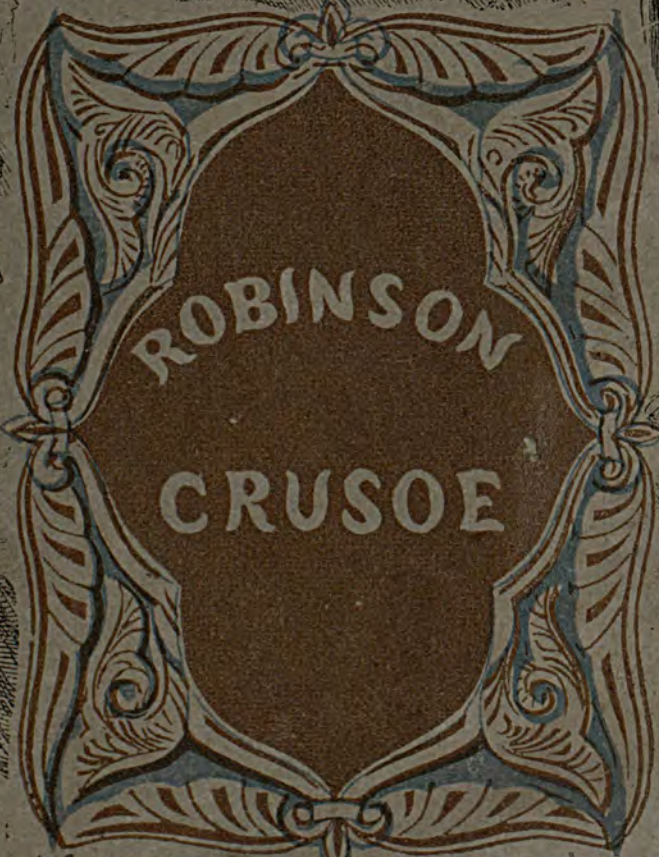




COMIC NURSERY TALES



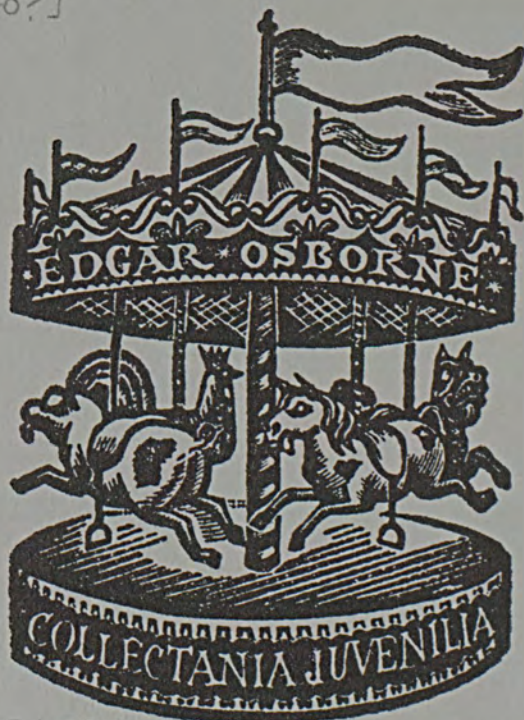
ROBINSON
CRUSOE



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



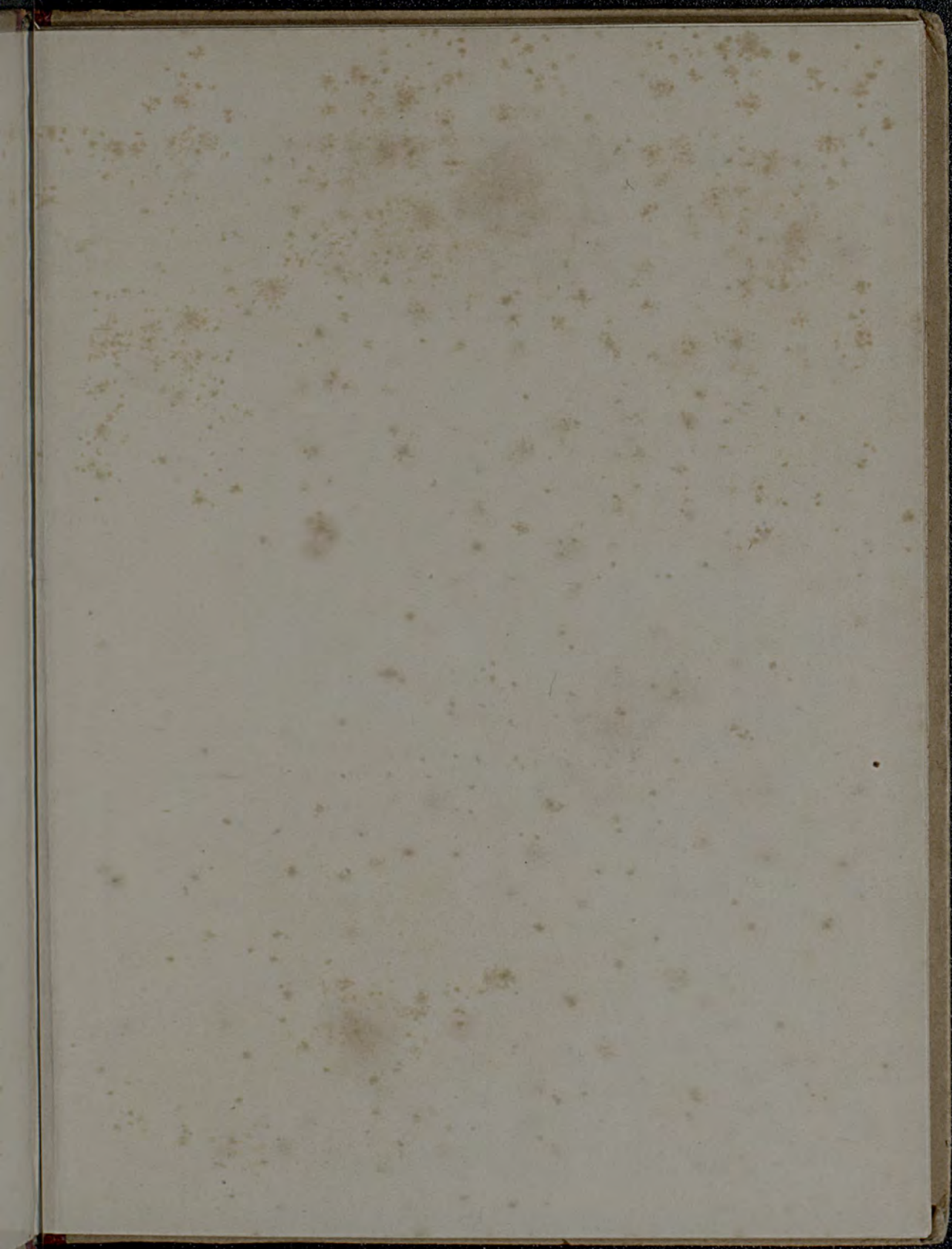
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ROBINSON CRUSOE
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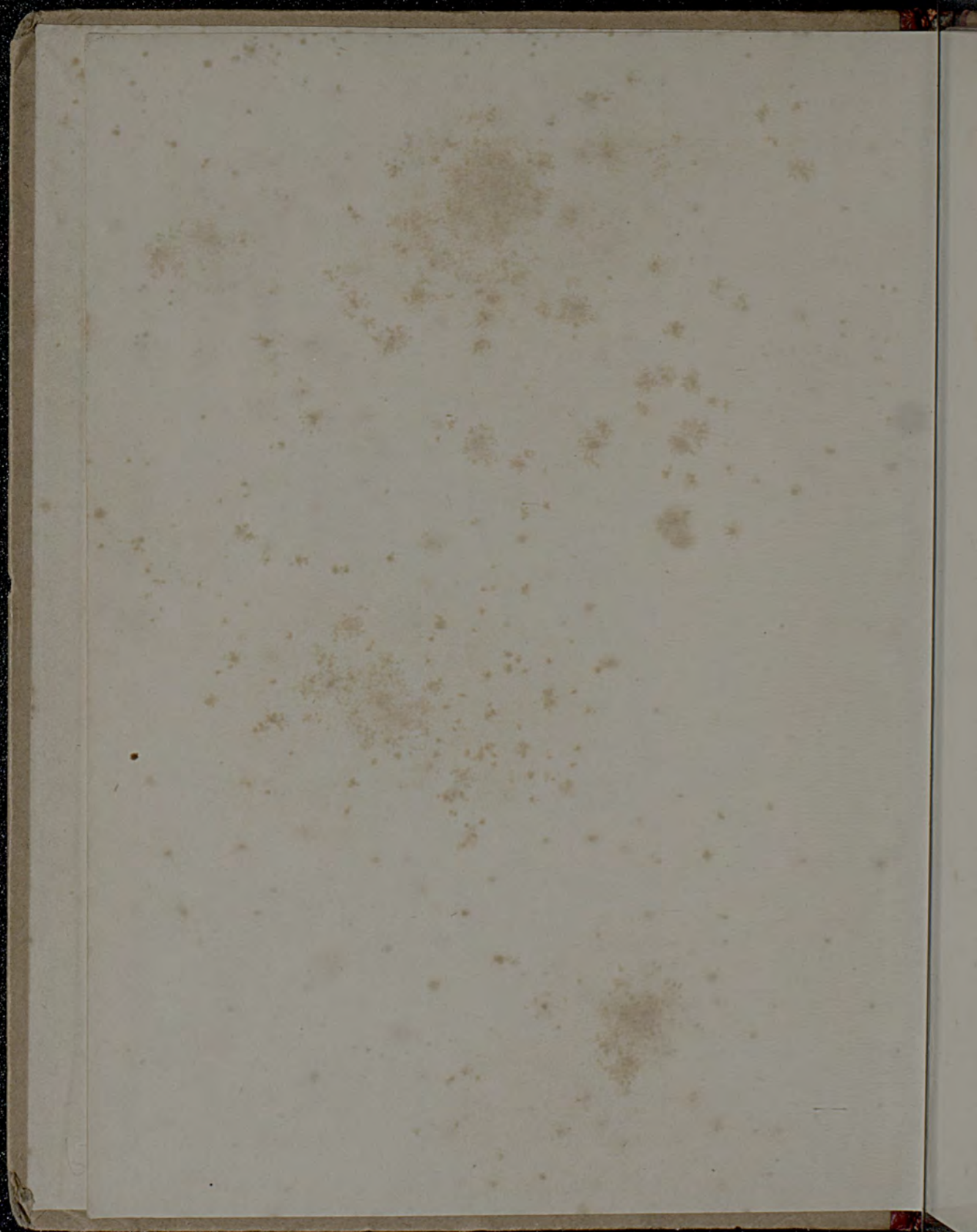


