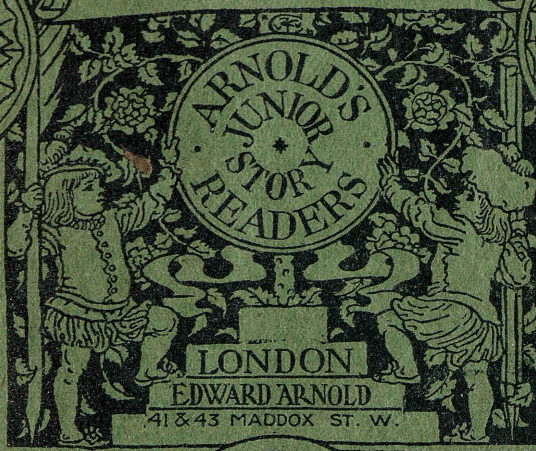
No. 19

ROBINSON CRUSOE

ILLUSTRATED



ARNOLD'S
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LIST OF THE SERIES.

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1. The Snow Queen.
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3. Snowdrop and the Seven Dwarfs.
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13. The White Cat.
14. Mopsa the Fairy.
15. The Story of a Donkey.
16. The Adventures of So-Fat and Mew-Mew.

For the Class corresponding to Standard II.

5. King Arthur and his Knights.
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7. Robin Hood.
8. Uncle Remus.
17. The Two Brothers.
18. The Wild Swans.
19. Robinson Crusoe.
20. The King of the Golden River.

For the Class corresponding to Standard III.

9. The Story of Hiawatha.
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22. The Christmas Cuckoo.
23. The Tempest.
24. The Little Sea-Maid.

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ROBINSON CRUSOE

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CRUSOE IN HIS GOAT-SKIN DRESS.

ARNOLD'S JUNIOR STORY READERS

No. 19.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

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ROBINSON CRUSOE

CHAPTER I

I RUN AWAY TO SEA

My name is Robinson Crusoe. I was born in 1632, in the city of York.

My father was a merchant, and I was his third son. Both my elder brothers left home when I was quite young, so I was brought up as an only child. My father and mother loved me very much, and did all they could to make me happy.

All went well until I was eighteen years old. Then I began to be discontented with my life at home. I wanted to go to sea—to sail away in a big ship, like those I had seen at Hull, and visit strange lands on the other side of the globe.

One day, when I was sitting alone with my father and mother, I told them my wish, and begged them to let me go for a sailor. At this my mother wept, and my father spoke to me sternly but kindly.

"You are only a boy," he said, "and you do not know what is good for you. A sailor's life seems very fine, no doubt, but that is only because you know nothing about it. As a matter of fact it is a very hard life, and a dangerous one, too. For my part, I will never consent to your going, so you had better try to be happy where you are, and put such thoughts out of your head."

A year passed away. I did not dare to speak of the subject again, but yet I never ceased to think of it. Every day I grew more tired of my comfortable home, and I made up my mind that I would run away to sea without asking my father's leave to go.

At last my chance came. One day I went to Hull, where I met a friend who was a sailor on his father's ship. Knowing how I longed to go to sea, he told me that, if I liked, he would take me with him, but that I must go on board at once because the ship was ready to sail. This I was only too willing to do. Forgetting my duty to my parents, I went on board, and never even wrote to tell them what had become of me.

I was soon sorry for what I had done. The ship was bound for London, and from the very first, misfortune seemed to go with us. No sooner were we out of the Humber than the wind began to blow, and the waves to rise in a

frightful manner. As I had never been to sea before, I was very sick, and very frightened. Every time a big wave came against the side of the ship I trembled, and thought that my last hour had come.

After a day or two, I felt a little better; but my troubles were by no means over. On the sixth day we came into the Yarmouth Roads. There a terrible storm came on, and the sea ran mountains high. Even the seamen now began to show signs of fear. I saw the captain go in and out of his cabin, and heard him say "Lord have mercy upon us; we shall all be lost."

Every hour the storm grew worse. The great waves dashed over the ship, filling the hold with water, and all hands were kept at the pumps. At last, seeing how great a danger we were in, the captain ordered guns to be fired as a signal of distress.

A small ship that was close by, put out a boat to help us. We all jumped on board, and hardly had we rowed a quarter of a mile away, than we saw our vessel sink beneath the waves.

After much difficulty we reached the shore, where kind people took us into their houses and gave us food, and a bed for the night.

If now I had had the sense to go back to my home, I might have been happy. My father, I am sure, would have forgiven me, and made me

welcome. But I had not yet learned my lesson. I made up my mind to go to London, and started out the very next day. My parents, hearing that my ship had been wrecked, thought I was dead, and it was not until many months later that they learnt of my safety.

From London I took ship to Africa. There I made several voyages along the West Coast, trading with the natives. One day the ship I was in was captured by Moorish pirates, and seeing that I was young and strong, the pirate chief took me ashore as his slave.

The next two years of my life were very unhappy. All that time I remained a slave, doing the hardest and dirtiest work in my master's house. I often thought of my father's words to me, and wished that I had taken his advice and stayed at home. But alas! this was only a taste of the misery I was to suffer, as you will soon see.

