

# FRAZAR DOUGLAS

PERSEVERANCE ISLAND

Douglas Frazar

**Perseverance Island**

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**Frazer D.**

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# **Douglas Frazar**

## **Perseverance Island / Or, The Robinson Crusoe of the Nineteenth Century**

### **PREFACE**

In all works of the Robinson Crusoe type, the wreck is always near at hand, the powder dry and preserved, and the days for rafting the same ashore calm and pleasant. This unfortunate had no such accessories; and his story proves the limitless ingenuity and invention of man, and portrays the works and achievements of a castaway, who, thrown ashore almost literally naked upon a desert isle, is able by the use of his brains, the skill of his hands, and a practical knowledge of the common arts and sciences, to far surpass the achievements of all his predecessors, and to surround himself with implements of power and science utterly beyond the reach of his prototype, who had his wreck as a reservoir from which to draw his munitions.

## THE MANUSCRIPT

*Perseverance Island, South Pacific.*

*To the Person who shall find this Manuscript, Greeting, —*

I hope that in the mercy of God these lines may come to the hands of some of my fellow-creatures, and that such action may be taken as may be deemed best to inform the world of my fate and that of my unfortunate comrades; if the finder will, therefore, cause the accompanying account to be published, he will confer a lasting benefit upon his humble servant,

*Robinson Crusoe,*

*Otherwise called William Anderson.*

Everybody must remember the setting out of the schooner "Good Luck" from the Liverpool docks, England, in the summer of 1865, with the advance guard of a colony to be established in the Southern Pacific, on one or more of its numerous islands to be selected; and from that day to this, the non-reception of any news of her from her day of sailing.

I am the only survivor of that ill-fated vessel, and record here, in hopes that the manuscript may reach the eyes of those interested, all the facts of the case, and pray that they will speedily send to my relief some vessel to take me home, and permit me once more to gaze upon the faces of my fellow-men before I die.

## THE FINDING OF THE MANUSCRIPT

*Shottsville, Delefero County, Texas,  
April 1, 1877.*

Returning to my home in the evening after a hard day's work on my quarter-section farm, I saw in the twilight an object dangling in the air, and apparently fast to a young walnut sapling. I approached it and found that it was a small balloon of about three feet in diameter, made, I should think, of some kind of delicate skins of beasts or birds sewed cunningly together. Attached in the place where the car should be, I found the manuscript herewith submitted, written on some kind of parchment, which, being taken home and read, I found of such startling interest that I have, although poor, ordered the same published at my expense in hopes that some action may be taken by those whom it may concern to move further in the matter. I further depose that the accompanying manuscript is the original one found by me attached to the balloon, and that it has never been tampered with or allowed to leave my possession till this moment. It can be examined, as well as the balloon, at any time, by any responsible person, by calling upon me.

*[Signed] Reuben Stanley,  
State of Texas,*

*Shottsville, Delefero County, S.S.  
April 1, 1877.*

Then personally appeared before me the said Reuben Stanley, to me well known, and made oath that the above deposition made by him is true.

*[Signed] Richard Hillandier,  
Justice of the Peace.*

## CHAPTER I

Boyhood and youth of the author. Sailor's life. The "Good Luck." South Pacific Island scheme. Loss of crew off Cape Horn.

I was born in the year 1833, in the State of Vermont, United States of America, and at an early age lost both parents by that fearful scourge, the small-pox. I was an only child, and upon the death of my parents, which happened when I was about six years of age, I was taken charge of by a friendly farmer of a neighboring town, who put me to school for several years in the winter, and at work upon the farm in the summer. I had no known relatives in the wide world, and often felt the bitter pangs of orphanhood. My master was not, however, unkind, and I grew up strong, robust, and with rather a retiring, quiet disposition, with a great love of mechanics and tools. Under all this quietness, however, lurked, I well knew myself, an unappeasable love of adventure and enterprise. I loved to lie in the open fields at night under the full moon; to explore swamps and brooks; and I soon learned to swim in the pond near by. At the age of fourteen I left my master, with his consent, and went to work in a neighboring machine-shop, where castings, etc., were made. I loved all manner of mechanical tools and instruments, and evidently had a taste in that direction. At the age of eighteen I became restless, and, having read during leisure hours many books of adventure and discovery, I took it into my silly head to become a sailor, and upon the inspiration of a moment I packed up my small bundle of clothes, and, bidding good-by to my workmates, started out on foot for Portsmouth, N. H. I arrived there and shipped as green hand in the schooner "Rosa Belle" for Boston, at which port we in due season arrived. From thence I shipped again before the mast in a large, square-rigged vessel for a voyage round the world. It is not my intention here to give a detailed account of my adventurous life till I joined the "Good Luck;" suffice it to say that during fourteen years at sea I passed through all the grades of boy, seaman, able seaman, boatswain, third mate, second mate, and first mate. It was after my discharge from a large clipper ship in Liverpool, lately arrived from China, in the latter capacity, that, having some few hundred dollars by me, I began to look about to see if I could not gain a livelihood in some easier way than by going to sea, being by this time heartily tired of the life, and for want of friends and relations with little chance of rising higher in the profession; it was at this time, I say, that this cursed project of the "Good Luck" was brought to my attention. As fate would have it, the schooner lay in the same dock with ourselves, and I became interested in her by hearing the talk upon the dock that she was bound to the South Pacific Islands to seek for pearls, sandal wood, tortoiseshell, etc., and to establish a colony of which the persons who were going out on this trip were the advance guard and projectors. I remember now, oh! how sadly, the Utopian ideas that were advanced, and although I, as a sailor in those seas, knew many of them to be false, yet imagination proclaimed them true. I could not resist the impulse to join my fortune to theirs. Having made up my mind, I called upon the chief movers in the matter and offered my services. It was first a question with them whether I could subscribe any money to the project, and secondly, what position I desired in the adventure?

I satisfied them upon the former, by stating that if I was pleased with their plans I could subscribe four hundred dollars in cash, and my services as a seaman and navigator in those seas. This seemed very satisfactory, and I was then asked, more pointedly, what position I demanded. I said that I should be satisfied with the position of chief officer, and second in command on board of the schooner, and fourth in command on the island as concerned the colony, – that is to say, if their plans suited me, which I demanded to know fully before signing any papers and bound myself by oath not to disclose if, after hearing and seeing everything, I declined to join them.

This straightforward course seemed to please the managers, and I was put in full possession of all their plans, and immediately after signed the papers.

It is sufficient for me to give an outline of this plan simply, which, through the act of God, came to naught, and left me, a second Robinson Crusoe, on my lonely island.

The company was formed of one hundred persons, who each put in one hundred pounds to make a general capital, – except a few like myself, who were allowed a full paid-up share for eighty pounds, on account of being of the advance guard, and wages for our services according to our station, with our proportionate part of the dividends to be hereafter made.

With this fund paid in, amounting to about nine thousand eight hundred pounds, the managing committee purchased the schooner "Good Luck." She was a fore-topsail schooner, of one hundred and fifty-four tons measurement, built in Bath, Maine, and about seven years old, – strong, well built, sharp, and with a flush deck fore and aft. She cost two thousand four hundred pounds. The remainder of the money was used in purchasing the following outfit for the scheme we were engaged in: —

Four breech-loading Armstrong cannon, nine pounders, four old-fashioned nine-pounders, twenty-five Sharpe's breech-loading rifles, and twenty-five navy Colt's revolvers, with plenty of ammunition for all. These, in conjunction with boarding-pikes, cutlasses, hand-grenades, and a howitzer for the launch, comprised our armament. The hold was stored with a little of everything generally taken on such adventures, – knives, hatchets, and calico for the natives, and seeds, canned meats, and appliances for pearl fishing, house-building, etc., for ourselves. To these were added a sawmill, an upright steam-engine, a turning-lathe, blacksmith tools, etc.

Our plan was to find an island uninhabited, that would form a good centre from which to prosecute our purpose of pearl gathering, and to there establish a colony, sending home the "Good Luck" for the rest of our companions and their families.

Ten of us were chosen as the advance guard (all but three being sailors), to make the first venture, establish the colony, load the schooner, leave part of our force upon the island selected, and the remainder to bring back the schooner to Liverpool. "Man proposes, but God disposes."

On July 31, 1865, we set sail upon this disastrous voyage, and from that day to this have I never seen the faces of civilized beings except those on board of the schooner, and not those for many months. Our captain was a fine, manly fellow, of about eight and thirty years of age, and we all liked him. Duty on board was of course different than it would have been in a common vessel; and although we had watches and regular discipline, each was familiar with the other, having, as we had, an equal stake in the adventure.

We had a tough time off Cape Horn, and, although the "Good Luck" behaved well, it was here that we met with our first misfortune. In stowing the jib, in a gale of wind, preparatory to laying-to, three men were swept overboard, and we never saw them more. This cast a damper upon the remaining seven, and was but a precursor of what was yet to happen. We rounded Cape Horn the first part of October, and, steering northwest, soon reached more pleasant weather. Our course was towards the group of islands, so well known in the South Pacific, called the Society Islands.

## CHAPTER II

Push forward for the Society Islands. Driven into Magellan Straits by stress of weather. Anchor in a land-locked bay. Search for fresh water. Attacked by savages. Serious injuries to Capt. Davis and one of the crew. Return to the schooner and make sail for the open ocean. Resolve to return to England. Finally lay our course for Easter Island.

We had proceeded but a very short way towards the Society Islands when a terrific storm arose from the westward, driving us back upon the coast of South America. We lay to for many days, bending down before the blast, and drifting all the time rapidly to the southward and eastward; till one morning we discovered land broad off our lee beam, and, by a forenoon observation which the captain obtained, we found that we were off the western opening of the Straits of Magellan, and we soon put the schooner's head before the howling blast and ran in for shelter, rest, and repairs. We came up with the land very rapidly under easy sail, and passed the frowning cliffs and rocks on our port hand, not over a mile distant, as we knew we had plenty of water and to spare. After having passed the opening we hauled the schooner up on the port tack, heading her well up to the northward, intending to find some quiet land-locked cove where we could anchor and repair the damages – small in detail, but quite grave in the aggregate – that we had received in our buffeting of the last ten days.

About eight bells in the forenoon we found ourselves well inside the land, and with a smooth sea and a good fair working breeze, we kept the land well on the port beam and gradually crawled in toward it.

At about 4 P. M. we estimated that we were twenty miles inside the headlands, and having come to an arm of a bay trending well to the northward, we hauled the schooner sharp on a wind and steered into it; we discovered soon that it was about ten miles deep and thirty wide as near as we could judge; and as we came toward the head of the bay we found that we could run into a small inner bay of about three miles in area, with evidently smooth water and good anchorage. Into this inner bay or anchorage we quietly sailed and let go an anchor in six fathoms of water, and at a distance of about one mile from the shore.

When the sails were all properly furled, and everything put in "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," as the saying is amongst sailors, we had time to look about us; and the motion of the vessel having ceased, and the creaking of the masts and cordage, the flapping of the sails, and the usual noises of the sea, having come to an end, we were struck with the awful and sublime solitude of our surroundings. By this time the moon had risen, and by its light we saw the shadowy shapes of monstrous cliffs and miniature headlands covered with tangled forests of a species of pine, mirrored in the little bay in which we hung at anchor; but not one sound of life, no lights on shore, no cry of bird or beast, but the depressing, awful solitude of an unknown land; no noise except the graceful rise of the "Good Luck" to the miniature waves of the bay as she lay at anchor with twenty fathoms of chain out. We all spoke in whispers, so awe-striking was the scenery, and when we set the anchor watch and turned in it was unanimously conceded that we had little to fear in landing on the morrow either from natives or wild beasts.

Glad enough were we, after our long fight with the stormy ocean, to turn into our berths. It was chilly, although now past the middle of October, yet we saw no snow upon the ground, and the air had the smell of spring and verdure. This was easily accounted for when we remembered that in reality we were in the latter part of April as to seasons, and that we were no further south, than Great Britain is north, as concerns latitude. No doubt, also, the climate was favorably affected by this great arm of salt water penetrating the land. At any rate we had nothing to complain of on the score of ice and snow, which we should have found in plenty had we arrived a month or two earlier. Our

captain had some very good traits, and was very systematic. For instance, he said that he would never allow a boat to leave the vessel to visit the shore, to be gone even an hour, without being properly rationed, and with flint, steel, and tinder, and also two large tin canisters filled with garden seeds. He had a hobby that it was our duty to plant seeds in all of the out-of-the-way places that we visited, for the good of those who might come after us. Carrying out these ideas, he had had our whaleboat on deck – whilst we were running by the land – righted and filled with the above-named articles, ready for use in the morning; that is to say, he had ordered to be put on board of her cooked rations for six days for four men, two breakers of fresh water, one bag of hard tack, a compass, two large tin canisters with water-tight screw-heads, filled with peas, beans, cucumber seeds, one hatchet, one knife, and a spare coil of rope.

