

ROBINSON CRUSOE

This edition is dedicated to the illustrator's great-grandchildren:
Rose, Nicholas, Hudson and Indiana Keating.

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DANIEL DEFOE

ROBINSON CRUSOE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT INGPEN

WELBECK
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CHAPTER I

Leaving Home

I was born in York in the year 1632. My father was from Bremen and was called Kreutznaer but that was difficult to say so people called him 'Crusoe'. He married my mother who was from a well-respected family called Robinson. That is how I came to be called Robinson Crusoe.

I was their third son, and my father dearly wished for me to be a lawyer, but my head was filled very early with rambling thoughts and I would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea. My father was strongly against this plan and my mother begged me not to become a sailor. In fact, all my friends advised me to think of a better course, which has often made me wonder whether they could sense the misery this life would bring me.

My father called me to his room one morning and attempted to change my mind, telling me that it was either desperately poor men, or men of great fortune, who went abroad to have adventures, to rise by cleverness and luck, and make themselves famous; that these things were all either too far above me or too far below me; that I was in the middle. He told me that this was the state of life which all other people envied; that kings have frequently lamented the miserable consequence of being born to great things, and wished they had been placed in the middle of the two extremes; that the wise man prayed to have neither poverty nor riches.

My father said that by forbidding me to go to sea, he would be doing a very kind thing and he would not feel responsible for misfortunes. He said if I took this foolish step, I would live to regret it, and no one would be there to help me get home again.

As he said this last part, which turned out truer than my father could have known, the tears ran down his face and his heart was so full of sorrow he could say no more to me.

I was sincerely moved by my father's concern and resolved not to think of going abroad any more, but to settle at home according to my father's wishes. But alas! a few days wore it all off; and a few weeks after I decided to run quite away from home. However, I did tell my mother that my thoughts were so entirely bent upon seeing the world that I should never settle for anything else, and it would be better give me his consent than force me to

go without it; and if she would speak to my father to let me go one voyage abroad, if I came home again, and did not like it, I would go no more; and I would promise to work hard to recover the time that I had lost.

My mother was very upset; she told me it would be to no purpose to speak to my father upon any such subject; and that she wondered how I could think of any such thing after the conversation with my father; and in short, if I would ruin myself, there was no help for me.

Despite this, my mother did speak to my father about it as I had asked, and that my father, 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 most miserable wretch that ever was born."

Although I had no firm plans to run away, it happened that one day I visited Hull. One of my friends was about to sail to London in his father's ship and asked me if I would like to go with them. I asked neither father nor mother any more, nor so much as sent them word of it; but leaving them to hear of it as they might. So it was that in an evil hour on the 1st of September 1651, I went on board a ship bound for London. Never have any young adventurer's misfortunes, I believe, began sooner, or continued longer than mine. The ship was no sooner out of the Humber than the wind began to blow and the sea to rise in a most frightful manner; and, as I had never been at sea before, I was most terribly sick and terrified. I began to seriously regret what I had done. All the good advice of my parents, my father's tears and my mother's pleas, came now fresh into my mind; and I felt terribly guilty that I had ignored them and left my family without a word.

The storm grew, and the sea was very high, though nothing like what I have seen many times since; but I was a new sailor, and had never seen anything like it before. I expected every wave would have swallowed us up, and that every time the ship fell down, as I thought it did, in the trough or hollow of the sea, we should never rise more; I made many promises to myself that if ever I got my foot upon dry land again, I would go directly home to my father, and never set it into a ship again while I lived; that I would take his advice, and never subject myself to such miseries as these any more.

These wise and sober thoughts continued while the storm lasted, but the next day the sea was calmer, and a beautiful evening followed; 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 the most delightful one that ever I saw.

I had slept well in the night, and was now no more sea-sick, but very cheerful, 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 a time after. And now, my friend came to me; "Well, Bob," said he, clapping me upon the shoulder, "how are you feeling? I expect you were frightened, last night, when it blew but a capful of wind?"

"A capful do you call it?" said I. "It was a terrible storm!"

"Do you call that a storm?" he replied, "why, it was nothing at all; but you're but a fresh-water sailor, Bob. Come, let us make a bowl of punch, and we'll forget all that; do you see what lovely weather it is now?"

The punch was made and I was half drunk with it: and in that one night I forgot my determination to return to my family. As the surface was returned so quickly to its calmness, so my fears and apprehensions of being swallowed up by the sea were forgotten, and I entirely forgot the vows and promises that I made in my distress.

But the good weather did not last. Only a week or so later the ship was struck by another, more terrible storm. When I looked out of my cabin, I was horrified to see the waves as high as mountains. This time, even the hardened sailors were afraid, and the captain had to do everything he could to stop the ship from sinking.

