









Selkirk left on the Island.

THE STORY
OF
ALEXANDER SELKIRK.



WITH ENGRAVINGS.

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STORY
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CHAPTER I.

Selkirk's birth. His parentage. Choice of his business. His father's views. His temperament, a quarrel, the punishment. His humiliation. He resolves to go to sea.

I suppose all my little readers know the story of Robinson Crusoe. It is very interesting, but it is not true. The fact is that a famous man by the name of De Foe, made up the story from the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, which I am

now going to relate. When I have done this, I will tell you something more of De Foe.

Alexander Selkirk, the hero of the following little narrative, was born in Largo, in the county of Fife, Scotland, in the year 1676. His father, an honest fisherman, like most of his fellow villagers, thought no course of life more honorable, or better for his two sons, than the one he had himself pursued, in imitation of his own parent.

He, therefore, adopted the maxim of the wise penman; and, in choosing a profession for his boys, and beginning to bring them up in the way which he

thought they ought to go, that when they were old they might not depart from it, he designed that their lives should be spent with the fish-line and the net. He viewed the former as the most profitable *line* of business, and the latter, to use a term of his own, most likely to bring them in '*good hauls.*'

But Mr. Selkirk was not actuated altogether by mercenary feelings and worldly wisdom, in making this choice. He knew that the line would hold his boys to the water at times when they might otherwise be in danger from vicious associates on land; and that the net would confine their attention, and keep

them secure from many a snare to which the feet of youth are liable, when not under the eye of a paternal guardian.

Besides, he probably had in view the simple lives and humble occupation of the fishermen so celebrated in Scripture, and felt very willing to see his sons in the same rank of life and kind of employment, provided that they might also deserve the name of followers of Him who was "meek and lowly," and lay up for themselves the treasures that perish not in the using.

But his plans and his kind intentions were, like those of many an affectionate father, frustrated by the waywardness of his child.

In naming his son Alexander, report saith not, whether Mr. Selkirk yielded to a momentary fit of ambition, and did it in honor of Alexander of Macedon, the ancient monarch of the world; or in commemoration of some honorable fisherman ancestor. But, it is certain, that, Alexander, son of Philip, wishing to lay the plan, and mark out the boundaries of his great city, having nothing else to do it with, marked it out by scattering flour, which was immediately picked up by large flocks of birds, had not the plan of his city more completely destroyed, than Mr. Selkirk had, the one he had formed for his youngest son.

Alexander of Macedon, when quite a boy, tamed, by his skilful management and gentle usage, a wild, fiery horse, which neither his father nor any one else could subject to the bridle. But Alexander of Largo, was himself wild and fiery in his nature, and had not learned to restrain the violence of his own passions.

He was not malicious, or unkind in his disposition, but, he was so quick-tempered, and so hasty in showing his resentment, that he often occasioned great uneasiness in the house, and brought himself into many difficulties, that might have been avoided by a little gentleness and forbearance.

The picture of a child angry with his parents, is too sad a one to be drawn, and the reader shall be spared the pain of seeing it here, as it shall not be stated how the young Selkirk would manifest his anger when either of his parents displeased him. But, if his brother, his sister, or any of his equals touched his sensitive spirit, up came his little hand for a blow, or to hurl a stone, or some other thing that chanced to be first in its way.

This irritability, though combined with a great deal that was noble in his nature, brought him into the quarrel that was finally the cause of his first leaving

the house in which he was born. This was a small, one-story building with a garret, which is still standing on the north side of the principal street of Largo, after this long lapse of years. It has been continued to this day in possession of the descendants of the family of the noted Selkirk, one of which is its present occupant.

The last quarrel which the young Alexander had in it, began thus. Having come some distance one evening, after a hard day's work, and feeling very thirsty, as he entered the house, where his brother was sitting in the chimney corner, he hastily took up a pipkin of

water that stood near, and began to drink. Having taken one swallow, he set down the pipkin with an exclamation and a look of great disgust, for he found it was salt water that he had taken.

His brother, highly amused at his wry faces, began to joke him, and to laugh at his eagerness and disappointment. To take this, after his salt draught, was more than the high-spirited young hero would brook. He flew at his brother, and gave him a blow; his brother returned it, and closing in with him, a hard squabble ensued.

Their father, seeing that Alexander had got the better in the struggle, and

was taking his revenge, attempted to interpose; but the paternal command was unheeded in the heat of the affray. One member of the family after another interfered, till finally, the whole house was filled with noise and uproar.

At length the neighbors began to gather round—some upholding one brother, and some the other, till the strife formed parties, and the quarrel became so public throughout the whole village, that it was deemed proper for the kirk-session to take the aggressor in hand.

He was brought before the venerable body of old women, and condemned, according to their custom in such cases

of offence, to stand, a certain number of Sundays, in the aisle of the church, to be rebuked as a culprit, by the clergyman, in presence of the congregation, before whom he must stand as a penitent.

At first, Alexander declared that nothing should make him submit to such humiliation; and he stood out very stoutly about it, for a good while. But, his anger having subsided, his better feelings were touched by the entreaties of his friends, who feared that higher powers might be appealed to, and severer punishment inflicted, if he resisted in this instance.

He submitted at last to the sentence ; and went through the mortifying trial to which his rashness had exposed him ; but this public expiation of his fault, and public exhibition of penitence, so affected his spirits, that he was filled with a sort of disgust and discontent towards his native town ; and he determined to quit it, and go to sea.

And now do we behold the young adventurer about to take leave of his native village, his father's house, his friends and early companions, to cast himself upon a world to which he is a stranger, in consequence of a sudden burst of angry passion, in an unguarded

moment, which he would give all that he has, and all his hopes of future success, to recall.

If the consequences of anger were as soon got over as the anger itself, it would not be such an enemy to the peace of the *human heart*.

But, like the tempest that soon passes off, we often see it laying waste many fair things, whose ruins are a sad witness to its fury, long after the sun shines out, and the clouds have all been scattered.

Many a one, if he had them at command, would give empires with all their riches, for the power of undoing some

rash deed that he has done in a fit of anger.

He who cherishes a quick and violent temper, is not only troublesome to all connected with him, and within the reach of its smoke and flame, but he carries a foe about in his own bosom. He keeps there, some of the sparks of that fire that inflamed Cain, and caused him to lift his hand against his brother.

But, while this impetuosity was so conspicuous a trait in the character of Selkirk, it must not be forgotten that he had many redeeming qualities. He was naturally generous, kind-hearted and warm in his affections; and he bore

within his young breast, a great and noble spirit, that ever taught him to despise and shun a dishonest, or mean action

CHAPTER II.

Selkirk sails. His reflections. Sea-sickness. A hail storm. His dream. His resolution. Plans for the future. Another voyage. He goes out sailing-master.

When all was ready for Alexander's departure, and he found himself on the deck of the ship, where every one was busy, pulling here, and pulling there, till she fairly cleared the land, and there was no way for him to step on shore, he began to feel heavy at the heart, and to wish he had never formed the resolution of going from home.

He thought of his father's kindness, of his mother's tender care, of the en-



Selkirk sailing from Largo.

dearments of brother, sister and playmate, and of the scenes of his childhood—all of which seemed sacrificed to the unholy fire of his angry feelings in a moment when he did not try for that profitable victory, the victory over *self*. His bosom was burdened with self-reproach, and regret, and it began to swell and to heave, long before the heaving of the ship and the swelling of the sea made his condition more pitiable, by a sickness of another kind than that of the heart.

But, by and by, the ship began to roll and to toss, and Alexander's stomach began to roll, too. He staggered, and

pitched, first against one thing, and then against another; but the ship would not keep steady long enough for him to get a firm footing, and down he went at full length, on the deck.

Every sailor that passed him, would either touch him with his toe, and laugh at his pale face, or twitch him by the arm, and ask him how he happened to take so much grog; if he would not like to go to sea in a ship that could stop and be tied to a tree every night; or some question equally tantalizing to one, who like him, had the stomach full of sickness, and the heart full of sorrow, so that he feared to open his lips lest they

should expose the secret concerns of both.

He had shipped as a sailor boy, and when his call to duty came, he sighed and wished it could come in his kind father's voice. The whole, restless, awful ocean now lay before him, like an eternal remembrance of his draught of salt water from the pipkin; and he felt as if he would gladly drink up a whole wave, for the opportunity of undoing all that had occurred since that memorable swallow.

His brother's playfulness and laugh he would gladly have borne, and he thought it a slight thing to incur his jest, when

he felt the keen raillery of his mess-mates. He had not been many hours out on his first voyage, when the sky began to blacken, and a hard thunder-storm came up from somewhere under the great deep, as it seemed to him; for, where else the clouds arose from, he could not tell.

The sailors ran to and fro, pulling at the ropes and taking in the sails, while the canvass puffed out, and flapped back again, and the cordage rattled in the squall, till it seemed as if confusion and disorder had taken command of the ship.

Soon it began to rain; and then, 'rattle, rattle, rattle,' came the hail-stones

on the deck. The captain's loud voice was heard, crying to one to do this thing, another to do that, and trying to be obeyed, while the noise of the vessel, and the wind and thunder, mingled with the fall of the hail, drowned half his words.

Alexander did not understand what was to be done, nor know the meaning of the sea-phrases addressed to him. While looking about to find out what part he was told to perform, he stood in the way, where one would push him this side, and another that, till the hail rolled under his feet, that had just begun to keep the motion of the vessel a little, and down he went upon his face.

The hail scratched his cheek and cut his chin, and the red drops came forth. This a sailor saw, and with a laughing look that cut him more than the hailstones, told him he saw there *was* blood in his face notwithstanding its pale looks.

But when the storm had subsided, and the first dreadful night, which was a sleepless one to our hero, had passed away, he began to feel somewhat at home in the ship, and to make his way about much better than he had done the first day.

His appetite had not quite returned, but he thought the sea had got over some of its frolic, and grown more even

and steady, and he found that the ship was not to be blown or beaten to pieces quite so easily as he had thought she might be. He could now stand firmly and look at the dolphin that jumped up out of the water, and the porpoises that huddled together in shoals, as thick as the company of a fashionable party, or the locusts that came in swarms like clouds, to bring terror to the Egyptians.

