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Robinson Crusoe

FOR
Boys and Girls

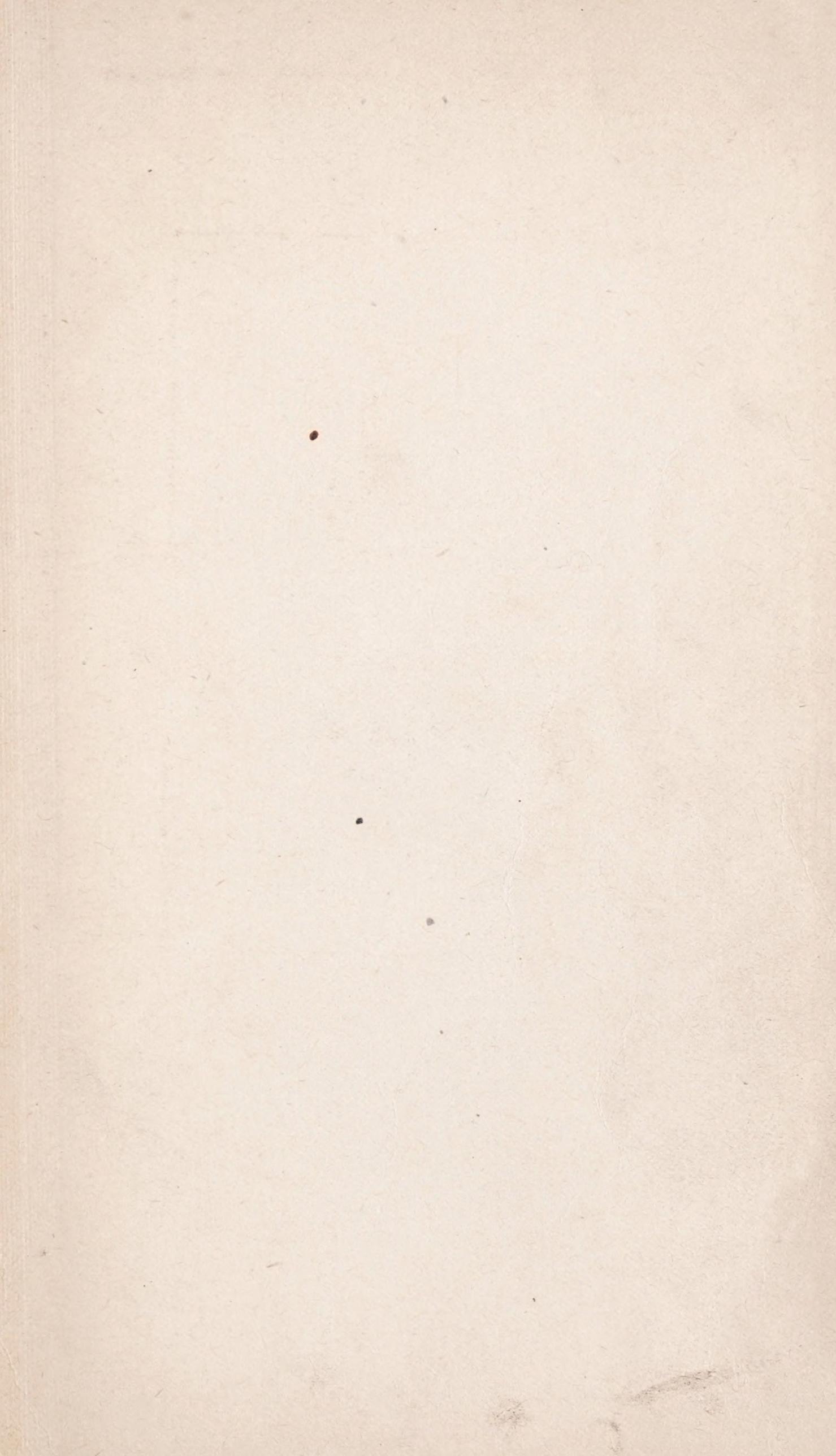


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TO
Our Little Friends and Pupils

WHO HAVE
UNCONSCIOUSLY AIDED US IN THE ADAPTATION OF
THIS STORY,
THIS VOLUME
IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED

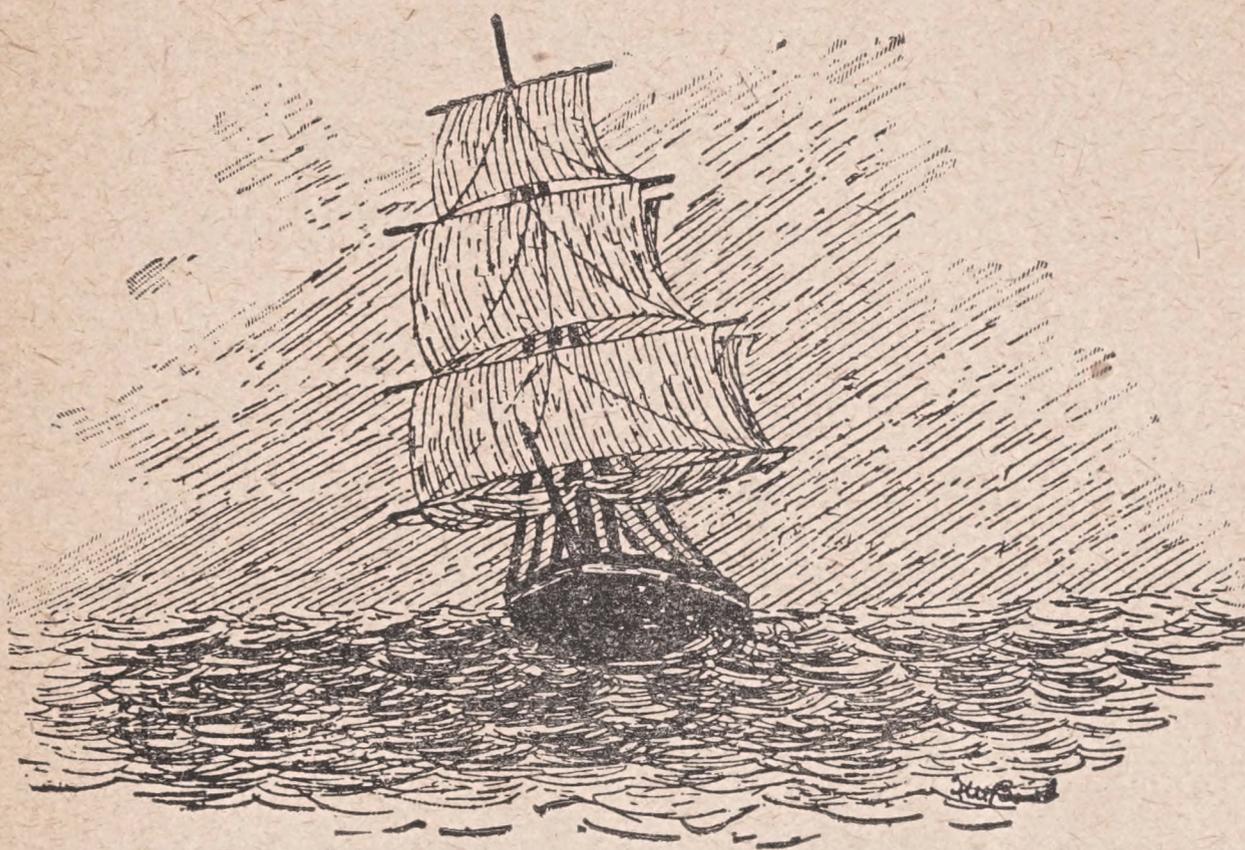
P R E F A C E.

This little book is the result of much experience in seeking to adapt the story of Robinson Crusoe to the literary attainments and educational needs of children in the primary schools. It is supposed to follow the study of the "Classic Stories for Little Ones" and to precede the study of the "Pioneer History Stories," which recount the stirring events in the lives of those heroes who first broke ground for our American civilization in the Mississippi Valley. Crusoe is the transition from myths and fairy tales, where the imagination is untrammelled by the "practical," to the study of real biography. Those events in DeFoe's story that are of doubtful educational value are omitted; but it is believed that the child's interest in the narrative is not impaired thereby. The language is that of children, and Robinson seems to be telling his story to them. It will prove to be valuable sup-

plementary reading for classes in the second and third grades.

The Appendix in the Teachers' and Mothers Edition of this story, prepared by Dr. Frank McMurry and Dr. C. C. Van Liew, will be studied with interest and profit by those for whom it was written. The former shows the educational value of the story, and the latter presents a method of teaching it to children in the second and third grades. The authors hereby acknowledge their obligations to them for their able assistance in the preparation of this edition.

THE AUTHORS.



I.

ROBINSON CRUSOE AT HOME.

When I was a little boy, I lived in a great city by the sea, with my father and mother. They were very kind to me and loved me dearly. They wished me to go to school and learn a great deal, so that I might some day be a useful man.

But I was lazy, and liked better to play by the river than to study. I often sat

hour after hour watching the great ships loading and unloading their cargoes, and as they sailed away I wished I might go with them.

My father had told me that the ships came from lands where the men did not look like those I knew, and the plants and animals were very different from any I had seen.

He expected me to become a merchant, but I could think of nothing but the ships, and I often ran away from my work to watch them.

When I was sixteen years old, father said to me one day: "Robinson, I wish you to be a merchant. If you attend to your work, you shall some day take charge of my business; but if you are lazy, no one will care for you and you will not be able to care for yourself." He talked to me a long time about my bad habits.

I thought of what he had said and made up my mind to work hard. But it was not

long before I began to think of the ships again and long to sail across the ocean.

Father saw that I was not doing my work well, and one morning he said: "Robinson, what will become of you? Do you want to become a good-for-nothing, and some day beg for your bread?"

I said: "But, father, I do not wish to be a merchant. I want to go away on one of those ships. It must be great fun to be out on the ocean, and I want to see those strange lands."

My father replied: "But, my son, if you do not learn anything you will be of no use to anyone on the ship, and one must work in other countries as well as here. You must remember that idleness is the beginning of all mischief. If you disobey your father and mother and run away, you will sometime be sorry; for whoever disobeys his parents will never be happy."