CHAPTER II

I AM CAST AWAY ON AN ISLAND

At the end of two years I managed to escape from the pirate captain. I then took ship for Brazil, where I set up as a trader, and for a time did very well. Soon, however, the old love

of wandering took hold of me again, for I could not be content in one place very long. Accordingly, with some other merchants, I fitted up a ship for a trading voyage to Africa. We were to take out a cargo of beads, toys, knives, bits of glass, and other things such as the natives like, and bring back gold-dust and ivory.

For the first twelve days of the voyage we had very good weather. The sun was hot, and the sea was as calm as a mill-pond. Then, however, a dreadful storm arose. I had been at sea in a storm before, as you know, but this one was very much worse than the other. It lasted more than a week. All that time the ship was helpless before the fury of the winds, and we could do nothing but drift where they blew us.

At last, early in the morning, one of our sailors cried out "Land! Land!" I rushed out of my cabin at once, but no sooner had I reached the deck than the ship struck upon a sandbank, and stopped. There she lay, while wave after wave broke over her with such force that we expected every moment to perish.

The ship was stuck so fast on the shoal that there was no chance to get her off. Seeing this, the mate called to the men to launch the boat. It was not easy to get her over the side in such a wild sea, but at last they did so. We jumped

into her, eleven of us in all, and pulled away from the ship.

If our plight had been sad before, it was even worse now, for we soon saw that our little boat could not live long in that terrible sea. We worked hard at the oars, but we knew that even if we reached the shore we should most likely be dashed to pieces before we could land.

After we had rowed, or rather, drifted, a mile or two, a great wave, mountain-like, burst upon us. The next moment the boat was over-set, and I felt myself sinking in the waves.

I am a good swimmer, but it was of little use trying to swim in that angry sea. No sooner had I got my head above water than the waves beat me down again, and I had hard work to hold my breath. I was just about to give myself up for lost when I felt ground beneath my feet, and soon another great wave carried me forward and threw me right upon the shore. There it left me, half dead with the water I had swallowed.

I rose and tried to stand on my feet. Before I could do so, another wave came and sucked me back into the sea again. Once more I was thrown forward on to the shore, and this time I got up quickly and ran as fast as I could out of reach of the waves.

My first thought, when I found myself safe,

was to give thanks to God for His mercy to me. My companions, I felt sure, were all drowned. Indeed, I never saw them again, nor any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not a pair.

I now began to look round me to see what kind of a place I was in, and to consider what was next to be done. My thoughts did not make me feel much happier. I was wet through, I had no change of clothes, and nothing to eat or drink. It seemed that I had escaped the sea only to die of cold and hunger. I had no weapon to kill any creature for food, or to protect myself against wild beasts should any attack me.

The thought of all this caused me such agony of mind that for a time I ran about like a madman. When night came I determined to climb a thick bushy tree which grew near. There I would be safe from any beasts that came prowling that way.

I found a little fresh water, and then climbed into the tree. Having settled myself tightly among the branches so that I should not fall, I soon fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER III

I VISIT THE WRECK AND BUILD A HOUSE

WHEN I awoke it was broad day. The storm had gone down, and the sea was now quite calm. During the night the ship had been lifted from the sandbank and driven closer to the shore, and I at once began to think how I could reach her, so that I might get some things out of her for my use.

A little after noon the tide had ebbed so far that there was only about a quarter of a mile between me and the ship. So, slipping off my jacket, I boldly plunged into the water and swam out to her.

By the help of a rope that was hanging down I clambered on to the deck. The only living creatures left on board were a dog and a cat, both of which I took on shore with me.

My first thought was to get a meal, and I soon found some hard biscuits. These I put into my pocket and ate as I searched about, for I had no time to lose.

There was no boat on the ship, so I at once set to work to make a raft out of some spars and short pieces of plank, which I tied together with ropes. Then I got three of the seaman's chests, and having lowered them on to the raft, filled

them with bread, Dutch cheeses, and some dried goat's meat. I also found the carpenter's chest, which was full of tools; and that was more useful to me than a box full of gold.

My next thought was to find arms to defend myself. In the captain's room were two or three muskets. These, with two pistols, a barrel of powder and some bullets, I also managed to get on to the raft.

I was now very heavily loaded, and began to think about going back. The tide was now flowing in again, and what little wind was blowing blew towards the shore. I had to use very great care in steering, for fear my clumsy craft should over-turn, but at last I managed to run into the mouth of a little creek. Choosing a flat place on the bank, I guided the raft to it, and waited there until the tide rose high enough for me to land.

Having taken all my goods off the raft, I made a kind of hut in which to pass the night. This I did by placing the chests and boards round me, and covering them over with the piece of an old sail. Before going to sleep that night I climbed to the top of a high hill close by. From there I saw that I was on an island, and that there was no other land near except two smaller islands some miles to the west.

The next morning I swam out to the ship

again, for I wished to get everything I could out of her before the waves broke her up. I made another raft, this time a lighter one, and loaded it with some bags of nails, a dozen or two hatchets, a grindstone, some more guns, bullets, and powder, beside some clothes, sails, ropes, and bedding. All this I brought safely to shore.