He saw, also, something which he took to be a floating island; for, to tell the truth, it seemed to Alexander, as if every thing was now afloat. "What is that?" said he, to one of the hands. "'Tis the fish that swallowed Jonah,"

answered the sailor; and as it drew near the vessel, Alexander was filled with wonder at the enormous size of the whale, and its power to throw up water from its spiracles, till it came down like showers of rain.

The next night he slept soundly, and dreamed of home,—of the scene in the church, of the kirk session, of the prophet Jonah, of St. Paul's voyage and shipwreck, of the barbarians that he went among, on the island of Melita—of the viper that twined round his hand till he shook it into the fire; and, besides many other things, he fancied that he was in the bowels of the whale, and

rocked in a living cradle, as long as his father's whole humble habitation.

He felt pent up and suffocated, and talked in his sleep; and moving to get breath, raised himself till his head went bump against the top of his berth.

The blow brought him to his senses, and relieved him of the nightmare; and of course, ejected him from the mouth of his imaginary whale. So, he awoke to find that he was not so much of a prophet as he had thought himself; and that, the smell of tar, and other odors peculiar to a vessel, together with the want of air in his confined sleeping-place, was not the effluvia of the liver

or any other internal organ of the mighty fish.

His was not the sweet 'Sailor Boy's Dream,' that the poet, Dimond, so beautifully describes, where,

"Memory turned sidewise, half covered with flowers,
Presenting the rose, but concealing the thorn."

He felt as if the rose was shattered by his own rashness, and he had only the thorns left to torture him.

But Alexander Selkirk, the boy of Nether Largo, had now set out for himself; and if, like the 'ploughman turned sailor,' 'he did'nt like the rocking about,' he found, like him also, that there was no door, where in danger he

might 'creep out' of the ship. He therefore resolved on making the best of his condition, and on doing his duty faithfully, according to his ability.

As day after day, and week after week passed off, he became familiarized with the habits of a seafaring life; and when the ship arrived at her place of destination, the scenes of a foreign city, and what was to his young eyes, a new world, amused him, and kept him busy, when he was not employed at the vessel, till his spirits regained their cheerfulness, and he cared less and less about the unpleasant affair at his native village.

He made up his mind to follow the

seas, till he should outlive the recollection of the quarrel, or, at least, get above caring about it, by making his fortune, and establishing himself at home as a rich and benevolent man.

He even began to count on what he would do when he should rise to be captain of a fine ship; and then, to lay plans for the after years which he intended to spend as a nabob, in ease and independence, among his early associates.

There were many things that he meant to do in Largo, when he should make money enough; for, notwithstanding the temporary disaffection which he

had entertained towards the place, and many of its inhabitants, he still loved it, as the scene of his nativity and all his childish enjoyments.

He was not so thoughtless, or so ignoble in spirit as to lose his attachment to his birth-place; nor so destitute of natural and filial affection, as not to blend with his many schemes, the good which he intended to do to his father and family.

For one thing, he thought he should like to build them a new house, and enable his father to live better and more at his ease in the decline of his life, than he had thus far been able to do; and to

purchase for his mother and other members of the family, not only the comfortable things of life, but many that comfort did not actually require, but which it would please his ambitious eye to see them possess.

When the ship returned to England, after a long and pleasant voyage, Selkirk did not go home, for he had resolved not to see Largo again, till he was promoted in rank and had a purse full of money.

He shipped again and went another voyage; and, proving a good seaman, he rose in the estimation of his employers, till, as years rolled over his head,

and he went one voyage after another, he was promoted in rank ; and when about twenty-seven years old he went out as sailing-master in an armed vessel called the Cinque-Ports Galley, that sailed in the year 1703, with about sixteen guns and sixty-three men, under the command of Captain Charles Pickering.

CHAPTER III.

The Cinque Ports on a cruise. Death of the captain. His successor. Selkirk's dislike to him. Men left on an island. Two Captains disagree. Second visit to Juan Fernandez. Selkirk is left there. Reflections.

In September of the same year, the vessel sailed from Cork, in Ireland, in company with a larger one, a ship of twenty-six guns, and a hundred and twenty men, commanded by the far-famed navigator, Captain William Dampier. This ship was called the *St. George*.

The object of the two vessels, in undertaking this expedition, was, to

cruise among the Spaniards in the South Sea, along the coast of Brazil.

While on this coast, Captain Pickering died, and his lieutenant, whose name was Thomas Stradling, was his successor in command. Whether the name of Stradling had any thing to do with his character, or not, is not recorded; but certain it was, that his strides in his newly-acquired authority seemed rather too long, to please our hero, Alexander, who had never liked the man, and who now felt indignant at many of his imperious airs.

This growing dislike began at first to break out in little bickerings and

murmurings, and finally ripened into an open quarrel between the commander and his sailing-master.

The vessels made their way round Cape Horn, and proceeded to the Island of Juan Fernandez, for the purpose of replenishing their stores of wood and water.

While at this island, they were alarmed by the sudden appearance of two French armed ships; and fearing a capture, they put hastily to sea; and scudding away in their fright left five of Capt. Stradling's men on the uninhabited island.

The situation of these forsaken men,

seemed sad and forlorn indeed, left, as they were, where all was wild and unimpressed with the work of a human hand, or the print of the foot of a brother man. They knew not how they were to obtain the next food to satisfy their hunger; or what wild beast might spring upon them from the forests, to make his nocturnal feast on their unsheltered and unprotected persons.

They also had much uneasiness, lest their paths might be infested with some deadly foe, in the form of poisonous serpents and stinging insects. Their imaginations began to torment them with many fearful forms of the death that

they might die, and conjecture was busy with the inquiry who should go first, and who should be left till the last, to bury his only remaining companion, and have none in his turn to give his lonely body, a covering of earth to conceal it from the birds of prey, or to save it from the melancholy fate of consuming in the open air, and the glaring light of day.

But their fears on these grounds were soon ended by the French ships which came to the island, and took them off, when they had surrendered themselves as voluntary prisoners, to avoid what they thought a still worse condition,

imprisonment on a wild spot of earth, that was shut out from all intercourse with the world, by the wild and restless waters that encompassed it.

As these men are now safe off the island, and gone where they give us no farther account of their fate, we will follow up our two English vessels a little while longer.

They made their way to the coast of South America, where they had not remained together long, before Capt. Dampier, sympathizing with Selkirk in his dislike for Stradling, fell out with him; and their quarrel ended in their

finally separating, each to steer his vessel his own way.

This separation took place on the 19th of May, 1704. In the September following, Stradling came again to Juan Fernandez. While here, another difficulty arose between Selkirk and his unamiable commander, and the vessel at the same time, proving leaky, and as Alexander thought, unsafe, he began to have serious thoughts of remaining alone on the island, and letting the vessel depart without him.

It is not likely that the condition of the vessel alone would have induced him to quit her; and it is very probable that

some of the old embers of his temperament which kindled the fire at Largo, had now been uncovered and fanned into a hasty fire by the provoking treatment of Stradling, though Alexander had had many years in which to subdue his passions, and the ocean, to quench the violence of their fire.

He at length went so far as to remove his chest, his gun and his bed from the vessel to the shore; and he told Stradling that rather than be *straddled* over by him any longer, he would remain and take his chance alone.

The captain was at first loath to lose so valuable a member of his crew; but

as Selkirk persisted in his determination, he made all things ready to depart without him.

When Selkirk had taken more time to reflect on the rashness of his step, and to cast the eye of his mind forward on the cheerless prospect that lay before him, and the probability of having even a worse fate than that of being under a disagreeable commander, he began to relent.

His comrades were taking leave of him, one after another, and the vessel about to depart, when he made out to conquer his spirit so far, as to request the captain to take him again on board.



Selkirk left on the island.

But Stradling's stern heart was not to be easily softened, and he refused to receive the repentant Selkirk into the vessel.

Our hero had now the sorrow to see every face depart, and to watch the vessel till she grew smaller and smaller, and finally, after becoming a little speck against the distant horizon, disappeared from the view of his lonely and weary eye.

But, inhumanity and wrong do not escape the eye of the Judge of all the earth, nor go unrequited, by Him who says, 'Vengeance is mine and I will repay.' A few months after this cruel

act of Stradling, he had the misfortune to get the Cinque Ports aground, where she was seized by the Spaniards against whom she had come out, and her captain and men made prisoners.

They were slaves to new and unmerciful masters, and underwent much cruel treatment and hard labor. So, it eventually turned out, that the five men whom they had first left, and Selkirk, were not so badly off as if they had remained in the vessel to share the unhappy fate of the rest of her men.

If people of all ages and conditions, who find causes of complaint and resentment against each other, when they

are thrown together by the circumstances of their lives, would only stop to think how these causes will diminish and sink into nothingness, when the boiling and bubbling of their feelings are allayed by the lapse of a little time, how differently would they treat each other, even if they pretended not to act upon Christian principles, but only on those of common sense and self-interest.

But, this important person, *self*, is a great busy body, standing foremost in every thing; and of course often getting severely wounded when a little modesty might have spared her the

pain and mortification of the cuts and bruises.

Selkirk, when left alone with no companions but his own thoughts; and with no human face to behold, except, as his own appeared in the water, that he bent over, felt, no doubt, how much wiser it would have been in him to have put up with a little wrong, in silence, than to be left in his present solitary state.

Stradling, on the other hand, would probably have consented to treat Alexander with kindness and forbearance, for the opportunity of escaping from his tyrannical masters the Spaniards; and

he felt that one must begin by doing to others as he would wish others to do to him, if he would turn out well in the end.

A reproachful conscience is a terrible companion for one under any circumstances—but to a man in slavery among a cruel enemy, it must be tormenting beyond expression.

CHAPTER IV.

Selkirk's feelings. Discovery of the island. The Buccaneers. Story of Robert Kidd. The first night on the island. The animals. The vegetables. Other remarks on the island. The few first days. A boiled dish.

Selkirk kept up his spirits very well till the vessel sailed, and the faces of his companions were gone from his sight. Then his heart sunk; and he said to himself, for he had no one else to hear him, "I never heard a sound so dismal as their parting oars."

The island of which he was now left sole monarch, lies to the west of South

America, about three hundred miles from the coast of Chili.

Its name is derived from its discoverer, Juan Fernandez, a Spanish pilot, who, about the year 1653, made the first bold experiment of standing to a distance from the south-western coast of South America, and of scudding about at a risk which no other navigator had dared to run, till he beheld what he at first thought to be two clouds that hung on the distant horizon.

