o

South Valley University
Faculty of Education
Department of English
First Year- Basic Education

Preface to Drama & Story

First Year-Basic Education

Compiled by

Dr. Nabil Abdel Fattah

Qena Faculty of Arts – South Valley University

2024 - 2025

Preface

This course introduces First- level students to drama and story in literature. It starts with an introduction the emergence, development and characteristics of both drama and novel. The course also focuses on the rise of the English drama as well as novel by studying selected texts exemplify the different traditions and schools of short story and plays written in English.

Upon the completion of this course, students will be able to, distinguish the characteristics of the style of each studied dramatist and novelist, apply theoretical dramatic and narrative concepts to particular plays and novels and analyze a specific play as well as short story.

Best Wishes & Regards

Dr. Nabil Abdel Fattah

Table of Contents

Drama

The elements of drama are the ingredients that give the work its shape and character. As well as characters, plot and action, consider which dramatic forms and dramatic coventions to use.

The elements of drama

These are the ingredients that give work its shape and character. When devising work, whatever your stimulus or theme, you should consider the following elements:

Plot

This is the story, or through-line of your piece. A storyline is often called a **narrative**. Without any narrative the work might be on one level, failing to keep the interest of the audience. The sequence of the plot is something that can be explored once you have brainstormed and improvised your narrative.

Most stories have a beginning, middle and an end. However, your drama doesn't have to run in this **linear** order. Some work is **non-linear** in structure. This means that it doesn't follow a chronological sequence but moves about in time. This can be an excellent device for building tension and keeping the audience engaged as the story unravels bit by bit. The play, *Betrayal* by Harold Pinter is an excellent example of this. It begins at the end of the plot and then moves backwards in time scene by scene to how it all began.

A play may contain more than one plot. A separate storyline running parallel to the main story is called a subplot. In Shakespeare's play, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the main story is about four young would-be lovers lost in a wood. A comic story about 'rude mechanicals' who are rehearsing a play for the Duke Theseus's wedding runs parallel to it.

Fractured narrative

Some drama contains many stories and moves between them. This is called a **fractured narrative**. The BBC soap opera, *EastEnders* is an excellent example

where various scenes play out between different characters with the action cutting between them.

Linear and non-linear plots

The play, *Billy Liar* by Keith Waterhouse is an example of a linear plot. Events are shown in chronological order even though it breaks into fantasy sequences throughout. *Sunset Boulevard*, the film written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, has a non-linear plot. It begins with the ending, thus revealing a main character's death. Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice* can be broken down into four subplots which weave in and out of each other throughout the play before coming together at the end.

Characters

The characters in the work you create are also an important part of your plot development. Look at Developing characters for more information.

Action in drama

The action of the drama is the events that are contained within it. It's what happens between characters in a scene and in the play. It could be a sword fight in *Macbeth* or a tense discussion during which neither character moves physically at all.

Content

This is what your drama is about. It's the themes, issues and ideas it contains. For example, the action of the piece might be two sisters arguing, but the content is the exploration of sibling rivalry.

Dramatic forms

A form is the method you select to tell your story and explore themes when presenting your work. For example, you may choose to present a piece of work in the form of a mime, where the actors don't speak, or as Physical theatre, where abstract movements symbolise relationships.

Remember, form is the thing itself and the style is the way you present it. In the case of a 'comical mime' the dramatic form used is mime and comical is the style in which it's done.

Forms of drama to consider:

- Mime/mute
- Choral work
- Physical theatre
- Musical theatre
- Farce
- Satire
- Commedia dell'arte
- Dance

You could choose to combine various dramatic forms. Be creative, experiment and see which ones work for you.

Climax and anti-climax

This is the building and release of tension in drama.

Tension is a growing sense of expectation within the drama, a feeling that the story is building up towards something exciting happening. Without tension in a scene it is hard to keep the audience engaged with what is happening so the work may be flat and dull.

A climax is when the tension within a scene builds to its highest point. It's the most exciting moment. An anti-climax is the release of tension. It happens after the tension has reached its highest point and then suddenly drops.

Imagine a scene where a hostage has escaped their captors. They realise what has happened and search the room where the hostage is hiding. Pauses build the tension and the hostage is very close to being caught so the audience are on the edge of their seats. When the hostage is seconds away from having their hiding place discovered, the captors decide to leave and search somewhere else. The audience breathe a collective sigh of relief for the hostage.

This is an **anti-climax**. The tension has built and has been released. Serial dramas and television soap operas such as *EastEnders* often finish just before or at the point of climax so that the audience will tune in again to see what happens next. This is called a **cliffhanger** or the 'duff duff' moment on account of the music at the end of each episode!

Contrast

Contrast is a marked difference between two or more things placed side by side for dramatic effect, eg stillness next to activity. When two opposing things are placed next to each other their impact is strengthened. You could use contrast as a way of highlighting differences in your drama and keeping the audience interested.

For example, a woman is lonely and miserable after the death of her beloved husband. Creating a flashback memory of their joyous times together, laughing, and playing with their children contrasts with the present and makes her loss more intense and moving for the audience. They fully understand what she's lost.

What contrast is being demonstrated by this image? Not only is there a contrast in the physical levels of the people in the image (one is lying down and the others are upright), there is also a clear contrast in their situations. The man lying down is homeless and jobless whilst the other characters look like fairly prosperous people on their way to work. You can use such an image as a springboard or stimulus to creating a scene using a similar contrast between characters.

Cross-cutting (moving from one scene to another and back again) is also an effective way of exploring contrast in any drama you devise, especially if you are exploring a theme or issue.

Characterisation

The act of changing voice, body language, movement, gesture etc when in role is called characterisation.

All people are different. The actor must use their skills to portray a character consistently throughout their performance. When creating characters you need to consider the following:

Voice: Does your character have an accent? What is the tone of their voice like? How quickly do they speak? Do they have any vocal mannerisms that are particular to them?

Body language: This is what your character's movements and way of using their body says about them. A character who is very nervous and stressed may fidget a lot or have their shoulders hunched up tight to indicate tension.

Facial expression: Does your character move their face a lot? What does their facial expression say about their character? Do they have a very expressive face or do they try not to give much of themselves away?

Hot-seating: (being questioned in character) is an excellent way of ensuring that you understand the role you are playing.

Improvisation: in role is also very useful in rehearsal as it ensures that you can act as that character 'off the text'. It helps you to understand how they would react in a range of circumstances.

Dramatic conventions

A convention is a technique employed regularly in the drama so that the audience come to attach specific meaning to it. When a technique is used repeatedly in a drama the audience recognise its significance. They buy into it as an established way of telling the story.

There are a range of dramatic conventions that you can explore to make your drama interesting and engage the audience:

- slow motion
- soliloquy (a solo speech by an actor that gives an insight into what they are thinking)
- adding narration
- use of an 'aside' (when a character directly addresses the audience to comment within a scene)
- breaking into song (as in Musical theatre)
- using a chorus to comment upon the action
- splitting the stage so that different spaces represent different locations

- using placards (signs) to give additional information to the audience
- split role or multi-role
- using music to underscore the drama

Using symbols

A symbol is something which stands for, or represents something else. Symbols are often used in drama to deepen its meaning and remind the audience of the themes or issues it is discussing. A prop often has a particular significance that an audience will instantly recognise when used symbolically in the work. What might the following things symbolise or represent?

1. A white coat represents medicine, science, authority
2. A dove represents peace and tranquillity
3. A torn wedding photograph represents divorce or separation
4. A lamb represents new life, spring, innocence or sacrifice

Symbolic movements

Movement and actions can be symbolic too, particularly if you're using Physical theatre as a form. In Mark Wheeler's play, *Too Much Punch for Judy*, the keys being thrown are significant in certain important moments in the play. Remember that the meanings behind symbols can sometimes change within the same play.

Identifying drama elements

Can you identify different drama elements? Watch the clip and answer the questions then check your responses against the sample answers.

This clip is from the BBC4 drama *Burton and Taylor* starring Helena Bonham Carter as Elizabeth Taylor and Dominic West as Richard Burton. Taylor and Burton were world famous actors whose turbulent marriages in the 1960s and 1970s (they were married twice) made tabloid headlines.

'A Doll's House'

by

Henrik Ibsen

A Doll's House is a three-act play written by Norwegian playwright Henrik Ibsen. It concerns the lives of a group of middle class Norwegians in the 1870s, and deals with themes such as appearances, the power of money, and the place of women in a patriarchal society.

Fast Facts: A Doll's House

- **Title:** *A Doll's House*
- **Author:** Henrik Ibsen
- **Publisher:** Premiered at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen
- **Year Published:** 1879
- **Genre:** Drama
- **Type of Work:** Play
- **Original Language:** Bokmål, the written standard for the Norwegian language
- **Themes:** Money, morals and appearances, women's worth
- **Major Characters:** Nora Helmer, Torvald Helmer, Nils Krogstad, Kristine Linde, Dr. Rank, Anne-Marie, the children
- **Notable Adaptations:** Ingmar Bergman's 1989 adaptation titled *Nora;* BBC Radio 3's 2012 adaptation by Tanika Gupta, which is set in India and Nora (called Niru) is married to Englishman Tom

- **Fun Fact:** Feeling that the ending would not resonate with German audiences, Ibsen wrote an alternate ending. Instead of walking out on Torvald, Nora is brought to her children after the final argument, and, upon seeing them, she collapses.

Plot Summary

Nora and Torvald Helmer are a typical bourgeois Norwegian household in the late 1870s, but the visit of an old friend of Nora, named Kristine Linde, and an employee of her husband, Nils Krogstad, soon exposes the cracks in their picture-perfect union.

When Kristine needs a job, she asks Nora for help interceding for her with her husband. Torvald consents, but he does so because he fired Krogstad, a lowly employee. When Krogstad finds out, he threatens to expose Nora's past crime, a signature she forged to obtain a loan from Krogstad himself in order to afford treatment for her then-ailing husband.

Major Characters

Nora Helmer. Torvald Helmer's wife, she is a seemingly frivolous and childlike woman.

Torvald Helmer. Nora's husband, lawyer and banker. He is overly preoccupied with appearances and decorum.

Nils Krogstad. A lowly employee of Torvald's, he is defined as a "moral invalid" who has leads a life of lies.

Kristine Linde. An old friend of Nora's who is in town looking for a new job. Unlike Nora, Kristen is jaded but more practical

Dr. Rank. Rank is a family friend of the Helmers' who treats Nora as an equal. He suffers from "tuberculosis of the spine."

Anne-Marie. The Helmers' children's nanny. She gave up her daughter, whom she had out of wedlock, in order to accept a position as Nora's nurse.

Major Themes

Money. In 19th-century society, money is considered more important than owning land, and those who have it command a lot of power over other people's lives. Torvald has a profound sense of self-righteousness because of his access to stable, comfortable income.

Appearances and Morals. In the play, society was subject to a strict moral code, in which appearances were more important than substance. Torvald is overly concerned with decorum, even more so than with his alleged love for Nora. Eventually, Nora sees through the hypocrisy of the whole system and decides to break free from the shackles of the society she lives in, leaving both her husband and her children.

A Woman's Worth. Norwegian women in the 19th century did not have many rights. They were not allowed to conduct business transactions on their own without a male guardian acting as a guarantor. While Kristine Linde is an embittered widow who works in order to escape existential dread, Nora has been brought up as if she

were a doll to play with her whole life. She is infantilized by her husband, too, who calls her “little lark,” “songbird,” and “squirrel.”

Literary Style

A Doll’s House is an example of realist drama, in which the characters interact by talking in a way that closely approximates real life conversations. According to a local critic who reviewed the premiere in Copenhagen in 1879, *A Doll’s House* had “Not a single declamatory phrase, no high dramatics, no drop of blood, not even a tear.”

About the Author

Norwegian playwright Henrik Ibsen was referred to as “the father of realism,” and he is the second most performed dramatist after Shakespeare. In his productions, he was keen on examining the realities that hid behind the façades of middle-class people, even though his earlier work presents fantasy and surreal elements.

Act I

It’s Christmas Eve and Nora Helmer has just returned home from a Christmas shopping spree. Her husband Torvald teases her for her largesse, calling her "little squirrel.” The Helmers’ financial situation changed in the past year; Torvald is now up for a promotion, and for this reason, Nora thought that she could spend a little more.

Two visitors join the Helmer household: Kristine Linder and Dr. Rand, two old friends of Nora’s and the Helmers', respectively. Kristine is in town looking for a

job, as her husband died leaving her with no money or children, and now she feels "unspeakably empty" despite not feeling any grief. Nora reveals some hardship she and her husband faced in the past when Torvald became sick and they had to travel to Italy so he could recover.

Nora promises Kristine that she will ask Torvald about a job for her, now that he is up for that promotion. To that, Kristine replies that Nora is like a child, which offends her. Nora starts telling Kristine that she got the money to take Torvald to Italy from some secret admirer, but she told Torvald that her father gave her the money. What she did do was take an illegal loan, as women back then were not even allowed to sign checks without their husband or father as guarantors. Over the years, she has slowly been paying it off by saving from her allowance.

Krogstad, a lower-level employee at Torvald's bank, arrives and goes into the study. Upon seeing him, Dr. Rank comments that the man is "morally diseased."

After Torvald is done with his meeting with Krogstad, Nora asks him if he can give Kristine a position at the bank and Torvald lets her know that, luckily for her friend, a position has just become available and he can likely give Kristine the spot.

The nanny returns with the Helmers' three children and Nora plays with them for a while. Soon after, Krogstad resurfaces into the living room, surprising Nora. He reveals that Torvald intends to fire him at the bank and asks Nora to put a good word out for him so that he can stay employed. When she refuses, Krogstad threatens to blackmail her and reveal about the loan she took out for the trip to Italy, as he knows that she obtained it by forging her father's signature a few days after his

death. When Torvald returns, Nora begs him not to fire Krogstad, but he refuses, exposing Krogstad as a liar, a hypocrite, and a criminal, as he forged a person's signature. A man "poisoning his own children with lies and dissimulation" who makes him sick.

Act II

The Helmers are to attend a costume party, and Nora is going to wear a Neapolitan-style dress, so Kristine arrives to help Nora repair it since it is a little worn out. When Torvald returns from the bank, Nora reiterates her plea for him to reinstate Krogstad, expressing fear at the possibility that Krogstad will slander Torvald and ruin his career. Torvald acts dismissive again; he explains that, work performance notwithstanding, Krogstad must be fired because he is too familial around Torvald, addressing him by his "Christian name."

Dr. Rank arrives and Nora asks him for a favor. In turn, Rank reveals being now in the terminal stage of tuberculosis of the spine and professes his love for her. Nora appears more unnerved by the declaration of love than by Rank's deteriorating health, and tells him she loves him dearly as a friend.

Having been fired by Torvald, Krogstad comes back to the house. He confronts Nora, telling her he no longer cares about the remaining balance of her loan. Instead, by preserving the associated bond, he intends to blackmail Torvald into not only keeping him employed but also giving him a promotion. While Nora still tries to plead her case, Krogstad informs her that he has written a letter detailing her crime and put it in Torvald's mailbox, which is locked.

At this point, Nora reverts to Kristine for help, asking her to convince Krogstad to relent.

Torvald enters and tries to retrieve his mail. Since Krogstad's incriminating letter is in the box, Nora distracts him and asks for help with the tarantella dance she intends to perform at the party, feigning performance anxiety. After the others have left, Nora stays behind and toys with the possibility of suicide in order to both save her husband from the shame he would endure and prevent him from saving her honor in vain.

Act III

We learn that Kristine and Krogstad used to be lovers. While at Krogstad's to plead Nora's case, Kristine tells him that she only married her husband because it was convenient for her, but now that he is dead she can offer him her love again. She justifies her actions by blaming them on dire financial straits and being lovelorn. This makes Krogstad change his mind, but Kristine determines that Torvald needs to know the truth anyway.

When the Helmers get back from their costume party, Torvald retrieves his letters. As he reads them, Nora mentally prepares to take her own life. Upon reading Krogstad's letter, he becomes enraged at the fact that now he has to stoop to Krogstad's requests in order to save face. He sternly berates his wife, claiming she is unfit to raise children, and resolves to keep the marriage for the sake of appearances.

A maid enters, delivering a letter to Nora. It's a letter from Krogstad, which clears Nora's reputation and returns the incriminating bond. This makes Torvald exult that he is saved, and quickly takes back the words he spewed at Nora.

At this point, Nora has an epiphany, as she realizes her husband only cares about appearances and loves himself above all other things.

Torvald makes his situation even worse by saying that when a man has forgiven his wife, the love he feels for her is even stronger, because it reminds him that she is totally dependent on him, like a child. He chalks up the difficult choices she had to make between her own integrity and her husband's health to her endearingly feminine foolishness.

At this point, Nora tells Torvald that she is leaving him, feeling betrayed, disillusioned, and like she has lost her own religion. She needs to get away from her family in order to understand herself, as all her life—first from her father, and then by her husband—she's been treated like a doll to play with.

Torvald brings up his concern with reputation again, and insists that she fulfill her duty as a wife and mother. To that, Nora replies that she has duties to herself that are just as important, and that she cannot be a good mother or wife without learning to be more than a plaything. She reveals she had actually planned to kill herself, expecting he would want to sacrifice his reputation for hers, but that was not the case.

After Nora leaves the keys and her wedding ring, Torvald breaks down crying. Nora then leaves the house, her action emphasized with her slamming of the front door.

A Doll's House' Characters

Nora Helmer

Nora Helmer is the protagonist of the play. When she is introduced at the beginning of Act I, she seems to revel in the comforts that her middle-class life allows her. She is happy to have lots of money and not have to worry about anything. Her demeanor, initially, is childish and coquettish, and her husband routinely refers to her as “lark” or “little squirrel”—in fact, Torvald does treat her like a pretty doll, getting a rush of erotic excitement when she dons a “Neapolitan-style” costume and dances the tarantella, like a puppet.

However, Nora has a more resourceful side. Before the events of the play, Torvald was ill and needed to travel to Italy to heal. The couple did not have enough money, so Nora took out a loan by forging her dead father’s signature, effectively committing fraud to save her husband's health. This side of Nora fully emerges during the denouement of the play, when she finally understands that her marriage was based on societal conventions and that she is more than a simple doll for men to enjoy at their leisure.

Torvald Helmer

Torvald Helmer is Nora's husband and the newly promoted manager of the local joint stock bank. He routinely spoils Nora and claims to be in love with her, but he talks to down to her and treats her like a doll. He calls her names like “lark" and little squirrel," implying that he considers Nora endearing but not an equal. He was never told exactly how Nora came up with the money for his medical trip to Italy. If he knew, his pride would suffer.

Torvald values appearances and formality in society. The reason he fires Krogstad has less to do with the fact that Krogstad committed forgery and more to do with the fact that Krogstad did not address him with the appropriate respect and formality. After Torvald reads Krogstad's letter detailing Nora's crime, he becomes enraged at his wife for committing an act that could damage his own reputation (despite the fact that her goal was to save his life). Nora eventually leaves him, he emphasizes how inappropriate it is for a woman to abandon her husband and children. Overall, he has a superficial view of the world and seems unable to deal with the unpleasantness of life.

Dr. Rank

Dr. Rank is a rich family friend, who, unlike Torvald, treats Nora as an intelligent human being. He is quick to point out that Krogstad is "morally ill." During the timeframe in which the play takes place, he is ailing from the final stages of tuberculosis of the spine, which, based on what he told Nora, he inherited from his philandering father, who had a venereal disease. At the end of the play, he tells only Nora that his time has come, as he thinks this information would be too "ugly" for Torvald. He has been in love with Nora for a long time, but she only loves him platonically, as a friend. He acts as a foil to Torvald in the way he talks to Nora, to whom he reveals his seriously deteriorating health. Nora, in turn, acts more like a sentient being and less like a doll around him.

Kristine Linde

Kristine Linde is an old friend of Nora's. She is in town looking for a job because her late husband died bankrupt and she has to support herself. She used to be romantically involved with Krogstad, but she married someone else for financial security and in order to provide support to her brothers (now grown) and to her invalid mother (now deceased). With nobody left to care for, she feels empty. She asks Nora to intercede for her in asking Torvald for a job, which he is happy to give her, given that she has experience in the field. By the end of the play, Kristine Linde reunites with Krogstad. Her life trajectory makes her a foil to childlike Nora, and she is the one who persuades Krogstad to recuse the accusations towards Nora. However, because she sees the deception at the heart of Nora's marriage, she won't allow Krogstad to destroy the original letter that details Nora's crime, as she believes that the Helmers' marriage could benefit from some truth.

Nils Krogstad

Nils Krogstad is an employee at Torvald's bank. He is the person who lent Nora money so that she could take Torvald to Italy to recover from his illness. After Torvald fires him, Krogstad asks Nora to plead with her husband to reconsider his decision. When Nora refuses to do so, he threatens to expose the illegal loan she got from him. As the play progresses, Krogstad's demands escalate, to the point that he also demands a promotion. At the end of the play, Krogstad reunites with Kristine Linde (to whom he was once engaged) and recants his threats to the Helmers.

Anne Marie

Anne Marie is Nora's former nanny, the only mother-like figure Nora ever knew. She is now helping the Helmers with child-rearing. In her youth, Anne Marie had a child out of wedlock, but she had to give up the child in order to start working as Nora's nurse. Much like Nora and Kristine Linde, Anne Marie had to make a sacrifice for the sake of financial security. Nora knows that if she leaves her family, Anne Marie will take care of her children, which makes the decision less unbearable to Nora.

Ivar, Bobby, and Emmy

The Helmers' children are named Ivar, Bobby and Emmy. When Nora plays with them, she appears to be a doting and playful mother, perhaps as a nod to her childlike demeanor.

A Doll's House': Themes and Symbols

The main themes of Henrik Ibsen's *A Doll's House* revolve around the values and the issues of late 19th-century *bourgeoisie,* namely what looks appropriate, the value of money, and the way women navigate a landscape that leaves them little room to assert themselves as actual human beings.

Money and Power

Thanks to the onset of industrialization, the 19th-century economy moved from the fields to urban centers, and those who had the most power over money were no longer land-owning aristocrats, but lawyers and bankers, such as Torvald. Their

power over money extended to other people's lives, and this is why Torvald is such a self-righteous person in regards to characters such as Krogstad (an underling of his) and even Nora, whom he treats like a pet or a doll rewarded with a heftier allowance if she behaves a certain way.

Nora's inability to handle money also reflects her position of powerlessness in society. The loan she acquires in order to get Torvald the treatment he needs in Italy comes back to haunt her when Krogstad blackmails her, should she not put a good word for him with her husband.

Appearances and Morals

Bourgeois society rests on a façade of decorum and is governed by stern morals meant to conceal either superficial or repressed behavior. In the case of Nora, she seemed to be the late 19th-century equivalent of a woman who had it all: a devoted husband, children, and a solid middle-class life, with the ability to afford pretty things. Her value rested in maintaining a façade of being a devoted mother and a respectful wife.

On his end, Torvald has a high-paying job that allows him to afford a comfortable lifestyle. He is deeply observant of the importance of appearances; in fact, he fires Krogstad not because of his criminal past—he had reformed since then—but because he addressed him by his given name. And when he reads the letter from Krogstad incriminating Nora, the feeling he is overcome with is shame, as Nora has, in his opinion, been outed as a woman with "no religion, no morals, no sense of duty." What's more, what he fears is that people will believe *he* did it.

Torvald's inability to favor a respectful divorce over a sham union shows how he is enslaved by morality and the struggle that comes with keeping up with appearances. “And as far as you and I are concerned,” he concludes, “it must look as though everything were the same as before between us. But obviously only in the eyes of the world.” Then, when Krogstad sends another letter retracting his accusations, Torvald immediately backtracks, exclaiming “I am saved, Nora! I am saved!”

In the end, appearances are what cause the undoing of the marriage. Nora is no longer willing to keep up with the superficiality of her husband’s values. Torvald’s feelings towards her are rooted in appearances, an inherent limit of his character.

A Woman’s Worth

During Ibsen’s time, women were not allowed to conduct business or handle their own money. A man, whether a father or a husband, needed to give them their approval before they could conduct any transaction. This fault in the system is what forces Nora to commit fraud by forging her dead father’s signature on a loan in order to help her husband, and despite the good-hearted nature of her action, she is treated like a criminal because what she did was, by all means, illegal.

Ibsen believed in women’s rights to develop their own individuality, but late 19th-century society did not necessarily agree with this point of view. As we see in the Helmer household, Nora is completely subordinated to her husband. He gives her pet names such as little lark or squirrel, and the reason he does not want to keep Krogstad’s job is that he does not want to have his employees think that his wife had influenced him.

By contrast, Kristine Linde had a greater degree of freedom than Nora. A widow, she had the right to the money she earned, and could work to support herself, despite the fact that jobs open to women mostly consisted of clerical work. “I have to work if I’m to endure this life,” she tells Krogstad when they reunite. “Every waking day, as far back as I can remember, I’ve worked, and it’s been my greatest and only joy. But now I am entirely alone in the world, so dreadfully empty and abandoned.”