The next day I went to the ship twice again, and having now taken away all the lighter things, I began on the iron cables and heavy spars. Eleven times in all I went to and fro until I had got nearly everything that was useful. If the fine weather had kept on, I believe I should have taken the ship herself away piece by piece.

One night, however, it blew very hard, and when I woke in the morning no ship was to be seen. I now had a fine collection of tools and weapons, and I began to think about building a house.

First of all I had to consider where it should be. I wanted to find a safe place, where wild beasts or savages could not get at me. I also wanted the house to be in a healthy place, and close to some fresh water.

At last I found a little plain on the side of a rocky hill. The front of the hill was as steep as the side of a house, so that nothing could

come down upon me from the top. On the face of the rock was a little hollow place, like a cave, but it was not very deep.

Here I pitched my tent, and at once began my work. Very hard work it was, for I did not know how to use any tools. When I wanted a plank I had to go to the woods and cut down a whole tree. Then I chopped away at its side with my axe until I had made it into a thin, straight board. You may guess that I did not get on very fast, and indeed it was about a year before my house was at last finished.

This is the way I made it. First of all I cut some strong stakes. These I sharpened at the end and drove into the ground in two rows in the shape of a half-circle. Then I took the pieces of ship's cable and placed them one by one between the rows, so as to make a kind of wall. The roof I made out of a piece of tarred sail-cloth, which kept out the wet very well. I did not make a door, but always went over the top by a ladder, which I drew in after me.

Into this house I brought all the things I had saved from the wreck. Next I began to hollow out the little cave in the rock, and so made a kind of cellar. Here I placed my powder, both to keep it dry, and to prevent it being exploded by a sudden flash of lightning.

In order to keep count of time I set up a

large post. On this I cut with my knife the words, "I came on shore here on the 30th of September, 1659." Upon the sides of this post I cut every week-day a notch, and every Sunday one as large again as the rest.

CHAPTER IV

MY LIFE ON THE ISLAND

HAVING finished my house, which, as I say, took me about a year, I set to work to make some furniture for it. First of all I made a table and a chair out of some short pieces of board that I had brought from the ship. They were very rough when they were done, but they served me very well. I also made shelves to hold my things, and knocked pegs into the walls of the cave to hang up my guns.

Every day I went out with my gun to shoot rabbits and goats for my food. The island was full of these creatures, so I had no lack of fresh meat. Every time I killed an animal, whether it was good to eat or not, I kept its skin. When my clothes began to wear out, I made me new ones from the skins of the goats. For a needle I used a sharp piece of bone, and for thread the sinews of beasts. I also made from

one of these skins a large umbrella, which kept the rain off me, and also protected me from the fierce heat of the sun.

One day I was looking about among my things for a bag to put powder in. At last I found one, which had contained corn for the fowls. It was empty now, except for some dry husks at the bottom. These I shook out at the side of my house, and forgot all about them.

Some weeks later I was surprised to see some little green shoots peeping out of the ground. As time went on they grew larger and larger, until I saw that they were English barley. At first I could not think how they came there, but then I remembered the grains I had shaken out of the bag.

When the barley was ripe I plucked the ears and kept them carefully. In time I sowed them again, and the following season got a larger crop. This I did for several years, until at last I had enough and to spare both for sowing and for making bread. I cannot tell you how good the first loaf tasted that I made myself!

Another plan which also proved very useful came to me by chance. One day I shot a goat, and on going up to it, found to my sorrow that there was a little kid by its side. Lifting the little thing in my arms, I took it home with me

and cared for it. In course of time it grew quite tame, so that it would follow me about the house, and feed from my hand.

Seeing this, I thought it would be a good plan to catch some more young goats so that I might have a flock of them. In this way, not only did I get plenty of fresh milk, but I was always sure of a dinner without having the trouble of going out to hunt for it.

There were no seasons, such as could be called summer and winter on my island. There were two rainy seasons in every year, each lasting about two months, while during the rest of the time the sun shone warm and bright and never a spot of rain fell. The rains, when they came, were very heavy, and I was often obliged to keep in my house for days at a time.

One very wet season I thought I would try to make some baskets in which to keep my bread and other things. When I was a boy there was a basket-maker living in our town, and I often used to watch him at work, so I knew very well what to do.

Basket-makers use willow-twigs because they are tough and bend easily. There were no willow-trees on my island, but by dint of searching about I found a wood that would do nearly as well. I cut a great bundle of this and set it to dry. Then I carried it to my

cave, and in a week or two had made several large baskets. They were not very beautiful to look at, but they were strong, and that was all I wanted.

One other thing I learnt to make about this time, and that was a pot to cook my food. Up to now I had been forced to roast all my meat, and I could not even boil myself a drop of water, for I had no vessel that would stand the fire.

I knew nothing about the art of making pottery, except that clay was used. I had to learn this, like everything else I did on the island, by hard work, and by means of many mistakes.

I soon found some clay, and set to work. It would make you pity me, or laugh at me, to tell of the many ugly things I made. Many of them fell in, and many fell out, the clay not being strong enough to bear its own weight. Many cracked in the fierce heat of the sun, when I put them out to dry. Many fell in pieces as soon as I moved them. In short, having worked hard to dry the clay, to bring it home and work it, I only made two large ugly things (I cannot call them jars) after two months' labour.