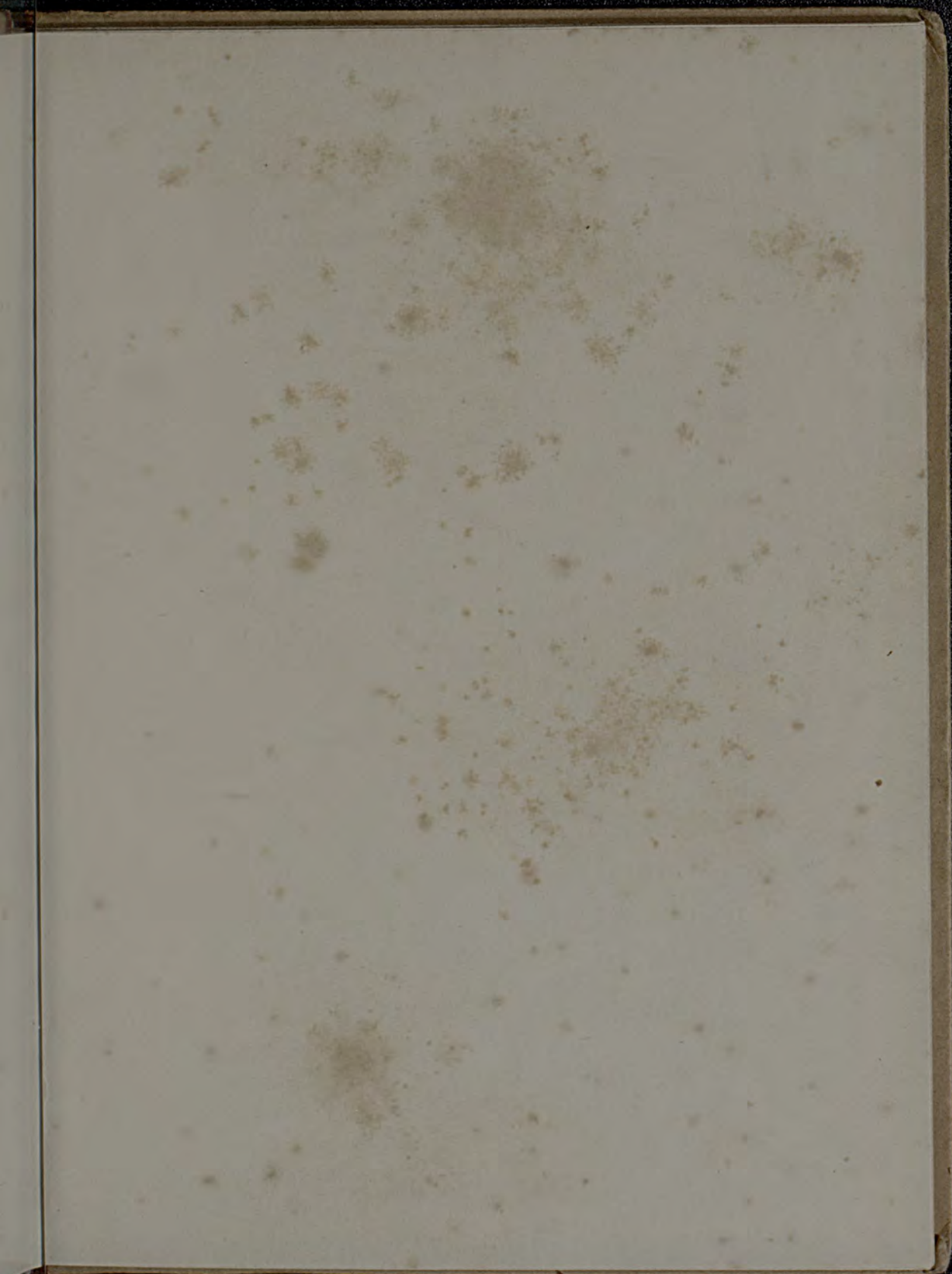
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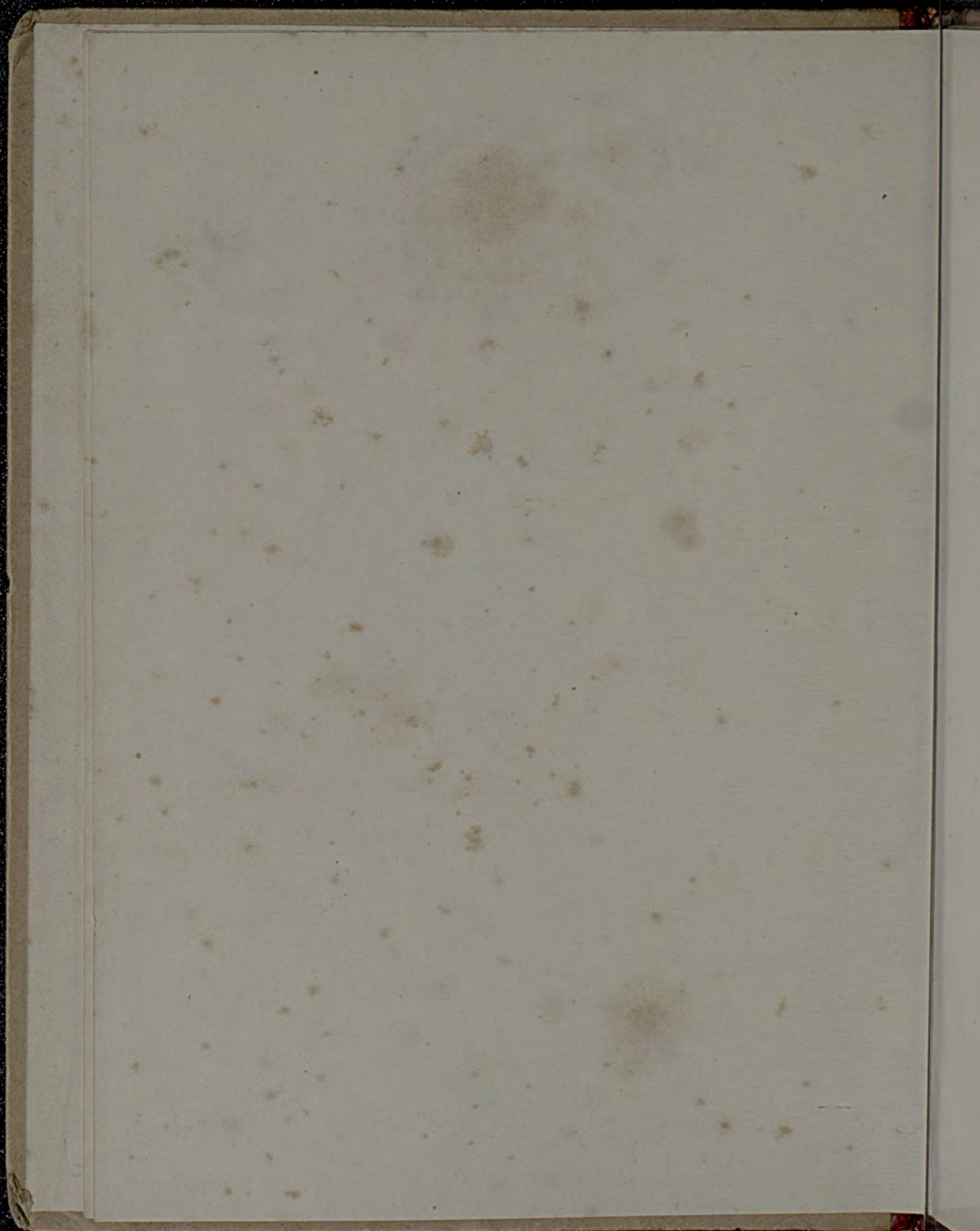
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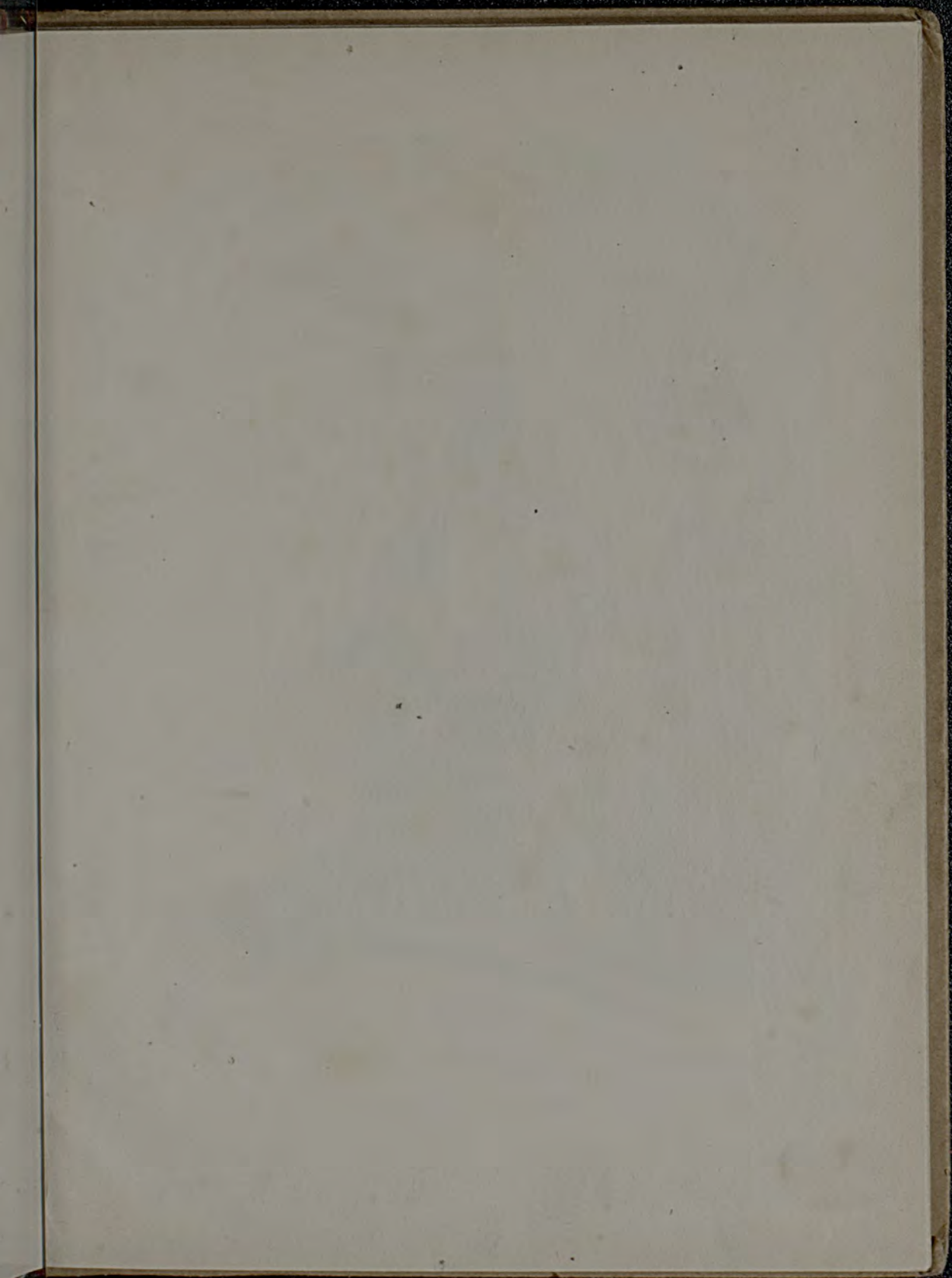
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ROBINSON CRUSOE