While he was talking, the tears ran down his face, and I could not help but feel that

I ought to do as he wished, and I again promised to do better.

But very soon I forgot all about my promise, and when my father was not near I threw my work aside, put on my hat, and went to the harbor.

As I sat watching the ships, I wished more than ever to sail away. I knew it would do no good to say more to father about going; but I went to my mother and said: "Mother, will you please ask father to let me go off on just one voyage?"

But she would listen to nothing of the kind, and with tears in her eyes she said: "Robinson, you are our only child, and were we to lose you, we should be left all alone. Your father and I are old, and who would take care of us if we were sick? Do not make us unhappy. Do not leave us." I said nothing more then, but I could not help thinking about a voyage on the ocean.

Two years passed, and as I was walking one day along the harbor I met a friend, the son of the captain of one of the vessels.

After talking some time, my friend said, "Well, Robinson, father starts for America today, and I am going with him."

"Oh! how I wish I could go with you!" said I.

"Come along!" said he.

"But I have no money," I replied.

"Father will take you for nothing, I am sure," said my friend. "You can work for him on the ship."

Giving him my hand, I said, "Good! If he will let me work my way I will go with you."



II.

THE VOYAGE.

The ship on which I found myself, that bright September morning, was a large one. The sailors were getting it ready for the voyage. Soon I heard the cry, "A—all ha—a—nds! up anchor, a—ho—oy!" At once everything seemed to be filled with

life; the sails were loosed, the yards braced, and the anchor slowly raised.

Orders were given so rapidly and there was such a hurrying about and so many strange noises that I hardly knew what to make of it. The boom of a cannon was heard above the shouts of the sailors and the creaking of the sails; then the vessel moved slowly out of the harbor. In a short time we were under way.

I turned to look at the home I was leaving. I could see the streets with the people passing up and down, the houses, and the gardens. Soon I could see only the towers; finally they, too, faded from sight, and I was out on the great ocean.

Behind me and before me, to my right and to my left, I could see nothing but water—water—water. Then I began to think of what I had done. I remembered my father's tears and my mother's kindness, and here I was out upon the ocean, sailing away from parents, home, and friends.

A strong wind arose, and the ship rocked

so fearfully from side to side that I became dizzy. The storm grew worse, and I thought that every wave would surely swallow up the ship. Every time it went down into the trough or hollow of the sea, I feared it would never come up again. I told my friend that I was very much afraid; but he only laughed at me and said, "Oh, you will get used to this after a little."

I began to feel faint, so that I had to hold on to something to keep from falling down. The masts and ropes danced about and the sailors seemed to be walking on their heads. Finally, as I let go my hold, I fell full length upon the deck and could not rise. I was seasick. This sickness lasted for two days; then the sea became quiet and I began to get better.

This storm was followed by a few days of pleasant weather; then suddenly the sky grew dark, the winds howled, and there was much shouting among the sailors and officers. Another storm had arisen. I thought every minute that the ship would

sink and made up my mind that if I ever reached land I would go back to my home and stay there. The storm raged all day and all night. But when the morning dawned, the sky became clear, the waves were more quiet and the ocean looked beautiful. I was used to the rocking of the vessel by this time and began to love the excitement.

We had been out several weeks when another heavy storm struck us. This was very much worse than either of the others; all on board feared that we were lost. The wind and waves drove the ship onward, tossing it about like a nut-shell.

Suddenly the sailor at the masthead cried out, "Land ahead!" All rushed up from below to see, but the waves broke over the deck with such fury that they were driven back into the cabin.

Then came a fearful shock. The vessel had struck a rock. The sailors below cried out, "The ship has sprung a leak!" The water poured in; the vessel began to settle

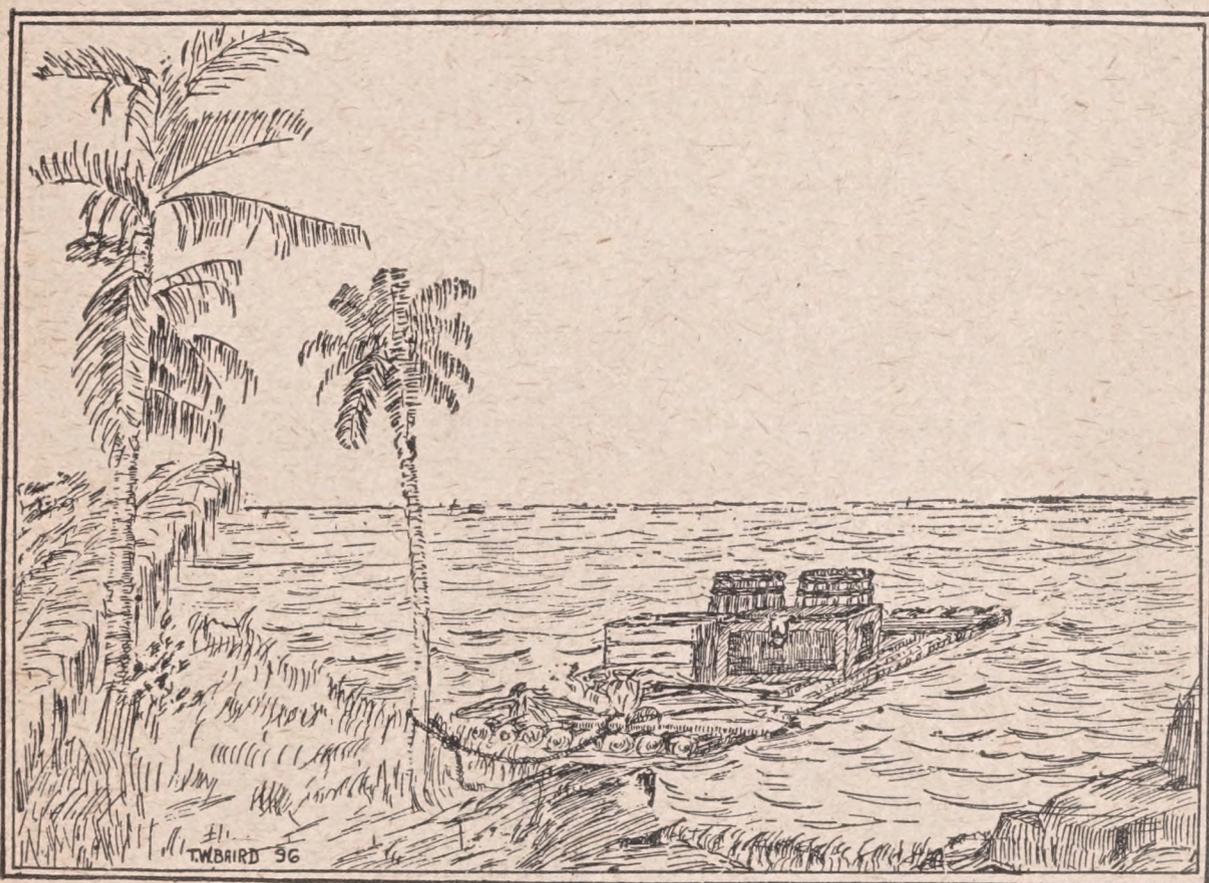
down; everyone called for help; and each thought only of saving his own life.

A small boat was let down into the water, and all of the men jumped into it. When we were only a little way from the sinking vessel, a great wave, that looked like a mountain, came rolling toward our little bark. It was overturned and all the men went down.

I knew how to swim very well, but the waves were so strong that I could do nothing. I came to the top but a wave carried me under again. Another wave brought me again to the top, and this time I could see land very near. Then a heavy sea hurled me against a rock, and I clung to this with all my strength. Another wave dashed over me, but I held on to the rock. Then I ran up the slope, but only a little way, for I fell to the ground and knew nothing more for a long time.

When I opened my eyes my first question was, "Where am I?" I looked for the sailors, but alas! I did not see them, and I

said that all must have been drowned. I was the only one whose life had been saved. I knelt down on the rocks and thanked God for His mercy to me.



III.

ROBINSON IN HIS NEW HOME.

I began to wonder what I should do here. I was very wet and had no change of clothes. I was hungry and thirsty and

did not know where to look for food or drink. I was also afraid that wild animals might attack me, for I had no gun.

It was growing dark and I must look for a safe place to sleep. Where should I find it? For some time I stood still, dazed and helpless, not knowing what to do.

At last I said, "I will do as the birds do, find a bed in a tree." I soon found a tree with thick branches in which I could settle myself quite comfortably and sleep without danger of falling.

As I had nothing with which to defend myself but a knife, I cut me a stout stick. Then I climbed the tree, arranged myself carefully and fell asleep. Being very tired I slept soundly till morning.

When I awoke it was broad day; the weather was clear and the sea calmer. I was weak from hunger and thirst and wondered what I could find for breakfast. I climbed down from my bed and walked around looking for food, but I found only grass, and trees that bore no fruit.

“I shall die of hunger,” I cried. But when the need is greatest then God’s help is nearest. I had gone but a few steps when I saw a large plant with a thick stalk, and on it were three long ears. It was a stalk of corn.

I broke off one ear and ate the kernels. The other ears I put into my pocket. I also found a spring of clear, cool water.

Not far away was a high hill. I went up to the top of it that I might look about me. It took me half an hour to climb it but when I had reached the top I could see a long distance. I found that there was water all around me. This distressed me greatly.

“So I am upon an island,” I cried, “alone, and without food or shelter. O, what will become of me!”

As I spoke my eyes fell upon the ship. It lay about a mile from the shore, and had not been broken to pieces by the storm, as I had supposed. It was still resting upon the rock. “I must reach that ship,” I thought. “How can I do it?”

The water was so shallow that I could wade within a quarter of a mile of it, and I swam the remainder of the distance. By the help of a rope I climbed to the deck of the vessel. No sooner had I reached it than I was greeted by the joyful barking of our dog, which the sailors had named Barri. He jumped upon me, kissing my face and laughing with joy to see a friend once more. I, too, was glad to have good old Barri with me again.