All female characters have to endure some sort of sacrifice during the play for what is perceived to be the greater good. Nora sacrifices her own humanity during the marriage and has to sacrifice her attachment to her children when she leaves Torvald. Kristine Linde sacrificed her love for Krogstad in order to marry someone with a job stable enough to allow her to help her brothers and ailing mother. Anne Marie, the nurse, had to give up her own child in order to take care of Nora when she was a baby herself.

Symbols

The Neapolitan Costume and the Tarantella

The Neapolitan dress that Nora is made to wear at her costume party was bought by Torvald in Capri; he chooses this costume for her that night, reinforcing the fact that he sees her as a doll. The tarantella, the dance she performs while wearing it, was originally created as a cure for a tarantula’s bite, but symbolically, it represents hysteria stemming from repression.

In addition, when Nora begs Torvald to coach her through the dance routine before the party, in an attempt to distract Torvald from Krogstad's letter sitting in the letterbox, she dances so wildly that her hair comes loose. Torvald, in turn, goes into a state of both erotic fascination and repressed righteousness, telling her "I'd never have believed this. You really have forgotten everything I taught you."

Doll and Other Pet Names

During the final confrontation with her husband, Nora claims that both he and her father treated her like a "doll child." Both he and Torvald wanted her pretty but compliant. "I had the same opinions; and if I had others, I hid them; because he wouldn't have liked it," she tells her husband. Torvald had the same disposition as her father, which we can clearly see given the way he reacts when Nora was outed as having committed an illegal action. The pet names he chooses for her, such as squirrel, skylark, and songbird, show that he wants her to amuse and delight him like a cute, little animal.

During the climax of the play, in fact, Nora notes how neither Torvald nor her father actually loved her, but that it was "amusing" to them to be in love with her, the way someone could be endeared by something lesser than a human, such as a doll or a cute pet.

Resources:

https://www.thoughtco.com/a-dolls-house-themes

The Short Story

The short story is usually concerned with a single effect conveyed in only one or a few significant episodes or scenes. The form encourages economy of setting, concise narrative, and the omission of a complex plot; character is disclosed in action and dramatic encounter but is seldom fully developed. Despite its relatively limited scope, though, a short story is often judged by its ability to provide a "complete" or satisfying treatment of its characters and subject.

Before the 19th century the short story was not generally regarded as a distinct literary form. But although in this sense it may seem to be a uniquely modern genre, the fact is that short prose fiction is nearly as old as language itself. Throughout history humankind has enjoyed various types of brief narratives: jests, anecdotes, studied digressions, short allegorical romances, moralizing fairy tales, short myths, and abbreviated historical legends. None of these constitutes a short story as it has been defined since the 19th century, but they do make up a large part of the milieu from which the modern short story emerged.

Analysis of the genre

As a genre, the short story received relatively little critical attention through the middle of the 20th century, and the most valuable studies of the form were often limited by region or era. In his *The Lonely Voice* (1963), the Irish short story writer Frank O'Connor attempted to account for the genre by suggesting that stories are a means for "submerged population groups" to address a dominating community. Most other theoretical discussions, however, were predicated in one way or another

on Edgar Allan Poe's thesis that stories must have a compact unified effect.

By far the majority of criticism on the short story focused on techniques of writing. Many, and often the best of the technical works, advise the young reader—alerting the reader to the variety of devices and tactics employed by the skilled writer. On the other hand, many of these works are no more than treatises on "how to write stories" for the young writer rather than serious critical material.

The prevalence in the 19th century of two words, "sketch" and "tale," affords one way of looking at the genre. In the United States alone there were virtually hundreds of books claiming to be collections of sketches (Washington Irving's *The Sketch Book*, William Dean Howells's *Suburban Sketches*) or collections of tales (Poe's *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, Herman Melville's *The Piazza Tales*). These two terms establish the polarities of the milieu out of which the modern short story grew.

The tale is much older than the sketch. Basically, the tale is a manifestation of a culture's unaging desire to name and conceptualize its place in the cosmos. It provides a culture's narrative framework for such things as its vision of itself and its homeland or for expressing its conception of its ancestors and its gods. Usually filled with cryptic and uniquely deployed motifs, personages, and symbols, tales are frequently fully understood only by members of the particular culture to which they belong. Simply, tales are intracultural. Seldom created to address an outside culture, a tale is a medium through which a culture speaks to itself and thus perpetuates its own values and stabilizes its own identity. The old speak to the young through tales.

The sketch, by contrast, is intercultural, depicting some phenomenon of one culture for the benefit or pleasure of a second culture. Factual and journalistic, in essence the sketch is generally more analytic or descriptive and less narrative or dramatic than the tale. Moreover, the sketch by nature is *suggestive*, incomplete; the tale is often *hyperbolic*, overstated.

The primary mode of the sketch is written; that of the tale, spoken. This difference alone accounts for their strikingly different effects. The sketch writer can have, or pretend to have, his eye on his subject. The tale, recounted at court or campfire—or at some place similarly removed in time from the event—is nearly always a re-creation of the past. The tale-teller is an agent of *time*, bringing together a culture's past and its present. The sketch writer is more an agent of *space*, bringing an aspect of one culture to the attention of a second.

It is only a slight oversimplification to suggest that the tale was the only kind of short fiction until the 16th century, when a rising middle class interest in social realism on the one hand and in exotic lands on the other put a premium on sketches of subcultures and foreign regions. In the 19th century certain writers—those one might call the "fathers" of the modern story: Nikolay Gogol, Hawthorne, E.T.A. Hoffmann, Heinrich von Kleist, Prosper Mérimée, Poe—combined elements of the tale with elements of the sketch. Each writer worked in his own way, but the general effect was to mitigate some of the fantasy and stultifying conventionality of the tale and, at the same time, to liberate the sketch from its bondage to strict factuality. The modern short story, then, ranges between the highly imaginative tale and the photographic sketch and in some ways draws on both.

The short stories of Ernest Hemingway, for example, may often gain their force from an exploitation of traditional mythic symbols (water, fish, groin wounds), but they are more closely related to the sketch than to the tale. Indeed, Hemingway was able at times to submit his apparently factual stories as newspaper copy. In contrast, the stories of Hemingway's contemporary William Faulkner more closely resemble the tale. Faulkner seldom seems to understate, and his stories carry a heavy flavour of the past. Both his language and his subject matter are rich in traditional material. A Southerner might well suspect that only a reader steeped in sympathetic knowledge of the traditional South could fully understand Faulkner. Faulkner may seem, at times, to be a Southerner speaking to and for Southerners. But, as, by virtue of their imaginative and symbolic qualities, Hemingway's narratives are more than journalistic sketches, so, by virtue of their explorative and analytic qualities, Faulkner's narratives are more than Southern tales.

Origins

The evolution of the short story first began before humans could write. To aid in constructing and memorizing tales, the early storyteller often relied on stock phrases, fixed rhythms, and rhyme. Consequently, many of the oldest narratives in the world, such as the ancient Babylonian tale the *Epic of Gilgamesh*, are in verse. Indeed, most major stories from the ancient Middle East were in verse: "The War of the Gods," "The Story of Adapa" (both Babylonian), "The Heavenly Bow," and "The King Who Forgot" (both Canaanite). Those tales were inscribed in cuneiform on clay during the 2nd millennium bce.

General characteristics:

- **limited number of characters:** often only one main character/protagonist and little/no character development
  (cf. novels e.g. by Charles Dickens with over 20 main characters)
- **limited time span**: only a few hours, days or weeks
  (cf. novels that cover a whole lifetime or even several generations)
- **a single theme/plot**
  (cf. novels that can deal with several/many themes and can have various sub-plots)

Typical structure of the plot:

- **exposition**: introduction of main character(s) and setting (place, time, general social background), hints at theme and/or atmosphere; often no or very short exposition: story begins "in medias res", e.g. in the middle of a dialogue
- **rising action**: development of the conflict
- **climax**: conflict reaches its highest point
- [turning point: a change in the conflict]
- [falling action: reduction of suspense]
- **ending**
  – **denouement**: conflict is resolved
  – **open ending**: conflict is *not* resolved, reader wonders what might happen next
  – **surprise ending**: reader's expectations are not fulfilled
- Characteristics of <u>The Short Story</u>

<u>Setting</u>

The time and location in which a story takes place is called the setting. For some

stories the setting is very important, while for others it is not. There are several aspects of a story's setting to consider when examining how setting contributes to a story (some, or all, may be present in a story):

- **Place** – geographical location. Where is the action of the story taking place?
- **Time** – When is the story taking place? (historical period, time of day, year, etc)
- **Weather conditions** – Is it rainy, sunny, stormy, etc?
- **Social conditions** – What is the daily life of the characters like? Does the story contain local colour (writing that focuses on the speech, dress, mannerisms, customs, etc. of a particular place)?
- **Mood or atmosphere** – What feeling is created at the beginning of the story? Is it bright and cheerful or dark and frightening?

Plot

The plot is how the author arranges events to develop his basic idea; It is the sequence of events in a story or play. The plot is a planned, logical series of events having a beginning, middle, and end. The short story usually has one plot so it can be read in one sitting. There are five essential parts of plot:

- **Introduction /Orientation**– The beginning of the story where the characters and the setting is revealed.
- **Rising Action** – This is where the events in the story become complicated and the conflict in the story is revealed (events between the introduction and climax).

- **Climax** – This is the highest point of interest and the turning point of the story. The reader wonders what will happen next; will the conflict be resolved or not?
- **Falling action** – The events and complications begin to resolve themselves. The reader knows what has happened next and if the conflict was resolved or not (events between climax and denouement).
- **Resolution / Denouement** – This is the final outcome or untangling of events in the story.

Generally, it is helpful to consider the climax as a three-fold phenomenon:

- the main character receives new information
- accepts this information (realizes it but does not necessarily agree with it)
- acts on this information (makes a choice that will determine whether or not he/she gains his objective).

Conflict— Conflict is also essential to the plot. Without conflict there is no plot. It is the opposition of forces which ties one incident to another and makes the plot move. Conflict is not merely limited to open arguments, rather it is any form of opposition that faces the main character. Within a short story there may be only one central struggle, or there may be one dominant struggle with many minor ones.

Did you know that there are two types of conflict? They are …

1) **External** – A struggle with a force outside one's self.

2) **Internal** – A struggle within one's self; a person must make some decision,

overcome pain,

quiet their temper, resist an urge, etc.

Conflict can also occur in the following situations:

- **Man vs. Man** (physical) – The leading character struggles with his physical strength against other men, forces of nature, or animals.
- **Man vs. Circumstances** (classical) – The leading character struggles against fate, or the circumstances of life facing him/her.
- **Man vs. Society** (social) – The leading character struggles against ideas, practices, or customs of other people.
- **Man vs. Himself/Herself** (psychological) – The leading character struggles with himself/herself; with his/her own soul, ideas of right or wrong, physical limitations, choices, etc.

Characters

Character — There are two meanings for the word character:

- The person in a work of fiction.
- The characteristics of a person.

Persons in a work of fiction – Antagonist and Protagonist

Short stories use few characters. One character is clearly central to the story with all major events having some importance to this character – he/she is the

PROTAGONIST. The opposer of the main character is called the ANTAGONIST.

The Characteristics of a Person – In order for a story to seem real to the reader its characters must seem real. Characterization is the information the author gives the reader about the characters themselves. Characters are convincing if they are: consistent, motivated, and life-like (resemble real people)

Can you guess how does the author reveal a character? Well, it is done in several ways through:

a) his/her physical appearance
b) what he/she says, thinks, feels and dreams
c) what he/she does or does not do
d) what others say about him/her and how others react to him/her

Characters can be …

1. **Individual** – round, many sided and complex personalities.
2. **Developing** – dynamic, many sided personalities that change, for better or worse, by the end of the story.
3. **Static** – Stereotype, have one or two characteristics that never change and are emphasized e.g. brilliant detective, drunk, scrooge, cruel stepmother, etc.

Point of view, or p.o.v., is defined as the angle from which the story is told.

- **Innocent Eye** – The story is told through the eyes of a child (his/her judgment being different from that of an adult) .

- **Stream of Consciousness** – The story is told so that the reader feels as if they are inside the head of one character and knows all their thoughts and reactions.
- **First Person** – The story is told by the protagonist or one of the characters who interacts closely with the protagonist or other characters (using pronouns I, me, we, etc). The reader sees the story through this person's eyes as he/she experiences it and only knows what he/she knows or feels.
- **Omniscient**– The author can narrate the story using the omniscient point of view. He can move from character to character, event to event, having free access to the thoughts, feelings and motivations of his characters and he introduces information where and when he chooses. There are two main types of omniscient point of view:

a) **Omniscient Limited** – The author tells the story in third person (using pronouns they, she, he, it, etc). We know only what the character knows and what the author allows him/her to tell us. We can see the thoughts and feelings of characters if the author chooses to reveal them to us.

b) **Omniscient Objective** – The author tells the story in the third person. It appears as though a camera is following the characters, going anywhere, and recording only what is seen and heard. There is no comment on the characters or their thoughts. No interpretations are offered. The reader is placed in the position of spectator without the author there to explain. The reader has to interpret events on his own.

Theme — The theme in a piece of fiction is its controlling idea or its central insight. It is the author's underlying meaning or main idea that he is trying to convey. The theme may be the author's thoughts about a topic or view of human nature. The title of the short story usually points to what the writer is saying and he may use various figures of speech to emphasize his theme, such as: symbol, allusion, simile, metaphor, hyperbole, or irony.

Some simple examples of common themes from literature, TV, and film are:

Things are not always as they appear to be.
Love is blind.
Believe in yourself.
People are afraid of change.
Don't judge a book by its cover.

THE NOVEL

A. Definition of a Novel:

It is a fictional story written in prose usually fairly long and having incidents and fantasy a detailed plot with characters The story is usually a narrative of events arranged in their time sequence -no novel could be written without it.
The story must have a beginning, a middle and an end. There can be mystery, adventure, romance and suspense involved in the story. However, when there is a casual connection between the incidents and the events are 'described-'in a "special scheme, it becomes the plot of the novel.

People:

No novel can be written without people. What is fictitious in a novel is not so much the story as the method by which thought develops into action -method which never occurs in daily **life ...** history with its emphasis on external causes is dominated by the notion of fatality where

as there is no fatality in the novel; there, every thing is founded on human nature and the dominating feelings is an existence where every thing is intentional, even passions and crimes, even misery. With the people the main facts in human life are: birth, food, sleep, love and death.

Kinds of Novel:

i) Picaresque: It is an adventurous and satiric type of a novel in which the hero)

is a roving character who has his own view of reality based on his reading of old .(romances. (Dox Quixote

ii) Social Reform: Novels written to bring about a reform in society by) .exposing the evils to the forefront through characters e.g., Novels by Dickens

iii) Historical Novels: In which some great character of history is taken and the) ~~events take the shape of a novel e.g. The Last Days of Po .(written by E. W. Lytton (1803-73

(iv) **Domestic Novel:** In which the homely atmosphere and society is depicted with balls, parties and " dances -novels of Jane Austen.

(v)Romantic Novels: In_this type adventure and mystery are combined with a .sprinkling of romance like the 'Scarlet Pimpernel' series or 'Angelique [1] series.

vi) Tragic Novels: In this the tragic element comes to the forefront. There is) pessimism and hopelessness. Chance and fortune play the major role -the tragedies usually end in death as in the novels of Hardy and Emily Bronte ("Wuthering . Heights)

There are other comic writings written for the entertainment of the readers which can be termed as

(vii) Satirical Novels: Through the comic aspect there is a note of satire with the use of humour and pathos. Faults of the characters are focused to the forefront and made fun of in an underhand way., .e.g., Fielding.

Theme:

A novel, like any other work of art, ·cannot be summed up in a brief statement.

The.· impressions which a work of fiction leaves on the reader's mind are so varied and diffused that they cannot be reduced to abstract ideas. Generalizing becomes all the more difficult in the case of a novel because of its length: it is hard to carry it in the head as a unit, complete with all the details. Therefore, statements about the theme of a novel should never be taken as a substitute for the novel itself.

However, the fact remains that a novel is about something, and for practical purposes general statements about its theme are unavoidable. Such statements should deal with the overall meaning of the novel, taking into all of its important elements. It should also interpret the work on its own terms and within its own world, without bringing in external factors such as the reader's own prejudices, or even the author's own opinion if not relevant to the novel. In short, the theme of the novel when stated should be consistent with its tone and spirit, and do justice to all of its elements.

Setting is description of time and environment (such as a house or landscape) in a novel. Whereas in drama the environment can only be described through stage directions and dialogue, the novel allows free scope for detailed accounts of setting. However, the nature of such descriptions varies from one novelist to another. Some novelists, like Henry Fielding and Jane Austen, do not pay much attention to the sketching of scenes, but Charlotte Bronte~ Emily Bronte, Dickens, and Hardy give elaborate settings.

Realistic or naturalistic settings, such as those in Flaubert· a~nd~--Hardy; --are

based on the idea that man is the product of his environment. Romantic descriptions, on the other hand, aim at creating a mood, a suggestive atmosphere, for the human drama. However, this kind of scenery is overdone sometimes and is not meaningfully related to what is going on in the novel.

When it is carefully done, setting becomes symbolic: a projection of the human will, a metaphor for the human mind, or a profoundly suggestive comment upon nature, life, and society. In interpreting such symbolism we should take care, however, to stay close to the text and not run away with our imagination. Discovering ironies and analogies is fine, but we should ~ee to it that the ,meanings we associate with symbols do not theme
or motivations of characters.

The Rise of the Novel
in
the Eighteenth Century

Introduction:

In the eighteenth century the years after the forties witnessed a wonderful efflorescence of a new literary genre which was soon to establish itself for all times to come as the dominant literary form. Of course, we are referring here to the English novel which was born with Richardson's Pamela and has been thriving since then.

When Matthew Arnold used the epithets "excellent" and "indispensable" for the eighteenth century which had little of good poetry or drama to boast of, he was probably paying it due homage for its gift of the novel. The eighteenth century was the age in which the novel was established as the most outstanding and enduring form of literature. The periodical essay, which was another gift of this century to English literature, was born and died in the century, but the novel was to enjoy an enduring career. It is to the credit of the major eighteenth-century novelists that they freed the novel from the influence and elements of high flown romance and fantasy, and used it to interpret the everyday social and psychological problems of the common man. Thus they introduced realism, democratic spirit, and psychological interest into the novel— the qualities which have since then been recognized as the essential prerequisites of-every good novel and which distinguish it from the

romance and other impossible stories.

Reasons for the Rise and Popularity:

Various reasons can be adduced for the rise and popularity of the novel in the eighteenth century. The most important of them is that this new literary form suited the genius and temper of the times. The eighteenth century is known in English social history for the rise of the middle classes consequent upon an unprecedented increase in the volume of trade and commerce. Many people emerged from the limbo of society to occupy a respectable status as wealthy burgesses. The novel, with its realism, its democratic spirit, and its concern with the everyday psychological problems of the common people especially appealed to these nouveaia riches and provided them with respectable reading material. The novel thus appears to have been specially designed both to voice the aspirations of the middle and low classes and to meet their taste. Moreover, it gave the writer much scope for what Cazamian calls "morality and sentiment"-the two elements which make literature "popular." The decline of drama in the eighteenth century was also partly responsible for the rise and -ascendency of the novel. After the Licensing Act of 1737, the drama lay moribund. The poetry of the age too-except for the brilliant example of Pope's work—was in a stage of decadence. It was then natural that from the ashes of the drama (and, to some extent, of poetry, too) should rise the phoenix-like shape of a new literary genre. This new genre was, of course, the novel.

Before the Masters:

Before Richardson and Fielding gave shape to the new form some work had already

been done by numerous other writers, which helped the pioneers to some extent. Mention must here be made of Swift, Defoe, Addison, and Steele. Swift in Gulliver's Travels gave an interesting narrative, and, in spite of the obvious impossibility of the "action" and incidents, created an effect of verisimilitude which was to be an important characteristic of the novel. The Coverley papers of Addison and Steele were in themselves a kind of rudimentary novel, and some of them actually read like so many pages from a social and domestic novel. Their good-humoured social satire, their eye for the oddities of individuals, their basic human sympathy, their lucid style, and their sense of episode-all were to be aspired after by the future novelists. Defoe with his numerous stories like Robinson Crusoe, Moll Flanders, and Roxana showed his uncanny gift of the circumstantial detail and racy, gripping narrative combined with an unflinching realism generally concerned with the seamy and sordid aspects of life (commonly, low life). His lead was to be followed by ' numerous novelists. Defoe's limitation lies in the fact that his protagonists are psychologically too simple and that he makes nobody laugh and nobody weep. But his didacticism was to find favour with all the novelists of the eighteenth, and even many of the nineteenth, century. Some call Defoe the first English novelist. But as David Daiches puts it in A Critical History of English Literature, Vol. II, whether Defoe was "properly" a novelist "is a matter of definition of terms."

The Masters:

Between 1740 and 1800 hundreds of novels of all kinds were written. However, the real "masters" of the novel in the eighteenth century were four-Richardson,

Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne. The rest of them are extremely inferior to them. Oliver Elton maintains: "The work of the four masters stands high, but the foothills are low." The case was different in, say, the mid-nineteenth century when so many equally great novelists were at work. Fielding was the greatest of the foursome. Sir Edmund Gosse calls Richardson "the first great English novelist" and Fielding, "the greatest of English novelists." Fielding may not be the greatest of all, but he was certainly one of the greatest English novelists and the greatest novelist of the eighteenth century.

Samuel Richardson (1689-1761):

He was the father of the English novel. He set the vogue of the novel with his Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded (1741). It was in the epistolary manner. It took England by storm. In it Richardson narrated the career of a rustic lady's maid who guards her honour against the advances of her dissolute master who in the end marries her and is reformed. Pamela was followed by Clarissa ffarlowe (1747-48), in eight volumes. It was, again, of the epistolary kind, Richardson's third and last novel was Sir Charles Grandison (1754). The hero is a model Christian gentleman very scrupulous in his love-affair.

Among Richardson's good qualities must be mentioned his knowledge of human, particularly female psychology and his awareness of the emotional problems of common people. He completely, and for good, liberated the novel from the extravagance and lack of realism of romance to concentrate on social reality. The note of morality and sentimentality made him a popular idol not only in England but also abroad. Thus Didoret in France could compare him to Homer and Moses!

However, his morality with its twang of smugness and prudery did not go unattacked even in his own age. Fielding was the most important of those who reacted against Richardsonian sentimentalism and prudish moralism. One great defect of Richardson's novels, which is especially noticeable today, is their enormous length. The epistolary technique which he adopted in all his three novels is essentially dilatory and repetitive, and therefore makes for bulkiness. He is at any rate a very good psychologist and as one he is particularly admirable for, what a critic calls, "the delineation of the delicate shades of sentiment as they shift and change and the cross-purposes which the troubled mind envisages when in the grip of passion."

Henry Fielding (1707-54):

Fielding in the words of Hudson, "was a man of very different type. His was a virile, vigorous, and somewhat coarse nature, and his knowledge of life as wide as Richardson's was narrow, including in particular many aspects of it from which the prim little printer would have recoiled shocked. There was thus a strength and breadth in his work for which we look in vain in that of his elder contemporary. Richardson's judgment of Fielding-that his writings were 'wretchedly low and dirty'-clearly suggests the fundamental contrast between the two men." His very first novel, Joseph Andrews (1742), was intended to be a parody of Pamela, particularly of its priggish morality and lachrymosic sentimentalism. According to Wilbur L. Cross, Richardson "was a sentimentalist, creating pathetic scenes for their own sake and degrading tears and hysterics into a manner." In Joseph Andrews Fielding light-heartedly titled against morbid sentimentalism and sham morality. After the ninth

chapter of the book, however, he seems to have outgrown his initial intention of parody. Parson Adams, one of the immortal creations of English fiction, appears and runs away with the rest of the novel. Joseph Andrews was followed by Tom Jones (1749) and Amelia (1751). We may add to the list of his fictional works Jonathan Wild the Great (1743), a cynically ironical novel which, as Legouis says, must have been written "after a fit of gloom."

Fielding's novels are characterised by a fresh and realistic moral approach which admits occasionally of animalism and ribaldry, a searching realism, good-humoured social satire, and healthy sentiment In his abundant and coarse vigour, his common sense and unflinching realism, and his delight in physical beauty (especially female) he is essentially a masculine writer. He does not have the delicacy of Richardson. It may be said that it is not Richardson who is the "father of the English novel; it is in fact, Fielding. As for Richardson, he is only the "mother" of the English novel!

It is to the credit of 'Fielding that unlike Richardson and most of his own successors, at least in Tom Jones (if not the other novels, too), he provided a glowing model of a well-constructed plot. According to Coleridge, Jones (with Sophocles' Oedipus the King and Ben Jonson's The Alchemist) is one of the three works in world literature which have perfectly constructed plots.

