday's cheerfulness ; and thinking my dislike of his masquerade, was because he was dressed up instead of me, he took off all his trappings and offered to put them on me ; but I refused them all, and when he had put on his clothes, I made him wear the necklaces and other ornaments outside of them. This done, I put the helmet on his head again, and a stick in his hand, and made him imitate some of the motions of my broad-sword exercise ; thus giving him his first lesson in fencing. He learnt so readily, and liked it so well, that I hope he will become expert enough to fence with me, and make it, in time, a real trial of strength and skill between us.

We made various agreeable excursions together, and Friday found a great many plants that he was well acquainted with, but which were unknown to me ; so I encouraged him to collect them and show me their several uses. As I had no name for them, I learnt his nomenclature ; and it delighted him, to hear me pronounce a word of his language.

It was, at first, a great effort to me to talk to him at

all, or to teach him the English language ; for I had been so long accustomed to silence, and could make him understand many things so much quicker by signs than by words that I was often obliged to force myself to speak. I knew it would be better for us both in the end, and that we should enjoy each other's company much more when we both spoke one language ; and Friday learnt English so fast, I was encouraged to take the necessary pains in teaching him. I was often at a loss to make him understand the meaning of words, that were perfectly familiar to me ; and, in my endeavours to explain to him, I have gained a great many new ideas myself. I had never thought much about language, or how it is formed, or how we learn it, till I began to teach Friday ; but now I am constantly thinking about the exact meaning of words, that I may explain them to him.

He learned the name of every object he saw, and every act he did, as fast as I told it to him. Thus nouns and verbs were the first words he understood, and he rarely forgot any thing. I taught him adjectives, by making him observe the same quality in a great many things, and then giving him the word for it. I saw him one day look first at Poll's green plumage, and then at the grass ; and I took that opportunity of teaching him the adjective *green*. I showed him every thing I could that was green, and made him understand that those various objects were all alike in that one particular. He was, one day, making wry faces at a very sour lime he had been tasting, and I said to him, "*sour* — *sour lime* ;" then I gave him an unripe plum and called it "*sour plum*," then some sour milk ; and he soon understood that it was that particular quality, which he tasted in all, that I called *sour*. I made him feel many things that were *rough*, and many that were *smooth*, and gave him the different words that expressed these qualities. In this way he learned a great many adjectives, and could join them very properly to the names of various objects around him.

There was one kind of nouns which I found it impos-

sible to explain to him ; such, for example, as *strength*, *heat*, *greenness*, *sourness*, *goodness* ; these words stand, I believe, for what philosophers call *abstract ideas*, and Friday seemed to have none such in his head. He knew perfectly well what I meant by a *strong man* ; but the abstract idea, expressed by our word *strength*, he could not understand at all. It was just the same with other words of this description ; he could join the word *hot* to any noun, and comprehend perfectly what it meant, but if I spoke to him of *heat* by itself, he was completely puzzled. He used the word *good* a great deal, but he never knew what I meant by *goodness* ; and I think his own language must be without such words, for if he had ever used any such, he would certainly have learnt their meaning in English, when I took so much pains to teach him. But he seemed incapable of an abstract idea, he could not think of *strength*, or *heat*, or *goodness* by itself, though he was constantly using the corresponding adjectives.

His difficulties made me think a great deal about language, and I have come to the conclusion that it is very difficult to understand the nature of some of our common little words like *to*, *for*, and *of*. We learn them in childhood, and use them properly, without reasoning upon them at all ; but when I wanted to teach Friday to use them, I was greatly puzzled. I taught him *above*, *below*, *beside*, *upon*, by holding something *above* the table, or *below* it, or *on one side* of it, or *upon* it. But the word *of* seemed to mean so many things, I could not explain it in that way, and I had to think about it a good while, before I made out that it stands for a relation of any sort, between two nouns. Whether I speak of the relation of a myrtle tree to the woods in general, and say *the myrtle of the woods*, or of the relation of the woods in general to the myrtle, and say *the woods of the myrtle*, which is quite a different relation, I still use the little preposition *of*. If I say *the father of the son*, or *the son of the father*, which is very different, I still use the word *of*, to signify the connexion between them.

I well remembered learning at school the definition of a *pronoun* ; but I never was aware how much we are indebted to those little words, till I heard Friday talk, without using them, and grew quite tired of hearing him begin every sentence with Friday, or with Father, instead of *I* and *you*. He found it very difficult to understand, how *I* should mean himself, when he used it, and yet mean me, when I used it. This made me reflect on the nature of the word *I*, and then I was struck with its opposite qualities ; with its being, at once, a word of the most precise, individual meaning, and, at the same time, of the most general application. Every body says *I*, and yet in each case it means only the one person who is speaking.

These thoughts about language, interested me very much ; and I wished I could know what those persons say about it, who have made the formation of language their particular study. I dare say there are very curious books in the world about this very subject, and a great deal more known than I can find out for myself.

CHAPTER XXX.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF FRIDAY — A VISIT TO THE BAY OF TERROR — FRIDAY'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF — FRIDAY'S FEAR OF A GUN — FRIDAY'S GARDENING — COMPANIONSHIP — SHARK'S TEETH.

THE first time I went out in my boat, after Friday had finished his canoe, he chose to command his own vessel, rather than sail with me. As the breeze was very light, and my boat moved slowly over the water, he paddled fast enough to make circles round me, and yet keep up with me ; showing the greatest dexterity in the management of his canoe, and highly enjoying his superior speed. I wanted to tell him he was my satellite, but I

knew he would not understand me ; so I tried to make him comprehend that the moon went round the earth, as he did round me, but I found he had no conception of the shape of the earth, or of its having air all round it ; so I was obliged to defer explaining to him my comparison, till he knew more English, and a little more astronomy.

I was very desirous of visiting the Bay of Terror with him, and finding out all he knew of the scenes that had been acted there ; but I waited for him to speak more English, that I might better understand his account. Meanwhile we traversed the island, in various directions. Friday often surprised me by his activity in climbing and jumping, and by the quickness with which he knew what course to take, even among mountains and woods, where I was most at a loss. I could beat him, however, in running at speed any great distance ; and my feats in hunting gave Friday a high respect for my bodily powers. In swimming, he was greatly my superior ; he could swim five or six miles, and not appear at all fatigued ; and he could support himself in the water, in almost any position, and seem almost as much at his ease there, as on dry land.

Whenever I asked him how he came to the island, he always said he swam here ; and it was a long time before I could make out how he got within swimming distance. But as he improved in talking, he informed me that he came in a large ship to the other end of the island, and swam from the ship to the shore. He described the vessel as coming from a "great land," far off to the eastward of this island, and said the sun rose and set eight times, while they were coming here. I inquired what sort of a flag that ship had, if it was like mine on Signal Hill ; he said it was not, and tried to describe it, but I could not understand him. I therefore took some of the ship's paints, and painted the flags of several different nations ; when that of Spain was shown him, he clapped his hands, and made me understand that was the right one. He made signs, that the vessel some-

times carried a flag that was all red, by which I knew she was a pirate. I had now no doubt it was the same that had left traces of violence in the Bay of Terror.

Friday expressed his horror of the Spaniards, in various ways, and showed me how cruelly he had been treated by them, and how we must hide ourselves, if we saw a Spanish vessel coming. I readily agreed with him, that we would conceal ourselves from any such visitors. Then I pointed to my flag, on Signal Hill, and asked him if he would hide himself from a vessel with such a flag as that; to which he answered no, that he should go to meet her, and ask the people on board to carry him to his own country, which was far, far to the west. I then found out that there had been a vessel, with English colors, at the island he came from; and that the people on board were white, and that their talk sounded like mine. This convinced me that Friday was a native of some of the newly discovered islands, in the Pacific Ocean, and made me wonder that he had tried to conceal himself from me, when I found he had a good opinion of the English.

On conversing further with him, and telling him I was one of the same people that went to his island, and whom he thought so well of, he shook his head and pointed to my beard, saying, "*Kanacka Pericanny*, * no beard."

A great deal of explanation was necessary, to make Friday believe that I was an Englishman, and belonged to the same country that those came from who visited his native island; as well as to make him understand how I came here, and how much I wished to return to my friends; but when he did comprehend me, there seemed a new bond of union between us, for we were both separated from our relations, and both wished to return to them, and each pitied the other for his misfortunes.

I often asked him why he was so afraid of me, when

* People of Britain.

he first lived on this island ; but until he had learnt a good deal of English, he could not explain the cause. It seems he thought I had prisoners in my cave, and from my always going about armed, he supposed I was trying to catch him, and either kill or make him my prisoner too ; and the ill treatment he had received from the Spaniards made him very suspicious and timid.

My various works made him think there must be more than one man on the island ; and never seeing any but me, he took it for granted there were prisoners in the cave, who worked at my command, but never went abroad. Dreading this fate for himself, he resolved to keep out of my way, and leave the island as soon as an opportunity offered.

Not long after this conversation, I went with him to the Bay of Terror, and was there confirmed in all previous surmises. I made out from Friday's account, that there had been a mutiny on board the Spanish ship, and that when two boats, full of men, were on shore watering, the discontented sailors attacked the captain, mates, and two seamen who had refused to join in the mutiny ; and, after a violent struggle, succeeded in killing them, for they were taken by surprise, and the mutineers were two to one against them. While this was going on, Friday and two seamen were left on board to take care of the ship, and saw it all very plainly. Friday showed me the place, near the brook, where the five men were buried ; and before I perceived what he was about, he had scratched away the earth, enough to prove the truth of his story.

One of the seamen, who had always used him very ill, was made captain, the red flag was hoisted, and they had a grand carouse. Many of them got drunk, the duty of the ship was neglected, and he was able to escape in the night, by letting himself down the side of the vessel and swimming under water a good way ; when he thought himself out of sight and hearing, he rose to the surface and swam on till he reached the little cove, where I lay the night after I saw the foot-prints.

When I had learned all I could, of what had passed in the Bay of Terror, I took him to that cove, which I now named after him, Friday's Cove. There he showed me where he concealed himself, how he lived for many days, and where he was standing behind a tree, when I saw his foot prints in the sand.

It seems he was as much frightened as I was, and planned various modes of escape; and when I sank down on the ground, he thought I was lying in ambush for him; so he stole off in an opposite direction. My gun and beard, and my being on an island where the Spaniards came to water, made him think me one of their gang; and he determined not to be caught, but to conceal himself, make a canoe, and go off in her to any vessel that had a different flag from that of the Spanish ship, where he had suffered so much.

My kindness to him when I found him in the chest, surprised him extremely, and touched his feelings so much, that he felt towards me a little as he did to his own father; and when he found I had no prisoners and there was nothing terrible in the cave, and that I treated him like one of my own family, he loved me like a son. All this he told me, in his simple way, by half sentences and gestures. Though I am but a few years older than Friday, he always chooses to look upon me as his father; and when I gave him leave to call me so, he thought it a great privilege, and acknowledged his obligation by touching the end of my nose with the end of his, which is, he tells me, the universal mode of salutation with his people. This custom amused me very much, and seemed very queer; but I found that my English way of saluting with the lips, seemed equally strange and laughable to Friday.

I have already mentioned the alarm which my gun occasioned Friday, the night I found him in the chest, and I may now observe that his terror was not easily overcome. He must have seen men kill each other with guns; for the first time I fired, after he was with me, which was at a bird he did not see, it made him tremble

and turn pale, and he stripped off his clothes to see where he was wounded. Though he found himself unhurt, he was still frightened, and made signs to me not to kill him. I assured him I would not injure him, and pointing to the bird which had fallen to the ground, I sent him to fetch it. While he was wondering and looking to see how the bird was wounded, I reloaded my gun; and seeing a large hawk sitting on a tree within shot, I directed Friday's eyes towards it, making signs to him that I would cause that bird to fall down dead, as I had done the other. I pointed to the muzzle of the fowling-piece, to the hawk, and to the ground, to make him understand what I was going to do, and then fired. The bird fell, and he stood like one frightened out of his wits, notwithstanding all I had said to him. When I made a sign to him to go and fetch the dead bird, he ran off; and would not come near me again, while I had the gun in my hand.

I afterwards found, that he was the more amazed, because he did not see me put any thing into the musket; he therefore thought it had some wonderful power in itself, to kill any living creature that came near it. Several days after this, I saw him standing at a respectful distance from the gun, talking to it as if it were a reasonable being; and after haranguing it some time, in his own language, he added in the most plaintive tone, "No, no, kill poor Friday."

When his confidence in me increased, and he understood English better, I took the gun to pieces before him, and explained to him every part, and how it was loaded. I showed him, too, how gunpowder would explode, by putting a little on the ground and touching it with a lighted stick; and made him at length understand, that it was the gunpowder exploding in the barrel, which sent out the shot or ball so swiftly, that when it hit the bird, it killed it. After this, he gradually overcame his fear of a gun, and enjoyed going out with me, seeing me shoot, and picking up the dead game.

Friday was very fond of assisting me in my garden,

and I sometimes allowed him to weed a little ; though there was always danger of his pulling up what I meant to preserve, as he had no idea of cultivating any thing that was not good to eat, and I had a bed of wild flowers which I was as fond of as of any vegetables. I liked to observe the change produced in them by cultivation. After a while I gave him a piece of ground to manage in his own way ; and I was really amused to see his mode of proceeding.

The first thing he did was to find a spring on the side of a hill, and conduct the water, by a small trench, to his garden. Then he dug oblong square pits, about eighteen inches deep ; and having stirred up the earth a little deeper, he planted in them bunches of leaves belonging to a plant that abounds on the island, and produces a very large root which is excellent food, called by him, *taro*. When his plants were all set out, he turned the water into his pits and covered them with it. I thought he would certainly kill them, but he told me that this was the way they always cultivated *taro* in his country. He was right, the plants lived and grew finely, and his crop of large roots was a valuable addition to our esculent vegetables.

Seeing my garden was suffering from a long drought, Friday offered to water it as effectually as he had done his own, though in rather a different way. I consented ; and having brought water to it from a spring at a distance, he dug little trenches across it and connected them, so that the water flowed from one to another and moistened it all equally.

I was, at first, so curious to know all I could learn from Friday, and to understand his movements, that I was constantly watching him, and inquiring of him what his people did, and setting him to work in his own way, that I might see what he could do. While thus engaged, I thought but little of showing him any of my arts and inventions ; but after a while, having occasion to repair some of the iron work about my boat, I took him with me to my forge, where he was much amazed to see me

blow the furnace, heat the iron red hot, and then shape it as I wished. He liked nothing better than to watch me at work, and to help me, and wait upon me in any way he could. My stock of charcoal being nearly out, I set about making some more, and found Friday's assistance in chopping down trees, stripping them, and cutting and piling the wood, very valuable. After performing all my tasks alone for years, I highly enjoyed the privilege of working in company with a fellow being, and was surprised to find how much more two pair of hands could do than one. I expected to do twice as much, but the difference was far greater. We could lift together four times the weight that I could move alone; I should have built my store-house and pyramid in a quarter the time, and with far less trouble and pains, if I had been assisted then by Friday, as I now am.

I did not, however, regret my past labors and extraordinary efforts, for I knew they had been very useful to my mind and body; I only recalled them, that I might the better understand the value of a companion. A far less amiable youth than Friday, would have been welcome to me in my solitude; and for such an affectionate, docile, intelligent, agreeable companion as I now possessed, I could hardly find words to describe my satisfaction, or express my gratitude to God.

When Friday first lived with me, I felt a little concerned about our future subsistence. Some of the stores, brought from the wreck, did not keep very well, partly owing to the climate, and partly to their having been damaged by salt water, on board the Thames; and I thought I must make greater exertions than ever, to secure food enough for us both. But in this I was quite mistaken; for my companion's knowledge of the productions of the island increased my resources, and his cultivation of *taro* was so successful, that I was soon relieved from all anxiety on the subject, and saw with indifference the rapid consumption of the ship's stores.

Friday had been acquainted with the art of making salt by evaporation, in his own country; so with his as-

sistance, I increased the number of my salt-pans, and by the end of the summer, had as much of that valuable article as I needed, for all purposes. His expertness in fishing was such, that he could supply the table constantly, and without its occupying much of his time. There was one kind of fish that he was continually looking out for, and disappointed at not finding. Supposing that he only wished for it as a delicate morsel to eat, I was surprised at his caring so much about it. Happening to be fishing one day on the north side of the island, he expressed great joy at having caught the fish he had so long sought for in vain. After a grand struggle with his prisoner, I was amazed to see him drag a young shark into the boat. I now found that it was for the sake of the teeth, that he had so desired to catch one of this kind of fish. He had been accustomed to use them as tools of various sorts; and his expertness in cutting hair with a shark's tooth, and carving wood with it, surprised me exceedingly. He carved his paddle all over, in a small neat pattern, now he had this favorite instrument to do it with, and ornamented some cocoa-nut shells in the same way. He made a very light, convenient water dipper of a gourd, and on this he exercised his ingenuity, in a different manner; he drew a pattern all over it with a hot wire, and made it look as if it was painted with a delicate, brown color. I admired this so much, that I hung it up to be looked at, and would not suffer it to be used as a dipper.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HISTORY OF FRIDAY — A SAIL IN SIGHT — MEASURES OF CONCEALMENT — SPANIARDS' APPROACH — SPANIARDS' ON THE TERRACE — FRIDAY IN A SWOON — FRIDAY REVIVED — FRIDAY IN TROUBLE — FEARS FOR NEPTUNE AND POLL — VISIT TO THE CREEK — FRIDAY'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

AT the end of six months, my attentive pupil could talk broken English, well enough for me to understand every thing he tried to say ; in the course of that time, I had gradually found out the whole of his story, and as those who read my narrative may like to be made acquainted with Friday's, I will here note down the substance of what I have gathered from him.

Friday's father is the chief of an island, far to the west of this place ; he rules over a great many people, has music and dancing performed before him, and wears a very handsome cloak and helmet, made of feathers. As Friday always mentions these articles of apparel, I suppose them to be marks of great distinction in his country.

An English vessel visited the island ; the captain and his father were great friends, and touched noses together ; the captain gave them a great many things, among which Friday always describes, with particular glee, a set of large, bright, metal buttons, some small looking-glasses, and old iron hoops, of which they made *toës*. Friday was delighted with the English ship, and all on board of her, and persuaded his father to let him make a voyage in her ; as the captain promised to bring him back in a few weeks. He left his native island in great spirits. But before they had been out a week, they were chased by a Spanish pirate, and obliged to fight for their lives and liberty. Friday acted over the deeds of valor done by the English, and showed how he fought by the side of the good English captain. But all was in vain ; his friends were slain, the English ship was so *riddled* that she sank, and he and a few of the crew

were carried prisoners on board the piratical vessel, and put in irons. After a few days, he was relieved from his shackles, but it was only to be made the butt of all the crew, and tormented by them in every possible way. They arrived at last in some port of South America, where the Englishmen were landed, and part of the cargo discharged; then they put to sea again, and after eight days sail, touched at this island, where the crew mutinied, and Friday made his escape as already described.

This history of my companion occasioned me many reflections on the singular circumstance of our being thrown together on this desert island, as well as on the similarity of our trials, in being both separated from our relations and friends, and far removed from our dear homes. Friday's experience of the treatment on board a Spanish vessel, confirmed me in the necessity of hiding ourselves, if any such should appear on the coast. Believing I could distinguish an English vessel from a Spanish one, by her general appearance, without seeing her colors, I thought it would be most prudent to take down my flag on Signal Hill, and hoist it only when I saw a vessel that looked like an English one. I could not feel easy in my mind, after I thought of this, till my flag was down. And a few days afterwards, I had cause to rejoice that it was done; for a large vessel, that had every appearance of being Spanish, was near the island before we perceived her approach.

O, how it made my heart beat, when I first caught sight of her swelling sails, and thought that there were numbers of my fellow beings within a few miles of me! My first impulse was to show myself, and use every means of attracting their attention; but then I remembered Friday's account of the cruelties practised on board the ship, where he was a prisoner, and that the Englishmen were carried to South America in chains; I compared the miseries of such a captivity, with the peaceful life I led here, and resolved not to run any risk of changing my condition for the worse. It was not

without some very sorrowful feelings that I made up my mind to this ; but while I was gazing, through my tears, at the interesting object on the ocean, I thought of the numerous proofs I had had, of the kind protection of my Heavenly Father, and resolved to trust in Him still. I then felt a strong conviction arise in my mind, that a safe mode of deliverance would come in due time, and my sadness passed away.

When we first saw the vessel, she was sailing before a fine southerly breeze, and coming towards the shoals very fast ; and thinking the people on board would be examining the coast, through their spy-glasses, we did not dare to show ourselves on the terrace, but peeped anxiously at them through our leafy screen. Presently they altered their course, sailed round the Lands' End, and disappeared behind the hills. We had no doubt they were gone to the Bay of Terror ; and as soon as they were out of sight, we began our preparations for concealment, by carrying into the cave every thing that was lying about on the terrace, and might betray our living there. I pulled down my shell fountain, took away my rustic seat, and removed all traces of myself, that could be got rid of. Friday concealed the chimney of my kitchen, and the opening in the roof, by placing branches of trees so as to look like a natural growth in the fissure. Then we sawed off some very thick set shrubs close to the ground, and carried them inside of the willow fence and placed them before the mouth of the cave, so as to hide it entirely, and look as though they were growing there. When all this was done, I hoped that if the strangers should find their way to the terrace, they would not discover my subterranean abode ; but that they would take the lama's shed to be the only work of man there. In case they should enter the cave, I provided for our retreat into the inner apartment, by piling up things before the door so as completely to hide it, and yet leave an opening for us to slip through. I thought it very unlikely that they would make any strict search, where they had no reason to suppose any one

was concealed ; nevertheless I removed the boards that barricadoed the narrow entrance to the long passage, that we might retreat there if necessary. Friday's experience of the chest, made him doubt the safety of any such hiding-place ; he would much rather have trusted to the woods, as he was very expert in gliding unseen and unheard among the leaves ; but after trying in vain to persuade me to commit myself to his guidance, he resolved to share my retreat, though I gave him leave to provide for himself in any way he chose. His feelings seemed much hurt at my proposing to him to separate himself from me, and he exclaimed in the most affectionate manner, " Friday no leave dear father ; wicked mans kill father, kill Friday too." I was quite touched by this proof of fidelity ; I embraced him, and assured him that I felt no doubt of our being perfectly safe in the caves, for the Spaniards would not search for us, as I did for him, when I knew him to be in the store-house.

Our preparations being completed on the terrace, we took Neptune and Poll to the creek, and fastened them up in the store-house, giving each a good allowance of food. We thought it would be dangerous to keep them with us, lest their noises might betray us ; and by putting them there, we hoped the strangers might suppose that part of the island to be our head quarters, and the store-house our only dwelling-place. I had little doubt that our visitors would break into this building, and wantonly destroy many of my goods ; therefore I loaded Friday and myself with some of the most valuable small articles, and locking up the doors I reluctantly left my dumb friends to their fate, and set off on my return to the terrace. As I ascended the side of the creek, I cast a last look at my pretty boat, and sighed to think that she would probably be stolen, or so injured as to be useless ; but I said nothing of my feelings to Friday, for light-hearted as he naturally was, he now appeared much more cast down and alarmed than I was.

When we reached the terrace, I happened to say, that I wished I knew if the vessel had come to anchor in the

bay ; on this the good-natured fellow insisted on going to the top of a certain hill, that commanded a view of the bay, to ascertain the fact for me.

I tried to dissuade him, as it was a distance of several miles by the shortest cut, and he would have to swim a river, climb precipices by moonlight, and be absent many hours to accomplish his purpose. He was however so desirous of going, and so sure of his own powers of eluding observation, that at last I consented.

Having supped together, Friday prepared for his journey, by taking off his English clothes ; this surprised me, till he pointed out the advantage of his dark skin, and the danger of having any thing light-colored about him, as well as the hindrance such garments would be to him in swimming or running very swiftly, as he had not always been accustomed to them. I settled it with Friday that if the vessel had not come to anchor, he should return directly to tell me so ; but if she had anchored, the people would most likely sleep on board, and therefore he should remain where he could see their movements, till he discovered preparations for coming on shore in the morning ; and then he should watch their motions, and give me timely notice of their approach. This mission suited him exactly, and he begged me to be quite easy during his absence, to depend entirely on his watchfulness, and to go to bed, and sleep as usual. I thanked him for his kind care over me, and took an affectionate leave of Friday for the night. I knew it would suit his disposition much better, to be out reconnoitering, than to be shut up with me in the cave ; and therefore, though I disliked very much to lose his company at such a time, I parted from him cheerfully, and promised to go to bed, and sleep if I could.

The latter, I found impossible, for though I was perfectly composed, and had no doubt the Spaniards were all on board their vessel, my mind was too full of thought for me to lose myself in sleep ; and as it seemed most prudent not to light a lamp, I spent the night in silence, in darkness, and in safety.

With the morning light came the danger of discovery, and the expectation of Friday's return; but as I depended on his giving me timely notice of the strangers' movements, I ventured as far as the shed, milked my lamas, and gave them their liberty. While I was doing this, I was very much startled by the report of a gun. Convinced that the Spaniards were at hand, I hastened back to my cave, and began to wonder that Friday had not returned; and then it flashed into my mind, that the gun I had just heard might have been aimed at him, and my heart sank within me at the idea. I reproached myself for letting the poor fellow leave me; and could I have been certain that he was killed by that shot, I should have given myself up to the Spaniards, and run the risk of captivity or death, rather than live again without Friday, in the perfect solitude of this island.