The next morning, when we arose, there was a general desire to land upon the unknown coast, and we bethought ourselves of the plan of drawing lots to see who should stay on board and who go ashore, as the vessel would need the care of at least three hands, leaving four of us to go in the boat. Lots were drawn, and the privilege of going in the boat fell upon Captain Davis, two of the sailors, and myself. I was overjoyed at the opportunity of exploring this new world. Captain Davis told us to arm ourselves well with rifles and revolvers, and to be in readiness to start after breakfast, sharp.

No pleasanter party ever shoved off from a vessel's side than we on that pleasant October morning. We soon reached the shore, and, pulling up the boat upon the beach, were soon roaming here and there, stretching our legs and enjoying the novelty of our position. It was evident that the place was a complete solitude, and we doubted if any civilized persons had ever visited the shores of the bay before.

We wanted most of all things a supply of fresh water, and to this end we wandered somewhat apart and towards the upper part of the bay, concealed by overjetting cliffs, to see if there was not some stream or river flowing into it. After a little we heard a cry of delight from a comrade in advance, and hastening toward him found that after turning a short and abrupt point of rocks, a river of some considerable width lay before our eyes, evidently navigable with a small boat for some miles, but, as far as the eye could extend, no sign of any habitation. We ran gayly back to the boat, launched her, and soon pulled round the overhanging cliff that had concealed the presence of the river from us.

I should judge that we had pulled some five or six miles when we began to get hungry, and thought by the sun that it was about noon, and that we would land and eat our dinner. Up to this time we had found no side brook or spring entering the main river, and each turn was so enticing that we kept on passing bend after bend.

We landed upon a nice sandy beach, and soon had a pot boiling, and some clams, of which there were vast quantities in the sand, cooking upon hot stones. We made a capital meal, and after a good smoke took our oars again and went on up the river. Shall I ever forget the ending of that pleasant day? As we were chatting and passing a bend, and opening a new reach, in one moment of time our ears were filled with awful shrieks and shouts, and we had become the centre of a perfect shower of missiles from the cliff underneath the base of which we had just passed.

Our first instinct was to drop our oars and grasp the firearms, and a dropping, irregular fire into the bushes at the foot of the bend and towards the higher cliff towering above us brought to a sudden cessation the shower of stones with which we had been assailed, and with wild cries of fear, pain, and awe these untutored savages fled into the dense forest behind them.

I was amazed at the ease with which we had repelled them, until I bethought me that probably our firearms were the first they had ever heard. I wondered why we had not fired more, and quicker, and turning my eyes from their disappearing bodies, I saw, with horror, the cause. Captain Davis lay in the stern sheets of the boat with a large stone across both legs, dropped evidently from the cliff, which was some twenty or thirty feet above us, upon them. He had fainted away, or else was dead from some other wound, for he did not offer to stir or remove the stone. I glanced towards my other two comrades, and found, upon examination, one with a serious fracture of the left arm, which,

however, did not prevent his holding on to his revolver in a most determined manner, and the other with only a few slight bruises. I beckoned him to come aft and help lift the stone off the captain's legs, we did so, and threw water in his face to revive him. We dared not imagine how bad his injuries were, and left him lying as we found him, after throwing overboard the stone, which undoubtedly would have gone through the bottom of the boat and sunk us, if it had not encountered the legs of the captain in its descent. As for our other comrade, we bound up his arm as best we could. I felt dizzy and weak, but did not suspect any serious injury. All that I have written was performed quickly, as sailors always act in an emergency. Bill Thompson and I soon got the boat's head pointed down stream, and the way we pulled for the ship was a sight to behold; pausing once in awhile to lift a hand and explode a revolver to keep the savages from attacking us again; but they had evidently had enough of it, for we saw no signs of them, and after a long and arduous pull we came to the ship's side, and sad was the news that we had for our comrades. We slung the boat and hoisted her on board, and I ordered the anchor to be weighed at once, and we set sail from this treacherous bay. It was found upon examination that one of the captain's legs was broken, evidently a compound fracture, and the other much bruised and inflamed. He was carried with care and affection to his stateroom, and I took charge of the deck. The sailor's arm was found to be a simple fracture, and we soon had it in splints and himself in his berth. After the schooner was fairly under way and heading out of the bay, I went below to my stateroom, and found that I had received several severe blows, but none that had drawn blood, except in the back of my head, where I found the hair under my cap bloody and matted together. This it was that had made me dizzy, although my excitement had been so great that I could not fix where the pain was till all was over. I washed myself, and went on deck again, to remain there during the night and run the schooner out into the open sea. What thoughts passed through my brain as the little vessel gallantly slipped along by the land, towards the ocean! – what in the world were we to do should Captain Davis die, and where were we to recruit, for during the long watches of that night it was agreed that we had become too short handed to prosecute our enterprise, and that the best thing that we could do would be to make our way back to England and start afresh; but after a long consultation, it was acknowledged that we were in no condition to face Cape Horn, and that we must get somewhere to recruit before we dare attempt the passage home. The captain, who had his senses perfectly, although suffering bodily pain, said "that we must make one of the easterly of the Society Islands before attempting to go home, and there recruit ourselves, overhaul the vessel, and by that time he should know what he was to expect of his own health, but feared that his injuries were beyond mortal aid." Towards morning the open sea appeared ahead, and at about eight bells, we issued from the mouth of Magellan Straits, and I laid the course of the schooner northwest, so as to hit Easter Island, or some of the islands further to the westward should the wind haul. At two bells in the forenoon we were bowling along on our course with everything set, and a fine working breeze from north-northeast, and a smooth sea. Of course we talked over the disastrous trip of the day before, and, as in all such cases, wondered why we did not do so and so, and why we were not more careful, etc., but to what good. The deed was done: our comrade with his broken arm, and our captain with his broken leg, were mute reminders of our folly and carelessness. My greatest fear at this time was that we should lose the captain, and that his duties would devolve upon me. He seemed throughout this day slightly better, but upon examination we found that we could not set his leg as we had the sailor's arm, and that, although he complained of little pain, his leg had a puffed and swollen appearance, and I feared the worst. I was somewhat in favor of changing the course and making a port on the South American coast; but the captain would not hear of it. He said "you can at least get to the Society Islands and land your cargo in some port under some flag where it will be safely kept till you return to England for a new crew. I shall not get well any sooner, if at all, on the South American coast than I shall in the Society Islands. We are bound by honor to push the adventure to its legitimate end, or as near it as possible." This and many other convincing things were uttered by him. "If my leg should have been amputated it should have been done before this; and it will be too late to

do anything at Santiago as well as at Easter Island. You can still do a great deal towards making the adventure a success; perhaps you can even get volunteers enough in the islands to fill up your ranks, so as not to have to go back to England till you have your headquarters established and a cargo ready to ship back." And thus this sick and dying man cheered us on.

The end of the day found us with a still fresh working breeze headed for Easter Island.

## CHAPTER III

Captain Davis's condition. Only five men fit for duty. Terrific storm. The schooner thrown on her beam ends and dismasted. Loss of three more of the crew. Taking to the whale-boat. Foundering of the schooner "Good Luck." Death of Captain Davis. Storm again, running to the southward before the tempest. Strike upon a reef. The author cast on shore.

The next fifteen or twenty days passed over us without anything material interfering with our advancement towards the islands.

During this time the change in the condition of Captain Davis had become worse; and we could all see that he was failing surely but rapidly; the sailor with the broken arm, on the other hand, was every day gaining strength and health, and bid fair to be soon amongst us again and at work. Bill Thompson and myself had fully recovered from the bruises and blows that we had received, and were in excellent health.

The duty at this time was rather exhaustive, as there were only five of us, including myself, fit for duty, and our turn at the wheel came about pretty often, as we, being so short-handed, had each to take our "trick." Our vessel was small, to be sure, and easily handled, but reduced, as we were, to five men, it was no boy's play to manage her.

In the first place, it needed a man at the helm night and day; then there was the cooking to be taken charge of; and at night the lookout man on the forecabin; these were three imperative duties which admitted of no change or neglect, and, divided amongst five persons, and including the watches at night, gave us plenty to do and to think of.

On November 5 we went about our usual duties in the morning, washing down the decks, and making everything snug and cleanly, as seamen like to see things. At noon I was able to get a good observation of the sun, which gave us lat.  $40^{\circ} 89' 12''$  S., and longitude by two forenoon observations by chronometer,  $112^{\circ} 5' 54''$  W. from Greenwich. The wind had for the last two weeks steadily hauled ahead, and we had been close-hauled and often unable to lay our course, hence I found the schooner much too far to the southward, but with her longitude well run down, and it was my purpose to decrease our latitude, even if we had to stand on the other tack to the northward and eastward. We were about fifteen hundred miles to the westward of the Straits of Magellan, which was not a bad run for a small vessel of the size of the "Good Luck;" especially when it was to be remembered that we had also made several degrees (about ten) of northing, in latitude.

The afternoon shut down cloudy and threatening, and I hastened to the cabin to consult the barometer; I found no great change, but marked it with the side regulator, so as to be able to see if there was any sudden change within the next hour or two. At about eight bells (4 P. M.) the wind shifted suddenly to about N. N. W., and then died away and left us bobbing about in a heavy cross-sea, with dark, dirty weather to the northward and westward, but with little or no wind.

I examined the barometer again, and to my dismay saw that the mercury had fallen rapidly since my last visit. Everything about us showed that we were about to catch it, and although I knew that we were out of the track of typhoons and cyclones, still we were evidently about to experience a heavy gale of wind; the admonitions of nature were too evident and palpable to be misunderstood. I called all hands, and we went to work with a will to put the schooner in order for the coming blast.

We soon had the foretopsail lowered on the cap, close reefed, and then furled to the yard. We then took two reefs in the mainsail, and reefed and then stowed the foresail; got the bonnet off the jib, and the outer jib furled. Under this short sail we awaited the coming of the inevitable. First, the day grew darker, and was overcast with clouds of inky blackness; then came the mysterious sobbing

and moaning of the ocean that all sailors have experienced; then the jerky and uneven motion of the schooner on the heavy swells for want of enough wind to keep her canvas full and herself steady.

Finally, towards evening, the pent-up storm came madly down upon us from the N. N. W., where it had been so long gathering its strength and forces. We laid the schooner's head to the westward and awaited the blast. Oh! if we only could have had wind enough to have gotten steerage-way upon her, so as to have luffed up into the howling blast, I might have been spared writing this narrative; but lying, as we were, almost dead upon the waste of water, we were compelled to receive the blast in all its strength, not being able to yield an atom to it. We had done all that men could do, except to await the result and trust in the mercy of God. I do not think that there was very much fear as to the result; there was a certain anxiety, however; but sailors never believe that wind or sea can hurt them till it does so. We expected to be struck hard, and to suffer some damage; but I think no one on board of that schooner had the slightest idea of the shock that we were about to receive. As the storm, or rather advance whirlwind, approached, we took our different stations and awaited the result. It came upon us with a crash, and in spite of all our care and skill the foretopmast went over the side, followed by the jibboom and maintopmast, as if the whole fabric had been made of paper, and the schooner was thrown violently upon her beam-ends. We lowered away the mainsail halyards, and, by cutting away the wreck to leeward, finally got her head before the wind, when she righted, and we dashed off before the tempest with nothing set but the jib, the mainsail having blown out of the bolt-ropes. Black night shut down upon us like a pall, and sheets of rain and spray fell upon us in torrents; thunder and lightning played about us, lighting up the decks one moment as bright as noonday, and the next leaving us in the most intense darkness, with a feeling about the eyes as if they had been burned up in their sockets. After the "Good Luck" once got started she did pretty well, scudding before it, but the forward sail was too small for the tremendous sea getting up astern of us; and we were in deadly peril of being pooped, and feared it each moment. We could set no square sail, everything forward above the foretop having been carried away; and we had no means of hoisting the foresail, even if we had dared to set it, as the peak-halyards had been carried away with the fall of the topmast, and we could not repair them; so all we could do was to fasten down the companion-way and trust to luck in letting her run before it under the jib. I thought that I had seen it blow before, but such a gale as this I never experienced; the voice of the tempest howled so through the rigging that you could not hear the faintest sound of the human voice in its loudest tones. I stood at the wheel, after helping to cut away the wreck, aiding the man at the helm through that long and awful night. We lashed ourselves to the rail and rudder-head; and well was it that we did so, for we were repeatedly pooped, and large masses of water came in over the stern, and rushed forward over the decks, that would have carried us to a watery grave if we had not been lashed to our post. My comrade Bill Thompson and I had no means of knowing whether the others forward had fared as well as we, or had been swept overboard by the repeated invasions of the sea.

Before we had been able to cut clear from the wreck we had received several severe blows from the timbers alongside, how severe I had no means of judging as yet, but my great fear was that we had started a butt or been seriously injured by these floating spars before we had been able to get rid of them.