Tobias Smollett (1721-71):

Along with Richardson and Fielding, Smollett is generally included among the masters of eighteenth-century novel; but, as Hudson points out, "it must be distinctly understood that his work is on a much lower level than theirs." His novels

are of the picaresque kind, and include Roderick Random (1748), Peregrine Pickle (1751), and Humphrey Clinker (1771). Smollett was a realist and had his own art of racy narrative and eye-catching description. He was a keen observer of the coarser facts of life, particularly naval life. He exulted in coarseness and brutality. He never bothered about the construction of a plot. Nor did he bother about morality, Richardsonian or "Fieldingian." His humour, in keeping with his nature, is coarse rather than subtle or ironical and arises mostly out of caricature. Hazlitt observes: "It is not a very difficult undertaking to class Fielding or Smollett-the one as an observer of the character of human life, the other as a describer of its various eccentricities." Smollett's characterisation is necessarily poor. His heroes are mechanical puppets rather than living personalities. They are meant only for the bringing in of new.situations. As a critic puts it, "Roderick Random's career is such as would be enough to kill three heroes and yet the fellow lives just to introduce us to new characters and situations."

Laurence Sterne (1713-68):

His only novel is Tristram Shandy which appeared from 1759 to 1767 in nine volumes and which is described by Hudson as "the strange work of a very strange man." If this work can be called a novel, it is one of its own kind, without predecessors and without successors. Hudson observes: "It is rather a medley of unconnected incidents, scraps of out-of-the-way learning, whimsical fancies, humour, pathos, reflection, impertinence, and indecency." The plot is of the barest minimum: we have to wait till the third book for the birth of the hero! And he is put into breeches only in the sixth! What a pace of development! It was, says Cross, "a

sad day for English fiction when a writer of genius came to look upon the novel as the repository for the crotchets of a lifetime."

Sterne's sentimentalism was to leave a lasting trace on the English novels which followed. What is quite remarkable in Tris&am Shandy is the wonderfully living characters of Uncle Toby, the elder Shandy, his wife, and Corporal Trim.

The Novel after Sterne:

After Tristram Shandy we find in the eighteenth century a remarkable proliferation of novels. But none of the later novelists comes anywhere near Richardson and Fielding. We find the novel developing in many directions. Four major kinds of the novel may be recognized:

(i) The novel of sentiment.

(ii) The so-called Gothic novel.

(iii) The novel of doctrine and didacticism.

(iv) The novel of manners,

Henry Mackenzie's The Man of Feeling (1771) is prominent among the novels of sentiment. According to Cross, "written in a style alternating between the whims of Sterne and a winning plaintiveness, [it] enjoys the distinction of being the most sentimental of all English novels." The Gothic novel, which appeared towards the end of the eighteenth century, indulged in morbid sensationalism with impossible stories of supernatural monsters and blood-curdling incidents. Horace Walpole,

Mrs. Radcliffe, "Monk" Lewis, and William Beckford were the most important writers of this kind of novel. The novel of doctrine and didacticism includes such works as Mrs. Inchbad's Nature and Art (1796) and William Godwin's Caleb Williams (1794). These works used the form of the novel just for propagating a specific point of view. The novel of manners was mostly patronised by fairly intelligent female writers such as Fanny Burney and Maria Edgeworth who aimed at a light transcription of contemporary manners.

Sarah Fielding's David Simple (1744), Dr. Johnson's Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia (1759), and Oliver Goldsmith's The Vicar of Wakefleld (1766) also deserve a special mention in an account of eighteenth-century novel. Sarah Fielding's work was inspired by the success of Pamela. It abounds in faithfully rendered scenes of London life. Dr. Johnson's work is hjighly didactic. It emphasized "the vanity of human wishes" in the form of an allegorical tale which he wrote in a very despondent mood induced by the death of his mother. Goldsmith's work is, in the words of Cross, "of all eighteenth-century novels, the one that many readers would the least willingly lose." This novel is admirable, among other things, for the sensitive characterisation of Dr. Primrose and the general sanity of the "philosophy of life" which peeps through, it.

"Cat in the Rain"

by

Ernest Hemingway

Ernest Miller Hemingway (July 21, 1899 – July 2, 1961) was an American journalist, novelist, and short-story writer. His economical and understated style—which he termed the iceberg theory—had a strong influence on 20th-century fiction, while his adventurous lifestyle and his public image brought him admiration from later generations. Hemingway produced most of his work between the mid-1920s and the mid-1950s, and he won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1954. He published seven novels, six short-story collections, and two non-fiction works. Three of his novels, four short story collections, and three non-fiction works were published posthumously. Many of his works are considered classics of American literature.

Hemingway was raised in Oak Park, Illinois. After high school, he reported for a few months for The Kansas City Star before leaving for the Italian Front to enlist as an ambulance driver in World War I. In 1918, he was seriously wounded and returned home. His wartime experiences formed the basis for his novel A Farewell to Arms (1929).

In 1921, he married Hadley Richardson, the first of what would be four wives. The couple moved to Paris, where he worked as a foreign correspondent and fell under the influence of the modernist writers and artists of the 1920s "Lost Generation"

expatriate community. His debut novel, The Sun Also Rises, was published in 1926. After his 1927 divorce from Richardson, Hemingway married Pauline Pfeiffer; they divorced after he returned from the Spanish Civil War, where he had been a journalist. He based For Whom the Bell Tolls (1940) on his experience there. Martha Gellhorn became his third wife in 1940; they separated after he met Mary Welsh in London during World War II. He was present at the Normandy landings and the liberation of Paris.

Shortly after the publication of The Old Man and the Sea (1952), Hemingway went on safari to Africa, where he was almost killed in two successive plane crashes that left him in pain or ill-health for much of the rest of his life. Hemingway maintained permanent residences in Key West, Florida (in the 1930s) and Cuba (in the 1940s and 1950s). In 1959, he bought a house in Ketchum, Idaho, where, in mid-1961, he shot himself in the head.

"Cat in the Rain"

The Text

There were only two Americans stopping at the hotel. They did not know any of the people they passed on the stairs on their way to and from their room. Their room was on the second floor facing the sea. It also faced the public garden and war monument. There were big palms and green benches in the public garden. In the good weather there was always an artist with his easel. Artists liked the way the palms grew and the bright colors of the hotels facing the sea. Italians came from a long way off to look up at the war monument. It was made of bronze and glistened in the rain. It was raining. The rain dripped from the palm trees. Water stood in pools on the gravel paths. The sea broke into a long line in the rain and slipped back down the beach to come up and break again in a long line in the rain. The motor cars were gone from the square by the war monument. Across the square in the doorway of the cafe a waiter stood looking out at the empty square.

The American wife stood at the window looking out. Outside right under their window a cat was crouched under one of the dripping green tables. The cat was trying to make herself so compact that she would not be dripped on.

"I'm going down and get that kitty," the American wife said.

"I'll do it," her husband offered from the bed.

"No, I'll get it. The poor kitty is out trying to keep dry under the table."

The husband went on reading, lying propped up with the two pillows at the foot of the bed.

"Don't get wet," he said.

The wife went downstairs and the hotel owner stood up and bowed to her as she

passed the office. His desk was at the far end of the office. He was an old man and very tall.

"Il piove," the wife said. She liked the hotelkeeper.

"Si, si, Signora, brutto tempo. It is very bad weather."

He stood behind his desk in the far end of the dim room. The wife liked him. She liked the way he wanted to serve her. She liked the way he felt about being a hotel-keeper. She liked his old, heavy face and big hands.

Liking him she opened the door and looked out. It was raining harder. A man in a rubber cape was crossing the empty square to the cafe. The cat would be around to the right. Perhaps she could go along to the eaves. As she stood in the doorway an umbrella opened behind her. It was the maid who looked after their room.

"You must not get wet," she smiled, speaking Italian. Of course, the hotel-keeper had sent her.

With the maid holding the umbrella over her, she walked along the gravel path until she was under their window. The table was there, washed bright green in the rain, but the cat was gone. She was suddenly disappointed. The maid looked up at her.

"Ha perduto qualque cosa, Signora?"

"There was a cat," said the American girl.

"A cat?"

"Si, il gatto."

"A cat?" the maid laughed. "A cat in the rain?"

"Yes," she said, "under the table." Then, "Oh, I wanted it so much. I wanted a kitty."

When she talked English the maid's face tightened.

"Come, Signora," she said. "We must get back inside. You will be wet."

"I suppose so," said the American girl.

They went back along the gravel path and passed in the door. The maid stayed outside to close the umbrella. As the American girl passed the office, the padrone bowed from his desk. Something felt very small and tight inside the girl. The padrone made her feel very small and at the same time really important. She had a momentary feeling of being of supreme importance. She went on up the stairs. She opened the door of the room. George was on the bed reading.

"Did you get the cat?" he asked, putting the book down.

"It was gone."

"Wonder where it went to," he said, resting his eyes from reading. She sat down on the bed.

"I wanted it so much," she said. "I don't know why I wanted it so much. I wanted that poor kitty. It isn't any fun to be a poor kitty out in the rain."

George was reading again.

She went over and sat in front of the mirror of the dressing table looking at herself with the hand glass. She studied her profile, first one side and then the other. Then she studied the back of her head and her neck.

"Don't you think it would be a good idea if I let my hair grow out?" she asked, looking at her profile again.

George looked up and saw the back of her neck, clipped close like a boy's.

"I like it the way it is."

"I get so tired of it," she said. "I get so tired of looking like a boy."

George shifted his position in the bed. He hadn't looked away from her since she started to speak.

"You look pretty darn nice," he said.

She laid the mirror down on the dresser and went over to the window and looked out. It was getting dark.

"I want to pull my hair back tight and smooth and make a big knot at the back that I can feel," she said. "I want to have a kitty to sit on my lap and purr when I stroke her."

"Yeah?" George said from the bed.

"And I want to eat at a table with my own silver and I want candles. And I want it to be spring and I want to brush my hair out in front of a mirror and I want a kitty and I want some new clothes."

"Oh, shut up and get something to read," George said. He was reading again.

His wife was looking out of the window. It was quite dark now and still raining in the palm trees.

"Anyway, I want a cat," she said, "I want a cat. I want a cat now. If I can't have long hair or any fun, I can have a cat."

George was not listening. He was reading his book. His wife looked out of the window where the light had come on in the square.

Someone knocked at the door.

"Avanti," George said. He looked up from his book. In the doorway stood the maid. She held a big tortoise-shell cat pressed tight against her and swung down against her body.

"Excuse me," she said, "the padrone asked me to bring this for the Signora."

Words:

to face sthg/sb to be opposite to, to have or turn the face towards

to glisten to shine brightly (esp. when wet)

gravel	small stones used to make the surface of paths or roads
pillow	cushion where you rest your head on (esp. in bed)
receive	get, accept, take a letter, phone call, good education, congratulations
complaint	noun of “to complain”, to say that you are unhappy, don't like sthg.
dignity	a quality that earns or deserves respect
to wonder	would like to know
kitty (informal)	young cat
shift	change or move from one position to another
clip	cut with scissors to shorten
tortoise	slow moving four-footed reptile with a hard shell
tortoiseshell cat	cat with yellowish brown markings
to be disappointed	you feel sad because sthg has not happened or has not been as good as expected
darn nice	= extremely nice, damn nice

Cat in the Rain Summary

The story takes place in a hotel on the Italian coast on a rainy day. We are introduced to an American couple waiting out the rain in their room above the town square. He is reading. She is looking out the window. The wife spots a cat outside, huddling under a table in the rain, and decides to go out to rescue it. Her husband, with no great concern, tells her not to get wet and goes back to his reading.

Downstairs, the owner or "padrone" of the hotel bows to the wife and Hemingway lingers for a moment on all the reasons why the wife likes him so much. She goes outside, followed by the maid with an umbrella, but doesn't find the cat and returns to her room. The husband, George, is still reading as the wife sits down before her mirror and starts listing the array of things she wants and wants to change. Frustrated, George quickly tells her to "shut up" and returns to his book. The wife complains that if she can't have any of the other things on her list, she at least wants a cat.

Just then, there's a knock at the door. It's the hotel maid, holding a large cat—a gift for the "Signora," she tells them, from the padrone.

Cat in the Rain Theme of Gender

Hemingway barely describes the American wife in "Cat in the Rain." Is she pretty? Is she tall? Is she a blonde or brunette? We have no idea. The only physical description we get is of her short haircut that she complains about to her mirror. She laments that she gets "tired" of "looking like a boy." Short hair on women is something we're pretty used to seeing now, but in the 1920s, this was not the case. The wife's hairstyle *would* have read as being much more overtly "boyish" than it would today—especially in a more traditional European setting like this Italian town.

In America, the style for women in this era leant towards androgyny: short haircuts and drop-waisted dresses that de-emphasized hips, waist, and bust. On the surface, this meant greater freedom for women, but it doesn't seem to be having this effect

on the American wife. The fact that she is "tired" of such a relatively new and revolutionary trend is particularly notable.

Like all the other "liberated" aspects of the young couple's life-style—their intellectualism, their globetrotting, their non-materialism—Hemingway seems to be critiquing this progressive style as not entirely satisfying. He portrays a young woman who is longing to look like a woman and do traditionally feminine things. We might protest that Hemingway is being a little closed-minded about women and their roles here, but there could also be a larger critique of the celebration of "newness" and liberation at the time.

Cat in the Rain Theme of Foreignness and The Other

The opening sentence of "Cat in the Rain" introduces this theme perfectly:

There were only two Americans stopping at the hotel. (1)

Even though we proceed through the story from the perspective of these Americans, and even though the writer is an American himself, the husband and wife are being put in the position of "foreigner" and "outsider." By creating this situation, Hemingway allows us (as well as the wife) to look at the American attitude more critically.

Ernest Hemingway: Cat in the Rain

Questions:

1. Which significance has the setting (atmosphere) for the interpretation of the story?

2. Describe the American couple and their relationship to each other.

3. Describe the relation between the American wife and the hotel owner.

4. What does the cat mean to the American wife and to the Italian maid?
What does the “cat” stand for?

5. Do you think that at the end of the story the wife's problems are solved?

6. Did you notice something in particular about the style of the story?

7. Explain the term "short story".

8. Is Hemingway's "Cat in the Rain" a short story? Give your arguments.

9. What is an "omniscient narrator"? Is there an omniscient narrator in "Cat in the Rain"?

10. Write a summary in 100 words.

Araby

by

James Joyce

James Joyce was born on February 2, 1882 in Dublin, Ireland. He published "Portrait of the Artist" in 1916 and caught the attention of Ezra Pound. With "Ulysses," Joyce perfected his stream-of-consciousness style and became a literary celebrity. The explicit content of his prose brought about landmark legal decisions on obscenity. Joyce battled eye ailments for most of his life. He died in 1941.

Joyce was one of the most revered writers of the 20th century, whose landmark book, *Ulysses*, is often hailed as one of the finest novels ever written. His exploration of language and new literary forms showed not only his genius as a writer but spawned a fresh approach for novelists, one that drew heavily on Joyce's love of the stream-of-consciousness technique and the examination of big events through small happenings in everyday lives.

Joyce came from a big family. He was the eldest of ten children born to John Stanislaus Joyce and his wife Marry Murray Joyce. His father, while a talented singer (he reportedly had one of the finest tenor voices in all of Ireland), didn't provide a stable a household. He liked to drink and his lack of attention to the family finances meant the Joyces never had much money.

From an early age, James Joyce showed not only exceeding intelligence but also a gift for writing and a passion for literature. He taught himself Norwegian so he could read Henrik Ibsen's plays in the language they'd been written, and spent his free time devouring Dante, Aristotle, and Thomas Aquinas.

Because of his intelligence Joyce's family pushed him to get an education. Largely educated by Jesuits, Joyce attended the Irish schools of Clongowes Wood College and later Belvedere College before finally landing at University College Dublin, where he earned a Bachelor of Arts degree with a focus on modern languages.

Joyce's relationship with his native country was a complex one and after graduating he left Ireland for a new life in Paris where he hoped to study medicine. He returned, however, not long after upon learning that his mother had become sick. She died in 1903.

Joyce stayed in Ireland for a short time, long enough to meet Nora Barnacle, a hotel chambermaid who hailed from Galway and later became his wife. Around this time, Joyce also had his first short story published in the Irish Homestead magazine. The publication picked up two more Joyce works, but this start of a literary career was not enough to keep him in Ireland and in late 1904 he and Barnacle moved first to what is now the Croatian city of Pula before settling in the Italian seaport city of Trieste.

There, Joyce taught English and learned Italian, one of 17 languages he could speak, a list that included Arabic, Sanskrit, and Greek. Other moves followed, as the Joyce and Barnacle (the two weren't formally married until some three decades after

they met) made their home in cities like Rome and Paris. To keep his family above water (the couple went on to have two children, Georgio and Lucia) Joyce continued to find work as a teacher.

All the while, though, Joyce continued to write and in 1914 he published his first book, *Dubliners*, a collection of 15 short stories. Two years later Joyce put out a second book, the novel *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

While not a huge commercial success, the book caught the attention of the American poet, Ezra Pound, who praised Joyce for his unconventional style and voice.

The same year that the *Dubliners* came out, Joyce embarked on what would prove to be his landmark novel: *Ulysses*. The story recounts a single day in Dublin. The date: June 16, 1904, the same day that Joyce and Barnacle met. On the surface, the novel follows the story three central characters, Stephen Dedalus, Leopold Bloom, a Jewish advertising canvasser, and his wife Molly Bloom, as well as the city life that unfolds around them. But *Ulysses* is also a modern retelling of Homer's *Odyssey*, with the three main characters serving as modern versions of Telemachus, Ulysses, and Penelope.

With its advanced use of interior monologue, the novel not only brought the reader deep into Bloom's sometimes lurid mind, but pioneered Joyce's use of stream of consciousnesses as a literary technique and set the course for a whole new kind of novel. But *Ulysses* is not an easy read, and upon its publication in Paris in 1922 by Sylvia Beach, an American expat who owned a bookstore in the city, the book drew

both praise and sharp criticism.

All of which only helped bolster the novel's sales. Not that it really needed the help. Long before *Ulysses* ever came out, debate raged over the content of the novel. Parts of the story had appeared in English and American publications and in the US and the UK the book was banned for several years after it was published in France. In the US, *Ulysses*'s supposed obscenity prompted the Post Office to confiscate issues of the magazine that had published Joyce's work. Fines were levied against the editors, and a censorship battle was waged that only further hyped the novel.

Still, the book found its way into the hands of eager American and British readers, who managed to get hold of bootlegged copies of the novel. In the US, the ban came to a head in 1932 when in New York City Customs Agents seized copies of the book that had been sent to Random House, which wanted to publish the book.

The case made its way to court where in 1934 Judge John M. Woolsey came down in favor of the publishing company by declaring that *Ulysses* was not pornographic. American readers were free to read the book. In 1936, British fans of Joyce were allowed to do the same.

While he sometimes resented the attention *Ulysses* brought him, Joyce saw his days as a struggling writer come to an end with the book's publication. It hadn't been an easy road. During World War I, Joyce had moved his family to Zurich, where they subsisted on the generosity of English magazine editor, Harriet Weaver, and Barnacle's uncle.

Eventually Joyce and his family settled into a new life in Paris, which is where they

were living when Ulysses was published. Success, however, couldn't protect Joyce from health issues. His most problematic condition concerned his eyes. He suffered from a constant stream of ocular illnesses, went through a host of surgeries, and for a number of years was near blind. At times Joyce was forced to write in red crayon on sheets of large paper.

In 1939 Joyce published *Finnegans Wake*, his long awaited follow up novel, which, with its myriad of puns and new words, proved to be an even more difficult read than his previous work. Still, the book was an immediate success, earning "book of the week" honors in the US and the United Kingdom not long after debuting.

A year after *Finnegans'* publication, Joyce and his family were on the move again, this time to southern France in advance of the coming Nazi invasion of Paris. Eventually the family ended back in Zurich.

Sadly, Joyce never saw the conclusion of World War II. Following an intestinal operation, the writer died at the age of 59 on January 13, 1941 at the Schwesternhause von Roten Kreuz Hospital. His wife and son were at his bedside when he passed. He is buried in Fluntern cemetery in Zurich.

The Text

NORTH RICHMOND STREET being blind, was a quiet street except at the hour when the Christian Brothers' School set the boys free. An uninhabited house of two storeys stood at the blind end, detached from its neighbours in a square ground The other houses of the street, conscious of decent lives within them, gazed at one another with brown imperturbable faces.

The former tenant of our house, a priest, had died in the back drawing-room. Air, musty from having been long enclosed, hung in all the rooms, and the waste room behind the kitchen was littered with old useless papers. Among these I found a few paper-covered books, the pages of which were curled and damp: The Abbot, by Walter Scott, The Devout Communnicant and The Memoirs of Vidocq. I liked the last best because its leaves were yellow. The wild garden behind the house contained a central apple-tree and a few straggling bushes under one of which I found the late tenant's rusty bicycle-pump. He had been a very charitable priest; in his will he had left all his money to institutions and the furniture of his house to his sister.

When the short days of winter came dusk fell before we had well eaten our dinners. When we met in the street the houses had grown sombre. The space of sky above us was the colour of ever-changing violet and towards it the lamps of the street lifted their feeble lanterns. The cold air stung us and we played till our bodies glowed. Our shouts echoed in the silent street. The career of our play brought us through the dark muddy lanes behind the houses where we ran the gauntlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the back doors of the dark dripping gardens where odours arose from the ashpits, to the dark odorous stables where a coachman smoothed and combed the horse or shook music from the buckled harness. When we returned to the street light from the kitchen windows had filled the areas. If my uncle was seen turning the corner we hid in the shadow until we had seen him safely housed. Or if Mangan's sister came out on the doorstep to call her brother in to his tea we watched her from our shadow peer up and down the street. We waited to see whether she would remain or go in and, if she remained, we left our shadow and

walked up to Mangan's steps resignedly. She was waiting for us, her figure defined by the light from the half-opened door. Her brother always teased her before he obeyed and I stood by the railings looking at her. Her dress swung as she moved her body and the soft rope of her hair tossed from side to side.

Every morning I lay on the floor in the front parlour watching her door. The blind was pulled down to within an inch of the sash so that I could not be seen. When she came out on the doorstep my heart leaped. I ran to the hall, seized my books and followed her. I kept her brown figure always in my eye and, when we came near the point at which our ways diverged, I quickened my pace and passed her. This happened morning after morning. I had never spoken to her, except for a few casual words, and yet her name was like a summons to all my foolish blood.

Her image accompanied me even in places the most hostile to romance. On Saturday evenings when my aunt went marketing I had to go to carry some of the parcels. We walked through the flaring streets, jostled by drunken men and bargaining women, amid the curses of labourers, the shrill litanies of shop-boys who stood on guard by the barrels of pigs' cheeks, the nasal chanting of street-singers, who sang a come-all-you about O'Donovan Rossa, or a ballad about the troubles in our native land. These noises converged in a single sensation of life for me: I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes. Her name sprang to my lips at moments in strange prayers and praises which I myself did not understand. My eyes were often full of tears (I could not tell why) and at times a flood from my heart seemed to pour itself out into my bosom. I thought little of the future. I did not know whether I would ever speak to her or not or, if I spoke to her, how I could tell her of my confused adoration. But my body was like a harp and her

words and gestures were like fingers running upon the wires.

One evening I went into the back drawing-room in which the priest had died. It was a dark rainy evening and there was no sound in the house. Through one of the broken panes I heard the rain impinge upon the earth, the fine incessant needles of water playing in the sodden beds. Some distant lamp or lighted window gleamed below me. I was thankful that I could see so little. All my senses seemed to desire to veil themselves and, feeling that I was about to slip from them, I pressed the palms of my hands together until they trembled, murmuring: “O love! O love!” many times.

At last she spoke to me. When she addressed the first words to me I was so confused that I did not know what to answer. She asked me was I going to Araby. I forgot whether I answered yes or no. It would be a splendid bazaar, she said she would love to go.

“And why can’t you?” I asked.

While she spoke she turned a silver bracelet round and round her wrist. She could not go, she said, because there would be a retreat that week in her convent. Her brother and two other boys were fighting for their caps and I was alone at the railings. She held one of the spikes, bowing her head towards me. The light from the lamp opposite our door caught the white curve of her neck, lit up her hair that rested there and, falling, lit up the hand upon the railing. It fell over one side of her dress and caught the white border of a petticoat, just visible as she stood at ease.

“It’s well for you,” she said.

“If I go,” I said, “I will bring you something.”

What innumerable follies laid waste my waking and sleeping thoughts after that evening! I wished to annihilate the tedious intervening days. I chafed against the work of school. At night in my bedroom and by day in the classroom her image came between me and the page I strove to read. The syllables of the word Araby were called to me through the silence in which my soul luxuriated and cast an Eastern enchantment over me. I asked for leave to go to the bazaar on Saturday night. My aunt was surprised and hoped it was not some Freemason affair. I answered few questions in class. I watched my master’s face pass from amiability to sternness; he hoped I was not beginning to idle. I could not call my wandering thoughts together. I had hardly any patience with the serious work of life which, now that it stood between me and my desire, seemed to me child’s play, ugly monotonous child’s play.