WITH THIRTY ILLUSTRATIONS.

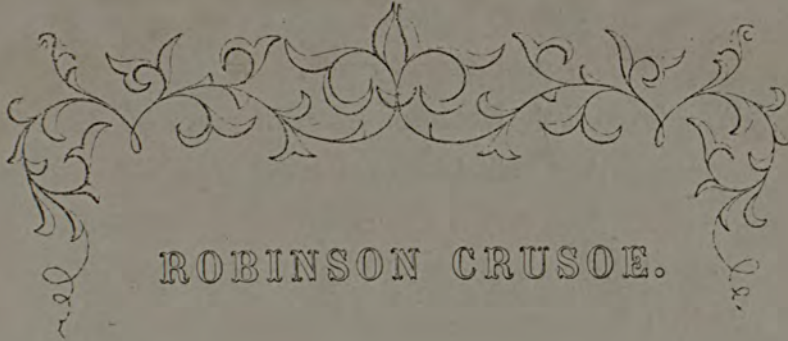


LONDON:

WM S. ORR AND CO. AMEN CORNER,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

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ROBINSON CRUSOE.

BOYHOOD OF CRUSOE.—HIS ACQUIREMENTS.—DIFFERENCES OF
OPINION BETWEEN HIM AND HIS RELATIVES.—LITERARY
AND MUSICAL TASTES.—TEMPTATION.—FOR-
BIDDEN FRUIT.—SWALLOWED.

Many years back, at a place called Hull,
A little boy lived, who was thought very dull,
Every one called him a shocking numskull ;
 For he would n't attend,
 For relation or friend,
To his tasks ; but his time would invariably spend,
 In amusement and play :
 And keep loitering away
From his school, on some silly pretence, the whole day,
Spite of all that his father and mother could say.
His father, indeed, would without hesitation,
Have given him full many a sound flagellation ;

But was begged not to do so
By poor Mrs. Crusoe,
Who loved little Robinson more than her *trousseau* ;
And called him her jewel,
And said it was cruel
To beat the poor boy, and that Mr. C. knew so.
So that Robinson, never once minding his lessons,
Of idleness grew up the very quintessence ;
Had no Latin but bog,
As papa did n 't flog,
And for Greek, he knew no more of that than a dog ;
And Toby, in fact, the renowned learned pig,
Could have posed him in all things, except a ship's rig.
But that was a matter,
On which he used smatter,
Till he 'd set his poor father quite mad with his clatter.
For both Mrs. Crusoe, poor woman, and he,
Had a most insurmountable dread of the sea ;
And deep were the traces,
Of care on their faces,
When he talked about back-stays, and bob-stays, and braces,
Of main-truck and anchor,
And cro-jack, and spanker ;
Of cleets and of brails,
Of shrouds and of sails,

Of cat-heads and main-chains, and ring-bolts and dead-eyes,
Till he made the tears flow from his poor mother's red eyes.
And then Mr. Crusoe would kick up a rumpus,
And swear he 'd his ears box if he box 'd the compass ;
And then Master Robinson Crusoe would find
'T was the best of his play to be "hauling his wind,"

And steer clear of all
Sea affairs, or he 'd fall

In all likelihood very soon in for a squall.

Now as little Crusoe grew up, by degrees he
Read through the adventures of "Midshipman Easy,"
"Tom Cringle," "The Cruise of the Midge," "The Red Rover ;"
Every sea story, in fact, he skimmed over,
And in them rejoiced as a cow does in clover :
And he knew well besides every nautical song,
Which he sang in a voice as melodious and strong

As a boatswain's hail,

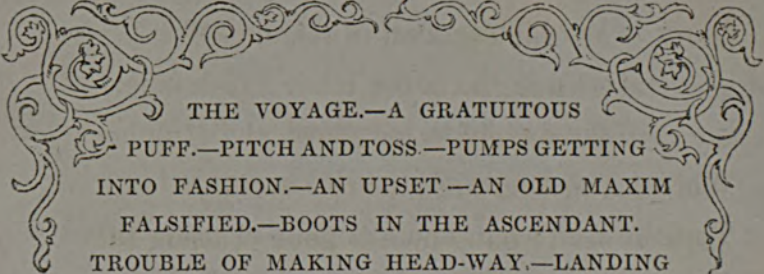
In the midst of a gale,

When the ship under bare poles is scudding along.
Barry Cornwall's ballad "The Sea, the Sea ;"
"The Rover's Bride," with the music by Lee ;
Campbell's "Mariners of England" too ;
"The Admiral," rather too long to go through ;
Dibdin's "Black-eyed Susan" and "Harry Bluff,"
And his fifty others ne'er sung enough,
Worth reams of our twaddling modern stuff ;

Till by singing these,
He began by degrees,
To think himself destined to dwell on the seas;
And determined to give his poor parents the slip,
The first moment he could, and embark aboard ship.
One day young Robinson chanced to meet
A jolly sea captain out in the street;
Who owns a ship,
On the patent slip,
That is just preparing to take a trip,
With a cargo of beautiful beads of glass,
And chintzes, whose colours the rainbow surpass;
And nails and hatchets,
And bolts and latchets;
And muskets, that look uncommonly nice,
Of Birmingham make, four and sixpence the price,
And which burst the first shot with a pleasant recoil,
All to exchange for gold-dust and palm oil;
For the ship is bound to the Guinea coast,
Where the savages live who their enemies roast;
And much does the captain to Robinson boast
Of the wealth to be made,
In that African trade;
And tries to persuade
Him to join in the cruise,
Which Robinson don't feel inclined to refuse;

And so he agrees
The occasion to seize,
And gets stowed away with the other live-lumber,
The day that the vessel sets sail down the Humber ;
His father and mother not having a notion,
That their hopeful young man is gone cruising the ocean.





THE VOYAGE.—A GRATUITOUS
PUFF.—PITCH AND TOSS.—PUMPS GETTING
INTO FASHION.—AN UPSET—AN OLD MAXIM
FALSIFIED.—BOOTS IN THE ASCENDANT.
TROUBLE OF MAKING HEAD-WAY.—LANDING
AND SNOOZE.

Over the sea,
Merry and free,
Bounds the bark, with the land on her lee!
Every sail
Spread to the gale,
Still our friend Robinson looks rather pale;
He's singing "The Sea," though in spite of a qualm
In his stomach, he hopes that it will get more calm:
But looks rather blue,
When some of the crew
Advise him to stow
Himself quickly below,
And hint that 'tis likely to come on to blow;
Which Robinson fancies 't is doing already,
Not thinking the ship can be much more unsteady.