I found many things on board the vessel which were not at all injured by the salt water of the sea. First of all I hunted for food, and found a chest of ship biscuits. I gave some to Barri who was very hungry, and ate many of them myself.

I gathered those things together which I wished to take with me, and built a raft by fastening a number of logs together with ropes, and nailing some boards upon these. I put upon the raft the chest of biscuits, a flint for making a fire, a box of tools, a sabre, four guns, two barrels of powder and

some shot, a bundle of clothing and many other things.

With a broken oar I then rowed toward land. Suddenly I heard a splashing behind me, and turned about, much frightened. But it was only Barri, the faithful dog, who was swimming after me. I drew the poor fellow out of the water on to the raft. In half an hour I brought everything safely to land. It was now getting dark, and again I hunted for a tree in which to spend the night.

The next morning my first thought was of the ship. I decided to bring over all of the things which I might be able to use.

I went to the vessel on my raft and brought back two kegs of nails and one of spikes, a large auger, a grindstone, two barrels of bullets, a large bag of shot, seven muskets, a sledge hammer and chest of tools, a sail, and some bedding. I wanted to put on other things, but the raft could hold no more. I brought all these safely to land. My next care was to get my goods under cover. For this purpose I went to

work to build myself a tent. I cut a few poles, set them into the ground in the form of a circle. I then tied the tops together and fastened the sail over the whole. Into this tent I put everything that I had brought from the ship. I swam out to the ship eleven times and each day brought home on a new raft food or other things which I thought I might need.

The last time I went to the ship I found in a drawer a pair of scissors, a few knives, and a bag of gold. I was very glad to get the scissors and knives, but had no use at present for the gold, though I put it in my bag.

But a strong wind arose while I was on the ship, and I had not time to make a raft before the storm broke, so I swam ashore. I had barely reached the land when the wind became so strong that the waves broke over the ship. When the sea became quiet again nothing could be seen of it. I felt very thankful that I had been able to get so much, for I thought, "How could I have lived without these things!"



IV.

ROBINSON'S HOUSE.

My tent stood on low, wet ground, which was not a good place for a home. I looked about a long time and at last I found a level spot on the side of a hill near the sea, which suited me very well.

Back of this plain was a high, steep wall of rock, in which was an opening like that of a cave. I said to myself, "What a fine home I can make here!"

I first brought up my tent and everything that was in it. This was hard work. I set up the tent and moved everything into it; then I built a double wall or fence in the shape of a semi-circle, extending from one side of the cave around to the other side, and inclosing a beautiful green yard.

The front of the fence was ten yards from the cave door, and its two ends were about twenty yards apart. This double fence was made by driving two rows of strong stakes into the ground until they stood very firm. They stood five feet and a half high and were sharpened at the top. These two rows were only six inches apart.

Between them I laid one row after another of ship cable until it reached the top. Other stakes, two and a half feet long, were driven into the ground inside of the second row, and they leaned against

the fence so as to brace it. Neither man nor animal could get through this fence, nor was it easy to climb over it. Instead of a gate I made me a ladder so that I might go over the top. When I was within, I lifted the ladder in after me. The fencing in of my home had been a hard piece of work and had lasted more than three months.

Within this fence I built a cabin. My tent had allowed the rain to go through. I wished to make the roof of the cabin rain proof. I measured off ten steps directly in front of my cave and marked the spot. To the right and to the left of this I measured off five steps. At these two points I drove poles very firmly into the ground. Upon these I laid a cross piece. Upon this cross piece were nailed the rafters, their other end resting on the rocky cliff and forming a slanting roof.

I covered this roof with long grass and I made the sides of wood, and filled the cracks with mud. A piece of sail formed the door.

When I had done this I began to dig my way into the rock. I carried all the stones out through my cabin and laid them up within the fence. This raised the ground all around about a foot and a half. The cave formed the cellar to my house.

V.

HIS WORK.

While I was at work in the cave a storm came up. It grew dark, and suddenly there was a flash of lightning, and after that a great clap of thunder. I thought, "Oh, my powder! If the lightning should reach that, what should I do? If I lose my powder I cannot get food, and I shall have nothing with which to protect myself."

After the storm was over I shook out some small grain bags which I had, and made some others and put the powder into about a hundred of these, hoping that if some of it should burn, I could keep a part at least. I hid these bags of powder in holes among the rocks. Here it could not get wet.

While I was doing this I went out at least once a day with my gun. The first time I discovered that there were goats

upon the island, and I was glad to see them. But they were very shy and ran so swiftly that it was the most difficult thing in the world to catch them.

One day I watched for them, thinking perhaps I could shoot one; but when they were upon the rocks and saw me in the valley they would run away, very much frightened. When they were feeding in the valley and I was upon the rocks, however, they took no notice of me. From this I thought that they could not see readily objects that were above them. So I climbed the rocks to get above them, and then fired at them.

The first goat that I shot was an old one. She had a little kid by her side, which I did not see at first. It grieved me that I had killed the mother. I picked up the mother goat and carried her home over my shoulder, the little kid following me. I thought I could tame the kid, but it would not eat; so I had to kill it to keep it from starving to death.

Many times I grew sad, thinking of my home in England. Then I would remember how I had been saved and this would make me very thankful.

I had been on the island about ten or twelve days, when the thought came to me that I should not be able to tell the day of the week or month after a while, for want of books and pen and ink, and should not know which was the Sabbath day.

To prevent this, I set up a post, and on this I cut these words: "I came on shore here the 30th of September, 1659." Then for every day I cut a notch. Every seventh notch was longer than the others.

One day, as I was looking over the things I had brought from the ship, I found pens, ink, and paper; also three good Bibles and several other books. I must not forget, also, that we had in the ship two cats, which I brought home with me.

I was careful not to waste any ink, for I knew that I could not get any more when that was gone.

One day I wrote the following upon paper:

EVIL.

I am cast upon a lonely island; no hope of being saved.

I am alone—one man all alone.

I have no clothes.

I have nothing to fight with.

I have no one to speak to.

GOOD.

But I am alive.

But I am not starved.

But it is warm here.

But I am upon an island where I see no wild beasts.

But God sent the ship near enough to the shore for me to get many things, and I have Barri and the cats for company.

This made me think that no matter how hard my life seemed, I could find something for which to be thankful.

I needed many things in the house, so I went to work and made some of them. First, I made a chair and a table out of short pieces of boards which I had brought from the ship. Then I made some shelves along one side of my cave. You may know that this was no light task, when I tell you that I had no tools but an ax and an adze. If I wanted a board, I must chop down a tree, cut off from the trunk the length that

I wanted, and hew it flat on either side with my ax until I had made it as thin as a plank. Then I smoothed it with my adze. In this way I could make but one board out of a whole tree. But there was no help for it, and as I had plenty of time it was just as well to spend it in this way.

The boards which I used for shelves were a foot and a half wide, and were placed one under another all along one side of my cave. On these I laid my tools, nails, and other things. I drove spikes into the wall, on which to hang my guns. It was a great pleasure to me to see all my goods in such order, and to know that I had so many useful things.

I went out for about two hours every morning with my gun, when it did not rain. Then I worked until eleven o'clock. After this I had my dinner. From twelve to two o'clock I slept, then I went to work again.

One day when I was out hunting I killed a young goat and lamed another. I caught the lame one, led it home, and bound up its

leg, which I found was broken. I took such good care of it that it soon became as well as ever. It would eat near my door and it was so tame that it would not go away.

I worked hard, but often the rains kept me in the house. I had to go to bed early, for I had no light. I wished very often for a lamp and studied how to make one.

The best that I could do was to save the tallow from a goat which I had killed. I then made a little dish of clay and dried it in the sun. I filled this with tallow, using some oakum for a wick. This gave me a light but not so clear and steady as a candle.



VI.

SURPRISES.

One day I saw a few blades of green coming up out of the ground just outside the wall I had built in front of my door. I was very much surprised, a few weeks later, to see heads of wheat growing on these plants. When I saw this new gift, tears came to my eyes. I thought of the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," and I repeated it.

I asked myself, "How came this wheat here?" Then I remembered that one day during a great rain I had shaken some dirt out of a bag which had once held wheat. A few grains must have been left in the bag. It was in April that I found the plants, and in June I gathered a few grains of wheat and saved them for seed.

By the side of the rock, back of my house, a few rice plants were growing. I watched these and when the rice was ripe I gathered it for seed. The seed had been sown in the same way.

I had been working very hard for three or four months trying to get my fence done. The very next day after it was finished, I came near having my work spoiled and myself killed.

As I was busy behind my cabin, just at the opening of the cave, I was terribly frightened by a most surprising thing. The earth began to fall from the roof of my cave, and from the edge of the hill over

my head. Two posts which I had set up in the cave cracked.

I was alarmed, for I thought that the roof was falling in, and fearing that I should be buried in it, I ran to my ladder. I did not feel safe here, for the rocks from the hill might roll down upon me; so I got over the fence, and as soon as I had stepped down upon the ground I knew that it was an earthquake.

The ground on which I stood shook three times. The shocks were heavy enough to overturn the strongest building in the world. A great piece of the top of a rock, which was about half a mile away and near the sea, fell down with a terrible noise such as I had never heard in all my life.

I was so frightened that I grew faint and sick. The falling of the rock aroused me, and then I could think of nothing but the hill falling upon my cabin.

After the third shock was over I felt no more, but I was still afraid to go over my

fence, and I sat upon the ground, not knowing what to do.

While here, the clouds gathered and it looked as if it might rain. Soon after, the wind began to rise, and in less than half an hour it blew a most fearful hurricane. The sea was white with foam, and the waves rolled high upon the shore. Great trees were torn up by the roots, and the howling of the storm was appalling.

This lasted for three or four hours, then it began to rain. All this time I sat upon the ground, but when the rain began to fall I went into my cabin. It rained so hard that I had to go into the cave, although I still feared it would fall upon my head.

It rained all night and a great part of the next day. I began to wonder what I had better do. I thought that if there were earthquakes on the island, it would not do to live on the side of the hill beside the rocks. So I determined to build a cabin away from the hill, and then build a fence

around it; but I was settled so comfortably here that I did not like to think of moving.

