

ROBINSON CRUSOE.



SIDNEY'S PRESS :

PUBLISHED BY J. BABCOCK & SON,  
New-Haven ;

AND S. BABCOCK & CO.  
Charleston, S. C.

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1825.

FRONTISPIECE.



THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
**ROBINSON CRUSOE.**

WITH ENGRAVINGS



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## ROBINSON CRUSOE.

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THOSE who are accustomed in their early days to do wrong, will with difficulty be persuaded to do right when they shall be grown to the age of maturity. The parents of Robinson left him early to the guidance of his own will, and, as he loved play better than his book, his youthful days passed without any attention being paid to the improvement of his mind. Those hours which ought to have been spent in some useful study, were squandered away among idle boys in the street, to his own detriment, and the disgrace of his fond parents.

One day, as Robinson was walking about the port of New-York, the place of his nativity, he met with one of his old companions, whose father was master of a ship, and who was then on the point of sailing for London. The young sailor persuaded Robinson to go with him, which he did without taking leave of his parents, and thereby committed a rash and wicked action.

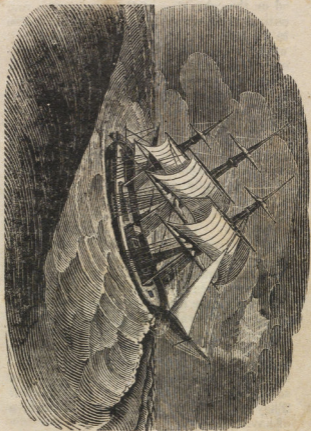
The wind was favourable, they weighed anchor and proceeded on their voyage.— Robinson soon lost sight of the land, and

nothing was left to his view but the ship in which he was sailing, the water beneath, and the sky above.

The two following days, the winds and weather proved favourable; but, on the third, the heavens began to be overcast, and every thing seemed to forebode an approaching storm. The air sometimes appeared to be on fire, and dreadful peals of thunder followed the vivid flashes of lightning; the rain fell in torrents, and the wind blew the billows of the ocean to a tremendous height. One moment the vessel appeared mounting to the clouds, and the next moment as if descending to the lowest regions: sometimes it lay on one side, and sometimes on the other.

All on a sudden, crack! crack! went the deck. "Heaven have mercy on us!" cried the sailors, who turned pale with terror, and lifted up their eyes to heaven. "What is the matter?" said Robinson, who was already half dead with fear. "Ah!" replied the seamen, "we are lost; a clap of lightning has shivered our mizen mast to pieces, and our main mast is equally in danger." "We are lost!" exclaimed another voice from the inside of the ship: "we have sprung a leak, and we have already four feet water in the hold."

At these words, Robinson, who was seat-



ed on the cabin floor, fell into a swoon, and entirely lost his senses. All the crew ran to the pumps, and exerted all the force they were masters of, to keep the ship from sinking. The captain fired signals of distress, which awakened Robinson from his swoon, but soon threw him into a worse state, when he supposed it to be the noise occasioned by the ship's foundering.

After some time, a large boat came to their assistance; but it was with great difficulty, on account of the dreadful waves, that they could get on board of it: and Robinson must have perished, had not a compassionate sailor thrown him on board of the boat. They had rowed but a short distance from the ship when they saw it sink. Fortunately, at this instant, the wind abated, otherwise the boat, loaded as it was, must have been overwhelmed in the waves. However, after many dangers, they reached the ship to which the boat belonged, and were all taken on board.

The ship that had received them then set sail for England, and, in a few weeks entered the mouth of the river Thames, and soon after anchored in the port of London. They then went on shore, happy in the idea of having escaped with their lives.

Robinson amused himself for a few hours in reviewing some parts of this great city ;



but his stomach telling him he stood in need of something to eat, he went in search of the master of the vessel, who received him kindly, and made him sit down to the table with him.

After dinner, the captain asked him what business brought him to London; when he replied that pleasure was his only motive, and at the same time confessed, that he had undertaken the voyage unknown to his parents. When the captain heard this, he appeared much shocked, and advised him to return immediately to his native country, and at the knees of his parents to implore their forgiveness.