I still hoped, however, that my valued companion was safe; so I determined to conceal myself if I could. Presently I heard loud voices very near me, and perceived that the speakers were above my cave, close to the crack in the roof. They spoke the Spanish language, and I recognised some of the coarse expressions which I had so often heard on board the *Santa Maria*. Having experienced kindness from the hands of Spaniards once, I should certainly have discovered myself to these strangers and trusted to their generosity, if I had not felt something in my mind, which restrained me from it, and reminded me of my feelings about putting up a signal on the northern part of the island. As I had reason to rejoice that I attended to my feelings on that occasion, I thought it best to trust to them now. I strengthened myself in this resolution by calling to mind what Friday had told me of his experience and that of the English prisoners on board a Spanish vessel. While thinking of the fate of my countrymen, I was very much startled by a shower of earth and stones from the crack in the roof, occasioned, I suppose, by some one's stumbling into it. I dreaded lest this might lead them to examine the ground and find out my chimney, which would

certainly betray the habitation. Shouts from several of the party were followed by an angry altercation, and this diverted their attention from the cause of the accident.

I had been so long removed from all noise and strife, that the high words and angry tones which now met my ear, were appalling to me, and I could not help saying to myself—“How can thy creatures, O God, be so unlike thee?”

After quarrelling some time, they were silenced by an exclamation from one of the party; and I heard their steps approach the edge of the precipice, against which the lama's shed was built. After a short silence, another burst of more good-humored voices was heard, and they scampered off in various directions. I had no doubt they had caught sight of the shed, and were coming to the terrace to examine it. It proved exactly so, and I began to tremble lest my retreat should be discovered.

I longed so much to see some of my fellow beings, some of the same race with myself, that I could not help peeping at them, through the bushes at the entrance of my cave; but the willow trees were so thick a screen, that I could hardly catch a glimpse of them.

A pause followed their arrival at the shed, and then they set to work, like crazy creatures, to destroy it. They all fell upon the little building with shouts, expressive of a wild delight in destruction; when they were fully engaged in tearing down the timbers, and breaking up every thing about it, I ventured on my hands and knees, as far as the willow fence to look at them through it; and such a set of banditti as they appeared, I never saw before! Dark, fierce countenances, with great black whiskers and mustaches, were rendered still more formidable by their athletic forms, armed with the most deadly weapons.

I gazed at them a few moments in utter amazement, and then retreated to my inner cave, scarce daring to breathe as I went, so fearful was I of falling into their hands!

My anxiety, however, to know what they would do next was so great, that I could not rest so far off; and I was just entering the kitchen, from behind the pile of boards, barrels, and boxes, that I had placed to conceal the communication between the caves, when a new and appalling sight rivetted me to the spot, and seemed to stop every pulse in me. I saw a man's legs coming down through the crack in the roof! These wretches, thought I, have discovered my habitation, and will carry on their work of destruction here. As soon as I had power to move, I retreated softly to my lodging-room and shut the door after me. A hand was upon it, on the other side; I held it fast, and my heart beat violently, as I pictured to myself the fierce Spaniard that was pulling against me, and thought how vain my resistance must prove. But what was the change in my feelings, when I heard Friday's voice, assuring me in a low murmur it was only he! I opened the door, and received the poor fellow in my arms. We dared not speak, but our gestures showed how glad we both were to meet again.

My joy, however, was soon interrupted by a fresh cause of alarm. Friday fell down senseless at my feet. Not knowing the cause or the extent of his malady, I feared he was dead, and was so agitated that I was entirely at a loss what to do. There I was, supporting him in a sitting posture, feeling his heart and his wrist, to see if there were any pulsation, and speaking to him, instead of using the simple means of restoration which I was well acquainted with, but did not think of, because I had lost my presence of mind. After spending some minutes in this foolish way, I made a strong effort to compose myself; and then it occurred to me that he was in a swoon, and that I ought to lay him down flat, and give him fresh air and cold water. So I carried him to the entrance of the outer cave, and laid him down. Hearing no more sounds from the Spaniards, I ventured to the spring for some water, with which I bathed his forehead and wet his lips.

I then perceived that he was bleeding profusely ; this was probably the reason of his fainting, and it might cause his death, if not stopped in time. Again my presence of mind nearly forsook me. I had but just enough command of myself, to turn my mind to God, for support and guidance in this trying moment, when every thing depended on my doing the best thing immediately. By fixing my thoughts on Him who is strength to the weak, I became calm, and so far regained the use of my reason, as to be able to think what I could do, to relieve my poor Friday from his dangerous situation.

I had seen various balsams, and spirits of turpentine, used to stop bleeding, but I had none of these things. At last I thought of salt ; that I had, and I was on the point of going to fetch it, when I remembered what a very sensible army surgeon said, one day, to my father, about using *styptics*.* He condemned all such applications, as being superfluous where there was no large artery opened, and useless where there was ; he recommended pressure in the former case, and tying up the ends of the arteries in the latter. All this, which it takes so long to write, passed very quickly through my mind, while I was examining Friday's injury, and ascertaining that it was a simple flesh wound, in the thigh. Observing that the bleeding was less in consequence of Friday's swoon continuing, I determined to bandage it up, and try the good surgeon's remedy for slight *hemorrhage*, before I attempted to restore his senses. From all appearances it was a gun-shot wound ; and I had no doubt that Friday received it, when I heard the report of a gun and felt so uneasy about him.

While tearing up old linen, and applying the bandages to his thigh in the best manner, it occurred to me, that I was perhaps binding up a musket ball in the wound, and that I ought to probe it, in order to ascertain the fact. Again, the opinions of the sensible surgeon came to my recollection ; and while I was shuddering at the idea of

* Medicines which have the quality of stopping *hemorrhage* or discharges of blood.

my unskilful probing, I remembered his saying that a great deal more harm was done by probing, than the ball itself would do, if left in. The ball, he said, having a round, smooth surface, did not generally occasion any inconvenience ; and he gave my father several instances of balls being left in flesh wounds, and never troubling the patient at all. I little thought, when I stood beside my father, a boy of twelve years of age, and listened to this conversation, that it would ever be so useful to me. But I saw then that my father had a high opinion of the sense of the gentleman, which, together with the pleasure of hearing him describe bad wounds, narrow escapes, and bloody battles, fixed my attention ; and now, in this remote spot, and in this exigency, I profited by what I then heard. I neither probed the wound, nor applied any styptics, but simply bound it up ; hoping it would heal by what surgeons call *the first intention*, which is merely keeping the air from it. When this was done, I used every means in my power to restore Friday to animation. I put burnt feathers under his nose, fanned his face, rubbed his body, and tried to make him swallow some drops of a cordial, that was among my stores ; but it was long before I could perceive any signs of life. At last a short sob with a little muscular motion gave some relief to my anxiety ; and I persevered in the use of my simple remedies, till he opened his eyes and drew a long breath. His thoughts came back still more slowly than his pulse. The first words he spoke, were in his own language, and when I called him by name he stared at me, and repeated the word "Friday," as if he had never heard it before. I now feared he had been frightened out of his wits, and that he had forgotten all the English he had learned.

To bring back his thoughts to what had lately happened, I turned his attention to his wound ; the moment he saw it, he thought of the Spaniards, and asked some question about them, very eagerly, in his own language. Supposing it was an inquiry as to where they were, I told him they were all gone ; this satisfied him, and he look-

ed again at his bandaged limb, and wanted to remove the linen and examine it. I told him his father had put that on to cure his wound, and that if he let it alone, it would soon be well.

His countenance now showed the revival of his affection for me, and he poured out his feelings in his own language. I did not like to remind him that all he said was unintelligible to me, for fear of interrupting him in the recovery of his thoughts; so I let him go on till I perceived that he was accusing himself of something wrong, and imploring forgiveness; then I told him he must speak English or I could not understand him. When it flashed upon him that I had not comprehended any thing he had been saying, he burst into a passionate flood of tears, and seemed to despair of expressing, in a foreign language, the feelings he was so full of. His pulse now became very quick, and I feared fever and inflammation, if he were not kept quiet; so I soothed him, and touched noses with him; persuaded him to drink a little milk, and then told him he must go to bed, and get some sleep. At this he exclaimed, "No, no, no sleep! bad Friday, sleep too much." I now suspected what it was that moved him; he had fallen asleep on his watch the preceding night, the Spaniards had landed unknown to him, and he was distressed by his want of faithfulness to me. I said every thing I could, to convince him it was a pardonable fault, and that I had not suffered by it. I then tried to make him understand that he was severely wounded, and would be very sick and perhaps die, if he did not do as I bade him. He made very light of his wound, though I saw it pained him a good deal, when I carried him to his bed. He wished to tell me all about his nocturnal expedition, but I would not let him. I showed him I was not angry with him for the past, but that he must keep quiet now. I watched his wound, fearing that all this emotion would make it bleed afresh, but it did not. Having sat by him, and held his hand till he fell asleep, I left him, to do my morning's work; and then took a long nap myself, to make up for my sleepless night.

When I awoke in the afternoon, no sound of the intruders was to be heard ; but I sighed to think that they had probably carried on their work of destruction at the creek, and had perhaps ill-treated my dumb favorites. I could hardly bear to think of my faithful Neptune, or amusing Poll, being in the power of those ruffians ; yet I could not blame myself for putting them there, for if they had remained in the cave, they would certainly have betrayed me. Strange voices would have made Neptune bark violently, and whenever he did so, Mistress Poll always screamed in chorus. I had become so accustomed to their society, that I missed them greatly ; every now and then, as I was engaged in my domestic affairs, and thinking of my absent family, my imagination made me fancy I heard them making noises of distress ; but when I went to the mouth of the cave and listened, all was as still as if there were no living creature on the island besides myself. I thought of my valuable store-house with its contents, and of my forge and water-wheel, and feared they were now reduced to a heap of ruins. This silence only proved the deed was done. My pretty boat too, that would probably be stolen, or so injured as to be useless ; and I regretted that I had not thought of sinking her, which would have concealed her entirely from observation. I reproached myself the more for not having taken this precaution, when it occurred to me that the Spaniards would be very sure, on seeing that boat at anchor, that there was some civilized being on the island, and might in consequence make a more thorough search.

After tormenting myself some time in this useless way, I resolved, as Friday was doing well, had taken some light nourishment, and gone to sleep again, to run off to the creek, and ascertain the extent of the mischief done by the Spaniards. I felt sure that they had left this part of the island, so I proceeded very fearlessly till I reached the creek ; then I approached the buildings under cover of some bushes, and was soon relieved from the fear of finding them laid waste, by seeing through the

leaves the thatch of my store-house, as usual. The forge was unmolested, and my pretty boat sat upon the water uninjured. I hastened to unlock the door of the store-house, and was affectionately greeted by my two favorites, whom I found in good health and spirits ; though very anxious to leave their new dwelling-place for their old one. I did not think it quite safe to indulge them in this at present ; so I took my leave of them and returned to look after my patient, though Neptune's whine went to my heart, and I longed to have him at home with me.

I found Friday awake, and anxiously wishing for my appearance. When I told him where I had been, he was delighted to hear that all was safe, and Neptune and Poll well.

Greatly refreshed by the tranquil sleep he had enjoyed, he was now able to tell me his adventures, and how he was wounded. I listened with great interest to a very long story, and interpreted many gestures before I understood his narrative, the substance of which was as follows. When he arrived in sight of the bay, the vessel was at anchor, and he concluded all hands were on board. So he placed himself in a sheltered nook, intending to doze and watch by turns ; but he fell into a deep sleep, and did not wake till near sunrise. As soon as he aroused, he found a party of Spaniards very near him ; their voices warned him not to move, for, being surrounded by thick bushes, his only safety was in lying close and escaping observation. The strangers passed very near him ; and he trembled all over, when he perceived them to be his former shipmates and tormenters. As soon as they had gone from the mountain, in a southerly direction, Friday took a view of the bay and saw a boat going off to the vessel, loaded with water-casks that they had already filled ; he then made all haste to reach me, before the Spaniards should arrive at the terrace. In his anxiety to precede them, and give me warning of their approach, he ventured too near them, and was obliged to climb a large myrtle tree, and trust to its thick foliage for concealing

him from observation. The motion he made among the branches, attracted the attention of one of the party, who immediately fired his musket into the tree. The charge was lodged in poor Friday's thigh, but he had the fortitude and presence of mind, not to utter a sound, or make the least movement ; and the ruffians passed on, supposing there was nothing there.

When they were out of sight, he came down from his hiding-place with great difficulty, for his whole limb was jarred by the blow and the wound bled a good deal ; but he was determined to give me notice of the approach of the Spaniards, if he possibly could ; so he hobbled along as fast as his wound would permit, and arrived on Fort Hill, while they were engaged tearing down the shed, and entered the cave by the crack in the roof, as the shortest way of getting to me and ascertaining my safety.

Though Friday made no display of his attachment to me, in this account of himself, I could see very plainly that my safety had been nearest his heart all the while he was absent, and that he considered himself so blameworthy for sleeping when he ought to have watched, that he deserved no pity for his wound. I was however of a very different opinion. I made every allowance for his having slept at his post, and greatly regretted his having exposed himself, on my account, to his present sufferings.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FRIDAY'S WOUND — VISIT TO THE BAY OF TERROR — HYMN — NEPTUNE'S SYMPATHY — FRIDAY LEARNING TO READ — FRIDAY LEARNING TO RIDE — STARTLED BY A GROAN — COURAGE DISPLAYED — EXPLORING CAVES — SEARCHING FOR FRIDAY — FRIDAY FOUND.

THE day after Friday's accident, his wound became very painful; I was convinced that it would not heal by "*the first intention*," that it must be inflamed, and that it would probably *suppurate* * before it could get well. Friday, too, was uneasy about it, and wanted me to get the leaves of a certain plant, which he had told me was good for wounds, and let him chew them and apply them to his leg. This was a good hint for me; and by uniting his skill and mine, the limb was treated very successfully. I gathered a large quantity of the leaves he had pointed out, but instead of chewing them, I boiled them in water; and having bathed the wound well with this herb tea, I put on a large, warm poultice of the leaves. Friday allowed that this felt very comfortable, though he would have preferred his own way of making the poultice.

As it was necessary to keep Friday quiet, and his limb horizontal, I made up a bed for him in the outer cave, that he might have light and be with me. To prevent his thinking about his wounded leg, I gave him various light work to do, as he lay in bed; and when more useful occupation failed, he amused himself with carving a little turtle in wood, and did it very well. He wished me to wear it, tied on my finger; but I told him such ornaments were in the way, and that it was very troublesome to wear them; nevertheless, I would keep this for his sake, and put it up where I could look at it

* A wound is said to suppurate, when matter is formed in it; this is the proper and healthy termination of inflammation, and is the means employed by nature, to get rid of such parts as are too much injured to recover.

very often. So I hung it on a nail, between my looking-glass and watch, which pleased him very much.

Friday's wound went through the usual stages of inflammation and suppuration, before it healed; but my simple treatment by fomentations and poultices, answered very well; and when all the bruised and deadened parts had come away, it healed up rapidly. By careful attention to his diet, taking only light food, and that sparingly, he escaped a fever. The confinement was very irksome to him, and he felt so well, that he could not believe it necessary to refrain from eating as much as he wanted; nevertheless, his love for me and confidence in my judgment made him perfectly docile, and for this he was rewarded, by a rapid recovery.

A few days after the visit from the Spaniards, I made an excursion in my boat, to the Bay of Terror, to see what traces they had left, and to be sure that the vessel was gone. I approached with the same caution I had formerly used, but all was still as if the foot of man had never touched the shore; so sailing round the point, I crossed the bay and landed near the watering-place. A path was now made very visible between the beach and the spring of water, and a silk handkerchief and some tools had been left on the ground; these traces of my fellow beings were extremely interesting to me, in my lonely condition, and I hoped and believed the time would come when some of my race would visit this island whom I should not need to shun, but who would be the means of my returning to my country and my friends. I had, occasionally, a full conviction that I should not live out my days here, but that in God's own time the means of deliverance would come, if I did nothing to prevent things taking their proper course.

I was now fully convinced, by my past experience, that certain feelings were given me by my Heavenly Father, for my guidance, in cases where I could not of myself find out the best course; and I resolved never to slight these blessed intimations, but to keep my mind always open and attentive to such impressions.

I spent an hour very agreeably, under the shade of a wide-spreading laurel, thinking of the goodness and power of God; feeling that he was indeed the Father of my Spirit, and that I could look to him for protection, guidance, and comfort, with the same confiding love that a little child feels for the best of earthly parents.

Every thing around me, as well as within me, spoke of the goodness and power of God; the bright, blue sky, and the light floating clouds; the rustling of the leaves by the gentle south-wind, their rich foliage and deep shade; the sunny bank and the sparkling rivulet; the song of birds, and the hum of insects; and above all, the ceaseless murmur of the ocean wave, as it reached the pebbly beach, all, all spoke the praises of their great Creator, and seemed to join their voices with mine, as I sang the following hymn of my own composing.

HYMN.

My Heavenly Father! all I see
 Around me and above,
 Sends forth a hymn of praise to thee,
 And speaks thy boundless love.

The clear blue sky is full of thee,
 The woods so dark and lone;
 The soft south-wind, the sounding sea,
 Worship the Holy One.

The humming of the insect throng,
 The prattling, sparkling rill,
 The birds with their melodious song
 Repeat thy praises still.

And thou dost hear them every one,
 Father, thou hearest me;
 I know that I am not alone,
 When I but think of thee.

When I returned from this delightful excursion, I brought my dumb friends from their place of banishment; and had great pleasure in witnessing their joy at being again in their old quarters, and Friday's happiness in having their company. Neptune perceived directly,

that something was the matter with Friday, and the expression of his countenance, with now and then a little low whine, spoke plainly his sympathy and pity; nor could he feel easy or satisfied till he saw me dress the wound; and so found out all he could of the evil, and that Friday and I were on good terms in regard to it. After witnessing this dressing, he never showed any more feeling about it; but was a cheerful companion to Friday, whenever he had no inducement to be abroad. He was more fond of me than of Friday, and whenever I was actively engaged out of doors, he always chose to accompany me; but when I was working near home, he would run off and visit Friday, from time to time. I amused myself with making him act as carrier between us, sending Friday flowers and fruits, tied round the dog's neck, and he sending me some trifle in return.

This communication between Friday and me, while he was confined with his lame leg, amused him very much; and as he was one day expressing his pleasure in it, and caressing Neptune for his services as carrier, I told him we could have much more pleasure in this way, if he knew how to read; for then I could send him words written on a board, or shell, or leaf, that would be as good as talking to him. This idea pleased him so much, that he begged me to teach him to read, and declared he would learn as fast as possible. As he had never before shown the least inclination to learn, I was glad to see him interested in the subject, and determined to make it as easy and pleasant to him as I could.

I knew that learning the alphabet and spelling syllables, would be very tedious work, so I thought I would try to teach him whole words at once. To do this, I made a number of wooden tallies, and on each I printed the name of something he was familiar with, such as water, milk, *taro*, raisins, &c.; then I showed him what each one meant, by putting the substance and the name together, and making him pronounce the word very distinctly. By looking very attentively at these words, he learned to distinguish them, and to know what substance

each one stood for, when separated from it. When he had thus learnt his first lesson, I took the tallies he had been studying, and carried them with me, when I went out to work. Presently, I tied one of them round Neptune's neck, and sent him back to Friday with it. The dog returned, bringing the article named, and my pupil was delighted with thus proving his knowledge of the printed word. When he had learned a great many nouns, in this way, I taught him other parts of speech in the same manner; and having once interested him in learning to read, by this easy method, I afterwards continued his education more according to rule, and during the wet season he made considerable progress; but more of this hereafter.

I must now go back a little way in my narrative, and observe, that Friday had lived with me some time before he happened to see me ride upon Judy; and I never shall forget his surprise, when he first beheld me approaching him on the lama. I was trotting home from Gordon Vale, where I had been to get some young Pimento trees, to plant on the terrace, when Friday caught sight of me. He gazed at first, in stupid amazement, uncertain what it was he saw; on being convinced it was I, he jumped and laughed, supposing I was only doing it for fun, as he sometimes bestrode the dog, without bearing his weight on him. When I dismounted, I invited him to get on, and up he jumped as nimbly as a mountebank at a fair; but Judy was so anxious to get to her shed, and have the food I always gave her after carrying me, that she made a spring, which left Friday far behind her, flat on his back. He jumped up very quickly, walked off to another part of the terrace, and began to do something, as a pretence for hiding his face, and to conceal his mortification at being thrown.

I was sorry to see that Friday cared about such a thing, and wondered what there was in such a trifle, to disturb him. If he had understood English well enough, I should have reasoned him out of his foolish feelings, and told him that no one ought to feel vexed or mortified,

at any accident of the kind ; but as he could not understand this, I let him know it was Judy's fault, and not his or mine, by speaking to her in a scolding tone, and saying, "No, no, Judy, throw Friday down."

By the time she was fed, and some other little jobs done, Friday had recovered his good humor and sprightly manner ; but it was long before I could persuade him to mount again upon Judy's back ; not till he was recovering from his wound, and wished very much to accompany me into the woods. He was well enough to ride, but not to walk so far, and I told him he might go if he would ride Judy. He mounted very timidly, though I assured him Judy would not jump now, as she had before done ; when he found that she stood as still as a rock, while he placed himself on her back, he gained some confidence, and I let him sit awhile before I led her forward. When at last she began to move, though in the gentlest manner, he looked very much frightened, held on with both hands by her soft hair, and begged to be allowed to get off. I encouraged him, however, by assuring him there was no danger ; and before he had proceeded a mile, he got over his alarm. I led Judy all the way, for fear a sudden movement of hers should hurt Friday's lame leg ; and when he became accustomed to the motion of the animal under him, he enjoyed the ride exceedingly. He patted and caressed old Judy for carrying him so well, and showed the kindness of his nature by saying to me very often, "Father, Judy tired?" or else, "Judy tired, Father ; Friday walk." I told him how strong lamas were, and gave him some account of horses, and how much they are used in England. He expressed a strong desire to see my country, and asked me to let him go with me there, when I returned. This request threw me into a reverie, which Friday's natural politeness prevented him from disturbing, and we went along some distance in silence.

We were picking our steps among loose stones and fragments of rock, in a hollow on the side of a mountain, when a very unusual sound startled us both, and made

us stop and look at each other for an explanation. It seemed to me like the groan of a man in bodily pain. Friday thought it was a Spaniard, who had left the piratical ship, as he had done; and having whispered his suspicions to me, he begged me to go back to the cave on Judy, and leave him to lie in wait for the stranger, with my hatchet; as he put his hand on the weapon, which hung in my belt, I saw by the fire in his eye, that he meant to despatch the Spaniard with it if he had an opportunity.

I told him that the sound we heard was one of distress, and that I meant to find the person, and assist him, and make him our friend, if I could. Friday shook his head, and said, "Spanar shoot father, Spanar gun hurt bad;" and then he put his arm round my neck as I stood by the lama, and tried all in his power to keep me from looking for the Spaniard. But a second groan directed my eyes to a small opening in the rocks, which looked as if it might be the entrance to a cave; so I disengaged myself from Friday, and pressed cautiously into it. I saw nothing but a large cavity in the rocks. I made my way into it, and peering round its dark sides, was very much startled, by finding a pair of great, black eyes fixed upon me. Here, thought I, is one of those fierce Spaniards, sure enough, and I am in his power if he is armed.

Summoning up all my courage, I determined to speak to him; so I inquired who he was, and what was the matter; first in English, and then in what little Spanish I had learnt on board the *Santa Maria*. The stranger did not answer, but kept his eyes fixed upon me, and gave another groan. The man is too ill to speak, thought I, and yet he holds his head up wonderfully.

My eyes were now accustomed to the darkness of the place, and I could see more clearly than when I entered; so I crossed the cave to approach the Spaniard, and found only an old he lama, who had come here to die. The light from the entrance of the cave, shone directly in his eyes, and made them visible, when no other part of him could be distinguished.

Having been so deceived myself, I thought I would try the effect on Friday, and prove his courage too; I therefore called to him for assistance, as if I were engaged with an enemy, and needed help. The good fellow came with all speed, armed with stones that he picked up as he entered; and the moment he saw those great eyes in the back part of the cave, he sent one of the stones full at the head of the lama. The poor old creature rolled over and died. Meanwhile, Friday found out his mistake, and we came out into the fresh air, to talk over the adventure, and dig a grave for the lama, that he need not spoil the air of the cave; which we agreed would be an excellent hiding-place, if surprised by an enemy in this part of the island. The old lama's coat was so fine, and thick, and long, that we did not like to lose it, so we skinned him before we buried him. I told Friday I should take particular pains in tanning and preserving that skin, and keep it as a trophy of our false alarm and true courage.

We next made a torch of some dry, resinous wood, lighted it by my gun-lock and spunk, and with this we explored the cave. It was about twelve paces deep, of an irregular shape, and on the farther side of it, we observed an opening that went in deeper; but it was so low, that we could only enter it on our hands and knees. I was determined, however, to see where it led, and Friday was resolved to follow me; so I went first with the torch, and we crept along several yards without coming to any thing. The air was oppressive, or rather there did not seem to be enough of it, in this narrow passage, to feed the torch and us too, and I had a great mind to turn back; but knowing how unsatisfied I should feel, if I did, I persevered a little longer, and perceived some fresher air to reach my lungs. This encouraged me, and soon after the passage became larger, then opened suddenly into a vast grotto; and wherever the light of the torch fell, the sides and roof shone as if made of glass. The floor was very damp, and drops were continually falling on it from the roof. I stood at the

entrance, in silent wonder and admiration, for I never saw any thing so beautiful of its kind.