My tools were all so dull that I could not do much chopping until they were sharpened. I had a grindstone but I could not turn it and grind my tools at the same time.

At last I fastened a crank to the axle; this crank I connected with a treadle by a string; I worked this treadle with my foot, so that I might have both my hands free. I spent two days sharpening my tools, which had all become very dull.

One morning I found, by the seaside, a tortoise, or turtle. This was the first I had seen, not because they were scarce, for there were many on the side of the island which I had not visited. I might have had hundreds of them every day, as I found afterwards, but perhaps I should have paid dearly enough for them. I cooked this one and found it better food than any I had tasted since I was shipwrecked on this lonely island.



VII.

ROBINSON SICK.

The day on which I found the turtle it began to rain. It rained all day and it was still raining the next morning.

It was usually too warm, but this rain felt cold, and I was sick and chilly all day. At night I could not sleep for the fever and pain in my head.

I was no better in the morning, and I became greatly frightened and did not know what to do. I prayed to God, but I scarcely knew what I said.

I was some better the fourth day, but worse on the fifth. The sixth day I was better again, but on the seventh I had another chill and a burning fever.

The next day I was better again, and having nothing to eat, I took my gun and went out hunting. I killed a goat, but could carry home only a part of it.

The chill came again the next day and I had to lie in bed. I was suffering with thirst, but I was too weak to get any water. I prayed to God, but all I could say was, "Lord, look upon me! Lord, pity me! Lord, have mercy upon me!" After awhile I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was far into the night and I was still very thirsty, but as there was no water in my cabin, I had to wait until morning. I went to sleep again and had a strange dream.

I thought that my good father stood before me and called, "Robinson, Robinson." I stretched out my arms and cried, "Here I am; here I am," and then I fell back upon the bed.

When I awoke, my mouth burned and I feared I was going to die. Then I cried out, "Lord, be my help, for I am in great need!" I soon fell asleep again; the next time I awoke I felt better.

The first thing I did after getting up was to fill a bottle with water and place it near my bed. Then I broiled a piece of meat on the coals, but I could eat very little. I walked about, but was very weak, and I felt sad thinking that the next day the chill would return.

At night I made my supper of three of the turtle's eggs, which I roasted in the ashes. After I had eaten I tried to walk, but I was not able to carry a gun; so I went but a little way and sat down upon the ground, looking out over the sea which lay just before me so beautiful and calm.

As I sat there I thought of my father and mother. How kind they had always been to me! I thought how terrible it would be to die here all alone, and I prayed again to God to help me to return home again.

Then I thought, "Why should God help me? Have I not disobeyed his commands? God wants us to obey our parents and to love them, but I have not done so. I have run away from them and made them very unhappy."

I walked back slowly to my cabin, lighted my lamp, and sat down to think what I could do to get cured of my sickness. I looked into one of the chests, hoping to find in it some medicine. I did not find the medicine, but during my search I found a Bible. I brought it to the table and tried to read, but I was still dizzy and the letters danced before my eyes; but I made out this verse: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

These words comforted me. I began to grow sleepy, so, leaving my lamp burning, I went to bed. But before I lay down, I knelt and asked God to take care of me.

Then I fell asleep and did not wake until nearly three o'clock the next day; but I was much refreshed, and when I got up I felt stronger.

From this time on I grew better each day, although it was several weeks before I fully recovered. I kept thinking of those words, "I will deliver thee." I wondered how God would deliver me. Then I thought, "Has he not done so? I was delivered from the wreck, but how have I glorified Him?" I fell on my knees and thanked God for all His kindness to me.



VIII.

ROBINSON EXPLORES THE ISLAND.

I was soon well again, and started out to see more of my island home. At first I had been afraid of wild animals and wild men,

but now I said, "God has taken care of me so far and I believe he will keep me from harm."

One morning in July I started out, going up the creek which flowed past my house. On both sides lay beautiful meadows of waving grass, and many flowers were growing on the banks. I tried to find a kind of root out of which the Indians make their bread, but I found none.

The next day I went up the stream again, but I went farther. I found that beyond the meadows were thick woods. In this part of the island were melons and grapes that were ripe and sweet.

When night came I was so far from home that I did not try to return. I slept well in a tree, and the next morning continued my journey about four miles, through a valley with hills on each side. At the end of this valley I came to an opening, where there was a little spring of cold water, and everything looked fresh and green.

Here were cocoa palms, orange, lemon,

and citron trees. From these I gathered more fruit than I could carry. I filled my pockets as full as I could, and left a great heap of it lying on the ground, thinking that I would come for it later.

The next day I went back, having made two small bags in which to carry my fruit. I was surprised upon coming to my heap of grapes, which were so rich and fine, to find them all scattered about, trodden to pieces, and many of them eaten.

I knew that some animal must have done this, so after that, when I wanted to save grapes, I hung them on the branches of the trees where they would dry. In this way I could have a supply of raisins. This time I took home as many lemons as I could carry.

This place was so beautiful that I thought I would like to live here, and I looked around for a spot upon which to build a house. But after thinking more about it, I remembered that my home was near the sea, where I hoped some day to see a ship.

Or, if some one should be ship-wrecked as I had been, I would be near to help him.

I liked the woods so well, that I built there a kind of bower where I could stay when I chose. I made a strong fence of poles and brushwood, and used a ladder as in my other home. I called this my country house.

Very soon after I had finished my bower the rainy season came on and I had to stay in my cabin.

On September thirtieth, I counted up the notches on my post, and found that I had been on the island three hundred and sixty-five days. (I had cut a notch for every day since the ship-wreck.) I spent this day in religious worship. I knelt down and prayed God to forgive my sins. I fasted for twelve hours, then I ate a biscuit and a bunch of raisins and went to bed.

During the rainy season I stayed in my cabin most of the time, but I always found work to do. I needed baskets very much, and I had tried several ways of making

them. But all of the twigs that I could get were too brittle.

One day, while at my country house, I found some willow twigs that seemed tough. I cut them and let them dry, and then carried them to my cabin.

In the rainy season I made my baskets of these. This business was not new to me, for when I was a boy I used to watch a basket-maker who lived in our town, and sometimes I would work with him.

IX.

ANOTHER TRIP.

In order to know still more about my island, I made ready for a longer trip. I took my gun, a hatchet, some biscuits, and some raisins, and Barri and I set out.

I went beyond my country house to a place where I could see the ocean on the other side of the island. Far off across the water I saw more land. I thought it must be some part of America, or perhaps another island.

This side of the island seemed more pleasant than mine, for here were many beautiful flowers and trees. In the woods nearby, birds were singing their songs and flitting from tree to tree. There were also a great many parrots with their gay plumage. I caught a young one and carried it home, that I might teach it to talk.

I also saw many small wild animals, but

I shot none as I did not wish to waste my powder. I was surprised to see the sand on the shore nearly covered with turtles.

I drove a stake into the ground for a landmark, thinking that on the next journey I would go around the seacoast the other way until I came to it.

I was ready to go home now and took a new way. I had not gone far when I found myself in a large valley with wooded hills all around. My only guide was the sun, and as the weather was hazy for three or four days I lost my way.

I wandered about for a long time but at last found my stake and went home the same way that I had come.

On the way home Barri caught a young goat which I saved alive, and took home to tame. I made a collar for the little thing out of some string which I always carried with me, and led it to my country home where I left it.

After being away from home for a month, I was anxious to get back. I cannot tell

the pleasure it was to me to come into my cabin again and lie down in my hammock.

I rested for a week after my journey, and during the time made a cage for Polly. Then I began to think of the little kid I had left in the bower. I went out to it and found it nearly starved. When I had fed it' it followed me like a dog, and soon became a great pet.

X.

HIS GARDEN.

The daily journal that I kept helped me to discover that there were four seasons upon the island; two rainy and the other two dry. From the middle of February till the middle of April, it was rainy; from the middle of April to the middle of August, it was dry; from the middle of August till the middle of October, rainy; from the middle of October till the middle of February, dry.

One time, before I knew this, I planted my seed on the first of May but it did not sprout. The next season I planted some early in August and the rain coming soon it grew well.

So I found that there were two seed times and two harvests. I planted my garden in September and in October it looked well. I thought, "What a fine harvest I am going

to have." But one day I saw that some wild goats and hares were eating off the tender blades of the grain.

I knew of no way to protect my crop except to build a high fence around the field, so I went to work and at the end of three weeks it was done.

But this fence could not save my grain, for one day when it was nearly ripe I saw a great many birds in my garden. I shot at them and a great flock arose; this worried me, for I knew that unless I did something immediately to scare them away they would eat up all my grain and I might starve.

I went into the garden and found that they had spoiled some of it already, and as I was coming away I saw the thieves sitting upon the trees round about as if waiting until I had gone.

Sure enough, I was not out of sight before down they flew. I fired my gun and killed three. These I hung up in the field,

which seemed to so frighten the others that they did not come back.

When the grain was ripe I did not know how to harvest it, for I had neither scythe nor sickle. But I remembered a broad sword that I had brought from the ship and with this I did the work very well. I carried the grain home in the baskets which I had made, and rubbed it out with my hands.