On Saturday morning I reminded my uncle that I wished to go to the bazaar in the evening. He was fussing at the hallstand, looking for the hat-brush, and answered me curtly:

“Yes, boy, I know.”

As he was in the hall I could not go into the front parlour and lie at the window. I left the house in bad humour and walked slowly towards the school. The air was pitilessly raw and already my heart misgave me.

When I came home to dinner my uncle had not yet been home. Still it was early. I sat staring at the clock for some time and. when its ticking began to irritate me, I

left the room. I mounted the staircase and gained the upper part of the house. The high cold empty gloomy rooms liberated me and I went from room to room singing. From the front window I saw my companions playing below in the street. Their cries reached me weakened and indistinct and, leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I looked over at the dark house where she lived. I may have stood there for an hour, seeing nothing but the brown-clad figure cast by my imagination, touched discreetly by the lamplight at the curved neck, at the hand upon the railings and at the border below the dress.

When I came downstairs again I found Mrs. Mercer sitting at the fire. She was an old garrulous woman, a pawnbroker's widow, who collected used stamps for some pious purpose. I had to endure the gossip of the tea-table. The meal was prolonged beyond an hour and still my uncle did not come. Mrs. Mercer stood up to go: she was sorry she couldn't wait any longer, but it was after eight o'clock and she did not like to be out late as the night air was bad for her. When she had gone I began to walk up and down the room, clenching my fists. My aunt said:

"I'm afraid you may put off your bazaar for this night of Our Lord."

At nine o'clock I heard my uncle's latchkey in the halldoor. I heard him talking to himself and heard the hallstand rocking when it had received the weight of his overcoat. I could interpret these signs. When he was midway through his dinner I asked him to give me the money to go to the bazaar. He had forgotten.

"The people are in bed and after their first sleep now," he said.

I did not smile. My aunt said to him energetically:

“Can’t you give him the money and let him go? You’ve kept him late enough as it is.”

My uncle said he was very sorry he had forgotten. He said he believed in the old saying: “All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.” He asked me where I was going and, when I had told him a second time he asked me did I know The Arab’s Farewell to his Steed. When I left the kitchen he was about to recite the opening lines of the piece to my aunt.

I held a florin tightly in my hand as I strode down Buckingham Street towards the station. The sight of the streets thronged with buyers and glaring with gas recalled to me the purpose of my journey. I took my seat in a third-class carriage of a deserted train. After an intolerable delay the train moved out of the station slowly. It crept onward among ruinous house and over the twinkling river. At Westland Row Station a crowd of people pressed to the carriage doors; but the porters moved them back, saying that it was a special train for the bazaar. I remained alone in the bare carriage. In a few minutes the train drew up beside an improvised wooden platform. I passed out on to the road and saw by the lighted dial of a clock that it was ten minutes to ten. In front of me was a large building which displayed the magical name.

I could not find any sixpenny entrance and, fearing that the bazaar would be closed, I passed in quickly through a turnstile, handing a shilling to a weary-looking man. I found myself in a big hall girdled at half its height by a gallery. Nearly all the stalls were closed and the greater part of the hall was in darkness. I recognised a silence like that which pervades a church after a service. I walked into the centre of the

bazaar timidly. A few people were gathered about the stalls which were still open. Before a curtain, over which the words Cafe Chantant were written in coloured lamps, two men were counting money on a salver. I listened to the fall of the coins.

Remembering with difficulty why I had come I went over to one of the stalls and examined porcelain vases and flowered tea — sets. At the door of the stall a young lady was talking and laughing with two young gentlemen. I remarked their English accents and listened vaguely to their conversation.

“O, I never said such a thing!”

“O, but you did!”

“O, but I didn’t!”

“Didn’t she say that?”

“Yes. I heard her.”

“0, there’s a . . . fib!”

Observing me the young lady came over and asked me did I wish to buy anything. The tone of her voice was not encouraging; she seemed to have spoken to me out of a sense of duty. I looked humbly at the great jars that stood like eastern guards at either side of the dark entrance to the stall and murmured:

“No, thank you.”

The young lady changed the position of one of the vases and went back to the two

young men. They began to talk of the same subject. Once or twice the young lady glanced at me over her shoulder.

I lingered before her stall, though I knew my stay was useless, to make my interest in her wares seem the more real. Then I turned away slowly and walked down the middle of the bazaar. I allowed the two pennies to fall against the sixpence in my pocket. I heard a voice call from one end of the gallery that the light was out. The upper part of the hall was now completely dark.

Gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger.

Araby Summary

In Dublin, Ireland, around the beginning of the 20th century, the narrator lives on a quiet, blind street with several brown houses and the Christian Brother's school, which the narrator attends. The narrator, who is never named, is a young boy living with his aunt and uncle, likes looking through the belongings left behind by the former tenant of his house, a priest who died in the back drawing-room.

The narrator describes winter nights playing in the dark street with his friends until their bodies "glowed." Eventually Mangan's sister would come out to get Mangan, the narrator's friend, signaling the end of their playtime. It is during these brief interactions that the narrator begins to notice her physical appearance and develop a crush.

The narrator becomes infatuated with Mangan's sister and thinks about her all the time – even at the dirty, loud, Dublin market he fantasizes about her as an escape from his harsh reality. He imagines carrying her like a "chalice safely through a throng of foes." The narrator does not try to talk to her, instead preferring to relish in his daydreams. One day, though, Mangan's sister speaks with the narrator. She asks if he is planning to go to the Araby bazaar, an Eastern-themed market put on by the church. She explains that she cannot attend because her convent is having a retreat and the narrator jumps at the opportunity to impress her, promising to bring her back something if he is able to go.

The narrator begins to fantasize not only about Mangan's sister, but also about the exotic Araby market as well. Meanwhile the narrator begins to lose focus in school, and though he can feel his master growing stern with him, he cannot seem to focus on his studies.

Saturday morning the narrator reminds his uncle of his desire to attend the bazaar, but when he comes home for dinner that night his uncle still has not returned. Finally, around 9 pm his uncle returns home. He can tell from the way his uncle moves around that he has ben drinking. The narrator waits for his uncle to get halfway through his dinner before he asks for money to go to the bazaar. His uncle has forgotten, and tries to dismiss the request but his aunt encourages her husband to let the narrator go. His uncle apologizes, gives the narrator some money, and begins to recite The Arab's Farewell to his Steed.

The narrator leaves his house holding a florin (a coin) and takes a train to the bazaar, arriving just ten minutes before 10 pm, when the market closes. Inside, the

bazaar is quiet, and the narrator enters timidly. He passes a stall called Café Chantant and begins to examine flowered tea sets and porcelain vases in a neighboring stall.

He observes the young female shopkeeper flirting with two men, all of them speaking with English accents. The woman asks him if he wishes to buy anything, but he can tell that she does so only out of a sense of duty. He responds "No, thank you." The woman returns to her conversation but continues to glance over at the narrator. The market begins to close and as the narrator stands in the dark, he realizes he has foolishly allowed himself to be motivated by vanity. This epiphany fills him with "anguish and anger."

Coming of Age Theme Analysis

One of the central issues in James Joyce's "Araby" is growing up. The narrator, who is a grown man who uses mature language to describe his youthful experience, reflects back on his experience with the Araby market, providing small insights from an adult perspective. The fact that the story is told from an adult perspective indicates that the story is about growing up: the narrator is reflecting back on a formative time during his childhood.

The protagonist's development is reflected in his relationships with his friends. As the protagonist becomes consumed by his infatuation with Mangan's sister, he loses interest in playing with his friends as well as in school. Suddenly, the things that used to matter to him now seem less important, and he even begins to feel superior to his friends, deeming his everyday life, which now seems to stand in between him

and his crush, “ugly monotonous child’s play.” He also begins to spend less time with his friends and to observe them from an outsider’s perspective. On the night of the Araby market, he watches them from the front window: “Their cries reached me weakened and indistinct and, leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I looked over at the dark house where she lived.” The glass both literally and metaphorically separates the narrator from his friends as they play in the street.

The narrator’s coming of age also becomes apparent through changes in his interactions with authority figures, in this case his aunt, uncle, and teacher. He begins to develop a more defiant personality, and grows annoyed when his aunt and uncle do not take his requests seriously. The night of the Araby market the narrator refuses to smile at his uncle’s jokes in an act of subtle rebellion. He also notices that his uncle is drunk when he comes home that night, suggesting that he is no longer entirely an innocent, and can understand aspects of the adult world. His changing relationship with his teacher also shows that he is no longer afraid of disappointing figures of authority. He observes his master becoming stern with him, and yet he still is not able to take his studies seriously. The protagonist becomes slightly more rebellious as the story progresses, which shows that he is learning to think independently of the adults around him, a key factor in his coming of age.

In a typical coming of age story, the protagonist experiences pivotal events that lead him or her toward adulthood. These events are usually trying (such as experiencing war, loss, love, rape, or economic hardship) but lead to a satisfying realization or epiphany. In Araby, Joyce shows that the protagonist is growing up through his discovery of his sexuality, his sudden distance from his friends, and his increasingly rebellious attitude, however the protagonist’s new knowledge and maturity bring

him discontent instead of fulfillment. At the end of the story, the protagonist is left with nothing: he fails to buy something to impress Mangan's sister and he is now alienated from his friends and has lost interest in his studies. Though he was hoping to escape from his mundane life, he realizes that escape might be more difficult than. The protagonist's gained knowledge and experience, then, offer not satisfaction but instead a loss of innocence. And in this loss of innocence, the narrator becomes aware both of his previous naïveté and his religious condition as a flawed "creature." Through the narrator's experience, the story suggests more broadly that coming-of-age, while inevitable for every person, is not so much something to be looked forward to but rather a kind of tragedy: that the knowledge gained is of a dark and difficult sort, and not necessarily worth the innocence lost.

'The Ambitious Guest'

by

Nathaniel Hawthorne

He was born in 1804 in Salem, Massachusetts to Nathaniel Hathorne and the former Elizabeth Clarke Manning. His ancestors include John Hathorne, the only judge involved in the Salem witch trials who never repented of his actions. He entered Bowdoin College in 1821, was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in 1824,[1] and graduated in 1825. He published his first work in 1828, the novel *Fanshawe*; he later tried to suppress it, feeling that it was not equal to the standard of his later work.[2] He published several short stories in periodicals, which he collected in 1837 as *Twice-Told Tales*. The next year, he became engaged to Sophia Peabody. He worked at the Boston Custom House and joined Brook Farm, a transcendentalist community, before marrying Peabody in 1842. The couple moved to The Old Manse in Concord, Massachusetts, later moving to Salem, the Berkshires, then to The Wayside in Concord. *The Scarlet Letter* was published in 1850, followed by a succession of other novels. A political appointment as consul took Hawthorne and family to Europe before their return to Concord in 1860. Hawthorne died on May 19, 1864, and was survived by his wife and their three children.

Much of Hawthorne's writing centers on New England, many works featuring moral metaphors with an anti-Puritan inspiration. His fiction works are considered part of the Romantic movement and, more specifically, dark romanticism. His themes often center on the inherent evil and sin of humanity, and his works often have moral messages and deep psychological complexity. His published works include novels,

short stories, and a biography of his college friend Franklin Pierce, the 14th President of the United States.

'The Ambitious Guest'

One December night, a long, long time ago, a family sat around the fireplace in their home. A golden light from the fire filled the room. The mother and father laughed at something their oldest daughter had just said. The girl was seventeen, much older than her little brother and sister, who were only five and six years old.

A very old woman, the family's grandmother, sat knitting in the warmest corner of the room. And a baby, the youngest child, smiled at the fire's light from its tiny bed. This family had found happiness in the worst place in all of New England. They had built their home high up in the White Mountains, where the wind blows violently all year long.

The family lived in an especially cold and dangerous spot. Stones from the top of the mountain above their house would often roll down the mountainside and wake them in the middle of the night. No other family lived near them on the mountain. But this family was never lonely. They enjoyed each other's company, and often had visitors. Their house was built near an important road that connected the White Mountains to the Saint Lawrence River.

People traveling through the mountains in wagons always stopped at the family's door for a drink of water and a friendly word. Lonely travelers, crossing the mountains on foot, would step into the house to share a hot meal. Sometimes, the wind became so wild and cold that these strangers would spend the night with the

family. The family offered every traveler who stopped at their home a kindness that money could not buy.

On that December evening, the wind came rushing down the mountain. It seemed to stop at their house to knock at the door before it roared down into the valley. The family fell silent for a moment. But then they realized that someone really was knocking at their door. The oldest girl opened the door and found a young man standing in the dark.

The old grandmother put a chair near the fireplace for him. The oldest daughter gave him a warm, shy smile. And the baby held up its little arms to him. "This fire is just what I needed," the young man said. "The wind has been blowing in my face for the last two hours."

The father took the young man's travel bag. "Are you going to Vermont?" the older man asked. "Yes, to Burlington," the traveler replied. "I wanted to reach the valley tonight. But when I saw the light in your window, I decided to stop. I would like to sit and enjoy your fire and your company for a while."

As the young man took his place by the fire, something like heavy footsteps was heard outside. It sounded as if someone was running down the side of the mountain, taking enormous steps. The father looked out one of the windows.

"That old mountain has thrown another stone at us again. He must have been afraid we would forget him. He sometimes shakes his head and makes us think he will come down on top of us," the father explained to the young man. "But we are old neighbors," he smiled. "And we manage to get along together pretty well. Besides, I

have made a safe hiding place outside to protect us in case a slide brings the mountain down on our heads."

As the father spoke, the mother prepared a hot meal for their guest. While he ate, he talked freely to the family, as if it were his own. This young man did not trust people easily. Yet on this evening, something made him share his deepest secret with these simple mountain people.

The young man's secret was that he was ambitious. He did not know what he wanted to do with his life, yet. But he did know that he did not want to be forgotten after he had died. He believed that sometime during his life, he would become famous and be admired by thousands of people. "So far," the young man said, "I have done nothing. If I disappeared tomorrow from the face of the earth, no one would know anything about me. No one would ask 'Who was he. Where did he go?' But I cannot die until I have reached my destiny. Then let death come! I will have built my monument!"

The young man's powerful emotions touched the family. They smiled. "You laugh at me," the young man said, taking the oldest daughter's hand. "You think my ambition is silly." She was very shy, and her face became pink with embarrassment. "It is better to sit here by the fire," she whispered, "and be happy, even if nobody thinks of us."

Her father stared into the fire. "I think there is something natural in what the young man says. And his words have made me think about our own lives here. "It would have been nice if we had had a little farm down in the valley. Some place where we

could see our mountains without being afraid they would fall on our heads. I would have been respected by all our neighbors. And, when I had grown old, I would die happy in my bed. You would put a stone over my grave so everyone would know I lived an honest life."

"You see!" the young man cried out. "It is in our nature to want a monument. Some want only a stone on their grave. Others want to be a part of everyone's memory. But we all want to be remembered after we die!" The young man threw some more wood on the fire to chase away the darkness.

The firelight fell on the little group around the fireplace: the father's strong arms and the mother's gentle smile. It touched the young man's proud face, and the daughter's shy one. It warmed the old grandmother, still knitting in the corner. She looked up from her knitting and, with her fingers still moving the needles, she said, "Old people have their secrets, just as young people do."

The old woman said she had made her funeral clothes some years earlier. They were the finest clothes she had made since her wedding dress. She said her secret was a fear that she would not be buried in her best clothes. The young man stared into the fire. "Old and young," he said. "We dream of graves and monuments. I wonder how sailors feel when their ship is sinking, and they know they will be buried in the wide and nameless grave that is the ocean?"

A sound, rising like the roar of the ocean, shook the house. Young and old exchanged one wild look. Then the same words burst from all their lips. "The slide! The slide!" They rushed away from the house, into the darkness, to the secret spot

the father had built to protect them from the mountain slide. The whole side of the mountain came rushing toward the house like a waterfall of destruction.

But just before it reached the little house, the wave of earth divided in two and went around the family's home. Everyone and everything in the path of the terrible slide was destroyed, except the little house. The next morning, smoke was seen coming from the chimney of the house on the mountain. Inside, the fire was still burning. The chairs were still drawn up in a half circle around the fireplace. It looked as if the family had just gone out for a walk.

Some people thought that a stranger had been with the family on that terrible night. But no one ever discovered who the stranger was. His name and way of life remain a mystery. His body was never found.

Themes and Meanings

The title of the story focuses on the disturbing element: ambition. The guest's ambition is equated with his solitariness, his wandering, and his separation from the community of feeling enjoyed by the family. Ambition, in itself, is abstract. It seems to have nothing to do with the way this family lives; indeed, as the mother remarks, she feels a sense of strangeness when the family begins to talk in the guest's terms about what it wants as opposed to what it already has.

The eldest daughter is aware of the guest's disturbing ideas when she replies, "It is better to sit here by this fire . . . and be comfortable and contented, though nobody

thinks about us." The guest, on the other hand, thinks of "Earthy Immortality," as the narrator puts it. The guest rejects her acceptance of the status quo in favor of a sense of destiny. He ignores, however, the signs of fate that Nathaniel Hawthorne infuses into the sounds of nature: "There was a wail along the road, as if a funeral were passing." What the family has forsaken, under the temporary influence of the guest, is its own attunement to the world.

By not naming his characters, Hawthorne gives his story a universal dimension. It is about the family, about ambition, and about how human beings both place themselves in and abstract themselves from the world at large. As the narrator remarks of the family in this story, "Though they dwelt in such a solitude, these people held daily converse with the world."

"The Ambitious Guest" is a fable, but it is also a folktale with its origins, the narrator implies, in fact—not in fancy or in abstractions. Of the family, for example, the narrator comments: "All had left separate tokens, by which those who had known the family were made to shed a tear for each. Who has not heard their name?" They have become the subject of poets, the narrator notes, so that their fate becomes everyone's fate, human fate—or, as the narrator puts it earlier in the story while commenting on the affinity of the family for the guest, "Is not the kindred of a common fate a closer tie than that of birth?"

Style and Technique

Hawthorne's style is ironic. The common fate he speaks of at the beginning of the story, for example, is not simply the meeting of minds between the guest and his hosts but also the death they will share, that everyone must ultimately share. Such a terse style allows the narrator to comment subtly on the characters without ever seeming intrusive or impeding the flow of the story. His technique is to understate the theme, giving over most of the narrative to description and dialogue. Nearly every paragraph is carefully balanced between the ease with which the characters behave and speak, on the one hand, and the disruptive, saddening sounds of nature that punctuate the human conviviality, on the other hand.

Always a master of sly, subtle repetition, Hawthorne is able to insert several references to discordant sound that serve as a counterpoint to the human harmony. Even that human harmony is usually shaded by qualifying phrases, such as the one that introduces the lively guest: "His face at first wore the melancholy expression, almost despondency, of one who travels a wild and bleak road, at nightfall and alone, but soon brightened up when he saw the kindly warmth of his reception." Thus, sentences as well as paragraphs are set off against one another, the first part establishing a mood that gives way to its opposite in the second part.

Hawthorne's style, in other words, aims to capture the rhythms of existence itself, rhythms that are contradictory and reversible and that elicit the intense concentration of the ironist. The implication is that all human beings are on the verge of confronting the end of their world. As the grandmother thinks of her death, the guest thinks of how "mariners feel when the ship is sinking." It is almost as if these words occasion the story's ending—so tightly has Hawthorne constructed the denouement. The house trembles and the earth shakes "as if this awful sound were

the peal of the last trump." The biblical phrasing here emphasizes the parabolic nature of the author's style and themes. In his mind, the short story itself becomes the synecdoche of human fate.

The Symbols in The Ambitious Guest

*The cottage is symbolic of shelter and warmth and felicity, the young traveler feels warmed by the hospitability of the family that welcomes him.

** The fire is also a symbol of warmth, the fire ignites the spirit of the traveler, who shares his dreams and ambitions with the family. Thus, the fire represents ambition, as well.

***The spirit of the "wayfarer" His proclamations of his yearning desires evoke the hidden desires of the family members.

****The vast rock slide is symbolic of the irony of fate in its sudden turn away from the cottage which kills everyone from the cozy dwelling, the rock slide represents fate and unexpected death. It also ironically becomes "the monument"' for which the ambiguous guest has yearned.

***** The "monument" represents the youth's desire far from it instead becomes an unknown maker for his burial.

The Tell-Tale Heart

By
Edgar Allan Poe

Today we present the short story "The Tell-Tale Heart" by Edgar Allan Poe. Here is Shep O'Neal with the story.

True! Nervous -- very, very **nervous** I had been and am! But why will you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses -- not destroyed them.

Above all was the sense of hearing. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in the **underworld**. How, then, am I mad? Observe how healthily -- how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! Yes, it was this! He had the eye of a bird, a **vulture** -- a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell on me, my blood ran cold; and so -- very slowly -- I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and free myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You think that I am mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely and carefully I went to work!

I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, late at night, I turned the lock of his door and opened it – oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening big enough for my head, I put in a

dark **lantern**, all closed that no light shone out, and then I stuck in my head. I moved it slowly, very slowly, so that I might not interfere with the old man's sleep. And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern just so much that a single thin ray of light fell upon the vulture eye.

And this I did for seven long nights -- but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who was a problem for me, but his Evil Eye.

On the eighth night, I was more than usually careful in opening the door. I had my head in and was about to open the lantern, when my finger slid on a piece of metal and made a noise. The old man sat up in bed, crying out "Who's there?"

I kept still and said nothing. I did not move a muscle for a whole hour. During that time, I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening -- just as I have done, night after night.

Then I heard a noise, and I knew it was the sound of human **terror**. It was the low sound that arises from the bottom of the soul. I knew the sound well. Many a night, late at night, when all the world slept, it has **welled** up from deep within my own chest. I say I knew it well.

I knew what the old man felt, and felt sorry for him, although I laughed to myself. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him.

When I had waited a long time, without hearing him lie down, I decided to open a

little -- a very, very little -- crack in the lantern. So I opened it. You cannot imagine how carefully, carefully. Finally, a single ray of light shot from out and fell full upon the vulture eye.

It was open -- wide, wide open -- and I grew angry as I looked at it. I saw it clearly -- all a dull blue, with a **horrible** veil over it that chilled my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person. For I had directed the light exactly upon the damned spot.

And have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but a kind of over-sensitivity? Now, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when inside a piece of cotton. I knew that sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my anger.

But even yet I kept still. I hardly breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I attempted to keep the ray of light upon the eye. But the beating of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every second. The old man's terror must have been extreme! The beating grew louder, I say, louder every moment!

And now at the dead hour of the night, in the horrible silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst.

And now a new fear seized me -- the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud shout, I threw open the lantern and burst into the room.

He cried once -- once only. Without delay, I forced him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled, to find the action so far done.

But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a quiet sound. This, however, did not concern me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length, it stopped. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the body. I placed my hand over his heart and held it there many minutes. There was no movement. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise steps I took for hiding the body. I worked quickly, but in silence. First of all, I took apart the body. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

I then took up three pieces of wood from the flooring, and placed his body parts under the room. I then replaced the wooden boards so well that no human eye -- not even his -- could have seen anything wrong.

There was nothing to wash out -- no mark of any kind -- no blood whatever. I had been too smart for that. A tub had caught all -- ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock in the morning. As a clock sounded the hour, there came a noise at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart -- for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who said they were officers of the police. A cry had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of a crime had been aroused; information had been given at the police office, and the officers had been sent to search the building.

I smiled -- for what had I to fear? The cry, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I said, was not in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I told them to search -- search well. I led them, at length, to his room. I brought chairs there, and told them to rest. I placed my own seat upon the very place under which lay the body of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. I was completely at ease. They sat, and while I answered happily, they talked of common things. But, after a while, I felt myself getting weak and wished them gone. My head hurt, and I had a ringing in my ears; but still they sat and talked.

The ringing became more severe. I talked more freely to do away with the feeling. But it continued until, at length, I found that the noise was not within my ears.

I talked more and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased -- and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound like a watch makes when inside a piece of cotton. I had trouble breathing -- and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly -- more loudly; but the noise increased. I stood up and argued about silly things, in a high voice and with violent hand movements. But the noise kept increasing.

Why would they not be gone? I walked across the floor with heavy steps, as if excited to anger by the observations of the men -- but the noise increased. What could I do? I swung my chair and moved it upon the floor, but the noise continually increased. It grew louder -- louder -- louder! And still the men talked pleasantly, and smiled.

Was it possible they heard not? No, no! They heard! They suspected! They knew! They were making a joke of my horror! This I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this pain! I could bear those smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! And now -- again! Louder! Louder! Louder!

"Villains!" I cried, "Pretend no more! I admit the deed! Tear up the floor boards! Here, here! It is the beating of his hideous heart!"