Our imprudent adventurer then took his leave of the captain; but, as he was going to enquire for a ship, different ideas crowded on his mind. "If I now return (said he to himself,) my parents will punish me for leaving them, and my companions will laugh at me for having seen only two or three streets in London."

On reaching the quay, he found no ship ready to sail for United States; he met with the captain of a Guineaman, who very kindly invited him to take a cup of tea on board of his ship, and Robinson accepted the invitation. The consequence of this meeting was, that Robinson agreed to go to Guinea with the captain: and, at that

moment, he totally forgot his parents, friends, and country.

They accordingly set sail with every appearance of a pleasant passage; they had passed by Calais, cleared the channel, and got into the Atlantic Ocean, without any accident. The wind, however, now changed, and was so violent, that it blew them on the coast of America.

They had not sailed long on the coast, when they heard the report of cannon: and as they were at some distance from the land, they concluded they were signals of some ship in distress. They therefore steered their course towards the report of the guns, and soon discovered, by a flame at a distance, that it was a ship on fire, which soon blew up, and nothing more was heard or seen of her. The captain, however, bent his course that way, and continued his signals, hoping he might thereby pick up some of the crew, who had probably taken to their boats. It fortunately so happened, that the crew of the unfortunate ship, directed by the signal guns of the Guineaman, come up with her, and were all saved.

The good and generous captain, having safely conveyed to Newfoundland the people he had saved, pursued his voyage to Guinea with a favourable wind, and arriv-

ed safe at Madeira, carrying with him thither the crew of another ship he had met with in the greatest distress.

As the captain was obliged to stop here some time, in order to repair his ship, which had been damaged by the storm, Robinson, in a few days, began to be tired of inactivity, and wished for wings that he might, as quick as thought, fly over the whole universe.

During this interval, a Portuguese ship arrived from Lisbon, bound to Brazil : and Robinson, getting acquainted with the captain, heard him talk so much of gold and precious stones, that he conceived the most ardent desire to go there, and load his pockets with those valuable articles.

He then informed his good friend, the captain, that he intended to sail in the Portuguese ship to Brazil, As the captain had just learned from Robinson himself that he had left his parents without their knowledge, he was very glad to get rid of him, fearing he should have no success while so impious a youth was on board. He therefore gave him leave to depart, gave him some money, and the best advice he could. Robinson took a kind leave of his friend, went on board the Portuguese ship, and sailed for the Brazils.

The voyage proved agreeable for several

days; at last, a violent storm blew from the south-east.

After weathering the storm seven days, a sailor cried out with excess of joy, that he saw land, which brought every one on deck. This joy, however, was of short duration; for they ran upon a bed of sand, where they remained fixed, and exposed to the furious waves, which rolled over the ship in vast bodies.

All on a sudden the cry was general that the ship was filling with water. Every one instantly flew on deck, the long boat was handed out with incredible haste, and every one endeavoured who should first get in. The boat was so loaded, that it was easy to foresee, that it would never reach the shore, which was at a considerable distance. In fact a monstrous wave was seen rolling towards them, which buried them all in the bosom of the deep.

The boat being thus upset, Robinson and the rest of the ship's company were exposed to the mercy of the ocean; but the same wave that upset them carried Crusoe with it and threw him on the shore. He was thrown against a piece of rock with such violence, that the pain awoke him from the swoon into which terror had thrown him. He opened his eyes, and seeing himself on land, he exerted all his efforts to gain the height of the shore.



When he had recovered himself, he rose to look round. Good God, what a sight! The ship, the boat, and his companions, had all disappeared! nothing remained but a few planks of the ship, which the waves had thrown on shore. Himself was the only one who had escaped death.

Weary and fatigued he wished to find some place where he might enjoy a little repose; but no hut was in view, nor could he find any place so secure as that of the birds, who passed their evenings in the trees. He clambered up into one, and there passed the night, having properly secured himself from falling while sleeping.

In the morning he descended from the tree, in search of food, having eaten nothing the preceding day; but his searches were vain, nothing presented itself that the human stomach could digest. He threw himself on the ground, shed a torrent of tears, and wished he had perished in the sea, rather than be left to die a miserable death by famine.