I got on a little better with the smaller things, such as flat dishes, mugs, and pitchers,

but these were not what I wanted most. None of them would bear great heat or hold water.

At last one day, when I was raking out my fire, I came across a broken piece of one of my pots. It was burnt hard as a stone and red as a tile. This set me thinking—if they would burn in pieces they would certainly burn whole.

The next day I made a pile of large jars, and built a fire of wood round them. I kept the fire going all day, and saw the pots turn a clear red with the heat. Then the sand that was in the clay began to melt, and run down the outside. At this I let the fire go down, but very slowly, so that the pottery should not crack.

Next morning, when I raked away the ashes, I found that all my jars were firm and hard. Some of them had been perfectly glazed by the running of the sand, and these could be used to hold water or to boil a stew.

In this way, by hard work, and by using my wits, I made many things that otherwise I should have had to do without. I often felt glad that I had not wasted any time in getting things out of the wreck. If I had not found tools and weapons, what a plight I should have been in. By this time I should very likely

have been dead ; for I should have had no food to eat, except shell-fish from the shore, and such birds or beasts as I could kill with my hands.

MUKKVIRUL ISLAM L. S. SCHOOL Date..... ERNAKULAM.

CHAPTER V

THE FOOTPRINT IN THE SAND

I HAD now been on the island several years, and all that time I had never seen a man's face or heard a human voice. But, for all that, I was not quite lonely. The greatest friend I had was the dog that I had brought from the wreck. A faithful servant he was to me, for sixteen years, when he died of old age.

Another great pet of mine was a parrot I had caught in the woods. I spent a long time in teaching him to talk, and he was a great comfort to me. When we were sitting together in the house he would put his bill close to my cheek and say, "Poor Robinson Crusoe! Poor Robinson Crusoe! Where have you been? How are you to-day?" and many other things I had taught him.

Perhaps you would like to know what I looked like at this time.

I had a great, shapeless cap, made of goat's skin, with a flap hanging down behind to keep

the rain and sun from my neck. My coat and trousers also were made of the skin of an old he-goat, and the hair on them hung down as low as my knees. Shoes and stockings I had none, but I had made some things like gaiters to slip over my legs.

Round my waist was a belt of dried skin, tied with thongs. Instead of a sword or a dagger I wore a little saw and a hatchet, one on one side and one on the other. I had another belt, not so broad, across my shoulder, and hanging to it were two pouches, made of goat-skin, too, in which I carried my powder.

At my back I carried my basket, on my shoulder my gun, and over my head a large clumsy umbrella. As for my face, it was burned almost black with the sun. My beard was cut fairly short, but my moustaches were very long indeed. I will not say they were long enough to hang my hat upon them, but they were of a length and shape that people would think frightful in England.

I must now tell you of a strange event that changed all my life on the island.

One day, I was walking on the sea-shore a long way from my house. All of a sudden I saw the print of a man's foot in the sand

You may guess how frightened I was. I stopped short and looked around me. Nothing

was to be seen, so I went up to a hill a little way off and stared up and down the shore. It was all in vain; nothing was there either. Thinking it must have been fancy, I came back to look at the footprint again. There it was, without doubt the print of a real foot—toes, heel, and every part of it plain to see.

How it came there I could not think, and I was too much frightened to stay long in that place. With all speed I made my way home. At every two or three steps I stopped and looked behind me. Each distant stump of a tree I took to be a man.

I did not sleep at all that night. Till dawn I lay and tossed about on my bed, my mind filled with fearful thoughts. Who made that footprint in the sand? Was it one of a band of savages who had come to the island and sailed away again? If so, had they seen anything of me, or of my work, and would they come again and kill me?

The next morning I began at once to strengthen the fence before my house. This done, I mounted muskets, like cannon, in several places on the wall, so that they would command the whole of the space in front. About twelve years before I had planted a double row of young trees at some distance from the fence. These were now growing thick and bushy like a wood,

so that anyone outside them could not get a glimpse of my abode.

Still, however, I did not feel safe. I began to think how dreadful it would be if I were caught away from my house in another part of the island. In order that I might have food to eat, if this should happen I hit upon a good plan. I divided my goats into several herds. These I took to different parts of the island, and enclosed them with fences. Now, I thought, if I am driven from one place I can take refuge in another without the fear of being starved to death.

For many weeks after I had seen the foot-print, I did not dare to go far from my house. After a month or two the first fear wore off, but still I was never so happy and free from care as I had been before. I had now always to be on the watch, for I never knew when the savages might come again.

Several years passed away and nothing happened to give me alarm. Then one day, as I was looking out to sea, I saw a black speck on the water far away. I could not make out what it was, for though I had a telescope, which I had found in one of the seamen's chests, I had foolishly left it at home. I made up my mind never to do the like again, and walked down the hill towards the shore.

When I reached it I started back in horror. The beach was strewn with skulls, hands, feet, and other bones of human bodies. There were the remains of a fire, and a large circle was dug in the ground, where I supposed the savage wretches had sat down to their awful feast.