About two bells (1 A. M.) as near as we could judge, the thunder and lightning ceased; and the puffs of wind were less and less violent, so that it was easy for us to feel confident that the strength of the gale had passed us. At eight bells (4 A. M.) there was a great difference both in the sea and wind; the former was no longer to be feared, and the latter was fast dying out. With what anxiety did we watch for the first light of day, – hours of agony unknown to those who have never led a sailor's life. As the gray of the morning began to come upon us, both wind and sea abated more and more, till in the full light of the morning we lay a dismantled wreck upon the waste of waters, with scarcely wind enough for a fair topsail breeze, and the seas momentarily going down.

My first care was to rush into the cabin, and to the locker, and pounce upon some food, and my next to carry some to my companion at the wheel. After this I looked around me to take in our situation. The foremast was gone near the head, the foreyard had evidently parted in the slings, and the foretopmast, topsail, and hamper, all gone together over the port bow.

Bill Thompson and I both strained our eyes for a view of some of our companions forward, but not a living soul met our gaze. I descended into the cabin, and found the captain and the sailor with the wounded arm doing as well as could be supposed after such a night of horrors. Captain Davis was evidently much weaker and much worse. I gave them an outline of the misfortunes that had overtaken us, and then went forward with a beating heart to the companion-way, threw it open, and passed into the forecastle and found it empty; not one soul left of three gallant fellows to tell the story of their swift destruction. The repeated poopings that we had received during the night must have swept them into the sea. I passed on deck, and thence aft. I noticed that the cook's galley was gone, and the bulwarks on the starboard side, and all the boats, except our whaleboat, which, although full of water, still remained pinned down to the deck by the lashings across her frame to the numerous ringbolts. As I walked aft, I could not but think that the schooner seemed low in the water; but I for the moment put it down to her changed appearance on account of the loss of her bulwarks. By this time the sun had risen and as beautiful and mild a day as one might desire to see burst upon us. I relieved Thompson at the wheel, and the wounded sailor soon took it with his one arm; the vessel scarcely moving through the water with the light air now stirring. I went below for the sounding-rod, and hastened to the well, as I knew we must have made much water during the storm, and I prayed to God that it might be no worse. I pulled out the pump-bucket and inserted the rod, it came back to the deck, marking at least FIVE FEET of water in the hold. I struggled one moment with my emotion, and then, turning to my companions, I said, "Get Captain Davis on deck; clear away the whaleboat; this vessel, curse her, is doomed. She will not float one hour; she has started a butt."

Amazement was depicted upon the faces of my companions; but, sailor-like, they hastened to obey my commands. We went into the cabin, and with infinite care and solicitude lifted the captain out of his berth and carried him to the deck. We then gathered round the whaleboat, relieved her from her slings and fastenings, tipped her over upon the deck, and got out all the water, and righted her, and then launched her over the starboard side through the broken bulwarks, and, putting her in charge of the broken-armed sailor, let her drop astern by her painter. We commenced at once rummaging for stores; and out of a mass of stuff brought on deck I ordered the following into the boat (the spritsail and oars were already lashed to the thwarts): Two half casks of fresh water, one bag of hard tack, one bag of uncooked salt junk, a fishing-line and hooks, a pair of blankets, some canned meats, a compass, charts and quadrant, a Nautical Almanac, Bowditch's Epitome, and a very valuable book of my own, a Compendium of Useful Arts and Sciences, a few pounds of tea and coffee, four tin canisters containing garden-seed, matches, two rifles and four revolvers, and ammunition for the same; this, with the usual clothing of the men, was as much as I dared load the boat with; and, pulling her up alongside, we lowered the captain on board on a mattress, and proceeded to stow away the articles I have enumerated in as good order as possible. We stepped the spritsail forward and unlashed the oars, and got the steering oar out aft through the becket made for that purpose. I feasted my eyes upon the treasures round about me, but had sense enough not to allow the boat to be overloaded with trash, so as to swamp us in the first gale of wind. Having got everything on board, and carefully noted the day of the month, November 6th, in the Nautical Almanac, we cast off from the unlucky "Good Luck," and set our sail to keep near her till her final destruction took place, which to our practised eyes could not long be postponed, as she was evidently in the throes of death. We found that she was making so little headway on account of the light breeze, and from having settled so deep in the water, that we took in our sail and lay to upon our oars at a safe distance and watched her.

Could anything be more miserable than our condition? Four unfortunate men, two of whom were crippled, one probably to the death, cast on the open ocean in an open boat, at least a thousand miles from any known land.

I thought of all the open-boat exposures of which I had ever read; of Lieutenant Bligh and the "Bounty," and others equally startling. I shuddered when I thought what our fate might be. I ran through, in my mind, the rapid events that had followed each other since our departure from England, and the unexplainable series of fatalities that had robbed us of our comrades till we remained only the little group now seated in this frail boat. In what direction should we steer? what was to be our fate? what had God still in store for us in the shape of misfortune and horror? It seemed as if the bitter cup had been full to overflowing, and that we had drained it to the very dregs. I was awakened from my day-dream by the voices of my comrades, who drew my attention, without speech, by pointing to the doomed vessel. We lifted Captain Davis in our arms, and with fixed eyes and set teeth saw the misnamed schooner drive her bows under the water, and then shortly after, majestically raising her forefoot high in air, sink down grandly into the abyss of ocean, leaving us poor unfortunates adrift upon its treacherous bosom.

After we had seen the last of the schooner we gathered together for consultation as to our course. It was demonstrated by the chart that we were much nearer to Easter Island than to any other land, say some eight hundred miles distant by projection. But, on the other hand, the wind hung persistently from the northward and placed us to leeward of our port. It was too far to think of standing back to the South American coast, and we felt that we must keep a northwesterly course, and if the wind headed us off from Easter Island, that we could at least fetch some of the more westerly of the Society Group.

Having decided upon this, we set our foresail and laid our course about W. by N., which was as high as the wind would allow us to lie. The day was pleasant and the wind light, and the sea quiet. I inaugurated at once a system of daily allowance, and for this first day we were to issue no rations, we all having had at least, although coarse and interrupted, one meal and plenty of water, before leaving the schooner. The days were growing perceptibly longer and warmer, and we ran all that afternoon quietly along over quite a smooth sea, making good headway to the westward, but little northing, which I was so anxious to make. As the sun went down Captain Davis, although very weak, called us all aft around him and, in a faint voice on the lonely ocean, from memory repeated for us all the Lord's Prayer; the loneliness of our situation and the solemnity of the occasion remain vividly in my mind to this day. We all saw that we must soon lose our captain, but no one dared to say as much to his neighbor; we could plainly see that his hours were few, and that the motion and exposure of the boat could not be endured by him much longer. After the sun went down I took the steering oar aft, and telling the men to lie down and get all the rest they could, I kept the boat on her course and seated myself near the captain, stretched on his mattress at my feet. At about ten o'clock, as near as I could judge, after a long and absolute silence, I heard Captain Davis utter my name. I bent down towards him, and he said, "Do not be shocked. I am soon, very soon, about to depart, the sands of life have almost run out, and I am weary and want to be at rest in the Haven of Repose. If you ever get back to England, tell them that I did my duty faithfully. I, as you know, have no wife or child to mourn for me, but I want you all to remember me as a just captain, with all my faults. I have no fear of being buried in the sea; God can find me anywhere at the great day, when we shall all be mustered on the quarter-deck for inspection, and, if worthy, promotion. If you are driven out of your course, keep to the westward still, and you will eventually find land. Say a prayer or two over my body when you commit me to the deep; and now wake up the men and let me say good-by to them, for I am going fast." I called up the men, and the two poor fellows came aft and shook the hand of our captain in sore distress; and we sat watching, unwilling to sleep or break the silence of that solemn moment. In about an hour Captain Davis opened his eyes, that had been closed, raised his arm slowly to his head, touched an imaginary hat, and said, "Come on board to report for duty, Sir," – and passed away like a child dropping to sleep. We covered the body with our spare clothing, and each sat in sad

reflection. Bill Thompson soon after relieved me at the oar, and I laid down in the forward part of the boat and tried to sleep; and such was exhausted nature that, in spite of our unfortunate condition, I soon dropped off. I was awakened early in the morning by a slight call from Bill, and sat up in the boat, rather bewildered for a moment, till I saw the outline of the body in the stern sheets, and then everything flashed back to my memory. I have little doubt but what that sleep saved me for the purposes that God has preserved me for to this day. It was thought best to dispose of the body before the full breaking of the day, and we for that purpose gathered around the remains, and, in compliance with the dead man's request, I recited the Lord's Prayer, and we committed the body to the deep. This event produced a new shock to our already overstrained systems, and we looked sadly enough upon each other with almost vacant eyes. We as yet were blessed with pleasant weather, and, although we were not heading up to our course, we were making westing quite fast. This day, November 7th, we passed without any remarkable event. As there were now only three of us left we found plenty of room in the boat to lie down at our ease, and it only took one of us to steer and look after the boat. We rearranged everything, and stowed all our articles in convenient places. So far, we had seen no signs of vessel or land, and we passed the day in sleeping and refreshing ourselves for whatever the future might have in store for us. The night was quiet and the stars shone down upon us with their silvery light, and we used them to keep our course by, having no light to see the compass in the night-time. Towards eight o'clock in the morning of the 8th the weather began to change, and large clouds to gather in the northern horizon; it was at this time that we made another discovery, and that was that one of the breakers of water had leaked out quietly till there was scarcely enough in it for our rations for that morning; this was caused by its not having been used for some time before we filled it on board of the ship. This discovery caused us great uneasiness, and although the breaker had evidently ceased leaking now, having swollen with the water placed in it, it was no longer useful, as we had no water to replace that which was lost. The weather to windward caused me great disquietude, and I was sadly afraid, in case of a blow, that my Nautical Almanac and Epitome and Compendium would be destroyed, either by rain or seas that we might ship. I bethought me, therefore, of copying off the declination of the sun for a few days, and the tables that I might want to use, on a spare leaf of the Epitome, and take out the head of the now useless breaker and enclose all the books and charts in it and head it up. This was accordingly done. We started the hoops, took out the head, put the books and charts in, carefully wrapped up in a piece of blanket, and replaced the head and closed up the bung-hole. I felt relieved after this, as I looked upon the preservation of my books as of the utmost importance in our future navigation, and I could think of no greater loss to people in our condition than to have them lost or destroyed. It was with infinite satisfaction that I saw them thus safely preserved from the water till I could again take them out in good weather and examine and copy from them.

Whilst we had been busy at this task the weather to windward was fast becoming bad and threatening. I dealt out a fair ration of hard tack and canned meat to my two comrades, and then ordered them to take the sprit out of the foresail, and bring the peak down to the foot of the mast, and lash it to the inner leach of the sail, and fasten what was before the after leach to the foot; so as to make a sort of double leg-of-mutton sail, with the body low down and along the boom. We labored with a will at our work, for the freshening breeze was fast coming down upon us, and at twelve o'clock, as I judge, we were plunging along quite well for so small a boat, in about half a gale of wind, which allowed us to head up as high as N. N. W. The sea, however, was getting up fast, and I foresaw that unless it moderated we should have to bear away and run before it. As I feared, we now commenced to take in considerable water, which, although not in dangerous quantities, gave us work to do in the shape of bailing with the empty meat cans, whilst the attention of one was needed without remission at the steering oar and sheet. We were, thank God, blessed with that best of seaboats, a Nantucket whaleboat; and although she was low in the water, she was also buoyant, and rode the waves better than could be expected of any other craft of her size. I felt, too, that we could at any time make easy

weather of it by scudding or running before the wind, for which she was admirably fitted, being sharp at both ends, and therefore in no danger of being pooped; but this was the last thing that I desired to do, as it would take us from our course towards the islands and far to the southward, as such a boat would make rapid way before the wind, with even this small sail.

At about two o'clock the wind hauled more to the westward and headed us off to the southward. At three o'clock we had broken off to S. W., and the wind increasing, and the sea getting up fast, so fast that I already had to let the boat go very free before it, to keep her from being swamped.

At sundown the gale had greatly increased, and I found that to preserve us, and on account of the steady change of the wind, that I was compelled to steer about S. by W., and to allow ourselves to run before the tempest. As the darkness set down upon us like a pall, I gave ourselves up as lost. I clung to the steering-oar and guided the boat before the wind; the only clew that was given me how to steer was the angry roar of the combing billows astern and the rush of the wind by the side of my face: by these two senses of hearing and feeling, I was enabled to tell when the boat was about to broach to, which would have been destruction, and how to steer so as to keep her before the wind. The darkness was the darkness of the ocean in a storm, and torrents of rain and spray flew over us. I was unable to see an atom of even the sail ahead of me in the boat. And thus we plunged on, into the inky darkness, followed by the angry roar of the disappointed waves that we left astern. We were moving with frightful rapidity through the water; but in what direction I had no means of knowing.