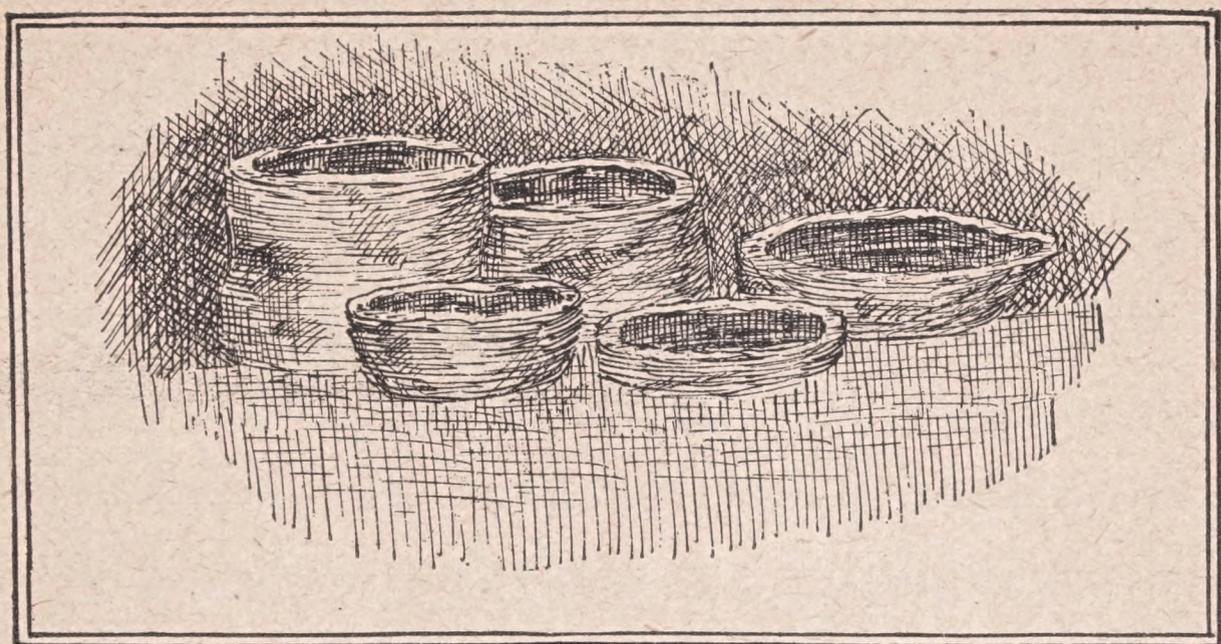
I had already quite a stock of rice and the new harvest gave me more. The third planting brought me over a bushel of wheat and as much rice. The fourth planting brought five bushels of wheat and still more of rice. Next time I planted two bushels of each kind and gathered more than forty bushels in all. Then I had all of the grain that I needed.

It might be truly said that I had worked for my bread.

I had no plow to turn up the earth; no spade nor shovel to dig with; so I spent many days making a wooden spade. I had

no harrow, so I had to go over the field dragging a great heavy bough of a tree to break the clods and make the ground smooth.

Now that I had wheat how could I grind it? And if I had it ground into flour, how could I make bread of it? And how could I bake the bread after I had made it? I spent many hours trying to find answers to all these questions.



VI.

ROBINSON AS A COOK.

The rainy season coming on again, I had to work in the house. I taught my parrot to speak and I was very glad when she could say, "Polly wants a cracker, cracker."

I needed some jars and plates very much, so I studied how to make them. I found a certain kind of clay which I thought would do.

It would make you pity me or laugh at me were I to tell you of the ugly shaped things I formed; but at last I made some

which I dried in the sun, and they held my rice and grain very well.

But what I most wished for was something in which to cook my food. Some time after I made my first jars I had a hot fire for cooking my meat, and when I went to put it out I found a broken piece of one of my jars in the fire. It was burned as hard as stone and was as red as tile. I was surprised to see this, and I said to myself, "Why not burn whole jars and make them hard like this piece?"

So I went to work and made some more kettles and jars, and although they were not very smooth nor round, yet they did very well.

I placed the three largest vessels close together, with a good bed of live coals under them, and made a big fire all around them, but hardly had the flames begun to shoot up when "crack! crack!" and one vessel fell to pieces. I said to myself, "I believe it is too hot." So I put some of the fire out. As the others did not crack I kept

up the fire, and after a while they turned a bright red.

I thought that was all right, and I stayed up the whole night to watch the burning of my pottery. "Now," said I, "they are ready to use." But I found that something was the matter. They crumbled and fell to pieces.

I did not know just what to do now, but I dug a deep hole and laid stones about it. Then I made a small fire in the hole and put in my jars. I kept making the fire a little hotter, and after a good many hours they were all a glowing red. Then it seemed as though they would all melt, so I let the fire go down slowly.

I could hardly wait for them to cool before trying them. This time they were well baked, for they had been in the fire just long enough.

I put some meat into one of them with water and rice, and set it on the fire. It was well cooked and tasted very good, better than any I had had since I came to the

island. Some salt, which I had found near the sea on one of my trips, gave just the right flavor.

I had thought so much about my jars that I had forgotten to write the days in my calendar. I found that the next day would be Sunday. I wished to spend it in the right way, for I thought of what the Bible says: "Six days thou shalt labor and do all thy work, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work."

When I had eaten my supper I went to sleep, and in the morning I wakened just as the sun was lighting up the hilltops. I arose quickly and offered my morning prayer. Then I milked my goats and drank the milk for my breakfast.

After breakfast I went out into the morning air, where the birds were singing their merry songs and everything was glad. I took off my hat and sang too. Never before did I feel so thankful to God. Then I knelt down by a palm tree as before an al-

tar, and gave thanks to God for His great goodness.

I had been thinking for a long time how I could make flour of my wheat. First of all I needed a mill. "If I had a mortar," I said, "I could crush the grain in that."

I hunted many days for a large hollow stone for a mortar, but could find none; I had no tools strong enough to cut one out of the solid rock, besides, the rocks were soft and sandy, and they would not do for a mortar. At last I gave up looking for a stone and began to seek for a block of hard wood. After I had found one large enough, I rounded it off with my hatchet, and then with much hard work and the help of fire, I made a hollow place in it.

After this I made a heavy pestle of iron-wood.

The next thing was to make a sieve. This was a hard thing to do. I had no cloth that would do for it; I had goat's hair, but did not know how to weave it.

After a long time I found some coarse

muslin in one of the chests, and with some of this I made three sieves which worked very well.

The baking was the next thing to plan for, and as I had no oven, I moulded some dishes from clay that were quite shallow. These I burned in the fire like the others.

When baking day came I made a great fire upon the hearth. After the fire had burned down to live coals I drew them forward upon the hearth so as to cover it all over.

When the hearth was very hot I swept away the coals and placed a loaf of dough there. Then I covered it with one of my dishes; and drew the coals all around the outside of the dish, to keep in the heat and to make more. In this way I baked my bread, and after a time I made puddings also.

It took me nearly a year to make all these things. I could not work at them all of the time, for I had my garden to take care of and other work to do.



XII.

ROBINSON MAKES A BOAT.

While I was at work I often thought about the land which I had seen across the water, and I could not help wishing to go to it. Perhaps people lived there, and if I could reach it I might find a chance to return home on some ship.

Many times I longed for a boat that I might sail over to that country.

I began to think then that perhaps I might make a canoe out of the trunk of a tree. As I thought more about it this seemed quite easy to do.

So I went to work, first cutting down a fine cedar tree. It was five feet ten inches in diameter at the stump, and four feet eleven inches at the distance of twenty-two feet farther up.

It took more than two weeks to cut this tree down and nearly as long to trim off the branches. Then I spent a month in shaping it, and three times as long in digging out the inside.

When the work was done, I was very much pleased with it. It would carry twenty-six men, and was large enough to hold me and all of my household goods.

The boat was about a half-hour's walk from the ocean, and there was a small hill to go over. A ditch or canal must be dug through this hill, so as to make a level way

for the boat, but when this was done I could not stir the canoe.

Then I thought that I would cut a canal deep enough to bring the water to the canoe, since I could not bring the canoe to the water. Well, I began this work, but when I thought how deep it must be and how broad, I knew it would take me at least ten years to finish it. So I had to give up this boat. I felt very sorry about it, for I had worked hard to make it. But I learned too late how foolish it is to begin a work before counting the cost, and seeing how I was to get through with every part of it.

XIII.

ROBINSON A TAILOR.

I had now been on the island so long that many things which I had brought from the ship were used up. My ink had been gone for some time. I put in some water and made it last as long as I could, but it became so pale that the words on the paper were not visible.

My clothes, too, were old and ragged, for I had worn them in the rain and had done a great deal of hard work in them. I had brought some clothing from the ship, but that was all worn out.

Now I must plan for some new clothes. I had plenty of money, but what good could that do me here? If I were at home I could buy many fine clothes with it, but money was of no use on this island.

For a long time I could think of nothing from which to make clothes. Then I re-

remembered that I had saved all of the skins of the goats I had killed, and had dried them in the sun. These might do for cloth, but how could I make them into clothing?

First, I took my measure for a jacket. I found that I would need three skins—one for the back, one for the front, and one for the sleeves.

Next, I cut them into four-cornered pieces. It took a long time to sew them together, and I made sad work of it. I was a poor carpenter, and a very poor tailor indeed.

The sleeves gave me the most trouble because they had to be sewed at the shoulders to the other parts. It took me two days to make the jacket, but when it was finished it was just the thing. I put the hair on the outside to turn the rain, and it kept out the heat also.

I made some leggings and a cap—all out of goat skin. The cap looked like a large cone. It was somewhat longer behind than in front, to keep the rain and the heat from

my neck. I was very proud of my suit when it was finished.

After this I spent much time in making an umbrella from skins. I spoiled two or three before I made one that suited me. I wanted it so made that I could shut it up, for I could not always carry it open. At last I made one that would shut up, and now I could go out in the hottest weather, as well as when it rained.



XIV.

HE MAKES A SMALLER CANOE.

For five years after this, nothing unusual happened to me, and I lived on in the same way as before. My regular work was taking care of my garden, curing my raisins, and hunting.

Besides this, I was working upon another canoe. As for the first one, it lay just where I had made it, as a silent reminder to be wiser hereafter and always to think before I acted.

The second boat was about half a mile from the water, for I could find no tree of the right size nearer. It was smaller than the first, and by digging a ditch six feet wide and four feet deep I brought it to the creek.

This little boat would not serve for such a trip as I had planned with the other, but I could sail around my island in it.

I fitted up a mast and made a sail out of some of the pieces of the ship's sails that still remained. Then I made a trial trip and found that it would sail quite well.

I made little boxes at each end of the boat in which to put powder and other things which were to be kept dry. Then I dug a long hollow place in the side where I could lay my gun, making a flap to hang down over it to keep it dry.

I bored a hole for the stock of my umbrella near the stern of the boat so that I might have a sun-shade as I sailed. Once in a while I took a little trip down the creek and out on the ocean, but I did not go far.