He was now forming in his mind by what means he should put an end to his miserable existence, without waiting the tediousness of dying with hunger, when he saw a sea falcon devouring a fish he had taken, and said to himself, "If God furnishes these birds with food, he will not suffer me

to die with hunger." This idea renewed his spirits, and he exerted himself to walk along the sea shore.

At last perceiving some shells lying on the sand, he ran to them, and to his inexpressible joy found they were oysters.

Though these saved him from perishing with hunger, yet he knew not where to take his nocturnal abode, secure from savages and wild beasts, if such were there. His last night's lodging had been so uncomfortable, that he dreaded repeating the experiment. "What will it serve," said he to himself, "that I have escaped the fury of the sea, and have found something to keep me from dying with hunger, if I am at last to be devoured by wild beasts?"

"Poor unfortunate wretch that I am!" exclaimed he, at the same time lifting up his trembling hands to heaven, "Is it then true, that I am separated from all human beings, and that I must remain here without hopes of ever being taken from this desert island!"

His attempts to discover a place where he might repose in safety, were for a long time ineffectual; but at last he came to a small mountain, the front of which was as perpendicular as a wall. He examined this side with great attention, and found in it a little hollow place, to which the entrance was very narrow.

As he had neither pick-axe nor chisel, with which he might easily have increased the dimensions of the hollow place, he set his head to work how to supply the want of them. He observed that there were several willow trees near the spot; these he pulled up by the roots, with great difficulty, in order to plant them at the entrance of his intended cavern, and thereby make his habitation more comfortable and secure.

He rose the next morning at break of day, when he hastened to the shore to appease his hunger with oysters, and then return to his labours. Having pursued a different route this morning, he, in his way to the shore, had the good fortune to meet with a tree that bore large fruit. He indeed knew not what they were, but hoped to find them good to eat, and immediately knocked down one.

It was a nut of a triangular form, as large as the head of a small child. The outer bark was composed of threads, resembling hemp in appearance. The second bark, on the contrary, was as hard as a shell of a tortoise; and Robinson soon discovered that this would supply the place of a bason. The contents were a moist substance, which tasted like sweet almonds, and in the midst of it, which was hollow, something like milk, of a sweet and agreeable flavour. This was indeed a most glo-



rious repast to the half famished Robinson. It was the cocoa-nut.

His empty stomach could not be contented with one single nut, but he knocked down a second, which he ate with the same eagerness. His joy on this discovery filled his eyes with gratitude. The tree was very large, but it was the only one he saw in the place.

He carried with him some oysters to serve him for his dinner, and he went cheerfully to his labour. He had collected, on the borders of the sea, some large shells, which served him instead of a spade, and which very much accelerated his business. He soon afterwards discovered a tree, the inner bark of which formed a good substitute for cords or threads.

He then continued his work with great assiduity, and planted tree against tree until he had formed a strong palisade before his intended habitation. Every night and morning he watered his little plantation from the neighbouring rivulet, and for that purpose made use of the cocoa-nut shell. He soon had the pleasure to see his little plantation in a thriving condition, and very beautiful to the view.

Having hitherto succeeded to his wishes, he began to think in what manner to hollow out the little cavity in the rock, so as to

make it big enough for his use. As he knew it would be in vain to attempt it with his hands alone, he set about looking for some tool that might assist him in his operation.

It was not long before he met with a large and sharp stone, which not only resembled a hatchet with a sharp edge, but had even a hole in it to receive a handle. After repeated trials, he fixed a handle to it, and gave it all the appearance of the tool so much wanted.—Searching further among the stones, he found one that answered the purpose of a chisel, and others that proved excellent substitutes for a mallet.

By the assistance of these tools his work was so far advanced, in the course of a few days, that he had made sufficient room to lie in comfortably. He collected a sufficient quantity of grass, of which he made hay by exposing it to the sun; and of this made his bed.

Robinson, in order that he might not forget the order of the days, and to know when Sunday returned, invented a new kind of Almanack. As he had neither paper, nor any thing else to write on, he made choice of four trees that stood close together, and whose barks were smooth. On the largest of the four trees, he every night

made a mark with a sharp stone, to shew that the day had passed. When sever marks had been made, he made a strole through them all, and this was a mark for a week. Every time that he had made four marks in the second tree, he knew that one month had passed, for which he made one mark on the third tree. When he had made twelve marks on the third tree, he then made one on the fourth, which denoted the year being completely finished.