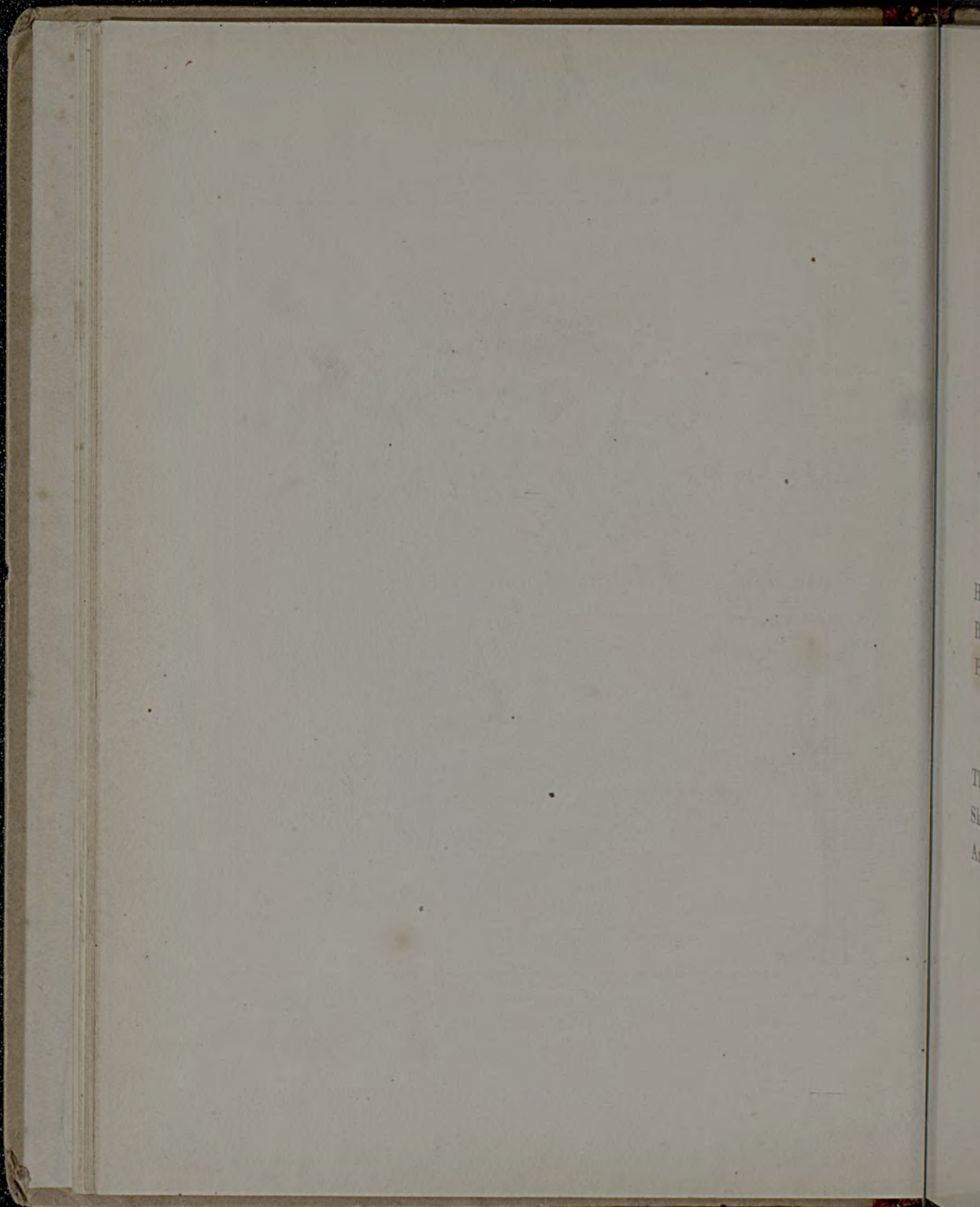
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Evening comes on with her mantle dun,
Down in the billowy wave sinks the sun ;
 Down in the wave,
 Like a chief to his grave,
When he no longer the battle can brave !
Topsails are reefed, and top-gallant-masts struck ;
Things do *not* seem in the very best luck.
Twilight from over the waters is gone,
Still the old vessel rides gallantly on.

 The moon floats high
 In the midnight sky,
And the vapouring clouds skim hurriedly by.
Under her double-reefed topsails now,
Slowly her way does the gallant ship plough ;
Slowly and heavily rolls she along,
Crusoe don 't feel much inclined for a song ;
Neither indeed does the captain or crew,
All of them now have sufficient to do.
All of them feel quite enough in the dumps,
Working as hard as they can at the pumps.
The morning breaks, alas ! 't is vain,
Ne' er will that ship reach land again ;
The billows lash and the tempests roar—
Never was hurricane like it before ;

Never did waves roll half so high,
One would imagine they reached the sky ;
Till at length a terrible billow rises,
And at one "fell swoop" the ship capsizes !
Capsizes the ship and all those in it,
All in the space of a single minute ;
Puts an end to their moans,
Their sighs and their groans,
And sends the whole party to old Davy Jones.
Little had Robinson Crusoe conjectured,
When, day after day, by his poor mother lectured,
On keeping his feet well protected from wet,
That his life would depend on that circumstance yet ;
For with tenderest care,
She compelled him wear to
Cork soles to his boots, in all manner of weather,
Her maxim not being "there's nothing like leather."
And now when his ship
Gets that villanous dip,
And he has neither hen-coop nor ladder to grip ;
They answer completely the place of a boat,
And keep Master Crusoe most snugly afloat ;
Afloat by the heels, in that terrible ocean,
In a manner of which you can scarce have a notion.







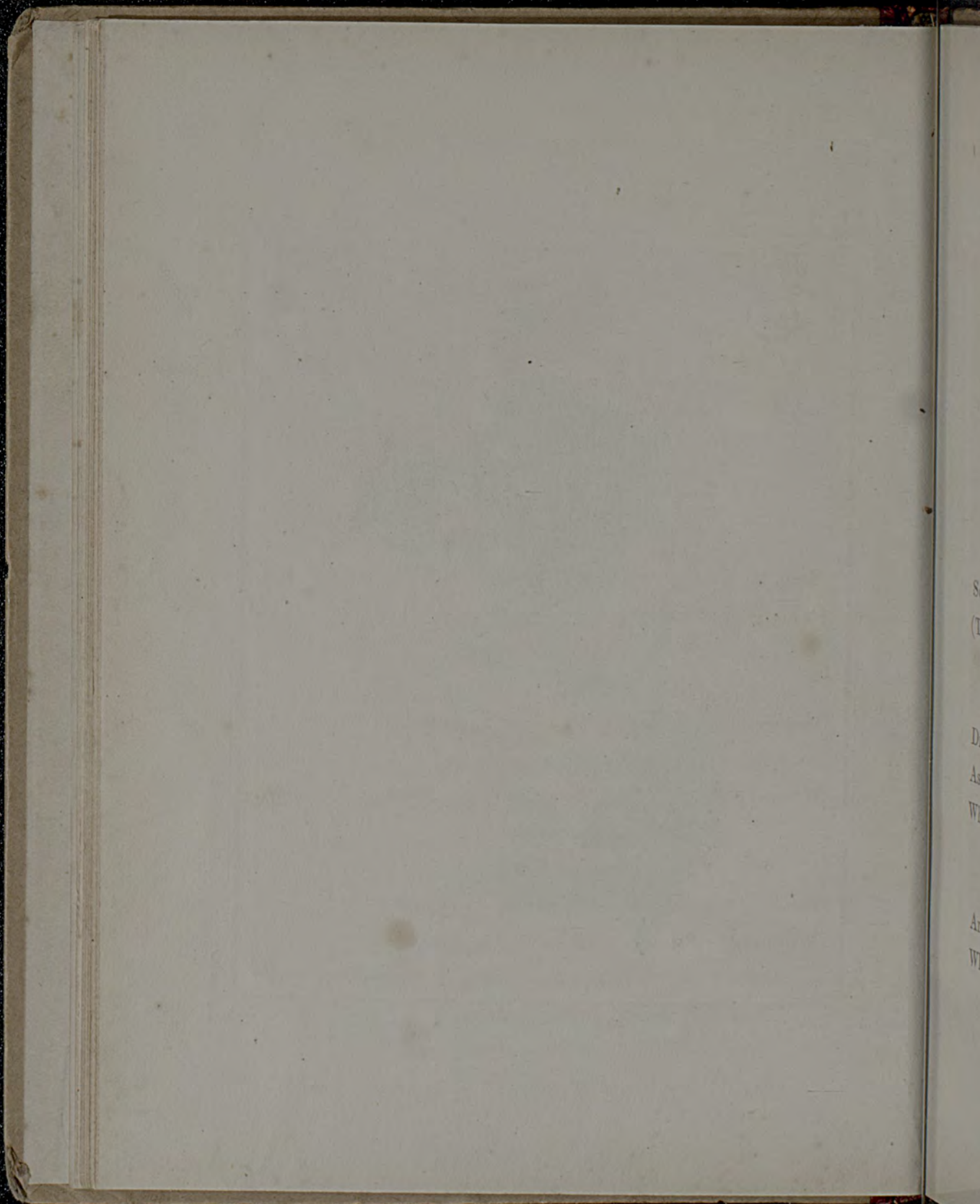
'T is true in one way they prove rather embarrassing,
For his heels are so light,
That with all of his might,
He finds getting his head above water most harassing,
But at length, after several minutes' submersion,
He succeeds, though in truth nearly dead from exertion ;
And then how he swims,
Oh ! my eyes and my limbs !
Through the waves like a porpoise he gallantly skims ;
Skims, though indeed he 's as tired as can be,
And longs for the aid of humane Captain Manby.

But luckily for him again he meets dry land,
Cast on the shore of a desolate island,
Where after some shocks,
And some very hard knocks,
And bumps—he succeeds in ascending the rocks ;



When his boots he takes off,
For he's fearful of cough,
And don't like to incur any risk of catarrh,
In a place where from medical aid he's so far ;
And this being done,
He lies down in the sun,
Not feeling the least disposition for fun ;
Where in less than a minute,
He's soundly asleep as a thrush or a linnet,
And remains in that state,
'Till awaked by the prate
Of some parrots, next morning, at half after eight.

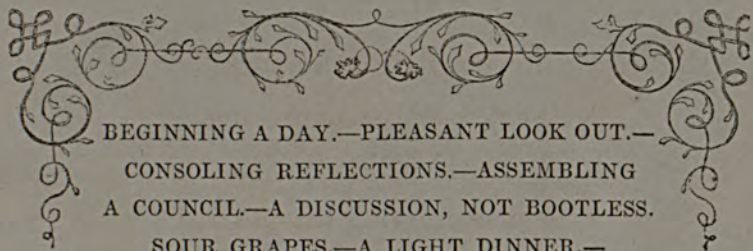




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BEGINNING A DAY.—PLEASANT LOOK OUT.—
CONSOLING REFLECTIONS.—ASSEMBLING
A COUNCIL.—A DISCUSSION, NOT BOOTLESS.
SOUR GRAPES.—A LIGHT DINNER.—
A DULL EVENING.—BED TIME.—A STATE OF SUSPENSE.

Soon as Crusoe arises, refreshed by his sleep
(Though his bed was *not* soft, yet his slumbers were deep,
 Ne'er on straw pailiass,
 Nor on curled hair matrass,
Did he sleep as he slept all that night on the grass).
As soon as he rises, his very first care,—
When he thinks where he is, and the way he came there—
 Is to survey the spot,
 Into which he has got,
And try—he knows well that he can't get away—
What sort of inducement he has there to stay.
 He gets to the top of a rising ground,
 Whence he looks around,
 With an air profound,
 No traces of man can be anywhere found.