I had heard of the caves in Derbyshire, and did not doubt that this was of the same material; formed, as they are, by the dropping of water that has earthy particles in it, which being left behind, make these brilliant crystals. From the roof, hung down long points of a white and yellow substance, that glistened in the light; but with only one torch, I could not see half the beauties of the place. I walked all round it to ascertain if it communicated with any more caves, and was surprised that Friday did not follow me. I invited him in, but he shook his head and remained at the entrance, with an expression of awe in his face. I afterwards found, that he supposed the place sacred to some divinity of the island, and was afraid of provoking the wrath of the unseen proprietor, if he entered it.

Having ascertained that there was no other opening but the one at which we entered, and exploring as much as I could with one torch, I prepared to return as we came. Friday was so impatient to reach the outer air, that he begged leave to go first; and I let him; though I chose to keep the torch in my own hand, for fear he should carelessly extinguish it. With this incumbrance, I could not creep so fast as Friday, who was soon out of sight. On arriving at the first cave we had entered, I expected to see him, but he was not there; I supposed he was without, waiting for me in the open air; but on looking there for him, he was nowhere to be seen. I called, but he did not answer. I thought he was hiding himself, and looked behind the rocks and bushes; then I re-entered the old lama's cave, and looked all round it, for Friday. I called to him to come directly, as it was time to go home, but heard not a sound in reply. A fear now rushed upon my mind that he had missed his way in coming through the narrow passage, and was bewildered in some other opening that I had not observed.

Having lost myself once in a sand-pit, when I was a boy, and come very near staying all night, because the

passages were all so much alike I could not tell one from another, or find the one which led out of the labyrinth ; I thought it most likely, that such was Friday's case. That I might not lose myself too, in looking for him, I took a pocket full of berries with me to mark the way by which I entered, and went in pursuit of my poor boy, who would, I knew, be very much alarmed.

I called aloud to let him know I was at hand, but I only heard the echoes of my own voice, which were very loud and startling. I marked the way to the grotto, by strewing berries as I went, and saw no openings that branched off from it in that direction ; but as I returned, I saw one that forked off a little more to the left, than the one which led out into the open air. It was smaller than the right one, and if Friday had not led the way he never would have got into it, for the opening was hardly wide enough for my shoulders. I squeezed into it, however, in pursuit of Friday, and called to him again, but heard nothing of him. After proceeding a few yards, I came to three larger openings ; which of these he had taken I could not tell, and as my torch was nearly burnt out, I did not like to venture any further without a fresh one. I therefore returned to the outside of the mountain, feeling a great deal for poor Friday's situation, but convinced the only way to rescue him was to use proper caution in going after him. Rashness, on my part, would only endanger us both ; and the idea of starving to death under ground, because we could not find the way out, was not a very pleasant prospect.

While preparing another torch, it occurred to me that the shortest and surest way of finding Friday would be to go home and get Neptune, who could trace him by his scent. We had left the dog behind us, because his gambols excited Judy to cut capers, and I wished her to be very quiet under Friday, as it was his first ride. As soon as I thought of Neptune, I jumped upon Judy, who was feeding near at hand, and rode home after him. I also brought some lamps to assist in the search, and was back again as soon as possible, knowing how very long

every minute would seem to poor Friday, frightened and perplexed as he must be.

When I arrived with Neptune, at the first cave, I tried to send him into the narrow entrance alone, but he would not go. So I lighted two lamps, and taking one in each hand I crept along first, and did better resting the bottoms of the lamps on the ground and supporting my weight equally on both arms, than when carrying a torch, and creeping on one hand only. Neptune followed close at my heels, and when we came to the fork I stopped, and tried to make him go into the left hand passage before me, which I at last succeeded in doing, by calling Friday several times, and then saying to him, "Go, seek." I now put down one lamp and followed him with the other, encouraging him to seek for Friday. When he came to the three openings, he smelt two of them and then ran down the third, without trying the scent; just as if he knew by reasoning, that if it was not either of the others, it must be that. I marked the way with berries, which I could feel on the ground if the lamps went out, and followed Neptune many yards, and past several branching passages, that would have entirely confounded me; but Neptune trotted by them undoubtingly, guided by his unerring sense of smell. Two or three more turns through wider and rougher openings, brought us to a little alcove, made of shining crystals; on the damp floor of which, lay my poor Friday, breathless and senseless.

I had heard of persons being frightened to death, and for a few moments I feared this was the case with my dear companion; but remembering that he was weakened by his long confinement and low diet, and observing the air of these caves to be oppressive, I hoped he had only fainted away. In that case even his situation was critical enough, for here was no cold water, no fresh air; I had nothing about me that I could administer to revive him; and how could I take him, in his present state, through those long narrow passages, which I could only pass on all fours, myself. I was really at my wits' end;

I knew not what to do. While considering, I sat down and laid Friday's head and shoulders in my lap; as I did this, a piece of woollen cloth that I wore as a sash round my waist, to carry my hatchet in, accidentally got into the flame of the lamp; the smell warned me of it, and as it very much resembled the smell of burnt feathers, I thought it might answer as well. I put the smoke of it under Friday's nose, it revived him a little; I then rubbed his body and limbs, and had no doubt he would soon be restored, if I could but carry him to the open air.

Again I was puzzling myself to find a way of dragging him through those narrow passages, when a new sound met my ear. The neighing of a flock of lamas sounded very near us, in an opposite direction to that by which I had approached Friday. This gave me hope that there was a nearer way out of this labyrinth; and, sure enough, on examination, I found a short and easy cut to the open air, by which I readily conveyed my patient, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him come to, and enjoy his rescue from that alarming situation, where he had suffered so much, that he could not then bear to speak of it.

I went back for my lamps, and then placing Friday on Judy, we returned home, much exhausted by the various exertions and excitements of the day.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FRIDAY'S RELIGIOUS NOTIONS — A SECOND VISIT TO THE GROTTO — VALUE OF A COMPANION — MAKING BUTTER.

I HAVE hitherto said very little about Friday's notions of religion, because they were so confused, and so full of gross superstitions and absurdities, that it was painful to me to observe them, and useless to describe them.

I soon perceived that he and his people believed there were various good and evil spirits ; that they worshipped the good ones, and made offerings and prayers to them ; that they considered the soul to be immortal, and that all were happy after death. Friday sometimes appeared to think of one great and good spirit, as above all the rest ; but when I spoke to him of such a being, he always said something that disappointed me, and made me deeply sensible how far he was from a rational and true belief in the One God and Father of us all.

After our visit to the grotto, I perceived that he was firmly convinced, an evil spirit had carried him away to the place where I found him, and that *Etee*, as he called it, had tried to kill him, but could not. I did all I could, to convince him it was no such thing ; I told him how he had lost his way, and that it was his foolish fears, and his haste to get out, which had occasioned all his trouble ; but, though he had the greatest respect for my opinions and knowledge in general, he could not think me right now. He did not like to give up his belief in evil spirits at all ; particularly, as in so doing, he must blame himself instead of them. Friday never did wrong intentionally, but whenever he made a mistake, or showed any want of judgment, or got into any difficulty, he always considered it the work of *Etee*, or some evil spirit ; and I often had great difficulty in convincing him, that no one was to blame but himself, and in making him feel that it was all his own fault, and might in future be avoided.

I had a great deal of conversation with Friday on these subjects, at different times, and was led by what I observed in him, to hope, that as his reason improved and his knowledge increased, he would get rid of the foolish notions he had learned in his own country, and become really religious, instead of superstitious.

Friday often described to me the burying-places of the chiefs of his people, which he called *morai*, and which seemed to be places of worship, as well as burial-grounds ; he said they were *taboo*, that is, sacred, and

that none but the priests were allowed to go into them. He spoke of great wooden images being in them, which were goddesses ; and of high platforms, on which they laid offerings for the gods ; he tried to describe to me something made of wicker work, shaped like a pyramid, but very high and narrow, and to tell me the use of it ; but I could not understand him, and I doubt whether he knew the use of it himself.

When he first lived with me, if I told him not to touch anything, he always asked if it was *taboo* ; at first I answered yes, thinking that word meant *forbidden*, but afterwards I found out that its real meaning was *sacred* ; and then I told him none of my goods were *taboo* ; that I might use them all, but that I thanked the Good Spirit for them in my heart. I perceived that laying my hand on my heart, or pointing there, conveyed no idea of what I meant to Friday ; for he had been taught to consider his bowels as the seat of all feeling, and whenever he spoke of his soul he always pointed there.

The grotto we had accidentally discovered, he considered a *morai*, and that it was sacred to the gods and goddesses of this island ; and he thought his being carried away by an evil spirit, was a punishment for having stood at its entrance.

I assured him no chiefs had ever been buried there, and that we were probably the first human beings who had ever entered it ; still he insisted upon it that it was *taboo*, and refused to go near it again. As I knew it would require time and patience for the gradual improvement of Friday's mind, I did not press him to accompany me to the grotto ; but I went alone, a few days after our first visit, and had such a very agreeable excursion that I wished he could have shared it with me.

I took a dozen candles with me, which I made for the purpose, of lama's fat, and some clay to stick them up with to the sides of the grotto ; and when my illumination was completed, it was the most brilliant spectacle I ever beheld. A thousand crystals, as pure as diamonds, reflected the light at various angles, and produced all the

colors of the rainbow or prism ; while, from the roof, hung down glittering points of various sizes ; some almost touched the floor, and looked like columns, supporting the ceiling of some fairy palace. Nothing that I ever read of, in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," surpassed in beauty and magnificence, this real work of nature. Oh how I longed for some one to see it with me, who would enjoy it as I did.

This was the last visit I made to the grotto this season ; for, as the wet weather was approaching, I and Friday, who was quite recovered from his wound, were full of business, collecting fruits, vegetables, and fuel for the winter.

Since I had the benefit of a fellow laborer, I had removed my water-wheel, and mounted my grindstone in the usual way ; as it was a pleasure to Friday, to turn it for me, and the wheel hurt the effect of the water-fall, near which I had made a little arbour, that I was fond of sitting in.

I found Friday well acquainted with the process of making salt from sea water, by evaporation ; and as my stock of salt, brought from the wreck, was not large, I made some new salt-pans this summer, of wood ; and succeeded very well in getting some very pure salt, before the rains set in.

Friday's company was a great stimulus to every undertaking, and the pleasure of showing him how a thing should be done, or how well it would look when done, was a motive to exertion that I had long wanted. His inquiries too were often very amusing, and sometimes they led me to investigate things that had before escaped my observation.

I remember his asking me if butter was not the fat of English pigs, and his being very much surprised when I told him it was made from milk. This put me upon trying to make some, and showing him the process. I took for a churn a straight-sided, earthen-ware jar, and made a neat little dasher proportioned to it ; to the top of the jar, I fitted a wooden cover, with a hole in it for the

handle of the dasher to move in ; having then collected all the cream that the lamas had afforded for a week past, I began to churn, and called Friday to witness the operation. He could hardly believe I was in earnest, when I told him that I could beat the cream into butter, and he asked me many questions about it, which I could not possibly answer ; for, though I had been accustomed to see butter made from my earliest childhood, I never thought much about it till now.

After churning away nearly an hour, I showed Friday the little grains of butter that were beginning to separate from the butter-milk ; when they became large enough to appear like lumps of butter, he was convinced that this was really the way in which it was made, and he seemed as much delighted with my success, as if it had proved him to be in the right, instead of me.

When all the butter was collected into one lump, he was disappointed to find how much liquid still remained ; for he had imagined that the whole quantity would be converted into a solid mass. This idea of Friday's made me reflect upon the subject, more than I had ever before done ; and I was surprised to find the butter-milk still so thick, when so much solid substance had been separated from it. The more I thought about this common affair of butter-making, the more at a loss I was to understand the philosophy of it ; and I sighed to think I had no book, or friend, to explain it to me. The little lump of new butter looked well, and therefore I expected the flavor to be good ; but it was so bitter, it was hardly eatable ; and finding it the same when I churned again, I did not repeat the experiment during the summer.

Among other works done this autumn, Friday and I built a new shed for the lamas ; and that it might escape the curious eyes of strangers, we placed it among some thick shrubs and trees, which grew in a recess of the terrace, about two hundred yards to the east of our habitation. I was sorry for this change, and so were my dumb friends, whose preference was so great for their

old haunt, that we had much difficulty in reconciling them to their new home.

When driven in by Neptune, at sunset, they would always run first to the spot where their shed once stood, and there remain till we led them with halters to their new abode.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

READING LESSONS — MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS — VARIOUS OCCUPATIONS — DEATH OF JUDY — MAKING INK — MAKING PAPER.

THE summer passed quickly away, and the winter found us well prepared for it, not only as regarded provisions and fuel, but by having plenty of occupation, ready planned. My chief business was to be writing up my narrative, which had been neglected for some months, and teaching Friday to read ; but, stimulated by a companion, many other agreeable employments were thought of, and we spent the winter as happily as we had done the summer.

Friday's improvement in reading surpassed my expectations ; for though, at the beginning, he learnt more slowly than a child commonly does, his progress afterwards was much more rapid. After teaching him, by printing with chalk on a board, till he was tolerably familiar with the forms of the letters, I made reading lessons for him, by cutting words out of the foolish romance I found in the wreck, and sticking them, with the gum of a tree, on some coarse brown paper that I had among my stores.

When he first tried to read these small printed letters, he was a good deal puzzled ; he could hardly believe them to be shaped like those I had made with chalk,

and it tried his eyes to look at them. By reading a little every day, he conquered this difficulty, and I interested him in the study, by making up short sentences about himself and me, that he could fully understand. I employed him too in cutting up the words, and sorting the letters, and I made a box full of divisions, like a printer's case, to hold them ; so that when I wanted to compose a story for Friday, I had only to pick out the letters and stick them on the paper, which was previously gummed.

This occupation was very useful in familiarizing him to the letters as well as to the small words, which were left to be used whole. As he improved, I set him to making words and sentences, for me to read ; and before three months were passed, he could read fluently in Anson's Voyages, though he could not understand all he read, by a great deal.

My friends will perhaps blame me for not teaching Friday to read the Testament, before every thing else ; but I did not like to hear him blundering and hammering over the contents of that interesting volume, without understanding its true meaning ; and not having had a Christian education, he was not yet prepared to have it explained to him.

I am desirous of making him thoroughly understand that there is one God, the creator and preserver of all things, and that he is a Spirit who communicates with our spirits, before I tell him any thing about the history of this true religion, how it was preserved among the Jews, or how it was restored and taught by Jesus Christ. But I look forward with great pleasure to the time when Friday will be able to understand and to feel the sublime perfection of the character of Jesus Christ ; and when we shall read together of his wonderful power and extreme meekness ; his heroic fortitude in bearing his own trials, and his surpassing tenderness and compassion for the woes of others. When Friday can comprehend and admire all this, I shall feel the greatest interest in reading the Testament with him ; but until he can, I shall

keep the precious volume from him, and only read to him from time to time such parts as I can make him understand.

One of Friday's amusements during the rainy season, was making what he thought *musical* instruments ; but they were such clumsy, rude contrivances, that I should as soon think of calling a child's rattle, or a toy drum, a musical instrument.

One was the shell of a dried gourd, fitted to a handle, and with something put inside of it, that rattled when the gourd was moved. With this rattle, he accompanied himself in dancing, and the motions he went through with it, were as systematic as the broad-sword exercise ; I had, therefore, no doubt it was a national dance.

Another musical instrument consisted of a hollow vessel of wood, like a platter. He placed it on the ground with the hollow side down, and beat upon it with a piece of wood, tied under his foot. At the same time, he held a stick about two feet long, in one hand, as we do a fiddle, and beat upon that with a smaller stick ; this drumming he accompanied by a vocal sound, that was rather plaintive and agreeable.

Friday's attempts at making musical instruments, put me upon thinking what I could do ; and it occurred to me that I might make a set of Pandean pipes, out of reeds that grew on this island. Accordingly I set to work, and, after many failures, succeeded at last in arranging and fastening together, side by side, seven reeds, of the proper lengths to make seven notes, in very good tune. After some discordant attempts, I played *Old Hundred* upon it to my own satisfaction, and the amusement of Friday, who could not at first make up his mind whether he liked it or not. When, however, he became accustomed to my music, he grew fond of it, and I taught him to keep time on his instruments, with mine. I smiled sometimes to think, how amused my musical friends in York would be, if they could have heard my domestic concert ; more especially when Neptune and Poll chose to join chorus, as they sometimes did, Neptune in a howl, and Poll in a scream.

Fencing was another of our amusements, and it afforded us excellent exercise when the rain kept us from walking. I also made a checker board and men, and taught Friday to play checkers, which he soon did very well, and sometimes beat me. All these exercises of ingenuity were good for Friday's mind, and assisted me in his education. I began to teach him arithmetic towards the end of winter, but I found it next to impossible to make him understand the simplest operations with figures; so I gave that up in despair, and only taught him to count, to add, subtract, and multiply, by doing the sums in his head, when he had real objects before him to practise on. All this he learnt very quickly, and grew so fond of it that I used, at last, to give him quite difficult calculations to perform in his head; and he would generally come out right in his answers. But I could not make him understand how the little mark, called a figure, stood for a certain number of articles of any sort. That was too abstract an idea for Friday.

Once during the winter, we saw a vessel pass the island from east to west; but it blew rather fresh, and she did not come very near the land. Several gales of wind, and two very heavy thunder storms, distinguished this season as the most tempestuous one I had passed here.

One death, too, occurred in my family, which, though it was not the most affecting one that could have happened in my limited household, was, nevertheless, a considerable trial to my feelings. Judy, the first friend and companion in my solitude; Judy, who refreshed me with her milk, when I was too feeble to leave my bed; who had long served me so faithfully, as the bearer of my loaded panniers, and on whose back I had taken so many safe and pleasant rides; Judy terminated her useful life this winter. Friday and I buried her in a deep grave, under a fine, tall tree, at the east end of the terrace; and made a little mound over her, which we sodded. While doing this, I told Friday the whole of Ju-

dy's history, from the time I first threw the noose over her neck, till he became acquainted with her; and this made me feel her loss so much, that I could not help shedding a few tears over her grave.

In bringing up my narrative to the end of this winter, I used up all my ink and all my paper, and was very much perplexed to think of some substitute for these useful articles. I had long foreseen this want of writing materials, and had made several experiments, in the hope of finding some mixture that would answer instead of ink.

There were no oak trees, and therefore no nut-galls to be had; but I should have made some other astringent vegetable answer the purpose of galls, if I had had any sulphate of iron to put with it to turn it black; but the want of that made all my experiments vain.

I next thought of getting some bright color from vegetable matter; but all such faded when dry, so as to be hardly legible, on white paper; and in future I must write on some less delicate substance, such as the bark of trees, which would require a very black mark to be long visible. A fall of soot in my chimney put it into my head to make ink of that black substance. I first mixed a little with water, but it settled again directly, and hardly colored the water; then I knew it must be mixed with some gummy liquid that would keep the fine, black particles suspended in it. Having some gum dissolved in a tea-cup, for sticking on the letters in Friday's spelling-book, I mixed a quantity of soot with it, till it was quite a thick, smooth paste; this I thinned with water till it would flow through the nib of a pen; and by making the slit rather longer than common, I could write very well with it. Here then was one want supplied, and that too which had seemed at first to present the greatest difficulties. Something to write upon was next to be thought of. There was one kind of tree on the island, that had leaves somewhat like the English mulberry, the outer bark of which was very fine, and peeled off in very thin layers, and I had no doubt I

could write on it ; so, as soon as the weather would permit, I went in search of some, and found, on trial, that it answered perfectly well, as to its surface bearing the ink, and its being easy and agreeable to write on ; but I could only procure it in small pieces, and, when perfectly dry, it was apt to break. These objections kept me on the look-out for something better, even while using this.

At last, I remembered Friday's description of the manner in which his people make cloth from the bark of trees ; he said it would not bear wetting, and therefore, when it rained, they changed their clothes, made of this material, for matting. Thinking this cloth must be something like paper, I proposed to Friday to make me some. He was delighted with the idea of supplying any want of his dear father's, so to work he went in high spirits. With my assistance, he drew up, by the roots, a number of young trees, of the same kind that I had already used the outer bark of ; then he stripped off their branches and cut off the roots and tops. I thought, to be sure, those long, slender rods would never make a piece of cloth wider than the scraps I had peeled off of larger trees ; but I said nothing ; I let Friday go on in his own way. He next made two slits in the bark the whole length of the rod, and peeled it off very easily, by which means each strip was about three or four inches wide. Having thus drawn off the bark of all the rods he had prepared, he placed it very carefully in the brook ; keeping it under water, by putting heavy stones on it.

When it was sufficiently soaked, Friday stripped himself, and sitting in the water with a flat, smooth board across his lap, he laid a strip of bark with the inner side down, upon the board, and scraped it very carefully with the sharp edge of a shell ; dipping it continually in the water till all the outer coat was removed, and nothing remained but the fine fibres of the inner coat. When this was done, he spread some plantain leaves on a smooth, flat place ; and on them he laid his strips of bark, one by the side of another, till they were about a foot broad. In this way he put on three layers, taking

great care to have the mass of an equal thickness all over ; if the bark was thinner in one place than another, he put a thicker piece over it in the next layer. Thus arranged, it lay all night ; in the morning the water was either drained off or evaporated, and the fibres adhered so firmly together that the whole could be raised from the ground in one piece. I now saw that there would be no difficulty in having my sheets of paper as large as I wanted, for this exceeded all the fools-cap paper I ever saw ; it was about twelve feet long and a foot wide. While his bark was soaking, Friday had prepared his instruments ; which, besides the lap-board and shell scraper, were a long piece of wood, made very smooth, to beat it upon, and a square wooden club to beat it with. Each side of the club was marked, lengthwise, with small grooves or furrows of different degrees of fineness ; those on one side, being large enough to receive a small pack-thread ; the other sides finer in regular gradation, so that the grooves on the fourth side, would receive only a thread of fine sewing-silk. He beat the bark first with the coarsest side of this club, then with the others in succession. It spread very fast under the strokes, but chiefly in width. The grooves in the club marked it with the appearance of threads, which was, in Friday's opinion, an essential part of the manufacture. When he had beaten it a good while, with the finest side of his club, he pronounced it done ; and a most delicate fabric it was ! I admired and praised it to his heart's content. If it had been designed for wearing apparel, the fine lines upon it, which he considered a beauty, were certainly not objectionable ; but I knew they would be a disadvantage in writing, and proposed to him to finish it off now with a smooth club, that would obliterate those lines. He did not know how it would answer, but he was willing to try ; so I planed off one side of his club and he went over it again, leaving a fine, smooth surface that answered much better for writing on. I then cut it into sheets, of the size of common letter-paper, and polished the surface a little with a very smooth stone ; and though my

twenty-four sheets did not lie in so small a compass as a quire of fine letter-paper, I was well satisfied with my loose pile. My gummy ink wrote pretty well on it, and I now had no fear of being obliged to leave my history incomplete, for want of writing materials.

CHAPTER XXXV.

**RETURN OF FINE WEATHER — RURAL PLEASURES — SADDLE-
MAKING — STUDY OF BIRDS — A FEATHER CLOAK — STUDY
OF INSECTS — A DROUGHT — ALARMING APPEARANCES —
PRECAUTIONS — AN AWFUL PAUSE — AN EARTHQUAKE.**

WITH the return of fine weather, we resumed our outdoor employments; the garden and the barley field were first attended to, and then the usual round of business and amusement filled up the day, and sent us to our mattresses weary enough to sleep soundly. I spent a good deal of time in navigating my boat, and having now a compass, and being acquainted with the tides, I ventured many miles from the island in various directions, sometimes attended by Friday in his canoe, and sometimes with him in the boat.

Fishing, hunting, and shooting were also favorite employments. Friday was so good a marksman with a bow and arrow, that there was a constant rivalry between us; but he never learned to shoot well with a gun, and I did not encourage him to practise much. My stock of gunpowder was small, and I thought it best to keep it in case of some emergency, in which I might need it. Friday was very expert in throwing stones with a sling; he could hit a bird at rest in that way, as certainly as I could with a bow and arrow.

We had great pleasure in pruning and training the vines, creepers, and shrubs, that grew around our arbours. The one in Gordon Vale, was the most delightful bow-

er of leaves and flowers that can be imagined, and the view of the cascade from it, beautiful beyond my powers of description.

We carried our books and writing materials to this lovely spot, and spent a day or two there every week. A rustic table in the centre, and a long bench on each side, accommodated us in our waking and sleeping hours; and many a delightful slumber have I fallen into, by the ceaseless sound of that foaming cascade, and within the leafy walls of that arbour. It was there that I generally gave Friday his lessons in reading and writing, there I wrote the latter part of my narrative, and there we used to talk of our far distant homes, and I used to promise Friday that, when I returned to England, he should go with me, and I would show him some of the wonderful and curious things that I had told him about.

My arbor at the brook I was also very fond of, and when engaged in working at the forge, or the storehouse, or on my boat, I used to take my noon-day nap in it.

