

# Global Literary Voices II

Coursepack for Spring 2023 EN 161

at Marymount University. (Howe)

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# "The White Man's Burden"

By Rudyard Kipling

*Transcription, correction, editorial commentary, and markup by Students and Staff at Marymount University, Tonya Howe*

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# THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

By Rudyard Kipling.

1 Take up the White Man's burden--  
2 Send forth the best ye breed--  
3 Go, bind your sons to exile  
4 To serve your captives' need;  
5 To wait, in heavy harness  
6 On fluttered folk and wild--  
7 Your new-caught sullen peoples,  
8 Half devil and half child.

9 Take up the White Man's burden--  
10 In patience to abide,  
11 To veil the threat of terror  
12 And check the show of pride;  
13 By open speech and simple,  
14 An hundred times mad plain,  
15 To seek another's profit  
16 And work another's gain.

17 Take up the White Man's burden--  
18 The savage wars of peace--  
19 Fill full the mouth of Famine  
20 And bid the sickness cease;  
21 And when your goal is nearest  
22 (The end for others sought)  
23 Watch sloth and heathen folly  
24 Bring all your hope to nought.

25 Take up the White Man's burden--  
26 No iron rule of kings,  
27 But toil of serf and sweeper--  
28 The tale of common things.  
29 The ports ye shall not enter,  
30 The roads ye shall not tread,  
31 Go make them with your living  
32 And mark them with your dead.

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33 Take up the White Man's burden--

34 And reap his old reward--  
35 The blame of those ye better,  
36 The hate of those ye guard--  
37 The cry of hosts ye humour  
38 (Ah, slowly!) toward the light:--  
39 "Why brought ye us from bondage,  
40 Our loved Egyptian night?"

41 Take up the White Man's burden--  
42 Ye dare not stoop to less--  
43 Nor call too loud on freedom  
44 To cloak your weariness.  
45 By all ye cry or whisper,  
46 By all ye leave or do,  
47 The silent sullen peoples  
48 Shall weigh your God and you.

49 Take up the White Man's burden!  
50 Have done with childish days--  
51 The lightly proffered laurel,  
52 The easy ungrudged praise:  
53 Comes now, to search your manhood  
54 Through all the thankless years,  
55 Cold edged with dear-bought wisdom,  
56 The judgment of your peers.



# Headnote for T. S. Eliot

By Tonya Howe

*Headnote by by Tonya Howe*

Thomas Sterns Eliot (1888-1965) was born in St. Louis, Missouri, to a wealthy family historically from New England; his father was a business man, and his mother a social worker and a poet. He lived in St. Louis for much of his youth, studying at a college preparatory school affiliated with Washington University, before leaving for Massachusetts. He earned a BA from Harvard in 1909, and continued on to earn a MA, both degrees in literature. Youthful attempts at poetry failed, but during his college years he became much more successful and he met many influential people, including the future publisher of *The Waste Land*. Eliot also studied philosophy at the Sorbonne and Sanskrit, again at Harvard. It is likely that his natural tendency toward books was enhanced by physical limitations caused by a hernia; he that he focused so much of his energy on literature. As the first World War broke out, Eliot was heading to Oxford on a scholarship, but he spent a lot of time in London, which was accessible by train. There, he met the poet Ezra Pound, to whom Eliot dedicated *The Waste Land*. Having left his first love, Emily Hale, in the US, he married Vivienne Haigh-Wood in 1915—though they did not have a happy relationship and eventually separated (Vivienne died in a mental asylum, and Eliot remarried very late in life to the 30-year old Esmé Fletcher. Eliot officially renounced US citizenship for British citizenship in 1927.

Eliot's first major poetic success was "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," published in 1915 in *Poetry*, an important magazine then edited by Pound. Seven years later, he published *The Waste Land*, and after that, several other poems and plays. His playful collection of poems, *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*, became the basis for the hit Broadway musical *Cats*. His last major work was *The Four Quartets*, published in four separate named parts from 1936 to 1942. It was this work that led to the Nobel Prize in Literature, which he was awarded in 1948, "for his outstanding, pioneer contribution to present-day poetry." Eliot also wrote plays and literary criticism. To learn more about Eliot, you might find [Angelica Frey's biography](#) of interest. This headnote draws on material from this article and other commonly available web sources. Eliot was also [something of an anti-semite](#), often expressing stereotypical beliefs about Jewish people. His friend and mentor Ezra Pound, however, was not only anti-Semitic but [fascist as well, and under indictment for treason against the US](#), he ended up in St. Elizabeths Hospital, a federal mental institution in Southeast Washington, DC.

*The Waste Land* is a modernist text. Modernism is a philosophical and aesthetic movement of the early 20th century, broadly 1890-1940, which developed after and as a result of the innovations of the industrial revolution. The industrial revolution, which began in the 18th century and culminated in the middle of the 19th century, radically altered the basic nature of life in Western society and ushered in the technological era we experience today. In literary history, modernism reached its most clear articulation during the period of World War I, which seemed to epitomize the mechanized destruction of older forms of human experience. Factory production turned people into cogs in a much larger machine; new work in science saw the development of mustard gas and other forms of chemical warfare used for the first time in World War I; so

too with the machine gun, the tank, the bomb, all among the new technologies of death that killed millions and demolished the landscape of much of Western Europe. *The Waste Land* was the work that cemented Eliot's reputation as an important writer in the modernist movement. The title of the poem is virtually a direct allusion to the effect of shelling. Though Eliot himself dismissed this reading, [it is difficult not to see his work through this lens](#). The panoramic photograph below, from the [Imperial War Museum](#), shows the ruins of a farm after the Battle of the Somme in 1916, captured by Lieutenant Ernest Brooks. Modernist poets and artists rejected the aesthetic forms of the previous generations and the mode of storytelling that often accompanied them—for instance, the realism of the 19th century was rejected in favor of fragmented, daring modes of expression that tried to capture a new, broken reality. Modernist writers like James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, T. S. Eliot, Marianne Moore, and Gertrude Stein channeled the questions raised by the modern world—in particular the question of whether and to what extent it is possible to tell stories or make art in this brave new world—into the very fabric of their work. Artists in many media were responding as well—in music, Claude Debussy and Igor Stravinsky were creating radically new modes of expression; in painting, Georges Braque and Pablo Picasso built on the experimentations of the Impressionists, who fractured light in pursuit of new ways of seeing. The first portrait of Eliot, above (1920), was painted by Powys Evans, also a modernist most well-known for his caricatures ([National Portrait Gallery UK](#)). To read more about the impact of the first World War on the development of modernism in literature, you might find [this accessible article from The Irish Times](#) interesting; the article touches on *The Waste Land* and several other key pieces of literature from the era.

Perhaps one of the most challenging and influential of texts in all of Modernist literature, *The Waste Land* features multiple characters, multiple voices, and multiple vignettes flitting in and out of visibility. Published in 1922 (first in a London journal, then in an American one, and finally as a standalone book with footnotes by the author), the long poem is most often examined as a response to the shattering experience of the first World War, using the grail legend as a loosely connective thread. The grail has a long and varied literary history, possibly beginning with early fertility rituals. In the 12th century, it was given Christian meaning through Chrétien de Troyes' early medieval romance *Perceval*. It is also the holy object sought by the Arthurian knights, popularized in Thomas Malory's *Le Morte d'Arthur* (1485). The grail in Western Christian contexts is associated with the resurrection of Jesus, specifically the cup that was used to hold the blood of Christ. Throughout medieval Arthurian romance, the grail was guarded by the Fisher King, a Christ-like character, depicted as infertile or wounded—which also becomes a metaphor for the state of his kingdom. His wounds (and those of the land) will be healed when the quest is completed by the hero asking the Fisher King the right question: whom does the grail serve? There are many variations of the story, from many different cultural contexts. Eliot uses the grail quest to heal the Fisher King as a broad metaphor for the wounded modern world, torn apart by modernity and the cataclysmic violence of the Great War. You can see something of the style of modernism in the second photographic portrait of Eliot here, by Cecil Beaton (1956), housed in the [National Portrait Gallery UK](#).

Eliot's poem is as challenging--and rewarding for the curious reader--as it is influential; however, it can be read fruitfully without a deep understanding of the literary tradition that informs it. For a detailed discussion of the many allusions and other references in *The Waste Land*, see Allyson Booth's [Reading The Waste Land from the Bottom Up](#) (2015). The first pages of each chapter are available as free preview, but your institution may have electronic access to the book as a whole.



# Selections from: Robinson Crusoe

By Daniel Defoe

*Transcription, correction, editorial commentary, and markup by staff and research assistants at the University of Virginia, John O'Brien, Sara Brunstetter, Austin Benson*

## Selected Text

THE LIFE AND STRANGE SURPRIZING ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE, Of YORK, MARINER: Who lived Eight and Twenty Years all alone in an un-inhabited Island on the Coast of AMERICA, near the Mouth of the Great River of OROONOQUE; Having been cast on Shore by Shipwreck, wherein all the Men perished but himself. WITH An Account how he was at last as strangely deliver'd by PYRATES. Written by Himself. LONDON: Printed for W. TAYLOR at the Ship in Pater-Noster-Row. MDCCXIX. THE PREFACE. IF ever the Story of any private Man's Adventures in the World were worth making Publick, and were acceptable when Publish'd, the Editor of this Account thinks this will be so. The Wonders of this Man's Life exceed all that (he thinks) is to be found extant; the Life of one Man being scarce capable of a greater Variety. The Story is told with Modesty, with Seriousness, and with a religious Application of Events to the Uses to which wise Men always apply them (viz.) An abbreviation for the Latin videlicet, meaning 'namely.' Source: Oxford English Dictionary to the Instruction of others by this Example, and to justify and honour the Wisdom of Providence in all the Variety of our Circumstances, let them happen how they will. The Editor believes the thing to be a just History of Fact; neither is there any Appearance of Fiction in it: And however thinks, because all such things are dispatch'd, that the Improvement of it, as well to the Diversion, as to the Instruction of the Reader, will be the same; and as such, he thinks, without farther Compliment to the World, he does them a great Service in the Publication.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE, &c. [Audio File] Librivox recording, read by Mark F. Smith I Was born in the Year 1632, in the City of York, of a good Family, tho' not of that Country, my Father being a Foreigner of Bremen, A city in Northern Germany. Source: Wikipedia who settled first at Hull: He got a good Estate by Merchandise, and leaving off his Trade, lived afterward at York, from whence he had married my Mother, whose Relations were named Robinson, a very good Family in that Country, and from whom I was called Robinson Kreutznaer; In naming his title character "Crusoe," Defoe may be recalling his childhood schoolmate Timothy Cruso (1656-1697), who would go on to a prominent career as a Presbyterian minister. The name "Kreutznaer," from which Crusoe tells us his name is derived, is suggestive of the Christian cross. And the fact that Crusoe lives his adult life with a name other than that he was born with links him both to Defoe, who was born simply Daniel Foe, and Alexander Selkirk, who was born Alexander Selcraig. but by the usual Corruption of Words in England, we are now called, nay we call our selves, and write our Name Crusoe, and so my Companions always call'd me. I had two elder Brothers, one of which was Lieutenant Collonel to an English Regiment of Foot in Flanders, formerly commanded by the famous Coll. Lockhart, and was killed at the Battle near Dunkirk inagast the Spaniards: What became of my second Brother I never knew any more than my Father or Mother did know what was become of me. Being the third Son of the Family, and not bred to any Trade, my Head began to be fill'd very early with rambling Thoughts: My Father, who was very ancient, had given me a competent Share of Learning, as far as House-Education, and a Country Free-School generally goes, and design'd me for the Law; but I

would be satisfied with nothing but going to Sea, and my Inclination to this led me so strongly against the Will, nay the Commands of my Father, and against all the Entreaties and Perswasions of my Mother and other Friends, that there seem'd to be something fatal in that Propension of Nature tending directly to the Life of Misery which was to befall me. My Father, a wise and grave Man, gave me serious and excellent Counsel against what he foresaw was my DesignIntended purpose. Source: Oxford English Dictionary. He call'd me one Morning into his Chamber, where he was confined by the Gout, and expostulated very warmlyVehemently. Source: Oxford English Dictioanry with me upon this Subject: He ask'd me what Reasons more than a meer wandring Inclination I had for leaving my Father's House and my native Country, where I might be well introduced, and had a Prospect of raising my Fortunes by Application and Industry, with a Life of Ease and Pleasure. He told me it was for Men of desperate Fortunes on one Hand, or of aspiring, superior Fortunes on the other, who went abroad upon Adventures, to rise by Enterprize, and make themselves famous in Undertakings of a Nature out of the common Road; that these things were all either too far above me, or too far below me; that mine was the middle StateA social middle class between the gentry and the commons; the kind of place occupied in this era by the emergent merchant and professional class. Source: Oxford English Dictionary, or what might be called the upper Station of Low Life, which he had found by long Experience was the best State in the World, the most suited to human Happiness, not exposed to the Miseries and Hardships, the Labour and Sufferings of the mechanickManual laboring. Source: Oxford English Dictionary Part of Mankind, and not embarass'd with the Pride, Luxury, Ambition and Envy of the upper Part of Mankind. He told me, I might judge of the Happiness of this State, by this one thing, viz. That this was the State of Life which all other People envied, that Kings have frequently lamented the miserable Consequences of being born to great things, and wish'd they had been placed in the Middle of the two Extremes, between the Mean and the Great; that the wise Man gave his Testimony to this as the just Standard of true Felicity, when he prayed to have neither Poverty or Riches. He bid me observe it, and I should always find, that the Calamities of Life were shared among the upper and lower Part of Mankind; but that the middle Station had the fewest Disasters, and was not expos'd to so many Vicissitudes as the higher or lower Part of Mankind; nay, they were not subjected to so many Distempers and Uneasinesses either of Body or Mind, as those were who, by vicious Living, Luxury and Extravagancies on one Hand, or by hard Labour, Want of Necessaries, and mean or insufficient Diet on the other Hand, bring Distempers upon themselves by the natural Consequences of their Way of Living; That the middle Station of Life was calculated for all kind of Vertues and all kinds of Enjoyments; that Peace and Plenty were the Hand-maids of a middle Fortune; that Temperance, Moderation, Quietness, Health, Society, all agreeable Diversions, and all desirable Pleasures, were the Blessings attending the middle Station of Life; that this Way Men went silently and smoothly thro' the World, and comfortably out of it, not embarass'd with the Labours of the Hands or of the Head, not sold to the Life of Slavery for daily Bread, or harrast with perplex'd Circumstances, which rob the Soul of Peace, and the Body of Rest; not enrag'd with the Passion of Envy, or secret burning Lust of Ambition for great things; but in easy Circumstances sliding gently thro' the World, and sensibly tasting the Sweets of living, without the bitter, feeling that they are happy, and learning by every Day's Experience to know it more sensibly. After this, he press'd me earnestly, and in the most affectionate manner, not to play the young Man, not to precipitate my self into Miseries which Nature and the Station of Life I was born in, seem'd to have provided against; that I was under no Necessity of seeking my Bread; that he would do well for me, and endeavour to enter me fairly into the Station of Life which he had been just recommending to me; and that if I was not very easy and happy in the World, it must be my meer Fate or Fault that must hinder it, and that he should have nothing to answer for, having thus discharg'd his Duty in warning me against Measures which he knew would be to my Hurt: In a word, that as he would do very kind things for me if I would stay and settle at Home as he directed, so he would not have so much Hand in my Misfortunes, as to give me any Encouragement to go away: And to close all, he told me I had my elder Brother for an Example, to whom he had used the same earnest Perswasions to

keep him from going into the Low Country Wars, but could not prevail, his young Desires prompting him to run into the Army where he was kill'd; and tho' he said he would not cease to pray for me, yet he would venture to say to me, that if I did take this foolish Step, God would not bless me, and I would have Leisure hereafter to reflect upon having neglected his Counsel when there might be none to assist in my Recovery. I observed in this last Part of his Discourse, which was truly Prophetick, tho' I suppose my Father did not know it to be so himself; I say, I observed the Tears run down his Face very plentifully, and especially when he spoke of my Brother who was kill'd; and that when he spoke of my having Leisure to repent, and none to assist me, he was so mov'd, that he broke off the Discourse, and told me, his Heart was so full he could say no more to me. I was sincerely affected with this Discourse, as indeed who could be otherwise; and I resolv'd not to think of going abroad any more, but to settle at home according to my Father's Desire. But alas! a few Days wore it all off; and in short, to prevent any of my Father's farther Importunities, in a few Weeks after, I resolv'd to run quite away from him. However, I did not act so hastily neither as my first Heat of Resolution prompted, but I took my Mother, at a time when I thought her a little pleasanter than ordinary, and told her, that my Thoughts were so entirely bent upon seeing the World, that I should never settle to any thing with Resolution enough to go through with it, and my Father had better give me his Consent than force me to go without it; that I was now Eighteen Years old, which was too late to go Apprentice to a Trade. Crusoe is too old because apprenticeships in this period typically began around the age of thirteen, and lasted seven years., or Clerk to an Attorney; that I was sure if I did, I should never serve out my time, and I should certainly run away from my Master before my Time was out, and go to Sea; and if she would speak to my Father to let me go but one Voyage abroad, if I came home again and did not like it, I would go no more, and I would promise by a double Diligence to recover that Time I had lost. This put my Mother into a great Passion: She told me, she knew it would be to no Purpose to speak to my Father upon any such Subject; that he knew too well what was my Interest to give his Consent to any thing so much for my Hurt, and that she wondered how I could think of any such thing after such a Discourse as I had had with my Father, and such kind and tender Expressions as she knew my Father had us'd to me; and that in short, if I would ruine my self there was no Help for me; but I might depend I should never have their Consent to it: That for her Part she would not have so much Hand in my Destruction; and I should never have it to say, that my Mother was willing when my Father was not. Tho' my Mother refused to move it to my Father, yet as I have heard afterwards, she reported all the Discourse to him, and that my Father, after shewing a great Concern at it, said to her with a Sigh, That Boy might be happy if he would stay at home, but if he goes abroad he will be the miserablest Wretch that was ever born: I can give no Consent to it. It was not till almost a Year after this that I broke loose, tho' in the mean time I continued obstinately deaf to all Proposals of settling to Business, and frequently expostulating with my Father and Mother, about their being so positively determin'd against what they knew my Inclinations prompted me to. But being one Day at Hull A coastal town in southeast Yorkshire, on the river Humber leading out to the North Sea, and a major port. Depicted here by Wenceslaus Hollar at around the time Crusoe would have arrived. Source: Wikipedia, where I went casually, and without any Purpose of making an Elopement That is, the general action of fleeing, with no suggestion of a clandestine marriage. Source: Oxford English Dictionary that time; but I say, being there, and one of my Companions being going by Sea to London, in his Father's Ship, and prompting me to go with them, with the common Allurement of Seafaring Men, viz That it should cost me nothing for my Passage, I consulted neither Father or Mother any more, nor so much as sent them Word of it; but leaving them to hear of it as they might, without asking God's Blessing, or my Father's, without any Consideration of Circumstances or Consequences, and in an ill Hour, God knows. On the first of September 1661 I went on Board a Ship bound for London; never any young Adventurer's Misfortunes, I believe, began sooner, or continued longer than mine. The Ship was no sooner gotten out of the Humber, but the Wind began to blow, and the Winds to rise in a most frightful manner; and as I had never been at Sea before, I was most inexpressibly sick in Body, and terrify'd in my Mind: I began now seriously to reflect upon what

I had done, and how justly I was overtaken by the Judgment of Heaven for my wicked leaving my Father's House, and abandoning my Duty; all the good Counsel of my Parents, my Father's Tears and my Mother's Entreaties came now fresh into my Mind, and my Conscience, which was not yet come to the Pitch of Hardness which it has been since, reproach'd me with the Contempt of Advice, and the Breach of my Duty to God and my Father. All this while the Storm encreas'd, and the Sea, which I had never been upon before, went very high, tho' nothing like what I have seen many times since; no, nor like what I saw a few Days after: But it was enough to affect me then, who was but a young Sailor, and had never known any thing of the matter. I expected every Wave would have swallowed us up, and that every time the Ship fell down, as I thought, in the Trough or Hollow of the Sea, we should never rise more; and in this Agony of Mind, I made many Vows and Resolutions, that if it would please God here to spare my Life this one Voyage, if ever I got once my Foot upon dry Land again, I would go directly home to my Father, and never set it into a Ship again while I liv'd; that I would take his Advice, and never run my self into such Miseries as these any more. Now I saw plainly the Goodness of his Observations about the middle Station of Life, how easy, how comfortably he had liv'd all his Days, and never had been expos'd to Tempests at Sea, or Troubles on Shore; and I resolv'd that I would, like a true repenting Prodigal Alluding to the Biblical story of the prodigal son, who left home, squandered his inheritance, and finally returned to his father in shame, only to be forgiven for his folly. Source: Luke 15:11, go home to my Father. These wise and sober Thoughts continued all the while the Storm continued, and indeed some time after; but the next Day the Wind was abated and the Sea calmer, and I began to be a little inur'd Accustomed. Source: Oxford English Dictionary to it: However I was very grave for all that Day, being also a little Sea sick still; but towards Night the Weather clear'd up, the Wind was quite over, and a charming fine Evening follow'd; the Sun went down perfectly clear and rose so the next Morning; and having little or no Wind and a smooth Sea, the Sun shining upon it, the Sight was, as I thought, the most delightful that ever I saw. I had slept well in the Night, and was now no more Sea sick but very chearful, looking with Wonder upon the Sea that was so rough and terrible the Day before, and could be so calm and so pleasant in so little time after. And now least my good Resolutions should continue, my Companion, who had indeed entic'd me away, comes to me, Well Bob, says he, clapping me on the Shoulder, How do you do after it? I warrant you were frighted, wa'n't you, last Night, when it blew but a Cap full of Wind? A Cap full d'you call it? said I, 'twas a terrible Storm: A Storm, you Fool you, replies he, do you call that a Storm why it was nothing at all; give us but a good Ship and Sea Room, and we think nothing of such a Squal of Wind as that; but you're but a fresh Water Sailor, Bob; come let us make a Bowl of Punch and we'll forget all that, d'ye see what charming Weather 'tis now. To make short this sad Part of my Story, we went the old way of all Sailors, the Punch was made, and I was made drunk with it, and in that one Night's Wickedness I drowned all my Repentance, all my Reflections upon my past Conduct, and all my Resolutions for my future. In a word, as the Sea was returned to its Smoothness of Surface and settled Calmness by the Abatement of that Storm, so the Hurry of my Thoughts being over, my Fears and Apprehensions of being swallow'd up by the Sea being forgotten, and the Current of my former Desires return'd, I entirely forgot the Vows and Promises This account of how Crusoe forgot the vows he made fits well within the tradition of the "sea-Providence," stories of others who testify how the urge to repent prompted by a storm wears off as soon as the weather calms. that I made in my Distress. I found indeed some Intervals of Reflection, and the serious Thoughts did, as it were endeavour to return again sometimes, but I shook them off, and rouz'd my self from them as it were from a Distemper, and applying my self to Drink and Company, soon master'd the Return of those Fits, for so I call'd them, and I had in five or six Days got as compleat a Victory over Conscience as any young, Fellow that resolv'd not to be troubled with it, could desire: But I was to have another Trial for it still; and Providence, as in such Cases generally it does, resolv'd to leave me entirely without Excuse. For if I would not take this for a Deliverance, the next was to be such a one as the worst and most Wretch among us would confess both the harden'd Danger and the Mercy. The sixth Day of our being at Sea we came into Yarmouth A stretch of sea east of the coastal

town of Great Yarmouth, in the English county of Norfolk. Roads; the Wind having been contrary, and the Weather calm, we had made but little Way since the Storm. Here we were obliged to come to an Anchor, and here we lay, the Wind continuing contrary, viz. at South-west, for seven or eight Days, during which time a great many Ships from Newcastle came into the same Roads, as the common Harbour where the Ships might wait for a Wind for the River. We had not however rid Remained anchored; floated stationary. Source: Oxford English Dictionary here so long, but should have Tided it Let the tide carry them up. Source: Oxford English Dictionary up the River, but that the Wind blew too fresh; and after we had lain four or five Days, blew very hard. However, the Roads being reckoned as good as a Harbour, the Anchorage good, and our Ground-Tackle Equipment used to anchor the ship. Source: Oxford English Dictionary very strong, our Men were unconcerned, and not in the least apprehensive of Danger, but spent the Time in Rest and Mirth, after the manner of the Sea; but the eighth Day in the Morning, the Wind increased, and we had all Hands at Work to strike our Top-Masts, and make every thing snug and close, that the Ship might ride as easy as possible. By Noon the Sea went very high indeed, and our Ship rid Forecastle in, With the bow (the foremost part of the hull) in the water. Source: Oxford English Dictionary shipp'd several Seas, and we thought once or twice our Anchor had come home Undone; loose. Source: Oxford English Dictionary; upon which our Master order'd out the Sheet Anchor A very large, heavy spare anchor stored in the waist of the ship, used in emergencies like the one described here. Source: Oxford English Dictionary; so that we rode with two Anchors a-Head, and the Cables vered out to the better End. By this Time it blew a terrible Storm indeed, and now I began to see Terror and Amazement in the Faces even of the Seamen themselves. The Master, tho' vigilant to the Business of preserving the Ship, yet as he went in and out of his Cabbin by me, I could hear him softly to himself say several times, Lord be merciful to us, we shall be all lost, we shall be all undone; and the like. During these first Hurries, I was stupid In a stupor. Source: Oxford English Dictionary, lying still in my Cabbin, which was in the Steerage The lower deck of a ship, just below the main deck and above the ballast; lower classes of passengers often purchased chapter tickets to travel in this part of the ship. Source: Oxford English Dictionary, and cannot describe my Temper: I could ill re-assume the first Penitence, which I had so apparently trampled upon, and harden'd my self against: I thought the Bitterness of Death had been past, and that this would be nothing too like the first. But when the Master himself came by me, as I said just now, and said we should be all lost, I was dreadfully frighted: I got up out of my Cabbin, and look'd out; but such a dismal Sight I never saw: The Sea went Mountains high, and broke upon us every three or four Minutes: When I could look about, I could see nothing but Distress round us: Two Ships that rid near us we found had cut their Masts by the Board, being deep loaden; and our Men cry'd out, that a Ship which rid about a Mile a-Head of us was foundered. Two more Ships being driven from their Anchors, were run out of the Roads to Sea at all Adventures At the mercy of all risks or dangers, and that with not a Mast standing. The light Ships fared the best, as not so much labouring in the Sea; but two or three of them drove, and came close by us, running away with only their Sprit-sail A small, usually square-shaped sail at the front of a sailing ship out before the Wind. Towards Evening the Mate and Boat-Swain Pronounced "bosun," he was the supervisor of the deck crew begg'd the Master of our Ship to let them cut away the Foremast, which he was very unwilling to: But the Boat-Swain protesting to him, that if he did not, the Ship would founder, he consented; and when they had cut away the Foremast In adverse weather conditions, one may cut away the mast of a ship to prevent it capsizing. Without the force of the heavy wind on the mast, the boat has a lower probability of tipping over., the Main-Mast stood so loose, and shook the Ship so much, they were obliged to cut her away also, and make a clear Deck. Any one may judge what a Condition I must be in at all this, who was but a young Sailor, and who had been in such a Fright before at but a little. But if I can express at this Distance the Thoughts I had about me at that time, I was in tenfold more Horror of Mind upon Account of my former Convictions, and the having returned from them to the Resolutions I had wickedly taken at first, than I was at Death it self; and these added to the Terror of the Storm, put me into such a Condition, that I can by no Words describe it. But the worst was not come yet,

the Storm continued with such Fury, that the Seamen themselves acknowledged they had never known a worse. We had a good Ship, but she was deep laden, and wallowed in the Sea, that the Seamen every now and then cried out, she would founder. It was my Advantage in one respect, that I did not know what they meant by Founder, till I enquir'd. However, the Storm was so violent, that I saw what is not often seen, the Master, the Boat-Swain, and some others more sensible than the rest, at their Prayers, and expecting every Moment when the Ship would go to the Bottom. In the Middle of the Night, and under all the rest of our Distresses, one of the Men that had been down on Purpose to see, cried out we had sprung a Leak; another said there was four Foot Water in the Hold. Then all Hands were called to the Pump. At that very Word my Heart, as I thought, died within me, and I fell backwards upon the Side of my Bed where I sat, into the Cabbin. However, the Men roused me, and told me, that I that was able to do nothing before, was as well able to pump as another; at which I stirr'd up, and went to the Pump and work'd very heartily. While this was doing, the Master seeing some light ColliersCoal barges, who not able to ride out the Storm, were oblig'd to flip and run away to Sea, and would come near us, ordered to fire a Gun as a Signal of Distress. I who knew nothing what that meant, was so surprised, that I thought the Ship had broke, or some dreadful thing had happen'd. In a word, I was so surprised, that I fell down in a Swoon. As this was a time when every Body had his own Life to think of, no Body minded me, or what was become of me; but another Man stepped up to the Pump, and thrusting me aside with his Foot, let me lye, thinking I had been dead; and it was a great while before I came to my self. We work'd on, but the Water encreasing in the Hold, it was apparent that the Ship would founder, and tho' the Storm began to abate a little, yet as it was not possible she could swim till we might run into a Port, so the Master continued firing Guns for Help; and a light Ship who had rid it out just a Head of us ventured a Boat out to help us. It was with the utmost Hazard the Boat came near us, but it was impossible for us to get on Board, or for the Boat to lie near the Ship Side, till at last the Men rowing very heartily, and venturing their Lives to save ours, our Men cast them a Rope over the Stern with a Buoy to it, and then vered it out a great Length, which they after great Labour and Hazard took hold of and we hall'd them close under our Stern and got all into their Boat. It was to no Purpose for them or us after we were in the Boat to think of reaching to their own Ship, so all agreed to let her drive and only to pull her in towards Shore as much as we could, and our Master promised them, That if the Boat was stav'd upon Shore he would make it good to their MasterThat is, if the boat was crushed or damaged while running aground, he would reimburse their master., so partly rowing and partly driving our Boat went away to the NorwardNorthward sloaping towards the Shore almost as far as Winterton Ness.An area of foreland along the north Norfolk coast of England We were not much more than a quarter of an Hour out of our Ship but we saw her sink, and then I understood for the first time what was meant by a Ship foundering in the Sea; I must acknowledge I had hardly Eyes to look up when the Seamen told me she was sinking; for from that Moment they rather put me into the Boat than that I might be said to go in, my Heart was as it were dead within me, partly with Fright, partly with Horror of Mind and the Thoughts of what was yet before me. While we were in this Condition, the Men yet labouring at the Oar to bring the Boat near the Shore, we could see, when our Boat mounting the Waves, we were able to see the Shore, a great many People running along the Shore to assist us when we should come near, but we made but slow way towards the Shore, nor were we able to reach the Shore, till being past the Light-House at Winterton, the Shore falls off to the Westward towards Cromer, and so the Land broke off a little the Violence of the Wind: Here we got in, and tho' not without much Difficulty got all safe on Shore and walk'd afterwards on Foot to Yarmouth, where, as unfortunate Men, we were used with great Humanity as well by the Magistrates of the Town, who assign'd us good Quarters, as by particular Merchants and Owners of Ships, and had Money given us sufficient to carry us either to London or back to Hull, as we thought fit. Had I now had the Sense to have gone back to Hull, and have gone home, I had been happy, and my Father, an Emblem of our Blessed Saviour's Parable, had even kill'd the fatted Calf for meAnother allusion to the parable of the Prodigal Son, when the father kills the fatted calf to feast and celebrate the return of his ruined son (Luke 15:23); for hearing the Ship I

went away in was cast away in Yarmouth Road, it was a great while before he had any Assurance that I was not drown'd. But my ill Fate push'd me on now with an Obstinacy that nothing could resist; and tho' I had several times loud Calls from my Reason and my more composed Judgment to go home, yet I had no Power to do it. I know not what to call this, nor will I urge, that it is a secret over-ruling Decree that hurries us on to be the Instruments of our own Destruction, even tho' it be before us, and that we rush upon it with our Eyes open. Certainly nothing but some such decreed unavoidable Misery attending, and which it was impossible for me to escape, could have push'd me forward against the calm Reasonings and Perswasions of my most retired Thoughts, and against two such visible Instructions as I had met with in my first Attempt. My Comrade, who had help'd to harden me before, and who was the Master's Son, was now less forward than I; the first time he spoke to me after we were at Yarmouth, which was not till two or three Days, for we were separated in the Town to several Quarters; I say, the first time he saw me, it appear'd his Tone was alter'd, and looking very melancholy and shaking his Head, ask'd me how I did, and telling his Father who I was, and how I had come this Voyage only for a Trial in order to go farther abroad; his Father turning to me with a very grave and concern'd Tone, Young Man, says he, you ought never to go to Sea any more, you ought to take this for a plain and visible Token that you are not to be a Seafaring Man, why, Sir, said I, will you go to Sea no more? That is another Case, said he, it is my Calling, and therefore my Duty; but as you made this Voyage for a Trial, you see what a Taste Heaven has given you of what you are to expect if you persist; perhaps this is all befallen us on your Account, like Jonah in the Ship of Tarshish The Biblical Jonah boarded a ship bound for Tarshish, but was thrown overboard and swallowed by a whale when the crew discovered that he was fleeing God's commandment, and held him responsible for the violent storms encountered by their ship.. Pray, continues he, what are you? and on what Account did you go to Sea? Upon that I told him some of my Story; at the End of which he burst out with a strange kind of Passion, What had I done, says he, that such an unhappy Wretch should come into my Ship? I would not set my Foot in the same Ship with thee again for a Thousand Pounds. This indeed was, as I said, an Excursion of his Spirits which were yet agitated by the Sense of his Loss, and was farther than he could have Authority to go. However he afterwards talk'd very gravely to me, exhorted me to go back to my Father, and not tempt Providence to my Ruine; told me I might see a visible Hand of Heaven against me, And young Man, said he, depend upon it, if you do not go back, where-ever you go, you will meet with nothing but Disasters and Disappointments till your Father's Words are fulfilled upon you. We parted soon after; for I made him little Answer, and I saw him no more; which way he went, I know not. As for me, having some Money in my Pocket, I travelled to London by Land; and there, as well as on the Road, had many Struggles with my self, what Course of Life I should take, and whether I should go Home, or go to Sea. As to going Home, Shame opposed the best Motions that offer'd to my Thoughts; and it immediately occur'd to me how I should be laugh'd at among the Neighbours, and should be asham'd to see, not my Father and Mother only, but even every Body else; from whence I have since often observed, how incongruous and irrational the common Temper of Mankind is, especially of Youth, to that Reason which ought to guide them in such Cases, viz. That they are not asham'd to sin, and yet are asham'd to repent; not asham'd of the Action for which they ought justly to be esteemed Fools, but are asham'd of the returning, which only can make them be esteem'd wise Men. In this State of Life however I remained some time, uncertain what Measures to take, and what Course of Life to lead. An irresistible Reluctance continu'd to going Home; and as I stay'd a while, the Remembrance of the Distress I had been in wore off; and as that abated, the little Motion I had in my Desires to a Return wore off with it, till at last I quite lay'd aside the Thoughts of it, and lookt out for a Voyage. [Audio File]Librivox recording, read by Mark F. Smith

## Selected Text

THE LIFE AND STRANGE SURPRIZING ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE, Of YORK, MARINER: Who lived Eight and Twenty Years all alone in an un-inhabited Island on the Coast of AMERICA, near the Mouth of the Great River of OROONOQUE; Having been cast on Shore by

Shipwreck, wherein all the Men perished but himself. WITH An Account how he was at last as strangely deliver'd by PYRATES. Written by Himself. LONDON: Printed for W. TAYLOR at the Ship in Pater-Noster-Row. MDCCXIX. THE PREFACE. IF ever the Story of any private Man's Adventures in the World were worth making Publick, and were acceptable when Publish'd, the Editor of this Account thinks this will be so. The Wonders of this Man's Life exceed all that (he thinks) is to be found extant; the Life of one Man being scarce capable of a greater Variety. The Story is told with Modesty, with Seriousness, and with a religious Application of Events to the Uses to which wise Men always apply them (viz.) An abbreviation for the Latin videlicet, meaning 'namely.' Source: Oxford English Dictionary to the Instruction of others by this Example, and to justify and honour the Wisdom of Providence in all the Variety of our Circumstances, let them happen how they will. The Editor believes the thing to be a just History of Fact; neither is there any Appearance of Fiction in it: And however thinks, because all such things are dispatch'd, that the Improvement of it, as well to the Diversion, as to the Instruction of the Reader, will be the same; and as such, he thinks, without farther Compliment to the World, he does them a great Service in the Publication.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE, &c. [Audio File] Librivox recording, read by Mark F. Smith I Was born in the Year 1632, in the City of York, of a good Family, tho' not of that Country, my Father being a Foreigner of Bremen, A city in Northern Germany. Source: Wikipedia who settled first at Hull: He got a good Estate by Merchandise, and leaving off his Trade, lived afterward at York, from whence he had married my Mother, whose Relations were named Robinson, a very good Family in that Country, and from whom I was called Robinson Kreutznaer; In naming his title character "Crusoe," Defoe may be recalling his childhood schoolmate Timothy Cruso (1656-1697), who would go on to a prominent career as a Presbyterian minister. The name "Kreutznaer," from which Crusoe tells us his name is derived, is suggestive of the Christian cross. And the fact that Crusoe lives his adult life with a name other than that he was born with links him both to Defoe, who was born simply Daniel Foe, and Alexander Selkirk, who was born Alexander Selcraig. but by the usual Corruption of Words in England, we are now called, nay we call our selves, and write our Name Crusoe, and so my Companions always call'd me. I had two elder Brothers, one of which was Lieutenant Collonel to an English Regiment of Foot in Flanders, formerly commanded by the famous Coll. Lockhart, and was killed at the Battle near Dunkirk inagast the Spaniards: What became of my second Brother I never knew any more than my Father or Mother did know what was become of me. Being the third Son of the Family, and not bred to any Trade, my Head began to be fill'd very early with rambling Thoughts: My Father, who was very ancient, had given me a competent Share of Learning, as far as House-Education, and a Country Free-School generally goes, and design'd me for the Law; but I would be satisfied with nothing but going to Sea, and my Inclination to this led me so strongly against the Will, nay the Commands of my Father, and against all the Entreaties and Perswasions of my Mother and other Friends, that there seem'd to be something fatal in that Propension of Nature tending directly to the Life of Misery which was to befall me. My Father, a wise and grave Man, gave me serious and excellent Counsel against what he foresaw was my Design Intended purpose. Source: Oxford English Dictionary. He call'd me one Morning into his Chamber, where he was confined by the Gout, and expostulated very warmly Vehemently. Source: Oxford English Dictioanry with me upon this Subject: He ask'd me what Reasons more than a meer wandring Inclination I had for leaving my Father's House and my native Country, where I might be well introduced, and had a Prospect of raising my Fortunes by Application and Industry, with a Life of Ease and Pleasure. He told me it was for Men of desperate Fortunes on one Hand, or of aspiring, superior Fortunes on the other, who went abroad upon Adventures, to rise by Enterprize, and make themselves famous in Undertakings of a Nature out of the common Road; that these things were all either too far above me, or too far below me; that mine was the middle State A social middle class between the gentry and the commons; the kind of place occupied in this era by the emergent merchant and professional class. Source: Oxford English Dictionary, or what might be called the upper Station of Low Life, which he had found by long Experience was the best State in the World, the most suited to human Happiness,



not exposed to the Miseries and Hardships, the Labour and Sufferings of the mechanick Manual laboring. Source: Oxford English Dictionary Part of Mankind, and not embarass'd with the Pride, Luxury, Ambition and Envy of the upper Part of Mankind. He told me, I might judge of the Happiness of this State, by this one thing, viz. That this was the State of Life which all other People envied, that Kings have frequently lamented the miserable Consequences of being born to great things, and wish'd they had been placed in the Middle of the two Extremes, between the Mean and the Great; that the wise Man gave his Testimony to this as the just Standard of true Felicity, when he prayed to have neither Poverty or Riches. He bid me observe it, and I should always find, that the Calamities of Life were shared among the upper and lower Part of Mankind; but that the middle Station had the fewest Disasters, and was not expos'd to so many Vicissitudes as the higher or lower Part of Mankind; nay, they were not subjected to so many Distempers and Uneasinesses either of Body or Mind, as those were who, by vicious Living, Luxury and Extravagancies on one Hand, or by hard Labour, Want of Necessaries, and mean or insufficient Diet on the other Hand, bring Distempers upon themselves by the natural Consequences of their Way of Living; That the middle Station of Life was calculated for all kind of Vertues and all kinds of Enjoyments; that Peace and Plenty were the Hand-maids of a middle Fortune; that Temperance, Moderation, Quietness, Health, Society, all agreeable Diversions, and all desirable Pleasures, were the Blessings attending the middle Station of Life; that this Way Men went silently and smoothly thro' the World, and comfortably out of it, not embarass'd with the Labours of the Hands or of the Head, not sold to the Life of Slavery for daily Bread, or harrast with perplex'd Circumstances, which rob the Soul of Peace, and the Body of Rest; not enrag'd with the Passion of Envy, or secret burning Lust of Ambition for great things; but in easy Circumstances sliding gently thro' the World, and sensibly tasting the Sweets of living, without the bitter, feeling that they are happy, and learning by every Day's Experience to know it more sensibly. After this, he press'd me earnestly, and in the most affectionate manner, not to play the young Man, not to precipitate my self into Miseries which Nature and the Station of Life I was born in, seem'd to have provided against; that I was under no Necessity of seeking my Bread; that he would do well for me, and endeavour to enter me fairly into the Station of Life which he had been just recommending to me; and that if I was not very easy and happy in the World, it must be my meer Fate or Fault that must hinder it, and that he should have nothing to answer for, having thus discharg'd his Duty in warning me against Measures which he knew would be to my Hurt: In a word, that as he would do very kind things for me if I would stay and settle at Home as he directed, so he would not have so much Hand in my Misfortunes, as to give me any Encouragement to go away: And to close all, he told me I had my elder Brother for an Example, to whom he had used the same earnest Perswasions to keep him from going into the Low Country Wars, but could not prevail, his young Desires prompting him to run into the Army where he was kill'd; and tho' he said he would not cease to pray for me, yet he would venture to say to me, that if I did take this foolish Step, God would not bless me, and I would have Leisure hereafter to reflect upon having neglected his Counsel when there might be none to assist in my Recovery. I observed in this last Part of his Discourse, which was truly Prophetick, tho' I suppose my Father did not know it to be so himself; I say, I observed the Tears run down his Face very plentifully, and especially when he spoke of my Brother who was kill'd; and that when he spoke of my having Leisure to repent, and none to assist me, he was so mov'd, that he broke off the Discourse, and told me, his Heart was so full he could say no more to me. I was sincerely affected with this Discourse, as indeed who could be otherwise; and I resolv'd not to think of going abroad any more, but to settle at home according to my Father's Desire. But alas! a few Days wore it all off; and in short, to prevent any of my Father's farther Importunities, in a few Weeks after, I resolv'd to run quite away from him. However, I did not act so hastily neither as my first Heat of Resolution prompted, but I took my Mother, at a time when I thought her a little pleasanter than ordinary, and told her, that my Thoughts were so entirely bent upon seeing the World, that I should never settle to any thing with Resolution enough to go through with it, and my Father had better give me his Consent than force me to go without it; that I was now Eighteen Years old, which was too late to go

Apprentice to a Trade. Crusoe is too old because apprenticeships in this period typically began around the age of thirteen, and lasted seven years., or Clerk to an Attorney; that I was sure if I did, I should never serve out my time, and I should certainly run away from my Master before my Time was out, and go to Sea; and if she would speak to my Father to let me go but one Voyage abroad, if I came home again and did not like it, I would go no more, and I would promise by a double Diligence to recover that Time I had lost. This put my Mother into a great Passion: She told me, she knew it would be to no Purpose to speak to my Father upon any such Subject; that he knew too well what was my Interest to give his Consent to any thing so much for my Hurt, and that she wondered how I could think of any such thing after such a Discourse as I had had with my Father, and such kind and tender Expressions as she knew my Father had us'd to me; and that in short, if I would ruine my self there was no Help for me; but I might depend I should never have their Consent to it: That for her Part she would not have so much Hand in my Destruction; and I should never have it to say, that my Mother was willing when my Father was not. Tho' my Mother refused to move it to my Father, yet as I have heard afterwards, she reported all the Discourse to him, and that my Father, after shewing a great Concern at it, said to her with a Sigh, That Boy might be happy if he would stay at home, but if he goes abroad he will be the miserablest Wretch that was ever born: I can give no Consent to it. It was not till almost a Year after this that I broke loose, tho' in the mean time I continued obstinately deaf to all Proposals of settling to Business, and frequently expostulating with my Father and Mother, about their being so positively determin'd against what they knew my Inclinations prompted me to. But being one Day at Hull A coastal town in southeast Yorkshire, on the river Humber leading out to the North Sea, and a major port. Depicted here by Wenceslaus Hollar at around the time Crusoe would have arrived. Source: Wikipedia, where I went casually, and without any Purpose of making an Elopement That is, the general action of fleeing, with no suggestion of a clandestine marriage. Source: Oxford English Dictionary that time; but I say, being there, and one of my Companions being going by Sea to London, in his Father's Ship, and prompting me to go with them, with the common Allurement of Seafaring Men, viz That it should cost me nothing for my Passage, I consulted neither Father or Mother any more, nor so much as sent them Word of it; but leaving them to hear of it as they might, without asking God's Blessing, or my Father's, without any Consideration of Circumstances or Consequences, and in an ill Hour, God knows. On the first of September 1661 I went on Board a Ship bound for London; never any young Adventurer's Misfortunes, I believe, began sooner, or continued longer than mine. The Ship was no sooner gotten out of the Humber, but the Wind began to blow, and the Winds to rise in a most frightful manner; and as I had never been at Sea before, I was most inexpressibly sick in Body, and terrify'd in my Mind: I began now seriously to reflect upon what I had done, and how justly I was overtaken by the Judgment of Heaven for my wicked leaving my Father's House, and abandoning my Duty; all the good Counsel of my Parents, my Father's Tears and my Mother's Entreaties came now fresh into my Mind, and my Conscience, which was not yet come to the Pitch of Hardness which it has been since, reproach'd me with the Contempt of Advice, and the Breach of my Duty to God and my Father. All this while the Storm encreas'd, and the Sea, which I had never been upon before, went very high, tho' nothing like what I have seen many times since; no, nor like what I saw a few Days after: But it was enough to affect me then, who was but a young Sailor, and had never known any thing of the matter. I expected every Wave would have swallowed us up, and that every time the Ship fell down, as I thought, in the Trough or Hollow of the Sea, we should never rise more; and in this Agony of Mind, I made many Vows and Resolutions, that if it would please God here to spare my Life this one Voyage, if ever I got once my Foot upon dry Land again, I would go directly home to my Father, and never set it into a Ship again while I liv'd; that I would take his Advice, and never run my self into such Miseries as these any more. Now I saw plainly the Goodness of his Observations about the middle Station of Life, how easy, how comfortably he had liv'd all his Days, and never had been expos'd to Tempests at Sea, or Troubles on Shore; and I resolv'd that I would, like a true repenting Prodigal Alluding to the Biblical story of the prodigal son, who left home, squandered his inheritance, and finally returned to his father in shame, only to be forgiven

for his folly. Source: Luke 15:11, go home to my Father. These wise and sober Thoughts continued all the while the Storm continued, and indeed some time after; but the next Day the Wind was abated and the Sea calmer, and I began to be a little inur'dAccustomed. Source: Oxford English Dictionary to it: However I was very grave for all that Day, being also a little Sea sick still; but towards Night the Weather clear'd up, the Wind was quite over, and a charming fine Evening follow'd; the Sun went down perfectly clear and rose so the next Morning; and having little or no Wind and a smooth Sea, the Sun shining upon it, the Sight was, as I thought, the most delightful that ever I saw. I had slept well in the Night, and was now no more Sea sick but very chearful, looking with Wonder upon the Sea that was so rough and terrible the Day before, and could be so calm and so pleasant in so little time after. And now least my good Resolutions should continue, my Companion, who had indeed entic'd me away, comes to me, Well Bob, says he, clapping me on the Shoulder, How do you do after it? I warrant you were frighted, wa'n't you, last Night, when it blew but a Cap full of Wind? A Cap full d'you call it? said I, 'twas a terrible Storm: A Storm, you Fool you, replies he, do you call that a Storm why it was nothing at all; give us but a good Ship and Sea Room, and we think nothing of such a Squal of Wind as that; but you're but a fresh Water Sailor, Bob; come let us make a Bowl of Punch and we'll forget all that, d'ye see what charming Weather 'tis now. To make short this sad Part of my Story, we went the old way of all Sailors, the Punch was made, and I was made drunk with it, and in that one Night's Wickedness I drowned all my Repentance, all my Reflections upon my past Conduct, and all my Resolutions for my future. In a word, as the Sea was returned to its Smoothness of Surface and settled Calmness by the Abatement of that Storm, so the Hurry of my Thoughts being over, my Fears and Apprehensions of being swallow'd up by the Sea being forgotten, and the Current of my former Desires return'd, I entirely forgot the Vows and PromisesThis account of how Crusoe forgot the vows he made fits well within the tradition of the "sea-Providence," stories of others who testify how the urge to repent prompted by a storm wears off as soon as the weather calms. that I made in my Distress. I found indeed some Intervals of Reflection, and the serious Thoughts did, as it were endeavour to return again sometimes, but I shook them off, and rouz'd my self from them as it were from a Distemper, and applying my self to Drink and Company, soon master'd the Return of those Fits, for so I call'd them, and I had in five or six Days got as compleat a Victory over Conscience as any young, Fellow that resolv'd not to be troubled with it, could desire: But I was to have another Trial for it still; and Providence, as in such Cases generally it does, resolv'd to leave me entirely without Excuse. For if I would not take this for a Deliverance, the next was to be such a one as the worst and most Wretch among us would confess both the harden'd Danger and the Mercy. The sixth Day of our being at Sea we came into YarmouthA stretch of sea east of the coastal town of Great Yarmouth, in the English county of Norfolk. Roads; the Wind having been contrary, and the Weather calm, we had made but little Way since the Storm. Here we were obliged to come to an Anchor, and here we lay, the Wind continuing contrary, viz. at South-west, for seven or eight Days, during which time a great many Ships from Newcastle came into the same Roads, as the common Harbour where the Ships might wait for a Wind for the River. We had not however ridRemained anchored; floated stationary. Source: Oxford English Dictionary here so long, but should have Tided itLet the tide carry them up. Source: Oxford English Dictionary up the River, but that the Wind blew too fresh; and after we had lain four or five Days, blew very hard. However, the Roads being reckoned as good as a Harbour, the Anchorage good, and our Ground-TackleEquipment used to anchor the ship. Source: Oxford English Dictionary very strong, our Men were unconcerned, and not in the least apprehensive of Danger, but spent the Time in Rest and Mirth, after the manner of the Sea; but the eighth Day in the Morning, the Wind increased, and we had all Hands at Work to strike our Top-Masts, and make every thing snug and close, that the Ship might ride as easy as possible. By Noon the Sea went very high indeed, and our Ship rid Forecastle in,With the bow (the foremost part of the hull) in the water. Source: Oxford English Dictionary shipp'd several Seas, and we thought once or twice our Anchor had come homeUndone; loose. Source: Oxford English Dictionary; upon which our Master order'd out the Sheet AnchorA very large, heavy spare anchor stored in the waist

of the ship, used in emergencies like the one described here. Source: Oxford English Dictionary; so that we rode with two Anchors a-Head, and the Cables vered out to the better End. By this Time it blew a terrible Storm indeed, and now I began to see Terror and Amazement in the Faces even of the Seamen themselves. The Master, tho' vigilant to the Business of preserving the Ship, yet as he went in and out of his Cabbin by me, I could hear him softly to himself say several times, Lord be merciful to us, we shall be all lost, we shall be all undone; and the like. During these first Hurries, I was stupidIn a stupor. Source: Oxford English Dictionary, lying still in my Cabbin, which was in the SteerageThe lower deck of a ship, just below the main deck and above the ballast; lower classes of passengers often purchased chapter tickets to travel in this part of the ship. Source: Oxford English Dictionary, and cannot describe my Temper: I could ill re-assume the first Penitence, which I had so apparently trampled upon, and harden'd my self against: I thought the Bitterness of Death had been past, and that this would be nothing too like the first. But when the Master himself came by me, as I said just now, and said we should be all lost, I was dreadfully frighted: I got up out of my Cabbin, and look'd out; but such a dismal Sight I never saw: The Sea went Mountains high, and broke upon us every three or four Minutes: When I could look about, I could see nothing but Distress round us: Two Ships that rid near us we found had cut their Masts by the Board, being deep loaden; and our Men cry'd out, that a Ship which rid about a Mile a-Head of us was foundered. Two more Ships being driven from their Anchors, were run out of the Roads to Sea at all AdventuresAt the mercy of all risks or dangers, and that with not a Mast standing. The light Ships fared the best, as not so much labouring in the Sea; but two or three of them drove, and came close by us, running away with only their Sprit-sailA small, usually square-shaped sail at the front of a sailing ship out before the Wind. Towards Evening the Mate and Boat-SwainPronounced "bosun," he was the supervisor of the deck crew begg'd the Master of our Ship to let them cut away the Foremast, which he was very unwilling to: But the Boat-Swain protesting to him, that if he did not, the Ship would founder, he consented; and when they had cut away the ForemastIn adverse weather conditions, one may cut away the mast of a ship to prevent it capsizing. Without the force of the heavy wind on the mast, the boat has a lower probability of tipping over., the Main-Mast stood so loose, and shook the Ship so much, they were obliged to cut her away also, and make a clear Deck. Any one may judge what a Condition I must be in at all this, who was but a young Sailor, and who had been in such a Fright before at but a little. But if I can express at this Distance the Thoughts I had about me at that time, I was in tenfold more Horror of Mind upon Account of my former Convictions, and the having returned from them to the Resolutions I had wickedly taken at first, than I was at Death it self; and these added to the Terror of the Storm, put me into such a Condition, that I can by no Words describe it. But the worst was not come yet, the Storm continued with such Fury, that the Seamen themselves acknowledged they had never known a worse. We had a good Ship, but she was deep loaden, and wallowed in the Sea, that the Seamen every now and then cried out, she would founder. It was my Advantage in one respect, that I did not know what they meant by Founder, till I enquir'd. However, the Storm was so violent, that I saw what is not often seen, the Master, the Boat-Swain, and some others more sensible than the rest, at their Prayers, and expecting every Moment when the Ship would go to the Bottom. In the Middle of the Night, and under all the rest of of our Distresses, one of the Men that had been down on Purpose to see, cried out we had sprung a Leak; another said there was four Foot Water in the Hold. Then all Hands were called to the Pump. At that very Word my Heart, as I thought, died within me, and I fell backwards upon the Side of my Bed where I sat, into the Cabbin. However, the Men roused me, and told me, that I that was able to do nothing before, was as well able to pump as another; at which I stirr'd up, and went to the Pump and work'd very heartily. While this was doing, the Master seeing some light ColliersCoal barges, who not able to ride out the Storm, were oblig'd to flip and run away to Sea, and would come near us, ordered to fire a Gun as a Signal of Distress. I who knew nothing what that meant, was so surprised, that I thought the Ship had broke, or some dreadful thing had happen'd. In a word, I was so surprised, that I fell down in a Swoon. As this was a time when every Body had his own Life to think of, no Body minded me, or what was become of me; but another Man stept up

to the Pump, and thrusting me aside with his Foot, let me lye, thinking I had been dead; and it was a great while before I came to my self. We work'd on, but the Water encreasing in the Hold, it was apparent that the Ship would founder, and tho' the Storm began to abate a little, yet as it was not possible she could swim till we might run into a Port, so the Master continued firing Guns for Help; and a light Ship who had rid it out just a Head of us ventured a Boat out to help us. It was with the utmost Hazard the Boat came near us, but it was impossible for us to get on Board, or for the Boat to lie near the Ship Side, till at last the Men rowing very heartily, and venturing their Lives to save ours, our Men cast them a Rope over the Stern with a Buoy to it, and then vered it out a great Length, which they after great Labour and Hazard took hold of and we hall'd them close under our Stern and got all into their Boat. It was to no Purpose for them or us after we were in the Boat to think of reaching to their own Ship, so all agreed to let her drive and only to pull her in towards Shore as much as we could, and our Master promised them, That if the Boat was stav'd upon Shore he would make it good to their Master That is, if the boat was crushed or damaged while running aground, he would reimburse their master., so partly rowing and partly driving our Boat went away to the NorwardNorthward sloaping towards the Shore almost as far as Winterton Ness. An area of foreland along the north Norfolk coast of England We were not much more than a quarter of an Hour out of our Ship but we saw her sink, and then I understood for the first time what was meant by a Ship foundering in the Sea; I must acknowledge I had hardly Eyes to look up when the Seamen told me she was sinking; for from that Moment they rather put me into the Boat than that I might be said to go in, my Heart was as it were dead within me, partly with Fright, partly with Horror of Mind and the Thoughts of what was yet before me. While we were in this Condition, the Men yet labouring at the Oar to bring the Boat near the Shore, we could see, when our Boat mounting the Waves, we were able to see the Shore, a great many People running along the Shore to assist us when we should come near, but we made but slow way towards the Shore, nor were we able to reach the Shore, till being past the Light-House at Winterton, the Shore falls off to the Westward towards Cromer, and so the Land broke off a little the Violence of the Wind: Here we got in, and tho' not without much Difficulty got all safe on Shore and walk'd afterwards on Foot to Yarmouth, where, as unfortunate Men, we were used with great Humanity as well by the Magistrates of the Town, who assign'd us good Quarters, as by particular Merchants and Owners of Ships, and had Money given us sufficient to carry us either to London or back to Hull, as we thought fit. Had I now had the Sense to have gone back to Hull, and have gone home, I had been happy, and my Father, an Emblem of our Blessed Saviour's Parable, had even kill'd the fatted Calf for me Another allusion to the parable of the Prodigal Son, when the father kills the fatted calf to feast and celebrate the return of his ruined son (Luke 15:23); for hearing the Ship I went away in was cast away in Yarmouth Road, it was a great while before he had any Assurance that I was not drown'd. But my ill Fate push'd me on now with an Obstinacy that nothing could resist; and tho' I had several times loud Calls from my Reason and my more composed Judgment to go home, yet I had no Power to do it. I know not what to call this, nor will I urge, that it is a secret over-ruling Decree that hurries us on to be the Instruments of our own Destruction, even tho' it be before us, and that we rush upon it with our Eyes open. Certainly nothing but some such decreed unavoidable Misery attending, and which it was impossible for me to escape, could have push'd me forward against the calm Reasonings and Perswasions of my most retired Thoughts, and against two such visible Instructions as I had met with in my first Attempt. My Comrade, who had help'd to harden me before, and who was the Master's Son, was now less forward than I; the first time he spoke to me after we were at Yarmouth, which was not till two or three Days, for we were separated in the Town to several Quarters; I say, the first time he saw me, it appear'd his Tone was alter'd, and looking very melancholy and shaking his Head, ask'd me how I did, and telling his Father who I was, and how I had come this Voyage only for a Trial in order to go farther abroad; his Father turning to me with a very grave and concern'd Tone, Young Man, says he, you ought never to go to Sea any more, you ought to take this for a plain and visible Token that you are not to be a Seafaring Man, why, Sir, said I, will you go to Sea no more? That is another Case, said he, it is my Calling, and therefore my Duty; but as

you made this Voyage for a Trial, you see what a Taste Heaven has given you of what you are to expect if you persist; perhaps this is all befallen us on your Account, like Jonah in the Ship of Tarshish The Biblical Jonah boarded a ship bound for Tarshish, but was thrown overboard and swallowed by a whale when the crew discovered that he was fleeing God's commandment, and held him responsible for the violent storms encountered by their ship.. Pray, continues he, what are you? and on what Account did you go to Sea? Upon that I told him some of my Story; at the End of which he burst out with a strange kind of Passion, What had I done, says he, that such an unhappy Wretch should come into my Ship? I would not set my Foot in the same Ship with thee again for a Thousand Pounds. This indeed was, as I said, an Excursion of his Spirits which were yet agitated by the Sense of his Loss, and was farther than he could have Authority to go. However he afterwards talk'd very gravely to me, exhorted me to go back to my Father, and not tempt Providence to my Ruine; told me I might see a visible Hand of Heaven against me, And young Man, said he, depend upon it, if you do not go back, where-ever you go, you will meet with nothing but Disasters and Disappointments till your Father's Words are fulfilled upon you. We parted soon after; for I made him little Answer, and I saw him no more; which way he went, I know not. As for me, having some Money in my Pocket, I travelled to London by Land; and there, as well as on the Road, had many Struggles with my self, what Course of Life I should take, and whether I should go Home, or go to Sea. As to going Home, Shame opposed the best Motions that offered to my Thoughts; and it immediately occur'd to me how I should be laugh'd at among the Neighbours, and should be asham'd to see, not my Father and Mother only, but even every Body else; from whence I have since often observed, how incongruous and irrational the common Temper of Mankind is, especially of Youth, to that Reason which ought to guide them in such Cases, viz. That they are not asham'd to sin, and yet are asham'd to repent; not asham'd of the Action for which they ought justly to be esteemed Fools, but are asham'd of the returning, which only can make them be esteem'd wise Men. In this State of Life however I remained some time, uncertain what Measures to take, and what Course of Life to lead. An irresistible Reluctance continu'd to going Home; and as I stay'd a while, the Remembrance of the Distress I had been in wore off; and as that abated, the little Motion I had in my Desires to a Return wore off with it, till at last I quite lay'd aside the Thoughts of it, and lookt out for a Voyage. [Audio File]Librivox recording, read by Mark F. Smith

## Selected Text

THE LIFE AND STRANGE SURPRIZING ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE, OF YORK, MARINER: Who lived Eight and Twenty Years all alone in an un-inhabited Island on the Coast of AMERICA, near the Mouth of the Great River of OROONOQUE; Having been cast on Shore by Shipwreck, wherein all the Men perished but himself. WITH An Account how he was at last as strangely deliver'd by PYRATES. Written by Himself. LONDON: Printed for W. TAYLOR at the Ship in Pater-Noster-Row. MDCCXIX. THE PREFACE. IF ever the Story of any private Man's Adventures in the World were worth making Publick, and were acceptable when Publish'd, the Editor of this Account thinks this will be so. The Wonders of this Man's Life exceed all that (he thinks) is to be found extant; the Life of one Man being scarce capable of a greater Variety. The Story is told with Modesty, with Seriousness, and with a religious Application of Events to the Uses to which wise Men always apply them (viz.)An abbreviation for the Latin videlicet, meaning 'namely.' Source: Oxford English Dictionary to the Instruction of others by this Example, and to justify and honour the Wisdom of Providence in all the Variety of our Circumstances, let them happen how they will. The Editor believes the thing to be a just History of Fact; neither is there any Appearance of Fiction in it: And however thinks, because all such things are dispatch'd, that the Improvement of it, as well to the Diversion, as to the Instruction of the Reader, will be the same; and as such, he thinks, without farther Compliment to the World, he does them a great Service in the Publication. THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE, &c. [Audio File]Librivox recording, read by Mark F. Smith I Was born in the Year 1632, in the City of York, of a good Family, tho' not of that Country, my Father being a Foreigner of Bremen,A city in Northern Germany. Source: Wikipedia who settled first

at Hull: He got a good Estate by Merchandise, and leaving off his Trade, lived afterward at York, from whence he had married my Mother, whose Relations were named Robinson, a very good Family in that Country, and from whom I was called Robinson Kreutznaer; In naming his title character "Crusoe," Defoe may be recalling his childhood schoolmate Timothy Cruso (1656-1697), who would go on to a prominent career as a Presbyterian minister. The name "Kreutznaer," from which Crusoe tells us his name is derived, is suggestive of the Christian cross. And the fact that Crusoe lives his adult life with a name other than that he was born with links him both to Defoe, who was born simply Daniel Foe, and Alexander Selkirk, who was born Alexander Selcraig. but by the usual Corruption of Words in England, we are now called, nay we call our selves, and write our Name Crusoe, and so my Companions always call'd me. I had two elder Brothers, one of which was Lieutenant Collonel to an English Regiment of Foot in Flanders, formerly commanded by the famous Coll. Lockhart, and was killed at the Battle near Dunkirk inagast the Spaniards: What became of my second Brother I never knew any more than my Father or Mother did know what was become of me. Being the third Son of the Family, and not bred to any Trade, my Head began to be fill'd very early with rambling Thoughts: My Father, who was very ancient, had given me a competent Share of Learning, as far as House-Education, and a Country Free-School generally goes, and design'd me for the Law; but I would be satisfied with nothing but going to Sea, and my Inclination to this led me so strongly against the Will, nay the Commands of my Father, and against all the Entreaties and Perswasions of my Mother and other Friends, that there seem'd to be something fatal in that Propension of Nature tending directly to the Life of Misery which was to befall me. My Father, a wise and grave Man, gave me serious and excellent Counsel against what he foresaw was my DesignIntended purpose. Source: Oxford English Dictionary. He call'd me one Morning into his Chamber, where he was confined by the Gout, and expostulated very warmlyVehemently. Source: Oxford English Dictioanry with me upon this Subject: He ask'd me what Reasons more than a meer wandring Inclination I had for leaving my Father's House and my native Country, where I might be well introduced, and had a Prospect of raising my Fortunes by Application and Industry, with a Life of Ease and Pleasure. He told me it was for Men of desperate Fortunes on one Hand, or of aspiring, superior Fortunes on the other, who went abroad upon Adventures, to rise by Enterprize, and make themselves famous in Undertakings of a Nature out of the common Road; that these things were all either too far above me, or too far below me; that mine was the middle StateA social middle class between the gentry and the commons; the kind of place occupied in this era by the emergent merchant and professional class. Source: Oxford English Dictionary, or what might be called the upper Station of Low Life, which he had found by long Experience was the best State in the World, the most suited to human Happiness, not exposed to the Miseries and Hardships, the Labour and Sufferings of the mechanickManual laboring. Source: Oxford English Dictionary Part of Mankind, and not embarass'd with the Pride, Luxury, Ambition and Envy of the upper Part of Mankind. He told me, I might judge of the Happiness of this State, by this one thing, viz. That this was the State of Life which all other People envied, that Kings have frequently lamented the miserable Consequences of being born to great things, and wish'd they had been placed in the Middle of the two Extremes, between the Mean and the Great; that the wise Man gave his Testimony to this as the just Standard of true Felicity, when he prayed to have neither Poverty or Riches. He bid me observe it, and I should always find, that the Calamities of Life were shared among the upper and lower Part of Mankind; but that the middle Station had the fewest Disasters, and was not expos'd to so many Vicissitudes as the higher or lower Part of Mankind; nay, they were not subjected to so many Distempers and Uneasinesses either of Body or Mind, as those were who, by vicious Living, Luxury and Extravagancies on one Hand, or by hard Labour, Want of Necessaries, and mean or insufficient Diet on the other Hand, bring Distempers upon themselves by the natural Consequences of their Way of Living; That the middle Station of Life was calculated for all kind of Vertues and all kinds of Enjoyments; that Peace and Plenty were the Hand-maids of a middle Fortune; that Temperance, Moderation, Quietness, Health, Society, all agreeable Diversions, and all desirable Pleasures, were the Blessings attending the middle Station of Life;

that this Way Men went silently and smoothly thro' the World, and comfortably out of it, not embarrass'd with the Labours of the Hands or of the Head, not sold to the Life of Slavery for daily Bread, or harrast with perplex'd Circumstances, which rob the Soul of Peace, and the Body of Rest; not enrag'd with the Passion of Envy, or secret burning Lust of Ambition for great things; but in easy Circumstances sliding gently thro' the World, and sensibly tasting the Sweets of living, without the bitter, feeling that they are happy, and learning by every Day's Experience to know it more sensibly. After this, he press'd me earnestly, and in the most affectionate manner, not to play the young Man, not to precipitate my self into Miseries which Nature and the Station of Life I was born in, seem'd to have provided against; that I was under no Necessity of seeking my Bread; that he would do well for me, and endeavour to enter me fairly into the Station of Life which he had been just recommending to me; and that if I was not very easy and happy in the World, it must be my meer Fate or Fault that must hinder it, and that he should have nothing to answer for, having thus discharg'd his Duty in warning me against Measures which he knew would be to my Hurt: In a word, that as he would do very kind things for me if I would stay and settle at Home as he directed, so he would not have so much Hand in my Misfortunes, as to give me any Encouragement to go away: And to close all, he told me I had my elder Brother for an Example, to whom he had used the same earnest Perswasions to keep him from going into the Low Country Wars, but could not prevail, his young Desires prompting him to run into the Army where he was kill'd; and tho' he said he would not cease to pray for me, yet he would venture to say to me, that if I did take this foolish Step, God would not bless me, and I would have Leisure hereafter to reflect upon having neglected his Counsel when there might be none to assist in my Recovery. I observed in this last Part of his Discourse, which was truly Prophetick, tho' I suppose my Father did not know it to be so himself; I say, I observed the Tears run down his Face very plentifully, and especially when he spoke of my Brother who was kill'd; and that when he spoke of my having Leisure to repent, and none to assist me, he was so mov'd, that he broke off the Discourse, and told me, his Heart was so full he could say no more to me. I was sincerely affected with this Discourse, as indeed who could be otherwise; and I resolv'd not to think of going abroad any more, but to settle at home according to my Father's Desire. But alas! a few Days wore it all off; and in short, to prevent any of my Father's farther Importunities, in a few Weeks after, I resolv'd to run quite away from him. However, I did not act so hastily neither as my first Heat of Resolution prompted, but I took my Mother, at a time when I thought her a little pleasanter than ordinary, and told her, that my Thoughts were so entirely bent upon seeing the World, that I should never settle to any thing with Resolution enough to go through with it, and my Father had better give me his Consent than force me to go without it; that I was now Eighteen Years old, which was too late to go Apprentice to a Trade. Crusoe is too old because apprenticeships in this period typically began around the age of thirteen, and lasted seven years., or Clerk to an Attorney; that I was sure if I did, I should never serve out my time, and I should certainly run away from my Master before my Time was out, and go to Sea; and if she would speak to my Father to let me go but one Voyage abroad, if I came home again and did not like it, I would go no more, and I would promise by a double Diligence to recover that Time I had lost. This put my Mother into a great Passion: She told me, she knew it would be to no Purpose to speak to my Father upon any such Subject; that he knew too well what was my Interest to give his Consent to any thing so much for my Hurt, and that she wondered how I could think of any such thing after such a Discourse as I had had with my Father, and such kind and tender Expressions as she knew my Father had us'd to me; and that in short, if I would ruine my self there was no Help for me; but I might depend I should never have their Consent to it: That for her Part she would not have so much Hand in my Destruction; and I should never have it to say, that my Mother was willing when my Father was not. Tho' my Mother refused to move it to my Father, yet as I have heard afterwards, she reported all the Discourse to him, and that my Father, after shewing a great Concern at it, said to her with a Sigh, That Boy might be happy if he would stay at home, but if he goes abroad he will be the miserablest Wretch that was ever born: I can give no Consent to it. It was not till almost a Year after this that I broke loose, tho' in the mean time I continued obstinately deaf



to all Proposals of settling to Business, and frequently expostulating with my Father and Mother, about their being so positively determin'd against what they knew my Inclinations prompted me to. But being one Day at Hull a coastal town in southeast Yorkshire, on the river Humber leading out to the North Sea, and a major port. Depicted here by Wenceslaus Hollar at around the time Crusoe would have arrived. Source: Wikipedia, where I went casually, and without any Purpose of making an Elopement That is, the general action of fleeing, with no suggestion of a clandestine marriage. Source: Oxford English Dictionary that time; but I say, being there, and one of my Companions being going by Sea to London, in his Father's Ship, and prompting me to go with them, with the common Allurement of Seafaring Men, viz That it should cost me nothing for my Passage, I consulted neither Father or Mother any more, nor so much as sent them Word of it; but leaving them to hear of it as they might, without asking God's Blessing, or my Father's, without any Consideration of Circumstances or Consequences, and in an ill Hour, God knows. On the first of September 1661 I went on Board a Ship bound for London; never any young Adventurer's Misfortunes, I believe, began sooner, or continued longer than mine. The Ship was no sooner gotten out of the Humber, but the Wind began to blow, and the Winds to rise in a most frightful manner; and as I had never been at Sea before, I was most inexpressibly sick in Body, and terrify'd in my Mind: I began now seriously to reflect upon what I had done, and how justly I was overtaken by the Judgment of Heaven for my wicked leaving my Father's House, and abandoning my Duty; all the good Counsel of my Parents, my Father's Tears and my Mother's Entreaties came now fresh into my Mind, and my Conscience, which was not yet come to the Pitch of Hardness which it has been since, reproach'd me with the Contempt of Advice, and the Breach of my Duty to God and my Father. All this while the Storm encreas'd, and the Sea, which I had never been upon before, went very high, tho' nothing like what I have seen many times since; no, nor like what I saw a few Days after: But it was enough to affect me then, who was but a young Sailor, and had never known any thing of the matter. I expected every Wave would have swallowed us up, and that every time the Ship fell down, as I thought, in the Trough or Hollow of the Sea, we should never rise more; and in this Agony of Mind, I made many Vows and Resolutions, that if it would please God here to spare my Life this one Voyage, if ever I got once my Foot upon dry Land again, I would go directly home to my Father, and never set it into a Ship again while I liv'd; that I would take his Advice, and never run my self into such Miseries as these any more. Now I saw plainly the Goodness of his Observations about the middle Station of Life, how easy, how comfortably he had liv'd all his Days, and never had been expos'd to Tempests at Sea, or Troubles on Shore; and I resolv'd that I would, like a true repenting Prodigal Alluding to the Biblical story of the prodigal son, who left home, squandered his inheritance, and finally returned to his father in shame, only to be forgiven for his folly. Source: Luke 15:11, go home to my Father. These wise and sober Thoughts continued all the while the Storm continued, and indeed some time after; but the next Day the Wind was abated and the Sea calmer, and I began to be a little inur'd Accustomed. Source: Oxford English Dictionary to it: However I was very grave for all that Day, being also a little Sea sick still; but towards Night the Weather clear'd up, the Wind was quite over, and a charming fine Evening follow'd; the Sun went down perfectly clear and rose so the next Morning; and having little or no Wind and a smooth Sea, the Sun shining upon it, the Sight was, as I thought, the most delightful that ever I saw. I had slept well in the Night, and was now no more Sea sick but very chearful, looking with Wonder upon the Sea that was so rough and terrible the Day before, and could be so calm and so pleasant in so little time after. And now least my good Resolutions should continue, my Companion, who had indeed entic'd me away, comes to me, Well Bob, says he, clapping me on the Shoulder, How do you do after it? I warrant you were frighted, wa'n't you, last Night, when it blew but a Cap full of Wind? A Cap full d'you call it? said I, 'twas a terrible Storm: A Storm, you Fool you, replies he, do you call that a Storm why it was nothing at all; give us but a good Ship and Sea Room, and we think nothing of such a Squal of Wind as that; but you're but a fresh Water Sailor, Bob; come let us make a Bowl of Punch and we'll forget all that, d'ye see what charming Weather 'tis now. To make short this sad Part of my Story, we went the old way of all Sailors, the Punch was made, and I was made drunk with it, and

in that one Night's Wickedness I drowned all my Repentance, all my Reflections upon my past Conduct, and all my Resolutions for my future. In a word, as the Sea was returned to its Smoothness of Surface and settled Calmness by the Abatement of that Storm, so the Hurry of my Thoughts being over, my Fears and Apprehensions of being swallow'd up by the Sea being forgotten, and the Current of my former Desires return'd, I entirely forgot the Vows and Promises This account of how Crusoe forgot the vows he made fits well within the tradition of the "sea-Providence," stories of others who testify how the urge to repent prompted by a storm wears off as soon as the weather calms. that I made in my Distress. I found indeed some Intervals of Reflection, and the serious Thoughts did, as it were endeavour to return again sometimes, but I shook them off, and rouz'd my self from them as it were from a Distemper, and applying my self to Drink and Company, soon master'd the Return of those Fits, for so I call'd them, and I had in five or six Days got as compleat a Victory over Conscience as any young, Fellow that resolv'd not to be troubled with it, could desire: But I was to have another Trial for it still; and Providence, as in such Cases generally it does, resolv'd to leave me entirely without Excuse. For if I would not take this for a Deliverance, the next was to be such a one as the worst and most Wretch among us would confess both the harden'd Danger and the Mercy. The sixth Day of our being at Sea we came into Yarmouth A stretch of sea east of the coastal town of Great Yarmouth, in the English county of Norfolk. Roads; the Wind having been contrary, and the Weather calm, we had made but little Way since the Storm. Here we were obliged to come to an Anchor, and here we lay, the Wind continuing contrary, viz. at South-west, for seven or eight Days, during which time a great many Ships from Newcastle came into the same Roads, as the common Harbour where the Ships might wait for a Wind for the River. We had not however rid Remained anchored; floated stationary. Source: Oxford English Dictionary here so long, but should have Tided it Let the tide carry them up. Source: Oxford English Dictionary up the River, but that the Wind blew too fresh; and after we had lain four or five Days, blew very hard. However, the Roads being reckoned as good as a Harbour, the Anchorage good, and our Ground-Tackle Equipment used to anchor the ship. Source: Oxford English Dictionary very strong, our Men were unconcerned, and not in the least apprehensive of Danger, but spent the Time in Rest and Mirth, after the manner of the Sea; but the eighth Day in the Morning, the Wind increased, and we had all Hands at Work to strike our Top-Masts, and make every thing snug and close, that the Ship might ride as easy as possible. By Noon the Sea went very high indeed, and our Ship rid Forecastle in, With the bow (the foremost part of the hull) in the water. Source: Oxford English Dictionary shipp'd several Seas, and we thought once or twice our Anchor had come home Undone; loose. Source: Oxford English Dictionary; upon which our Master order'd out the Sheet Anchor A very large, heavy spare anchor stored in the waist of the ship, used in emergencies like the one described here. Source: Oxford English Dictionary; so that we rode with two Anchors a-Head, and the Cables vered out to the better End. By this Time it blew a terrible Storm indeed, and now I began to see Terror and Amazement in the Faces even of the Seamen themselves. The Master, tho' vigilant to the Business of preserving the Ship, yet as he went in and out of his Cabbin by me, I could hear him softly to himself say several times, Lord be merciful to us, we shall be all lost, we shall be all undone; and the like. During these first Hurries, I was stupid In a stupor. Source: Oxford English Dictionary, lying still in my Cabbin, which was in the Steerage The lower deck of a ship, just below the main deck and above the ballast; lower classes of passengers often purchased chapter tickets to travel in this part of the ship. Source: Oxford English Dictionary, and cannot describe my Temper: I could ill re-assume the first Penitence, which I had so apparently trampled upon, and harden'd my self against: I thought the Bitterness of Death had been past, and that this would be nothing too like the first. But when the Master himself came by me, as I said just now, and said we should be all lost, I was dreadfully frighted: I got up out of my Cabbin, and look'd out; but such a dismal Sight I never saw: The Sea went Mountains high, and broke upon us every three or four Minutes: When I could look about, I could see nothing but Distress round us: Two Ships that rid near us we found had cut their Masts by the Board, being deep loaden; and our Men cry'd out, that a Ship which rid about a Mile a-Head of us was foundered. Two more Ships being driven

from their Anchors, were run out of the Roads to Sea at all Adventures At the mercy of all risks or dangers, and that with not a Mast standing. The light Ships fared the best, as not so much labouring in the Sea; but two or three of them drove, and came close by us, running away with only their Sprit-sail A small, usually square-shaped sail at the front of a sailing ship out before the Wind. Towards Evening the Mate and Boat-Swain Pronounced "bosun," he was the supervisor of the deck crew begg'd the Master of our Ship to let them cut away the Foremast, which he was very unwilling to: But the Boat-Swain protesting to him, that if he did not, the Ship would founder, he consented; and when they had cut away the Foremast In adverse weather conditions, one may cut away the mast of a ship to prevent it capsizing. Without the force of the heavy wind on the mast, the boat has a lower probability of tipping over., the Main-Mast stood so loose, and shook the Ship so much, they were obliged to cut her away also, and make a clear Deck. Any one may judge what a Condition I must be in at all this, who was but a young Sailor, and who had been in such a Fright before at but a little. But if I can express at this Distance the Thoughts I had about me at that time, I was in tenfold more Horror of Mind upon Account of my former Convictions, and the having returned from them to the Resolutions I had wickedly taken at first, than I was at Death it self; and these added to the Terror of the Storm, put me into such a Condition, that I can by no Words describe it. But the worst was not come yet, the Storm continued with such Fury, that the Seamen themselves acknowledged they had never known a worse. We had a good Ship, but she was deep laden, and wallowed in the Sea, that the Seamen every now and then cried out, she would founder. It was my Advantage in one respect, that I did not know what they meant by Founder, till I enquir'd. However, the Storm was so violent, that I saw what is not often seen, the Master, the Boat-Swain, and some others more sensible than the rest, at their Prayers, and expecting every Moment when the Ship would go to the Bottom. In the Middle of the Night, and under all the rest of of our Distresses, one of the Men that had been down on Purpose to see, cried out we had sprung a Leak; another said there was four Foot Water in the Hold. Then all Hands were called to the Pump. At that very Word my Heart, as I thought, died within me, and I fell backwards upon the Side of my Bed where I sat, into the Cabbin. However, the Men roused me, and told me, that I that was able to do nothing before, was as well able to pump as another; at which I stirr'd up, and went to the Pump and work'd very heartily. While this was doing, the Master seeing some light Colliers Coal barges, who not able to ride out the Storm, were oblig'd to flip and run away to Sea, and would come near us, ordered to fire a Gun as a Signal of Distress. I who knew nothing what that meant, was so surprised, that I thought the Ship had broke, or some dreadful thing had happen'd. In a word, I was so surprised, that I fell down in a Swoon. As this was a time when every Body had his own Life to think of, no Body minded me, or what was become of me; but another Man stepped up to the Pump, and thrusting me aside with his Foot, let me lye, thinking I had been dead; and it was a great while before I came to my self. We work'd on, but the Water encreasing in the Hold, it was apparent that the Ship would founder, and tho' the Storm began to abate a little, yet as it was not possible she could swim till we might run into a Port, so the Master continued firing Guns for Help; and a light Ship who had rid it out just a Head of us ventured a Boat out to help us. It was with the utmost Hazard the Boat came near us, but it was impossible for us to get on Board, or for the Boat to lie near the Ship Side, till at last the Men rowing very heartily, and venturing their Lives to save ours, our Men cast them a Rope over the Stern with a Buoy to it, and then vered it out a great Length, which they after great Labour and Hazard took hold of and we hall'd them close under our Stern and got all into their Boat. It was to no Purpose for them or us after we were in the Boat to think of reaching to their own Ship, so all agreed to let her drive and only to pull her in towards Shore as much as we could, and our Master promised them, That if the Boat was stav'd upon Shore he would make it good to their Master That is, if the boat was crushed or damaged while running aground, he would reimburse their master., so partly rowing and partly driving our Boat went away to the Norward Northward sloping towards the Shore almost as far as Winterton Ness. An area of foreland along the north Norfolk coast of England We were not much more than a quarter of an Hour out of our Ship but we saw her sink, and then I understood for the first time what was meant by a Ship foundering in the Sea;