On drawing nearer, he found the clouds assumed the solidity of earth in the form of two islands. The one nearest the coast took his own name, and

the other, that of Mas-a-fuera, which signifies *more without*. Juan Fernandez, afterwards became a sort of rendezvous for the Buccaniers who infested the South Seas, on account of its remote and unfrequented situation.

The pirates against whom that noted one, Captain Kidd, was sent out, made this island a resort, and used it as a convenient stopping place for wood and water; and it is even probable that Kidd himself might have buried some of the treasures here, that he had obtained by the shedding of blood, and wasting the lives of his fellow men.

The name of Robert Kidd is familiar

to most American ears, though, many among the youthful of the present generation may not be acquainted with his history.

He was a skilful seaman and a bold officer in the navy, in the reign of King William III, and, having distinguished himself in the service of his king, was appointed to the command of an armed ship, to go out for the suppression of the pirates who, at this time, overran the South Seas.

Kidd had a wife and family whom he left in New York, when he went forth on this bold enterprise.

Having cruised about a long time

without success, and finding that he was not going in this way to make his fortune very soon,—(for, he took no prizes, as he had expected to do,)—he conceived the evil plan of turning pirate himself, as a shorter road to the temple of fortune.

He therefore began cautiously to sound the minds of his men, and finding them willing to league with him in his desperate purpose, he set up as a pirate, and became a true Ishmaelite, inasmuch as his hand was 'against every man, and every man's hand against him.' He committed many terrible murders, and destroyed a great number of ves-

sels, after having plundered them of all that was valuable.

The gold, silver and other treasures which he thus obtained by crime and a waste of human life, he buried here and there, on the islands or unfrequented tracts of coast where he could, with the least fear of observation, put in, and conceal them, so as not to have them found upon him, in case of an encounter, till a convenient time for him to come and remove them, and take his ill-gotten wealth to his possession again.

Having gone on long in this guilty career, and taken a great many rich prizes, he came boldly into Boston, in-

tending to return to his family in New York.

But, here he was arrested, and with several of his murderous crew, was put in irons and sent to England for trial.

There, with six of his men, he died on the gibbet at Execution Dock. Their bodies were afterwards removed to the river-side and hung up in chains, at a little distance from each other, where they remained several years as a beacon to warn others to avoid the guilty course that had brought them to so terrible an end.

The treasures which they had buried

were never found. Many people employed themselves from time to time in seeking for the places and digging in the earth where they supposed they might be concealed; but all to no purpose.

The earth, as if indignant at the crimes of which the gold that had originally sprung from her bosom, had been the cause, never yielded it up again to circulate through the hands of man.

A great many stories were made up, and flew about among the superstitious, concerning the sudden tempests that would arise, or the strange sights and sounds that were seen and heard, just

as the treasure seekers had come so near the object of their search, as to feel their spades strike upon the metal vessels in which the gold was buried ; and to hear the sound, in a ringing noise, as the blow fell ; when they were obliged to leave all, and flee away.

But these were, probably, the offspring of the imagination ; and occasioned by its being filled with the scenes of horror and death which had occurred when the wealth was obtained by its last human possessor ; or, more properly, its *inhuman* one.

Such is the story of the pirate, Kidd, and the wealth for which he sold his

mortal life, if not his rest beyond the bounds of time.

In him we have a specimen of those desperate men who made Juan Fernandez their place of resort and accommodation, long before Alexander Selkirk was left there; and who were now gone to meet those whom they had slain, in the presence of Him whose eye is every where, 'beholding the evil and the good.'

But whoever or whatever might have been formerly on the island, it had never been the permanent abode, nor held the human habitation of any one before the arrival of our Scottish hero

upon it; and he found there, no trace of man or his works to remind him that he belonged to a human family; and he probably said to himself of the beasts and birds, as Cowper has since supposed him to have done—

“They are so unacquainted with man,
That their tameness is shocking to me.”

The first night of his solitude was the most solemn one that ever had come down upon Alexander. No darkness since his eyes first opened upon the world, in his forsaken Largo, had seemed like that which now shrouded his homeless, houseless form, concealing it even from his own sight.

His whole worldly wealth, which had no shelter but the overhanging rocks by which it was deposited, consisted of his bed and bedding, his chest of clothing, his books, mathematical and nautical instruments, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a gun, powder and balls. With these he had some tobacco, and a few other small articles contained in his chest.

When the night had passed heavily away, and the light of morning dawned, he bethought himself of the one great source of consolation that he had still, in his Bible; and he began the day by reading it.

The stillness of the scene made him

feel his loneliness so powerfully that he opened his lips and read aloud—but the sound of his voice vibrating among the rocks thrilled through his whole frame—and he shut the book, and took a walk upon his new heritage to see what he could discover, and what means it might afford of bettering his condition.

He struck a fire, and broiled a fish that he took from the water, and, on this, with a draught from a little brook that ran sparkling along, close by where his effects were lodged, he made his first breakfast, as lord of Juan Fernandez.

The island he found to be a romantic

spot with much beautiful scenery about it. Here high hills and wild crags would meet his eye, and there, green vales, bright streams and shadowy woods diversified the prospect.

Several bays surrounded it, but still the island was of very difficult and dangerous access to navigators; and this was the cause of its having been so little frequented, except by those who had wished to shun the observation of their fellow men.

It produced a great many beautiful flowers, and was the abode of a variety of gay birds. It was also thickly peopled with wild goats that were seen

leaping from crag to crag and bounding about in every direction. These had sprung from a few goats that Juan Fernandez left on the island when he first went there, and they constituted the greatest part of the animal life which it possessed.

Thus, our hero found himself placed over a kingdom of goats; and he soon set about bringing them under his control so far as making them serviceable to his necessities was concerned.

The first few days of his solitude he spent chiefly in making discoveries,—in meditating on his new condition—in thinking of all from which he was now

shut out—in reading his Bible—and in trying to make himself as comfortable as he could, till night came.

Then he kindled a fire to keep him company, and laid down on his bed beneath the shelving rock.

His food he obtained either by fishing or hunting, and cooked it over a brisk fire of the pimento, or pepper tree, which burnt very freely, and served, when night came, both for fire and candles, as it made a lively flame and a cheering light.

He found some turnips and other vegetables growing wild, from seeds which had probably been scattered by

the Spaniards, or some others that had put into the island, afterwards, for wood and water.

There was also a great abundance of the cabbage tree, the top of which when boiled with the flesh of the goat and seasoned with the pimento, which is the same as the Jamaica pepper, tasted very much like the common cabbage. This dish lacked only salt and the accompaniment of bread to render it very palatable to the simple taste of its lonely proprietor.

CHAPTER V.

He builds two houses. The goats and birds. His furniture. Makes a cup. Is troubled with rats; tames wild cats to get rid of them.

With the prospect of passing the rest of his life on the island, our hero now began to cast about, and call up his inventive and mechanic powers, to see what could be done by way of erecting a habitation; and in this useful work, himself and his hatchet were the chief agents, till his gun was afterwards made instrumental in its completion.

He had not, like the ancients, a tent

to pitch, nor, like the North American Indians, some one to help him in hacking down trees for the pillars of a bark-covered hovel; neither had he any one to consult, in selecting the spot for a dwelling.

He looked around, and, fixing on one place which, more than any other, within the scope of his eye, he thought would be convenient and agreeable, he marked it out as the chosen one for his home; and removed all the little stock of his worldly wealth to it, as a sort of dedication.

Having done this, he took his hatchet and went into the wood to fell such

small trees as he wanted to begin his building with. The sound of the strokes of the hatchet, as it pealed in echoes through the wood and among the rocks, was new music to the startled goats.

They looked at each other as if they only wanted speech to inquire what it meant ; and when the crash of the falling tree came, they leaped away, and bounding over the crag and into the dell, gave, by the swiftness of their feet, a *speedy* proof of their intention not to fall in the same way.

When they had first beheld the form of man in the person of Selkirk, they

paid little heed to the new shape that had come among them, and only noticed him with a look of curiosity, without recognising him as 'lord of the fowl and the brute.' But when his gun was leveled at them, and took down one of their number after another, though the shot was so quick as hardly to convince them that it had come from him, they grew suspicious, and began to think him a more terrible animal than had ever before entered the borders of their territory.

And, seeing, now, that even the trees could not stand before him, they thought it was some awful power that

had come embodied in 'such a questionable shape,' and it was imperiously demanded by the wisdom of a goat, and the sound principle of self-preservation, that they should keep clear of him so far as their nimble limbs would enable them to do it.

But, with all their fleetness, a ball from the muzzle of Selkirk's gun would fly faster than their feet could carry them ; and whenever he wanted a new supply of fresh meat, he sent his leaden messenger by the force of powder, to make known his purpose. The flesh of the animal, which he dressed with the aid of his knife, he used as food,

cooked either by boiling, roasting or broiling.

The skin he dried, and appropriated in a way that will, in due time, be mentioned.

The birds too, began to be filled with consternation at him who had come among them. They had never before seen their companions drop as he dropped them, nor heard such a sudden noise as preceded their fall, whenever Selkirk's taste required a more delicate bit of flesh, than that of the goat, upon his table of stone.

When they saw that the very boughs from which they sent forth their sweet

music, and on which their nests were built were not spared, they flew away affrighted, and mourned in the distance, the loss of their homes and their helpless little ones that must perish in the ruins.

But Selkirk thought more about the home that he had forsaken, and the one he must now provide for himself, than of that of any bird ; and he busied himself in cutting down trees and dragging them to his chosen spot, till he got enough together to form a palisade for the walls of his house.

While thus busily employed, the exercise gave him a good appetite during

the day, and the fatigue made him sleep soundly at night. He made it a rule never to lie down to rest, or rise up to work, without reading a portion of the word of God, and communing with Him by prayer and meditation.

By this he strengthened his mind for the solitary business of the day; and during the solemnity of the night, it made him feel that he had still for his friend and watchman, Him whose eye never sleepeth.

The pimento tree was the one which he had selected as the chief material in building. It was the most manageable one, and most easily brought into his

service, as well as being possessed of a spicy and delicious odor, which rendered it a very pleasant thing to have about him.