Words in This Story

nervous - *adj.* often or easily becoming worried and afraid about what might happen

underworld - *n.* the place where dead people go in Greek myths

vulture - *n.* any one of several large birds that eat dead animals and have a small and featherless head

lantern - *n.* a light that has usually a glass covering and that can be carried by a handle

terror- *n.* a very strong feeling of fear

well - *v.* to rise to a surface and flow out — usually + up

horrible - *adj.* very bad or unpleasant

The Tell-Tale Heart Summary

A nameless person explains that he is and was *extremely* nervous, but is not and was not insane. Rather, the narrator has a "disease" which makes all his senses, especially his hearing, very sensitive. To prove that he isn't insane, the narrator shares an event from his past. Let's jump into his tale:

The narrator has an idea that he can't shake. He loves the old man and has nothing against him. Except…his horrible eye, which is "pale blue […] with a film over it" (2). The narrator hates the eye and decides to kill the old man to be free of it.

To that end, the narrator goes to the old man's room every night at 12am, for seven days. Each night the narrator opens the man's door and puts in a lantern (the kind they don't make anymore, with panels that can be adjusted to release more or less light). After the lantern, the narrator puts his head through the doorway, extremely slowly, and then opens the lantern so a tiny beam of light shines on the old man's eye. Each night the old man doesn't open his eye, so the narrator feels that he can't kill him.

On the eighth night, the old man hears the narrator at the door and wakes up. The narrator hangs out there in the dark for a long time, then, with a scream, plunges into the totally dark room, opening the lantern, and shining light on the old man's eye. The narrator drags the old man, who has only screamed once, off the bed, and then pulls the bed on top of the man. When the narrator hears the man's heart stop beating, he removes the bed and checks to make sure the old man is really dead,

which he is. So the narrator cuts him up and hides his remains under the floor.

Then three policemen come. A neighbor had heard a scream and called them. The narrator says he screamed while sleeping, and claims that the old man is out of town. After convincing the cops nothing bad is going down, the narrator brings them into the old man's bedroom, and they all sit down to chat. While they are all shooting the breeze, the narrator starts hearing a terrible ticking noise, which gets louder and louder until the narrator freaks out, confesses, and points the police to the old man's body, stating that the sound is coming from the old man's heart.

Critical Evaluation

There are two physical settings in Edgar Allan Poe's "The Tell-Tale Heart": the house the narrator shares with the old man where the murder takes place and the location from which the narrator tells his story, presumably a prison or an asylum for the criminally insane. However, the most important setting for the story is within the obsessed mind of the narrator. The old man is hardly more than the evil eye that so infuriates the narrator, the source of his mysterious obsession.

The central question on which the story depends is, why does the narrator kill the old man? He says he has no personal animosity toward him, that he does not want his money, that the old man has not injured him in any way. In fact, he says he loves the old man. The only reason he can give is the evilness of the old man's eye. Although some critics have suggested that the eye is the "evil eye" of superstition, which the narrator feels threatens him, there is no way to understand his motivation except to say the narrator must be mad. Still, the reader feels compelled to try to

understand the method and meaning of the madness. For Poe, there is no meaningless madness in a short story.

The key to understanding the mysterious motivation in the story is Poe's concept of a central idea or effect around which everything else coheres, like an obsession that can be identified on the principle of repetition. Thus, if the reader is alert to repetitions in the story, these repeated themes become the clues to the mystery. Determining motifs foregrounded by repetition helps the reader distinguish between details that are relevant to the central theme and those that merely provide an illusion of reality. Poe, the creator of the detective story, was well aware of the importance of discovering all those details that matter in a case and then constructing a theory based on their relationship to each other

To understand what the eye means in the story, the reader must take Poe's advice in his essays and reviews on short fiction and determine how all the various details in the story seem bound together to create one unified theme and effect. In addition to the details about the eye, there are two other sets of details repeated throughout the story: the narrator's identification with the old man and the idea of time. When the narrator sticks his head in the old man's chamber at night and hears him groan, he says he knows what he is feeling, for he himself has felt the same terror many times himself. At the moment the narrator kills the old man, as well as the moment when he confesses the crime, he thinks he hears the beating of the old man's heart; however, of course, what he hears is the beating of his own heart. When the police question him about the old man's scream in the night, he says it was his own in a bad dream.

The narrator makes several references to time. The beating of the old man's heart sounds like the ticking of a watch wrapped in cotton; the old man is said to listen to death watches (a kind of beetle that makes a ticking sound) in the wall; time seems to slow down and almost stop when he sticks his head in the old man's chamber. To understand this obsession with time and its association with the beating of a heart, the reader must relate it to the title and ask, what tale does a heart tell? The answer is that the tale every heart tells is that of time—time inevitably passing, every beat of one's heart bringing one closer to death. As in many other Poe stories, "The Tell-Tale Heart" suggests that when one becomes aware of the ultimate destiny of all living things—that humans are born only to die—time becomes the enemy that must be defeated at all costs.

By connecting the repeated theme of the narrator's identification with the old man to the obsession with the eye, the reader can conclude that what the narrator wishes to destroy is not the eye but that which sounds like "eye" (after all, he says that his sense of sound especially has been heightened). That is, the word "eye" sounds like the word "I," the self. This connection relates in turn to the theme of time. The only way one can escape the inevitability of time is to destroy that which time would destroy—the self. However, to save the self from time by destroying the self is a paradox that the narrator can only deal with by displacing his need to destroy himself (the I) to a need to destroy the eye of the old man. By destroying the old man's eye, the narrator indirectly does succeed in destroying himself—ultimately by exposing himself as a murderer. Of course, one could say, this is madness; indeed it is. However, it is madness and motivation with meaning, a meaning that Poe wishes us to discover by careful reading of the story.

One of Poe's major contributions to the development of the short story was his conception of plot not merely as a series of events, one thing after another, but as the calculated organization of all those details in the story that relate to and revolve around a central theme. It is no wonder that his own obsession with this aesthetic principle would lead him to create that great "reader" of hidden plot or pattern, Auguste Dupin, who would later become the model for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's great detective Sherlock Holmes. "The Tell-Tale Heart" is indeed a murder mystery in which the narrator concocts a plot to kill the old man. However, the real plot of the story is Poe's elaborate pattern of psychological obsession and displacement, as one man tries to accomplish what all human beings wish to do—defeat the ticking of the clock that marks one's inevitable movement toward death.

Pamela: Or Virtue Rewarded

By

Samuel Richardson

Biography of Samuel Richardson

Samuel Richardson was born into relative poverty as one of nine children in the midland country of Derbyshire in England. The Richardson family moved to East London in 1700, and around this time, Samuel received a brief grammar-school education.

The young Samuel, being a pious and studious boy, wanted to be a clergyman; his father endorsed the choice but, being a mere joiner (that is, a carpenter specializing in domestic interiors), could not afford to pay for the university education that was a requirement for ordination in the Church of England. The elder Richardson allowed Samuel to choose his fallback profession, and the youth decided to be a printer on the theory, as he would later tell his Dutch translator, that "it would gratify my Thirst after Reading."

He began his apprenticeship in 1706 and continued in it for seven years. During that period he took his own education in hand, and in spite of the stinginess of his master, who grudged Richardson every hour spent away from his work, was soon well on his way to becoming one of the great autodidacts of English literature. He read widely in order to compensate for having received little formal, and certainly no classical, learning; the effects are apparent in his writing, which tends to favor

colloquial and vernacular speech, spontaneity over ingenuity, sincerity over irony, and so on.

Richardson married his master's daughter, Martha Wilde, in 1721. Their marriage was apparently a happy one, except that none of their six children would live past the age of three. Soon after Martha died in 1731, Richardson married Elizabeth Leake, who bore six more children, with four surviving to adulthood.

His printing career was more uniformly successful than were his efforts of begetting offspring. The model of the industrious Puritan bourgeois businessman (rising at five in the morning and turning in at eleven at night), he rose to become official printer for the House of Commons and printer of the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society (essentially England's Academy of Sciences). His peers in the printing business elected him Master of the Stationers' Company (the livery company, or guild, of London printers).

As a printer, Richardson naturally had extensive contact with the book-selling world. His demonstrated familiarity with the literary marketplace caused many booksellers to consult him on the literary quality of their wares. He was also a prolific writer of letters, and his reputation as such led two booksellers to approach him in 1739, asking him to produce a volume of model letters. Called a "letter-writer," the genre comprised exemplary letters that, in their form, provided the semiliterate with adaptable epistolary templates and, in their content, proffered practical, social, or moral advice about common predicaments. In *Letters Written to and for Particular Friends, on the Most Important Occasions* (1741), Richardson addressed a number of fictional situations, including that of attractive servant-girls subject to plots against their virtue. In the middle of the composition process,

Richardson set aside these model letters in order to take up in detail the situation that particularly fired his imagination, that of the virtuous servant-girl fending off a lecherous master. The result of this new project was *Pamela* (1740).

The publication of *Pamela* was a massive cultural event, inspiring praise and condemnation, imitations and parodies. Richardson's first follow-up was a sequel, *Pamela in her Exalted Condition* (1741), which he designed primarily to override the unauthorized sequels afloat in the marketplace. His other major works were the novels *Clarissa* (1748) and *Sir Charles Grandison* (1753).

Fame did not alter Richardson's lifestyle as one might expect, since he continued with his printing business and with his customary pastimes, such as letter writing. The major change in his everyday life was perhaps the friendships he was able to cultivate with members of the aristocracy; for a striving middle-class admirer of inherited privilege, this contact with the nobility answered a lifelong social craving. The literary figures with whom Richardson associated, such as Samuel Johnson and William Hogarth, were an illustrious company but might have come into his orbit even had he remained merely one of London's preeminent printers.

Richardson's reputation was mixed: he received lavish praise and lavish criticism. Denis Diderot classed him with Homer and Sophocles, while Fielding joined with others who ridiculed sanctimonious and morally ambiguous elements in Richardson's work. Toward the end of Richardson's lifetime, and for some decades after his death, he commanded a degree of international prestige unparalleled by any contemporary English writer. His novels were translated into all the major European languages and continued to inspire imitations and theatrical adaptations until the end of the century.

In the later stages of his life, he suffered from a nervous ailment that may have been Parkinson's disease. He died of a stroke at age 71.

Pamela: Or Virtue Rewarded Summary

Pamela Andrews is a lively, clever, pretty, and virtuous servant-girl, age 15, in the county of Bedfordshire in England. For the past three years, she has served as waiting-maid to the kindly Lady B., who unfortunately has just died. Lady B.'s son, the twenty-something Squire B., becomes Master of the country household. After a period of mourning in which he decorously restrains himself from making any advances on his late mother's favorite, Mr. B. begins flirting with Pamela incessantly. In letters to her parents, who are destitute through no fault of their own, Pamela reports her Master's attempts and vows that she will suffer any injury or social penalty rather than sacrifice her chastity. Her parents encourage this devotion to her virtue and advise her to leave Mr. B.'s employment and return to home and poverty if ever Mr. B. makes a physical attempt on her.

The attempt comes, sooner rather than later, and Pamela resists it vigorously. Disconcerted but only temporarily deterred, Mr. B. tries to bribe Pamela to keep quiet about the incident; she relates it, however, to her parents and to the motherly housekeeper, Mrs. Jervis. Mr. B. begins to make noise about Pamela's gossiping about him in her letters home, prompting Pamela to suspect him of stealing her mail. Further offenses ensue, including an incident in which Mr. B., hiding in a closet, spies on Pamela as she undresses at night and then rushes out to have his

way with her. Pamela, however, displays a marked tendency to fall into a swoon whenever her Master approaches her with lewd intentions, and this peculiarity has the convenient effect of diminishing the Squire's libido.

In spite of Mr. B.'s continued harassment, Pamela does not manage to make the departure that she so frequently threatens. Various impediments, among them her obligation to finish embroidering one of Mr. B.'s waistcoats, prevent her return to her parents. Finally, she resolves to go and, having resisted a final effort of Mr. B. to tempt her with money for her parents and marriage to a clergyman, packs her bags to leave. Unfortunately, her driver is the coachman from Mr. B.'s estate in Lincolnshire, and her destination turns out not to be the one she intended.

Mr. B., who has intercepted and read all of the correspondence between Pamela and her parents, writes to Mr. and Mrs. Andrews with a consoling but phony explanation for her failing to appear in their village as planned. Mr. Andrews sees through the ruse and approaches the Bedfordshire estate, bewailing the disappearance of his daughter, but to no avail. Meanwhile, Pamela has arrived in Lincolnshire, where the crude and malignant housekeeper Mrs. Jewkes watches her every move.

Pamela continues writing letters while in captivity, but as she does not know when she will be able to send them, she dispenses with salutations and signatures, so that they run together into one continuous journal. She begins plotting her escape immediately, and she soon settles on the clergyman Mr. Williams as her only likely ally. Mr. Williams does indeed turn out to be a willing helper, though his competence remains in question. They arrange a system of secret correspondence whereby they will hide their notes to each other beside a sunflower in the garden.

Mr. Williams tries and fails to enlist support for Pamela among the local gentry, who all suspect his and Pamela's motives. The clergyman eventually suggests that he and Pamela get married, whereupon the Squire would no longer have any authority to detain her. Pamela declines this offer, only to find soon after that Mr. B. has written to the clergyman making the same suggestion. Pamela again rejects the idea.

When a group of thieves attacks Mr. Williams on the road and searches his pockets for papers, Pamela becomes concerned that Mr. B. sent them to steal her letters, which the clergyman was carrying. The incident prompts her to make her first escape attempt, but her own nerves prevent her even from making it across the garden. Soon a further impediment appears in the person of Monsieur Colbrand, a hideous Swiss man whom Mr. B. has sent to guard Pamela.

Mr. B., suspecting Mr. Williams of colluding with Pamela, sends him to prison for debt. Pamela concludes that she has run out of options and makes a desperate escape attempt in the middle of the night. The attempt fails when a crumbling wall causes injury to her head and legs. Despairing, Pamela considers drowning herself in the garden pond, but a sudden renewal of her commitment to life and virtue, which she credits to a divine intervention, saves her. In the morning, the other servants find her lying wounded in an outhouse, and her captivity continues as before.

A few days later Mr. B. arrives in Lincolnshire. He serves Pamela with a set of terms on which he proposes to make her his mistress, but she refuses them scornfully. Changing his strategy, Mr. B. gets close to Pamela at night by impersonating a drunken maidservant. Pamela's swooning fits come to her aid

again, and after this episode, Mr. B. shows signs of being genuinely chastened. He again attempts to woo her but does not employ force. Then, in a heart-to-heart, he explains to her that he has come to admire her character and in fact deeply loves her, but his aversion to marriage prevents making an honest proposal. Pamela feels moved by this confession and hopes fervently that it is sincere.

Mr. B. leaves the Lincolnshire estate for a few days, during which interval Pamela receives from a gypsy fortune-teller a note warning her of Mr. B.'s plans for entrapping her in a sham-marriage. This note causes Pamela to react strongly against Mr. B. and against her own softening feelings for him. When he returns from his trip he receives from Mrs. Jewkes a set of Pamela's recent writings; inferring that her "scribbling" has proceeded unabated in Lincolnshire, he demands to see the rest of her literary output, which Pamela reluctantly hands over. His reading of these papers only increases his admiration of her character and virtue. He tells her how deeply the writings have moved him and expresses his regret over his rough usage of her, promising to make amends. When Pamela, still fearing the sham-marriage, nevertheless repeats her request to return to her parents, Mr. B. is hurt and finally, in anger, allows her to leave.

Pamela departs the Lincolnshire estate, though not in so happy a mood as she had expected. During a stopover at a country inn, she receives another letter from Mr. B. in which he avows that further reading in her papers prompts him to request her return to Lincolnshire. Pamela, having reconsidering, decides to trust him and complies. Upon her return, they discuss the likely social fallout from a marriage between a squire and a serving-maid; undeterred, they enter on their engagement. Pamela then tells Mr. B. the story of the gypsy fortune-teller, and he admits to

having considered perpetrating a sham-marriage but says that he thought the better of it.

The neighboring gentry, who once refused to aid Pamela's escape, now come to dinner and inspect Mr. B.'s betrothed. Pamela impresses everyone with her beauty and comparative refinement. On the same day, Mr. Andrews arrives, expecting from a letter he received that he would find his daughter a fully corrupted mistress of the Squire. An ecstatic reunion ensues, of which all the dinner guests are eager witnesses. Over the next few days, there are a series of chariot rides, several arguments over the wedding date, and reconciliation between Mr. B. and Mr. Williams, whom he has liberated from debtors' prison.

On a Thursday, two weeks after the start of the engagement, Pamela and Mr. B. are married in the family chapel. Mr. Williams presides over the ceremony and Mrs. Jewkes attends the bride. The newlyweds originally plan to keep their marriage a secret from the neighbors for the time being, but after several days Mrs. Jewkes lets the news slip "accidentally" while serving drinks before a dinner.

That same evening, Mr. B. goes to attend a dying acquaintance. By the next morning, he has not returned, so Pamela is alone when his sister, Lady Davers, arrives to browbeat the Squire and his beloved, whom she does not know to be married. Lady Davers badgers and insults Pamela at some length, detaining her against her will with the help of a nephew and a waiting-maid. Finally, Pamela escapes through a window and, with the help of her new allies Mrs. Jewkes and Monsieur Colbrand, makes it to the home of Sir Simon Darnford, where Mr. B. and the neighbors are expecting her. There she regales the company with the tale of her experience with Lady Davers.

The next morning, Lady Davers intrudes on the newlyweds in their bedroom, and a conflict ensues between the brother and sister, where the sister refers to a duel that Mr. B. fought in Italy. Lady Davers walks off in a huff, but a tentative reconciliation occurs over dinner. After dinner, however, Lady Davers refers to a woman named Sally Godfrey, prompting Mr. B. to explain a few things to Pamela. He gives the extenuating back-story on the Italian duel and confesses to a liaison with Sally, a young woman he met during his college years. He is furious at having been forced into these confessions before he was ready to make them, and Lady Davers suddenly regrets having antagonized him so far. She and Pamela join forces to calm the Squire and effect a reconciliation, to which he eventually agrees. Later, reflecting on his fit of temper, Mr. B. explains to Pamela all about the upper-class temperament and marital dynamics, delivering a lecture from which she derives, rather sardonically, a set of rules for married life.

The next morning, Pamela visits Lady Davers in her room, and they chat amicably about Mr. B.'s character. Pamela promises to grant her new sister-in-law's request to see all her writings.

A few days later, Pamela and Mr. B. return to the Bedfordshire estate, where they receive a rapturous welcome from the servants. Mr. B. arranges to set up Pamela's father as the manager of his estate in Kent. Later they go shopping for clothes and entertain the local gentry, who are uniformly impressed with Pamela.

Eventually Mr. B. takes Pamela to meet Miss Goodwin, a little girl at a local boarding school, who Pamela rightly concludes is his daughter by Sally Godfrey. Pamela is delighted with the child and requests, though in vain, to take her in as part of the Bedfordshire household. Mr. B. fills out the story of Sally Godfrey, detailing

the circumstances of their affair and her eventual flight to Jamaica, where she is now happily married.

On their second Sunday in Bedfordshire, Pamela and Mr. B. attend church twice, with Pamela appearing in a spectacular white-and-gold dress. All the neighbors are appropriately stunned, and the local poor gather to receive alms from the new Lady Bountiful. A few days later, Pamela and Mr. B. walk together in the garden, are caught in a shower, and shelter in the summerhouse. There he explains the provisions he has recently made for her in his will. Near the end of the week, the newlyweds host another dinner for the neighbors; it is an occasion for Pamela to reflect piously on the goodness of providence and to plan for future good works.

In a conclusion, the "Editor" of Pamela's letters reveals that Pamela's later life continues to be a happy one: she receives semiannual visits from her parents and bears several children. She remains popular among the local gentry and nobility, and even Lady Davers continues on good terms with the Squire and his wife. Pamela succeeds in establishing the moral character of Miss Goodwin, who does not repeat her mother's mistakes.

Pamela: Or Virtue Rewarded Character List

Pamela

A lively, pretty, and courageous maid-servant, age 15, who is subject to the sexual advances of her new Master, Mr. B., following the death of his mother, Lady B. She is a devoted daughter to her impoverished parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, to whom she writes a prodigious number of letters and whom she credits with the moral formation that prompts her to defend her purity at all costs. Pamela resists Mr. B.

through the long weeks of his aggression toward her, capitulating neither to his assaults nor to his later tenderness. Though it takes a while for her to admit it, Pamela is attracted to Mr. B. from the first, and gradually she comes to love him. They marry about halfway through the novel, and afterward Pamela's sweetness and equipoise aid her in securing the goodwill of her new husband's highborn friends.

Mr. B.

A country squire, 25 or 26 years of age, with properties in Bedfordshire, Lincolnshire, Kent, and London. He is Pamela's employer, pursuer, and eventual husband. Richardson has censored Mr. B.'s name in order to protect the pretense of non-fiction, but scholars have conjectured based on manuscripts that the novelist had "Brandon" in mind. Mr. B. has rakish tendencies, and he attempts to compel Pamela's reciprocation of his sexual attentions, even to the point of imprisoning her in his Lincolnshire estate. His fundamental decency prevents him from consummating any of his assaults on her, however, and under her influence he reforms in the middle of the novel.

Lady Davers

The married elder sister of Mr. B. to whom the Squire's Bedfordshire servants apply when trying to enlist some aid for Pamela. She objects strenuously to the union of her brother with their mother's waiting-maid, subjecting Pamela to a harrowing afternoon of insults and bullying, but eventually comes to accept and value her new sister-in-law. She once cleaned up after her brother's affair with Sally

Godfrey. Lady Davers is subject to drastic changes in mood, given to alternate between imperious and abject humors, but she is, like her brother, basically decent.

Lady B.

Pamela's original employer, the mother of Mr. B. and Lady Davers. Lady B. was morally upright and kind to Pamela, educating her and contributing to the formation of her virtuous character. On her deathbed, she told her son to look after all the Bedfordshire servants, especially Pamela.

Mrs. Jewkes

The housekeeper at Mr. B.'s Lincolnshire estate and Pamela's primary warder during the period of her captivity. Pamela represents her as a brazen villain, physically hideous and sexually ambiguous, though the hyperbolic attributions of depravity may be Pamela's way of deflecting blame from Mr. B., about whom her feelings are more conflicted. Mrs. Jewkes is devoted to her Master, to a fault: she is as ready to commit a wrong in his service, not excluding assisting in an attempted rape of Pamela, as she is to wait loyally on that same Pamela once Mr. B. has decided to elevate and marry her.

Mrs. Jervis

The elderly housekeeper of Mr. B.'s Bedfordshire estate, one of the virtuous servants who applies to Lady Davers on behalf of Pamela. She has a genteel background and is an able manager, presumably the linchpin of the well-ordered Bedfordshire household. Despite her good nature and her motherly concern for Pamela, however, she is nearly useless in defending her young friend from their Master's lecherous advances.

Mr. John Andrews

Pamela's father and her chief correspondent. He is virtuous and literate like his daughter, formerly the master of a school, though his fortunes have since declined and he is now an agricultural laborer. He had two sons, now dead, who pauperized him before dying. Pamela credits both her parents with forming her character by educating her in virtue and giving her an example of honest, cheerful poverty.

Mrs. Elizabeth Andrews

Pamela's mother, who has no independent presence in the novel.

Mr. Williams

The curate (junior pastor) of Mr. B.'s parish in Lincolnshire. Pamela engages his assistance in her efforts to escape her captivity, and she finds him dutiful but ineffectual; he makes an unsuccessful bid to become Pamela's husband, and his efforts on her behalf come decisively to naught when Mr. B. sends him to debtor's prison. Overall, he is meritorious but scarcely appealing, and he suffers from his position as the suitor whom no one takes seriously. Mr. B.'s drawn-out preoccupation with his "rival" Williams only serves to keep the latter's risibility in view.

Monsieur Colbrand

The monstrous Swiss man whom Mr. B. sends to Lincolnshire to keep watch over Pamela. Like Mrs. Jewkes, he becomes Pamela's ally after the Squire's reformation.

Jackey

Lady Davers's nephew, who accompanies her to Mr. B.'s estate in Lincolnshire and aids her in browbeating Pamela. He exemplifies what Richardson sees as the aristocratic impulse toward sexual exploitation of social inferiors, though he is quicker than his aunt in perceiving Pamela's innate respectability.

Beck Worden

Lady Davers's waiting-maid, who attends her at Mr. B.'s estate in Lincolnshire and aids in the persecution of the newly married Pamela.

John Arnold

A footman at the Bedfordshire estate. In the early stages of the novel he delivers Pamela's letters to and from her parents, and Pamela appreciates his cheerfulness is performing this service. After her abduction, however, he sends her a note confessing that he has allowed Mr. B. to read all of the correspondence between Pamela and her parents. He has been torn between his duty to Mr. B. and the promptings of his conscience, and the result is that he comes into conflict with both Pamela and Mr. B. The Squire dismisses him, but after the marriage, Pamela has him reinstated.