I must acknowledge I had hardly Eyes to look up when the Seamen told me she was sinking; for from that Moment they rather put me into the Boat than that I might be said to go in, my Heart was as it were dead within me, partly with Fright, partly with Horror of Mind and the Thoughts of what was yet before me. While we were in this Condition, the Men yet labouring at the Oar to bring the Boat near the Shore, we could see, when our Boat mounting the Waves, we were able to see the Shore, a great many People running along the Shore to assist us when we should come near, but we made but slow way towards the Shore, nor were we able to reach the Shore, till being past the Light-House at Winterton, the Shore falls off to the Westward towards Cromer, and so the Land broke off a little the Violence of the Wind: Here we got in, and tho' not without much Difficulty got all safe on Shore and walk'd afterwards on Foot to Yarmouth, where, as unfortunate Men, we were used with great Humanity as well by the Magistrates of the Town, who assign'd us good Quarters, as by particular Merchants and Owners of Ships, and had Money given us sufficient to carry us either to London or back to Hull, as we thought fit. Had I now had the Sense to have gone back to Hull, and have gone home, I had been happy, and my Father, an Emblem of our Blessed Saviour's Parable, had even kill'd the fatted Calf for me. Another allusion to the parable of the Prodigal Son, when the father kills the fatted calf to feast and celebrate the return of his ruined son (Luke 15:23); for hearing the Ship I went away in was cast away in Yarmouth Road, it was a great while before he had any Assurance that I was not drown'd. But my ill Fate push'd me on now with an Obstinacy that nothing could resist; and tho' I had several times loud Calls from my Reason and my more composed Judgment to go home, yet I had no Power to do it. I know not what to call this, nor will I urge, that it is a secret over-ruling Decree that hurries us on to be the Instruments of our own Destruction, even tho' it be before us, and that we rush upon it with our Eyes open. Certainly nothing but some such decreed unavoidable Misery attending, and which it was impossible for me to escape, could have push'd me forward against the calm Reasonings and Perswasions of my most retired Thoughts, and against two such visible Instructions as I had met with in my first Attempt. My Comrade, who had help'd to harden me before, and who was the Master's Son, was now less forward than I; the first time he spoke to me after we were at Yarmouth, which was not till two or three Days, for we were separated in the Town to several Quarters; I say, the first time he saw me, it appear'd his Tone was alter'd, and looking very melancholy and shaking his Head, ask'd me how I did, and telling his Father who I was, and how I had come this Voyage only for a Trial in order to go farther abroad; his Father turning to me with a very grave and concern'd Tone, Young Man, says he, you ought never to go to Sea any more, you ought to take this for a plain and visible Token that you are not to be a Seafaring Man, why, Sir, said I, will you go to Sea no more? That is another Case, said he, it is my Calling, and therefore my Duty; but as you made this Voyage for a Trial, you see what a Taste Heaven has given you of what you are to expect if you persist; perhaps this is all befallen us on your Account, like Jonah in the Ship of Tarshish The Biblical Jonah boarded a ship bound for Tarshish, but was thrown overboard and swallowed by a whale when the crew discovered that he was fleeing God's commandment, and held him responsible for the violent storms encountered by their ship.. Pray, continues he, what are you? and on what Account did you go to Sea? Upon that I told him some of my Story; at the End of which he burst out with a strange kind of Passion, What had I done, says he, that such an unhappy Wretch should come into my Ship? I would not set my Foot in the same Ship with thee again for a Thousand Pounds. This indeed was, as I said, an Excursion of his Spirits which were yet agitated by the Sense of his Loss, and was farther than he could have Authority to go. However he afterwards talk'd very gravely to me, exhorted me to go back to my Father, and not tempt Providence to my Ruine; told me I might see a visible Hand of Heaven against me, And young Man, said he, depend upon it, if you do not go back, where-ever you go, you will meet with nothing but Disasters and Disappointments till your Father's Words are fulfilled upon you. We parted soon after; for I made him little Answer, and I saw him no more; which way he went, I know not. As for me, having some Money in my Pocket, I travelled to London by Land; and there, as well as on the Road, had many Struggles with my self, what Course of Life I should take, and whether I should go Home, or go to Sea. As to going Home,

Shame opposed the best Motions that offer'd to my Thoughts; and it immediately occur'd to me how I should be laugh'd at among the Neighbours, and should be asham'd to see, not my Father and Mother only, but even every Body else; from whence I have since often observed, how incongruous and irrational the common Temper of Mankind is, especially of Youth, to that Reason which ought to guide them in such Cases, viz. That they are not asham'd to sin, and yet are asham'd to repent; not asham'd of the Action for which they ought justly to be esteem'd Fools, but are asham'd of the returning, which only can make them be esteem'd wise Men. In this State of Life however I remained some time, uncertain what Measures to take, and what Course of Life to lead. An irresistible Reluctance continu'd to going Home; and as I stay'd a while, the Remembrance of the Distress I had been in wore off; and as that abated, the little Motion I had in my Desires to a Return wore off with it, till at last I quite lay'd aside the Thoughts of it, and lookt out for a Voyage. [Audio File]Librivox recording, read by Mark F. Smith

## Selected Text

THE LIFE AND STRANGE SURPRIZING ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE, Of YORK, MARINER: Who lived Eight and Twenty Years all alone in an un-inhabited Island on the Coast of AMERICA, near the Mouth of the Great River of OROONOQUE; Having been cast on Shore by Shipwreck, wherein all the Men perished but himself. WITH An Account how he was at last as strangely deliver'd by PYRATES. Written by Himself. LONDON: Printed for W. TAYLOR at the Ship in Pater-Noster-Row. MDCCXIX. THE PREFACE. IF ever the Story of any private Man's Adventures in the World were worth making Publick, and were acceptable when Publish'd, the Editor of this Account thinks this will be so. The Wonders of this Man's Life exceed all that (he thinks) is to be found extant; the Life of one Man being scarce capable of a greater Variety. The Story is told with Modesty, with Seriousness, and with a religious Application of Events to the Uses to which wise Men always apply them (viz.) An abbreviation for the Latin videlicet, meaning 'namely.' Source: Oxford English Dictionary to the Instruction of others by this Example, and to justify and honour the Wisdom of Providence in all the Variety of our Circumstances, let them happen how they will. The Editor believes the thing to be a just History of Fact; neither is there any Appearance of Fiction in it: And however thinks, because all such things are dispatch'd, that the Improvement of it, as well to the Diversion, as to the Instruction of the Reader, will be the same; and as such, he thinks, without farther Compliment to the World, he does them a great Service in the Publication. THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE, &c. [Audio File]Librivox recording, read by Mark F. Smith I Was born in the Year 1632, in the City of York, of a good Family, tho' not of that Country, my Father being a Foreigner of Bremen, A city in Northern Germany. Source: Wikipedia who settled first at Hull: He got a good Estate by Merchandise, and leaving off his Trade, lived afterward at York, from whence he had married my Mother, whose Relations were named Robinson, a very good Family in that Country, and from whom I was called Robinson Kreutznaer; In naming his title character "Crusoe," Defoe may be recalling his childhood schoolmate Timothy Cruso (1656-1697), who would go on to a prominent career as a Presbyterian minister. The name "Kreutznaer," from which Crusoe tells us his name is derived, is suggestive of the Christian cross. And the fact that Crusoe lives his adult life with a name other than that he was born with links him both to Defoe, who was born simply Daniel Foe, and Alexander Selkirk, who was born Alexander Selcraig. but by the usual Corruption of Words in England, we are now called, nay we call our selves, and write our Name Crusoe, and so my Companions always call'd me. I had two elder Brothers, one of which was Lieutenant Collonel to an English Regiment of Foot in Flanders, formerly commanded by the famous Coll. Lockhart, and was killed at the Battle near Dunkirk inagast the Spaniards: What became of my second Brother I never knew any more than my Father or Mother did know what was become of me. Being the third Son of the Family, and not bred to any Trade, my Head began to be fill'd very early with rambling Thoughts: My Father, who was very ancient, had given me a competent Share of Learning, as far as House-Education, and a Country Free-School generally goes, and design'd me for the Law; but I would be satisfied with nothing but going to Sea, and my Inclination to this led me so strongly against the

Will, nay the Commands of my Father, and against all the Entreaties and Perswasions of my Mother and other Friends, that there seem'd to be something fatal in that Propension of Nature tending directly to the Life of Misery which was to befall me. My Father, a wise and grave Man, gave me serious and excellent Counsel against what he foresaw was my DesignIntended purpose. Source: Oxford English Dictionary. He call'd me one Morning into his Chamber, where he was confined by the Gout, and expostulated very warmlyVehemently. Source: Oxford English Dictioanry with me upon this Subject: He ask'd me what Reasons more than a meer wandring Inclination I had for leaving my Father's House and my native Country, where I might be well introduced, and had a Prospect of raising my Fortunes by Application and Industry, with a Life of Ease and Pleasure. He told me it was for Men of desperate Fortunes on one Hand, or of aspiring, superior Fortunes on the other, who went abroad upon Adventures, to rise by Enterprize, and make themselves famous in Undertakings of a Nature out of the common Road; that these things were all either too far above me, or too far below me; that mine was the middle StateA social middle class between the gentry and the commons; the kind of place occupied in this era by the emergent merchant and professional class. Source: Oxford English Dictionary, or what might be called the upper Station of Low Life, which he had found by long Experience was the best State in the World, the most suited to human Happiness, not exposed to the Miseries and Hardships, the Labour and Sufferings of the mechanickManual laboring. Source: Oxford English Dictionary Part of Mankind, and not embarass'd with the Pride, Luxury, Ambition and Envy of the upper Part of Mankind. He told me, I might judge of the Happiness of this State, by this one thing, viz. That this was the State of Life which all other People envied, that Kings have frequently lamented the miserable Consequences of being born to great things, and wish'd they had been placed in the Middle of the two Extremes, between the Mean and the Great; that the wise Man gave his Testimony to this as the just Standard of true Felicity, when he prayed to have neither Poverty or Riches. He bid me observe it, and I should always find, that the Calamities of Life were shared among the upper and lower Part of Mankind; but that the middle Station had the fewest Disasters, and was not expos'd to so many Vicissitudes as the higher or lower Part of Mankind; nay, they were not subjected to so many Distempers and Uneasinesses either of Body or Mind, as those were who, by vicious Living, Luxury and Extravagancies on one Hand, or by hard Labour, Want of Necessaries, and mean or insufficient Diet on the other Hand, bring Distempers upon themselves by the natural Consequences of their Way of Living; That the middle Station of Life was calculated for all kind of Vertues and all kinds of Enjoyments; that Peace and Plenty were the Hand-maids of a middle Fortune; that Temperance, Moderation, Quietness, Health, Society, all agreeable Diversions, and all desirable Pleasures, were the Blessings attending the middle Station of Life; that this Way Men went silently and smoothly thro' the World, and comfortably out of it, not embarass'd with the Labours of the Hands or of the Head, not sold to the Life of Slavery for daily Bread, or harrast with perplex'd Circumstances, which rob the Soul of Peace, and the Body of Rest; not enrag'd with the Passion of Envy, or secret burning Lust of Ambition for great things; but in easy Circumstances sliding gently thro' the World, and sensibly tasting the Sweets of living, without the bitter, feeling that they are happy, and learning by every Day's Experience to know it more sensibly. After this, he press'd me earnestly, and in the most affectionate manner, not to play the young Man, not to precipitate my self into Miseries which Nature and the Station of Life I was born in, seem'd to have provided against; that I was under no Necessity of seeking my Bread; that he would do well for me, and endeavour to enter me fairly into the Station of Life which he had been just recommending to me; and that if I was not very easy and happy in the World, it must be my meer Fate or Fault that must hinder it, and that he should have nothing to answer for, having thus discharg'd his Duty in warning me against Measures which he knew would be to my Hurt: In a word, that as he would do very kind things for me if I would stay and settle at Home as he directed, so he would not have so much Hand in my Misfortunes, as to give me any Encouragement to go away: And to close all, he told me I had my elder Brother for an Example, to whom he had used the same earnest Perswasions to keep him from going into the Low Country Wars, but could not prevail, his young Desires prompting him

to run into the Army where he was kill'd; and tho' he said he would not cease to pray for me, yet he would venture to say to me, that if I did take this foolish Step, God would not bless me, and I would have Leisure hereafter to reflect upon having neglected his Counsel when there might be none to assist in my Recovery. I observed in this last Part of his Discourse, which was truly Prophetick, tho' I suppose my Father did not know it to be so himself; I say, I observed the Tears run down his Face very plentifully, and especially when he spoke of my Brother who was kill'd; and that when he spoke of my having Leisure to repent, and none to assist me, he was so mov'd, that he broke off the Discourse, and told me, his Heart was so full he could say no more to me. I was sincerely affected with this Discourse, as indeed who could be otherwise; and I resolv'd not to think of going abroad any more, but to settle at home according to my Father's Desire. But alas! a few Days wore it all off; and in short, to prevent any of my Father's farther Importunities, in a few Weeks after, I resolv'd to run quite away from him. However, I did not act so hastily neither as my first Heat of Resolution prompted, but I took my Mother, at a time when I thought her a little pleasanter than ordinary, and told her, that my Thoughts were so entirely bent upon seeing the World, that I should never settle to any thing with Resolution enough to go through with it, and my Father had better give me his Consent than force me to go without it; that I was now Eighteen Years old, which was too late to go Apprentice to a Trade. Crusoe is too old because apprenticeships in this period typically began around the age of thirteen, and lasted seven years., or Clerk to an Attorney; that I was sure if I did, I should never serve out my time, and I should certainly run away from my Master before my Time was out, and go to Sea; and if she would speak to my Father to let me go but one Voyage abroad, if I came home again and did not like it, I would go no more, and I would promise by a double Diligence to recover that Time I had lost. This put my Mother into a great Passion: She told me, she knew it would be to no Purpose to speak to my Father upon any such Subject; that he knew too well what was my Interest to give his Consent to any thing so much for my Hurt, and that she wondered how I could think of any such thing after such a Discourse as I had had with my Father, and such kind and tender Expressions as she knew my Father had us'd to me; and that in short, if I would ruine my self there was no Help for me; but I might depend I should never have their Consent to it: That for her Part she would not have so much Hand in my Destruction; and I should never have it to say, that my Mother was willing when my Father was not. Tho' my Mother refused to move it to my Father, yet as I have heard afterwards, she reported all the Discourse to him, and that my Father, after shewing a great Concern at it, said to her with a Sigh, That Boy might be happy if he would stay at home, but if he goes abroad he will be the miserablest Wretch that was ever born: I can give no Consent to it. It was not till almost a Year after this that I broke loose, tho' in the mean time I continued obstinately deaf to all Proposals of settling to Business, and frequently expostulating with my Father and Mother, about their being so positively determin'd against what they knew my Inclinations prompted me to. But being one Day at Hull a coastal town in southeast Yorkshire, on the river Humber leading out to the North Sea, and a major port. Depicted here by Wenceslaus Hollar at around the time Crusoe would have arrived. Source: Wikipedia, where I went casually, and without any Purpose of making an Elopement That is, the general action of fleeing, with no suggestion of a clandestine marriage. Source: Oxford English Dictionary that time; but I say, being there, and one of my Companions being going by Sea to London, in his Father's Ship, and prompting me to go with them, with the common Allurement of Seafaring Men, viz That it should cost me nothing for my Passage, I consulted neither Father or Mother any more, nor so much as sent them Word of it; but leaving them to hear of it as they might, without asking God's Blessing, or my Father's, without any Consideration of Circumstances or Consequences, and in an ill Hour, God knows. On the first of September 1661 I went on Board a Ship bound for London; never any young Adventurer's Misfortunes, I believe, began sooner, or continued longer than mine. The Ship was no sooner gotten out of the Humber, but the Wind began to blow, and the Winds to rise in a most frightful manner; and as I had never been at Sea before, I was most inexpressibly sick in Body, and terrify'd in my Mind: I began now seriously to reflect upon what I had done, and how justly I was overtaken by the Judgment of Heaven for my wicked leaving my Father's

House, and abandoning my Duty; all the good Counsel of my Parents, my Father's Tears and my Mother's Entreaties came now fresh into my Mind, and my Conscience, which was not yet come to the Pitch of Hardness which it has been since, reproach'd me with the Contempt of Advice, and the Breach of my Duty to God and my Father. All this while the Storm encreas'd, and the Sea, which I had never been upon before, went very high, tho' nothing like what I have seen many times since; no, nor like what I saw a few Days after: But it was enough to affect me then, who was but a young Sailor, and had never known any thing of the matter. I expected every Wave would have swallowed us up, and that every time the Ship fell down, as I thought, in the Trough or Hollow of the Sea, we should never rise more; and in this Agony of Mind, I made many Vows and Resolutions, that if it would please God here to spare my Life this one Voyage, if ever I got once my Foot upon dry Land again, I would go directly home to my Father, and never set it into a Ship again while I liv'd; that I would take his Advice, and never run my self into such Miseries as these any more. Now I saw plainly the Goodness of his Observations about the middle Station of Life, how easy, how comfortably he had liv'd all his Days, and never had been expos'd to Tempests at Sea, or Troubles on Shore; and I resolv'd that I would, like a true repenting Prodigal Alluding to the Biblical story of the prodigal son, who left home, squandered his inheritance, and finally returned to his father in shame, only to be forgiven for his folly. Source: Luke 15:11, go home to my Father. These wise and sober Thoughts continued all the while the Storm continued, and indeed some time after; but the next Day the Wind was abated and the Sea calmer, and I began to be a little inur'd Accustomed. Source: Oxford English Dictionary to it: However I was very grave for all that Day, being also a little Sea sick still; but towards Night the Weather clear'd up, the Wind was quite over, and a charming fine Evening follow'd; the Sun went down perfectly clear and rose so the next Morning; and having little or no Wind and a smooth Sea, the Sun shining upon it, the Sight was, as I thought, the most delightful that ever I saw. I had slept well in the Night, and was now no more Sea sick but very chearful, looking with Wonder upon the Sea that was so rough and terrible the Day before, and could be so calm and so pleasant in so little time after. And now least my good Resolutions should continue, my Companion, who had indeed entic'd me away, comes to me, Well Bob, says he, clapping me on the Shoulder, How do you do after it? I warrant you were frighted, wa'n't you, last Night, when it blew but a Cap full of Wind? A Cap full d'you call it? said I, 'twas a terrible Storm: A Storm, you Fool you, replies he, do you call that a Storm why it was nothing at all; give us but a good Ship and Sea Room, and we think nothing of such a Squal of Wind as that; but you're but a fresh Water Sailor, Bob; come let us make a Bowl of Punch and we'll forget all that, d'ye see what charming Weather 'tis now. To make short this sad Part of my Story, we went the old way of all Sailors, the Punch was made, and I was made drunk with it, and in that one Night's Wickedness I drowned all my Repentance, all my Reflections upon my past Conduct, and all my Resolutions for my future. In a word, as the Sea was returned to its Smoothness of Surface and settled Calmness by the Abatement of that Storm, so the Hurry of my Thoughts being over, my Fears and Apprehensions of being swallow'd up by the Sea being forgotten, and the Current of my former Desires return'd, I entirely forgot the Vows and Promises This account of how Crusoe forgot the vows he made fits well within the tradition of the "sea-Providence," stories of others who testify how the urge to repent prompted by a storm wears off as soon as the weather calms. that I made in my Distress. I found indeed some Intervals of Reflection, and the serious Thoughts did, as it were endeavour to return again sometimes, but I shook them off, and rouz'd my self from them as it were from a Distemper, and applying my self to Drink and Company, soon master'd the Return of those Fits, for so I call'd them, and I had in five or six Days got as compleat a Victory over Conscience as any young, Fellow that resolv'd not to be troubled with it, could desire: But I was to have another Trial for it still; and Providence, as in such Cases generally it does, resolv'd to leave me entirely without Excuse. For if I would not take this for a Deliverance, the next was to be such a one as the worst and most Wretch among us would confess both the harden'd Danger and the Mercy. The sixth Day of our being at Sea we came into Yarmouth A stretch of sea east of the coastal town of Great Yarmouth, in the English county of Norfolk. Roads; the Wind having been contrary, and the



Weather calm, we had made but little Way since the Storm. Here we were obliged to come to an Anchor, and here we lay, the Wind continuing contrary, viz. at South-west, for seven or eight Days, during which time a great many Ships from Newcastle came into the same Roads, as the common Harbour where the Ships might wait for a Wind for the River. We had not however rid Remained anchored; floated stationary. Source: Oxford English Dictionary here so long, but should have Tided it Let the tide carry them up. Source: Oxford English Dictionary up the River, but that the Wind blew too fresh; and after we had lain four or five Days, blew very hard. However, the Roads being reckoned as good as a Harbour, the Anchorage good, and our Ground-Tackle Equipment used to anchor the ship. Source: Oxford English Dictionary very strong, our Men were unconcerned, and not in the least apprehensive of Danger, but spent the Time in Rest and Mirth, after the manner of the Sea; but the eighth Day in the Morning, the Wind increased, and we had all Hands at Work to strike our Top-Masts, and make every thing snug and close, that the Ship might ride as easy as possible. By Noon the Sea went very high indeed, and our Ship rid Forecastle in, With the bow (the foremost part of the hull) in the water. Source: Oxford English Dictionary shipp'd several Seas, and we thought once or twice our Anchor had come home Undone; loose. Source: Oxford English Dictionary; upon which our Master order'd out the Sheet Anchor A very large, heavy spare anchor stored in the waist of the ship, used in emergencies like the one described here. Source: Oxford English Dictionary; so that we rode with two Anchors a-Head, and the Cables vered out to the better End. By this Time it blew a terrible Storm indeed, and now I began to see Terror and Amazement in the Faces even of the Seamen themselves. The Master, tho' vigilant to the Business of preserving the Ship, yet as he went in and out of his Cabbin by me, I could hear him softly to himself say several times, Lord be merciful to us, we shall be all lost, we shall be all undone; and the like. During these first Hurries, I was stupid In a stupor. Source: Oxford English Dictionary, lying still in my Cabbin, which was in the Steerage The lower deck of a ship, just below the main deck and above the ballast; lower classes of passengers often purchased chapter tickets to travel in this part of the ship. Source: Oxford English Dictionary, and cannot describe my Temper: I could ill re-assume the first Penitence, which I had so apparently trampled upon, and harden'd my self against: I thought the Bitterness of Death had been past, and that this would be nothing too like the first. But when the Master himself came by me, as I said just now, and said we should be all lost, I was dreadfully frighted: I got up out of my Cabbin, and look'd out; but such a dismal Sight I never saw: The Sea went Mountains high, and broke upon us every three or four Minutes: When I could look about, I could see nothing but Distress round us: Two Ships that rid near us we found had cut their Masts by the Board, being deep loaden; and our Men cry'd out, that a Ship which rid about a Mile a-Head of us was foundered. Two more Ships being driven from their Anchors, were run out of the Roads to Sea at all Adventures At the mercy of all risks or dangers, and that with not a Mast standing. The light Ships fared the best, as not so much labouring in the Sea; but two or three of them drove, and came close by us, running away with only their Sprit-sail A small, usually square-shaped sail at the front of a sailing ship out before the Wind. Towards Evening the Mate and Boat-Swain Pronounced "bosun," he was the supervisor of the deck crew begg'd the Master of our Ship to let them cut away the Foremast, which he was very unwilling to: But the Boat-Swain protesting to him, that if he did not, the Ship would founder, he consented; and when they had cut away the Foremast In adverse weather conditions, one may cut away the mast of a ship to prevent it capsizing. Without the force of the heavy wind on the mast, the boat has a lower probability of tipping over., the Main-Mast stood so loose, and shook the Ship so much, they were obliged to cut her away also, and make a clear Deck. Any one may judge what a Condition I must be in at all this, who was but a young Sailor, and who had been in such a Fright before at but a little. But if I can express at this Distance the Thoughts I had about me at that time, I was in tenfold more Horror of Mind upon Account of my former Convictions, and the having returned from them to the Resolutions I had wickedly taken at first, than I was at Death it self; and these added to the Terror of the Storm, put me into such a Condition, that I can by no Words describe it. But the worst was not come yet, the Storm continued with such Fury, that the Seamen themselves acknowledged they had never known a

worse. We had a good Ship, but she was deep laden, and wallowed in the Sea, that the Seamen every now and then cried out, she would founder. It was my Advantage in one respect, that I did not know what they meant by Founder, till I enquir'd. However, the Storm was so violent, that I saw what is not often seen, the Master, the Boat-Swain, and some others more sensible than the rest, at their Prayers, and expecting every Moment when the Ship would go to the Bottom. In the Middle of the Night, and under all the rest of our Distresses, one of the Men that had been down on Purpose to see, cried out we had sprung a Leak; another said there was four Foot Water in the Hold. Then all Hands were called to the Pump. At that very Word my Heart, as I thought, died within me, and I fell backwards upon the Side of my Bed where I sat, into the Cabbin. However, the Men roused me, and told me, that I that was able to do nothing before, was as well able to pump as another; at which I stirr'd up, and went to the Pump and work'd very heartily. While this was doing, the Master seeing some light ColliersCoal barges, who not able to ride out the Storm, were oblig'd to flip and run away to Sea, and would come near us, ordered to fire a Gun as a Signal of Distress. I who knew nothing what that meant, was so surprised, that I thought the Ship had broke, or some dreadful thing had happen'd. In a word, I was so surprised, that I fell down in a Swoon. As this was a time when every Body had his own Life to think of, no Body minded me, or what was become of me; but another Man stepped up to the Pump, and thrusting me aside with his Foot, let me lye, thinking I had been dead; and it was a great while before I came to my self. We work'd on, but the Water encreasing in the Hold, it was apparent that the Ship would founder, and tho' the Storm began to abate a little, yet as it was not possible she could swim till we might run into a Port, so the Master continued firing Guns for Help; and a light Ship who had rid it out just a Head of us ventured a Boat out to help us. It was with the utmost Hazard the Boat came near us, but it was impossible for us to get on Board, or for the Boat to lie near the Ship Side, till at last the Men rowing very heartily, and venturing their Lives to save ours, our Men cast them a Rope over the Stern with a Buoy to it, and then vered it out a great Length, which they after great Labour and Hazard took hold of and we hall'd them close under our Stern and got all into their Boat. It was to no Purpose for them or us after we were in the Boat to think of reaching to their own Ship, so all agreed to let her drive and only to pull her in towards Shore as much as we could, and our Master promised them, That if the Boat was stav'd upon Shore he would make it good to their MasterThat is, if the boat was crushed or damaged while running aground, he would reimburse their master., so partly rowing and partly driving our Boat went away to the NorwardNorthward sloaping towards the Shore almost as far as Winterton Ness.An area of foreland along the north Norfolk coast of England We were not much more than a quarter of an Hour out of our Ship but we saw her sink, and then I understood for the first time what was meant by a Ship foundering in the Sea; I must acknowledge I had hardly Eyes to look up when the Seamen told me she was sinking; for from that Moment they rather put me into the Boat than that I might be said to go in, my Heart was as it were dead within me, partly with Fright, partly with Horror of Mind and the Thoughts of what was yet before me. While we were in this Condition, the Men yet labouring at the Oar to bring the Boat near the Shore, we could see, when our Boat mounting the Waves, we were able to see the Shore, a great many People running along the Shore to assist us when we should come near, but we made but slow way towards the Shore, nor were we able to reach the Shore, till being past the Light-House at Winterton, the Shore falls off to the Westward towards Cromer, and so the Land broke off a little the Violence of the Wind: Here we got in, and tho' not without much Difficulty got all safe on Shore and walk'd afterwards on Foot to Yarmouth, where, as unfortunate Men, we were used with great Humanity as well by the Magistrates of the Town, who assign'd us good Quarters, as by particular Merchants and Owners of Ships, and had Money given us sufficient to carry us either to London or back to Hull, as we thought fit. Had I now had the Sense to have gone back to Hull, and have gone home, I had been happy, and my Father, an Emblem of our Blessed Saviour's Parable, had even kill'd the fatted Calf for meAnother allusion to the parable of the Prodigal Son, when the father kills the fatted calf to feast and celebrate the return of his ruined son (Luke 15:23); for hearing the Ship I went away in was cast away in Yarmouth Road, it was a great while before he had any Assurance that I

was not drown'd. But my ill Fate push'd me on now with an Obstinacy that nothing could resist; and tho' I had several times loud Calls from my Reason and my more composed Judgment to go home, yet I had no Power to do it. I know not what to call this, nor will I urge, that it is a secret over-ruling Decree that hurries us on to be the Instruments of our own Destruction, even tho' it be before us, and that we rush upon it with our Eyes open. Certainly nothing but some such decreed unavoidable Misery attending, and which it was impossible for me to escape, could have push'd me forward against the calm Reasonings and Perswasions of my most retired Thoughts, and against two such visible Instructions as I had met with in my first Attempt. My Comrade, who had help'd to harden me before, and who was the Master's Son, was now less forward than I; the first time he spoke to me after we were at Yarmouth, which was not till two or three Days, for we were separated in the Town to several Quarters; I say, the first time he saw me, it appear'd his Tone was alter'd, and looking very melancholy and shaking his Head, ask'd me how I did, and telling his Father who I was, and how I had come this Voyage only for a Trial in order to go farther abroad; his Father turning to me with a very grave and concern'd Tone, Young Man, says he, you ought never to go to Sea any more, you ought to take this for a plain and visible Token that you are not to be a Seafaring Man, why, Sir, said I, will you go to Sea no more? That is another Case, said he, it is my Calling, and therefore my Duty; but as you made this Voyage for a Trial, you see what a Taste Heaven has given you of what you are to expect if you persist; perhaps this is all befallen us on your Account, like Jonah in the Ship of Tarshish The Biblical Jonah boarded a ship bound for Tarshish, but was thrown overboard and swallowed by a whale when the crew discovered that he was fleeing God's commandment, and held him responsible for the violent storms encountered by their ship.. Pray, continues he, what are you? and on what Account did you go to Sea? Upon that I told him some of my Story; at the End of which he burst out with a strange kind of Passion, What had I done, says he, that such an unhappy Wretch should come into my Ship? I would not set my Foot in the same Ship with thee again for a Thousand Pounds. This indeed was, as I said, an Excursion of his Spirits which were yet agitated by the Sense of his Loss, and was farther than he could have Authority to go. However he afterwards talk'd very gravely to me, exhorted me to go back to my Father, and not tempt Providence to my Ruine; told me I might see a visible Hand of Heaven against me, And young Man, said he, depend upon it, if you do not go back, where-ever you go, you will meet with nothing but Disasters and Disappointments till your Father's Words are fulfilled upon you. We parted soon after; for I made him little Answer, and I saw him no more; which way he went, I know not. As for me, having some Money in my Pocket, I travelled to London by Land; and there, as well as on the Road, had many Struggles with my self, what Course of Life I should take, and whether I should go Home, or go to Sea. As to going Home, Shame opposed the best Motions that offer'd to my Thoughts; and it immediately occur'd to me how I should be laugh'd at among the Neighbours, and should be asham'd to see, not my Father and Mother only, but even every Body else; from whence I have since often observed, how incongruous and irrational the common Temper of Mankind is, especially of Youth, to that Reason which ought to guide them in such Cases, viz. That they are not asham'd to sin, and yet are asham'd to repent; not asham'd of the Action for which they ought justly to be esteemed Fools, but are asham'd of the returning, which only can make them be esteem'd wise Men. In this State of Life however I remained some time, uncertain what Measures to take, and what Course of Life to lead. An irresistible Reluctance continu'd to going Home; and as I stay'd a while, the Remembrance of the Distress I had been in wore off; and as that abated, the little Motion I had in my Desires to a Return wore off with it, till at last I quite lay'd aside the Thoughts of it, and lookt out for a Voyage. [Audio File]Librivox recording, read by Mark F. Smith

### Selected Text

It would have made a Stoick smile to have seen, me and my little Family sit down to Dinner; there was my Majesty the Prince and Lord of the whole Island; I had the Lives of all my Subjects at my absolute Command. I could hang, draw, give Liberty, and take it away, and no Rebels among all my Subjects. Then to see how like a King I din'd too all alone, attended by my Servants, Poll, as if he had been my Favourite,

was the only Person permitted to talk to me. My Dog who was now grown very old and crazy Feeble, and had found no Species to multiply his Kind upon, sat always at my Right Hand, and two Cats, one on one Side the Table, and one on the other, expecting now and then a Bit from my Hand, as a Mark of special Favour. But these were not the two Cats which I brought on Shore at first, for they were both of them dead, and had been interr'd near my Habitation by my own Hand; but one of them having multiply'd by I know not what Kind of Creature, these were two which I had preserv'd tame, whereas the rest run wild in the Woods, and became indeed troublesom to me at last; for they would often come into my House, and plunder me too, till at last I was obliged to shoot them, and did kill a great many; at length they left me with this Attendance, and in this plentiful Manner I lived; neither could I be said to want any thing but Society, and of that in some time after this, I was like to have too much. I was something impatient, as I have observ'd, to have the Use of my Boat; though very loath to run any more Hazards; and therefore sometimes I sat contriving Ways to get her about the Island, and at other Times I sat my self down contented enough without her. But I had a strange Uneasiness in my Mind to go down to the Point of the Island, where, as I have said, in my last Ramble, I went up the Hill to see how the Shore lay, and how the Current set, that I might see what I had to do: This Inclination encreas'd upon me every Day, and at length I resolv'd to travel thither by Land, following the Edge of the Shore, I did so: But had any one in England been to meet such a Man as I was, it must either have frighted them, or rais'd a great deal of Laughter; and as I frequently stood still to look at my self, I could not but smile at the Notion of my travelling through Yorkshire with such an Equipage, and in such a Dress: Be pleas'd to take a Scetch of my Figure as follows, I had a great high shapeless Cap, made of a Goat's Skin, with a Flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the Sun from me, as to shoot the Rain off from running into my Neck; nothing being so hurtful in these Climates, as the Rain upon the Flesh under the Cloaths. I had a short Jacket of Goat-Skin, the Skirts coming down to about the middle of my Thighs; and a Pair of open-knee'd Breeches of the same, the Breeches were made of the Skin of an old He-goat, whose Hair hung down such a Length on either Side, that like Pantaloon Breeches or trousers it reach'd to the middle of my Legs; Stockings and Shoes I had none, but had made me a Pair of some-things, I scarce know what to call them, like Buskins Calf-high or knee-high boots to flap over my Legs, and lace on either Side like Spatter-dashes Long gaiters or leggings of leather, to keep boots and trousers from being spattered with mud; but of a most barbarous Shape, as indeed were all the rest of my Cloaths. I had on a broad Belt of Goat's-Skin dry'd, which I drew together with two Thongs Cords of the same, instead of Buckles, and in a kind of a Frog A loop attached to a belt, designed to hold a sword or bayonet on either Side of this. Instead of a Sword and a Dagger, hung a little Saw and a Hatchet, one on one Side, one on the other. I had another Belt not so broad, and fasten'd in the same Manner, which hung over my Shoulder; and at the End of it, under my left Arm, hung two Pouches, both made of Goat's-Skin too; in one of which hung my Powder, in the other my Shot: At my Back I carry'd my Basket, on my Shoulder my Gun, and over my Head a great clumsy ugly Goat-Skin Umbrella, but which, after all, was the most necessary Thing I had about me, next to my Gun: As for my Face, the Colour of it was really not so Moletta, A variation of the word "mulatto," here used to refer to brown skin like as one might expect from a Man not at all careful of it, and living within nineteen Degrees of the Equinox. My Beard I had once suffer'd to grow till it was about a Quarter of a Yard long; but as I had both Scissars and Razors sufficient, I had cut it pretty short, except what grew on my upper Lip, which I had trimm'd into a large Pair of Mahometan Whiskers A long moustache, such as a Muslim man might have worn, such as I had seen worn by some Turks, who I saw at Sallee; for the Moors did not wear such, tho' the Turks did; of these Muschatoes Mustachios or Whiskers, I will not say they were long enough to hang my Hat upon them; but they were of a Length and Shape monstrous enough, and such as in England would have pass'd for frightful. But all this is by the by; for as to my Figure, I had so few to observe me, that it was of no manner of Consequence; so I say no more to that Part. In this kind of Figure I went my new Journey, and was out five or six Days. I travell'd first along the Sea Shore, directly to the Place where I first brought my Boat to an Anchor, to get up upon the Rocks; and having no Boat now to take care of, I

went over the Land a nearer Way to the same Height that I was upon before, when looking forward to the Point of the Rocks which lay out, and which I was oblig'd to double with my Boat, as is said above: I was surpriz'd to see the Sea all smooth and quiet, no Ripling, no Motion, no Current, any more there than in other Places. I was at a strange Loss to understand this, and resolv'd to spend some Time in the observing it, to see if nothing from the Sets of the Tide had occasion'd it; but I was presently convinc'd how it was, viz. That the Tide of Ebb setting from the West, and joyning with the Current of Waters from some great River on the Shore, must be the Occasion of this Current; and that according as the Wind blew more forcibly from the West, or from the North, this Current came nearer, or went farther from the Shore; for waiting thereabouts till Evening, I went up to the Rock again, and then the Tide of Ebb being made, I plainly saw the Current again as before, only, that it run farther of, being near half a League from the Shore; whereas in my Case, it set close upon the Shore, and hurry'd me and my Canoe along with it, which at another Time it would not have done. This Observation convinc'd me, That I had nothing to do but to observe the Ebbing and the Flowing of the Tide, and I might very easily bring my Boat about the Island again: But when I began to think of putting it in Practice, I had such a Terror upon my Spirits at the Remembrance of the Danger I had been in, that I could not think of it again with any Patience; but on the contrary, I took up another Resolution which was more safe, though more laborious; and this was, That I would build, or rather make me another Periagau or Canoe; and so have one for one Side of the Island, and one for the other. You are to understand, that now I had, as I may call it, two Plantations in the Island; one my little Fortification or Tent, with the Wall about it under the Rock, with the Cave behind me, which by this Time I had enlarg'd into several Apartments, or Caves, one within another. One of these, which was the dryest, and largest, and had a Door out beyond my Wall or Fortification; that is to say, beyond where my Wall joynd to the Rock, was all fill'd up with the large Earthen Pots, of which I have given an Account, and with fourteen or fifteen great Baskets, which would hold five or six Bushels each, where I laid up my Stores of Provision, especially my Corn, some in the Ear cut off short from the Straw, and the other rubb'd out with my Hand. As for my Wall made, as before, with long Stakes or Piles, those Piles grew all like Trees, and were by this Time grown so big, and spread so very much, that there was not the least Appearance to any one's View of any Habitation behind them. Near this Dwelling of mine, but a little farther within the Land, and upon lower Ground, lay my two Pieces of Corn-Ground, which I kept duly cultivated and sow'd, and which duly yielded me their Harvest in its Season; and whenever I had occasion for more Corn, I had more Land adjoining as fit as that. Besides this, I had my Country Seat, and I had now a tollerable Plantation there also; for first, I had my little Bower, as I call'd it, which I kept in Repair; that is to say, I kept the Hedge which circled it in, constantly fitted up to its usual Height, the Ladder standing always in the Inside; I kept the Trees which at first were no more than my Stakes, but were now grown very firm and tall; I kept them always so cut, that they might spread and grow thick and wild, and make the more agreeable Shade, which they did effectually to my Mind. In the Middle of this I had my Tent always standing, being a piece of a Sail spread over Poles set up for that Purpose, and which never wanted any Repair or Renewing; and under this I had made me a SquabA cushion forming part of the inside fittings of a carriage or Couch, with the Skins of the Creatures I had kill'd, and with other soft Things, and a Blanket laid on them, such as belong'd to our Sea-Bedding, which I had saved, and a great Watch-Coat to cover me; and here, whenever I had Occasion to be absent from my chief Seat, I took up my Country Habitation. Adjoyning to this I had my Enclosures for my Cattle, that is to say, my Goats: And as I had taken an inconceivable deal of Pains to fence and enclose this Ground, so I was so uneasy to see it kept entire, lest the Goats should break thro', that I never left off till with infinite Labour I had stuck the Out-side of the Hedge so full of small Stakes, and so near to one another, that it was rather a Pale than a Hedge, and there was scarce Room to put a Hand thro' between them, which afterwards when those Stakes grew, as they all did in the next rainy Season, made the Enclosure strong like a Wall, indeed stronger than any Wall. This will testify for me that I was not idle, and that I spared no Pains to bring to pass whatever appear'd necessary for my comfortable Support; for I consider'd the keeping up a Breed of tame

Creatures thus at my Hand, would be a living Magazine of Flesh, Milk, Butter and Cheese, for me as long as I liv'd in the Place, if it were to be forty Years; and that keeping them in my Reach, depended entirely upon my perfecting my Enclosures to such a Degree, that I might be sure of keeping them together; which by this Method indeed I so effectually secur'd, that when these little Stakes began to grow, I had planted them so very thick, I was forced to pull some of them up again. In this Place also I had my Grapes growing, which I principally depended on for my Winter Store of Raisins; and which I never fail'd to preserve very carefully, as the best and most agreeable Dainty of my whole Diet; and indeed they were not agreeable only, but physical, wholesome, nourishing, and refreshing to the last Degree. As this was also about half Way between my other Habitation, and the Place where I had laid up my Boat, I generally stay'd, and lay here in my Way thither; for I used frequently to visit my Boat, and I kept all Things about or belonging to her in very good Order; sometimes I went out in her to divert my self, but no more hazardous Voyages would I go, nor scarce ever above a Stone's Cast A stone's throw, or a very short distance or two from the Shore, I was so apprehensive of being hurry'd out of my Knowledge again by the Currents, or Winds, or any other Accident. But now I come to a new Scene of my Life. It happen'd one Day about Noon going towards my Boat, I was exceedingly surpriz'd with the Print of a Man's naked Foot on the Shore, which was very plain to be seen in the Sand: I stood like one Thunder-struck, or as if I had seen an Apparition; I listen'd, I look'd round me, I could hear nothing, nor see any Thing, I went up to a rising Ground to look farther, I went up the Shore and down the Shore, but it was all one, I could see no other Impression but that one, I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my Fancy; but there was no Room for that, for there was exactly the very Print of a Foot, Toes, Heel, and every Part of a Foot; how it came thither, I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering Thoughts, like a Man perfectly confus'd and out of my self, I came Home to my Fortification, not feeling, as we say, the Ground I went on, but terrify'd to the last Degree, looking behind me at every two or three Steps, mistaking every Bush and Tree, and fancying every Stump at a Distance to be a Man; nor is it possible to describe how many various Shapes affrighted Imagination represented Things to me in, how many wild Ideas were found every Moment in my Fancy, and what strange unaccountable Whimsies came into my Thoughts by the Way. When I came to my Castle, for so I think I call'd it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued; whether I went over by the Ladder as first contriv'd, or went in at the Hole in the Rock, which I call'd a Door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next Morning, for never frighted Hare fled to Cover, or Fox to Earth, with more Terror of Mind than I to this Retreat. I slept none that Night; the farther I was from the Occasion of my Fright, the greater my Apprehensions were, which is something contrary to the Nature of such Things, and especially to the usual Practice of all Creatures in Fear: But I was so embarrass'd with my own frightful Ideas of the Thing, that I form'd nothing but dismal Imaginations to my self, even tho' I was now a great way off of it. Sometimes I fancy'd it must be the Devil; and Reason joyn'd in with me upon this Supposition: For how should any other Thing in human Shape come into the Place? Where was the Vessel that brought them? What Marks was there of any other Footsteps? And how was it possible a Man should come there? But then to think that Satan should take human Shape upon him in such a Place where there could be no manner of Occasion for it, but to leave the Print of his Foot behind him, and that even for no Purpose too, for he could not be sure I should see it; this was an Amusement the other Way; I consider'd that the Devil might have found out abundance of other Ways to have terrify'd me than this of the single Print of a Foot. That as I liv'd quite on the other Side of the Island, he would never have been so simple to leave a Mark in a Place where 'twas Ten Thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the Sand too, which the first Surge of the Sea upon a high Wind would have defac'd entirely: All this seem'd inconsistent with the Thing it self, and with all the Notions we usually entertain of the Subtilty of the Devil. Abundance of such Things as these assisted to argue me out of all Apprehensions of its being the Devil: And I presently concluded then, that it must be some more dangerous Creature, (viz.) That it must be some of the Savages of the main Land over-against me, who had wander'd out to Sea in their Canoes; and either driven by the

Currents, or by contrary Winds had made Arrived at the Island; and had been on Shore, but were gone away again to Sea, being as loth, perhaps, to have stay'd in this desolate Island, as I would have been to have had them. While these Reflections were rowling upon my Mind, I was very thankful in my Thoughts, that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that Time, or that they did not see my Boat, by which they would have concluded that some Inhabitants #1 page duplicate# #1 page duplicate# had been in the Place, and perhaps have search'd farther for me: Then terrible Thoughts rack'd my Imagination about their having found my Boat, and that there were People here; and that if so, I should certainly have them come again in greater Numbers, and devour me; that if it should happen so that they should not find me, yet they would find my Enclosure, destroy all my Corn, carry away all my Flock of tame Goats, and I should perish at last for meer Want. Thus my Fear banish'd all my religious Hope; all that former Confidence in God which was founded upon such wonderful Experience as I had had of his Goodness, now vanished, as if he that had fed me by Miracle hitherto, could not preserve by his Power the Provision which he had made for me by his Goodness. I reproach'd my self with my Easiness, that would not sow any more Corn one Year than would just serve me till the next Season, as if no Accident could intervene to prevent my enjoying the Crop that was upon the Ground; and this I thought so just a Reproof, that I resolv'd for the future to have two or three Years Corn beforehand, so that whatever might come, I might not perish for want of Bread. How strange a Chequer Work Checkerboard of Providence is the Life of Man! and by what secret differing Springs are the Affections hurry'd about as differing Circumstance present! To Day we love what to Morrow we hate; to Day we seek what to Morrow we shun; to Day we desire what to Morrow we fear; nay even tremble at the Apprehensions of; this was exemplify'd in me at this Time in the most lively Manner imaginable; for I whose only Affliction was, that I seem'd banished from human Society, that I was alone, circumscrib'd by the boundless Ocean, cut off from Mankind, and condemn'd to what I call'd silent Life; that I was as one who Heaven thought not worthy to be number'd among the Living, or to appear among the rest of his Creatures; that to have seen one of my own Species, would have seem'd to me a Raising me from Death to Life, and the greatest Blessing that Heaven it self, next to the supreme Blessing of Salvation, could bestow; I say, that I should now tremble at the very Apprehensions of seeing a Man, and was ready to sink into the Ground at but the Shadow or silent Appearance of a Man's having set his Foot in the Island. Such is the uneven State of human Life: And it afforded me a great many curious Speculations afterwards, when I had a little recover'd my first Surprize; I consider'd that this was the Station of Life the infinitely wise and good Providence of God had determin'd for me, that as I could not foresee what the Ends of Divine Wisdom might be in all this, so I was not to dispute his Sovereignty, who, as I was his Creature, had an undoubted Right by Creation to govern and dispose of me absolutely as he thought fit; and who, as I was a Creature who had offended him, had likewise a judicial Right to condemn me to what Punishment he thought fit; and that it was my Part to submit to bear his Indignation, because I had sinn'd against him. I then reflected that God, who was not only Righteous but Omnipotent, as he had thought fit thus to punish and afflict me, so he was able to deliver me; that if he did not think fit to do it, 'twas my unquestion'd Duty to resign my self absolutely and entirely to his Will; and on the other Hand, it was my Duty also to hope in him, pray to him, and quietly to attend the Dictates and Directions of his daily Providence. These Thoughts took me up many Hours, Days; nay, I may say, Weeks and Months; and one particular Effect of my Cogitations on this Occasion, I cannot omit, viz. One Morning early, lying in my Bed, and fill'd with Thought about my Danger from the Appearance of Savages, I found it discompos'd me very much, upon which those Words of the Scripture came into my Thoughts, Call upon me in the Day of Trouble, and I will deliver, and thou shalt glorify me. Psalm 50:15 Upon this, rising chearfully out of my Bed, my Heart was not only comforted, but I was guided and encourag'd to pray earnestly to God for Deliverance: When I had done praying, I took up my Bible, and opening it to read, the first Words that presented to me, were, Wait on the Lord, and be of good Cheer, and he shall strengthen thy Heart; wait, I say, on the Lord: Psalm 27:14 and Psalm 31:24 It is impossible to express the Comfort this gave me. In Answer, I thankfully laid down the Book,

and was no more sad, at least, not on that Occasion. In the middle of these Cogitations, Apprehensions and Reflections, it came into my Thought one Day, that all this might be a meer ChimeraMonstrous imagining (more literally, a monster in Greek mythology, with a lion's head, a goat's body, and a serpent's tail) of my own; and that this Foot might be the Print of my own Foot, when I came on Shore from my Boat: This cheer'd me up a little too, and I began to perswade my self it was all a Delusion; that it was nothing else but my own Foot, and why might not I come that way from the Boat, as well as I was going that way to the Boat; again, I consider'd also that I could by no Means tell for certain where I had trod, and where I had not; and that if at last this was only the Print of my own Foot, I had play'd the Part of those Fools, who strive to make stories of Spectres, and Apparitions; and then are frighted at them more than any body. Now I began to take Courage, and to peep abroad again; for I had not stirr'd out of my Castle for three Days and Nights; so that I began to starve for Provision; for I had little or nothing within Doors, but some Barley Cakes and Water. Then I knew that my Goats wanted to be milk'd too, which usually was my Evening Diversion; and the poor Creatures were in great Pain and Inconvenience for want of it; and indeed, it almost spoil'd some of them, and almost dry'd up their Milk. Heartning my self therefore with the Belief that this was nothing but the Print of one of my own Feet, and so I might be truly said to startStartle at my own Shadow, I began to go abroad again, and went to my Country House, to milk my Flock; but to see with what Fear I went forward, how often I look'd behind me, how I was ready every now and then to lay down my Basket, and run for my Life, it would have made any one have thought I was haunted with an evil Conscience, or that I had been lately most terribly frighted, and so indeed I had. However, as I went down thus two or three Days, and having seen nothing, I began to be a little bolder; and to think there was really nothing in it, but my own Imagination: But I cou'd not perswade my self fully of this, till I should go down to the Shore again, and see this Print of a Foot, and measure it by my own, and see if there was any Similitude or Fitness, that I might be assur'd it was my own Foot: But when I came to the Place, First, It appear'd evidently to me, that when I laid up my Boat, I could not possibly be on Shore any where there about. Secondly, When I came to measure the Mark with my own Foot, I found my Foot not so large by a great deal; both these Things fill'd my Head with new Imaginations, and gave me the VapoursPhysiologically, the four humors (sanguine, choleric, phlegmatic, melancholic) were thought to emit "vapors" that ascended to the brain and shaped one's temperament. When the humors were unbalanced, the vapors caused distemper and illness. again, to the highest Degree; so that I shook with cold, like one in an Ague: And I went Home again, fill'd with the Belief that some Man or Men had been on Shore there; or in short, that the Island was inhabited, and I might be surpriz'd before I was aware; and what course to take for my Security I knew not. O what ridiculous Resolution Men take, when possess'd with Fear! It deprives them of the Use of those Means which Reason offers for their Relief. The first Thing I propos'd to my self, was, to throw down my Enclosures, and turn all my tame Cattle wild into the Woods, that the Enemy might not find them; and then frequent the Island in Prospect of the same, or the like Booty: Then to the simple Thing of Digging up my two Corn Fields, that they might not find such a Grain there, and still be prompted to frequent the Island; then to demolish my Bower, and Tent, that they might not see any Vestiges of Habitation, and be prompted to look farther, in order to find out the Persons inhabiting. These were the Subject of the first Night's Cogitation, after I was come Home again, while the Apprehensions which had so over-run my Mind were fresh upon me, and my Head was full of Vapours, as above: Thus Fear of Danger is ten thousand Times more terrifying than Danger it self, when apparent to the Eyes; and we find the Burthen of Anxiety greater by much, than the Evil which we are anxious about; and which was worse than all this, I had not that Relief in this Trouble from the Resignation I used to practise, that I hop'd to have. I look'd, I thought, like Saul, who complain'd not only that the Philistines were upon him; but that God had forsaken him Saul, the first king of the Israelites, summons the spirit of the prophet Samuel and tells him, "I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams" (1 Samuel 28:15).; for I did not now take due Ways to compose my Mind, by crying to God



in my Distress, and resting upon his Providence, as I had done before, for my Defence and Deliverance; which if I had done, I had, at least, been more cheerfully supported under this new Surprise, and perhaps carry'd through it with more Resolution. This Confusion of my Thoughts kept me waking all Night; but in the Morning I fell asleep, and having by the Amusement of my Mind, been, as it were, tyr'd, and my Spirits exhausted; I slept very soundly, and wak'd much better compos'd than I had ever been before; and now I began to think sedately; and upon the utmost Debate with my self, I concluded, That this Island, which was so exceeding pleasant, fruitful, and no farther from the main Land than as I had seen, was not so entirely abandon'd as I might imagine: That altho' there were no stated Inhabitants who liv'd on the Spot; yet that there might sometimes come Boats off from the Shore, who either with Design, or perhaps never, but when they were driven by cross Winds, might come to this Place. That I had liv'd here fifteen Years now, and had not met with the least Shadow or Figure of any People yet; and that if at any Time they should be driven here, it was probable they went away again as soon as ever they could, seeing they had never thought fit to fix there upon any Occasion, to this Time. That the most I cou'd suggest any Danger from, was, from any such casual accidental Landing of stragling People from the Main, who, as it was likely if they were driven hither, were here against their Wills; so they made no stay here, but went off again with all possible Speed, seldom staying one Night on Shore, least they should not have the Help of the Tides, and Day-light back again; and that therefore I had nothing to do but to consider of some safe Retreat, in Case I should see any Savages land upon the Spot. Now I began sorely to repent, that I had dug my Cave so large, as to bring a Door through again, which Door, as I said, came out beyond where my Fortification joyn'd to the Rock; upon maturely considering this therefore, I resolv'd to draw me a second Fortification, in the same Manner of a Semicircle, at a Distance from my Wall, just where I had planted a double Row of Trees, about twelve Years before, of which I made mention: These Trees having been planted so thick before, they wanted but a few Piles to be driven between them, that they should be thicker, and stronger, and my Wall would be soon finish'd. So that I had now a double Wall, and my outer Wall was thickned with Pieces of Timber, old Cables, and every Thing I could think of, to make it strong; having in it seven little Holes, about as big as I might put my Arm out at: In the In-side of this, I thickned my Wall to above ten Foot thick, with continual bringing Earth out of my Cave, and laying it at the Foot of the Wall, and walking upon it; and through the seven Holes, I contriv'd to plant the Musquets, of which I took Notice, that I got seven on Shore out of the Ship; these, I say, I planted like my Cannon, and fitted them into Frames that held them like a Carriage, that so I could fire all the seven Guns in two Minutes Time: This Wall I was many a weary Month a finishing, and yet never thought my self safe till it was done. When this was done, I stuck all the Ground without my Wall, for a great way every way, as full with Stakes or Sticks of the OsierA variety of Eurasian willows like Wood, which I found so apt to grow, as they could well stand; insomuch, that I believe I might set in near twenty thousand of them, leaving a pretty large Space between them and my Wall, that I might have room to see an Enemy, and they might have no shelter from the young Trees, if they attempted to approach my outer Wall. Thus in two Years Time I had a thick Grove and in five or six Years Time I had a Wood before my Dwelling, growing so monstrous thick and strong, that it was indeed perfectly impassable; and no Men of what kind soever, would ever imagine that there was any Thing beyond it, much less a Habitation: As for the Way which I propos'd to my self to go in and out, for I left no Avenue; it was by setting two Ladders, one to a Part of the Rock which was low, and then broke in, and left room to place another Ladder upon that; so when the two Ladders were taken down, no Man living could come down to me without mischieving himself; and if they had come down, they were still on the Out-side of my outer Wall. Thus I took all the Measures humane Prudence could suggest for my own Preservation; and it will be seen at length, that they were not altogether without just Reason; though I foresaw nothing at that Time, more than my meer Fear suggested to me. While this was doing, I was not altogether Careless of my other Affairs; for I had a great Concern upon me, for my little Herd of Goats; they were not only a present Supply to me upon every Occasion, and began to be sufficient to me, without the Expence of Powder and Shot; but also without the

Fatigue of Hunting after the wild Ones, and I was loth to lose the Advantage of them, and to have them all to nurse up over again. To this Purpose, after long Consideration, I could think of but two Ways to preserve them; one was to find another convenient Place to dig a a Cave Under-ground, and to drive them into it every Night; and the other was to enclose two or three little Bits of Land, remote from one another and as much conceal'd as I could, where I might keep about half a Dozen young Goats in each Place: So that if any Disaster happen'd to the Flock in general, I might be able to raise them again with little Trouble and Time: And this, tho' it would require a great deal of Time and Labour, I thought was the most rational Design. Accordingly I spent some Time to find out the most retir'd Parts of the Island; and I pitch'd upon one which was as private indeed as my Heart could wish for; it was a little damp Piece of Ground in the Middle of the hollow and thick Woods, where, as is observ'd, I almost lost my self once before, endeavouring to come back that Way from the Eastern Part of the Island: Here I found a clear Piece of Land near three Acres, so surrounded with Woods, that it was almost an Enclosure by Nature, at least it did not want near so much Labour to make it so, as the other Pieces of Ground I had work'd so hard at. I immediately went to Work with this Piece of Ground, and in less than a Month's Time, I had so fenc'd it round, that my Flock or Herd, call it which you please, who were not so wild now as at first they might be supposed to be, were well enough secur'd in it. So, without any farther Delay, I removed ten young She-Goats and two He-Goats to this Piece; and when they were there, I continued to perfect the Fence till I had made it as secure as the other, which, however, I did at more Leisure, and it took me up more Time by a great deal. All this Labour I was at the Expence of, purely from my Apprehensions on the Account of the Print of a Man's Foot which I had seen; for as yet I never saw any human Creature come near the Island, and I had now liv'd two Years under these Uneasinesses, which indeed made my Life much less comfortable than it was before; as may well be imagin'd by any who know what it is to live in the constant Snare of the Fear of Man; and this I must observe with Grief too, that the Discomposure of my Mind had too great Impressions also upon the religious Part of my Thoughts, for the Dread and Terror of falling into the Hands of Savages and Canibals, lay so upon my Spirits, that I seldom found my self in a due Temper for Application to my Maker Prayer or supplication, at least not with the sedate Calmness and Resignation of Soul which I was wont to do; I rather pray'd to God as under great Affliction and Pressure of Mind, surrounded with Danger, and in Expectation every Night of being murther'd and devour'd before Morning; and I must testify from my Experience that a Temper

## Selected Text

It would have made a Stoick smile to have seen, me and my little Family sit down to Dinner; there was my Majesty the Prince and Lord of the whole Island; I had the Lives of all my Subjects at my absolute Command. I could hang, draw, give Liberty, and take it away, and no Rebels among all my Sublects. Then to see how like a King I din'd too all alone, attended by my Servants, Poll, as if he had been my Favourite, was the only Person permitted to talk to me. My Dog who was now grown very old and crazy Feeble, and had found no Species to multiply his Kind upon, sat always at my Right Hand, and two Cats, one on one Side the Table, and one on the other, expecting now and then a Bit from my Hand, as a Mark of special Favour. But these were not the two Cats which I brought on Shore at first, for they were both of them dead, and had been interr'd near my Habitation by my own Hand; but one of them having multiply'd by I know not what Kind of Creature, these were two which I had preserv'd tame, whereas the rest run wild in the Woods, and became indeed troublesom to me at last; for they would often come into my House, and plunder me too, till at last I was obliged to shoot them, and did kill a great many; at length they left me with this Attendance, and in this plentiful Manner I lived; neither could I be said to want any thing but Society, and of that in some time after this, I was like to have too much. I was something impatient, as I have observ'd, to have the Use of my Boat; though very loath to run any more Hazards; and therefore sometimes I sat contriving Ways to get her about the Island, and at other Times I sat my self down contented enough without her. But I had a strange Uneasiness in my Mind to go down to the Point of the Island, where, as I have said, in my

last Ramble, I went up the Hill to see how the Shore lay, and how the Current set, that I might see what I had to do: This Inclination encreas'd upon me every Day, and at length I resolv'd to travel thither by Land, following the Edge of the Shore, I did so: But had any one in England been to meet such a Man as I was, it must either have frighted them, or rais'd a great deal of Laughter; and as I frequently stood still to look at myself, I could not but smile at the Notion of my travelling through Yorkshire with such an Equipage, and in such a Dress: Be pleas'd to take a Scetch of my Figure as follows, I had a great high shapeless Cap, made of a Goat's Skin, with a Flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the Sun from me, as to shoot the Rain off from running into my Neck; nothing being so hurtful in these Climates, as the Rain upon the Flesh under the Cloaths. I had a short Jacket of Goat-Skin, the Skirts coming down to about the middle of my Thighs; and a Pair of open-knee'd Breeches of the same, the Breeches were made of the Skin of an old He-goat, whose Hair hung down such a Length on either Side, that like PantaloonBreeches or trousers it reach'd to the middle of my Legs; Stockings and Shoes I had none, but had made me a Pair of some-things, I scarce know what to call them, like BuskinsCalf-high or knee-high boots to flap over my Legs, and lace on either Side like Spatter-dashesLong gaiters or leggings of leather, to keep boots and trousers from being spattered with mud; but of a most barbarous Shape, as indeed were all the rest of my Cloaths. I had on a broad Belt of Goat's-Skin dry'd, which I drew together with two ThongsCords of the same, instead of Buckles, and in a kind of a FrogA loop attached to a belt, designed to hold a sword or bayonet on either Side of this. Instead of a Sword and a Dagger, hung a little Saw and a Hatchet, one on one Side, one on the other. I had another Belt not so broad, and fasten'd in the same Manner, which hung over my Shoulder; and at the End of it, under my left Arm, hung two Pouches, both made of Goat's-Skin too; in one of which hung my Powder, in the other my Shot: At my Back I carry'd my Basket, on my Shoulder my Gun, and over my Head a great clumsy ugly Goat-Skin Umbrella, but which, after all, was the most necessary Thing I had about me, next to my Gun: As for my Face, the Colour of it was really not so Moletta,A variation of the word "mulatto," here used to refer to brown skin like as one might expect from a Man not at all careful of it, and living within nineteen Degrees of the Equinox. My Beard I had once suffer'd to grow till it was about a Quarter of a Yard long; but as I had both Scissars and Razors sufficient, I had cut it pretty short, except what grew on my upper Lip, which I had trimm'd into a large Pair of Mahometan Whiskers A long moustache, such as a Muslim man might have worn, such as I had seen worn by some Turks, who I saw at Sallee; for the Moors did not wear such, tho' the Turks did; of these MuschatoesMustachios or Whiskers, I will not say they were long enough to hang my Hat upon them; but they were of a Length and Shape monstrous enough, and such as in England would have pass'd for frightful. But all this is by the by; for as to my Figure, I had so few to observe me, that it was of no manner of Consequence; so I say no more to that Part. In this kind of Figure I went my new Journey, and was out five or six Days. I travell'd first along the Sea Shore, directly to the Place where I first brought my Boat to an Anchor, to get up upon the Rocks; and having no Boat now to take care of, I went over the Land a nearer Way to the same Height that I was upon before, when looking forward to the Point of the Rocks which lay out, and which I was oblig'd to double with my Boat, as is said above: I was surpriz'd to see the Sea all smooth and quiet, no Ripling, no Motion, no Current, any more there than in other Places. I was at a strange Loss to understand this, and resolv'd to spend some Time in the observing it, to see if nothing from the Sets of the Tide had occasion'd it; but I was presently convinc'd how it was, viz. That the Tide of Ebb setting from the West, and joyning with the Current of Waters from some great River on the Shore, must be the Occasion of this Current; and that according as the Wind blew more forcibly from the West, or from the North, this Current came nearer, or went farther from the Shore; for waiting thereabouts till Evening, I went up to the Rock again, and then the Tide of Ebb being made, I plainly saw the Current again as before, only, that it run farther of, being near half a League from the Shore; whereas in my Case, it set close upon the Shore, and hurry'd me and my Canoe along with it, which at another Time it would not have done. This Observation convinc'd me, That I had nothing to do but to observe the Ebbing and the Flowing of the Tide, and I might very easily bring my Boat about the Island again: But when I began

to think of putting it in Practice, I had such a Terror upon my Spirits at the Remembrance of the Danger I had been in, that I could not think of it again with any Patience; but on the contrary, I took up another Resolution which was more safe, though more laborious; and this was, That I would build, or rather make me another Periagau or Canoe; and so have one for one Side of the Island, and one for the other. You are to understand, that now I had, as I may call it, two Plantations in the Island; one my little Fortification or Tent, with the Wall about it under the Rock, with the Cave behind me, which by this Time I had enlarg'd into several Apartments, or Caves, one within another. One of these, which was the dryest, and largest, and had a Door out beyond my Wall or Fortification; that is to say, beyond where my Wall joyn'd to the Rock, was all fill'd up with the large Earthen Pots, of which I have given an Account, and with fourteen or fifteen great Baskets, which would hold five or six Bushels each, where I laid up my Stores of Provision, especially my Corn, some in the Ear cut off short from the Straw, and the other rubb'd out with my Hand. As for my Wall made, as before, with long Stakes or Piles, those Piles grew all like Trees, and were by this Time grown so big, and spread so very much, that there was not the least Appearance to any one's View of any Habitation behind them. Near this Dwelling of mine, but a little farther within the Land, and upon lower Ground, lay my two Pieces of Corn-Ground, which I kept duly cultivated and sow'd, and which duly yielded me their Harvest in its Season; and whenever I had occasion for more Corn, I had more Land adjoining as fit as that. Besides this, I had my Country Seat, and I had now a tollerable Plantation there also; for first, I had my little Bower, as I call'd it, which I kept in Repair; that is to say, I kept the Hedge which circled it in, constantly fitted up to its usual Height, the Ladder standing always in the Inside; I kept the Trees which at first were no more than my Stakes, but were now grown very firm and tall; I kept them always so cut, that they might spread and grow thick and wild, and make the more agreeable Shade, which they did effectually to my Mind. In the Middle of this I had my Tent always standing, being a piece of a Sail spread over Poles set up for that Purpose, and which never wanted any Repair or Renewing; and under this I had made me a Squab cushion forming part of the inside fittings of a carriage or Couch, with the Skins of the Creatures I had kill'd, and with other soft Things, and a Blanket laid on them, such as belong'd to our Sea-Bedding, which I had saved, and a great Watch-Coat to cover me; and here, whenever I had Occasion to be absent from my chief Seat, I took up my Country Habitation. Adjoining to this I had my Enclosures for my Cattle, that is to say, my Goats: And as I had taken an inconceivable deal of Pains to fence and enclose this Ground, so I was so uneasy to see it kept entire, lest the Goats should break thro', that I never left off till with infinite Labour I had stuck the Out-side of the Hedge so full of small Stakes, and so near to one another, that it was rather a Pale than a Hedge, and there was scarce Room to put a Hand thro' between them, which afterwards when those Stakes grew, as they all did in the next rainy Season, made the Enclosure strong like a Wall, indeed stronger than any Wall. This will testify for me that I was not idle, and that I spared no Pains to bring to pass whatever appear'd necessary for my comfortable Support; for I consider'd the keeping up a Breed of tame Creatures thus at my Hand, would be a living Magazine of Flesh, Milk, Butter and Cheese, for me as long as I liv'd in the Place, if it were to be forty Years; and that keeping them in my Reach, depended entirely upon my perfecting my Enclosures to such a Degree, that I might be sure of keeping them together; which by this Method indeed I so effectually secur'd, that when these little Stakes began to grow, I had planted them so very thick, I was forced to pull some of them up again. In this Place also I had my Grapes growing, which I principally depended on for my Winter Store of Raisins; and which I never fail'd to preserve very carefully, as the best and most agreeable Dainty of my whole Diet; and indeed they were not agreeable only, but physical, wholesome, nourishing, and refreshing to the last Degree. As this was also about half Way between my other Habitation, and the Place where I had laid up my Boat, I generally stay'd, and lay here in my Way thither; for I used frequently to visit my Boat, and I kept all Things about or belonging to her in very good Order; sometimes I went out in her to divert my self, but no more hazardous Voyages would I go, nor scarce ever above a Stone's Cast A stone's throw, or a very short distance or two from the Shore, I was so apprehensive of being hurry'd out of my Knowledge again by the Currents, or Winds, or any other

Accident. But now I come to a new Scene of my Life. It happen'd one Day about Noon going towards my Boat, I was exceedingly surpriz'd with the Print of a Man's naked Foot on the Shore, which was very plain to be seen in the Sand: I stood like one Thunder-struck, or as if I had seen an Apparition; I listen'd, I look'd round me, I could hear nothing, nor see any Thing, I went up to a rising Ground to look farther, I went up the Shore and down the Shore, but it was all one, I could see no other Impression but that one, I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my Fancy; but there was no Room for that, for there was exactly the very Print of a Foot, Toes, Heel, and every Part of a Foot; how it came thither, I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering Thoughts, like a Man perfectly confus'd and out of my self, I came Home to my Fortification, not feeling, as we say, the Ground I went on, but terrify'd to the last Degree, looking behind me at every two or three Steps, mistaking every Bush and Tree, and fancying every Stump at a Distance to be a Man; nor is it possible to describe how many various Shapes affrighted Imagination represented Things to me in, how many wild Ideas were found every Moment in my Fancy, and what strange unaccountable Whimsies came into my Thoughts by the Way. When I came to my Castle, for so I think I call'd it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued; whether I went over by the Ladder as first contriv'd, or went in at the Hole in the Rock, which I call'd a Door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next Morning, for never frighted Hare fled to Cover, or Fox to Earth, with more Terror of Mind than I to this Retreat. I slept none that Night; the farther I was from the Occasion of my Fright, the greater my Apprehensions were, which is something contrary to the Nature of such Things, and especially to the usual Practice of all Creatures in Fear: But I was so embarrass'd with my own frightful Ideas of the Thing, that I form'd nothing but dismal Imaginations to my self, even tho' I was now a great way off of it. Sometimes I fancy'd it must be the Devil; and Reason joyn'd in with me upon this Supposition: For how should any other Thing in human Shape come into the Place? Where was the Vessel that brought them? What Marks was there of any other Footsteps? And how was it possible a Man should come there? But then to think that Satan should take human Shape upon him in such a Place where there could be no manner of Occasion for it, but to leave the Print of his Foot behind him, and that even for no Purpose too, for he could not be sure I should see it; this was an Amusement the other Way; I consider'd that the Devil might have found out abundance of other Ways to have terrify'd me than this of the single Print of a Foot. That as I liv'd quite on the other Side of the Island, he would never have been so simple to leave a Mark in a Place where 'twas Ten Thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the Sand too, which the first Surge of the Sea upon a high Wind would have defac'd entirely: All this seem'd inconsistent with the Thing it self, and with all the Notions we usually entertain of the Subtilty of the Devil. Abundance of such Things as these assisted to argue me out of all Apprehensions of its being the Devil: And I presently concluded then, that it must be some more dangerous Creature, (viz.) That it must be some of the Savages of the main Land over-against me, who had wander'd out to Sea in their Canoes; and either driven by the Currents, or by contrary Winds had made Arrived at the Island; and had been on Shore, but were gone away again to Sea, being as loth, perhaps, to have stay'd in this desolate Island, as I would have been to have had them. While these Reflections were rowling upon my Mind, I was very thankful in my Thoughts, that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that Time, or that they did not see my Boat, by which they would have concluded that some Inhabitants #1 page duplicate# #1 page duplicate# had been in the Place, and perhaps have search'd farther for me: Then terrible Thoughts rack'd my Imagination about their having found my Boat, and that there were People here; and that if so, I should certainly have them come again in greater Numbers, and devour me; that if it should happen so that they should not find me, yet they would find my Enclosure, destroy all my Corn, carry away all my Flock of tame Goats, and I should perish at last for meer Want. Thus my Fear banish'd all my religious Hope; all that former Confidence in God which was founded upon such wonderful Experience as I had had of his Goodness, now vanished, as if he that had fed me by Miracle hitherto, could not preserve by his Power the Provision which he had made for me by his Goodness. I reproach'd my self with my Easiness, that would not sow any more Corn one Year than would

just serve me till the next Season, as if no Accident could intervene to prevent my enjoying the Crop that was upon the Ground; and this I thought so just a Reproof, that I resolv'd for the future to have two or three Years Corn beforehand, so that whatever might come, I might not perish for want of Bread. How strange a Chequer WorkCheckerboard of Providence is the Life of Man! and by what secret differing Springs are the Affections hurry'd about as differing Circumstance present! To Day we love what to Morrow we hate; to Day we seek what to Morrow we shun; to Day we desire what to Morrow we fear; nay even tremble at the Apprehensions of; this was exemplify'd in me at this Time in the most lively Manner imaginable; for I whose only Affliction was, that I seem'd banished from human Society, that I was alone, circumscrib'd by the boundless Ocean, cut off from Mankind, and condemn'd to what I call'd silent Life; that I was as one who Heaven thought not worthy to be number'd among the Living, or to appear among the rest of his Creatures; that to have seen one of my own Species, would have seem'd to me a Raising me from Death to Life, and the greatest Blessing that Heaven it self, next to the supreme Blessing of Salvation, could bestow; I say, that I should now tremble at the very Apprehensions of seeing a Man, and was ready to sink into the Ground at but the Shadow or silent Appearance of a Man's having set his Foot in the Island. Such is the uneven State of human Life: And it afforded me a great many curious Speculations afterwards, when I had a little recover'd my first Surprize; I consider'd that this was the Station of Life the infinitely wise and good Providence of God had determin'd for me, that as I could not foresee what the Ends of Divine Wisdom might be in all this, so I was not to dispute his Sovereignty, who, as I was his Creature, had an undoubted Right by Creation to govern and dispose of me absolutely as he thought fit; and who, as I was a Creature who had offended him, had likewise a judicial Right to condemn me to what Punishment he thought fit; and that it was my Part to submit to bear his Indignation, because I had sinn'd against him. I then reflected that God, who was not only Righteous but Omnipotent, as he had thought fit thus to punish and afflict me, so he was able to deliver me; that if he did not think fit to do it, 'twas my unquestion'd Duty to resign my self absolutely and entirely to his Will; and on the other Hand, it was my Duty also to hope in him, pray to him, and quietly to attend the Dictates and Directions of his daily Providence. These Thoughts took me up many Hours, Days; nay, I may say, Weeks and Months; and one particular Effect of my Cogitations on this Occasion, I cannot omit, viz. One Morning early, lying in my Bed, and fill'd with Thought about my Danger from the Appearance of Savages, I found it discompos'd me very much, upon which those Words of the Scripture came into my Thoughts, Call upon me in the Day of Trouble, and I will deliver, and thou shalt glorify me. Psalm 50:15 Upon this, rising chearfully out of my Bed, my Heart was not only comforted, but I was guided and encourag'd to pray earnestly to God for Deliverance: When I had done praying, I took up my Bible, and opening it to read, the first Words that presented to me, were, Wait on the Lord, and be of good Cheer, and he shall strengthen thy Heart; wait, I say, on the Lord: Psalm 27:14 and Psalm 31:24 It is impossible to express the Comfort this gave me. In Answer, I thankfully laid down the Book, and was no more sad, at least, not on that Occasion. In the middle of these Cogitations, Apprehensions and Reflections, it came into my Thought one Day, that all this might be a meer ChimeraMonstrous imagining (more literally, a monster in Greek mythology, with a lion's head, a goat's body, and a serpent's tail) of my own; and that this Foot might be the Print of my own Foot, when I came on Shore from my Boat: This cheer'd me up a little too, and I began to perswade my self it was all a Delusion; that it was nothing else but my own Foot, and why might not I come that way from the Boat, as well as I was going that way to the Boat; again, I consider'd also that I could by no Means tell for certain where I had trod, and where I had not; and that if at last this was only the Print of my own Foot, I had play'd the Part of those Fools, who strive to make stories of Spectres, and Apparitions; and then are frighted at them more than any body. Now I began to take Courage, and to peep abroad again; for I had not stirr'd out of my Castle for three Days and Nights; so that I began to starve for Provision; for I had little or nothing within Doors, but some Barley Cakes and Water. Then I knew that my Goats wanted to be milk'd too, which usually was my Evening Diversion; and the poor Creatures were in great Pain and Inconvenience for want of it; and indeed, it almost spoil'd some

of them, and almost dry'd up their Milk. Heartning my self therefore with the Belief that this was nothing but the Print of one of my own Feet, and so I might be truly said to startle at my own Shadow, I began to go abroad again, and went to my Country House, to milk my Flock; but to see with what Fear I went forward, how often I look'd behind me, how I was ready every now and then to lay down my Basket, and run for my Life, it would have made any one have thought I was haunted with an evil Conscience, or that I had been lately most terribly frighted, and so indeed I had. However, as I went down thus two or three Days, and having seen nothing, I began to be a little bolder; and to think there was really nothing in it, but my own Imagination: But I cou'd not perswade my self fully of this, till I should go down to the Shore again, and see this Print of a Foot, and measure it by my own, and see if there was any Similitude or Fitness, that I might be assur'd it was my own Foot: But when I came to the Place, First, It appear'd evidently to me, that when I laid up my Boat, I could not possibly be on Shore any where there about. Secondly, When I came to measure the Mark with my own Foot, I found my Foot not so large by a great deal; both these Things fill'd my Head with new Imaginations, and gave me the Vapours Physiologically, the four humors (sanguine, choleric, phlegmatic, melancholic) were thought to emit "vapors" that ascended to the brain and shaped one's temperament. When the humors were unbalanced, the vapors caused distemper and illness. again, to the highest Degree; so that I shook with cold, like one in an Ague: And I went Home again, fill'd with the Belief that some Man or Men had been on Shore there; or in short, that the Island was inhabited, and I might be surpriz'd before I was aware; and what course to take for my Security I knew not. O what ridiculous Resolution Men take, when possess'd with Fear! It deprives them of the Use of those Means which Reason offers for their Relief. The first Thing I propos'd to my self, was, to throw down my Enclosures, and turn all my tame Cattle wild into the Woods, that the Enemy might not find them; and then frequent the Island in Prospect of the same, or the like Booty: Then to the simple Thing of Digging up my two Corn Fields, that they might not find such a Grain there, and still be prompted to frequent the Island; then to demolish my Bower, and Tent, that they might not see any Vestiges of Habitation, and be prompted to look farther, in order to find out the Persons inhabiting. These were the Subject of the first Night's Cogitation, after I was come Home again, while the Apprehensions which had so over-run my Mind were fresh upon me, and my Head was full of Vapours, as above: Thus Fear of Danger is ten thousand Times more terrifying than Danger it self, when apparent to the Eyes; and we find the Burthen of Anxiety greater by much, than the Evil which we are anxious about; and which was worse than all this, I had not that Relief in this Trouble from the Resignation I used to practise, that I hop'd to have. I look'd, I thought, like Saul, who complain'd not only that the Philistines were upon him; but that God had forsaken him Saul, the first king of the Israelites, summons the spirit of the prophet Samuel and tells him, "I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams" (1 Samuel 28:15).; for I did not now take due Ways to compose my Mind, by crying to God in my Distress, and resting upon his Providence, as I had done before, for my Defence and Deliverance; which if I had done, I had, at least, been more cheerfully supported under this new Surprise, and perhaps carry'd through it with more Resolution. This Confusion of my Thoughts kept me waking all Night; but in the Morning I fell asleep, and having by the Amusement of my Mind, been, as it were, tyr'd, and my Spirits exhausted; I slept very soundly, and wak'd much better compos'd than I had ever been before; and now I began to think sedately; and upon the utmost Debate with my self, I concluded, That this Island, which was so exceeding pleasant, fruitful, and no farther from the main Land than as I had seen, was not so entirely abandon'd as I might imagine: That altho' there were no stated Inhabitants who liv'd on the Spot; yet that there might sometimes come Boats off from the Shore, who either with Design, or perhaps never, but when they were driven by cross Winds, might come to this Place. That I had liv'd here fifteen Years now, and had not met with the least Shadow or Figure of any People yet; and that if at any Time they should be driven here, it was probable they went away again as soon as ever they could, seeing they had never thought fit to fix there upon any Occasion, to this Time. That the most I cou'd suggest any Danger from, was, from any

such casual accidental Landing of stragglers from the Main, who, as it was likely if they were driven hither, were here against their Wills; so they made no stay here, but went off again with all possible Speed, seldom staying one Night on Shore, least they should not have the Help of the Tides, and Day-light back again; and that therefore I had nothing to do but to consider of some safe Retreat, in Case I should see any Savages land upon the Spot. Now I began sorely to repent, that I had dug my Cave so large, as to bring a Door through again, which Door, as I said, came out beyond where my Fortification joyn'd to the Rock; upon maturely considering this therefore, I resolv'd to draw me a second Fortification, in the same Manner of a Semicircle, at a Distance from my Wall, just where I had planted a double Row of Trees, about twelve Years before, of which I made mention: These Trees having been planted so thick before, they wanted but a few Piles to be driven between them, that they should be thicker, and stronger, and my Wall would be soon finish'd. So that I had now a double Wall, and my outer Wall was thickned with Pieces of Timber, old Cables, and every Thing I could think of, to make it strong; having in it seven little Holes, about as big as I might put my Arm out at: In the In-side of this, I thickned my Wall to above ten Foot thick, with continual bringing Earth out of my Cave, and laying it at the Foot of the Wall, and walking upon it; and through the seven Holes, I contriv'd to plant the Musquets, of which I took Notice, that I got seven on Shore out of the Ship; these, I say, I planted like my Cannon, and fitted them into Frames that held them like a Carriage, that so I could fire all the seven Guns in two Minutes Time: This Wall I was many a weary Month a finishing, and yet never thought my self safe till it was done. When this was done, I stuck all the Ground without my Wall, for a great way every way, as full with Stakes or Sticks of the Osier A variety of Eurasian willows like Wood, which I found so apt to grow, as they could well stand; insomuch, that I believe I might set in near twenty thousand of them, leaving a pretty large Space between them and my Wall, that I might have room to see an Enemy, and they might have no shelter from the young Trees, if they attempted to approach my outer Wall. Thus in two Years Time I had a thick Grove and in five or six Years Time I had a Wood before my Dwelling, growing so monstrous thick and strong, that it was indeed perfectly impassable; and no Men of what kind soever, would ever imagine that there was any Thing beyond it, much less a Habitation: As for the Way which I propos'd to my self to go in and out, for I left no Avenue; it was by setting two Ladders, one to a Part of the Rock which was low, and then broke in, and left room to place another Ladder upon that; so when the two Ladders were taken down, no Man living could come down to me without mischieving himself; and if they had come down, they were still on the Out-side of my outer Wall. Thus I took all the Measures humane Prudence could suggest for my own Preservation; and it will be seen at length, that they were not altogether without just Reason; though I foresaw nothing at that Time, more than my meer Fear suggested to me. While this was doing, I was not altogether Careless of my other Affairs; for I had a great Concern upon me, for my little Herd of Goats; they were not only a present Supply to me upon every Occasion, and began to be sufficient to me, without the Expence of Powder and Shot; but also without the Fatigue of Hunting after the wild Ones, and I was loth to lose the Advantage of them, and to have them all to nurse up over again. To this Purpose, after long Consideration, I could think of but two Ways to preserve them; one was to find another convenient Place to dig a Cave Under-ground, and to drive them into it every Night; and the other was to enclose two or three little Bits of Land, remote from one another and as much conceal'd as I could, where I might keep about half a Dozen young Goats in each Place: So that if any Disaster happen'd to the Flock in general, I might be able to raise them again with little Trouble and Time: And this, tho' it would require a great deal of Time and Labour, I thought was the most rational Design. Accordingly I spent some Time to find out the most retir'd Parts of the Island; and I pitch'd upon one which was as private indeed as my Heart could wish for; it was a little damp Piece of Ground in the Middle of the hollow and thick Woods, where, as is observ'd, I almost lost my self once before, endeavouring to come back that Way from the Eastern Part of the Island: Here I found a clear Piece of Land near three Acres, so surrounded with Woods, that it was almost an Enclosure by Nature, at least it did not want near so much Labour to make it so, as the other Pieces of Ground I had work'd so hard at. I immediately went to Work



with this Piece of Ground, and in less than a Month's Time, I had so fenc'd it round, that my Flock or Herd, call it which you please, who were not so wild now as at first they might be supposed to be, were well enough secur'd in it. So, without any farther Delay, I removed ten young She-Goats and two He-Goats to this Piece; and when they were there, I continued to perfect the Fence till I had made it as secure as the other, which, however, I did at more Leisure, and it took me up more Time by a great deal. All this Labour I was at the Expence of, purely from my Apprehensions on the Account of the Print of a Man's Foot which I had seen; for as yet I never saw any human Creature come near the Island, and I had now liv'd two Years under these Uneasinesses, which indeed made my Life much less comfortable than it was before; as may well be imagin'd by any who know what it is to live in the constant Snare of the Fear of Man; and this I must observe with Grief too, that the Discomposure of my Mind had too great Impressions also upon the religious Part of my Thoughts, for the Dread and Terror of falling into the Hands of Savages and Canibals, lay so upon my Spirits, that I seldom found my self in a due Temper for Application to my Maker Prayer or supplication, at least not with the sedate Calmness and Resignation of Soul which I was wont to do; I rather pray'd to God as under great Affliction and Pressure of Mind, surrounded with Danger, and in Expectation every Night of being murther'd and devour'd before Morning; and I must testify from my Experience that a Temper