He sharpened the ends of the small bodies of the trees which he had collected together on his premises, when he had made them of a length sufficient for the height of his house, which he only sought to make such as to accommodate his own height; and then set them down in the earth at short distances, round the spot which was to be the interior of his dwelling.

On the upper ends of his pillars he had left in the place where the tree

branched out, a short fork on which to lay sticks to support the materials of which the roof was to be formed.

When these sticks were laid across the top of the walls from side to side, he covered them with a thick coat of long grass, twigs, and bark, so as to make quite a secure shelter from the rain, as well as the sun ; for, he took care to form the roof with a slant so as to let the water slide off as fast as it fell.

To enclose the sides of his house, he hung up the skins of the goats that he killed for food, and stretched them out, fastening them on the posts, as he took



Selkirk building his hut

them from time to time, till the whole inside of his habitation had at length a complete lining of hair.

When his house was done, his next object was to furnish it. For a bedstead he collected a heap of small sticks, which he laid carefully together, and filled up the crevices with grass. Then he laid a coat of grass over them, and covered the whole with goat skins; and on this mass he deposited his bed, and found it just high enough from the ground, to feel comfortable.

His chest, his gun, kettle, &c. he then put within his house, and began to feel as if he had a home. But he had

not yet brought his feeling into such a state as to enable him to sing '*Sweet Home*' to this humble centre from which all his walks radiated, in the morning, and to which they pointed at night.

When his first building was erected, he began to feel the want, not only of more room, but of employment, also: for he was of industrious habits, and never could feel contented in idleness.

He now thought he should like a place to build his fire, and to do his cooking in; and for such other purposes as he did not like to use his bedroom for, or to accomplish without a shelter. His next business, therefore, was to set

about building another little hut close by the first one.

He was now engaged again in felling trees and dragging them home, and no beaver ever worked more diligently than he did till his second house was done, and he was the owner of a *kitchen*.

From the shell of a cocoa-nut, he formed a cup by cutting a round piece out of one end, and fastening it with a peg, in the other, bringing the edge downward so as to make a bottom on which it could stand firm and even. This he used for a drinking-cup.

He found along the shore some iron hoops that had been thrown out from

the vessel; and these he picked up and carefully saved in his house to serve him in some way at a future day. He also found a few nails of which he took equal care, thinking he should have an opportunity to turn them to some use in the course of time.

His houses, it was true, had gone up without the sound of a hammer, but the nails were a precious treasure to him; and the use to which he put them very different from that for which they were originally designed, as will be seen hereafter.

Selkirk could now lay himself down to rest under his own roof; but a new

source of trouble arose to deprive him of the uninterrupted enjoyment of sleep.

This was a troop of nocturnal visitors that came about him in the form of rats. They bit his toes, his ears, and other parts of his body, so as to make him feel afraid to lie down at night, lest they should come and open a vein that would let out more blood than he felt disposed or able to lose.

This numerous host of small animals, but great foes, had originated in a few of their species that had come ashore from vessels which had in other days put into the island for wood and water.

They were not natives and children of the soil. At least, their *ancestors* were foreigners, as well as Alexander.

There were also a great many wild cats that had probably multiplied on the island from some that had come to it in the same way. These were likewise somewhat troublesome to our hero. The only way that seemed open to him, to rid himself of such unwelcome guests, seemed to be to make friends with one race of his foes, and enter into a league with them against the other enemy.

He, therefore, allured the cats to him, by throwing out fish, goat's flesh,

birds, &c. which drew them towards him more and more, till they began to look on him only as their benefactor, and became so attached to his person as to follow him, in the day; and to sleep round his bed by night.

Thus, the tamed cats formed a sort of social circle, of which he was the centre, while awake; and during his slumber, he had in them a faithful guard against the attacks of his other disagreeable company, between which and his now friendly allies, nature has established an unconquerable enmity.

He had, therefore, no longer any fear

of losing his toes or his blood by the operations of the teeth of these four-footed pilferers and phlebotomists.

CHAPTER VI.

The cats. A fight. Sea lions. Attack on Commodore Byron. Taming the kid. Milking goats. Catching wild ones. Shoes wear out.

Having formed this companionship with his cats, Selkirk felt less lonely, and more cheerful than before; and he could now sing, and talk to them, as a substitute for more understanding auditors.

He was one night waked from his slumber by a terrible sound, like the roaring of a lion. What could be coming he could not imagine; but he thought it must be some powerful

foe, against which he had no protection.

For, if the monster should prove as formidable in appearance as it seemed, by its voice, he thought it might easily overcome all his courage; and if the strength of it was equal to its noise, it might tear both him and his house in pieces.

The longer he listened, the more loud and terrible the cries grew—and the nearer they seemed to come. The cats jumped up and began to caper about, and their master thought he would get up, too. He put forth his head from his little cabin—the moon

shone bright and clear—all the rocks, hills and woods were distinctly defined ; but nothing of animal life could be seen.

He found the sound came from the quarter in which the ocean lay ; and he mustered courage to bend his steps a little way in the direction in which the water was nearest.

As he drew nearer the water-side, he heard a great sousing about among the waves, and discovered that the noise came from something that was either an inhabitant of the ocean, or was enjoying the night in a salt-water bath.

By and by, voice answered to voice,

from out the deep and along the shore, till it was evident that there was a number of huge animals concerned in the riot, or the serenade, whichsoever it might please the solitary judge to call their nocturnal amusement. Upon farther observation, he found that what had been the cause of his disturbance and his fright, was a company of sea-lions, that were holding a revel by dashing about near the shore in foamy brine.

These animals, as was afterwards ascertained, were as large as common oxen. Their roaring was loud and terrible. Seamen who have since traversed those waters, have taken them for their

oil, and found their fat nearly a foot in thickness.

But our hero had in the process of time an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with their character and habits, as they sometimes came on shore and fed on the grass by the seaside, being amphibious in their nature.

He observed that they were somewhat like the sea-calf in appearance, but much larger. They were covered with a coat of short, dark brown hair; were web-footed, with each toe terminating with a sharp claw.

In their motions they were very heavy and clumsy. Their teeth seemed to be

their only weapon of attack or defence when on the land ; but, how they managed to fight their battles, or to secure their prey, when in the unstable element of the great deep, Selkirk could not, of course, follow them to ascertain.

Their voices were various in their intonations, making sometimes a grunting hoarse sound, like swine, and at others, loud, shrill cries.

They often came on the muddy soil, where they enjoyed a nap in the mire, some being set as sentinels, to watch by those who slept ; and they, in their turn, would take their repose, while the others acted as guardians of their slum-

bers, the whole race being of a drowsy make. and very fond of a soft dormitory.

Those who have engaged in encountering a sea-lion, say that it has taken six men, hard at work a whole hour to kill one ; and two barrels of blood have been drawn from a single animal, the blubber of which has yielded upwards of ninety gallons of oil.

The seal lion is not a *native* of the sea. They are all born on the land, and commonly, during the winter season, leave the water where they have passed the summer, and winter on the shore.

The mother usually has twins, and never more, at a birth; these she nourishes as the cow or the sheep does her offspring. The young sea-lion is as large as a hog of the full size.

When Commodore Byron was among the Falkland Isles he was attacked by an animal of this tribe, and came very near being a victim to the terrible power of its teeth.

The Commodore's men had quite a battle with his infuriated foe, which tore a fine mastiff-dog in pieces by one bite, before they could overcome his strength, and succeed in killing him.

But Selkirk never had any skirmishes

with an enemy of this kind ; and after he became a little familiarized to the sound of their voices, it ceased to disturb him.

But he could not help thinking that he should like more company than he had in his tribe of cats, to share with him the joys of home.

Though we cannot trace an exact analogy between his house and '*the house that Jack built,*' yet there may be found some little similarity in the two establishments and their population.

Alexander sought a goat, to give him milk, to feed the cat, that killed the rat, that gnawed the toes of him who slept,

on the bed, that lay in the house, that *he* built.

The way our hero devised to tame some goats, was this. He aimed his musket charged with small shot, at the legs of a kid, which lamed it so much that he could take it. He brought it to his home; and the mother followed. As the kid could not run away, the dam staid by, till both, at length became so tame as to look on their master as their friend, and finally to form such an alliance as not to feel any disposition to leave him.

This method he pursued, till he had a large flock of goats to keep him com-



pany, when at home, and to follow him about in his rambles. The mother goats would stand and let him milk them, into his cocoa-nut cup; and their milk furnished a delicious beverage for him, as well as for his kittens. He often took enough, not only to satisfy himself, but also, a portion for them, which he would pour into the hollow of a rock, and amuse himself by watching them in the enjoyment of their sweet meal, till they had lapped it all up.

The goats either came into the house, and laid down with the cats, beside their master's bed, by night, or enjoyed their repose just without the cabin, on the

grass that carpeted the earth around it. Selkirk read his Bible constantly, aloud, and cheered himself by singing hymns and psalms. He was constant in his devotions, and became a more pious man than he had ever before been.

Sometimes he amused himself by talking, or singing and dancing to his cats and goats. Though he felt that in this way, he had begun to *enjoy society*, he could not, for a long time, overcome the depression and melancholy, brought on by his isolated situation; and it was more than a year before he could subdue his discontent, and become reconciled to his lot. He kept a regular account of

the days, weeks and months, by making notches in the trees which he selected for this purpose.

When the winter season came round, he found that he had been cast in a latitude where the winter was scarcely felt, and where the trees and the grass were green all the year round. He often passed away the weary hours in fishing; and found the streams on the island abundant in a great many kinds of fish.

When tired with one kind of employment, he would seek another. Chasing the wild goats was a favorite sport with him; and his temperate way of living, together with his roving, active habits,

gave him a nimbleness of limb, and a speed of foot that enabled him often to overtake them, when he had no other desire than just to see which could run the fastest.

When he could catch one by outstripping it in this way, if he did not need it for food, he contented himself with cutting a slit in its ear, and letting it go. This he did so as to know when he caught a new one, and to help him to ascertain the number that he had overtaken, which proved to be very great in the end. He counted at least one thousand whose ears had felt the knife.

When tired of chasing the goats, he would pass off the hours by reading, or amuse himself in carving his name, with the time of his being left on the island, on the trees; or, in some other way that kept him busy.