Mr. Longman

The steward at the Bedfordshire estate, one of the virtuous servants who applies to Lady Davers on behalf of Pamela. He admires Pamela and supplies her with the abundant writing materials that allow her to continue her journal during her captivity in Lincolnshire.

Mr. Jonathan

The butler at the Bedfordshire estate, one of the virtuous servants who applies to Lady Davers on behalf of Pamela.

Nan (or Ann)

A servant-girl at the Lincolnshire estate. Mrs. Jewkes gets her drunk and Mr. B. impersonates her on the night of his last attempt on Pamela's virtue.

Sally Godfrey

Mr. B.'s mistress from his college days. She bore him a child, the future Miss Goodwin, and then fled to Jamaica, where she is now happily married.

Miss Goodwin

Mr. B.'s illegitimate daughter by Sally Godfrey. She lives at a boarding school in Bedfordshire and does not know who her parents are; she addresses Mr. B. as her "uncle."

Sir Simon Darnford

A noble neighbor of Mr. B. in Lincolnshire. He refuses to help Pamela when Mr. Williams applies to him but comes to admire her after her elevation by Mr. B. He is given to dirty jokes.

Lady Darnford

The wife of Sir Simon Darnford.

Miss Darnford (the elder)

The first daughter of Sir Simon and Lady Darnford. She once had hopes of marrying Mr. B., but she accepts Pamela's triumph sportingly.

Miss Darnford (the younger)

The second daughter of Sir Simon and Lady Darnford. She joins her sister in demanding a ball to commemorate the nuptials of Pamela and Mr. B.

Mr. Peters

The vicar of Mr. B.'s parish in Lincolnshire. He refuses to help Pamela when Mr. Williams applies to him but eventually gives Pamela away at her wedding.

Mrs. Peters

The wife of Mr. Peters.

Lady Jones

A noble neighbor of Mr. B. in Lincolnshire.

Mr. Perry

A genteel neighbor of Mr. B. in Lincolnshire.

Mr. Martin

A genteel but rakish neighbor of Mr. B. in Bedfordshire. Pamela dislikes him due to his penchant for saying cynical things about married life.

Mr. Arthur

A genteel neighbor of Mr. B. in Bedfordshire.

Mrs. Arthur

The wife of Mr. Arthur.

Mr. Towers

A genteel neighbor of Mr. B. in Bedfordshire.

Lady Towers

A renowned “wit,” the wife of Mr. Towers.

Mr. Brooks

A genteel neighbor of Mr. B. in Bedfordshire.

Mrs. Brooks

The wife of Mr. Brooks.

Mr. Chambers

A genteel neighbor of Mr. B. in Bedfordshire.

Mrs. Chambers

The wife of Mr. Chambers.

Mr. Carlton

An acquaintance of Mr. B. in Lincolnshire who dies shortly after the wedding. His distress at the end motivates Mr. B. to make arrangements that will provide for Pamela in the event of his early death.

Farmer Nichols’s wife and daughters

Neighbors in Bedfordshire from whom Pamela buys material to make a gown and petticoats.

A gypsy fortune-teller

The agent who delivers to Pamela a note from Mr. Longman warning her of Mr. B.'s plans for a sham-marriage.

Rachel, Cicely, and Hannah

Maidservants at the Bedfordshire estate.

Harry, Isaac, and Benjamin

Manservants at the Bedfordshire estate.

Richard, Roger, and Thomas

Grooms at the Bedfordshire estate.

Robin

The coachman at the Lincolnshire estate.

Abraham

A footman at the Bedfordshire estate.

Miss Dobson

Miss Goodwin's governess at the boarding school.

Miss Booth, Miss Burdoff, and Miss Nugent

Peers of Miss Goodwin at the boarding school.

Pamela: Or Virtue Rewarded Themes

The Nature of Virtue

Richardson's novel has often given the impression of defining "virtue" too narrowly and negatively, as the physical condition of virginity before marriage. The novel's conception of virtue is actually more capacious than its detractors have allowed, however. To begin with, Pamela makes a sensible distinction between losing her virginity involuntarily and acquiescing in a seduction. Only the latter would be a transgression against sexual virtue. Moreover, almost the entire second half of the novel is taken up with the explication and praise of Pamela's positive qualities of generosity and benevolence. Mr. B. values these qualities, and they have brought him to propose marriage: reading her journal, he has discovered her genuine goodwill toward him, particularly in her rejoicing over his escape from death by drowning. As a result, Pamela's active goodness merits the "reward" of a happy marriage as much as her defense of her virginity.

The Integrity of the Individual

Richardson's fiction commonly portrays individuals struggling to balance incompatible demands on their integrity: Pamela, for instance, must either compromise her own sense of right or offend her Master, who deserves her obedience except insofar as he makes illicit demands on her. This highly conscientious servant and Christian must work scrupulously to defy her Master's will only to the degree that it is necessary to preserve her virtue; to do any less would be irreligious, while to do any more would be contumacious, and the successful balance of these conflicting claims represents the greatest expression of Pamela's personal integrity. Meanwhile, those modern readers who dismiss Pamela's defense of her virtue as fatally old-fashioned might consider the issue

from the standpoint of the individual's right to self-determination. Pamela has a right to stand on her own principles, whatever they are, so that as so often in English literature, physical virginity stands in for individual morality and belief: no one, Squire or King, has the right to expect another person to violate the standards of her own conscience.

Class Politics

One of the great social facts of Richardson's day was the intermingling of the aspirant middle class with the gentry and aristocracy. The eighteenth century was a golden age of social climbing and thereby of satire (primarily in poetry), but Richardson was the first novelist to turn his serious regard on class difference and class tension. Pamela's class status is ambiguous at the start of the novel. She is on good terms with the other Bedfordshire servants, and the pleasure she takes in their respect for her shows that she does not consider herself above them; her position as a lady's maid, however, has led to her acquiring refinements of education and manner that unfit her for the work of common servants: when she attempts to scour a plate, her soft hand develops a blister. Moreover, Richardson does some fudging with respect to her origins when he specifies that her father is an educated man who was not always a peasant but once ran a school.

If this hedging suggests latent class snobbery on Richardson's part, however, the novelist does not fail to insist that those who receive privileges under the system bear responsibilities also, and correspondingly those on the lower rungs of the ladder are entitled to claim rights of their superiors. Thus, in the early part of the novel, Pamela emphasizes that Mr. B., in harassing her, violates his duty to protect the social inferiors under his care; after his reformation in the middle of the novel,

she repeatedly lauds the “Godlike Power" of doing good that is the special pleasure and burden of the wealthy. Whether Richardson’s stress on the reciprocal obligations that characterize the harmonious social order expresses genuine concern for the working class, or whether it is simply an insidious justification of an inequitable power structure, is a matter for individual readers to decide.

Hypocrisy and Self-Knowledge

Since the initial publication of *Pamela* in 1740, critics of Richardson’s moralistic novel have accused its heroine of hypocrisy, charging that her ostensible virtue is simply a reverse-psychological ploy for attracting Mr. B. This criticism has a certain merit, in that Pamela does indeed turn out to be more positively disposed toward her Master than she has let on; in her defense, however, her misrepresentation of her feelings has not been deliberate, as she is quite the last person to figure out what her “treacherous, treacherous Heart” has felt. Pamela’s difficulty in coming to know her own heart raises larger questions of the possibility of accurate disclosure: if Pamela cannot even tell herself the truth, then what chance is there that interpersonal communication will be any more transparent?

The issue crystallizes when, during her captivity in Lincolnshire, Pamela becomes of necessity almost compulsively suspicious of appearances. This understandable defense mechanism develops into a character flaw when it combines with her natural tendency toward pride and aloofness to prevent her reposing trust in Mr. B. when, finally, he deserves it. The lovers thus remain at cross-purposes when they should be coming together, and only Mr. B.’s persistence secures the union that Pamela’s suspicions have jeopardized. While the novel, then, evinces skepticism toward the possibility of coming to know oneself or another fully, it balances that

skepticism with an emphasis on the necessity of trusting to what cannot be fully known, lest all opportunities of fulfilling human relationships be lost.

Realism and Country Life

Eighteenth-century literature tended to idealize the life of rustic simplicity that Pamela typifies. Dramatists were fond of rendering the tale of the licentious squire and the chaste maiden in a high romantic strain, and Margaret Anne Doody points out that Mr. B., when he displays Pamela to the neighbors as "my pretty Rustick," implicitly calls on the traditional identification of country lasses with natural beauty and pastoral innocence. Richardson, however, disappoints these idyllic expectations by having Pamela tell her story in the "low" style that is realistically appropriate to her class, as well as through his generous incorporation of naturalistic details. Far from idealizing the countryside, Richardson recurs to the dirt in which Pamela conceals her writings and plants her horse beans. In selecting his imagery, Richardson favors not the wood nymphs and sentimental willows of pastoral romance but such homely items as Pamela's flannel, Mr. B.'s boiled chicken, the carp in the pond, the grass in the garden, the mould, a cake, and the shoes that Mrs. Jewkes periodically confiscates from Pamela. By refusing to compromise on the lowliness of his heroine and her surroundings, Richardson makes a statement that is both socially progressive and aesthetically radical. To discover dramatic significance, Richardson does not look to the great cities and the exemplars of public greatness who reside there; he maintains, rather, that much of equal or greater significance inheres in the private actions and passions of common people.

Robinson Crusoe

By

Daniel Defoe

Daniel Defoe (/dɪˈfoʊ/; born **Daniel Foe**; c. 1660 – 24 April 1731)[1] was an English writer, trader, journalist, pamphleteer and spy. He is most famous for his novel *Robinson Crusoe*, published in 1719, which is claimed to be second only to the Bible in its number of translations.[2] He has been seen as one of the earliest proponents of the English novel, and helped to popularise the form in Britain with others such as Aphra Behn and Samuel Richardson.[3] Defoe wrote many political tracts and was often in trouble with the authorities, and spent a period in prison. Intellectuals and political leaders paid attention to his fresh ideas and sometimes consulted him.

Defoe was a prolific and versatile writer, producing more than three hundred works[4]—books, pamphlets, and journals — on diverse topics, including politics, crime, religion, marriage, psychology, and the supernatural. He was also a pioneer of business journalism[5] and economic journalism.[6]

Early life

Daniel Foe (his original name) was probably born in Fore Street in the parish of St Giles Cripplegate, London.[7] Defoe later added the aristocratic-sounding "De" to his name, and on occasion claimed descent from the family of De Beau Faux. His

birthdate and birthplace are uncertain, and sources offer dates from 1659 to 1662, with the summer or early autumn of 1660 considered the most likely.[8] His father, James Foe, was a prosperous tallow chandler and a member of the Worshipful Company of Butchers. In Defoe's early childhood, he experienced some of the most unusual occurrences in English history: in 1665, 70,000 were killed by the Great Plague of London, and the next year, the Great Fire of London left standing only Defoe's and two other houses in his neighbourhood.[9] In 1667, when he was probably about seven, a Dutch fleet sailed up the Medway via the River Thames and attacked the town of Chatham in the raid on the Medway. His mother, Alice, had died by the time he was about ten.[10][11]

Education

Defoe was educated at the Rev. James Fisher's boarding school in Pixham Lane in Dorking, Surrey.[12] His parents were Presbyterian dissenters, and around the age of 14, he was sent to Charles Morton's dissenting academy at Newington Green, then a village just north of London, where he is believed to have attended the Dissenting church there.[13][14] He lived on Church Street, Stoke Newington, at what is now nos. 95–103.[15] During this period, the English government persecuted those who chose to worship outside the Church of England.

Business career

Defoe entered the world of business as a general merchant, dealing at different times in hosiery, general woollen goods, and wine. His ambitions were great and he was able to buy a country estate and a ship (as well as civets to make perfume),

though he was rarely out of debt. On 1 January 1684, Defoe married Mary Tuffley at St Botolph's Aldgate.[16] She was the daughter of a London merchant, receiving a dowry of £3,700—a huge amount by the standards of the day. With his debts and political difficulties, the marriage may have been troubled, but it lasted 47 years and produced eight children.[10]

In 1685, Defoe joined the ill-fated Monmouth Rebellion but gained a pardon, by which he escaped the Bloody Assizes of Judge George Jeffreys. Queen Mary and her husband William III were jointly crowned in 1689, and Defoe became one of William's close allies and a secret agent.[10] Some of the new policies led to conflict with France, thus damaging prosperous trade relationships for Defoe.[10] In 1692, he was arrested for debts of £700 and, in the face of total debts that may have amounted to £17,000, was forced to declare bankruptcy. He died with little wealth and evidently embroiled in lawsuits with the royal treasury.[2]

Following his release from debtors' prison, he probably travelled in Europe and Scotland,[17] and it may have been at this time that he traded wine to Cadiz, Porto and Lisbon. By 1695, he was back in England, now formally using the name "Defoe" and serving as a "commissioner of the glass duty", responsible for collecting taxes on bottles. In 1696, he ran a tile and brick factory in what is now Tilbury in Essex and lived in the parish of Chadwell St Mary.

Defoe's first notable publication was *An Essay Upon Projects*, a series of proposals for social and economic improvement, published in 1697. From 1697 to 1698, he defended the right of King William III to a standing army during disarmament, after the Treaty of Ryswick (1697) had ended the Nine Years' War (1688–1697). His

most successful poem, *The True-Born Englishman* (1701), defended William against xenophobic attacks from his political enemies in England, and English anti-immigration sentiments more generally. In 1701, Defoe presented the *Legion's Memorial* to Robert Harley, then Speaker of the House of Commons—and his subsequent employer—while flanked by a guard of sixteen gentlemen of quality. It demanded the release of the Kentish petitioners, who had asked Parliament to support the king in an imminent war against France.

The death of William III in 1702 once again created a political upheaval, as the king was replaced by Queen Anne who immediately began her offensive against Nonconformists.[10] Defoe was a natural target, and his pamphleteering and political activities resulted in his arrest and placement in a pillory on 31 July 1703, principally on account of his December 1702 pamphlet entitled *The Shortest-Way with the Dissenters; Or, Proposals for the Establishment of the Church*, purporting to argue for their extermination.[18] In it, he ruthlessly satirised both the high church Tories and those Dissenters who hypocritically practised so-called "occasional conformity", such as his Stoke Newington neighbour Sir Thomas Abney. It was published anonymously, but the true authorship was quickly discovered and Defoe was arrested.[10] He was charged with seditious libel and found guilty in a trial at the Old Bailey in front of the notoriously sadistic judge Salathiel Lovell.[6] Lovell sentenced him to a punitive fine of 200 marks (£336 then, £83,000 now[*when?*]), to public humiliation in a pillory, and to an indeterminate length of imprisonment which would only end upon the discharge of the punitive fine.[6] According to legend, the publication of his poem *Hymn to the Pillory* caused his audience at the pillory to throw flowers instead of the customary harmful and noxious objects and

to drink to his health. The truth of this story is questioned by most scholars, although John Robert Moore later said that "no man in England but Defoe ever stood in the pillory and later rose to eminence among his fellow men".[11]

After his three days in the pillory, Defoe went into Newgate Prison. Robert Harley, 1st Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, brokered his release in exchange for Defoe's cooperation as an intelligence agent for the Tories. In exchange for such cooperation with the rival political side, Harley paid some of Defoe's outstanding debts, improving his financial situation considerably.[10]

Within a week of his release from prison, Defoe witnessed the Great Storm of 1703, which raged through the night of 26/27 November. It caused severe damage to London and Bristol, uprooted millions of trees, and killed more than 8,000 people, mostly at sea. The event became the subject of Defoe's *The Storm* (1704), which includes a collection of witness accounts of the tempest.[19] Many regard it as one of the world's first examples of modern journalism.[20]

In the same year, he set up his periodical *A Review of the Affairs of France*, which supported the Harley Ministry, chronicling the events of the War of the Spanish Succession (1702–1714). The *Review* ran three times a week without interruption until 1713. Defoe was amazed that a man as gifted as Harley left vital state papers lying in the open, and warned that he was almost inviting an unscrupulous clerk to commit treason; his warnings were fully justified by the William Gregg affair.

When Harley was ousted from the ministry in 1708, Defoe continued writing the *Review* to support Godolphin, then again to support Harley and the Tories in the

Tory ministry of 1710–1714. The Tories fell from power with the death of Queen Anne, but Defoe continued doing intelligence work for the Whig government, writing "Tory" pamphlets that undermined the Tory point of view.[10]

Not all of Defoe's pamphlet writing was political. One pamphlet was originally published anonymously, entitled *A True Relation of the Apparition of One Mrs. Veal the Next Day after her Death to One Mrs. Bargrave at Canterbury the 8th of September, 1705*. It deals with the interaction between the spiritual realm and the physical realm and was most likely written in support of Charles Drelincourt's *The Christian Defence against the Fears of Death* (1651). It describes Mrs. Bargrave's encounter with her old friend Mrs. Veal after she had died. It is clear from this piece and other writings that the political portion of Defoe's life was by no means his only focus.

Robinson Crusoe

Part I: Before the Island

Before landing on the island, Crusoe's father wants him to be a good, middle-class guy. Crusoe, who wants nothing more than to travel around in a ship, is definitely not into this idea. He struggles against the authority of both his father and God and decides to thumb his nose at both by going adventuring on the sea instead.

After sailing around for a while, he makes a bit of money in trade, but then is captured and made into a slave off the coast of Africa. Here he befriends a young man named Xury, with whom he escapes from captivity.

Picked up by a Portuguese sailing captain, Crusoe makes it to Brazil where he buys a sugar plantation. He does fairly well financially, but soon becomes involved in a venture to procure slaves from Africa. On the voyage there he gets shipwrecked and is left as the only survivor on a deserted island.

Part II: Life on the Island

This portion of the novel is dedicated to Crusoe's time alone on the island. He builds three main structures: his initial shelter, his country home on the opposite side of the island, and his guns and ammo fort in the woods. He spends his time planting corn, barley, and rice. He learns to make bread. He builds furniture, weaves baskets, and makes pots. Crusoe also raises goats and tends to his little animal family of cats, dogs, and a parrot. Most importantly, though, Crusoe becomes stronger in his religious faith, eventually submitting to the authority of God. He devotes himself to much religious reflection and prayer.

Part III: Escape from the Island

In final section of the book, Crusoe sees a footprint on the shore one day and learns that he's actually not alone on the island. There are also (gasp!) cannibals. Crusoe struggles with the question of whether or not he should take revenge on them. Eventually, he meets with Friday, a native man whom he is able to rescue from the cannibals. Crusoe teaches Friday English and converts him to Christianity. The two become like father and son (more or less). Friday and Crusoe also rescue a Spaniard and Friday's father from a different group of cannibals.

Eventually, an English longboat full of sailors lands on the island. Crusoe learns that the men have mutinied against their captain. After Crusoe helps restore order to the ship, the men and captain pledge allegiance to Crusoe and agree to take him home. Crusoe then returns to Europe with Friday, where he comes into a great deal of money from his sugar plantations. Crusoe gets married and eventually revisits the island in his late years. The novel ends with promise of more adventures for him in the sequel.

Plot Summary

Robinson Crusoe opens with an extremely quick rundown of Robinson's family life: he was born in 1632; his parents are German, and left their hometown of Bremen to settle in Hull, in England. They are middle-class, and Robinson's father strongly advocates a middle-class life for Robinson too, encouraging him to pursue law as a profession. Both of Robinson's brothers are missing -- one was killed in battle, and the other hasn't been heard from since he began a life of travel and adventure. Robinson wants to pursue travel as well, but is dissuaded by his father. In 1651, against his parents' wishes, however, Robinson leaves on a series of ill-fated voyages in search of indigenous non-Western peoples with whom he can trade. On one such voyage, Robinson's ship is captured by pirates and he is made personal slave to the pirate king. After two years, he manages to escape with a fellow prisoner -- a Moor, Xury -- and the two are taken in by a Portuguese trading ship and brought to Brazil. Robinson becomes quite friendly with the Captain of the ship and sells Xury to him on the condition that he free Xury in ten years (if, the Captain insists, Xury converts to Protestantism). Robinson sets up a plantation in Brazil, growing tobacco, and it quickly begins prospering. Though he could stay and

continue to manage his plantation, however, Robinson is struck with the urge to take to sea again, and leaves on a voyage that will eventually lead to disaster. The ship encounters a huge storm, and Robinson is the only survivor to make it onshore a deserted island. He begins to make a life on the island, and will stay there for 28 years.

He keeps a journal early on cataloguing his activities, which include building a fort in which to sleep. He is very concerned that he will be found, either by people indigenous to the area, or by Europeans, and he does not want to surprised or caught off guard. He disguises his fort by walls and vegetation, and builds a ladder to get over the barricades. He also begins domesticating wild goats, building them an enclosure in another part of the island that he refers to as his "Country Seat." He kills some of them for food, but also milks them and makes cheese and butter. He teaches himself how to make earthenware pots, and even fashions a makeshift kiln for firing them. He plants corn and barley. He has a pet parrot named Polly, who is the only beast with whom he speaks English for much of the time on the island.

During the course of his stay, he makes his way out to his own shipwrecked boat, as well as to other boats that are wrecked, and ransacks them for their supplies. He eventually comes to live a relatively content, comfortable life that consists for the most part in tending his flocks, occasionally hunting for food, harvesting and gathering grain, and making things like baskets and pots. Late in his stay, however, he notices a footprint in the sand on the other side of the island. This makes Robinson extremely nervous. He begins imagining what sorts of men might have come to his island. He can't find evidence of where they might have come from, but

he is nonetheless in a state of perpetual awareness, going out in the mornings to lurk and wait for visitors. After some time, however, no-one shows and Robinson begins to relax again. But just when he settles down, he finds a collection of bones and the remains of a fire on shore. He knows instantly that they are human bones, and he resolves immediately to kill the cannibals should they ever cross his path. He doesn't see any cannibals, however, for the next year and a half, and in that time he decides that since they haven't really done him any harm, he can't justify killing them. Soon after this determination, he spots five canoes full of cannibals landing on shore. They have two prisoners in tow. He watches one of the prisoners run up the shore and escape his three pursuers. When Robinson comes upon the prisoner he spares his life, even though he realizes that its likely that this man is also a cannibal. The man, who Robinson begins referring to as "my Savage," expresses extreme gratitude, and although they don't speak the same language, Robinson understands that the man will be indebted to him for the rest of his life. Robinson names the man "Friday," and the two live together on the island for the rest of Robinson's stay there. Robinson teaches Friday some English, and they spend much time debating the virtues of their respective religions. Robinson is determined to make Friday accept Protestantism, however, and lectures him at length about what he believes to be its superiority over tribal customs. Robinson claims not to own Friday like a slave, but of course the issue is complicated because he does believe Friday to be under a binding contract to do whatever he wants of him. The issues of slavery and bondage are extremely complex in this novel, and it is important to pay attention in these moments to the difference between what Robinson claims to be his attitude towards Friday, and how he actually regards and treats him. Giving Friday a European name, for example, might be understood as an implicit gesture of

ownership.

Friday and Robinson finally escape the island when a British trading ship lands onshore and its sailors mutiny. Robinson befriends the Captain, and organizes himself and other sympathetic sailors together to win the ship back. Robinson has much stored firepower so they overwhelm the rebel sailors and in 1687, 28 years after he arrived on the island, they take off for Europe. At this point Robinson tries to return to his plantation but finds that he is uncomfortable with a life of luxury, so he decides to return to England. He determines to travel by land because he is afraid of his luck at sea. However, en route to England, his party is attacked by a wolf pack and Robinson is lucky to escape with his life. He appears to be settled back in Hull, but the novel closes with Robinson's wanderlust creeping up on him again. He can't stay away from the life of trade, and has decided, at last, to return to sea.

Chapter 1 Summary & Analysis

The narrator summarizes his early life. He was born in 1632, in York, England, though his father's family (the Kreutznauers) were originally German. His mother was English, with the last name Robinson. He was named Robinson Kreutznauer, but the last name became corrupted in English, so he was known as Robinson Crusoe.

In a sense, Robinson has two last names (since "Robinson" comes from his mother's maiden name). His entire identity is dictated by his family. In order to become his own individual, he will have to break free from his own home.

Robinson felt a strong desire to go to sea, even though both his parents were against this idea. One day, his father called him into his room. He told Robinson that going to sea was for desperate people, or wealthy people seeking adventures, and that Robinson was middle class. His father told him that the "middle station" was the best position in life, free from both the anxieties that come with privilege and power and the problems of poverty.

Robinson's father wisely advises him against going to sea, but Robinson will have to learn the dangers of the seafaring life for himself. Robinson's life in England is comfortable and nice, but it is precisely this stagnant comfort that he desires to get away from in wanting to risk a life at sea.

Urging Robinson not to go, his father promised to help establish him in a comfortable life at home, but, amid tears, warned him that if he joined a boat and went to sea, there would be no one to help him in his troubles and God would not

even bless him. Robinson notes that this last part of his father's speech was prophetic.