## Selected Text

It was one of the Nights in the rainy Season in March, the four and twentieth Year of my first setting Foot in this Island of Solitariness; I was lying in my Bed, or Hammock, awake, very well in Health, had no Pain, no Distemper, no Uneasiness of Body; no, nor any Uneasiness of Mind, more than ordinary; but could by no means close my Eyes; that is, so as to sleep; no, not a Wink all Night long, otherwise than as follows: It is as impossible, as needless, to set down the innumerable Crowd of Thoughts that whirl'd through that great thorow-fare of the Brain, the Memory, in this Night's Time: I run over the whole History of my Life in Miniature, or by Abridgment, as I may call it, to my coming to this Island; and also of the Part of my Life, since I came to this Island. In my Reflections upon the State of my Case, since I came on Shore on this Island, I was comparing the happy Posture of my Affairs, in the first Years of my Habitation here, compar'd to the Life of Anxiety, Fear and Care, which I had liv'd ever since I had seen the Print of a Foot in the Sand; not that I did not believe the Savages had frequented the Island even all the while, and might have been several Hundreds of them at Times on Shore there; but I had never known it, and was incapable of any Apprehensions about it; my Satisfaction was perfect, though my Danger was the same; and I was as happy in not knowing my Danger, as if I had never really been expos'd to it: This furnish'd my Thoughts with many very profitable Reflections, and particularly this one, How infinitely Good that Providence is, which has provided in its Government of Mankind, such narrow bounds to his Sight and Knowledge of Things, and though he walks in the midst of so many thousand Dangers, the Sight of which, if discover'd to him, would distract his Mind, and sink his Spirits; he is kept serene, and calm, by having the Events of Things hid from his Eyes, and knowing nothing the Dangers which surround him. After these Thoughts had for some Time entertain'd me, I came to reflect seriously upon the real Danger I had been in, for so many Years, in this very Island; and how I had walk'd about in the greatest Security, and with all possible Tranquillity; even when perhaps nothing but a Brow of a Hill, a great Tree, or the casual Approach of Night, had been between me and the worst kind of Destruction, viz. That of falling into the Hands of Cannibals, and Savages, who would have seiz'd on me with the same View, as I did of a Goat, or a Turtle; and have thought it no more a Crime to kill and devour me, than I did of a Pidgeon, or a CurliuA bird with a long, curved bill.: I would unjustly slander my self, if I should say I was not sincerely thankful to my great Preserver, to whose singular Protection I acknowledg'd, with great Humility, that all these unknown Deliverances were due; and without which, I must inevitably have fallen into their merciless Hands. When these Thoughts were over, my Head was for some time taken up in considering the Nature of these wretched Creatures; I mean, the Savages; and how it came to pass in the World, that the wise Governour of all Things should give up any of his Creatures

to such Inhumanity; nay, to something so much below, even Brutality it self, as to devour its own kind; but as this ended in some (at that Time fruitless) Speculations, it occur'd to me to enquire, what Part of the World these Wretches liv'd in; how far off the Coast was from whence they came; what they ventur'd over so far from home for; what kind of Boats they had; and why I might not order my self, and my Business so, that I might be as able to go over thither, as they were to come to me. I never so much as troubl'd my self, to consider what I should do with my self, when I came thither; what would become of me, if I fell into the Hands of the Savages; or how I should escape from them, if they attempted me; no, nor so much as how it was possible for me to reach the Coast, and not be attempted by some or other of them, without any Possibility of delivering my self; and if I should not fall into their Hands, what I should do for Provision, or whither I should bend my Course; none of these Thoughts, I say, so much as came in my way; but my Mind was wholly bent upon the Notion of my passing over in my Boat, to the Main Land: I look'd back upon my present Condition, as the most miserable that could possibly be, that I was not able to throw my self into any thing but Death, that could be call'd worse; that if I reached the Shore of the Main, I might perhaps meet with Relief, or I might coast along, as I did on the Shore of Africk, till I came to some inhabited Country, and where I might find some Relief; and after all perhaps, I might fall in with some Christian Ship, that might take me in; and if the worse came to the worst, I could but die, which would put an end to all these Miseries at once. Pray note, all this was the fruit of a disturb'd Mind, an impatient Temper, made as it were desperate by the long Continuance of my Troubles, and the Disappointments I had met in the Wreck, I had been on board of; and where I had been so near the obtaining what I so earnestly long'd for, viz. Some-body to speak to, and to learn some Knowledge from of the Place where I was, and of the probable Means of my Deliverance; I say, I was agitated wholly by these Thoughts: All my Calm of Mind in my Resignation to Providence, and waiting the Issue of the Dispositions of Heaven, seem'd to be suspended; and I had, as it were, no Power to turn my Thoughts to any thing, but to the Project of a Voyage to the Main, which came upon me with such Force, and such an Impetuosity of Desire, that it was not to be resisted. When this had agitated my Thoughts for two Hours, or more, with such Violence, that it set my very Blood into a Ferment, and my Pulse beat as high as if I had been in a Fever, meerly with the extraordinary Fervour of my Mind about it; Nature, as if I had been fatigued and exhausted with the very Thought of it, threw me into a sound Sleep; one would have thought, I should have dream'd of it: But I did not, nor of any Thing relating to it; but I dream'd, that as I was going out in the Morning as usual from my Castle, I saw upon the Shore, two Canoes, and eleven Savages coming to Land, and that they brought with them another Savage, who they were going to kill, in Order to eat him; when on a sudden, the Savage that they were going to kill, jumpt away, and ran for his Life; and I thought in my Sleep, that he came running into my little thick Grove, before my Fortification, to hide himself; and that I seeing him alone, and not perceiving that the other sought him that Way, show'd my self to him, and smiling upon him, encourag'd him; that he kneel'd down to me, seeming to pray me to assist him; upon which I shew'd my Ladder, made him go up, and carry'd him into my Cave, and he became my Servant; and that as soon as I had gotten this Man, I said to my self, now I may certainly venture to the main Land; for this Fellow will serve me as a Pilot, and will tell me what to do, and whether to go for Provisions; and whether not to go for fear of being devoured, what Places to venture into, and what to escape: I wak'd with this Thought, and was under such inexpressible Impressions of Joy, at the Prospect of my Escape in my Dream, that the Disappointments which I felt upon coming to my self, and finding it was no more than a Dream, were equally extravagant the other Way, and threw me into a very great Dejection of Spirit. Upon this however, I made this Conclusion, that my only Way to go about an Attempt for an Escape, was, if possible, to get a Savage into my Possession; and if possible, it should be one of their Prisoners, who they had condemn'd to be eaten, and should bring thither to kill; but these Thoughts still were attended with this Difficulty, that it was impossible to effect this, without attacking a whole Caravan of them, and killing them all; and this was not only a very desperate Attempt, and might miscarry; but on the other Hand, I had greaty scrupled the Lawfulness of it to me; and my Heart trembled

at the thoughts of shedding so much Blood, tho' it was for my Deliverance. I need not repeat the Arguments which occur'd to me against this, they being the same mention'd before; but tho' I had other Reasons to offer now (viz.) that those Men were Enemies to my Life, and would devour me, if they could; that it was Self-preservation in the highest Degree, to deliver my self from this Death of a Life, and was acting in my own Defence, as much as if they were actually assaulting me, and the like. I say, tho' these Things argued for it, yet the Thoughts of shedding Humane Blood for my Deliverance, were very Terrible to me, and such as I could by no Means reconcile my self to, a great while. However at last, after many secret Disputes with my self, and after great Perplexities about it, for all these Arguments one Way and another struggl'd in my Head a long Time, the eager prevailing Desire of Deliverance at length master'd all the rest; and I resolv'd, if possible, to get one of those Savages into my Hands, cost what it would. My next Thing then was to contrive how to do it, and this indeed was very difficult to resolve on: But as I could pitch upon no probable Means for it, so I resolv'd to put my self upon the Watch, to see them when they came on Shore, and leave the rest to the Event, taking such Measures as the Opportunity should present, let be what would be. With these Resolutions in my Thoughts, I set my self upon the Scout, as often as possible, and indeed so often till I was heartily tir'd of it, for it was above a Year and Half that I waited, and for great part of that Time went out to the West End, and to the South West Corner of the Island, almost every Day, to see for Canoes, but none appear'd. This was very discouraging, and began to trouble me much, tho' I cannot say that it did in this Case, as it had done some time before that, (viz.) wear off the Edge of my Desire to the Thing. But the longer it seem'd to be delay'd, the more eager I was for it; in a Word, I was not at first so careful to shun the sight of these Savages, and avoid being seen by them, as I was now eager to be upon them. Besides, I fancied my self able to manage One, nay, Two or Three Savages, if I had them so as to make them entirely Slaves to me, to do whatever I should direct them, and to prevent their being able at any time to do me any Hurt. It was a great while, that I pleas'd my self with this Affair, but nothing still presented; all my Fancies and Schemes came to nothing, for no Savages came near me for a great while. About a Year and half after I had entertain'd these Notions, and by long musing, had as it were resolved them all into nothing, for want of an Occasion to put them in Execution, I was surpriz'd one Morning early, with seeing no less than five Canoes all on Shore together on my side the Island; and the People who belong'd to them all landed, and out of my sight: The Number of them broke all my Measures, for seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four or six, or sometimes more in a Boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to take my Measures, to attack Twenty or Thirty Men single handed; so I lay still in my Castle, perplex'd and discomforted: However I put my self into all the same Postures for an Attack that I had formerly provided, and was just ready for Action, if any Thing had presented; having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any Noise; at length being very impatient, I set my Guns at the Foot of my Ladder, and clamber'd up to the Top of the Hill, by my two Stages as usual; standing so however that my Head did not appear above the Hill, so that they could not perceive me by any Means; here I observ'd by the help of my Perspective Glass, that they were no less than Thirty in Number, that they had a Fire kindled, that they had had Meat dress'd. How they had cook'd it, that I knew not, or what it was; but they were all Dancing in I know not how many barbarous Gestures and Figures, their own Way, round the Fire. While I was thus looking on them, I perceived by my Perspective, two miserable Wretches dragg'd from the Boats, where it seems they were laid by, and were now brought out for the Slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fell, being knock'd down, I suppose with a Club or Wooden Sword, for that was their way, and two or three others were at work immediately cutting him open for their Cookery, while the other Victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. In that very Moment this poor Wretch seeing himself a little at Liberty, Nature inspir'd him with Hopes of Life, and he started away from them, and ran with incredible Swiftiness along the Sands directly towards me, I mean towards that part of the Coast, where my Habitation was. I was dreadfully frighted, (that I must acknowledge) when I perceived him to run my Way; and especially, when as I thought I saw him pursued by the whole Body, and now I expected that part of my

Dream was coming to pass, and that he would certainly take shelter in my Grove; but I could not depend by any means upon my Dream for the rest of it, (viz.) that the other Savages would not pursue him thither, and find him there. However I kept my Station, and my Spirits began to recover, when I found that there was not above three Men that follow'd him, and still more was I encourag'd, when I found that he outstrip'd them exceedingly in running, and gain'd Ground of them, so that if he could but hold it for half an Hour, I saw easily he would fairly get away from them all. There was between them and my Castle, the Creek which I mention'd often at the first part of my Story, when I landed my Cargoes out of the Ship; and this I saw plainly, he must necessarily swim over, or the poor Wretch would be taken there: But when the Savage escaping came thither, he made nothing of it, tho' the Tide was then up, but plunging in, swam thro' in about Thirty Strokes or thereabouts, landed and ran on with exceeding Strength and Swiftmess; when the Three Persons came to the Creek, I found that Two of them could Swim, but the Third cou'd not, and that standing on the other Side, he look'd at the other, but went no further; and soon after went softly back again, which as it happen'd, was very well for him in the main. I observ'd, that the two who swam, were yet more than twice as long swimming over the Creek, as the Fellow was, that fled from them: It came now very warmly upon my Thoughts, and indeed irresistibly, that now was my Time to get me a Servant, and perhaps a Companion, or Assistant; and that I was call'd plainly by Providence to save this poor Creature's Life; I immediately run down the Ladders with all possible Expedition, fetches my two Guns, for they were both but at the Foot of the Ladders, as I observ'd above; and getting up again, with the same haste, to the Top of the Hill, I cross'd toward the Sea; and having a very short Cut, and all down Hill, clapp'dPlaced my self in the way, between the Pursuers, and the Pursu'd; hallowing aloud to him that fled, who looking back, was at first perhaps as much frighted at me, as at them; but I beckon'd with my Hand to him, to come back; and in the mean time, I slowly advanc'd towards the two that follow'd; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knock'd him down with the StockThe butt of a gun of my Piece; I was loath to fire, because I would not have the rest hear; though at that distance, it would not have been easily heard, and being out of Sight of the Smoke too, they wou'd not have easily known what to make of it: Having knock'd this Fellow down, the other who pursu'd with him stopp'd, as if he had been frighted; and I advanc'd a-pace towards him; but as I came nearer, I perceiv'd presently, he had a Bow and Arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me; so I was then necessitated to shoot at him first, which I did, and kill'd him at the first Shoot; the poor Savage who fled, but had stopp'd; though he saw both his Enemies fallen, and kill'd, as he thought; yet was so frighted with the Fire, and Noise of my Piece; that he stood Stock still, and neither came forward or went backward, tho' he seem'd rather enclin'd to fly still, than to come on; I hollow'd again to him, and made Signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, then stopp'd again, and then a little further, and stopp'd again, and I cou'd then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken Prisoner, and had just been to be kill'd, as his two Enemies were; I beckon'd him again to come to me, and gave him all the Signs of Encouragement that I could think of, and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every Ten or Twelve steps in token of acknowledgement for my saving his Life: I smil'd at him, and look'd pleasantly, and beckon'd to him to come still nearer; at length he came close to me, and then he kneel'd down again, kiss'd the Ground, and laid his Head upon the Ground, and taking me by the Foot, set my Foot upon his Head; this it seems was in token of swearing to be my Slave for ever; I took him up, and made much of him, and encourag'd him all I could. But there was more work to do yet, for I perceived the Savage who I knock'd down, was not kill'd, but stunn'd with the blow, and began to come to himself; so I pointed to him, and showing him the Savage, that he was not dead; upon this he spoke some Words to me, and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear, for they were the first sound of a Man's Voice, that I had heard, my own excepted, for above Twenty Five Years. But there was no time for such Reflections now, the Savage who was knock'd down recover'd himself so far, as to sit up upon the Ground, and I perceived that my Savage began to be afraid; but when I saw that, I presented my other Piece at the Man, as if I would shoot him, upon this my Savage, for so I call him now, made a Motion to me to lend him my Sword, which

hung naked in a Belt by my side; so I did, he no sooner had it, but he runs to his Enemy, and at one blow cut off his Head as cleverly, no Executioner in Germany, could have done it sooner or better; which I thought very strange, for one who I had Reason to believe never saw a Sword in his Life before, except their own Wooden Swords; however it seems, as I learn'd afterwards, they make their Wooden Swords so sharp, so heavy, and the Wood is so hard, that they will cut off Heads even with them, ay and Arms, and that at one blow too; when he had done this, he comes laughing to me in Sign of Triumph, and brought me the Sword again, and with abundance of Gestures which I did not understand, laid it down with the Head of the Savage, that he had kill'd just before me. But that which astonish'd him most, was to know how I had kill'd the other Indian so far off, so pointing to him, he made Signs to me to let him go to him, so I bad him go, as well as I could, when he came to him, he stood like one amaz'd, looking at him, turn'd him first on one side, then on t'other, look'd at the Wound the Bullet had made, which it seems was just in his Breast, where it had made a Hole, and no great Quantity of Blood had follow'd, but he had bled inwardly, for he was quite dead; He took up his Bow, and Arrows, and came back, so I turn'd to go away, and beckon'd to him to follow me, making Signs to him, that more might come after them. Upon this he sign'd to me, that he should bury them with Sand, that they might not be seen by the rest if they follow'd; and so I made Signs again to him to do so; he fell to Work, and in an instant he had scrap'd a Hole in the Sand, with his Hands, big enough to bury the first in, and then dragg'd him into it, and cover'd him, and did so also by the other; I believe he had bury'd them both in a Quarter of an Hour; then calling him away, I carry'd him not to my Castle, but quite away to my Cave, on the farther Part of the Island; so I did not let my Dream come to pass in that Part, viz. That he came into my Grove for shelter. Here I gave him Bread, and a Bunch of Raisins to eat, and a Draught of Water, which I found he was indeed in great Distress for, by his Running; and having refresh'd him, I made Signs for him to go lie down and sleep; pointing to a Place where I had laid a great Parcel of Rice Straw, and a Blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon my self sometimes; so the poor Creature laid down, and went to sleep. He was a comely handsome Fellow, perfectly well made; with straight strong Limbs, not too large; tall and well shap'd, and as I reckon, about twenty six Years of Age. He had a very good Countenance, not a fierce and surly Aspect; but seem'd to have something very manly in his Face, and yet he had all the Sweetness and Softness of an European in his Countenance too, especially when he smil'd. His Hair was long and black, not curl'd like Wool; his Forehead very high, and large, and a great Vivacity and sparkling Sharpness in his Eyes. The Colour of his Skin was not quite black, but very tawny; and yet not of an ugly yellow nauseous tawny, as the Brasilians, and Virginians, and other Natives of America are; but of a bright kind of a dun olive Colour, that had in it something very agreeable; tho' not very easy to describe. His Face was round, and plump; his Nose small, not flat like the Negroes, a very good Mouth, thin Lips, and his fine Teeth well set, and white as Ivory. After he had slumber'd, rather than slept, about half an Hour, he wak'd again, and comes out of the Cave to me; for I had been milking my Goats, which I had in the Enclosure just by: When he espy'd me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the Ground, with all the possible Signs of an humble thankful Disposition, making a many antick Gestures to show it: At last he lays his Head flat upon the Ground, close to my Foot, and sets my other Foot upon his Head, as he had done before; and after this, made all the Signs to me of Subjection, Servitude, and Submission imaginable, to let me know, how he would serve me as long as he liv'd; I understood him in many Things, and let him know, I was very well pleas'd with him; in a little Time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; and first, I made him know his Name should be Friday, which was the Day I sav'd his Life; I call'd him so for the Memory of the Time; I likewise taught him to say Master, and then let him know, that was to be my Name; I likewise taught him to say, YES, and NO, and to know the Meaning of them; I gave him some Milk, in an earthen Pot, and let him see me Drink it before him, and sop my Bread in it; and I gave him a Cake of Bread, to do the like, which he quickly comply'd with, and made Signs that it was very good for him. I kept there with him all that Night; but as soon as it was Day, I beckon'd to him to come with me, and let him know, I would give him some Cloaths, at which he seem'd very glad, for he was stark naked: As

we went by the Place where he had bury'd the two Men, he pointed exactly to the Place, and shew'd me the Marks that he had made to find them again, making Signs to me, that we should dig them up again, and eat them; at this I appear'd very angry, express'd my Abhorrence of it, made as if I would vomit at the Thoughts of it, and beckon'd with my Hand to him to come away, which he did immediately, with great Submission. I then led him up to the Top of the Hill, to see if his Enemies were gone; and pulling out my Glass, I look'd, and saw plainly the Place where they had been, but no appearance of them, or of their Canoes; so that it was plain they were gone, and had left their two Comrades behind them, without any search after them. But I was not content with this Discovery; but having now more Courage, and consequently more Curiosity, I takes my Man FridayThe idiom "Man Friday" or "Girl Friday" still refers to an especially faithful servant or personal assistant. It came into use with the release of the film "His Girl Friday" (1940), whose title alludes to Defoe's novel. with me, giving him the Sword in his Hand, with the Bow and Arrows at his Back, which I found he could use very dextrously, making him carry one Gun for me, and I two for my self, and away we march'd to the Place, where these Creatures had been; for I had a Mind now to get some fuller Intelligence of them: When I came to the Place, my very Blood ran chill in my Veins, and my Heart sunk within me, at the Horror of the Spectacle: Indeed it was a dreadful Sight, at least it was so to me; though Friday made nothing of it: The Place was cover'd with humane Bones, the Ground dy'd with their Blood, great Pieces of Flesh left here and there, half eaten, mangl'd and scorch'd; and in short, all the Tokens of the triumphant Feast they had been making there, after a Victory over their Enemies: I saw three Skulls, five Hands, and the Bones of three or four Legs and Feet, and abundance of other Parts of the Bodies; and Friday, by his Signs, made me understand, that they brought over four Prisoners to feast upon; that three of them were eaten up, and that he, pointing to himself, was the fourth: That there had been a great Battle between them, and their next King, whose Subjects it seems he had been one of; and that they had taken a great Number of Prisoners, all which were carry'd to several Places by those that had taken them in the Fight, in order to feast upon them, as was done here by these Wretches upon those they brought hither. I caus'd Friday to gather all the Skulls, Bones, Flesh, and whatever remain'd, and lay them together on a Heap, and make a great Fire upon it, and burn them all to Ashes: I found Friday had still a hankering Stomach after some of the Flesh, and was still a Cannibal in his Nature; but I discover'dDemonstrated so much Abhorrence at the very Thoughts of it, and at the least Appearance of it, that he durst not discoverReveal it; for I had by some Means let him know, that I would kill him if he offer'd it. When we had done this, we came back to our Castle, and there I fell to work for my Man Friday; and first of all, I gave him a pair of Linnen Drawers, which I had out of the poor Gunner's Chest I mention'd, and which I found in the Wreck; and which with a little Alteration fitted him very well; then I made him a Jerkin of Goat's-skin, as well as my Skill would allow; and I was now grown a tollerable good Taylor; and I gave him a Cap, which I had made of a Hare-skin, very convenient, and fashionable enough; and thus he was cloath'd for the present, tollerably well; and was mighty well pleas'd to see himself almost as well cloath'd as his Master: It is true, he went awkwardly in these Things at first; wearing the Drawers was very awkward to him, and the Sleeves of the Wast-coat gall'd his Shoulders, and the inside of his Arms; but a little easing them where he complain'd they hurt him, and using himself to them, at length he took to them very well. The next Day after I came home to my Hutch with him, I began to consider where I should lodge him, and that I might do well for him, and yet be perfectly easy my self; I made a little Tent for him in the vacant Place between my two Fortifications, in the inside of the last, and in the outside of the first; and as there was a Door, or Entrance there into my Cave, I made a formal fram'd Door Case, and a Door to it of Boards, and set it up in the Passage, a little within the Entrance; and causing the Door to open on the inside, I barr'd it up in the Night, taking in my Ladders too; so that Friday could no way come at me in the inside of my innermost Wall, without making so much Noise in getting over, that it must needs waken me; for my first Wall had now a compleat Roof over it of long Poles, covering all my Tent, and leaning up to the side of the Hill, which was again laid cross with smaller Sticks instead of LathsThin, narrow strips of wood used to form a groundwork upon which to fasten

the slates of a roof, and then thatch'd over a great Thickness, with the Rice Straw, which was strong like Reeds; and at the Hole or Place which was left to go in or out by the Ladder, I had plac'd a kind of Trap-door, which if it had been attempted on the outside, would not have open'd at all, but would have fallen down, and made a great Noise; and as to Weapons, I took them all in to my Side every Night. But I needed none of all this Precaution; for never Man had a more faithful, loving, sincere Servant, than Friday was to me; without Passions, Sullenness or Designs, perfectly oblig'd and engag'd; his very Affections were ty'd to me, like those of a Child to a Father; and I dare say, he would have sacrific'd his Life for the saving mine, upon any occasion whatsoever; the many Testimonies he gave me of this, put it out of doubt, and soon convinc'd me, that I needed to use no Precautions, as to my Safety on his Account. This frequently gave me occasion to observe, and that with wonder, that however it had pleas'd God, in his Providence, and in the Government of the Works of his Hands, to take from so great a Part of the World of his Creatures, the best uses to which their Faculties, and the Powers of their Souls are adapted; yet that he has bestow'd upon them the same Powers, the same Reason, the same Affections, the same Sentiments of Kindness and Obligation, the same Passions and Resentments of Wrongs; the same Sense of Gratitude, Sincerity, Fidelity, and all the Capacities of doing Good, and receiving Good, that he has given to us; and that when he pleases to offer to them Occasions of exerting these, they are as ready, nay, more ready to apply them to the right Uses for which they were bestow'd, than we are; and this made me very melancholly sometimes, in reflecting as the several Occasions presented, how mean a Use we make of all these, even though we have these Powers enlighten'd by the great Lamp of Instruction, the Spirit of God, and by the Knowledge of his Word, added to our Understanding; and why it has pleas'd God to hide the like saving Knowledge from so many Millions of Souls, who if I might judge by this poor Savage, would make a much better use of it than we did. From hence, I sometimes was led too far to invade the Sovereignty of Providence, and as it were arraign the Justice of so arbitrary a Disposition of Things, that should hide that Light from some, and reveal it to others, and yet expect a like Duty from both: But I shut it up, and check'd my Thoughts with this Conclusion, (1st.) That we did not know by what Light and Law these should be Condemn'd; but that as God was necessarily, and by the Nature of his Being, infinitely Holy and Just, so it could not be; but that if these Creatures were all sentenc'd to Absence from himself, it was on account of sinning against that Light which, as the Scripture says, was a Law to themselves, and by such Rules as their Consciences would acknowledge to be just, tho' the Foundation was not discover'd to us: And (2d.) that still as we are all the Clay in the Hand of the Potter, no Vessel could say to him, Why hast thou form'd me thus? But to return to my New Companion; I was greatly delighted with him, and made it my Business to teach him every Thing, that was proper to make him useful, handy, and helpful; but especially to make him speak, and understand me when I spake, and he was the aptest Schollar that ever was, and particularly was so merry, so constantly diligent, and so pleased, when he cou'd but understand me, or make me understand him, that it was very pleasant to me to talk to him; and now my Life began to be so easy, that I began to say to my self, that could I but have been safe from more Savages, I cared not, if I was never to remove from the place while I lived. After I had been two or three Days return'd to my Castle, I thought that, in order to bring Friday off from his horrid way of feeding, and from the Relish of a Cannibal's Stomach, I ought to let him taste other Flesh; so I took him out with me one Morning to the Woods: I went indeed intending to kill a Kid out of my own Flock, and bring him home and dress it. But as I was going, I saw a She Goat lying down in the Shade, and two young Kids sitting by her, I catch'd hold of Friday, hold says I, stand still; and made Signs to him not to stir, immediately I presented my Piece, shot and kill'd one of the Kids. The poor Creature who had at a Distance indeed seen me kill the Savage his Enemy, but did not know, or could imagine how it was done, was sensibly surpriz'd, trembled, and shook, and look'd so amaz'd, that I thought he would have sunk down. He did not see the Kid I shot at, or perceive I had kill'd it, but ripp'd up his Wastcoat to feel if he was not wounded, and as I found, presently thought I was resolv'd to kill him; for he came and kneel'd down to me, and embracing my Knees, said a great many Things I did not understand; but I could easily see that the meaning was to pray me not to

kill him. I soon found a way to convince him that I would do him no harm, and taking him up by the Hand laugh'd at him, and pointed to the Kid which I had kill'd, beckoned to him to run and fetch it, which he did; and while he was wondering and looking to see how the Creature was kill'd, I loaded my Gun again, and by and by I saw a great Fowl like a Hawk sit upon a Tree within Shot; so to let Friday understand a little what I would do, I call'd him to me again, pointed at the Fowl which was indeed a Parrot, tho' I thought it had been a Hawk, I say pointing to the Parrot, and to my Gun, and to the Ground under the Parrot, to let him see I would make it fall, I made him understand that I would shoot and kill that Bird; according I fir'd and bad him look, and immediately he saw the Parrot fall, he stood like one frighted again, notwithstanding all I had said to him; and I found he was the more amaz'd, because he did not see me put any Thing into the Gun; but thought that there must be some wonderful Fund of Death and Destruction in that Thing, able to kill Man, Beast, Bird, or any Thing near, or far off; and the Astonishment this created in him was such, as could not wear off for a long Time; and I believe, if I would have let him, he would have worshipp'd me and my Gun: As for the Gun it self, he would not so much as touch it for several Days after; but would speak to it, and talk to it, as if it had answer'd him, when he was by himself; which, as I afterwards learn'd of him, was to desire it not to kill him. Well, after his Astonishment was a little over at this, I pointed to him to run and fetch the Bird I had shot, which he did, but stay'd some Time; for the Parrot not being quite dead, was flutter'd away a good way off from the Place where she fell; however, he found her, took her up, and brought her to me; and as I had perceiv'd his Ignorance about the Gun before, I took this Advantage to charge the Gun again, and not let him see me do it, that I might be ready for any other Mark that might present; but nothing more offer'd at that Time; so I brought home the Kid, and the same Evening I took the Skin off, and cut it out as well as I could; and having a Pot for that purpose, I boil'd, or stew'd some of the Flesh, and made some very good Broth; and after I had begun to eat some, I gave some to my Man, who seem'd very glad of it, and lik'd it very well; but that which was strangest to him, was, to see me eat Salt with it; he made a Sign to me, that the Salt was not good to eat, and putting a little into his own Mouth, he seem'd to nauseate it, and would spit and sputter at it, washing his Mouth with fresh Water after it; on the other hand, I took some Meat in my Mouth without Salt, and I pretended to spit and sputter for want of Salt, as fast as he had done at the Salt; but it would not do, he would never care for Salt with his Meat, or in his Broth; at least not a great while, and then but a very little. Having thus fed him with boil'd Meat and Broth, I was resolv'd to feast him the next Day with roasting a Piece of the Kid; this I did by hanging it before the Fire, in a String, as I had seen many People do in England, setting two Poles up, one on each side the Fire, and one cross on the Top, and tying the String to the Cross-stick, letting the Meat turn continually: This Friday admir'd very much; but when he came to taste the Flesh, he took so many ways to tell me how well he lik'd it, that I could not but understand him; and at last he told me he would never eat Man's Flesh any more, which I was very glad to hear. The next Day I set him to work to beating some Corn out, and sifting it in the manner I us'd to do, as I observ'd before, and he soon understood how to do it as well as I, especially after he had seen what the Meaning of it was, and that it was to make Bread of; for after that I let him see me make my Bread, and bake it too, and in a little Time Friday was able to do all the Work for me, as well as I could do it my self. I begun now to consider, that having two Mouths to feed, instead of one, I must provide more Ground for my Harvest, and plant a larger Quantity of Corn, than I us'd to do; so I mark'd out a larger Piece of Land, and began the Fence in the same Manner as before, in which Friday not only work'd very willingly, and very hard; but did it very chearfully, and I told him what it was for; that it was for Corn to make more Bread, because he was now with me, and that I might have enough for him, and my self too: He appear'd very sensible of that Part, and let me know, that he thought I had much more Labour upon me on his Account, than I had for my self; and that he would work the harder for me, if I would tell him what to do. This was the pleasantest Year of all the Life I led in this Place; Friday began to talk pretty well, and understand the Names of almost every Thing I had occasion to call for, and of every Place I had to send him to, and talk'd a great deal to me; so that in short I began now to have some Use for my Tongue



again, which indeed I had very little occasion for before; that is to say, about Speech; besides the Pleasure of talking to him, I had a singular Satisfaction in the Fellow himself; his simple unfeign'd Honesty, appear'd to me more and more every Day, and I began really to love the Creature; and on his Side, I believe he lov'd me more than it was possible for him ever to love any Thing before. I had a Mind once to try if he had any hankering Inclination to his own Country again, and having learn'd him English so well that he could answer me almost any Questions, I ask'd him whether the Nation that he belong'd to never conquer'd in Battle, at which he smil'd; and said; yes, yes, we always fight the better; that is, he meant always get the better in Fight; and so we began the following Discourse: You always fight the better said I, How came you to be taken Prisoner then, Friday? Friday, My Nation beat much, for all that. Master, How beat; if your Nation beat them, how come you to be taken? Friday, They more many than my Nation in the Place where me was; they take one, two, three, and me; my Nation over beat them in the yonder Place, where me no was; there my Nation take one, two, great Thousand. Master, But why did not your Side recover you from the Hands of your Enemies then? Friday, They run one, two, three, and me, and make go in the Canoe; my Nation have no Canoe that time. Master, Well, Friday, and What does your Nation do with the Men they take, do they carry them away, and eat them, as these did? Friday, Yes, my Nation eat Man's too, eat all up. Master, Where do they carry them? Friday, Go to other Place where they think. Master, Do they come hither? Friday, Yes, yes, they come hither; come other else Place. Master, Have you been here with them? Friday, Yes, I been here; [points to the N. W. Side of the Island] which it seems was their Side. By this I understood, that my Man Friday had formerly been among the Savages, who us'd to come on Shore on the farther Part of the Island, on the same Man eating Occasions that he was now brought for; and sometime after, when I took the Courage to carry him to that Side, being the same I formerly mention'd, he presently knew the Place, and told me, he was there once when they eat up twenty Men, two Women, and one Child; he could not tell Twenty in English; but he numbred them by laying so many Stones on a Row, and pointing to me to tell them over. I have told this Passage, because it introduces what follows; that after I had had this Discourse with him, I ask'd him how far it was from our Island to the Shore, and whether the Canoes were not often lost; he told me, there was no Danger, no Canoes ever lost; but that after a little way out to the Sea, there was a Current, and Wind, always one way in the Morning, the other in the Afternoon. This I understood to be no more than the Sets of the Tide, as going out, or coming in; but I afterwards understood, it was occasion'd by the great Draft and Reflux of the mighty River Oroonooko; in the Mouth, or the Gulph of which River, as I found afterwards, our Island lay; and this Land which I perceiv'd to the W. and N. W. was the great Island Trinidad, on the North Point of the Mouth of the River: I ask'd Friday a thousand Questions about the Country, the Inhabitants, the Sea, the Coast, and what Nation were near; he told me all he knew with the greatest Openness imaginable; I ask'd him the Names of the several Nations of his Sort of People; but could get no other Name than Caribs; from whence I easily understood, that these were the Caribbees, which our Maps place on the Part of America, which reaches from the Mouth of the River Oroonooko to Guiana, and onwards to St. Martha: He told me that up a great way beyond the Moon, that was, beyond the Setting of the Moon, which must be W. from their Country, there dwelt white bearded Men, like me; and pointed to my great Whiskers, which I mention'd before; and that they had kill'd much Mans, that was his Word; by all which I understood, he meant the Spaniards, whose Cruelties in America had been spread over the whole Countries, and was remember'd by all the Nations from Father to Son. I enquir'd if he could tell me how I might come from this Island, and get among those white Men; he told me, yes, yes, I might go in two Canoe; I could not understand what he meant, or make him describe to me what he meant by two Canoe, till at last with great Difficulty, I found he meant it must be in a large great Boat, as big as two Canoes. This Part of Friday's Discourse began to relish with me very well, and from this Time I entertain'd some Hopes, that one Time or other, I might find an Opportunity to make my Escape from this Place; and that this poor Savage might be a Means to help me to do it. During the long Time that Friday has now been with me, and that he began to speak to me, and understand me, I was not

wanting to lay a Foundation of religious Knowledge in his Mind; particularly I ask'd him one Time who made him? The poor Creature did not understand me at all, but thought I had ask'd who was his Father; but I took it by another handle, and ask'd him who made the Sea, the Ground we walk'd on, and the Hills, and Woods; he told me it was one old Benamuckee, that liv'd beyond all: He could describe nothing of this great Person, but that he was very old; much older he said than the Sea, or the Land; than the Moon, or the Stars: I ask'd him then, if this old Person had made all Things, why did not all Things worship him; he look'd very grave, and with a perfect Look of Innocence, said, All Things do say O to him: I ask'd him if the People who die in his Country went away any where; he said, yes, they all went to Benamuckee. There is no historic mythological source for this deity.; then I ask'd him whether these they eat up went thither too, he said yes. From these Things, I began to instruct him in the Knowledge of the true God: I told him that the great Maker of all Things liv'd up there, pointing up towards Heaven: That he governs the World by the same Power and Providence by which he had made it: That he was omnipotent, could do every Thing for us, give every Thing to us, take every Thing from us; and thus by Degrees I open'd his Eyes. He listned with great Attention, and receiv'd with Pleasure the Notion of Jesus Christ being sent to redeem us, and of the Manner of making our Prayers to God, and his being able to hear us, even into Heaven; he told me one Day, that if our God could hear us up beyond the Sun, he must needs be a greater God than their Benamuckee, who liv'd but a little way off, and yet could not hear, till they went up to the great Mountains where he dwelt, to speak to him; I ask'd him if ever he went thither, to speak to him; he said no, they never went that were young Men; none went thither but the old Men, who he call'd their Oowocakee. There is no historical source for this. that is, as I made him explain it to me, their Religious, or Clergy, and that they went to say O, (so he called saying Prayers) and then came back, and told them what Benamuckee said: By this I observ'd, That there is Priestcraft, even amongst the most blinded ignorant Pagans in the World; and the Policy of making a secret Religion, in order to preserve the Veneration of the People to the Clergy, is not only to be found in the Roman, but perhaps among all Religions in the World, even among the most brutish and barbarous Savages. I endeavour'd to clear up this Fraud, to my Man Friday, and told him, that the Pretence of their old Men going up the Mountains, to say O to their God Benamuckee, was a Cheat, and their bringing Word from thence what he said, was much more so; that if they met with any Answer, or spake with any one there, it must be with an evil Spirit: And then I entred into a long Discourse with him about the Devil, the Original of him, his Rebellion against God, his Enmity to Man, the Reason of it, his setting himself up in the dark Parts of the World to be Worship'd instead of God, and as God; and the many Stratagems he made use of to delude Mankind to his Ruine; how he had a secret access to our Passions, and to our Affections, to adapt his Snares so to our Inclinations, as to cause us even to be our own Tempters, and to run upon our Destruction by our own Choice. I found it was not so easie to imprint right Notions in his Mind about the Devil, as it was about the Being of a God. Nature assisted all my Arguments to Evidence to him, even the Necessity of a great first Cause and over-ruling governing Power; a secret directing Providence, and of the Equity, and Justice, of paying Homage to him that made us, and the like. But there appeared nothing of all this in the Notion of an evil Spirit; of his Original, his Being, his Nature, and above all of his Inclination to do Evil, and to draw us in to do so too; and the poor Creature puzzl'd me once in such a manner, by a Question meerly natural and innocent, that I scarce knew what to say to him. I had been talking a great deal to him of the Power of God, his Omnipotence, his dreadful Nature to Sin, his being a consuming Fire to the Workers of Iniquity, how, as he had made us all, he could destroy us and all the World in a Moment; and he listen'd with great Seriousness to me all the while. After this, I had been telling him how the Devil was God's Enemy in the Hearts of Men, and used all his Malice and Skill to defeat the good Designs of Providence, and to ruine the Kingdom of Christ in the World; and the like. Well, says Friday, but you say, God is so strong, so great, is he not much strong, much might as the Devil? Yes, yes, says I, Friday, God is stronger than the Devil, God is above the Devil, and therefore we pray to God to tread him down under our Feet, and enable us to resist his Temptations and quench his fiery Darts. But, says he again, if God

much strong, much might as the Devil, why God no kill the Devil, so make him no more do wicked? I was strangely surpriz'd at his Question, and after all, tho' I was now an old Man, yet I was but a young Doctor, and ill enough quallified for a Casuist, or a Solver of Difficulties: And at first I could not tell what to say, so I pretended not to hear him, and ask'd him what he said? But he was too earnest for an Answer to forget his Question; so that he repeated it in the very same broken Words, as above. By this time I had recovered my self a little, and I said, God will at last punish him severely; he is reserv'd for the Judgment, and is to be cast into the Bottomless-Pit, to dwell with everlasting Fire. This did not satisfie Friday, but he returns upon me, repeating my Words, RESERVE, AT LAST, me no underderstand; but, Why not kill the Devil now, not kill great ago? You may as well ask me, said I, Why God does not kill you and I, when we do wicked Things here that offend him? We are preserv'd to repent and be pardon'd: He muses a while at this; well, well, says he, mighty affectionately, that well; so you, I, Devil, all wicked, all preserve, repent, God pardon all. Here I was run down again by him to the last Degree, and it was a Testimony to me, how the meer Notions of Nature, though they will guide reasonable Creatures to the Knowledge of a God, and of a Worship or Homage due to the supreme Being, of God as the Consequence of our Nature; yet nothing but divine Revelation can from the Knowledge of Jesus Christ, and of a Redemption purchas'd for us, of a Mediator of the new Covenant, and of an Intercessor, at the Foot-stool of God's Throne; I say, nothing but a Revelation from Heaven, can form these in the Soul, and that therefore the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; I mean, the Word of God, and the Spirit of God promis'd for the Guide and Sanctifier of his People, are the absolutely necessary Instructors of the Souls of Men, in the saving Knowledge of God, and the Means of Salvation. I therefore diverted the present Discourse between me and my Man, rising up hastily, as upon some sudden Occasion of going out; then sending him for something a good way off, I seriously pray'd to God that he would enable me to instruct savingly this poor Savage, assisting by his Spirit the Heart of the poor ignorant Creature, to receive the Light of the Knowledge of God in Christ, reconciling him to himself, and would guide me to speak so to him from the Word of God, as his Conscience might be convinc'd, his Eyes open'd, and his Soul sav'd. When he came again to me, I entred into a long Discourse with him upon the Subject of the Redemption of Man by the Saviour of the World, and of the Doctrine of the Gospel preach'd from Heaven, viz. of Repentance towards God, and Faith in our Blessed Lord Jesus. I then explain'd to him, as well as I could, why our Blessed Redeemer took not on him the Nature of Angels, but the Seed of Abraham, and how for that Reason the fallen Angels had no Share in the Redemption; that he came only to the lost Sheep of the House of Israel, and the like. I had, God knows, more Sincerity than Knowledge, in all the Methods I took for this poor Creature's Instruction, and must acknowledge what I believe all that act upon the same Principle will find, That in laying Things open to him, I really inform'd and instructed my self in many Things, that either I did not know, or had not fully consider'd before; but which occur'd naturally to my Mind, upon my searching into them, for the Information of this poor Savage; and I had more Affection in my Enquiry after Things upon this Occasion, than ever I felt before; so that whether this poor wild Wretch was the better for me, or no, I had great Reason to be thankful that ever he came to me: My Grief set lighter upon me, my Habitation grew comfortable to me beyond Measure; and when I reflected that in this solitary Life which I had been confin'd to, I had not only been moved my self to look up to Heaven, and to seek to the Hand that had brought me there; but was now to be made an Instrument under Providence to save the Life, and for ought I knew, the Soul of a poor Savage, and bring him to the true Knowledge of Religion, and of the Christian Doctrine, that he might know Christ Jesus, to know whom is Life eternal. I say, when I reflected upon all these Things, a secret Joy run through every Part of my Soul, and I frequently rejoyc'd that ever I was brought to this Place, which I had so often thought the most dreadful of all Afflictions that could possibly have befallen me. In this thankful Frame I continu'd all the Remainder of my Time, and the Conversation which employ'd the Hours between Friday and I, was such, as made the three Years which we liv'd there together perfectly and compleatly happy, if any such Thing as compleat Happiness can be form'd in a sublunary State. The Savage was now a good Christian, a

much better than I; though I have reason to hope, and bless God for it, that we were equally penitent, and comforted restor'd Penitents; we had here the Word of God to read, and no farther off from his Spirit to instruct, than if we had been in England. I always apply'd my self in Reading the Scripture, to let him know, as well as I could, the Meaning of what I read; and he again, by his serious Enquiries, and Questionings, made me, as I said before, a much better Scholar in the Scripture Knowledge, than I should ever have been by my own private meer Reading. Another thing I cannot refrain from observing here also from Experience, in this retir'd Part of my Life, viz. How infinite and inexpressible a Blessing it is, that the Knowledge of God, and of the Doctrine of Salvation by Christ Jesus, is so plainly laid down in the Word of God; so easy to be receiv'd and understood: That as the bare reading the Scripture made me capable of understanding enough of my Duty, to carry me directly on to the great Work of sincere Repentance for my Sins, and laying hold of a Saviour for Life and Salvation, to a stated Reformation in Practice, and Obedience to all God's Commands, and this without any Teacher or Instructor; I mean, humane; so the same plain Instruction sufficiently serv'd to the enlightning this Savage Creature, and bringing him to be such a Christian, as I have known few equal to him in my Life. As to all the Disputes, Wranglings, Strife and Contention, which has happen'd in the World about Religion, whether Niceties in Doctrines, or Schemes of Church Government, they were all perfectly useless to us; as for ought I can yet see, they have been to all the rest of the World: We had the sure Guide to Heaven, viz. The Word of God; and we had, blessed be God, comfortable Views of the Spirit of God teaching and instructing us by his Word, leading us into all Truth, and making us both willing and obedient to the Instruction of his Word; and I cannot see the least Use that the greatest Knowledge of the disputed Points in Religion which have made such Confusions in the World would have been to us, if we could have obtain'd it; but I must go on with the Historical Part of Things, and take every Part in its order. After Friday and I became more intimately acquainted, and that he could understand almost all I said to him, and speak fluently, though in broken English to me; I acquainted him with my own Story, or at least so much of it as related to my coming into the Place, how I had liv'd there, and how long. I let him into the Mystery, for such it was to him, of Gunpowder, and Bullet, and taught him how to shoot: I gave him a Knife, which he was wonderfully delighted with, and I made him a Belt, with a Frog hanging to it, such as in England we wear HangersSwords in; and in the Frog, instead of a Hanger, I gave him a Hatchet, which was not only as good a Weapon in some Cases, but much more useful upon other Occasions. I describ'd to him the Country of Europe, and particularly England, which I came from; how we liv'd, how we worshipp'd God, how we behav'd to one another; and how we traded in Ships to all Parts of the World: I gave him an Account of the Wreck which I had been on board of, and shew'd him as near as I could, the Place where she lay; but she was all beaten in Pieces before, and gone. I shew'd him the Ruins of our Boat, which we lost when we escap'd, and which I could not stir with my whole Strength then; but was now fallen almost all to Pieces: Upon seeing this Boat, Friday stood musing a great while, and said nothing; I ask'd him what it was he study'd upon, at last says he, me see such Boat like come to Place at my Nation. I did not understand him a good while; but at last, when I had examin'd farther into it, I understood by him, that a Boat, such as that had been, came on Shore upon the Country where he liv'd; that is, as he explain'd it, was driven thither by Stress of Weather: I presently imagin'd, that some European Ship must have been cast away upon their Coast, and the Boat might get loose, and drive a Shore; but was so dull, that I never once thought of Men making escape from a Wreck thither, much less whence they might come; so I only enquir'd after a Description of the Boat. Friday describ'd the Boat to me well enough; but brought me better to understand him, when he added with some Warmth, we save the white Mans from drown: Then I presently ask'd him, if there was any white Mans, as he call'd them, in the Boat; yes, he said, the Boat full white Mans: I ask'd him how many; he told upon his Fingers seventeen: I ask'd him then what become of them; he told me, they live, they dwell at my Nation. This put new Thoughts into my Head; for I presently imagin'd, that these might be the Men belonging to the Ship, that was cast away in Sight of my Island, as I now call it; and who after the Ship was struck on the Rock, and they saw her inevitably lost, had sav'd themselves in their Boat, and

were landed upon that wild Shore among the Savages. Upon this, I enquir'd of him more critically, What was become of them? He assur'd me they lived still there; that they had been there about four Years; that the Savages let them alone, and gave them Victuals to live. I ask'd him, How it came to pass they did not kill them and eat them? He said, No, they make Brother with them; that is, as I understood him, a Truce: And then he added, They no eat Mans but when make the War fight; that is to say, they never eat any Men but such as come to fight with them, and are taken in Battle. It was after this some considerable Time, that being upon the Top of the Hill, at the East Side of the Island, from whence as I have said, I had in a clear Day discover'd the Main, or Continent of America; Friday, the Weather being very serene, looks very earnestly towards the Main Land, and in a kind of Surprise, falls a jumping and dancing, and calls out to me, for I was at some Distance from him: I ask'd him, What was the Matter? O joy! Says he, O glad! There see my Country, there my Nation! I observ'd an extraordinary Sense of Pleasure appear'd in his Face, and his Eyes sparkled, and his Countenance discover'd a strange Eagerness, as if he had a Mind to be in his own Country again; and this Observation of mine, put a great many Thoughts into me, which made me at first not so easy about my new Man Friday as I was before; and I made no doubt, but that if Friday could get back to his own Nation again, he would not only forget all his Religion, but all his Obligation to me; and would be forward enough to give his Countrymen an Account of me, and come back perhaps with a hundred or two of them, and make a Feast upon me, at which he might be as merry as he us'd to be with those of his Enemies, when they were taken in War. But I wrong'd the poor honest Creature very much, for which I was very sorry afterwards. However as my Jealousy encreased, and held me some Weeks, I was a little more circumspect, and not so familiar and kind to him as before; in which I was certainly in the Wrong too, the honest grateful Creature having no thought about it, but what consisted with the best Principles, both as a religious Christian, and as a grateful Friend, as appeared afterwards to my full Satisfaction. While my Jealousy of him lasted, you may be sure I was every Day pumping him to see if he would discover any of the new Thoughts, which I suspected were in him; but I found every thing he said was so Honest, and so Innocent, that I could find nothing to nourish my Suspicion; and in spite of all my Uneasiness he made me at last entirely his own again, nor did he in the least perceive that I was Uneasie, and therefore I could not suspect him of Deceit. One Day walking up the same Hill, but the Weather being haizy at Sea, so that we could not see the Continent, I call'd to him, and said, Friday, do not you wish your self in your own Country, your own Nation? Yes, he said, he be much O glad to be at his own Nation. What would you do there said I, would you turn Wild again, eat Mens Flesh again, and be a Savage as you were before. He lookt full of Concern, and shaking his Head said, No no, Friday tell them to live Good, tell them to pray God, tell them to eat Corn-bread, Cattle-flesh, Milk, no eat Man again: Why then said I to him, They will kill you. He look'd grave at that, and then said, No, they no kill me, they willing love learn: He meant by this, they would be willing to learn. He added, they learn'd much of the Bearded-Mans that come in the Boat. Then I ask'd him if he would go back to them? He smil'd at that, and told me he could not swim so far. I told him I would make a Canoe for him. He told me, he would go, if I would go with him. I go! says I, why they will Eat me if I come there? No, no, says he, me make they no Eat you; me make they much Love you: He meant he would tell them how I had kill'd his Enemies, and sav'd his Life, and so he would make them love me; then he told me as well as he could, how kind they were to seventeen White-men, or Bearded-men, as he call'd them, who came on Shore there in Distress. From this time I confess I had a Mind to venture over, and see if I could possibly joyn with these Bearded-men, who I made no doubt were Spaniards or Portuguese; not doubting but if I could we might find some Method to Escape from thence, being upon the Continent, and a good Company together; better than I could from an Island 40 Miles off the Shore, and alone without Help. So after some Days I took Friday to work again, by way of Discourse, and told him I would give him a Boat to go back to his own Nation; and accordingly I carry'd him to my Frigate which lay on the other Side of the Island, and having clear'd it of Water, for I always kept it sunk in the Water; I brought it out, shewed it him, and we both went into it. I found he was a most dextrous Fellow at managing it, would make it go almost

as swift and fast again as I could; so when he was in, I said to him, Well now, Friday, shall we go to your Nation? He look'd very dull at my saying so, which it seems was, because he thought the Boat too small to go so far. I told him then I had a bigger; so the next Day I went to the Place where the first Boat lay which I had made, but which I could not get into Water: He said that was big enough; but then as I had taken no Care of it, and it had lain two or three and twenty Years there, the Sun had split and dry'd it, that it was in a manner rotten. Friday told me such a Boat would do very well, and would carry much enough Vittle, Drink, Bread, that was his Way of Talking.

## Selected Text

It would have made a Stoick smile to have seen, me and my little Family sit down to Dinner; there was my Majesty the Prince and Lord of the whole Island; I had the Lives of all my Subjects at my absolute Command. I could hang, draw, give Liberty, and take it away, and no Rebels among all my Subjects. Then to see how like a King I din'd too all alone, attended by my Servants, Poll, as if he had been my Favourite, was the only Person permitted to talk to me. My Dog who was now grown very old and crazy Feeble, and had found no Species to multiply his Kind upon, sat always at my Right Hand, and two Cats, one on one Side the Table, and one on the other, expecting now and then a Bit from my Hand, as a Mark of special Favour. But these were not the two Cats which I brought on Shore at first, for they were both of them dead, and had been interr'd near my Habitation by my own Hand; but one of them having multiply'd by I know not what Kind of Creature, these were two which I had preserv'd tame, whereas the rest run wild in the Woods, and became indeed troublesom to me at last; for they would often come into my House, and plunder me too, till at last I was obliged to shoot them, and did kill a great many; at length they left me with this Attendance, and in this plentiful Manner I lived; neither could I be said to want any thing but Society, and of that in some time after this, I was like to have too much. I was something impatient, as I have observ'd, to have the Use of my Boat; though very loath to run any more Hazards; and therefore sometimes I sat contriving Ways to get her about the Island, and at other Times I sat my self down contented enough without her. But I had a strange Uneasiness in my Mind to go down to the Point of the Island, where, as I have said, in my last Ramble, I went up the Hill to see how the Shore lay, and how the Current set, that I might see what I had to do: This Inclination encreas'd upon me every Day, and at length I resolv'd to travel thither by Land, following the Edge of the Shore, I did so: But had any one in England been to meet such a Man as I was, it must either have frighted them, or rais'd a great deal of Laughter; and as I frequently stood still to look at my self, I could not but smile at the Notion of my travelling through Yorkshire with such an Equipage, and in such a Dress: Be pleas'd to take a Scetch of my Figure as follows, I had a great high shapeless Cap, made of a Goat's Skin, with a Flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the Sun from me, as to shoot the Rain off from running into my Neck; nothing being so hurtful in these Climates, as the Rain upon the Flesh under the Cloaths. I had a short Jacket of Goat-Skin, the Skirts coming down to about the middle of my Thighs; and a Pair of open-knee'd Breeches of the same, the Breeches were made of the Skin of an old He-goat, whose Hair hung down such a Length on either Side, that like PantaloonBreeches or trousers it reach'd to the middle of my Legs; Stockings and Shoes I had none, but had made me a Pair of some-things, I scarce know what to call them, like BuskinsCalf-high or knee-high boots to flap over my Legs, and lace on either Side like Spatter-dashesLong gaiters or leggings of leather, to keep boots and trousers from being spattered with mud; but of a most barbarous Shape, as indeed were all the rest of my Cloaths. I had on a broad Belt of Goat's-Skin dry'd, which I drew together with two ThongsCords of the same, instead of Buckles, and in a kind of a FrogA loop attached to a belt, designed to hold a sword or bayonet on either Side of this. Instead of a Sword and a Dagger, hung a little Saw and a Hatchet, one on one Side, one on the other. I had another Belt not so broad, and fasten'd in the same Manner, which hung over my Shoulder; and at the End of it, under my left Arm, hung two Pouches, both made of Goat's-Skin too; in one of which hung my Powder, in the other my Shot: At my Back I carry'd my Basket, on my Shoulder my Gun, and over my Head a great clumsy ugly Goat-Skin Umbrella, but which, after all, was the most necessary Thing I had about me, next to my Gun:

As for my Face, the Colour of it was really not so Moletta, A variation of the word "mulatto," here used to refer to brown skin like as one might expect from a Man not at all careful of it, and living within nineteen Degrees of the Equinox. My Beard I had once suffer'd to grow till it was about a Quarter of a Yard long; but as I had both Scissars and Razors sufficient, I had cut it pretty short, except what grew on my upper Lip, which I had trimm'd into a large Pair of Mahometan Whiskers A long moustache, such as a Muslim man might have worn, such as I had seen worn by some Turks, who I saw at Sallee; for the Moors did not wear such, tho' the Turks did; of these Muschatoes Mustachios or Whiskers, I will not say they were long enough to hang my Hat upon them; but they were of a Length and Shape monstrous enough, and such as in England would have pass'd for frightful. But all this is by the by; for as to my Figure, I had so few to observe me, that it was of no manner of Consequence; so I say no more to that Part. In this kind of Figure I went my new Journey, and was out five or six Days. I travell'd first along the Sea Shore, directly to the Place where I first brought my Boat to an Anchor, to get up upon the Rocks; and having no Boat now to take care of, I went over the Land a nearer Way to the same Height that I was upon before, when looking forward to the Point of the Rocks which lay out, and which I was oblig'd to double with my Boat, as is said above: I was surpriz'd to see the Sea all smooth and quiet, no Ripling, no Motion, no Current, any more there than in other Places. I was at a strange Loss to understand this, and resolv'd to spend some Time in the observing it, to see if nothing from the Sets of the Tide had occasion'd it; but I was presently convinc'd how it was, viz. That the Tide of Ebb setting from the West, and joyning with the Current of Waters from some great River on the Shore, must be the Occasion of this Current; and that according as the Wind blew more forcibly from the West, or from the North, this Current came nearer, or went farther from the Shore; for waiting thereabouts till Evening, I went up to the Rock again, and then the Tide of Ebb being made, I plainly saw the Current again as before, only, that it run farther of, being near half a League from the Shore; whereas in my Case, it set close upon the Shore, and hurry'd me and my Canoe along with it, which at another Time it would not have done. This Observation convinc'd me, That I had nothing to do but to observe the Ebbing and the Flowing of the Tide, and I might very easily bring my Boat about the Island again: But when I began to think of putting it in Practice, I had such a Terror upon my Spirits at the Remembrance of the Danger I had been in, that I could not think of it again with any Patience; but on the contrary, I took up another Resolution which was more safe, though more laborious; and this was, That I would build, or rather make me another Periagau or Canoe; and so have one for one Side of the Island, and one for the other. You are to understand, that now I had, as I may call it, two Plantations in the Island; one my little Fortification or Tent, with the Wall about it under the Rock, with the Cave behind me, which by this Time I had enlarg'd into several Apartments, or Caves, one within another. One of these, which was the dryest, and largest, and had a Door out beyond my Wall or Fortification; that is to say, beyond where my Wall joyn'd to the Rock, was all fill'd up with the large Earthen Pots, of which I have given an Account, and with fourteen or fifteen great Baskets, which would hold five or six Bushels each, where I laid up my Stores of Provision, especially my Corn, some in the Ear cut off short from the Straw, and the other rubb'd out with my Hand. As for my Wall made, as before, with long Stakes or Piles, those Piles grew all like Trees, and were by this Time grown so big, and spread so very much, that there was not the least Appearance to any one's View of any Habitation behind them. Near this Dwelling of mine, but a little farther within the Land, and upon lower Ground, lay my two Pieces of Corn-Ground, which I kept duly cultivated and sow'd, and which duly yielded me their Harvest in its Season; and whenever I had occasion for more Corn, I had more Land adjoining as fit as that. Besides this, I had my Country Seat, and I had now a tollerable Plantation there also; for first, I had my little Bower, as I call'd it, which I kept in Repair; that is to say, I kept the Hedge which circled it in, constantly fitted up to its usual Height, the Ladder standing always in the Inside; I kept the Trees which at first were no more than my Stakes, but were now grown very firm and tall; I kept them always so cut, that they might spread and grow thick and wild, and make the more agreeable Shade, which they did effectually to my Mind. In the Middle of this I had my Tent always standing, being a piece of a Sail spread over Poles set up

for that Purpose, and which never wanted any Repair or Renewing; and under this I had made me a Squab Cushion forming part of the inside fittings of a carriage or Couch, with the Skins of the Creatures I had kill'd, and with other soft Things, and a Blanket laid on them, such as belong'd to our Sea-Bedding, which I had saved, and a great Watch-Coat to cover me; and here, whenever I had Occasion to be absent from my chief Seat, I took up my Country Habitation. Adjoyning to this I had my Enclosures for my Cattle, that is to say, my Goats: And as I had taken an inconceivable deal of Pains to fence and enclose this Ground, so I was so uneasy to see it kept entire, lest the Goats should break thro', that I never left off till with infinite Labour I had stuck the Out-side of the Hedge so full of small Stakes, and so near to one another, that it was rather a Pale than a Hedge, and there was scarce Room to put a Hand thro' between them, which afterwards when those Stakes grew, as they all did in the next rainy Season, made the Enclosure strong like a Wall, indeed stronger than any Wall. This will testify for me that I was not idle, and that I spared no Pains to bring to pass whatever appear'd necessary for my comfortable Support; for I consider'd the keeping up a Breed of tame Creatures thus at my Hand, would be a living Magazine of Flesh, Milk, Butter and Cheese, for me as long as I liv'd in the Place, if it were to be forty Years; and that keeping them in my Reach, depended entirely upon my perfecting my Enclosures to such a Degree, that I might be sure of keeping them together; which by this Method indeed I so effectually secur'd, that when these little Stakes began to grow, I had planted them so very thick, I was forced to pull some of them up again. In this Place also I had my Grapes growing, which I principally depended on for my Winter Store of Raisins; and which I never fail'd to preserve very carefully, as the best and most agreeable Dainty of my whole Diet; and indeed they were not agreeable only, but physical, wholesome, nourishing, and refreshing to the last Degree. As this was also about half Way between my other Habitation, and the Place where I had laid up my Boat, I generally stay'd, and lay here in my Way thither; for I used frequently to visit my Boat, and I kept all Things about or belonging to her in very good Order; sometimes I went out in her to divert my self, but no more hazardous Voyages would I go, nor scarce ever above a Stone's Cast A stone's throw, or a very short distance or two from the Shore, I was so apprehensive of being hurry'd out of my Knowledge again by the Currents, or Winds, or any other Accident. But now I come to a new Scene of my Life. It happen'd one Day about Noon going towards my Boat, I was exceedingly surpriz'd with the Print of a Man's naked Foot on the Shore, which was very plain to be seen in the Sand: I stood like one Thunder-struck, or as if I had seen an Apparition; I listen'd, I look'd round me, I could hear nothing, nor see any Thing, I went up to a rising Ground to look farther, I went up the Shore and down the Shore, but it was all one, I could see no other Impression but that one, I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my Fancy; but there was no Room for that, for there was exactly the very Print of a Foot, Toes, Heel, and every Part of a Foot; how it came thither, I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering Thoughts, like a Man perfectly confus'd and out of my self, I came Home to my Fortification, not feeling, as we say, the Ground I went on, but terrify'd to the last Degree, looking behind me at every two or three Steps, mistaking every Bush and Tree, and fancying every Stump at a Distance to be a Man; nor is it possible to describe how many various Shapes affrighted Imagination represented Things to me in, how many wild Ideas were found every Moment in my Fancy, and what strange unaccountable Whimsies came into my Thoughts by the Way. When I came to my Castle, for so I think I call'd it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued; whether I went over by the Ladder as first contriv'd, or went in at the Hole in the Rock, which I call'd a Door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next Morning, for never frighted Hare fled to Cover, or Fox to Earth, with more Terror of Mind than I to this Retreat. I slept none that Night; the farther I was from the Occasion of my Fright, the greater my Apprehensions were, which is something contrary to the Nature of such Things, and especially to the usual Practice of all Creatures in Fear: But I was so embarrass'd with my own frightful Ideas of the Thing, that I form'd nothing but dismal Imaginations to my self, even tho' I was now a great way off of it. Sometimes I fancy'd it must be the Devil; and Reason joyn'd in with me upon this Supposition: For how should any other Thing in human Shape come into the Place? Where was the Vessel that brought



them? What Marks was there of any other Footsteps? And how was it possible a Man should come there? But then to think that Satan should take human Shape upon him in such a Place where there could be no manner of Occasion for it, but to leave the Print of his Foot behind him, and that even for no Purpose too, for he could not be sure I should see it; this was an Amusement the other Way; I consider'd that the Devil might have found out abundance of other Ways to have terrify'd me than this of the single Print of a Foot. That as I liv'd quite on the other Side of the Island, he would never have been so simple to leave a Mark in a Place where 'twas Ten Thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the Sand too, which the first Surge of the Sea upon a high Wind would have defac'd entirely: All this seem'd inconsistent with the Thing it self, and with all the Notions we usually entertain of the Subtilty of the Devil. Abundance of such Things as these assisted to argue me out of all Apprehensions of its being the Devil: And I presently concluded then, that it must be some more dangerous Creature, (viz.) That it must be some of the Savages of the main Land over-against me, who had wander'd out to Sea in their Canoes; and either driven by the Currents, or by contrary Winds had made Arrived at the Island; and had been on Shore, but were gone away again to Sea, being as loth, perhaps, to have stay'd in this desolate Island, as I would have been to have had them. While these Reflections were rowling upon my Mind, I was very thankful in my Thoughts, that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that Time, or that they did not see my Boat, by which they would have concluded that some Inhabitants #1 page duplicate# #1 page duplicate# had been in the Place, and perhaps have search'd farther for me: Then terrible Thoughts rack'd my Imagination about their having found my Boat, and that there were People here; and that if so, I should certainly have them come again in greater Numbers, and devour me; that if it should happen so that they should not find me, yet they would find my Enclosure, destroy all my Corn, carry away all my Flock of tame Goats, and I should perish at last for meer Want. Thus my Fear banish'd all my religious Hope; all that former Confidence in God which was founded upon such wonderful Experience as I had had of his Goodness, now vanished, as if he that had fed me by Miracle hitherto, could not preserve by his Power the Provision which he had made for me by his Goodness. I reproach'd my self with my Easiness, that would not sow any more Corn one Year than would just serve me till the next Season, as if no Accident could intervene to prevent my enjoying the Crop that was upon the Ground; and this I thought so just a Reproof, that I resolv'd for the future to have two or three Years Corn beforehand, so that whatever might come, I might not perish for want of Bread. How strange a Chequer Work Checkerboard of Providence is the Life of Man! and by what secret differing Springs are the Affections hurry'd about as differing Circumstance present! To Day we love what to Morrow we hate; to Day we seek what to Morrow we shun; to Day we desire what to Morrow we fear; nay even tremble at the Apprehensions of; this was exemplify'd in me at this Time in the most lively Manner imaginable; for I whose only Affliction was, that I seem'd banished from human Society, that I was alone, circumscrib'd by the boundless Ocean, cut off from Mankind, and condemn'd to what I call'd silent Life; that I was as one who Heaven thought not worthy to be number'd among the Living, or to appear among the rest of his Creatures; that to have seen one of my own Species, would have seem'd to me a Raising me from Death to Life, and the greatest Blessing that Heaven it self, next to the supreme Blessing of Salvation, could bestow; I say, that I should now tremble at the very Apprehensions of seeing a Man, and was ready to sink into the Ground at but the Shadow or silent Appearance of a Man's having set his Foot in the Island. Such is the uneven State of human Life: And it afforded me a great many curious Speculations afterwards, when I had a little recover'd my first Surprize; I consider'd that this was the Station of Life the infinitely wise and good Providence of God had determin'd for me, that as I could not foresee what the Ends of Divine Wisdom might be in all this, so I was not to dispute his Sovereignty, who, as I was his Creature, had an undoubted Right by Creation to govern and dispose of me absolutely as he thought fit; and who, as I was a Creature who had offended him, had likewise a judicial Right to condemn me to what Punishment he thought fit; and that it was my Part to submit to bear his Indignation, because I had sinn'd against him. I then reflected that God, who was not only Righteous but Omnipotent, as he had thought fit thus to punish and afflict me,

so he was able to deliver me; that if he did not think fit to do it, 'twas my unquestion'd Duty to resign my self absolutely and entirely to his Will; and on the other Hand, it was my Duty also to hope in him, pray to him, and quietly to attend the Dictates and Directions of his daily Providence. These Thoughts took me up many Hours, Days; nay, I may say, Weeks and Months; and one particular Effect of my Cogitations on this Occasion, I cannot omit, viz. One Morning early, lying in my Bed, and fill'd with Thought about my Danger from the Appearance of Savages, I found it discompos'd me very much, upon which those Words of the Scripture came into my Thoughts, Call upon me in the Day of Trouble, and I will deliver, and thou shalt glorify me. Psalm 50:15 Upon this, rising chearfully out of my Bed, my Heart was not only comforted, but I was guided and encourag'd to pray earnestly to God for Deliverance: When I had done praying, I took up my Bible, and opening it to read, the first Words that presented to me, were, Wait on the Lord, and be of good Cheer, and he shall strengthen thy Heart; wait, I say, on the Lord: Psalm 27:14 and Psalm 31:24 It is impossible to express the Comfort this gave me. In Answer, I thankfully laid down the Book, and was no more sad, at least, not on that Occasion. In the middle of these Cogitations, Apprehensions and Reflections, it came into my Thought one Day, that all this might be a meer Chimera Monstrous imagining (more literally, a monster in Greek mythology, with a lion's head, a goat's body, and a serpent's tail) of my own; and that this Foot might be the Print of my own Foot, when I came on Shore from my Boat: This cheer'd me up a little too, and I began to perswade my self it was all a Delusion; that it was nothing else but my own Foot, and why might not I come that way from the Boat, as well as I was going that way to the Boat; again, I consider'd also that I could by no Means tell for certain where I had trod, and where I had not; and that if at last this was only the Print of my own Foot, I had play'd the Part of those Fools, who strive to make stories of Spectres, and Apparitions; and then are frighted at them more than any body. Now I began to take Courage, and to peep abroad again; for I had not stirr'd out of my Castle for three Days and Nights; so that I began to starve for Provision; for I had little or nothing within Doors, but some Barley Cakes and Water. Then I knew that my Goats wanted to be milk'd too, which usually was my Evening Diversion; and the poor Creatures were in great Pain and Inconvenience for want of it; and indeed, it almost spoil'd some of them, and almost dry'd up their Milk. Heartning my self therefore with the Belief that this was nothing but the Print of one of my own Feet, and so I might be truly said to startle at my own Shadow, I began to go abroad again, and went to my Country House, to milk my Flock; but to see with what Fear I went forward, how often I look'd behind me, how I was ready every now and then to lay down my Basket, and run for my Life, it would have made any one have thought I was haunted with an evil Conscience, or that I had been lately most terribly frighted, and so indeed I had. However, as I went down thus two or three Days, and having seen nothing, I began to be a little bolder; and to think there was really nothing in it, but my own Imagination: But I cou'd not perswade my self fully of this, till I should go down to the Shore again, and see this Print of a Foot, and measure it by my own, and see if there was any Similitude or Fitness, that I might be assur'd it was my own Foot: But when I came to the Place, First, It appear'd evidently to me, that when I laid up my Boat, I could not possibly be on Shore any where there about. Secondly, When I came to measure the Mark with my own Foot, I found my Foot not so large by a great deal; both these Things fill'd my Head with new Imaginations, and gave me the Vapours Physiologically, the four humors (sanguine, choleric, phlegmatic, melancholic) were thought to emit "vapors" that ascended to the brain and shaped one's temperament. When the humors were unbalanced, the vapors caused distemper and illness. again, to the highest Degree; so that I shook with cold, like one in an Ague: And I went Home again, fill'd with the Belief that some Man or Men had been on Shore there; or in short, that the Island was inhabited, and I might be surpriz'd before I was aware; and what course to take for my Security I knew not. O what ridiculous Resolution Men take, when possess'd with Fear! It deprives them of the Use of those Means which Reason offers for their Relief. The first Thing I propos'd to my self, was, to throw down my Enclosures, and turn all my tame Cattle wild into the Woods, that the Enemy might not find them; and then frequent the Island in Prospect of the same, or the like Booty: Then to the simple Thing of Digging up my two Corn Fields,

that they might not find such a Grain there, and still be prompted to frequent the Island; then to demolish my Bower, and Tent, that they might not see any Vestiges of Habitation, and be prompted to look farther, in order to find out the Persons inhabiting. These were the Subject of the first Night's Cogitation, after I was come Home again, while the Apprehensions which had so over-run my Mind were fresh upon me, and my Head was full of Vapours, as above: Thus Fear of Danger is ten thousand Times more terrifying than Danger it self, when apparent to the Eyes; and we find the Burthen of Anxiety greater by much, than the Evil which we are anxious about; and which was worse than all this, I had not that Relief in this Trouble from the Resignation I used to practise, that I hop'd to have. I look'd, I thought, like Saul, who complain'd not only that the Philistines were upon him; but that God had forsaken him Saul, the first king of the Israelites, summons the spirit of the prophet Samuel and tells him, "I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams" (1 Samuel 28:15).; for I did not now take due Ways to compose my Mind, by crying to God in my Distress, and resting upon his Providence, as I had done before, for my Defence and Deliverance; which if I had done, I had, at least, been more cheerfully supported under this new Surprise, and perhaps carry'd through it with more Resolution. This Confusion of my Thoughts kept me waking all Night; but in the Morning I fell asleep, and having by the Amusement of my Mind, been, as it were, tyr'd, and my Spirits exhausted; I slept very soundly, and wak'd much better compos'd than I had ever been before; and now I began to think sedately; and upon the utmost Debate with my self, I concluded, That this Island, which was so exceeding pleasant, fruitful, and no farther from the main Land than as I had seen, was not so entirely abandon'd as I might imagine: That altho' there were no stated Inhabitants who liv'd on the Spot; yet that there might sometimes come Boats off from the Shore, who either with Design, or perhaps never, but when they were driven by cross Winds, might come to this Place. That I had liv'd here fifteen Years now, and had not met with the least Shadow or Figure of any People yet; and that if at any Time they should be driven here, it was probable they went away again as soon as ever they could, seeing they had never thought fit to fix there upon any Occasion, to this Time. That the most I cou'd suggest any Danger from, was, from any such casual accidental Landing of stragling People from the Main, who, as it was likely if they were driven hither, were here against their Wills; so they made no stay here, but went off again with all possible Speed, seldom staying one Night on Shore, least they should not have the Help of the Tides, and Day-light back again; and that therefore I had nothing to do but to consider of some safe Retreat, in Case I should see any Savages land upon the Spot. Now I began sorely to repent, that I had dug my Cave so large, as to bring a Door through again, which Door, as I said, came out beyond where my Fortification joyn'd to the Rock; upon maturely considering this therefore, I resolv'd to draw me a second Fortification, in the same Manner of a Semicircle, at a Distance from my Wall, just where I had planted a double Row of Trees, about twelve Years before, of which I made mention: These Trees having been planted so thick before, they wanted but a few Piles to be driven between them, that they should be thicker, and stronger, and my Wall would be soon finish'd. So that I had now a double Wall, and my outer Wall was thickned with Pieces of Timber, old Cables, and every Thing I could think of, to make it strong; having in it seven little Holes, about as big as I might put my Arm out at: In the In-side of this, I thickned my Wall to above ten Foot thick, with continual bringing Earth out of my Cave, and laying it at the Foot of the Wall, and walking upon it; and through the seven Holes, I contriv'd to plant the Musquets, of which I took Notice, that I got seven on Shore out of the Ship; these, I say, I planted like my Cannon, and fitted them into Frames that held them like a Carriage, that so I could fire all the seven Guns in two Minutes Time: This Wall I was many a weary Month a finishing, and yet never thought my self safe till it was done. When this was done, I stuck all the Ground without my Wall, for a great way every way, as full with Stakes or Sticks of the OsierA variety of Eurasian willows like Wood, which I found so apt to grow, as they could well stand; insomuch, that I believe I might set in near twenty thousand of them, leaving a pretty large Space between them and my Wall, that I might have room to see an Enemy, and they might have no shelter from the young Trees, if they attempted to approach my

outer Wall. Thus in two Years Time I had a thick Grove and in five or six Years Time I had a Wood before my Dwelling, growing so monstrous thick and strong, that it was indeed perfectly impassable; and no Men of what kind soever, would ever imagine that there was any Thing beyond it, much less a Habitation: As for the Way which I propos'd to my self to go in and out, for I left no Avenue; it was by setting two Ladders, one to a Part of the Rock which was low, and then broke in, and left room to place another Ladder upon that; so when the two Ladders were taken down, no Man living could come down to me without mischieving himself; and if they had come down, they were still on the Out-side of my outer Wall. Thus I took all the Measures humane Prudence could suggest for my own Preservation; and it will be seen at length, that they were not altogether without just Reason; though I foresaw nothing at that Time, more than my meer Fear suggested to me. While this was doing, I was not altogether Careless of my other Affairs; for I had a great Concern upon me, for my little Herd of Goats; they were not only a present Supply to me upon every Occasion, and began to be sufficient to me, without the Expence of Powder and Shot; but also without the Fatigue of Hunting after the wild Ones, and I was loth to lose the Advantage of them, and to have them all to nurse up over again. To this Purpose, after long Consideration, I could think of but two Ways to preserve them; one was to find another convenient Place to dig a Cave Under-ground, and to drive them into it every Night; and the other was to enclose two or three little Bits of Land, remote from one another and as much conceal'd as I could, where I might keep about half a Dozen young Goats in each Place: So that if any Disaster happen'd to the Flock in general, I might be able to raise them again with little Trouble and Time: And this, tho' it would require a great deal of Time and Labour, I thought was the most rational Design. Accordingly I spent some Time to find out the most retir'd Parts of the Island; and I pitch'd upon one which was as private indeed as my Heart could wish for; it was a little damp Piece of Ground in the Middle of the hollow and thick Woods, where, as is observ'd, I almost lost my self once before, endeavouring to come back that Way from the Eastern Part of the Island: Here I found a clear Piece of Land near three Acres, so surrounded with Woods, that it was almost an Enclosure by Nature, at least it did not want near so much Labour to make it so, as the other Pieces of Ground I had work'd so hard at. I immediately went to Work with this Piece of Ground, and in less than a Month's Time, I had so fenc'd it round, that my Flock or Herd, call it which you please, who were not so wild now as at first they might be supposed to be, were well enough secur'd in it. So, without any farther Delay, I removed ten young She-Goats and two He-Goats to this Piece; and when they were there, I continued to perfect the Fence till I had made it as secure as the other, which, however, I did at more Leisure, and it took me up more Time by a great deal. All this Labour I was at the Expence of, purely from my Apprehensions on the Account of the Print of a Man's Foot which I had seen; for as yet I never saw any human Creature come near the Island, and I had now liv'd two Years under these Uneasinesses, which indeed made my Life much less comfortable than it was before; as may well be imagin'd by any who know what it is to live in the constant Snare of the Fear of Man; and this I must observe with Grief too, that the Discomposure of my Mind had too great Impressions also upon the religious Part of my Thoughts, for the Dread and Terror of falling into the Hands of Savages and Canibals, lay so upon my Spirits, that I seldom found my self in a due Temper for Application to my Maker Prayer or supplication, at least not with the sedate Calmness and Resignation of Soul which I was wont to do; I rather pray'd to God as under great Affliction and Pressure of Mind, surrounded with Danger, and in Expectation every Night of being murther'd and devour'd before Morning; and I must testify from my Experience that a Temper