By running constantly about among the woods and rocks, he found that his shoes grew the worse for their owner's activity; and this sort of exercise proved not so healthful for them, as for their master. They gave way, and let his feet come to the ground, long before he could find a shoemaker to supply him with another pair.

But this failure did not put a stop to

the motion of the feet of the man of Juan Fernandez. On the contrary, they felt the lighter for being unshod; and in process of time, their soles became so hardened, that he could run over rocks and sands, and all the rough surface of the soil, without minding it, or suffering from it, any more than the goats that fled before him, did, when they scampered from crag to crag.

CHAPTER VII.

A needle invented. Mending and making garments. A resting place. Meditations. He makes a knife. Spaniards land and pursue him. His escape. Their departure. A way to get fire. He finds plums. Makes a basket.

Selkirk found that not only his shoes must be cast aside, but that, time and a wild life, conspired to turn the rest of his clothing into tatters. He had no needle or thread to mend them; but, he found out a way to tack his rags together so as to make them hang on him a little longer; and thereby proved that necessity is indeed 'the mother of invention.'

He drew out some of the worsted from the remains of his old stockings, and fastening it to one of the nails he had saved, used it as a needle to mend his clothes as long as he could make them last by such repairs. He had in his chest a piece of linen, from which he pulled out threads which he doubled and twisted, and used for the purpose of sewing a shirt which, with his knife, he cut from the linen.

He managed to get it together so as to make him a covering; and when his upper garments failed entirely, he made him a coat and trowsers of goats'-skins which he sewed together with fine

thongs cut from the skins, and the nail for a needle. He also made him a cap of the same material.

The goats, seeing their master thus habited, felt more strongly attached to him than ever. They did not, of course, consider that his dress had cost the lives of some of their own species; and the hairy coat made them feel that he was more akin to them than they before took him to be.

As he had been long enough on the island, to feel confident that no venomous reptile inhabited it; and to find that no wild beast but the inoffensive goat was among its woods and hills, he often

laid himself down by the side of some beautiful stream that was bordered with verdure and flowers, and falling asleep, forgot his solitude in some sweet dream of home, and of the society of man.

The fatigue of running as he was accustomed to do, combined with the murmur of the waters and the songs of the birds conspired to bring sleep easily upon him, during the long and warm days of summer; while his temperate habits and constant exercise rendered it refreshing, and full of pleasant visions.

These were the more delightful as his melancholy gave way to resignation to his lot, and he felt a serenity and a

cheerfulness of spirits, which, at first, he could not bring to his aid. What it was hard for him to adopt, even as use, in the beginning of his solitude, had now become a kind of second nature, and calling both religion and philosophy to his assistance, he became a better and a happier man than he had ever before been.

He felt assured by the former, that he was under the protection of Him who knows what is best for man, and the chastening that he often needs to bring him to an entire dependence on the only sure foundation of happiness.

From the latter, he reasoned, that

man has a great many artificial and unnecessary wants ; and that, failing in the attainment of his desires causes the greatest disquietude and trouble that he usually suffers—that he who limits his desires to the actual needs of nature, is the wisest and the richest of his race, and the surest of having all his wishes gratified.

When he took his mid-day nap, beside the brook, or under the verdant hill, the tame goats would lie down by him, or feed near him, so that whenever he awoke he found himself surrounded by his faithful, hairy associates.

His cats, that had now multiplied to



Selkirk sleeping.

hundreds, would follow him and lie down by him, whenever he did not drive them back to keep house while he was abroad.

His knife, by constant usage, and by serving so many purposes for which it was not originally designed, grew short and narrow, and finally became so worn up, that he had to study how to make one to supply its place.

And now, the iron hoops came in requisition. He broke a piece from one, and sharpened it on a stone till he made a blade, and then, with the help of its own edge, made a wooden handle; and these being put together, made quite a

convenient knife. He had enough of the hoops left to make more knives in this way, as occasion might require.

It has already been remarked that Selkirk found the winter on Juan Fernandez very mild. He found it brought but little frost, and some slight hail-storms and long rains. During these, he made himself a good brisk fire of the pimento wood, boiled his kettle with such food as he was able to command, and, clothed in his hairy covering, made himself sociable with his four-footed companions, and passed off the stormy weather in a very comfortable manner.

He had been on the island more than

two years before he saw a vessel pass. To the first that he saw, he did not dare to make any signal, but kept where he could not be seen from it, fearing it might be a Spanish crew that would take him for a slave to work in the mines of South America. To such a fate, he preferred the lonely isle, and the company of his tame quadrupeds.

But it happened one day, that a Spanish ship made for the island, and her men came on shore so near him, that he could not escape their observation. They took him for some strange animal, and pursued him; but his fleetness of foot enabled him to outstrip both them, and their dogs.

He ran, and they fired after him, without getting near enough to hit their flying mark. He lost himself in the woods, and eluded their sight. He then climbed up into the top of a large tree, and hid himself among the thick leaves and branches.

The Spaniards came to the tree, and stopped under it long enough to kill and dress a goat, but did not see him where he had perched; while he had a full view of all their motions, till they withdrew and returned to their vessel.

It will be easy to conceive of the joy he felt when he saw the sails of their ship lessening in the distance, as he

looked from his green observatory over the wide expanse of water, across which his troublesome visiters were making their way.

‘ Good breezes to them ! ’ said he, as he descended from his roost, to return to his hut. He felt that he had now escaped a more serious enemy, than he had thought about to assail him, on the night of his alarm from the sea-lions.

In the woods where he took his rambles, he found pimento trees of an immense size, the fruit of which seasoned his dishes ; cotton trees, and many others, besides his friendly cabbage tree, that yielded him tender cabbage whenever he chose to cook it.

As the small stock of powder which he had, failed, he had to use his wits in the invention of a way to get fire, which he had till now, obtained by striking it with his gun. He, therefore, after studying on the subject awhile, took a couple of sticks of the pimento wood, and placing one on his lap, rubbed them together till they grew so heated by the friction as to take fire.

The wood, being very dry and light, soon insured his success, and he thenceforth adopted this kind of tinder-box whenever his fire went out, a thing which he took good care to have but seldom occur.

In one of his excursions, he made a very pleasant discovery of a kind of black plum that was sweet and delicious. This fruit grew on trees that were so situated on the high mountains and crags, as to render it difficult to be obtained; but when he was able to come at it, he thought it paid him for all his trouble.

He made a little bag, or basket, with goat-skin strained over a small hoop, and used it for various purposes, one of which was to bring home the plums that he gathered. For, as they grew at a distance from his establishment, he could not always go to pick them, when he felt as if he should like to eat some.

CHAPTER VIII.

An accident. His sufferings. Need of a companion. He sees ships. The people land. He goes on board. Farewell to the island. Return home. Conclusion.

One day, when Selkirk was out in chase of the wild goats, he pursued one that fled to the brink of a precipice, the edge of which was concealed by the thick bushes. He seized the goat at the very place and moment when he was about to take the fearful leap, but knew not what was before him, till down they both went, headlong together.

The fall stunned him, and he lay

senseless till nearly the same hour the next day, as well as he could judge by the sun. When he came to himself he found the goat dead and stiff under him, and himself so lame and weak, that it was with great difficulty that he made out to reach his house.

But when he did arrive at home, full of pain and bruises, he found little there to relieve the suffering of one in his condition, except the balm which he drew from his bible, for the mind. There was none there for the body, and no nurse, physician or friend to attend him, or administer to the necessities of his aching frame.

The cats and goats, it was true, greeted him with kindness, and welcomed their master back, by every expression of joy which they could make, but this was all. The lonely man drank a little milk from his cup, and then lay down on his bed to rest, moving as little as possible, till his bruised limbs and body got so much better as to bear some exercise. He was hardly able to move for ten days.

Never before, since he had been in his hermitage, had he felt the need of a human companion, as he now did; while his heart was at the same time filled with gratitude towards his omni-

present Friend, who had spared him yet alive, and without broken bones, in this dangerous fall. But as time advanced, he got over his injuries, and resumed his former habits of active life.

To give an account of him, as day after day, week after week, and month after month sped by, would only be to tell the same thing over and over again, as there was little change of scene after he first established himself on the island, and very little variety in his solitary life, except what may be supposed, from the things already related.

When he had been a resident of Juan Fernandez about four years, and four or

five months, living in his huts and in the manner described, the time of his removal came.

On the second day of February, 1709, as he cast his eye over the wide waters, where it had so often looked out in vain, for a sail belonging to his own nation, he descried, much to his astonishment, two ships that he knew to be English. He immediately lighted a large fire, for a signal that he wished them to approach the island.

The fire was seen, and the vessels made all speed towards him. They were the Duke, commanded by Captain Woodes Rogers, and the Duchess, Cap-

tain Courtney, two privateers from Bristol. Captain Rogers sent his pinnace ashore, and when it returned it brought a great many fishes of various kinds, but what surprised Captain Rogers most, was the odd figure of a man clothed in goat-skins from head to foot, with a long beard, shaggy hair, and a face tanned as black as a savage.

He looked altogether wild, and, as Captain Rogers said, wilder than the goats, that first wore the skins which now clothed him, could have looked. He had been so long without human society that he could but with difficulty express himself in words to tell his story.



Selkirk hailing the ships.

Having invited the men of the ships to go on shore to his humble home, he found that one of them was Captain Dampier, the ship-master who disagreed with Stradling, and left him to go his way alone, before Selkirk had his falling out with him.

These men were overjoyed to meet each other after so long a separation, and under such circumstances. Captain Dampier, who was now pilot of the Duke, told Captain Rogers that he knew Selkirk to be the best man on board the Cinque Ports, when he was in company with her.

Selkirk killed some goats, and roasted

them for his guests, and boiled some fine cabbage, which was a very acceptable entertainment; for they had been a great while at sea, and put to severe trials on account of their first being long confined to salt provisions, which brought on the scurvy; and afterwards having their stores fail.

The milk of the goats, as well as their other fresh food, they found very grateful. After remaining long enough on the island to get well refreshed, and to have their curiosity gratified by being shown all the hermit's haunts, they took a good store of goat's flesh, fish, wood, water and other things that they found, and prepared to depart.



Selkirk leaving the island.

Captain Rogers appointed the wild-looking man, master's mate on board his ship; and when the few articles of worldly goods which Selkirk possessed, were removed from his humble little houses, he cast a farewell look on them, and his family of cats and goats, and passed into the ship.