One of our chief amusements this summer, was riding on lamas together. I broke and trained to the saddle, Judy's son and daughter, whom I named Neddy and Jenny. They were in their prime, and very handsome animals. Friday profited so much by my lessons in riding, that he became quite a graceful horseman; or, to be more correct, I should say, *lama-man*.

With our united ingenuity, we contrived two very good bridles; the bits were made of some steel tools, that were of no use to me. I softened the steel by a great heat, worked it to the shape I wanted, and then restored its hardness by cooling it quickly. My first bit proved too brittle for use, because I cooled it too suddenly; but after several experiments, I succeeded in making it hard without being brittle, that is, I tempered it.

The natural covering of the lama's back made so soft a seat, that I had not thought of contriving any saddle to ride on, till I was one day greatly incommoded by the

beat of the creature's body ; then I bethought me of a saddle, and that it would add much to the pleasure of riding. So to work I went, and having frequently been in a saddler's shop when I was a boy, I recollected the shape of a saddle-tree, and made one of hard, tough wood ; but I was greatly at a loss to know how to stuff, pad, and cover it, so as to make an easy seat, and one that would sit comfortably on the lama's back, and not hurt her anywhere. I had enough thick leather for the purpose, that I had dressed myself ; and after a great deal of labor in wetting, stretching, tearing, and beginning again, I at last stretched a piece of it all over the saddle-tree ; and fixed on some flaps, to keep my knees from resting against the lama's body. The inside I stuffed with lama's hair, and lined with a piece of blanket ; thus, by degrees, my rough work looked somewhat like the picture I had in my mind of a saddle. When I found it did not hurt the lama's back, I was well pleased ; and though it was not so easy a seat as I had without it, it was a much cooler one. I liked to have things complete, so I added stirrups to my saddle, and found the use of them far pleasanter than letting my legs hang dangling down, as I had always done before. I thus found out, by degrees, the comforts and advantages of those things which we are so accustomed to in England, that we never think of all their value until deprived of them. I could not persuade Friday that the use of a saddle was any improvement upon riding bare-back ; he tried mine but did not like it at all ; so I had no inducement to make one for him, which it would have given me great pleasure to do, if he had wished for one.

I gave more attention to the birds of the island, this summer, than I had ever done before. By writing a short description of each, as I had a good opportunity of examining its plumage and observing its habits, I found out that there were fewer different kinds, than I had at first imagined, and that no more than four were singing birds ; all the rest of the small birds had very brilliant plumage but no song, and though hawks, owls, and sea-

birds abounded, there were but few species of each. It was Friday's hunting after a particular kind of bird, with a bright scarlet breast, that first led me to observe these pretty creatures so accurately ; and then the more I learned about them, the more pleasure they afforded me. If I had been asked a few months before, how many different sorts of singing birds I had heard on the island, I should have answered at random, twenty at least ; but as soon as I learned to distinguish their peculiar notes, I found my whole choir to consist of only four distinct kinds, though in each of them there was a pleasing variety.

The more I studied the subject, the more interested I became ; and at last I undertook to paint a specimen of each different kind of bird on the island, nineteen in all. I planed and seasoned some pieces of white wood, about ten inches long and eight wide ; and with the ship's paints, I made some very coarse daubs of pictures, that represented the shape and color of the birds. Though I could not shade them, or make any touches delicate enough to resemble the plumage, I took care to have the outline correct ; this I traced with a piece of stick, sharpened and burnt in the fire, and I altered my sketch again and again, till I got it right. The colors too, I matched pretty well ; and when I had done a good many, and they were hung round the walls of my parlour-kitchen, as I call my outer cave, they did look better than the rocks they covered. For the sake of convenience, in speaking of birds to Friday, I gave each a name and wrote it on the board. If I had judged of the merit of my performances, as other painters do, that is, by the pleasure they afforded to other eyes than mine, I should have thought myself an excellent artist. Friday was perfectly delighted with my pictures, and thought them wonderful likenesses of the birds ; and when I put a berry in the mouth of one, and a green leaf in another, he was more charmed than ever.

In finding out the habits of different birds, Friday assisted me very much, for he could get very near them

unperceived, besides which, he had great patience in watching them. All we could learn concerning them, I wrote on the back of each picture, with my charcoal pencil.

The hope of one day returning to my friends, and describing to them the various productions of the unknown island I had so long inhabited, and the belief that these coarse daubs of mine would be some assistance to me, were no doubt part of my inducement to paint them; but if I never quit this spot, I shall always be glad I undertook it, because it has made me better acquainted with the birds, than I should otherwise have been; it has moreover afforded me many hours of agreeable employment, and has been a constant delight to Friday.

To return now to what first put me upon studying birds. I perceived that Friday was very busy, killing as many scarlet birds as he could find, also a good many green and blue, and some white sea-birds, and preserving their feathers; but as he evidently wished to keep it a secret from me, I asked no questions. I concluded he meant to surprise me with some savage contrivance, or grotesque ornament, such as his people wear. After several weeks spent in this secret work, he one day approached me unperceived, and suddenly threw over my shoulders, a most beautiful cloak made of feathers. The ground-work was white, with a pattern all over it, of scarlet, blue, and green feathers. It had a most brilliant effect, and I admired very much the ingenuity and patience that must have been exercised, in making it.

The feathers were fastened to a small net-work of coarse thread, or fine twine, which he had spun and twisted from the fibre of a plant; and they were so neatly laid on, one over another, that they lay as smoothly as those on the breast of a bird. Friday was pleased with my admiration of his handiwork and his taste, but he said he had seen much handsomer cloaks, made of feathers no bigger than his little finger nail. These are found on the head of a certain bird that abounds in his

country ; and as no more than four are furnished by one bird, the slaughter among the feathered tribe must be very great, to make one cloak. The smaller the feathers, the less liable to be ruffled, and the more like a fine glossy satin it would look. In wearing my cloak to please Friday, I soon had occasion to remark that I could not keep my plumage in as good order as the birds. I wanted their bills, their expertness, and their patience, in adjusting every feather as they do.

The pleasure I found in observing birds, induced me to notice more particularly the insects I met with ; and at last I began to collect specimens, and arrange them on a board, as I had seen done in museums. I first killed them with spirits of turpentine, and then fixed them, with a needle, pin, nail, or thorn, to the board ; and I was astonished to see the variety which I collected in one week. Friday was very expert in catching them, and those which were of a brilliant color he approved of keeping ; but when he saw me take as much pains to secure a specimen of a brown moth, or a little black fly, as I did to get the most splendid butterfly, or green and gold beetle, he wondered at me, and tried to persuade me to save only the handsomest.

I explained to him that those who study these things, find some beauty, or some interesting particulars, in every different kind ; and that when I returned to England, I wished to carry with me a complete collection of all the insects to be found on the island. This desire to get all, increased as my collection enlarged ; and my ardor in the pursuit was at last so great, that I have walked twenty miles, and watched all night, to procure a specimen of a particular kind of night fly, that was only to be found near a certain pool of water.

When I had collected a great many, I began to arrange them in such order as their forms suggested. I put all the butterflies together, all the moths, and all the beetles ; all the flies with one pair of transparent wings, I divided from those with two pair. Then I classed them according to the distinctions which I perceived, but

having no knowledge how naturalists arrange insects in regular classes and orders, I dare say I made great blunders.

A month after I began to collect insects, I found that my first specimens were already much injured, by very small living animalcules, that preyed on them; this made it necessary to enclose them in boxes, or drawers, as fast as they were procured. So to work I went, with my carpenter's tools, and made a tight box, into which I fitted trays, that stood one upon another till it was full; and they lifted out at the top. As I had heard of tobacco being used to keep moths from woollen clothes, I put into each of these trays, a piece of very strong-scented gum, found in the knots and veins of an old laurel tree that I had occasion to cut down. The whole of this kind of laurel, branches and leaves, has a strong aromatic odor, like something I have smelt in England which I cannot remember the name of; but the yellowish substance that I picked out of the knots has the strongest scent and retains it the longest; so I put this among the dead insects, and had no more trouble in preserving them.

I found Friday's mode of watering the land very useful to the garden and barley field, this summer, for we had the longest drought that I ever knew; we should have lost all our crops, but for the supplies of water, brought from the hill-side, in the little trenches that intersected our land. At last, in the hottest part of summer, which here is in February, this spring of water failed, as did several others in the neighbourhood. Even the copious rill that made my shell fountain, dried up; and the water in the brook was so much less than I had ever before known it, that I was very seriously impressed with the circumstance. I talked of the drought to Friday, but he did not think it any thing very remarkable; he only said in his lively way, "Clouds stay away a great while, and then come very big, and fill all the trenches; garden not dead yet, father." I could not, however, think as lightly of it as Friday did; more especially,

when I found the cascade, in Gordon Vale, diminished to a stream such as might come out of a common watering pot.

On the 20th of February, the weather was oppressively warm, and I laid myself down in the arbour to take my afternoon nap ; but though languid and tired, I could not sleep ; I missed the agreeable sound and refreshing coolness of the cascade, and felt an anxiety about its disappearance which banished all sleep from my eyes. Not so Friday ; he was in a deep slumber, and thought not of any danger being near him.

I remembered reading some account of earthquakes, in which the drying up of springs, was mentioned as a forerunner ; and I had very strong apprehensions, on finding the cascade so diminished, that the island was about to suffer one of those awful convulsions. I tried to remember all I could of the former earthquake, and the indications that preceded it ; but I had not then noticed any such circumstance, and all I could recollect was, that the air was uncommonly still and sultry for some hours before the shock. When this occurred to me, I jumped up and ran out of the arbour, to observe the weather. Every leaf was motionless, and the air seemed too hot to breathe. I now called Friday, but without telling him my fears, and we made the best of our way back to the terrace ; for I resolved to collect some of my valuables, and take to my boat, with provision enough to last a week, and there await the event.

As I was frequently out, sailing two or three days together, my preparations did not excite any surprise in Friday ; though he thought my stock of provisions larger than necessary. Having dispatched him with Neptune and a well loaded lama to the creek, I hastily threw into a large chest, a variety of useful articles, as well as all my pictures and looking-glass, and dragged it out on the terrace. My watch I put in my fob, and Friday's carved turtle in my pocket, and whatever I could lay my hand on readily, I brought out of the caves ; for I had every expectation that another earthquake would

disturb this part of the range of hills, which was already so broken by hollows and fissures.

A deep rumbling noise, which sounded like the discharge of an hundred cannons, at a great distance, and appeared to come from under the ground on which I stood, now warned me to depart; and with my hands and pockets full of little matters, my precious Testament under my arm, and Poll on my shoulder, I made as much haste as I could to reach the creek. I found Friday had brought the boat to the wharf, and was stowing away the provisions I had sent down, all unsuspecting of any impending danger. The instinct however of the lama had warned her, and she looked wild and uneasy. Hoping it might lead her to a place of safety, I gave her her liberty, and she trotted slowly up the side of the creek, frequently looking around her, and listening very eagerly, as if she heard unusual noises. I had an opportunity of observing her as Friday and I went to the brook, to fill two half barrels with water. When these were on board, we pushed off; it was too dead a calm to sail, so we rowed down the creek, and were soon on the bosom of the ocean.

Here I felt much more safe than on shore, and determined to keep my mind calm, and watch for the convulsions of the earth which I expected every moment to see. Friday perceived that something more than usual was in my countenance; but I avoided all explanation and quieted his suspicions, as I wished to see the effect of an earthquake on him, and judge by his manner of bearing it, whether he was accustomed to such things in his own country.

There was one kind of fishing that Friday was very fond of, because more difficult than any other; and he asked me to keep the boat still in deep water, and let him try his luck. I was glad of the opportunity of lying off the south shore and watching the land, so I readily consented; and Friday observed the day was made on purpose for this kind of fishing, for the water was unusually smooth, and yet there was a mist in the air that

prevented the fish from swimming too low for his line. On hearing him say this, I looked up towards the sun, and was struck with its dark, fiery appearance; the state of the atmosphere was really appalling, and if Friday had not been so engaged in his favorite sport, he must have perceived it. He was always very silent when fishing, and I had no inclination to speak; so there we sat, in perfect stillness; and never shall I forget that half hour. The ocean was like a mirror, and had a dark, unusual tint all over it, while the air seemed stagnant. The sea and land birds flew about in evident consternation, and the only sound that broke the awful silence of that half hour, was the distant neighing of the frightened lamas, and the occasional scream of some large sea bird, as it wheeled about in the air, conscious of approaching danger, and uncertain where to fly from it. At last, the very fishes seemed aware that something unusual was going on, for they rose to the surface of the water in large shoals; and then Friday looked up, and said very calmly, he supposed we should have rain very soon, and then father would be glad. His eye now caught mine, and he perceived my emotion; but, at that moment, the boat appeared to strike the bottom violently, and Friday exclaimed "We are aground, father, push off." The moment before, Friday's line showed that we were in deep water, and yet we were now thrown backwards by the sudden jar of the boat. The water became violently agitated, in long, deep swells, which ran up on the shore for many yards, and then retired, leaving the beach bare far below low water mark. We were so tossed about, we could only keep our seats by holding on. Friday looked very much terrified, but said nothing; he only placed himself on the same thwart with me, and put his arm round my waist. Feeling him do this, I encouraged him in the best way I could; but I do not know what I said. A low, rumbling noise filled our ears, and grew louder and louder, till it burst out into such an explosion as all the cannon in the world could not make, if fired off at once. It made me shiver all over, it was so loud.

Friday threw himself down full length in the bottom of the boat ; and covering his face with his hands, there he lay. Neptune whined most piteously, and Poll screamed in terror. The rolling of the sea now carried the boat swiftly forward till she nearly ran upon the rocks, then hurried her off again more than a mile from the shore.

I found all attempts to manage the boat with oars useless, so I took them in ; and bracing myself so as to keep my seat, I gazed in utter amazement at the wonderful agitation of the water, and looked earnestly at the land, to see if I could discover any change there. Another dreadful noise now filled the air, but I listened to it with less agitation, and kept my eyes fixed on the hills behind the terrace, when I distinctly saw them open and a column of fire issue from them ; large masses of rock were loosened and rolled down upon the terrace ; the earth heaved and gaped, and then closed up again, in the most fearful manner. Frightful as the agitation of the water had appeared, I was thankful that I was on it, instead of being amidst the heavings of the earth, and the falling of rocks, trees, and stones. O what a grand, yet appalling sight, it is, to see the earth, which seems so solid, rise and sink, open and close up again !

I watched with peculiar interest the fate of Signal Hill, well knowing that my pyramid, solid as it was, could not resist these tremendous heavings of the earth, and that it might be engulfed, in a moment, in one of those openings, that were made and closed again by this irresistible force. I could see the little monument that contained my most valuable possession, the history of my residence on this desolate island ; and next to the preservation of Friday's life and my own, I most anxiously desired the safety of my manuscript. The rocks fell around it, the earth sank away on each side of it, but still it stood unhurt, only becoming more conspicuous among the ruins ; and when the shocks abated, there it was quite safe, a pyramid of masonry on the top of a pyramid of solid rock, making a remarkable looking

monument indeed. But the manuscript was safe, and I rejoiced at that.

One hill near the east end of the terrace disappeared entirely, and a black cloud hung over the spot some time; then it gradually rose up in the air and was dispersed. There were five distinct and tremendous shocks, accompanied by a loud roaring, or a sharp, crackling noise, and each time the boat trembled, as if it had struck against something, though not so violently as at first; and all through the evening there were lesser shakings and quakings, accompanied by lesser noises.

My pretty terrace looked, from a distance, like a heap of ruins; and I had no doubt that all traces of my subterranean abode were destroyed.

The first words Friday spoke were, "What is it, father?" and after the deep, solemn, and affecting sensations that I had experienced for two hours, it was a great relief to be thus quietly and simply questioned, by my only rational companion.

I bade him get up, and come and sit by me; then I showed him the change in the appearance of the island, and told him all I could about it; for he had never seen, or felt, any thing like it before. He was very anxious to know if it was all over, and I told him I believed the worst of it was passed; then he beset me with questions, very few of which I could answer satisfactorily; and being very much exhausted, I told him we would talk more about it another time, but that we had better take ¹¹⁰some refreshment now.

Having supped in the boat, and fed our dumb friends, we took advantage of a little southerly breeze that had sprung up, and sailed round the east end of the island to see all we could, while it was yet daylight. We ran aground several times on new shoals formed by the earthquake, and all the way we went, we saw traces of the terrible convulsion.

I wondered at myself for having lived so at my ease in those caves, after having experienced one earthquake, and seen its effects on that very spot. But that shock

was so long ago and so soon over, that I had lost all fear of a repetition of it. I had spent months together within Fort Hill, without once remembering how it had been convulsed, or that I was furnished with a bed-room by the effects of an earthquake, or that I might be deprived of it by another, and lose my life at the same time.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHANGES IN GORDON VALE — A DAY AND NIGHT AT ANCHOR — CONVERSATION ON EARTHQUAKES — FIRST AND SECOND CAUSES — THE RHINE AND VINEYARD — BOAT ADRIFT — THE CREEK.

WE spent the night at anchor, and from the gathering of the clouds, which hung very low, we expected every moment to be drenched with rain. The sun, however, rose before the rain began to fall, and the shaking of the earth, and unusual rolling of the sea, had ceased for some hours; I therefore thought we might venture to land; and as I was very desirous of seeing what damage the earthquake had done in Gordon Vale, we agreed to carry our breakfast with us and eat it there.

As I ascended the valley from the bay, I was gladdened by the sound of the waterfall, long before I saw it; when I arrived at my arbour I found it uninjured, though fragments of rocks lay scattered around, that were not there before.

It rejoiced my heart to find one of my homes still habitable, and having deposited our basket of provisions on the table, I went out to see what changes the earthquake had made. I now perceived that the whole appearance of the cascade was altered; from being very high and narrow, it had become much lower and broader. A large rock, over which it once bounded, had dis-

appeared ; the whole form of the land at the head of the valley was changed, I could hardly tell how. The copious stream that once leaped from so great a height, now seemed to be collected in a basin of half that elevation, and discharged its more abundant waters in a long line of falls ; after which it found its way around fragments of rocks that were newly fallen, which in many places had entirely changed the course of the stream.

It was a great disappointment to me to find my favorite cascade thus altered ; for when I heard it from below, I fully expected to see it unchanged. Though some might think it a grander fall now it was so much enlarged, it had lost much of its picturesque beauty, and was no longer the familiar object that I had gazed at so much, as to become quite attached to it.

I comforted myself as well as I could with finding my harbour untouched ; and when I saw how the earth had slid about in various directions, and what huge rocks had rolled down near it, I was astonished at its having escaped.

Emboldened by spending one hour on shore, and finding the earth firm again under my feet, I determined to pass the day in coasting round the island, and landing at various places, to see the effects of the earthquake.

I dreaded so much to see the devastation which I knew it had made at the terrace, that I shrunk from the idea of going there ; I therefore sailed along the eastern shore, and visited the Bay of Terror. We saw some new rents among the high hills, that run parallel with the coast, but in the bay we found no traces of the late convulsion of nature. Man alone made the terrors of that place ; and when I remembered the bloody deeds that had been committed there, I thought how much I should prefer being swallowed up by an opening in the earth, to being murdered by my fellow beings.

While we were wandering about the bay, the clouds, which had been gathering all the morning, began to pour down torrents of rain ; and, as there was no shelter

for us on shore, we took to our boat. Observing the ocean to look a little squally, we anchored in the most sheltered part of the bay ; for I was still afraid to trust the earth, lest its quakings were not over, and made an awning of our sails, which kept off a good deal of the rain. Several violent gusts of wind made us very glad of our sheltered situation ; and we spent the rest of that day and the next night there.

During all these hours of confinement to the boat, we felt no weariness, for our conversation was of the most interesting kind. Friday had many questions to ask about the earthquake, and, among other things, he wanted to know if I did not believe it was an evil spirit that had made it. I saw plainly that he considered all the havoc we had witnessed as the work of his old enemy, *Etee* ; and I said all I could to convince him it was no such thing. When I told him God made the earthquake, he said, " Then God must be angry with us " ; and he wished to know how we had offended him, that we might do so no more. To correct this mistake, I explained to him that God was never angry, that he was a God of love, and every thing he did was for the general good of his creatures. I told him I had no doubt, that earthquakes were of some great use, and did a vast deal of good to the world in general ; and if that were true, it would be wise and benevolent in God to make them, although they might incommode, or even kill, a few of his creatures.

I then gave Friday my way of accounting for earthquakes. I had before explained to him the shape of the earth, and taught him the meaning of the words *diameter* and *circumference*, *centre* and *surface*, and had often shown him, by measuring the ground before him, how much was a foot, yard, rod, fathom, and mile ; so that he understood what I meant, when I said the diameter of the earth measured about 8,000 miles, and therefore the centre must be 4,000 miles from the surface. I now told him that, in the centre of the earth, is supposed to be a great deal of hot matter, such as melted iron, copper, and lead, burning coal and sulphur ;

there is also a great deal of water in the earth; and when the water comes upon these hot substances, it changes into steam, such as comes out of the nose of the tea-kettle; a little water makes a great deal of steam; so we may suppose how much is made by a large quantity; this steam must have room, so it bursts open the earth.

I dare say my friends will laugh when they read of my undertaking to explain the cause of earthquakes, and think me very presumptuous to have any opinion about it; but I once read, in a translation from the French, an account of earthquakes, written by a man of the name of Des Cartes, which clearly proved to my mind that they are caused by vapor or steam, and the more I reflect upon it the more reasonable it seems. I burst a pipkin once by boiling a little water in it, with the cover fastened on very tightly. I spent a great deal of time, breath, and patience, in explaining all this to Friday; and, when he thoroughly understood me, he looked up in a very animated manner, and said, "Then, Father, *Etee* did not make the earthquake, and God did not make it; but fire and water made it."

Here were two right ideas, and one very wrong one; so I set to work again, to explain to him that God is the first cause of every thing; the fire and water make the earthquake, but God made the fire and water; so God is the first cause of the earthquake, and the fire and water are only second causes. I told him the turning of the earth towards the sun, makes it daylight, and its turning away from it makes night, so we say the motions of the earth make day and night, and so they do; but God makes the earth to turn round in the way it does, so God is the first cause of day and night, and the motion of the earth is only the second cause. After I had given him several such examples, I asked him to give me one; and he proved that he fully understood me, by saying, "The seed is what makes the tree grow, but God made the seed all right for growing a tree, so God is the first cause of the tree." I then asked him if the

sun, air, water, and earth were not all necessary to make the seed grow, and which of those were second, and which first causes. He looked a little puzzled, and repeated over my words; then he replied, "All second causes, father; for God made sun, God made air, God made water, and God made earth. Friday can't think of any first cause besides God. Is there any, father?" I assured him there was no other first cause, but the Creator and Preserver of all things, whom we call God; that He was the beginning of every thing. Though I had often said this to Friday before, he never understood it so fully, nor felt the truth of it, as he did now. This satisfactory conversation with Friday makes me always look back with peculiar pleasure to that rainy day, spent on board the *Success*, with only a sail to shelter us.

We talked on these interesting subjects much more than I have written, and our hearts were filled with the love of God, and with admiration of his works. The night was dark and stormy, and our slumbers were frequently broken by the motions of the boat and the gusts of wind; but we felt no fear, and when we could not sleep, we talked again about the Great First Cause, and his wonderful works, all designed for the good and happiness of his creatures.

In the course of the night the rain ceased, the weather became settled, and the sun rose most beautifully, amidst fine piles of clouds, that looked like his purple robes, fringed with gold. We and the boat and the sails were soon dried in the sun's warm rays, and then we breakfasted and proceeded on our coasting voyage.

We could see no traces of the earthquake on the northern side of the island; but, as we approached the Rhine, we saw fragments of trees floating on the waters; and in one place, where the land is flat and covered with thick woods, several acres had sunk down into the water, till nothing but the topmost branches of the trees were visible. This was a kind of havoc made by the earthquake, such as I had not seen before; and when I

considered what great heavings and tossings of the earth there must have been, to make such a change as this, I did not wonder so much at the agitation of the water. This sinking of the land made a sort of bay where the mouth of the Rhine had been, and caused the salt water to encroach upon the fresh. But on entering this new formed bay, I could not see any river water, but only the dry bed of gravel and stones, where the river had once been. This astonished me so much, I resolved to land, and walk up the left bank of the Rhine to the vineyard, and see what had become of the river. I presently came to a part of the bed, that was quite choaked up with rocks, stones, earth, and fallen trees; these had formed an embankment that dammed up the river and had made it overflow a great part of the vineyard and the low woods on the opposite bank, forming a large lake. The whole appearance of the country was so altered, I could hardly realize that I had ever seen it before.

Friday and I were standing on one end of the newly formed dam, and trying to find certain objects by which to judge of the extent of the inundation, when we heard a loud crashing noise, and in an instant saw the middle of the embankment give way, and a mighty torrent of waters rush through the opening, roaring and widening as it went, and carrying all before it, in its course. It was a fine sight to behold, and I rejoiced that we happened to be there, just at the right time to see the newly formed lake, before the dam gave way, and also to witness the emptying of its waters into the bed of the river.

It was pleasant to see the vineyard look again as it was wont to do, and I did not doubt that this temporary inundation would increase its fertility.