## Selected Text

It was one of the Nights in the rainy Season in March, the four and twentieth Year of my first setting Foot in this Island of Solitariness; I was lying in my Bed, or Hammock, awake, very well in Health, had no Pain, no Distemper, no Uneasiness of Body; no, nor any Uneasiness of Mind, more than ordinary; but could by no means close my Eyes; that is, so as to sleep; no, not a Wink all Night long, otherwise than as follows: It is as impossible, as needless, to set down the innumerable Crowd of Thoughts that whirl'd through that

great thorow-fare of the Brain, the Memory, in this Night's Time: I run over the whole History of my Life in Miniature, or by Abridgment, as I may call it, to my coming to this Island; and also of the Part of my Life, since I came to this Island. In my Reflections upon the State of my Case, since I came on Shore on this Island, I was comparing the happy Posture of my Affairs, in the first Years of my Habitation here, compar'd to the Life of Anxiety, Fear and Care, which I had liv'd ever since I had seen the Print of a Foot in the Sand; not that I did not believe the Savages had frequented the Island even all the while, and might have been several Hundreds of them at Times on Shore there; but I had never known it, and was incapable of any Apprehensions about it; my Satisfaction was perfect, though my Danger was the same; and I was as happy in not knowing my Danger, as if I had never really been expos'd to it: This furnish'd my Thoughts with many very profitable Reflections, and particularly this one, How infinitely Good that Providence is, which has provided in its Government of Mankind, such narrow bounds to his Sight and Knowledge of Things, and though he walks in the midst of so many thousand Dangers, the Sight of which, if discover'd to him, would distract his Mind, and sink his Spirits; he is kept serene, and calm, by having the Events of Things hid from his Eyes, and knowing nothing the Dangers which surround him. After these Thoughts had for some Time entertain'd me, I came to reflect seriously upon the real Danger I had been in, for so many Years, in this very Island; and how I had walk'd about in the greatest Security, and with all possible Tranquillity; even when perhaps nothing but a Brow of a Hill, a great Tree, or the casual Approach of Night, had been between me and the worst kind of Destruction, viz. That of falling into the Hands of Cannibals, and Savages, who would have seiz'd on me with the same View, as I did of a Goat, or a Turtle; and have thought it no more a Crime to kill and devour me, than I did of a Pidgeon, or a CurliuA bird with a long, curved bill.: I would unjustly slander my self, if I should say I was not sincerely thankful to my great Preserver, to whose singular Protection I acknowledg'd, with great Humility, that all these unknown Deliverances were due; and without which, I must inevitably have fallen into their merciless Hands. When these Thoughts were over, my Head was for some time taken up in considering the Nature of these wretched Creatures; I mean, the Savages; and how it came to pass in the World, that the wise Governour of all Things should give up any of his Creatures to such Inhumanity; nay, to something so much below, even Brutality it self, as to devour its own kind; but as this ended in some (at that Time fruitless) Speculations, it occur'd to me to enquire, what Part of the World these Wretches liv'd in; how far off the Coast was from whence they came; what they ventur'd over so far from home for; what kind of Boats they had; and why I might not order my self, and my Business so, that I might be as able to go over thither, as they were to come to me. I never so much as troubl'd my self, to consider what I should do with my self, when I came thither; what would become of me, if I fell into the Hands of the Savages; or how I should escape from them, if they attempted me; no, nor so much as how it was possible for me to reach the Coast, and not be attempted by some or other of them, without any Possibility of delivering my self; and if I should not fall into their Hands, what I should do for Provision, or whither I should bend my Course; none of these Thoughts, I say, so much as came in my way; but my Mind was wholly bent upon the Notion of my passing over in my Boat, to the Main Land: I look'd back upon my present Condition, as the most miserable that could possibly be, that I was not able to throw my self into any thing but Death, that could be call'd worse; that if I reached the Shore of the Main, I might perhaps meet with Relief, or I might coast along, as I did on the Shore of Africk, till I came to some inhabited Country, and where I might find some Relief; and after all perhaps, I might fall in with some Christian Ship, that might take me in; and if the worse came to the worst, I could but die, which would put an end to all these Miseries at once. Pray note, all this was the fruit of a disturb'd Mind, an impatient Temper, made as it were desperate by the long Continuance of my Troubles, and the Disappointments I had met in the Wreck, I had been on board of; and where I had been so near the obtaining what I so earnestly long'd for, viz. Some-body to speak to, and to learn some Knowledge from of the Place where I was, and of the probable Means of my Deliverance; I say, I was agitated wholly by these Thoughts: All my Calm of Mind in my Resignation to Providence, and waiting the Issue of the Dispositions of Heaven, seem'd to be suspended; and I had, as it

were, no Power to turn my Thoughts to any thing, but to the Project of a Voyage to the Main, which came upon me with such Force, and such an Impetuosity of Desire, that it was not to be resisted. When this had agitated my Thoughts for two Hours, or more, with such Violence, that it set my very Blood into a Ferment, and my Pulse beat as high as if I had been in a Fever, meerly with the extraordinary Fervour of my Mind about it; Nature, as if I had been fatigued and exhausted with the very Thought of it, threw me into a sound Sleep; one would have thought, I should have dream'd of it: But I did not, nor of any Thing relating to it; but I dream'd, that as I was going out in the Morning as usual from my Castle, I saw upon the Shore, two Canoes, and eleven Savages coming to Land, and that they brought with them another Savage, who they were going to kill, in Order to eat him; when on a sudden, the Savage that they were going to kill, jump't away, and ran for his Life; and I thought in my Sleep, that he came running into my little thick Grove, before my Fortification, to hide himself; and that I seeing him alone, and not perceiving that the other sought him that Way, show'd my self to him, and smiling upon him, encourag'd him; that he kneel'd down to me, seeming to pray me to assist him; upon which I shew'd my Ladder, made him go up, and carry'd him into my Cave, and he became my Servant; and that as soon as I had gotten this Man, I said to my self, now I may certainly venture to the main Land; for this Fellow will serve me as a Pilot, and will tell me what to do, and whether to go for Provisions; and whether not to go for fear of being devoured, what Places to venture into, and what to escape: I wak'd with this Thought, and was under such inexpressible Impressions of Joy, at the Prospect of my Escape in my Dream, that the Disappointments which I felt upon coming to my self, and finding it was no more than a Dream, were equally extravagant the other Way, and threw me into a very great Dejection of Spirit. Upon this however, I made this Conclusion, that my only Way to go about an Attempt for an Escape, was, if possible, to get a Savage into my Possession; and if possible, it should be one of their Prisoners, who they had condemn'd to be eaten, and should bring thither to kill; but these Thoughts still were attended with this Difficulty, that it was impossible to effect this, without attacking a whole Caravan of them, and killing them all; and this was not only a very desperate Attempt, and might miscarry; but on the other Hand, I had greaty scrupled the Lawfulness of it to me; and my Heart trembled at the thoughts of shedding so much Blood, tho' it was for my Deliverance. I need not repeat the Arguments which occur'd to me against this, they being the same mention'd before; but tho' I had other Reasons to offer now (viz.) that those Men were Enemies to my Life, and would devour me, if they could; that it was Self-preservation in the highest Degree, to deliver my self from this Death of a Life, and was acting in my own Defence, as much as if they were actually assaulting me, and the like. I say, tho' these Things argued for it, yet the Thoughts of shedding Humane Blood for my Deliverance, were very Terrible to me, and such as I could by no Means reconcile my self to, a great while. However at last, after many secret Disputes with my self, and after great Perplexities about it, for all these Arguments one Way and another struggl'd in my Head a long Time, the eager prevailing Desire of Deliverance at length master'd all the rest; and I resolv'd, if possible, to get one of those Savages into my Hands, cost what it would. My next Thing then was to contrive how to do it, and this indeed was very difficult to resolve on: But as I could pitch upon no probable Means for it, so I resolv'd to put my self upon the Watch, to see them when they came on Shore, and leave the rest to the Event, taking such Measures as the Opportunity should present, let be what would be. With these Resolutions in my Thoughts, I set my self upon the Scout, as often as possible, and indeed so often till I was heartily tir'd of it, for it was above a Year and Half that I waited, and for great part of that Time went out to the West End, and to the South West Corner of the Island, almost every Day, to see for Canoes, but none appear'd. This was very discouraging, and began to trouble me much, tho' I cannot say that it did in this Case, as it had done some time before that, (viz.) wear off the Edge of my Desire to the Thing. But the longer it seem'd to be delay'd, the more eager I was for it; in a Word, I was not at first so careful to shun the sight of these Savages, and avoid being seen by them, as I was now eager to be upon them. Besides, I fancied my self able to manage One, nay, Two or Three Savages, if I had them so as to make them entirely Slaves to me, to do whatever I should direct them, and to prevent their being able at any time to do me

any Hurt. It was a great while, that I pleas'd my self with this Affair, but nothing still presented; all my Fancies and Schemes came to nothing, for no Savages came near me for a great while. About a Year and half after I had entertain'd these Notions, and by long musing, had as it were resolved them all into nothing, for want of an Occasion to put them in Execution, I was surpriz'd one Morning early, with seeing no less than five Canoes all on Shore together on my side the Island; and the People who belong'd to them all landed, and out of my sight: The Number of them broke all my Measures, for seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four or six, or sometimes more in a Boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to take my Measures, to attack Twenty or Thirty Men single handed; so I lay still in my Castle, perplex'd and discomforted: However I put my self into all the same Postures for an Attack that I had formerly provided, and was just ready for Action, if any Thing had presented; having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any Noise; at length being very impatient, I set my Guns at the Foot of my Ladder, and clamber'd up to the Top of the Hill, by my two Stages as usual; standing so however that my Head did not appear above the Hill, so that they could not perceive me by any Means; here I observ'd by the help of my Perspective Glass, that they were no less than Thirty in Number, that they had a Fire kindled, that they had had Meat dress'd. How they had cook'd it, that I knew not, or what it was; but they were all Dancing in I know not how many barbarous Gestures and Figures, their own Way, round the Fire. While I was thus looking on them, I perceived by my Perspective, two miserable Wretches dragg'd from the Boats, where it seems they were laid by, and were now brought out for the Slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fell, being knock'd down, I suppose with a Club or Wooden Sword, for that was their way, and two or three others were at work immediately cutting him open for their Cookery, while the other Victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. In that very Moment this poor Wretch seeing himself a little at Liberty, Nature inspir'd him with Hopes of Life, and he started away from them, and ran with incredible Swiftness along the Sands directly towards me, I mean towards that part of the Coast, where my Habitation was. I was dreadfully frighted, (that I must acknowledge) when I perceived him to run my Way; and especially, when as I thought I saw him pursued by the whole Body, and now I expected that part of my Dream was coming to pass, and that he would certainly take shelter in my Grove; but I could not depend by any means upon my Dream for the rest of it, (viz.) that the other Savages would not pursue him thither, and find him there. However I kept my Station, and my Spirits began to recover, when I found that there was not above three Men that follow'd him, and still more was I encourag'd, when I found that he outstrip'd them exceedingly in running, and gain'd Ground of them, so that if he could but hold it for half an Hour, I saw easily he would fairly get away from them all. There was between them and my Castle, the Creek which I mention'd often at the first part of my Story, when I landed my Cargoes out of the Ship; and this I saw plainly, he must necessarily swim over, or the poor Wretch would be taken there: But when the Savage escaping came thither, he made nothing of it, tho' the Tide was then up, but plunging in, swam thro' in about Thirty Strokes or thereabouts, landed and ran on with exceeding Strength and Swiftness; when the Three Persons came to the Creek, I found that Two of them could Swim, but the Third cou'd not, and that standing on the other Side, he look'd at the other, but went no further; and soon after went softly back again, which as it happen'd, was very well for him in the main. I observ'd, that the two who swam, were yet more than twice as long swimming over the Creek, as the Fellow was, that fled from them: It came now very warmly upon my Thoughts, and indeed irresistibly, that now was my Time to get me a Servant, and perhaps a Companion, or Assistant; and that I was call'd plainly by Providence to save this poor Creature's Life; I immediately run down the Ladders with all possible Expedition, fetches my two Guns, for they were both but at the Foot of the Ladders, as I observ'd above; and getting up again, with the same haste, to the Top of the Hill, I cross'd toward the Sea; and having a very short Cut, and all down Hill, clapp'dPlaced my self in the way, between the Pursuers, and the Pursu'd; hallowing aloud to him that fled, who looking back, was at first perhaps as much frighted at me, as at them; but I beckon'd with my Hand to him, to come back; and in the mean time, I slowly advanc'd towards the two that follow'd; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knock'd him down

with the StockThe butt of a gun of my Piece; I was loath to fire, because I would not have the rest hear; though at that distance, it would not have been easily heard, and being out of Sight of the Smoke too, they would not have easily known what to make of it: Having knock'd this Fellow down, the other who pursu'd with him stopp'd, as if he had been frighted; and I advanc'd a-pace towards him; but as I came nearer, I perceiv'd presently, he had a Bow and Arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me; so I was then necessitated to shoot at him first, which I did, and kill'd him at the first Shoot; the poor Savage who fled, but had stopp'd; though he saw both his Enemies fallen, and kill'd, as he thought; yet was so frighted with the Fire, and Noise of my Piece; that he stood Stock still, and neither came forward or went backward, tho' he seem'd rather enclin'd to fly still, than to come on; I hollow'd again to him, and made Signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, then stopp'd again, and then a little further, and stopp'd again, and I cou'd then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken Prisoner, and had just been to be kill'd, as his two Enemies were; I beckon'd him again to come to me, and gave him all the Signs of Encouragement that I could think of, and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every Ten or Twelve steps in token of acknowledgement for my saving his Life: I smil'd at him, and look'd pleasantly, and beckon'd to him to come still nearer; at length he came close to me, and then he kneel'd down again, kiss'd the Ground, and laid his Head upon the Ground, and taking me by the Foot, set my Foot upon his Head; this it seems was in token of swearing to be my Slave for ever; I took him up, and made much of him, and encourag'd him all I could. But there was more work to do yet, for I perceived the Savage who I knock'd down, was not kill'd, but stunn'd with the blow, and began to come to himself; so I pointed to him, and showing him the Savage, that he was not dead; upon this he spoke some Words to me, and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear, for they were the first sound of a Man's Voice, that I had heard, my own excepted, for above Twenty Five Years. But there was no time for such Reflections now, the Savage who was knock'd down recover'd himself so far, as to sit up upon the Ground, and I perceived that my Savage began to be afraid; but when I saw that, I presented my other Piece at the Man, as if I would shoot him, upon this my Savage, for so I call him now, made a Motion to me to lend him my Sword, which hung naked in a Belt by my side; so I did, he no sooner had it, but he runs to his Enemy, and at one blow cut off his Head as cleverly, no Executioner in Germany, could have done it sooner or better; which I thought very strange, for one who I had Reason to believe never saw a Sword in his Life before, except their own Wooden Swords; however it seems, as I learn'd afterwards, they make their Wooden Swords so sharp, so heavy, and the Wood is so hard, that they will cut off Heads even with them, ay and Arms, and that at one blow too; when he had done this, he comes laughing to me in Sign of Triumph, and brought me the Sword again, and with abundance of Gestures which I did not understand, laid it down with the Head of the Savage, that he had kill'd just before me. But that which astonish'd him most, was to know how I had kill'd the other Indian so far off, so pointing to him, he made Signs to me to let him go to him, so I bad him go, as well as I could, when he came to him, he stood like one amaz'd, looking at him, turn'd him first on one side, then on t'other, look'd at the Wound the Bullet had made, which it seems was just in his Breast, where it had made a Hole, and no great Quantity of Blood had follow'd, but he had bled inwardly, for he was quite dead; He took up his Bow, and Arrows, and came back, so I turn'd to go away, and beckon'd to him to follow me, making Signs to him, that more might come after them. Upon this he sign'd to me, that he should bury them with Sand, that they might not be seen by the rest if they follow'd; and so I made Signs again to him to do so; he fell to Work, and in an instant he had scrap'd a Hole in the Sand, with his Hands, big enough to bury the first in, and then dragg'd him into it, and cover'd him, and did so also by the other; I believe he had bury'd them both in a Quarter of an Hour; then calling him away, I carry'd him not to my Castle, but quite away to my Cave, on the farther Part of the Island; so I did not let my Dream come to pass in that Part, viz. That he came into my Grove for shelter. Here I gave him Bread, and a Bunch of Raisins to eat, and a Draught of Water, which I found he was indeed in great Distress for, by his Running; and having refresh'd him, I made Signs for him to go lie down and sleep; pointing to a Place where I had laid a great Parcel of Rice Straw,



and a Blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon my self sometimes; so the poor Creature laid down, and went to sleep. He was a comely handsome Fellow, perfectly well made; with straight strong Limbs, not too large; tall and well shap'd, and as I reckon, about twenty six Years of Age. He had a very good Countenance, not a fierce and surly Aspect; but seem'd to have something very manly in his Face, and yet he had all the Sweetness and Softness of an European in his Countenance too, especially when he smil'd. His Hair was long and black, not curl'd like Wool; his Forehead very high, and large, and a great Vivacity and sparkling Sharpness in his Eyes. The Colour of his Skin was not quite black, but very tawny; and yet not of an ugly yellow nauseous tawny, as the Brasilians, and Virginians, and other Natives of America are; but of a bright kind of a dun olive Colour, that had in it something very agreeable; tho' not very easy to describe. His Face was round, and plump; his Nose small, not flat like the Negroes, a very good Mouth, thin Lips, and his fine Teeth well set, and white as Ivory. After he had slumber'd, rather than slept, about half an Hour, he wak'd again, and comes out of the Cave to me; for I had been milking my Goats, which I had in the Enclosure just by: When he espy'd me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the Ground, with all the possible Signs of an humble thankful Disposition, making a many antick Gestures to show it: At last he lays his Head flat upon the Ground, close to my Foot, and sets my other Foot upon his Head, as he had done before; and after this, made all the Signs to me of Subjection, Servitude, and Submission imaginable, to let me know, how he would serve me as long as he liv'd; I understood him in many Things, and let him know, I was very well pleas'd with him; in a little Time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; and first, I made him know his Name should be Friday, which was the Day I sav'd his Life; I call'd him so for the Memory of the Time; I likewise taught him to say Master, and then let him know, that was to be my Name; I likewise taught him to say, YES, and NO, and to know the Meaning of them; I gave him some Milk, in an earthen Pot, and let him see me Drink it before him, and sop my Bread in it; and I gave him a Cake of Bread, to do the like, which he quickly comply'd with, and made Signs that it was very good for him. I kept there with him all that Night; but as soon as it was Day, I beckon'd to him to come with me, and let him know, I would give him some Cloaths, at which he seem'd very glad, for he was stark naked: As we went by the Place where he had bury'd the two Men, he pointed exactly to the Place, and shew'd me the Marks that he had made to find them again, making Signs to me, that we should dig them up again, and eat them; at this I appear'd very angry, express'd my Abhorrence of it, made as if I would vomit at the Thoughts of it, and beckon'd with my Hand to him to come away, which he did immediately, with great Submission. I then led him up to the Top of the Hill, to see if his Enemies were gone; and pulling out my Glass, I look'd, and saw plainly the Place where they had been, but no appearance of them, or of their Canoes; so that it was plain they were gone, and had left their two Comrades behind them, without any search after them. But I was not content with this Discovery; but having now more Courage, and consequently more Curiosity, I takes my Man FridayThe idiom "Man Friday" or "Girl Friday" still refers to an especially faithful servant or personal assistant. It came into use with the release of the film "His Girl Friday" (1940), whose title alludes to Defoe's novel. with me, giving him the Sword in his Hand, with the Bow and Arrows at his Back, which I found he could use very dextrously, making him carry one Gun for me, and I two for my self, and away we march'd to the Place, where these Creatures had been; for I had a Mind now to get some fuller Intelligence of them: When I came to the Place, my very Blood ran chill in my Veins, and my Heart sunk within me, at the Horror of the Spectacle: Indeed it was a dreadful Sight, at least it was so to me; though Friday made nothing of it: The Place was cover'd with humane Bones, the Ground dy'd with their Blood, great Pieces of Flesh left here and there, half eaten, mangl'd and scorch'd; and in short, all the Tokens of the triumphant Feast they had been making there, after a Victory over their Enemies: I saw three Skulls, five Hands, and the Bones of three or four Legs and Feet, and abundance of other Parts of the Bodies; and Friday, by his Signs, made me understand, that they brought over four Prisoners to feast upon; that three of them were eaten up, and that he, pointing to himself, was the fourth: That there had been a great Battle between them, and their next King, whose Subjects it seems he had been one of; and that they had taken a great Number

of Prisoners, all which were carry'd to several Places by those that had taken them in the Fight, in order to feast upon them, as was done here by these Wretches upon those they brought hither. I caus'd Friday to gather all the Skulls, Bones, Flesh, and whatever remain'd, and lay them together on a Heap, and make a great Fire upon it, and burn them all to Ashes: I found Friday had still a hankering Stomach after some of the Flesh, and was still a Cannibal in his Nature; but I discover'd Demonstrated so much Abhorrence at the very Thoughts of it, and at the least Appearance of it, that he durst not discover Reveal it; for I had by some Means let him know, that I would kill him if he offer'd it. When we had done this, we came back to our Castle, and there I fell to work for my Man Friday; and first of all, I gave him a pair of Linnen Drawers, which I had out of the poor Gunner's Chest I mention'd, and which I found in the Wreck; and which with a little Alteration fitted him very well; then I made him a Jerkin of Goat's-skin, as well as my Skill would allow; and I was now grown a tollerable good Taylor; and I gave him a Cap, which I had made of a Hare-skin, very convenient, and fashionable enough; and thus he was cloath'd for the present, tollerably well; and was mighty well pleas'd to see himself almost as well cloath'd as his Master: It is true, he went awkwardly in these Things at first; wearing the Drawers was very awkward to him, and the Sleeves of the Wast-coat gall'd his Shoulders, and the inside of his Arms; but a little easing them where he complain'd they hurt him, and using himself to them, at length he took to them very well. The next Day after I came home to my Hutch with him, I began to consider where I should lodge him, and that I might do well for him, and yet be perfectly easy my self; I made a little Tent for him in the vacant Place between my two Fortifications, in the inside of the last, and in the outside of the first; and as there was a Door, or Entrance there into my Cave, I made a formal fram'd Door Case, and a Door to it of Boards, and set it up in the Passage, a little within the Entrance; and causing the Door to open on the inside, I barr'd it up in the Night, taking in my Ladders too; so that Friday could no way come at me in the inside of my innermost Wall, without making so much Noise in getting over, that it must needs waken me; for my first Wall had now a compleat Roof over it of long Poles, covering all my Tent, and leaning up to the side of the Hill, which was again laid cross with smaller Sticks instead of Laths Thin, narrow strips of wood used to form a groundwork upon which to fasten the slates of a roof, and then thatch'd over a great Thickness, with the Rice Straw, which was strong like Reeds; and at the Hole or Place which was left to go in or out by the Ladder, I had plac'd a kind of Trap-door, which if it had been attempted on the outside, would not have open'd at all, but would have fallen down, and made a great Noise; and as to Weapons, I took them all in to my Side every Night. But I needed none of all this Precaution; for never Man had a more faithful, loving, sincere Servant, than Friday was to me; without Passions, Sullenness or Designs, perfectly oblig'd and engag'd; his very Affections were ty'd to me, like those of a Child to a Father; and I dare say, he would have sacrific'd his Life for the saving mine, upon any occasion whatsoever; the many Testimonies he gave me of this, put it out of doubt, and soon convinc'd me, that I needed to use no Precautions, as to my Safety on his Account. This frequently gave me occasion to observe, and that with wonder, that however it had pleas'd God, in his Providence, and in the Government of the Works of his Hands, to take from so great a Part of the World of his Creatures, the best uses to which their Faculties, and the Powers of their Souls are adapted; yet that he has bestow'd upon them the same Powers, the same Reason, the same Affections, the same Sentiments of Kindness and Obligation, the same Passions and Resentments of Wrongs; the same Sense of Gratitude, Sincerity, Fidelity, and all the Capacities of doing Good, and receiving Good, that he has given to us; and that when he pleases to offer to them Occasions of exerting these, they are as ready, nay, more ready to apply them to the right Uses for which they were bestow'd, than we are; and this made me very melancholly sometimes, in reflecting as the several Occasions presented, how mean a Use we make of all these, even though we have these Powers enlighten'd by the great Lamp of Instruction, the Spirit of God, and by the Knowledge of his Word, added to our Understanding; and why it has pleas'd God to hide the like saving Knowledge from so many Millions of Souls, who if I might judge by this poor Savage, would make a much better use of it than we did. From hence, I sometimes was led too far to invade the Sovereignty of Providence, and as it were arraign the

Justice of so arbitrary a Disposition of Things, that should hide that Light from some, and reveal it to others, and yet expect a like Duty from both: But I shut it up, and check'd my Thoughts with this Conclusion, (1st.) That we did not know by what Light and Law these should be Condemn'd; but that as God was necessarily, and by the Nature of his Being, infinitely Holy and Just, so it could not be; but that if these Creatures were all sentenc'd to Absence from himself, it was on account of sinning against that Light which, as the Scripture says, was a Law to themselves, and by such Rules as their Consciences would acknowledge to be just, tho' the Foundation was not discover'd to us: And (2d.) that still as we are all the Clay in the Hand of the Potter, no Vessel could say to him, Why hast thou form'd me thus? But to return to my New Companion; I was greatly delighted with him, and made it my Business to teach him every Thing, that was proper to make him useful, handy, and helpful; but especially to make him speak, and understand me when I spake, and he was the aptest Schollar that ever was, and particularly was so merry, so constantly diligent, and so pleased, when he cou'd but understand me, or make me understand him, that it was very pleasant to me to talk to him; and now my Life began to be so easy, that I began to say to my self, that could I but have been safe from more Savages, I cared not, if I was never to remove from the place while I lived. After I had been two or three Days return'd to my Castle, I thought that, in order to bring Friday off from his horrid way of feeding, and from the Relish of a Cannibal's Stomach, I ought to let him taste other Flesh; so I took him out with me one Morning to the Woods: I went indeed intending to kill a Kid out of my own Flock, and bring him home and dress it. But as I was going, I saw a She Goat lying down in the Shade, and two young Kids sitting by her, I catch'd hold of Friday, hold says I, stand still; and made Signs to him not to stir, immediately I presented my Piece, shot and kill'd one of the Kids. The poor Creature who had at a Distance indeed seen me kill the Savage his Enemy, but did not know, or could imagine how it was done, was sensibly surpriz'd, trembled, and shook, and look'd so amaz'd, that I thought he would have sunk down. He did not see the Kid I shot at, or perceive I had kill'd it, but ripp'd up his Wastcoat to feel if he was not wounded, and as I found, presently thought I was resolv'd to kill him; for he came and kneel'd down to me, and embracing my Knees, said a great many Things I did not understand; but I could easily see that the meaning was to pray me not to kill him. I soon found a way to convince him that I would do him no harm, and taking him up by the Hand laugh'd at him, and pointed to the Kid which I had kill'd, beckoned to him to run and fetch it, which he did; and while he was wondering and looking to see how the Creature was kill'd, I loaded my Gun again, and by and by I saw a great Fowl like a Hawk sit upon a Tree within Shot; so to let Friday understand a little what I would do, I call'd him to me again, pointed at the Fowl which was indeed a Parrot, tho' I thought it had been a Hawk, I say pointing to the Parrot, and to my Gun, and to the Ground under the Parrot, to let him see I would make it fall, I made him understand that I would shoot and kill that Bird; according I fir'd and bad him look, and immediately he saw the Parrot fall, he stood like one frighted again, notwithstanding all I had said to him; and I found he was the more amaz'd, because he did not see me put any Thing into the Gun; but thought that there must be some wonderful Fund of Death and Destruction in that Thing, able to kill Man, Beast, Bird, or any Thing near, or far off; and the Astonishment this created in him was such, as could not wear off for a long Time; and I believe, if I would have let him, he would have worshipp'd me and my Gun: As for the Gun it self, he would not so much as touch it for several Days after; but would speak to it, and talk to it, as if it had answer'd him, when he was by himself; which, as I afterwards learn'd of him, was to desire it not to kill him. Well, after his Astonishment was a little over at this, I pointed to him to run and fetch the Bird I had shot, which he did, but stay'd some Time; for the Parrot not being quite dead, was flutter'd away a good way off from the Place where she fell; however, he found her, took her up, and brought her to me; and as I had perceiv'd his Ignorance about the Gun before, I took this Advantage to charge the Gun again, and not let him see me do it, that I might be ready for any other Mark that might present; but nothing more offer'd at that Time; so I brought home the Kid, and the same Evening I took the Skin off, and cut it out as well as I could; and having a Pot for that purpose, I boil'd, or stew'd some of the Flesh, and made some very good Broth; and after I had begun to eat some, I gave some to my Man, who

seem'd very glad of it, and lik'd it very well; but that which was strangest to him, was, to see me eat Salt with it; he made a Sign to me, that the Salt was not good to eat, and putting a little into his own Mouth, he seem'd to nauseate it, and would spit and sputter at it, washing his Mouth with fresh Water after it; on the other hand, I took some Meat in my Mouth without Salt, and I pretended to spit and sputter for want of Salt, as fast as he had done at the Salt; but it would not do, he would never care for Salt with his Meat, or in his Broth; at least not a great while, and then but a very little. Having thus fed him with boil'd Meat and Broth, I was resolv'd to feast him the next Day with roasting a Piece of the Kid; this I did by hanging it before the Fire, in a String, as I had seen many People do in England, setting two Poles up, one on each side the Fire, and one cross on the Top, and tying the String to the Cross-stick, letting the Meat turn continually: This Friday admir'd very much; but when he came to taste the Flesh, he took so many ways to tell me how well he lik'd it, that I could not but understand him; and at last he told me he would never eat Man's Flesh any more, which I was very glad to hear. The next Day I set him to work to beating some Corn out, and sifting it in the manner I us'd to do, as I observ'd before, and he soon understood how to do it as well as I, especially after he had seen what the Meaning of it was, and that it was to make Bread of; for after that I let him see me make my Bread, and bake it too, and in a little Time Friday was able to do all the Work for me, as well as I could do it my self. I begun now to consider, that having two Mouths to feed, instead of one, I must provide more Ground for my Harvest, and plant a larger Quantity of Corn, than I us'd to do; so I mark'd out a larger Piece of Land, and began the Fence in the same Manner as before, in which Friday not only work'd very willingly, and very hard; but did it very chearfully, and I told him what it was for; that it was for Corn to make more Bread, because he was now with me, and that I might have enough for him, and my self too: He appear'd very sensible of that Part, and let me know, that he thought I had much more Labour upon me on his Account, than I had for my self; and that he would work the harder for me, if I would tell him what to do. This was the pleasantest Year of all the Life I led in this Place; Friday began to talk pretty well, and understand the Names of almost every Thing I had occasion to call for, and of every Place I had to send him to, and talk'd a great deal to me; so that in short I began now to have some Use for my Tongue again, which indeed I had very little occasion for before; that is to say, about Speech; besides the Pleasure of talking to him, I had a singular Satisfaction in the Fellow himself; his simple unfeign'd Honesty, appear'd to me more and more every Day, and I began really to love the Creature; and on his Side, I believe he lov'd me more than it was possible for him ever to love any Thing before. I had a Mind once to try if he had any hankering Inclination to his own Country again, and having learn'd him English so well that he could answer me almost any Questions, I ask'd him whether the Nation that he belong'd to never conquer'd in Battle, at which he smil'd; and said; yes, yes, we always fight the better; that is, he meant always get the better in Fight; and so we began the following Discourse: You always fight the better said I, How came you to be taken Prisoner then, Friday? Friday, My Nation beat much, for all that. Master, How beat; if your Nation beat them, how come you to be taken? Friday, They more many than my Nation in the Place where me was; they take one, two, three, and me; my Nation over beat them in the yonder Place, where me no was; there my Nation take one, two, great Thousand. Master, But why did not your Side recover you from the Hands of your Enemies then? Friday, They run one, two, three, and me, and make go in the Canoe; my Nation have no Canoe that time. Master, Well, Friday, and What does your Nation do with the Men they take, do they carry them away, and eat them, as these did? Friday, Yes, my Nation eat Man's too, eat all up. Master, Where do they carry them? Friday, Go to other Place where they think. Master, Do they come hither? Friday, Yes, yes, they come hither; come other else Place. Master, Have you been here with them? Friday, Yes, I been here; [points to the N. W. Side of the Island] which it seems was their Side. By this I understood, that my Man Friday had formerly been among the Savages, who us'd to come on Shore on the farther Part of the Island, on the same Man eating Occasions that he was now brought for; and sometime after, when I took the Courage to carry him to that Side, being the same I formerly mention'd, he presently knew the Place, and told me, he was there once when they eat up twenty Men, two Women, and one Child;

he could not tell Twenty in English; but he numbred them by laying so many Stones on a Row, and pointing to me to tell them over. I have told this Passage, because it introduces what follows; that after I had had this Discourse with him, I ask'd him how far it was from our Island to the Shore, and whether the Canoes were not often lost; he told me, there was no Danger, no Canoes ever lost; but that after a little way out to the Sea, there was a Current, and Wind, always one way in the Morning, the other in the Afternoon. This I understood to be no more than the Sets of the Tide, as going out, or coming in; but I afterwards understood, it was occasion'd by the great Draft and Reflux of the mighty River Oroonooko; in the Mouth, or the Gulph of which River, as I found afterwards, our Island lay; and this Land which I perceiv'd to the W. and N. W. was the great Island Trinidad, on the North Point of the Mouth of the River: I ask'd Friday a thousand Questions about the Country, the Inhabitants, the Sea, the Coast, and what Nation were near; he told me all he knew with the greatest Openness imaginable; I ask'd him the Names of the several Nations of his Sort of People; but could get no other Name than Caribs; from whence I easily understood, that these were the Caribbees, which our Maps place on the Part of America, which reaches from the Mouth of the River Oroonooko to Guiana, and onwards to St. Martha: He told me that up a great way beyond the Moon, that was, beyond the Setting of the Moon, which must be W. from their Country, there dwelt white bearded Men, like me; and pointed to my great Whiskers, which I mention'd before; and that they had kill'd much Mans, that was his Word; by all which I understood, he meant the Spaniards, whose Cruelties in America had been spread over the whole Countries, and was remember'd by all the Nations from Father to Son. I enquir'd if he could tell me how I might come from this Island, and get among those white Men; he told me, yes, yes, I might go in two Canoe; I could not understand what he meant, or make him describe to me what he meant by two Canoe, till at last with great Difficulty, I found he meant it must be in a large great Boat, as big as two Canoes. This Part of Friday's Discourse began to relish with me very well, and from this Time I entertain'd some Hopes, that one Time or other, I might find an Opportunity to make my Escape from this Place; and that this poor Savage might be a Means to help me to do it. During the long Time that Friday has now been with me, and that he began to speak to me, and understand me, I was not wanting to lay a Foundation of religious Knowledge in his Mind; particularly I ask'd him one Time who made him? The poor Creature did not understand me at all, but thought I had ask'd who was his Father; but I took it by another handle, and ask'd him who made the Sea, the Ground we walk'd on, and the Hills, and Woods; he told me it was one old Benamuckee, that liv'd beyond all: He could describe nothing of this great Person, but that he was very old; much older he said than the Sea, or the Land; than the Moon, or the Stars: I ask'd him then, if this old Person had made all Things, why did not all Things worship him; he look'd very grave, and with a perfect Look of Innocence, said, All Things do say O to him: I ask'd him if the People who die in his Country went away any where; he said, yes, they all went to Benamuckee There is no historic mythological source for this deity.; then I ask'd him whether these they eat up went thither too, he said yes. From these Things, I began to instruct him in the Knowledge of the true God: I told him that the great Maker of all Things liv'd up there, pointing up towards Heaven: That he governs the World by the same Power and Providence by which he had made it: That he was omnipotent, could do every Thing for us, give every Thing to us, take every Thing from us; and thus by Degrees I open'd his Eyes. He listned with great Attention, and receiv'd with Pleasure the Notion of Jesus Christ being sent to redeem us, and of the Manner of making our Prayers to God, and his being able to hear us, even into Heaven; he told me one Day, that if our God could hear us up beyond the Sun, he must needs be a greater God than their Benamuckee, who liv'd but a little way off, and yet could not hear, till they went up to the great Mountains where he dwelt, to speak to him; I ask'd him if ever he went thither, to speak to him; he said no, they never went that were young Men; none went thither but the old Men, who he call'd their Oowocakee, There is no historical source for this. that is, as I made him explain it to me, their Religious, or Clergy, and that they went to say O, (so he called saying Prayers) and then came back, and told them what Benamuckee said: By this I observ'd, That there is Priestcraft, even amongst the most blinded ignorant Pagans in the World; and the Policy of making

a secret Religion, in order to preserve the Veneration of the People to the Clergy, is not only to be found in the Roman, but perhaps among all Religions in the World, even among the most brutish and barbarous Savages. I endeavour'd to clear up this Fraud, to my Man Friday, and told him, that the Pretence of their old Men going up the Mountains, to say O to their God Benamuckee, was a Cheat, and their bringing Word from thence what he said, was much more so; that if they met with any Answer, or spake with any one there, it must be with an evil Spirit: And then I entred into a long Discourse with him about the Devil, the Original of him, his Rebellion against God, his Enmity to Man, the Reason of it, his setting himself up in the dark Parts of the World to be Worship'd instead of God, and as God; and the many Stratagems he made use of to delude Mankind to his Ruine; how he had a secret access to our Passions, and to our Affections, to adapt his Snares so to our Inclinations, as to cause us even to be our own Tempters, and to run upon our Destruction by our own Choice. I found it was not so easie to imprint right Notions in his Mind about the Devil, as it was about the Being of a God. Nature assisted all my Arguments to Evidence to him, even the Necessity of a great first Cause and over-ruling governing Power; a secret directing Providence, and of the Equity, and Justice, of paying Homage to him that made us, and the like. But there appeared nothing of all this in the Notion of an evil Spirit; of his Original, his Being, his Nature, and above all of his Inclination to do Evil, and to draw us in to do so too; and the poor Creature puzzl'd me once in such a manner, by a Question meerly natural and innocent, that I scarce knew what to say to him. I had been talking a great deal to him of the Power of God, his Omnipotence, his dreadful Nature to Sin, his being a consuming Fire to the Workers of Iniquity, how, as he had made us all, he could destroy us and all the World in a Moment; and he listen'd with great Seriousness to me all the while. After this, I had been telling him how the Devil was God's Enemy in the Hearts of Men, and used all his Malice and Skill to defeat the good Designs of Providence, and to ruine the Kingdom of Christ in the World; and the like. Well, says Friday, but you say, God is so strong, so great, is he not much strong, much might as the Devil? Yes, yes, says I, Friday, God is stronger than the Devil, God is above the Devil, and therefore we pray to God to tread him down under our Feet, and enable us to resist his Temptations and quench his fiery Darts. But, says he again, if God much strong, much might as the Devil, why God no kill the Devil, so make him no more do wicked? I was strangely surpriz'd at his Question, and after all, tho' I was now an old Man, yet I was but a young Doctor, and ill enough quallified for a Casuist, or a Solver of Difficulties: And at first I could not tell what to say, so I pretended not to hear him, and ask'd him what he said? But he was too earnest for an Answer to forget his Question; so that he repeated it in the very same broken Words, as above. By this time I had recovered my self a little, and I said, God will at last punish him severely; he is reserv'd for the Judgment, and is to be cast into the Bottomless-Pit, to dwell with everlasting Fire. This did not satisfie Friday, but he returns upon me, repeating my Words, RESERVE, AT LAST, me no underderstand; but, Why not kill the Devil now, not kill great ago? You may as well ask me, said I, Why God does not kill you and I, when we do wicked Things here that offend him? We are preserv'd to repent and be pardon'd: He muses a while at this; well, well, says he, mighty affectionately, that well; so you, I, Devil, all wicked, all preserve, repent, God pardon all. Here I was run down again by him to the last Degree, and it was a Testimony to me, how the meer Notions of Nature, though they will guide reasonable Creatures to the Knowledge of a God, and of a Worship or Homage due to the supreme Being, of God as the Consequence of our Nature; yet nothing but divine Revelation can from the Knowledge of Jesus Christ, and of a Redemption purchas'd for us, of a Mediator of the new Covenant, and of an Intercessor, at the Foot-stool of God's Throne; I say, nothing but a Revelation from Heaven, can form these in the Soul, and that therefore the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; I mean, the Word of God, and the Spirit of God promis'd for the Guide and Sanctifier of his People, are the absolutely necessary Instructors of the Souls of Men, in the saving Knowledge of God, and the Means of Salvation. I therefore diverted the present Discourse between me and my Man, rising up hastily, as upon some sudden Occasion of going out; then sending him for something a good way off, I seriously pray'd to God that he would enable me to instruct savingly this poor Savage, assisting by his Spirit

the Heart of the poor ignorant Creature, to receive the Light of the Knowledge of God in Christ, reconciling him to himself, and would guide me to speak so to him from the Word of God, as his Conscience might be convinc'd, his Eyes open'd, and his Soul sav'd. When he came again to me, I entred into a long Discourse with him upon the Subject of the Redemption of Man by the Saviour of the World, and of the Doctrine of the Gospel preach'd from Heaven, viz. of Repentance towards God, and Faith in our Blessed Lord Jesus. I then explain'd to him, as well as I could, why our Blessed Redeemer took not on him the Nature of Angels, but the Seed of Abraham, and how for that Reason the fallen Angels had no Share in the Redemption; that he came only to the lost Sheep of the House of Israel, and the like. I had, God knows, more Sincerity than Knowledge, in all the Methods I took for this poor Creature's Instruction, and must acknowledge what I believe all that act upon the same Principle will find, That in laying Things open to him, I really inform'd and instructed my self in many Things, that either I did not know, or had not fully consider'd before; but which occur'd naturally to my Mind, upon my searching into them, for the Information of this poor Savage; and I had more Affection in my Enquiry after Things upon this Occasion, than ever I felt before; so that whether this poor wild Wretch was the better for me, or no, I had great Reason to be thankful that ever he came to me: My Grief set lighter upon me, my Habitation grew comfortable to me beyond Measure; and when I reflected that in this solitary Life which I had been confin'd to, I had not only been moved myself to look up to Heaven, and to seek to the Hand that had brought me there; but was now to be made an Instrument under Providence to save the Life, and for ought I knew, the Soul of a poor Savage, and bring him to the true Knowledge of Religion, and of the Christian Doctrine, that he might know Christ Jesus, to know whom is Life eternal. I say, when I reflected upon all these Things, a secret Joy run through every Part of my Soul, and I frequently rejoyc'd that ever I was brought to this Place, which I had so often thought the most dreadful of all Afflictions that could possibly have befallen me. In this thankful Frame I continu'd all the Remainder of my Time, and the Conversation which employ'd the Hours between Friday and I, was such, as made the three Years which we liv'd there together perfectly and compleatly happy, if any such Thing as compleat Happiness can be form'd in a sublunary State. The Savage was now a good Christian, a much better than I; though I have reason to hope, and bless God for it, that we were equally penitent, and comforted restor'd Penitents; we had here the Word of God to read, and no farther off from his Spirit to instruct, than if we had been in England. I always apply'd my self in Reading the Scripture, to let him know, as well as I could, the Meaning of what I read; and he again, by his serious Enquiries, and Questionings, made me, as I said before, a much better Scholar in the Scripture Knowledge, than I should ever have been by my own private meer Reading. Another thing I cannot refrain from observing here also from Experience, in this retir'd Part of my Life, viz. How infinite and inexpressible a Blessing it is, that the Knowledge of God, and of the Doctrine of Salvation by Christ Jesus, is so plainly laid down in the Word of God; so easy to be receiv'd and understood: That as the bare reading the Scripture made me capable of understanding enough of my Duty, to carry me directly on to the great Work of sincere Repentance for my Sins, and laying hold of a Saviour for Life and Salvation, to a stated Reformation in Practice, and Obedience to all God's Commands, and this without any Teacher or Instructor; I mean, humane; so the same plain Instruction sufficiently serv'd to the enlightning this Savage Creature, and bringing him to be such a Christian, as I have known few equal to him in my Life. As to all the Disputes, Wranglings, Strife and Contention, which has happen'd in the World about Religion, whether Niceties in Doctrines, or Schemes of Church Government, they were all perfectly useless to us; as for ought I can yet see, they have been to all the rest of the World: We had the sure Guide to Heaven, viz. The Word of God; and we had, blessed be God, comfortable Views of the Spirit of God teaching and instructing us by his Word, leading us into all Truth, and making us both willing and obedient to the Instruction of his Word; and I cannot see the least Use that the greatest Knowledge of the disputed Points in Religion which have made such Confusions in the World would have been to us, if we could have obtain'd it; but I must go on with the Historical Part of Things, and take every Part in its order. After Friday and I became more intimately acquainted, and that he could understand almost

all I said to him, and speak fluently, though in broken English to me; I acquainted him with my own Story, or at least so much of it as related to my coming into the Place, how I had liv'd there, and how long. I let him into the Mystery, for such it was to him, of Gunpowder, and Bullet, and taught him how to shoot: I gave him a Knife, which he was wonderfully delighted with, and I made him a Belt, with a Frog hanging to it, such as in England we wear Hangers Swords in; and in the Frog, instead of a Hanger, I gave him a Hatchet, which was not only as good a Weapon in some Cases, but much more useful upon other Occasions. I describ'd to him the Country of Europe, and particularly England, which I came from; how we liv'd, how we worshipp'd God, how we behav'd to one another; and how we traded in Ships to all Parts of the World: I gave him an Account of the Wreck which I had been on board of, and shew'd him as near as I could, the Place where she lay; but she was all beaten in Pieces before, and gone. I shew'd him the Ruins of our Boat, which we lost when we escap'd, and which I could not stir with my whole Strength then; but was now fallen almost all to Pieces: Upon seeing this Boat, Friday stood musing a great while, and said nothing; I ask'd him what it was he study'd upon, at last says he, me see such Boat like come to Place at my Nation. I did not understand him a good while; but at last, when I had examin'd farther into it, I understood by him, that a Boat, such as that had been, came on Shore upon the Country where he liv'd; that is, as he explain'd it, was driven thither by Stress of Weather: I presently imagin'd, that some European Ship must have been cast away upon their Coast, and the Boat might get loose, and drive a Shore; but was so dull, that I never once thought of Men making escape from a Wreck thither, much less whence they might come; so I only enquir'd after a Description of the Boat. Friday describ'd the Boat to me well enough; but brought me better to understand him, when he added with some Warmth, we save the white Mans from drown: Then I presently ask'd him, if there was any white Mans, as he call'd them, in the Boat; yes, he said, the Boat full white Mans: I ask'd him how many; he told upon his Fingers seventeen: I ask'd him then what become of them; he told me, they live, they dwell at my Nation. This put new Thoughts into my Head; for I presently imagin'd, that these might be the Men belonging to the Ship, that was cast away in Sight of my Island, as I now call it; and who after the Ship was struck on the Rock, and they saw her inevitably lost, had sav'd themselves in their Boat, and were landed upon that wild Shore among the Savages. Upon this, I enquir'd of him more critically, What was become of them? He assur'd me they lived still there; that they had been there about four Years; that the Savages let them alone, and gave them Victuals to live. I ask'd him, How it came to pass they did not kill them and eat them? He said, No, they make Brother with them; that is, as I understood him, a Truce: And then he added, They no eat Mans but when make the War fight; that is to say, they never eat any Men but such as come to fight with them, and are taken in Battle. It was after this some considerable Time, that being upon the Top of the Hill, at the East Side of the Island, from whence as I have said, I had in a clear Day discover'd the Main, or Continent of America; Friday, the Weather being very serene, looks very earnestly towards the Main Land, and in a kind of Surprise, falls a jumping and dancing, and calls out to me, for I was at some Distance from him: I ask'd him, What was the Matter? O joy! Says he, O glad! There see my Country, there my Nation! I observ'd an extraordinary Sense of Pleasure appear'd in his Face, and his Eyes sparkled, and his Countenance discover'd a strange Eagerness, as if he had a Mind to be in his own Country again; and this Observation of mine, put a great many Thoughts into me, which made me at first not so easy about my new Man Friday as I was before; and I made no doubt, but that if Friday could get back to his own Nation again, he would not only forget all his Religion, but all his Obligation to me; and would be forward enough to give his Countrymen an Account of me, and come back perhaps with a hundred or two of them, and make a Feast upon me, at which he might be as merry as he us'd to be with those of his Enemies, when they were taken in War. But I wrong'd the poor honest Creature very much, for which I was very sorry afterwards. However as my Jealousy encreased, and held me some Weeks, I was a little more circumspect, and not so familiar and kind to him as before; in which I was certainly in the Wrong too, the honest grateful Creature having no thought about it, but what consisted with the best Principles, both as a religious Christian, and as a grateful Friend, as appeared afterwards to my full Satisfaction. While my



Jealousy of him lasted, you may be sure I was every Day pumping him to see if he would discover any of the new Thoughts, which I suspected were in him; but I found every thing he said was so Honest, and so Innocent, that I could find nothing to nourish my Suspicion; and in spite of all my Uneasiness he made me at last entirely his own again, nor did he in the least perceive that I was Uneasie, and therefore I could not suspect him of Deceit. One Day walking up the same Hill, but the Weather being haizy at Sea, so that we could not see the Continent, I call'd to him, and said, Friday, do not you wish your self in your own Country, your own Nation? Yes, he said, he be much O glad to be at his own Nation. What would you do there said I, would you turn Wild again, eat Mens Flesh again, and be a Savage as you were before. He lookt full of Concern, and shaking his Head said, No no, Friday tell them to live Good, tell them to pray God, tell them to eat Corn-bread, Cattle-flesh, Milk, no eat Man again: Why then said I to him, They will kill you. He look'd grave at that, and then said, No, they no kill me, they willing love learn: He meant by this, they would be willing to learn. He added, they learn'd much of the Bearded-Mans that come in the Boat. Then I ask'd him if he would go back to them? He smil'd at that, and told me he could not swim so far. I told him I would make a Canoe for him. He told me, he would go, if I would go with him. I go! says I, why they will Eat me if I come there? No, no, says he, me make they no Eat you; me make they much Love you: He meant he would tell them how I had kill'd his Enemies, and sav'd his Life, and so he would make them love me; then he told me as well as he could, how kind they were to seventeen White-men, or Bearded-men, as he call'd them, who came on Shore there in Distress. From this time I confess I had a Mind to venture over, and see if I could possibly joyn with these Bearded-men, who I made no doubt were Spaniards or Portuguese; not doubting but if I could we might find some Method to Escape from thence, being upon the Continent, and a good Company together; better than I could from an Island 40 Miles off the Shore, and alone without Help. So after some Days I took Friday to work again, by way of Discourse, and told him I would give him a Boat to go back to his own Nation; and accordingly I carry'd him to my Frigate which lay on the other Side of the Island, and having clear'd it of Water, for I always kept it sunk in the Water; I brought it out, shewed it him, and we both went into it. I found he was a most dextrous Fellow at managing it, would make it go almost as swift and fast again as I could; so when he was in, I said to him, Well now, Friday, shall we go to your Nation? He look'd very dull at my saying so, which it seems was, because he thought the Boat too small to go so far. I told him then I had a bigger; so the next Day I went to the Place where the first Boat lay which I had made, but which I could not get into Water: He said that was big enough; but then as I had taken no Care of it, and it had lain two or three and twenty Years there, the Sun had split and dry'd it, that it was in a manner rotten. Friday told me such a Boat would do very well, and would carry much enough Vittle, Drink, Bread, that was his Way of Talking.

# "The Prologue"

By Anne Bradstreet

*Transcription, correction, editorial commentary, and markup by Staff and  
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- [TP] -

## SEVERAL POEMS

Compiled with great variety of Wit and  
Learning, full of Delight;  
Wherein especially is contained a compleat  
Discourse, and Description of  
The Four { ELEMENTS  
CONSTITUTIONS,  
AGES of Man,  
SEASONS of the Year.

Together with an exact Epitome of  
the three first *Monarchyes*  
Viz, The { ASSYRIAN,  
PERSIAN,  
GRECIAN.

*And beginning of the Romane Common-wealth  
to the end of their last King:*

With diverse other pleasant & serious *Poems* ,  
By a Gentlewoman in *New-England* .

*The second Edition, Corrected by the Author,  
and enlarged by an Addition of several other  
Poems found amongst her Papers  
after her Death.*

*Boston* , Printed by *John Foster* , 1678.

## The Prologue

1.

TO sing of Wars, of Captains, and of Kings,  
Of Cities founded, Common-wealths begun,  
For my mean pen are too superiour things:  
Or how they all, or each their dates have run  
Let Poets and Historians set these forth,  
My obscure Lines shall not so dim their worth.

2.

But when my wondring eyes and envious heart  
Great Bartas sugar'd lines, do but read o're  
Fool I do grudg the Muses did not part  
'Twixt him and me that overfluent store,  
A Bartas can, do what a Bartas will  
But simple I according to my skill.

3.

From school-boyes tongue no rhet'rick we expect  
Nor yet a sweet Consort from broken strings,  
Nor perfect beauty, where's a main defect:  
My foolish, broken blemish'd Muse so sings  
And this to mend, alas, no Art is able,  
'Cause nature, made it so irreparable.

4.

Nor can I, like that fluent sweet tongu'd Greek,  
Who lisp'd at first, in future times speak plain  
By Art he gladly found what he did seek

A full requital of his, striving pain

- 4 -

Art can do much, but this maxime's most sure  
A weak or wounded brain admits no cure.

5.

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue  
Who says my hand a needle better fits,  
A Poets pen all scorn I should thus wrong,  
For such despite they cast on Female wits:  
If what I do prove well, it won't advance,  
They'll say it's stoln, or else it was by chance.

6.

But sure the Antique Greeks were far more mild  
Else of our Sexe, why feigned they those Nine  
And poesy made, Calliop's own Child;  
So 'mongst the rest they placed the Arts Divine.  
But this weak knot, they will full soon untie,  
The Greeks did nought, but play the fools & lye.

7.

Let Greeks be Greeks, and women what they are  
Men have precedency and still excell,  
It is but vain unjustly to wage warre;  
Men can do best, and women know it well  
Preheminence in all and each is yours;  
Yet grant some small acknowledgement of ours.

8.

And oh ye high flown quills that soar the Skies,  
And ever with your prey still catch your praise,

If e're you daigne these lowly lines your eyes  
Give Thyme or Parsley wreath I ask no bayes,  
This mean and unrefined ure of mine  
Will make you glistring gold, but more to shine:

# The Waste Land

By T.S. Eliot

*Markup by Students and Staff of Marymount University, Greg Gillespie, Tonya Howe, Zafit Olea, Caroline Peloquin*

- [TP] -

THE WASTE LAND  
BY  
T. S. ELIOT

"Nam Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis

vidi in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent:

##### ## #####; respondebat illa: #####. "

epigraph

,

NEW YORK  
BONI AND LIVERIGHT 1922

## I. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

1 APRIL is the cruellest month, <sup>Chaucer</sup>, breeding  
2 Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing  
3 Memory and desire, stirring  
4 Dull roots with spring rain.  
5 Winter kept us warm, covering  
6 Earth in forgetful snow, feeding  
7 A little life with dried tubers.  
8 Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee  
9 With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,  
10 And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,

- 10 -

11 And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.  
12 Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch., <sup>identity</sup>  
13 And when we were children, staying at the archduke's,  
14 My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,  
15 And I was frightened. He said, Marie,  
16 Marie, hold on tight. And down he went.  
17 In the mountains, there you feel free.  
18 I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.  
  
19 What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow  
20 Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,

- 11 -

21 You cannot say, or guess, for you know only  
22 A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,  
23 And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,  
24 And the dry stone no sound of water. Only  
25 There is shadow under this red rock,  
26 (Come in under the shadow of this red rock),  
27 And I will show you something different from either  
28 Your shadow at morning striding behind you  
29 Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;

- 12 -

30 I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

31 Frisch, <sup>Wagner</sup> weht der Wind  
32 Der-Heimat zu

33 *Mein Irisch Kind,*

34 *Wo weilest du?*

35 "You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;

36 "They called me the hyacinth girl."

37 —Yet when we came back, late, from the Hyacinth garden,

38 Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not

39 Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither

40 Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,

41 Looking into the heart of light, the silence.

- 13 -

42 Oed' und leer das Meer.

43 Madame Sosotris, famous clairvoyante, <sup>clairvoyant</sup>,

44 Had a bad cold, nevertheless

45 Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,

46 With a wicked pack of cards, <sup>cards</sup>. Here, said she,

47 Is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor,

48 (Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!)

49 Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,

50 The lady of situations.

51 Here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel,

- 14 -

52 And here is the one-eyed merchant, and this card,

53 Which is blank, is something he carries on his back,

54 Which I am forbidden to see. I do not find

55 The Hanged Man. Fear death by water, <sup>water</sup>.

56 I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring.

57 Thank you. If you see dear Mrs. Equitone,

58 Tell her I bring the horoscope myself:

59 One must be so careful these days.

60 Unreal City,

61 Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,

- 15 -

62 A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,

63 I had not thought death had undone so many.

64 Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,

65 And each man fixed his eyes before his feet.

66 Flowed up the hill and down King William Street,

67 To where Saint Mary Woolnoth, <sup>woolnoth</sup> kept the hours

68 With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.



69 There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying: "Stetson!

70 "You who were with me in the ships at Mylae, <sup>mylae</sup>!

- 17 -

71 "That corpse you planted last year in your garden,

72 "Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?

73 "Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?

74 "O keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,

75 "Or with his nails he'll dig it up again!

76 "*You! hypocrite lecteur!—mon semblable,—mon frère!*, <sup>baudelaire</sup> "

## II. A GAME OF CHESS

77 The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne,  
78 Glowed on the marble, where the glass  
79 Held up by standards wrought with fruited vines  
80 From which a golden Cupidon, <sup>cupidon</sup> peeped out  
81 (Another hid his eyes behind his wing)  
82 Doubled the flames of sevenbranched candelabra  
83 Reflecting light upon the table as  
84 The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,  
85 From satin cases poured in rich profusion.

86 In vials of ivory and coloured glass  
87 Unstoppered, lurked her strange synthetic perfumes,  
88 Unguent, powdered, or liquid—troubled, confused  
89 And drowned the sense in odours; stirred by the air  
90 That freshened from the window, these ascended  
91 In fattening the prolonged candle-flames,  
92 Flung their smoke into the laquearia,  
93 Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.  
94 Huge sea-wood fed with copper  
95 Burned green and orange, framed by the coloured stone,  
96 In which sad light a carved dolphin swam.

97 Above the antique mantel was displayed  
98 As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene  
99 The change of Philomel, <sup>philomel</sup>, by the barbarous king  
100 So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale  
101 Filled all the desert with inviolable voice  
102 And still she cried, and still the world pursues,  
103 "Jug Jug" to dirty ears.  
104 And other withered stumps of time  
105 Were told upon the walls; staring forms  
106 Leaned out, leaning, hushing the room enclosed.  
107 Footsteps shuffled on the stair.

108 Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair  
109 Spread out in fiery points  
110 Glowed into words, then would be savagely still.

111 "My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad. Stay with me.  
112 "Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.  
113 "What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?  
114 "I never know what you are thinking. Think."

115 I think we are in rats' alley  
116 Where the dead men lost their bones.

- 21 -

117 "What is that noise?"  
118 The wind under the door.  
119 "What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?"  
120 Nothing again nothing.  
121 "Do  
122 "You know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember  
123 "Nothing?"

124 I remember  
125 Those are pearls that were his eyes., <sup>pearls</sup>  
126 "Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?"

127 But  
128 O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag, <sup>rag</sup>—  
129 It's so elegant  
130 So intelligent

- 22 -

131 "What shall I do now? What shall I do?"  
132 I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street  
133 "With my hair down, so. What shall we do tomorrow?  
134 "What shall we ever do?"  
135 The hot w[a]ter at ten.  
136 And if it rains, a closed car at four.  
137 And we shall play a game of chess,  
138 Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon the door.  
139 When Lil's husband got demobbed, <sup>demobbed</sup>, I said—

- 23 -

140 I didn't mince my words, I said to her myself,  
141 HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME, <sup>hurry</sup>  
142 Now Albert's coming back, make yourself a bit smart.  
143 He'll want to know what you done with that money he gave you  
144 To get yourself some teeth. He did, I was there.  
145 You have them all out, Lil, and get a nice set,  
146 He said, I swear, I can't bear to look at you.

147 And no more can't I, I said, and think of poor Albert,  
148 He's been in the army four years, he wants a good time,

- 24 -

149 And if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.  
150 Oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.  
151 Then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.  
152 HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME  
153 If you don't like it you can get on with it, I said.  
154 Others can pick and choose if you can't.  
155 But if Albert makes off, it won't be for lack of telling.  
156 You ought to be ashamed, I said, to look so antique.  
157 (And her only thirty-one.)  
158 I can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,

- 25 -

159 It's them pills, <sup>pills</sup> I took, to bring it off, she said.  
160 (She's had five already, and nearly died of young George.)  
161 The chemist said it would be all right, but I've never been the same.  
162 You are a proper fool, I said.  
163 Well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said,  
164 What you get married for if you don't want children?  
165 HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME  
166 Well, that Sunday Albert was home, they had a hot gammon,  
167 And they asked me in to dinner, to get the beauty of it hot—

- 26 -

168 HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME  
169 HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME  
170 Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.  
171 Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.  
172 Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

### III. THE FIRE SERMON

173 THE river's tent is broken: the last fingers of leaf  
174 Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind  
175 Crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.  
176 Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.  
177 The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,  
178 Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends  
179 Or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.

180 And their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors;  
181 Departed, have left no addresses.  
182 By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept . . .  
183 Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song., <sup>spenser</sup>  
184 Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long.  
185 But at my back in a cold blast I hear  
186 The rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.  
  
187 A rat crept softly through the vegetation  
188 Dragging its slimy belly on the bank  
189 While I was fishing in the dull canal

190 On a winter evening round behind the gashouse  
191 Musing upon the king my brother's wreck  
192 And on the king my father's death before him.  
193 White bodies naked on the low damp ground  
194 And bones cast in a little low dry garret,  
195 Rattled by the rat's foot only, year to year.  
196 But at my back from time to time I hear  
197 The sound of horns and motors, which shall bring  
198 Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.  
199 O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter  
200 And on her daughter

201 They wash their feet in soda water  
202 Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!, <sup>Verlaine</sup>  
  
203 Twit twit twit  
204 Jug jug jug jug jug jug

205 So rudely forc'd.  
206 Tereu  
  
207 Unreal City  
208 Under the brown fog of a winter noon  
209 Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant  
210 Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants  
211 C.i.f. London: documents at sight,  
212 Asked me in demotic French  
213 To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel

- 31 -

214 Followed by a weekend at the Metropole.  
  
215 At the violet hour, when the eyes and back  
216 Turn upward from the desk, when the human engine waits  
217 Like a taxi throbbing waiting,  
218 I Tiresias, <sup>tiresias</sup>, though blind, throbbing between two lives,  
219 Old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see  
200 At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives  
221 Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea,  
222 The typist home at teatime, clears her breakfast, lights

- 32 -

223 Her stove, and lays out food in tins.  
224 Out of the window perilously spread  
225 Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays,  
226 On the divan are piled (at night her bed)  
227 Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.  
228 I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs  
229 Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest—  
230 I too awaited the expected guest.  
231 He, the young man carbuncular, <sup>carbuncular</sup>, arrives,  
232 A small house agent's clerk, with one bold stare,  
233 One of the low on whom assurance sits  
234 As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.  
235 The time is now propitious, as he guesses,  
236 The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,

- 33 -

237 Endeavours to engage her in caresses  
238 Which still are unproved, if undesired.  
239 Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;  
240 Exploring hands encounter no defence;  
241 His vanity requires no response,

242 And makes a welcome of indifference.  
243 (And I Tiresias have foresuffered all  
244 Enacted on this same divan or bed;  
245 I who have sat by Thebes below the wall  
246 And walked among the lowest of the dead.)  
247 Bestows one final patronising kiss,  
248 And gropes his way, finding the stairs unlit . . .

249 She turns and looks a moment in the glass,  
250 Hardly aware of her departed lover;

- 34 -

251 Her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass:  
252 "Well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over."  
253 When lovely woman stoops to folly and  
254 Paces about her room again, alone,  
255 She smooths her hair with automatic hand,  
256 And puts a record on the gramophone.

257 "This music crept by me upon the waters"  
258 And along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street.  
259 O City city, I can sometimes hear  
260 Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street,

- 35 -

261 The pleasant whining of a mandoline  
262 And a clatter and a chatter from within  
263 Where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls  
264 Of Magnus Martyr hold  
265 Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.

266 The river sweats  
267 Oil and tar  
268 The barges drift  
269 With the turning tide  
270 Red sails  
271 Wide  
272 To leeward, swing on the heavy spar.  
273 The barges wash

- 36 -

274 Drifting logs  
275 Down Greenwich reach  
276 Past the Isle of Dogs.  
277 Weialala leia  
278 Wallala leialala

279 Elizabeth and Leicester  
280 Beating oars  
281 The stern was formed  
282 A gilded shell  
283 Red and gold  
284 The brisk swell  
285 Rippled both shores  
286 Southwest wind  
287 Carried down stream  
288 The peal of bells  
289 White towers

- 37 -

290 Weialala leia  
291 Wallala leialala

292 "Trams and dusty trees.  
293 Highbury bore me. Richmond and Kew  
294 Undid me. By Richmond I raised my knees  
295 Supine on the floor of a narrow canoe."

296 "My feet are at Moorgate, <sup>Moorgate</sup>, and my heart  
297 Under my feet. After the event  
298 He wept. He promised 'a new start'.  
299 I made no comment. What should I resent?"  
300 "On Margate Sands.  
301 I can connect  
302 Nothing with nothing.

- 38 -

303 The broken fingernails of dirty hands.  
304 My people humble people who expect  
305 Nothing."  
306 la la

307 To Carthage, <sup>Carthage</sup> then I came

308 Burning burning burning burning  
309 O Lord Thou pluckest me out  
310 O Lord Thou pluckest  
311 burning



#### IV. DEATH BY WATER

312 PHLEBAS the Phoenician, a fortnight dead,  
313 Forgot the cry of gulls, and the deep sea swell  
314 And the profit and loss.  
315 A current under sea  
316 Picked his bones in whispers. As he rose and fell  
317 He passed the stages of his age and youth  
318 Entering the whirlpool.  
319 Gentile or Jew  
320 O you who turn the wheel and look to windward,  
321 Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall as you.

## V. WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

322 AFTER the torchlight red on sweaty faces  
323 After the frosty silence in the gardens  
324 After the agony in stony places  
325 The shouting and the crying  
326 Prison and palace and reverberation  
327 Of thunder of spring over distant mountains  
328 He who was living is now dead  
329 We who were living are now dying  
330 With a little patience

331 Here is no water but only rock  
332 Rock and no water and the sandy road  
333 The road winding above among the mountains  
334 Which are mountains of rock without water  
335 If there were water we should stop and drink  
336 Amongst the rock one cannot stop or think  
337 Sweat is dry and feet are in the sand  
338 If there were only water amongst the rock  
339 Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit  
340 Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit  
341 There is not even silence in the mountains

342 But dry sterile thunder without rain  
343 There is not even solitude in the mountains  
344 But red sullen faces sneer and snarl  
345 From doors of mudcracked houses  
346 If there were water  
346 And no rock  
347 If there were rock  
348 And also water  
349 And water  
350 A spring  
351 A pool among the rock  
352 If there were the sound of water only  
353 Not the cicada  
354 And dry grass singing  
355 But sound of water over a rock

356 Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees  
357 Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop  
358 But there is no water

359 Who is the third who walks always beside you?  
360 When I count, there are only you and I together  
361 But when I look ahead up the white road  
362 There is always another one walking beside you  
363 Gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded  
364 I do not know whether a man or a woman  
365 —But who is that on the other side of you?

- 44 -

366 What is that sound high in the air  
367 Murmur of maternal lamentation  
368 Who are those hooded hordes swarming  
369 Over endless plains, stumbling in cracked earth  
370 Ringed by the flat horizon only  
371 What is the city over the mountains  
372 Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air  
373 Falling towers  
374 Jerusalem Athens Alexandria  
375 Vienna London  
376 Unreal

377 A woman drew her long black hair out tight

- 45 -

378 And fiddled whisper music on those strings  
379 And bats with baby faces in the violet light  
380 Whistled, and beat their wings  
381 And crawled head downward down a blackened wall  
382 And upside down in air were towers  
383 Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours  
384 And voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted wells.

385 In this decayed hole among the mountains  
386 In the faint moonlight, the grass is singing  
387 Over the tumbled graves, about the chapel  
388 There is the empty chapel, only the wind's home.

- 46 -

389 It has no windows, and the door swings,  
390 Dry bones can harm no one.  
391 Only a cock stood on the rooftree  
392 Co co rico co co rico

393 In a flash of lightning. Then a damp gust  
394 Bringing rain

395 Ganga was sunken, and the limp leaves  
396 Waited for rain, while the black clouds  
397 Gathered far distant, over Himavant.  
398 The jungle crouched, humped in silence.  
399 Then spoke the thunder

400 DA

401 *Datta:* what have we given?  
402 My friend, blood shaking my heart  
403 The awful daring of a moment's surrender

- 47 -

404 Which an age of prudence can never retract  
405 By this, and this only, we have existed  
406 Which is not to be found in our obituaries  
407 Or in memories draped by the beneficent spider  
408 Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor  
409 In our empty rooms

410 DA

411 *Dayadhvam:* I have heard the key  
412 Turn in the door once and turn once only  
413 We think of the key, each in his prison  
414 Thinking of the key, each confirms a prison  
415 Only at nightfall, aetherial rumours

- 48 -

416 Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus  
417 DA  
418 *Damyata:* The boat responded  
419 Gaily, to the hand expert with sail and oar  
420 The sea was calm, your heart would have responded  
421 Gaily, when invited, beating obedient  
422 To controlling hands

423 I sat upon the shore  
424 Fishing, with the arid plain behind me  
425 Shall I at least set my lands in order?  
426 London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down

- 49 -

427 *Poi s'ascese nel foco che gli affina*  
428 *Quando fiam ceu chelidon* — O swallow swallow  
429 *Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie*

430 These fragments I have shored against my ruins  
431 Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.  
432 Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.  
  
433 Shantih shantih shantih



## Footnotes

epigraph This is a quote from the first-century Roman prose work *Satyricon* (c.54-68) believed to be by Gaius Petronius (27-66CE). Eliot translated the epigraph as follows: "I saw with my own eyes the Sibyl at Cumae hanging in a cage, and when the boys said to her: 'Sibyl, what do you want?' she answered: 'I want to die.'" - [TH]

Chaucer The first line of *The Waste Land* alludes to the General Prologue of Geoffrey Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, which opens with a "description of Spring characteristic of dream visions of secular love" ([Harvard](#)). Chaucer's poem begins, in modern English, as follows:

When April with its sweet-smelling showers  
THas pierced the drought of March to the root,  
And bathed every vein (of the plants) in such liquid  
By which power the flower is created;  
When the West Wind also with its sweet breath  
In every wood and field has breathed life into  
The tender new leaves, and the young sun  
Has run half its course in Aries,  
And small fowls make melody,  
Those that sleep all the night with open eyes  
(So Nature incites them in their hearts),  
Then folk long to go on pilgrimages,  
And professional pilgrims to seek foreign shores,  
To distant shrines, known in various lands.... ([General Prologue, 1-14](#))

You might consider how Eliot's version compares to this source text.  
- [TH]

identity In this passage, the female speaker's statement, "I am not Russian at all; I come from Lithuania, really German," introduces the theme of fragmentation and displacement that permeates the poem. The speaker's identity is shaped by multiple cultural influences, resulting in a fragmented sense of self. She does not fully identify as Russian, Lithuanian, or German, but as a hybrid of all three. This complex identity further highlights the themes of displacement and cultural conflict throughout the work.  
- [ZO]

Wagner These lines are quoted from Richard Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* (1865), a German opera based on a 12th century chivalric tragic poem *Tristan and Iseult*. There are multiple different versions of the story, but at root, it is a Celtic legend about tragic love; the knight Tristan has been tasked with accompanying the Irish maiden Iseult to be married to his uncle, the King of Cornwall. On the way, Tristan and Iseult fall deeply in love, which causes many tempestuous problems. The story became very popular in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, especially among the Pre-Raphaelites, a group of artists and writers influenced by Romanticism who sought inspiration in Italian Renaissance art and medieval courtly themes. The image included here, by the Pre-

Raphaelite painter John William Waterhouse, is *Tristan and Isolde with the Potion* (1916), via [Wikimedia Commons](#). Tristan and Iseult are on the ship heading for Cornwall and Iseult's marriage; they are drinking a love potion. The lines are from the first act of *Tristan und Isolde*, and are sung by an anonymous sailor about his lover, left behind in Ireland. Translated, the lines read "Fresh blows the wind / homeward: / my Irish maid, / where do you linger?" A later line (42, below) from the same opera, "Empty and desolate is the sea," sandwiches Eliot's description of the first meeting between the "hyacinth girl" (36) and her lover, who remembers being struck by her and feeling "neither / Living nor dead" (39-40). (

- [TH]

**clairvoyant** This noun comes from the word "clairvoyance", which in the French means clear-sighted. A clairvoyant is what we would now call a psychic, someone who can see things that are not physically there. Madame Sosostris is a fortune teller who has a reputation as "the wisest woman in Europe." The -e is added to the word clairvoyant to make it feminine in the French (OED).

- [CP]

**cards** A character in Eliot's poem visits a famous fortune teller, and the following lines describe the tarot cards she received at a reading. According to Elizabeth DeBold of the [Folger Shakespeare Library](#), tarot originated in 14th-century Egypt, and traveled to Europe during the Renaissance.

- [TH]

**water** Water is a prevalent motif throughout *The Waste Land*. Water is often associated with regeneration/rebirth, but here and elsewhere, it is associated with death.

- [CP]

**woolnoth** Saint Mary Woolnoth is an Anglican church in London, first built in the 12th century, then rebuilt on several occasions. The photograph included here, from about 1900, originally from the Library of Congress, shows the church in its modern form, designed by Nicholas Hawksmoore and opened in 1727. This is likely very close to what Eliot would have seen. It is possible that the site had been a place of worship for 2000 years ([Wikipedia](#)).

- [TH]

**mylae** [The Battle of Mylae](#), a naval battle won in 260BCE by Roman naval forces.

- [TH]

**baudelaire** This is an allusion to the last line of Charles Baudelaire's introductory poem "Au Lecteur [To the Reader]" from his collection *Fleurs du mal [Flowers of Evil]* (1857-1868). The line reads, "Hypocritical reader, --my twin, --my brother!" You can read Baudelaire's poems [online](#).

- [TH]

**cupidon** The scene described by the speaker features banners adorned with fruit-bearing vines and a standard depicting a golden "Cupidon," an alternate name for the Roman god of love, Cupid. The use of Cupidon in this context evokes themes of desire, fertility, and the pursuit of romantic love. The image of Cupidon peeking out from behind the banner may also imply a sense of voyeurism or hidden desire, contributing to an undercurrent of sexual tension in the scene. This lush, sensual



imagery is suggestive of the speaker's heightened sensibility, and highlights the poem's themes of passion and desire. The image included here, via [Wikipedia](#), shows a Roman copy of an original Greek sculpture of *Eros Stringing His Bow* .

- [ZO]

philomel An allusion to the ancient Greek story of Philomela, which was recounted in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* 6.412-674 . In the story, Tereus, King of Thrace, marries the Athenian Procne. Procne asks her husband to bring her sister, Philomela, to visit her in Thrace. Tereus rapes Philomela, and to keep her from telling her sister of the assault, he cuts out her tongue. Philomela communicates her story to Procne by weaving a tapestry showing the events. The two sisters avenge the abuse by killing Itys, Procne and Tereus' son, and baking him into a pie which Tereus eats. The women flee, pursued by Tereus; the gods transform the three into birds--Philomela becomes the sweet-singing nightingale.

- [TH]

pearls Throughout *The Waste Land* , Eliot refers to Shakespeare's *The Tempest* . This is an allusion to I.ii.394-398, when Ariel sings about a drowned man undergoing "a sea-change / Into something rich and strange." The words suggest the fate of Ferdinand's father, whom he believes lost at sea.

- [TH]

rag Though Eliot has made changes to the language, *That Shakespearian Rag* is a ragtime tune from 1912 (Parker, "[Songs in T.S. Eliot's The Waste Land](#) "). Ragtime was a progenitor of jazz, the rhythms of which influenced Eliot's style.

- [TH]

demobbed Colloquial British expression for "demobilized," specifically, released from military service. Lil's husband likely served in World War I (1914-1918).

- [TH]

hurry The barkeep is informing the patrons of closing time.

- [TH]

pills The speaker is referring to medication that induces abortion.

- [TH]

spenser An allusion to Edmund Spenser's poem "[Prothalamion](#)" (1596), which celebrates the marriage of two "nymphs." Nymphs are female water spirits of classical myth, but the word also suggests young women in general. A prothalamion is a type of poem that celebrates a coming marriage.

- [TH]

Verlaine In this line, the speaker directly alludes to the last line of the French poet Paul Verlaine's sonnet "Parsifal": "And, O those children's voices singing in the dome!" The sonnet is a meditation on art and the power of music; it reflects the poet's response to hearing [Richard Wagner's opera Parsifal](#) , which is a major intertext to Eliot's poem. The use of this allusion adds an extra layer of meaning to the poem. The inclusion of French in the midst of an English poem could also

suggest a sense of cultural dislocation or separation. Additionally, the image of children's voices singing in a dome may represent a symbol of purity and innocence that contrasts with the themes of corruption and decay present elsewhere in the poem. To learn more about Verlaine, see [the Poetry Foundation](#). To learn more about Wagner's role in "The Waste Land," see this scholarly essay by Philip Waldron, "[The Music of Poetry: Wagner in \*The Waste Land\*](#)". You can read Verlaine's poem in the original French and in English translation [here](#).

- [ZO]

**tiresias** In Greek mythology, Tiresias is a blind prophet who also lived as both a man and a woman. He was instrumental in the action of Sophocles' Oedipus plays, and he also appeared in Homer's *Odyssey* .

- [TH]

**carbuncular** Used here as an adjective, "carbuncular" comes from the word "carbuncle," which is an lesion on the skin that is irritated and filled with pus, and overall is unpleasant to look at (OED n3).

- [CP]

**Moorgate** Dating back to the Medieval period, Moorgate was the last of the old gates to be built in the Roman defense wall that surrounded the fort of Londinium, now London. The original Roman walls were built 100-400 CE, but Moorgate was originally a secondary gate that was expanded in 1415. It led to the marshy Moorfields area in the north of London. It was demolished in 1762. To learn more about the [London Wall](#), see [Wikipedia](#). The image here, also via [Wikipedia](#), shows an 18th-century engraving depicting Moorgate before it was demolished.

- [CP]

**Carthage** This is a reference to the ancient city of Carthage, which was located in what is now Tunisia. Carthage was a major center of trade and civilization in the ancient Mediterranean world, but it was destroyed by the Romans in the Punic Wars in the 2nd century BCE. The use of Carthage in the poem may suggest themes of destruction, decay, and the decline of civilization. The city of Carthage has been interpreted as a symbol of the failure and fall of human civilizations, which can serve as a warning for modern society. The image included in this annotation, [via Wikimedia Commons](#), shows a representation of the ancient city from the Carthage National Museum in Tunisia.

- [ZO]

# "The Sign of the Four"

By Arthur Conan Doyle

*Transcription, correction, editorial commentary, and markup by Greg Gillespie, Students and Staff of Marymount University*

- [Cover of Lippincott's Monthly Magazine, February 1890] -

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LIPPINCOTT'S  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.  
FEBRUARY, 1890.  
THE SIGN OF THE FOUR.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE SCIENCE OF DEDUCTION.

Sherlock Holmes took his bottle from the corner of the mantel-piece and his hypodermic syringe from its neat morocco case, <sup>moroccoCase</sup>. With his long, white, nervous fingers he adjusted the delicate needle, and rolled back his left shirt-cuff. For some little time his eyes rested thoughtfully upon the sinewy forearm and wrist all dotted and scarred with innumerable puncture-marks. Finally he thrust the sharp point home, pressed down the tiny piston, and sank back into the velvet-lined arm-chair with a long sigh of satisfaction.

Three times a day for many months I had witnessed this performance, but custom had not reconciled my mind to it. On the contrary, from day to day I had become more irritable at the sight, and my conscience swelled nightly within me at the thought that I had lacked the courage to protest. Again and again I had registered a vow that I should deliver my soul upon the subject, but there was that in the cool, nonchalant air of my companion which made him the last man with whom one would care to take anything approaching to a liberty. His great powers, his masterly manner, and the experience which I had had of his many extraordinary qualities, all made me diffident and backward in crossing him.

Yet upon that afternoon, whether it was the Beaune which I had taken with my lunch, <sup>beaune</sup>, or the additional exasperation produced by the extreme deliberation of his manner, I suddenly felt that I could hold out no longer.

“Which is it to-day?” I asked,—“morphine or cocaine, <sup>drugs</sup> ?”

He raised his eyes languidly from the old black-letter, <sup>blackletter</sup> volume which he had opened. “It is cocaine,” he said,—“a seven-per-cent. solution. Would you care to try it?”

“No, indeed,” I answered, brusquely. “My constitution has not

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got over the Afghan campaign, <sup>afghan</sup> yet. I cannot afford to throw any extra strain upon it.”

He smiled at my vehemence. “Perhaps you are right, Watson,” he said. “I suppose that its influence is physically a bad one. I find it, however, so transcendently stimulating and clarifying to the mind that its secondary action is a matter of small moment.”

“But consider!” I said, earnestly. “Count the cost! Your brain may, as you say, be roused and excited, but it is a pathological and morbid process, which involves increased tissue-change and may at last leave a permanent weakness. You know, too, what a black reaction comes upon you. Surely the game is hardly worth the candle. Why should you, for a mere passing pleasure, risk the loss of those great powers with

which you have been endowed? Remember that I speak not only as one comrade to another, but as a medical man to one for whose constitution he is to some extent answerable."

He did not seem offended. On the contrary, he put his finger-tips together and leaned his elbows on the arms of his chair, like one who has a relish for conversation.

"My mind," he said, "rebels at stagnation. Give me problems, give me work, give me the most abstruse cryptogram or the most intricate analysis, and I am in my own proper atmosphere. I can dispense then with artificial stimulants. But I abhor the dull routine of existence. I crave for mental exaltation. That is why I have chosen my own particular profession,—or rather created it, for I am the only one in the world."

"The only unofficial detective?" I said, raising my eyebrows.

"The only unofficial consulting detective," he answered. "I am the last and highest court of appeal in detection. When Gregson or Lestrade or Athelney Jones are out of their depths—which, by the way, is their normal state—the matter is laid before me. I examine the data, as an expert, and pronounce a specialist's opinion. I claim no credit in such cases. My name figures in no newspaper. The work itself, the pleasure of finding a field for my peculiar powers, is my highest reward. But you have yourself had some experience of my methods of work in the Jefferson Hope case."

"Yes, indeed," said I, cordially. "I was never so struck by anything in my life. I even embodied it in a small brochure with the somewhat fantastic title of 'A Study in Scarlet,' <sup>Scarlet</sup> "

He shook his head sadly. "I glanced over it," said he. "Honestly, I cannot congratulate you upon it. Detection is, or ought to be, an exact science, and should be treated in the same cold and unemotional manner. You have attempted to tinge it with romanticism, which produces much the same effect as if you worked a love-story or an elopement into the fifth proposition of Euclid, <sup>Euclid</sup> ."

"But the romance was there," I remonstrated. "I could not tamper with the facts."

"Some facts should be suppressed, or at least a just sense of proportion should be observed in treating them. The only point in the case which deserved mention was the curious analytical reasoning from effects to causes by which I succeeded in unraveling it."

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I was annoyed at this criticism of a work which had been specially designed to please him. I confess, too, that I was irritated by the egotism which seemed to demand that every line of my pamphlet should be devoted to his own special doings. More than once during the years that I had lived with him in Baker Street I had observed that a small vanity underlay my companion's quiet and didactic manner. I made no remark, however, but sat nursing my wounded leg. I had a Jezeil bullet, <sup>jezeil</sup> through it some time before, and, though it did not prevent me from walking, it ached wearily at every change of the weather.

"My practice has extended recently to the Continent, <sup>continent</sup> ," said Holmes, after a while, filling up his old brier-root pipe, <sup>brierpipe</sup> . "I was consulted last week by François Le Villard, who, as you probably know, has come rather to the front lately in the French detective service. He has all the Celtic power of quick intuition, but he is deficient in the wide range of exact knowledge which is essential to the higher developments of his art. The case was concerned with a will, and possessed some features of interest. I was able to refer him to

two parallel cases, the one at Riga in 1857, and the other at St. Louis in 1871, which have suggested to him the true solution. Here is the letter which I had this morning acknowledging my assistance." He tossed over, as he spoke, a crumpled sheet of foreign notepaper. I glanced my eyes down it, catching a profusion of notes of admiration, with stray "magnifiques," "coup-de-mâîtres, <sup>coupdemaitre</sup>," and "tours-de-force, <sup>tourdeforce</sup>," all testifying to the ardent admiration of the Frenchman.

"He speaks as a pupil to his master," said I.

"Oh, he rates my assistance too highly," said Sherlock Holmes, lightly. "He has considerable gifts himself. He possesses two out of the three qualities necessary for the ideal detective. He has the power of observation and that of deduction. He is only wanting in knowledge; and that may come in time. He is now translating my small works into French."

"Your works?"

"Oh, didn't you know?" he cried, laughing. "Yes, I have been guilty of several monographs. They are all upon technical subjects. Here, for example, is one 'Upon the Distinction between the Ashes of the Various Tobaccos.' In it I enumerate a hundred and forty forms of cigar-, cigarette-, and pipe-tobacco, with coloured plates illustrating the difference in the ash. It is a point which is continually turning up in criminal trials, and which is sometimes of supreme importance as a clue. If you can say definitely, for example, that some murder has been done by a man who was smoking an Indian Indian lunkah, <sup>lunkah</sup>, it obviously narrows your field of search. To the trained eye there is as much difference between the black ash of a Trichinopoly, <sup>trichinopoly</sup> and the white fluff of bird's-eye as there is between a cabbage and a potato."

"You have an extraordinary genius for minutiae," I remarked.

"I appreciate their importance. Here is my monograph upon the tracing of footsteps, with some remarks upon the uses of plaster of Paris as a preserver of impresses. Here, too, is a curious little work upon the influence of a trade upon the form of the hand, with lithotypes of the hands of slaters, sailors, corkcutters, compositors, weavers, and

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diamond-polishers. That is a matter of great practical interest to the scientific detective,—especially in cases of unclaimed bodies, or in discovering the antecedents of criminals. But I weary you with my hobby."

"Not at all," I answered, earnestly. "It is of the greatest interest to me, especially since I have had the opportunity of observing your practical application of it. But you spoke just now of observation and deduction. Surely the one to some extent implies the other."

"Why, hardly," he answered, leaning back luxuriously in his arm-chair, and sending up thick blue wreaths from his pipe. "For example, observation shows me that you have been to the Wigmore Street Post-Office this morning, but deduction lets me know that when there you dispatched a telegram, <sup>telegram</sup>."

"Right!" said I. "Right on both points! But I confess that I don't see how you arrived at it. It was a sudden impulse upon my part, and I have mentioned it to no one."

"It is simplicity itself," he remarked, chuckling at my surprise,—“so absurdly simple that an explanation is superfluous; and yet it may serve to define the limits of observation and of deduction. Observation tells me that you have a little reddish mould adhering to your instep. Just opposite the Wigmore Street Office they have taken up the pavement and thrown up some earth which lies in such a way that it is difficult to avoid treading in it in entering. The earth is of this peculiar reddish tint which is found, as far as I know, nowhere else in the neighbourhood. So much is observation. The rest is deduction."

"How, then, did you deduce the telegram?"

"Why, of course I knew that you had not written a letter, since I sat opposite to you all morning. I see also in your open desk there that you have a sheet of stamps and a thick bundle of post-cards. What could you go into the post-office for, then, but to send a wire? Eliminate all other factors, and the one which remains must be the truth."

"In this case it certainly is so," I replied, after a little thought. "The thing, however, is, as you say, of the simplest. Would you think me impertinent if I were to put your theories to a more severe test?"

"On the contrary," he answered, "it would prevent me from taking a second dose of cocaine. I should be delighted to look into any problem which you might submit to me."

"I have heard you say that it is difficult for a man to have any object in daily use without leaving the impress of his individuality upon it in such a way that a trained observer might read it. Now, I have here a watch which has recently come into my possession. Would you have the kindness to let me have an opinion upon the character or habits of the late owner?"

I handed him over the watch with some slight feeling of amusement in my heart, for the test was, as I thought, an impossible one, and I intended it as a lesson against the somewhat dogmatic tone which he occasionally assumed. He balanced the watch in his hand, gazed hard at the dial, opened the back, and examined the works, first with his naked eyes and then with a powerful convex lens. I could hardly keep

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from smiling at his crestfallen face when he finally snapped the case to and handed it back.