Necessity obliged him to make large excursions into the island, in pursuit of the indispensable necessaries of life.

Robinson rose in the morning with the sun, and prepared for his tour. He hung his pouch to a string, which he threw across his shoulders, put his hatchet instead of a sword, into his belt, and began his march.

His first visit was to his cocoa-nut tree, on order to supply his pouch with two nuts. Having supplied himself with this excellent provision, he went in search of some oysters; and being supplied with these matters, to be eaten only in case of necessity, he took a hearty draft of water, and then proceeded on his journey.

At last he came to a brook, where he resolved to sit down and dine. He seated himself under a large tree, whose spreading boughs afforded a shade to a great dis-

tance, and joyfully regaled himself. But in the midst of his repast, and all on a sudden, a distant noise terribly alarmed him. He looked around him on all sides, and at last perceived a whole troop of savage animals approaching him, which had some resemblance to our sheep, except that they had a hump on their backs, which, on that account, made them resemble little camels. These are called lamas—they are beasts of burden, and peculiar to some parts of South America.

Robinson, having killed one of these creatures with his hatchet, threw it across his shoulders, and was carrying it home to his cavern, when, in his way thither, to his great joy, he discovered seven or eight citron trees, whose ripe fruit had fallen to the ground. He carefully collected them, and carried them home to his habitation.

With a sharp stone he skinned the lama, whose flesh he so far roasted in the sun, as to make it eatable; and some of his citrons squeezed into water afforded him an excellent and refreshing liquor. The skin he hung up to dry, and of this hereafter intended to make himself shoes.

Robinson slept very soundly this night, and was angry with himself for lying so long. He was going out in order to make war on the lamas, but heaven prevented;

for he had no sooner put his head out of his cavern, than he was obliged to return. It rained so violent that the ground was covered with water, and this accompanied with the most dreadful thunder, which broke with such violence on the rock, that it seemed to shake it to the very foundation. This so terrified poor Crusoe, who, from a want of proper education, was naturally timid and superstitious, that he ran out of his cavern, and fell down in a swoon.

He remained for some time in a state of insensibility; but, on recovering himself, found the rain, thunder, and lightning, had ceased.

During the thunder storm, a flash of lightning had set fire to a large piece of wood, which had kept burning for a considerable time. Robinson now rejoiced to find that he had obtained some fire, and even from that very event which had before given him so much uneasiness. He immediately set about to keep up the fire constantly, and for that purpose built a kind of stone chimney, in his new habitation. He watched his fire attentively, that it might not go out, so that he could now roast the flesh of his lamas, in a manner fit for human creatures to eat.

Going one day to the borders of the sea to collect oysters, he could find only a few;

but, instead of them, discovered what gave him infinitely more satisfaction. Though he had never eaten of them himself, he had heard that they were wholesome and delicious food.—This was a fine large turtle, which weighed nearly an hundred pounds.

Robinson, with some difficulty, carried the turtle home to his habitation, by the assistance of his hatchet penetrated the under shell, dressed a part of it for his dinner, and made of it a most sumptuous feast. As he could not possibly eat it all at once, he was at loss how to preserve it from petrefaction.

Necessity had taught him wisdom ; and, as he had neither tub nor salt, he set his head to work, in what manner he should preserve the delicate food. He found the upper shell, which he had not broken, would supply the place of a tub, and nothing but salt was wanting.

“What a fool, I am !” said Robinson to himself, “here is a plenty of sea-water, and that will supply the place of salt.” He filled his shell with sea-water, put the remainder of the turtle in it, and it was thus preserved from putrefaction.

These happy successes encouraged him to exert his genius in greater attempts. Wishing to have some living animal about him, and the lamas were the only animate

beings except the spider, which he had seen on this island. But how he should get a pair of them alive into his possession was a great difficulty to surmount. He determined to form one of the ends of his cords into a noose, and throw this over the head of the first lama that should approach him.

He rose next morning early, and having furnished himself with his hatchet, provisions, and other things necessary, he proceeded in his design of catching lamas alive.