Plenty of trees,
Around him he sees,
But no signs of a house
That would shelter a mouse ;
No rural police
For preserving the peace,
And finding offenders are on the increase ;
No notice to trespassing coves to withdraw,
Under pain of the "uttermost rigour of law."
And he says to himself, "What a blest destination
To escape the vexation of civilisation.

 If I find but a wife—

 But if not—why, odds life !

 There will soon be an end to the isle's population."

Which he sure would have thought the most pleasing of facts,
Had he only read Malthus' and Martineau's tracts.

 He feels much perplexed,

 As to what he'll do next,

Till he hits on a method that none can pronounce ill,

That is to say, he assembled his council—

A council, which well as the best of them suits,

Mr. President Crusoe, his hat, and his boots.

Many councils, indeed, are composed the same way—

 A president who

 Adopts his own view,

And councillors who have got nothing to say.



Besides, perhaps Crusoe had got in his head,
What Charles the Twelfth to the deputies said,
When they sadly complained,
That he so long remained
Away from his kingdom—as if he disdained
The state and the people whose monarch he reigned,
And he offered to send them his boot in his stead!
For a boot, if it answers the place of a king,
As a councillor must be an excellent thing.
The President, having pronounced his opinions,
And freely discussed them, he makes up his mind—
That, as 't was his fortune the island to find,
He should henceforth comprise it within his dominions;
That the kingdom, of which he has thus occupation,
Is a desert—because it has no population.
And being a desert, his next resolution,
Is that it just now can want no constitution;
But that, letting the isle's constitution alone,
'T is perfectly proper to look to his own.
And then to prevent any chance of disputes,
He quietly puts on his hat and his boots,
And walks off, most anxiously hoping to meet,
Some sort of a thing he can manage to eat;
The poor fellow not having broken his fast,
Since first on the shore of the isle he was cast.

But no, 't is no go,
 He walks to and fro,
 Not an eatable thing does he meet high or low ;
 He tries all the shore,
 What a terrible bore
 (Not a boar ; had he met one 't would be much mistaken,
 If it thought that from Crusoe 't would then save its bacon)
 But a desperate bore, not to find any shell-fish.

He thinks of a bird,
 But the notion's absurd,
 For the birds of the place are uncommonly selfish ;
 And clearly not caring for Crusoe's condition,
 Are occupied solely with their own nutrition !
 He would like to stop
 At some pastry-cook's shop ;
 He 'd like a grilled kidney, or even a chop ;
 He 'd like—at the thought how his own chops he licks—
 A rump-steak as they cook it at Dolly's or Dick's.
 He 'd like many good things, but just now on the rocks,
 He begins to think them "sour grapes," like the fox ;
 And at last, though he 'd relish much better a snipe,
 He finds he must dine on a smoke of his pipe.

Now it is no joke
 To dine on smoke,
 Though some callous folk
 It to laughter provoke ;



It would make a man look very meagre and squalid,
If he, for a week, got no diet more solid ;
And I must say, to do common justice to Crusoe,
'T is not what he 'd choose, were he not forced to do so ;
Yet, even a smoke, though it has n't much gristle,
As a dinner is better by chalks than a whistle ;
Which Crusoe remembering, never repines,
But out of his pipe like a gentleman dines.
Having finished his dinner and duly said grace,
 He just gives a yawn,
 And strolls out on his lawn,
Long sitting not being the way of the place ;

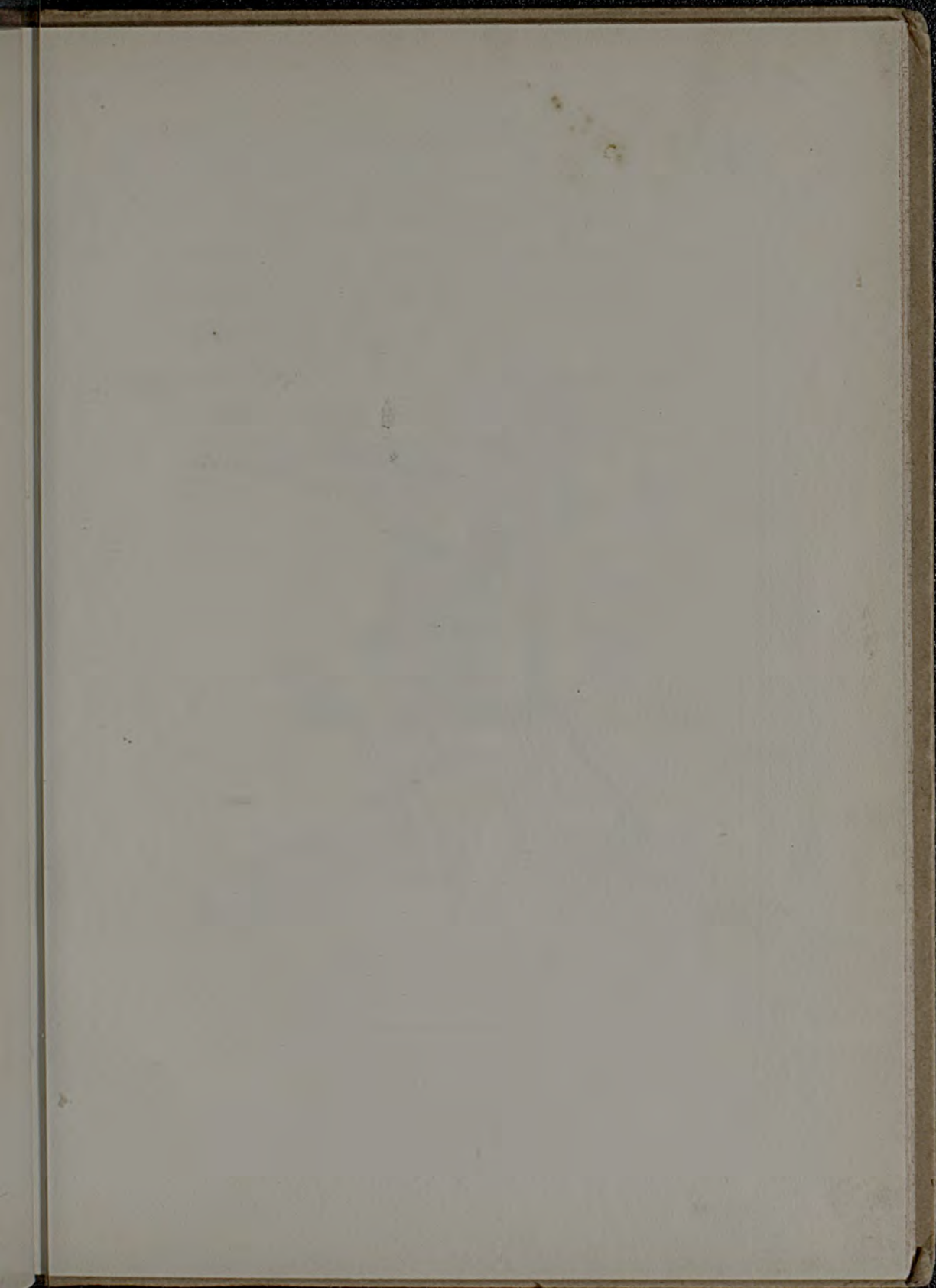
And he too had adopted the tee-total notion
Since the day of his lucky escape from the ocean;
And although he reigned then an absolute prince,
Had tasted of nothing but cold water since.
Crusoe does n't well see how to finish his "day ;"

He can't go to the play,
To his grief and dismay,
For his disposition at all times is gay.

He has no evening papers
To drive off the vapours,—
He can't see the Standard, the Courier, or Globe,
And that evening's *Sun*
Has its course nearly run.

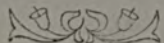
His position would ruffle the patience of Job.
In vain does he ponder—in vain scratched his head,
He has nothing to do but to go—to his bed.
Go to his bed—this is all very fine,—
But where *is* the bed upon which to recline ?—

'T is true on the grass
He last night did pass,
For which he now thinks he must have been an ass ;
When he only reflects that some horrible beast
Might have made on his pitiful carcass a feast,—
And though no such dread
Had entered his head,
He was so very drowsy when going to bed ;