I clung to the steering-oar, and my companions to their bailers; how many hours we thus rushed along I know not. I had become hardened to the situation, and the angry roar astern had become a familiar noise in my ears. I commenced to people the darkness with vessels, islands, sunlight, and music; I had long ceased to care what fate might have in store for me; I felt that the night must be nearly passed, and wondered whether we should survive to see the daylight. I dreamed, and became semi-unconscious, but still guided the boat onward before the wind.

I felt that nature could not be sustained much longer, and that in a few hours I must succumb. My comrades potted round at my feet, their efforts to bail becoming more and more feeble. I was in this reckless, half-dazed state when, without one moment's warning, I was thrown with a crash into the forward end of the boat, and in another instant surrounded by pieces of the boat and floating débris. I found myself hurled rapidly forward by an incoming wave, and rolled over and over some hard substance; the next instant the retreating wave found me clinging to a mass of what was evidently land of some kind, and the sea already had a faint, distant sound to my ears. The next incoming wave dashed over some evident obstacle between me and it, and I clung to the object at which I had first clutched, ready to receive it. I was buried beneath it, but managed to keep my hold, and, as it retreated, the noise again became fainter, and it flashed over me that, by the first wave, I had been washed over some reef or barrier between the open ocean and where I now hung, and that each wave was broken by this barrier before reaching me.

Before the next wave came I had gained my feet, and felt that I was standing upon rocky ground, and clutching masses of rock-weed in each hand. I was again buried, but hung on with desperation till the wave had retired. Evidently I had been washed over the reef; but what was to leeward of me. By a sailor's instinct I knew that it was smooth water, and that I had at least a rocky barrier between me and the raging ocean outside. Every wave did not submerge me, but most of them did, and I felt that it was only a question of a few moments more how long I could hold on before trusting myself to swimming to leeward. O for some knowledge of what lay behind me. One flash of lightning, one speck of God's blessed daylight!

Was there land behind me? or should I let go my last hold upon life when I unclasped my hands from the rock-weed that they held to? My brain worked with lightning-like rapidity. I knew that I must not hang on to this reef, submerged every few moments, till all my strength was gone, so that I could not swim; this was to seek certain death; whereas, in letting go and swimming to leeward I had one chance to be saved. *If* there was land, it no doubt could be easily approached on account of

the sea being stopped by the barrier to which I now clung. On the other hand, if the land to which I now hung was the only land, and the pitiless sea alone to leeward, then God have mercy upon my soul! I must do something. Although used to swimming and diving, I could not stand this submersion much longer, and my arms were fast giving out; therefore, when the next wave came, I let go my hold, and crying out, in my despair, "Oh, help me, Lord!" allowed myself to be carried away with it. In a moment I felt that my conjectures about smooth water had been correct. I swam without difficulty, in comparatively smooth water, encumbered only by my clothes. Should I find land before me? Oh, for light! Hark! did I hear the break of water upon land before me? and so near. Down went my feet, and I found myself standing in water not up to my armpits. The revulsion was terrible. I fell into the water, and scrambling, fighting, fainting, plunged forward till I found myself safe on shore and at some distance from the water, when I fell down unconscious on the sand.

## CHAPTER IV

Return to consciousness. Seek for my comrades. Commence a calendar, and take inventory of my effects.

How long I lay unconscious where I had scrambled and fallen down I shall never know, but when I awoke and stared around me, I found that it was broad daylight, and, by the sun, at least eleven or twelve o'clock in the day. I gazed around me and tried to collect my thoughts, and the horrors of the preceding night came slowly back to my memory. I arose and stretched my limbs, and with the exception of some stiffness in my joints, and bruises that were not of a serious nature, I found myself all right. I fell upon my knees and devoutly thanked God for my deliverance, and then arose and looked around me. I found myself standing on a smooth, sandy beach, which, by the sun, evidently ran nearly, if not quite, east and west; a narrow strip of water not more than a short quarter of a mile separated me from the reef over which I had evidently been swept the previous night. To my right hand, as I stood facing the north, ran a level beach of a mile or so in extent, ending in an elevation and hills at the extreme end, faced, its entire length, as far as I could see, by this natural breakwater or reef in front of me. To the left I discerned an opening to the sea about one mile distant; and beyond, low land extending for several miles, and ending in a promontory of some elevation. Turning about, I saw behind me, running down almost to the sandy beach, a grove of trees, with many of which I was familiar, and wooded higher land in the background.

My nautical knowledge told that there was no known land in this part of the world. Where was I? Where were my companions in the boat? Was the island inhabited by savages? Had I been saved to become their prey? All these questions rushed through my mind, but were unanswerable. I began to feel faint and sick with thirst, hunger, and fatigue, and devoured with an unappeasable curiosity to know the fate of my comrades; and to this end, I stripped off my clothing and waded into the water towards the reef over which I had so providentially been cast. I found the water shallow and with a pure, sandy bottom, and had only to swim a few rods to regain my feet again, and be able to reach the breakwater. With what intense excitement, fierce but restrained, I climbed the rocks, and gazed upon the open sea, you who have never been cast away, from home, kindred, and society can never know. I looked about me upon the rocks, and at the treacherous sea, now as smooth and smiling as a sleeping infant. In vain did I search for any traces of my comrades.

Not a sign of them was to be seen. Now that the storm had gone down, this breakwater of rocks stood several feet above the sea, irregular in width and height. By aligning myself on the place on shore where I had landed, and whence I had come, I felt sure that I must be near the spot where the boat had struck. I passed a little farther to the right, and came upon the scene of my disaster. Upon the rocks I found small portions of the boat, broken to atoms not larger than my hand, but no friend, no comrade, no living soul to cheer my despair. I saw in a very few minutes that if they had not been swept over the reef at the very first sea, as I had been, they had inevitably been washed back again into the ocean, dashed amongst the rocks, and sucked in by the undertow, never more to be seen by man. A very few moments' examination convinced me that such must have been the case. But one single chance remained, and that was, if they were swept over the reef as I was, if alive, their tracks would show on the sand of the shore behind me. I did not have the slightest faith in this, but saved it in my mind to be proved when I returned to the shore. Striving to put the horror of my position far from me, and trying to see if there was anything to be saved that could be useful to me in my miserable condition, I began to look about me in the crevices of the rocks for any small article that might have escaped the maw of the ocean. In about an hour's search I had gathered the following together, which was every atom that seemed to remain of the boat and her appurtenances, – the remainder had evidently been ground into powder against the rocks, and hurled back with the retiring waves into the insatiable

ocean: One piece of boat-planking, about nine feet long and ten inches wide, which I preserved on account of its containing several nails which had bolted it to the keelson; one tin meat-can that we had used as a bailer, somewhat bent, which I found securely jammed in a crevice of the rock; one canister of preserved meat, thrown by the sea into a sort of natural cavity or pocket in the rocks; and last, the most important of all, the boat's anchor and rope cable, which had washed across the reef and hung with the end in the quiet waters of the inner bay. I grasped it and coiled it up, following it to the outer side of the reef, whence I pulled up the anchor, and found myself in possession of it and some twenty fathoms of good inch-and-three-quarter manilla rope. This constituted all my earthly fortunes, and, placing the anchor and rope and the empty meat canister and the full one upon the piece of boat-planking, which just barely supported them when submerged in the water, I thrust them carefully before me towards the other shore, and, getting too deep to wade, I guided them with one hand and pushed them before me till, again touching bottom with my feet, I soon had them on land, safe and sound, at the place where I had first landed, and beyond the reach of the sea.

As soon as these were secured, I started off to the left to examine the pure white sand to see if any human foot had come on shore but my own; but, alas, there was no sign. Turning, when I had reached a distance beyond which it would have been useless to look, I came back and made a similar exploration to the right. As I advanced I saw something black rolling quietly up and down the beach with each miniature wave. For one instant I mistook it for the body of one of my comrades; the next I knew it for one of the breakers that had been in the boat. I rushed into the sea and grasped it, its light weight told me at once that it was the one containing my charts, books, Epitome, and Nautical Almanac, that its very lightness had preserved it and allowed it to be cast over the reef at the very first sea, instead of being crushed, as the one full of water evidently had been, with the boat. With gratitude to God for even this slight mercy and solace, I dragged the cask well towards the land and beyond all danger of the sea.

Having made sure that there was nothing else to be saved, I came back to my first landing-place, sat down fainter than ever, but managed to get on my clothes, and with one of the rusty nails from the boat's plank to scratch upon a large stone near by, "November 9, 1865," after which I forced open the top of the canister of preserved meats, by means of the same nail and a small pebble, taking care not to cut the whole top quite out, but to leave it hanging by a kind of hinge. By punching hole after hole around the periphery of the canister with the point of the nail, close together, I soon had it off except in one portion purposely preserved. Pressing this cover back, I took a draught of what to me, in my state, might be called nectar, for it was both food and water, but which was in reality simply beef soup.

After this refreshing draught, I lay myself down upon the bank and gave myself up to meditation. After reclining upon the ground about half an hour, my eyes became fixed upon an object slowly approaching me from the right hand, and evidently going out of the narrow inlet in front of me with the tide, which was then at ebb. I rubbed my eyes, and thought I recognized an article belonging to the boat. I took off my clothes again and entered the water, and soon had hold of one of the large red powder-canisters, which had been filled with seeds and stored in the boat when we entered Magellan Straits. I eagerly seized upon my prize and brought it safely to shore, and found that it had been preserved perfectly water-tight by the screw in the top, through which hole the seeds had been dropped into it and then closed. I carried this canister to my former seat and sat myself down with all my worldly goods about me. I made mentally the following inventory of effects: —

On my person I had the following: I had lost my hat in the gale, and the remainder of my clothing consisted of one pair of coarse shoes, one pair of woollen stockings, one pair of flannel drawers, one pair of cheap woollen trousers, one flannel undershirt, one blue flannel shirt, one silk necktie. On the ground before me: one empty tin canister that we had used as a bailer, one empty tin canister that had lately contained the beef soup, one large tin canister, filled with garden seeds, one anchor of about forty pounds weight, and twenty fathoms of line, one piece of boat-planking with

several nails, and the empty breaker, containing, as I knew by memory, one Bowditch's Epitome, one Nautical Almanac, one large book, entitled, "Compendium of Useful Arts and Sciences," and one chart of the South Pacific Ocean. In the pocket of my trousers I found one piece of plug tobacco, a small piece of twine, a hair comb, and clay pipe. My knife, for which I would have given so much, had either been laid down in the boat or since lost; it was, at any rate, gone, and I mourned for it.

My various duties in collecting these things about me; my former fatigue and depression, aided by the food I had swallowed, soon brought me to a state of drowsiness; and as the sun was now fast declining, I drew myself further upon the island and under a sort of cedar-tree, – the thick and low boughs of which formed a covering for my body from the dews, – and gathering my household goods about me, I, after meekly resigning myself to my fate and commending myself to God, lay quietly down and fell to sleep with the setting sun.

## CHAPTER V

Attempt to make a fire. Distil salt water. First meal. Reflections. Hat-making.  
Repose.

I slept all night soundly in spite of the cool air and the novelty of my situation. When I awoke, the sun was about two hours high, and I came out from under my cedar-tree feeling quite refreshed, with the exception of an intolerable thirst. The want of water had troubled me on the preceding day, and it flashed across my mind, What shall I do if I find no fresh water? – what shall I do if I find no fresh water? – and this refrain kept now running through my head, accompanied with another tune, What will you do for fire? – what will you do for fire? These two melodies filled my ears without cessation. I arose from my seat on the bank, and proceeded to the sea in front of me, and washed my face and combed out my hair. I then fell upon my knees and invoked the assistance of Divine Providence in my distress. Having ended these duties I began to look about me for water, – water.

Should I start off at a venture and run the chance of finding water, failing in which I should perish, or should I at once begin to work with the brains that God had given me, to procure in a scientific manner that which Nature had refused? If, thought I, I start off and use up all my strength in a vain search, I can then but lay down and die; whilst on the other hand, by commencing now whilst I am comparatively fresh, to try and overcome this obstacle, I have two chances of life: for, failing here, I can as a last resort push forward into the island till I find water or lie down and die for want of it. Having thus firmly made up my mind, I began to think. To procure water I must first make fire. How should I do it? Matches I had none; flint, steel, or tinder I was without, and no means of procuring them. I *must* find steel, flint, and tinder, but where? how? My eyes fell upon the anchor, and that gave me an idea, but I knew that the iron of which it was composed was too soft and rusty to be of use for my purpose. I bethought me of the nails in the planking, but upon examination they also were too soft.