Robinson's father again stresses the comfort of his family's life in England. Looking back, Robinson sees that his father's comment about God was prescient: he will later come to see his rebelling against his father as his "original sin."

After speaking with his father, Robinson resolved to stay home, but this feeling wore off after a few days. He planned to run away and told his mother, who warned him that he would ruin himself if he left. About a year later, Robinson finally "broke loose" and left home, when a friend encouraged him to join a ship from Hull to London.

Robinson tries to stay in England, but is unable to be content with a comfortable, unexciting life. He feels the need to break free from his family and lead a life as his own person.

Chapter 2 Summary & Analysis

Robinson joined the London-bound ship on September 1st, 1651. The ship soon encountered a storm and Robinson became sick and frightened. Remembering his parents' warnings, he vowed to return home if he ever made it safely to land again. The other sailors onboard, however, did not think much of the storm.

After disregarding his parents' advice, Robinson soon comes to see how correct their warnings were when he gets his first taste of the dangerous life at sea. Note, though, that Robinson's fear stems mainly from inexperience.

The sea got calmer as the storm died down, and Robinson joined some other sailors in getting drunk on some punch. In about six days, Robinson says he had gotten over his conscience at disregarding his vows to return home. Then, the ship encountered an even worse storm. Even the experienced sailors were scared, and Robinson heard the master of the ship cry out to God for help.

Yet Robinson quickly forgets his earlier vows, and finds himself in even more danger—in storm at sea that has even the experienced captain scared. While the captain calls out to God for help, it is not until much later that Robinson will fully turn to God in his own distress.

Robinson was terrified, and some sailors said that the ship was going to founder (sink), though at that time Robinson didn't know the meaning of this word. The ship sprang some leaks and Robinson and other sailors tried to pump water out of the ship. Robinson was so scared he fainted. Another ship came to the aid of Robinson's, and rowed a boat over to rescue the sailors.

The terrified Robinson is an inexperienced sailor, unaware even of what it means for a ship to founder. But it is only through the experience of going to sea for the first time that he becomes a better seaman: he must make mistakes in order to learn.

After returning to shore, Robinson says that he should have gone back to Hull, but "ill fate" pushed him to go to London against reasonable judgment. The shipmaster told Robinson not to tempt Providence and to go back to his father, or else he would "meet with nothing but disasters and disappointments."

Citing providence, the shipmaster gives Robinson more good advice, which Robinson ignores, because God's providence and fate have something else in store for him.

Chapter 3 Summary & Analysis

Robinson prepared to go on the same voyage again, though the captain of the Guinea vessel had died and been replaced. Leaving two hundred pounds of his money with the old captain's widow, he voyaged to Guinea again, but "fell into terrible misfortunes."

Robinson's desire and ambition for greater wealth bring him further misfortunes.

Along the way, Robinson's ship was captured by a Turkish pirate ship and he was taken as a prisoner to Sallee, a Moorish port. Robinson was made the slave of the pirate ship's captain. He didn't think his fortune could get any worse, but says that these events were "just a taste of the misery I was to go through."

Ironically, while setting out to make his own life, Robinson ends up losing his individual personhood, becoming a slave. From his retrospective position as narrator, he knows that this was just the beginning of his miseries.

Robinson stayed in Sallee as a slave for two years, constantly thinking of a way to escape but finding none. He finally devised a means of escape when he was sent with a Moor named Ismael and a boy named Xury on a small row-boat to go fishing. He tricked Ismael into loading the boat with plenty of provisions, including gunpowder and guns.

Robinson relies on his own cleverness to plot his escape, rather than waiting for someone else to rescue him.

When Robinson and Ismael went out to fish, Robinson deliberately lost any fish he had hooked, and told Ismael that they needed to go farther out to sea to catch fish. When they were a ways out at sea, Robinson pushed Ismael overboard. He told Ismael to swim back to shore and threatened to shoot him if he tried to swim back to the boat, because he was "resolved to have my liberty."

Robinson is determined to have his own liberty, but this focus on himself makes him rather unconcerned for the wellbeing of others—in this case Ismael, whom he throws overboard.

Robinson then turned to Xury and told him, "if you will be faithful to me I will make you a great man," but that, if not, he would throw him into the sea, as well. Xury swore his loyalty to Robinson. Out of fear of being caught, he sailed southward for six days, not daring to go to shore. He finally anchored at the mouth of a river one evening.

While fiercely individualistic, Robinson keeps Xury as his one companion on this new journey. As later with Friday, Robinson's self-sufficiency is to some degree reliant on a subservient (non-European; non-Christian) companion.

Xury and Robinson did not sleep that night, as they heard strange creatures come into the water. One of these creatures came close to the boat and Robinson shot at it. The next day, Robinson and Xury were still afraid of going ashore, because they might encounter "savages," but they needed to go find fresh water. The two of them went ashore with jars for water and Xury found a source of clean water.

Robinson and Xury are afraid of the unknown creatures on land, as well as any possible inhabitants, whom they automatically assume must be savages.

Xury and Robinson saw no other humans around them. Robinson didn't know where exactly they were, but thought that if they waited off the shore of Africa long enough, they would encounter an English merchant ship. One day, Robinson and Xury shot a huge lion and brought its hide back aboard their boat.

While strongly individualistic, Robinson still hopes at this early point in his journeys to be rescued by a European ship and return to society at large.

Robinson decided to sail south, making for the Cape de Verd, where he knew European merchant ships often passed by. As they went further south, they began to see inhabitants on the shore. Xury was wary of going ashore to speak with these Africans, but Robinson sailed close enough to shore to see that they had no weapons and made signs to them indicating that he was in need of food.

Robinson and Xury are cautious toward the native Africans they encounter, fearing these unknown people, though Robinson is desperate enough to ask for their help.

Some native inhabitants brought back food for Robinson and Xury. Then, two strange creatures came running down the mountains toward the water, frightening the Africans. The creatures jumped into the water and one swam close to Robinson's boat. Robinson shot and killed the animal. The Africans were astonished at and frightened by Robinson's gunshot but were grateful and amazed when they saw the dead creature (a huge leopard) float ashore.

The unknown land that Robinson has sailed to is filled not only with strange peoples but also with amazing, dangerous beasts. Now and later on his island, Robinson must survive in spite of such dangers.

The natives supplied Robinson with some fresh water and Robinson continued to sail south, until he neared the Cape de Verd. Xury spotted another ship, which turned out to be a Portuguese vessel. The Portuguese took them aboard and the Portuguese captain promised to take Robinson to Brazil for free.

Despite Robinson's fears about "savages," the natives are kind and generous to him. In a twist of fate, Robinson and Xury are rescued by a helpful Portuguese captain.

Chapter 4 Summary & Analysis

The Portugese captain bought Robinson's small boat from him. He offered to buy Xury, as well, but Robinson was hesitant to give up Xury's liberty. The captain promised to free Xury in ten years, provided that he would convert to Christianity, and Robinson agreed.

Again, Robinson values his own individual liberty, but not that of others, as he sells away Xury. He agrees to do this in part because Xury is not Christian, and the captain promises to convert him.

Robinson had a safe voyage to Brazil and the Portuguese captain gave him money for some of his cargo. Robinson lived for some time on a sugar plantation and, seeing how profitable it was, decided to go into the business himself, buying some land.

Newly established in Brazil, Robinson begins to build a comfortable, profitable life as a plantation owner.

Robinson soon found that he needed help working the land and regretted selling Xury to the Portuguese captain, but says that it is no surprise that he made a mistake, as was his habit. He began to be dissatisfied with his new life, as he was approaching the sort of comfortable middle-class existence he could have easily had in England.

Robinson realizes his mistake in selling Xury too late (though he sees the mistake as giving up a helpful laborer rather than seeing anything morally wrong with selling Xury). The more comfortable his new life gets, the more Robinson itches to seek more exciting adventures.

Moreover, Robinson was lonely. His only friend was Wells, a man of English descent who owned a neighboring plantation. He thought that his life was like being stranded on an island. He cautions the reader not to compare one's life to worse situations, or else fate may very well put one in that worse situation. This was the case for Robinson, as he soon would find himself actually alone on an island.

Robinson now experiences some of the loneliness that comes with extreme individualism. Looking back on his own story, he knows that this was nothing compared to the isolation he would later endure, and he tries to offer the reader advice based on his experiences.

The kind Portuguese captain offered to have some of Robinson's money in England sent to Lisbon, so that he could then bring it to Robinson in Brazil on his next voyage. Robinson eagerly agreed. The captain kept his word and returned with

Robinson's money, as well as some farming tools and a servant. Robinson used his new money to buy another European servant and "a Negro slave."

Despite the fact that he recently experienced life as a prisoner and slave and was desperate to reclaim his personal liberty, Robinson has no qualms in hiring servants and buying an African slave.

Robinson had some success growing tobacco on his plantation, but says that this moderate success made him overly ambitious. Just as he felt compelled to break away from his parents, he now felt a need to rise beyond this new comfortable existence and try to grow his plantation beyond what was naturally feasible.

A small amount of success only makes Robinson ambitious for more, just as he felt the need to leave his comfortable life in England or to go on another voyage to Guinea after having one successful trip.

While in Brazil, Robinson spoke with some locals and other plantation owners and told them the story of his travels along the coast of Africa. Some of them made a proposal to him, suggesting that he join a voyage to Africa to bring back slaves to work on their plantations. Robinsons says that he "was born to be my own destroyer," and thus accepted the offer.

Robinson again has no qualms in participating in the slave trade, despite how highly he values his own individual liberty. Looking back on his life, Robinson realizes with hindsight all of his mistakes, and how he acted unwittingly as his own "destroyer."

Before leaving, Robinson arranged for people to look over his plantation and wrote a will, making the kind Portuguese captain his heir. Robinson departed on this new

voyage on September 1st, 1659, the same ill-fated day on which he had departed on the failed voyage from Hull to London.

The coincidence of the dates foreshadows the bad outcome of this trip, and can be seen as proof of providence dictating the seemingly random events of Robinson's life.

About twelve days into the voyage, the ship encountered a hurricane and Robinson was sure that the ship would be sunk. The captain of the ship from Brazil wanted to return to Brazil, because the ship was damaged in the storm, but Robinson suggested that they try to find help on an English island and continue with the trip.

Robinson's ambition prevents him from making the safer decision to go back to Brazil and makes him want to continue the trip, a mistake that will change his life drastically.

After setting off again, the ship encountered another large storm that drove them off-course. A sailor spotted land, but no one knew what land this was or where they were. Robinson and some others attempted to escape the ship on a smaller boat, which they tried to row to shore, though they were in danger of being dashed upon the rocks on the dangerous shore.

On the sea, Robinson and his shipmates are subject to the whims of the unknown and unpredictable ocean. After devoting himself to Christianity, Robinson will later look back upon such natural disasters as this as instruments of providence, the divine plan of God.

A humongous wave rose up before them and toppled their boat. Thrown into the violent sea, Robinson tried to hold his breath as waves drove him onto the shore. A

wave slammed Robinson against a rock, nearly killing him. Robinson was finally able to climb ashore and get himself onto dry, safe land out of the reach of the violent ocean and thanked God for saving his life.

Robinson is miraculously saved and thanks God, though this religious thinking is short-lived.

Robinson says he never saw his shipmates after this and assumes they drowned. After thanking God for being saved from the ocean, Robinson looked around him and realized that he was now in a dire situation, stranded on an apparently uninhabited island with nothing but a knife, some tobacco, and a pipe. He climbed up into a tree and slept there that night.

Robinson now finds himself completely isolated, stranded in the wilderness of a completely strange, unknown place.

Chapter 5 Summary & Analysis

When Robinson awoke the next day, the storm was gone. He saw his old ship stranded about a mile out at sea. Along the shore, he saw the wrecked remains of the boat he and the other sailors had tried to escape in. When the tide went out, Robinson was able to walk out until the ship was only a quarter-mile from him, so he swam to the ship and climbed aboard, hoping to find some supplies.

He doesn't recognize it as such now, but Robinson will later appreciate how fortunate he was that the ship was stranded so close to shore, an example of God's good will and providence.

On the ship, Robinson found some food and other supplies. There were no small boats, though, so he had to construct a raft from some scrap pieces of the ship's wood. He loaded the raft with food, liquor, guns, ammunition, and some tools. Using some broken oars, Robinson was able to guide the raft toward the land and into the mouth of a river.

By himself, Robinson cleverly salvages some scraps of wood into a raft, exemplifying the kind of resourcefulness that a life of isolation requires.

Robinson's raft was unstable and he almost lost all of his provisions into the water several times, but he was able to guide the raft along the river and find a place to put the raft on the bank and get all of his supplies onto dry land. Robinson then climbed to the top of a nearby hill to survey where he was: he found that he was on an uninhabited island.

Robinson now realizes that he is indeed all alone on this island. He is isolated in every way imaginable from society.

On the way back to his cargo, Robinson shot a bird and says that this was the first time a gun had ever been fired on this island. He made "a kind of hut" with some barrels and chests and planned to make another expedition to the ship.

Completely separated from society, the island had never before heard the shot of a gun—though it's interesting that the sign of civilization is the sound of the firing of a weapon. Robinson begins to make a dwelling, the first step in establishing a life on the island.

Robinson went to the ship many more times, bringing back more food, tools, guns, and various scrap parts of the ship. One time, he found some money on the ship and

laughed at how useless it was. He used the ship's sail to make a tent and fortified it all the way around with boxes and barrels to protect him from any wild animals. One day, a powerful storm blew the remains of Robinson's old ship away.

Already isolated on the island, Robinson surrounds his dwelling with a fortification, cordoning himself off even more as an individual. Robinson realizes that outside of society, in a state of nature, money is completely worthless.

Robinson saw a raised plateau against a rock face and decided to move his tent there so that he could see if any ships came by at sea. Using parts of the wrecked ship, he built a protective fence around it, though he says he now knows there was no reason for such caution.

With hindsight, Robinson realizes he didn't need his fence. The fence can be seen as symbolizing his isolation, as he is figuratively fenced off from the rest of the world on the island.

Chapter 6 Summary & Analysis

Robinson moved all of his things into this new dwelling and made a smaller tent within his large tent to better protect him and his things from any rain. While he was constructing and improving this dwelling (including building a cellar and carving a kind of cave into the rock at the back of the plateau), a storm came and Robinson feared that his stores of gunpowder might be struck by lightning.

Separated from society, Robinson struggles to survive against the forces of nature. On the island, he actually builds his own life, not relying on anyone else to help make his new home.

After the storm, Robinson put his gunpowder into small containers and stored them all separately, so that if one exploded, he wouldn't lose everything. He explored around the island a little bit and hunted some goats for food.

The unknown island ends up not containing dangerous beasts or savages, but rather supplies Robinson with goats for food. This, again, can be seen as an act of Providence.

Robinson was pessimistic about his chances for being rescued and thought that it was a "determination of Heaven" that he would die there. He cried and questioned "why Providence should thus completely ruin its creatures." But he cheered up when he thought of his shipmates that had drowned and reflected that he alone had at least survived and was able to get so many provisions from the ship.

Robinson already sees the events of his life as determined by God, but does not yet see divine providence as ultimately good. He still laments his fate on the island, despite the miracle of his being saved from the shipwreck to an island lacking predators and full of things he can use and eat.

Chapter 7 Summary & Analysis

To keep track of time, Robinson constructed a large wooden cross that he mounted on the shore and cut notches into it to mark each day. Along with his more practical supplies, Robinson had taken some pens, paper, books, and Bibles from the ship. In addition, he had brought the ship's dog and two cats back to shore with him.

While completely cut off from society, Robinson still keeps track of the months and days of the year—he brings society with him to the island in this way. His only companions on the island are the cats and dog from the ship.

Robinson says that it was nearly a year before he finished building his dwelling, because he lacked all the proper tools. Seeking to ease his mind, Robinson wrote down in two separate columns all the bad and good things about his current condition.

Robinson has to build all the things he needs himself. He must become truly self-sufficient on his island.

In the "evil" column, he listed the facts that he was alone with no one to speak to, was stranded on a desolate island, had no clothes, and had no method of defense against men or beasts. In the "good" column, Robinson listed that he was alive, not drowned, not starved, with provisions, and not in danger from any wild animals as far as he could tell.

Robinson takes stock of his life, and how content he is with his fate. At this point, he still regards his isolation on the island as a negative thing, though he will later come to appreciate his solitary existence.

Robinson set about enlarging the cave behind his tent and making his fence into more of a wall. He says that he had never used tools before in his life, but quickly learned by doing and was able to make a table and chair. Robinson also began keeping a journal, which he was too busy and distraught to do earlier.

While inexperienced with tools, Robinson learns by doing, and eventually teaches himself how to use them, rather than relying on another person's instructions.

"My students can't get enough of your charts and their results have gone through the roof." -Graham S.

Robinson then gives the reader the text of his journal, which chronicles his time on the island up to the time he ran out of ink. The first entry of the journal describes his shipwreck and being stranded upon what he has chosen to call the "Island of Despair." The journal narrates how Robinson went to the ship and took provisions from it until the storm blew away the ship's remains.

Robinson's journal allows him to reflect on his past with some of the benefit of hindsight (as his role as the novel's narrator also does). Writing in the journal can also be seen as a kind of substitute for a companion: since Robinson has no one to tell his story to, he writes it down—he tells it to himself.

The journal continues to narrate the events Robinson has just told the reader about: how he moved his things to the plateau under the rock wall and built his dwelling, how he hunted, and how he built things he needed like a chair.

The journal narrates Robinson's resourceful, self-sufficient life on the island by himself.

Robinson made a makeshift pickaxe from some iron he salvaged from his ship and used the wood from a particularly strong tree he found to make a kind of shovel, but he was in need of a wheelbarrow. He then got to work deepening the cave he was carving out behind his tent, which he had connected to the tent.

Robinson makes his own tools in order to improve his dwelling. Living alone has made him into a more skilled, capable person.

Just as Robinson felt that his cave was complete, part of it collapsed and the earth above it fell in. Robinson was fortunately not in this part of the cave when it collapsed and he set about clearing the fallen earth and propping up his cave's roof with posts. He continued hunting for food and organizing his things on shelves in the cave.

Like the sea with its storms, the island is an unpredictable, mostly unknown feature of nature. The coincidence of the cave collapsing just as Robinson was finished with his work can be seen as divinely willed.

While hunting goats, Robinson crippled one and took it back to his dwelling, where he put the animal's leg in a splint. The goat healed but was now tamed and would not leave Robinson's home. By now it was January, and Robinson worked to enlarge the wall surrounding his dwelling. He built a huge turf wall around this wall, so that if anyone came upon the island he wouldn't see Robinson's tent.

The goat is another animal companion for the lonely Robinson. While he laments the fact that he is separated from society, he continues to construct more and more elaborate fortifications around his dwelling, isolating himself more and more even on the island.

Digressing from his journal entries, Robinson describes how he looking in a bag of grain and found that it had been eaten by rats and all that was left was husks. He dumped the husks out on the ground outside his dwelling and was shocked soon after to see stalks of rice and barley growing there. Robinson was convinced that this was a miracle from God.

This is one of Robinson's rare moments of religious thought prior to his full repentance, as he sees the growing crops as a divinely willed miracle.

Returning to the journal, in April Robinson finished making a ladder to climb over his wall (which he would take with him inside when he went into his dwelling. But the very next day, a huge amount of earth fell down the rock cliff, caving in Robinson's cave-dwelling. Robinson fled his dwelling and climbed over his wall when he realized that the landslide was being caused by an earthquake.

Like the earlier collapse of Robinson's cave, the earthquake is both an unpredictable natural disaster in the face of which Robinson has to survive by himself and perhaps an instrument of God's will.

Robinson was terrified but notes that he "had not the least serious religious thought," during the whole earthquake. After the earthquake, a violent storm forced Robinson to go back into the cave, though he feared it would collapse. He realized then that he would need to build a new dwelling, since the cave was unsafe in the event of an earthquake.

While Robinson was quick to thank God for the miracle of his crops, he still does not pray to God in distress at this point. This will change when he more fully devotes himself to Christianity.

Robinson planned to construct a wall similar to the one he already had elsewhere, in an open area safer from earthquakes, but not to move his tent until this new area was ready. As April ended, Robinson fashioned and readied his tools for this new construction project.

Robinson prepares to construct another dwelling all by himself, relying only on his own tools and labor.

However, Robinson put this project on hold because he noticed on May 1 that the wreckage of his old shipped had been washed ashore in the earthquake and subsequent storm. He set to work salvaging wood and other parts from the wreck during all of May and until June 15.

Just as his ship had been providentially stranded close to shore, now its remains fortunately wash ashore, giving Robinson more supplies.

Robinson found a turtle on the shore, cooked it, and ate it. Soon after, he became very sick with a fever and was ill for about a week. He began to feel better and ate some goat, but then felt horribly sick and prayed to God to get better.

Robinson prays to God, but at this point—before his repentance—has not thought deeply about his own sin or his duty to God.

Dehydrated and feverous, Robinson had a dream that he was sitting outside his walled dwelling during an earthquake. A storm grew and a man came down from a black cloud "in a bright flame of fire," and stepped on the earth. The man came toward Robinson with a weapon and said, "Seeing all these things have not brought thee to repentance, now thou shalt die."

Robinson's terrifying dream causes him to reflect on his religious thoughts. The mysterious figure refers to all of Robinson's sufferings ("all these things,") as brought about to bring Robinson to repentance.

Robinson admits that he had not had religious thoughts for some time and it had never even crossed his mind that his predicament was a divine punishment for his sins. Even when he made it safely to land after his shipwreck and thanked God, he did not reflect at all "upon the goodness of the hand which had preserved me."

Robinson realizes the shallowness of his former beliefs. While he thanked God occasionally, he did not think deeply about God or see his life as dictated by God's will.

Robinson cried and prayed, remembering his father's warning that God would not bless him if he went to sea. He lamented that he had neglected God and "rejected the voice of Providence," which has given him a comfortable life.

Looking back on his mistakes, Robinson realizes he should have heeded his father's warnings and should have been thankful to God for his comfortable life.

The next day, Robinson felt slightly better but assumed that he would be sick again that night. Walking around, he began thinking about God and concluded that God must have willed for him to end up here, as punishment for his "dreadful misspent life." In a chest salvaged from the ship, Robinson found some tobacco and a Bible. He boiled some tobacco and read the Bible, stumbling upon the phrase, "Call on me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

As Robinson turns fully to Christianity, he comes to perceive his being shipwrecked as divinely ordained punishment for his previous behavior. Nonetheless, the biblical verse he finds also introduces the possibility of divinely willed deliverance from his suffering, foreshadowing that while his mistakes have brought him to the island the island will be the means of his redemption.

Robinson drank some of the tobacco-water (mixed with rum) and fell asleep. For the first time, he prayed to God before going to sleep. He slept for an entire day and when he woke up he was amazed to feel healthy and refreshed. He gradually recovered from his illness and thanked God.

This marks a turning point in Robinson's religious thinking. He truly prays for the first time, recovers, and is now completely devoted to Christianity.

Starting July 4, Robinson began to read the Bible seriously. He reflected on his earlier wicked life, repented, and prayed earnestly to God. Robinson notes that his idea of "deliverance" changed, as he now prayed to be delivered from his former sin and guilt, not necessarily from his situation on the island.

As Robinson continues to read the Bible, he comes to see his being stranded alone on the island as a good thing, a deliverance from his former life of sin.

Having been on the island for ten months, Robinson was sure that he would never be rescued from it, and also sure that he was completely alone on the island. He decided to explore the island more fully, finding tobacco and sugar plants, as well as a forested area with various fruit trees.

Beginning to accept his new solitary life, Robinson sets out to explore the wilderness of his largely unknown island.

Robinson tried to bring some fruit back to his home, but most of it spoiled or got bruised on the way back. He considered moving his dwelling to the forested, fruitful part of the island. However, he decided it was better to stay at his current dwelling, in view of the ocean. Nonetheless, he built a smaller dwelling in the forest, where he would occasionally stay.

While Robinson is becoming more comfortable with his solitary life, he still does not want to move his main dwelling from within view of the ocean, so he can see if any ships come to the island.

Robinson dried a great quantity of grapes he found, so that he had a large supply of raisins that would keep during the upcoming season. Robinson mentions that at this point, one of the cats he had brought from the ship, which had run away, returned to him with three kittens. Before long, Robinson was "so pestered with cats," that he had to kill them and drive them away from his home.

The wilderness of the island, which Robinson at first feared, again supplies him with food. Robinson's only companions are his animals, including the cats who pester him. The cats appear to be "civilizing" the island themselves.

After a period of incessant rain, Robinson realized that it was the one year anniversary of his arrival on the island. He spent the day fasting and praying to God. After this, he decided to keep track of weeks as well as days and to observe the Sabbath. He learned to expect the rainy and dry seasons, though he notes, "I bought all my experience before I had it."