For a long time I stood staring in horror. Then I turned away and made all speed to my house. There I fell on my knees and gave thanks to God that so far he had spared my life, and that I had been cast away on a part of the island where these cruel brutes never came.

MUNAWIROL ISLAM L. S. SCHOOL Date..... ERNAKULAM.

CHAPTER VI

THE CAVE

For a whole year after this, I hardly dared to stir far abroad. I was afraid to drive a nail or chop a stick of wood now, for fear some one might hear. Much less would I fire a gun; and I was always afraid when I had to make a fire, that the smoke would be seen.

I now began to think of finding a new house, which would be safer than the one I had. One day, chance showed me the very place I needed.

I had been in the forest cutting wood, and behind some thick bushes I saw a hollow in the

ground. The opening was large enough for me to stand upright in, so I went up and looked inside.

I came out quicker than I went in, I can tell you, for in the dark I saw two yellow shining eyes. Plucking up my courage, I lighted a torch, and rushed into the cave again. But I had not gone three yards, when I stopped in fear, for I heard a low grunting noise, followed by a deep groan.

At this I was so frightened that, if I had had a cap on my head I believe my hair might have lifted it off. But I made up my mind to see what was in the cave, and in spite of my fear went in a little farther.

Then I saw the creature that had made the noise, and I burst out laughing. On the ground lay an ugly old he-goat, gasping and panting. He was very ill indeed, and had crept into that cave to die. I stirred him up a little, but he could not move, so I began to explore the cave.

It was about twelve feet high. At the farther end the roof was low, and I saw that the cave went in farther. I crawled a little way along on my hands and knees, and then my light went out, so I gave it up for that day, and went back to my house.

The next morning I returned with a store of candles I had made myself. The old goat was

dead. He was too heavy to drag outside, so I buried him where he lay.

I now found that the cave opened out into a much larger one beyond. It was, I suppose, nearly twenty feet high. The walls were of some kind of rock, and both the floor and walls were quite dry.

Here I determined to make another home. For weeks afterwards I was busy getting everything ready, and taking my things from one place to the other. I hid the opening with bundles of branches and twigs, so that no one could see it as they passed by.

When this was done I felt quite safe, for I thought that five hundred savages could not get at me once I was inside my cave.

I had now been twenty-three years upon the island.

CHAPTER VII

MAN FRIDAY

For a long time after this I saw nothing more of the savages. Then one morning, as I looked out from the hill above my house, I saw five canoes on the beach. I at once went down and got my telescope, then, climbing the hill once more, I lay down flat on my face to watch them.

There were thirty of the savages altogether, and they were dancing round a fire which they had lighted on the beach. As I watched, I saw two prisoners brought from the canoes. They were led close to the fire, and one of them was knocked on the head with a wooden club.

At that moment, the other poor wretch made a dash for freedom, and began to run very swiftly along the sands directly towards my house. I must confess that I was very frightened when I saw this, for I thought he would be followed by the whole body. Only three of the savages, however, gave chase, and seeing this I went down and got my gun.

Between the savages and my house was a deep creek. As soon as he came to this, the runaway plunged in, and with swift strokes swam to the other side. He was followed by two of the others, but the third could not swim, so he stayed on the bank, and presently turned and went away.

I now took a short cut to the shore, and placed myself right in the way of the escaping savage. As soon as he saw me, he stopped, but I called and made signs to him to come on, for I had made up my mind to save the poor fellow's life.

The other two were now close upon me. As the first ran up I knocked him down with the

butt of my gun. Then, seeing that the second was about to fit an arrow to his bow, I fired and shot him dead.

The poor savage who had fled was so frightened with the fire and noise of my gun that he stood stock-still, and seemed to be wondering whether or not to run away. I called again to him, and tried to show him that I meant him no harm, and at length he came forward a little way.

I smiled at him and looked pleasant, so at last he came nearer and threw himself on the ground at my feet. Then taking my foot gently in his hands he placed it on his head. This, it seems, was his way of showing me that he would be my slave for ever.

The savage that I had knocked down now sat up and began to look about him. Upon this, my savage, for so I must now call him, made signs to me to lend him my sword. No sooner did he get it in his hands than he ran to his enemy, and at one blow cut off his head. Then he made signs that we should cover the two bodies up, lest the other savages should come and see them. I nodded my head, so he scraped a hole in the sand with his hands, and in a quarter of an hour had buried the two of them.

This done, I led him away, and took him, not to my house, but to one of my caves at a distance. I gave him some bread and water

and some dried grapes. Then, seeing that he was very tired with his running, I pointed to some straw and a blanket, and he lay down and soon fell fast asleep.

While he slept I took a good look at him. He was a handsome fellow, with strong straight limbs, and was, I thought, about twenty-six years of age. His skin was not black, but brown, and his hair was long and straight, not woolly like a negro's. His face was not fierce and surly, but very good-tempered, and I thought altogether he had a fine manly look about him.

When he awoke he came running to me, and made signs to show how grateful he was to me for saving his life. I smiled to show him that I too was pleased, and then, taking him with me, I went to look at the place where the canoes had been. You may guess how glad I was when I saw they had all gone away, and were already far out at sea.