We returned the same way we came, expecting to find our boat where we had left her; but she had disappeared entirely, leaving behind her only a piece of the painter with which we had made her fast to the rock. She had no doubt been sent adrift by the sudden rushing of such a great body of water, and Poll was the only sailor on

board, to navigate her. Fearing some current would carry her out of our reach, I proposed to Friday to go across the strip of land, which divided us from the creek, get his canoe, and paddle after the boat ; but he said, that as soon as he could see her, he would swim off and bring her to me.

The light on the water was so dazzling to the eyes, that we looked a good while before we could discern our lost vessel ; but at last Friday's sharp eyes espied her, like a speck on the water. I thought her too far off for him to attempt to swim to her ; but he laughed at the idea, and declared he could swim twice as far. So away he went, only begging me to stand on the high land by the present mouth of the river, and wave to him from time to time, to direct his course toward the boat, as he might not be able to see her himself.

I did so, whenever he looked round for guidance ; with surprising swiftness he reached the boat, and jumped into her, as nimbly as if he were not the least fatigued. The wind was *on shore*, and he set the sails and brought her to me in a few minutes. Poll looked as composed, as if she had not been cruising alone ; but when we all got on board, she seemed very glad of our company, and caressed Neptune in her most affectionate manner.

We now proceeded to the creek, where I dreaded to see the alterations and devastation, made by the earthquake. My imagination was very busy as we approached, picturing the changes we might find. I fancied the little valley of the brook filled up with earth and stones, and its pretty, babbling stream buried under them. My store-house and forge might be thrown down, or swallowed up, or covered by the fall of the cliff upon it. I entered the creek with a beating heart, and full of fearful expectations. I sailed up as far as the natural wharf ; there was no perceptible damage done. I landed, leaving Friday to discharge the cargo, and moor the vessel, as the first mate should do. I walked up the valley, and soon beheld the stone wall, and yellow thatch, as perfect as ever. O how it gladdened my heart, to find

this favorite spot, and this valuable store-house of goods uninjured.

As it was probable that all I ever possessed on the terrace, was swallowed or buried up for ever, I must depend entirely on what I had here. Finding this deposit untouched, made me quite easy as to the means of living; though I could not help regretting my pleasant abode, under the hill, which long habit had rendered very dear to me.

We found some of the ship's bedding, in the store-house, and placed it in our harbour near the brook, determining to make that our sleeping apartment for the present, and convert the forge into a kitchen fireplace.

I could not make up my mind to go to the terrace this evening, so we spent the rest of the daylight in arranging our things, and establishing ourselves in our new quarters; and retired early to our mattresses, to make up for our disturbed rest the night before.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CHANGES ON THE TERRACE — NEDDY AND JENNY — LOSSES AND REGRETS — FEATHER PICTURES — VARIOUS CHANGES — WRECK OF THE THAMES SEEN — BUILDING A COTTAGE — VARIOUS RESOURCES.

My first thought on awaking, the next morning, was of the lamas. We had seen nothing of them in our tour the day before, and I very much feared they were all destroyed by the earthquake. The wild ones always fled, when alarmed, to the highest parts of the island; and, as I had seen flame and smoke issue from several of the highest peaks, I thought it most likely the whole flock was killed. The tame ones, in such a time of terror, would be apt to return to their wild habits, and share

the same fate ; they might, however, have sought my protection on the terrace, and this idea determined me to visit that scene of desolation, directly after breakfast.

Hoping to recover many things by digging, Friday and I shouldered our spades, and marched off in silence towards the terrace. The earth was now as firm as if it had never been moved ; the air was fresh and invigorating ; the sky had lost its lurid hue, and looked as serene and blue as the waters ; the birds sang, and the flowers perfumed the air. All nature seemed radiant with smiles, after drinking in the plentiful moisture, that had so long been needed, and which had fallen in torrents after the earthquake.

We had not proceeded far, before we found the way impeded by slides of earth, loose stones, and fragments of rock, that were strewed profusely around. When, after a scrambling walk, we approached the place, once so familiar to our eyes, it was so changed we could not tell where we were, or recognise the spot we had inhabited. The grassy terrace was gone, a hill stood in the midst of it, and all around was fresh earth and stones.

Friday and I looked at each other, and around us, in silent astonishment ; every thing was so altered, that I was quite bewildered, and could not even tell which was Fort Hill, or whereabouts I was. At last, we both thought of our gardens at the same moment ; we looked around for them, thinking they would be land-marks, that would guide us in our search after other things. But our very gardens and barley field had moved ; the whole side of the hill, below the terrace, had slid off an eighth of a mile at least, but whether in a direct or slanting line we could not tell.

We passed round the newly formed hill, hoping to trace the terrace beyond it, and here the formation of the ground was not so entirely altered ; we could conjecture where the larna shed had been, though it was now covered up with earth and stones.

As we stood, talking over the wonderful changes around us, we heard something like the neighing of

lamas. It sounded to me a great way off, but Friday thought it proceeded from within the earth, near us. We now surveyed the ground very carefully, and were sure we were near the spot where the shed stood ; we heard the sound repeated several times, though very faintly, and were convinced it proceeded from within the slide of earth before us, which in all probability had covered up the shed, without crushing it. We called aloud, as we were used to do, to Neddy and Jenny ; they neighed, as if in reply ; and to work we went to dig them out.

Long and hard did we labor, before we uncovered any part of the shed ; and after we were sure we had come to it, the earth kept falling down, as fast as we removed it, and seemed to make our labor vain. An occasional sound from our poor friends within, encouraged us ; and after one of the hardest day's works, I ever did, we had the great pleasure of delivering Neddy and Jenny from their prison-house. They had fasted many hours, and were delighted to regain their freedom. By turns they cropped the nearest food, and caressed us ; and I could easily fancy that their large, dark eyes expressed gratitude to their deliverers.

These two living treasures were all we could rescue of our former possessions on the terrace ; every thing else was buried up, far below our power of penetrating. What I most regretted, were my pictures ; I had put them into a chest, and dragged that out of the cave ; but as near as I could judge, the new hill stood directly over it, and my *ornithology* was gone for ever. I comforted myself by the reflection, that my insects were safe ; for the box which contained them, happened to be at the store-house, where I had carried it, to put a fastening on the cover, as my bench and tools were kept there. The insects being safe, and the pleasure of having saved the lives of Neddy and Jenny, helped to reconcile me to the loss of many other things.

I could not give up my pleasant dwelling-place, and familiar haunts on the terrace, my pretty fountain and

shady seat, without much regret ; but there was one way of viewing even this loss, which made it seem less of a misfortune. If any part of my caves had remained habitable, I should have been strongly inclined to return to my old quarters, on the terrace, and thus run a great risk of being buried alive there by another earthquake. Now I was forced to abandon the terrace altogether, and live entirely at the creek, where I determined to build a convenient cottage, before the rainy season came.

I should have liked sleeping in my little arbour near the brook, but for the mosquitos, which were very troublesome at times, and obliged us to shut ourselves up at night in the store-house, and made me regret the cool, dark apartment, under the hill, which I had so long enjoyed, free from all such annoyances.

As soon as we had got over the excitement of the earthquake, and become settled and regular in our mode of living, I thought about replacing my lost ornithology. I could recall nearly all I had written of the habits of the birds, and as I had become fond of painting their portraits, I prepared a fresh set of boards, for doing them over again, before I recollected that all my paints, except black and yellow, were buried up in the caves ; of these colors, I still had a considerable stock in my store-house, but the rest were irrecoverably gone.

I next thought of stuffing them, but I had no idea how to set about it. I had seen stuffed birds in museums, but never inquired how they were prepared. I did not know whether the skins alone were stuffed, or whether the bones were left in, and the flesh dried on them. In this dilemma, I remembered having seen, in the parlour of an aged aunt of mine, some representations of birds, made with the real feathers stuck on paper, and the bills and legs painted. This seemed to me more practicable than stuffing ; so I resolved to attempt it. I made a correct outline on the board as before, and with a very strong solution of gum, I stuck on some of the long, tail-feathers first ; cutting off the quill part, and covering up the ends with the small downy feathers that grow about the

tail of the real bird. Then I went on, placing the feathers that came next; I fastened them down to the board as firmly as I could with gum, and laid them on very smoothly, just so as to lap over one another, and produce the best effect. Though I could not contrive to use up in this way, a quarter part of the feathers that were on one side of the real bird, I put on enough to make it look a little raised and give one a tolerable idea of the plumage of the little red and blue paroquet, that I first attempted.

When Friday saw what I was about, he said, "Father paint birds, like Friday paint cloak." This speech of his, reminded me how nicely he could arrange feathers, and I immediately proposed to him to assist me in my work. Nothing could please him better, and his nimble fingers and patient disposition made him very useful to me.

My first attempt in this new art, was sufficiently successful, to encourage me to proceed; and I soon improved so much, that I did the first one over again. As fast as these feather portraits were finished, I shut them up in a box with some of the aromatic gum that served to preserve my insects, and thus kept them fresh and perfect.

Though I have dwelt so long on this subject here, I did not let the work interfere with my preparations for building a house. We spent a certain portion of every day, in burning shells for lime, bringing sand from a distance, collecting stones, or felling trees for the roof timbers; and it was only as a recreation, after more severe toil, that I indulged myself in working at my ornithology. I wrote the descriptions over again, on the back of each picture, and found I remembered them perfectly.

I must now go back a little in my narrative, to notice a very serious change, produced by the Earthquake, in my means, as well as mode of living. It deprived me of my most important article of food; the lamas were all destroyed by it; except Neddy and Jenny, I could not find one on the island.

Always keeping together in herds, and running to the

highest land when frightened, they were probably all swallowed up in the tremendous convulsions of the hills. Friday and I rode all over the island to ascertain the fact, and became at last convinced that the two lammas we had saved, were the only ones that remained alive. This was to me a great loss, both as regarded food and the pleasures of the chase; though of less consequence now, than before I had Friday. His knowledge of esculent vegetables, and his expertness in fishing, would give me a sufficiency of food at all times. If I should remain on this island after all my European clothes were worn out, I should prefer garments made of cloth manufactured from the bark of trees, or of mats woven of the fibres of plants, to the use of lama skins; and I had enough of the wool and hides, already drest, to serve all my purposes for some years to come. My books and writing materials were all saved by being at the arbour in Gordon Vale.

The changes produced in various parts of the island, by the earthquake, gave a new interest to our rides, and when we thought we had seen them all, we were continually discovering some novelty or other, that had before escaped our observation. It was not till several weeks had elapsed, that we saw the change made in Grand River by the earthquake. The bed of the river seemed, in one place, to have been heaved up above the water, and there to have remained, altering the course of the stream considerably, and bringing to light huge timbers and fragments of the Thames. I had often wondered that so few remains of that wreck had ever come ashore; but now it appeared, that after beating to pieces on the rocks, the lowest part of the hull had drifted within the mouth of Grand River and there settled down, in the sandy bed, till all was up-heaved together by the earthquake.

The sight of those poor remains of the Thames, filled my head with thoughts of returning to my native land, and I visited the spot repeatedly, and examined the position of the wreck, with a view to finding out if any thing

could be done with it ; but it was in such a ruinous state, and so far sunk in the sand, that it appeared a hopeless undertaking. At first, I was a good deal carried away by the schemes I formed about escaping from banishment in a vessel constructed from this wreck, but in time I came to view the subject more soberly, and to reflect, that if I had a good stout vessel, built and rigged completely, I could not navigate her, with no one to help me but Friday. As I could not land any where on the coast of South America, for fear of a worse imprisonment than I suffered here, I must double Cape Horn, or go through the Straits of Magellan ; either of which required more hands and more seamanship than I possessed.

After coming to this conclusion, I mentioned the subject to Friday, who not only thought it impossible to do any thing with the wreck, but wondered at my wishing to leave the island. He loved me so well, and had become so fond of the place, and of the life he led here, that he had no wish beyond it ; but I could never give up the prospect of returning home, and every thing I did had some reference to that cherished hope.

In the latter part of the dry season, we built our cottage by the brook. I found it a very different thing to act mason, with such an excellent tender as Friday, from what it was, when I had to do all myself. I made a low, one-story house, with two rooms in it, a fire-place in one, and two windows in each. I put a thatched roof to it, and had but one door, that I might the more easily secure it against the attack of Spaniards. For this purpose also, I made very strong inside shutters to the windows. As I never wanted to exclude the air in any weather, but only to keep out insects, I had a fine network stretched across the windows, which answered the purpose perfectly well, and I felt no want of glazed sashes. I contrived several peep holes in the roof, into which I put some window-glass, and which were entirely concealed outside. These I made on purpose that I might watch the movements of an enemy, if any should approach my dwelling, when I was inside of it.

Our new habitation was embosomed in trees, and surrounded by high rocks; and we hoped it might escape all observation. To make it less conspicuous, we chose for the roof, a kind of straw, or grass, that looked, when dried, very much of the color of the rocks, in preference to the kind of straw with which I had thatched the store-house; that was of a bright yellow, and therefore less safe, though much prettier.

I was most puzzled about flooring my apartments. The one with a fire-place, which I called my kitchen, had fine gravel for its natural floor, so I only cut a drain through it and left it as it was. The sleeping room was covered with turf, and though nothing could be a prettier carpet, at first, I knew the grass would die directly, be trodden into the earth, and leave a very dirty floor. To saw planks was too hard labor, as we had nothing but a hand-saw; but trees were plenty, and I resolved instead of sawing them into planks, just to square them with an axe, and lay them down whole, side by side, all over the bed-room floor. This would make a clean dry surface, though not half so even and pleasant as the natural floor of my former bed-room.

When the heavy work was done, it was very agreeable to fit up the inside of the house. Friday and I sawed boards enough, to make a range of shelves in each room, and a good-sized table in the kitchen. As we had so much sawing to do, I thought the best way would be to fit up a saw-pit at once, such as is always used in my country. With two hand-saws I made one long one, with a handle at each end; then Friday and I, one above and the other below, could make long strokes, and get a board sawed out, in a quarter of the time that either could do it alone.

We had cooking utensils, crockery, mattresses and bedding enough at the store-house, to supply the place of all we had lost by the earthquake; but on opening a chest, that I thought was filled with sailors' clothing, I was disappointed to find nothing but small blocks and other things belonging to the rigging of a ship. I now

perceived that I had lost most of my clothing ; but a little industry and ingenuity would supply me with home-made articles of dress, when those I had, should be worn out. By way of being provided in time, and having the employment of tailoring for the winter months, I set Friday to making cloth, as soon as the house was built, and the boards sawed for the inside work. By the time I had fitted up and furnished the two rooms, Friday had made several large pieces of cloth, of various thicknesses ; and he collected fibres, to be spun and woven into mats, when we should be confined by the rains. Thus prepared, we saw the clouds gathering without any fear that the two rainy months would seem tedious.

I had learned to make less, instead of greater, preparation for the winter. Friday liked to fish in the rain, as well as in dry weather, and it never hurt him at all. There were enough vegetables in season, all the year round, so that no great store was necessary. We gathered our crop of *taro*, and put it under cover, and I made raisins as usual ; these with fresh fish were our chief food.

Our salt-pans succeeded very well, this summer ; and during the great drought, before the earthquake, we made an unusual quantity. I still had a small stock of salt beef and pork on hand, which I had kept good by boiling over the brine, or renewing it occasionally ; and being very successful in the chase, during the early part of this summer, I had a good quantity of salted lama's flesh on hand.

All my domestic concerns were in a prosperous way before the earthquake. That produced great changes in every thing, and made me feel like a stranger again in my lonely isle ; but after I was settled in my new cottage, and my good lama Jenny presented me with a pretty kid, and yielded me plenty of milk, I became very well contented, forgot my losses, and learned to make myself comfortable with what I had.

My most valuable possession was my large assortment of tools, and they were all saved. My store-house too,

was full of rigging, sails, casks, and various materials that I had got out of the whaleman ; and though not of any immediate use, I knew by experience, that, in my situation, things may become useful which do not at first seem likely to turn to any account.

As my pyramid had endured through such mighty convulsions of the earth, without giving way, I thought it was still the safest place for my manuscript ; so there I continued to deposit it, as fast as it was written.

I found it much slower work, to write on my new-fashioned paper, and with gummy ink, than when I had better materials ; but by making long slits and broad nibs to my pens, I managed to write several pages a day during the rainy season.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FIFTH WINTER — FRIDAY'S EDUCATION — DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES — VARIOUS DISTURBANCES — A THUNDER-STORM — CONVERSATION ON ELECTRICITY.

I NOW entered upon the fifth winter of my sojourn in this island, and I only wished it might be spent as agreeably as the last. Our musical instruments, broad-swords, writing materials, and books, had all escaped being buried up by the earthquake, in consequence of their being at the arbour in Gordon Vale. The checker board and men were lost, but Friday supplied their place by a very pretty board, carved and inlaid, and a set of men which he took great pains to make uniform. We also made a set of chess men together ; and I taught Friday the moves, and the rules of the game, being nearly all I knew myself ; he was so quick at making the necessary combinations, and entered into the spirit of the game so fully, that he soon play-

ed as well as I did; and many a long, rainy evening have we played for three or four hours, without being aware that one had passed. We both became so fond of chess, that we lost all relish for the more simple game of checkers, which now seemed quite insipid. I soon found that we were in danger of playing chess to excess; and even in our peculiar situation, where time was not very valuable, I felt as if we were doing wrong when we played many hours every day; so we made a rule that we would never begin till a certain hour in the evening, and then play only two games.

Friday made great progress in his education at this time, which he certainly would not have done, had he been allowed to play chess as much as he was inclined. I taught him to speak more correctly than he had ever done before, and made him acquainted with the first rudiments of grammar. I set him copies in round hand, and he learned to write, first with his finger on a board covered with sand, and then with a burnt stick on wood; and when he was once persuaded to hold the stick properly in his fingers, he learnt to write very fast. He wanted me to let him hold the stick any how, provided he made the letters right; but I told him that after trying his way, and all other ways, hundreds and thousands of persons had agreed that one particular way was the best. Then I showed him the advantages of holding the pen, pencil or stick, as I had been taught, and as I taught him; and I convinced him at length, that if it was a little more difficult, or even a great deal more so, it was best to hold it the right way, from the beginning, and it would soon be as easy to him as his own manner of grasping it.

This rainy season Friday succeeded in another point of still greater difficulty, that of ciphering; he learned the use of those nine little characters that stand for numbers of any thing, and understood at last the difference which is made in their meaning, by changing their position or by putting after them that important little round mark which means something, or nothing, just as you please to use it.

Friday had saved, as a curiosity, a very regularly shaped, round gourd; on this he was preparing to trace a pattern of leaves and lines, which he knew how to do with a hot wire, when I proposed to show him, by means of it, the shape of the large portions of land and water that compose the earth. He had before learnt the shape of the world we inhabit, and was directly struck with the near resemblance which the shape of the gourd had to it, for it was a little flattened at the stalk and blossom ends.

I tried to trace upon it, the four great divisions of the world, and thought I could do it at once; but I found myself very much at a loss immediately. For fear of spoiling the gourd, I marked it first with chalk, and had to rub out the lines a great many times before I could make even Europe look at all right. I had studied maps a good deal at home, and had them constantly before my eyes at school; and yet I could not satisfy myself at all with any outline made from memory. Even North and South America, which I thought I could draw at once, were a grand puzzle to me. I could not remember the shape of the piece of land which joins the two continents, nor how high up to place the Gulf of Mexico, nor where about to put California. After practising a great deal on a piece of board, after many trials and corrections, recollecting one thing after another, I at last got what seemed to me a tolerable outline of the four quarters of the globe. I then drew them on the gourd, and taught Friday the names of them, and of the oceans which divide them from one another. I dare say, I have made great blunders after all; but if ever I can see any maps again, I will learn to draw a correct outline of every principal country, for I am quite ashamed of being so much at a loss.

Friday made some fine, soft mats for clothing, and I acted tailor in converting them into trowsers for our future wear. I also turned seamstress, and with the needle and thread, found in the mate's till, I made, of Friday's cloth, some garments, that partook of the nature of

shirts and jackets too; a little of each. One of these nameless garments, and a pair of the matting trowsers, would be a complete suit for hot weather, and defend our bodies from sun and mosquitos.

Friday wove, under my direction, some straw hats with broad brims; and, as he made the second much better than the first, I encouraged him to try a third and a fourth, that he might perfect himself in the work; at last he completed six, and hung them up to the rafters, in the order in which he had made them.

We prepared a good many fishing-lines, and plenty of new bow-strings; and we brought the grindstone into the kitchen and sharpened all our tools. I could never grind an axe, without being made peculiarly sensible of the pleasure and benefit of having a companion, nor without comparing the easy manner in which I now did it, with the trouble I once had in doing the same thing.

We had a great many of those sudden and short gales of wind, which are common in this climate; and many fine trees were blown down. When this happened in the night, the noise startled us out of our sleep, and alarmed us a good deal; for we thought it the report of fire-arms close to us. I heard this winter a great many noises that were new to me, and which had never reached my ears in that quiet bed-room within Fort Hill; but by degrees I learned to account for them all satisfactorily.

My new habitation, besides being more exposed to noise, was not so weather-tight as my former one; and we sometimes had the rain streaming down on our beds, or dropping on the table. I wondered that my second attempt at a thatched roof should not be so good as the first, till I found out, it was my peep holes that did all the mischief. The thatch over them was not so thick as elsewhere, and being more horizontal, the rain filtered through, instead of running off; I therefore dispensed with them for the present, and made the roof water-tight at last.

Towards the close of the rainy season, we were one

night startled out of our sleep, by a noise like that of a falling tree, but louder and more prolonged. I jumped up in bed, with a beating heart, for I thought it might be the beginning of another earthquake. Friday was awake too, and he said, "A great many trees knocked down that time, Father." But I knew that was not the cause, as I could not hear any wind. While listening, and holding my breath, that I might catch some second sound which would explain the first, a sharp flash of lightning, and a loud clap of thunder, relieved my mind from anxiety. Though these came together, and I might reasonably fear the effects of lightning so near me, a thunder storm seemed a mere trifling danger, compared with an earthquake. Concluding that the noise which awakened us, was only a thunder clap, I lay down again very quietly.

The tempest however continued, and we could not sleep ; so I entered into conversation with Friday about it. I found that he knew very well that there was no danger from a thunder storm, if the lightning and the thunder did not come together, and that they always did come together when any thing was struck near us ; but he supposed that it was the thunder that did all the mischief. I corrected this notion by teaching him a little of what I had learned about electricity from the lecturer in York. I told him that the destruction attending thunder storms, was caused by something very fine and invisible, that we knew very little about ; but which was called electricity ; that in passing from one cloud to another, or from a cloud to the earth, it moved along so rapidly that it struck fire out of the air (as we strike fire by a flint and steel), and that this causes the light which we call lightning. I informed him that the thunder is only the noise produced by the air, rushing in, to fill up the space which this invisible substance makes as it passes along. Friday asked many questions, about this unseen power, which would have puzzled wiser heads than mine to answer.

When I said that the lightning and the thunder always come from the cloud at the same moment, he could hardly believe me ; but I explained it to him, by

asking him, if he and a bird were to start at the same instant to go down to the creek, which would get there first. "O, the bird to be sure," said Friday, "I can't run as fast as the bird flies."—"Well," I replied, "it is just so with the thunder, it cannot go so fast as the lightning; they both set out together, but the lightning gets here first." This he understood perfectly, and then I made him comprehend that if his race with the bird was a long one, the bird would arrive a good while before him; if it was only a short distance, the bird would not be so much before him, and the shorter the way they had to go, the less difference there would be; and if he had but one step to take, he could take it as quickly as the bird; and just so it was with the thunder and lightning; when the cloud was very near us, it was but a step to the earth, and then the thunder got here as soon as the lightning. He could now understand very well, that the farther off the cloud was, the longer the thunder would be after the lightning; and I told him that philosophers had calculated, how much faster one travelled than the other. By knowing that all sounds, as well as thunder, which is only one kind of sound, go a fifth part of a mile in a second, they could tell by the number of seconds between the flash (when we know the thunder sets off), and the time of our hearing it, exactly how far off the cloud is. As we were talking, the flashes and claps were wider and wider apart, and by counting very slowly, so as to make about a second of time between each number, beginning when I saw the flash, and stopping when I heard the clap, I could tell Friday how far off the cloud was, that they both came from. When I had counted five I told him it was a mile off; soon after there was time to count ten between the flash and the clap, and I asked him how far off that was; to which he readily answered "Two miles." But when I counted six, seven, or nine between, he was puzzled; and I had to explain to him, that he must allow five for the first mile, and if he had one over, it was one fifth of another mile, if two over, it was two fifths; when I had

counted nine, there were four over, so the whole distance then was one mile and four fifths of another, or one fifth short of two miles.

I could have told Friday a great deal more about lightning, which is very interesting and curious, and would have pleased him very much, but I was afraid, that not understanding me thoroughly, he would get some confused notions in his head ; therefore I restrained myself, for I wished him to have clear ideas of every thing he learned, and by teaching him a little at a time, and that very thoroughly, I hoped to succeed.