An inspiration struck me. I drew off one of my shoes, and by means of one of the larger nails and a pebble soon had one of the heels off, displaying a row of nails that I hoped were hard enough for my purpose. I pounded one of the most likely looking ones out of the leather, and found it quite hard and polished. I ran towards the line of pebbles that the sea had for ages cast up, and looked for a flinty stone to strike my nail upon. I tried several, but could get no spark. I began to despair. I had in boyhood thrown large stones together in the night time on purpose to see the sparks fly, but I was well aware that, obtained in this manner, they would be too weak to ignite any tinder, and my only salvation was in my shoe nail and a flint, or at least a flinty stone. I sought and sought, and tried and tried, without the slightest success. The sweat began to drop from my brow in great beads of excitement; finally I edged more towards the upper part of the beach and towards a small cluster of rocks further inland, whose base was also surrounded by small pebbles. I had almost given up hope, when, pushing the pebbles to one side, I turned up to the light one of a dirty yellow color that I was convinced was a veritable piece of flint. I seized upon it and wiped it upon my clothes, for it was damp, and felt convinced that it was genuine flint. I had to lay it in the sun to dry before I could prove it, and you can little know the agony that I endured in that short interval. At last the flint was dry, and, taking it in my hand, I struck it against the nail. Eureka! Eureka! A faint but perfect spark shone for an instant in the open air. I rushed back with my prize to my cedar-tree, and placing the nail and flint where I could easily find them, I plunged into the grove to look for tinder. I took within half an hour a hundred different substances in my hand to examine them and see if they would serve my purpose. Walking on, I came to a little open field with a short, sour grass, and it was here that I hoped to find my prize. Do you ask what I was looking for? I was looking for one of those dried-up balls, that, as boys, we used to burst open and see the dust fly, that we called nigger-balls. Moving along

I came upon a plant that is sometimes used to make pickles of, and I knew that the pod contained a soft silky substance something like cotton. I seized upon this and pulled off an old last year's pod, and found the substance I was in search of. I did not know whether it would do for tinder or not, but I hoped so. I ran about the field looking to the right and the left, and as I was about to give the search up, right under my nose I espied a large nigger-ball. I fastened upon it and posted back to my bank near the cedar-tree. The time for the final test had come. Now to the supreme trial.

I burst open the nigger-ball and extracted a small quantity of the dark, dust-like powder that it contained, and laid it carefully upon a small, smooth stone. I then extracted some of the cotton-like fibre from my milkweed pod, and picked it carefully apart into minute atoms with my fingers, and mixed it into the dust before me on the stone. I gathered together minute dry twigs and leaves all ready to place upon the tinder should I be able to ignite it. I leaned over my tinder, and with the shoe nail grasped carefully and firmly in the left hand I placed it near to it, and with the right hand containing the flint struck it a smart blow. The first spark missed the tinder entirely. I moved my hand slightly, and the next stroke sent a fine spark into the very centre of the pile, and in one moment it was ignited, and a little snake of fire began to run in and out of the tinder. I blew carefully upon this and put little pieces of wood in the right places, petted and worked upon it until, with a careful but increasing blast, it burst into flame. I piled on wood and sticks till I felt sure of the result, and then commenced dancing and singing round about the flame, till in my weakness and excitement I fell down in a dead faint. I opened my eyes again to see my fire burning cheerily away as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

Now for water! water! I seized upon the canister of garden seeds, which was an old powder canister formerly, and would contain, I should say, a gallon of water, and poured out the seeds through the screw hole in the top upon a large flat stone, and covered them with a few leaves. Weak as I then was, I recognized beans, wheat, rice, corn, cucumbers, &c. I took the empty canister to the sea and washed it carefully out and brought it back filled with salt water, and placed it upon my fire, which was now burning splendidly. I rushed again to the seashore and picked up several long pieces of kelp, which we boys used to call devil's apron, and which I knew were long, hollow tubes that would suit my purpose admirably. With the small twine in my pocket, and a piece of my flannel shirt and various leaves, I bound one of these long tubes of kelp to the screw hole of the canister on the fire, and supported it clear of the flames by means of crotched sticks, which I tore from trees near by, and also built a wall round about the fire, to confine it more, made out of stones, upon which I rested the opposite edges of the canister. I led this tube of kelp, which was at least ten feet long, gradually down hill towards the ocean, and, digging a long furrow in the sand, I filled it with wet kelp and seaweed, placed my tube therein, and covered it up again with sand; at the orifice I dug quite a deep hole, and set one of the empty meat-cans under it to catch the dropping water that I knew must appear as soon as my powder canister commenced to boil. I took the bailer and rushed to the ocean, and saturated, by repeated trips, the sand under which my tube was buried. By this time my thirst was fearful, and having heard that bathing is sometimes useful in such circumstances, I dragged off my clothes, and, too weak to swim, I lay down in the cool water at full length upon the sandy bottom, within view of my fire and condenser. Anxious as I was, I knew that I must sustain my strength, and I could think of no better method than this. The cool sea water revived me greatly, more than I could have believed possible, and, fearing to stay in too long, I tottered ashore and to my little well. Water! water! There it was dribbling out of the tube of kelp into the meat-can – already an inch or two had collected. Although tasting badly of the salt kelp tube through which it had passed, you can little know the rapture with which I swallowed it and thanked God. In a few moments more I had enough for another swallow, and of a much better quality, less brackish, and by quietly waiting I soon had two or three inches of quite good water, brackish to be sure, but pure enough to support life and to course like quicksilver through my veins and give me a new lease of life. Suffice it to say that, by renewing my canister on the fire, I had in a few hours both the meat-cans full of water, and my

craving thirst entirely quenched. Brains had won. I had both fire and water – two of the four elements – at my command. As soon as my thirst was appeased I commenced to feel the pangs of hunger, but this gave me little disquietude, for I had not been digging in the sand without observing that there were plenty of clams on every side of me, and with a short stick I soon had as many as I wanted on the surface, and from thence to the hot stones of my fire, where I covered them with wet seaweed and allowed them to roast. Whilst this was going on I strayed away to the left a short distance, where I had seen many gulls gathered together, and sure enough, as I suspected, I found the crevices of the rocks full of eggs. I took upon myself, as proprietor of the island, to abstract some dozen of them, and taking the large canister and rinsing it out with a very little of the precious fresh water, I poured the remainder into it from the meat-can, and started with the latter to the sea, and returned with it filled with sea water, which I placed upon my fire, and dropped into it half a dozen of my new-found eggs, which soon commenced to boil right merrily. By this time my clams were baked or roasted, and I sat down to my first meal, consisting of boiled eggs, baked clams, and fresh water, with a thankful and even a cheerful heart; for had I not overcome impossibilities almost, and made sure of the two great wants of humanity, fire and water, which meant food, life, everything?

Nature being satisfied, I began to think of the horror of my situation, the only survivor of a company of gallant fellows that had left England in such good spirits only a few months ago. Here was I, a poor Robinson Crusoe, alone and desolate on an unknown island. I tried to penetrate the dark future and discover what fate still held in store for me. By this time the day had passed into afternoon, and I felt the necessity of preparing for the coming night. My great fear was that the island was inhabited by savages, and if so I had preserved my life to little purpose, for I should, upon being discovered, probably be killed at once, or else be made to drag out a miserable existence as their slave, or be kept a captive by them for the term of my natural life.

I glanced about me and saw that the island was fair to look upon, and evidently of considerable extent. I desired to explore it, but prudence and fear restrained me. My first care was to get some covering for my head; the rays of the sun, although not oppressive, were uncomfortable. I passed again through the grove of cedars and into the open field, and looked about for something to make a hat of, but found nothing then to suit me. I returned to the seaside again, and what would do for the purpose struck my eye at once, namely, a sort of saltwater rushes which grew out of the sand in large quantities, not far from me to the right, similar to what we used to call at home sedge. I gathered sufficient of the riper and less green leaves and stalks for my purpose, and commenced to lay them up into what sailors call five-strand sennit, and what young ladies would call five-strand braiding. I soon had several yards of this material laid up, and found it quite well suited for my purpose. When I had what I deemed sufficient I took the nail I had before used to open the meat-can with, and which I kept in my pocket, and commenced to bring its end to a sharp point by grinding it upon a soft pebble that lay beside me, and having brought it to a point I went to work and unlaid about a fathom of my manilla rope, and, taking the edge of a clam-shell, sawed off one of the strands, and from that I selected a few threads, which I laid up again into a good strong twine. I then commenced at the crown of my straw hat, and by turning the sennit round upon itself I soon had that part completed, for as I passed once round, I, with the sharp nail as a pricker, forced holes through each part at distances of every two or three inches of the circumference, and passed my manilla twine through, knotted it, and cut it off with the edge of my clam-shell. In this way, in an hour or two I had quite a good straw hat with a large wide brim, and, although hastily tacked together instead of being sewed, it answered my purpose admirably. My hand being now in, I made, in the same manner and of the same stock, quite a long, deep bag, which I fitted with a strong manilla string to pass over my shoulder and hang by my side.

My next task was to get together plenty of wood for my precious fire during the night. But this was an easy affair, the very edge of the grove abounding in fallen and dried branches of every kind and description.

I made another trip to the gulls' eggs, equipped in my new hat and with my bag slung at my side, and returned with it filled with as many as I desired, and for contingencies I boiled quite a large number of them in salt water in my meat-can over the fire.

As a last thing, I went to the field and brought back an armful of grass, which I strewed under my cedar-tree, and increased it with a large bundle of dried seaweed for bed-clothing, and a good-sized stone for a pillow. Having completed all these arrangements, eaten again of my gulls' eggs and baked clams, and carefully attended to my fire, I cut up some of the small quantity of tobacco remaining to me with my clam-shell, and placing it in my pipe had a quiet smoke.

By this time the sun was sinking to rest, and I took care to make the record of the day upon the boat-planking, and also opened a calendar account upon one of the branches of my cedar-tree by means of my pointed nail and clam-shell.

As the dusk came on I began to think, What is the next most important thing for me to do? My mind answered me, Preserve your fire, or invent means so that you can light it without trouble. I should say that I had already burned a piece of the cotton lining of my trousers, and carefully preserved it between two clean, large sea-clam shells for tinder.

I thought that I saw my way clear to protect my fire on the morrow, and also to give myself some weapons of offence, and after having asked God's pity upon my condition I dropped asleep in my seaweed bed, thinking of these things, with my fire near by me well covered up with ashes.

## CHAPTER VI

Build fireplace. Make knife and spear from anchor. Build tower of stones for perpetual lamps. Resolve to explore the island.

I slept soundly and pleasantly all night, and jumped out of bed in the early morning light, ran to the beach, and had a nice plunge in the smooth and sparkling waters. Just as I was about to leave the water I espied two or three quite large dog-fish sharks, which were four or five feet in length, and, although I had no fears of them as concerned myself, they immediately gave me an idea of how I could utilize them could I succeed in capturing them. I ran back to the bank, got into my clothes, and, you may be well sure, knew that the fire was all right even before I started to bathe; ran again to the seaside and dug a few clams, and filled the bailer with salt water, and soon had my usual meal of boiled eggs and roast clams under way. Whilst my breakfast was cooking I commenced building, and completed a superior kind of fireplace, with nice, strong sides of stone, set up on edge, and just wide enough apart to sustain my condenser. After having eaten my breakfast, quenched my thirst, and had a good, quiet smoke, I set the fresh-water apparatus to work again, and commenced to apply myself to the task of the day. With my clam-shell I cut the manilla warp from the anchor, and the latter lay before me under my fixed gaze. I saw that the stock, which was of iron also, was passed through a hole in the solid iron forming the shank of the anchor, and was retained by a shoulder on one side and a large ball at the extremity of its arm on the other. My first attempt was to unship this iron stock or arm from the rest of the anchor, and release it from the hole through which it was rove and kept in place. To effect this I set up in the sand a large stone, with quite a flat, smooth top, as my anvil, and procured another, of an oblong, irregular shape, which I could grasp with my right hand, and with which I could strike quite a powerful blow, as my hammer. Thus equipped, I started a nice fire in my new fireplace and put the condenser on that, leaving me the open fire for my blacksmith's shop. I next went to the beach and got a piece of kelp, and with my clam-shell cut it into suitable lengths for my purpose, and, thrusting the ball at the end of the anchor-stock into the fire, I commenced operations.

To increase the heat of the fire I piled on the sort of semi-charcoal that had been formed by the wood covered in the ashes the night before, and sprinkled the same carefully with a little water, and to still further promote affairs I thrust one end of my pieces of kelp under the warm ashes, towards the bottom and centre of the fire, and by putting the other end to my lips I forced a blast of air through the flames as nicely as if I had had a pair of bellows. The iron soon became red-hot, and, snatching it out of the fire and on to my anvil, I, by a few well-directed blows, soon had the ball reduced so as to be able to unship the stock from the rest of the anchor, and held in my hand a bar of iron about an inch in diameter and three feet long; quite a weapon in itself, but not sufficient for such a mechanic as I was.

I took this bar of iron, and, putting the end again in the fire, commenced upon my kelp bellows, and soon pulled it out, quite hot and malleable. Suffice it to say that in not a very long space of time, and by repeated beatings and hammerings, I had fashioned out quite a respectable knife, of about eight inches in length and at least quarter of an inch thick in the back; and although the sides were a little wavy and irregular, I knew that grinding would nearly take that out. Whilst the knife that I had made was still fastened to the original bar of iron I drew it down to a long, thin point, and by grasping it and bending it to the right and left soon had it free.