After a day or two I took my savage home to my house, and began to train him and talk to him. First of all I let him know that his name was to be Friday, for that was the day on which I found him. I also taught him to say "Master," and let him know that was to be my name. He was very quick to learn, and seemed glad to do anything that pleased me.



CRUSOE DRESSES FRIDAY.

Next, I set about making Friday some clothes. I made him a little cap of hare's skin, and a coat and trousers of the skin of goats, and very proud he was when he had put them on.

The next year was the pleasantest time I had passed in this place. Friday soon began to talk pretty well, and I was delighted with him as a companion. He knew the name of almost everything I asked for, and talked to me a good deal in his own way.

Before long he was able to tell me how he came to the island. He lived, he said, on an island far away to the west, and his people had gone to war with the people of another island. During a battle, he and one other had been taken prisoner, and they had been brought to my island to be eaten, for that, it seemed, was the custom.

"Well, Friday," I said, "and what does your nation do with the men they take? Do they take them away and eat them as these did?"

Friday. "Yes, my people eat mans too: eat all up."

Master. "Where do they carry them?"

Friday. "Go to other place, where they think."

Master. "Do they come here?"

Friday. "Yes, yes, they come here; come other else place."

Master. "Have you been here with them?"

Friday. "Yes, I have been here."

At this he pointed to the other side of the island, and I knew that he had formerly been among the savages whose coming had so frightened me. I then set myself to make him understand how dreadful a thing it was to eat the flesh of men. Every night I told him about God, and read to him out of my Bible. He listened eagerly to all I said, and I am sure my words sank deep into his heart.

JAMIATUL ISLAM L... Date.....

CHAPTER VIII

THE BUILDING OF THE BOAT

In this way Friday and I lived together for several years, and no man could have had a better or more trusty servant.

As soon as he learnt to understand me better, I told him all my history. I told him all about England, how the people lived there, and how they sent big ships to trade with all parts of the world.

Then I took him down to the beach, and showed him the place where my ship had come ashore. There was not a trace of her left now, for she had long since been broken into pieces by

the winds and the waves. Higher up on the beach, however, the remains of the small boat could still be seen, half buried in the sand.

When he saw the boat, Friday stood for a long time, as if lost in thought. At last he said:

"Me see boat like that come to my country."

At first I did not understand what he meant, and asked him what the boat was like.

"White men in her," said Friday. "We save white men from being drowned."

Then I knew that he was trying to tell me that a boat had been wrecked on the shores of his own land, and that her crew had been saved.

"How many white men were there, Friday?" I asked.

At this he held up his fingers and counted them until he reached seventeen. I asked him what became of them. He told me, "They live, they dwell in my country."

This put new thoughts into my head. I made up my mind to try and save those men, so I told Friday that we would make a big boat, and that he should go home in it.

He answered not one word, but looked very grave and sad, so I asked him what was the matter.

"Why are you angry with Friday?" he said. "What has he done?"

"I am not angry with you at all," said I, smiling at him.

"No angry?" said he. "Then why send Friday home again?"

I answered that I thought he would be glad to get home again. Indeed, he had often told me so.

"Yes," said he. "Friday wish to go home, but not without master. Master stay here, Friday stay here too."

"But what should I do in your country?" I asked.

He answered me very quickly. "You do great deal much good," said he. "You teach wild mans be good mans; you teach them to pray to God and live new life."

"Alas, Friday," said I, "you do not know what you say. I am not good enough myself to teach other men. You shall go alone, and leave me here to live by myself as I did before you came."

At this he again looked very sad. Then, without another word, he left me, and came running back with a hatchet I had given him to wear. He held it out to me.

"What am I to do with this?" I asked in surprise.

"You take kill Friday," said he.

"But why am I to kill you?"

He burst into tears. "Take kill Friday," he said again. "No send Friday away."

I was very much moved to see how much he loved me, and I at once told him that we would not part, and that if we left the island it should be together.

We then set to work to make a canoe, large enough to carry us and the seventeen wrecked sailors. I let Friday choose a tree, for I soon found out that he knew more about boat-building than I did.

When the tree was cut down Friday wished to burn the hollow out with fire. This, however, would have been a very slow way, so I showed him how to cut the tree with tools.

After a month's hard work the boat was finished, but it took us another fortnight to get her down to the water's edge. This we did by means of great rollers, which we slid under the boat and so got her along.

Another two months were spent in rigging the boat, fixing the mast and rudder, and making the sails. At last, however, all was finished, and I set to work to collect food and stores for the voyage.

I meant to put to sea in a week or two's time, when the fair weather should have set in. I dried and smoked a large quantity of goat's flesh, which would keep for many days. I also

took some bread for our own use, and some grapes, which I had found in the woods, and dried by hanging them in the sun. Besides these, I put in several large vessels of water, one or two guns and other weapons, and a supply of powder and bullets.

Before we could set sail, however, something happened that made us change our plans.

CHAPTER IX

THE RESCUE OF THE WHITE MAN

ONE morning I called Friday, and told him to go to the sea-shore, and see if he could find a turtle. We usually had one once a week, for we liked the flesh very much.