At last I got ready for a trip around the island. I put in some bread, rice, powder and shot, and two large watch-coats which I had saved from the ship, one to lie upon and the other to cover me at night.

It was in November, in the sixth year of my stay, that I started out on this trip; it proved to be a longer one than I had expected.

It was not that the island was so large, but when I came to the east side I found a ledge of rocks reaching far out into the ocean, and beyond this was a strip of sand. I had to go out a long way into the sea to get around this sand bar.

When I first saw these rocks I thought I would return home. I anchored my boat, and taking my gun climbed a hill. What I

saw from the top made me decide to go on in my boat.

The sea being a little rough, I stayed on shore for two days. But on the third day the sea was calm again and I started out.

When I reached the point, suddenly the boat began to go faster, and to my dismay I saw that a strong current in the ocean was carrying me out to sea. I could do little with my paddle and there was no wind. I feared that unless some change came soon I should be lost.

Now that I was being carried away from my island-home it seemed to me the most pleasant place in the world. I stretched out my hands to it, longing to be there once more. Then I said to myself, "I was not happy while I was there, but we never know how to enjoy what we have, until we lose it."

As I have said, there was no wind to help me, but I worked hard with the paddle, and after a while I felt a little breeze. Then it

blew quite a gale and I thought that now I might save myself.

By this time I was a long way from the island and if it had not been clear I should certainly have been lost, for I should not have known which way to go.

I soon found that the current had changed, and by hard work and the help of the wind I sailed out of it. Upon nearing the shore I found that I was now on the opposite side of the island.

As soon as I reached the land again I fell upon my knees and gave thanks to God. I brought my boat into a little cove close to the shore, and after eating some food I slept for many hours, for I was very tired.

In the morning I did not know how to return home. I did not dare to try going by water after being so nearly lost the day before. I sailed along the shore for several miles until I came to the mouth of a creek flowing into the ocean. I brought my boat to land, and drawing it up on the shore

where it would be hidden from view, I left it.

Taking my umbrella and gun, I started on foot for home. Not far away was my old landmark and before evening I reached my country house. Here everything was just as I had left it. I climbed over the fence and lay down in the shade to rest and soon fell asleep.

You can imagine my surprise upon being awakened by some one calling my name. The voice said, "Robin, Robin, Robin Crusoe! Where are you, Robin Crusoe? Where have you been? Poor Robin Crusoe?"

I was sleeping so soundly that it seemed like a dream. But the voice kept on saying "Robin, Robin, Robin Crusoe! Poor Robin Crusoe!" At last I awoke, much frightened.

I looked around and there on the fence sat Polly blinking her eyes and chattering away. Holding out my hand I said, "Come here, Polly, pretty Polly!" She flew down

to me and sitting on my shoulder laid her head against my face and kept saying, "Robin, Robin Crusoe! Where have you been? Poor Robin Crusoe!"—just as if she were very happy to see me again.

I had had enough of sailing for a time, but wished that the boat were on my side of the island.

XV.

ROBINSON'S FLOCKS.

At the end of eleven years on the island I found that my ammunition was beginning to run low. I therefore planned to catch some goats, tame them, and have my own flocks. By doing this I should save both labor and ammunition. I already had one tame goat. I wondered what I could do to catch more.

At first I made traps of rope, and baited them, and I am sure I must have caught some goats in these, but the ropes were rotten and would not hold. Then I dug some pits three or four feet deep and covered them with small branches of trees. The next morning I found that I had caught three young kids. I tied them together and managed, with much trouble, to get them home. When we got there I

had no place to keep them, so I set about finding a pasture, one where there would be plenty of grass, water, and shade.

I found a place that suited me, and began to enclose a very large pasture which would require two miles of fence. I changed my mind, however, after thinking more about it, not because I had not time to make so long a fence, for I had time enough to make it five times as long if I had cared for such a one, but with such a large pasture, how could I tame my goats? They would be nearly as free as they were in the woods, and I could never catch one.

I therefore decided to fence in about a quarter of an acre. When I should need more pasture it would be easy to enclose more land. While I was making the fence I kept my goats tied near me, that they might become used to me, and very often I would carry them a handful of wheat or rice which they learned to eat out of my hand. It took about three months to make the fence. When it was done the goats

would follow me up and down the pasture calling for grain.

In three years I had forty-three goats, and I had killed many for food.

At different times I fenced in more pasture, until I had fenced five pieces of ground with little pens opening out of each, and gates leading from one pasture into another.

I had not only meat enough but plenty of milk as well—sometimes a gallon or two a day—and after many failures I learned to make very good butter and cheese.



XVI.

ROBINSON'S MANNER OF LIVING.

It would have made you smile to see me and my little family sit down to dinner. There was "your majesty," the lord of the whole island. My subjects were happy and obedient, and none were seeking to rule in my place.

How like a king I sat at my table, attended by my subjects. Poll was the only person who presumed to talk to me with-

out being first spoken to. My dog, now very old and half crazy, sat always at my right hand and the cats at my left. I needed nothing to add to my happiness but the society of my fellow men.

My dress was very odd. Any one in England would have been frightened, perhaps, at meeting such a man in the woods. There was my great, high, ugly cap, made of goat skin, with a flap hanging down behind to keep the sun and the rain off my neck; my short coat of goat's skin, the skirts coming down to about the middle of my thighs; and a pair of open-kneed breeches of the same material. The breeches were made of the skin of an old goat whose hair hung down so long that it reached to the middle of my legs. I wore, also, a pair of leggings laced up on the outside.

I had around my waist a broad belt of goat's skin, which was laced together by leather strings. From one side of it hung my hatchet; from the other, my saw. Over

my shoulder I wore another belt, not so broad as the first, and from this, under my left arm, hung two pouches, both made of goat's skin; in one of these I carried my powder, in the other, my shot. On my back I carried a basket, on my shoulder a gun, and over my head the great, clumsy, ugly umbrella, which, after all, was the most necessary thing I had, next to my gun.

Near my home, but upon lower ground, were my two grain fields, which I plowed and sowed every year, and which yielded me good harvests. My vinyard I also cared for, and the raisins that I made were not only good food, but very pleasant to the taste.



XVII.

ALARM.

One day, about noon, I was walking along the shore toward my boat, when, on looking down, I saw in the sand the print of the naked foot of a man. I was very much frightened at this. I made use of all my eyes and ears but I could neither see nor hear anyone, so I went to the top

of a hill that I might look off some distance; but there was no one in sight. I went again to the shore and walked to and fro, searching in the sand, but there was no other footprint to be seen and I could not imagine how this one came to be there.

It was growing late and I started for home, looking behind me every three or four steps, and thinking that every stump I saw at a distance was a man.

When I came to my cave, which I now named my castle, I ran into it as if I were chased by wolves.

I could not sleep that night. I thought and kept thinking of that footprint, and made up my mind that some savages from the mainland had come over in canoes, but had gone away to sea again, being as much afraid to stay on the island as I was to have them.

I felt very grateful that I was not near when they landed, and that they had not seen my boat; for if they had seen that,

very likely they would have hunted the island over for its owner.

One morning when I was worrying over this discovery, these words of the Bible came again to my mind: "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me." I prayed to God to deliver me from my enemies, then rose from my bed greatly comforted.

For three days and nights I did not stir from my castle, and by that time I was in great need of food. I had nothing in the house but some wheat cakes and water. My goats, too, needed to be milked, and I went, at last, to my country house to milk them. After going down there and back two or three times and seeing no one, I began to feel less alarm.

XVIII.

ROBINSON PREPARES FOR
TROUBLE.

My business now was to make myself safe against enemies. The first thing that I planned to do was to make another tight fence around my castle outside of the first one. About twelve years before this, I had planted a double row of trees here where I wished to make a second fortification. These trees stood close together, and I had to drive in but a few posts to make a thicker and stronger fence than the first one.

In this outer fence, or wall, I made seven little holes about as big around as my arm. Through these seven holes I put seven muskets, which I fitted into frames which held them in place, so that they looked much like small cannon. I could fire all

of these seven guns in two minutes' time. The inner wall I thickened until it was ten feet through. This I did by taking dirt from the cave.

Outside of the outer wall, and at some distance from it, I stuck in the ground, for a long way out, a great many twigs of willow, which grew quickly and in five or six years' time I had a wood about my home so very thick and strong that no one would think that there was a house within, and if anyone had tried to get through, he could not have done it without great labor.

For myself, I planned to go in and out by two ladders—one to lead from the outside of my outer wall to a shelf of rock, and the other to lead from this shelf to the top of the hill. When the two ladders were down, no man living could come down to me without getting hurt; and even if one should get down, he would still be outside the outer wall.

The next question I asked myself was, "How shall I keep my goats out of the

way of enemies?" I hit upon the following plan: I would fence in three or four pastures far away from one another, and well hidden by trees; then I would divide my flock, so that if one pasture were found, the others might still be safe.

So I went out in search of good pasture land, and found a small damp field in the middle of a hollow, with woods all around it. These woods were so thick that I nearly got lost in them. There were about three acres in this piece. I worked nearly a month fencing it in, then I brought twelve goats into it. These, I thought, were quite secure. Later on I fenced in two more pastures and put tame goats into them.

For two years after my fright I was very careful not to fire my gun, though I never went without one, and I carried two pistols in my goat-skin belt.

I moved my boat to the east end of the island, and ran it into a sheltered nook

where I thought that no one would be likely to find it.

I seldom went away from home except to milk and care for my goats. I did not dare to drive a nail or chop a stick of wood, for fear the noise would be heard by some one. I felt afraid, too, every time I made a fire, lest the smoke should tell where I was hiding. So I made some charcoal by burning wood covered with earth till it became coal. This charcoal made no smoke when it burned.

XIX.

A DISCOVERY.

I was cutting off some branches of trees one day to make charcoal, when I saw, back of the trees, an open space in the hill-side. I entered it and found that it was a cave so high that I could stand up in it. But I came out much faster than I had gone in, for, peering into the dark, I saw two large shining eyes twinkling like two stars.