Providential as he considered this opportunity of escape from the solitary spot where he had so long been, it was really a trying hour to the heart of our hero, when he was to take leave of all those objects which were now so familiar; and knew it was for ever.

Nature in this solitude had been kind

and pleasant to him, and nothing had aimed to hurt or annoy him, except the little quadrupeds that had easily been put to flight by some of a larger kind; and in the one instance when the Spaniards shot after him. No accident had befallen him here, but the one that threw him from the crag; he had conversed with God, with nature, and with his own heart; he had escaped many temptations, and become a more reflective, pious man than he ever was before.

In short, he had learnt wisdom, and he felt a strong attachment to the scene where it had been taught him, and many

yearnings of heart did he feel as he turned his back for ever on his now beloved Juan Fernandez, to return to a busy, bustling world.

His habits had been such, that he could with difficulty bring himself to fall in with those of the men on board the ship; and he showed great disgust when they offered him some ardent spirits to drink; neither could he take tea, coffee, &c. without showing that they were unpleasant to him. His odd ways made much amusement for the seamen; and when he arrived in England, he was an object of general interest and curiosity.

He returned to Largo, where he found

great changes wrought among persons and things, during the years that he had been absent. Some had left their places for ever, and they had been filled by others. The young, ardent and buoyant spirit with which he quitted the village, had been subdued by misfortune, and cooled and balanced by years.

He had not realized any of the plans for wealth and grandeur, which had filled his young imagination; but he had stored his mind with that wisdom which 'cometh down from above;' and he had laid up for himself a treasure that the 'moth could not corrupt,' nor the hand of time destroy.

The villagers of Largo thronged round him to hear the wonderful account of his adventures, and his name became celebrated throughout the world. He remained only nine months at home with his family. He then went to sea again, and was never afterwards heard of; so that, from that time to this, none has ever known how he came to his end, or where he spent his last days.

Some imagined that the love of solitude, and his attachment to his Island, had become so strong in his bosom as to induce him to seek out some way to return to his hermitage, and his goats and cats.

Others supposed, and without doubt, correctly, that the vessel in which he sailed was lost, and that the hero of the Island had a watery grave.

As it has before been stated, the house in which he was born, and where he first tasted of the salt water, is still standing. In the year 1824, its owner, John Selkirk, grandson of the brother with whom Alexander had his quarrel, died, and left it to his daughter, Mrs. Catharine Selkirk Gellies, who is its present occupant.

Mrs. Gellies still possesses the coconut cup, and the chest that served her renowned relation on the Island; and she

has called one of her sons, Alexander, to honor his memory, and to perpetuate the name in the family.

The cup has been recently mounted with silver at the expense of a Mr. Constable, a celebrated bookseller in Scotland. The chest is of common size; it is made of very fine wood, and joined in a peculiar manner so as to render it exceedingly strong—it has a convex top, and is a curious piece of workmanship. Mrs. Gellies takes great pleasure in showing these articles to strangers, and giving them some little particulars of this story.

The gun with which the hero killed

his game and struck his fire, has passed out of the hands of the family, and is in possession of Major Lumsdale of Lethallan.

The reader has now the history of one of the most noted men the world has produced, in this little volume, which embodies the chief of what ever has been, or ever will be known, of the renowned **ALEXANDER SELKIRK!**

LIFE OF DE FOE,**THE AUTHOR OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.**

I suppose that most of my readers have found pleasure in perusing Robinson Crusoe, the history of whose life and adventures is said by Sir Walter Scott to have given more amusement, and afforded more instruction than any other book in the English language.

This story was written by a person called Daniel De Foe. After a life spent in political dangers and troubles, his heart turned away from society to

contemplate the picture of lonely happiness, which he represented his hero as possessing.

It was during the decline of his life, that he amused himself with giving to the world the Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. Supposing that my young readers would like to know something of the history of the man to whom they owe so much, I am now going to give them some account of him.

Daniel De Foe was born in London, in the year 1663. His father, who was a butcher, was named James Foe. Why he added the De to his son's name we are not told, but, probably foreseeing

that he might be of some eminence, he supposed the De added to the dignity and importance of the name.

Young De Foe's education was but little attended to, which is to be lamented, as he has exhibited many proofs of great natural genius. All the education he received was at an academy at Newington, where he was sent at twelve years of age. Here he remained till he was sixteen, when his father, supposing him thoroughly educated, recalled him from his studies.

From this time till his 22d year, we hear but few accounts of him, though it is supposed that these years of his life

were spent in the pursuit of some trade. This occupation, whatever it was, could not fill the mind and ambition of such a man as our author has proved himself to be ; we accordingly find him at this period taking up arms in the cause of the Duke of Monmouth.

On the defeat of the Duke and the destruction of his party, Daniel had the good fortune to escape, unpunished, though some of his associates and friends did not fare so well. He afterwards gives us some account of his exploits, which, we are sorry to say, show that he was fitted to engage in strife, as well as to write tales.

Three years afterwards, in 1688, De Foe had the satisfaction of witnessing the Revolution. The next year we find that he was present at a feast given by the Lord Mayor to King William. On this occasion, De Foe was mounted on a gallant horse, gaily caparisoned, while he himself was richly dressed, and attended the King and Queen from Whitehall to the Mansion House. He, with the other troopers was commanded on this occasion by Lord Peterborough.

Notwithstanding his superior horsemanship, our friend could not obtain the notice of the king, who he hoped might put him into office, and make him feel

more secure of comfort and independence. He then tried his pen in favor of the king, but in vain, all his attempts failed to touch the heart of the monarch.

Disappointed and disheartened, our author gave up all hopes of advancement from the throne, and was obliged to take up the occupation of a hosier in Cornhill, and here while his writings failed to attract attention, he gained it in a humble, but sure way, by means of selling his stockings.

De Foe was obliged to struggle with the ill fortune usually attendant on genius, unaccompanied by good common sense; for genius alone is but a

poor assistant in aiding our wants and necessities in this every-day world. His affairs grew worse and worse, and disliking his occupation, he spent those hours which ought to have been devoted to his shop, in the direction of some society for the cultivation of polite learning.

Thus not selling his hosiery, he found himself sadly in arrears, and finally thought himself obliged to abscond, leaving his name and his stockings in the hands of his creditors. For this, however, he afterwards made amends by paying his debts, and satisfying all claims.

His next resource was in the tile works ; but his usual ill-fortune attended him, and it was sarcastically said of him that he did not ' like the Egyptians, require bricks without straw, but, like the Jews, required bricks without paying laborers.' Beside tilemaking, our author devised many other projects for making money. He wrote a great deal about English coin ; he projected banks for every county in England ; he made plans of factories ; he contrived a pension office, and finished these labors by writing a long essay upon projects and plans themselves.

It would have been strange indeed,

if amongst the variety of his labors and pursuits, our author did not bring himself into some notice, at least. He at last gained the attention of the higher powers, and his indefatigable exertions were rewarded by an appointment for managing the duties on glass. But alas! fortune would not smile upon him for any length of time; the tax was suppressed in one or two years, and our author was accordingly thrown out of his situation.

But the time at length arrived when the sun of the royal favor was to shine out upon De Foe's prospects. In the year 1699, a pamphlet was published in

verse, called the *Foreigners*, in which King William was personally attacked by the author, who reproaches him with the worst of crimes, and then speaks ill of the whole Dutch nation. In short the paper was one of unmingled abuse.

In answer to this, De Foe wrote a poetical satire, called the *True-born Englishman*, in which he stoutly defended King William and the Dutch, and upbraided the English tories for their unreasonable prejudice against foreigners. The versification is rough, for De Foe seems never to have possessed any ear for melody of language whether in prose or verse. But we often find in

this poem fine sentiments powerfully expressed, and many happy turns of thought.

The sale of this work was great without example, and our author's reward was proportioned to his merits. He was even admitted to a personal interview with the king himself, and became more strongly than ever a professed partisan of the court. From this time till the death of his sovereign and patron in 1702, our author wrote many political works, and mingled very much in political affairs.

The line of Stuarts being restored by the accession of Anne to the throne,

our author was again reduced to live on the produce of his wits, as his political conduct had made him particularly obnoxious to those now in power. But we will not regret our author's downfall, as had William lived and he flourished, we should probably never have been delighted with the perusal of *Robinson Crusoe*.

But De Foe had mingled so much in political life that he could not rest either his mind or his pen; he therefore rashly reprinted some works, and published some new ones, which were not only considered libellous, but one of them was considered so false and scandalous,

that it was condemned to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman.

All his political sins were now brought up against him and set out in array. It was urged that he had been the favorite of King William, in whose favor he had written many pamphlets; he had fought for Monmouth and vindicated the Revolution; he had defended the rights of the people; he had of course insulted and offended the whole of the tory leaders; and in addition to all these heinous offences, he had dared to republish his most offensive and abusive productions.

Our poor author was now obliged to hide himself from the malice of his ene-

mies. But in consequence of a proclamation being sent forth for his detection, with a very accurate description of his person, he was found out, and brought to punishment.

Perhaps my readers will be curious to form some idea of our author's pretensions to good looks; we will therefore copy a part of the aforesaid proclamation. He is here set forth as a 'middle-sized, spare man, of a brown complexion, and brown hair, but wears a wig, a hooked nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes, and a large mole near his mouth.'

The picture of him here drawn is by no means a pleasing one, and is one among

the many other instances that might be given, to prove the distinction between mind and matter.

De Foe was fined, pilloried and imprisoned. But no ill fortune seemed to damp the ardor of his spirit. While in Newgate, he beguiled the tedious hours with writing an *Ode to the Pillory*, which is full of satire, and retorts bravely upon his persecutors. Not satisfied with this, he afterwards wrote a *Hymn to the Gallows*.

But the chief object of his attention now, was the projection of the Review. In this work our author was the sole writer, and issued two papers a week, for the space of a year.

He then published *The Storm*, in which he describes the events of the tempest in 1703 in a felicitous manner, inculcating at the same time, many useful truths.

In the year 1704, while our author still remained at Newgate, without the slightest hope of release, and without a friend, Sir Robert Harley, with whom De Foe had no personal acquaintance, sent a message to him to know 'what he should do for him?' This must have been as delightful as it was unexpected to our poor author, who returned such an answer as induced Sir Robert to represent his case to Queen Anne. He

described his miserable condition in moving terms to her majesty, and begged her to release him.