Friday had not been long gone, when he came running back, and before I had time to speak to him he cried out :

"O master ! O master ! O sorrow ! O bad !"

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

"O yonder there !" he cried, "one, two, three canoe. One, two, three !" The poor fellow was very frightened, for he thought that the savages had come back to look for him, and would cut him in pieces and eat him.

I comforted him as well as I could, and sent him away to fetch my guns. I took one myself, with a good charge of shot, and gave him three others to carry, besides a pistol in his belt.

Keeping together, we then crept through the wood until we were close to the place where Friday had seen the canoes. Here I called softly to Friday, and told him to go forward quietly, and see what the savages were doing. He did so, and came back, saying they were seated round the fire, and that a prisoner lay bound on the sand close by. This prisoner, he said, was not a savage, but a white man.

I was filled with horror at this news, and it was only with great difficulty that I kept myself from rushing out on the savages there and then. But I saw that, by going a little way round, I could get near them unseen, and so I began to creep through the bushes on my right.

I made my way towards a big tree that stood on a rising ground near the edge of the wood. Behind this tree I took up my place, and then peeped out to see what was happening.

There was not a moment to lose. Nineteen of the savages sat close together by the fire, while two others were bending down over the white man, to untie the bonds on his hands and feet.

"Now, Friday," said I, "fire on them"; and at the same moment I fired also.

Friday took his aim much better than I. At the first volley, he killed two and wounded three more, while I killed one and wounded two. The savages were thrown into a dreadful fright. All who were not hurt jumped to their feet, but they did not know which way to run, or whence their destruction came.

Before they could get over their surprise we let fly a second volley, and several others fell.

"Now, Friday," said I, "follow me!" and taking up the two other guns which were still loaded, we rushed out of the wood.

As soon as they saw us coming the savages fled, and began to tumble into their canoes. Friday ran after them, shouting, and firing as he went. Meanwhile I went up to the prisoner, and cut his bonds. Then I lifted him up, and asked him who he was.

The poor fellow was so weak that he could hardly stand or speak. I made out, however, that he was a Spaniard and a Christian. I gave him a drink of water from my flask, and in a little time he seemed better, and began to thank me for saving his life.

"Sir," said I, as well as I could in Spanish, "we will talk afterwards, but we must fight

now. If you have any strength left, take this pistol and sword and lay about you."

The very touch of the weapons seemed to put new life into the poor fellow. He flew after the savages in a fury, and the next moment had cut two of them down.

A fierce battle now took place upon the shore. The Spaniard was as bold and brave as a lion, while Friday, having no longer a charge in his gun, laid about him with a hatchet. Seeing this I sat down on the sand, and loaded all the other muskets ready for use again.

By this time the savages had got into one of their canoes, and pushed off from the land. Friday and I made one or two more shots, but did not hit any of them, so we jumped into the other canoe to give chase. What was our surprise to find in this boat, another prisoner bound hand and foot like the first!

He was not a white man, but a savage, and he was trembling with fear. I cut his bonds, and told Friday to speak to him, and tell him he was safe But no sooner had Friday seen his face, than he began to kiss him and hug him and dance about like a mad creature. It was a good while before I could make him tell me what was the matter. When he came to himself a little, he told me that this prisoner was his own father.

MUNAVIRUS

CHAPTER X

THE SHIP

My island was now peopled, and in a kind of way I was a king. It is true I had only three subjects. But I had saved the lives of all three of them, and they were very devoted to me.

The Spaniard was one of a band of seventeen who had been cast away on the island where Friday's people lived. There they had been kindly treated, but, a short time afterwards, there was a war with the people of another island. A great battle took place, and this Spaniard, together with Friday's father, were taken prisoners.

Hearing this, I made up my mind to try and save those sixteen other white men.

"Have your friends any arms?" I asked the Spaniard.

"Yes," said he, "they have guns, but no powder, for all they had was spoiled in the sea."

"If I brought them here," said I, "would they be true men to me, and obey all my orders?"

"I am sure they would," said the Spaniard, "for their life is now so unhappy that they would love anyone who delivered them."

I now began to think how I could carry out my plan. There was a large canoe which the

savages had left behind. In this, or the boat we had made, I at last decided to send the Spaniard and Friday's father to bring the other white men to my island.

Before they could start, however, there was much to do. If so many fresh people were to come to my island, I must have food for them. For six months, then, we all worked as hard as we could, digging more land to sow rice and corn, and reaping the harvest.

At last all was ready. I put food and water into the canoe, enough to last for many days. Then giving each of my subjects a gun and some powder and shot, I sent them on their way, wishing them a good voyage.

One morning, about eight days after they had gone, I was asleep in my house, when Friday came running to me.

"Master, master," he cried, "they are come, they are come."

I jumped up and ran out as soon as I could get my clothes on. To my surprise, I saw a boat, about a mile away, standing in for the shore. It was not a canoe, but a large ship's boat with a shoulder-of-mutton sail.

I ran home again, and, calling Friday, bade him lie close, for these were not the people we were waiting for. Then I took my telescope, and mounted the hill to look out over the sea.



TAKE KILL FRIDAY, NO SEND FRIDAY AWAY.