We saw other ships which had cut down their masts to prevent them snapping and sinking the vessel. I heard the first mate and the boatswain pleading with the captain for us to do the same. The captain was reluctant to lose the mast but he had no choice. Soon the sailors had cut away both the fore-mast and the main mast, and cleared the decks as quickly as possible as the ship shook so terribly.

By now, you can imagine how terrified I felt. But the worst had not come yet; the storm continued with such fury that the seamen themselves exclaimed they had never seen one worse. We had a fine ship, but she was heavy with goods, and wallowed in the sea, so that the seamen every now and then cried out she would capsize. In the middle of the night, on top of all our other troubles, one of the men reported that we had sprung a leak and the hold was under four feet of water. Then all hands were called to the pump. I knew little about sailing but I was as able to pump as well as any man on board and I worked very hard with my fellows. However hard we pumped, the water level continued to worsen and it was now apparent that the ship would sink. The captain fired the guns for help; and a lighter ship, who was riding out the storm just ahead of us, ventured a rowing boat out to help. It was an incredibly brave act; but it was impossible for us to get on board, or for the boat to lie near the ship's side, till at last the men rowing very heartily, and risking their lives to save ours, grabbed hold of our rope and we hauled them close and got into their boat. It would be impossible now for the rowing boat to reach their own ship; so we agreed that we would try our best to reach the shore if we could. As we tried to keep afloat, we saw the sad sight of our own ship sink beneath the waves. I could hardly bear to watch.

We could see the shore and there were now a great many people waiting there ready to assist us when we should come near; but we made very slow progress. At last we all arrived safe on shore. We were close to the town of Yarmouth and the townsfolk treated us very



well and gave us places to stay and some merchants offered to transport us either to London or back to Hull if we wished.

I wish that I had the sense to go back to Hull, and had gone home and had been happy. But my ill fate pushed me on now with an obstinacy that nothing could resist. My friend, who had helped to harden me before, and who was the captain's son, was now less sure than I. The first time he spoke to me after we were at Yarmouth, he was very gloomy, and shaking his head, he said that his father had told him, "Young man, 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," I said, "so are you never going to sea again?"

"The sea is my calling and therefore my duty," said he; "but as you made this voyage on trial, you have the chance to think better of this life."

We parted soon after; for I did not know what to say and I never saw him again. As for me, having some money in my pocket, I travelled to London; and there I thought a great deal about whether I should go home or to sea. I felt ashamed at the thought of going home now. I wondered if I should be laughed at among the neighbours. So I decided to go on with my plans and I started looking for a suitable voyage.

CHAPTER 2

A Poor Slave

That evil influence which first carried me away from my home—which hurried me into the wild notion of raising my fortune, and made me deaf to all good advice—presented me with the opportunity to go on board a ship bound for the coast of Africa.

I got acquainted with the captain of a ship who had been there; and who, having had very good success, was determined to go again. This captain, hearing me say I had a mind to see the world, told me if I would go on the voyage with him I should be his companion. I accepted the offer as the captain was an honest, plain-dealing man.

Looking back, I wish that I had embarked as a sailor; when, though I might have worked harder, yet at the same time I should have learnt the business of sailing a ship and might have qualified myself for a mate or lieutenant, if not for a captain. But as it was always my fate to choose for the worse, so I did here; for having money in my pocket and good clothes upon my back, I boarded as a gentleman; and so I neither had any business in the ship, nor learned to do any.

This was the only voyage which I may say was successful in all my adventures, which I owe to the integrity and honesty of my friend the captain; under whom also I got a good knowledge of the mathematics and the rules of navigation, learned how to keep an account of the ship's course, take an observation, and, in short, to understand some things that needed to be understood by a sailor; for, as he took delight to teach me, I took delight to learn; and this voyage made me both a sailor and a merchant; for I brought home five pounds nine ounces of gold-dust from my adventure, which I sold in London, at my return, for almost £300.

I was now ready to set up as a trader but my friend, to my great misfortune, died soon after his arrival home. I decided to try the same voyage again, and I embarked in the same ship, now captained by the first mate. I left my new-gained wealth in the care of my friend's widow for safe-keeping.

This was the unhappiest voyage that ever man made; for as our ship was sailing towards the Canary Islands, we were surprised in the grey of the morning by a Turkish pirate ship, who chased us. We tried to outrun them but it was clear the pirates were faster and we prepared for battle; our ship having twelve guns, and the rogue eighteen. By mid afternoon, she boarded with sixty men upon our decks, who immediately fell to cutting and hacking the sails and rigging. We plied them with small shot, half-pikes, powder-chests, and such like, and cleared our deck of them twice. However, our ship being disabled, and three of our men killed, and eight wounded, we had no choice but to yield, and were carried off as prisoners to Sallee, a port belonging to the Moors.