"There are hardly any data," he remarked. "The watch has been recently cleaned, which robs me of my most suggestive facts."

"You are right," I answered. "It was cleaned before being sent to me." In my heart I accused my companion of putting forward a most lame and impotent excuse to cover his failure. What data could he expect from an uncleaned watch?

"Though unsatisfactory, my research has not been entirely barren," he observed, staring up at the ceiling with dreamy, lack-lustre eyes. "Subject to your correction, I should judge that the watch belonged to your elder brother, who inherited it from your father."

"That you gather, no doubt, from the H. W. upon the back?"

"Quite so. The W. suggests your own name. The date of the watch is nearly fifty years back, and the initials are as old as the watch: so it was made for the last generation. Jewelry usually descends to the eldest son,

and he is most likely to have the same name as the father. Your father has, if I remember right, been dead many years. It has, therefore, been in the hands of your eldest brother."

"Right, so far," said I. "Anything else?"

"He was a man of untidy habits,—very untidy and careless. He was left with good prospects, but he threw away his chances, lived for some time in poverty with occasional short intervals of prosperity, and finally, taking to drink, he died. That is all I can gather."

I sprang from my chair and limped impatiently about the room with considerable bitterness in my heart.

"This is unworthy of you, Holmes," I said. "I could not have believed that you would have descended to this. You have made inquiries into the history of my unhappy brother, and you now pretend to deduce this knowledge in some fanciful way. You cannot expect me to believe that you have read all this from his old watch! It is unkind, and, to speak plainly, has a touch of charlatanism in it."

"My dear doctor," said he, kindly, "pray accept my apologies. Viewing the matter as an abstract problem, I had forgotten how personal and painful a thing it might be to you. I assure you, however, that I never even knew that you had a brother until you handed me the watch."

"Then how in the name of all that is wonderful did you get these facts? They are absolutely correct in every particular."

"Ah, that is good luck. I could only say what was the balance of probability. I did not at all expect to be so accurate."

"But it was not mere guess-work?"

"No, no: I never guess. It is a shocking habit,—destructive to the logical faculty. What seems strange to you is only so because you do not follow my train of thought or observe the small facts upon which large inferences may depend. For example, I began by stating that your brother was careless. When you observe the lower part of that watch-case you notice that it is not only dented in two places, but it is cut and marked all over from the habit of keeping other hard objects, such as coins or keys, in the same pocket. Surely it is no great

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feat to assume that a man who treats a fifty-guinea watch so cavalierly must be a careless man. Neither is it a very far-fetched inference that a man who inherits one article of such value is pretty well provided for in other respects."

I nodded, to show that I followed his reasoning.

"It is very customary for pawnbrokers in England, when they take a watch, to scratch the number of the ticket with a pin-point upon the inside of the case. It is more handy than a label, as there is no risk of the number being lost or transposed. There are no less than four such numbers visible to my lens on the inside of this case. Inference,—that your brother was often at low water. Secondary inference,—that he had occasional bursts of prosperity, or he could not have redeemed the pledge. Finally, I ask you to look at the inner plate, which contains the key-hole. Look at the thousands of scratches all round the hole,—marks



where the key has slipped. What sober man's key could have scored those grooves? But you will never see a drunkard's watch without them. He winds it at night, and he leaves these traces of his unsteady hand. Where is the mystery in all this?"

"It is as clear as daylight," I answered. "I regret the injustice which I did you. I should have had more faith in your marvellous faculty. May I ask whether you have any professional inquiry on foot at present?"

"None. Hence the cocaine. I cannot live without brain-work. What else is there to live for? Stand at the window here. Was ever such a dreary, dismal, unprofitable world? See how the See how the yellow fog swirls down the street and drifts across the dun-coloured houses., <sup>yellowfog</sup> swirls down the street and drifts across the dun-coloured houses. What could be more hopelessly prosaic and material? What is the use of having powers, doctor, when one has no field upon which to exert them? Crime is commonplace, existence is commonplace, and no qualities save those which are commonplace have any function upon earth."

I had opened my mouth to reply to this tirade, when with a crisp knock our landlady entered, bearing a card upon the salver, <sup>salver</sup> .

"A young lady for you, sir," she said, addressing my companion.

"Miss Mary ," he read. "Hum! I have no recollection of the name. Ask the young lady to step up, Mrs. Hudson. Don't go, doctor. I should prefer that you remain."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE STATEMENT OF THE CASE.

Miss entered the room with a firm step and an outward composure of manner. She was a blonde young lady, small, dainty, well gloved, <sup>well-gloved</sup>, and dressed in dressed in the most perfect taste, <sup>fashion</sup>. There was, however, a plainness and simplicity about her costume, <sup>costume</sup> which bore with it a suggestion of limited means. The dress was a sombre greyish beige, untrimmed and unbraided, and she wore a small turban of the same dull hue, relieved only by a suspicion of white feather in the side. Her face had neither regularity of feature nor beauty of complexion, but

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her expression was her expression was sweet and amiable, <sup>amiable</sup>, and her large blue eyes were singularly spiritual and sympathetic. In an experience of women which extends over many nations and three separate continents, I have never looked upon a face which gave a clearer promise of a refined and sensitive nature. I could not but observe that as she took the seat which Sherlock Holmes placed for her, her lip trembled, her hand quivered, and she showed every sign of intense inward agitation.

"I have come to you, Mr. Holmes," she said, "because you once enabled my employer, Mrs. Cecil Forrester, to unravel a little domestic complication. She was much impressed by your kindness and skill."

"Mrs. Cecil Forrester," he repeated thoughtfully. "I believe that I was of some slight service to her. The case, however, as I remember it, was a very simple one."

"She did not think so. But at least you cannot say the same of mine. I can hardly imagine anything more strange, more utterly inexplicable, than the situation in which I find myself."

Holmes rubbed his hands, and his eyes glistened. He leaned forward in his chair with an expression of extraordinary concentration upon his clear-cut, hawklike features. "State your case," said he, in brisk, business tones.

I felt that my position was an embarrassing one. "You will, I am sure, excuse me," I said, rising from my chair.

To my surprise, the young lady held up her gloved hand to detain me. "If your friend," she said, "would be good enough to stop, he might be of inestimable service to me."

I relapsed into my chair.

"Briefly," she continued, "the facts are these. My father was an officer in an Indian regiment who sent me home when I was quite a child. My mother was dead, and I had no relative in England. I was placed, however, in a comfortable boarding establishment, <sup>beboardingschool</sup> at Edinburgh, and there I remained until I

was seventeen years of age. In the year 1878 my father, who was senior captain of his regiment, obtained twelve months' leave and came home. He telegraphed to me from London that he had arrived all safe, and directed me to come down at once, giving the Langham Hotel as his address. His message, as I remember, was full of kindness and love. On reaching London I drove to the Langham, and was informed that Captain was staying there, but that he had gone out the night before and had not yet returned. I waited all day without news of him. That night, on the advice of the manager of the hotel, I communicated with the police, and next morning we advertised in all the papers. Our inquiries led to no result; and from that day to this no word has ever been heard of my unfortunate father. He came home with his heart full of hope, to find some peace, some comfort, and instead—" She put her hand to her throat, and a choking sob cut short the sentence.

"The date?" asked Holmes, opening his note-book.

"He disappeared upon the 3rd of December, 1878,—"He disappeared upon the 3rd of December, 1878,—  
nearly ten years ago.", [timeline1878](#) ."

"His luggage?"

"Remained at the hotel. There was nothing in it to suggest a clue,

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—some clothes, some books, and a considerable number of curiosities from the Andaman Islands, [andaman](#) He had been one of the officers in charge of the convict-guard there."

"Had he any friends in town?"

"Only one that we know of,—Major Sholto, of his own regiment, the 34th Bombay Infantry. The major had retired some little time before, and lived at Upper Norwood. We communicated with him, of course, but he did not even know that his brother officer was in England."

"A singular case," remarked Holmes.

"I have not yet described to you the most singular part. About six years ago—to be exact, upon the 4th of May, 1882—an advertisement appeared in the Times asking for the address of Miss Mary and stating that it would be to her advantage to come forward. There was no name or address appended. I had at that time just entered the family of Mrs. Cecil Forrester in the capacity of governess., [governess](#) . By her advice I published my address in the advertisement column. The same day there arrived through the post a small card-board box addressed to me, which I found to contain a very large and lustrous pearl. No word of writing was enclosed. Since then every year upon the same date there has always appeared a similar box, containing a similar pearl, without any clue as to the sender. They have been pronounced by an expert to be of a rare variety and of considerable value. You can see for yourselves that they are very handsome." She opened a flat box as she spoke, and showed me six of the finest pearls that I had ever seen.

"Your statement is most interesting," said Sherlock Holmes. "Has anything else occurred to you?"

"Yes, and no later than to-day. That is why I have come to you. This morning I received this letter, which you will perhaps read for yourself."

"Thank you," said Holmes. "The envelope too, please. Postmark, London, S.W. Date, July 7. Hum! Man's thumb-mark on corner,—probably postman. Best quality paper. Envelopes at sixpence a packet. Particular man in his stationery. No address. 'Be at the third pillar from the left outside the Lyceum Theatre to-night at seven o'clock. If you are distrustful, bring two friends. You are a wronged woman, and shall have justice. Do not bring police. If you do, all will be in vain. Your unknown friend.' Well, really, this is a very pretty little mystery. What do you intend to do, Miss?"

"That is exactly what I want to ask you."

"Then we shall most certainly go. You and I and—yes, why, Dr. Watson is the very man. Your correspondent says two friends. He and I have worked together before."

"But would he come?" she asked, with something appealing in her voice and expression.

"I should be proud and happy," said I, fervently, "if I can be of any service."

"You are both very kind," she answered. "I have led a retired life, and have no friends whom I could appeal to. If I am here at six it will do, I suppose?"

"You must not be later," said Holmes. "There is one other point,

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however. Is this handwriting the same as that upon the pearl-box addresses?"

"I have them here," she answered, producing half a dozen pieces of paper.

"You are certainly a model client. You have the correct intuition. Let us see, now." He spread out the papers upon the table, and gave little darting glances from one to the other. "They are disguised hands, except the letter," he said, presently, "but there can be no question as to the authorship. See how the irrepressible Greek e will break out, and see the twirl of the final s. They are undoubtedly by the same person. I should not like to suggest false hopes, Miss, but is there any resemblance between this hand and that of your father?"

"Nothing could be more unlike."

"I expected to hear you say so. We shall look out for you, then, at six. Pray allow me to keep the papers. I may look into the matter before then. It is only half-past three. Au revoir, then."

"Au revoir," said our visitor, and, with a bright, kindly glance from one to the other of us, she replaced her pearl-box in her bosom and hurried away. Standing at the window, I watched her walking briskly down the street, until the grey turban and white feather were but a speck in the sombre crowd.

"What a very attractive woman!" I exclaimed, turning to my companion.

He had lit his pipe again, and was leaning back with drooping eyelids. "Is she?" he said, languidly. "I did not observe."

"You really are an automaton,—a calculating-machine!" I cried. "There is something positively inhuman in you at times."

He smiled gently. "It is of the first importance," he said, "not to allow your judgment to be biased by personal qualities. A client is to me a mere unit,—a factor in a problem. The emotional qualities are antagonistic to clear reasoning. I assure you that the most winning woman I ever knew was hanged for poisoning three little children for their insurance-money, and the most repellant man of my acquaintance is a philanthropist who has spent nearly a quarter of a million upon the London poor."

"In this case, however—"

"I never make exceptions. An exception disproves the rule. Have you ever had occasion to study to study character in handwriting, <sup>graphology</sup> ? What do you make of this fellow's scribble?"

"It is legible and regular," I answered. "A man of business habits and some force of character."

Holmes shook his head. "Look at his long letters," he said. "They hardly rise above the common herd. That d might be an a, and that l an e. Men of character always differentiate their long letters, however illegibly they may write. There is vacillation in his k's and self-esteem in his capitals. I am going out now. I have some few references to make. Let me recommend this book,—one of the most remarkable ever penned. It is Winwood Reade's 'Martyrdom of Man.', <sup>winwood</sup> I shall be back in an hour."

I sat in the window with the volume in my hand, but my thoughts

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were far from the daring speculations of the writer. My mind ran upon our late visitor,—her smiles, the deep rich tones of her voice, the strange mystery which overhung her life. If she were seventeen at the time of her father's disappearance she must be seven-and-twenty now,—a sweet age, when youth has lost its self-consciousness and become a little sobered by experience. So I sat and mused, until such dangerous thoughts came into my head that I hurried away to my desk and plunged furiously into the latest treatise upon pathology. What was I, an army surgeon with a weak leg and a weaker banking-account, that I should dare to think of such things? She was a unit, a factor,—nothing more. If my future were black, it was better surely to face it like a man than to attempt to brighten it by mere will-o'-the-wisps of the imagination.

## CHAPTER III

### IN QUEST OF A SOLUTION.

It was half-past five before Holmes returned. He was bright, eager, and in excellent spirits,—a mood which in his case alternated with fits of the blackest depression.

“There is no great mystery in this matter,” he said, taking the cup of tea which I had poured out for him. “The facts appear to admit of only one explanation.”

“What! you have solved it already?”

“Well, that would be too much to say. I have discovered a suggestive fact, that is all. It is, however, very suggestive. The details are still to be added. I have just found, on consulting the back files of the Times, [thetimes](#), that Major Sholto, of Upper Norwood, late of the 34th Bombay Infantry, [bombay34](#), died upon the 28th of April, 1882.”

“I may be very obtuse, Holmes, but I fail to see what this suggests.”

“No? You surprise me. Look at it in this way, then. Captain disappears. The only person in London whom he could have visited is Major Sholto. Major Sholto denies having heard that he was in London. Four years later Sholto dies. Within a week of his death Captain’s daughter receives a valuable present, which is repeated from year to year, and now culminates in a letter which describes her as a wronged woman. What wrong can it refer to except this deprivation of her father? And why should the presents begin immediately after Sholto’s death, unless it is that Sholto’s heir knows something of the mystery and desires to make compensation? Have you any alternative theory which will meet the facts?”

“But what a strange compensation! And how strangely made! Why, too, should he write a letter now, rather than six years ago? Again, the letter speaks of giving her justice. What justice can she have? It is too much to suppose that her father is still alive. There is no other injustice in her case that you know of.”

“There are difficulties; there are certainly difficulties,” said Sherlock Holmes, pensively. “But our expedition of to-night will solve

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them all. Ah, here is four-wheeler, [fourwheeler](#), and Miss is inside. Are you all ready? Then we had better go down, for it is a little past the hour.”

I picked up my hat and my heaviest stick, but I observed that Holmes took his revolver from his drawer and slipped it into his pocket. It was clear that he thought that our night’s work might be a serious one.

Miss was muffled in a dark cloak, and her sensitive face was composed, but pale. She must have been more than woman if she did not feel some uneasiness at the strange enterprise upon which we were embarking, yet her self-control was perfect, and she readily answered the few additional questions which Sherlock Holmes put to her.

“Major Sholto was a very particular friend of papa’s,” she said. “His letters were full of allusions to the major. He and papa were in command of the troops at the Andaman Islands, so they were thrown a great deal together. By the way, a curious paper was found in papa’s desk which no one could understand. I don’t suppose that it is of the slightest importance, but I thought you might care to see it, so I brought it with me. It is here.”

Holmes unfolded the paper carefully and smoothed it out upon his knee. He then very methodically examined it all over with his double lens.

“It is paper of native Indian manufacture,” he remarked. “It has at some time been pinned to a board. The diagram upon it appears to be a plan of part of a large building with numerous halls, corridors, and passages. At one point is a small cross done in red ink, and above it is ‘3.37 from left,’ in faded pencil-writing. In the left-hand corner is a curious hieroglyphic like four crosses in a line with their arms touching. Beside it is written, in very rough and coarse characters, ‘The sign of the four,—Jonathan Small, Mahomet Singh, Abdullah Khan, Dost Akbar.’ No, I confess that I do not see how this bears upon the matter. Yet it is evidently a document of importance. It has been kept carefully in a pocket-book, [pocketbook](#) ; for the one side is as clean as the other.”

“It was in his pocket-book that we found it.”

“Preserve it carefully, then, Miss , for it may prove to be of use to us. I begin to suspect that this matter may turn out to be much deeper and more subtle than I at first supposed. I must reconsider my ideas.” He leaned back in the cab, and I could see by his drawn brow and his vacant eye that he was thinking intently. Miss and I chatted in an undertone about our present expedition and its possible outcome, but our companion maintained his impenetrable reserve until the end of our journey.

It was a September evening, and not yet seven o’clock, but the day had been a dreary one, and a dense drizzly fog lay low upon the great city, [greatcity](#) . Mud-coloured clouds drooped sadly over the muddy streets. Down the Strand the lamps were but misty splotches of diffused light which threw a feeble circular glimmer upon the slimy pavement. The yellow glare from the shop-windows streamed out into the steamy,

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vaporous air, and threw a murky, shifting radiance across the crowded thoroughfare. There was, to my mind, something eerie and ghost-like in the endless procession of faces which flitted across these narrow bars of light,—sad faces and glad, haggard and merry. Like all human kind, they flitted from the gloom into the light, and so back into the gloom once more. I am not subject to impressions, but the dull, heavy evening, with the strange business upon which we were engaged, combined to make me nervous and depressed. I could see from Miss ’s manner that she was suffering from the same feeling. Holmes alone could rise superior to petty influences. He held his open note-book upon his knee, and from time to time he jotted down figures and memoranda in the light of his pocket-lantern.

At the Lyceum Theatre the crowds were already thick at the side-entrances. In front a continuous stream of hansoms and four-wheelers were rattling up, discharging their cargoes of shirt-fronted men and beshawled, bediamonded women. We had hardly reached the third pillar, which was our rendezvous, before a small, dark, brisk man in the dress of a coachman accosted us.

“Are you the parties who come with Miss ?” he asked.

“I am Miss , and these two gentlemen are my friends,” said she.

He bent a pair of wonderfully penetrating and questioning eyes upon us. “You will excuse me, miss,” he said with a certain dogged manner, “but I was to ask you to give me your word that neither of your companions is a police-officer.”

“I give you my word on that,” she answered.

He gave a shrill whistle, on which a street Arab, <sup>streetarab</sup> led across a four-wheeler and opened the door. The man who had addressed us mounted to the box, while we took our places inside. We had hardly done so before the driver whipped up his horse, and we plunged away at a furious pace through the foggy streets.

The situation was a curious one. We were driving to an unknown place, on an unknown errand. Yet our invitation was either a complete hoax,—which was an inconceivable hypothesis,—or else we had good reason to think that important issues might hang upon our journey. Miss ’s demeanor was as resolute and collected as ever. I endeavored to cheer and amuse her by reminiscences of my adventures in Afghanistan; but, to tell the truth, I was myself so excited at our situation and so curious as to our destination that my stories were slightly involved. To this day she declares that I told her one moving anecdote as to how a musket looked into my tent at the dead of night, and how I fired a double-barrelled tiger cub at it. At first I had some idea as to the direction in which we were driving; but soon, what with our pace, the fog, and my own limited knowledge of London, I lost my bearings, and knew nothing, save that we seemed to be going a very long way. Sherlock Holmes was never at fault, however, and he muttered the names as the cab rattled through squares and in and out by tortuous by-streets.

“Rochester Row,” said he. “Now Vincent Square. Now we come out on the Vauxhall Bridge Road. We are making for the

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Surrey side, <sup>surreyside</sup>, apparently. Yes, I thought so. Now we are on the bridge. You can catch glimpses of the river.”

We did indeed get a fleeting view of a stretch of the Thames with the lamps shining upon the broad, silent water; but our cab dashed on, and was soon involved in a labyrinth of streets upon the other side.

“Wordsworth Road,” said my companion. “Priory Road. Lark Hall Lane. Stockwell Place. Robert Street. Cold Harbor Lane. Our quest does not appear to take us to very fashionable regions.”

We had, indeed, reached a questionable and forbidding neighbourhood. Long lines of dull brick houses were only relieved by the coarse glare and tawdry brilliancy of public houses at the corner. Then came rows of two-storied villas each with a fronting of miniature garden, and then again interminable lines of new staring brick buildings,—the monster tentacles which the giant city was throwing out into the country. At



last the cab drew up at the third house in a new terrace. None of the other houses were inhabited, and that at which we stopped was as dark as its neighbours, save for a single glimmer in the kitchen window. On our knocking, however, the door was instantly thrown open by a Hindoo servant clad in a yellow turban, white loose-fitting clothes, and a yellow sash. There was something strangely incongruous in this Oriental figure framed in the commonplace doorway of a third-rate suburban dwelling-house.

“The Sahib, <sup>sahib</sup> awaits you,” said he, and even as he spoke there came a high piping voice from some inner room. “Show them in to me, khitmutgar, <sup>khitmutgar</sup>,” it cried. “Show them straight in to me.”

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE STORY OF THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

We followed the Indian down a sordid and common passage, ill-lit and worse furnished, until he came to a door upon the right, which he threw open. A blaze of yellow light streamed out upon us, and in the centre of the glare there stood a small man with a very high head, a bristle of red hair all round the fringe of it, and a bald, shining scalp which shot out from among it like a mountain-peak from fir-trees. He writhed his hands together as he stood, and his features were in a perpetual jerk, now smiling, now scowling, but never for an instant in repose. Nature had given him a pendulous lip, and a too visible line of yellow and irregular teeth, which he strove feebly to conceal by constantly passing his hand over the lower part of his face. In spite of his obtrusive baldness, he gave the impression of youth. In point of fact he had just turned his thirtieth year.

"Your servant, Miss," he kept repeating, in a thin, high voice. "Your servant, gentlemen. Pray step into my little sanctum. A small place, miss, but furnished to my own liking. An oasis of art in the howling desert of South London."

We were all astonished by the appearance of the apartment into which he invited us. In that sorry house it looked as out of place as a diamond of the first water in a setting of brass. The richest and

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glossiest of curtains and tapestries draped the walls, looped back here and there to expose some richly-mounted painting or Oriental vase. The carpet was of amber-and-black, so soft and so thick that the foot sank pleasantly into it, as into a bed of moss. Two great tiger-skins thrown athwart it increased the suggestion of Eastern luxury, as did a huge hookah, <sup>hookah</sup> which stood upon a mat in the corner. A lamp in the fashion of a silver dove was hung from an almost invisible golden wire in the centre of the room. As it burned it filled the air with a subtle and aromatic odour.

"Mr. Thaddeus Sholto," said the little man, still jerking and smiling. "That is my name. You are Miss , of course. And these gentlemen—"

"This is Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and this is Dr. Watson."

"A doctor, eh?" cried he, much excited. "Have you your stethoscope? Might I ask you—would you have the kindness? I have grave doubts as to my mitral valve, if you would be so very good. The aortic I may rely upon, but I should value your opinion upon the mitral."

I listened to his heart, as requested, but was unable to find anything amiss, save indeed that he was in an ecstasy of fear, for he shivered from head to foot. "It appears to be normal," I said. "You have no cause for uneasiness."

"You will excuse my anxiety, Miss," he remarked, airily. "I am a great sufferer, and I have long had suspicions as to that valve. I am delighted to hear that they are unwarranted. Had your father, Miss, refrained from throwing a strain upon his heart, he might have been alive now."

I could have struck the man across the face, so hot was I at this callous and off-hand reference to so delicate a matter. Miss sat down, and her face grew white to the lips. "I knew in my heart that he was dead," said she.

"I can give you every information," said he, "and, what is more, I can do you justice; and I will, too, whatever Brother Bartholomew may say. I am so glad to have your friends here, not only as an escort to you, but also as witnesses to what I am about to do and say. The three of us can show a bold front to Brother Bartholomew. But let us have no outsiders,—no police or officials. We can settle everything satisfactorily among ourselves, without any interference. Nothing would annoy Brother Bartholomew more than any publicity." He sat down upon a low settee and blinked at us inquiringly with his weak, watery blue eyes.

"For my part," said Holmes, "whatever you may choose to say will go no further."

I nodded to show my agreement.

"That is well! That is well!" said he. "May I offer you a glass of Chianti, Miss? Or of Tokay? I keep no other wines. Shall I open a flask? No? Well, then, I trust that you have no objection to tobacco-smoke, to the mild balsamic odour of the Eastern tobacco. I am a little nervous, and I find my hookah an invaluable sedative." He applied a taper to the great bowl, and the smoke bubbled

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merrily through the rose-water. We sat all three in a semi-circle, with our heads advanced, and our chins upon our hands, while the strange, jerky little fellow, with his high, shining head, puffed uneasily in the centre.

"When I first determined to make this communication to you," said he, "I might have given you my address, but I feared that you might disregard my request and bring unpleasant people with you. I took the liberty, therefore, of making an appointment in such a way that my man Williams might be able to see you first. I have complete confidence in his discretion, and he had orders, if he were dissatisfied, to proceed no further in the matter. You will excuse these precautions, but I am a man of somewhat retiring, and I might even say refined, tastes, and there is nothing more unæsthetic than a policeman. I have a natural shrinking from all forms of rough materialism. I seldom come in contact with the rough crowd. I live, as you see, with some little atmosphere of elegance around me. I may call myself a patron of the arts. It is my weakness. The landscape is a genuine Corot, <sup>corot</sup>, and, though a connoisseur might perhaps throw a doubt upon that Salvator Rosa, <sup>salvator-rosa</sup>, there cannot be the least question about the Bouguereau. I am partial to the modern French school."

"You will excuse me, Mr. Sholto," said Miss, "but I am here at your request to learn something which you desire to tell me. It is very late, and I should desire the interview to be as short as possible."

"At the best it must take some time," he answered; "for we shall certainly have to go to Norwood and see Brother Bartholomew. We shall all go and try if we can get the better of Brother Bartholomew. He is very

angry with me for taking the course which has seemed right to me. I had quite high words with him last night. You cannot imagine what a terrible fellow he is when he is angry."

"If we are to go to Norwood it would perhaps be as well to start at once," I ventured to remark.

He laughed until his ears were quite red. "That would hardly do," he cried. "I don't know what he would say if I brought you in that sudden way. No, I must prepare you by showing you how we all stand to each other. In the first place, I must tell you that there are several points in the story of which I am myself ignorant. I can only lay the facts before you as far as I know them myself.

"My father was, as you may have guessed, Major John Sholto, once of the Indian army. He retired some eleven years ago, and came to live at Pondicherry Lodge in Upper Norwood. He had prospered in India, and brought back with him a considerable sum of money, a large collection of valuable curiosities, and a staff of native servants. With these advantages he bought himself a house, and lived in great luxury. My twin-brother Bartholomew and I were the only children.

"I very well remember the sensation which was caused by the disappearance of Captain . We read the details in the papers, and, knowing that he had been a friend of our father's, we discussed the case freely in his presence. He used to join in our speculations as to what could have happened. Never for an instant did we suspect that

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he had the whole secret hidden in his own breast,—that of all men he alone knew the fate of Arthur .

"We did know, however, that some mystery—some positive danger—overhung our father. He was very fearful of going out alone, and he always employed two prize-fighters to act as porters at Pondicherry Lodge. Williams, who drove you to-night, was one of them. He was once light-weight champion of England. Our father would never tell us what it was he feared, but he had a most marked aversion to men with wooden legs. On one occasion he actually fired his revolver at a wooden-legged man, who proved to be a harmless tradesman canvassing for orders. We had to pay a large sum to hush the matter up. My brother and I used to think this a mere whim of my father's, but events have since led us to change our opinion.

"Early in 1882 my father received a letter from India which was a great shock to him. He nearly fainted at the breakfast-table when he opened it, and from that day he sickened to his death. What was in the letter we could never discover, but I could see as he held it that it was short and written in a scrawling hand. He had suffered for years from an enlarged spleen, but he now became rapidly worse, and towards the end of April we were informed that he was beyond all hope, and that he wished to make a last communication to us.

"When we entered his room he was propped up with pillows and breathing heavily. He besought us to lock the door and to come upon either side of the bed. Then, grasping our hands, he made a remarkable statement to us, in a voice which was broken as much by emotion as by pain. I shall try and give it to you in his own very words.

"'I have only one thing,' he said, 'which weighs upon my mind at this supreme moment. It is my treatment of poor 's orphan. The cursed greed which has been my besetting sin through life has withheld from her the treasure, half at least of which should have been hers. And yet I have made no use of it myself,—so blind and foolish a thing is avarice. The mere feeling of possession has been so dear to me that I could not bear to share it with another. See that chaplet dipped with pearls beside the quinine-bottle. Even that I could not

bear to part with, although I had got it out with the design of sending it to her. You, my sons, will give her a fair share of the Agra treasure. But send her nothing—not even the chaplet—until I am gone. After all, men have been as bad as this and have recovered.

“‘I will tell you how died,’ he continued. ‘He had suffered for years from a weak heart, but he concealed it from every one. I alone knew it. When in India, he and I, through a remarkable chain of circumstances, came into possession of a considerable treasure. I brought it over to England, and on the night of ’s arrival he came straight over here to claim his share. He walked over from the station, and was admitted by my faithful old Lal Chowdar, who is now dead. and I had a difference of opinion as to the division of the treasure, and we came to heated words. had sprung out of his chair in a paroxysm of anger, when he suddenly pressed his hand to his side, his face turned a dusky hue, and he fell backwards, cutting

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his head against the corner of the treasure-chest. When I stooped over him I found, to my horror, that he was dead.

“‘For a long time I sat half distracted, wondering what I should do. My first impulse was, of course, to call for assistance; but I could not but recognise that there was every chance that I would be accused of his murder. His death at the moment of a quarrel, and the gash in his head, would be black against me. Again, an official inquiry could not be made without bringing out some facts about the treasure, which I was particularly anxious to keep secret. He had told me that no soul upon earth knew where he had gone. There seemed to be no necessity why any soul ever should know.

“‘I was still pondering over the matter, when, looking up, I saw my servant, Lal Chowdar, in the doorway. He stole in and bolted the door behind him. “Do not fear, Sahib,” he said. “No one need know that you have killed him. Let us hide him away, and who is the wiser?” “I did not kill him,” said I. Lal Chowdar shook his head and smiled. “I heard it all, Sahib,” said he. “I heard you quarrel, and I heard the blow. But my lips are sealed. All are asleep in the house. Let us put him away together.” That was enough to decide me. If my own servant could not believe my innocence, how could I hope to make it good before twelve foolish tradesmen in a jury-box? Lal Chowdar and I disposed of the body that night, and within a few days the London papers were full of the mysterious disappearance of Captain . You will see from what I say that I can hardly be blamed in the matter. My fault lies in the fact that we concealed not only the body, but also the treasure, and that I have clung to ’s share as well as to my own. I wish you, therefore, to make restitution. Put your ears down to my mouth. The treasure is hidden in—’

“At this instant a horrible change came over his expression; his eyes stared wildly, his jaw dropped, and he yelled, in a voice which I can never forget, ‘Keep him out! For Christ’s sake keep him out!’ We both stared round at the window behind us upon which his gaze was fixed. A face was looking in at us out of the darkness. We could see the whitening of the nose where it was pressed against the glass. It was a bearded, hairy face, with wild cruel eyes and an expression of concentrated malevolence. My brother and

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I rushed towards the window, but the man was gone. When we returned to my father his head had dropped and his pulse had ceased to beat.

“We searched the garden that night, but found no sign of the intruder, save that just under the window a single footmark was visible in the flower-bed. But for that one trace, we might have thought that our

imaginings had conjured up that wild, fierce face. We soon, however, had another and a more striking proof that there were secret agencies at work all round us. The window of my father's room was found open in the morning, his cupboards and boxes had been rifled, and upon his chest was fixed a torn piece of paper, with the words 'The sign of the four' scrawled across it. What the phrase meant, or who our secret visitor may have been, we never knew. As far as we can judge, none of my father's property had been actually stolen, though everything had been turned out. My brother and I naturally associated this peculiar incident with the fear which haunted my father during his life; but it is still a complete mystery to us."

The little man stopped to relight his hookah and puffed thoughtfully for a few moments. We had all sat absorbed, listening to his extraordinary narrative. At the short account of her father's death Miss had turned deadly white, and for a moment I feared that she was about to faint. She rallied however, on drinking a glass of water which I quietly poured out for her from a Venetian carafe, <sup>carafe</sup> upon the side-table. Sherlock Holmes leaned back in his chair with an abstracted expression and the lids drawn low over his glittering eyes. As I glanced at him I could not but think how on that very day he had complained bitterly of the commonplaceness of life. Here at least was a problem which would tax his sagacity to the utmost. Mr. Thaddeus Sholto looked from one to the other of us with an obvious pride at the effect which his story had produced, and then continued between the puffs of his overgrown pipe.

"My brother and I," said he, "were, as you may imagine, much excited as to the treasure which my father had spoken of. For weeks and for months we dug and delved in every part of the garden, without discovering its whereabouts. It was maddening to think that the hiding-place was on his very lips at the moment that he died. We could judge the splendour of the missing riches by the chaplet which he had taken out. Over this chaplet my brother Bartholomew and I had some little discussion. The pearls were evidently of great value, and he was averse to part with them, for, between friends, my brother was himself a little inclined to my father's fault. He thought, too, that if we parted with the chaplet it might give rise to gossip and finally bring us into trouble. It was all that I could do to persuade him to let me find out Miss's address and send her a detached pearl at fixed intervals, so that at least she might never feel destitute."

"It was a kindly thought," said our companion, earnestly. "It was extremely good of you."

The little man waved his hand deprecatingly. "We were your trustees," he said. "That was the view which I took of it, though Brother Bartholomew could not altogether see it in that light. We had plenty of money ourselves. I desired no more. Besides, it would have been such bad taste to have treated a young lady in so scurvy a fashion. 'Le mauvais goût mène au crime.' The French have a very neat way of putting these things. Our difference of opinion on this subject went so far that I thought it best to set up rooms for myself: so I left Pondicherry Lodge, taking the old khitmutgar and Williams with me. Yesterday, however, I learn that an event of extreme importance has occurred. The treasure has been discovered. I instantly communicated with Miss, and it only remains for us to drive out to Norwood and demand our share. I explained my views last night to Brother Bartholomew: so we shall be expected, if not welcome, visitors."

Mr. Thaddeus Sholto ceased, and sat twitching on his luxurious settee. We all remained silent, with our thoughts upon the new

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development which the mysterious business had taken. Holmes was the first to spring to his feet.

"You have done well, sir, from first to last," said he. "It is possible that we may be able to make you some small return by throwing some light upon that which is still dark to you. But, as Miss remarked just now, it is late, and we had best put the matter through without delay."

Our new acquaintance very deliberately coiled up the tube of his hookah, and produced from behind a curtain a very long befrogged topcoat with Astrakhan collar and cuffs, <sup>astrakhan</sup>. This he buttoned tightly up, in spite of the extreme closeness of the night, and finished his attire by putting on a rabbit-skin cap with hanging lappets which covered the ears, so that no part of him was visible save his mobile and peaky face. "My health is somewhat fragile," he remarked, as he led the way down the passage. "I am compelled to be a valetudinarian, <sup>valetudinarian</sup>."

Our cab was awaiting us outside, and our programme was evidently prearranged, for the driver started off at once at a rapid pace. Thaddeus Sholto talked incessantly, in a voice which rose high above the rattle of the wheels.

"Bartholomew is a clever fellow," said he. "How do you think he found out where the treasure was? He had come to the conclusion that it was somewhere indoors: so he worked out all the cubic space of the house, and made measurements everywhere, so that not one inch should be unaccounted for. Among other things, he found that the height of the building was seventy-four feet, but on adding together the heights of all the separate rooms, and making every allowance for the space between, which he ascertained by borings, he could not bring the total to more than seventy feet. There were four feet unaccounted for. These could only be at the top of the building. He knocked a hole, therefore, in the lath-and-plaster ceiling of the highest room, and there, sure enough, he came upon another little garret above it, which had been sealed up and was known to no one. In the centre stood the treasure-chest, resting upon two rafters. He lowered it through the hole, and there it lies. He computes the value of the jewels at not less than half a million sterling."

At the mention of this gigantic sum we all stared at one another open-eyed. Miss , could we secure her rights, would change from a needy governess to the richest heiress in England. Surely it was the place of a loyal friend to rejoice at such news; yet I am ashamed to say that selfishness took me by the soul, and that my heart turned as heavy as lead within me. I stammered out some few halting words of congratulation, and then sat downcast, with my head drooped, deaf to the babble of our new acquaintance. He was clearly a confirmed hypochondriac, and I was dreamily conscious that he was pouring forth interminable trains of symptoms, and imploring information as to the composition and action of innumerable quack nostrums, <sup>quack</sup>, some of which he bore about in a leather case in his pocket. I trust that he may not remember any of the answers which I gave him that night. Holmes declares that he overheard me caution him against the great danger of taking more than two drops of castor oil, while I recommended

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strychnine in large doses as a sedative. However that may be, I was certainly relieved when our cab pulled up with a jerk and the coachman sprang down to open the door.

"This, Miss , is Pondicherry Lodge," said Mr. Thaddeus Sholto, as he handed her out.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE TRAGEDY OF PONDICHERRY LODGE.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when we reached this final stage of our night's adventures. We had left the damp fog of the great city behind us, and the night was fairly fine. A warm wind blew from the westward, and heavy clouds moved slowly across the sky, with half a moon peeping occasionally through the rifts. It was clear enough to see for some distance, but Thaddeus Sholto took down one of the side-lamps from the carriage to give us a better light upon our way.

Pondicherry Lodge stood in its own grounds, and was girt round with a very high stone wall topped with broken glass. A single narrow iron-clamped door formed the only means of entrance. On this our guide knocked with a peculiar postman-like rat-tat.

"Who is there?" cried a gruff voice from within.

"It is I, McMurdo. You surely know my knock by this time."

There was a grumbling sound and a clanking and jarring of keys. The door swung heavily back, and a short, deep-chested man stood in the opening, with the yellow light of the lantern shining upon his protruded face and twinkling distrustful eyes.

"That you, Mr. Thaddeus? But who are the others? I had no orders about them from the master."

"No, McMurdo? You surprise me! I told my brother last night that I should bring some friends."

"He ain't been out o' his room to-day, Mr. Thaddeus, and I have no orders. You know very well that I must stick to regulations. I can let you in, but your friends must just stop where they are."

This was an unexpected obstacle. Thaddeus Sholto looked about him in a perplexed and helpless manner. "This is too bad of you, McMurdo!" he said. "If I guarantee them, that is enough for you. There is the young lady, too. She cannot wait on the public road at this hour."

"Very sorry, Mr. Thaddeus," said the porter, inexorably. "Folk may be friends o' yours, and yet no friends o' the master's. He pays me well to do my duty, and my duty I'll do. I don't know none o' your friends."

"Oh, yes you do, McMurdo," cried Sherlock Holmes, genially. "I don't think you can have forgotten me. Don't you remember the amateur who fought three rounds with you at tAlison's rooms, <sup>alisons-rooms</sup> on the night of your benefit four years back?"

"Not Mr. Sherlock Holmes!" roared the prize-fighter. "God's truth! how could I have mistook you? If instead o' standin' there



so quiet you had just stepped up and given me that cross-hit of yours under the jaw, I'd ha' known you without a question. Ah, you're one that has wasted your gifts, you have! You might have aimed high, if you had joined the fancy."

"You see, Watson, if all else fails me I have still one of the scientific professions open to me," said Holmes, laughing. "Our friend won't keep us out in the cold now, I am sure."

"In you come, sir, in you come,—you and your friends," he answered. "Very sorry, Mr. Thaddeus, but orders are very strict. Had to be certain of your friends before I let them in."

Inside, a gravel path wound through desolate grounds to a huge clump of a house, square and prosaic, all plunged in shadow save where a moonbeam struck one corner and glimmered in a garret window. The vast size of the building, with its gloom and its deathly silence, struck a chill to the heart. Even Thaddeus Sholto seemed ill at ease, and the lantern quivered and rattled in his hand.

"I cannot understand it," he said. "There must be some mistake. I distinctly told Bartholomew that we should be here, and yet there is no light in his window. I do not know what to make of it."

"Does he always guard the premises in this way?" asked Holmes.

"Yes; he has followed my father's custom. He was the favourite son, you know, and I sometimes think that my father may have told him more than he ever told me. That is Bartholomew's window up there where the moonshine strikes. It is quite bright, but there is no light from within, I think."

"None," said Holmes. "But I see the glint of a light in that little window beside the door."

"Ah, that is the housekeeper's room. That is where old Mrs. Bernstone sits. She can tell us all about it. But perhaps you would not mind waiting here for a minute or two, for if we all go in together and she has no word of our coming she may be alarmed. But hush! what is that?"

He held up the lantern, and his hand shook until the circles of light flickered and wavered all round us. Miss seized my wrist, and we all stood with thumping hearts, straining our ears. From the great black house there sounded through the silent night the saddest and most pitiful of sounds,—the shrill, broken whimpering of a frightened woman.

"It is Mrs. Bernstone," said Sholto. "She is the only woman in the house. Wait here. I shall be back in a moment." He hurried for the door, and knocked in his peculiar way. We could see a tall old woman admit him, and sway with pleasure at the very sight of him.

"Oh, Mr. Thaddeus, sir, I am so glad you have come! I am so glad you have come, Mr. Thaddeus, sir!" We heard her reiterated rejoicings until the door was closed and her voice died away into a muffled monotone.

Our guide had left us the lantern. Holmes swung it slowly round, and peered keenly at the house, and at the great rubbish-heaps which cumbered the grounds. Miss and I stood together, and her hand was in mine. A wondrous subtle thing is love, for here were we

two who had never seen each other before that day, between whom no word or even look of affection had ever passed, and yet now in an hour of trouble our hands instinctively sought for each other. I have marvelled at it since, but at the time it seemed the most natural thing that I should go out to her so, and, as she has often told me, there was in her also the instinct to turn to me for comfort and protection. So we stood hand in hand, like two children, and there was peace in our hearts for all the dark things that surrounded us.

“What a strange place!” she said, looking round.

“It looks as though all the moles in England had been let loose in it. I have seen something of the sort on the side of a hill near Ballarat, where the prospectors had been at work.”

“And from the same cause,” said Holmes. “These are the traces of the treasure-seekers. You must remember that they were six years looking for it. No wonder that the grounds look like a gravel-pit.”

At that moment the door of the house burst open, and Thaddeus Sholto came running out, with his hands thrown forward and terror in his eyes.

“There is something amiss with Bartholomew!” he cried. “I am frightened! My nerves cannot stand it.” He was, indeed, half blubbering with fear, and his twitching feeble face peeping out from the great Astrakhan collar had the helpless appealing expression of a terrified child.

“Come into the house,” said Holmes, in his crisp, firm way.

“Yes, do!” pleaded Thaddeus Sholto. “I really do not feel equal to giving directions.”

We all followed him into the housekeeper’s room, which stood upon the left-hand side of the passage. The old woman was pacing up and down with a scared look and restless picking fingers, but the sight of Miss appeared to have a soothing effect upon her.

“God bless your sweet calm face!” she cried, with an hysterical sob. “It does me good to see you. Oh, but I have been sorely tried this day!”

Our companion patted her thin, work-worn hand, and murmured some few words of kindly womanly comfort which brought the colour back into the other’s bloodless cheeks.

“Master has locked himself in and will not answer me,” she explained. “All day I have waited to hear from him, for he often likes to be alone; but an hour ago I feared that something was amiss, so I went up and peeped through the key-hole. You must go up, Mr. Thaddeus,—you must go up and look for yourself. I have seen Mr. Bartholomew Sholto in joy and in sorrow for ten long years, but I never saw him with such a face on him as that.”

Sherlock Holmes took the lamp and led the way, for Thaddeus Sholto’s teeth were chattering in his head. So shaken was he that I had to pass my hand under his arm as we went up the stairs, for his knees were trembling under him. Twice as we ascended Holmes whipped his lens out of his pocket and carefully examined marks which appeared to me to be mere shapeless smudges of dust upon the cocoa-nut matting which served as a stair-carpet. He walked slowly from step to

step, holding the lamp, and shooting keen glances to right and left. Miss had remained behind with the frightened housekeeper.

The third flight of stairs ended in a straight passage of some length, with a great picture in Indian tapestry upon the right of it and three doors upon the left. Holmes advanced along it in the same slow and methodical way, while we kept close at his heels, with our long black shadows streaming backwards down the corridor. The third door was that which we were seeking. Holmes knocked without receiving any answer, and then tried to turn the handle and force it open. It was locked on the inside, however, and by a broad and powerful bolt, as we could see when we set our lamp up against it. The key being turned, however, the hole was not entirely closed. Sherlock Holmes bent down to it, and instantly rose again with a sharp intaking of the breath.

"There is something devilish in this, Watson," said he, more moved than I had ever before seen him. "What do you make of it?"

I stooped to the hole, and recoiled in horror. Moonlight was streaming into the room, and it was bright with a vague and shifty radiance. Looking straight at me, and suspended, as it were, in the air, for all beneath was in shadow, there hung a face,—the very face of our companion Thaddeus. There was the same high, shining head, the same circular bristle of red hair, the same bloodless countenance. The features were set, however, in a horrible smile, a fixed and unnatural grin, which in that still and moonlit room was more jarring to the nerves than any scowl or contortion. So like was the face to that of our little friend that I looked round at him to make sure that he was indeed with us. Then I recalled to mind that he had mentioned to us that his brother and he were twins.

"This is terrible!" I said to Holmes. "What is to be done?"

"The door must come down," he answered, and, springing against it, he put all his weight upon the lock. It creaked and groaned, but did not yield. Together we flung ourselves upon it once more, and this time it gave way with a sudden snap, and we found ourselves within Bartholomew Sholto's chamber.

It appeared to have been fitted up as a chemical laboratory. A double line of glass-stoppered bottles was drawn up upon the wall opposite the door, and the table was littered over with Bunsen burners, test-tubes, and retorts, <sup>retort</sup>. In the corners stood carbonyls, <sup>carbonyl</sup> of acid in wicker baskets. One of these appeared to leak or to have been broken, for a stream of dark-coloured liquid had trickled out from it, and the air was heavy with a peculiarly pungent, tar-like odour. A set of steps stood at one side of the room, in the midst of a litter of lath and plaster, <sup>lath</sup>, and above them there was an opening in the ceiling large enough for a man to pass through. At the foot of the steps a long coil of rope was thrown carelessly together.

By the table, in a wooden arm-chair, the master of the house was seated all in a heap, with his head sunk upon his left shoulder, and that ghastly, inscrutable smile upon his face. He was stiff and cold, and had clearly been dead many hours. It seemed to me that not only his features but all his limbs were twisted and turned in the most fantastic fashion. By his hand upon the table there lay a peculiar instrument,—

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a brown, close-grained stick, with a stone head like a hammer, rudely lashed on with coarse twine. Beside it was a torn sheet of note-paper with some words scrawled upon it. Holmes glanced at it, and then handed it to me.

"You see," he said, with a significant raising of the eyebrows.

In the light of the lantern I read, with a thrill of horror, "The sign of the four."

"In God's name, what does it all mean?" I asked.

"It means murder," said he, stooping over the dead man. "Ah, I expected it. Look here!" He pointed to what looked like a long, dark thorn stuck in the skin just above the ear.

"It looks like a thorn," said I.

"It is a thorn. You may pick it out. But be careful, for it is poisoned."

I took it up between my finger and thumb. It came away from the skin so readily that hardly any mark was left behind. One tiny speck of blood showed where the puncture had been.

"This is all an insoluble mystery to me," said I. "It grows darker instead of clearer."

"On the contrary," he answered, "it clears every instant. I only require a few missing links to have an entirely connected case."

We had almost forgotten our companion's presence since we entered the chamber. He was still standing in the doorway, the very picture of terror, wringing his hands and moaning to himself. Suddenly, however, he broke out into a sharp, querulous cry.

"The treasure is gone!" he said. "They have robbed him of the treasure! There is the hole through which we lowered it. I helped him to do it! I was the last person who saw him! I left him here last night, and I heard him lock the door as I came downstairs."

"What time was that?"

"It was ten o'clock. And now he is dead, and the police, <sup>vicpolice</sup> will be called in, and I shall be suspected of having had a hand in it. Oh, yes, I am sure I shall. But you don't think so, gentlemen? Surely you don't think that it was I? Is it likely that I would have brought you here if it were I? Oh, dear! oh, dear! I know that I shall go mad!" He jerked his arms and stamped his feet in a kind of convulsive frenzy.

"You have no reason for fear, Mr. Sholto," said Holmes, kindly, putting his hand upon his shoulder. "Take my advice, and drive down to the station to report this matter to the police. Offer to assist them in every way. We shall wait here until your return."

The little man obeyed in a half-stupefied fashion, and we heard him stumbling down the stairs in the dark.

## CHAPTER VI.

### SHERLOCK HOLMES GIVES A DEMONSTRATION.

"Now, Watson," said Holmes, rubbing his hands, "we have half an hour to ourselves. Let us make good use of it. My case is, as I have told you, almost complete; but we must not err on the side of

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over-confidence. Simple as the case seems now, there may be something deeper underlying it."

"Simple!" I ejaculated.

"Surely," said he, with something of the air of a clinical professor expounding to his class. "Just sit in the corner there, that your footprints may not complicate matters. Now to work! In the first place, how did these folk come, and how did they go? The door has not been opened since last night. How of the window?" He carried the lamp across to it, muttering his observations aloud the while, but addressing them to himself rather than to me. "Window is snibbed, <sup>snib</sup> on the inner side. Framework is solid. No hinges at the side. Let us open it. No water-pipe near. Roof quite out of reach. Yet a man has mounted by the window. It rained a little last night. Here is the print of a foot in mould upon the sill. And here is a circular muddy mark, and here again upon the floor, and here again by the table. See here, Watson! This is really a very pretty demonstration."

I looked at the round, well-defined muddy discs. "This is not a footmark, <sup>footmark</sup>," said I.

"It is something much more valuable to us. It is the impression of a wooden stump. You see here on the sill is the boot-mark, a heavy boot with the broad metal heel, and beside it is the mark of the timber-toe."

"It is the wooden-legged man."

"Quite so. But there has been some one else,—a very able and efficient ally. Could you scale that wall, doctor?"

I looked out of the open window. The moon still shone brightly on that angle of the house. We were a good sixty feet from the ground, and, look where I would, I could see no foothold, nor as much as a crevice in the brick-work.

"It is absolutely impossible," I answered.

"Without aid it is so. But suppose you had a friend up here who lowered you this good stout rope which I see in the corner, securing one end of it to this great hook in the wall. Then, I think, if you were an active man, You might swarm up, wooden leg and all. You would depart, of course, in the same fashion, and your ally would draw up the rope, untie it from the hook, shut the window, snib it on the inside, and get away in

the way that he originally came. As a minor point it may be noted," he continued, fingering the rope, "that our wooden-legged friend, though a fair climber, was not a professional sailor. His hands were far from horny. My lens discloses more than one blood-mark, especially towards the end of the rope, from which I gather that he slipped down with such velocity that he took the skin off his hand."

"This is all very well," said I, "but the thing becomes more unintelligible than ever. How about this mysterious ally? How came he into the room?"

"Yes, the ally!" repeated Holmes, pensively. "There are features of interest about this ally. He lifts the case from the regions of the commonplace. I fancy that this ally breaks fresh ground in the annals of crime in this country,—though parallel cases suggest themselves from India, and, if my memory serves me, from Senegambia."

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"How came he, then?" I reiterated. "The door is locked, the window is inaccessible. Was it through the chimney?"

"The grate is much too small," he answered. "I had already considered that possibility."

"How then?" I persisted.

"You will not apply my precept," he said, shaking his head. "How often have I said to you that when you have eliminated the impossible whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth? We know that he did not come through the door, the window, or the chimney. We also know that he could not have been concealed in the room, as there is no concealment possible. Whence, then, did he come?"

"He came through the hole in the roof," I cried.

"Of course he did. He must have done so. If you will have the kindness to hold the lamp for me, we shall now extend our researches to the room above,—the secret room in which the treasure was found."

He mounted the steps, and, seizing a rafter with either hand, he swung himself up into the garret. Then, lying on his face, he reached down for the lamp and held it while I followed him.

The chamber in which we found ourselves was about ten feet one way and six the other. The floor was formed by the rafters, with thin lath-and-plaster between, so that in walking one had to step from beam to beam. The roof ran up to an apex, and was evidently the inner shell of the true roof of the house. There was no furniture of any sort, and the accumulated dust of years lay thick upon the floor.

"Here you are, you see," said Sherlock Holmes, putting his hand against the sloping wall. "This is a trap-door which leads out on to the roof. I can press it back, and here is the roof itself, sloping at a gentle angle. This, then, is the way by which Number One entered. Let us see if we can find any other traces of his individuality."

He held down the lamp to the floor, and as he did so I saw for the second time that night a startled, surprised look come over his face. For myself, as I followed his gaze my skin was cold under my clothes. The floor was covered thickly with the prints of a naked foot,—clear, well defined, perfectly formed, but scarce half the size of those of an ordinary man.

"Holmes," I said, in a whisper, "a child has done the horrid thing."

He had recovered his self-possession in an instant. "I was staggered for the moment," he said, "but the thing is quite natural. My memory failed me, or I should have been able to foretell it. There is nothing more to be learned here. Let us go down."

"What is your theory, then, as to those footmarks?" I asked, eagerly, when we had regained the lower room once more.

"My dear Watson, try a little analysis yourself," said he, with a touch of impatience. "You know my methods. Apply them, and it will be instructive to compare results."

"I cannot conceive anything which will cover the facts," I answered.

"It will be clear enough to you soon," he said, in an off-hand way. "I think that there is nothing else of importance here, but I will look."

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He whipped out his lens and a tape measure, and hurried about the room on his knees, measuring, comparing, examining, with his long thin nose only a few inches from the planks, and his beady eyes gleaming and deep-set like those of a bird. So swift, silent, and furtive were his movements, like those of a trained blood-hound picking out a scent, that I could not but think what a terrible criminal he would have made had he turned his energy and sagacity against the law, instead of exerting them in its defence. As he hunted about, he kept muttering to himself, and finally he broke out into a loud crow of delight.

"We are certainly in luck," said he. "We ought to have very little trouble now. Number One has had the misfortune to tread in the creosote. You can see the outline of the edge of his small foot here at the side of this evil-smelling mess. The carboy has been cracked, You see, and the stuff has leaked out."

"What then?" I asked.

"Why, we have got him, that's all," said he. "I know a dog that would follow that scent to the world's end. If a pack can track a trailed herring across a shire, how far can a specially-trained hound follow so pungent a smell as this? It sounds like a sum in the rule of three. The answer should give us the—But halloa! here are the accredited representatives of the law."

Heavy steps and the clamour of loud voices were audible from below, and the hall door shut with a loud crash.

"Before they come," said Holmes, "just put your hand here on this poor fellow's arm, and here on his leg. What do you feel?"

"The muscles are as hard as a board," I answered.

"Quite so. They are in a state of extreme contraction, far exceeding the usual rigor mortis. Coupled with this distortion of the face, this Hippocratic smile, or 'risus sardonius,' <sup>risus</sup>, as the old writers called it, what conclusion would it suggest to your mind?"

"Death from some powerful vegetable alkaloid," I answered,—“some strychnine-like substance which would produce tetanus."

"That was the idea which occurred to me the instant I saw the drawn muscles of the face. On getting into the room I at once looked for the means by which the poison had entered the system. As you saw, I discovered a thorn which had been driven or shot with no great force into the scalp. You observe that the part struck was that which would be turned towards the hole in the ceiling if the man were erect in his chair. Now examine the thorn."

I took it up gingerly and held it in the light of the lantern. It was long, sharp, and black, with a glazed look near the point as though some gummy substance had dried upon it. The blunt end had been trimmed and rounded off with a knife.

"Is that an English thorn, <sup>thorn</sup>?" he asked.

"No, it certainly is not."

"With all these data you should be able to draw some just inference. But here are the regulars; so the auxiliary forces may beat a retreat."

As he spoke, the steps which had been coming nearer sounded loudly on the passage, and a very stout, portly man in a gray suit

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strode heavily into the room. He was red-faced, burly and plethoric, with a pair of very small twinkling eyes which looked keenly out from between swollen and puffy pouches. He was closely followed by an inspector in uniform, and by the still palpitating Thaddeus Sholto.

"Here's a business!" he cried, in a muffled, husky voice. "Here's a pretty business! But who are all these? Why, the house seems to be as full as a rabbit-warren!"

"I think you must recollect me, Mr. Athelney Jones," said Holmes, quietly.

"Why, of course I do!" he wheezed. "It's Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the theorist. Remember you! I'll never forget how you lectured us all on causes and inferences and effects in the Bishopgate jewel case. It's true you set us on the right track; but you'll own now that it was more by good luck than good guidance."

"It was a piece of very simple reasoning."

"Oh, come, now, come! Never be ashamed to own up. But what is all this? Bad business! Bad business! Stern facts here,—no room for theories. How lucky that I happened to be out at Norwood over another case! I was at the station when the message arrived. What d'you think the man died of?"

"Oh, this is hardly a case for me to theorise over," said Holmes, dryly.

"No, no. Still, we can't deny that you hit the nail on the head sometimes. Dear me! Door locked, I understand. Jewels worth half a million missing. How was the window?"



"Fastened; but there are steps on the sill."

"Well, well, if it was fastened the steps could have nothing to do with the matter. That's common sense. Man might have died in a fit; but then the jewels are missing. Ha! I have a theory. These flashes come upon me at times.—Just step outside, sergeant, and you, Mr. Sholto. Your friend can remain.—What do you think of this, Holmes? Sholto was, on his own confession, with his brother last night. The brother died in a fit, on which Sholto walked off with the treasure. How's that?"

"On which the dead man very considerably got up and locked the door on the inside."

"Hum! There's a flaw there. Let us apply common sense to the matter. This Thaddeus Sholto was with his brother; there was a quarrel; so much we know. The brother is dead and the jewels are gone. So much also we know. No one saw the brother from the time Thaddeus left him. His bed had not been slept in. Thaddeus is evidently in a most disturbed state of mind. His appearance is—well, not attractive. You see that I am weaving my web round Thaddeus. The net begins to close upon him."

"You are not quite in possession of the facts yet," said Holmes. "This splinter of wood, which I have every reason to believe to be poisoned, was in the man's scalp where you still see the mark; this card, inscribed as you see it, was on the table; and beside it lay this rather curious stone-headed instrument. How does all that fit into your theory?"

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"Confirms it in every respect," said the fat detective, pompously. "House is full of Indian curiosities. Thaddeus brought this up, and if this splinter be poisonous Thaddeus may as well have made murderous use of it as any other man. The card is some hocus-pocus,—a blind, as like as not. The only question is, how did he depart? Ah, of course, here is a hole in the roof." With great activity, considering his bulk, he sprang up the steps and squeezed through into the garret, and immediately afterwards we heard his exulting voice proclaiming that he had found the trap-door.

"He can find something," remarked Holmes, shrugging his shoulders. "He has occasional glimmerings of reason. Il n'y a pas des sots si incommodes que ceux qui ont de l'esprit!"

"You see!" said Athelney Jones, reappearing down the steps again. "Facts are better than mere theories, after all. My view of the case is confirmed. There is a trap-door communicating with the roof, and it is partly open."

"It was I who opened it."

"Oh, indeed! You did notice it, then?" He seemed a little crestfallen at the discovery. "Well, whoever noticed it, it shows how our gentleman got away. Inspector!"

"Yes, sir," from the passage.

"Ask Mr. Sholto to step this way.—Mr. Sholto, it is my duty to inform you that anything which you may say will be used against you. I arrest you in the Queen's name as being concerned in the death of your brother."

"There, now! Didn't I tell you!" cried the poor little man, throwing out his hands, and looking from one to the other of us.

"Don't trouble yourself about it, Mr. Sholto," said Holmes. "I think that I can engage to clear you of the charge."

"Don't promise too much, Mr. Theorist,—don't promise too much!" snapped the detective. "You may find it a harder matter than you think."

"Not only will I clear him, Mr. Jones, but I will make you a free present of the name and description of one of the two people who were in this room last night. His name, I have every reason to believe, is Jonathan Small. He is a poorly-educated man, small, active, with his right leg off, and wearing a wooden stump which is worn away upon the inner side. His left boot has a coarse, square-toed sole, with an iron band round the heel. He is a middle-aged man, much sunburned, and has been a convict. These few indications may be of some assistance to you, coupled with the fact that there is a good deal of skin missing from the palm of his hand. The other man—"

"Ah! the other man—?" asked Athelney Jones, in a sneering voice, but impressed none the less, as I could easily see, by the precision of the other's manner.

"Is a rather curious person," said Sherlock Holmes, turning upon his heel. "I hope before very long to be able to introduce you to the pair of them.—A word with you, Watson."

He led me out to the head of the stair. "This unexpected occurrence,"

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he said, "has caused us rather to lose sight of the original purpose of our journey."

"I have just been thinking so," I answered. "It is not right that Miss should remain in this stricken house."

"No. You must escort her home. She lives with Mrs. Cecil Forrester, in Lower Camberwell: so it is not very far. I will wait for you here if you will drive out again. Or perhaps you are too tired?"

"By no means. I don't think I could rest until I know more of this fantastic business. I have seen something of the rough side of life, but I give you my word that this quick succession of strange surprises to-night has shaken my nerve completely. I should like, however, to see the matter through with you, now that I have got so far."

"Your presence will be of great service to me," he answered. "We shall work the case out independently, and leave this fellow Jones to exult over any mare's-nest which he may choose to construct. When you have dropped Miss I wish you to go on to No. 3, Pinchin Lane, down near the water's edge at Lambeth. The third house on the right-hand side is a bird-stuffer's: Sherman is the name. You will see a weasel holding a young rabbit in the window. Knock old Sherman up, and tell him, with my compliments, that I want Toby at once. You will bring Toby back in the cab with you."

"A dog, I suppose."

"Yes,—a queer mongrel, with a most amazing power of scent. I would rather have Toby's help than that of the whole detective force of London."

"I shall bring him, then," said I. "It is one now. I ought to be back before three, if I can get a fresh horse."

“And I,” said Holmes, “shall see what I can learn from Mrs. Bernstone, and from the Indian servant, who, Mr. Thaddeus tell me, sleeps in the next garret. Then I shall study the great Jones’s methods and listen to his not too delicate sarcasms. ‘Wir sind gewohnt das die Menschen verhöhnen was sie nicht verstehen.’, [faust-quote](#) Goethe is always pithy.”

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE EPISODE OF THE BARREL.

The police had brought a cab with them, and in this I escorted Miss back to her home. After the angelic fashion of women, she had borne trouble with a calm face as long as there was some one weaker than herself to support, and I had found her bright and placid by the side of the frightened housekeeper. In the cab, however, she first turned faint, and then burst into a passion of weeping,—so sorely had she been tried by the adventures of the night. She has told me since that she thought me cold and distant upon that journey. She little guessed the struggle within my breast, or the effort of self-restraint which held me back. My sympathies and my love went out to her, even as my hand had in the garden. I felt that years of the conventionalities

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of life could not teach me to know her sweet, brave nature as had this one day of strange experiences. Yet there were two thoughts which sealed the words of affection upon my lips. She was weak and helpless, shaken in mind and nerve. It was to take her at a disadvantage to obtrude love upon her at such a time. Worse still, she was rich. If Holmes's researches were successful, she would be an heiress. Was it fair, was it honourable, that a half-pay surgeon should take such advantage of an intimacy which chance had brought about? Might she not look upon me as a mere vulgar fortune-seeker? I could not bear to risk that such a thought should cross her mind. This Agra treasure intervened like an impassable barrier between us.

It was nearly two o'clock when we reached Mrs. Cecil Forrester's. The servants had retired hours ago, but Mrs. Forrester had been so interested by the strange message which Miss had received that she had sat up in the hope of her return. She opened the door herself, a middle-aged, graceful woman, and it gave me joy to see how tenderly her arm stole round the other's waist and how motherly was the voice in which she greeted her. She was clearly no mere paid dependant, but an honoured friend. I was introduced, and Mrs. Forrester earnestly begged me to step in and tell her our adventures. I explained, however, the importance of my errand, and promised faithfully to call and report any progress which we might make with the case. As we drove away I stole a glance back, and I still seem to see that little group on the step, the two graceful, clinging figures, the half-opened door, the hall-light shining through stained glass, the barometer, and the bright stair-rods. It was soothing to catch even that passing glimpse of a tranquil English home in the midst of the wild, dark business which had absorbed us.

And the more I thought of what had happened, the wilder and darker it grew. I reviewed the whole extraordinary sequence of events as I rattled on through the silent gas-lit streets. There was the original problem: that at least was pretty clear now. The death of Captain , the sending of the pearls, the advertisement, the letter,—we had had light upon all those events. They had only led us, however, to a deeper and far more tragic mystery. The Indian treasure, the curious plan found among 's baggage, the strange scene at Major Sholto's death, the rediscovery of the treasure immediately followed by the murder of the discoverer, the very singular accompaniments to the crime, the footsteps, the remarkable weapons, the

words upon the card, corresponding with those upon Captain 's chart,—here was indeed a labyrinth in which a man less singularly endowed than my fellow-lodger might well despair of ever finding the clue.

Pinchin Lane was a row of shabby two-storied brick houses in the lower quarter of Lambeth. I had to knock for some time at No. 3 before I could make my impression. At last, however, there was the glint of a candle behind the blind, and a face looked out at the upper window.

“Go on, you drunken vagabone, <sup>vagabone</sup>,” said the face. “If you kick up any more row I’ll open the kennels and let out forty-three dogs upon you.”

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“If you’ll let one out it’s just what I have come for,” said I.

“Go on!” yelled the voice. “So help me gracious, I have a wiper in the bag, an’ I’ll drop it on your ’ead if you don’t hook it.”

“But I want a dog,” I cried.

“I won’t be argued with!” shouted Mr. Sherman. “Now stand clear, for when I say ‘three,’ down goes the wiper.”

“Mr. Sherlock Holmes—” I began, but the words had a most magical effect, for the window instantly slammed down, and within a minute the door was unbarred and open. Mr. Sherman was a lanky, lean old man, with stooping shoulders, a stringy neck, and blue-tinted glasses.

“A friend of Mr. Sherlock is always welcome,” said he. “Step in, sir. Keep clear of the badger; for he bites. Ah, naughty, naughty, would you take a nip at the gentleman?” This to a stoat which thrust its wicked head and red eyes between the bars of its cage. “Don’t mind that, sir: it’s only a slow-worm. It hain’t got no fangs, so I gives it the run o’ the room, for it keeps the beetles down. You must not mind my bein’ just a little short wi’ you at first, for I’m guyed at by the children, and there’s many a one just comes down this lane to knock me up. What was it that Mr. Sherlock Holmes wanted, sir?”

“He wanted a dog of yours.”

“Ah! that would be Toby.”

“Yes, Toby was the name.”

“Toby lives at No. 7 on the left here.” He moved slowly forward with his candle among the queer animal family which he had gathered round him. In the uncertain, shadowy light I could see dimly that there were glancing, glimmering eyes peeping down at us from every cranny and corner. Even the rafters above our heads were lined by solemn fowls, who lazily shifted their weight from one leg to the other as our voices disturbed their slumbers.

Toby proved to be an ugly, long-haired, lop-eared creature, half spaniel and half lurcher, <sup>lurcher</sup>, brown-and-white in colour, with a very clumsy waddling gait. It accepted after some hesitation a lump of sugar which the old naturalist handed to me, and, having thus sealed an alliance, it followed me to the cab, and made no difficulties about accompanying me. It had just struck three on the Palace clock when I found myself

back once more at Pondicherry Lodge. The ex-prize-fighter McMurdo had, I found, been arrested as an accessory, and both he and Mr. Sholto had been marched off to the station. Two constables guarded the narrow gate, but they allowed me to pass with the dog on my mentioning the detective's name.

Holmes was standing on the door-step, with his hands in his pockets, smoking his pipe.

"Ah, you have him there!" said he. "Good dog, then! Atheney Jones has gone. We have had an immense display of energy since you left. He has arrested not only friend Thaddeus, but the gatekeeper, the housekeeper, and the Indian servant. We have the place to ourselves, but for a sergeant upstairs. Leave the dog here, and come up."

We tied Toby to the hall table, and re-ascended the stairs. The room was as he had left it, save that a sheet had been draped over

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the central figure. A weary-looking police-sergeant reclined in the corner.

"Lend me your bull's-eye, sergeant," said my companion. "Now tie this bit of card round my neck, so as to hang it in front of me. Thank you. Now I must kick off my boots and stockings.—Just you carry them down with you, Watson. I am going to do a little climbing. And dip my handkerchief into the creasote. That will do. Now come up into the garret with me for a moment."

We clambered up through the hole. Holmes turned his light once more upon the footsteps in the dust.

"I wish you particularly to notice these footmarks," he said. "Do you observe anything noteworthy about them?"

"They belong," I said, "to a child or a small woman."

"Apart from their size, though. Is there nothing else?"

"They appear to be much as other footmarks."

"Not at all. Look here! This is the print of a right foot in the dust. Now I make one with my naked foot beside it. What is the chief difference?"

"Your toes are all cramped together. The other print has each toe distinctly divided."

"Quite so. That is the point. Bear that in mind. Now, would you kindly step over to that flap-window and smell the edge of the wood-work? I shall stay here, as I have this handkerchief in my hand."

I did as he directed, and was instantly conscious of a strong tarry smell.

"That is where he put his foot in getting out. If you can trace him, I should think that Toby will have no difficulty. Now run downstairs, loose the dog, and look out for Blondin."

By the time that I got out into the grounds Sherlock Holmes was on the roof, and I could see him like an enormous glow-worm crawling very slowly along the ridge. I lost sight of him behind a stack of chimneys,

but he presently reappeared, and then vanished once more upon the opposite side. When I made my way round there I found him seated at one of the corner eaves.

"That you, Watson?" he cried.

"Yes."

"This is the place. What is that black thing down there?"

"A water-barrel."

"Top on it?"

"Yes."

"No sign of a ladder?"

"No."

"Confound the fellow! It's a most break-neck place. I ought to be able to come down where he could climb up. The water-pipe feels pretty firm. Here goes, anyhow."

There was a scuffling of feet, and the lantern began to come steadily down the side of the wall. Then with a light spring he came on to the barrel, and from there to the earth.

"It was easy to follow him," he said, drawing on his stockings and

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boots. "Tiles were loosened the whole way along, and in his hurry he had dropped this. It confirms my diagnosis, as you doctors express it."

The object which he held up to me was a small pocket or pouch woven out of coloured grasses and with a few tawdry beads strung round it. In shape and size it was not unlike a cigarette-case. Inside were half a dozen spines of dark wood, sharp at one end and rounded at the other, like that which had struck Bartholomew Sholto.

"They are hellish things," said he. "Look out that you don't prick yourself. I'm delighted to have them, for the chances are that they are all he has. There is the less fear of you or me finding one in our skin before long. I would sooner face a Martini bullet, <sup>martini-bullet</sup>, myself. Are you game for a six-mile trudge, Watson?"

"Certainly," I answered.

"Your leg will stand it?"

"Oh, yes."

"Here you are, doggy! Good old Toby! Smell it, Toby, smell it!" He pushed the creasote handkerchief under the dog's nose, while the creature stood with its fluffy legs separated, and with a most comical cock to its head, like a connoisseur sniffing the bouquet of a famous vintage. Holmes then threw the handkerchief to

a distance, fastened a stout cord to the mongrel's collar, and led him to the foot of the water-barrel. The creature instantly broke into a succession of high, tremulous yelps, and, with his nose on the ground, and his tail in the air, pattered off upon the trail at a pace which strained his leash and kept us at the top of our speed.

The east had been gradually whitening, and we could now see some distance in the cold grey light. The square, massive house, with its black, empty windows and high, bare walls, towered up, sad and forlorn, behind us. Our course led right across the grounds, in and out among the trenches and pits with which they were scarred and intersected. The whole place, with its scattered dirt-heaps and ill-grown shrubs, had a blighted, ill-omened look which harmonized with the black tragedy which hung over it.

On reaching the boundary wall Toby ran along, whining eagerly, underneath its shadow, and stopped finally in a corner screened by a young beech. Where the two walls joined, several bricks had been loosened, and the crevices left were worn down and rounded upon the lower side, as though they had frequently been used as a ladder. Holmes clambered up, and, taking the dog from me, he dropped it over upon the other side.

"There's the print of wooden-leg's hand," he remarked, as I mounted up beside him. "You see the slight smudge of blood upon the white plaster. What a lucky thing it is that we have had no very heavy rain since yesterday! The scent will lie upon the road in spite of their eight-and-twenty hours' start."

I confess that I had my doubts myself when I reflected upon the great traffic which had passed along the London road in the interval. My fears were soon appeased, however. Toby never hesitated or swerved, but waddled on in his peculiar rolling fashion. Clearly, the pungent smell of the creasote rose high above all other contending scents.

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"Do not imagine," said Holmes, "that I depend for my success in this case upon the mere chance of one of these fellows having put his foot in the chemical. I have knowledge now which would enable me to trace them in many different ways. This, however, is the readiest and, since fortune has put it into our hands, I should be culpable if I neglected it. It has, however, prevented the case from becoming the pretty little intellectual problem which it at one time promised to be. There might have been some credit to be gained out of it, but for this too palpable clue."

"There is credit, and to spare," said I. "I assure you, Holmes, that I marvel at the means by which you obtain your results in this case, even more than I did in the Jefferson Hope Murder. The thing seems to me to be deeper and more inexplicable. How, for example, could you describe with such confidence the wooden-legged man?"

"Pshaw, my dear boy! it was simplicity itself. I don't wish to be theatrical. It is all patent and above-board. Two officers who are in command of a convict-guard learn an important secret as to buried treasure. A map is drawn for them by an Englishman named Jonathan Small. You remember that we saw the name upon the chart in Captain's possession. He had signed it in behalf of himself and his associates,—the sign of the four, as he somewhat dramatically called it. Aided by this chart, the officers—or one of them—gets the treasure and brings it to England, leaving, we will suppose, some condition under which he received it unfulfilled. Now, then, why did not Jonathan Small get the treasure himself? The answer is obvious. The chart is dated at a time when was brought into close association with convicts. Jonathan Small did not get the treasure because he and his associates were themselves convicts and could not get away."



"But that is mere speculation," said I.

"It is more than that. It is the only hypothesis which covers the facts. Let us see how it fits in with the sequel. Major Sholto remains at peace for some years, happy in the possession of his treasure. Then he receives a letter from India which gives him a great fright. What was that?"

"A letter to say that the men whom he had wronged had been set free."

"Or had escaped. That is much more likely, for he would have known what their term of imprisonment was. It would not have been a surprise to him. What does he do then? He guards himself against a wooden-legged man,—a white man, mark you, for he mistakes a white tradesman for him, and actually fires a pistol at him. Now, only one white man's name is on the chart. The others are Hindoos or Mohammedans. There is no other white man. Therefore we may say with confidence that the wooden-legged man is identical with Jonathan Small. Does the reasoning strike you as being faulty?"

"No: it is clear and concise."

"Well, now, let us put ourselves in the place of Jonathan Small. Let us look at it from his point of view. He comes to England with the double idea of regaining what he would consider to be his rights and of having his revenge upon the man who had wronged him. He found

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out where Sholto lived, and very possibly he established communications with some one inside the house. There is this butler, Lal Rao, whom we have not seen. Mrs. Bernstone gives him far from a good character. Small could not find out, however, where the treasure was hid, for no one ever knew, save the major and one faithful servant who had died. Suddenly Small learns that the major is on his death-bed. In a frenzy lest the secret of the treasure die with him, he runs the gauntlet of the guards, makes his way to the dying man's window, and is only deterred from entering by the presence of his two sons. Mad with hate, however, against the dead man, he enters the room that night, searches his private papers in the hope of discovering some memorandum relating to the treasure, and finally leaves a memento of his visit in the short inscription upon the card. He had doubtless planned beforehand that should he slay the major he would leave some such record upon the body as a sign that it was not a common murder, but, from the point of view of the four associates, something in the nature of an act of justice. Whimsical and bizarre conceits of this kind are common enough in the annals of crime, and usually afford valuable indications as to the criminal. Do you follow all this?"

"Very clearly."

"Now, what could Jonathan Small do? He could only continue to keep a secret watch upon the efforts made to find the treasure. Possibly he leaves England and only comes back at intervals. Then comes the discovery of the garret, and he is instantly informed of it. We again trace the presence of some confederate in the household. Jonathan, with his wooden leg, is utterly unable to reach the lofty room of Bartholomew Sholto. He takes with him, however, a rather curious associate, who gets over this difficulty, but dips his naked foot into creasote, whence comes Toby, and a six-mile limp for a half-pay officer with a damaged tendo Achillis."

"But it was the associate, and not Jonathan, who committed the crime."

“Quite so. And rather to Jonathan’s disgust, to judge by the way he stamped about when he got into the room. He bore no grudge against Bartholomew Sholto, and would have preferred if he could have been simply bound and gagged. He did not wish to put his head in a halter. There was no help for it, however: the savage instincts of his companion had broken out, and the poison had done its work: so Jonathan Small left his record, lowered the treasure-box to the ground, and followed it himself. That was the train of events as far as I can decipher them. Of course as to his personal appearance he must be middle-aged, and must be sunburned after serving his time in such an oven as the Andamans. His height is readily calculated from the length of his stride, and we know that he was bearded. His hairiness was the one point which impressed itself upon Thaddeus Sholto when he saw him at the window. I don’t know that there is anything else.”

“The associate?”

“Ah, well, there is no great mystery in that. But you will know all about it soon enough. How sweet the morning air is! See how

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that one little cloud floats like a pink feather from some gigantic flamingo. Now the red rim of the sun pushes itself over the London cloud-bank. It shines on a good many folk, but on none, I dare bet, who are on a stranger errand than you and I. How small we feel with our petty ambitions and strivings in the presence of the great elemental forces of nature! Are you well up in your Jean Paul, <sup>jeanpaul</sup> ?”

“Fairly so. I worked back to him through Carlyle, <sup>carlyle</sup> .”

“That was like following the brook to the parent lake. He makes one curious but profound remark. It is that the chief proof of man’s real greatness lies in his perception of his own smallness. It argues, you see, a power of comparison and of appreciation which is in itself a proof of nobility. There is much food for thought in Richter. You have not a pistol, have you?”

“I have my stick.”

“It is just possible that we may need something of the sort if we get to their lair. Jonathan I shall leave to you, but if the other turns nasty I shall shoot him dead.” He took out his revolver as he spoke, and, having loaded two of the chambers, he put it back into the right-hand pocket of his jacket.

We had during this time been following the guidance of Toby down the half-rural villa-lined roads which lead to the metropolis. Now, however, we were beginning to come among continuous streets, where labourers and dockmen were already astir, and slatternly women were taking down shutters and brushing door-steps. At the square-topped corner public houses business was just beginning, and rough-looking men were emerging, rubbing their sleeves across their beards after their morning wet. Strange dogs sauntered up and stared wonderingly at us as we passed, but our inimitable Toby looked neither to the right nor to the left, but trotted onwards with his nose to the ground and an occasional eager whine which spoke of a hot scent.

We had traversed Streatham, Brixton, Camberwell, and now found ourselves in Kennington Lane, having borne away through the side-streets to the east of the Oval, <sup>theoval</sup> . The men whom we pursued seemed to have taken a curiously zigzag road, with the idea probably of escaping observation. They had never kept to the main road if a parallel side-street would serve their turn. At the foot of Kennington Lane they had edged away to the left through Bond Street and Miles Street. Where the latter street turns into Knight’s Place, Toby

ceased to advance, but began to run backwards and forwards with one ear cocked and the other drooping, the very picture of canine indecision. Then he waddled round in circles, looking up to us from time to time, as if to ask for sympathy in his embarrassment.

“What the deuce is the matter with the dog?” growled Holmes. “They surely would not take a cab, or go off in a balloon.”

“Perhaps they stood here for some time,” I suggested.

“Ah! it’s all right. He’s off again,” said my companion, in a tone of relief.

He was indeed off, for after sniffing round again he suddenly made up his mind, and darted away with an energy and determination such as he had not yet shown. The scent appeared to be much hotter than

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before, for he had not even to put his nose on the ground, but tugged at his leash and tried to break into a run. I could see by the gleam in Holmes’s eyes that he thought we were nearing the end of our journey.

Our course now ran down Nine Elms until we came to Broderick and Nelson’s large timber-yard, just past the White Eagle tavern. Here the dog, frantic with excitement, turned down through the side-gate into the enclosure, where the sawyers were already at work. On the dog raced through sawdust and shavings, down an alley, round a passage, between two wood-piles, and finally, with a triumphant yelp, sprang upon a large barrel which still stood upon the hand-trolley on which it had been brought. With lolling tongue and blinking eyes, Toby stood upon the cask, looking from one to the other of us for some sign of appreciation. The staves of the barrel and the wheels of the trolley were smeared with a dark liquid, and the whole air was heavy with the smell of creasote.

Sherlock Holmes and I looked blankly at each other, and then burst simultaneously into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS.

"What now?" I asked. "Toby has lost his character for infallibility."

"He acted according to his lights," said Holmes, lifting him down from the barrel and walking him out of the timber-yard. "If you consider how much creasote is carted about London in one day, it is no great wonder that our trail should have been crossed. It is much used now, especially for the seasoning of wood. Poor Toby is not to blame."

"We must get on the main scent again, I suppose."

"Yes. And, fortunately, we have no distance to go. Evidently what puzzled the dog at the corner of Knight's Place was that there were two different trails running in opposite directions. We took the wrong one. It only remains to follow the other."

There was no difficulty about this. On leading Toby to the place where he had committed his fault, he cast about in a wide circle and finally dashed off in a fresh direction.

"We must take care that he does not now bring us to the place where the creasote-barrel came from," I observed.

"I had thought of that. But you notice that he keeps on the pavement, whereas the barrel passed down the roadway. No, we are on the true scent now."

It tended down towards the river-side, running through Belmont Place and Prince's Street. At the end of Broad Street it ran right down to the water's edge, where there was a small wooden wharf, <sup>wharf</sup>. Toby led us to the very edge of this, and there stood whining, looking out on the dark current beyond.

"We are out of luck," said Holmes. "They have taken to a boat

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here." Several small punts and skiffs were lying about in the water and on the edge of the wharf. We took Toby round to each in turn, but, though he sniffed earnestly, he made no sign.

Close to the rude landing-stage was a small brick house, with a wooden placard slung out through the second window. "Mordecai Smith" was printed across it in large letters, and, underneath, "Boats to hire by the hour or day." A second inscription above the door informed us that a steam launch, <sup>steam-launch</sup> was kept, —a statement which was confirmed by a great pile of coke upon the jetty. Sherlock Holmes looked slowly round, and his face assumed an ominous expression.

"This looks bad," said he. "These fellows are sharper than I expected. They seem to have covered their tracks. There has, I fear, been preconcerted management here."

He was approaching the door of the house, when it opened, and a little, curly-headed lad of six came running out, followed by a stoutish, red-faced woman with a large sponge in her hand.

"You come back and be washed, Jack," she shouted. "Come back, you young imp; for if your father comes home and finds you like that, he'll let us hear of it."

"Dear little chap!" said Holmes, strategically. "What a rosy-cheeked young rascal! Now, Jack, is there anything you would like?"

The youth pondered for a moment. "I'd like a shillin'," said he.

"Nothing you would like better?"

"I'd like two shillin' better," the prodigy answered, after some thought.

"Here you are, then! Catch!—A fine child, Mrs. Smith!"

"Lor' bless you, sir, he is that, and forward. He gets a'most too much for me to manage, 'specially when my man is away days at a time."

"Away, is he?" said Holmes, in a disappointed voice. "I am sorry for that, for I wanted to speak to Mr. Smith."

"He's been away since yesterday mornin', sir, and, truth to tell, I am beginnin' to feel frightened about him. But if it was about a boat, sir, maybe I could serve as well."

"I wanted to hire his steam launch."

"Why, bless you, sir, it is in the steam launch that he has gone. That's what puzzles me; for I know there ain't more coals in her than would take her to about Woolwich and back. If he'd been away in the barge I'd ha' thought nothin'; for many a time a job has taken him as far as Gravesend, and then if there was much doin' there he might ha' stayed over. But what good is a steam launch without coals?"