There, about six miles away, lay a ship at anchor, with the English flag flying at the mast.

I cannot tell you my joy on seeing this welcome sight. Yet, in the midst of all, I could not help feeling a little uneasy. My island was not in the track of merchant ships, and there had been no storm to drive the vessel hither. What if the people in that ship had come for no good!

CHAPTER XI

RESCUE

THE boat now entered the creek, and its crew landed. They were indeed Englishmen. There were eleven of them altogether, but three were unarmed, and seemed to be prisoners. These were treated very roughly by the others, who dragged them along to some rocks and bade them sit there. This they did in a very miserable manner, while their companions ran off in different directions as if they wanted to see the country.

As soon as they were out of sight, I called Friday to follow me, and went down to the beach. The men started when they saw me coming, but did not move.

"Gentlemen," said I, "do not be surprised—perhaps you may have a friend near when you least expect it."

"He must be sent directly from Heaven then," said one of the men, taking off his hat.

"All help is from Heaven, sir," said I. "I am an Englishman, like yourself. Tell me freely how I can serve you."

The gentleman then told me that he was the captain of the ship that lay at anchor. There had been a mutiny on board, and the crew had captured himself and his two mates. Now they were going to leave them on this island, which they thought was uninhabited.

In a moment I made up my mind what to do. "Look you, sir," said I, "if I help you to get your ship again, will you promise to take me and my man to England?"

"That I will," said the captain, holding out his hand, "and be grateful to you all my life besides."

"Well then," said I, "here are three muskets for you, with powder and ball. Tell me next what you think best to be done."

The captain did not wish to shed blood if he could help it. So we made up our minds to wait by the boat till the crew came back and then overpower them.

The two first men to return showed fight,

and the captain was forced to shoot one of them in self-defence. Hearing the sound of the firing, the others came running up; but they soon saw that it was in vain to resist, for we had guns, while they had none.

They begged for mercy, and the captain told them he would spare their lives if they would swear to be faithful to him, and help him to get back his ship. This they promised to do. I myself was not willing to trust them too far, however, and, at my wish, the captain kept them for the time bound hand and foot.

In the afternoon another boat was sent from the ship, for the men on board, finding that their comrades did not return, grew uneasy about them. As soon as the boat's crew landed I told one of our prisoners to call to them from the woods. This he did; and hearing their friend's voice, the crew came into the woods, leaving two of their number to guard the boat.

As soon as they were among the trees we drew back, keeping always out of sight, and calling to them from time to time. In this way we led them far into the island. When night fell, they became separated from one another, and we took them one by one with very little bloodshed.

Our next task was to take the ship. There were not many men now left on board, and

after a short but fierce struggle the vessel was ours.

We gave our prisoners the choice—either to stay on the island, or to come back to the ship and be placed in irons until we reached England. They chose the former, for they knew they would surely be hanged when the ship came to port.

I then told these men the story of my life on the island, and showed them how I had lived all those years. I showed them my houses and my stores, my flocks of goats, and my fields of corn. I showed them the places in the woods where the wild grapes grew, and where were the best springs of fresh water.

The ship had to sail at once, so there was no time to wait for the Spaniards. But I told the men about them, and they promised to keep a good lookout, and make them welcome when they came.

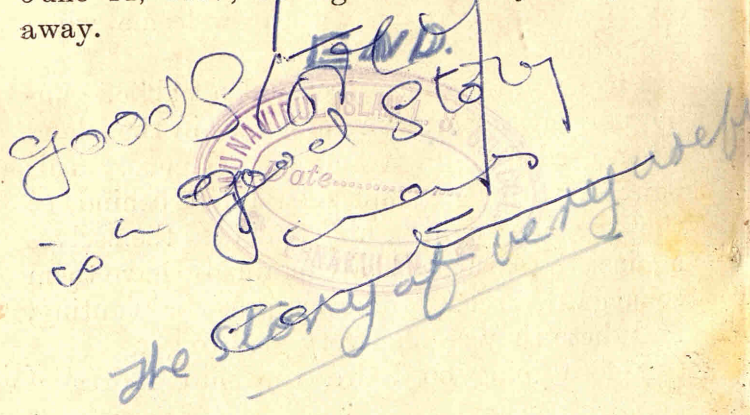
I had more than a barrel and a half of gunpowder left, for after my first year in the island I had used little of it and wasted none. This powder, with eight muskets, I left behind, so that the men might be able to defend themselves against the savages. The captain also gave them some garden seeds, and some peas for planting, and these they seemed very glad to get.

Before going on board the ship, I dressed

myself in some new clothes that the captain brought me. It seemed very strange to wear a white shirt and shoes and stockings once more. I had got so used to my goat-skin clothes that it was a long time before I felt comfortable in my new ones.

At last all was ready. I took leave of the men, telling them to be of good cheer, and I would do my best to send a ship to take them off. Then I went on board, taking with me my goat-skin cap, my umbrella, and some silver money I had kept all those years. It was now brown and tarnished, and I had to polish it before it looked like money at all.

I left the island on December 19, 1686, having been upon it more than twenty-eight years. After a long voyage, I arrived in England on June 11, 1687, having been thirty-five years away.



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