As we were conversing together the tempest became more and more distant, and I proposed to Friday to stop talking and go to sleep ; but he was so animated by the knowledge he had just gained, that he was not inclined to forget himself in sleep. When we had been silent some time, and I had nearly lost myself, he would startle me with some fresh question, or observation. He remembered that the first flash and clap that we heard, after awaking, were close together, and he wondered what harm it had done ; so to quiet his apprehensions, I roused myself and told him the lightning did not always come down to the earth, when the cloud was very near us ; it frequently passed from one cloud to another, and very often it went into the water without doing any damage to the earth. Friday now amused me very much by asking if it did not kill the fishes. That was a thing I had never thought of before, and I was obliged to confess my ignorance on that point. His question, however, reminded me of what I had read of the torpedo ; and I told him there was a fish that could make electricity, and catch other fishes by it. On hearing this Friday started up in his bed and exclaimed, "O Father ! can a fish make it flash out of the sea, as it does out of the clouds !" — "O no, not so much as that," I replied. "it can make only a little of the same kind of electricity which comes from the clouds. In the fish it is without light or noise, and only enough to dart at the fishes it wants to prey on. When they feel it, they become numb,

and cannot get away from their enemy. Do you know, Friday, what *torpid* means?" — "Yes, father, turtles torpid, when they lie still and do not eat, or move about for long time." "Well, this fish is called torpedo, because he makes his prey torpid, in order to catch it." — "Can he make a man torpid, father?" — "No, he can only make the hand and arm that he is touched with, feel numb. I have seen a person, in England, who had touched a torpedo; and he said the shock it gave him, was like striking that tender part of the elbow, which we call the *crazy bone*, very hard indeed; he felt it from his fingers' ends, up to his shoulder; but it did not last long."

When I had told Friday about this *lightning fish*, as he called it, I insisted on his talking no more that night, and was soon asleep myself; how long his wakefulness lasted I do not know.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A NEW WONDER — THE WATERS LET OFF — PAINFUL CHANGES — SORROWFUL THOUGHTS — FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

WE slept late the following morning; and when at last we opened the door, to go forth on our usual business, what was our astonishment, at finding our house surrounded by water! The little elevation, on which the cottage stood, was converted into an island, and the waters of the brook surrounded it on every side!

Well, thought I to myself, this is surprising enough. What will happen next! surely the wonders of this place, equal those I used to read of in the Arabian Nights' Entertainment.

Friday used all the interjections he knew in English, and had recourse to some in his native tongue, to ex-

press his astonishment ; then he waded through the water to show me how shallow it was. I followed him, with this difference only, that I pulled up my trowsers to the knees, and kept them dry, whilst he wet his. We both hastened to the channel of the brook, below this collection of waters, to see what had hemmed them in, and made them overflow their banks, in this way.

There, at that very spot where I had once placed a water-wheel, and where the fall is made higher and narrower than any where else, by a natural dam of fallen trees, earth, and stones, there we beheld a large rock ! It had fallen from a neighbouring cliff, and must have rolled along till it lodged itself where it completely dammed up the water, made it overflow the banks, and surround our cottage.

As I had no fancy for a wet floor to my house and knew the water must rise a good deal higher, before it could flow over the whole embankment, I determined to make a vent for this newly formed lake. If my house had not been in the way, I should have delighted to watch the increase of this sheet of water, till it overflowed the dam and made a fine cascade ; but as it was, Friday and I worked very hard all day, undermining the old embankment. Before sun-set, we made it so weak that it began to give way, and we had just time to scramble out of danger, when the weight of water from above, carried all before it, and down rushed a fine torrent ! The sheet of still water disappeared rapidly ; the pretty banks of the brook were restored to sight, and our house was no longer on an island.

After this was over, I visited the cliff from which the huge fragment of rock had fallen, and found a large tree riven and shivered to pieces by the lightning, on the very spot where that immense fragment had been split off.

I could no longer doubt that the noise, which awoke me in the night, proceeded from the destruction I now witnessed, and was partly the thunder and partly the falling and rolling of the rock afterwards. Large splinters of wood, four or five feet long, that had been torn

from the tree, were stuck slantingly in the earth, and required a considerable effort to draw them out ; so firmly had they been driven in by that wonderful power which is called lightning.

This change in the brook injured the picturesque effect of it from my cottage door. The noisy little fall, which I loved to see and hear, was gone ; and the rock that had taken its place, was but a poor substitute. The former dam being broken away, the waters rolled down a more gentle slope, and though they babbled as they went, the effect was less agreeable to the eye or ear.

I was very much struck by the numerous changes I had witnessed in this island, since I lived here. Rivers, brooks, rocks, shores, and shoals, and "the everlasting hills" themselves had changed ; my most familiar haunts had disappeared, or were so altered as to lose all resemblance to what they had once been. Possessing no living objects of affection, when I first lived here, I had learned to love inanimate things, and my seat under the trees on the terrace, the shell fountain and this little sparkling fall, that had just been destroyed, were like so many dear friends to me, and their loss was a serious trial to my feelings. I comforted myself, however, after a long reverie over them, with the reflection that I should not perhaps spend all my life here, and in the event of my leaving the island, I should have fewer ties to break, fewer pleasant things to part with, when I undertook another perilous voyage.

From thinking of the changes around me, I was naturally led to think of those that might have happened at home. The friends whom I so earnestly desired to see, were they still living ? If I ever reach my native land, shall I find my home as I left it ? Will my beloved parents still occupy the little green parlour, and my mother spend her evenings in knitting and sewing as formerly, while my father reads or writes at his great oak secretary, that heir-loom in the family ? I see every article of furniture, in that dear scene of my boyish days, and having dwelt upon it so long, with an interest peculiar to

my situation, it would go to my heart to find any change there.

If I am ever to return to my home and my kindred, my earnest hope is, that I may find as little alteration there as possible. The changes which come on gradually, we can bear, and sometimes we enjoy them ; but those that take place during a long absence, affect us painfully ; many a school-boy's heart has ached, instead of rejoicing, when, on returning home after a long separation, he has found his parents living in another, though a better house, than when he left them.

If I have said less of the pains of absence, and of my longings after home, in the latter part of my narrative, than in the former, my friends must not suppose that I have forgotten them, or that I am so contented here, as not to wish to return to them. My desire to see them again is as strong as ever, my love for them unchanged ; but I have become accustomed to my exile, to the pains of separation ; and knowing, that the expression of my regrets, does but increase them, I have for a long time refrained from noting down any of my feelings on the subject.

There is one painful thought which I dwell upon more than I ought, and which I have never even hinted at in my narrative ; but since I am on the subject of my feelings, I will mention it ; for those who read this, may never have imagined that there is such a trial for a man in my situation. It is the idea that my parents and friends have, long ere this, given me up for dead ; and that much as I think of them, they never think of me, as an inhabitant of the earth. When this thought comes over me, I feel as though I were removed to another world, and worse than dead. If I could only send a whisper into my mother's ear, and tell her that her son lives, and that her dear image is continually present to his mind, I could better support the pain of separation.

But this cannot be ; I am shut out from all communion with the rest of world. Though I look upon the same sun and moon, that my dear distant friends behold,

they know it not ; I am dead to them, and wherefore should I be troubled if they think me really so.

Thus reasoning with myself, and thinking of my remarkable fate, I have spent many hours ; but in general I am cheerful, and disposed to make the best of every thing around me. My old friend Poll cheers me with her parrot sayings ; Neptune's faithful services are a great pleasure to me ; my lamas love me, and are loved in return ; my adopted son and valuable companion, Friday, is a crowning blessing, for which I cannot be too thankful.

My occupations are various and agreeable, and the task of instructing Friday is a most delightful, as well as improving one to me. My situation is far better than I could once have supposed it possible for it to become ; and yet, if all my enjoyments were doubled, my heart would still long after my dear, distant home, and the presence of my beloved father and mother. With them, I could be happy any where ; without them, I cannot call myself happy here. I am resigned, calm, content, and when wholly taken up with the things about me, I am cheerful. Whenever I give myself up to thinking of the past, or the future, I am harassed with vain regrets, or flattered with bright hopes which remain so long unaccomplished, I fear they are vain ones. Still hope is never extinguished ; if it grows faint for a time, it shines out again soon, and lures me on to the future.

I have written down these reflections, on the fifth anniversary of my being cast on this desert island. I am glad the day is over ; for I am always dejected upon these occasions, and I sometimes wish I could forget them till they are passed, as I did the first one. But some how or other I always think of them, and then I cannot help keeping them with sorrowful musings. Though I comfort myself with devotional feelings, and sing hymns of praise and love to God, which raise my heart for a time above the trials of this world, I am glad when the day is over,

With the return of dry weather, we resumed our outdoor occupations, but as nothing remarkable occurred between the thunder storm and the anniversary of my landing, I have made no notes upon what passed.

CHAPTER XL.

NEW HOPES — A BOAT SEEN AT SEA — DISTRESSED MARINERS — RETURNING WITH SEVEN STRANGERS — SEVEN STRANGERS LODGED AND FED — ARRANGEMENTS AND REFLECTIONS — BREAKFAST — INTERVIEW WITH CAPTAIN SMITH — DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES — THE CAPTAIN'S SPEECH TO HIS MEN — MY ADDRESS TO THEM.

LITTLE did I think when I finished my last chapter on the fifth anniversary of my shipwreck, what a change there would be in my life and prospects before I wrote again. But a great and important event has taken place, and deliverance is in prospect, though much remains to be done, and many accidents may yet arise to prevent its accomplishment. I bless and thank God that I have lived to see this day! My mind is so full of new thoughts and feelings that I can hardly compose myself enough to write; but I must go back to the beginning and tell exactly how all these strange events happened, or my story will be incomplete.

About two weeks after the anniversary, Friday and I were out sailing in the *Success*, and were lured away to a considerable distance from the island, by the gambols of a huge whale. I had never been so near one before, and we were much interested in observing its movements, seeing it spout water from its head, and make great waves with the stroke of its fins or tail.

We had watched and followed it a long while, when I said to Friday, "It is time to go home, we are a great

way from land, and the sun is getting low." Receiving no reply to this, I looked at Friday and saw that he had not heard me ; he seemed to be wholly absorbed in looking at some far-distant object. My eyes followed his, and I saw something like a black speck in the water, which I took to be another whale ; so I said, "Come, Friday, we have had whaling enough for to-day, let us go home ; *ready about there.*" Friday begged me to stop one minute, for he did not believe that was a whale, it looked to him like a boat. On hearing this, I hunted about for the perspective glass, and looking through it perceived that Friday was right. It was a boat with some kind of lading in it, but there were no signs of any living being on board ; nothing stirred in it ; it only floated on the water.

I was now as eager as Friday to see what this boat contained, and find out where it came from. So I made all sail towards it, and frequently gazed at it through the glass. Once I thought I saw something like a man's head moving, but I could not be sure. A hope sprang up in my mind, that it might contain some of my own race. It was plain that it was not a canoe, and as there was no vessel in sight all round, it could not be a boat's crew coming purposely to molest us. It might be some ship-wrecked countrymen of mine ; my breath grew short, and my heart beat quickly at the idea ; but I said not a word about it to Friday. As we *neared* it, I saw a movement on board, an oar was lifted up with a shirt tied to it ; it did therefore contain living and civilized beings ! O how my heart throbbed ! Friday feared they were Spaniards, and wanted to run away from them. I said, whatever they were, they were in distress ; and if they were the worst of pirates, I would help them. When we drew nearer still, several heads were raised and their numbers looked formidable, if they had the will and the power to harm us ; but I believed them to be in distress and continued to run towards them.

When within speaking distance I hailed them, but received no answer ; this alarmed Friday, and he begged

me not to go any nearer ; he thought they were lying in wait to shoot us ; I, however, thought differently, and ran alongside the boat.

Clasped hands, glazed eyes, and haggard faces were raised in silence towards us. I saw directly that they were people perishing with hunger and fatigue. Their deplorable condition required immediate aid ; I was obliged to suppress all the overpowering emotions that were rising to choak and unnerve me, to summon all my firmness, and exert my best judgment to administer properly to these famishing seamen. One made signs that I should give him something to drink ; so, bidding Friday lash the boats together, I poured out water in whatever would hold it, and handed it to them, as fast as I could ; eagerly did they all stretch out their hands for the long desired draught ; and seven famishing men soon emptied the keg. I then took a large root of boiled *taro*, and divided it among them. O how the poor creatures devoured it ; they held out their hands for more, but I had no more on board ; and I was glad of it, for I knew the danger of giving them too much at once ; so I shook my head. Not a word had been spoken till then, when one exclaimed, " Thank God ; you have saved our lives ! " and then followed the most moving scene I ever beheld. There was not a dry eye among us. The strangers were filled with gratitude to God and to me, for their unexpected deliverance ; and in their exhausted state, they could more easily express it by tears than by words. I was deeply touched by the sight of their extremity, and entirely overcome by the sound of my own language, and the pleasure of discovering that they were my countrymen ; Friday wept from sympathy with us all. How long this affecting scene lasted, I cannot tell ; but without knowing how I got there, I found myself seated on a *thwart*, in their boat, with the head of one of them resting on my shoulder. When I recovered my composure enough to observe the evening sky, I knew it was time to make all sail for the land, and that I must arouse myself to exertion, and think what ought to be done.

Addressing myself to one who looked as if he might be the captain, I told him my name was Crusoe, that I lived on the island which we saw in the distance, and that I would now conduct them there, and do all in my power to make them comfortable. The stranger replied that his name was Smith, that he had lost his vessel by fire ten days ago, since which they had been on the ocean, in their open boat, and almost without food or water.

He was so exhausted by telling me this, that I begged him to say no more then, but to let me assist him into my boat. I placed him by my side, in the *stern* of the *Success*, and helped some others on board of her also ; then with their boat *in tow*, containing the rest of the crew, we set sail for the island.

Captain Smith was so weak and drowsy, that but few words passed between us, and we made our voyage to the creek in silence. My head was full of new projects and deeply interesting thoughts, and my heart was overflowing with emotion, that I should have vainly attempted to conceal, if my companion's eyes had not been closed in sleep. Finding a boat's crew at sea, and saving them from starvation, would be an affecting incident to the inhabitants of a crowded city, but no one can fully realize what it was to me, in my solitude. Besides the pleasure of serving my fellow beings, in distress ; besides the delight of being restored to the society of men, like myself, and hearing my own language, after an exile of five years ; besides this, and a great deal more, it was to me the hope of deliverance from captivity. It seemed to open the door of return to my native land, to my dear parents ; and on this account it was most overpowering. I was glad of this silent sail homeward ; as it gave me an opportunity of collecting my thoughts, subduing my emotion, and arranging my immediate plans of operation. Fearing that the warmth of my feelings in thus meeting with some of my countrymen, might make me imprudent, and as I did not yet know what sort of men I had to deal with, I determined to lodge them all for that night in the store-house, under lock and key.

I run the boat up the creek, as far as I could, that I might land my exhausted passengers, as near as possible to their place of destination. It was almost dark, when we arrived. The strangers felt the pains of hunger on awaking, and I promised them more food, as soon as they should be lodged in their quarters for the night. Having previously instructed Friday what to do, I marched them up to the store-house, and he soon furnished them with as hearty a supper of vegetables and fruits as it was safe for them to eat. I shook hands with the captain, and took leave of him for the night, saying he should be better accommodated in future, but I hoped he would put up with this for the present, pointing to a bed Friday had prepared for him in one corner of the building. He seemed quite satisfied with his lodgings, and attempted to thank me; but his emotion overcame him, and we parted in silence.

Friday and I now hastened to moor the boats, and bring ashore the things we had left in them. I was truly glad to find, in the strangers' boat, a proper mariner's compass; for the action of my little needle was very feeble. I hoped to discover a quadrant there also, but was disappointed.

Our lamas were waiting impatiently to be milked, and Neptune, whom I had severely reprimanded for greeting the unhappy strangers with barking and growling, was endeavouring to make his peace by following my steps in the humblest manner, and not daring to caress me as usual. Late as it was, we accomplished all our evening work, and made many preparations for the next day, before we went to bed.

Friday's head hardly touched his pillow, before he was lost in sleep; but I could not follow his example; my mind was too full to allow of my sleeping; so there I lay, thinking over the disasters of my poor countrymen, their perilous situation and our timely aid; or making plans for our returning to England. That blessed anticipation seemed likely now to be realized. The remains of the Thames, which the earthquake had brought

to view in Grand River, and seven stout mariners, promised a speedy deliverance from exile ; and the idea was so exciting to me, I was afraid of dwelling upon it too much, lest it should turn my brain.

I longed for the morning to come, that I might again see and converse with my countrymen. I could hardly refrain from visiting them in their sleep, I so desired to look upon their faces again. At length these busy thoughts were insensibly changed for still more busy dreams, and the sun was up before I was again conscious of the agreeable events of the preceding evening.

I found Friday was already far advanced in his preparations for a breakfast, suited to the number of the company, but he had not seen the guests.

There was no sound from the store-house ; I therefore supposed them still asleep ; and being aware how much they needed rest, I would not intrude upon them, but assisted Friday in placing an empty barrel under a fine spreading tree, that its head might serve for a table, on which to set the sailors' breakfast, and in arranging my own table, in the best manner, as I meant to invite Captain Smith to join Friday and me at our meals. Every thing was ready, and we had waited some time for our guests to awake, when we heard them stirring ; presently there came one of the men, with a civil message from his captain, asking me to lend him some clean linen, a towel, soap, razors, &c. I furnished him as well as I could, from my own scanty wardrobe, and waited rather impatiently for his toilette to be completed. Meanwhile I conversed a little with the sailors, and saw them helped to their breakfast, which they very much needed.

When at last Captain Smith appeared, I was struck with the change I saw in him. Relieved from the pressure of hunger, refreshed by a good night's rest, washed, shaved, and dressed clean, he looked like a different man. His appearance now was very much in his favor, and my heart warmed towards him at once.

Having greeted him very cordially, I led him to the

table ; but we were both so much moved that we began our meal in silence ; and little passed between us, whilst it lasted, but the common civilities of the table. Though each was desirous of knowing something of the other, each seemed at a loss to begin his own story, or make any inquiries.

As my guest seemed much my senior, I let him take the lead ; at length, when we had done our meal, he opened the conversation, by asking me the name of the island we were upon. To this I replied, " I have sometimes called it the Island of Despair, but now I think it will deserve a better name, and may be called the Island of Escape." He then inquired under what government it was ; to this I answered, " None but mine, I am sorry to say." Expecting these expressions of mine would make him apprehend something of the nature of my situation, and render it easy for me to explain it further, I was disappointed to observe that he became more thoughtful and serious. It seemed but fair for me to take my turn at questioning ; so I broke a long silence, by requesting him to give me the particulars of his disaster.

He told me he was master of a fine ship, of three hundred tons, called the *Helen*, bound from London to the Northwest Coast, in the fur trade. He was prosecuting his voyage very comfortably, and safely, as he thought, when he was suddenly waked from his sleep, by the cry of " fire," from several voices at once, and pulled out of his berth by his mate ; the cabin was already full of smoke, and in five minutes the whole ship was in flames.

" I found," said Captain Smith, " that no exertions could save the vessel, and that we must make all speed to save our lives ; so I ordered the boats to be lowered, seized hold of a compass and light, my quadrant and ship's papers." " A quadrant ! " I involuntarily exclaimed, " have you a quadrant ? " " No," he replied, " that fell overboard in the bustle and was lost ; but I rescued my papers, and hope they are still safe." I assured him they were, and begged him to proceed.

“Bread and water were next to be thought of ; but it was impossible to come at any bread, except a small supply from the steward’s pantry ; or any water, but the cask that stood on deck half full. That was all I could secure for my boat, and the mate obtained less. We pushed off. As we did so, the flames burst out of the cabin windows and the main hatchway. We *pulled off* to a safe distance, then lay on our oars, watching the rapid progress of the flames. In less than ten minutes, she was one grand mass of fire ; *fore and aft* and *aloft* ; her masts and sails in a blaze, rocking to and fro, and threatening every instant to fall. It was a grand sight, sir !” continued Captain Smith, “and to persons in our situation a most appalling one. There we were, in the midst of the Pacific Ocean, with no known land near ; and the only prospect before us, starving or drowning. While there is life, however, there is hope ; and after consulting with the mate, we determined to keep near the Helen as long as she burned, thinking the light might attract some passing vessel that would pick us up. When all chance of aid from that was over, we agreed to steer a northerly course, in the forlorn hope of meeting with a sail, before we perished with hunger. You must excuse my dwelling on the particulars of the dreadful ten days that followed.

“In a foggy night we lost all knowledge of the other boat, and never saw her afterwards. My brave companions behaved as well as men could do in such an extremity, and when all hope and all courage had forsaken us, we prayed together that we might be saved from all outrages, and bear our allotment as became Christians, and then lay down to die, seeing no help near, and our strength being nearly gone.

“How long we had remained prostrate and silent, I know not, but it must have been several hours, and in that time the boat drifted I suppose in sight of this island. Happening to lift my head, I saw you coming towards us, and made a last effort to raise the signal which had so often been raised before in vain.

“The rest you know, sir. We owe you our lives, and are willing to show our gratitude in the best way we can.”

The recollection of his recent sufferings now agitated Captain Smith extremely, and a long pause followed. I could well understand his feelings, and therefore waited for him to break the silence. When after some minutes he became composed, his countenance assumed a new and rather stern expression, and drawing himself up, he said, very gravely—“Though I conclude, from your appearance and your accent, that you are a Spaniard; and that this island is subject to no government, but what your will imposes; I am encouraged by the kindness you have already shown me and my companions, and by your acquaintance with our language, to hope that you have friendly feelings towards British mariners. If we give you our services on all lawful occasions, whilst with you, I trust you will not hinder our return to our own country, whenever an opportunity may offer.”

I was so astonished to find myself mistaken for a Spanish pirate, that I heard him to the end, without having the power to undeceive him. But when I told him I was, like himself, the child of misfortune, and a British seaman; and said to him, with tears in my eyes, that we would both return to dear, happy England together, all his suspicions vanished, and we embraced each other with the cordiality of fellow sufferers. Confidence was now established between us, and I gave him a very brief sketch of my unhappy fate; he listened to me, as if he would devour every word, and showed such a sympathy in my trials, as almost choked me in the recital of them.

We had conversed a long time, and had both forgotten that any were waiting for our orders, when Friday put his head into the room and said, in an affected tone of servility that made me smile, “Master, the men say you are a pirate, and that they are afraid to trust their good captain with you any longer; and if I don’t let them see he is safe, they will *twist* me. I don’t

know what twist is, but they look very fierce and frighten Friday." By the time this was said, the men were crowding rather tumultuously round the door, but a few words from their captain sent them peaceably away.

We then consulted on the best means of promoting peace and happiness in our little community. Captain Smith said his men were six as fine fellows as ever stepped a deck, but, like other sailors, they required discipline ; and he recommended me to begin strictly with them, to call myself Governor of the island, and exercise a wholesome authority over all. I told him that, as he was older and more experienced than I was, he had better take the command, and I would obey his orders. This he positively refused, and spoke of my performances and exertions, in collecting around me so many comforts, as entitling me to reign over the island still. When, however, I represented to him my fears, that I should not know how to manage his sailors, and that they would be better pleased to continue under his orders, he agreed to be captain still, if I would be governor. Captain Smith then proposed to call his men together, and perform their usual devotional exercises ; after which, he would explain to them their present situation, and the duties belonging to it.

We walked forth arm in arm, to a beautiful little knoll, crowded with trees. One shout of the captain brought his faithful followers round him. He motioned to them to range themselves in a semicircle opposite to us ; Friday took his stand at my elbow ; and then, in a very solemn and affecting manner, Captain Smith repeated, from memory, a part of the service appointed by the Church of England to be read at sea ; to this he added an extemporaneous prayer, suited to their recent escape from imminent danger, the loss of their shipmates, and our present situation on this desert isle. He was deeply affected himself, and every word he uttered seemed to reach the hearts of his hearers. The rough sailors sobbed and wept aloud ; all our souls were mingled in a deep and solemn feeling of adoration and trust, of

thanksgiving for past mercies, and dependence upon God for present help ; and when my guests raised their voices together, in a hymn, which closed the services, it seemed like the very outpouring of the soul before its Creator and Preserver.

I never shall forget that singing, nor any part of those morning exercises. It was so long since I had joined in the worship of a congregation, that it was very overcoming to my feelings. I could only lean against a tree, cover my face, and weep. A long pause followed the hymn, for all needed time to recover their composure. I was lost in wonder and delight, at finding my new companions to be religious men, and that the bond of union between them and their commander was the love of God. With this feeling in all our hearts, I knew every thing would go well.

When our emotion had a little subsided, Captain Smith explained to his men, that they were on an unknown and desert island, the only inhabitants of which were their deliverers, Governor Crusoe and his adopted son. He then spoke in very high terms of my courage and perseverance in conquering the greatest difficulties, and made a strong representation of the change I had wrought in my situation, by my own personal exertions, aided by knowledge and ingenuity. He said too much about that, but I could not prevent it.

“All this,” continued Captain Smith, “we are to profit by. Governor Crusoe generously admits us to the shelter of his roof, and the use of his implements ; to a share in the food he has labored so hard to procure ; to the benefit of his knowledge of the resources of the island ; to the comforts which his ingenuity has contrived ; provided only that we acknowledge his authority, and obey his orders. We owe him our lives, and that is a great debt, for which we ought to render him our best services ; but how much less would they be worth, if he should say to us ; ‘Go to the other end of the island, there live without any edgetool, and without fire, as I did ; conquer the difficulties of your situation, as I have

done ; and when you have collected around you the comforts that I have, we will deal together on equal terms.' Even then, our merit would not equal his ; for we are seven, and he was alone ; entirely alone, on this desert island. What a situation !