On arrival, my crewmen were carried away to the emperor's court, but I was kept by the captain of the pirate ship as his prize, and made his slave, being young and nimble, and fit for his business. At this surprising change of my circumstances, from a merchant to an unhappy slave, I remembered my father's words, that I should be miserable and have none to relieve me.

As my new master had taken me to his house, I was hopeful that he would take me with him when he went to sea again, believing that it would some time or other be his fate to be taken by a Spanish or Portuguese ship; and that then I should be set free. But this hope of mine was soon taken away; for when he went to sea, he left me on shore to look after his garden and escape was impossible.

It was two years before my chance of escape came to me. My master was at home longer than usual, and once or twice a week, he enjoyed a day of fishing in a little boat. He always took me and young slave boy called Xury with him to row the boat as we made him very merry, and I proved so very good at catching fish; so he began to send Xury and myself fishing more often, with one of his family members to guard us.

On one of these occasions, one calm morning, a fog rose so thick that, though we were not half a league from the shore, we lost sight of it; and rowing we could not tell which direction to go. We were lost all day, and all the next night; and when the morning came we found we had rowed off to sea instead of pulling in for the shore; and that we were now at least two leagues from the shore. We got home safely but our master, warned by this disaster, decided that we would never go fishing so ill-equipped again. He ordered a carpenter to build a cabin the middle of the boat, and what we call a shoulder-of-mutton sail. It lay very snug and low, and had in it room for him to lie, with a slave or two, and a table to eat on, with some small lockers to put in some bottles of such liquor as he thought fit to drink; and his bread, rice, and coffee. He also packed a compass.

It happened that he had planned to go fishing with two or three Moors of some distinction. The evening before, he stocked the boat with a larger store of provisions than usual; and had ordered me to get ready three muskets with powder and shot, in case they wanted to go hunting as well. I got all things ready as he had directed, and waited the next morning with the boat washed clean and everything ready to accommodate his guests; when by-and-by my master came on board alone, and told me his guests had delayed the trip as they had a pressing matter of business. He ordered me, with the guard and Xury, as usual, to go out with the boat and catch them some fish, because his friends were to dine at his house in the evening.

The notion of winning my freedom darted into my thoughts, for now I found I had a little ship at my command; and my master being gone, I prepared myself, not for fishing, but for a voyage; though I knew not, neither did I so much as consider, where I should steer. Anywhere to get out of that place!

I persuaded our guard to bring extra food on board as I told him I felt it would not be right for us to eat our master's food. The guard agreed to bring a large basket of biscuits and three jars of fresh water. I smuggled a large parcel of useful things on



board—a lump of beeswax, twine, a hatchet, a saw, and a hammer—all of which were of great use to us afterwards, especially the wax, to make candles. Then I tried another trick on our guard. I said to him, "Our master's guns are already on board the boat. Shall we take with us a little powder and shot? It may be we may shoot some birds and bring those home for dinner too.

"Yes," says he, "I'll bring some;" and accordingly he brought a great leather pouch, which held a pound and a half of gunpowder; and another with five pounds of shot, with some bullets, and put all into the boat. So, with all our stores, we sailed out of the port to fish. The castle, which is at the entrance of the port, knew who we were, and took no notice of us; and we were not above a mile out of the port before we hauled in our sail and set us down to fish. I was disappointed that the wind blew from the North North East, for had it blown southerly I had been sure to have made the coast of Spain, and at least reached the bay of Cadiz; but I was determined that, regardless of the direction the wind blew, I would be gone from that horrid place and leave the rest to fate.

After we had fished some time and caught nothing, I said to the guard, "This will not do; we must look for fish further out to sea." He, thinking no harm, agreed, and being in the head of the boat, set the sails; and, as I had the helm, I steered the boat out farther from the shore, and then stopped, as if I were planning to fish. I gave Xury the helm and walked up to where the guard was standing, pretending that I was reaching for something behind him. Then I suddenly took him by surprise with my arm under his waist, and tossed him clear overboard into the sea. He rose immediately, for he swam like a cork. I was worried he would climb back on board so I fetched one of the guns and pointed it at him.

"Listen," said I, "you swim well enough to reach the shore, and the sea is calm; make the best of your way to shore, and I will do you no harm; but if you come near the boat I'll shoot you through the head, for I am determined to win my freedom today." He had no choice but to do as I said, so he turned himself about, and swam for the shore.

I did not know whether I could trust the young boy at the helm and I wondered if I should throw him overboard too but I was unsure how well he could swim. I turned to the boy and said to him, "Xury, if you will be promise to be faithful to me, I'll take you with me to share in my adventures; but if you will not then I must throw you into the sea too."

The boy smiled and swore to be faithful to me, and go all over the world with me; and these promises spoken, we made our escape.