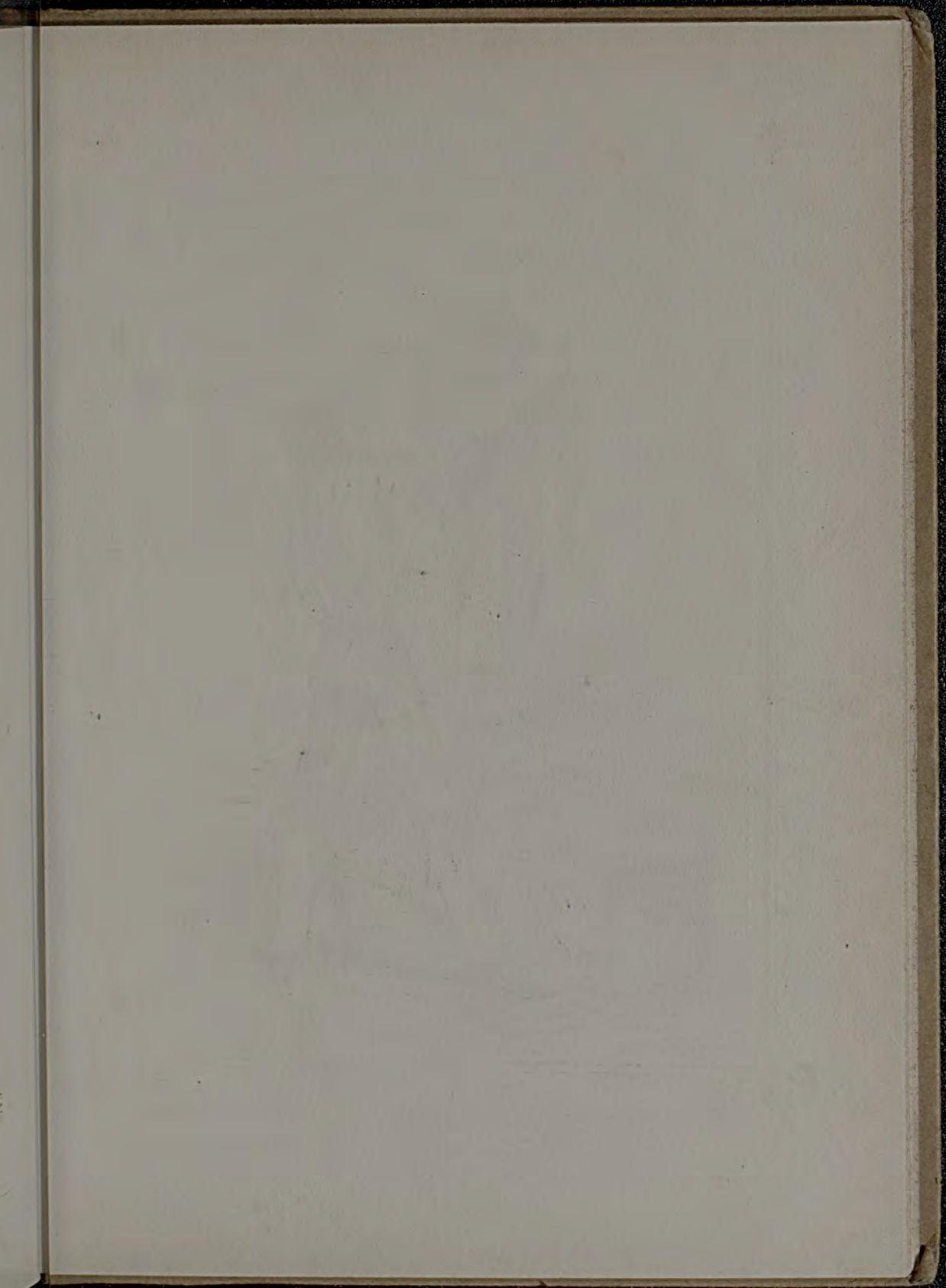
Yet now he 'll take care
That no jackall or bear,
Or other wild beast his poor body shall tear,—
And so he climbs up in a very tall tree,
And fixes himself to his comfort and glee,
Hung up from the end of a branch by the breech,
Quite out of all mischievous quadrupeds' reach,—
A position not perfectly easy 't is true,
But yet at the same time consoling and new.



GETTING OUT OF BED.—A WELCOME SIGHT.
A NAVAL INTERMENT.—A GATHERING.—
ARCHITECTURAL IMPROVEMENTS.—HOME
MANUFACTURES.—DOMESTIC
DISTURBANCES.—ALARMING OCCURRENCE.—RESOLUTION.

Next morning, at six, Mr. Crusoe awakes,
Descends from his tree in a couple of shakes ;
And, as soon as terra firma he reaches,
Finds a detainer's been lodged on his breeches :







Gath
His

Then looks on the sea,
 And much to his glee,
 Sees the wreck of the vessel in which he set sail,
 Just driven ashore by the force of the gale.
 And soon as he's down he goes off to the wreck,
 Where, stretched on the deck,
 His enjoyment to check,
 His captain he finds—whom he takes by the neck,

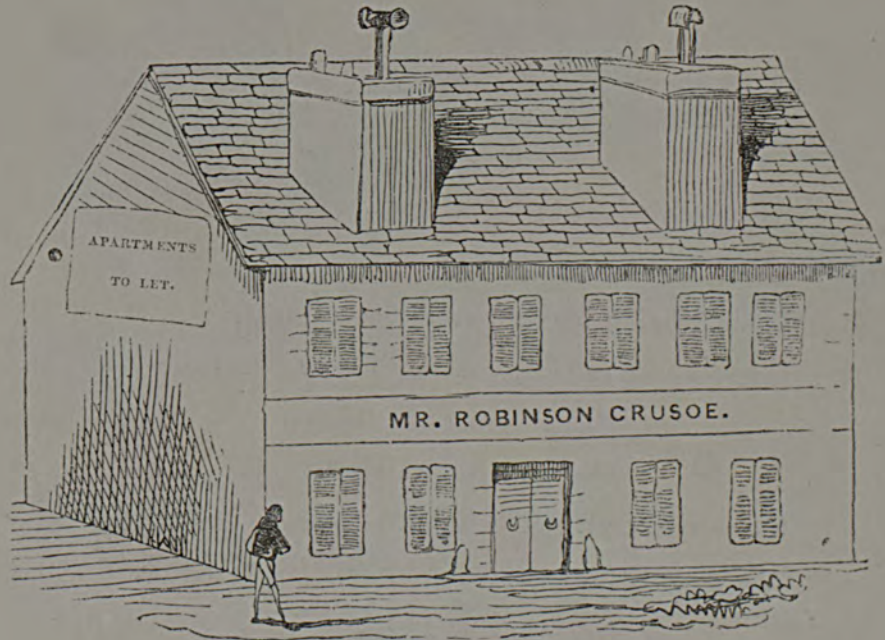


And mournfully raising him up from the plank,
 Inters with the honours due to his rank.
 His captain interred, his time he now spends,
 In collecting the relics of all his late friends ;
 He picks all the locks,
 Opens every box,
 Gathers up all their waistcoats, and trowsers, and stocks,
 His labour in fact all description quite mocks ;



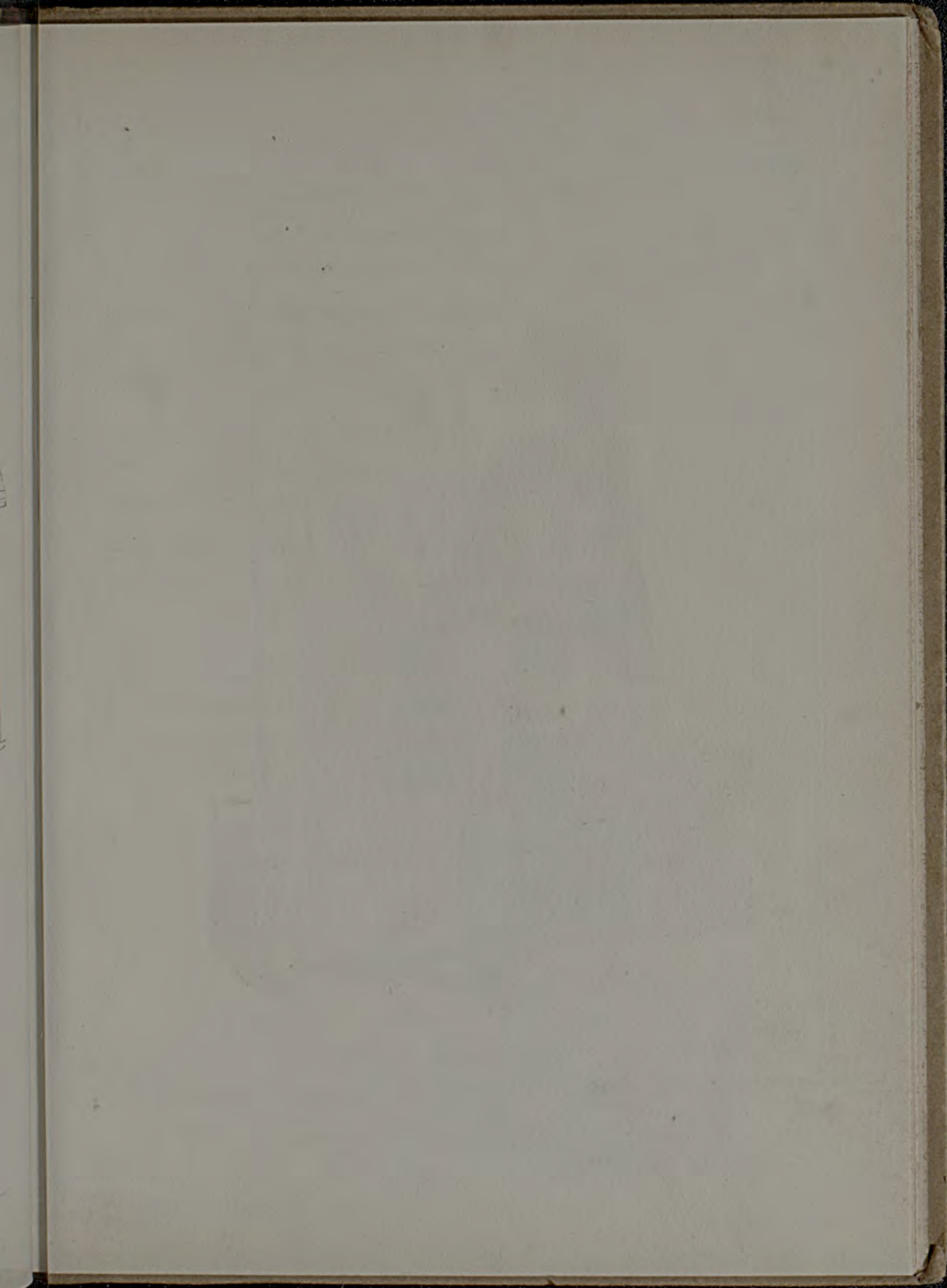
Which, being his first architectural feat,
 It gives him much pleasure to view when complete ;
 But it is not the thing
 For an absolute king,
 So he quickly resolves upon building a better ;
 And having his tastes tied by no kind of fetter,
 With plenty of land
 Besides, ready at hand,
 And labour for nothing, both at his command ;
 And what is moreover quite pleasant and funny,
 Having neither to pay window-tax nor heath money ;
 With a foresight becoming the very shrewd head of his,
 He builds up a mighty magnificent edifice ;
 Eight bed-rooms, a drawing-room, parlour, and kitchen,
 With stables and coach-houses, all very fine,
 And a cellar for coals, and a vault for his wine,
 And a dog-house for keeping his Newfoundland bitch in ;

And not being blessed with a family yet,
Resolves, save one parlour and bed-room, to let



The whole of the rooms,
Which he fairly presumes,
Folk who visit the place will be anxious to get ;
And so, with proper precaution and tact,
He sticks up a bill announcing the fact.