The Queen, however, did not immediately comply with this request, but having inquired into the circumstances of his family, she sent his wife a considerable sum. She afterwards sent him a large sum, sufficient to pay his fine, and obtain his release, thus delicately and privately granting him what he most desired; the privilege of being again united to his family.

But although he had obtained his liberty, he was not left in peace. His busy enemies circulated a report that he

had fled from justice, and left his fine unpaid. De Foe, however, did not mind their petty malice, but resumed his literary labors. His first poem was a *Hymn to Victory*, and he afterwards wrote a *Welcome to the Duke of Marlborough*.

Our author now went on with his Review for some years, during which time, his enemies did not fail to trouble him in every way. It is said that during a journey that he took to the western part of England, many plans were formed to annoy him, which in these days it is difficult to believe could ever have been carried into execution.

One party of his enemies formed a project to take him and send him as a soldier to the army ; then some of the justices in the west thought they should do the country a great service in apprehending him as a vagabond ; but in this plan, they failed of success, fortunately for our poor persecuted author.

Thus, while he was unceasingly harassed by foreign foes, his enemies at home commenced suits against him for debts, that he had never contracted. One would hardly suppose that one individual could by any acts of his life, excite such virulent hatred and malice as did this political writer.

In the year 1706, Queen Anne was in want of a person possessing general knowledge and ready talents, to go to Scotland for the purpose of bringing about the union of that country with England. De Foe was instantly thought of, and Lord Godolphin took him and presented him to the queen, who received him very graciously, and gave him his instructions. It will easily be supposed that these were received with joy by our author, who immediately set out for Edinburgh.

Here he was no favorite, although he wrote a poem in honor of the Scotch nation, called the Caledonia. He says

himself that he escaped from a great many snares and dangers, by his own prudence and God's providence, though we may suppose that he had so long been accustomed to persecution, that it had become by practice easy for him to walk circumspectly, and avoid many pitfalls into which others might have fallen through inexperience.

Indeed, as the whole nation was decidedly averse to the union, De Foe, who made use of all possible means of promoting it, could not fail of being disliked and therefore of being persecuted and harassed by the contending parties. The act for the union was, however,

passed by the Scotch Parliament in 1707, and our author returned to London, doubtless glad to escape from his troublesome duties.

After his return, he sat down to write a history of the treaty, and the means by which it was brought about. This must have been very interesting to the man who had had so much trouble and taken such pains to accomplish it. It is said that Queen Anne estimated his labors so highly, that she rewarded him with a pension.

De Foe was now contented to live quietly at Newington, and go on with his Review. In the accomplishment of

this task he encountered much opposition, which, however, he manfully resisted. But, owing to some political changes which deprived him of his allowance, he was obliged again to launch out upon various subjects. Here he again gave offence, and he was accordingly again arrested, committed to Newgate, and fined £800.

He was now compelled to give up his Review, and this he did in the very place where the first idea of writing it crossed his mind, nine years before. He did not remain long in jail, but was liberated by the queen's order, after an imprisonment of a few months.

But although he was thus released, nothing was done for him, and the death of the queen in 1714 completed his distress, for he was now left defenceless to the malice of his enemies. He speaks of his situation as deplorable after the death of Queen Anne. He was threatened and insulted, and many pamphlets were written and attributed to him, of which he knew nothing.

This was the most melancholy period of De Foe's melancholy life. He had lost his appointment; his Review he was obliged to give up; if he wrote any thing for fame or profit, it was sure to

be received with suspicion and answered with insult, and he himself was overborne and put down in all possible ways.

Although our unfortunate author was certainly an object of pity at this point of his career, yet we must keep one thing in view, which is, that although his sufferings were great, he had in a great measure brought them upon himself by his rashness and boldness in the use of his pen. He had not scrupled to make himself enemies of the most bitter kind while he felt protected, not foreseeing that the day might come when his fortune might forsake him.

、 We must learn by this to make friends

instead of enemies of our fellow creatures, for we are so dependent for our comfort and happiness one upon another, that those of us who have no friends are indeed objects of pity.

Our author's health suffered very much from his misfortunes, but his mind was unimpaired. He determined therefore to assert his innocence, and clear his reputation from the attacks it had received. He wrote and published in 1715 a work entitled "An Appeal to Honor and Justice, though it be of his worst enemies," being a true account of his conduct in public affairs.

This work contains a long account of

his conduct in political affairs, from the commencement of his career before the public, and an able defence of his motives and feelings in espousing so warmly one political side. He entered fully into a detail of the sorrow and suffering that had been brought upon him by the persecution and insults of his enemies, and brought forward many proofs that these sufferings were unmerited.

When our author thus reviewed what he had done, and how he had suffered ; how hard he had labored and how little he had gained ; how much he had accomplished, and how ill he had been rewarded ; his spirit sunk before the

faithful picture he had drawn, and a fit of apoplexy seized him before he had finished the work.

It was published however, and he owed his support now entirely to the produce of the sales. And here, fortunately for him, ended his political career and his political writings. His health was reinstated, but his mind, weary of one subject, and sickened by misfortunes, took a new turn, and left the political field to other champions.

Having chanced to read the history of Selkirk, it suggested to him the idea of writing Robinson Crusoe. The sale of this book was very rapid and exten-

sive, and the profits were large. Some attacks were made upon it by his old enemies, but these did no damage. The work was so generally liked, and so amusing to all classes of readers, that these arrows fell harmless, and the book was eagerly sought for and as eagerly read.

De Foe published a second volume the same year, with the same success and equal profits. With his good fortune, his health returned, and finding it more profitable and comfortable to amuse, than to reform the public by his writings, he published in 1720 a work entitled "The Life and Piracies of Captain Singleton."

He afterwards wrote many other books ; and although none of them were so popular as Robinson Crusoe, yet they were all of them read with interest and pleasure. Continuing in this course for several years, he at last died at the age of 68, leaving his family in good circumstances, in the year 1731.

Such is the painful history of Daniel De Foe. That he was a man of genius and imagination is strongly proved by his works. As the author of Robinson Crusoe, he will never be forgotten.

I will now give you some little account of this interesting story, as you may not have read, and even if you

have, it is a work that may be read with interest many, many times. I will then try to show why this story is so interesting to all ages and all classes of people.

Robinson Crusoe was born in the city of York, in the year 1632. His father's name was Kreutznaer, which was changed in Crusoe. Our young friend being the third son, had not the advantage of being bred to any trade, and is represented as having rambling propensities. He was strongly inclined to go to sea, but this his parents strongly disapproved of. They warned him of the dangers and hardships he would en-

counter; but all to no purpose. In about a year from this time, one of his companions, going to London in his father's ship, offered to take Robinson with him. This opportunity was too favorable to our young hero's wishes to be lost, so, in spite of all his parents' warnings, he set off for London.

A terrible storm soon beset them, and many were the tears that Robinson shed for having left the land, but nothing was to be done. For many days, they met with disasters, and were at last obliged to leave their ship, and go on shore at Yarmouth in a boat.

Our young friend was now strongly

tempted to return to his parents, and the captain, to whom he told his story, also urged him to go home. But a false shame now kept him from taking the only proper step, and he therefore made up his mind to continue his seafaring life, and went on board a vessel which was going to Guinea. In this adventure, he was very successful, and he soon set up for himself and became a Guinea trader.

But his ship was taken by the Moors, and he with the others was made a slave. But after some years' imprisonment, he contrived to escape in a boat, and was taken up by a ship going to

the Brazils. Here he established himself as a planter. He then made another voyage to Guinea, when they encountered a violent storm, which sunk the ship, and all the crew perished except our adventurous friend, who saved himself by the greatest efforts, and gained the shore of an island.

Here to his great joy he found himself safe, and was filled with gratitude ; but he soon was overwhelmed with sorrow to find that he alone, of all the ship's crew was saved. All his comrades had found a watery grave ; the only signs of them left were three hats, two odd shoes, and a cap. Upon seeing this,

Robinson cried out, "Oh had there been but one man saved! But one!" The wreck of the ship lay at some distance.

Here then begins the solitary life of Robinson Crusoe, who is alone on a desert island, wet, hungry and cold, with nothing about him but a knife, a pipe and a little tobacco, and with no means of defending himself from the wild beasts, which might be roaming about in search of food.

After a sound sleep, which he took in a tree, he woke up next morning quite refreshed, and began to look about him, and think what he was to do. By means of a raft which he made of some of the

boards of the wreck, he rowed to the ship, and there provided himself with clothes, ammunition, and provisions. These he deposited, after much labor, on the shore, where he looked about for a proper place for a habitation.

He now spent several days in getting all the movables from the wreck of the ship, and in exploring the country for a shelter. He at length found a place for his purpose, and staked it round with posts, fastened together by means of strong ropes. This was to be entered by a ladder to go over the top. Here he deposited all his stores and covered them over, so that they might not get wet.

Our poor hero is now represented as making many bitter reflections upon his fate, in being cut off from all society with his fellow men, but he afterwards found much cause for thanksgiving and gratitude. He finds that there are goats in the island which might serve him as well for humble companions, as for food. He finds also that he has the means of kindling a fire. But the greatest source of joy is that he is alive, while his ten companions, who were in the boat, all found a watery grave.

Our author now represents Robinson as setting about systematically to make the best of his condition. He finds that

he was cast ashore on the 30th of September. He then, on each day, kept a journal of his proceedings, till his ink was exhausted. In this he gives an account of his various plans and means for providing himself with comforts, and shows how much ingenuity a man can practise when urged by strong necessity.

He tells us of the employment of his time; of his killing various birds for food; how he continued to make tools to work with, and how he set himself about making his house more habitable. The goats served him for food, and of their fat he made candles, so that he had the comfort of always having light.

After he had been busied in this way for seven or eight months, he found himself pretty comfortable, and the master of many conveniences. But he was now taken sick with a violent cold, which made him reflect seriously upon his situation, his disobedience and folly in leaving his parents, and turned his thoughts towards that God whom he had offended, and who had so mercifully saved him.

He threw himself upon his knees, and prayed devoutly for forgiveness, and for aid in his lonely condition. From this period, our hero never failed to pay his morning and evening devotions, and

became a truly pious and reflecting man, drawing help from above in time of trouble, and sending forth thanksgivings for the mercies of God.