My next task was to temper this piece of metal, and by repeatedly plunging it into water and back into the fire I soon got it quite hard, and fit for my present purposes. I sought out a coarse-grained stone, and with my tin of water sat down to moisten it and grind my knife to an edge. I passed several hours at this work, but in the end found myself possessed of quite a good-looking knife, with a good sharp point and fair edge. I picked up a suitable piece of wood for a handle, and soon had it in shape, and, slightly heating the pointed, unfinished end, I drove it home with a stone firmly

into the handle, and my knife was done. Pleased enough was I with my success; but I did not stop here. The hole in the shank of the anchor, whence I had drawn the stock, fascinated me. I saw before me a hammer of iron, all ready made to my hand. I thrust the anchor into the fire just below this hole, towards the flukes, and set my kelp bellows to work with a will. After repeated heatings and poundings I had brought the iron down to so small a size that I was able, as before, to part it from the original bar, by bending it backward and forward till the crystallization of the iron was destroyed, exactly as you break off a nail by hitting it with a hammer a few times in opposite directions. I had to get the ring off at the end of the anchor in the same manner, and then found myself in possession of a piece of iron almost exactly like what we sailors call a top-maul, a flat-headed hammer with a long end. I speedily fitted this with a good, strong handle, and, after beating it and tempering it to the best of my ability, put it into use at once. Taking the bar from which I had made my knife I soon made it take the shape of a kind of spear, or rather harpoon, with a sharp, flat head, similar to those arrows always printed on charts to show the direction of currents or winds.

This, when finished, tempered, ground, and lashed firmly to a smooth staff of wood, some two inches in diameter and eight feet in length, was really a formidable weapon, either for offence or defence.

Armed with my harpoon and knife, I made my way to the seaside, having still another project in my head. Proud, indeed, was I of my weapons, and my natural courage was increased. I took off my clothes and waded quietly into the water, and had not long to wait till I saw some of my friends the dog-sharks, and picking out one that suited me, – for I had no difficulty in approaching them, they showing no fear of me, – I thrust my harpoon into him, and dragged him ashore, cut him open with my knife, took out his liver, and dragged back the carcass into the sea. I served three of them in this manner. From the last one – which was the largest and had a beautiful skin – I cut a large strip, out of which to make a case for my knife, which I did whilst it was green, fitting it nicely, and also a small tip to cover the barbs of my harpoon when not in use. I sewed these up, or, rather, fastened them by means of a bradawl sharpened in the fire from one of the boat nails, tempered and fitted with a handle, and nice, strong thread made from my manilla rope. I brought back with me to the fireplace quite a good-sized flounder, that I had also speared without the slightest trouble, and it was soon cut up and broiling away for my dinner, it being now about noon. I hung my shark livers in the sun, upon a tree, a little distant from my camp, where they would not offend me, and placed myself at table, the fish being now cooked, and plenty of cold boiled eggs on hand.

I could spare no time for much dinner. My condenser had been taken off long ago in the forenoon, my two meat-cans being full of water. After dinner I stopped to take a few whiffs at my pipe, and then to work again, for I had much to do ere the setting of the sun. In the first place I proceeded to the right of my camp a short distance, and had no difficulty in picking up as many large shells as I desired, some of them being fully a foot in circumference, and beautiful enough, with their pink, open mouths, to ornament the table of any lady. I gathered together some fifteen or twenty of these, and transported them to the seaside, and thence to my camp, having washed them out carefully, and ascertaining that they would each hold about a quart or more of water. I then set my condenser hard at work, determined to get a supply ahead of any contingency.

For my next task I got hold of the breaker that contained my books and charts, and by means of my hammer soon had the hoops off and the head out. But I was mortified to see that a little water had worked into the cask, and that the motion of the boat had caused the books, in moving to and fro, to completely destroy the chart, and, with the little water that had entered, reduced it to a pulp and beyond recognition and repair. Tears started into my eyes at this cruel blow of fate, and it was with the greatest anxiety that I seized upon the books and examined them. Their strong canvas covers had preserved them, and although battered, chafed, and damp they seemed intact, – all except the Nautical Almanac, which had suffered somewhat in different portions, to what extent I had now no time to examine minutely. My Compendium of Useful Arts and Sciences, and Bowditch's Navigator,

were, at least, saved, and these were a library and tower of strength in themselves. I put the three books carefully in the sun, where they might dry, and, after heading up the breaker again and setting on the hoops strongly and firmly, I went back to where I had gathered my shells and fastened on to one that I had before discovered, that would hold many gallons, – it is called, I think, sometimes, a sea oyster. With this burden I struggled along to my tree where I had hung the sharks' livers, and placed this huge basin under them to catch the dripping oil; and, as I did not expect much result for a day or two, I cut off a portion of one of the livers and took it to my fireside and carefully tried it out in small pieces, in numerous clam-shells, and poured the oil thus obtained into one of my shell reservoirs.

My next task was to go back into my grass-field and gather some of the clayey earth that I had noticed there, and to bring it in my hat to the camp, getting a sufficient quantity in two trips. With this clayey earth I mixed pounded-up clam-shells and a small quantity of seaweed, fine sand, and water. Then, near my cedar-tree, and protected by it, I built a tower of flat stones, using this material as mortar. I built it in a circular form, of about two feet in diameter, and perhaps three feet high. At the bottom I left interstices every once in a while, varying in size, but none of them larger than a half inch in diameter. Towards the top I left the same kind of airholes, but rather larger in size. On one side, about half way up, I left two stones so that they could be taken out by hand and replaced, and when taken out would leave quite a large aperture, large enough to put my arm into and explore the interior. In the exact centre of this stone circular tower I drove a strong stake, standing at least three feet higher than the walls, and by means of sedge, rushes, manilla twine, and large leaves I made the pointed top – of which this stake was the apex, and the top of the circular wall the base – completely waterproof, the sedge projecting beyond the walls in every direction.

Within this tower I placed my flint-stone, steel, and tinder, and upon four smooth stones that I placed inside I fitted up on each a large sea-clam shell full of shark's-liver oil, and from milkweed pods provided each of them with a soft, cottony wick, which I lighted, and then closed the aperture. By peeping through the interstices I could see that my lamps burned splendidly, and by blowing I was unable to get up any current inside. My gigantic lantern was made. If my fire should go out, my flint and steel fail me, here was perpetual light. I placed four lights within, so that in case the roof should leak a drop in a heavy rain, some one or two of the shells would run a chance of not being put out. I did not intend to allow my fire to go out this night, but to burn the lamps as a test only of how much oil they would need, and how they would appear in the morning, so as to know what to expect should I leave them for any length of time.

Fixing my lamp-tower and pouring the condensed water into the breaker, getting wood for the fire, and my other labors, had made the day a hard one; but as the sun went down, and I supped upon the remains of my fish warmed up, and the inevitable eggs, and enjoyed my pipe, I could but think of how far I had advanced even in one twenty-four hours. Weapons by my side, a breaker full of fresh water, and perpetual light in a waterproof tower beside me. With the deepening shadows came, however, the bitter feelings of desolation and solitude, mingled with the uncertainty of the magnitude of my island, and the impossibility of my being able, except by exploration, to prove it uninhabited.

During this day my heart jumped into my mouth many times when I heard the least unusual noise, or, carelessly glancing up, mistook every tree for a savage. My complete freedom from any annoyance up to the present time was in itself satisfactory to my mind, and strong probable reason that the island was unpeopled. Then its unknown position – for I felt convinced that there was no known land where I was now sitting – improved the probabilities. I foresaw that my next task would be the exploration of the island and a search for fresh water; and, wondering what the future would bring forth, I rolled drowsily over into my seaweed bed, and dropped asleep in the very act.

## CHAPTER VII

Improve my lamp-tower. Make a bow and arrow, and fish-hooks and lines. Capture a large turtle. Improve my steel and flint, and build a hut. Procure some salt, and make arrangements to explore the island on the morrow.

I arose at sunrise and found another lovely day commencing. God had blessed me with pleasant weather each day so far. I went first to my calendar, and with the point of my knife inscribed the day and date, as usual; thence to my lamp-tower, and found all the lamps burning splendidly, but with not oil enough to have lasted more than two or three hours more. I foresaw that I must get a much larger and more shallow dish to have any certainty of keeping them alight for any length of time without replenishing them each morning and night. The principle upon which they were built was exactly that which I had often observed in the northern part of China, where the Chinese burn peanut oil in exactly the same way in shallow dishes, with a pith wick hanging over the side. The principle involved necessitated a shallow dish, and that the wick should be in nearly a horizontal position, to suck up the oil to its end which projected over the side of the clam-shell. If the reservoir for the oil was deep instead of shallow, the receding of the oil as it was consumed by the wick would soon let the lamp go out. I saw that I should have to improve upon my lamp business, and concluded to work out the problem whilst taking my morning bath and breakfast. As I started towards the beach, I saw at a little distance to my left a huge turtle, the first I had seen, making for the sea. I ran with my utmost speed, and contrived to upset him upon his back before he had reached it, and soon dragged him to my fireplace, and, although still upon his back, for fear of any accident or escape, at once beheaded him then and there. I then quietly took off my clothes and had my usual bath, taking care, however, not to go out of my depth, as I saw several dog-fish sharks, and possibly larger ones of their species might be in the bay, but, from its shallowness, I did not much think it. Whilst bathing, I solved my problem about the lamps, and returned in good spirits to my fire and clothes, and soon had a nice turtle soup boiling and a steak of the same broiling upon the embers.

This turtle was a godsend, and was just what I needed to change my diet. I made a hearty meal, and with reluctance cut into the small piece of tobacco left me and filled my pipe, and had a short smoke, and then to work. I took two of my largest conch-shells, that would hold nearly a quart a-piece, and filled the lips up with my mortar that I had used the day before in the construction of the lamp-tower, leaving an orifice at the larger end, of sufficient size to pour liquid into easily, and one at the smaller end very small indeed. I then thrust both of the shells into the hot embers, and hardened the mortar or cement so that it was soon dry and compact. I then went to my grass-field and chose some minute grass-straws of about a foot in length, and inserted two in the small orifice of each shell, and fixed them in with moist cement. I then went to my lamp-tower, took the roof carefully off, and with a base of stones, and by means of twine with which I fastened them to the central stake, soon had my shells lashed and secured in an upright position, with the four straws pointing into the four clam-shell lamps. I then went with my bailer to the large sea-oyster shell and dipped up the oil that had distilled under the rays of the sun from the dog-sharks' livers, and in several trips filled my shell-reservoirs with oil, and had the satisfaction of seeing each straw dropping oil into the clam-shell lamp beneath. The dropping being rather fast, I easily regulated it by thrusting seaweed stoppers into the upper orifice of the shells till the feeding was very slow, but very perfect and exact. I felt now that I could leave my tower, days without care, and be sure of finding the lamps burning upon my return. I carefully replaced the roof, lighted the lamps again, and made all snug and secure. I did all this work about the lamps to make myself doubly sure of always having fire. I was well aware that with my hardened knife I could strike fire much better than I at first did with my shoe-nail, but I wanted to be sure and take every precaution, and to that end I went to work upon the nails in the boat-planking,

and, finding one to my mind, I flattened it out at my anvil into a narrow ribbon of iron, which I hardened and steeled in the fire and water; and, after carefully testing it with my flint, which, by the way, I broke into several fragments, I put it and a piece of the flint into my pocket, and returned the remaining fragments with another nail, hardened and heated in the same manner, to the custody of the lamp-tower. I took thence a small quantity of the burned tinder I had made of my clothing, some of the nigger-ball powder, and cotton of the milkweed, and taking one of the numerous pods of last year's growth that I had gathered of these, and also stored there out of the rain, I split it lengthwise with my knife, and removed most of the core and cotton, and in its place inserted the tinder and powder that I have just mentioned, and secured the whole together by winding round about it some manilla twine; and, not satisfied with that, I cut a small piece from my flannel shirt and wrapped that also about it, and secured it with twine. Thus I carried on my person the means of starting a fire at any time; and, feeling secure, I allowed myself to throw this terrible fear off my mind.

All my energies were pointing to one direction, – to be able to arm and equip myself, so as to make the tour of my island as speedily as possible; but I foresaw that, with my utmost speed and care, I should not be able to be ready to start until the morrow, if then. I went into my grass-field and passed beyond it into the natural undergrowth of trees, and soon had picked out exactly what I wanted, a sort of ash or walnut tree, evidently dead some time since from some cause, the limbs of which I tested and found of the right elasticity. I cut off with my knife several portions that suited my purpose, and returning to my fire, I soon had a handsome bow of fine elasticity, some six feet in length, finished to my hand. From a lighter kind of wood, a sort of alder, I manufactured without much difficulty some half-dozen arrows, and sharpened and hardened as many nails to form heads for them, which I securely lashed on with fine manilla twine. I then proceeded to my gulls' nests retreat, and picked up such feathers as I thought might suit me, and also brought back a load of fresh eggs in my bag.