In the course of his journey he saw a pit at a distance, and advancing up to it, he found it was full of a white substance, How shall I express his joy, when, on tasting it, he found it to be excellent salt! he instantly filled his pockets with it. This discovery gave fresh spirits to Robinson, and he hastened to the spot where he hoped to trap a lama.

It was not long before he ensnared a female lama, which had two young ones, who, seeing their dam ensnared, came up without any appearance of fear, to Robinson, and licked his hands, meaning thereby, perhaps, that they wished their dam to be set at liberty.

Robinson then dragged the old lama to his habitation, and there the two young ones of course followed her. On his arrival at his hut, he formed a little stall with





bricks, into which he put the lama and her young ones. It is impossible to express the joy Robinson felt on having companions, even though they were not human.

One day as he was sitting full of thought, the idea struck him to explore other parts of the island, as he had seen but a small part of it; he determined therefore to proceed on his tour; the next morning he loaded one of his lamas with four days provisions, equipped himself, and having implored the divine protection, set out on his journey.

He had reached the centre of the island when he saw the impression of human feet on the sand, at which he grew pale and motionless, concluding that if there were inhabitants on the island, they could be only savages or cannibals, not less to be dreaded than the beasts of the forest. A little further he discovered a pit, in which were evident marks of a fire extinguished, and about it were scattered the hands and feet, skulls and other bones of human creatures, the remains of a horrible and unnatural repast.

He returned home and put his habitation in the best state of defence, and cut a subterraneous passage from his house, through which he might escape in case of an attack.

Some years passed without any thing

material occurring. One clear and serene morning, he perceived the smoke rising at a distance; his fright was followed by curiosity, and he hastened to the top of the hill, at the foot of which was his grotto; he there clambered a high tree, from which he discovered several canoes fastened to the shore, and savages dancing round a great fire; presently two poor creatures were dragged from the canoes, one of the savages knocked one of them down, and two others fell immediately upon him to cut him to pieces and prepare for a feast. The other captive, while the savages were butchering his companion, took to flight, and ran with great swiftness near to Robinson's habitation.

Robinson descended the tree and proceeded to the spot where the fugitive had concealed himself. Robinson made signs for him to follow him, which he did with evident marks of fear. In a little time the fears of the indian were removed, and he made Robinson to understand that he was willing to become his slave; for though he understood not the language of the Indian, he was charmed with the sound of a human voice, to which he had long been a stranger.

As this affair happened on a Friday, Robinson gave to his companion the name of FRIDAY. He gave him a skin to cover



resh water, and were much surprised at finding a white man on an island in so desolate a part of the globe. Robinson was quite overjoyed at the prospect he now had of once more returning to his native home, and the great pleasure he enjoyed in the company and conversation of man, from whom he had been so long separated. After taking in a small supply of water, they set off for the ship, with Robinson and his companion. The next day they again went on shore for more water: Robinson now took from his cabin such things as he thought might be useful to him on the passage; he then took a last farewell of his habitation, and the water cask being filled, they all returned on board, and the ship sailed.

A favourable voyage at length brought him in sight of his native country, and the heart of Robinson was expanded with joy; when, suddenly, a violent tempest arose which in spite of all the efforts of the seamen drove the ship on a sand bank, and forced away the keel and part of the hold. The water rushed in with such violence, that the only chance of escaping was in the boat, in which they happily reached the shore.

When he came in sight of his native city, he could not help shedding tears. He had already learned that his mother, whom

he so tenderly loved, had paid the debt of nature. On his arrival at New-York, he hastened to an inn, and thence sent a messenger to prepare his father for the reception of his supposed lost son. The messenger had orders to tell the father, that a person had arrived with news from his son, who would be with him in a few days. The supposed stranger was introduced, and after a short interview, declared himself his son.—Let my readers judge, for it is impossible to describe, how great was the tenderness of this meeting.

Friday, astonished at scenes so entirely new to him, gaped about him in silence, without being able to fix his attention on any particular object. In the mean time, the arrival of Robinson, and his surprising adventures, engrossed the conversation of all companies; every one wished to see him and hear his history, and he was employed from morning to night, in relating his adventures.

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