I did not dare to leave the place without finding out to what those eyes belonged, so I took up a stick of burning wood and rushed into the cave with it in my hand. I had not gone more than three steps when I heard a deep sigh, as if some one were in pain. After this there was a mumbling sound as of words half spoken, then another sigh.

I stepped back and broke out into a cold

sweat; but after gathering up my courage a little I went on again into the cave, and by the light of the burning stick held a little above my head, I saw a large goat lying on the ground gasping for breath. He was dying of old age. I stirred him a little to see if I could get him out, but he could not stand, and I comforted myself in the thought that no savage would go into that cave—at any rate, while the goat lived.

This cave was not very large, but at the further end, to the right, was a small passage so low that one must creep on his hands and knees to get through it. Having no candle I could not go into that part of the cave, but I said that I would come next day and bring some candles with me.

So on the following day I went with my candles, made of goat's tallow, and passed through the low opening. I crept along on my hands and knees about ten yards. At the end of this long, low hall the roof suddenly rose to the height of twenty feet.

This was a beautiful room. The walls

and ceilings reflected a thousand lights from my two candles. The floor was dry and level and had loose gravel upon it, and there was no dampness about the roof or sides of the cave. "Surely," I cried, "here is a place of safety, and I will bring to it some of the things I am most anxious to save—my powder and five guns, at least.

The old goat died that night and I took full possession of the cave.



XX.

COMING OF THE SAVAGES.

About a year and a half had passed after my discovery of the footprint when, one morning, I was alarmed at seeing five canoes drawn up on the shore on my side of the island. The people had all landed. I knew that these canoes carried from four

to six men, and I was not able to see how I could withstand so many; so I lay still in my castle for some time.

At length, hearing no noise, I set my guns against the foot of the ladder and climbed to the top of the hill. I was hidden from their view, but I could see the men through my glass. There were about thirty of them.

They had kindled a fire and seemed to be cooking their dinner and dancing around it. I then saw them drag two men from the boats. One of these they knocked down, and proceeded to cook him over the fire for their dinner. The other was left standing alone, probably waiting until they should get ready for him.

This savage, seeing a little chance for life, darted away from his captors. He ran very fast directly toward my home. I was dreadfully frightened when I saw this, for I thought all the savages would be after him. I soon saw, however, that only three of the men were following the runaway,

and he was gaining on them so fast that if he could hold out at that rate, he would be beyond their reach in half an hour.

On coming to the creek he jumped in and swam over. Two of the savages swam after him, but the third one gave up the chase and went back to the feast.

I thought, "Now is my chance to get a servant, if I can save this poor fellow's life;" so I ran down the ladder, caught up my two guns, and rushed out so as to stand between him and the two savages who were following him.

I called to the runaway, who at first seemed more afraid of me than of his two enemies. Then I beckoned to him to come back, and at the same time I ran toward the two savages, rushing at the head one and knocking him down with my gun. I feared to fire lest those on the shore should hear.

The second savage stopped when the first one was knocked down, and I saw

that he was fitting an arrow into his bow, so I fired and killed him.

The poor savage who saw both of his enemies fall was so frightened by the noise of my gun that he seemed about to run away. I called and again beckoned to him to come nearer, and he came a little way. By a great deal of coaxing I at last got him to come to me. He threw himself at my feet, and placed my foot on his head. This was his way of saying that he would be my servant forever. I raised him up and spoke to him kindly.

But there was more work to be done. The savage who was knocked down was only stunned and was now coming to his senses. This frightened the fugitive very much. I raised my gun as if to fire. At this the runaway, by pointing to my sword which hung naked at my belt, and by other gestures and cries made me know that he wanted it.

As soon as I gave it to him he ran at his enemy and cut off his head at a single

blow. Then he took the head and ran to me and laid it and the sword at my feet, laughing as he did so. I signed to him to follow me, for fear the others would search for him.



XXI.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THE NEW SERVANT.

My servant made signs that he would bury his two enemies, and I made signs to him to do so.

This being done, I took him to my cave

and gave him some bread, a bunch of raisins, and a cup of water, then told him, by motions, to lie down and sleep on some rice straw and a blanket which I placed there for him.

While he was sleeping I had a chance to study him more closely. He was a fine looking fellow, tall and straight. He had a manly, pleasant face, plump and round. His hair was long and black, his forehead high and broad, and he had bright, sparkling black eyes. His skin was quite dark, though not black. I think he was about twenty-five years old.

When he awoke he began to hunt for me. I was out milking my goats. As soon as he saw me he ran to me, threw himself flat on the ground, and, taking one of my feet placed it on his head as before, to show that he was my servant and would do my bidding.

I made him know that his name should be Friday, which was the day on which

his life was saved, and I taught him that he was to call me master.

Taking a cup of milk I drank some of it and then moistened my bread in what was left. I gave Friday a cup of milk; he did the same thing with his bread, showing by signs that he thought it very good.

After supper I went with him to the shore. He carried my sword and one gun, and I carried two more.

When we came to the place where the dreadful banquet had been held, I grew faint at the sight. It was covered with the remains of the bodies of the poor captives that had been roasted and eaten. I told Friday to gather these up and burn them.

He would have eaten some of the flesh, but I showed my anger and disgust at this and he did not offer to do it again.

When we went back to the cave I gave Friday a pair of goat-skin trousers, a goat-skin coat, and a cap made of the skin of a rabbit. He was very proud of his clothes, though he could hardly walk when first

dressed in them, for he had never worn clothes before.

I now wondered where I should make a bed for Friday. I wanted to do well by him, and yet I did not feel quite safe to sleep in the same room with him. So I put up a tent for him in the space between the two fences.

This tent opened by a door into my yard. The door was made to lock from my side, and I locked it and took in my ladder every night. Friday would not have found it easy to come to me if he had wished to do me harm. If I had known what a true friend he was, I should not have locked him out of my house.

I learned from Friday, later, that he came from the mainland, where there were several tribes of savages who were ever at war with one another. Those that were victors in a battle would roast and eat the prisoners they had taken. Some of these feasts had been held on my island for many years.

XXII.

ROBINSON A TEACHER.

Friday learned very fast and soon knew English so well that I could talk with him about anything I wished.

I taught him that there is a heavenly Father who made everything, and that He loves men as a father loves his children, and that He cares for them even more tenderly than a father does. When Christmas came I taught him about Jesus.

I told him how I came upon the island, and how long I had been there, and what a hard time I had at first to get food and make a home, and how lonely I had been until he came.

I taught him to shoot a gun. At first he was so frightened by the noise and smoke that he trembled at every report. But he soon got over that.

I also taught Friday how to plant and

harvest the wheat and rice, and to make baskets and earthen dishes. He milked the goats every morning and evening, and soon learned to make butter and cheese.

One evening, at the close of a very warm day, the sky became covered with dark clouds. It began to thunder and lighten, and Friday shrank away into a dark corner of the house. I did not think at first why he was so frightened, and said to him "Friday, what is the matter?" But there was no answer.

"Well, well," said I, "is Friday afraid of thunder and lightning after living so many years out of doors?" That seemed to be the case, for when it thundered louder he trembled still more.

"Listen to me, Friday," I said, "if it thunders again do not be afraid, for God is not angry. He is a kind and loving Father. He can do anything that He wishes, but He does nothing that is not good for His children."

XXIII.

ROBINSON PREPARES FOR A
JOURNEY.

One day when Friday and I were walking by the shore I said to him, "Do you not wish to go back to your own country?"

"Yes," said Friday, "I be much O glad to be at my own country."

"What would you do there? Would you be a man eater such as you used to be?"

Friday shook his head and said, "No, no; Friday tell them to live good and pray to God; tell them to eat corn, bread, and cattle-flesh and drink milk; no eat man again."

"But, Friday, they will kill you."

"Oh, no," said Friday, "they no kill me; they will love learn."

"Then will you go Friday?" I asked.

Friday shook his head and said, "How go? Friday no swim so far."

“I will make you a canoe, Friday, if you want to go home,” said I.

“Then Friday go, if you go,” said Friday.

“But they will eat me, Friday.”

“Oh, no, master, me make them no eat you. Me make them much love you.” Then he told me how kind they had been to seventeen white men who had been shipwrecked and thrown on shore in a terrible storm.

After this I began to think strongly of going with Friday, hoping that by joining with the seventeen white men there I might find some way to cross the ocean and return to my native land. I took Friday to see my boats. He thought that the second one I had made was too small. He liked the size of the larger boat, but it was cracked and rotten. He said that we could sail over to his country in one of that size.

So now a new boat must be built, and this time I wished to choose a tree near the shore, that we might launch the boat without great trouble after we had finished it.

At last Friday found a good tree, for he knew much more about the trees on the island than I did. He was going to burn out the inside of it, but I showed him how to cut it out with tools. This he learned very quickly to do.

In about a month the boat was done, and a fine vessel it was. I asked Friday if it would do. "Yes," he said, "we go over in her very well, though great blow wind."

But I did not intend to start out in the boat as it was. I found a straight cedar tree and had Friday cut it down and shape it as I directed. This was my mast.

But what should I do for a sail? There were many pieces of old sails which I had been using for twenty-six years, but they were mostly rotten. I looked them over carefully and found two large pieces which were quite good; these I sewed together. It took about two months to get the mast and sail ready.

My next work was to make a rudder, which I fastened to the stern of the vessel.

When the boat was all ready I taught Friday how to use the rudder, and he soon became a good sailor.

But we had to wait for good weather, this being the stormy season. It was the 30th of September and I had been on the island twenty-six years. I kept this anniversary with a grateful heart. The last three years had been much the happiest of my life here, for Friday had been a faithful and true friend to me.

I had brought the boat up the creek to shelter it from the storms, and Friday had covered it so thickly with the boughs of trees that the rain could scarcely get through at all. Then we waited for the dry season when we intended to start on our voyage.



XXIV.

NEW TROUBLE.

The rainy season was now over, and Friday and I began to make ready for our journey.

One morning I sent Friday to the shore for a turtle. He had not been gone long when he came running back in great terror, crying, "Oh, master! Oh, master! Oh, sorrow! Oh, death!"

"What is the matter, Friday?" I asked.