I then took off my clothes again and waded into the sea with my harpoon, and soon had on shore one of my dog-shark friends, and his bladder and fins in a short time in my bailer over a slow fire, for I wanted some glue badly. I took occasion, whilst this was preparing, to thoroughly oil my bow and arrows and to wipe them off nice and clean again with leaves and seaweed.

I soon had plenty of glue, and of a good quality also, which I poured out into a large clam-shell, and filled my bailer again with water to boil and cleanse it out. I then proceeded with great care to lay up three strands of fine manilla, about ten feet long each, and made each of them fast to a tree near each other; and, stretched as they were in this manner, I saturated them with the liquid glue, and then brought them together and laid them up right-handed, so as to make a very fine-looking and strong bowstring, with which I was delighted. By means of the glue I easily fitted each arrow with three nice feathers, and I also dipped the seizing round the heads, that held on the iron barbs, into the same, which gave them a fine finish and smoothed down all the standing fibres of the manilla twine, making all "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," as sailors say.

Whilst my hand was in I made also a fishing-line of great strength and of considerable length, and managed to forge out two quite respectable fish-hooks from the wrought nails of the boat's planking. I took my usual meal at noon, but it was of delicious turtle soup, instead of fish, clams, or eggs, none of which did I, however, by any means despise. After dinner I sat down and sharpened and perfected the points of my arrow-heads and fish-hooks. I was not able to make any barbs to the latter, but had to run the risk, when I hooked a fish, never to let him have any slack line till he was landed.

Having finished these various labors and looked after my condenser, I commenced another round tower similar to the one already built, and near to it. I wanted a place of safety for books, and with the stones at hand and some new mixed mortar, or cement, I in a few hours completed my task, and had the pleasure of seeing them in safety from rain or damp. I was afraid to put them in the lamp-tower for fear of their catching fire in some unforeseen manner, and I would not risk the chance, however remote it might be.

This being finished, I went to the wood and cut down with my knife several small trees, about six feet in height, leaving a crotch like the letter Y at the top of each. I brought these near my cedar-tree, and with my hammer drove them into the ground, so that they stood at an equal height of about four feet in the front row and one foot in the rear row. I stopped this work for a season to fill the bailer, which I had cleansed of the glue, with salt water, and let it, during the afternoon, gradually boil down several times, till I had collected quite a quantity of salt. After attending to this, I returned to my hut-building, and soon had the uprights crossed with light sticks and branches, and upon these I placed large masses of sedge as thatch, which I kept in place by numerous flat stones that I placed upon the roof. I wove into both the long sides, and one end, some manilla strands and pliable small branches, working them in and out in a horizontal position and at right angles to the uprights. To this rough basket work, or trellis, I bound, by means of more manilla strands, large bundles of sedge, till I had a nice hut of about eight feet in length and six wide, with one end left open some two feet wide, and the roof four feet high on one side fronting the sea and two feet high on the land side. Into this hut I carried all my few earthly treasures, and made me a nice bed of seaweed and sedge on one side, and with a large clam-shell and the flukes of the anchor cut out a nice trench round about it, under the overhanging eaves, and piled the spare earth up against the sides of the hut. I was proud of my work. After everything was all finished to my satisfaction, I sat down to a hearty meal, and, being too tired even to smoke, I pulled a small cedar-tree that I had cut down for the purpose, against the opening in the end of my hut, from the inside, and threw myself upon my seaweed bed, and fell instantly to sleep.

## CHAPTER VIII

Rainy day. Reflections concerning climate, season of the year, tides, etc. Plant several varieties of my seeds. Make a pocket compass, and prepare for my exploration of the island.

"Man proposes, but God disposes." This was what I thought when I woke in the morning and looked out upon a foggy, drizzling day; not very much wind, but a regular Scotch mist, and with every look of settling into a real downright rain. I could not well complain, for I had been blessed with pleasant weather since my arrival, and it was but natural that all days should not be as pleasant; and the fast-approaching appearance of rain delighted me in another sense, for I was not at all sure about my supply of fresh water, and I was not sorry to see that the island was visited with rain, which I foresaw that in the future I could utilize should all other methods fail. My nautical experience had been correct; in less than an hour the rain fell freely, and the wind got up quite strong from the northward and eastward. I saw that I must put aside all idea of exploring my island for this day, and I was not sorry, as I had several things that I desired to complete first, and my great fear of not being able to obtain plenty of water of a good quality was fast being dissipated. I got to my fire and started it briskly, so that it would not be disturbed by the rain, and for more security lighted a small one inside my hut under cover, so as to run no risks at all. Although I felt confident that I had the means at present of starting a new fire at any time, I was morbid on this subject, and could not prevail upon myself to allow any of the three flames to be extinguished, namely, the lamps, the regular fire, and the small one in my hut, so fearful was I about it. Up to the present time fire was not only fire to me, but it was water. Once secure concerning the latter I felt that I could allow my fires to go out with better faith. I found during this day my hut a great comfort, and blessed my stars that I had completed it so luckily before this storm commenced. The rain was not cold, being from the direction of the equator; and I therefore, throughout the day, moved about in it in my flannel shirt and drawers, with my broad-brimmed hat and shoes and stockings, leaving my other clothing dry in the hut. I was pleased to observe that the thatching was a perfect success, and the interior as dry and nice as possible. My first task was to go and get the other half of the sea-oyster shell that I had placed under my shark's livers and bring it near the house. I had no fears of the rain interfering with the former, for I knew that, although exposed, the rain would not mix with the oil, but would, if anything, purify it, and that I could easily skim off every particle with a clam-shell when the weather became again clear. Having got my sea-oyster shell, which would hold some gallons, placed under one of the dripping eaves of my hut, I sat down to breakfast, which I made very pleasantly of turtle steaks and eggs. After breakfast I drew forth from my trousers pocket my precious piece of tobacco, and looked with grief at its diminished proportions, but, urged on by solitude and the rain, I could not resist filling my pipe and taking a good long smoke. Whilst smoking, the following thoughts of what I had seen, and what I might expect ran through my head, and I repeated them to myself to fix them in my memory, so that they might serve me in the future. In the first place I calculated that this day, the thirteenth of November, must in this part of the world represent the thirteenth of May in the northern hemisphere, and that therefore I was in the very spring-time of the year, and at a proper season to plant some of my seeds and note the result. Although I did not know how far south I was, still I knew within a degree or so by the reckoning that I had on board of the "Good Luck." I felt assured that I was somewhere between the fortieth and forty-fifth parallel of latitude, and that the climate must therefore be somewhat like that of countries situated between the same parallels of north latitude, like that of England, France, or the New England States of America. Knowing this I had a sort of general knowledge of what seeds would probably prosper, and also what kind of a winter I might expect. Surrounded as I was, as I suspected, by water, I thought that the winter ought

to be milder than those of the northern hemisphere, and for the same reason the summers milder. I remembered that many fruits would mature in England, in latitude 52° north, that would not grow in the open air in New England in only 42° north. In imagination I gave my island a climate even milder than England, first on account of its being nearer the equator, and next on account of its, as I supposed, small extent, completely surrounded by water. I was also led to this belief by the balmy, spring-like, and warm air of the days I had already passed upon the island, and the advancement in vegetation that I saw upon all sides of me; the latter completely satisfying me that the springs must be very early, and that the winters could not be very severe. I had also noticed that the rise and fall of the tide was considerable; I should say at a venture at least ten feet. I had no doubt but what I could wade almost across the gulf separating me from the breakwater at mean low tide, at any rate a few strokes only of swimming would be necessary, I felt convinced. From these subjects I passed to thinking of my lonely fate, and made up my mind to cross over again to the breakwater this very day and examine anew the scene of my disaster. What a miserable fate was reserved for me. Here was I only thirty-two years of age, in the very prime of my life, cut off from intercourse with all my fellow-men; cast upon a desert island, without even the comforts and necessities that my predecessor in history had given him to his hands, with nothing but the few miserable trifles that I have enumerated; cast on shore, to care for myself, protect myself, and live for whatever God might have in store for me. The bitter tears ran through my fingers at the desolate picture my imagination had conjured up. Why was I punished in this manner? what had I done that I should be imprisoned in this solitude? But then, on the other hand, what should prevent me from building in the future a boat or raft and escaping from my prison, or why should I despair of some day seeing a vessel within sight of my island that I could hail?

My greatest fear, I found in consultation with myself, was the fear of savages; that the island was inhabited. This made me shudder with fright; I felt that I should never rest easy till I had explored it from end to end; I felt that I must do this, and at the very earliest moment. I knew, too, that I ought each day to have crossed to the breakwater and to have looked for some passing ship, but my fire and water and weapons had taken all my time and attention. I made up my mind to attend to this better in future, but then again my sailor's knowledge gave me little to hope for from this source; nothing but the accident of the ocean, or exploration, or discovery, would, I felt confident, ever bring a vessel in this direction. This gave me the horrors again, for my mind convinced me that I might live my lifetime on this island without any reasonable hope of ever seeing a vessel approach it. The very fact of its not being laid down on any chart in so late a year as 1865 proved to me conclusively two facts, – one that it must be quite small in extent, and the other that it was wholly and completely, as I felt that it was, out of the course of vessels engaged in any pursuit, and the chances of its discovery exceedingly small.

My meditations were abruptly ended by the hissing of the ashes in the heel of my pipe, and I sadly arose and placed it carefully away, and betook myself to my labors for the day. I knew that it must be at this time about low water, and as the clothing I had on was already quite wet, I started forth, without undressing, to the beach, and, armed with my harpoon, waded in and headed for the breakwater. I found, as I supposed, that with the exception of about fifteen or twenty yards in the middle, which I was compelled to swim, I could wade the whole distance. I soon arrived at the opposite side and clambered up the rocks. I could see but little way seaward on account of the rain and slight fog, but at my feet was the same uneasy, treacherous sea, that had swallowed up my shipmates. I could find no sign of the boat or of them, and I knew that whatever articles lay at the base of these rocks would by this time either be buried deep from human eye or destroyed by the everlasting motion of the undertow. The bottom also, to judge by the sides of the rocks, was no doubt covered with kelp and rock-weed, amongst which, even on land, it would be almost impossible to find anything; how much more so at the bottom of the ocean! I gave up all thought of ever recovering anything more from the boat, and sadly and silently retook my way back to my hut. This trip, and looking after my fresh water and lamps and fire and wood, took up my forenoon and brought me to dinner, which, although lonely, I enjoyed. I took this opportunity to also cook some spare pieces of the turtle and to

gather them together in layers, with salt between, to serve me for food in my proposed exploration. I cooked and prepared quite a quantity, as I did also of the boiled eggs. After dinner and the cooking and preparing of these rations, I started forth upon a more important business. I went to my field in the rear of the hut, and picking out one corner where the soil seemed fair, I, by the aid of the fluke of my anchor, turned up the soil in some twenty-five or thirty places, in a circular form, some twenty-four inches in diameter, and carefully removed the turf. I knew that with my tools I could not expect to plough or spade up any portion of great extent, so I took this means. I left the sward intact, except in these circular places, some six or eight feet apart, which I prepared for my seeds, and sparingly from each I planted the following: in five of them, apple seeds; in another five of them, pear seeds; in another five, grape seeds; and in the same and other ones, cucumbers, beans, squashes, celery, blackberries, strawberries, tomatoes, lettuce, etc. My wheat, rye, and rice, I carefully kept on hand, with the exception of one plat that I sowed with wheat wholly, simply as a precaution to preserve the seed if it should mature. Having finished this labor, I commenced upon another task, one that was to tax my ingenuity, namely, a compass. I did not feel like undertaking the examination of the island without this useful instrument. I first procured some nice, strong, birch-bark, sound and well seasoned, of which there was plenty in the grove, and by means of my sharpened nail awl and manilla thread soon had formed a nice little box of about three inches in diameter and two high, with a good-fitting cover to same. By means of a piece of manilla thread held firmly by my thumb on a nice, flat piece of bark, and the awl fastened to the other extremity, I had no difficulty in marking out a disc that would fit within the circumference of my box. I soon cut this out with my knife, and by means of a straight stick and a small piece of charcoal and some little measurement, soon had it marked off into thirty-two points; making the north point with an arrow-head to distinguish it, and the other cardinal points large and black. I soon had quite a respectable compass-card before me. I then took one of the wrought nails from the boat-planking, and, in spite of the rain, soon had it beaten out on my anvil into a narrow ribbon, which I hardened and converted into steel of the length of the diameter of my compass-card or disc. By repeated poundings and drawing this ribbon over my knife from heel to point, I magnetized it so that it would adhere to iron or steel quite forcibly. I fastened this upon the underside of my compass-cover with fine manilla thread near each extremity. I should have said that whilst this ribbon was red hot, I had forced, with another nail, quite a large hole, perhaps three-eighths of an inch in diameter, through its centre. I broke out one of the teeth of my horn hair-comb and lashed it firmly for an upright into the centre of my box, and over the centre of my compass-card I cut out a hole of about an inch in diameter, and over this fastened a little cone about the size of a woman's thimble, only coming to a peak, instead of a round head, and about an inch in height, also made of bark. Into this cone I forced a small piece of the polished lip of one of my sea shells, as an agate or face upon which my horn pivot was to rest and the disc rotate. Passing the disc into the box and the horn pivot up through the hole in the magnet into the inverted cup or cone containing the small portion of shell, I found that I had a real, quick, and good compass. The card had to be balanced by placing, with my glue, small portions of bark on its underneath surface till it floated evenly upon its pivot, and my task was done. I felt that with this implement I could not get lost in my explorations, and although rude in construction, its value was as sterling as one made of brass and with paper disc. I filled the whole box with the soft cotton of my milkweed pods, both above and below the card, and put on the cover so that there could be no motion to wear the pivot. I only, of course, intended to use it in case of necessity, and I had then only to carefully open it, remove the card and cotton, and set it back upon its pivot, after placing it carefully on the ground and protecting it from any sudden blast of wind. I was proud of my instrument, and felt much more secure, in its possession, as to my ability to explore the island successfully.