"He might have bought some at a wharf down the river."

"He might, sir, but it weren't his way. Many a time I've heard him call out at the prices they charge for a few odd bags. Besides, I don't like that wooden-legged man, wi' his ugly face and outlandish talk. What did he want always knockin' about here for?"

"A wooden-legged man?" said Holmes, with bland surprise.

"Yes, sir, a brown, monkey-faced chap that's called more'n once for my old man. It was him that roused him up yesternight, and, what's

more, my man knew he was comin', for he had steam up in the launch. I tell you straight, sir, I don't feel easy in my mind about it."

"But, my dear Mrs. Smith," said Holmes, shrugging his shoulders, "You are frightening yourself about nothing. How could you possibly tell that it was the wooden-legged man who came in the night? I don't quite understand how you can be so sure."

"His voice, sir. I knew his voice, which is kind o' thick and foggy. He tapped at the winder,—about three it would be. 'Show a leg, matey,' says he: 'time to turn out guard.' My old man woke up Jim,—that's my eldest,—and away they went, without so much as a word to me. I could hear the wooden leg clackin' on the stones."

"And was this wooden-legged man alone?"

"Couldn't say, I am sure, sir. I didn't hear no one else."

"I am sorry, Mrs. Smith, for I wanted a steam launch, and I have heard good reports of the—Let me see, what is her name?"

"The Aurora, sir."

"Ah! She's not that old green launch with a yellow line, very broad in the beam?"

"No, indeed. She's as trim a little thing as any on the river. She's been fresh painted, black with two red streaks."

"Thanks. I hope that you will hear soon from Mr. Smith. I am going down the river; and if I should see anything of the Aurora I shall let him know that you are uneasy. A black funnel, you say?"

"No, sir. Black with a white band."

"Ah, of course. It was the sides which were black. Good-morning, Mrs. Smith.—There is a boatman here with a wherry, Watson. We shall take it and cross the river.

"The main thing with people of that sort," said Holmes, as we sat in the sheets of the wherry, <sup>wherry</sup>, "is never to let them think that their information can be of the slightest importance to you. If you do, they will instantly shut up like an oyster. If you listen to them under protest, as it were, you are very likely to get what you want."

"Our course now seems pretty clear," said I.

"What would you do, then?"

"I would engage a launch and go down the river on the track of the Aurora."

"My dear fellow, it would be a colossal task. She may have touched at any wharf on either side of the stream between here and Greenwich. Below the bridge there is a perfect labyrinth of landing-places for miles. It would take you days and days to exhaust them, if you set about it alone."

"Employ the police, then."

"No. I shall probably call Athelney Jones in at the last moment. He is not a bad fellow, and I should not like to do anything which would injure him professionally. But I have a fancy for working it out myself, now that we have gone so far."

"Could we advertise, then, asking for information from wharfingers?"

"Worse and worse! Our men would know that the chase was hot at their heels, and they would be off out of the country. As it is, they

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are likely enough to leave, but as long as they think they are perfectly safe they will be in no hurry. Jones's energy will be of use to us there, for his view of the case is sure to push itself into the daily press, and the runaways will think that every one is off on the wrong scent."

"What are we to do, then?" I asked, as we landed near Millbank Penitentiary.

"Take this hansom, <sup>hansom</sup>, drive home, have some breakfast, and get an hour's sleep. It is quite on the cards that we may be afoot to-night again. Stop at a telegraph-office, cabby! We will keep Toby, for he may be of use to us yet."

We pulled up at the Great Peter Street post-office, and Holmes despatched his wire. "Whom do you think that is to?" he asked, as we resumed our journey.

"I am sure I don't know."

"You remember the Baker Street division of the detective police force whom I employed in the Jefferson Hope case?"

"Well," said I, laughing.

"This is just the case where they might be invaluable. If they fail, I have other resources; but I shall try them first. That wire was to my dirty little lieutenant, Wiggins, and I expect that he and his gang will be with us before we have finished our breakfast."

It was between eight and nine o'clock now, and I was conscious of a strong reaction after the successive excitements of the night. I was limp and weary, befogged in mind and fatigued in body. I had not the professional enthusiasm which carried my companion on, nor could I look at the matter as a mere abstract intellectual problem. As far as the death of Bartholomew Sholto went, I had heard little good of him, and could feel no intense antipathy to his murderers. The treasure, however, was a different matter. That, or part of it, belonged rightfully to Miss . While there was a chance of recovering it I was ready to devote my life to the one object. True, if I found it it would probably put her forever beyond my reach. Yet it would be a petty and selfish love which would be influenced by such a thought as that. If Holmes could work to find the criminals, I had a tenfold stronger reason to urge me on to find the treasure.

A bath at Baker Street and a complete change freshened me up wonderfully. When I came down to our room I found the breakfast laid and Homes pouring out the coffee.

"Here it is," said he, laughing, and pointing to an open newspaper. "The energetic Jones and the ubiquitous reporter have fixed it up between them. But you have had enough of the case. Better have your ham and eggs first."

I took the paper from him and read the short notice, which was headed "Mysterious Business at Upper Norwood."

"About twelve o'clock last night," said the Standard, "Mr. Bartholomew Sholto, of Pondicherry Lodge, Upper Norwood, was found dead in his room under circumstances which point to foul play. As far as we can learn, no actual traces of violence were found upon Mr. Sholto's person, but a valuable collection of Indian gems which the

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deceased gentleman had inherited from his father has been carried off. The discovery was first made by Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, who had called at the house with Mr. Thaddeus Sholto, brother of the deceased. By a singular piece of good fortune, Mr. Athelney Jones, the well-known member of the detective police force, happened to be at the Norwood Police Station, and was on the ground within half an hour of the first alarm. His trained and experienced faculties were at once directed towards the detection of the criminals, with the gratifying result that the brother, Thaddeus Sholto, has already been arrested, together with the housekeeper, Mrs. Bernstone, an Indian butler named Lal Rao, and a porter, or gatekeeper, named McMurdo. It is quite certain that the thief or thieves were well acquainted with the house, for Mr. Jones's well-known technical knowledge and his powers of minute observation have enabled him to prove conclusively that the miscreants could not have entered by the door or by the window, but must have made their way across the roof of the building, and so through a trap-door into a room which communicated with that in which the body was found. This fact, which has been very clearly made out, proves conclusively that it was no mere haphazard burglary. The prompt and energetic action of the officers of the law shows the great advantage of the presence on such occasions of a single vigorous and masterful mind. We cannot but think that it supplies an argument to those who would wish to see our detectives more decentralised, and so brought into closer and more effective touch with the cases which it is their duty to investigate."

"Isn't it gorgeous!" said Holmes, grinning over his coffee-cup. "What do you think of it?"

"I think that we have had a close shave ourselves of being arrested for the crime."

"So do I. I wouldn't answer for our safety now, if he should happen to have another of his attacks of energy."

At this moment there was a loud ring at the bell, and I could hear Mrs. Hudson, our landlady, raising her voice in a wail of expostulation and dismay.

"By heaven, Holmes," I said, half rising, "I believe that they are really after us."

"No, it's not quite so bad as that. It is the unofficial force,—the Baker Street irregulars."

As he spoke, there came a swift pattering of naked feet upon the stairs, a clatter of high voices, and in rushed a dozen dirty and ragged little street-Arabs. There was some show of discipline among them, despite their tumultuous entry, for they instantly drew up in line and stood facing us with expectant faces. One of their



number, taller and older than the others, stood forward with an air of lounging superiority which was very funny in such a disreputable little scarecrow.

"Got your message, sir," said he, "and brought 'em on sharp. Three bob and a tanner for tickets."

"Here you are," said Holmes, producing some silver. "In future they can report to you, Wiggins, and you to me. I cannot have the house invaded in this way. However, it is just as well that you should

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all hear the instructions. I want to find the whereabouts of a steam launch called the Aurora, owner Mordecai Smith, black with two red streaks, funnel black with a white band. She is down the river somewhere. I want one boy to be at Mordecai Smith's landing-stage opposite Millbank to say if the boat comes back. You must divide it out among yourselves, and do both banks thoroughly. Let me know the moment you have news. Is that all clear?"

"Yes, guv'nor," said Wiggins.

"The old scale of pay, and a guinea to the boy who finds the boat. Here's a day in advance. Now off you go!" He handed them a shilling each, and away they buzzed down the stairs, and I saw them a moment later streaming down the street.

"If the launch is above water they will find her," said Holmes, as he rose from the table and lit his pipe. "They can go everywhere, see everything, overhear every one. I expect to hear before evening that they have spotted her. In the meanwhile, we can do nothing but await results. We cannot pick up the broken trail until we find either the Aurora or Mr. Mordecai Smith."

"Toby could eat these scraps, I dare say. Are you going to bed, Holmes?"

"No; I am not tired. I have a curious constitution. I never remember feeling tired by work, though idleness exhausts me completely. I am going to smoke and to think over this queer business to which my fair client has introduced us. If ever man had an easy task, this of ours ought to be. Wooden-legged men are not so common, but the other man must, I should think, be absolutely unique."

"That other man again!"

"I have no wish to make a mystery of him,—to you, anyway. But you must have formed your own opinion. Now, do consider the data. Diminutive footmarks, toes never fettered by boots, naked feet, stone-headed wooden mace, great agility, small poisoned darts. What do you make of all this?"

"A savage!" I exclaimed. "Perhaps one of those Indians who were the associates of Jonathan Small."

"Hardly that," said he. "When first I saw signs of strange weapons I was inclined to think so; but the remarkable character of the footmarks caused me to reconsider my views. Some of the inhabitants of the Indian Peninsula are small men, but none could have left such marks as that. The Hindoo proper has long and thin feet. The sandal-wearing Mohammedans, <sup>Mohammedan</sup> has the great toe well separated from the others, because the thong is commonly passed between. These little darts, too, could only be shot in one way. They are from a blow-pipe. Now, then, where are we to find our savage?"

“South American,” I hazarded.

He stretched his hand up, and took down a bulky volume from the shelf. “This is the first volume of a gazetteer, <sup>gazetteer</sup> which is now being published. It may be looked upon as the very latest authority. What have we here? ‘Andaman Islands, situated 340 miles to the north of Sumatra, in the Bay of Bengal.’ Hum! hum! What’s all this? Moist climate, coral reefs, sharks, Port Blair, convict-barracks, Rutland

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Island, cottonwoods—Ah, here we are. ‘The aborigines of the Andaman Islands may perhaps claim the distinction of being the smallest race upon this earth, though some anthropologists prefer the Bushmen of Africa, the Digger Indians of America, and the Terra del Fuegians. The average height is rather below four feet, although many full-grown adults may be found who are very much smaller than this. They are a fierce, morose, and intractable people, though capable of forming most devoted friendships when their confidence has once been gained.’ Mark that, Watson. Now, then, listen to this. ‘They are naturally hideous, having large, misshapen heads, small, fierce eyes, and distorted features. Their feet and hands, however, are remarkably small. So intractable and fierce are they that all the efforts of the British official have failed to win them over in any degree. They have always been a terror to shipwrecked crews, braining the survivors with their stone-headed clubs, or shooting them with their poisoned arrows. These massacres are invariably concluded by a cannibal feast.’ Nice, amiable people, Watson! If this fellow had been left to his own unaided devices this affair might have taken an even more ghastly turn. I fancy that, even as it is, Jonathan Small would give a good deal not to have employed him.”

“But how came he to have so singular a companion?”

“Ah, that is more than I can tell. Since, however, we had already determined that Small had come from the Andamans, it is not so very wonderful that this islander should be with him. No doubt we shall know all about it in time. Look here, Watson; you look regularly done. Lie down there on the sofa, and see if I can put you to sleep.”

He took up his violin from the corner, and as I stretched myself out he began to play some low, dreamy, melodious air,—his own, no doubt, for he had a remarkable gift for improvisation. I have a vague remembrance of his gaunt limbs, his earnest face, and the rise and fall of his bow. Then I seemed to be floated peacefully away upon a soft sea of sound, until I found myself in dreamland, with the sweet face of Mary looking down upon me.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A BREAK IN THE CHAIN.

It was late in the afternoon before I woke, strengthened and refreshed. Sherlock Holmes still sat exactly as I had left him, save that he had laid aside his violin and was deep in a book. He looked across at me, as I stirred, and I noticed that his face was dark and troubled.

"You have slept soundly," he said. "I feared that our talk would wake you."

"I heard nothing," I answered. "Have you had fresh news, then?"

"Unfortunately, no. I confess that I am surprised and disappointed. I expected something definite by this time. Wiggins has just been up to report. He says that no trace can be found of the launch. It is a provoking check, for every hour is of importance."

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"Can I do anything? I am perfectly fresh now, and quite ready for another night's outing."

"No, we can do nothing. We can only wait. If we go ourselves, the message might come in our absence, and delay be caused. You can do what you will, but I must remain on guard."

"Then I shall run over to Camberwell and call upon Mrs. Cecil Forrester. She asked me to, yesterday."

"On Mrs. Cecil Forrester?" asked Holmes, with the twinkle of a smile in his eyes.

"Well, of course Miss too. They were anxious to hear what happened."

"I would not tell them too much," said Holmes. "Women are never to be entirely trusted,—not the best of them."

I did not pause to argue over this atrocious sentiment. "I shall be back in an hour or two," I remarked.

"All right! Good luck! But, I say, if you are crossing the river you may as well return Toby, for I don't think it is at all likely that we shall have any use for him now."

I took our mongrel accordingly, and left him, together with a half-sovereign, at the old naturalist's in Pinchin Lane. At Camberwell I found Miss a little weary after her night's adventures, but very eager to hear the news. Mrs. Forrester, too, was full of curiosity. I told them all that we had done, suppressing, however, the more dreadful parts of the tragedy. Thus, although I spoke of Mr. Sholto's death, I said nothing of the exact manner and method of it. With all my omissions, however, there was enough to startle and amaze them.

"It is a romance, <sup>romance</sup>!" cried Mrs. Forrester. "An injured lady, half a million in treasure, a black cannibal, and a wooden-legged ruffian. They take the place of the conventional dragon or wicked earl."

"And two knight-errants to the rescue," added Miss , with a bright glance at me.

"Why, Mary, your fortune depends upon the issue of this search. I don't think that you are nearly excited enough. Just imagine what it must be to be so rich, and to have the world at your feet!"

It sent a little thrill of joy to my heart to notice that she showed no sign of elation at the prospect. On the contrary, she gave a toss of her proud head, as though the matter were one in which she took small interest.

"It is for Mr. Thaddeus Sholto that I am anxious," she said. "Nothing else is of any consequence; but I think that he has behaved most kindly and honourably throughout. It is our duty to clear him of this dreadful and unfounded charge."

It was evening before I left Camberwell, and quite dark by the time I reached home. My companion's book and pipe lay by his chair, but he had disappeared. I looked about in the hope of seeing a note, but there was none.

"I suppose that Mr. Sherlock Holmes has gone out," I said to Mrs. Hudson as she came up to lower the blinds.

"No, sir. He has gone to his room, sir. Do you know, sir,"

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sinking her voice into an impressive whisper, "I am afraid for his health?"

"Why so, Mrs. Hudson?"

"Well, he's that strange, sir. After you was gone he walked and he walked, up and down, and up and down, until I was weary of the sound of his footstep. Then I heard him talking to himself and muttering, and every time the bell rang out he came on the stairhead, with 'What is that, Mrs. Hudson?' And now he has slammed off to his room, but I can hear him walking away the same as ever. I hope he's not going to be ill, sir. I ventured to say something to him about cooling medicine, but he turned on me, sir, with such a look that I don't know how ever I got out of the room."

"I don't think that you have any cause to be uneasy, Mrs. Hudson," I answered. "I have seen him like this before. He has some small matter upon his mind which makes him restless." I tried to speak lightly to our worthy landlady, but I was myself somewhat uneasy when through the long night I still from time to time heard the dull sound of his tread, and knew how his keen spirit was chafing against this involuntary inaction.

At breakfast-time he looked worn and haggard, with a little fleck of feverish colour upon either cheek.

"You are knocking yourself up, old man," I remarked. "I heard you marching about in the night."

"No, I could not sleep," he answered. "This infernal problem is consuming me. It is too much to be balked by so petty an obstacle, when all else had been overcome. I know the men, the launch, everything; and yet I can get no news. I have set other agencies at work, and used every means at my disposal. The whole river

has been searched on either side, but there is no news, nor has Mrs. Smith heard of her husband. I shall come to the conclusion soon that they have scuttled the craft. But there are objections to that."

"Or that Mrs. Smith has put us on a wrong scent."

"No, I think that may be dismissed. I had inquiries made, and there is a launch of that description."

"Could it have gone up the river?"

"I have considered that possibility too, and there is a search-party who will work up as far as Richmond. If no news comes to-day, I shall start off myself to-morrow, and go for the men rather than the boat. But surely, surely, we shall hear something."

We did not, however. Not a word came to us either from Wiggins or from the other agencies. There were articles in most of the papers upon the Norwood tragedy. They all appeared to be rather hostile to the unfortunate Thaddeus Sholto. No fresh details were to be found, however, in any of them, save that an inquest was to be held upon the following day. I walked over to Camberwell in the evening to report our ill success to the ladies, and on my return I found Holmes dejected and somewhat morose. He would hardly reply to my questions, and busied himself all evening in an abstruse chemical analysis which involved much heating of retorts and distilling of vapours, ending at last in a smell which fairly drove me out of the apartment. Up to

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the small hours of the morning I could hear the clinking of his test-tubes which told me that he was still engaged in his malodorous experiment.

In the early dawn I woke with a start, and was surprised to find him standing by my bedside, clad in a rude sailor dress with a pea-jacket, and a coarse red scarf round his neck.

"I am off down the river, Watson," said he. "I have been turning it over in my mind, and I can see only one way out of it. It is worth trying, at all events."

"Surely I can come with you, then?" said I.

"No; you can be much more useful if you will remain here as my representative. I am loath to go, for it is quite on the cards that some message may come during the day, though Wiggins was despondent about it last night. I want you to open all notes and telegrams, and to act on your own judgment if any news should come. Can I rely upon you?"

"Most certainly."

"I am afraid that you will not be able to wire to me, for I can hardly tell yet where I may find myself. If I am in luck, however, I may not be gone so very long. I shall have news of some sort or other before I get back."

I had heard nothing of him by breakfast-time. On opening the Standard, [thestandard](#), however, I found that there was a fresh allusion to the business. "With reference to the Upper Norwood tragedy," it remarked, "we have reason to believe that the matter promises to be even more complex and mysterious than was originally supposed. Fresh evidence has shown that it is quite impossible that Mr. Thaddeus Sholto could

have been in any way concerned in the matter. He and the housekeeper, Mrs. Bernstone, were both released yesterday evening. It is believed, however, that the police have a clue as to the real culprits, and that it is being prosecuted by Mr. Athelney Jones, of Scotland Yard, with all his well-known energy and sagacity. Further arrests may be expected at any moment."

"That is satisfactory so far as it goes," thought I. "Friend Sholto is safe, at any rate. I wonder what the fresh clue may be; though it seems to be a stereotyped form whenever the police have made a blunder."

I tossed the paper down upon the table, but at that moment my eye caught an advertisement in the agony column, <sup>agony</sup>. It ran in this way:

"Lost.—Whereas Mordecai Smith, boatman, and his son, Jim, left Smith's Wharf at or about three o'clock last Tuesday morning in the steam launch Aurora, black with two red stripes, funnel black with a white band, the sum of five pounds will be paid to any one who can give information to Mrs. Smith, at Smith's Wharf, or at 221b Baker Street, as to the whereabouts of the said Mordecai Smith and the launch Aurora."

This was clearly Holmes's doing. The Baker Street address was enough to prove that. It struck me as rather ingenious, because it might be read by the fugitives without their seeing in it more than the natural anxiety of a wife for her missing husband.

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It was a long day. Every time that a knock came to the door, or a sharp step passed in the street, I imagined that it was either Holmes returning or an answer to his advertisement. I tried to read, but my thoughts would wander off to our strange quest and to the ill-assorted and villainous pair whom we were pursuing. Could there be, I wondered, some radical flaw in my companion's reasoning. Might he be suffering from some huge self-deception? Was it not possible that his nimble and speculative mind had built up this wild theory upon faulty premises? I had never known him to be wrong; and yet the keenest reasoner may occasionally be deceived. He was likely, I thought, to fall into error through the over-refinement of his logic,—his preference for a subtle and bizarre explanation when a plainer and more commonplace one lay ready to his hand. Yet, on the other hand, I had myself seen the evidence, and I had heard the reasons for his deductions. When I looked back on the long chain of curious circumstances, many of them trivial in themselves, but all tending in the same direction, I could not disguise from myself that even if Holmes's explanation were incorrect the true theory must be equally outré and startling.

At three o'clock in the afternoon there was a loud peal at the bell, an authoritative voice in the hall, and, to my surprise, no less a person than Mr. Athelney Jones was shown up to me. Very different was he, however, from the brusque and masterful professor of common sense who had taken over the case so confidently at Upper Norwood. His expression was downcast, and his bearing meek and even apologetic.

"Good-day, sir; good-day," said he. "Mr. Sherlock Holmes is out, I understand."

"Yes, and I cannot be sure when he will be back. But perhaps you would care to wait. Take that chair and try one of these cigars."

"Thank you; I don't mind if I do," said he, mopping his face with a red bandanna handkerchief.

"And a whiskey-and-soda?"

"Well, half a glass. It is very hot for the time of year; and I have had a good deal to worry and try me. You know my theory about this Norwood case?"

"I remember that you expressed one."

"Well, I have been obliged to reconsider it. I had my net drawn tightly round Mr. Sholto, sir, when pop he went through a hole in the middle of it. He was able to prove an alibi which could not be shaken. From the time that he left his brother's room he was never out of sight of some one or other. So it could not be he who climbed over roofs and through trap-doors. It's a very dark case, and my professional credit is at stake. I should be very glad of a little assistance."

"We all need help sometimes," said I.

"Your friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes is a wonderful man, sir," said he, in a husky and confidential voice. "He's a man who is not to be beat. I have known that young man go into a good many cases, but I never saw the case yet that he could not throw a light upon. He is irregular in his methods, and a little quick perhaps in jumping at theories, but, on the whole, I think he would have made a most promising officer, and I don't care who knows it. I have had a wire from

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him this morning, by which I understand that he has got some clue to this Sholto business. Here is the message."

He took the telegram out of his pocket, and handed it to me. It was dated from Poplar at twelve o'clock. "Go to Baker Street at once," it said. "If I have not returned, wait for me. I am close on the track of the Sholto gang. You can come with us to-night if you want to be in at the finish."

"This sounds well. He has evidently picked up the scent again," said I.

"Ah, then he has been at fault too," exclaimed Jones, with evident satisfaction. "Even the best of us are thrown off sometimes. Of course this may prove to be a false alarm; but it is my duty as an officer of the law to allow no chance to slip. But there is some one at the door. Perhaps this is he."

A heavy step was heard ascending the stair, with a great wheezing and rattling as from a man who was sorely put to it for breath. Once or twice he stopped, as though the climb were too much for him, but at last he made his way to our door and entered. His appearance corresponded to the sounds which we had heard. He was an aged man, clad in seafaring garb, with an old pea-jacket buttoned up to his throat. His back was bowed, his knees were shaky, and his breathing was painfully asthmatic. As he leaned upon a thick oaken cudgel his shoulders heaved in the effort to draw the air into his lungs. He had a coloured scarf round his chin, and I could see little of his face save a pair of keen dark eyes, overhung by bushy white brows, and long grey side-whiskers. Altogether he gave me the impression of a respectable master mariner who had fallen into years and poverty.

"What is it, my man?" I asked.

He looked about him in the slow methodical fashion of old age.

"Is Mr. Sherlock Holmes here?" said he.

"No; but I am acting for him. You can tell me any message you have for him."

"It was to him himself I was to tell it," said he.

"But I tell you that I am acting for him. Was it about Mordecai Smith's boat?"

"Yes. I knows well where it is. An' I knows where the men he is after are. An' I knows where the treasure is. I knows all about it."

"Then tell me, and I shall let him know."

"It was to him I was to tell it," he repeated, with the petulant obstinacy of a very old man.

"Well, you must wait for him."

"No, no; I ain't goin' to lose a whole day to please no one. If Mr. Holmes ain't here, then Mr. Holmes must find it all out for himself. I don't care about the look of either of you, and I won't tell a word."

He shuffled towards the door, but Athelney Jones got in front of him.

"Wait a bit, my friend," said he. "You have important information, and you must not walk off. We shall keep you, whether you like or not, until our friend returns."

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The old man made a little run towards the door, but, as Athelney Jones put his broad back up against it, he recognised the uselessness of resistance.

"Pretty sort o' treatment this!" he cried, stamping his stick. "I come here to see a gentleman, and you two, who I never saw in my life, seize me and treat me in this fashion!"

"You will be none the worse," I said. "We shall recompense you for the loss of your time. Sit over here on the sofa, and you will not have long to wait."

He came across sullenly enough, and seated himself with his face resting on his hands. Jones and I resumed our cigars and our talk. Suddenly, however, Holmes's voice broke in upon us.

"I think that you might offer me a cigar too," he said.

We both started in our chairs. There was Holmes sitting close to us with an air of quiet amusement.

"Holmes!" I exclaimed. "You here! But where is the old man?"

"Here is the old man," said he, holding out a heap of white hair. "Here he is,—wig, whiskers, eyebrows, and all. I thought my disguise was pretty good, but I hardly expected that it would stand that test."

"Ah, You rogue!" cried Jones, highly delighted. "You would have made an actor, and a rare one. You had the proper workhouse cough, and those weak legs of yours are worth ten pounds a week. I thought I knew the glint of your eye, though. You didn't get away from us so easily, You see."



"I have been working in that get-up all day," said he, lighting his cigar. "You see, a good many of the criminal classes begin to know me,—especially since our friend here took to publishing some of my cases: so I can only go on the war-path under some simple disguise like this. You got my wire?"

"Yes; that was what brought me here."

"How has your case prospered?"

"It has all come to nothing. I have had to release two of my prisoners, and there is no evidence against the other two."

"Never mind. We shall give you two others in the place of them. But you must put yourself under my orders. You are welcome to all the official credit, but you must act on the line that I point out. Is that agreed?"

"Entirely, if you will help me to the men."

"Well, then, in the first place I shall want a fast police-boat—a steam launch—to be at the Westminster Stairs at seven o'clock."

"That is easily managed. There is always one about there; but I can step across the road and telephone to make sure."

"Then I shall want two stanch men, in case of resistance."

"There will be two or three in the boat. What else?"

"When we secure the men we shall get the treasure. I think that it would be a pleasure to my friend here to take the box round to the young lady to whom half of it rightfully belongs. Let her be the first to open it.—Eh, Watson?"

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"It would be a great pleasure to me."

"Rather an irregular proceeding," said Jones, shaking his head. "However, the whole thing is irregular, and I suppose we must wink at it. The treasure must afterwards be handed over to the authorities until after the official investigation."

"Certainly. That is easily managed. One other point. I should much like to have a few details about this matter from the lips of Jonathan Small himself. You know I like to work the detail of my cases out. There is no objection to my having an unofficial interview with him, either here in my rooms or elsewhere, as long as he is efficiently guarded?"

"Well, you are master of the situation. I have had no proof yet of the existence of this Jonathan Small. However, if you can catch him I don't see how I can refuse you an interview with him."

"That is understood, then?"

"Perfectly. Is there anything else?"

“Only that I insist upon your dining with us. It will be ready in half an hour. I have oysters and a brace of grouse, with something a little choice in white wines.—Watson, you have never yet recognised my merits as a housekeeper.”

## CHAPTER X.

### THE END OF THE ISLANDER.

Our meal was a merry one. Holmes could talk exceedingly well when he chose, and that night he did choose. He appeared to be in a state of nervous exaltation. I have never known him so brilliant. He spoke on a quick succession of subjects,—on miracle-plays, on mediæval pottery, on Stradivarius violins, on the Buddhism of Ceylon, and on the war-ships of the future,—handling each as though he had made a special study of it. His bright humour marked the reaction from his black depression of the preceding days. Athelney Jones proved to be a sociable soul in his hours of relaxation, and faced his dinner with the air of a bon vivant, <sup>bonvivant</sup>. For myself, I felt elated at the thought that we were nearing the end of our task, and I caught something of Holmes's gaiety. None of us alluded during dinner to the cause which had brought us together.

When the cloth was cleared, Holmes glanced at his watch, and filled up three glasses with port. "One bumper," said he, "to the success of our little expedition. And now it is high time we were off. Have you a pistol, Watson?"

"I have my old service-revolver in my desk."

"You had best take it, then. It is well to be prepared. I see that the cab is at the door. I ordered it for half-past six."

It was a little past seven before we reached the Westminster wharf, and found our launch awaiting us. Holmes eyed it critically.

"Is there anything to mark it as a police-boat?"

"Yes,—that green lamp at the side."

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"Then take it off."

The small change was made, we stepped on board, and the ropes were cast off. Jones, Holmes, and I sat in the stern. There was one man at the rudder, one to tend the engines, and two burly police-inspectors forward.

"Where to?" asked Jones.

"To the Tower. Tell them to stop opposite Jacobson's Yard."

Our craft was evidently a very fast one. We shot past the long lines of loaded barges as though they were stationary. Holmes smiled with satisfaction as we overhauled a river steamer and left her behind us.

"We ought to be able to catch anything on the river," he said.

"Well, hardly that. But there are not many launches to beat us."

"We shall have to catch the Aurora, and she has a name for being a clipper. I will tell you how the land lies, Watson. You recollect how annoyed I was at being balked by so small a thing?"

"Yes."

"Well, I gave my mind a thorough rest by plunging into a chemical analysis. One of our greatest statesmen has said that a change of work is the best rest. So it is. When I had succeeded in dissolving the hydrocarbon which I was at work at, I came back to our problem of the Sholtos, and thought the whole matter out again. My boys had been up the river and down the river without result. The launch was not at any landing-stage or wharf, nor had it returned. Yet it could hardly have been scuttled to hide their traces,—though that always remained as a possible hypothesis if all else failed. I knew this man Small had a certain degree of low cunning, but I did not think him capable of anything in the nature of delicate finesse. That is usually a product of higher education. I then reflected that since he had certainly been in London some time—as we had evidence that he maintained a continual watch over Pondicherry Lodge—he could hardly leave at a moment's notice, but would need some little time, if it were only a day, to arrange his affairs. That was the balance of probability, at any rate."

"It seems to me to be a little weak," said I. "It is more probable that he had arranged his affairs before ever he set out upon his expedition."

"No, I hardly think so. This lair of his would be too valuable a retreat in case of need for him to give it up until he was sure that he could do without it. But a second consideration struck me. Jonathan Small must have felt that the peculiar appearance of his companion, however much he may have top-coated him, would give rise to gossip, and possibly be associated with this Norwood tragedy. He was quite sharp enough to see that. They had started from their head-quarters under cover of darkness, and he would wish to get back before it was broad light. Now, it was past three o'clock, according to Mrs. Smith, when they got the boat. It would be quite bright, and people would be about in an hour or so. Therefore, I argued, they did not go very far. They paid Smith well to hold his tongue, reserved his launch for the final escape, and hurried to their lodgings with the treasure-box. In a couple of nights, when they had time to see what view the papers

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took, and whether there was any suspicion, they would make their way under cover of darkness to some ship at Gravesend or in the Downs, where no doubt they had already arranged for passages to America or the Colonies, [the-colonies](#) ."

"But the launch? They could not have taken that to their lodgings."

"Quite so. I argued that the launch must be no great way off, in spite of its invisibility. I then put myself in the place of Small, and looked at it as a man of his capacity would. He would probably consider that to send back the launch or to keep it at a wharf would make pursuit easy if the police did happen to get on his track. How, then, could he conceal the launch and yet have her at hand when wanted? I wondered what I should do myself if I were in his shoes. I could only think of one way of doing it. I might land the launch over to some boat-builder or repairer, with directions to make a trifling change in her. She would then be removed

to his shed or yard, and so be effectually concealed, while at the same time I could have her at a few hours' notice."

"That seems simple enough."

"It is just these very simple things which are extremely liable to be overlooked. However, I determined to act on the idea. I started at once in this harmless seaman's rig and inquired at all the yards down the river. I drew blank at fifteen, but at the sixteenth—Jacobson's—I learned that the Aurora had been handed over to them two days ago by a wooden-legged man, with some trivial directions as to her rudder. 'There ain't naught amiss with her rudder,' said the foreman. 'There she lies, with the red streaks.' At that moment who should come down but Mordecai Smith, the missing owner? He was rather the worse for liquor. I should not, of course, have known him, but he bellowed out his name and the name of his launch. 'I want her to-night at eight o'clock,' said he,—'eight o'clock sharp, mind, for I have two gentlemen who won't be kept waiting.' They had evidently paid him well, for he was very flush of money, chucking shillings about to the men. I followed him some distance, but he subsided into an ale-house: so I went back to the yard, and, happening to pick up one of my boys on the way, I stationed him as a sentry over the launch. He is to stand at water's edge and wave his handkerchief to us when they start. We shall be lying off in the stream, and it will be a strange thing if we do not take men, treasure, and all."

"You have planned it all very neatly, whether they are the right men or not," said Jones; "but if the affair were in my hands I should have had a body of police in Jacobson's Yard, and arrested them when they came down."

"Which would have been never. This man Small is a pretty shrewd fellow. He would send a scout on ahead, and if anything made him suspicious lie snug for another week."

"But you might have stuck to Mordecai Smith, and so been led to their hiding-place," said I.

"In that case I should have wasted my day. I think that it is a hundred to one against Smith knowing where they live. As long as he

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has liquor and good pay, why should he ask questions? They send him messages what to do. No, I thought over every possible course, and this is the best."

While this conversation had been proceeding, we had been shooting the long series of bridges which span the Thames. As we passed the City the last rays of the sun were gilding the cross upon the summit of St. Paul's. It was twilight before we reached the Tower.

"That is Jacobson's Yard," said Holmes, pointing to a bristle of masts and rigging on the Surrey side. "Cruise gently up and down here under cover of this string of lighters." He took a pair of night-glasses, [nightglass](#) from his pocket and gazed some time at the shore. "I see my sentry at his post," he remarked, "but no sign of a handkerchief."

"Suppose we go down-stream a short way and lie in wait for them," said Jones, eagerly. We were all eager by this time, even the policemen and stokers, who had a very vague idea of what was going forward.

"We have no right to take anything for granted," Holmes answered. "It is certainly ten to one that they go down-stream, but we cannot be certain. From this point we can see the entrance of the yard, and they can hardly see us. It will be a clear night and plenty of light. We must stay where we are. See how the folk swarm over yonder in the gaslight."

"They are coming from work in the yard."

"Dirty-looking rascals, but I suppose every one has some little immortal spark concealed about him. You would not think it, to look at them. There is no a priori probability about it. A strange enigma is man!"

"Some one calls him a soul concealed in an animal," I suggested.

"Winwood Reade is good upon the subject," said Holmes. "He remarks that, while the individual man is an insoluble puzzle, in the aggregate he becomes a mathematical certainty. You can, for example, never foretell what any one man will do, but you can say with precision what an average number will be up to. Individuals vary, but percentages remain constant. So says the statistician. But do I see a handkerchief? Surely there is a white flutter over yonder."

"Yes, it is your boy," I cried. "I can see him plainly."

"And there is the Aurora," exclaimed Holmes, "and going like the devil! Full speed ahead, engineer. Make after that launch with the yellow light. By heaven, I shall never forgive myself if she proves to have the heels of us!"

She had slipped unseen through the yard-entrance and passed behind two or three small craft, so that she had fairly got her speed up before we saw her. Now she was flying down the stream, near in to the shore, going at a tremendous rate. Jones looked gravely at her and shook his head.

"She is very fast," he said. "I doubt if we shall catch her."

"We must catch her!" cried Holmes, between his teeth. "Heap it on, stokers! Make her do all she can! If we burn the boat we must have them!"

We were fairly after her now. The furnaces roared, and the powerful

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engines whizzed and clanked, like a great metallic heart. Her sharp, steep prow cut through the river-water and sent two rolling waves to right and to left of us. With every throb of the engines we sprang and quivered like a living thing. One great yellow lantern in our bows threw a long, flickering funnel of light in front of us. Right ahead a dark blur upon the water showed where the Aurora lay, and the swirl of white foam behind her spoke of the pace at which she was going. We flashed past barges, steamers, merchant-vessels, in and out, behind this one and round the other. Voices hailed us out of the darkness, but still the Aurora thundered on, and still we followed close upon her track.

"Pile it on, men, pile it on!" cried Holmes, looking down into the engine-room, while the fierce glow from below beat upon his eager, aquiline face. "Get every pound of steam you can."

"I think we gain a little," said Jones, with his eyes on the Aurora.

"I am sure of it," said I. "We shall be up with her in a very few minutes."

At that moment, however, as our evil fate would have it, a tug with three barges in tow blundered in between us. It was only by putting our helm hard down that we avoided a collision, and before we could round them and recover our way the Aurora had gained a good two hundred yards. She was still, however, well in view, and the murky uncertain twilight was setting into a clear starlit night. Our boilers were strained to their utmost, and the frail shell vibrated and creaked with the fierce energy which was driving us along. We had shot through the Pool, past the West India Docks, down the long Deptford Reach, and up again after rounding the Isle of Dogs. The dull blur in front of us resolved itself now clearly enough into the dainty Aurora. Jones turned our search-light upon her, so that we could plainly see the figures upon her deck. One man sat by the stern, with something black between his knees over which he stooped. Beside him lay a dark mass which looked like a Newfoundland dog. The boy held the tiller, while against the red glare of the furnace I could see old Smith, stripped to the waist, and shovelling coals for dear life. They may have had some doubt at first as to whether we were really pursuing them, but now as we followed every winding and turning which they took there could no longer be any question about it. At Greenwich we were about three hundred paces behind them. At Blackwall we could not have been more than two hundred and fifty. I have coursed many creatures in many countries during my checkered career, but never did sport give me such a wild thrill as this mad, flying man-hunt down the Thames. Steadily we drew in upon them, yard by yard. In the silence of the night we could hear the panting and clanking of their machinery. The man in the stern still crouched upon the deck, and his arms were moving as though he were busy, while every now and then he would look up and measure with a glance the distance which still separated us. Nearer we came and nearer. Jones yelled to them to stop. We were not more than four boat's lengths behind them, both boats flying at a tremendous pace. It was a clear reach of the river, with Barking Level upon one side and the melancholy Plumstead Marshes upon the

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other. At our hail the man in the stern sprang up from the deck and shook his two clinched fists at us, cursing the while in a high, cracked voice. He was a good-sized, powerful man, and as he stood poising himself with legs astride I could see that from the thigh downwards there was but a wooden stump upon the right side. At the sound of his strident, angry cries there was movement in the huddled bundle upon the deck. It straightened itself into a little black man—the smallest I have ever seen—with a great, misshapen head and a shock of tangled, dishevelled hair. Holmes had already drawn his revolver, and I whipped out mine at the sight of this savage, distorted creature. He was wrapped in some sort of dark ulster, <sup>ulster</sup> or blanket, which left only his face exposed; but that face was enough to give a man a sleepless night. Never have I seen features so deeply marked with all bestiality and cruelty. His small eyes glowed and burned with a sombre light, and his thick lips were writhed back from his teeth, which grinned and chattered at us with a half animal fury.

"Fire if he raises his hand," said Holmes, quietly. We were within a boat's-length by this time, and almost within touch of our quarry. I can see the two of them now as they stood, the white man with his legs far apart, shrieking out curses, and the unhallowed, <sup>unhallowed</sup> dwarf with his hideous face, and his strong yellow teeth gnashing at us in the light of our lantern.

It was well that we had so clear a view of him. Even as we looked he plucked out from under his covering a short, round piece of wood, like a school-ruler, and clapped it to his lips. Our pistols rang out together. He whirled round, threw up his arms, and with a kind of choking cough fell sideways into the stream. I caught

one glimpse of his venomous, menacing eyes amid the white swirl of the waters. At the same moment the wooden-legged man threw himself upon the rudder and put it hard down, so that his boat made straight in for the southern bank, while we shot past her stern, only clearing her by a few feet. We were round after her in an instant, but she was already nearly at the bank. It was a wild and desolate place, where the moon glimmered upon a wide expanse of marsh-land, with pools of stagnant water and beds of decaying vegetation. The launch with a dull thud ran up upon the mud-bank, with her bow in the air and her stern flush with the water. The fugitive sprang out, but his stump instantly sank its whole length into the sodden soil. In vain he struggled and writhed. Not one step could he possibly take either forwards or backwards. He yelled in impotent rage, and kicked frantically into the mud with his other foot, but his struggles only bored his wooden pin the deeper into the sticky bank. When we brought our launch alongside he was so firmly anchored that it was only by throwing the end of a rope over his shoulders that we were able to haul him out, and to drag him, like some evil fish, over our side. The two Smiths, father and son, sat sullenly in their launch, but came aboard meekly enough when commanded. The Aurora herself we hauled off and made fast to our stern. A solid iron chest of Indian workmanship stood upon the deck. This, there could be no question, was the same that had contained the ill-omened treasure of the Sholtos. There was no key, but it was of considerable

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weight, so we transferred it carefully to our own little cabin. As we steamed slowly up-stream again, we flashed our search-light in every direction, but there was no sign of the Islander. Somewhere in the dark ooze at the bottom of the Thames lie the bones of that strange visitor to our shores.

“See here,” said Holmes, pointing to the wooden hatchway. “We were hardly quick enough with our pistols.” There, sure enough, just behind where we had been standing, stuck one of those murderous darts which we knew so well. It must have whizzed between us at the instant that we fired. Holmes smiled at it and shrugged his shoulders in his easy fashion, but I confess that it turned me sick to think of the horrible death which had passed so close to us that night.



## CHAPTER XI.

### THE GREAT AGRA TREASURE.

Our captive sat in the cabin opposite to the iron box which he had done so much and waited so long to gain. He was a sunburned, reckless-eyed fellow, with a network of lines and wrinkles all over his mahogany features, which told of a hard, open-air life. There was a singular prominence about his bearded chin which marked a man who was not to be easily turned from his purpose. His age may have been fifty or thereabouts, for his black, curly hair was thickly shot with grey. His face in repose was not an unpleasing one, though his heavy brows and aggressive chin gave him, as I had lately seen, a terrible expression when moved to anger. He sat now with his handcuffed hands upon his lap, and his head sunk upon his breast, while he looked with his keen, twinkling eyes at the box which had been the cause of his ill-doings. It seemed to me that there was more sorrow than anger in his rigid and contained countenance. Once he looked up at me with a gleam of something like humour in his eyes.

"Well, Jonathan Small," said Holmes, lighting a cigar, "I am sorry that it has come to this."

"And so am I, sir," he answered, frankly. "I don't believe that I can swing over the job. I give you my word on the book that I never raised hand against Mr. Sholto. It was that little hell-hound Tonga who shot one of his cursed darts into him. I had no part in it, sir. I was as grieved as if it had been my blood-relation. I welted the little devil with the slack end of the rope for it, but it was done, and I could not undo it again."

"Have a cigar," said Holmes; "and you had best take a pull out of my flask, for you are very wet. How could you expect so small and weak a man as this black fellow to overpower Mr. Sholto and hold him while you were climbing the rope?"

"You seem to know as much about it as if you were there, sir. The truth is that I hoped to find the room clear. I knew the habits of the house pretty well, and it was the time when Mr. Sholto usually went down to his supper. I shall make no secret of the business. The best defence that I can make is just the simple truth. Now, if it had

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been the old major I would have swung for him with a light heart. I would have thought no more of knifing him than of smoking this cigar. But it's cursed hard that I should be lagged over this young Sholto, with whom I had no quarrel whatever."

"You are under the charge of Mr. Athelney Jones, of Scotland Yard. He is going to bring you up to my rooms, and I shall ask you for a true account of the matter. You must make a clean breast of it, for if you do I hope that I may be of use to you. I think I can prove that the poison acts so quickly that the man was dead before ever you reached the room."

“That he was, sir. I never got such a turn in my life as when I saw him grinning at me with his head on his shoulder as I climbed through the window. It fairly shook me, sir. I’d have half killed Tonga for it if he had not scrambled off. That was how he came to leave his club, and some of his darts too, as he tells me, which I dare say helped to put you on our track; though how you kept on it is more than I can tell. I don’t feel no malice against you for it. But it does seem a queer thing,” he added, with a bitter smile, “that I who have a fair claim to nigh upon half a million of money should spend the first half of my life building a breakwater, breakwater in the Andamans, and am like to spend the other half digging drains at Dartmoor. It was an evil day for me when first I clapped eyes upon the merchant Achmet and had to do with the Agra treasure, which never brought anything but a curse yet upon the man who owned it. To him it brought murder, to Major Sholto it brought fear and guilt, to me it has meant slavery for life.”

At this moment Athelney Jones thrust his broad face and heavy shoulders into the tiny cabin. “Quite a family party,” he remarked. “I think I shall have a pull at that flask, Holmes. Well, I think we may all congratulate each other. Pity we didn’t take the other alive; but there was no choice. I say, Holmes, you must confess that you cut it rather fine. It was all we could do to overhaul her.”

“All is well that ends well,” said Holmes. “But I certainly did not know that the Aurora was such a clipper.”

“Smith says she is one of the fastest launches on the river, and that if he had had another man to help him with the engines we should never have caught her. He swears he knew nothing of this Norwood business.”

“Neither he did,” cried our prisoner,—“not a word. I chose his launch because I heard that she was a flier. We told him nothing, but we paid him well, and he was to get something handsome if we reached our vessel, the Esmeralda, at Gravesend, outward bound for the Brazils.”

“Well, if he has done no wrong we shall see that no wrong comes to him. If we are pretty quick in catching our men, we are not so quick in condemning them.” It was amusing to notice how the consequential Jones was already beginning to give himself airs on the strength of the capture. From the slight smile which played over Sherlock Holmes’s face, I could see that the speech had not been lost upon him.

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“We will be at Vauxhall Bridge presently,” said Jones, “and shall land you, Dr. Watson, with the treasure-box. I need hardly tell you that I am taking a very grave responsibility upon myself in doing this. It is most irregular; but of course an agreement is an agreement. I must, however, as a matter of duty, send an inspector with you, since you have so valuable a charge. You will drive, no doubt?”

“Yes, I shall drive.”

“It is a pity there is no key, that we may make an inventory first. You will have to break it open. Where is the key, my man?”

“At the bottom of the river,” said Small, shortly.

“Hum! There was no use your giving this unnecessary trouble. We have had work enough already through you. However, doctor, I need not warn you to be careful. Bring the box back with you to the Baker Street rooms. You will find us there, on our way to the station.”

They landed me at Vauxhall, with my heavy iron box, and with a bluff, genial inspector as my companion. A quarter of an hour's drive brought us to Mrs. Cecil Forrester's. The servant seemed surprised at so late a visitor. Mrs. Cecil Forrester was out for the evening, she explained, and likely to be very late. Miss , however, was in the drawing-room: so to the drawing-room I went, box in hand, leaving the obliging inspector in the cab.

She was seated by the open window, dressed in some sort of white diaphanous material, with a little touch of scarlet at the neck and waist. The soft light of a shaded lamp fell upon her as she leaned back in the basket chair, playing over her sweet, grave face, and tinting with a dull, metallic sparkle the rich coils of her luxuriant hair. One white arm and hand drooped over the side of the chair, and her whole pose and figure spoke of an absorbing melancholy. At the sound of my foot-fall she sprang to her feet, however, and a bright flush of surprise and of pleasure coloured her pale cheeks.

"I heard a cab drive up," she said. "I thought that Mrs. Forrester had come back very early, but I never dreamed that it might be you. What news have you brought me?"

"I have brought something better than news," said I, putting down the box upon the table and speaking jovially and boisterously, though my heart was heavy within me. "I have brought you something which is worth all the news in the world. I have brought you a fortune."

She glanced at the iron box. "Is that the treasure, then?" she asked, coolly enough.

"Yes, this is the great Agra treasure. Half of it is yours and half is Thaddeus Sholto's. You will have a couple of hundred thousand each. Think of that! An annuity of ten thousand pounds. There will be few richer young ladies in England. Is it not glorious?"

I think that I must have been rather overacting my delight, and that she detected a hollow ring in my congratulations, for I saw her eyebrows rise a little, and she glanced at me curiously.

"If I have it," said she, "I owe it to you."

"No, no," I answered, "not to me, but to my friend Sherlock

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Holmes. With all the will in the world, I could never have followed up a clue which has taxed even his analytical genius. As it was, we very nearly lost it at the last moment."

"Pray sit down and tell me all about it, Dr. Watson," said she.

I narrated briefly what had occurred since I had seen her last,—Holmes's new method of search, the discovery of the Aurora, the appearance of Athelney Jones, our expedition in the evening, and the wild chase down the Thames. She listened with parted lips and shining eyes to my recital of our adventures. When I spoke of the dart which had so narrowly missed us, she turned so white that I feared that she was about to faint.

"It is nothing," she said, as I hastened to pour her out some water. "I am all right again. It was a shock to me to hear that I had placed my friends in such horrible peril."

"That is all over," I answered. "It was nothing. I will tell you no more gloomy details. Let us turn to something brighter. There is the treasure. What could be brighter than that? I got leave to bring it with me, thinking that it would interest you to be the first to see it."

"It would be of the greatest interest to me," she said. There was no eagerness in her voice, however. It had struck her, doubtless, that it might seem ungracious upon her part to be indifferent to a prize which had cost so much to win.

"What a pretty box!" she said, stooping over it. "This is Indian work, I suppose?"

"Yes; it is Benares metal-work, <sup>benares</sup>."

"And so heavy!" she exclaimed, trying to raise it. "The box alone must be of some value. Where is the key?"

"Small threw it into the Thames," I answered. "I must borrow Mrs. Forrester's poker." There was in the front a thick and broad hasp, wrought in the image of a sitting Buddha. Under this I thrust the end of the poker and twisted it outward as a lever. The hasp sprang open with a loud snap. With trembling fingers I flung back the lid. We both stood gazing in astonishment. The box was empty!

No wonder that it was heavy. The iron-work was two-thirds of an inch thick all round. It was massive, well made, and solid, like a chest constructed to carry things of great price, but not one shred or crumb of metal or jewelry lay within it. It was absolutely and completely empty.

"The treasure is lost," said Miss, calmly.

As I listened to the words and realised what they meant, a great shadow seemed to pass from my soul. I did not know how this Agra treasure had weighed me down, until now that it was finally removed. It was selfish, no doubt, disloyal, wrong, but I could realise nothing save that the golden barrier was gone from between us. "Thank God!" I ejaculated from my very heart.

She looked at me with a quick, questioning smile. "Why do you say that?" she asked.

"Because you are within my reach again," I said, taking her hand. She did not withdraw it. "Because I love you, Mary, as truly as ever a man loved a woman. Because this treasure, these riches, sealed my

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lips. Now that they are gone I can tell you how I love you. That is why I said, 'Thank God.'"

"Then I say, 'Thank God,' too," she whispered, as I drew her to my side. Whoever had lost a treasure, I knew that night that I had gained one.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE STRANGE STORY OF JONATHAN SMALL.

A very patient man was that inspector in the cab, for it was a weary time before I rejoined him. His face clouded over when I showed him the empty box.

"There goes the reward!" said he, gloomily. "Where there is no money there is no pay. This night's work would have been worth a tenner each to Sam Brown and me if the treasure had been there."

"Mr. Thaddeus Sholto is a rich man," I said. "He will see that you are rewarded, treasure or no."

The inspector shook his head despondently, however. "It's a bad job," he repeated; "and so Mr. Athelney Jones will think."

His forecast proved to be correct, for the detective looked blank enough when I got to Baker Street and showed him the empty box. They had only just arrived, Holmes, the prisoner, and he, for they had changed their plans so far as to report themselves at a station upon the way. My companion lounged in his arm-chair with his usual listless expression, while Small sat stolidly opposite to him with his wooden leg cocked over his sound one. As I exhibited the empty box he leaned back in his chair and laughed aloud.

"This is your doing, Small," said Athelney Jones, angrily.

"Yes, I have put it away where you shall never lay hand upon it," he cried, exultantly. "It is my treasure; and if I can't have the loot I'll take darned good care that no one else does. I tell you that no living man has any right to it, unless it is three men who are in the Andaman convict-barracks and myself. I know now that I cannot have the use of it, and I know that they cannot. I have acted all through for them as much as for myself. It's been the sign of four with us always. Well I know that they would have had me do just what I have done, and throw the treasure into the Thames rather than let it go to kith or kin of Sholto or of . It was not to make them rich that we did for Achmet. You'll find the treasure where the key is, and where little Tonga is. When I saw that your launch must catch us, I put the loot away in a safe place. There are no rupee, <sup>rupee</sup> for you this journey."

"You are deceiving us, Small," said Athelney Jones, sternly. "If you had wished to throw the treasure into the Thames it would have been easier for you to have thrown box and all."

"Easier for me to throw, and easier for you to recover," he answered, with a shrewd, sidelong look. "The man that was clever enough to hunt me down is clever enough to pick an iron box from the bottom of a river. Now that they are scattered over five miles or so,

it may be a harder job. It went to my heart to do it, though. I was half mad when you came up with us. However, there's no good grieving over it. I've had ups in my life, and I've had downs, but I've learned not to cry over spilled milk."

"This is a very serious matter, Small," said the detective. "If you had helped justice, instead of thwarting it in this way, you would have had a better chance at your trial."

"Justice!" snarled the ex-convict. "A pretty justice! Whose loot is this, if it is not ours? Where is the justice that I should give it up to those who have never earned it? Look how I have earned it! Twenty long years in that fever-ridden swamp, all day at work under the mangrove-tree, all night chained up in the filthy convict-huts, bitten by mosquitoes, racked with ague, bullied by every cursed black-faced policeman who loved to take it out of a white man. That was how I earned the Agra treasure; and you talk to me of justice because I cannot bear to feel that I have paid this price only that another may enjoy it! I would rather swing a score of times, or have one of Tonga's darts in my hide, than live in a convict's cell and feel that another man is at his ease in a palace with the money that should be mine." Small had dropped his mask of stoicism, and all this came out in a wild whirl of words, while his eyes blazed, and the handcuffs clanked together with the impassioned movement of his hands. I could understand, as I saw the fury and the passion of the man, that it was no groundless or unnatural terror which had possessed Major Sholto when he first learned that the injured convict was upon his track.

"You forget that we know nothing of all this," said Holmes quietly. "We have not heard your story, and we cannot tell how far justice may originally have been on your side."

"Well, sir, you have been very fair-spoken to me, though I can see that I have you to thank that I have these bracelets upon my wrists. Still, I bear no grudge for that. It is all fair and above-board. If you want to hear my story I have no wish to hold it back. What I say to you is God's truth, every word of it. Thank you; you can put the glass beside me here, and I'll put my lips to it if I am dry.

"I am a Worcestershire man myself,—born near Pershore. I dare say you would find a heap of Smalls living there now if you were to look. I have often thought of taking a look round there, but the truth is that I was never much of a credit to the family, and I doubt if they would be so very glad to see me. They were all steady, chapel-going folk, small farmers, well-known and respected over the country-side, while I was always a bit of a rover. At last, however, when I was about eighteen, I gave them no more trouble, for I got into a mess over a girl, and could only get out of it again by taking the Queen's shilling, [QueensShilling](#) and joining the 3rd Buffs, [thirdbuffs](#), which was just starting for India.

"I wasn't destined to do much soldiering, however. I had just got past the goose-step, and learned to handle my musket, when I was fool enough to go swimming in the Ganges. Luckily for me, my company sergeant, John Holder, was in the water at the same time, and he was one of the finest swimmers in the service. A crocodile took me, just as

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I was half-way across, and nipped off my right leg as clean as a surgeon could have done it, just above the knee. What with the shock and the loss of blood, I fainted, and should have drowned if Holder had not caught hold of me and paddled for the bank. I was five months in hospital over it, and when at last I was able to limp out of it with this timber toe strapped to my stump I found myself invalided out of the army and unfitted for any active occupation.

“I was, as you can imagine, pretty down on my luck at this time, for I was a useless cripple though not yet in my twentieth year. However, my misfortune soon proved to be a blessing in disguise. A man named Abel White, who had come out there as an indigo-planter, <sup>indigo</sup>, wanted an overseer to look after his coolies and keep them up to their work. He happened to be a friend of our colonel’s, who had taken an interest in me since the accident. To make a long story short, the colonel recommended me strongly for the post and, as the work was mostly to be done on horseback, my leg was no great obstacle, for I had enough knee left to keep good grip on the saddle. What I had to do was to ride over the plantation, to keep an eye on the men as they worked, and to report the idlers. The pay was fair, I had comfortable quarters, and altogether I was content to spend the remainder of my life in indigo-planting. Mr. Abel White was a kind man, and he would often drop into my little shanty and smoke a pipe with me, for white folk out there feel their hearts warm to each other as they never do here at home.

“Well, I was never in luck’s way long. Suddenly, without a note of warning, the great mutiny, <sup>mutiny1857</sup> broke upon us. One month India lay as still and peaceful, to all appearance, as Surrey or Kent; the next there were two hundred thousand black devils let loose, and the country was a perfect hell. Of course you know all about it, gentlemen,—a deal more than I do, very like, since reading is not in my line. I only know what I saw with my own eyes. Our plantation was at a place called Muttra, near the border of the Northwest Provinces. Night after night the whole sky was alight with bungalows, <sup>bungalow</sup>, and day after day we had small companies of Europeans passing through our estate with their wives and children, on their way to Agra, where were the nearest troops. Mr. Abel White was an obstinate man. He had it in his head that the affair had been exaggerated, and that it would blow over as suddenly as it had sprung up. There he sat on his veranda, drinking whiskey-pegs and smoking cheroots, while the country was in a blaze about him. Of course we stuck by him, I and Dawson, who, with his wife, used to do the book-work and the managing. Well, one fine day the crash came. I had been away on a distant plantation, and was riding slowly home in the evening, when my eye fell upon something all huddled together at the bottom of a steep nullah. I rode down to see what it was, and the cold struck through my heart when I found it was Dawson’s wife, all cut into ribbons, and half eaten by jackals and native dogs. A little further up the road Dawson himself was lying on his face, quite dead, with an empty revolver in his hand and four greg.gillespie (edited) Sep 6 Sepoys, <sup>sepoys</sup> lying across each other in front of him. I reined up my horse, wondering which way I should turn, but at that moment I saw thick smoke curling up from Abel White’s bungalow and the flames beginning to burst through the roof.

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I knew then that I could do my employer no good, but would only throw my own life away if I meddled in the matter. From where I stood I could see hundreds of the black fiends, with their red coats still on their backs, dancing and howling round the burning house. Some of them pointed at me, and a couple of bullets sang past my head; so I broke away across the paddy-fields, and found myself late at night safe within the walls at Agra.

“As it proved, however, there was no great safety there, either. The whole country was up like a swarm of bees. Wherever the English could collect in little bands they held just the ground that their guns commanded. Everywhere else they were helpless fugitives. It was a fight of the millions against the hundreds; and the cruellest part of it was that these men that we fought against, foot, horse, and gunners, were our own picked troops, whom we had taught and trained, handling our own weapons, and blowing our own bugle-calls. At Agra there were the 3rd Bengal Fusiliers, some Sikhs, <sup>sikh</sup>, two troops of horse, and a battery of artillery. A volunteer corps of clerks and merchants had been formed, and this I joined, wooden

leg and all. We went out to meet the rebels at Shahgunge early in July, and we beat them back for a time, but our powder gave out, and we had to fall back upon the city.

“Nothing but the worst news came to us from every side,—which is not to be wondered at, for if you look at the map you will see that we were right in the heart of it. Lucknow is rather better than a hundred miles to the east, and Cawnpore about as far to the south. From every point on the compass there was nothing but torture and murder and outrage.

“The city of Agra is a great place, swarming with fanatics and fierce devil-worshippers of all sorts. Our handful of men were lost among the narrow, winding streets. Our leader moved across the river, therefore, and took up his position in the old fort at Agra, <sup>agrafort</sup>. I don’t know if any of you gentlemen have ever read or heard anything of that old fort. It is a very queer place,—the queerest that ever I was in, and I have been in some rum corners, too. First of all, it is enormous in size. I should think that the enclosure must be acres and acres. There is a modern part, which took all our garrison, women, children, stores, and everything else, with plenty of room over. But the modern part is nothing like the size of the old quarter, where nobody goes, and which is given over to the scorpions and the centipedes. It is all full of great deserted halls, and winding passages, and long corridors twisting in and out, so that it is easy enough for folk to get lost in it. For this reason it was seldom that any one went into it, though now and again a party with torches might go exploring.

“The river washes along the front of the old fort, and so protects it, but on the sides and behind there are many doors, and these had to be guarded, of course, in the old quarter as well as in that which was actually held by our troops. We were short-handed, with hardly men enough to man the angles of the building and to serve the guns. It was impossible for us, therefore, to station a strong guard at every one of the innumerable gates. What we did was to organise a central guard-house in the middle of the fort, and to leave each gate under the charge of one white man and two or three natives. I was selected to

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take charge during certain hours of the night of a small isolated door upon the southwest side of the building. Two Sikh troopers were placed under my command, and I was instructed if anything went wrong to fire my musket, when I might rely upon help coming at once from the central guard. As the guard was a good two hundred paces away, however, and as the space between was cut up into a labyrinth of passages and corridors, I had great doubts as to whether they could arrive in time to be of any use in case of an actual attack.

“Well, I was pretty proud at having this small command given me, since I was a raw recruit, and a game-legged one at that. For two nights I kept the watch with my Punjaubees. They were tall, fierce-looking chaps, Mahomet Singh and Abdullah Khan by name, both old fighting-men who had borne arms against us at Chilian-wallah. They could talk English pretty well, but I could get little out of them. They preferred to stand together and jabber all night in their queer Sikh lingo. For myself, I used to stand outside the gateway, looking down on the broad, winding river and on the twinkling lights of the great city. The beating of drums, the rattle of tomtoms, and the yells and howls of the rebels, drunk with opium and with bang, were enough to remind us all night of our dangerous neighbours across the stream. Every two hours the officer of the night used to come round to all the posts, to make sure that all was well.

“The third night of my watch was dark and dirty, with a small, driving rain. It was dreary work standing in the gateway hour after hour in such weather. I tried again and again to make my Sikhs talk, but without



much success. At two in the morning the rounds passed, and broke for a moment the weariness of the night. Finding that my companions would not be led into conversation, I took out my pipe, and laid down my musket to strike the match. In an instant the two Sikhs were upon me. One of them snatched my firelock up and levelled it at my head, while the other held a great knife to my throat and swore between his teeth that he would plunge it into me if I moved a step.

“My first thought was that these fellows were in league with the rebels, and that this was the beginning of an assault. If our door were in the hands of the Sepoys the place must fall, and the women and children be treated as they were in Cawnpore. Maybe you gentlemen think that I am just making out a case for myself, but I give you my word that when I thought of that, though I felt the point of the knife at my throat, I opened my mouth with the intention of giving a scream, if it was my last one, which might alarm the main guard. The man who held me seemed to know my thoughts; for, even as I braced myself to it, he whispered, ‘Don’t make a noise. The fort is safe enough. There are no rebel dogs on this side of the river.’ There was the ring of truth in what he said, and I knew that if I raised my voice I was a dead man. I could read it in the fellow’s brown eyes. I waited, therefore, in silence, to see what it was that they wanted from me.

“‘Listen to me, Sahib,’ said the taller and fiercer of the pair, the one whom they called Abdullah Khan. ‘You must either be with us

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now or you must be silenced forever. The thing is too great a one for us to hesitate. Either you are heart and soul with us on your oath on the cross of the Christians, or your body this night shall be thrown into the ditch and we shall pass over to our brothers in the rebel army. There is no middle way. Which is it to be, death or life? We can only give you three minutes to decide, for the time is passing, and all must be done before the rounds come again.’

“‘How can I decide?’ said I. ‘You have not told me what you want of me. But I tell you now that if it is anything against the safety of the fort I will have no truck with it, so you can drive home your knife and welcome.’

“‘It is nothing against the fort,’ said he. ‘We only ask you to do that which your countrymen come to this land for. We ask you to be rich. If you will be one of us this night, we will swear to you upon the naked knife, and by the threefold oath which no Sikh was ever known to break, that you shall have your fair share of the loot. A quarter of the treasure shall be yours. We can say no fairer.’

“‘But what is the treasure, then?’ I asked. ‘I am as ready to be rich as you can be, if you will but show me how it can be done.’

“‘You will swear, then,’ said he, ‘by the bones of your father, by the honour of your mother, by the cross of your faith, to raise no hand and speak no word against us, either now or afterwards?’

“‘I will swear it,’ I answered, ‘provided that the fort is not endangered.’

“‘Then my comrade and I will swear that you shall have a quarter of the treasure which shall be equally divided among the four of us.’

“‘There are but three,’ said I.

“No; Dost Akbar must have his share. We can tell the tale to you while we await them. Do you stand at the gate, Mahomet Singh, and give notice of their coming. The thing stands thus, Sahib, and I tell it to you because I know that an oath is binding upon a Feringhee, and that we may trust you. Had you been a lying Hindoo, though you had sworn by all the gods in their false temples, your blood would have been upon the knife, and your body in the water. But the Sikh knows the Englishman, and the Englishman knows the Sikh. Hearken, then, to what I have to say.

“There is a rajah, <sup>rajah</sup> in the northern provinces who has much wealth, though his lands are small. Much has come to him from his father, and more still he has set by himself, for he is of a low nature and hoards his gold rather than spend it. When the troubles broke out he would be friends both with the lion and the tiger,—with the Sepoy and with the Company's Raj, <sup>companyraj</sup>. Soon, however, it seemed to him that the white men's day was come, for through all the land he could hear of nothing but of their death and their overthrow. Yet, being a careful man, he made such plans that, come what might, half at least of his treasure should be left to him. That which was in gold and silver he kept by him in the vaults of his palace, but the most precious stones and the choicest pearls that he had he put in an iron box, and sent it by a trusty servant who, under the guise of a merchant, should take it to the fort at Agra, there to lie until the land is at peace. Thus, if the

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rebels won he would have his money, but if the Company conquered his jewels would be saved to him. Having thus divided his hoard, he threw himself into the cause of the Sepoys, since they were strong upon his borders. By doing this, mark you, Sahib, his property becomes the due of those who have been true to their salt.

“This pretended merchant, who travels under the name of Achmet, is now in the city of Agra, and desires to gain his way into the fort. He has with him as travelling-companion my foster-brother Dost Akbar, who knows his secret. Dost Akbar has promised this night to lead him to a side-postern of the fort, and has chosen this one for his purpose. Here he will come presently, and here he will find Mahomet Singh and myself awaiting him. The place is lonely, and none shall know of his coming. The world shall know of the merchant Achmet no more, but the great treasure of the rajah shall be divided among us. What say you to it, Sahib?’

“In Worcestershire the life of a man seems a great and a sacred thing; but it is very different when there is fire and blood all round you and you have been used to meeting death at every turn. Whether Achmet the merchant lived or died was a thing as light as air to me, but at the talk about the treasure my heart turned to it, and I thought of what I might do in the old country with it, and how my folk would stare when they saw their ne'er-do-well coming back with his pockets full of gold moidores, <sup>moidore</sup>. I had, therefore, already made up my mind. Abdullah Khan, however, thinking that I hesitated, pressed the matter more closely.

“Consider, Sahib,’ said he, ‘that if this man is taken by the commandant he will be hung or shot, and his jewels taken by the government, so that no man will be a rupee the better for them. Now, since we do the taking of him, why should we not do the rest as well? The jewels will be as well with us as in the Company's coffers. There will be enough to make every one of us rich men and great chiefs. No one can know about the matter, for here we are cut off from all men. What could be better for the purpose? Say again, then, Sahib, whether you are with us, or if we must look upon you as an enemy.’

“I am with you heart and soul,’ said I.

“‘It is well,’ he answered, handing me back my firelock. ‘You see that we trust you, for your word, like ours, is not to be broken. We have now only to wait for my brother and the merchant.’

“‘Does your brother know, then, of what you will do?’ I asked.

“‘The plan is his. He has devised it. We will go to the gate and share the watch with Mahomet Singh.’

“The rain was still falling steadily, for it was just the beginning of the wet season. Brown, heavy clouds were drifting across the sky, and it was hard to see more than a stone-cast. A deep moat lay in front of our door, but the water was in places nearly dried up, and it could easily be crossed. It was strange to me to be standing there with those two wild Punjaubees waiting for the man who was coming to his death.

“Suddenly my eye caught the glint of a shaded lantern at the other side of the moat. It vanished among the mound-heaps, and then appeared again coming slowly in our direction.

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“‘Here they are!’ I exclaimed.

“‘You will challenge him, Sahib, as usual,’ whispered Abdullah. ‘Give him no cause for fear. Send us in with him, and we shall do the rest while you stay here on guard. Have the lantern ready to uncover, that we may be sure that it is indeed the man.’

“The light had flickered onwards, now stopping and now advancing, until I could see two dark figures upon the other side of the moat. I let them scramble down the sloping bank, splash through the mire, and climb half-way up to the gate, before I challenged them.

“‘Who goes there?’ said I, in a subdued voice.

“‘Friends,’ came the answer. I uncovered my lantern and threw a flood of light upon them. The first was an enormous Sikh, with a black beard which swept nearly down to his cummerbund. Outside of a show I have never seen so tall a man. The other was a little, fat, round fellow, with a great yellow turban, and a bundle in his hand, done up in a shawl. He seemed to be all in a quiver with fear, for his hands twitched as if he had the ague, and his head kept turning to left and right with two bright little twinkling eyes, like a mouse when he ventures out from his hole. It gave me the chills to think of killing him, but I thought of the treasure, and my heart set as hard as a flint within me. When he saw my white face he gave a little chirrup of joy and came running up towards me.

“‘Your protection, Sahib,’ he panted,—‘your protection for the unhappy merchant Achmet. I have travelled across Rajpootana that I might seek the shelter of the fort at Agra. I have been robbed and beaten and abused because I have been the friend of the Company. It is a blessed night this when I am once more in safety,—I and my poor possessions.’

“‘What have you in the bundle?’ I asked.

“‘An iron box,’ he answered, ‘which contains one or two little family matters which are of no value to others, but which I should be sorry to lose. Yet I am not a beggar; and I shall reward you, young Sahib, and your governor also, if he will give me the shelter I ask.’

“I could not trust myself to speak longer with the man. The more I looked at his fat, frightened face, the harder did it seem that we should slay him in cold blood. It was best to get it over.

“‘Take him to the main guard,’ said I. The two Sikhs closed in upon him on each side, and the giant walked behind, while they marched in through the dark gateway. Never was a man so compassed round with death. I remained at the gateway with the lantern.

“I could hear the measured tramp of their footsteps sounding through the lonely corridors. Suddenly it ceased, and I heard voices, and a scuffle, with the sound of blows. A moment later there came, to my horror, a rush of footsteps coming in my direction, with the loud breathing of a running man. I turned my lantern down the long, straight passage, and there was the fat man, running like the wind, with a smear of blood across his face, and close at his heels, bounding like a tiger, the great black-bearded Sikh, with a knife flashing in his hand. I have never seen a man run so fast as that little merchant. He was gaining on the Sikh, and I could see that if he once passed

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me and got to the open air he would save himself yet. My heart softened to him, but again the thought of his treasure turned me hard and bitter. I cast my firelock between his legs as he raced past, and he rolled twice over like a shot rabbit. Ere he could stagger to his feet the Sikh was upon him, and buried his knife twice in his side. The man never uttered moan nor moved muscle, but lay where he had fallen. I think myself that he may have broken his neck with the fall. You see, gentlemen, that I am keeping my promise. I am telling you every work of the business just exactly as it happened, whether it is in my favour or not.”

He stopped, and held out his manacled hands for the whiskey-and-water which Holmes had brewed for him. For myself, I confess that I had now conceived the utmost horror of the man, not only for this cold-blooded business in which he had been concerned, but even more for the somewhat flippant and careless way in which he narrated it. Whatever punishment was in store for him, I felt that he might expect no sympathy from me. Sherlock Holmes and Jones sat with their hands upon their knees, deeply interested in the story, but with the same disgust written upon their faces. He may have observed it, for there was a touch of defiance in his voice and manner as he proceeded.

“It was all very bad, no doubt,” said he. “I should like to know how many fellows in my shoes would have refused a share of this loot when they knew that they would have their throats cut for their pains. Besides, it was my life or his when once he was in the fort. If he had got out, the whole business would come to light, and I should have been court-martialled and shot as likely as not; for people were not very lenient at a time like that.”

“Go on with your story,” said Holmes, shortly.

“Well, we carried him in, Abdullah, Akbar, and I. A fine weight he was, too, for all that he was so short. Mahomet Singh was left to guard the door. We took him to a place which the Sikhs had already prepared. It was some distance off, where a winding passage leads to a great empty hall, the brick walls of which were all crumbling to pieces. The earth floor had sunk in at one place, making a natural grave, so we left Achmet the merchant there, having first covered him over with loose bricks. This done, we all went back to the treasure.

“It lay where he had dropped it when he was first attacked. The box was the same which now lies open upon your table. A key was hung by a silken cord to that carved handle upon the top. We opened it, and the light

of the lantern gleamed upon a collection of gems such as I have read of and thought about when I was a little lad at Pershore. It was blinding to look upon them. When we had feasted our eyes we took them all out and made a list of them. There were one hundred and forty-three diamonds of the first water, including one which has been called, I believe, ‘the Great Mogul’, <sup>greatmogul</sup> and is said to be the second largest stone in existence. Then there were ninety-seven very fine emeralds, and one hundred and seventy rubies, some of which, however, were small. There were forty carbuncles, two hundred and ten sapphires, sixty-one agates, and a great quantity of beryls, onyxes, cats’-eyes, turquoises, and other stones, the very names of which I did not

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know at the time, though I have become more familiar with them since. Besides this, there were nearly three hundred very fine pearls, twelve of which were set in a gold coronet. By the way, these last had been taken out of the chest and were not there when I recovered it.

“After we had counted our treasures we put them back into the chest and carried them to the gateway to show them to Mahomet Singh. Then we solemnly renewed our oath to stand by each other and be true to our secret. We agreed to conceal our loot in a safe place until the country should be at peace again, and then to divide it equally among ourselves. There was no use dividing it at present, for if gems of such value were found upon us it would cause suspicion, and there was no privacy in the fort nor any place where we could keep them. We carried the box, therefore, into the same hall where we had buried the body, and there, under certain bricks in the best-preserved wall, we made a hollow and put our treasure. We made careful note of the place, and next day I drew four plans, one for each of us, and put the sign of the four of us at the bottom, for we had sworn that we should each always act for all, so that none might take advantage. That is an oath that I can put my hand to my heart and swear that I have never broken.

“Well, there’s no use my telling you gentlemen what came of the Indian mutiny. After Wilson took Delhi and Sir Colin relieved Lucknow the back of the business was broken. Fresh troops came pouring in, and Nana Sahib made himself scarce over the frontier. A flying column under Colonel Greathed came round to Agra and cleared the Pandies, <sup>pandies</sup> away from it. Peace seemed to be settling upon the country, and we four were beginning to hope that the time was at hand when we might safely go off with our shares of the plunder. In a moment, however, our hopes were shattered by our being arrested as the murderers of Achmet.

“It came about in this way. When the rajah put his jewels into the hands of Achmet he did it because he knew that he was a trusty man. They are suspicious folk in the East, however: so what does this rajah do but take a second even more trusty servant and set him to play the spy upon the first? This second man was ordered never to let Achmet out of his sight, and he followed him like his shadow. He went after him that night and saw him pass through the doorway. Of course he thought he had taken refuge in the fort, and applied for admission there himself next day, but could find no trace of Achmet. This seemed to him so strange that he spoke about it to a sergeant of guides, who brought it to the ears of the commandant. A thorough search was quickly made, and the body was discovered. Thus at the very moment that we thought that all was safe we were all four seized and brought to trial on a charge of murder,—three of us because we had held the gate that night, and the fourth because he was known to have been in the company of the murdered man. Not a word about the jewels came out at the trial, for the rajah had been deposed and driven out of India: so no one had any particular interest in them. The murder, however, was clearly made out, and it was certain that we must all have been concerned in it. The three Sikhs got penal servitude

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for life, and I was condemned to death, though my sentence was afterwards commuted into the same as the others.

“It was rather a queer position that we found ourselves in then. There we were all four tied by the leg and with precious little chance of ever getting out again, while we each held a secret which might have put each of us in a palace if we could only have made use of it. It was enough to make a man eat his heart out to have to stand the kick and the cuff of every petty jack-in-office, to have rice to eat and water to drink, when that gorgeous fortune was ready for him outside, just waiting to be picked up. It might have driven me mad; but I was always a pretty stubborn one, so I just held on and bided my time.

“At last it seemed to me to have come. I was changed from Agra to Madras, and from there to Blair Island in the Andamans. There are very few white convicts at this settlement, and, as I had behaved well from the first, I soon found myself a sort of privileged person. I was given a hut in Hope Town, which is a small place on the slopes of Mount Harriet, and I was left pretty much to myself. It is a dreary, fever-stricken place, and all beyond our little clearings was infested with wild cannibal natives, who were ready enough to blow a poisoned dart at us if they saw a chance. There was digging, and ditching, and yam-planting, and a dozen other things to be done, so we were busy enough all day; though in the evening we had a little time to ourselves. Among other things, I learned to dispense drugs for the surgeon, and picked up a smattering of his knowledge. All the time I was on the lookout for a chance of escape; but it is hundreds of miles from any other land, and there is little or no wind in those seas: so it was a terribly difficult job to get away.

“The surgeon, Dr. Somerton, was a fast, sporting young chap, and the other young officers would meet in his rooms of an evening and play cards. The surgery, where I used to make up my drugs, was next to his sitting-room, with a small window between us. Often, if I felt lonesome, I used to turn out the lamp in the surgery, and then, standing there, I could hear their talk and watch their play. I am fond of a hand at cards myself, and it was almost as good as having one to watch the others. There was Major Sholto, Captain , and Lieutenant Bromley Brown, who were in command of the native troops, and there was the surgeon himself, and two or three prison-officials, crafty old hands who played a nice sly safe game. A very snug little party they used to make.

“Well, there was one thing which very soon struck me, and that was that the soldiers used always to lose and the civilians to win. Mind, I don't say that there was anything unfair, but so it was. These prison-chaps had done little else than play cards ever since they had been at the Andamans, and they knew each other's game to a point, while the others just played to pass the time and threw their cards down anyhow. Night after night the soldiers got up poorer men, and the poorer they got the more keen they were to play. Major Sholto was the hardest hit. He used to pay in notes and gold at first, but soon it came to notes of hand and for big sums. He sometimes would win for a few deals, just to give him heart, and then the luck would set in

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against him worse than ever. All day he would wander about as black as thunder, and he took to drinking a deal more than was good for him.

“One night he lost even more heavily than usual. I was sitting in my hut when he and Captain came stumbling along on the way to their quarters. They were bosom friends, those two, and never far apart. The major was raving about his losses.

“‘It's all up, ,’ he was saying, as they passed my hut. ‘I shall have to send in my papers. I am a ruined man.’

“‘Nonsense, old chap!’ said the other, slapping him upon the shoulder. ‘I’ve had a nasty facer myself, but—’ That was all I could hear, but it was enough to set me thinking.

“A couple of days later Major Sholto was strolling on the beach: so I took the chance of speaking to him.

“‘I wish to have your advice, major,’ said I.

“‘Well, Small, what is it?’ he asked, taking his cheroot from his lips.

“‘I wanted to ask you, sir,’ said I, ‘who is the proper person to whom hidden treasure should be handed over. I know where half a million worth lies, and, as I cannot use it myself, I thought perhaps the best thing that I could do would be to hand it over to the proper authorities, and then perhaps they would get my sentence shortened for me.’

“‘Half a million, Small?’ he gasped, looking hard at me to see if I was in earnest.

“‘Quite that, sir,—in jewels and pearls. It lies there ready for any one. And the queer thing about it is that the real owner is outlawed and cannot hold property, so that it belongs to the first comer.’

“‘To government, Small,’ he stammered,—‘to government.’ But he said it in a halting fashion, and I knew in my heart that I had got him.

“‘You think, then, sir, that I should give the information to the Governor-General?’ said I, quietly.

“‘Well, well, you must not do anything rash, or that you might repent. Let me hear all about it, Small. Give me the facts.’

“I told him the whole story, with small changes so that he could not identify the places. When I had finished he stood stock still and full of thought. I could see by the twitch of his lip that there was a struggle going on within him.

“‘This is a very important matter, Small,’ he said, at last. ‘You must not say a word to any one about it, and I shall see you again soon.’

“Two nights later he and his friend Captain came to my hut in the dead of the night with a lantern.

“‘I want you just to let Captain hear that story from your own lips, Small,’ said he.

“I repeated it as I had told it before.

“‘It rings true, eh?’ said he. ‘It’s good enough to act upon?’

“Captain nodded.

“‘Look here, Small,’ said the major. ‘We have been talking it over, my friend here and I, and we have come to the conclusion that

this secret of yours is hardly a government matter, after all, but is a private concern of your own, which of course you have the power of disposing of as you think best. Now, the question is, what price would you ask for it? We might be inclined to take it up, and at least look into it, if we could agree as to terms.' He tried to speak in a cool, careless way, but his eyes were shining with excitement and greed.

“‘Why, as to that, gentlemen,’ I answered, trying also to be cool, but feeling as excited as he did, ‘there is only one bargain which a man in my position can make. I shall want you to help me to my freedom, and to help my three companions to theirs. We shall then take you into partnership, and give you a fifth share to divide between you.’

“‘Hum!’ said he. ‘A fifth share! That is not very tempting.’

“‘It would come to fifty thousand apiece,’ said I.

“‘But how can we gain your freedom? You know very well that you ask an impossibility.’

“‘Nothing of the sort,’ I answered. ‘I have thought it all out to the last detail. The only bar to our escape is that we can get no boat fit for the voyage, and no provisions to last us for so long a time. There are plenty of little yachts and yawls at Calcutta or Madras which would serve our turn well. Do you bring one over. We shall engage to get aboard her by night, and if you will drop us on any part of the Indian coast you will have done your part of the bargain.’

“‘If there were only one,’ he said.

“‘None or all,’ I answered. ‘We have sworn it. The four of us must always act together.’

“‘You see, ,’ said he, ‘Small is a man of his word. He does not flinch from his friend. I think we may very well trust him.’

“‘It’s a dirty business,’ the other answered. ‘Yet, as you say, the money would save our commissions handsomely.’

“‘Well, Small,’ said the major, ‘we must, I suppose, try and meet you. We must first, of course, test the truth of your story. Tell me where the box is hid, and I shall get leave of absence and go back to India in the monthly relief-boat to inquire into the affair.’

“‘Not so fast,’ said I, growing colder as he got hot. ‘I must have the consent of my three comrades. I tell you that it is four or none with us.’

“‘Nonsense!’ he broke in. ‘What have three black fellows to do with our agreement?’

“‘Black or blue,’ said I, ‘they are in with me, and we all go together.’

“Well, the matter ended by a second meeting, at which Mahomet Singh, Abdullah Khan, and Dost Akbar were all present. We talked the matter over again, and at last we came to an arrangement. We were to provide both the officers with charts of the part of the Agra fort and mark the place in the wall where the treasure was hid. Major Sholto was to go to India to test our story. If he found the box he was to leave it there, to send out a small yacht provisioned for a voyage, which was to lie off Rutland Island, and to which



we were to make our way, and finally to return to his duties. Captain was then to apply for leave of absence, to meet us at Agra, and there we

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were to have a final division of the treasure, he taking the major's share as well as his own. All this we sealed by the most solemn oaths that the mind could think or the lips utter. I sat up all night with paper and ink, and by the morning I had the two charts all ready, signed with the sign of four,—that is, of Abdullah, Akbar, Mahomet, and myself.