After some time has past,
Mr. Crusoe at last,





Finds his garments are shewing
Some symptoms of going ;
Having worn out the clothes which he brought from the ship,
He sees that he wants much the aid of a snip ;
So resolves in the best way himself to equip,—
And builds him a garment,
Excessively “ varmint,”
Which though not a Nugee,
Yet fits free and easy ;
And though D’Orsay might fancy it not quite the thing,
Mr. Crusoe considers it fit for a king ;
And being for a hat, too, extremely hard up,
He makes one that suits him as well as a Jupp ;
And he says to himself “ Faith ’t is no trifling matter,
To have tick with so famous a tailor and hatter.”

Things now proceed, as well as they need,
Far beyond anticipation indeed ;

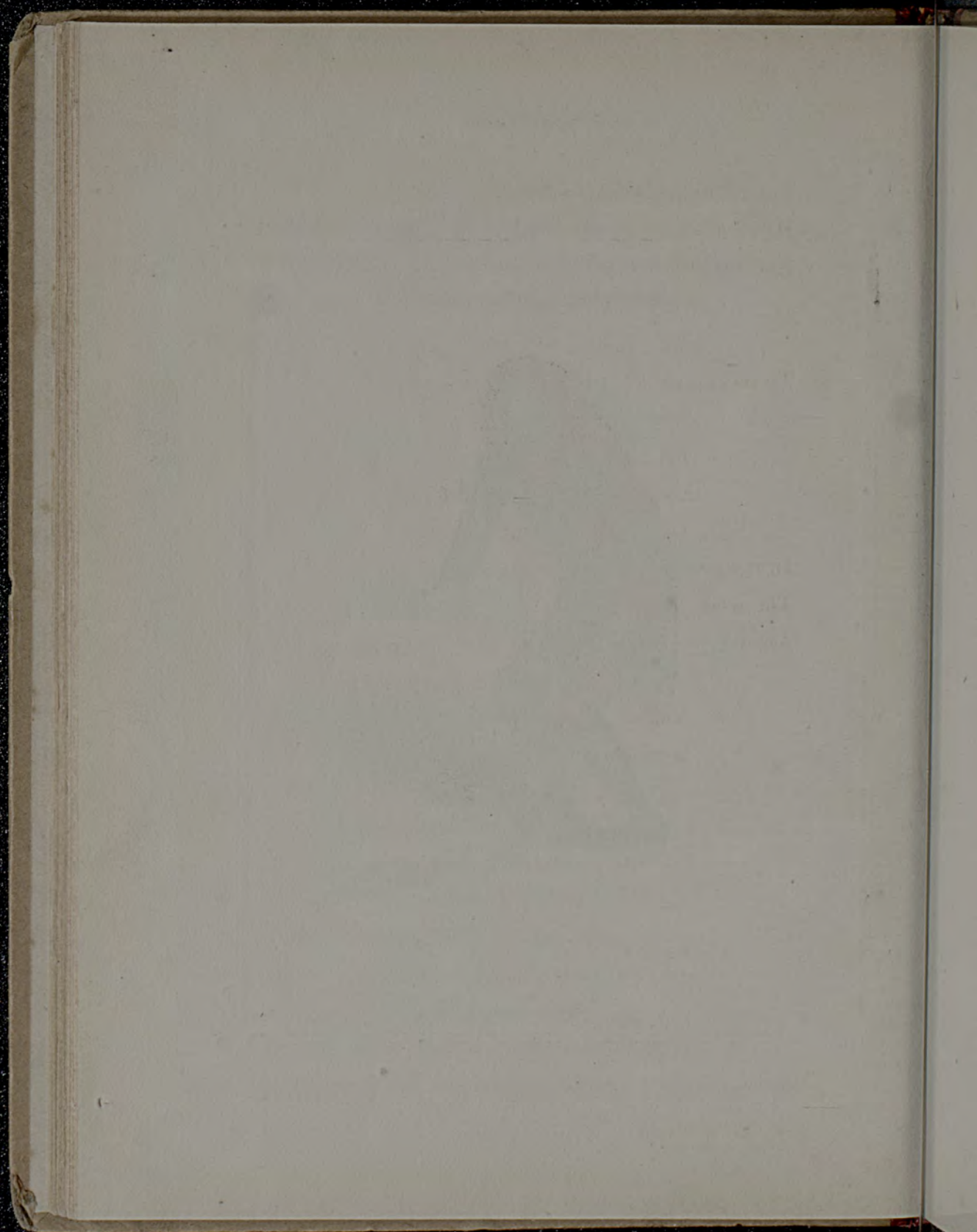


'Till Crusoe one day hears some very odd rumbling,
And an earthquake sets him and his house both tumbling ;
Which so addles his head, that he takes to his bed,
Exceedingly ill from annoyance and dread ;



And vexed that such numerous evils should fall on him,
Vows he 'll see no one who may chance to call on him.
Restored to his health, he walks out on the hill,—
 In a state of dejection,
 Caused by the reflection
That none came to ask for him while he lay ill ;
 But while he 's so wandering,
 Dolefully pondering,
He comes all at once to a sudden stand-still,
For he sees what with horror may well make him thrill ;





There on the ground—distinctly in view,
He sees, God bless us!—a human shoe!
And he cries “ Good gracious!—what shall I do?

Oh! can it be true?

Am I destined anew,

To meet with a rascally civilised crew?

After having been king,

Premier, everything,

Duke of Wellington, Peel,

Dan O’Connell, Tom Steele.

In my person comprising the administration,

The whole opposition—the whole legislation,

Am I now to be forced to a vile resignation?

For my rent to be *axed*,

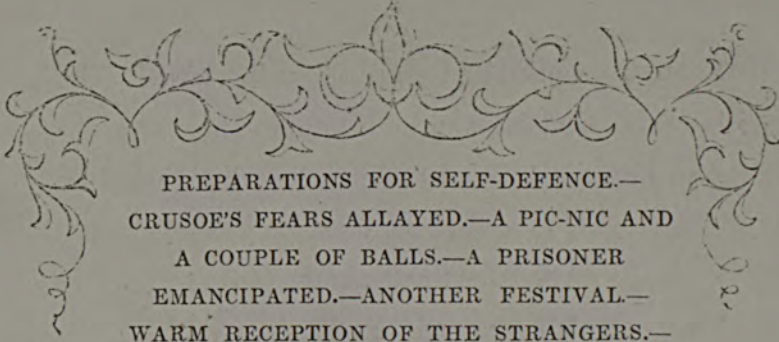
And plundered and taxed;

Must fork out the poor-rates,

And all sort of new rates;

Must I pay for the pipe-water, and paving and light?

No, never as long as I ’m able to fight.”



PREPARATIONS FOR SELF-DEFENCE.—
CRUSOE'S FEARS ALLAYED.—A PIC-NIC AND
A COUPLE OF BALLS.—A PRISONER
EMANCIPATED.—ANOTHER FESTIVAL.—
WARM RECEPTION OF THE STRANGERS.—
MEETING OF RELATIVES.—HINTS AS TO DIET.—
ADDITIONAL COMFORTS OF CRUSOE'S LIFE.

Having made his resolve
 He returns for his arms,
 And full of alarms,
Determines at all risks the riddle to solve ;
So sets off at once with his very best Manton,
To see who has dared foot his island to plant on,—
 When, thank heaven, he sees,
 As he peeps through the trees,
A vision which sets him a good deal at ease ;
 A body of men
 It indeed is—but then,
They are only a party of savages met
For a ball and a *déjeuner à la fourchette*.
Which rids Crusoe quite of his fears of taxation,
And all the disasters of civilisation !
He looks for a while, with sarcaistical smile,
On the pastimes with which they the moments beguile ;

He do n't admire greatly their dancing or gestures,
 And thinks them scarce modest enough in their vestures ;
 Though, indeed, he for this has no manner of reason,
 From his not having been to the *ballet* this season ;