This ended my day's work, and the setting sun gave signs of a pleasant day for the morrow. I felt pleased that I had planted my seeds during the rain, which would give them a good start, and sat down to my supper with a feeling that I had again overcome some of the difficulties that surrounded

me. I visited my oyster-shell outside the eaves, and although the sky had been for an hour or two fast clearing up, I saw that I had several gallons of pure rain water, for which I was, I hope, duly thankful. I meditated upon the morrow. Upon my exploration depended all my security for the future. Should I find the island inhabited, a long farewell to all content. If uninhabited, I could, I felt certain, take care of myself till it pleased God to remove me from the solitude to which I was tied. I envied the old Robinson Crusoe, to whom I likened myself, and thought, why could not I have been as fortunate as he; if the "Good Luck" must be destroyed why could she not have come ashore on this island where I could have saved something from her, and, more precious yet, some of the lives of my shipmates? How many years must I stagnate on this island? But I am young and determined to improve my position. Have I not a book of all the practical sciences to aid me in forcing Nature to give up her secrets? Why should I not be able to improve my condition far beyond that which my predecessor in history had been able to do? He had not the education of the nineteenth century to aid him; he knew nothing about the science of steam, railroads, steamboats, telegraphs, etc, whilst I had a book treating of these and a thousand other subjects of infinite interest. I could not help thinking that if I could find iron, I could do almost anything, and why should I not be able to find it? I knew that it was a metal like gold, disseminated throughout all parts of the earth. By my labors as a boy in it I felt that I could, as a mechanic, do almost anything if I could discover this ore, and coal to smelt it. If I found water, I felt assured of the future, and I could not but believe that my exploration would enable me to discover that. It was impossible that so large an area as my eye could gather in should be without it. Once found, I felt no fears for food. I felt assured of my physical well-being, and the climate, I felt convinced, could not be very severe in the winter months with such delightful weather in this spring month of November. I could in time build some kind of a boat, and reach the Society Islands to the northward of me, or the South American coast to the eastward, or even New Zealand to the westward. I was not without hope, and, although far from cheerful in my dreadful solitude, I could not but think that I should be comparatively happy and contented if I felt sure of my island being uninhabited; but I dreaded, in my exploration about to be undertaken, to come suddenly upon some savage village, that would destroy all my desire to still live, and almost put me in a mood to take my own life with my own hands.

My nerves were unstrung now all the time, and the slightest noise caused my heart to palpitate with fear, as it had never before done in the severest gale at sea or in face of the greatest practical dangers. I was fast becoming a coward, and felt that I should continue to be one till my problem was solved; then, if successful in ascertaining the extent of the island and its freedom from savages, I felt that I could resign myself with fortitude to the designs that Providence had in my behalf. These thoughts brought me well into the evening, and, commending myself to the divine care, I lay down upon my sea-weed couch and dropped to sleep.

## CHAPTER IX

Exploration of the island: First day. Fresh water at Rapid River. Wild goats, quail, tortoise, tobacco, wild ducks, trout, sweet potatoes, mussels. Name the island and principal points, etc.

I arose very early in the morning and saw that I was to be favored with a very pleasant day. I went to the seaside and took my usual bath; thence to my lamp-tower and arranged all the wicks and reservoirs for a long burning; then to breakfast, which I quickly dispatched, and then my preparation to start, which consisted of the following: I first filled my powder canister with nice, pure rain-water, and fitted it with sennit straps of manilla to hang on my back, taking care to put the screw in the head solidly home, so that it would not leak. In my bag made of sedges I stowed my boiled eggs and turtle-steaks, already cooked, also several other articles of value rolled up in different parcels of birch-bark, including my fishing-line and hooks, and some spare manilla strands, and bradawl, and carefully wrapped up my compass and several large pieces of birch-bark and charcoal, intending to make a sketch of the island as I explored it, being in my younger days quite a good draughtsman. In my trousers pocket I placed my pipe and tobacco, my flint and steel, and my tinder, tied up in my milkweed pod. I then slung over my back my bow and arrows, the latter in a light quiver of birch-bark that I had made for them; secured my knife in its shark-skin sheath about my waist, and took my harpoon in my hand, and, thus accoutred, started forth.

Before I advanced in any direction I bethought myself that I would commence by naming the island and all prominent parts that my eye could take in, and to continue this during my exploration. Accordingly I walked down and faced the breakwater, and, drawing forth a piece of birch-bark and charcoal, sketched rudely the outline before me. Determined as I was to succeed, and remembering that I had overcome the want of water and fire, I deliberately named the island *Perseverance Island*. The point that ended the breakwater slightly to the westward of me I named *Point Deliverance*; the reef in front of me, the *Breakwater*, the water between me and the Breakwater, *Stillwater Cove*, on account of its uniform quietness, being almost land-locked.

Having finished this I gave one long look of affection upon my miserable hut, and, with a mental prayer for aid and assistance, struck out on the pure, white, sandy beach towards the eastward part of the island. I went naturally in this direction first, for I was too good a sailor to walk around the island left-handed, or, as we say at sea, "against the sun." I had just enough superstition to believe that such a course would have brought me bad luck. I followed my beach about one mile and a half, having on my left hand Stillwater Cove, and on my right hand small groves of tree with long vistas between them, giving me a view into the interior of the island, and over fields of natural grass. I often left the beach to inspect these openings, which I approached with perfect awe, expecting every moment to chance upon some native village, or other sign of the presence of man. But nothing of the kind occurred. And yet before I reached the end of my beach I met with so startling an adventure that I was unmanned for over an hour, and had to sit down and rest before proceeding on my journey. Approaching one of these openings or glades I peered in as usual, keeping myself on my hands and knees, to see if I could find any signs of my dreaded enemies. But the place was as peaceful as any of the others, and, standing up to my full height, I gave vent to a sigh of relief, when, without a moment's notice or warning, some three or four forms jumped from the long grass where they had been concealed and made for the thickets further inland. I was so frightened that I sank to the earth nearly senseless. But as my mind was just about to leave me I had force of character enough to observe that they were not savages, but animals. The revulsion, however, was too great, and I sat down in a faint and sick state, as I have related. When I could collect my mind I easily recognized the shapes I had seen as some species of goats, and delighted indeed was I at the discovery. But it

immediately set me thinking, How could there be goats on this island? I well knew that they would not be here naturally; that they must have been put here, and probably by some whaler, for those vessels I well knew often carry several of these animals with them. But if they had been placed upon the island thus, why was it not reported, why was it not known? I could conceive of only one reason, and that was that the unfortunate vessel that had discovered it had afterwards been lost, and therefore its existence had again become unknown. But this was only theory on my part. The quickness with which they left me showed that they were wild, and probably had been many years upon the island. If I should see only this flock of four or five I should feel as if some of the human race had, within a comparatively short time, visited the island. But if in my explorations I should fall upon more of these creatures, I should know that they had propagated and increased through untold years, and from a commencement that would never be revealed.

Having completely overcome my faintness, and rejoiced at my discovery, I passed back to the beach, and in a few moments came to a place where it turned abruptly to the right. The land also, being quite rocky and of some elevation, obstructed my view, and, preparing my bow and arrow in one hand and my harpoon in the other, I crept round the bend cautiously on my hands and knees. A beautiful sight struck my eyes. To my right hand, and within a hundred yards of me, a dashing, sparkling waterfall of some eight or ten feet in height, and fifteen or twenty wide, poured its waters into Stillwater Cove; and beyond and inland as far as my eye could reach, till the river mixed with the foliage on either bank, and was undistinguishable, I saw smaller and less abrupt falls of water coming down the gorge between the hillsides; in short, a large mountain brook or small river, bubbling and gurgling its way to dash itself at last over a fall into Stillwater Cove.

I forgot all about savages and natives, and, dashing down my weapons, I rushed towards the fall, where it fell into the cove, and, holding my hands under it, filled them with what my mouth proved to me to be soft, pure, fresh river water. I danced, I sung; I was for a little time as crazy as a loon, and here had I been distilling water and racking my brains for days to provide, and a bubbling, running brook, almost a river, within at least two miles of me all the time. But in my happiness I soon forgot my past labors and distress, all that was gone by. Here was a supply of water that kind Heaven had granted me, inexhaustible, and of delicious coolness and taste. Having returned a little to my senses, I went back for my weapons, and sat down and enjoyed the scene before me. It was indeed beautiful. I saw that I was at the head of Stillwater Cove, and that by crossing upon the stones below the fall I should be on the side of the Breakwater, which I now saw was part of the mainland, being a narrow peninsula running nearly east and west, and enclosing Stillwater Cove, and joining the mainland at the spot where I now was seated.

Oh, what a lovely spot I found myself sitting in. I named the beautiful stream *Rapid River*, and drew out my birch-bark chart and sketched and located it. I felt that this would be my home; and could anything be more beautiful. As I sat upon a large stone near the river this is what I saw round about me. To the westward, I knew that just around the bend, but concealed from my eyes as I sat, was the long, beautiful beach of Stillwater Cove, with its inland glades that I had just passed over; to the northward and eastward, a gradually ascending grade of land, covered with lovely groves of trees in full foliage; on both sides of the river a beautiful valley of some quarter of a mile in extent, covered with a natural turf and fringed at its circumference with these beautiful groves; farther to the right a mountain that seemed of considerable magnitude. Birds passed me in their flight from one portion of the grove to the other, and I distinguished the wild pigeon and wood-dove and several others that were familiar to my eye. I observed that they came to one of the upper falls to drink, and after enjoying to the full the beautiful scenery round about me, I followed them there and tried to get a shot with my bow. I found that I could get quite near to them, say within twelve or fourteen yards, but I fired many times before I was successful enough to kill one, and even then I should not have been able to have succeeded if it were not for the innumerable number that came to drink and replace those whom I frightened away by my repeated bad marksmanship. Each shot, however, improved me, and

I had also a determination to become skilled, and therefore studied and discovered the error of each shot, and improved upon it by the next. Looking down upon the terminus of Stillwater Cove from this upper fall was superb; there it lay, a pure basin of white sand, with this mountain stream dashing into it. Having feasted my eyes, I got out my flint and steel and built me a nice fire in a short time without any difficulty, and soon had my pigeon roasting at the end of a long stick over the blaze. He eat so very nicely that I took to my bow again, and after a few shots killed another, which I devoured in the same way. I found that the air and exercise and my wanderings here and there had made me very hungry, and I added to the roast pigeons several of the boiled eggs and a long draught of pure water from the running river at my feet. Having feasted abundantly, I arose, and leaving my heavy powder canister of water behind me, I crossed Rapid River just below the lower falls, and found myself on the further side of Stillwater Cove. I turned to the left and walked towards the Breakwater, and soon found myself heading for the place where the boat had first struck on the reef, and opposite to my late residence. Upon arrival there I could look across to my little hut, but I kept on till I came to the end of the Breakwater and to Point Deliverance. As I walked along the Breakwater I noticed on the inner side large masses of mussels nearly a foot in length, larger than anything of the kind I had ever seen before, the shells of which would make capital dishes. I stored the fact in my memory for use hereafter. I stood at last upon Point Deliverance and looked out to sea, but no sign of any friendly vessel met my eyes. I turned to the westward and saw a large bay, formed by my island, at least three miles across and three or four deep, bounded on the northwestern side by a slight promontory, which I concluded not to name, from the distance at which I now stood, and on account of the uncertainty of what lay behind it, now not to be seen from my present position; and as I was determined to pass round the whole island I knew that I should come to it in due season. The bay before me, into which Stillwater Cove poured its waters, I named *Perseverance Bay*

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