“Well, gentlemen, I weary you with my long story, and I know that my friend Mr. Jones is impatient to get me safely stowed in chokey. I'll make it as short as I can. The villain Sholto went off to India, but he never came back again. Captain showed me his name among a list of passengers in one of the mail-boats very shortly afterwards. His uncle had died, leaving him a fortune, and he had left the army, yet he could stoop to treat five men as he had treated us. He went over to Agra shortly afterwards, and found, as we expected, that the treasure was indeed gone. The scoundrel had stolen it all, without carrying out one of the conditions on which we had sold him the secret. From that day I lived only for vengeance. I thought of it by day and I nursed it by night. It became an overpowering, absorbing passion with me. I cared nothing for the law,—nothing for the gallows. To escape, to track down Sholto, to have my hand upon his throat,—that was my one thought. Even the Agra treasure had come to be a smaller thing in my mind than the slaying of Sholto.

“Well, I have set my mind on many things in this life, and never one which I did not carry out. But it was weary years before my time came. I have told you that I had picked up something of medicine. One day when Dr. Somerton was down with a fever a little Andaman Islander was picked up by a convict-gang in the woods. He was sick to death, and had gone to a lonely place to die. I took him in hand, though he was as venomous as a young snake, and after a couple of months I got him all right and able to walk. He took a kind of fancy to me then, and would hardly go back to his woods, but was always hanging about my hut. I learned a little of his lingo from him, and this made him all the fonder of me.

“Tonga—for that was his name—was a fine boatman, and owned a big, roomy canoe of his own. When I found that he was devoted to me and would do anything to serve me, I saw my chance of escape. I talked it over with him. He was to bring his boat round on a certain night to an old wharf which was never guarded, and there he was to pick me up. I gave him directions to have several gourds of water and a lot of yams, cocoa-nuts, and sweet potatoes.

“He was stanch and true, was little Tonga. No man ever had a more faithful mate. At the night named he had his boat at the wharf. As it chanced, however, there was one of the convict-guard down there,—a vile Pathan who had never missed a chance of insulting and injuring me. I had always vowed vengeance, and now I had my chance. It was as if fate had placed him in my way that I might pay my debt before I left the island. He stood on the bank with his back to me, and his carbine on his shoulder. I looked about for a stone to beat out his brains with, but none could I see. Then a queer thought came into my head and showed me where I could lay my hand on a weapon. I

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sat down in the darkness and unstrapped my wooden leg. With three long hops I was on him. He put his carbine to his shoulder, but I struck him full, and knocked the whole front of his skull in. You can see the split in the wood now where I hit him. We both went down together, for I could not keep my balance, but

when I got up I found him still lying quiet enough. I made for the boat, and in an hour we were well out at sea. Tonga had brought all his earthly possessions with him, his arms and his gods. Among other things, he had a long bamboo spear, and some Andaman cocoa-nut matting, with which I made a sort of sail. For ten days we were beating about, trusting to luck, and on the eleventh we were picked up by a trader which was going from Singapore to Jiddah with a cargo of Malay pilgrims. They were a rum crowd, <sup>rumcrowd</sup>, and Tonga and I soon managed to settle down among them. They had one very good quality: they let you alone and asked no questions.

“Well, if I were to tell you all the adventures that my little chum and I went through, you would not thank me, for I would have you here until the sun was shining. Here and there we drifted about the world, something always turning up to keep us from London. All the time, however, I never lost sight of my purpose. I would dream of Sholto at night. A hundred times I have killed him in my sleep. At last, however, some three or four years ago, we found ourselves in England. I had no great difficulty in finding where Sholto lived, and I set to work to discover whether he had realised the treasure, or if he still had it. I made friends with someone who could help me,—I name no names, for I don’t want to get any one else in a hole,—and I soon found that he still had the jewels. Then I tried to get at him in many ways; but he was pretty sly, and had always two prize-fighters, besides his sons and his khitmutgar, on guard over him.

“One day, however, I got word that he was dying. I hurried at once to the garden, mad that he should slip out of my clutches like that, and, looking through the window, I saw him lying in his bed, with his sons on each side of him. I’d have come through and taken my chance with the three of them, only even as I looked at him his jaw dropped, and I knew that he was gone. I got into his room that same night, though, and I searched his papers to see if there was any record of where he had hidden our jewels. There was not a line, however: so I came away, bitter and savage as a man could be. Before I left I bethought me that if I ever met my Sikh friends again it would be a satisfaction to know that I had left some mark of our hatred; so I scrawled down the sign of the four of us, as it had been on the chart, and I pinned it on his bosom. It was too much that he should be taken to the grave without some token from the men whom he had robbed and befooled.

“We earned a living at this time by my exhibiting, <sup>exhibiting</sup> poor Tonga at fairs and other such places as the black cannibal. He would eat raw meat and dance his war-dance: so we always had a hatful of pennies after a day’s work. I still heard all the news from Pondicherry Lodge, and for some years there was no news to hear, except that they were hunting for the treasure. At last, however, came what we had

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waited for so long. The treasure had been found. It was up at the top of the house, in Mr. Bartholomew Sholto’s chemical laboratory. I came at once and had a look at the place, but I could not see how with my wooden leg I was to make my way up to it. I learned, however, about a trap-door in the roof, and also about Mr. Sholto’s supper-hour. It seemed to me that I could manage the thing easily through Tonga. I brought him out with me with a long rope wound round his waist. He could climb like a cat, and he soon made his way through the roof, but, as ill luck would have it, Bartholomew Sholto was still in the room, to his cost. Tonga thought he had done something very clever in killing him, for when I came up by the rope I found him strutting about as proud as a peacock. Very much surprised was he when I made at him with the rope’s end and cursed him for a little blood-thirsty imp. I took the treasure-box and let it down, and then slid down myself, having first left the sign of the four upon the table, to show that the jewels had come back at last to

those who had most right to them. Tonga then pulled up the rope, closed the window, and made off the way that he had come.

"I don't know that I have anything else to tell you. I had heard a waterman speak of the speed of Smith's launch the Aurora, so I thought she would be a handy craft for our escape. I engaged with old Smith, and was to give him a big sum if he got us safe to our ship. He knew, no doubt, that there was some screw loose, but he was not in our secrets. All this is the truth, and if I tell it to you, gentlemen, it is not to amuse you,—for you have not done me a very good turn,—but it is because I believe the best defence I can make is just to hold back nothing, but let all the world know how badly I have myself been served by Major Sholto, and how innocent I am of the death of his son."

"A very remarkable account," said Sherlock Holmes. "A fitting wind-up to an extremely interesting case. There is nothing at all new to me in the latter part of your narrative, except that you brought your own rope. That I did not know. By the way, I had hoped that Tonga had lost all his darts; yet he managed to shoot one at us in the boat."

"He had lost them all, sir, except the one which was in his blow-pipe at the time."

"Ah, of course," said Holmes. "I had not thought of that."

"Is there any other point which you would like to ask about?" asked the convict, affably.

"I think not, thank you," my companion answered.

"Well, Holmes," said Athelney Jones, "You are a man to be humoured, and we all know that you are a connoisseur of crime, but duty is duty, and I have gone rather far in doing what you and your friend asked me. I shall feel more at ease when we have our story-teller here safe under lock and key. The cab still waits, and there are two inspectors downstairs. I am much obliged to you both for your assistance. Of course you will be wanted at the trial. Good-night to you."

"Good-night, gentlemen both," said Jonathan Small.

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"You first, Small," remarked the wary Jones as they left the room. "I'll take particular care that you don't club me with your wooden leg, whatever you may have done to the gentleman at the Andaman Isles."

"Well, and there is the end of our little drama," I remarked, after we had set some time smoking in silence. "I fear that it may be the last investigation in which I shall have the chance of studying your methods. Miss has done me the honour to accept me as a husband in prospective, <sup>inprospective</sup>."

He gave a most dismal groan. "I feared as much," said he. "I really cannot congratulate you."

I was a little hurt. "Have you any reason to be dissatisfied with my choice?" I asked.

"Not at all. I think she is one of the most charming young ladies I ever met, and might have been most useful in such work as we have been doing. She had a decided genius that way: witness the way in which she preserved that Agra plan from all the other papers of her father. But love is an emotional thing, and

whatever is emotional is opposed to that true cold reason which I place above all things. I should never marry myself, lest I bias my judgment."

"I trust," said I, laughing, "that my judgment may survive the ordeal. But you look weary."

"Yes, the reaction is already upon me. I shall be as limp as a rag for a week."

"Strange," said I, "how terms of what in another man I should call laziness alternate with your fits of splendid energy and vigour."

"Yes," he answered, "there are in me the makings of a very fine loafer and also of a pretty spry sort of fellow. I often think of those lines of old Goethe,—

Schade dass die Natur nur einen Mensch aus Dir schuf,  
Denn zum würdigen Mann war und zum Schelmen der Stoff., <sup>lavater</sup>

"By the way, à propos, <sup>apropos</sup> of this Norwood business, you see that they had, as I surmised, a confederate in the house, who could be none other than Lal Rao, the butler: so Jones actually has the undivided honour of having caught one fish in his great haul."

"The division seems rather unfair," I remarked. "You have done all the work in this business. I get a wife out of it, Jones gets the credit, pray what remains for you?"

"For me," said Sherlock Holmes, "there still remains the cocaine-bottle." And he stretched his long white hand up for it.

THE END.

## Footnotes

- morocco** **cash** In this context, morocco is a kind of leather, imported into Europe since the 16th century, that is very soft. Holmes stores his syringes in a small case covered in morocco leather.  
- [GG]
- beaune** Beaune is a region in Burgundy, France, that is known for its wine. Yorick is drinking wine from Beaune with his lunch. To read more about the region, see [Wikipedia](#).  
- [TH]
- drugs** In the 19th century, Britain had fought two wars with India and China over the trade of opium, which equated to large profits for the British economy. Drugs such as opium were considered an everyday commodity, like food or alcohol, and were not met with any restrictions until 1868. Someone could walk into a chemist (pharmacy) during this time and simply purchase opium, cocaine or arsenic without any sort of prescription. To learn more about drug use during the Victorian era, check out [Opium in Victorian Britain at Historic UK](#) and [Victorian Drug Use on VictorianWeb.org](#)  
- [GG]
- blackletter** Blackletter is a medieval script form characterized by heavy calligraphic letters. This image, [from Wikimedia Commons](#), shows an example of blackletter from a 15th century bible.  
- [TH]
- afghan** The "Afghan campaign" that Watson refers to here is most likely the Second Anglo-Afghan War (1878-1880), which was waged between the British Raj and the Afghan Emirate because of historical geopolitical tensions with Russia. To read more about this important historical allusion, see [Wikipedia](#).  
- [TH]
- Scarlet** 'A Study in Scarlet' was Arthur Conan Doyle's first detective novel featuring Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, published in 1887. An online text can be read on [Project Gutenberg](#).  
- [GG]
- Euclid** In 300 BC, the Greek mathematician Euclid, wrote five postulates (beliefs) - the fifth stating: "That, if a straight line falling on two straight lines make the interior angles on the same side less than two right angles, if produced indefinitely, meet on that side on which are the angles less than the two right angles." Learn more about Euclid's Fifth Postulate [from the University of Pittsburgh](#).  
- [GG]
- jezail** A jezail or jezzail (Pashto: #####) is a simple, homemade gun that was used during the First and Second Anglo-Afghan wars, primarily by Pashun tribesmen. To read more, see [Wikipedia](#).  
- [GG]

continent "The Continent" refers to the mainland of Europe, separate from the British Isles. (OED)  
- [GG]

brierpipe According to TobaccoPipes.com, briar wood is taken from a shrub native to the Mediterranean region. Pipes made from this wood are of high quality and are naturally fire resistant. [Briar Pipe from briar-pipes.com](http://briar-pipes.com)  
- [GG]

coup d'état "Coup-de-maître" (French) is an action worthy of a master. (OED)  
- [GG]

tour de force A "tour-de-force" (French) is a feat of strength, power, or skill. Here, the word is plural ("tours"). (OED)  
- [GG]

lunkah A lunkah is a cigar made from tobacco grown on the Indian islands of the Godavery Delta. (OED)  
- [GG]

trichinopoly Trichinopoly is a type of thin cigar made from tobacco grown near the town of Tiruchirappalli in Tamil Nadu, India. During the Victorian era, these cigars were one of India's main exports. To read more, see [Wikipedia](#).  
- [GG]

telegram A telegram is a typed message delivered from point to point via electrical cables. The method of communication became the most popular way to send urgent messages in the 1840s. One prototype of the telegraph machine was developed by the American Samuel Morse, using Morse Code to transmit message content, but the one likely referred to here is based on the English Cook and Wheatstone needle telegraph, pictured below (via Wikimedia Commons, photograph by Geni). Read more about text telegraphy on [Wikipedia](#). image By Geni - Photo by User:geni, CC BY-SA 4.0  
- [TH]

yellow fog Due to the increase in manufacturing and urbanization associated with the Industrial Revolution, air pollution in 19th century London became an everyday occurrence. The city witnessed an increase of emissions from factory fires and furnaces, resulting in thick fogs that could last a week, even leading to death. Not much was done in response to this public health emergency. These references to intense fog are depicted in the works of Arthur Conan Doyle and Charles Dickens. To read more about this historical smog, check out [Great Smog of London on Britannica](#).  
- [GG]

salver A salver is a tray. This image, [from The Met Museum](#), shows an example of a salver made from brass.

- [GG]

well-gloved "Well-gloved" means wearing either thick, warm, or elegant gloves. (OED)  
- [TH]

fashion Fashion throughout the Victorian Era evolved every decade. The Industrial Revolution offered immense changes with the manufacturing of ready-made clothing with an influx of sewing machines, leading to more choices for the consumer. To read more about Victorian fashion, check out [Epochs of Fashion](#). Image by Bazar of Fashions, [via Wikimedia Commons](#)  
- [GG]

costume This tale takes place in 1888. In the late 19th century, women's day dress featured a slim, corsetted style when viewed from the front, often with a high neckline and long sleeves, and a small bustle in the back and visible from the side. Miss Morstan works for her living as a governess, so her style of dress would be plainer, as Watson describes. However, it would likely have the same silhouette. To read more about Victorian fashion, visit the [Victoria and Albert Museum](#).  
- [TH]

amiable During the Victorian era, men and women were expected to live their days in 'separate spheres', only coming together at mealtimes. For gender expectations, women were perceived to have less physical strength than men, but they had superior morals that were anchored at home. This "sweetness" was to counteract the harshness of society with which men interacted on a daily basis, ultimately guiding the next generation. To read more about gender roles in the 19th century, check out [the British Library's description of gender roles during this era](#).  
- [GG]

boarding school In the 19th century, upper class women were expected to marry and give their husband children, thus requiring no formal education. If a young woman was unable to find a suitor, she would be expected to look after others' children or elderly parents. This shifted in 1848 when Queen's College recognized a governess as a qualification, opening up education to women in the following decades. To read more, check out [Education in Victorian Britain](#) at the British Library.  
- [GG]

timeline ~~1878~~ When the dates noted here, the action of "The Sign of the Four" takes place 1888, possibly November, given the discussion of the yellow fog above. The fog in London was typically at its worst in November.  
- [TH]

andaman The Andaman Islands are made up of 300 islands stretching across the southeastern part of the Bay of Bengal. The navy of the English East India Company first arrived on the islands in 1789, ultimately becoming union territory of India in 1956. The islands are known for their indigenous communities who evade contact from outsiders ([Britannica](#)). In 1858, the British government transformed one island to become the Ross Island Penal Colony, and jailed a number of prisoners from the Indian Rebellion of 1857 (often referred here as the "Mutiny"). Conditions were brutal,



and many Indian political prisoners died from torture by the British ([Wikipedia](#)). To learn more about these penal colonies, see [Clare Anderson's article, "The Andaman Islands Penal Colony: Race, Class, Criminality, and the British Empire."](#)

- [GG]

**governess** While upper class families historically hired governesses to care for their children, wealthy families of the middle class started to do so in the 19th century. A governess typically lived with the family and received a small salary in addition to room and board. To learn more, see [the British Library's overview of the governess](#), an important figure in Victorian literature.

- [GG]

**graphology** Graphology refers to the analysis of one's handwriting to determine their personality traits. No scientific evidence has been found to support graphology's claims, but it came to prominence in the 19th century from the French priest and archeologist, Jean-Hippolye Michon, who published books on the subject and founded the Société Graphologique in 1871. It is interesting to note that graphology is used in France, and has been accepted in some court cases. To read more, see [Wikipedia](#).

- [GG]

**winwood** The Martyrdom of Man "...is a secular, "universal" history of the Western world" published by William Winwood Reade in 1872. Source: [Wikipedia](#) A PDF of this book can be found [here](#).

- [GG]

**thetimes** The Times is a daily newspaper published in London, considered to be one of the best in the world. It was started by John Walter on January 1, 1785. To read more see [Britannica](#).

- [TH]

**bombay3D** During the 1870s, the military presence in India was composed of "presidency armies" to protect the interests of the British East India Company. These included the Bengal Army, the Madras Army, and the Bombay Army. This "34th Bombay Infantry" could be a reference to a fictional regiment. Control was tightened after the Indian Rebellion of 1857, a result of the diverse population of India feeling invaded by British reforms, taxes, and rule. To learn more about the British Indian Army, see [Wikipedia](#).

- [TH]

**fourwheeler** Cabs in Victorian London were typically two-wheeled carriages called hansom, but they held only one or at most two people comfortably. The larger horse-drawn carriages could hold more. The photograph here, taken by [John Lloyd](#), shows a brougham carriage, typical of four-wheeled 19th century carriage styles.

- [TH]

**pocketbook** In the 19th century, a pocket book was a small sized book similar to an agenda or planner that we would refer to today. A pocket book was about the size of a small 3" by 5", index card, covered in leather, with a flap closure. Inside you may find a calendar, notes, short stories, poetry, among

other things. To read more about pocket books during this era, check out [Jane Austen's World](#).

Here is an example of a pocket book from 1803, taken from

- [GG]

greatcity Being the capital of the largest empire on the planet AND the world's most populated in the 19th century meant one thing: pollution. In 1890s London, there were approximately 300,000 horses throughout the streets, leaving behind excruciating amounts of excrement which you would have to navigate around. According to [Wikipedia](#), in 1875, London's population was 4.24 million, compared to Beijing's 1.31 million, Paris's 2.25 million, and NYC's 1.9 million. Check out this author interview [Dirty Old London': A History Of The Victorians' Infamous Filth](#) on NPR.

- [GG]

streetarab Now an offensive term, a "street Arab" is a destitute and unhomed young person, and according to the OED, its usage dates to the mid-nineteenth century. It is a term of British origin. The notion of such children being Arab may refer to the presumption of a nomadic lifestyle, or perhaps to their darker skin, a product of the filth of the London streets.

- [TH]

surreyside Surrey is a county in southern England; in this context, Surrey side refers to the south side of the river Thames, which divides the city of London. This image, from [On The World Map](#), shows London boroughs and surrounding areas.

- [TH]

sahib Sahib is a title used by an Indian to address an English or European person. It may also refer to a gentleman or socially acceptable person. (OED)

- [GG]

khitmutgar A khitmutgar is a male servant who serves a table. (OED)

- [GG]

hookah A hookah is a single or multi-stemmed device used to smoke flavored tobacco, among other things, by vaporizing through a glass basin before being inhaled. To read further, check out [Wikipedia](#). This photo, [taken by Antoin Sevruguin in 1900, from Wikimedia Commons](#), shows a Persian woman with hookah (qalyan).

- [GG]

corot Jean-Baptiste-Camille Corot, 1796-1875, was a French landscape painter who influenced the Impressionist movement You can learn more about Corot from [the UK National Gallery](#). [The image included here is Corot's Evening on the Lake \(c1872\), via the National Gallery, London.](#)

- [GG]

salvator-rosa Salvator Rosa, 1615-1673, was an Italian landscaper painter whose works also depicted scenes of witchcraft. You can learn more about Rosa from [the UK National Gallery](#). [The image included here is Rosa's Witches at their Incantations \(c1646\), via the National Gallery, London.](#)

- [GG]

carafe Here is an example of a 17th-18th century glass carafe from Venice, via the [Victoria and Albert Museum](#). It gives some idea of Sholto's decorative sensibility.

- [TH]

astrakhan Astrakhan is wool from very young lambs, resembling fur. It is mainly used as trimming on garments (OED). This image, [from Raimon Furts Ltd on Wikimedia Commons](#), shows a fur coat from this type of wool.

- [GG]

valetudinarian A valetudinarian is someone who is in poor health, or is always worried about their health. (OED)

- [GG]

quack A "quack" is someone who pretends to medical knowledge. Here, the Watson is describing Sholto's many medical remedies--nostrums--as fake (OED).

- [TH]

alisons-rooms Boxing was a popular and illegal sport throughout the 18th-19th centuries. Here is a collection of primary source accounts of boxing during the Victorian era, which often took place in tavern or pub rooms. Here, the "benefit" refers to an evening's entertainment a portion of the proceeds from which would go to benefit the boxer or performer. [Victorian London: Boxing](#).

- [TH]

retort A retort is a glass container with a bulb used to distill liquids. (OED)

- [GG]

carboy A carboy is a large glass bottle with a narrow neck to hold corrosive or pharmaceutical chemicals. (OED)

- [GG]

lath Lath and plaster refers to materials used to build walls or partitions, usually from thin strips of wood. (OED)

- [GG]

vicpolice During the Victorian Era, at first the public did not trust police forces, because they felt that it was a way the government suppressed free speech. To read more about the police during this time, check out [The Jack the Ripper Tour](#).

- [GG]

snib A snib is a fastening on a window, door, or lock (OED). Here, the window is been locked on the inside.

- [GG]

footmark Sherlock Holmes was a man of science who had worked in a chemistry laboratory. Conan Doyle described a number of forensic methods before they were adopted by the police force. See [Sherlock Holmes: Pioneer in Forensic Science](#) in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

- [GG]

risus Risus sardonicus, from Latin for laugh and scorn, is a spasm of the face that results in a grin (OED).

- [GG]

thorn Watson is here likely referring to the Hawthorne tree, which has a rich mythological and ideological association with Englishness. To read more about the Hawthorne tree, visit [Trees for Life, a UK-based nonprofit dedicated to reforestation](#).

- [TH]

faust- This is a direct quote from Goethe's Faust (part 1, scene 3, line 1200), which translates to "We're quote used to people scoffing at what they don't understand." Goethe was a German polymath who became representative of the Romantic period on the European continent. His most famous work, Faust, is a two part verse drama published in the early 19th century about a magician who makes a deal with the devil Mephistopholes to acquire knowledge and power. If you'd like to read Faust, you can do so on [Project Gutenberg](#). To read more about Goethe and his play, Faust, see [Encyclopedia Britannica](#)..

- [TH]

vagabone A vagabone (also spelled vagabond), is a person without a job or home who wanders from place to place. (OED)

- [GG]

lurcher A lurcher is a type of dog breed of half greyhound and half sighthound (terrier or herding dog). Lurchers were bred in England for hunting game. To learn more about these dogs, check out [Dog Breed Info](#). This photo from [Dog Breed Info](#), shows a 4 year old Lurcher. Note that Toby is half-spaniel and half-lurcher.

- [GG]

martini- A Martini bullet was a black powder round bullet used by the British army in the 19th century. bullet This image, [from Wikimedia Commons](#), shows Martini-Enfield brass bullets.

- [GG]

jeanpaul Jean Paul, pen name of Johann Paul Friedrich Richter, was a 19th century German writer who popularized the shift to Romanticism in literature. Read more about Jean Paul on [Britannica](#).

- [GG]

carlyle Thomas Carlyle was a Scottish writer, well-known for *Sartor Resartus* , a novel that explores his concept of "Natural Supernaturalism." He was among the first to make German literature

available for English readers, often through translations, which is what Watson means here when he says he came to Jean Paul by way of Carlyle. To read more about Carlyle, role in the " ,  
- [TH]

theoval The Oval is an international cricket ground in Kensington, South London. It also hosted a number of historical sporting events. To read more, see [Wikipedia](#). This image, [from Wikimedia Commons](#), depicts the Oval in 1891.  
- [GG]

wharf A wharf is a small structure built along the water so ships can load and unload (OED).  
- [GG]

steam-launch A steam launch is a large boat propelled by steam to transport passengers. (OED)  
- [GG]

wherry A wherry is a type of boat used to carry passengers in canals in England. This image, [from Wikimedia Commons](#) , shows an example of a wherry built to 18th-century design at Kingston upon Thames.  
- [GG]

hansom A hansom is a low-hanging two-wheeled horse carriage that can seat two people, with the driver elevated behind (OED). The image included here is a photograph of a hansom cab with driver from 1877, via [Wikimedia Commons](#).  
- [GG]

Mohammedan Mohammedan refers to one who follows the prophet Muhammed, or Islam. The term is now considered offensive (OED).  
- [GG]

gazetteer A gazetteer is an index or directory of a place that's used along a map or atlas. Ancient Greeks were the first known to use gazetteers, and they became popular in 19th century Britain to note the many places across the empire. Source: [Europa Technologies](#).  
- [GG]

romance A romance is a fictitious narrative, where the events described are far removed from everyday life, offering sensation to its theme. (OED)  
- [GG]

thestandard The Standard, later known as the Evening Standard, is a London newspaper that was launched in 1827. To learn more about the history of the Standard and where it stands today, check out [A history of the London Evening Standard: seeing off rivals for 181 years](#) in The Guardian.  
- [GG]

- agony An agony column is a section in the newspaper that features advertisements for missing friends and relatives, or readers' questions on personal issues, with responses from columnists. To read more, see [Word Histories](#).  
- [GG]
- bonvivant A bon vivant is someone who is fond of good living. (OED)  
- [GG]
- the- The colonial expansion of the British Empire in the 19th flourished, encompassing lands from colonies New Zealand, islands in the Pacific, India, and across Africa. During this time, 1/4th of the world's population was under British rule. To learn more about the historic British Empire, check out [Britannica](#).  
- [GG]
- nightglass A night-glass is a short telescope design to be used at night. (OED)  
- [GG]
- ulster An ulster is a long overcoat made from rough fabric. (OED)  
- [GG]
- unhallowed Unhallowed means wicked or unholy (OED). The dwarf here is being described as "unhallowed."  
- [GG]
- breakwater A breakwater is a barrier built on a beach to the force of waves, to protect a harbor. See entry on the Andaman Islands and Ross Island Penal Colony.  
- [GG]
- benares Benares brass comes from the city of Benares (today known as Varanasi), India, which is a region rich in copper. This image, [from The British Museum](#), shows a 19th-century vessel made from Benares brass.  
- [GG]
- rupee A rupee is a unit of money in India, Pakistan, Nepal, Sri Lanka, Mauritius, and the Seychelles. (OED)  
- [GG]
- QueensShilling "like the Queen's shilling"--or the King's--refers to the initial payment made to those who were recruited to serve in the army or navy. Often, those recruited were in poverty, and so this inducement was later seen as a sign of impressment. According to [Wikipedia](#), the practice is very old, but being associated unwilling recruitment, it was stopped in 1879.  
- [TH]
- thirdbuffs According to the UK National Army Museum, the Buffs was one of the first regiments in the British Army, originating in 1577, and serving for 17 years in India during the 19th century. The

Bufs merged and now are part of The Queen's Own Buffs, The Royal Kent Regiment. To read , see [The National Army Museum](#).

- [GG]

indigo Indigo refers to a dye-like substance created from the powder of Indigofera plants (OED). In British India, indigo plantations were greatly expanded because of the demand for the dye in western Europe, leading to the exploitation of those who worked the land. To learn more about the cultivation of indigo, see [this film from the National Council of Science Museums, India](#).

- [GG]

mutiny1857 The Indian Mutiny of 1857, also referred to as the Rebellion, was an unsuccessful attempt to overthrow British rulers in colonial India. It began with the uprising of Indian troops (sepoys) against the British East India Company, ultimately resulting in direct rule by the British raj for the following century. It is also referred to as the First War of Independence in India. To learn more about this historical event, see [Britannica](#).

- [GG]

bungalow A 19th century bungalow in India was typically a one-story building that sit on a large, landscaped compound. The construction of Bungalows was rooted to British military engineers who wanted to standardize permanent dwellings for the East India Company. To learn more about this imperial architecture, check out [Architectural Review](#).

- [TH]

sepoy A sepoy is a native Indian who serves as a soldier in the British army. (OED).

- [GG]

sikh A Sikh is a person who follows Sikhism, a monotheistic religion which originated in the Punjab region of India in the 15h century. During the 19th century, the British Army recruited a number Sikhs, who remained loyal to them during the 1857 rebellion and decades afterwards. To read more about these people, see [Wikipedia](#).

- [GG]

agrafort The historical fort in Agra, India, was bult in 1565-1573 for Mughal Emperor Akbar, and used as the main residence for rulers until 1638, when the capital shifted to Delhi. Agra Fort was the site of the 1857 rebellion, which resulted in the end of the British East India Company's ruling of India, instead turning into direct rule. To read more about this fort, see [Wikipedia](#).

- [GG]

rajah A rajah is an Indian king or prince (OED).

- [TH]

company Company Raj refers to the individual appointed by the East India Company to take charge in the area. To read more about this history, see [Wikipedia](#).

- [TH]

moidore A moidore is a Portuguese gold coin from the 18th century. (OED)

- [GG]

greatmogul The Great Mogul Diamond is the 3rd biggest diamond from India, brought to Iran in the 18th century by the Persian shah Nadir, weighing about 787 karats. Read more on the [Dictionary of Gems and Gemology](#).

- [TH]

pandies A pandy (plural: pandies), refers to Indian soldiers who took part in the rebellion of 1857, named after Mangal Pandey, who played a significant role in it. To read more, see [Wikipedia](#). The term is used in a derogatory way.

- [GG]

rumcrow According to a BBC News Magazine article [10 slang phrases that perfectly sum up their era](#), "rum" could be used in the criminal beggar world to mean something good, with 120+ possible meanings.

- [GG]

exhibiting As the British Empire expanded throughout the 19th century, museums were built to showcase material and cultural items, curiosities, things from nature, etc. for public consumption. This included people from various ethnicities that were unfamiliar to everyday British citizens. To read more about this practice, see "[Exhibiting People in the 19th Century](#)" by Sarah Longair .

- [GG]

inprospectiv the future (OED)

- [GG]

lavater This quote is often incorrectly attributed to Goethe's *Faust* . While it is Goethe's language, it is a description of Goethe's friend, [Johan Kaspar Lavater](#), a clergyman. The text translates to "Pity 'tis, when thou wast born, that but one man nature created! / Stuff for a gentleman is, and fro a scoundrel in thee." For the source and translation, see "[Goethe and Lavater](#)," *The Hibbert Journal* (200).

- [TH]

apropos with regard to (French). (OED)

- [GG]



# "An Ode [Rule, Britannia]"

By James Thomson

*Correction, editorial commentary, and markup by Students and Staff of Marymount University, Tonya Howe*

- [TP for Alfred: A Masque] -

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An *ODE* . [Rule, Britannia]

## 1.

1 When *Britain* first, at heaven's command,  
2 Arose from out the azure main,<sup>main</sup>;  
3 *This* was the charter,<sup>charter</sup> of the land,  
4 And guardian Angels sung *this* strain:  
5 "Rule *Britannia*,<sup>britannia</sup>, rule the waves;  
6 "*Britons* never will be slaves."

## 2.

7 The nations, not so blest as thee,  
8 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall:  
9 While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
10 The dread and envy of them all.  
11 "Rule, &c.

## 3.

12 Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
13 More dreadful, from each foreign stroke:  
14 As the loud blast that tears the skies,  
15 Serves but to root thy native oak,<sup>oak</sup>.  
16 "Rule, &c.

## 4.

17 Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:  
18 All their attempts to bend thee down,  
19 Will but arouse thy generous flame;  
20 But work their woe, and thy renown.  
21 "Rule, &c.

## 5.

22 To thee belongs the rural reign;  
23 Thy cities shall with commerce shine:  
24 All thine shall be the subject main,  
25 And every shore it circles thine.  
26 "Rule, &c.

## 6.

27 The Muses, still with freedom found,  
28 Shall to thy happy coast repair:  
29 Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,  
30 And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
31 "Rule, *Britannia*, rule the waves:  
32 "*Britons* never will be slaves.

## Footnotes

- main According to the OED (main, n.5a), the "main" is the open sea--the azure or blue sea, in this case.  
- [TH]
- charter A charter is a founding document, but more specifically, a document from a sovereign source "granting privileges to, or recognizing the rights of,...certain classes" or groups of people (OED, n.1a). What entity grants these rights in the poem?  
- [TH]
- britannia Britannia is a figurative, allegorical representation of Britain as a female warrior carrying a trident and a shield, often accompanied by a lion. The trident is the weapon of Neptune, the ancient Roman god of the sea, and in the 19th century, she became a vivid symbol of empire. We might keep in mind the role that white femininity might play in "civilizing" others. In the 1778 painting shown here, we see an unhelmeted Britannia accepting offerings from "the East" (*The East Offering its Richest to Britannia* , via [Wikipedia](#)).  
  
- [TH]
- oak The native English oak tree (*quercus robur*) has long been a symbol of strength and justice ("[Oak Symbolism in the Light of Genomics](#)").  
- [TH]

# Articles of Peace Between the Most Serene and Mighty Prince Charles II and Several Indian Kings and Queens ["The Treaty of Middle Plantation"]

By Charles Stuart

*Transcription, correction, and markup by Austin Benson Correction by John O'Brien, Tonya Howe*

- [Title Page] -

ARTICLES  
OF  
PEACE  
Between  
The Most Serene and Mighty PRINCE  
CHARLES II.  
By the Grace of God,  
King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland,  
Defender of the Faith, etc.  
And Several  
*Indian* Kings and Queens, etc.  
Concluded the 29th day of May, 1677.  
Published by his Majesties Command.

London,  
Printed by John Bill, Christopher Barker, Thomas Newcomb  
and Henry Hills, Printers to the Kings  
Most Excellent Majesty  
1677.

Articles of Peace, <sup>treaty</sup> between the most Mighty Prince, and our Dread Sovereign Lord CHARLES the Second, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc. And the several *Indian* Kings and Queens, etc. Assenters and Subscribers hereunto, made and concluded at the Camp at Middle Plantation the Twenty ninth day of May 1677. being the day of the most happy Birth and Restauration of our said Sovereign Lord, <sup>birthday</sup>, and in the Nine and twentieth Year of His Majesties Reign, By the Right Honourable Herbert Jefferies Esquire, Lieutenant Governour of His Majesties Colony of Virginia.

Present,

The Honourable Sir John Berry Knight, and Francis Morison Esq; His most Sacred Majesties Comissioners appointed under the Great Seal of England for the Affairs of Virginia,

And The Honourable Council of State of the said Colony.

Whereas His most Sacred Majesty hath of His Own Royal Grace and meer Motion Intrusted to my Care and Endeavours the

Renewing, Management, and Concluding a good Peace with the Neighbour *Indian* s: In Order whereunto (with the Advice and Assistance of the Honourable Sir John Berry Knight, and Francis Morison Esquire) I have caused to be drawn up these ensuing Articles and Overtures, for the firm Grounding, and sure Establishment of a good and just Peace with the said *Indian* s. And that it may be a Secure and Lasting one (Founded upon the strong Pillars of Reciprocal Justice) by Confirming to them their Just Rights, and by Redress of their Wrongs and Injuries, That so the great God (who is a God of Peace, and lover of Justice) may uphold and prosper this our Mutual League and Amity, It is hereby Concluded, Consented to, and mutually Agreed, as followeth;

## Artic. I.

That the respective *Indian* Kings and Queens do from henceforth acknowledge to have their immediate Dependency on, and own all Subjection to the Great King of England, our now Dread Sovereign, His Heirs and Successors, when they pay their Tribute to His Majesties Governour for the time being.

## II.

That thereupon the said *Indian* Kings and Queens and their Subjects, shall hold their Lands, and have the same Confirmed to them and their Posterity, by Patent under the Seal of this His Majesties Colony, without any Fee, Gratuity or Reward for the same, in such sort, and in as free and firm manner as others His Majesties Subjects have and enjoy their Lands and Possessions, paying

- 6 -

yearly for and in lieu of a Quit Rent, or Acknowledgment for the same, onely Three *Indian* Arrows.

### III.

That all *Indian* s who are in Amity with Us, and have not Land sufficient to Plant upon, be (upon Information) forthwith provided for, and Land laid out and Confirmed to them as aforesaid, never to be disturbed therein, or taken from them, so long as they own, keep and maintain their due Obedience and Subjection to His Majesty, His Governour and Government, and Amity and Friendship towards the *English* .



#### IV.

Whereas by the mutual Discontents, Complaints, Jealousies and Fears of *English* and *Indian* s, occasioned by the Violent Intrusions of divers *English* into their Lands, forcing the *Indian* s by way of Revenge, to kill the Cattel and Hogs of the *English* ,

- 7 -

whereby Offence and Injuries being given and done on both sides, the Peace of this His Majesties Colony hath been much disturbed, and the late unhappy Rebellion by this means (in a great measure) begun and fomented, which hath Involved this Countrey into so much Ruine and Misery: For prevention of which Injuries and evil consequences (as much as possibly we may) for time to come; It is hereby Concluded and Established, That no *English* shall Seat or Plant nearer than Three miles of any *Indian* Town; and whosoever hath made, or shall make any Incroachment upon their Lands, shall be removed from thence, and proceeded against as by the former Peace made, when the Honourable Colonel Francis Morison was Governour, and the Act of Assembly grounded thereupon, is Provided and Enacted.

V.

That the said *Indian* s be well Secured and Defended in their Persons, Goods and Properties,

- 8 -

against all hurts and injuries of the *English* ; and that upon any breach or violation, hereof the aggrieved *Indian* s do in the first place repair and Address themselves to the Governour, acquainting him therewith (without rashly and suddenly betaking themselves to any Hostile course for Satisfaction) who will Inflict such Punishment on the wilful Infringers hereof, as the Laws of England or this Countrey permit, and as if such hurt or injury had been done to any *English* man; which is but just and reasonable, they owning themselves to be under the Allegiance of His most Sacred Majesty.

## VI.

That no *Indian* King or Queen be Imprisoned without a special Warrant from His Majesties Governour and Two of the Council, and that no other *Indian* be Imprisoned without a Warrant from a Justice of Peace, upon sufficient cause of Commitment

## VII.

That the said *Indian* s have and enjoy their wonted conveniences of Oystering, Fishing, and gathering Tuchahoe, <sup>tuckahoe</sup>, Curtenemons, <sup>curtenemons</sup>, Wild Oats, Rushes, Puckoone, <sup>puckoone</sup>, or any thing else (for their natural support) not useful to the *English* , upon the *English* Dividends; Always provided they first repair to some Publick Magistrate of good Repute, and inform him of their number and business, who shall not refuse them a Certificate upon this or any other Lawful occasion, so that they make due return thereof when they come back, and go directly home about their business, without wearing or carrying any manner of Weapon, or lodging under any *English* mans Dwelling-house one night.

## VIII.

That no Foreign *Indian* be suffered to come to any *English* Plantation without a friendly neighbor *Indian* in his company with such

- 10 -

Certificate as aforesaid: and no *Indian* King is to refuse to send a safe Conduct with the Foreigner, upon any Lawful occasion of his coming in, and that no *Indian* do paint or disguise themselves when they come in.

## IX.

That all *Indian* Kings and Queens Tributary to the *English* , having notice of any March of strange *Indian* s near the *English* Quarters or Plantations, do forthwith repair to some one of the next Officers of the Militia, and acquaint him of their Nation, number, and design, and which way they bend their course.

X.

That if necessary, a convenient Party be presently sent out by the next Colonel of the Militia, to Aid, Strengthen, and joyn with our friendly *Indian* s against any Foreign Attempt, Incursion or Depredation upon the *Indian* Towns.

XI.

That every *Indian* fit to bear Arms, of the Neighbouring Nations in Peace with us, have such quantity of Powder and Shot allotted him, as the Right Honourable the Governour shall think sufficient on any occasion, and that such numbers of them be ready to go out with our Forces upon any March against the Enemy, and to receive such Pay for their good Services, as shall be thought fit.



## XII.

That each *Indian* King and Queen have equal Power to Govern their own People, and none to have greater Power then other, Except the Queen of Pamunkey, to whom several scattered Nations do now again own their ancient Subjection, and are agreed to come in and Plant themselves under her Power and Government; Who with her, are also hereby included into this present

- 12 -

League and Treaty of Peace, and are to keep and observe the same towards the said Queen in all things, as her Subjects, as well as towards the *English* .

### XIII.

That no person whatsoever shall entertain or keep any Neighbouring *Indian* as Servant, or otherwise, but by Licence of the Governour, and to be upon Obligation answerable for all Injuries and Damages by him or them happening to be done to any *English* .

## XIV.

That no *English* harbour or entertain any Vagrant or Runaway *Indian* , but convey him home by way of Pass, from Justice to Justice to his own Town, under Penalty of paying so much per day for harbouring him, as by the Law for entertaining of Runaways is recoverable.

XV.

That no *Indian* (of those in Amity with us) shall serve for any longer time then *English* of the like Ages should serve by Act of Assembly, and shall not be sold as Slaves.

## XVI.

That every *Indian* King and Queen in the Moneth of March every year, with some of their Great Men, shall tender their Obedience to the Right Honourable His Majesties Governour at the place of his Residence, whereever it shall be, and then and there pay the accustomed Tribute of Twenty Beaver Skins to the Governour, and also their Quit-Rent aforesaid, in acknowledgment they hold their Crowns and Lands of the Great King of England.

## XVII.

That due care be had and taken that those *Indian* Kings and Queens, their Great Men and Attendants that come on any Publick

- 14 -

Business to the Right Honourable the Governour, Council or Assembly, may be accommodated with Provisions and Houseroom at the Publick Charge, and that no *English* Subject shall abuse, revile, hurt or wrong them at any time in word or deed.

## XVIII.

That upon the Discord or Breach of Peace happening to arise between any of the *Indian* s in Amity with the *English* , upon the first appearance and beginning thereof, and before they enter into any open Acts of Hostility or War one against another, they shall repair to His Majesties Governour, by whose Justice and Wisdom it is concluded such Difference shall be made up and decided, and to whose final Determination the said *Indian* s shall submit and conform themselves.

## XIX.

That for the preventing the frequent mischiefs

- 15 -

and mistakes occasioned by unfaithful and corrupt Interpreters, and for the more safety, satisfaction, and advantage both of the *Indian* s and *English* , That there be one of each Nation of our Neighbouring *Indian* s that can already speak, or may become capable of speaking *English* , admitted together with those of the *English* , to be their own Interpreters.



XX.

That the several *Indian* s concluded in this Peace, do forthwith restore to the respective *English* Parents and Owners all such Children, Servants and Horses, which they have at any time taken from them, and are now remaining with them the said *Indian* s, or which they can make discovery of.

## XXI.

That the Trade with the said *Indian* s be continued, limited, restrained or laid open, as shall make best for the Peace and Quiet

- 16 -

of the Countrey; upon which Affair the Governour will consult with the Council and Assembly, and conclude thereon at their next meeting.

The Sign of the Queen of Pamunkey, on behalf of her self and the several *Indian* s under her Subjection.

The Sign of the Queen of Waonoke.

The Sign of the King of the Nottoways.

The Sign of the King of the Nancymond *Indian* s.

The Sign of Captain John West. Son to the Queen of Pamunkey.

Convenit cum Originali.

Test. Tho. Ludwell Secretary.

- 17 -

Memorandum the 29th day of May, 1677.

That this Instrument of Peace being Read and Expounded to the several *Indian* Kings and Queens then present (at the Court at Middle Plantation) by Interpreters Sworn truly to perform the same, the said *Indian* Kings and Queens Signed and delivered the Articles to the Honourable Governour upon their Knees, and received that other part, Signed and Delivered on behalf of the Kings Majesty, in the same posture of kneeling, of their own accords kissing the Paper as they Transferred it from hand to hand to each other, until every one had done the like Mark of Reverence to it, in sign of a most free and joyful acceptance of this Peace concluded with them. At the same time Pericuhtah King of the Appomatucks being then present, did earnestly desire to be admitted to the Signing this Peace with the rest; but he being suspected and Complained of to have Committed by himself or Subjects

- 18 -

some Murthers on His Majesties Subjects of England, was not admitted or included into this League at that time, nor is to partake of the benefit of this Peace, before he shall have cleared himself of this Guilt imputed to him, and Committed since His Majesties Commissioners came into Virginia, as they were credibly informed: Which Exemption gave the *English* general satisfaction, to find there was so just Inquisition made of the Bloud of their Slaughtered Brethren.

John Berry, Francis Morison

London Printed by John Bill, Christopher Barker, Thomas Newcomb and Henry Hills, Printers to the Kings  
Most Excellent Majesty 1677.



## Footnotes

treaty This document, most typically remembered as the “Treaty of Middle Plantation,” after the place where it was ratified (the site of present-day Williamsburg, Virginia) was signed in May 1677 by the governor representing the *English* colonial government and the leaders of several indigenous tribes, primarily the Pamunkey and Mattaponi, to bring an end to a series of conflicts between the *English* settlers and the native people of the region. The conflicts are most often referred to as “[Bacon’s Rebellion](#)” after its leader Nathaniel Bacon, who in 1676 led attacks against native groups and then an armed uprising against William Berkeley, then the *English* governor, and his administration. The Rebellion is a complicated and often ugly story, but a key component was that Bacon and the colonists who joined him in rising up against their own government, argued that Berkeley was not sufficiently brutal to the native American population in the area, which Bacon wished to eliminate completely to clear land for settlement. Bacon’s uprising exposed divisions with the colonists between the elite members of the government and the farmers, indentured servants, and also some enslaved African people who fought on Bacon’s side, but also exposed and exacerbated divisions with the local indigenous nations. Bacon and his followers burned the colonial capital of Jamestown down, but he died of unexpectedly of dysentery in October 1676. The rebellion lost its momentum with the loss of its leader. The British government restored order and executed some of the other central figures in the uprising. Berkeley was relieved of his office and went back to England, where he died in July 1677. Charles II sent a commission consisting of John Berry and Francis Morison to investigate the situation, as well as a new governor, Herbert Jeffreys, to replace the discredited Berkeley. The treaty to establish a durable peace was largely negotiated between the commissioners and a group of natives led by the Pamunkey leader Cockacoeske, who had become the most prominent representative of the indigenous people in the region. (We follow convention in identifying the “author” of the treaty as Charles Stuart or Charles II, as all royal proclamations and treaties were credited to him, but the terms were worked out on the ground, using language that followed legal and diplomatic precedent.) Under the terms of the treaty, the native peoples avowed their loyalty to the *English* crown. In return, the tribes were recognized as sovereign over their own citizens, and were granted various kinds of protection against future attempts at violence against them by *English* settlers. Colonists were, for example, not allowed to claim any land within three miles of a native village; this in effect established the first reservations for indigenous people in territory that was becoming increasingly dominated by the *English* . The treaty also consolidated Cockacoeske, the “Queen of Pamunkey” as the leader of the indigenous people of the area, insisting that other tribes declare their allegiance to her. *English* settlers often ignored the three-mile rule, and Cockacoeske had mixed success in getting other indigenous leaders to acknowledge her authority. But the Treaty of Middle Plantation remains in force to this day. Representatives of the Mattaponi and Pamunkey people [bring gifts such as turkey and deer to the Governor of Virginia](#) each year, usually around Thanksgiving, in symbolic fulfillment of their obligations for the “tribute” called for by the treaty. In theory, the Treaty of Middle Plantation protected indigenous people from acts of violence and codified their sovereignty, something that Bacon and his followers would not have accepted. But the document is also one of many that marks the long history of the displacement of native people in the Americas from the lands that they had lived on for many centuries.

- [JOB]

birthday May 29th was indeed the birthday of Charles II, as well as the anniversary of the day that he had been restored to the *English* throne in 1660. It is impossible to know whether this is a coincidence, or whether the *English* commissioners planned the treaty signing to occur on a day that they knew that their boss considered to be an auspicious one.  
- [JOB]

tuckahoe Tuckahoe is a generic name for a number of marsh grasses that indigenous people used for food and medicine.  
- [JOB]

curtenem Curtenemons is the Pamunkey word for the plant that English speakers usually call "dock"; it's a green that can be used fresh in salads or cooked.  
- [JOB]

puckoone A Pamunkey word for a plant that the indigenous people used to make a dye for clothes.  
- [JOB]

# "The Rape of the Lock"

By Alexander Pope

*Creation of machine-readable version, transcription, correction, editorial commentary, and markup by Oxford Computing Services and students and staff of the University of Virginia, John O'Brien, Sara Brunstetter*

- [Frontispiece] -

Frontispiece, [frontispiece](#)



- [Title Page] -

The Rape of the Lock ,<sup>title</sup>  
AN  
HEROI-COMICAL,<sup>Heroi-Comical</sup>  
POEM.  
In Five Canto's  
Written by Mr. POPE.  
—A tonso est hoc nomen adepta capillo.,<sup>nomen</sup>  
OVID.

LONDON

Printed for Bernard Lintott, at the  
Cross-keys in Fleetstreet . 1714.

- [Epistle.1] -

TO

Mrs. ARABELLA FERMOUR.,<sup>Arabella</sup>

MADAM,

It will be in vain to deny that I have some value for this piece, since I dedicate,<sup>dedicate</sup> it to you. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young

- [Epistle.2] -

Ladies, who have good sense and good Humour enough, to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded Follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the Air of a Secret, it soon found its Way into the World. An imperfect Copy having been offer'd to a Bookseller, You had the Good-Nature for my Sake to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forc'd to before I had executed half my Design, for the Machinery,<sup>machinery</sup> was entirely wanting to compleat it.

The Machinery Madam, is a Term invented by the Critiks, to signify that Part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons, are made to act in a poem: For the ancient Poets are in one respect like

- [Epistle.3] -

many modern Ladies; Let an Action be never so trivial in it self, they always make it appear of the utmost Importance. These Machines I determin'd to raise on a very new and odd Foundation, the *Rosicrucian*, *Rosicrucian* Doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard Words before a Lady, <sup>Lady</sup>; but 'tis so much the Concern of a Poet to have his Works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that You must give me leave to explain two or three difficult Terms.

The *Rosicrucians* are the People I must bring You acquainted with. The best Account I know of them is in the French Book call'd Le Comte de Gabalis, <sup>Gabalis</sup>, which

- [Epistle.4] -

both in its Title and Size is so like a *Novel*, that many of the fair Sex have read it for one by Mistake., <sup>novel</sup> According to these Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, *Nymphs*, and *Salamanders*. The *Gnomes*, or Dæmons of Earth, delight in Mischief; but the *Sylphs*, whose Habitation is Air, are the best-condition'd Creatures imaginable. For the say, any Mortals may enjoy the most intimate Familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a Condition very easie to all true *Adepts*, an inviolate Preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Canto's, all the Passages of them are as Fabulous, as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the End; (except the Loss of your

- [Epistle.5] -

Hair, which I always name with Reverence.) The Human Persons are as Fictitious as the Airy ones; and the Character of *Belinda*, as it is now manag'd, resembles You in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in Your Person, or in Your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass thro' the World half so Uncensured as You have done. But let its Fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this Occasion of assuring You that I am. with the truest Esteem,

*Madam,*  
*Your Most Obedient*  
*Humble Servant.*  
A. POPE.

Figure 1, [Figure\\_1](#)

# THE RAPE *of the* LOCK.

## CANTO I.

1 WHAT dire Offence from am'rous Causes springs,  
2 What mighty Quarrels rise from Trivial Things,  
3 I sing -- This Verse to C---l, <sup>caryll</sup>, Muse! is due;  
6 This, ev'n Belinda, <sup>Belinda</sup> may vouchsafe to view:  
7 Slight is the Subject, but not so the Praise,  
8 If She inspire, and He approve my Lays.

1 Say what strange Motive, Goddess! cou'd compel  
2 A well-bred Lord t'assault a gentle Belle?  
3 Oh say what stranger Cause, yet unexplor'd,  
4 Cou'd make a gentle Belle reject a Lord ?  
5 And dwells such Rage in softest Bosoms then?  
6 And lodge such daring Souls in Little Men?  
7 Sol, <sup>Sol</sup> thro' white Curtains did his Beams display,  
8 And op'd those Eyes which brighter shine than they;  
9 Now Shock, <sup>Shock</sup> had giv'n himself the rowzing Shake,  
10 And Nymphs prepar'd their Chocolate, <sup>chocolate</sup> to take;  
11 Thrice the wrought Slipper knock'd against the Ground,, <sup>slipper</sup>  
12 And striking Watches, <sup>watches</sup> the tenth Hour resound.  
13 Belinda still her downy Pillow prest,  
14 Her Guardian Sylph, <sup>sylph</sup> prolong'd the balmy Rest.  
15 'Twas he, <sup>Ariel</sup> had summon'd to her silent Bed  
16 The Morning Dream that hover'd o'er her Head.  
17 A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau, <sup>beau</sup>,  
18 (That ev'n in Slumber caus'd her Cheek to glow)

19 Seem'd to her Ear his winning Lips to lay,  
20 And thus in Whispers said, or seem'd to say.

21 Fairest of Mortals, thou distinguish'd Care  
22 Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!  
23 If e'er one Vision touch'd thy infant Thought,  
24 Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught,  
25 Of airy Elves by Moonlight Shadows seen,  
26 The silver Token, <sup>Token</sup>, and the circled Green,  
27 Or Virgins visited by Angel-Pow'rs,  
28 With Golden Crowns and Wreaths of heav'nly Flowers,  
29 Hear and believe! thy own Importance know,  
30 Nor bound thy narrow Views to Things below.  
31 Some secret Truths from Learned Pride conceal'd,  
32 To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:  
33 What tho' no Credit doubting Wits may give?  
34 The Fair and Innocent shall still believe.  
35 Know then, unnumbered Spirits round thee fly,  
36 The light Militia, <sup>militia</sup> of the lower Sky;

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37 These, tho' unseen, are ever on the Wing, <sup>wing</sup>,  
38 Hang o'er the Box, <sup>box</sup>, and hover round the Ring, <sup>ring</sup>.  
39 Think what an Equipage, <sup>equipage</sup> thou hast in Air,  
40 And view with scorn Two Pages and a Chair, <sup>chair</sup>.  
41 As now your own, our Beings were of old,  
42 And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous Mold, <sup>mold</sup>;  
43 Thence, by a soft Transition, <sup>transition</sup>, we repair  
44 From earthly Vehicles to those of Air.  
45 Think not, when Woman's transient Breath is fled,  
46 That all her Vanities at once are dead:  
47 Succeeding Vanities she still regards,  
48 And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the Cards., <sup>cards</sup>. \.  
49 Her Joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,  
50 And Love of Ombre, <sup>Ombre</sup>, after Death survive.  
51 For when the Fair in all their Pride expire,  
52 To their first Elements the Souls retire;  
53 The Sprights of fiery Termagants in Flame, <sup>sprights</sup>  
54 Mount up, and take a Salamander's Name.  
55 Soft yielding Minds to Water glide away,  
56 And sip with Nymphs, their Elemental Tea.

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57 The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,  
58 In search of Mischief still on Earth to roam.  
59 The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,  
60 And sport and flutter in the Fields of Air.

61 Know farther yet; Whoever fair and chaste  
62 Rejects Mankind, is by some *Sylph* embrac'd:  
63 For Spirits, freed from mortal Laws, with ease  
64 Assume what Sexes and what Shapes they please.  
65 What guards the Purity of melting Maids,  
66 In Courtly Balls, and Midnight Masquerades,  
67 Safe from the treach'rous Friend, and daring Spark,  
68 The Glance by Day, the Whisper in the Dark;  
69 When kind Occasion prompts their warm Desires,  
70 When Musick softens, and when Dancing fires?  
71 'Tis but their *Sylph* , the wise Celestials know,  
72 Tho' *Honour*, <sup>honour</sup> is the Word with Men below.

73 Some Nymphs there are, too conscious of their Face,  
74 For Life predestin'd to the *Gnomes* Embrace

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75 Who swell their Prospects and exalt their Pride,  
76 When Offers are disdain'd, and Love deny'd.  
77 Then gay Ideas crowd the vacant Brain;  
78 While Peers and Dukes, and all their sweeping Train,  
79 And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,  
80 And in soft Sounds, *Your Grace* salutes their Ear.  
81 'Tis these that early taint the Female Soul,  
82 Instruct the Eyes of young *Coquettes* to roll,  
83 Teach Infants Cheeks a bidden Blush to know,  
84 And little Hearts to flutter at a *Beau* .

85 Oft when the World imagine Women stray,  
86 The *Sylphs* thro' mystick Mazes guide thier Way,  
87 Thro' all the giddy Circle they pursue,  
88 And old Impertinence expel by new.  
89 What tender Maid but must a Victim fall  
90 To one Man's Treat, but for another's Ball?  
91 When *Florio*, <sup>florio</sup> speaks, what Virgin could withstand,  
92 If gentle *Damon*, <sup>n051</sup> did not squeeze her Hand?

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93 With varying Vanities, from ev'ry Part,  
94 They shift the moving Toyshop of their Heart;  
95 Where Wigs with Wigs, with Sword-knots Sword-knots strive,  
96 Beaus banish Beaus, and Coaches Coaches drive.  
97 This erring Mortals Levity may call,  
98 Oh blind to Truth! the *Sylphs* contrive it all.

99 Of these am I, who thy Protection claim,

100 A watchful Sprite, and *Ariel* is my Name.  
101 Late, as I rang'd the Crystal Wilds of Air,  
102 In the clear Mirror of thy ruling *Star*  
103 I saw, alas! some dread Event impend,  
104 E're to the Main, <sup>main</sup> this Morning's Sun descend.  
105 But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:  
106 Warn'd by thy *Sylph* , oh Pious Maid beware!  
107 This to disclose is all thy Guardian can.  
108 Beware of all, but most beware of Man!

109 He said; when *Shock* , who thought she slept too long,  
110 Leapt up, and wak'd his Mistress with his Tongue.

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111 'Twas then *Belinda* ! if Report say true,  
112 Thy Eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux, <sup>billet-doux</sup> ;  
113 *Wounds*, *Charms* , and *Ardors* , were no sooner read  
114 But all the Vision vanish'd from thy Head.

114 And now, unveil'd, the Toilet, <sup>toilet</sup> stands display'd,  
116 Each Silver Vase in mystic Order laid.  
117 First, rob'd in White, the Nymph intent adores  
118 With Head uncover'd, the *cosmetic* Pow'rs.  
119 A heav'nly Image in the Glass, <sup>glass</sup> appears,  
120 To that she bends, to that her Eyes she rears;  
121 Th' inferior Priestess, at her Altar's, <sup>altar</sup> side,  
122 Trembling, begins the sacred Rites of Pride  
123 Unnumber'd Treasures ope at once, and here  
124 The various Off'rings of the World , <sup>world</sup> appear;  
125 From each she nicely culls with curious Toil,  
126 And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring Spoil, <sup>spoil</sup> .  
127 This Casket, <sup>casket</sup> *India* 's glowing Gems, <sup>gems</sup> unlocks,  
128 And all *Arabia*, <sup>Arabia</sup> breaths from yonder Box.

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129 The Tortoise here and Elephant , <sup>tortoise</sup> unite,  
130 Transform'd to *Combs* , the speckled and the white.  
131 Here Files of Pins extend their shining Rows,  
132 Puffs, Powders, Patches, <sup>patches</sup> , Bibles, Billet-doux.  
133 Now awful, <sup>awful</sup> Beauty puts on all its Arms, <sup>arms</sup> ;  
134 The Fair each moment rises in her Charms,  
135 Repairs her Smiles, awakens ev'ry Grace,  
136 And calls forth all the Wonders of her Face;  
137 Sees by Degrees a purer Blush arise,

138 And keener Lightnings quicken in her Eyes.  
139 The busy *Sylphs* surround their darling Care;  
140 These set the Head, and those divide the Hair,  
141 Some fold the Sleeve, while others plait the Gown;  
142 And Betty, *Betty* 's prais'd for Labours not her own.



Figure 2, [Figure\\_2](#)

## THE RAPE *of the* LOCK.

### CANTO II.

1 NOT with more Glories, in th' Etherial,<sup>etherial</sup> Plain,  
2 The Sun first rises o'er the purpled Main,  
3 Than issuing forth, the Rival,<sup>rival</sup> of his Beams  
4 Lanch'd on the Bosom of the Silver *Thames* .  
5 Fair Nymphs,<sup>nymphs</sup>, and well-drest Youths around her shone,  
6 But ev'ry Eye was fix'd on her alone.  
7 On her white Breast a sparkling *Cross* she wore,  
8 Which Jews,<sup>cross</sup> might kiss, and Infidels adore.

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9 Her lively Looks a sprightly Mind disclose,  
10 Quick as her Eyes, and as unfix'd as those:  
11 Favours to none, to all she Smiles extends,  
12 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.  
13 Bright as the Sun, her Eyes the Gazers strike,  
14 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.  
15 Yet graceful Ease, and Sweetness void of Pride,  
16 Might hide her Faults, if *Belles* had faults to hide:  
17 If to her share some Female Errors fall,  
18 Look on her Face, and you'll forget 'em all.

19 This Nymph,<sup>nymph</sup>, to the Destruction of Mankind,  
20 Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind  
21 In equal Curls, and well conspir'd to deck  
22 With shining Ringlets her smooth Iv'ry,<sup>ivory</sup> Neck.  
23 Love in these Labyrinths his Slaves detains,  
24 And mighty Hearts are held in slender Chains.  
25 With hairy Sprindges,<sup>sprindges</sup> we the Birds betray,  
26 Slight Lines of Hair surprize the Finny Prey,<sup>finney</sup> ,

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27 Fair Tresses,<sup>tresses</sup> Man's Imperial Race insnare,  
28 And Beauty draws us with a single Hair.

29 Th' Adventrous *Baron* the bright Locks admir'd,  
30 He saw, he wish'd, and to the Prize aspir'd:  
31 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,  
32 By Force to ravish, or by Fraud betray;  
33 For when Success, <sup>success</sup> a Lover's Toil attends,  
34 Few ask, if Fraud or Force attain'd his Ends.

35 For this, e're Phaebus, <sup>Phaebus</sup> rose, he had implor'd  
36 Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry Pow'r ador'd,  
37 But chiefly *Love* ---to *Love* an Altar built,  
38 Of twelve vast *French* Romances, neatly gilt.  
39 There lay the Sword-knot, <sup>sword-knot</sup> *Sylvia* 's Hands had sown,  
40 With *Flavia's* Busk, <sup>busk</sup> that oft had rapp'd his own:  
41 A Fan, a Garter, half a Pair of Gloves;  
42 And all the Trophies of his former Loves.  
43 With tender Bilet-doux, <sup>bilet-doux</sup> he lights the Pyre,  
44 And breaths three am'rous Sighs to raise the Fire.

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45 Then prostrate, <sup>prostrate</sup> falls, and begs with ardent Eyes  
46 Soon to obtain, and long possess the Prize, <sup>Prize</sup> :  
47 The Pow'rs gave Ear, <sup>Ear</sup> , and granted half his Pray'r,  
48 The rest, the Winds dispers'd in empty Air.

49 But now secure the Painted Vessel, <sup>Vessel</sup> glides,  
50 The Sun-beams trembling on the floating Tydes,  
51 While melting Musick steals upon the Sky,  
52 And soften'd Sounds along the Waters die.  
53 Smooth flow the Waves, the Zephyrs, <sup>zephyrs</sup> gently play  
54 *Belinda* smil'd, and all the World was gay.  
55 All but the *Sylph* ----With careful Thoughts opprest,  
56 Th' impending Woe sate heavy on his Breast.  
57 He summons strait his Denizens, <sup>Denizens</sup> of Air;  
58 The lucid, <sup>lucid</sup> Squadrons round the Sails repair:  
59 Soft o'er the Shrouds Aerial Whispers breath,  
60 That seem'd but *Zephyrs* to the Train beneath.  
61 Some to the Sun their Insect-Wings unfold,  
62 Waft on the Breeze, or sink in Clouds of Gold.

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63 Transparent Forms, too fine for mortal Sight,  
64 Their fluid Bodies half dissolv'd in Light.  
65 Loose to the Wind their airy Garments flew,  
66 Thin glitt'ring Textures of the filmy Dew;

67 Dipt in the richest Tincture, <sup>Tincture</sup> of the Skies,  
68 Where Light disports in ever-mingling Dies, <sup>Dies</sup> ,  
69 While ev'ry Beam new transient Colours flings,  
70 Colours that change whene'er they wave their Wings.  
71 Amid the Circle, on the gilded Mast,  
72 Superior by the Head, was *Ariel* plac'd;  
73 His Purple Pinions, <sup>Pinions</sup> opening to the Sun,  
74 He rais'd his Azure, <sup>Azure</sup> Wand, and thus begun.

75 Ye *Sylphs* and *Sylphids* , to your Chief, <sup>Chief</sup> give Ear,  
76 *Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves* , and *Daemons* hear!  
77 Ye know the Spheres and various Tasks assign'd,  
78 By Laws Eternal, to th' Aerial Kind.  
79 Some in the Fields of purest *AEther* play,  
80 And bask and whiten in the Blaze of Day.

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81 Some guide the Course of wandering Orbs, <sup>orbs</sup> on high,  
82 Or roll the Planets thro' the boundless Sky.  
83 Some less refin'd, beneath the Moon's pale Light  
84 Hover, and catch the shooting stars by Night;  
85 Or suck the Mists in grosser Air below,  
86 Or dip their Pinions in the painted Bow, <sup>Bow</sup> ,  
87 Or brew fierce Tempests on the wintry Main.  
88 Or on the Glebe, <sup>glebe</sup> distill the kindly Rain.  
89 Others on Earth o'er human Race preside,  
90 Watch all their Ways, and all their Actions guide:  
91 Of these the Chief the Care of Nations own,  
92 And guard with Arms Divine the *British Throne* .

93 Our humbler Province is to tend the Fair, <sup>Fair</sup> ,  
94 Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious Care.  
95 To save the Powder, <sup>Powder</sup> from too rude a Gale,  
96 Nor let th' imprison'd Essences exhale,  
97 To draw fresh Colours from the vernal, <sup>vernal</sup> Flow'rs,  
98 To steal from Rainbows ere they drop in Show'rs

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99 A brighter Wash; to curl their waving Hairs,  
100 Assist their Blushes, and inspire their Airs;  
101 Nay oft, in Dreams, Invention we bestow,  
102 To change a Flounce, <sup>Flounce</sup> , or add a Furbelo, <sup>Furbelow</sup> .

103 This Day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair, <sup>brightest</sup>

104 That e'er deserv'd a watchful Spirit's Care;  
105 Some dire Disaster, or by Force, or Slight,  
106 But what, or where, the Fates have wrapt, <sup>wrapt</sup> in Night.  
107 Whether the Nymph shall break Diana, <sup>Diana</sup> 's Law,  
108 Or some frail China Jar receive a Flaw,  
109 Or stain her Honour, or her new Brocade, <sup>Brocade</sup> ,  
110 Forget her Pray'rs, or miss a Masquerade,  
111 Or lose her Heart, or Necklace, at a Ball;  
112 Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.  
113 Haste then ye Spirits! to your Charge repair;  
114 The flutt'ring Fan be Zephyretta, <sup>Zephyretta</sup> 's Care;  
115 The Drops to thee, Brillante, <sup>Brillante</sup> , we consign;  
116 And Momentilla, <sup>Momentilla</sup> , let the Watch be thine;

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117 Do thou, Crispissa, <sup>Crispissa</sup> , tend her fav'rite Lock;  
118 Ariel himself shall be the Guard of Shock .

119 To Fifty chosen Sylphs , of special Note,  
120 We trust th' important Charge, the Petticoat :  
121 Oft have we known that sev'nfold Fence to fail;  
122 Tho' stiff with Hoops, and arm'd with Ribs of Whale, <sup>Ribs</sup> .  
123 Form a strong Line about the Silver Bound,  
124 And guard the wide Circumference around.

125 Whatever spirit, careless of his Charge,  
126 His Post neglects, or leaves the Fair at large,  
127 Shall feel sharp Vengeance soon o'ertake his Sins,  
128 Be stopt, <sup>stopt</sup> in Vials, <sup>Vials</sup> , or transfixt with Pins ;  
129 Or plung'd in Lakes of bitter Washes lie,  
130 Or wedg'd whole Ages in a Bodkin's, <sup>bodkin</sup> Eye:  
131 Gums and Pomatums, <sup>pomatums</sup> shall his Flight restrain,  
132 While clog'd he beats his silken Wings in vain;  
133 Or Alom- Stypticks, <sup>styptick</sup> with contracting Power  
134 Shrink his thin Essence like a rivell'd Flower.

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135 Or as Ixion, <sup>Ixion</sup> fix'd, the Wretch shall feel  
136 The giddy Motion of the whirling Mill, <sup>Mill</sup>  
137 Midst Fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow,  
138 And tremble at the Sea, <sup>Sea</sup> that froaths below!

139 He, <sup>He</sup> spoke; the Spirits from the Sails descend;

140 Some, Orb in Orb, around the Nymph, <sup>Nymph</sup> extend,  
141 Some thrid, <sup>thrid</sup> the mazy Ringlets of her Hair,  
142 Some hang upon the Pendants of her Ear;  
143 With beating Hearts the dire Event they wait,  
144 Anxious, and trembling for the Birth of Fate.

Figure 3, [Figure\\_3](#)

## THE RAPE *of the* LOCK.

### CANTO III.

1 CLOSE by those Meads, <sup>meads</sup> for ever crown'd with Flow'rs,  
2 Where *Thames* with Pride surveys his rising Tow'rs,  
3 There stands a Structure of Majestick Frame,  
4 Which from the neighb'ring Hampton, <sup>Hampton</sup> takes its Name.  
5 Here *Britain* 's Statesmen oft the Fall foredoom  
6 Of Foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;  
7 Here Thou, great *Anna*, <sup>Anne</sup> ! whom three Realms obey,  
8 Dost sometimes Counsel take--and sometimes *Tea* .

9 Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs resort,  
10 To taste awhile the Pleasures of a Court;  
11 In various Talk th' instructive hours they past,  
12 Who gave a *Ball* , or paid the *Visit* last:  
13 One speaks the Glory of the *British Queen* ,  
14 And one describes a charming *Indian Screen* ;  
15 A third interprets Motions, Looks, and Eyes;  
16 At ev'ry Word a Reputation dies.  
17 *Snuff* , or the *Fan* , supply each Pause of Chat,  
18 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.  
  
19 Mean while declining from the Noon of Day,  
20 The Sun obliquely shoots his burning Ray;  
21 The hungry Judges soon the Sentence sign,  
22 And Wretches hang that Jury-men may Dine;  
23 The Merchant from th' *Exchange* returns in Peace,  
24 And the long Labours of the *Toilette* cease ----  
25 *Belinda* now, whom Thirst of Fame invites,  
26 Burns to encounter two adventrous Knights,

27 At *Ombre*, <sup>ombre</sup> singly to decide their Doom;  
28 And swells her Breast with Conquests yet to come.  
29 Strait the three Bands prepare in Arms to join,  
30 Each Band the number of the Sacred Nine.



31 Soon as she spreads her Hand, th' Aerial Guard  
32 Descend, and fit on each important Card,  
33 First *Ariel* perch'd upon a *Matadore*, *matadore* ,  
34 Then each, according to the Rank they bore;  
35 For *Sylphs* , yet mindful of their ancient Race,  
36 Are, as when Women, wondrous fond of place.  
  
37 Behold, four *Kings* in Majesty rever'd,  
38 With hoary Whiskers and a forky Beard;  
39 And four fair *Queens* whose hands sustain a Flow'r,  
40 Th' expressive Emblem of their softer Pow'r;  
41 Four *Knaves* in Garbs succinct, a trusty Band,  
42 Caps on their heads, and Halberds in their hand;  
43 And Particolour'd Troops, a shining Train,  
44 Draw forth to Combat on the *Velvet Plain*, *Velvet-Plain* .

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45 The skilful Nymph reviews her *Force*, *Force* with Care;  
46 *Let Spades be Trumps*, *Trumps* , she said, and Trumps they were.  
47 Now move to War her Sable *matadores* ,  
48 In Show like Leaders of the swarthy *Moors* .  
49 *Spadillio* first, unconquerable Lord!  
50 Led off two captive Trumps, and swept the Board  
51 As many more *Manillio* forc'd to yield,  
52 And march'd a Victor from the verdant Field.  
53 Him *Basto* follow'd, but his Fate more hard  
54 Gain'd but one Trump and one *Plebeian* Card.  
55 With his broad Sabre next, a Chief in Years,  
56 The hoary Majesty of *Spades* appears;  
57 Puts forth one manly Leg, to fight reveal'd;  
58 The rest his many-colour'd Robe conceal'd.  
59 The Rebel- *Knave* , that dares his Prince engage,  
60 Proves the just Victim of his Royal Rage.  
61 Ev'n mighty *Pam* that Kings and Queens o'erthrow,  
62 And mow'd down Armies in the Fights of *Lu* ,  
63 And Chance of War! now, destitute of Aid,  
64 Falls undistinguish'd by the Victor *Spade*, *Spade* !

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65 Thus far both Armies to *Belinda* yield;  
66 Now to the *Baron*, *Baron* Fate inclines the Field.  
67 His warlike *Amazon* her Host invades,  
68 Th' Imperial Consort of the Crown of *Spades* .  
69 The *Club's* black Tyrant first her Victim dy'd,  
70 Spite of his haughty Mien, and barb'rous Pride:

71 What boots the Regal Circle on his Head,  
72 His Giant Limbs in State unwiedly spread?  
73 That long behind he trails his pompous Robe,  
74 And of all Monarchs only grasps the Globe, <sup>Globe</sup> ?

75 The *Baron* now his *Diamonds* pours apace;  
76 Th' embroider'd *King* who shows but half his Face,  
77 And his refulgent *Queen* , with Pow'rs combin'd,  
78 Of broken Troops an easie Conquest find.  
79 *Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts* , in wild Disorder seen,  
80 With Throngs promiscuous strow the level Green.  
81 Thus when dispers'd a routed Army runs,  
82 Of *Asia* 's Troops, and *Africk* 's Sable Sons,

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83 With like Confusion different Nations fly,  
84 In various habits and of various Dye,  
85 The pierc'd Battalions dis-united fall,  
86 In Heaps on Heaps; one Fate o'erwhelms them all.

87 The *Knave* of *Diamonds* now exerts his Arts,  
88 And wins (oh shameful Chance!) the *Queen* of *Hearts* .  
89 At this, the Blood the Virgin's Cheek forsook,  
90 A livid Paleness spreads o'er all her Look;  
91 She sees, and trembles at th' approaching Ill,  
92 Just in the Jaws of Ruin, and Codille, <sup>Codille</sup> .  
93 And now, (as oft in some distemper'd State)  
94 On one nice Trick, <sup>Trick</sup> depends the gen'ral Fate,  
95 Lurk'd in her Hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen, <sup>Queen</sup> .  
96 He springs to Vengeance with an eager pace,  
97 And falls like Thunder on the prostrate *Ace* .  
98 The Nymph exulting fills with Shouts the Sky,  
99 The Walls, the Woods, and long Canals reply.

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100 Oh thoughtless Mortals! ever blind to Fate,  
101 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!  
102 Sudden these Honours shall be snatch'd away,  
103 And curs'd for ever this Victorious Day.

104 For lo! the Board with Cups and Spoons is crown'd,  
105 The Berries, <sup>Berries</sup> crackle, and the Mill turns round.  
106 On shining Altars of Japan, <sup>Japan</sup> they raise  
107 The silver Lamp, and fiery Spirits blaze.  
108 From silver Spouts the grateful Liquors glide,

109 And *China* 's Earth receives the smoking Tyde.  
110 At once they gratify their Scent and Taste,  
111 While frequent Cups prolong the rich Repast.  
112 Strait hover round the Fair her Airy Band;  
113 Some, as she sip'd, the fuming Liquor fann'd,  
114 Some o'er her Lap their careful Plumes display'd,  
115 Trembling, and conscious of the rich Brocade.  
116 *Coffee* , (which makes the Politician wise,  
117 And see thro' all things with his half shut Eyes)

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118 Sent up in Vapours to the *Baron* 's Brain  
119 New Stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.  
120 Ah cease rash Youth! desist e'er 'tis too late,  
121 Fear the just Gods, and think of *Scylla*, <sup>*Scylla*</sup> 's Fate!  
122 Chang'd to a Bird, and sent to flit in Air,  
123 She dearly pays for *Nisus*' injur'd Hair!

124 But when to Mischief Mortals bend their Mind,  
125 How soon fit Instruments of Ill they find?  
126 Just then, *Clarissa* drew with tempting Grace  
127 A two-edg'd Weapon from her shining Case;  
128 So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,  
129 Present the Spear, and arm him for the Fight.  
130 He takes the Gift with rev'rence, and extends  
131 The little Engine on his Finger's Ends,  
132 This just behind *Belinda* 's Neck he spread,  
133 As o'er the fragrant Steams she bends her Head:  
134 Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprights repair,  
135 A thousand Wings, by turns, blow back the Hair,

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136 And thrice they twitch'd the Diamond in her Ear,  
137 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the Foe drew near.  
138 Just in that instant, anxious *Ariel* sought  
139 The close Recesses of the Virgin's Thought;  
140 As on the *Nosegay*, <sup>*Nosegay*</sup> in her Breast reclin'd,  
141 He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her Mind,  
142 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her Art,  
143 An Earthly Lover lurking at her Heart.  
144 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his Pow'r expir'd,  
145 Resign'd to Fate, and with a Sigh retir'd.

146 The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring *Forfex*, <sup>*Forfex*</sup> wide,  
147 T'inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.

148 Ev'n then, before the fatal Engine clos'd,  
149 A wretched *Sylph* too fondly interpos'd;  
150 Fate urg'd the Sheers, and cut the *Sylph* in twain,  
151 (\*But Airy Substance soon unites again), <sup>Airy</sup>  
152 The meeting Points that sacred Hair dissever  
153 From the fair Head, for ever and for ever!

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154 Then flash'd the living Lightnings from her Eyes,  
155 And Screams of Horror rend th' affrighted Skies.  
156 Not louder Shrieks by Dames to Heav'n are cast,  
157 When Husbands or when Monkeys, <sup>Monkeys</sup> breath their last,  
158 Or when rich *China* Vessels, fal'n from high,  
159 In glittering Dust and painted Fragments lie!

160 Let Wreaths of Triumph, <sup>Wreaths</sup> now my Temples twine,  
161 (The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!  
162 While Fish in Streams, or Birds delight in Air,  
163 Or in a Coach and Six the *British* Fair,  
164 As long as Atalantis, <sup>Atalantis</sup> shall be read,  
165 Or the small Pillow grace a Lady's Bed,  
166 While *Visits* shall be paid on solemn Days,  
167 When numerous Wax-lights in bright Order blaze,  
168 While Nymphs take Treats, or Assignations give,  
169 So long my Honour, Name, and Praise shall live!

170 What Time wou'd spare, from Steel receives its date,  
171 And Monuments, like Men, submit to Fate!

- 29 -

172 Steel did the Labour of the Gods destroy,  
173 And strike to Dust th' Imperial Tow'rs of *Troy* ;  
174 Steel cou'd the Works of mortal Pride confound,  
175 And hew Triumphal Arches to the Ground.  
176 What Wonder then, fair Nymph! thy Hairs shou'd feel  
177 The conqu'ring Force of unresisted Steel?

Figure 4, [Figure\\_4](#)

## THE RAPE *of the* LOCK.

### CANTO IV.

1 BUT anxious Cares the pensive Nymph opprest,  
2 And secret Passions labour'd in her Breast.  
3 Not youthful Kings in Battel seiz'd alive,  
4 Not scornful Virgins who their Charms survive,  
5 Not ardent Lovers robb'd of all their Bliss,  
6 Not ancient Ladies when refus'd a Kiss,  
7 Not Tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,  
8 Not *Cynthia* when her *Manteau* 's pinn'd awry,

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9 E'er felt such Rage, Resentment and Despair,  
10 As Thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair.  
  
11 For, that sad moment, when the *Sylphs* withdrew,  
12 And *Ariel* weeping from *Belinda* flew,  
13 *Umbriel* , a dusky melancholy Spright,  
14 As ever fully'd the fair face of Light,  
15 Down to the Central Earth, his proper Scene,  
16 Repairs to search the gloomy Cave of *Spleen*,<sup>n165</sup> .  
  
17 Swift on his sooty Pinions flitts the *Gnome* ,  
18 And in a Vapour reach'd the dismal *Dome*,<sup>Dome</sup> .  
19 No cheerful Breeze this sullen Region knows,  
20 The dreaded *East* is all the Wind that blows.  
21 Here, in a Grotto, sheltred close from Air,  
22 And screen'd in Shades from Day's detested Glare,  
23 She sighs for ever on her pensive Bed,  
24 *Pain* at her side, and *Languor* at her Head.  
  
25 Two Handmaids wait the Throne: Alike in Place,  
26 But diff'ring far in Figure and in Face.

- 32 -

27 Here stood *Ill-nature* like an *ancient Maid* ,  
28 Her wrinkled Form in *Black* and *White* array'd;  
29 With store of Pray'rs, for Mornings, Nights, and Noons,

30 Her Hand is fill'd; her Bosom with Lampoons, <sup>Lampoon</sup> .

31 There *Affectation* with a sickly Mien  
32 Shows in her Cheek the Roses of Eighteen,  
33 Practis'd to Lisp, and hang the Head aside,  
34 Faints into Airs, and languishes with Pride;  
35 On the rich Quilt sinks with becoming Woe,  
36 Wrapt in a Gown, for Sickness, and for Show.  
37 The Fair ones feel such Maladies as these,  
38 When each new Night-Dress gives a new Disease.

39 A constant *Vapour* o'er the Palace flies;  
40 Strange Phantoms rising as the Mists arise;  
41 Dreadful, as Hermit's Dreams in haunted Shades,  
42 Or bright as Visions of expiring Maids.  
43 Now glaring Fiends, and Snakes on rolling Spires, <sup>Spires</sup> ,  
44 Pale Spectres, gaping Tombs, and Purple Fires:

- 33 -

45 Now Lakes of liquid Gold, Elysian, <sup>Elysian</sup> Scenes,  
46 And Crystal Domes, and Angels in Machines.

47 Unnumber'd Throngs on ev'ry side are seen  
48 Of Bodies chang'd to various Forms by *Spleen* .  
49 Here living *Teapots* stand, one Arm held out,  
50 One bent; the Handle this, and that the Spout:  
51 A Pipkin, <sup>Pipkin</sup> there like *Homer* 's Tripod, <sup>Tripod</sup> walks;  
52 Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pye, <sup>Goose-pye</sup> talks;  
53 Men prove with Child, as pow'rful Fancy works,  
54 And Maids turn'd Bottels, call aloud for Corks.

55 Safe past the *Gnome* thro' this fantastick Band,  
56 A Branch, <sup>Branch</sup> of healing *Spleenwort* in his hand.  
57 Then thus address the Pow'r--Hail wayward Queen;  
58 Who rule the Sex to Fifty from Fifteen,  
59 Parent of Vapors and of Female Wit,  
60 Who give th' *Hysteric* or *Poetic* Fit,  
61 On various Tempers act by various ways,  
62 Make some take Physick, others scribble Plays;

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63 Who cause the Proud their Visits to delay,  
64 And send the Godly in a Pett, <sup>Pett</sup> , to pray.  
65 A Nymph there is, that all thy Pow'r disdains,  
66 And thousands more in equal Mirth maintains.

67 But oh! if e'er thy *Gnome* could spoil a Grace,  
68 Or raise a Pimple on a beauteous Face,  
69 Like Citron-Waters, <sup>Citron-Waters</sup> Matron's Cheeks inflame,  
70 Or change Complexions at a losing Game;  
71 If e'er with airy Horns, <sup>Horns</sup> I planted Heads,  
72 Or rumbled Petticoats, or tumbled Beds,  
73 Or caus'd Suspicion when no Soul was rude,  
74 Or discompos'd the Head-dress of a Prude,  
75 Or e'er to costive, <sup>costive</sup> Lap-Dog gave Disease,  
76 Which not the Tears of brightest Eyes could ease:  
77 Hear me, and touch *Belinda* with Chagrin;  
78 That single Act gives half the World the Spleen.