"The sufferings of our noble governor have taught him to pity the misfortunes of others, and he bids me say that we are welcome to share every thing he possesses on fair and equal terms. We must give him our faithful and willing service, and he will think and provide for all our wants. We must be his loyal subjects, and he will be our good king and governor."

He paused, and the men exclaimed with one accord, "Long live the governor ! God save the governor !" The shout of many voices was so new to me, that it sent a thrilling sensation all through me, and I was obliged to lean on Friday for support.

Captain Smith then asked for a Bible ; I handed him my Testament, and he swore a solemn oath of fidelity and submission to my authority. He then asked his men if they were willing to do the same ; they all said, "Yes," with hearty good will, and the captain swore each separately.

By the time this ceremony was finished, I was composed enough to address my new subjects. I promised them every accommodation in my power, and observed that we had but one common interest ; that we all desired to live peaceably and happily on the island, as long as we were obliged to continue here ; and we all hoped to leave it as soon as possible, and return to dear old England. I told them I had a plan in my head by which I trusted we should all be speedily released from banishment ; that it was for this purpose, I should require their services ; but I had no wish to interfere with the command of their excellent captain ; that they should still consider themselves as his men, and he and I would consult together for their good. This pleased them very much, and they shouted, "Long live the captain ! Long live the governor !"

Captain Smith now whispered me, to set them to work about something at once, for nothing was so bad as idleness for them. After consulting together, we agreed that two should go and clean their boat, two should fish with Friday, and the others might dig vegetables and prepare them for dinner. These orders the captain gave them in my name, and they were about to disperse; but I stopped them, and having sent Friday away on an errand, I took this early opportunity of telling them how much I esteemed that colored youth. I told them he was the son of a king in his own country; and though he waited upon me in my solitude, it was the service of love, and I considered him as an adopted son. I then described to them his excellent character, and faithful conduct towards me; and dwelt upon his purity and innocence. I ended by commending him to their good offices and respect; and earnestly desiring them not to do or say any thing that would hurt his feelings, or corrupt his morals. With this I dismissed them to their several tasks.

I then took Friday apart, and told him he must behave like a chief's son to the men who had come among us; he must show them what to do, and tell them what it was necessary for them to know; but that he had better not talk much to them. He nodded, as if he understood me perfectly, and from that time I have never had to interfere between him and the sailors. He always treats them kindly, but never lets them take any undue liberties with him, and they always appear very fond of him.

CHAPTER XLI.

FIRST DAY WITH THE STRANGERS — DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS — SHOWING THE ISLAND — FRIDAY IN TROUBLE — FRIDAY COMFORTED.

THE first day spent with my countrymen was so full of interest, that it seemed almost as long as that memorable Friday, on which I found my good man of that name. O how delightful it was to me to have the company of Captain Smith! A civilized being, one of the same race with myself, my own countryman too, and more than all the rest, a religious character! One who was ready in all things to do the will of God, and to give Him thanks; one who revered his conscience, and endeavoured to do right in every action of his life. I could do little else, that day, but look at him, and listen to him. We spent hours in deep conversation. He wished to hear all I could tell him of the island, of the life I had led here, of Friday, and how he came to be with me; and I listened eagerly to every thing he said of himself, his men, and the dear country from which he had so lately come.

The fishing party were very successful and returned well laden. Friday baked the fish in his native way, to the great amusement of the strangers; when it was done, he and I and the captain took our dinner together. Captain Smith proposed that one of his men should wait upon us; but I had been so long without any such attendance, that I much preferred waiting upon myself, or having Friday's services; and when our guest saw the simplicity of our meal, and that every thing was put on the table at once, he agreed with me that we were better without Tom Bowling, and could enjoy our conversation more by ourselves.

I employed Tom, however, to gather up what we left, and serve his comrades under the tree, where the barrel stood on which they had breakfasted. We had

plenty of pewter plates, and these with their jack-knives were all they wanted. The fish and vegetables were placed on the head of the barrel, and they sat round it, on whatever they could find for seats, and made as hearty a meal as any alderman in London. A draught of water from the brook, with one of Friday's gourd dippers for a drinking-cup, finished their repast. As we sat by the cottage door, observing their movements, I told Captain Smith, I supposed they missed their allowance of grog very much ; but I had none to give them. He said he was glad of it ; he wished there never might be another drop of ardent spirits given to a sailor ; he rejoiced that his lads would be weaned from it by necessity ; he had wished to put a stop to the practice on board the *Helen*, but had not yet attempted it. He said he never took any thing of the kind himself, and no one could enjoy better health, or bear fatigue better than he did.

As we had spent the whole morning talking together in-doors, I now proposed a walk. The Captain knew his men would wish to explore the island, so he gave them leave to follow us. I went first to Fort Hill and the terrace, and described to them the changes made there by the earthquake. Then we proceeded to Signal Hill. Captain Smith was much struck by the position and appearance of my pyramid, and wondered how I had ever contrived to build it on such a pinnacle. I explained to him that, when I made my structure there, the shape of the ground was quite different ; only the top of the rock was visible, round which I built the pyramid ; the rest of it was brought to light by the earthquake, which displaced the earth around it, and left the bare rock as he now saw it. We all scrambled up it, as Captain Smith had a great desire to see the manuscript, and examine the monument. Having satisfied the curiosity of all the party, I took them down the hill by a different route, and returned home by the coast.

I had great pleasure in showing my new friend all my works and contrivances, because he so fully appre-

ciated the difficulties I had to contend with. He even overrated my ingenuity, and sometimes abashed me by his praises.

Several times, in the course of the day, I tried to talk with Captain Smith about my plans of escape from the island; but he was so delighted with the place, and so interested in all he saw, that he was in no haste to get away; and he would change the subject by asking me some question about my past life. "Ah," thought I, "you never lived here alone as I have; you have never been five years away from all civilized beings, or you would be as anxious to return as I am."

We made up a third bed for the Captain, in our lodging-room, and let the sailors sleep on hay in the store-house.

I must not close my account of this memorable day, without mentioning how Neptune and Poll behaved to our guests. The former soon made the acquaintance of the sailors, and they enjoyed playing with him, and he was gratified with being noticed and caressed; but mistress Poll was not so sociably inclined. She seemed troubled by the presence of strangers, and screamed and fluttered her wings, when any of them went near her. While we were at dinner, she got under the table, and distinguishing the Captain's feet from mine, though I had shoes on as well as he, she pecked at them with all fury.

Several days were spent in showing the island to the strangers; and though my heart was set on devising the means of leaving it, I had great pleasure in pointing out its beauties, and remarkable features, to Captain Smith. He and I rode the lamas, and were accompanied by the sailors on foot; as they would naturally wish to explore this new region, we thought it best for them to do it in company with us. Friday willingly gave up his lama to Captain Smith, and walked by my side, or rode alternately with me; his skill in fishing, his mode of cooking, which could be practised any where, out of doors, independent of all utensils, and his knowledge of the

best vegetables, and where they were most likely to be found, made him a very important personage to us all.

Our first ride was to Grand River, that I might show Captain Smith the wreck of the Thames, and tell him my plans for returning to England. I proposed to dig out the hull, float it off with casks, and then repair and rig her. This he assured me was impossible; she was too much of a wreck to be floated off, or repaired; but he said she might be broken up, where she was, and with the iron, timber, and planks that she would furnish, we might build another smaller and more manageable vessel.

I soon found that I was speaking with one, who knew far more about the matter than I did; one who had watched the progress of ship-building in his father's yard, and knew the whole process, from the laying of the keel to the finishing of the *taffarel*. It happened also that two of his men had actually worked with ship-carpenters. All this made me feel very sure of succeeding in the undertaking, and I expressed my hopes that we should soon be afloat in a sea-worthy vessel, and sailing away towards old England.

"You forget," said Captain Smith, "that we have no tools with us; what can hands do without tools?"—"You forget," I replied, "that I have a complete set of tools, saved from that very wreck; and with hands and tools too, and a head like yours to plan, what should prevent our building a vessel, in which we could sail round the world." "Well done, enterprise!" he exclaimed; "I admire your spirit, and if we succeed in our ship-building, we will call the vessel *The Enterprise*, in remembrance of this. But what shall we do for provisions for so long a voyage?" "O," said I, "if you will build the vessel, I will engage to victual her for a six months' voyage." "Very well," he replied; "I will begin as soon as I have seen every part of your island, and heard all your adventures."

From Grand River we proceeded to make the tour of the island; and though it was on the whole a very

agreeable excursion, I must confess that the constant sight and sound of so many persons travelling together, was very fatiguing, and almost distracted me. I had been so long in solitude, or with only one companion, and had led so quiet a life, that I was at first pained and disturbed by the presence of numbers. I sought relief occasionally by wandering away from the party, and being alone for a while. Sometimes Friday and I would choose our quarters for the night out of sight and hearing of our fellow travellers, that we might enjoy a little quiet together, as we were wont to do.

When we had finished our land expedition, Captain Smith was desirous of sailing round the coast in the *Success*. None of my performances pleased him more than that boat, and when he found how well she sailed, he could not praise her enough. He wished to look for a suitable place to make his building-yard, and to survey the coast, its harbours, and inlets. The captain and Friday went with me in the *Success*, and, by way of keeping the sailors employed, we let them row after us in their boat. Friday recommended the bank of the Rhine, where he built his canoe, as a good place for our operations; but on reaching the bay, formed at the mouth of that river by the earthquake, we found a place where the shores were steep and covered with fine trees, such as we wanted for ship-timber, and we fixed upon that for our building-yard. We dined in the Bay of Terror, slept in Gordon Vale, and returned home the next day.

The curiosity of Captain Smith and his men, in regard to the island and my adventures upon it, being now pretty well satisfied, they began their operations on the wreck; and truly glad was I, when, having carried them to the spot in the *Success* with their tools and their dinner, I left them hard at work. As they were to be gone all day, I promised myself a good, quiet time alone with Friday, and hastened home to enjoy it. I found him sitting pensively at the door of the cottage, with Poll on his shoulder, but insensible as to her caresses;

and I saw directly that the poor fellow was in trouble. I thought he had been less gay than usual for several days, and now his heart seemed very full; so I sat down beside him, and observed what a happy day we should have together with no one to interrupt us. He was silent, but his breast heaved with suppressed emotion. I then put my arm around him, and asked him if he did not like to be alone with me, and if he had not something to tell me that troubled him. This overcame him entirely; and bursting into tears, he wept aloud as he leaned upon my shoulder.

I said all I could to soothe and comfort him, and when at length he could reply intelligibly, to my repeated question, "What is the matter, Friday?" he sobbed out, "O father! Friday very unhappy, many days." — "Why so?" I replied; "have you done any thing wrong?" — "No, father, believe no." — "Has any one done you any wrong?" — "No, father, no body wrong, but every thing changed; Friday never live alone again with his father, and never be so happy again. Now father talk, talk, all the time to the captain, no talk to Friday, no teach Friday, no laugh, dance, sing, play with Friday, as he did before white men come." When he had said this, he wept again most piteously.

I felt for the poor fellow very much; there had been a great change in our lives, which must be painful to him. He had been my only companion, and engrossed my whole attention so long, that he could not bear now to divide it with another. It seemed to him that he was deprived of his rights.

Some people would have told him he was jealous, that jealousy was a wicked passion, and he must not indulge it. But I saw there was no bad feeling in his mind towards the strangers; he was merely grieving over a real loss, and one which appeared to him greater than it was; therefore I would not add to his suffering, by blaming him for so natural a feeling. I merely tried to convince him that my love for him was as great as ever, and though we could not be so much together, or talk so

much together as formerly, my interest in him was unchanged. I told him he had gained a friend in Captain Smith, and he could learn a great deal by hearing him converse. "That is nothing," exclaimed Friday; "I love to hear father talk, and to be alone with father all day, and all night too." — "I know it, Friday, and it is very natural that you should feel so; but we shall never live alone again; that was a peculiar situation; it had many sorrows for me, and if you love me, Friday, you should be glad for my sake that it is over." — "O, I do love you, dear father; if father glad happy days are gone, Friday will try to be glad too." And then he cried as if his heart would break, showing what a vain attempt his was at gladness.

I told him my love for him was the same as when I lived alone with him, and talked only to him; but he shook his head, and said, "Father give more and more love to Captain Smith, and have none left for poor Friday." I assured him he was quite mistaken; that love was not like a piece of cloth, which could not be given to two persons at once; it kept growing in the heart; and the more persons there were to be loved, the more love we had to give them. "I have not," I added, "taken away any of my love for you, to give to the captain; it is new love, just grown, that I have given to him." This idea seemed to comfort him a little; so I went on to tell him that, besides my love, he had the love of Captain Smith and all his men; that, although he had lost one kind of happiness, that of living alone with me, he had a new kind, in making new friends, in seeing me so happy with my countrymen, and in getting ready to go home and see my father and mother. I asked him if he would like to go to England with me. "Yes," he replied, "if you won't stay here with Friday; but I like better than every thing to be here alone with my dear father." — "But that is a thing that cannot be; so which do you like best, to go with me to England or to stay here alone?" "O go with my dear father; Friday always go with father." As I could not take him to his

OWN country, I would not mention his home and his real father to him. I saw they were far from his thoughts, and that he had no wish to leave me for them. I had heard that the less civilized people are, the less they are attached to their parents, after they are grown up; I supposed, that my power of educating him, and unfolding his mind, as his own father could not have done, had made him love me best.

As he was now composed, I told him he would never feel so unhappy about it again; that we always felt changes most, when they first took place; and that he would become accustomed to live among a great many people, and to see me talk with others and not mind it at all.

After this long conversation, Friday became more cheerful, and learned to content himself with a smile and a look, when I could not talk to him. I gave him an interest in our preparations, by telling him I should have more time to talk with him when we were on our voyage, and by raising his curiosity as to the wonderful sights he would see in my country.

CHAPTER XLII.

PREPARATIONS FOR A LONG VOYAGE — CONVERSATIONS — TRAITS OF CHARACTER — SHIP-BUILDING — MATERIALS FOR AN OUTFIT — A LAUNCH — DIFFERENCE IN CHARACTER.

WHEN the wreck was broken up, the materials were all towed round to the spot fixed on for a building-yard; and there Captain Smith and his men spent every day, from sun-rise till dark, devoted to the construction of a vessel, that was to bear us all away from the island. While they were thus employed, Friday and I were equally busy, in laying in a stock of provisions for the voyage.

The large quantity of salt, we made last summer, was of great use to us now; for we cured with it a great deal of fish and terrapin flesh. We cultivated a large crop of *taro*, and found where all the best vegetables grew on the island, that we might hoe the ground around them, and so improve upon nature's gardening. We felt the loss of our lamas now very much. There were none on the island, but Jenny and Neddy and their kid, and we meant to carry these away alive.

After a hard day's work, and a hearty supper, the sailors were glad to go directly to bed; but the captain, who did not work quite so hard, liked to sit up awhile with Friday and me; and then we had a great deal of improving conversation. Captain Smith was much surprised to find Friday so far civilized; and when this lively youth showed an acquaintance with subjects, of which he expected him to be perfectly ignorant, he would sometimes ask, where he learned so many things. "Father tells me all," was his simple reply. Friday's little accomplishments also were matter of the greatest wonder to our guest; and he used to praise him so much for his various performances, that I was afraid he would make him vain, until I perceived that Friday considered all encomiums bestowed on him, as belonging entirely to me; he would smile and nod and look at me exactly as if the captain was speaking in my praise, instead of his. This modesty and simplicity prevented his being made conceited by the admiration of the captain or his men. When the sailors found out that he was better educated than some of them, and that he was accomplished too, they considered him as a prodigy, and almost idolized him. All favors were asked through Mr. Friday, and all differences referred to him; he was frequently to be seen, seated in the midst of them, explaining something which they wished to learn, whilst they listened in the most eager and attentive manner, to his broken English.

Captain Smith had visited some of the South Sea islands, though not the one from which Friday came;

and he would often compare with him the customs of the different places, which, though they differed in some respects, had a general resemblance that was very striking. He used to promise Friday that if he returned safely to England, and lived to make another voyage to the Northwest Coast, he would take him with him, and try to find his island, and carry him back to his friends. Friday always looked very grave, and never seemed so much pleased with this proposal as we expected him to be. I could not account for this indifference, until I heard him tell Captain Smith, that his father had died since he left him, and on inquiry I found his reason for thinking so was a dream he had had. He told us that very soon after he lived with me, his father came to him in his sleep, and told him he had left his people, for a place with the great Spirit, and that I was now to be his father. This notion of my adopted son's explained to me his early and entire submission to my will, also the profound respect, with which he had always treated me; and as his belief in his father's death made him perfectly contented to live with me, I would not attempt, at this time, to correct his ideas about dreams.

In one of these evening conversations, I was telling Captain Smith of my experiment in magnetizing needles, when Friday placed upon the table the little compass I had made out of a shaving-box, and we compared it with the large mariner's compass belonging to the captain. Though my needle varied considerably from his, he considered it a very valuable substitute for a proper compass, and thought we might have undertaken our voyage with it if we had none better. The action of my needle was so feeble that it was always in danger of being disturbed, and I rejoiced that our new friends had brought with them a more perfect instrument. But O how much we regretted the loss of the quadrant.

The maps and charts, saved from the wreck, were now very valuable to us; and we spent many hours over them, sometimes looking for places which were the scenes of former adventures, sometimes tracing our own intended

path upon the ocean, sometimes endeavouring to discover whereabouts in the Pacific Ocean we actually were. We satisfied ourselves that the island was not laid down in any of the charts. Captain Smith's knowledge of his latitude and longitude, when he lost his ship, did not avail him much, he had been so drifted about since in an open boat on the ocean. We were therefore obliged to content ourselves with knowing that we were not very far from the tropic of Capricorn, and that South America was to the east of us. That being the case, we determined that our best plan, in sailing homewards, would be to steer due east, till we made the land, and then keep a southerly course, with the land in sight, till we reached the Straits of Magellan; through which Captain Smith thought it would be advisable to pass, rather than attempt to double the cape, in our small vessel. So far, we had no doubt of finding our way very well without a quadrant; but to cross the ocean, and sail so many thousand miles, without seeing land, and without any instrument for ascertaining our latitude, was a very fearful and almost desperate undertaking. I had however so much confidence in the experience and good judgment of Captain Smith, that I was entirely willing to attempt it, with him and his excellent crew. My former sufferings had made me very cautious, almost timid, and nothing would have induced me to go to sea with an ignorant commander; but I hoped that in sailing with so able and good a man as Captain Smith, I should overcome my dread of a long voyage; and though the want of a quadrant was a very serious thing, I never once thought of abandoning our project on that account.

I found, on comparing dates with Captain Smith, that I had lost one day; It must have been during my severe illness, when I was delirious. The only wonder was, that I had not lost more, for when I lived alone, there was little to mark the time, and no one to set me right if I mistook one day for another, or forgot my daily notch on the tree.

My new friend wondered greatly at my patience and perseverance in making those feather pictures of the birds of the island, and in collecting so many insects, for he had no taste for such things. The prospect of returning to England made me doubly glad that I had done them, and I only regretted that I had not used some of my former leisure, in making a collection of dried plants; but it was now too late to think of it. I had my hands full of other business, and my mind was too much occupied and excited by the hope of returning home, to undertake a work of so much labor and patience as making an *herbarium*.

Captain Smith admired beautiful scenery, though he had no taste for natural history; and he was almost as fond of Gordon Vale, with its fine cascade, and my pretty harbour, as I was myself. He thought such scenes favorable to devotion, and we generally had our Sunday services in that beautiful grove of pimento trees, near the water-fall.

Nothing could be more correct than the conduct of the sailors; and while they were rendering their willing service to their beloved captain, he tried to make them feel that it was my orders they were obeying. Intimate as he and I were with each other, he never omitted paying me the respectful attention which his notions of discipline required, thus setting his men an example of the subordination he expected from them.

The vessel on the stocks was to be a schooner of sixty tons; this, after mature deliberation, we determined to be large enough for safety, and small enough for the convenience of keeping near the shore, and sailing among the islands of the Straits of Magellan. The timbers of the wreck proved very useful; though larger than necessary, they saved some labor, and made the vessel very strong. The planks too saved a good deal of sawing, which was tedious work; and the iron was literally worth its weight in gold, for it was far more useful to us than gold would have been, and we found plenty of it about the hull of the Thames.

Friday and I often volunteered to do a day's work on the schooner, either in sawing planks or hewing timber ; but my services were rarely accepted ; for Captain Smith considered my department of victualling the vessel, so important, he wished me to give all my time and thoughts to that ; and they went on so well with the ship-building, I feared he would be ready first. We were anxious to get away some time in March, that we might have the best season for going through the Straits.

I had nearly enough spars, and sails, and rigging, saved from the Thames, to out-fit our schooner ; and what was wanting of rigging could be made, under Friday's direction, of the fibrous plants he used for cordage. My stock of blocks, large and small, was extremely useful ; and Captain Smith was continually astonished at the variety of valuable things, that I pulled out of my famous store-house. The forge, too, was a most essential accommodation, and one of the sailors was so good a blacksmith, that I gave up the anvil and hammer to him. The load of iron that I lost in the creek, when I was coming on shore for the last time, from the wreck, was pulled up from the bed of mud, where it had lain ever since ; and though much rusted on the outside, it proved very valuable.

When I asked Captain Smith, one night, how he expected to make an anchor, large enough to hold the schooner, of our stock of iron, which, though considerable, was all wanted for other purposes ; he said, " I mean to make such an anchor as the Chinese always use, for that will exactly suit our means, and answer every purpose. They make theirs of some heavy wood, with only one fluke, and that is shod with iron ; sometimes they plate them all over with iron, but shoeing will be enough for us."

He then asked me what we were to do for a cable, as he had seen nothing but short pieces of one among my stores. I told him there was a *hauser*, cut in three pieces only, and asked him if he could do any thing with that. He seemed to think a *spliced* cable was but a poor dependance ; but as we could do no better, and might not need a cable at all during our whole voyage, he said he

would try and join it securely ; and perhaps two pieces out of three would be long enough for the schooner.

As the work advanced, the sailors became more and more animated. When the tall trees were felled, for the masts of our vessel, they performed wonders in getting them down from where they grew to the bay, and in putting them in their places. Never was there a community in greater harmony, or more industrious ; and by the time the island yielded its best fruits and most abundant harvest, we expected to be ready to load our vessel and depart.

At last the hull was completed, the paint dry, the lower masts in, and the time fixed for launching. It was an important crisis with us all ; if the captain felt all the responsibility of a master builder, I felt as owners sometimes do, and the beatings of my heart showed my interest in the vessel's going off well.

As governor of the island, the captain insisted on my *christening* her, as the term is ; and as the sailors would think they could not have a prosperous voyage, in a vessel whose bows were not sprinkled with some kind of liquor, at the time of launching, we prepared a glass bottle full of colored water, to throw at her, and agreed to call her *The Enterprise*.

She went off beautifully the moment the dog-shores were struck away, and I was so engrossed in watching her motion that I had well nigh forgotten to throw the bottle ; but Captain Smith cried out, before it was too late, "Christen her, christen her." I threw the bottle after her, hard enough to dash it in pieces against her bows, calling out at the same time, "The Enterprise, God bless her !" The air then rang with the buzzas of our little band, and the schooner floated beautifully on the waters of the bay. We towed her round that night to the creek, where we knew it would be most convenient to rig her, and there Captain Smith had her very carefully moored. This precaution proved very necessary ; it blew very fresh, for an hour or two in the night, and my boat went adrift, and knocked a hole in her bottom, which caused her to

sink near the entrance of the creek. As the water was shallow, it was well she did sink; we might otherwise have lost her entirely, which would have disappointed my good friend Smith of taking her to England. That he was determined to do, not only on account of the use she might be to us on the voyage, but to show, as he said, what one pair of hands could do. When I reminded him that she was not all my work, that I found the parts ready fashioned, he replied, "That's very true, but still I cannot help wondering how one pair of hands could put the pieces together; for my part, I never could do any thing single-handed; if I want to twist and double a piece of string, I always ask some one to help me."

This speech of the captain's reminded me, that my play fellows, when I was a boy, used to call me "Self-help," because I always did such things alone; and thus may the character of a man be traced in his childhood.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CLOTHING — OUTFIT OF THE SCHOONER — BAG OF DOLLARS
— EMBARKATION — VOYAGE — LAND SEEN — WILD FIG-
EONS — ALBATROSS — STRAITS OF MAGELLAN — PATA-
GONIA.

I WAS pleased to observe how every thing we possessed turned to some account; even the straw hats, with broad brims, which Friday made in the winter, by way of practising the art, were valuable presents to the sailors, when they were working in a hot sun. Captain Smith, too, was very glad to wear a pair of my matting trowsers, to save his, when engaged in hard labor. I had kept one good suit of European clothes by me, to wear in case of my ever returning to civilized society; but as I lost the chief part of my wardrobe, when my

residence on the terrace was destroyed, I had but little to spare to Captain Smith ; and all summer I had worn matting trowsers and the non-descript garment, between a shirt and jacket, before mentioned. Talking one day about clothing, we recollected that our men would need some warmer garments, than the thin ones they now wore ; for, after being accustomed to this climate, they would feel the cold, in the higher latitudes, very much. Accordingly, Friday and I began the necessary labors for supplying this deficiency. He wove some thicker and coarser matting than any we had before used ; of this we made nine pair of trowsers, and as we had not buttons enough for all, we put on strings. Besides this, we made long *pea-jackets* of lama skins, with the fur on ; and I was amused to think what a spectacle we should be, when we were all dressed in our furs. The very sight of a vessel, navigated by such hairy monsters, would be enough to keep off pirates.