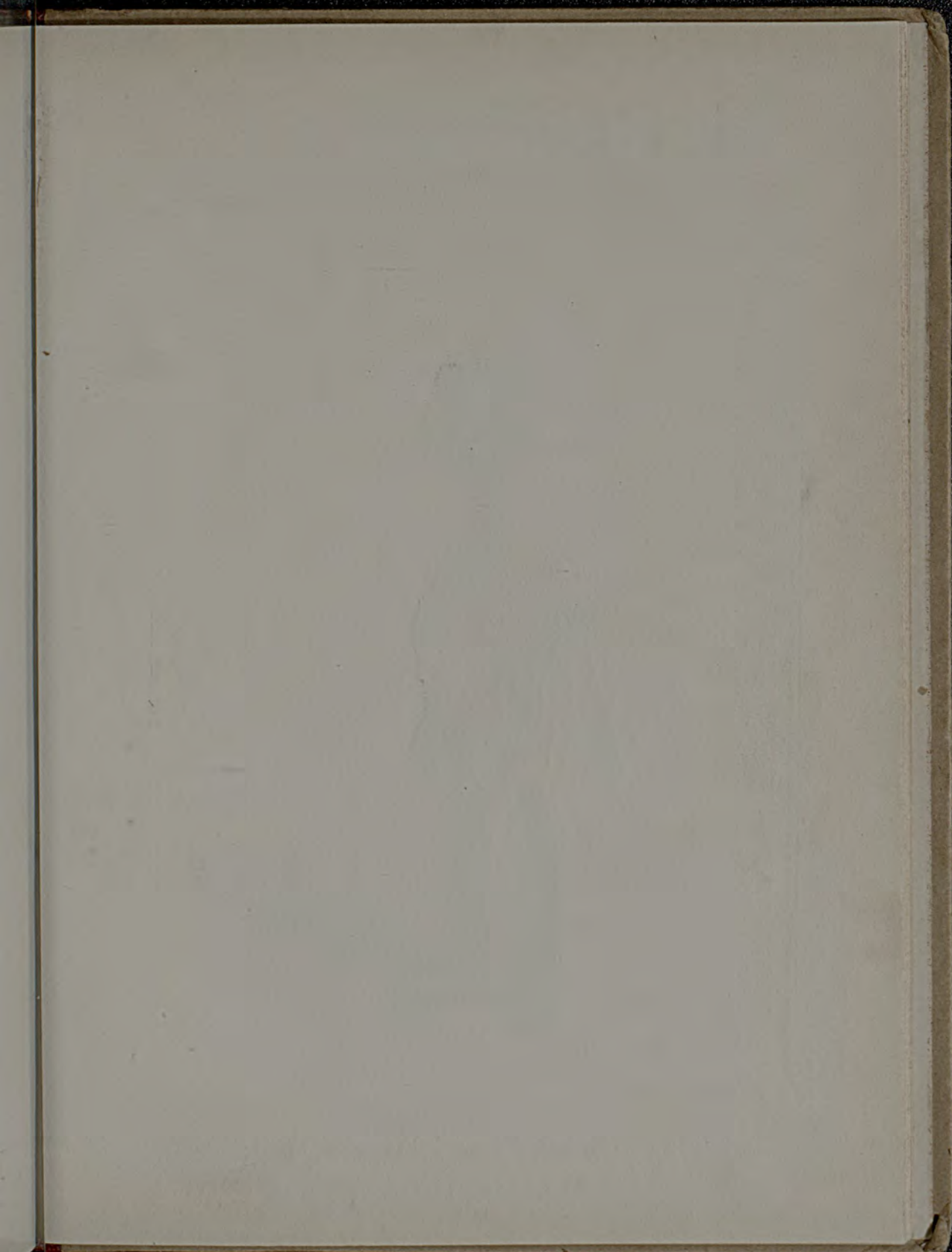


If he had been, the costumes were so very like,
 That it could n't have failed Mr. Crusoe to strike.
 When tired of their hop,
 The poor savages stop,
 And Crusoe perceives that there 's one pinioned fast,—
 Whom they intend grilling by way of repast,—
 Having lighted a fire of some withered branches,
 At which they have just commenced toasting his haunches ;

Now Crusoe who fancies that he has been slighted,
 And thinks it most vile
 That, as lord of the isle,
 He has not to their little pic-nic been invited,
 The group to a sense of their rudeness recalls,—
 By giving them kindly a couple of *balls*;



But they in amaze
 At the uproar and blaze,—
 Being quite unaccustomed to civilised ways,—
 Helter-skelter run terrified to their canoes,
 Thinking some demon their pathway pursues,
 And leave two of their party behind as they fly,
 One dead, and the other just ready to die ;
 The hapless young man
 Whom to roast they began,
 And who seems not quite certain, unfortunate elf,—
 That Crusoe do n't now mean to eat him himself ;





But he soon finds that Crusoe
Does not mean to do so,
Inasmuch as such food
He do n't look on as good,
But thinks that the wretch thus preserved from the tomb,
Can be turned to far better account as his groom ;
So he leaves him his life and his liberty too,
Whatsoever his master desires him to do,
Says he 'll give him no drubbing, unless he should need 'em,
Which means, he explains to him, rational freedom ;
Then dresses him out in a livery tidy,
And gives him the pleasant cognomen of *Fryday*,
As a sort of memento which he should have by him,
Of his saving his life when his friends meant to fry him ;
But the savages, who it would seem were just then
In their gay season, visit the island again,
With a larger repast
Than they brought with them last,
For they number, this visit, full three score and ten ;
And to vary the thing,
Along with them they bring,—
To suit the particular taste of their king,
Who, in spite of their wishes,
Will have foreign dishes,—



An amiable Spaniard, of whom—to their shame
Be it spoken—they all have resolved to make *game* ;
But Crusoe, determined on spoiling their pastime
Upon this occasion, as he did the last time,



Lets fly a great volley,
Just as they 're most jolly,
In hopes to persuade them to give up their folly,
And changes their fun into deep melancholy ;
For they rush from the spot overwhelméd with dread,
Leaving two of their friends on the grass lying dead
(While the parrots and Friday are terribly frightened,
Not used to proceedings so very enlightened) ;
And the Spaniard, about whom they all had such boasting,
Is saved, to his great satisfaction, from roasting.

But Friday, poor boy!

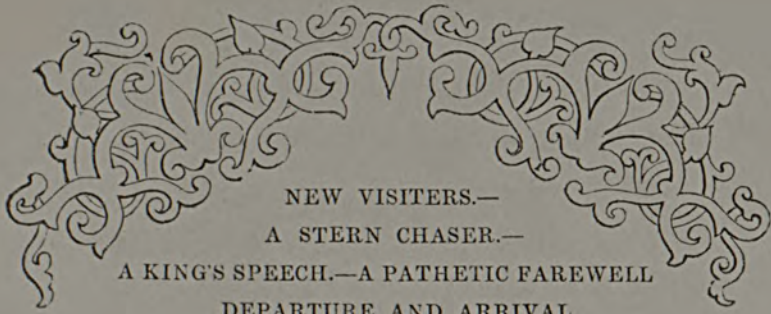
How great is his joy!

When he finds safe and sound his poor governor there,
Who was meant for a *plate* in their late bill of fare !
From which, in the eatable way, it would seem
That the family was in no common esteem.
Robinson Crusoe now quite at his ease is,
Having three servants to do what he pleases.
But Friday, as well as his father, though freed
By his hand, a good drubbing still frequently need ;
And, being a gourmand, 't is only by beating him,
And wringing his ears, he keeps Friday from eating him :



Of the father, though aged, he makes a good hack,
And takes daily an afternoon ride on his back.





NEW VISITERS.—
A STERN CHASER.—
A KING'S SPEECH.—A PATHETIC FAREWELL
DEPARTURE AND ARRIVAL

But, after a while,
By some destiny vile
Which seems to await his unfortunate isle,
One morning, slap-bang!
A mutinous gang
Come ashore their unfortunate captain to hang;
And are cruelly dragging him off to a tree,
Determined his soul from his body to free,
When Robinson chances the rascals to see,
And, resolved upon fun,
He again takes his gun—
For white and *black* game
Are to him all the same—
And fires away at them ere one could say “done!”
Which makes them as fast as the savages run;



While, hit by a shot,
The captain's brought suddenly to on the spot ;



And the rest Crusoe follows
O'er hills and through hollows,
And brings them at last to a sudden stand-still
By threatening to fire from the top of a hill ;
When, finding they're quite at his mercy, they all
Down on their knees to capitulate fall.
Crusoe, perceiving these signs of submission,
Thinks it just the right time to excite their contrition
For the horrible act
Which they meant to transact,
And addresses them thus with abundance of tact :—

“ Fellow countrymen,—after so many long years
Of absence, I scarce can refrain shedding tears
At meeting, in this remote region of earth,
So many whose land is the land of my birth :
I came here a boy, and this beautiful isle
Was then a mere solitude ;—that noble pile
Was then unerected ;—in these remote parts
There were no manufactures—no tillage—no arts !
By my sole exertions—I say it with pride—
By my sole exertions these wants were supplied :
And now look around on this prosperous isle,—
See arts, agriculture,—see everything smile ;
No lawyers, no doctors, no landlords, no rents,
No Corn-laws, no Sliding-scale, no Three-per-cents.,
No changing of coin, no vile clipping of gold,
No charge upon getting new sovereigns for old !
No villanous workhouses—no Income Tax !—
Heaven help the poor wights who have that on their backs !
Am I wrong, friends, in saying that this is the spot
Where those who seek happiness should cast their lot ?
As for you, friends, you have been convicted, 't is true,
Of a crime which perhaps would find pardon from few :
The soil of old England once venture to tread,
Ah ! my friends, you 'll be hanged by the neck till your dead !
But can I permit this—will I, who can save,
Allow you to fill thus a premature grave ?

Oh! no, my friends, no, take this island, take all,
 Far sooner than into so sad a trap fall.
 For myself, friends, my duty recalls me, alas!
 To my country, a very months there to pass;
 Take the isle, then, and Heaven grant that all may go smack
 And merrily forwards until I come back—
 And *when I do*, trust me, you'll bless me each day,
 For treating you all in so handsome a way;



Farewell!—lest you may be in want of a black,
 I leave with you Friday's old governor Jack."

The vile mutineers
 Are affected to tears
 By this tender appeal to their feelings and fears.
 We may easily guess
 What deep thanks they express;
 We may easily feel that they could n't do less—

At this noblest of offers ;—
 Not merely his coffers,
 His silver and gold, but the whole of his land—
 His fixtures—royalties—rights of command !
 In one feeling, of course, they must all be unanimous,
 That there never was anything half so magnanimous ;
 And they fell on their knees, and 't is really distressing,
 To see how they weep as he gives them his blessing !

Indeed, 't would be out of all question to tell
 How deeply they feel at this painful farewell.
 Now the Captain and Robinson get aboard ship
 With Friday, who with them departs on their trip ;
 And when they have got off too far from the shore
 For the sailors to hear their good-byes any more,
 They still by significant gestures express



Their silent distress,
 At leaving their friends in so precious a mess,—
 At which the poor sailors who stand on the beach
 Are affected still more than by Robinson's speech.

The heavens, it would seem, more propitiously smile
On Robinson, now he has quitted his isle :

But yet he is taken a little a-back,

When he thinks that a black,

The moment he sets

His foot in Great Britain, his liberty gets ;

Which induces him quickly to alter his track,

And steer for some port,

Of West-Indian resort,

When, having sold Friday, once more he sets sail

And arrives at Spithead with a prosperous gale,

Just twenty-five years and one month from the day

That he set sail from Hull, to his parents' dismay.

Once more settled down, Mr. Robinson spends

The rest of his days in the midst of his friends ;

Though at first he finds Hull

Rather stupid and dull,

For his father is dead, to his very great grief,

And his mother supported on out-door relief ;—

His feelings are shocked at the poor woman's pittance,

And into the workhouse he gets her admittance ;

Where, lest she should still not have comforts enough,

He allows her a shilling a quarter for snuff.

He then prints his travels,

Which, spite of the cavils

Of critics, must always be relished by youth
And age, for their vigour, their freshness, and truth.

He lives at his ease,

On the profits of these,

His vote for the town, and whatever small trifle

He chanced from the sailors' strong-boxes to rifle ;

Not forgetting the sum

He received for his chum

The excellent Friday. And thus free from strife,

Without children or wife,

He passes serenely the eve of a life,

Which with so much adventure and peril was rife.



LONDON:

VIZETELLY BROTHERS AND CO. PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,

PETERBOROUGH COURT, 135 FLEET STREET.