79 The Goddess with a discontented Air  
80 Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his Pray'r.

- 35 -

81 A wondrous Bag with both her Hands she binds,  
82 Like that where once *Ulysses*, <sup>Bag</sup> held the Winds;  
83 There she collects the Force of Female Lungs,  
84 Sighs, Sobs, and Passions, and the War of Tongues.  
85 A Vial next she fills with fainting Fears,  
86 Soft Sorrows, melting Grievs, and flowing Tears.  
87 The *Gnome* rejoicing bears her Gift away,  
88 Spreads his black Wings, and flowly mounts to Day.

89 Sunk in *Thalestris*', <sup>Thalestris</sup> Arms the Nymph he found,  
90 Her Eyes dejected and her Hair unbound.  
91 Full o'er their Heads the swelling Bag he rent,  
92 And all the Furies, <sup>Furies</sup> issued at the Vent.  
93 *Belinda* burns with more than mortal Ire, <sup>Ire</sup> ,  
94 And fierce *Thalestris* fans the rising Fire.  
95 O wretched Maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd,  
96 (While *Hampton* 's Ecchos wretched Maid reply'd)  
97 Was it for this you took such constant Care  
98 The *Bodkin*, *Comb* , and *Essence* to prepare;

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99 For this your Locks in Paper-Durance, <sup>paper</sup> bound,  
100 For this with tort'ring Irons wreath'd around?  
101 For this with Fillets, <sup>Fillets</sup> strain'd your tender Head,  
102 And bravely bore the double Loads of Lead, <sup>Lead</sup> ?  
103 Gods! shall the Ravisher display your Hair,  
104 While the Fops, <sup>Fops</sup> envy, and the Ladies stare!



105 *Honour* forbid! at whose unrival'd Shrine  
106 Ease, Pleasure, Virtue, All, our Sex resign.  
107 Methinks already I your Tears survey,  
108 Already hear the horrid things they say,  
109 Already see you a degraded Toast, <sup>Toast</sup> ,  
110 And all your Honour in a Whisper lost!  
111 How shall I, then, your helpless Fame defend?  
112 'Twill then be Infamy to seem your Friend!  
113 And shall this Prize, th' inestimable Prize,  
114 Expos'd thro' Crystal to the gazing Eyes,  
115 And heighten'd by the Diamond's circling Rays,  
116 On that Rapacious Hand for ever blaze?  
117 Sooner shall Grass in *Hide* -Park Circus, <sup>Circus</sup> grow,  
118 And Wits take Lodgings in the Sound of Bow, <sup>Bell</sup>

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119 Sooner let Earth, Air, Sea, to *Chaos* fall,  
120 Men, Monkeys, Lap-dogs, Parrots, perish all!

121 She said; then raging to *Sir Plume* repairs,  
122 And bids her *Beau* demand the precious Hairs:  
123 (*Sir Plume* , of Amber Snuff-box, <sup>Snuff-box</sup> justly vain,  
124 And the nice Conduct of a clouded Cane, <sup>Cane</sup> )  
125 With earnest Eyes, and round unthinking Face,  
126 He first the Snuff-box open'd, then the Case,  
127 And thus broke out--- "My Lord, why, what the Devil?  
128 "Z---ds!, <sup>Z---ds</sup> damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!  
129 "Plague on't! 'tis past a Jest---nay prithee, Pox, <sup>Pox</sup>!  
130 "Give her the Hair---he spoke, and rapp'd his Box.

131 It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)  
132 Who speaks so well shou'd ever speak in vain.  
133 But \* by this Lock, <sup>Lock</sup>, this sacred Lock I swear.  
134 (Which never more shall join its parted Hair,

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135 Which never more its Honours shall renew,  
136 Clipt from the lovely Head where once it grew)  
137 That while my Nostrils draw the vital Air,  
138 This Hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.  
139 He spoke, and speaking in proud Triumph spread  
140 The long-contended Honours of her Head.

141 But *Umbriel* , hateful *Gnome* ! forbears not so;  
142 He breaks the Vial whence the Sorrows flow.

143 Then see! the *Nymph* in beauteous Grief appears,  
144 Her Eyes half languishing, half drown'd in Tears;  
145 On her heav'd Bosom hung her drooping Head,  
146 Which, with a Sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.

147 For ever curs'd be this detested Day,  
148 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite Curl away!  
149 Happy! ah ten times happy, had I been,  
150 If *Hampton-Court* these Eyes had never seen!  
151 Yet am not I the first mistaken Maid,  
152 By Love of *Courts* to num'rous Ills betray'd.

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153 Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd  
154 In some lone Isle, or distant *Northern* Land;  
155 Where the gilt *Chariot*, <sup>*Chariot*</sup> never mark'd the way,  
156 Where none learn *Ombre*, none e'er taste *Bohea*, <sup>*Bohea*</sup> !  
157 There kept my Charms conceal'd from mortal Eye,  
158 Like Roses that in Desarts bloom and die.  
159 What mov'd my Mind with youthful Lords to rome?  
160 O had I stay'd, and said my Pray'rs at home!  
161 'Twas this, the Morning *Omens* did foretel;  
162 Thrice from my trembling hand the *Patch-box*, <sup>*Patch-box*</sup> fell;  
163 The tott'ring *China*, <sup>*China*</sup> shook without a Wind,  
164 Nay, *Poll*, <sup>*Poll*</sup> sate mute, and *Shock* was most Unkind!  
165 A *Sylph* too warn'd me of the Threats of Fate,  
166 In mystic Visions, now believ'd too late!  
167 See the poor Remnants of this slighted Hair!  
168 My hands shall rend what ev'n thy own did spare.  
169 This, in two sable Ringlets taught to break,  
170 Once gave new Beauties to the snowie Neck.  
171 The Sister-Lock now sits uncouth, alone,  
172 And in its Fellow's Fate foresees its own;

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173 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal Sheers demands;  
174 And tempts once more thy sacrilegious Hands.  
175 Oh hadst thou, Cruel! been content to seize  
176 Hairs less in sight, or any Hairs but these!

Figure 5, [Figure\\_5](#)

## THE RAPE *of the* LOCK.

### CANTO V.

1 SHE said: the pitying Audience melt in Tears,  
2 But *Fate* and *Jove*, *Jove* had stopp'd the *Baron* 's Ears, *Ears* .  
3 In vain *Thalestris* with Reproach assails,  
4 For who can move when fair *Belinda* fails?  
5 Not half to fixt the *Trojan* cou'd remain,  
6 While *Anna* begg'd and *Dido*, *Dido* rag'd in vain.  
7 To Arms, to Arms! the bold *Thalestris* cries,  
8 And swift as Lightning to the Combate flies.

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9 All side in Parties, and begin th' Attack;  
10 Fans clap, Silks ruffle, and tough Whalebones, *Whalebones* crack;  
11 Heroes and Heroins Shouts confus'dly rise,  
12 And base, and treble Voices strike the Skies.  
13 No common Weapons in their Hands are found,  
14 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal Wound.  
  
15 \* So when bold *Homer* makes the Gods engage, *Gods* ,  
16 And heav'nly Breasts with human Passions rage;  
17 'Gainst *Pallas*, *Pallas* , *Mars*, *Mars* ; *Latona*, *Latona* , *Hermes*, *Hermes* , Arms;  
18 And all *Olympus* rings with loud Alarms.  
19 *Jove* 's Thunder roars, Heav'n trembles all around;  
20 Blue *Neptune* storms, the bellowing Deeps resound;  
21 *Earth* shakes her nodding Tow'rs, the Ground gives way;  
22 And the pale Ghosts start at the Flash of Day!

23 Triumphant *Umbriel* on a Sconce's, *Sconce* Height  
24 Clapt his glad Wings, and sate to view the Fight, *sate* ,  
25 Propt on their Bodkin Spears the Sprights survey  
26 The growing Combat, or assist the Fray.

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27 While thro' the Press enrag'd *Thalestries* flies,  
28 And scatters Deaths around from both her Eyes,

29 A Beau, <sup>Beau</sup> and Witling, <sup>Witling</sup> perish'd in the Throng,  
30 One dy'd in Metaphor , and one in Song .  
31 O cruel Nymph! a living Death I bear ,  
32 Cry'd Dapperwit, <sup>Dapperwit</sup> , and sunk beside his Chair.  
33 A mournful Glance Sir Fopling, <sup>Fopling</sup> upwards cast,  
34 \* Those Eyes are made so killing, <sup>Camilla\_</sup> ---was his last:  
35 Thus on Meander, <sup>Meander</sup> 's flow'ry Margin lies  
36 Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

37 As bold Sir Plume, <sup>Plume</sup> had drawn Clarissa down,  
38 Chloe stept in, and kill'd him with a Frown;  
39 She smil'd to see the doughty, <sup>doughty</sup> Hero slain,  
40 But at her Smile, the Beau reviv'd again.

41 + Now Jove, <sup>scales</sup> suspends his golden Scales in Air,  
42 Weighs the Mens Wits against the Lady's Hair;

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43 The doubtful Beam long nods from side to side;  
44 At length the Wits mount up, the Hairs subside, <sup>subside</sup> .

45 See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,  
46 With more than usual Lightning in her Eyes;  
47 Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal Fight to try,  
48 Who sought no more than on his Foe to die, <sup>die</sup> .  
49 But this bold Lord, with manly Strength indu'd,  
50 She with one Finger and a Thumb subdu'd,  
51 Just where the Breath of Life his Nostrils drew,  
52 A Charge of Snuff, <sup>Snuff</sup> the wily Virgin threw;  
53 The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry Atome, <sup>Atom</sup> just,  
54 The pungent Grains of titillating Dust.  
55 Sudden, with starting Tears each Eye o'erflows,  
56 And the high Dome re-ecchoes to his Nose.

57 Now meet thy Fate, th' incens'd Virago, <sup>Virago</sup> cry'd,  
58 And drew a deadly Bodkin from her Side.  
59 (\*The same, his ancient Personage, <sup>n229</sup> to deck,  
60 Her great great Grandsire wore about his Neck

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61 In three Seal-Rings, <sup>seal-ring</sup> ; which after melted down,  
62 Form'd a vast Buckle for his Widow's Gown:  
63 Her infant Grandame's, <sup>Grandame</sup> Whistle next it grew,

64 The *Bells* she gingled, and the *Whistle* blew;  
65 Then in a *Bodkin* grac'd her Mother's Hairs,  
66 Which long she wore, and now *Belinda* wears.)

67 Boast not my Fall (he cry'd) insulting Foe!  
68 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.  
69 Nor think, to die dejects my lofty Mind;  
70 All that I dread, is leaving you behind!  
71 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,  
72 And burn in *Cupid*'s Flames,---but burn alive.

73 *Restore the Lock* ! she cries; and all around  
74 *Restore the Lock* ! the vaulted Roofs rebound.  
75 Not fierce *Othello*, *Othello* in so loud a Strain  
76 Roar'd for the Handkerchief that caus'd his Pain.  
77 But see how oft Ambitious Aims are cross'd,  
78 And Chiefs contend 'till all the Prize is lost!

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79 The Lock, obtain'd with Guilt, and kept with Pain,  
80 In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:  
81 With such a Prize no Mortal must be blest,  
82 So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can contest?

83 Some thought it mounted to the Lunar Sphere,  
84 \* Since all things lost on Earth, are treasur'd there.  
85 There Heroe's Wits are kept in pondrous Vases,  
86 And Beau's in *Snuff-boxes* and *Tweezer-Cases* .  
87 There broken Vows, and Death-bed Alms, *Alms* are found,  
88 And Lovers Hearts with Ends of Riband, *Riband* bound;  
89 The Courtiers Promises, and Sick Man's Pray'rs,  
90 The Smiles of Harlots, and the Tears of Heirs,  
91 Cages for Gnats, and Chains to Yoak a Flea;  
92 Dry'd Butterflies, and Tomes of Casuistry, *Casuistry* .

93 But trust the Muse---she saw it upward rise,  
94 Tho' mark'd by none but quick Poetic Eyes:, *Poetic*  
95 (So *Rome*'s great Founder, *Rome*  
96 To *Proculus* alone confess'd in view.)

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97 A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid Air,  
98 And drew behind a radiant *Trail of Hair* .  
99 Not *Berenice*, *Berenice*'s Locks first rose so bright,  
100 The Skies bespangling with dishevel'd Light.

101 The *Sylphs* behold it kindling as it flies,  
102 And pleas'd pursue its Progress thro' the Skies.

103 This the *Beau-monde*, *Beau-monde* shall from the *Mall*, *Mall* survey,  
104 And hail with Musick its propitious Ray.  
105 This, the blest Lover shall for *Venus* take,  
106 And send up Vows from *Rosamonda*, *Rosamonda* 's Lake.  
107 This *Partridge*, *Partridge* soon shall view in cloudless Skies,  
108 When next he looks thro' *Galilaeo* 's *Eyes*, *Eyes* ;  
109 And hence th' Egregious Wizard shall foredoom  
110 The Fate of *Louis*, *Louis* , and the Fall of *Rome* .

111 Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn the ravish'd Hair  
112 Which adds new Glory to the shining Sphere!  
113 Not all the Tresses that fair Head can boast  
114 Shall draw such Envy as the Lock you lost.

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115 For, after all the Murders of your Eye,  
116 When, after Millions slain, your self shall die;  
117 When those fair Suns shall sett, as sett they must,  
118 And all those Tresses shall be laid in Dust;  
119 *This Lock* , the *Muse*, *Muse* shall consecrate to Fame,  
120 And mid'st the Stars inscribe *Belinda* 's Name!  
121 *FINIS* .

## Footnotes

frontispiece The frontispiece was designed by Louis du Guernier (1677-1716) a well-known illustrator of the period; he also designed the images that appear before each of the five cantos. They were engraved by Claude du Bosc (1682-1745?); both men had been born in France but moved to London, probably in pursuit of the good opportunities for skilled engravers in the London book trade, and worked together on a number of projects for London patrons and booksellers in these years. Illustrations as detailed as these were very time-consuming and therefore expensive to produce, and the presence of six custom-engraved images was a sign that Pope and his publisher Bernard Lintot were trying to create a particularly impressive and beautiful object. Pope, who was a talented amateur painter in his own right, almost certainly had a role in designing the images, although we do not know exactly how he participated. The frontispiece is a composite of major events in the poem to follow. The "sylphs," spirits of vanity and erotic desire, float around Belinda, the heroine of the poem, as she puts on her makeup; they also drop playing cards, alluding to the card game in Canto III, and point to the shooting star that ascends at the end of Canto V. In the front lower right of the image, a satyr, with pointed ears and cloven hoofs, holds the kind of mask that women in the period sometimes wore in public; like many authors in the period, Pope is playing on the homophone between "satyr," the sexually-aggressive half-human, half-animals of Greek mythology, and "satire," the literary form of which "The Rape of the Lock" is an example. Behind the characters is the facade of Hampton Court Palace, the royal home down the Thames from London where much of the action of the poem takes place. Pope clearly intended the images and the poem to be read together, a feature that is not possible in most modern reproductions of the poem, which rely on the poetic text alone.

- [JOB]

title Alexander Pope's "The Rape of the Lock" is the most famous poem written in English in the eighteenth century. Chances are, if a modern reader knows only one poem from the period, this is the one. Which is a strange thing. The poem's subject matter is unusual, even unique: the cutting off of a lock of hair from the head of a young woman and the aftermath of that event. And the poem is written in a form, the heroic couplet, that is rarely used today. But "The Rape of the Lock" has endured because it so fully captured, while also satirizing, an image of a particular world, a world of aristocratic ease, but also great anxiety. And it is also an astonishing accomplishment simply as a poem. No poet of the eighteenth century used the heroic couplet more deftly than Alexander Pope (depicted here in a contemporary painting by Charles Jervis; National Portrait Gallery, London), and perhaps nowhere in his career did he craft couplets and the larger units he built from them—verse paragraphs, cantos, the entire poem itself—with greater verve and delicacy.

The poem is based on a true story. At a party one day in 1710 or 1711, Robert Petre, a young man from an aristocratic family, crept up behind Arabella Fermor, a young woman also from a prosperous household, and cut off a lock of her hair. Petre may have thought of this as an amusing, or even a flirtatious prank, but she was angry, and the two families started snubbing and sniping at each other. Years later, Pope described what happened next: "The stealing of Miss Belle Fermor's hair was taken too seriously, and caused an estrangement between the two families, though they had lived long in great friendship before. A common acquaintance and well-wisher to both desired me to write a poem to make a jest of it, and laugh them together



again. It was in this view that I wrote my Rape of the Lock, which was well received and had its effect in the two families.” The “common acquaintance” was John Caryll, a friend of Pope’s who was also close to both the Fermor and Petre families. Like all of them, Caryll was also a Catholic who faced persecution in an era when the government of Britain continued to suspect that Catholics were potentially a subversive force whose loyalties to the Protestant monarchy could not be assured. And sometimes with reason; Caryll was a Jacobite, a supporter of the exiled Pretender, the Stuart James III, then living in exile in France. James continued to claim that he was the true king of Britain, and there were Jacobites who called for the restoration of the Stuart monarchy until the movement was finally defeated at the Battle of Culloden in Scotland in 1745. Caryll never joined in any of the conspiracies that took place in the early part of the century to restore the Stuart monarchy, but he did secretly give financial support to a Catholic church in his neighborhood, which was itself illegal. Caryll may have felt that Catholics in Britain had enough problems without feuding among themselves. Pope, who was at this point starting work on a massive translation of Homer’s poem *The Iliad*, seems quickly to have seen the possibility of re-imagining the incident in epic terms, creating what has been called a “mock epic” for the way in which it uses the conventions of epic poetry to describe what is by comparison a trivial event.

Pope’s memory of the happy outcome of the poem was, however, a little rose colored from time. Pope wrote the first version of "The Rape of the Lock" quickly—he said it took two weeks; he may have been exaggerating—and it then circulated among the families and their friends in manuscript for a while. That version of the poem, which was much shorter than the one that has ultimately been most read, was published anonymously in 1712, and at this point things got more complicated. As more and more people read the poem now that it was in print, the double entendres and erotic implications of Pope’s work became clearer, and Arabella Fermor—who had initially agreed with letting the poem be printed—was embarrassed as friends started pointing out to her where the dirty jokes were. Sir Charles Brown, the original for the “Sir Plume” of the poem, was also angry at the way he was portrayed (as an idiot). Pope went back to work, and over the course of the next couple of years, added the elaborate “machinery” of the poem, the sylphs and fairies that hover around the action, embedding the original story in a framework of fantasy that deflects some of the agency of the central characters. (Robert Petre’s response to the publication of the first version of the poem is, by the way, unrecorded. Petre married Catherine Walsmeley in 1712, but he died only a few months later from smallpox.) Pope included a letter of dedication to Arabella Fermor that aimed to defuse some of her anger. That new edition, handsomely printed with engravings accompanying each canto, was published as a separate volume in 1714, and immediately became a best-seller, selling around 3,000 copies in four days, which even now would be an extraordinary total for any book, much less a poem in rhyming couplets. It has been admired, critiqued, and argued with ever since.

- [JOB]

Heroi- Pope is the inventor of this term, which first appeared here at the opening of *The Rape of the Comical Lock*. He is indicating that he will emulate such epics as Homer's *Iliad* or Milton's *Paradise Lost*, but in a comic register.

- [JOB]

nomen The full quote, which comes from Book VIII of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, should read, "Cirise et, a tonso est hoc nomen adepta capillo": "She acquired the name from the cutting of the hair."

Ovid's story, first published in 8 CE, goes like this. Nisus was the King of Alcatous and he had a lock of purple hair on his crown that (somehow) guaranteed the safety of his kingdom. Scylla, his daughter, fell in love with King Minos, who was conquering the kingdom, and in order to gain his favor, Scylla cut off the lock of her father's hair. But, disgusted with her disloyalty, Minos left by ship. As Scylla swam after Minos, King Nisos, having been transformed into a sea eagle, attempted to drown her. Instead of drowning, Scylla was turned to a sea bird and called Ciris, (i.e. "cutter"), being named after the lock that she cut off. See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, translated by Anthony S. Kline, <http://ovid.lib.virginia.edu/trans/Metamorph8.htm>  
- [UVAstudstaff]

Arabella Arabella Fermor (1696-1737; image credit: Victoria and Albert Museum) was from a prominent Catholic family. She came to public attention in an unwelcome way when Robert Petre, from another prominent Catholic family, surreptitiously cut off a lock of her hair at a party. He may have thought it was a good prank, but she was (justifiably) angry, and the Fermor and Petre families (who may have been in negotiations to marry the two), became estranged. John Caryll, a friend of Pope's who was also Robert Petre's guardian, asked Pope to write about the incident in such a way as to make a joke of it and smooth relations. *The Rape of the Lock* is Pope's effort to heal the breach. He did not, however, ask Arabella Fermor for her approval before publishing the first version of the poem in 1712, and she was initially unhappy at the poem's double-entendre and the way that it seemed to compare her situation to raped heroines of antiquity like Helen of Troy or Lucrece. This letter, published with the much-enlarged 1714 edition of the poem, can be read in part as Pope's attempt to mollify her.  
- [JOB]

dedicate Pope is probably referring to the Latin epigraph that appeared with the first edition of the poem: "Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos, / Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis," by the Roman poet Martial, in his *Epigrams* xii, 84, translates as, "I was loathe, Belinda, to violate your locks, but I am pleased to have granted that much to your prayers." Pope is insinuating that Arabella Fermor asked for the poem to be written. This was not the case.

machinery Refers to the fairy-like creatures in the poem: the sylphs, the nymphs, the gnomes, the salamanders. As he explains in the next line, they are the portrayals of what we would call in the real world, deities, angels or demons.

Rosicrucian The Rosicrucians were an occult movement that emerged in the early seventeenth century in Europe. It was an odd combination of Christian mysticism and other kinds of esoteric teaching, such as the Kabbala, which comes out of the Jewish tradition. There were several Rosicrucian manifestos that laid out theories of mystical knowledge, and the movement had adherents and drew curious thinkers to it throughout Europe in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Pope does not seem to have been a serious adherent, but is here using some of the supernatural apparatus associated with Rosicrucianism to frame his story.

Lady It seems unlikely that Pope is aware how unctuous and condescending he sounds here; or perhaps he is aware and does not mind. It's hard to say with Pope.

Gabalais *The Count of Gabalis* was written by Nicolas-Pierre-Henri de Montfaucon de Villars, a French cleric, and published in 1670. It is an odd book. In it, an anonymous narrator encounters the Comte de Gabalis, who teaches the narrator about the occult, including various beliefs associated with the Rosicrucians. The Count introduces such things as the Sylphs of the Air, the Undines of the Water, the Gnomes of the Earth and the Salamanders of Fire. It is entirely possible that de

Villars is satirizing occult sciences, which had a vogue in seventeenth century Europe, as absurd or incompatible with orthodox religion. But it is hard to be sure; this may be an example of a satire that does not make its intentions clear enough.

novel To an English reader of 1714, the word "novel" still sounded like a French import, and it would have denoted a short, perhaps slightly scandalous, love story. The novel was not understood to be a serious genre, a form of literature. Any reading of a novel for more than entertainment is a "mistake."

Figure\_1

caryll John Caryll, the mutual friend of Pope and the two families involved in the dispute; he seems to have attempted to mediate between them, in part suggesting that Pope write this poem.

Belinda The heroine of the poem, inspired by Arabella Fermor.

Sol Sol is Latin for the Sun.

Shock Belinda's lapdog.

chocolate Chocolate, served in this period only as a drink, was enormously popular, especially among those who could afford it as well as the sugar to cut the bitterness.

slipper Belinda stomps her slippared foot on the ground to call for her maid.

watches Striking watches indicate the hour and quarter-hour by means of hammers hitting bells or gongs. The watch rang, announcing that it was 10 o'clock.

sylph sylphs here are imagined as feminine spirits that stand guard over young women

Ariel Ariel, Belinda's guardian Sylph, created the dream that she was having.

beau a young man dressed up for the Queen's birthday, one of highlights of the social calendar in this period.

Token Folklore that says that fairies and elves left silver tokens in rings of dark coarse grass that were supposed to be where fairies danced. The tokens were supposedly left for humans who were favored by fairies. Pat Rogers attributes the use to Jonathan Swift's *Dryades: Or, the Nymphs Prophecy*, although that probably comes from ancient folklore as well. Rogers, Pat. "Faery Lore and The Rape of the Lock." *Essays on Pope*. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1993. Print.

militia fairy creatures, imagined here as soldiers

wing The creatures are always present (on the wing meaning in flight) in the places where London's society is found.

box A 'box' in a theatre or opera-house.

ring Ring - Charles I created a circular track called the Ring in Hyde Park where members of the royal court could drive their carriages. The park was opened to the public in 1637 and it soon became a fashionable place to visit.

equipage Here it refers to a carriage with horses and attendants, but can also just mean carriage alone.

chair two servants carrying a woman in a sedan chair

mold The fairy creatures used to be beautiful women like Belinda.

transition Possibly death, or some (magical) means by which they are transformed from their human selves in to the fairy creatures.

cards After the "transition" spoken of earlier, a former coquette now turned into a sylph still can see and look at the cards although she does not play.

Ombre A trick-taking card game for three people using forty cards. A game of ombre is played later on and is described in detail in Canto III. It is almost certainly no coincidence that the word ombre is archaic Spanish for "man"; Belinda is literally and figuratively playing the game of man. "ombre,

sprights Different kinds of women became transformed into different kinds of spirits. The fiery boisterous women became Salamanders. The mild demure women became Nymphs. The prudish women became Gnomes. The flirty girlish women became Sylphs.

honour That is, women's chastity only seems to be governed by honour; it is really the intervention of the sylphs that sustains chastity.

florio Not a reference to any specific men. Florio, along with Damon, were common names used in early epic poetry to refer to men in general, the way we use, Tom, Dick, and Harry, today. "The aristocratic young men of the time were, like the ladies, lacking in any serious purpose or morality. Florio and Damon are representatives of those gallants and fops who vie with one another to capture the hearts of the ladies.

main the open sea

billet-doux a love letter

toilet a small dressing table

glass mirror

altar Belinda's "toilet" is likened to an "altar" at which Belinda and her maid are now left to worship the priestess, or Belinda's "heav'nly image" as mentioned two lines above this line. By this point, it has become clear that the vanity nurtured by the Gnomes has set in, leaving the mortal human beings to worship a new priestess, Belinda's reflection.

world During the 18th century, Britain became the dominant empire among European trading empires as it became the first western nation to industrialize. During this time, merchants began trading with both North America and the West Indies, where colonies had been established. This granted Britain access to parts of the world and their amenities that had previously been unbeknownst to them. The ability to interact with far-off countries such as India and Arabia yielded new luxuries and a new understanding of the world outside of Europe. The ability for Belinda to have access to these luxuries further exemplifies her wealth.

- spoil "Glitt'ring spoil" refers directly to the spoils of war, "valuables seized by violence, especially in war," most likely as a result of the colonization of these foreign lands in pursuit of broadening trade opportunities.
- casket a. A small box or chest for jewels, letters, or other things of value, itself often of valuable material and richly ornamented.
- gems Since before recorded history, India has been a leading source for precious gems, producing some of the finest gemstones.
- Arabia Refers to scented oils or perfumes from the Arabian Peninsula or the middle east. as it is now known. They came in elaborate and ornate containers and were very expensive.
- tortoise Hair combs made from tortoise shell and ivory from elephant tusks.
- patches "a small disk of black silk attached to the face, especially as worn by women in the 17th and 18th centuries for adornment" (OED) This is essentially an artificial beauty mark.
- awful
- arms Arms: (n.) weapons With the use of militaristic diction as seen in "puts in all its Arms", Pope has Belinda preparing for battle just as Achilles prepared for the Trojan War in Homer's *Iliad*.
- Betty her maid.
- Figure\_2
- etherial Of or relating to heaven, God, or the gods; heavenly, celestial. *Oxford English Dictionary*
- rival that is, Belinda
- nymphs The other women traveling with her (here not the nymphs who are the protectors of her chastity).
- cross The cross here is stripped of its Christian meaning; it is Belinda who people are now worshipping
- nymph Belinda
- ivory In likening Belinda's neck to ivory, imported from Africa, the narrator again associates her beauty with the products of emergent colonialism and global commerce.
- sprindgesa snare used for bird-catching
- finney Finny, adj., "Provided with or having fins; finned." The "Finny Prey" refers to fish, which are also caught with a hair-like line, reiterating the comparison of beauty as a deadly trap. "finny, adj.1." *Oxford English Dictionary*
- tresses " A plait or braid of the hair of the head, usually of a woman. A long lock of hair (esp. that of a woman), without any sense of its being plaited or braided; mostly in pl. tresses." "tress, n." *Oxford English Dictionary*
- success The "Success" of a "Lover's Toil" in this era would be marriage.

Phaebus Variant spelling of Phoebus, a common name for Apollo, god of the sun. *Oxford English Dictionary*

sword-knot "n. a ribbon or tassel tied to the hilt of a sword (originating from the thong or lace with which the hilt was fastened to the wrist, but later used chiefly as a mere ornament or badge)." "sword-knot, n." *Oxford English Dictionary*

busk "A strip of wood, whalebone, steel, or other rigid material attached vertically to the front section of a corset so as to stiffen and support it." "busk, n.3." *Oxford English Dictionary*

bilet-doux love letters

prostrate "Of a person: lying with the face to the ground, in token of submission or humility, as in adoration, worship, or supplication; (hence more generally) lying stretched out on the ground, typically with the face downwards. Freq. in predicative or quasi-adverbial use, as in to fall prostrate, to lie prostrate, etc." *Oxford English Dictionary*

Prize "The Prize" refers to Belinda's lock of hair.

Ear "Gave Ear" means that they (the ambiguous supernatural entities) listened to the Baron.

Vessel The "painted Vessel" refers to the boat gliding across the river Thames, carrying Belinda to Hampton Court.

zephyrs "The west wind, esp. as personified, or the god of the west wind." *Oxford English Dictionary*

Denizens That is, the other sylphs.

lucid "Bright, shining, luminous, resplendent." *Oxford English Dictionary*

Tincture "A colouring matter, dye, pigment; spec. a dye used as a cosmetic." *Oxford English Dictionary*

Dies Variant spelling of "dyes."

Pinions "A bird's wing; esp. (chiefly poet. and rhetorical) the wing of a bird in flight. Also: the terminal segment of a bird's wing, bearing the primary flight feathers." *Oxford English Dictionary* .

Azure bright blue

Chief That is, Ariel, who goes on to give a speech to the other spirits.

orbs Celestial bodies not in a regular orbit, such as comets.

Bow Rainbow

glebe Soil

Fair Young women, such as Belinda

Powder Face-powder

vernal "Of, pertaining or belonging to, the springtime; appropriate to the spring; spring-like: Of weather, scenery, etc." *Oxford English Dictionary*

Flounce "An ornamental appendage to the skirt of a lady's dress, consisting of a strip gathered and sewed on by its upper edge around the skirt, and left hanging and waving." *Oxford English Dictionary*

Furbelow Variant spelling of "furbelow: "A piece of stuff pleated and puckered on a gown or petticoat; a flounce; the pleated border of a petticoat or gown." *Oxford English Dictionary* .

brightest That is, Belinda.

wrapt "Concealed, covered, hidden." "wrapped, adj." *Oxford English Dictionary*

Diana "An ancient Roman female divinity, the moon-goddess, patroness of virginity and of hunting." *Oxford English Dictionary* "Diana's" law would be the law of chastity or virginity, so to break the law would be to have pre-marital sex.

Brocade "A textile fabric woven with a pattern of raised figures, originally in gold or silver." *Oxford English Dictionary*

Zephyrettes the nymphs' names are invented, each derived from a word related to the object entrusted to it. "Zephyretta," from "zypher" has care of the breeze-producing fan.

Brillante "Brillante," from 'brilliant', is entrusted with Belinda's shining earrings.

Momentilla "Momentilla" is the nymph in charge of the pocket-watch.

Crispissa "Crispissa," from "crisp," has charge of the two precise curls of hair.

Ribs Whalebone was used to form the ribs in women's corsets and skirts.

stopt "That is, stopped or blocked.

Vials "A vessel of a small or moderate size used for holding liquids; in later use spec., a small glass bottle" *Oxford English Dictionary*

bodkin "A needle-like instrument with a blunt knobbed point, having a large (as well as a small) eye, for drawing tape or cord through a hem, loops, etc." *Oxford English Dictionary* .

pomatum An ointment for the skin or hair; = pomade "pomatum, n." *Oxford English Dictionary*

styptick A "styptic" is a kind of medicine used to contract organic tissue (for example, to stop a cut bleeding), frequently made out of "alum," a type of mineral salt. *Oxford English Dictionary*

Ixion "Ixion, in Greek legend, murdered his father-in-law and could find no one to purify him until Zeus did so. Ixion abused his pardon by trying to seduce Zeus's wife, Hera. Zeus, to punish him, bound him on a fiery wheel, which rolled unceasingly through the air or, according to the more

common tradition, in the underworld." "Ixion | Greek Mythology." *Encyclopedia Britannica Online*

Mill Compares being trapped in the grinder of a coffee mill to the mythological figure Ixion, who was fixed to a fire wheel spinning in the air of the underworld forever.

Sea This is referring to the hot coffee in the grinder/pot.

He That is, Ariel, the leader of the spirits.

Nymph That is, Belinda.

thrid That is, the spirits "threaded" her hair.

Figure\_3

meads That is, meadows.

Hampton Hampton Court Palace, a royal palace on the banks of the Thames River, about twelve miles from central London. The palace was originally built by Cardinal Wolsey starting in 1514. He gave it to Henry VIII as a way of trying to get back in Henry's good graces, but it did not work; Wolsey was executed anyway for failing to get Henry the divorce he wanted. Henry built Hampton Court into an enormous royal palace. In the late 1600s, the great architect Christopher Wren built an enormous extension for William III. They tore down part of the earlier palace and added on in what was then the modern style, creating a large Baroque palace designed to emulate the Palace of Versailles in France, at that time the grandest royal palace in Europe. In the early part of the eighteenth century, when this poem takes place, Hampton Court was the most important royal palace in England, where the monarch usually lived, and courtiers like Belinda and the Baron would have flocked there to make their presence known at court. *Image: Hampton Court Palace by Andreas Tille, CC BY-SA 4.0, via Wikimedia Commons*

Anne Queen Anne (1665-1714), the last Stuart monarch of Great Britain. She took the throne upon the death of her father, William III in 1702. She died the year that the poem was published. *[Image: Queen Anne, painted by Michael Dahl, around 1705 (National Portrait Gallery)].*

ombre Ombre was a popular three-player card game similar to the modern game of Bridge. Each game can have nine rounds ("tricks"). The most straightforward way to win is by taking five tricks (drawing the highest-ranked card in each round), after which the game ends. The game begins with an auction to decide the trump suit. The highest-bidding player is the "ombre" (from the Spanish "hombre" for "man"), and the other two play against her while trying to ensure their individual successes. The penalty enacted on each of the two non-ombres is greater if the ombre wins than if the other non-ombre wins. Similarly, the ombre will lose more if either of the two gains five tricks than if no one has won five at the end of nine rounds. The game was popular among the aristocratic class throughout Europe. The joke throughout is that Belinda is in effect playing the game of "man," both on the card table and in life. The game as it plays out over the next section of the poem is an entirely plausible game, with each move following according to the actual rules of ombre. Belinda, for example, wins the starting auction and becomes the "ombre" for duration of this game. See Alban George Henry Gibbs, *The Game of Ombre* . London:



privately printed, 1874, 3rd edition (expanded) 1902, upon which we rely in tracing the course of the game.

**matadore** The matadores (spadillio, manillio, and basto) are the three highest-ranking cards in the trump suit. The matadore would be the ace of spades; the manillio card is the lowest ranking card in the trump suit (the suit would vary from game to game, identified by the winner of the auction at the start), and the basto is the ace of clubs. Belinda controls all three.

**Velvet** ~~That~~ is, the cloth covering the three-sided card table on which Belinda and the two men are playing the game. The Kings, Queens, Jacks, and other cards are imagined as being arranged like soldiers on a battlefield

**Force** Belinda's starting hand is made up of spadillio, manillio, basto: the king of spades, the king and queen of hearts, and the 5 and 4 of diamonds. The Baron begins the game with the king of clubs, the jack, 7, 5, and 3 of spades (the trump suit), the king, queen, and jack of diamonds, and the ace of hearts. Belinda and the Baron both have extremely strong hands, while the third character has no strong cards.

**Trumps** Having won the "auction" at the start of the game by outbidding the other two players, Belinda chooses the trump suit.

**Spade** Belinda quickly wins the first five rounds or "tricks" of the game by playing her cards skilfully.

**Baron** In the following three stanzas, the Baron begins to threaten Belinda's winning streak. He wins tricks five through eight, tying their scores. His first move is with the Queen of Spades.

**Globe** The King of Clubs is often pictured holding an orb, or globe.

**Codille** A "codille" would be a loss at the game, if the Baron were to win the final trick. Belinda must either win trick nine, or hope that the third player does, in order to avoid losing to the Baron.

**Trick** A trick is a round. As explained above, a game consists of nine tricks; whoever takes five wins the game. At this point, with Belinda and the Baron tied with four tricks each, the game is down to the final round.

**Queen** The Baron mourns that he has already played a Queen that could win the round. He plays an Ace; Belinda counters with a King (which in ombre outranks an Ace) and wins final trick and thus the game.

**Berries** Coffee beans, which are being ground in a mill to make fresh coffee.

**Japan** "Japan" was a style of wooden furniture, highly polished and often decorated in a vaguely Asian style; hence the name. Japan-style furniture was expensive, and therefore fashionable among wealthy people in Europe at this time.

**Scylla** Nisus, king of Megara, was at war against Crete, but it was decreed by fate that his kingdom would be safe as long as a purple lock of hair remained on his head. His daughter Scylla fell in love with the king of Crete, Minos, and cut off her father's purple lock to give to him. Minos rejected the gift, and both Nisus and Scylla turned into birds.

**Nosegay** A nosegay is a small flower bouquet, worn like a corsage.

**Forfex** Latin for scissors.

**Airy** A reference to John Milton's *Paradise Lost*, where Satan is injured in the war in heaven when a sword "Passed through him, but th' Ethereal substance closed/ Not long divisible."

Monkeys In eighteenth-century England, the wealthy kept many kinds of pets, including monkeys. The lower classes sometimes kept performing monkeys, which could earn them extra money.

Wreaths In ancient Greece, laurel wreaths were worn as a symbol of victory or honor.

Atalantis *Secret Memoirs and Manners of Several Persons of Quality, of Both Sexes, from the New Atalantis, an Island in the Mediterranean* , published in 1709, was a scandalous but very popular work of fiction by Delarivier Manley. With its salacious details of politicians' private lives, the story satirizes the corruption of the aristocracy.

Figure\_4

n165 According to the humours theory of human psychology, which held sway from the middle ages into the early modern period, a person's temperament was set by the mixture of various fluids--humours--in the body. The spleen was thought to produce yellow bile, an excess of which would lead to depression. So by analogy "the spleen" became shorthand for a state of depression, which Belinda is experiencing in the wake of the theft of her lock of hair. Umbriel's journey through the Cave of Spleen is analogous to the journeys, fraught with many perils, which Aeneas (in Vergil's *Aeneid* ) and Odysseus (Homer's *Odyssey* ) made to the underworld in those epics.

Dome That is, a domed building.

Lampoon "Lamprooning" in seventeenth and eighteenth century England was a scathing form of satire that attacked a specific person's appearance. It originates from the French word "lampons," which means "let's drink," and Alexander Pope himself lampooned a fellow writer, Joseph Addison, in his work "An Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot." The form fell into disuse soon after this time but the term "lampoon" still refers to an insult directed at a specific person or institution. Werlock, Abby H. P. *The Facts on File Companion to the American Short Story* . 2nd ed. New York NY: Facts On File, 2010. Print.

Spires spirals

Elysian A reference to Elysium/Elysian Fields/Elysian Plain of classical mythology, where mortals favored by the gods for their rectitude were sent to dwell after they had departed from the land of the living. Elysium was originally the exclusive province of the heroes who had acquired immortality from the gods Elysian in the context of this passage means like "paradise."

Pipkin\_ According to Samuel Johnson's 1755 *A pipkin is "A small earthen boiler."*

Tripod The automatons (or "tripods"), twenty in all, fashioned with rivets and gold wheels by the lame god Vulcan in his workshop so that they might be dispatched whenever the gods congregated at Mt. Olympus, returning to the workshop afterwards to be at the beck and call of Vulcan. From Book XVIII of Homer's *Iliad*.

Goose-  
pye

Branch The branch of spleenwort, a humble fern, is a parodic reference to the golden bough bore by Aeneas during his journey, accompanied by the Cumaean Sibyl, through the underworld. Aeneas, having been guided by a pair of doves to a place in a forest where the golden bough had been long obscured from the sight of man, had plucked the golden bough in order to obtain safe

passage through the underworld. He and the Sibyl were ferried to the underworld across the Acheron River. Spleenwort got its name because it was believed to have medicinal properties, particularly in treating "spleen" or, in our terms, depression.

Pett According to Samuel Johnson's 1755 *Dictionary*, "pett" is "A slight passion; a slight fit of anger."

Citron- Brandy based on citrus wine.  
Waters

Horns "Horns" were associated with being cuckolded.

costive Constipated.

Bag In Homer's *Odyssey*, Odysseus receives a bag of winds from Aeolus, the god of wind.

ThalestriThalestris was a queen of the Amazons, the mythological race of warrior women.

Furies Three mythological goddesses of revenge.

Ire Intense anger.

paper In this period, women used paper, often heated and shaped with lead, to curl their hair.

Fillets A headband, here being used to shape a hairstyle.

Lead Lead was heated to curl women's hair.

Fops "Fop" was a contemporary slang term for man overly concerned with his outer appearance to the point that it bothers other people. It originated in this context in seventeenth-century England to refer to a generally foolish, effeminate man incapable of engaging in intellectual conversation. In this line, the definition of a "fop" is exemplified by the fact that they and ladies are both jealous of Belinda's hair.

Toast The term "toast" originated as a term for a lady for whose health a group of people dedicated a drink, similar to how people propose toasts today. This lady's name was seen as adding a special flavor to the drink in question, similar in function to a spiced toast that would have been a common feature in alcoholic drinks at the time. *Oxford English Dictionary*.

Circus The Ring-Road in Hyde Park, at this time a fashionable area to take a carriage on a nice day to see and be seen by those who could afford carriages.

Bell The bells of St Mary-le-Bow, a church which was located in the Cheapside district of London. This was not a fashionable area; it was for a long time traditionally associated with working-class Cockneys from the East End.

Snuff- High society gentlemen of this time generally stored their "snuff," or sniffing tobacco, in jeweled  
box boxes made from precious materials such as porcelain, ebony, and, in this case, amber. Sir Plume is very vain about his fancy snuff-box.

- Cane A walking stick, perhaps made of glass or porcelain, and "clouded" in a decorative way.
- Z---ds "Zounds" is a euphemism for "by God's wounds," that is, the wounds that Jesus received when being nailed to the cross. That was considered blasphemous, so "zounds" became a work-around. In context, a mild expletive, like "damn."
- Pox "Pox" refers either to small-pox or to venereal disease; here it is being used as an expletive without so specific a meaning.
- Lock This passage may to a passage from Homer (*Iliad, book 23*) in which Achilles cuts off a lock of his own hair to mourn and commemorate the death of Patroclus. Many of his men follow suit and cut off locks of their own hair, and Achilles then cuts off another lock of his hair that he had been growing for the river Spercheus to make his trip home safer. This continues the trend throughout the poem of using military conquest language to describe the event of cutting off a lock of Belinda's hair.
- Chariot May be a reference to the chariot driven by Helios (whose identity was later subsumed into that of Apollo), the god of the sun and a Titan, in order to mark the waxing and waning of daylight. He was complemented by his sisters, Eos and Selene, who personified the Dawn and the Moon, respectively.
- Bohea A black tea that originated in China's Buyi hills, for which it is named, and was of relatively low quality. (*Oxford English Dictionary*)
- Patch-box A small and rectangular (at times oval) box with beauty patches, small pieces of glass with a sticky side, which were worn by ladies of fashion during the eighteenth century for decorative purposes or to cover a blemish. A patch box was bejeweled and made of gold, and could also be painted/enamelled with amorous scenes. A patch could have the appearance of a star, an animal, an insect, a figure, a crescent, or a spot. The location of a patch also contributed to its signification. "Patch Box." *Encyclopedia Britannica Online. Encyclopedia Britannica* . Web. 3 Dec. 2015. <http://www.britannica.com/topic/patch-box>.
- China "China" in this context refers to porcelain dishes that came via trade routes from China. These trade routes between China and England first began to flourish during the eighteenth century, and many rich English citizens were obsessed with obtaining as many exotic Chinese goods as they could to show off their wealth. Chinese porcelain was much finer and of higher quality than anything that European makers could produce for a few more decades. Chang, Elizabeth. "The Chinese Taste in Eighteenth-Century England." *Eighteenth-Century Fiction* 25 (2012): 248-50. University of Toronto Press. Web. 8 Dec. 2015.
- Poll Short for "Polly," surely the name of a pet parrot owned by Belinda.

#### Figure\_5

- Jove Jove, also known as Jupiter, was the king of the Roman gods. He is the Roman equivalent to the Greek god Zeus.
- Ears That is, the reason that the Baron cannot hear Belinda's cries is because of the intervention of the gods Fate and Jove. Just as the gods intervene in the lives of heroic characters from epic, here they interfere in the lives of trivial British aristocrats.
- Dido In the *Aeneid* by Virgil, Aeneas, the lover of Dido, queen of Carthage, is told by Zeus he must leave Italy because of fate. As a last effort Dido sends her sister Anna to persuade him to stay in Italy, but she fails.

Whalebone Whalebone was used to stiffen women's clothing, such as corsets and hoop skirts.

Gods Homer makes the gods fight in his tales similar to the way Pope forces the characters in the poem to fight.

Pallas Athena, the Goddess of Wisdom

Mars Mars was the Roman god of war.

Latona In Greek mythology, Latona was the mother of Apollo and Diana and the mistress of Zeus.

Hermes Hermes was the messenger god of Greek mythology, known as Mercury in Roman mythology.

Sconce A lantern with a handle and a shield, so that you could carry the light around.

sate That is, perched. Pope adds in a footnote: "Minerva in like manner, during the Battle of Ulysses with the Suitors in *Odysseus*, perches on a beam of the roof to behold it."

Beau A dandy; a man perhaps overly concerned with his appearance

Witling Someone who aspiring to become a wit (and probably failing at it).

Dapperwit A character in William Wycherley's 1671 play *Love in a Wood*.

Fopling Reference to Sir Fopling Flutter, a character in George Etherege's 1677 play *The Man of Mode*.

Camilla Pope later added a footnote: "The Words of a Song in the Opera of *Camilla*" *Camilla* was a popular opera, first staged in London in 1706 and frequently revived after that. Unlike many operas of the period, which were sung in Italian, this was in English, based on an Italian opera by Silvio Stampiglio.

Meander In Greek Mythology, Meander was both the name of a river god and for the river that was his home. "Meander" now is a general term for a bend in a river, or to describe anything or anyone that takes a roundabout route to a destination.

Plume The name gives insight to the character. A plume is an arrangement of feathers used by a bird for display or worn by a person for ornament. Plume is also used as a verb 'to plume oneself' synonymous to the action of preening at one's looks. *Oxford English Dictionary*

doughty Brave, capable, and determined, also marked by fearless resolution. *Oxford English Dictionary*

scales Jove, the head of the Roman system of deities, is here responsible for putting the social order back into balance, and is weighing the contending claims of the men and the women. These lines refer to a moment in Homer's *Iliad* where Zeus had used scales to balance the claims of Hector and Achilles and determined their fates.

subside Jove weighs the battle in the men's favor, but Belinda overcomes this by tossing snuff in the Baron's face.

- die "to die" is a common euphemism for orgasm. It was a common poetical term in the 16th and 17th centuries. *Oxford English Dictionary*
- Snuff A fine-ground tobacco, intended for consumption by being sniffed or snorted into the nose.
- Atom Pope is referring to the ancient theory that posited the "atom" as an infinitely small piece of matter that could not be further divided.
- Virago A man-like, heroic woman. *Oxford English Dictionary*
- n229 Pope adds in a footnote: "In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer" Source: Pope, Alexander, and Adolphus William Ward. *The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope*. London: Macmillan, 1907. Print.
- seal-ring a finger ring bearing a seal; signet ring. *Oxford English Dictionary*
- Grandamgrandmother
- Othello In Shakespeare's *Othello*, the titular character is tricked into believing his wife Desdemona has been unfaithful by his ensign Iago. A key piece of evidence is Desdemona's handkerchief, which Iago has planted in the room of Othello's lieutenant, Cassio.
- Alms gifts of money extended as charity
- Riband a ribbon
- Casuistry Thick books of meaningless philosophy through the use of clever but unsound reasoning, especially in relation to moral questions. *Oxford English Dictionary*
- Poetic That is, Pope's eyes; he is the only person who can "see" what has happened, as the lock of hair has been transformed into a star in the sky. Buried here is the play on words: "coma," the Latin word for hair, is the root for "comet," celestial bodies that were so named because of the long hair-like trail that followed the main body. There is such a comet depicted in the upper-left hand corner of the plate that precedes this canto.
- Rome In popular myth and legend, Rome was founded by Romulus, who ruled for 37 years and then mysteriously disappeared, apparently taken up to the heavens in a whirlwind. Proculus, a friend of Romulus, swore that he saw Romulus ascending to heaven.
- Berenice Berenice II was the wife of Ptolemy III, the Pharaoh of Egypt in the third century BCE. The legend went that Berenice offered to cut off her hair as an offering to the goddess Aphrodite if Ptolemy would return safely home from a dangerous battle. After his safe return, she placed her hair in the temple. But the next morning, the hair had vanished. The court astronomer Conon suggested that the hair had been transformed into a constellation in the night sky, a star cluster that became (and is still) known as the "Coma Berenices," Latin for "Berenice's hair."
- Beau-monde High society.
- Mall A broad, tree-lined promenade in St. James's Park in London, where courtiers and other aristocrats would aim to see and be seen. [ *Image: View of the Mall in Saint James, around 1710, by an unknown artist. National Gallery, Public Domain.* ]

- Rosamond Rosamonda's Pond was a body of water in St. James's Park in London, on the site of what is now Buckingham Palace. The pond was named for Rosamund Clifford, the semi-legendary mistress of Henry II in the twelfth century whose relationship with the king became a byword for doomed love affairs. In the eighteenth century, the Pond was apparently well known as a place for lovers to meet secretly.
- Partridge John Partridge (1644-c.1714) an astrologer known for publishing almanacs with (generally incorrect) yearly predictions of deaths of notable individuals like the King of France (during a time where France and England were at war).
- Eyes i.e., the telescope, developed by Galileo Galilei
- Louis Louis XIV (1638-1715), the King of France. He was for a long time the most powerful and feared ruler in Europe. But the threat that Louis and France posed to their neighbors was checked by the Treaty of Utrecht, signed in 1713, and he died the year after this poem was published. His "Fate," then, was very much up in the air at the time that Pope was writing. *[Image: Portrait of Louis XIV by Hyacinthe Rigaud, 1701. Wikimedia Commons]*
- Muse The Muses are the nine Greek goddesses devoted to the arts; they are often imagined as a source of inspiration for a poet.

# A Vindication of the Rights of Woman

By Mary Wollstonecraft

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- [TP] -

A  
VINDICATION  
OF THE  
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WITH  
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ON  
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BY MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT, wollstonecraft

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1792.



## INTRODUCTION

AFTER considering the historic page, and viewing the living world with anxious solicitude, the most melancholy emotions of sorrowful indignation have depressed my spirits, and I have sighed when obligated to confess, that either nature has made a great difference between man and man, or that the civilization which has hitherto taken place in the world has been very partial. I have turned over various books written on the subject of education, and patiently observed the conduct of parents and the management of schools, <sup>education</sup>; but what has been the result? --a profound conviction that the neglected education of my fellow-creatures is the grand source of the misery I deplore; and that women, in particular, are rendered weak and wretched by a variety of concurring causes, originating from a hasty conclusion. The conduct and manners of women, in fact, evidently prove

that their minds are not in a healthy state; for, like the flowers which are planted in too rich a soil, strength and usefulness are sacrificed to beauty; and the flaunting leaves, after having pleased a fastidious eye, fade, disregarded on the stalk, long before the season when they ought to have arrived at maturity.--One cause of this barren blooming I attribute to a false system of education, gathered from the books written on this subject by men, who considering females rather than human creatures, have been more anxious to make them alluring mistresses than rational wives; and the understanding of sex has been so bubbled, <sup>bubbled</sup> by this specious homage, that the civilized women of the present century, with a few exceptions, are only anxious to inspire love, when they ought to cherish a nobler ambition, and by their abilities and virtues exact respect.

In a treatise, therefore, on female rights and manners, the works which have been particularly written for their improvement, <sup>conduct</sup> must not be overlooked; especially when it is asserted, in direct terms, that the minds of women are enfeebled by false refinement;

that the books of instruction, written by men of genius, have had the same tendency as more frivolous productions; and that, in the true style of Mahometanism, <sup>mahometanism</sup>, they are only considered as females, and not as a part of the human species, when improvable reason is allowed to be the dignified distinction which raises men above the brute creation, and puts a natural sceptre in a feeble hand.

Yet, because I am a woman, I would not lead my reader to suppose that I mean violently to agitate the contested question respecting the equality or inferiority of the sex; but as the subject lies in my way, and I cannot pass it over without subjecting the main tendency of my reasoning to misconstruction, I shall stop a moment to deliver, in a few words, my opinion. --In the government of the physical world it is observable that the female, in general, is inferior to the male. The male pursues, the female yields--this is the law of nature; and it does not appear to be suspended or abrogated in favour of woman. This physical superiority cannot be denied--and it is a noble prerogative! But not content with this natural preeminence,

men endeavour to sink us still lower, merely to render us alluring objects for a moment; and women, intoxicated by the adoration which men, under the influence of their senses, pay them, do not seek to obtain a durable interest in their hearts, or to become the friends of the fellow creatures who find amusement in their society.

I am aware of an obvious inference: from every quarter have I hear exclamations against masculine women; but where are they to be found? If by this appellation men mean to inveigh against their ardour in hunting, shooting, and gaming, I shall most cordially join in the cry; but if it be against the imitation of manly virtues, <sup>manly</sup> or, more properly speaking, the attainment of those talents and virtues, the exercise of which ennobles the human character, and which raise females in the scale of animal being, when they are comprehensively termed mankind; all those who view them with a philosophical eye must, I should think, wish with me, that they may every day grow more and more masculine.

This discussion naturally divides the subject. I shall first consider women in the

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grand light of human creatures, who, in common with men, are placed on this earth to unfold their faculties; and afterwards I shall more particularly point out their peculiar designation.

I wish also to steer clear of an error which many respectable writers have fallen into; for the instruction which has hitherto been addressed to women, has rather been applicable to ladies, if the little indirect advice, that is scattered through Sandford and Merton, <sup>sandford\_merton</sup>, be excepted; but, addressing my sex in a firmer tone, I pay particular attention to those in the middle class, because they appear to be in the most natural state. Perhaps the seeds of false-refinement, immorality, and vanity, have ever been shed by the great. Weak, artificial beings, raised above the common wants and affections of their race, in a premature unnatural manner, undermine the very foundation of virtue, and spread corruption through the whole mass of society! As a class of mankind they have the strongest claim to pity; the education of the rich tends to render them vain and helpless, and the unfolding mind is not strengthened by the practice of those duties which dignify the human

- 6 [break after 'hu-'] -

character.—They only live to amuse themselves, and by the same law which in nature invariably produces certain effects, they soon only afford barren amusement.

But as I purpose taking a separate view of the different ranks of society, <sup>ranks</sup>, and of the moral character of women, in each, this hint is, for the present, sufficient; and I have only alluded to the subject, because it appears to me to be the very essence of an introduction to give a cursory account of the contents of the work it introduces.

My own sex, I hope, will excuse me, if I treat them like rational creatures, instead of flattering their *fascinating* graces, and viewing them as if they were in a state of perpetual childhood, unable to stand alone. I earnestly wish to point out in what true dignity and human happiness consists—I wish to persuade women to endeavour to acquire strength, both of mind and body, and to convince them that the soft phrases, susceptibility of heart, delicacy of sentiment, and refinement of taste, are almost synonymous with epithets of weakness, and that those beings who are only the objects of pity and that kind of love, which has been termed its sister, will soon become objects of contempt.

Dismissing then those pretty feminine phrases, which the men condescendingly use to soften our slavish dependence, and despising that weak elegancy of mind, <sup>elegance</sup>, exquisite sensibility, and sweet docility of manners, supposed to be the sexual characteristics of the weaker vessel, I wish to shew that elegance is inferior to virtue, <sup>virtue</sup>, that the first object of laudable ambition is to obtain a character as a human being, regardless of the distinction of sex; and that secondary views should be brought to this simple touchstone.

This is a rough sketch of my plan; and should I express my conviction with the energetic emotions that I feel whenever I think of the subject, the dictates of experience and reflection will be felt by some of my readers. Animated by this important object, I shall disdain to cull my phrases or polish my style;--I aim at being useful, and sincerity will render me unaffected; for, wishing rather to persuade by the force of my arguments, than dazzle by the elegance of my language, I shall not waste my time in rounding periods, or in fabricating the turgid bombast of artificial feelings, which, coming from the head, never reach the heart. -- I shall be employed about

things, not words! -- and, anxious to render my sex more respectable members of society, I shall try to avoid that flowery diction which has slid from essays into novels, and from novels into familiar letters and conversation.

These pretty nothings -- these caricatures of the real beauty of sensibility, dropping glibly from the tongue, vitiate the taste, and create a kind of sickly delicacy that turns away from simple unadorned truth; and a deluge of false sentiments and overstretched feelings, stifling the natural emotions of the heart, render the domestic pleasures insipid,--that ought to sweeten the exercise of those severe duties, which educate a rational and immortal being for a nobler field of action.

The education of women, <sup>schools</sup> has, of late, been more attended to than formerly; yet they are still reckoned a frivolous sex, and ridiculed or pitied by the writers who endeavor by satire or instruction to improve them. It is acknowledged that they spend many of the first years of their lives in acquiring a smattering of accomplishments: meanwhile strength of body and mind are sacrificed to libertine notions of beauty, to the desire of establishing

themselves, --the only way women can rise in the world,--by marriage. And this desire making mere animals of them, when they marry they act as such children may be expected to act: --they dress; they paint, and nickname God's creatures. --Surely there weak beings are only fit for a seraglio, <sup>seraglio</sup>! --Can they govern a family, or take care of the poor babes whom they bring into the world?

If then it can be fairly deduced from the present conduct of the sex, from the prevalent fondness for pleasure which takes place of ambition and those nobler passions that open and enlarge the soul; that the instruction which women have received has only tended, with the constitution of civil society, to render them insignificant object of desire--more propagators of fools! --if it can be proved that in aiming to accomplish them, without cultivating their understandings, they are taken out of their sphere of duties, and make ridiculous and useless when the short-lived bloom of beauty is over\*, <sup>auth1</sup>, I presume

that *rational* men will excuse me for endeavoring to persuade them to become more masculine and respectable.

Indeed the word masculine is only a bugbear: there is little reason to fear that women will acquire too much courage or fortitude; for their apparent inferiority with respect to bodily strength, must render them, in some degree, dependent on men in the in the various relations of life; but why should it be increased by prejudices that give a sex to virtue, and confound simple truths with sensual reveries?

Women are, in fact, so much degraded by mistaken notions of female excellence, that I do not mean to add a paradox when I assert, that this artificial weakness produces a propensity to tyrannize, and gives birth to cunning, the natural opponent of strength, which leads them to play off those contemptible infantine airs that undermine esteem even whilst they excite desire. Do not foster these prejudices, and they will naturally fall into their subordinate, yet respectable station in life. It seems scarcely necessary to say, that I now speak of the sex in general. Many individuals

have more sense than their male relatives; and, as nothing preponderates where there is a constant struggle for an equilibrium, without it has naturally more gravity, some women govern their husbands without degrading themselves, because intellect will always govern.

## CHAP. XIII

SOME INSTANCES OF THE FOLLY WHICH THE IGNORANCE OF WOMEN GENERATES; WITH CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS ON THE MORAL IMPROVEMENT THAT A REVOLUTION IN FEMALE MANNERS MIGHT NATURALLY BE EXPECTED TO PRODUCE.

### SECT. II

Another instance of that feminine weakness of character, often produced by a confined education, is a romantic twist of the mind, which has been very properly termed sentimental , <sup>sentimental</sup> .

Women subjected by ignorance to their sensations, and only taught to look for happiness in love, refine on sensual feelings, and adopt metaphysical notions respecting that passion, which lead them shamefully to neglect the duties of life, and frequently in the midst of these sublime refinements they plump into actual vice.

These are women who are amused by the reveries of the stupid novelists, <sup>novelists</sup> , who, knowing little of human nature, work up stale tales, and describe meretricious scenes, all retailed in sentimental jargon, which equally tend to corrupt the taste and draw the heart aside

from its daily duties. I do not mention the understanding, because never having been exercised, its slumbering energies rest inactive, like the lurking particles of fire which are supposed universally to pervade matter.

Females, in fact, denied all political privileges, and not allowed, as married women, excepting in criminal cases, a civil existence, have their attention naturally drawn from the interest of the whole community to that of the minute parts, though the private duty of any member of society must be very imperfectly performed when not connected with the general good. The mighty business of female life is to please, and restrained from entering into more important concerns by political and civil oppression, sentiments become events, and reflection deepens what it should, and would have effaced, if the understanding had been allowed to take a wider range.

But, confined to trifling employments, <sup>trifling\_employments</sup> , they naturally imbibe opinions which the only kind of reading calculated to interest an innocent frivolous mind, inspires. Unable to grasp anything great, is it surprising that they find the reading of history a very dry talk, and

disquisitions addressed to the understanding intolerably tedious, and almost unintelligible? Thus are they necessarily dependent on the novelist for amusement. Yet, when I exclaim against novels, I mean when contrasted with those works which exercise the understanding and regulate the imagination.--For any kind of reading I think better than leaving a blank still a blank, because the mind must receive a degree of enlargement and obtain a little strength by a slight exertion of its thinking powers; besides, even the productions that are only addressed to the imagination, raise the reader a little above the gross gratification of appetites, to which the mind has not given shade of delicacy.

This observation is the result of experience; for I have known several notable women, and one in particular, who was a very good woman--as good as such a narrow mind would allow her to be, who took care that her daughters (three in number), should never see a novel. As she was a woman of fortune and fashion, they had various masters to attend them, and a sort of menial governess, <sup>governess</sup> to watch their footsteps. From their masters they learned how tables, chairs, &c. were

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called in French and Italian; but as the few books thrown in their way were far above their capacities, or devotional, they neither acquired ideas nor sentiments, and passed their time when not compelled to repeat words, in dressing, quarrelling with each other, or conversing with their maids by stealth, till they were brought into company as marriageable.

Their mother, a widow, was busy in the meantime keeping up her connections, as she termed a numerous acquaintance, lest her girls should want a proper introduction into the great world. And these young ladies with minds vulgar in every sense of the word, and spoiled tempers, entered life puffed up with notions of their own consequence, and looking down with contempt on those who could not vie with them in dress and parade., <sup>dress</sup>

With respect to love, nature, or their nurses had taken care to teach them the physical meaning of the word; and, as they had few topics of conversation, and fewer refinements on sentiment, they expressed their gross wishes not in very delicate phrases, when they spoke freely, talking of matrimony.

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Could these girls have been injured by the perusal of novels?, <sup>novels</sup> I almost forgot a shade in the character of one of them; she affected a simplicity bordering on folly, and with a simper would utter the most immodest remarks and questions, the full meaning of which she had learned whilst secluded from the world, and afraid to speak in her mother's presence, who governed with a high hand: they were all educated, as she prided herself, in most exemplary manner; and read their chapters and psalms before breakfast, never touching a silly novel.

This is only one influence; but I recollect many other women who, not led by degrees to proper studies, and not permitted to choose for themselves, have indeed been overgrown children; or have obtained, by mixing in the world, a little of what is termed common sense; that is a distinct manner of feeling common occurrences, as they stand detached: but what deserves the name of intellect, the power of gaining general or abstract ideas, or even intermediate ones, was out of the question. Their minds were quiescent, and when they were not roused by sensible objects

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and employments of that kind, they were low-spirited, would cry, or go to sleep.

When, therefore, I advise my sex not to reach such flimsy works, it is to induce them to read something superior; for I coincide in opinion with sagacious man, who, having a daughter and niece under his care, pursued a very different plan with each.

The niece, who had considerable abilities, had, before she was left to his guardianship, been indulged in desultory reading. There she endeavoured to lead, and did lead to history and moral essays; but his daughter, whom a fond, weak mother had indulged, and who consequently was averse to everything like application, he allowed to read novels: and used to justify his conduct by saying, that if she ever attained a relish for reading them, he should have some foundation to work upon; and that erroneous opinions were better than none at all.

In fact the female mind has been so totally neglected, that knowledge was only to be acquired from this muddy source, till from reading novels some women of superior talents learned to despise them.

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The best method, I believe, that can be adopted to correct a fondness for novels is to ridicule them: not indiscriminately, for then it would have little effect; but, if a judicious person, with some turn for humour, would read several to a young girl, and point out both tones, and apt comparisons with pathetic incidents and heroic characters in history, how foolishly and ridiculously they captured human nature, just opinions might be substituted instead of romantic sentiments.

In one respect, however, the majority of both sexes resemble, and equally shew a want of taste and modesty. Ignorant women, forced to be chaste to preserve their reputation, allow their imagination to revel in the unnatural and meretricious scenes sketched by the novel writers of the day, slighting as insipid the sober dignity and matronly graces of history, <sup>history \*</sup>, <sup>auth2</sup>, whilst men carry the same vitiated taste into life, and fly for amusement to the wanton, from the unsophisticated charms

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of virtue, and the grave respectability of sense.

Besides, the reading of novels makes women, and particularly ladies of fashion, very fond of using strong expressions and superlatives in conversation; and, though the dissipated artificial life which they lead prevents their cherishing and strong legitimate passion, the language of passion in affected tones slips for ever from their glib tongues, and every trifle produces those phosphoric bursts which only mimic in the dark the flame of passion, <sup>phosphorus</sup>.





## Footnotes

wollstonecraft  
Born in London on April 27, 1759, Mary Wollstonecraft is considered one of the principal figures in modern feminism. Her works reflected her unmarried middle class experience, emphasizing gender injustice, the failure of the education system for young women, and the position of women in unhappy marriages. Her best known work, *Vindication of the Rights of Women* (1792), argues that to attain virtue, women need access to systemic education. See this [biographical essay on Wollstonecraft by Janet Todd](#). The portrait of Wollstonecraft included here, painted by John Opie (1797), is housed in the [National Portrait Gallery, London](#).  
- [MUstudstaff]

mahometanism  
A term used by Westerners to refer to Muslims, in this context Mahometanism is associated with the limited opportunities and oppressed status of women in the eighteenth century. As discussed in *The Feminization Debate in Eighteenth-Century England* (2004) by E. Clery, women were trained to obey their father and husband. This confinement and domesticization was frequently described as "Mahometan" due to the misguided belief among the English that Islam sees women as not possessing souls. Social reformer and leader of the Blue Stockings Society, Elizabeth Montagu lamented in a letter about the effects of such "Mahometan" belief, which is used to justify women's domestic confinement (Clery 136). The image included here, an 1848 lithograph by James Rattray, shows Afgan women under purdah. [Image via Wikimedia Commons](#).  
- [BT]

auth1 \* A lively writer, I cannot recollect his name, asks what business women turned of forty have to do in the world? [Wollstonecraft's note.] The "lively writer" may be a mistaken reference to Lord Merton, a character in Frances Burney's epistolary novel *Evelina* (1778), who says of the masculine Mrs. Selwyn, "I don't know what the devil a woman lives for after thirty: she is only in other folks way" (III.1, 7). Readers may also find [this satirical essay from The London Magazine](#) of 1777 of interest, in which a gentleman proposes a tax on unmarried women over the age of 35. The image below, from the [Yale Center for British Art](#), shows "An Old Maid Treating a Favorite Cat to a Duck and Green Peas," a colored etching by Richard Newton (c.1792).  
- [TH]

education  
Mary Wollstonecraft noted the absence of proficient education for young women in the eighteenth century and decided to establish a school. Wollstonecraft, along with her sister Eliza, and friend Fanny Blood, opened the school in 1784. The school was established in Newington Green just outside of London. Although the school closed from financial distress in 1785, Wollstonecraft drew from her experience as a teacher and wrote *Thoughts on the Education of Daughters with Reflections on Female Conduct in the more important Duties of Life* (1787). The above picture shows [a plaque dedicated to Mary Wollstonecraft at the Newington Green Primary School](#) near where the school was located in the 18th century. For more information on the life of Mary Wollstonecraft, read [this biographical essay written by Sylvana Tomaselli](#). To look through a copy of Wollstonecraft's *Thoughts on the Education of Daughters with Reflections on Female Conduct in the more important Duties of Life* click [here](#) for an online version of the book from the London School of Economics' digital library.

- [NB]

auth2 \* I am not now alluding to that superiority of mind which leads to the creation of ideal beauty, when life, surveyed with a penetrating eye, appears a tragi-comedy, in which little can be seen to satisfy the heart without the help of fancy. [Wollstonecraft's note.]

trifling\_employments By "trifling employments," Wollstonecraft refers to the kinds of things elegant women did to employ their time such as needlepoint. Not allowed to participate in the masculine public sphere, women instead spent their time in domestic labor and activities. Many were mothers and homemakers. These activities were not masculine and serious but feminine and trifling. Read more on women's work in the eighteenth century in [this article by Susan E. Jones](#), also the source of this annotation. The portrait above, [via the Frick Collection](#), is a conversation piece by Joshua Reynolds (1723–1792) showing the genteel young ladies Waldegrave engaged in such domestic work.

- [MM]

history This is likely a reference to discussions about the hierarchy of genres during the eighteenth century. Dorothee Birke, author of *Writing the Reader: Configurations of Cultural Practice in English Novel* (2016), explains that historical and philosophical works were seen to have higher value than novels and poetry. The reason behind such a hierarchical placement is the perception of fictional reading to be connected with ignorance as people are fed unrealistic words. Thus, historical and philosophical works which were often based on truth and its reality, were insightful readings that were ranked higher than unrealistic or exaggerated works ([Birke 63](#)).

- [DN]

sandford\_merton a reference to a popular children's book written in the eighteenth century, *Sandford and Merton* (1783), by Thomas Day, is about two boys who grow up differently based on social status. [According to Stephen Bending and Stephen Bygrave](#), the book is an indictment of upper class "effete" masculinity (23). Tommy Merton is spoiled by middle class privileges and needs to be re-educated to become as fine a man as Sandford, whose lower-class status challenged him to develop, physically and mentally, into an admirable young man (3-4). Interested viewers can also [read an abridged version of Day's children's book, published in 1792, at the Internet Archive](#).

- [SV]

novelists Wollstonecraft's question refers to an ongoing discussion about the work of novel-reading on young girls' intellectual growth. It was thought dangerous for women to read novels because society feared that they would not, as Anna North writes in "[When Novels Were Bad for You](#)," be able to "differentiate between fiction and life."

- [KS]

bubbled According to the Oxford English Dictionary, in the eighteenth-century the word "bubbled" meant befooled, cheated, or deceived. Here, Wollstonecraft is saying women's understandings have been fooled by the popularization and distribution of conduct books and their false depiction of women. "Bubbled" in this usage is also derived from the devastating financial bubble in the eighteenth century, including the South Sea Bubble of 1720. Many engravings and satirical prints of the time depict how the people were deceived and cheated financially, most notably, *The Bubbler's Medley, or a Sketch of the Times being Europe's Memoriam for 1720*. The

image included here is [from the British Museum's online collection](#). To read more, visit [Harvard Business School's online exhibit on the South Sea Bubble](#), and the source of this annotation.

- [JMF]

conduct This is most likely a reference to Dr. John Gregory's *A Father's Legacy to His Daughters* , a conduct book written prior to Dr. Gregory's wife's passing in 1761 and addressed to his daughters about etiquette, religion, conduct, and behaviors. Wollstonecraft references this book directly in many of her arguments. The image of the book's title page (1795) is from the [University of Delaware Special Collections Department](#) is from the National Library of Scotland. [View a 1793 edition of A Father's Legacy to His Daughters at the Internet Archive.](#)

- [BT]

johnson Throughout the eighteenth century, St. Paul's Church Yard was the center of the publishing trade. Wollstonecraft's *Vindications* was published by Joseph Johnson, a liberal publisher with radical views, who published work by William Godwin, Joseph Priestly, and William Blake. Wollstonecraft lived near St. Paul's Church Yard and spent many hours in this workshop as Joseph Johnson gave her writing and translating jobs throughout the day. For more on the relationship between Mary Wollstonecraft and Joseph Johnson, see this [letter from Wollstonecraft to her publisher reprinted in The American Reader](#) . The image here, from a [University of Louisville news article on William Shakespeare's first folio](#), shows the locations of printers around St. Paul's during the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries.

- [TH]

elegance Elegance in the 18th century has a specific meaning when applied to women. According to [Robert W. Jones, author of Gender and the Formation of Taste in Eighteenth-Century Britain](#) , feminine elegance is the combination of docility and enticement of men. In the eighteenth century, elegance is feminized with the goal that women should use it to please and seduce men through beauty and refinement. Elegance of the eighteenth century is the area of the pleasing and amiable actions from women to men, these beauty standards were important and a source of intrigue for the culture (Jones 109). The image here, [drawn from the National Gallery of Art in Washington, DC](#), shows *An Elegant Lady Playing a Cittern* (1770), by Nathaniel Dance-Holland.

- [SM]

virtue Mary Wollstonecraft uses "virtue" with its eighteenth-century sense of power. Men were often seen as virtuous because of their physical strength, whereas women acquired virtue through sensibility and virginity. Wollstonecraft argues that true virtue can only exist with knowledge and education. Therefore, women must be properly educated or they would only be mimicking true virtue. [Views of Women in Eighteenth Century Literature," published in the International Journal of Communication Research](#) by Adrian Brunello and Florina-Elena Borsan reviews the way that understandings of womanhood shifted in the period, resulting in the need for an exterior display of virtue, rather than true virtue (325-326). [clicking here will direct you to the UK National Gallery of Art, showing An Allegory of Virtue and Riches](#) , painted in 1667 by Godfried Schalcken.

- [RB]

- schools The most common schools available for lower working class families in eighteenth-century were dame schools. An elderly, barely literate, woman would teach reading and sewing for a small fee. Read more in [English Heritage's brochure on \*England's School\*](#) . The image of children learning in a dame school, painted by Thomas Webster (1845), is housed in the [Tate Art Museum, London](#).  
- [FB]
- sentimental The sentimental novel is a genre which rose into popularity in the eighteenth century. This genre is characterized by excessively passionate characters, tearful scenes and dramatic, flowery dialogue. Mary Wollstonecraft may be using the popularity of these novels among young women to explain their apparent lack of rationality rather than claiming irrationality to be a naturally female trait. Read more about the sentimental novel in [Encyclopedia Britannica](#) .  
- [ES]
- novels As novels became more accessible they became more popular. Some believed that excessive exposure to fiction novels would cause readers to lose touch with reality and identify with characters to the point of mimicking dangerous or immoral behavior. Read more about a popular novel that was blamed for youthful suicides in this article by Frank Furedi from [History Today](#) .  
- [ES]
- ranks The different ranks of society in England during the eighteenth century were not simply divided between the rich or poor. According to the eighteenth-century writer Daniel Defoe, there were seven categories: the great, the rich, the middle sort, the working trades, the country people, the poor, and the miserable. The country still relied on agriculture and, although some still died of hunger, there was usually enough food to go around. Trade was increasing and more men and women acquired jobs in industry. However, wealth was unequally distributed, with only 5% of the national income belonging to the general population. Read more in this [Encyclopedia Britannica entry for eighteenth-century Britain](#), and the source of this annotation.  
- [MR]
- seraglio Wollstonecraft's argument in *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman* is that women spend most of their lives acquiring knowledge to be perfect wives instead of strengthening their minds and bodies to place a man. Because the only way women can rise the world is through marriage, they are being groomed to become lovers much like women in a Turkish seraglio, as Susan Gubar notes in "Feminist Misogyny" ([Gubar 151](#)). Wollstonecraft is pointing out the lack of freedom for women. The image included here illustrates the women's quarter of a seraglio painted in 1873 by John Frederick Lewis. [This image is from Wikimedia Commons](#).  
- [RDJ]
- dress In the eighteenth century, women were encouraged to focus on their dress, meaning their overall attire, because as [Dr. Gregory argues in \*A Father's Legacy to His Daughters\*](#) , it was supposedly natural to them (55). Women were dressed in hope of catching the attention of a man; they would parade, or flaunt themselves to men, hoping to find a husband, which is the only way for a woman to "rise in the world," as Wollstonecraft notes above (9). Wollstonecraft didn't want women to dress and flaunt themselves only for men's attention; she wanted women to focus on their own education. This portrait of Madame Pompadour, located in the Alte Pinakothek Museum

in Munich and via [Wikimedia Commons](#), provides an example of women's attire in the 1700s in which Wollstonecraft was advising them not to do. Learn more about eighteenth-century fashion at [the Victoria and Albert Museum](#).

- [DF]

governess According to [Katheryn Hughes](#), the governess was one of the most familiar figures in the Romantic period and throughout the Victorian period. Governesses were women who earned their living by teaching and caring for other women's children. Most governesses lived with their employers and were paid a small salary on top of their board and lodging. The governess was seen as an outsider, not quite fitting in with the family she governed for but not exactly fitting in as a servant either.

- [AH]

manly "Manly virtues" in the eighteenth century refers to social behavior that encourages men to be kind, loving, and courageous both in the home and in the public domain. Since masculinity is, as *Intertextual War: Edmund Burke and the French Revolution in the Writings of Mary Wollstonecraft, Thomas Paine, and James Mackintosh* by Steven Blakemore, states, a "restrictive misnomer for qualities or virtues that are human," Mary Wollstonecraft opposes men that inveigh against masculine women because of its imitation of manly virtues ([Blakemore 42](#)). The portrait here, *Mr. and Mrs. Andrews* by Thomas Gainsborough (1748), is housed in the National Gallery London. This painting, via [Wikimedia Commons](#), illustrates manliness in terms of gentility.

- [RB]

phosphorus Used by alchemists throughout the seventeenth century, phosphorous was officially designated the thirteenth element by Antoine Lavoisier in 1777. Quack physicians incorporated the eerily-glowing phosphorous into their "cure all" medicines. Here, Wollstonecraft may be referring to a long-standing association between the element and its use in false medicines as well as its generation of artificial light. The image included here, *The Alchymist, In Search of the Philosopher's Stone, Discovers Phosphorus* (1770) is by Joseph Wright of Derby, via [Wikimedia Commons](#). Read more about the discovery of phosphorus on [the personal blog Res Obscura](#) .

- [TG]

# "To the Ladies"

By Mary Chudleigh

*Transcription, correction, editorial commentary, and markup by Students and Staff of Marymount University*

- [TP] -

POEMS  
ON  
Several Occasions.  
BY THE  
LADY CHUDLEIGH , <sup>author</sup>  
The THIRD Edition, Corrected.

London:  
Printed for BERNARD LINTOT, at the *Cross-  
Keys* between the *Temple-Gates* . MDCCXXII.

## To the Ladies.

1 Wife and Servant are the same,  
2 But only differ in the Name:  
3 For when that fatal Knot is ty'd,  
4 Which nothing, nothing can divide, <sup>divorce</sup>:  
5 When she the word obey has said,  
6 And Man by Law, <sup>couverture</sup> supreme has made,  
7 Then all that's kind is laid aside,  
8 And nothing left but State and Pride:  
9 Fierce as an Eastern Prince, <sup>eastern-prince</sup> he grows,  
10 And all his innate Rigor shows:  
11 Then but to look, to laugh, or speak,  
12 Will the Nuptial Contract break.  
13 Like Mutes, <sup>mutes</sup> she Signs alone must make,  
14 And never any Freedom take, <sup>freedom</sup>:  
15 But still be govern'd by a Nod,  
16 And fear her Husband as her God:  
17 Him still must serve, him still obey,  
18 And nothing act, and nothing say,  
19 But what her haughty Lord thinks fit,  
20 Who with the Pow'r, has all the Wit.  
21 Then shun, oh! shun that wretched State, <sup>state</sup>,  
22 And all the fawning Flatt'ers hate:  
23 Value your selves, and Men despise,  
24 You must be proud, if you'll be wise.

## Footnotes

- author Mary Chudleigh was a poet and early feminist, friends with women like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Mary Astell. She is most well-known for her long poem *The Ladies Defense* (1701), published in response to John Sprint's *The Bride-Woman's Counsellor*, a marriage sermon he delivered in 1699 expounding on the duty of wives to their husbands. Chudleigh was a devout Anglican, and had no formal education (women were not usually formally educated for a century more), but she was self-taught and read widely. In her late teens, she married Sir George Chudleigh, a Baronet. He was an overbearing husband, and scholars suggest that her own experience was an influence for her writing. However, he did allow her to publish her work, which was not common for women of her stature. To read more about anonymity and women writers, see [Greg Buzwell's short essay at the British Library](#). Chudleigh bore six children with her husband.  
- [TH]
- divorce Until the middle of the nineteenth century, with the passage of the Matrimonial Causes Act of 1857, English society was essentially divorceless; members of the gentility and the aristocracy typically married for life. The only way to secure a divorce was through a very expensive Private Act of Parliament; between 1700 and 1857, fewer than 325 parliamentary divorces were granted in England. Almost all were initiated by men, and it was only granted for adultery. Women could only seek divorce if the adultery were accompanied by extreme cruelty. Those granted to women could be counted on one hand. As a result, there were many unhappy marriages, and literature focused on choosing the right mate was popular. Those in the lower classes (and sometimes those in the growing middle classes) had more flexibility, often simply agreeing among themselves to leave each other or through the practice of "wife selling." To read more about the history of divorce, see [Amanda Foreman's "The Heartbreaking History of Divorce" for \*The Smithsonian Magazine\*](#).  
- [TH]
- couvverture Upon marriage, a woman became a "femme couverte"; her legal identity was subsumed into (or "covered by") her husband's, and she was no longer able to take on debt, own property, or engage in contracts. Unmarried women and widows could. To read more about this doctrine of *couvverture*, which was only modified in the late 19th century, see [Wikipedia](#). It is worth noting that, in the US, it was only in 1974 (with the passage of the Equal Credit Opportunity Act) that women could open bank accounts or apply for credit without needing a male co-signer. In the UK, a similar law was passed in 1975.  
- [TH]
- eastern-prince The Ottoman Empire was the largest empire in the world, spanning the 13th through the 20th centuries. As Emily Kugler notes in *Sway of the Ottoman Empire on English Identity in the Long Eighteenth Century* (2012), the English in the eighteenth century depicted the Ottoman world as powerful, moreso than the English themselves, whose empire was growing and would reach its height in the 19th century. Hence, Chudleigh here uses the "eastern prince" as an image of unchecked power. This is exacerbated by perceived differences in personal and political liberties between the English and the Turkish subject, and especially the female subject.



- [TH]

mutés For an interesting discussion of the "mute" in the Turkish Ottoman Court, see "[Signing in the Seraglio](#)," by M. Miles.

- [TH]

freedom Chudleigh is drawing on the image of the [Turkish seraglio](#) as a site of female confinement and sexual enslavement. In British literature, the trope of the English captive seeking to regain their "native" or natural/innate liberties takes shape "against a detailed representation of the Orient as debased and despotic" (Snader, "[The Oriental Captivity Narrative andn Early English Fiction](#)" 268). Note that Chudleigh refers, in an earlier line, to the husband's "innate Rigor." To read more about the way the West viewed the Ottoman Empire as tyrannical and despotic, especially when it comes to the image of women, see "[From Tyranny to Despotism: The Enlightenment's Unenlightened Image of the Turks](#)" by Asli Çirakman.

- [TH]

state The "state" of marriage.

- [TH]