“Oh, master, yonder there, one, two, three canoes—one, two, three; carry Friday off, cut Friday in pieces and eat him,” cried he, trembling from head to foot.

“Do not be afraid, Friday,” said I. “We will go out and drive them away. They shall not carry you off if you will help me to fight. Now will you do all that I tell you to do?”

“Me shoot,” cried Friday, “but there come many number.”

“Never mind that, Friday; just do as I tell you.”

Seeing me so cool, Friday became more quiet himself.

We loaded two pistols and four guns with bullets, then I hung my great sword by my side and gave Friday a hatchet.

When we were ready, I took my spy-glass and went up the hill to see what had become of the boats. There were twenty-one savages and two prisoners in three canoes. They were coming, as before, to make a feast.

I went down and told Friday that I wanted to kill all of the savages, and asked him if he were going to help me.

He said, "Friday die, if master say die."

I gave Friday one pistol to hang in his belt and three guns to carry upon his shoulder, and a large pouch full of powder and bullets. I took one pistol and the other gun and told Friday to keep close to me.

We went through the woods so that the savages might not see us until we came close enough to shoot.

When we came near to the place where the savages had landed I said to Friday, "Go to that great tree and see if you can find out what they are doing."

Friday obeyed at once and came back bringing word that the men could be seen plainly. He said they were all about the fire eating the flesh of one of the prisoners and another was lying bound upon the sand near them; they would kill him next. He was a white man with a beard.

When I heard this we moved toward the

savages, but kept out of their sight. We were still about fifty yards from them and there was no time to loose. Nineteen savages sat on the ground huddled close together while two of them were stooping down to untie the bonds of the white man.

“Now, Friday, do as I tell you,” I said. “Do exactly as you see me do.” At this I took my gun and aimed at the savages. Friday did the same. “Now, fire,” said I, and we both fired together. Three savages were killed and several others were wounded.

They all jumped up but they did not know which way to look or which way to run. I threw down my gun and caught up another. Friday did the same. We both aimed at the savages and shot at the same time. Two more were killed and several more wounded.

“Now, Friday, follow me,” I said, throwing down my gun and picking up my pistol. Then I rushed out of the wood, Friday following closely. We both shouted and ran

down to the prisoner. Five of the savages jumped into a canoe. I told Friday to fire upon them while I set the poor prisoner free.

As soon as I had cut the bonds that held the white man he was able to help us. The savages had no weapons and most of them were killed before they could reach their boats. Only four got away in a canoe and one of these was wounded.

Friday wanted very much to follow the four in the canoe, and I also wished to do so, that none might be left to carry the news to their tribe. If they should hear about us greater numbers might come over and capture us; so I ran to one of the canoes, jumped in, and told Friday to follow me.

XXV.

A HAPPY MEETING.

Imagine my surprise, on jumping into the boat, to find another captive, bound hand and foot, and almost dead with fright. He was lying in the bottom of the canoe.

I cut the ropes which bound him and tried to raise him up, but he could neither sit nor speak. He groaned piteously.

I told Friday to speak to him and tell him that we were his friends. Friday did so, and the prisoner then sat up in the boat. Friday stared at him a moment, then threw his arms around him, kissing and hugging him, and crying, laughing, dancing, and singing by turns. It was some time before he quieted down enough to tell me what made him so happy. At last he cried, "Oh, sir, my father!"

This meeting of father and son put an

end to our pursuit of the savages, for they were now nearly out of sight.

I was glad afterward that we did not go, for a great storm arose, and there seemed very little doubt that the savages who were in the boat were all drowned.

Friday was so busy taking care of his father that I did not like to call him away. At last I asked him if he had given his father any bread. He shook his head and said, "None; ugly dog eat all up self."

So I gave him a piece of bread and a handful of raisins for his father. He gave these to him, then jumped out of the boat and ran off as fast as he could go. I called after him but he did not seem to hear me.

In a quarter of an hour I saw him coming back. As he came near I saw that he had been home, for he carried a jug of water and two loaves of bread. He gave the bread to me and carried the water to his father. The water helped his father more than anything else Friday could have done, for he was faint from thirst.

After his father had drank I asked him if there was any water left. He said, "Yes, Master;" so I told him to give some to the poor white man.

The white man was lying in the shade of a tree, very weak. Friday gave him the water and some bread, which revived him. I went to him and gave him some raisins.

This prisoner who was a Spaniard, was very grateful. As soon as he had eaten he tried to stand on his feet but he was unable to do so, for his ankles were badly swollen and pained him very much.

I wanted to take the strangers home with me but did not know how to do it. Friday said that he could get them part way home at any rate. He picked up the Spaniard, carried him to the canoe and placed him beside his father; then he rowed along the shore and up the creek. He left them here and ran back for the other canoe, in which he brought me.

Then he helped the guests out of the boat and set them down on the bank.

He could not tell what to do with them now, but I had been planning for this, and I called to Friday to come and help me to make a litter of the branches of trees. We carried the men home on this.

We could not get them over the fence, so we made a tent outside and covered it with old sails, over which we placed boughs of trees. In this tent I made two good beds of rice straw which I covered with blankets.

This being done, I prepared some meat soup and put rice and whole wheat into it. When it was done we set a table in the new tent and all dined there together.

The Spaniard had been so long among the savages that he spoke their language quite well, so that Friday could understand him and could tell me what the two guests said to each other.

After supper Friday brought in the two guns which had been left on the battle-field, and the next day he buried the dead bodies and all that remained of the dreadful feast.

XXVI.

GETTING READY FOR MORE
GUESTS.

A few weeks later I began to think once more of going over to Friday's old home. His father told me that he felt very sure that his people would treat me well, because of my kindness to him.

I talked with the Spaniard about it, and learned from him that there were sixteen white men living with this tribe. They had been well treated by the savages, but it was very hard for them to get enough food and clothing to keep themselves alive.

The Spaniard wanted very much to bring them to my island if I were willing. I felt very sorry for them, and, besides, I thought if we were all on the island, we might, by working together, make a ship in which we could sail to England.

But there were not enough provisions for

so many, so we all set to work and dug up a large piece of ground and sowed all the seed that could be spared. Friday's father and the Spaniard planned to go back for the white men after the harvest.

While the crops were growing, I set the men to work cutting down oak trees and making them into planks for the ship which I hoped we might build some time.

We also caught several goats which were added to my flock, and we gathered and dried a great many grapes.

It was now harvest time. From the twenty-two bushels of wheat sown, two hundred and twenty bushels were gathered, and the rice crop was as good. A great many baskets had to be made in which to store so much grain.

We now had a good supply of provisions on hand, and Friday's father and the Spaniard were ready to start back. I gave each of them a gun and about eight charges of powder and balls, and told them not to use these unless it should be very necessary.

They took on board bread and raisins enough to last them a long time, and to feed all the Spaniards about eight days.

They promised to hang out a flag on their boat when they came back so that we might know that they were friends long before they reached the island.

XXVII.

ANOTHER SURPRISE.

Eight days had passed since the Spaniard and the old Indian left the Island. On the morning of the ninth I was fast asleep in my cabin when Friday ran to me and said, "Master, master, they are come, they are come."

When I heard this I dressed quickly and ran down to the shore, but I soon saw that this was not the boat that we were looking for. I called Friday to me and told him to keep out of sight of the crew of the boat.

Then I got my glass and went to the top of the hill where I could look without being seen.

Lying south of the island was a ship. Yes, it was an English ship, and the boat was an English boat manned by English sailors. What a joyful sight!

Friday and I went down to the shore to the boat, in which were the captain and two other officers of the ship. These men were very much surprised to find human beings on the island. I told them how I came to be here and how I had been longing these many, many years to see old England and my father and mother,

The captain offered to take Friday and me to England and I was very happy at the thought of seeing my father and mother again.

I told Friday that he might stay if he wished and live with the Spaniards, or he could take a canoe and go home; but he chose to go with me, for he knew that his father was now free and among his own people, and he had come to think that I could not live without him.

I left a letter for the Spaniards telling them that I would send word to their countrymen where they could be found. I left them my guns and ammunition and all my other property also.

I took home with me, as relics, my goat-skin cap, my umbrella, and one of my parrots. I also took the bag of money, which would now be worth something to me. I could not help feeling sad when I bade a last farewell to my island-home, my cave, my vineyard and orchard which I had planted, my tame goats, and my parrots. They had all become dear to me.

I had lived upon the island more than twenty-eight years.

XXVIII.

HOME AGAIN.

After a voyage of seven weeks the ship rode into the harbor from which I had set sail many years before. Everything was strange to Friday, and he did not know what to make of it all. He asked many questions, but I was so busy with my own thoughts that I did not answer all of them.

I hurried from the ship, telling Friday to follow me. When nearly home I asked a man whom I met about my parents. He told me my father was still living, but that my mother had died from sorrow over the loss of her boy. When I heard this I cried aloud.

On reaching home I opened the door into my father's room. There he sat, the poor old man, in his arm chair, his Bible open on a table near by.

I hastened to him and cried in a tremb-

ling voice, "Father, father, do you not know your son? It is I, your boy Robinson!"

"Can it, oh, can it be my son?" said my father, feebly. "Can it be that my boy has come back?" And he drew me lovingly to his breast. After that he could not bear that I should be out of his sight.

My relatives and friends heard that I had come home, and flocked to see me. I had to tell the story of my shipwreck and of my life on the island over many times and often until late into the night.

When I had ended I said, "You see I have had a hard time, and all because I would not obey my parents and was lazy when I was a boy."

From this time on, Friday and I lived a quiet life. I took charge of my father's business and Friday helped me. But I never forgot to give thanks to God for guiding me safely through so many dangers.

ROBINSON ON HIS ISLAND.

“I am a monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute;
From the center all 'round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O, Solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

“I am out of humanity's reach;
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech:
I start at the sound of my own!
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

“Society, Friendship, and Love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I might then assuage,
In the ways of religion and truth;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial, endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends—do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

“How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there.
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

“But the sea-fowl has gone to her nest,
The beast has lain down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There’s mercy in every place,
And mercy—encouraging thought—
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.”

—*William Cowper.*

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