While Friday and I were busy tailoring, for the good of the whole community, the rigging of the schooner prospered finely. At first, Captain Smith was always fearing, that we should fall short of some indispensable article ; but as he never came to me for any thing, that I did not immediately supply him with from my storehouse, or find a good substitute for, he learned at last to have the greatest confidence in my resources.

As our preparations advanced, and the time of our departure approached, I felt some regrets at the idea of leaving for ever all my familiar haunts, in this beautiful island ; but my heart never once misgave me, as to the propriety and safety of the undertaking. I never felt about it, as I did about the flag-staff, or I should have been afraid to attempt it.

We had windows and berths in the cabin, and my household furniture furnished it nicely. A convenient pantry opened out of it, with some rough shelves, having holes in them to hold our crockery, and nails to hang things on. Just forward of the cabin, was a very commodious place, fitted up for my valued lamas, Jenny,

Neddy, and the kid ; for whom I laid in a good stock of their favorite plant. The forecabin was fitted up for the sailors ; in their berths, as we had only three mattresses, we put clean, sweet hay, and I had just a blanket for each, and some rugs to spare. When the schooner was completely rigged, but before her cabin was done, Captain Smith made trial of her sailing. He found that she minded her helm quick enough, and would sail quite fast *going large*, or before the wind, but *close hauled*, he had nothing to boast of ; owing he said, to her being rather short, for her breadth of beam. Several cruises in her, round the island, gave us all great confidence in the good schooner *Enterprise*, and made us long to be on our grand voyage.

I had provisions enough headed up in casks, to half load the schooner, when her water should be on board ; but that we left to the last. I took care to caution Captain Smith against shifting ballast ; and it was well I did, for though he had stones in the lowest part of the vessel, he had not taken any measures to prevent their rolling to one side.

A good sleeping-place for Neptune, and a perch for Poll, were not forgotten, and in place of *hen-coops*, we had pens for live terrapins, that we might not be wholly without fresh meat. My partial friend, Smith, insisted on taking with us several specimens of the ill-shaped earthen-ware pipkins and lamps that I made myself, with every thing else that he thought creditable to my ingenuity. Even our musical instruments, broad-swords, clumsy chess-men, he determined to put on board ; and if the vessel would have held the pyramid, store-house, and cottage, he would have liked to take them with us also. He could hardly bear to leave any thing behind.

Amidst all my active employments, I would find time to make a short sketch of my life on the island, to be deposited in the pyramid ; so that if any thing happened to us, or to the long narrative which I should take with me, there might still be a memorial left of my adventures, which some chance or other might carry to my friends.

Now that I was about to return to civilized life, the money which had so long been useless to me, appeared of some value. That found in Gordon Bay was buried up in the caves, but the bag of dollars, brought from on board the Thames, was in my possession, and amounted to the value of twenty pounds sterling; enough to pay our harbour dues, and to carry us to our friends after we landed.

I felt some scruples as to the right I had to this money; but Captain Smith told me it was honestly mine by all the laws of England, and that I surely had as much right to it, as to the provisions which I had not hesitated to appropriate. To me, however, there appeared a difference between using the provisions and materials which I was in such absolute need of, and which could not possibly benefit any one else if I did not take them, and spending this money, which I might do without, and could perhaps restore to its former owner; so I secretly resolved to spend as little of it as possible, to replace whatever I took as soon as I was able, and to inquire out the owners of the Thames and return the whole to them.

We converted the forge into a fire-place for our *caboose*,* and having made all the arrangements we could think of, as necessary to our comfort in so long a voyage, we lived on board several days, by way of finding out if we had omitted any thing material, which could be supplied before we left the island.

At last the day came for our final embarkation; and having carried all our live stock on board, with every thing movable that was of any value, we all assembled, for the last time, within the walls of our cottage, and devoutly implored the blessing of God on our undertaking.

My feelings of joy at deliverance, and sorrow at leaving my old haunts, were so nearly balanced, that I was perfectly calm; but poor Friday wept aloud, and embraced the door-posts of the house and one of his favorite trees. I exerted myself to soothe and comfort him;

* A cooking-place on the deck of a vessel.

but his passionate grief would have its way for a while ; so I put my arm round him and supported his tottering steps to the place of embarkation. We rowed towards the schooner, in solemn silence, interrupted only by the sobs of my poor boy.

At noon on the fifteenth of March, 17—, we set sail from "Crusoe's Island," as the captain called it in his *log-book* ; and, with a fair wind, steered directly for the main. We all felt very serious at undertaking so long and perilous a voyage, in a small vessel so rudely built, and without any quadrant ; but the natural cheerfulness of the sailors soon returned. Friday's grief was too violent to last, and after the first night spent at sea, we began to feel at home and tolerably safe in our little bark.

The captain kept his reckoning as well as he could, with such poor time-pieces as we had on board, for we were anxious to form a correct estimate of the distance of the island from the continent of South America. The weather was delightful and the wind fair, for many days, and we proceeded on our voyage as prosperously as we could wish.

I never interfered in the command of the vessel, though Captain Smith treated me as though I were Admiral of a fleet, and he only captain of the *flag-ship*.

We had our meals regularly cooked, by Tom Bowling, and served in the cabin, in very good style ; but I chose to be steward myself, so far as dealing out the provisions went. This I did with my own hand, every day, giving strict injunctions to avoid waste, for we had none to spare.

As six seamen were sufficient to navigate the schooner, Friday and I acted as cabin passengers, only begging the captain to call upon us, whenever we could be useful. I employed myself, part of every day, in writing up my narrative, which had been neglected during our busy time of preparation for the voyage ; in teaching Friday, and talking with him, to his heart's content. We enjoyed all the pleasures of a sea voyage in fine weather ; we watched the porpoises and dolphins sporting around us ;

saw the gorgeous piles of clouds that accompanied the rising and setting of the sun ; leaned, by the hour, over the sides of the vessel, looking at the sparkles of liquid fire that marked her way in a dark night, and which we supposed to be occasioned by small luminous animals in the water, that have the power of giving out their light, as glow-worms do.

We had been ten days out, when land was seen from the mast-head, and our hearts were made to throb, by the welcome sound of " Land O " some minutes before we could see it from the deck. Friday's observations on this circumstance convinced me, that my lessons on the shape of the earth had not been thrown away.

Never were any people made more happy, by the sight of land, than we were ; for it set our minds at rest, as to our being nearly where we thought we were. We stood in very near the coast, by way of assuring ourselves, that it was the continent of South America that we saw, and not some island merely. When this was clearly ascertained, we altered our course, and proceeded in a southerly direction. The schooner did not sail quite so fast with a side, as a fair wind, but we had fine weather and went along very well.

As we got farther south, we passed along the shores of islands that Captain Smith recognised, and this was to me, who had been so long in an unknown region, a very great pleasure. We kept a sharp look out for gathering storms, as we got into high latitudes ; but, though we frequently came into a sea, that showed the wind had lately been very high there, we did not experience one *heavy blow*, as sailors say.

As we approached the straits, we saw large flocks of what are called Cape pigeons, flying in various directions. They looked just like our tame pigeons, and did not seem at all shy. Sometimes they surrounded the vessel in vast numbers, and fluttered about her in order to pick up any eatable that might be thrown overboard. The sailors threw out *slush* * to them, which floated on the

* The fat that swims on the surface of the water in boiling meat.

water, and they picked it all up directly. Thinking they would be a valuable addition to our sea stores, I baited some hooks with fat pork, and fastened them at intervals to a line that I threw out over the stern. Captain Smith showed me a much more effectual way of catching them. He took several fathoms of fine twine, which the wind would blow out nearly straight, over the *lee quarter*, in the direction of these birds, and as they hovered over the tempting *slush*, their wings would become entangled in the string, and dozens of them were caught and drawn on board by this simple contrivance. They were, however, so lean, and so fishy and strong in their flavor, that we could not eat many of them.

The weather being uncommonly fine, the Albatross, that magnificent bird of these high latitudes, flew very near us. Once when we were becalmed, a noble, great fellow lighted on the *cross-trees*, and a sailor crept up very softly, and made the end of a rope fast to one of his legs. The other end being fastened to the vessel, when the Albatross tried to fly away, he was pulled down to the deck by the sailors. I should have liked very much to carry this monstrous bird alive to England; but he proved such an outrageous prisoner, pecking at every one with his strong bill, braying like an ass, and flapping his great wings, that I suffered the sailors to put him to death. His spread wings measured from tip to tip, twelve feet, and the length of his body from his bill to his tail was five feet. His skin was so thick, that I thought I could take it off, with only cutting it open on the breast and throat; so I resolved to try my hand at stuffing it, with such materials as I had on board.

Friday and I worked away a great while, and at last succeeded so far as to make the Albatross stand on his wired legs, hold up his head, and look somewhat like a live bird. The resemblance was sufficient to enable Friday to play a trick on the sailors with it, which nearly robbed me of the fruit of my labors. When the hands were at dinner in the fore-castle, Friday stole softly to

the hatchway, and opening the great wings of the albatross dropped it down among them. Thinking it alive, they were put into a grand stir, and attacked the dead bird so roughly that its plumage was very much ruffled. When they discovered their mistake, it made a fine laugh among them ; and Friday was so delighted with the success of his joke, that I would not spoil his fun, by complaining of its effect upon my stuffed specimen. He, however, soon perceived that it was injured, and was so sorry for it, that he blamed himself for his thoughtlessness, much more than I did.

We had been twenty-seven days at sea, when we made the Straits of Magellan, and entered that labyrinth of islands, rocks, and crooked coasts. The current set, as Captain Smith had supposed, from west to east, which favored our course, and the prevailing wind was fair. On our right, was Terra del Fuego, or the *land of fire*, as it is called, from the burning mountains which are on it ; and on our left was Patagonia, or the land of giants. I had read accounts of these people being ten or twelve feet high, and had of course a great curiosity to see them ; so Friday and I kept a sharp look-out for the giants on one side, and the burning mountains on the other.

We were subject to sudden changes of wind, which came in puffs off the land, and were occasionally baffled by the eddies, among the islands ; it was only by great care, and constant *sounding*, that we avoided running aground. Captain Smith and all his men were such excellent navigators, and so attentive to their business, that I felt very easy about the working of the vessel, and only desired to see and know all I could of the land on each side of us.

At last the winds and waters favored our wishes ; Captain Smith was obliged to run in under the shore of the main land, and we saw, through the spy-glass, that we should pass very near a settlement of the natives. We earnestly gazed at the huts, hoping to see some of their inhabitants ; and presently half a dozen men were seen approaching the beach opposite their village, but, to our

great disappointment, they looked no bigger than ourselves. Friday suggested that the persons we saw might be only the young children of the giants ; but I knew by their looks and manner of moving, that they were full grown men ; and began to think that what I had read about them was all a fable.

I had been very desirous of landing among the giants and becoming acquainted with their mode of living ; but Captain Smith had dissuaded me from doing what would retard our voyage, and might endanger our safety ; and now that I had seen some of them, and was so disappointed as to their size, I was quite cured of my desire to go on shore.

The natives gazed at us, and beckoned us to them ; some appeared thrown into consternation at our approach ; others held up vegetables in their hands, and invited us to land and get them. But we passed by, without stopping ; and it was only owing to our being becalmed once, between two islands, that we had any more intercourse with them. On that occasion several of them swam off to the schooner and came on board ; and then we had an opportunity of correcting both our first and second estimates of their height ; though not so tall as some travellers represent, they must be taller than any other race of men, judging by the seven who came on board the *Enterprise*, and comparing them with Captain Smith, whom we knew to be six feet high. One was a little shorter than the captain, four were full his height, one was a head taller, and one, head and shoulders above him. This last might really be called a giant, for he was certainly above eight feet high. They were all well formed, of a dark copper color, with straight, black hair, and had their faces frightfully painted. We entertained our guests as well as we could afford. But they ate so voraciously, that they made great inroads on our stores ; and they only left off eating, because they had cleared the table of every thing on it, even to a can of lamp oil, that happened to be standing there ; which they emptied without ceremony, and with every appearance of relishing the

draught extremely. We dismissed these voracious visitors with some trifling presents, and hoped to see no more of them. As we made no *head-way* that night, but continued becalmed among the islands, we had another visit from them in the morning. They came now, loaded with presents of vegetables, and some kind of animals recently killed, resembling hares, which were very acceptable; but as we did not wish for any further intercourse with these people, and made them no presents in return, they soon left us. They wore feather caps, and were dressed in skins with the fur on.

Soon after they went on shore, a breeze sprung up, which carried us quickly out of sight of the Patagonian village; and we never afterwards saw any of the race, except at a great distance. Once we saw some on horseback, and either the horses were very small, or the riders very large; but they were so far off that we could not decide which. We were, however, well satisfied that the common accounts which travellers have given of the Patagonians were exaggerated.

So much for the land on our left; that on the right disappointed us also. We saw no burning mountains, and nothing but dreary, uncultivated wastes. Captain Smith thinks the volcanoes are on the south side of the island, and not visible from the straits.

CHAPTER XLIV.

ROUGH WEATHER — PORTUGUESE MAN OF WAR — CROSSING
THE LINE — CAPE VERDE ISLANDS — VOYAGE CONTINUED
— CONCLUSION.

WE were ten days going through the straits, and a most anxious time it was to our good commander. He hardly slept at all; and was on deck almost the whole of every night. I offered to relieve him, but he said my

eyes were not sharp enough to keep a *good look-out*. The habit of gazing at distant objects, enables sailors to see much farther by day, and much more clearly by night, than those who live on land. I was surprised at the difference, when I compared my sight with Captain Smith's.

After leaving the straits, we had some very rough weather, which tried the strength of our vessel and rigging to the utmost, fatigued the hands extremely, and made me so sea-sick, I was good for nothing. The schooner proved tight and strong in every part, but we found her a very *dull sailer*, when *close-hauled*. It was well for us all, that our commander was so experienced; for if he had not known all about the trade winds, we should have attempted to cross the ocean directly against them, which would have been tedious indeed. He thought it best, on every account, to coast along the eastern shore of South America, till we approached the equator, and then take advantage of the southwest wind, which blows near the line, to waft us across those mighty waters, make the coast of Africa, and thence visit the Cape Verde Islands, or enter some friendly port, from which we could take a fresh *departure*.

Two weeks after we left the straits, we got into the trade winds, which in this part of our voyage were favorable; and then we had such fine weather, that we had nothing to do but to spread all our canvass, and glide along over the waves without altering the position of a sail, for days together. I was forcibly reminded by this, of my voyage in the *Santa Maria*; but how different were all my feelings now, from what they were then! Full of extravagant hopes and wishes, I then desired nothing so much as to see distant countries, and wander far away from home. Now my roaming propensities were all gone, and the first wish of my heart was to return to my happy home, never more to leave it.

During this part of our voyage, we frequently saw vessels at a great distance, but were never near enough to be spoken with, till we approached the most easterly

part of the coast of Brazil. Then we perceived a large ship bearing down towards us, as if determined to *speak* us. She had a Portuguese flag, and looked like a man of war. We knew not whether we had most to hope or fear, from an intercourse with these strangers ; but as it was unavoidable, we answered the summons to declare what we were, by hoisting our English ensign. She then made signals for us to *lie to*, and send a boat on board. We obeyed, and Captain Smith went off in his own boat, rowed by four men, determined to tell the truth, whether he was believed or not.

In an hour he returned, looking so animated and smiling, that on seeing his face through the spy-glass, I was relieved from all anxiety. Presently he was followed by a boat from the ship, and had just time enough to tell me before it arrived, that he had been well received and his story believed, and that the Portuguese commander was coming on board to see the vessel and equipment, and pay his compliments to me. Instructed in the etiquette of the matter by my good friend Smith, I received Captain Roderiguez, his first Lieutenant, and Secretary, as politely as I could. As Captain Smith spoke Portuguese, he showed the strangers over the vessel, and explained every thing to them ; while I talked with the Secretary and tried hard to understand his broken English.

Some grapes and cocoa-nuts were set out on the cabin table, as the best refreshments we could offer our guests ; and they seemed well pleased to taste any of the productions of the unknown island. They all said many civil things about our schooner and its outfit, and Captain Roderiguez tried to say something very fine, about the wonders I had done, when I lived alone, by which I found my partial friend had been puffing me ; but it was plainly to be seen, that the great object of their visit was to learn all they could about the position of the island we had come from, with a view to finding it, and taking possession of it.

We gave them all the information we could ; and

when they asked what they could do for us in return, besides supplying us with provisions, I asked for a quadrant; and was overjoyed to find that they had one which they were willing to spare us. When the good old Portuguese commander returned on board his vessel, he sent us a generous present of beef, pork, and bread, besides small stores. Wine and spirits Captain Smith declined, but gladly accepted a few casks of water, and went himself for the quadrant, which he received with the warmest acknowledgments.

This happy rencounter put us all in the finest spirits, and we proceeded on our voyage now in a more direct course. We were no longer afraid of losing ourselves, nor obliged to grope along in sight of land. With a compass and quadrant, we could cross the ocean in any direction, and take the shortest course to old England.

When we *crossed the line*, as it is called, I found the sailors had been trying to play off some of their jokes upon Friday. They told him we were coming to a part of the ocean, over which a line was stretched, that must be cut before we could pass; and they tried to persuade him to sit on the bowsprit with a hatchet in his hand, ready to divide the rope. As Friday had heard so many things from me, that were equally strange, but which he had no doubt were true, he might have believed this, if when he inquired what *line* it was, one of them had not called it the *equinoctial line*. That undeceived him at once, for I had fully explained to him, that that was an imaginary line only; so with all simplicity he began explaining it to the sailors, never suspecting that their account of it was meant for a trick upon him. Disappointed as they were of their fun, they were willing to praise Friday's sagacity, and to wonder at his knowledge.

Captain Smith told us, he never suffered those coarse tricks to be played on board his vessel, which are sometimes practised in crossing the line; for when he first went to sea, he was himself so inhumanly treated, on such an occasion, that he resolved to put a stop to it, when-

ever he should be commander. Sailors are so fond of frightening and tormenting all those who cross the line for the first time, that it is very difficult to prevent it ; and Smith said the only way was to make it a matter of agreement when the crew were shipped.

The hot weather of the low latitudes spoiled most of our vegetables and fresh provisions, and our hands began to droop on their salt fare ; so Captain Smith thought it would be advisable to touch at the Cape Verde Islands. He had frequently been there, was well acquainted with the authorities, and knew nothing would refresh his lads more than some of the fine vegetables and delicious fruits of those islands.

The day that we expected to make St. Jago, it did not come in sight, and we listened in vain for that thrilling sound of "Land O!" But at dawn, the next morning, the wished for speck appeared in the horizon, and was announced to us from the mast-head. Favorable breezes wafted us towards the group of isles, and in due time we dropped our Chinese anchor in a harbour of San Jago, opposite an ill built village, which is called the city of Puerto Praya.

This first approach to the haunts of civilized man, after my long banishment, was very overpowering to my feelings. At Captain Smith's request, I had already taken off my beard, as close as scissors would cut it ; and now he wished me to shave and dress myself in my European suit of clothes, and go ashore with him. So we both made the best toilette we could ; and leaving Friday and two veteran sailors on board, we were pulled ashore in the captain's boat by the rest of his crew.

As we had no regular ship's papers or custom-house clearance to show, we were obliged to tell our story ; and it so interested all who heard it, that we were made welcome to whatever we wanted. What we were most anxious to get, was almost as scarce with them as with us ; and that was good water. These islands are subject to excessive droughts between their periodical rains, and what water they have is only from ponds and wells.

Our remarkable situation obtained for us the privilege of filling several water-casks, which was the greatest favor the suffering inhabitants of this parched soil could bestow. The boat-load of fine vegetables and fruits which they gave us was of little comparative value with them. They brought us large supplies of rice, maize, salt, sweet potatoes, figs, water-melons, bananas, papaws, grapes, and the finest oranges and lemons that I ever saw any where.

The people, though originally Portuguese, have become very much like Africans, and I thought that some of the men in authority were negroes. Numbers came on board our little vessel, to see what a few hands had accomplished, on a desert island ; every hour the interest seemed to increase, the wonder to grow, and we soon saw that we should be subject to very troublesome visitors if we staid through another day. Boats were thronging round our vessel till a late hour in the evening ; and though every one brought a contribution of fruit or vegetables, we were obliged to watch very closely to prevent their paying themselves for these pretended presents, with something we could ill spare.

When, therefore, we were left alone, and most of the lights in the city were extinguished, we took our departure from St. Jago, thankful for the kind treatment we had received, but glad to escape from further intercourse with such an ignorant and miserable people. Captain Smith told me I must not judge of the whole island by Puerto Praya ; that the ancient capital St. Jago and Ribeira Grande, where the Portuguese Governor resides, are much better built, and contain some large houses.

We now continued our voyage with fresh spirit, and earnestly hoped that the next land we made might be the coast of England. I was surprised that Captain Smith did not keep a more northerly course after leaving the Cape Verde Islands ; but he said he wished to avoid the immense fields of sea-weed which extend over thousands of square leagues to the north and northwest of those islands. We had a great variety of weather, and met with

some accidents, such as carrying away a small spar and splitting a sail to pieces; but with none which the presence of mind of Captain Smith, the activity of his sailors, and the resources of the vessel could not repair.

We were *spoken* several times, but not by any one having authority to make us declare what we were, and general answers sufficed.

On this blessed day, the 10th of August, we have made the land! It is the coast of England that we see! We hope to be up with the Scilly light before sun-set. My adventures are, I trust, ended; and the last voyage I ever wish to make, is nearly completed. I therefore hasten to finish this narrative, before I am too much agitated by a nearer approach to my home, or too much occupied by new scenes, to be able to write.

Remembering always the uncertainty of life, and that I might not live to complete my homeward voyage, I have continued my narrative to the present time; and if any thing should occur to prevent my reaching home at last, I beg my dear parents to accept this manuscript from the hand of

their unalterably attached son,
ROBINSON CRUSOE.

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE closing the foregoing narrative, I have had the inexpressible happiness of embracing my beloved parents, returning to the same endeared home that I had so often thought of in my exile, and finding all my family alive.

My long banishment from the busy scenes of civilized life, together with the agitating hopes and fears which filled my mind as I approached my native place, rendered me very unfit to travel among strangers; therefore we agreed that Hull should be the first port we would make. Our arrival there created a great sensation. The story of

the strange-looking schooner, and her still more extraordinary passengers, spread over the city with astonishing rapidity; and I should have become a public gazing-stock, if Captain Smith had not left one of his trusty fellows in command of the vessel, and taken me and Friday off post-haste to York. There he left us, in a private apartment of an hotel, while he kindly undertook to prepare my parents for the return of a son, whom they had long since mourned as dead.

He began by communicating to them vague rumors of my being alive, in some distant country; and by degrees he became more particular in his account, until he told them, I was probably on my way home now. Before he had told the whole, my mother guessed the truth; and, almost frantic with joy, she would have run out in the streets to look for me, but was prevented by my father, who endeavoured to calm her feelings, while the good captain returned to the hotel for me.

I almost flew to the well remembered house; I entered the green parlour, and clasped my mother in my arms! The scene which followed I cannot attempt to describe.

I was so altered that my parents could not have recognised me; and had my mother stopped to look at me, she would probably have hesitated to take me in her arms, as her lost son. Our feelings of affection for each other were, however, unaltered; and she felt the bond, even while she looked in vain for the image, which she had cherished in her memory as mine.

If I was altered, so were my parents. They both looked twenty years older than when I parted from them. I could not doubt that it was grief for my untimely fate, which had furrowed the cheek of my mother, and silvered the head of my father; and I wept bitter tears of sorrow and contrition for the suffering I had occasioned them.

Many agitating meetings followed with other members of my family; and for many days I was constantly receiving visits, from all who had the least claim to an acquaintance with the family.

Friday was early introduced to my father and mother, as the valued partner and soother of my exile ; and when Captain Smith brought my live-stock home and a cart-load of my baggage, our yard was thronged from morning till night ; so eager were people to see whatever came from the unknown island.

While this daily exhibition was going on, we had large family meetings at home, every evening, to hear my narrative read ; and the interest they all took in it, far exceeded my expectations, and richly rewarded me for all the pains it had cost me.

It was presently known in the city, that I had a written account of my adventures, and we had numerous urgent requests to lend it for perusal ; but my father said it would soon be worn out and rendered illegible, if it passed through the hands of half the persons who wished for it.

After some family discussion of the matter, it was determined that we had better print my narrative at once. One of my brothers advised its being put into some scholar's hand, to be corrected and re-written ; but my mother was very desirous that it should be published just as it was, and on consulting a learned friend his advice agreed with her wishes. Accordingly my simple story is to be sent to press, accompanied by an account of my childhood, furnished by a relation of my mother, and some sketches of certain scenes, which happened to strike the fancy of one of my hearers.

If this description of my sufferings and consolations serve to impress the minds of its readers with the value of a good education, the importance of early religious impressions, and the power we all possess of so turning our hearts to God, as to become reconciled to the worst misfortunes, I shall not regret that I have consented to its publication.

THE END.