Robinson soon recovered from his sickness, and tells us of his finding a most fruitful spot on the island, where he obtained grapes, cocoa-nuts, orange and citron trees in abundance. He also sowed some seed-corn, which he had saved, and thus his provisions multiplied fast.

In this way, our hero began to live very comfortably, and for two years added daily to his stock of implements, furniture and provisions. He had also

some dumb companions, such as cats, goats and parrots; he sowed and reaped, and became in a manner reconciled to his lonely existence.

Two years had now passed away, and though he was comparatively comfortable, yet he constantly meditated escaping from the island. He therefore set about making a canoe, and actually spent nearly two years in making it. After all his efforts, however, and after his boat was built, it was so large he could not get it to the water, and therefore was obliged to resign himself to his fate, and a longer residence on the island.

Some years after he made a smaller boat, with which he sailed about the island, met with many adventures, and at last arrived again at his home, where his parrot welcomed him with "Robin Crusoe! poor Robin Crusoe! where are you? where have you been?"

He then spent another year quietly at home, making constant improvement in his house and furniture. Ten years had now elapsed, and he found himself master of a flock of goats, which supplied him with meat, milk, cheese and butter. He also had contrived a way to make dishes of clay, and had established quite a pottery. He had also a

country-house, and really had both many comforts and many luxuries.

An era now takes place in the life of our hero. While he was out one morning, he was startled by finding the print of a human foot in the sand. He instantly fled home in a great state of terror. He now set about strongly fortifying his abode, but as he did not again meet with any signs of man, his fear began to wear off, and he continued for years more in a state of tranquillity.

However, when he had been twenty-two years on the island, he suddenly discovered a large body of savages sitting round a fire, not far from his settle-

ment. He then set about defending himself, and loaded all his muskets and cannon; but he did not see any more of the savages for many years, when a party of them appeared in their canoes, with some captives they had made.

One of these miserable creatures escaping, fled for relief towards Robinson, who killed his pursuer, and made signs to his new friend to follow him. This he did, and we now find our poor exile in possession of a human companion, who, although a savage, seemed capable of strong affection and gratitude. Robinson named him Friday, as it was on that day that he saved him.

I might tell you a great deal now of the intercourse between the two friends, but I have not room for the interesting narration,—and I must just tell you a few of the events of our hero's life on his island, and then recommend you to make yourself more intimately acquainted with him, by reading the larger history.

Robinson now set about civilizing and instructing his man Friday, and gave him some notions of religion and morality. In this task he found some difficulty, but with patience and perseverance he had pretty good success, and felt rewarded by the improvement of his pupil.

Friday afterwards finds his father,

who is taken into the family, and receives the name of Thursday. An English vessel now arrives, in which Robinson, with Friday embarks for England, leaving behind him a little colony, to occupy the island, where our adventurer had lived twenty-eight years.

Our friend, upon his return to his native land, marries a wife, and lived prosperously and happily for some years. But, upon the death of his wife, he is seized with the desire to revisit his island. Here he arrived safely, and finds all that he left doing well.

But perhaps you would like to hear a specimen of Robinson's manner of telling

his own story ; so I will give you an extract, as it appears in the work of De Foe.

“ I was now,” says Robinson, “ in the latitude of 19 degrees, 32 minutes, and had hitherto had a tolerable voyage as to weather, though at first the winds had been contrary. I shall trouble nobody with the little incidents of wind, weather, currents, &c. on the rest of our voyage ; but, shortening my story for the sake of what is to follow, shall observe, that I came to my old habitation, the island, on the 10th of April, 1695. It was with no small difficulty that I found the place ; for as I came to it, and went from it before, on the south

and east side of the island, as coming from the Brazils; so now coming in between the main and the island, and having no chart for the coast, nor any land-mark, I did not know it when I saw it, or know whether I saw it or no.

“We beat about a great while, and went on shore on several islands in the mouth of the great river Oroonoke, but none for my purpose: only this I learnt by my coasting the shore, that I was under one great mistake before, viz. that the continent which I thought I saw from the island I lived in, was really no continent, but a long island, or rather a ridge of islands reaching from one to the

other side of the extended mouth of that great river; and that the savages who came to my island, were not properly those which we call Caribees, but islanders, and other barbarians of the same kind, who inhabited something nearer to our side than the rest.

“In short, I visited several of the islands to no purpose; some I found were inhabited, and some were not. On one of them I found some Spaniards, and thought they had lived there; but speaking with them, found they had a sloop which lay in a small creek hard by, and that they came thither to make salt, and catch some pearl-mus-

sels, if they could ; but they belonged to the Isle de Trinidad, which lay farther north, in the latitude of 10 and 11 degrees.

“ Thus coasting from one island to another, sometimes with the ship, sometimes with the Frenchman’s shallop (which we had found a convenient boat, and therefore kept her with their very good will,) at length I came fair on the south side of my island, and I presently knew the very countenance of the place ; so I brought the ship safe to an anchor broadside with the little creek where was my old habitation.

“ As soon as I saw the place, I call-

ed for Friday, and asked him, if he knew where he was? He looked about a little, and presently clapping his hands, cried, 'O yes, O there, O yes, O there!' pointing to our old habitation, and fell a dancing and capering like a mad fellow; and I had much ado to keep him from jumping into the sea, to swim ashore to the place.

" 'Well, Friday,' said I, 'do you think we shall find any body here, or no? and what do you think, shall we see your father?' The fellow stood mute as a stock a good while; but when I named his father, the poor affectionate creature looked dejected; and I could

see the tears run down his face very plentifully. ‘What is the matter, Friday?’ said I; ‘are you troubled because you may see your father?’—‘No, no,’ says he, shaking his head, ‘no see him more, no ever more see again.’—‘Why so,’ said I, ‘Friday? how do you know that?’—‘O no, O no,’ says Friday, ‘he long ago die; long ago, he much old man.’—‘Well, well,’ said I, ‘Friday, you don’t know: but shall we see any one else then?’ The fellow, it seems, had better eyes than I, and he points just to the hill above my old house; and though we lay half a league off, he cries out, ‘Me see! me see! yes, yes,

me see much man there, and there, and there.' I looked, but I could see nobody, no, not with a perspective-glass ; which was, I suppose, because I could not hit the place ; for the fellow was right, as I found upon inquiry the next day, and there were five or six men altogether stood to look at the ship, not knowing what to think of us.

“ As soon as Friday had told me he saw people, I caused the English ancient to be spread, and fired three guns, to give them notice we were friends ; and about half a quarter of an hour after, we perceived a smoke rise from the side of the creek ; so I immediately ordered

a boat out, taking Friday with me ; and hanging out a white flag, or a flag of truce, I went directly on shore, taking with me the young friar I mentioned, to whom I had told the whole story of my living there, and the manner of it, and every particular both of myself and those that I left there, and who was on that account extremely desirous to go with me. We had besides about sixteen men very well armed, if we had found any new guest there which we did not know of ; but we had no need of weapons.

“ As we went on shore upon the tide of flood near high water, we rowed di-

rectly into the creek ; and the first man I fixed my eye upon was the Spaniard whose life I had saved, and whom I knew by his face perfectly well ; as to his habit, I shall describe it afterwards. I ordered no body to go on shore at first but myself ; but there was no keeping Friday in the boat ; for the affectionate creature had spied his father at a distance, a good way off from the Spaniards, when indeed I saw nothing of him ; and if they had not let him go on shore he would have jumped into the sea. He was no sooner on shore, but he flew away to his father, like an arrow out of a bow.

“It would have made any man shed tears in spite of the firmest resolution, to have seen the first transports of this poor fellow’s joy, when he came to his father; how he embraced him, kissed him, stroked his face, took him up in his arms, set him down upon a tree, and lay down by him; then stood and looked at him as any one would look at a strange picture, for a quarter of an hour together; then lay down upon the ground, and stroked his legs, and kissed them, and then got up again, and stared at him; one would have thought the fellow bewitched: but it would have made a dog laugh to see how the next day

his passion run out another way: in the morning he walked along the shore, to and again, with his father, several hours, always leading him by the hand as if he had been a lady; and every now and then would come to fetch something or other for him from the boat, either a lump of sugar, or a dram, a biscuit, or something or other that was good. In the afternoon his frolics ran another way; for then he would set the old man down upon the ground, and dance about him, and made a thousand antic postures and gestures; and all the while he did this he would be talking to him, and telling him one story or another of

his travels, and of what had happened to him abroad, to divert him. In short, if the same filial affection was to be found in Christians to their parents in our parts of the world, one would be tempted to say there hardly would have been any need of the fifth commandment.

“But this is a digression; I return to my landing. It would be endless to take notice of all the ceremonies and civilities that the Spaniards received me with. The first Spaniard whom, as I said, I knew very well, was he whose life I saved: he came towards the boat attended by one more, carrying a flag

of truce also ; and he did not only not know me at first, but he had no thoughts, no notion, of its being me that was come, till I spoke to him. ‘Seignior,’ said I, in Portuguese, ‘do you not know me?’ at which he spoke not a word ; but giving his musket to the man that was with him, threw his arms abroad, and saying something in Spanish that I did not perfectly hear, came forward, and embraced me, telling me, he was inexcusable not to know that face again that he had once seen, as of an angel from Heaven sent to save his life : he said abundance of very handsome things, as a well-bred Spaniard

always knows how ; and then beckoning to the person that attended him, bade him go and call out his comrades. He then asked me if I would walk to my old habitation, where he would give me possession of my own house again, and where I should see there had been but mean improvements ; so I walked along with him ; but, alas ! I could no more find the place again than if I had never been there ; for they had planted so many trees, and placed them in such a posture, so thick and close to one another, in ten years time they were grown so big, that, in short, the place was inaccessible, except by such wind-

ings and blind ways as they themselves only who made them could find.”

Such is Robinson's account of his arrival at the island. He remains here sometime and then leaves it. After this, many other events took place, but the romantic part of our story is now ended. Robinson meets with many adventures, fights some battles, makes voyages and journeys, joins a caravan; in short, mingles in all sorts of affairs. He is no longer the poor lonely, distressed exile, but the man of consequence, and well acquainted with society. He ended his days in London, at a very advanced age.