Robinson's day of fasting shows his newfound devotion to Christianity. He notes that all of the knowledge he has gained has been earned ("bought") by making mistakes and learning along the way. Note how he now tracks the days in order to observe the Sabbath.

Robinson tried sowing some barley and rice, but after planting a great quantity of it, there was a dry spell and nothing grew. He tried again later, in a different spot, and

with the help of some rainy weather his crops grew. From this, he learned when and how to sow his grains.

Again, Robinson learns by doing. Only after making the mistake of sowing some barley and rice in the wrong location does he realize how to grow his crops effectively.

Returning after some time to his small dwelling in the forest, Robinson found that some of the stakes that he had cut from trees to use in a fence had sprouted and grown into small trees. He cut more of these stakes and planted them around his first dwelling on the plateau, in order to grow a hedge that would cover and protect his home.

Robinson continues to cover and fortify his dwellings on the island, in a sense isolating himself even further isolating, walling himself off from the world. He continues to fear the unknown.

Chapter 8 Summary & Analysis

Robinson learned that the year could be divided into the rainy and dry seasons. Having experienced how bad it was to be stuck outside his home during the rainy season, he took care to stock up on provisions in advance of rains. He had need of some kind of basket and notes that it is fortunate that as a young boy he would watch a basket-maker work and often helped with the craft. Using some twigs from near his smaller forest dwelling, he made some baskets.

Robinson learns how to deal with the rainy season by making the mistake of being stuck in it. All alone, he has to make his own baskets, just as he has learned to make all his own tools.

One day, Robinson journeyed to the opposite end of the island from where his home was. He saw land far away across the ocean, but figured it was inhabited by savages, so that it wasn't worth trying to get there. He says that he "acquiesced to the dispositions of Providence," and accepted his life on the island.

Robinson assumes that the unknown land is inhabited by dangerous savages (though the only indigenous people he has encountered so far have been helpful). He now accepts his life on the island as determined by God's providence.

Robinson found this side of the island better than the one he had chosen to inhabit. It was full of open savannah fields with flowers and grass and had many wooded areas. He even captured a parrot which he would teach to talk to him. Although there were many more animals to hunt in this are of the island, Robinson had no desire to move, as he was attached to his new home.

Robinson realizes that he made a mistake placing his dwelling on the part of the island where he did—remember that he built his dwelling where he did because he hoped for rescue, for deliverance from the island. The parrot, which Robinson can teach to talk, offers some consolation for his lack of companions.

Chapter 9 Summary & Analysis

Robinson journeyed back to his dwelling, which he now fondly thought of as his home. Along the way, he captured a goat and brought it back home, where he tamed it and it became another one of his pets. As the two-year anniversary of his arrival on the island came around, Robinson began to think that his life on the island was better and happier than the "cursed, abominable" life he had led before.

As Robinson becomes more accustomed to life at his new home with his pets, he begins to see his life of solitude as a good thing in comparison to his wicked former life, rather than as a punishment. He is now somewhat more content with his fate.

One day, Robinson was again feeling sad about his circumstances, but he opened his Bible and read the words, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." He reasoned that it was much better to be forsaken by the world and not by God than vice versa.

Robinson's new faith causes him to see his isolated, Christian life as superior to a less religiously devout life in society.

Robinson kept busy his third year on the island by hunting, building improvements for his dwelling, and reading the Bible. His barely and wheat began to grow and he fenced off these plants to keep wild animals away from his crops. Birds, however, started eating his crops, so he shot several birds and hung them up just as "notorious thieves in England," were punished. This scared away the birds, who left Robinson's crops alone.

Robinson continues to read the Bible and fend for himself, figuring out how to keep the birds away from his crops. His comparison of the birds to thieves underscores how alone he is. Robinson has no human company—only pets and wild animals.

Robinson reflects on how difficult it is to harvest grains and make bread. He had to do this without a spade, a harrow, a mill to grind grains, yeast and salt to make bread, and an oven to bake bread. Nonetheless, he was able to make bread through "labour and invention."

Robinson's solitary life makes him more inventive and hard-working, as he labors to make his own bread without all of the requisite tools and ingredients.

Chapter 10 Summary & Analysis

Robinson set to work planting more crops and entertained himself by teaching his parrot, named Poll, to speak its own name. He tried making jars and bowls out of clay, but many were misshapen and easily broke. However, he found a broken piece of one of his failed jars that had been burned in his fire and noticed that it was "hard as stone." Thus, he discovered how to bake his pottery.

Robinson discovers how to bake his pottery by accident, as he mistakenly burns a piece of a broken jar. Poll is Robinson's only company for conversation, emphasizing how alone he is on the island.

With his new pottery, Robinson was able to make a huge pot in which to boil meat. He made a mortar and pestle to grind corn and decided to use some sailors' clothes he had saved from his ship as a sieve for preparing his grain. Finally, Robinson was able to bake some bread. All this work kept him busy for his third year on the island.

> Robinson is now able to make a somewhat more comfortable life alone on the island, as he learns to boil meats and make bread.

Themes

The Ambivalence of Mastery

Crusoe's success in mastering his situation, overcoming his obstacles, and controlling his environment shows the condition of mastery in a positive light, at least at the beginning of the novel. Crusoe lands in an inhospitable environment and makes it his home. His taming and domestication of wild goats and parrots with Crusoe as their master illustrates his newfound control. Moreover, Crusoe's mastery over nature makes him a master of his fate and of himself. Early in the novel, he frequently blames himself for disobeying his father's advice or blames the destiny that drove him to sea. But in the later part of the novel, Crusoe stops viewing himself as a passive victim and strikes a new note of self-determination. In building a home for himself on the island, he finds that he is master of his life—he suffers a hard fate and still finds prosperity.

But this theme of mastery becomes more complex and less positive after Friday's arrival, when the idea of mastery comes to apply more to unfair relationships between humans. In Chapter XXIII, Crusoe teaches Friday the word "[m]aster" even before teaching him "yes" and "no," and indeed he lets him "know that was to be [Crusoe's] name." Crusoe never entertains the idea of considering Friday a friend or equal—for some reason, superiority comes instinctively to him. We further question Crusoe's right to be called "[m]aster" when he later refers to himself as "king" over the natives and Europeans, who are his "subjects." In short,

while Crusoe seems praiseworthy in mastering his fate, the praiseworthiness of his mastery over his fellow humans is more doubtful. Defoe explores the link between the two in his depiction of the colonial mind.

The Necessity of Repentance

Crusoe's experiences constitute not simply an adventure story in which thrilling things happen, but also a moral tale illustrating the right and wrong ways to live one's life. This moral and religious dimension of the tale is indicated in the Preface, which states that Crusoe's story is being published to instruct others in God's wisdom, and one vital part of this wisdom is the importance of repenting one's sins. While it is important to be grateful for God's miracles, as Crusoe is when his grain sprouts, it is not enough simply to express gratitude or even to pray to God, as Crusoe does several times with few results. Crusoe needs repentance most, as he learns from the fiery angelic figure that comes to him during a feverish hallucination and says, "Seeing all these things have not brought thee to repentance, now thou shalt die." Crusoe believes that his major sin is his rebellious behavior toward his father, which he refers to as his "original sin," akin to Adam and Eve's first disobedience of God. This biblical reference also suggests that Crusoe's exile from civilization represents Adam and Eve's expulsion from Eden.

For Crusoe, repentance consists of acknowledging his wretchedness and his absolute dependence on the Lord. This admission marks a turning point in Crusoe's spiritual consciousness, and is almost a born-again experience for him. After repentance, he complains much less about his sad fate and views the island more positively. Later, when Crusoe is rescued and his fortune restored, he compares

himself to Job, who also regained divine favor. Ironically, this view of the necessity of repentance ends up justifying sin: Crusoe may never have learned to repent if he had never sinfully disobeyed his father in the first place. Thus, as powerful as the theme of repentance is in the novel, it is nevertheless complex and ambiguous.

The Importance of Self-Awareness

Crusoe's arrival on the island does not make him revert to a brute existence controlled by animal instincts, and, unlike animals, he remains conscious of himself at all times. Indeed, his island existence actually deepens his self-awareness as he withdraws from the external social world and turns inward. The idea that the individual must keep a careful reckoning of the state of his own soul is a key point in the Presbyterian doctrine that Defoe took seriously all his life. We see that in his normal day-to-day activities, Crusoe keeps accounts of himself enthusiastically and in various ways. For example, it is significant that Crusoe's makeshift calendar does not simply mark the passing of days, but instead more egocentrically marks the days he has spent on the island: it is about him, a sort of self-conscious or autobiographical calendar with him at its center. Similarly, Crusoe obsessively keeps a journal to record his daily activities, even when they amount to nothing more than finding a few pieces of wood on the beach or waiting inside while it rains. Crusoe feels the importance of staying aware of his situation at all times. We can also sense Crusoe's impulse toward self-awareness in the fact that he teaches his parrot to say the words, "Poor Robin Crusoe. . . . Where have you been?" This sort of self-examining thought is natural for anyone alone on a desert island, but it is given a strange intensity when we recall that Crusoe has spent months teaching the

bird to say it back to him. Crusoe teaches nature itself to voice his own self-awareness.

CHAPTER I.
A Warning

I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York, of a good family, though not of that country, my father being a foreigner of Bremen, who settled first at Hull. He got a good estate by merchandise, and leaving off his trade, lived afterwards 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; but, by the usual corruption of words in England, we are now called—nay we call ourselves and write our name—Crusoe; and so my companions always called me.

I had two elder brothers, one of whom was lieutenant-colonel to an English regiment of foot in Flanders, formerly commanded by the famous Colonel Lockhart, and was killed at the battle near Dunkirk against the Spaniards. What became of my second brother I never knew, any more than my father or mother knew what became of me.

Being the third son of the family and not bred to any trade, my head began to be filled 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 go, and designed 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 persuasions of my mother and other friends, that there seemed to be something fatal in that propensity 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. He called me one morning into his chamber, where he was confined by the gout, and expostulated very warmly with me upon this subject. He asked me what reasons, more than a mere wandering inclination, I had for leaving father's house and my native country, where I might be well introduced, and had a prospect of raising my fortune by application and industry, with a life of ease and pleasure. He told me it was men of desperate fortunes on one hand, or of aspiring, superior fortunes on the other, who went abroad upon adventures, to rise by enterprise, 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, 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 mechanic part of mankind, and not embarrassed 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 consequence of being born to great things, and wished 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 standard of felicity, when he prayed to have neither poverty nor riches.

He bade 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 exposed 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 extravagances on the one hand, or by hard labour, want of necessaries, and mean or insufficient diet on the other hand, bring distemper upon themselves by the natural consequences of their way of living; that the middle station of life was calculated for all kind of virtue and all kind of enjoyments; that peace and plenty were the handmaids 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 through the world, and comfortably out of it, not embarrassed with the labours of the hands or of the head, not sold to a life of slavery for daily bread, nor harassed with perplexed circumstances, which rob the soul of peace and the body of rest, nor enraged with the passion of envy, or the secret burning lust of ambition for great things; but, in easy circumstances, sliding gently through 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 pressed me earnestly, and in the most affectionate manner, not to play the young man, nor to precipitate myself into miseries which nature, and the station of life I was born in, seemed 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 just been recommending to me; and that if I was not very easy and happy in the world, it must be my mere fate or fault that must hinder it; and that he should have nothing to answer for, having thus discharged 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 persuasions 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 killed; and though 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 should 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 prophetic, though I suppose my father did not know it to be so himself—I say, I observed the tears run down his face very plentifully, especially when he spoke of my brother who was killed: and that when he spoke of my having leisure to repent, and none to assist me, he was so moved 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, and, indeed, who could be otherwise? and I resolved 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 further importunities, in a few weeks after I resolved to run quite away from him. However, I did not act quite so hastily as the first heat of my resolution prompted; but I took my mother at a time when I thought her a little more pleasant than ordinary, and told her that my thoughts were so entirely bent upon seeing the world that I should never settle to anything 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 or clerk to an attorney; that I was sure if I did I should never serve out my time, but 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 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 the time that 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 anything so much for my hurt; and that she wondered how I could think of any such thing after the discourse I had had with my father, and such kind and tender expressions as she knew my father had used to me; and that, in short, if I would ruin myself, 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.

Though my mother refused to move it to my father, yet I heard afterwards that she

reported all the discourse to him, and that my father, after showing 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 most miserable wretch that ever was born: I can give no consent to it.”

CHAPTER II.
The Storm

It was not till almost a year after this that I broke loose, though, in the meantime, I continued obstinately deaf to all proposals of settling to business, and frequently expostulated with my father and mother about their being so positively determined against what they knew my inclinations prompted me to. But being one day at Hull, where I went casually, and without any purpose of making an elopement at that time; but, I say, being there, and one of my companions being about to sail to London in his father’s ship, and prompting me to go with them with the common allurement of seafaring men, that it should cost me nothing for my passage, I consulted 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, 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 1st of September 1651, 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 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 inexpressibly sick in body and terrified in 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 counsels 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 to which it has since, reproached me with the contempt of advice, and the breach of my duty to God and my father.

All this while the storm increased, and the sea went very high, though nothing like what I have seen many times since; no, nor 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 anything of the matter. 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; in this agony of mind, I made many vows and resolutions that if it would please God to spare my life in 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 lived; that I would take his advice, and never run myself 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 lived all his days, and never had been exposed to tempests at sea or troubles on shore; and I resolved that I would, like a true repenting prodigal, go home to my father.

These wise and sober thoughts continued all the while the storm lasted, and indeed some time after; but the next day the wind was abated, and the sea calmer, and I began to be a little inured to it; however, I was very grave for all that day, being also a little sea-sick still; but towards night the weather cleared up, the wind was quite over, and a charming fine 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, 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 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, lest my good resolutions should continue, my companion, who had enticed me away, comes to me; "Well, Bob," says he, clapping me upon the shoulder, "how do you do after it? I warrant you were frighted, wer'n't you, last night, when it blew but a capful of wind?" "A capful 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 squall 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 way of all sailors; the punch was made and I was made half drunk with it: and in that one night's wickedness I drowned all my repentance, all my reflections upon my past conduct, all my resolutions for the 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 swallowed up by the sea being forgotten, and the current of my former desires returned, I entirely forgot the vows and promises 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 roused myself from them as it were from a

distemper, and applying myself to drinking and company, soon mastered the return of those fits—for so I called them; and I had in five or six days got as complete a victory over conscience as any young fellow that resolved 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, resolved 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 hardened wretch among us would confess both the danger and the mercy of.

The sixth day of our being at sea we came into Yarmouth 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 here so long but we should have tided it 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 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 topmasts, and make everything snug and close, that the ship might ride as easy as possible. By noon the sea went very high indeed, and our ship rode forecastle in, shipped several seas, and we thought once or twice our anchor had come home; upon which our master ordered out the sheet-anchor, so that we rode with two anchors ahead, and the cables veered out to the bitter 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, though vigilant in the business of preserving the ship, yet as he went in and out of his cabin 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, lying still in my cabin, which was in the steerage, and cannot describe my temper: I could ill resume the first penitence which I had so apparently trampled upon and hardened myself against: I thought the bitterness of death had been past, and that this would be nothing 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 cabin and looked out; but such a dismal sight I never saw: the sea ran 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 rode near us, we found, had cut their masts by the board, being deep laden; and our men cried out that a ship which rode

about a mile ahead of us was foundered. Two more ships, being driven from their anchors, were run out of the Roads to sea, at all adventures, 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 spritsail out before the wind.

Towards evening the mate and boatswain begged the master of our ship to let them cut away the fore-mast, which he was very unwilling to do; but the boatswain protesting to him that if he did not the ship would founder, he consented; and when they had cut away the fore-mast, the main-mast stood so loose, and shook the ship so much, they were obliged to cut that 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 itself; 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 seen a worse. We had a good ship, but she was deep laden, and wallowed in the sea, so 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 inquired. However, the storm was so violent that I saw, what is not often seen, the master, the boatswain, 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 to see cried out we had sprung a leak; another said there was four feet water in the hold. Then all hands were called to the pump. At that word, my heart, as I thought, died within me: and I fell backwards upon the side of my bed where I sat, into the cabin. 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 stirred up and went to the pump, and worked very heartily. While this was doing the master, seeing some light colliers, who, not able to ride out the storm were obliged to slip 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 they meant, thought the ship had broken, or some dreadful thing happened. In a word, I was so surprised that I fell down in a swoon. As this was a time when everybody had his own life to think of, nobody 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 lie, thinking I had been dead; and it was a great while before I came to myself.

We worked on; but the water increasing in the hold, it was apparent that the ship

would founder; and though the storm began to abate a little, yet it was not possible she could swim till we might run into any port; so the master continued firing guns for help; and a light ship, who had rid it out just ahead 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's 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 veered it out a great length, which they, after much labour and hazard, took hold of, and we hauled 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 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 staved upon shore, he would make it good to their master: so partly rowing and partly driving, our boat went away to the northward, sloping towards the shore almost as far as Winterton Ness.

We were not much more than a quarter of an hour out of our ship till 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 the moment that 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 strand 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 lighthouse 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 though not without much difficulty, got all safe on shore, and walked afterwards on foot to Yarmouth, where, as unfortunate men, we were used with great humanity, as well by the magistrates of the town, who assigned 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.

CHAPTER III.
Pirates

Had I now had the sense to have gone back to Hull, and have gone home, I had been happy, and my father, as in our blessed Saviour's parable, had even killed the fatted calf for me; for hearing the ship I went away in was cast away in Yarmouth Roads, it was a great while before he had any assurances that I was not drowned.

But my ill fate pushed me on now with an obstinacy that nothing could resist; and though 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 overruling decree, that hurries us on to be the instruments of our own destruction, even though it be before us, and that we rush upon it with our eyes open. Certainly, nothing but some such decreed unavoidable misery, which it was impossible for me to escape, could have pushed me forward against the calm reasonings and persuasions of my most retired thoughts, and against two such visible instructions as I had met with in my first attempt.

My comrade, who had helped 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 appeared his tone was altered; and, looking very melancholy, and shaking his head, he asked 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 further abroad, his father, turning to me with a very grave and concerned 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 on trial, you see what a taste Heaven has given you of what you are to expect if you persist. Perhaps this has all befallen us on your account, like Jonah in the ship of Tarshish. 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 into 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 talked very gravely to me, exhorting me to go back to my father, and not tempt Providence to my ruin, telling 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, wherever 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 knew 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 myself what course of life I should take, and whether I should go home or to sea.

As to going home, shame opposed the best motions that offered to my thoughts, and it immediately occurred to me how I should be laughed at among the neighbours, and should be ashamed to see, not my father and mother only, but even everybody 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 ashamed to sin, and yet are ashamed to repent; not ashamed of the action for which they ought justly to be esteemed fools, but are ashamed of the returning, which only can make them be esteemed 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 continued to going home; and as I stayed away 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 return wore off with it, till at last I quite laid aside the thoughts of it, and looked out for a voyage.

That evil influence which carried me first away from my father's house—which hurried me into the wild and indigested notion of raising my fortune, and that impressed those conceits so forcibly upon me as to make me deaf to all good advice, and to the entreaties and even the commands of my father—I say, the same influence, whatever it was, presented the most unfortunate of all enterprises to my view; and I went on board a vessel bound to the coast of Africa; or, as our sailors vulgarly called it, a voyage to Guinea.

It was my great misfortune that in all these adventures I did not ship myself as a sailor; when, though I might indeed have worked a little harder than ordinary, yet at the same time I should have learnt the duty and office of a fore-mast man, and in time might have qualified myself for a mate or lieutenant, if not for a master. 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 would always go on board in the habit of a gentleman; and so I neither had any business in the ship, nor learned to do any.

It was my lot first of all to fall into pretty good company in London, which does not always happen to such loose and misguided young fellows as I then was; the devil generally not omitting to lay some snare for them very early; but it was not so with me. I first got acquainted with the master of a ship who had been on the coast of Guinea; and who, having had very good success there, was resolved to go again. This captain taking a fancy to my conversation, which was not at all disagreeable at that time, hearing me say I had a mind to see the world, told me if I would go the voyage with

him I should be at no expense; I should be his messmate and his companion; and if I could carry anything with me, I should have all the advantage of it that the trade would admit; and perhaps I might meet with some encouragement.

I embraced the offer; and entering into a strict friendship with this captain, who was an honest, plain-dealing man, I went the voyage with him, and carried a small adventure with me, which, by the disinterested honesty of my friend the captain, I increased very considerably; for I carried about £40 in such toys and trifles as the captain directed me to buy. These £40 I had mustered together by the assistance of some of my relations whom I corresponded with; and who, I believe, got my father, or at least my mother, to contribute so much as that to my first adventure.

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 competent 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 were needful to be understood by a sailor; for, as he took delight to instruct me, I took delight to learn; and, in a word, this voyage made me both a sailor and a merchant; for I brought home five pounds nine ounces of gold-dust for my adventure, which yielded me in London, at my return, almost £300; and this filled me with those aspiring thoughts which have since so completed my ruin.

Yet even in this voyage I had my misfortunes too; particularly, that I was continually sick, being thrown into a violent calenture by the excessive heat of the climate; our principal trading being upon the coast, from latitude of 15 degrees north even to the line itself.

I was now set up for a Guinea trader; and my friend, to my great misfortune, dying soon after his arrival, I resolved to go the same voyage again, and I embarked in the same vessel with one who was his mate in the former voyage, and had now got the command of the ship. This was the unhappiest voyage that ever man made; for though I did not carry quite £100 of my new-gained wealth, so that I had £200 left, which I had lodged with my friend's widow, who was very just to me, yet I fell into terrible misfortunes. The first was this: our ship making her course towards the Canary Islands, or rather between those islands and the African shore, was surprised in the grey of the morning by a Turkish rover of Sallee, who gave chase to us with all the sail she could make. We crowded also as much canvas as our yards would spread, or our masts carry, to get clear; but finding the pirate gained upon us, and would certainly come up with us in a few hours, we prepared to fight; our ship having twelve guns, and the rogue eighteen. About three in the afternoon he came up with us, and bringing to, by mistake, just athwart our quarter, instead of athwart our stern, as he intended, we brought eight of our guns to bear on that side, and poured in a broadside upon him, which made him

sheer off again, after returning our fire, and pouring in also his small shot from near two hundred men which he had on board. However, we had not a man touched, all our men keeping close. He prepared to attack us again, and we to defend ourselves. But laying us on board the next time upon our other quarter, he entered 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, to cut short this melancholy part of our story, our ship being disabled, and three of our men killed, and eight wounded, we were obliged to yield, and were carried all prisoners into Sallee, a port belonging to the Moors.

The usage I had there was not so dreadful as at first I apprehended; nor was I carried up the country to the emperor's court, as the rest of our men were, but was kept by the captain of the rover as his proper 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 a miserable slave, I was perfectly overwhelmed; and now I looked back upon my father's prophetic discourse to me, that I should be miserable and have none to relieve me, which I thought was now so effectually brought to pass that I could not be worse; for now the hand of Heaven had overtaken me, and I was undone without redemption; but, alas! this was but a taste of the misery I was to go through, as will appear in the sequel of this story.

As my new patron, or master, had taken me home to his house, so I was in hopes 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 Portugal man-of-war; and that then I should be set at liberty. But this hope of mine was soon taken away; for when he went to sea, he left me on shore to look after his little garden, and do the common drudgery of slaves about his house; and when he came home again from his cruise, he ordered me to lie in the cabin to look after the ship.

Here I meditated nothing but my escape, and what method I might take to effect it, but found no way that had the least probability in it; nothing presented to make the supposition of it rational; for I had nobody to communicate it to that would embark with me—no fellow-slave, no Englishman, Irishman, or Scotchman there but myself; so that for two years, though I often pleased myself with the imagination, yet I never had the least encouraging prospect of putting it in practice.

CHAPTER IV.

Escape From Slavery

After about two years, an odd circumstance presented itself, which put the old

thought of making some attempt for my liberty again in my head. My patron lying at home longer than usual without fitting out his ship, which, as I heard, was for want of money, he used constantly, once or twice a week, sometimes oftener if the weather was fair, to take the ship's pinnace and go out into the road a-fishing; and as he always took me and young Maresco with him to row the boat, we made him very merry, and I proved very dexterous in catching fish; insomuch that sometimes he would send me with a Moor, one of his kinsmen, and the youth—the Maresco, as they called him—to catch a dish of fish for him.

It happened one time, that going a-fishing in a 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 knew not whither or which way, we laboured all day, and all the next night; and when the morning came we found we had pulled off to sea instead of pulling in for the shore; and that we were at least two leagues from the shore. However, we got well in again, though with a great deal of labour and some danger; for the wind began to blow pretty fresh in the morning; but we were all very hungry.

But our patron, warned by this disaster, resolved to take more care of himself for the future; and having lying by him the longboat of our English ship that he had taken, he resolved he would not go a-fishing any more without a compass and some provision; so he ordered the carpenter of his ship, who also was an English slave, to build a little state-room, or cabin, in the middle of the long-boat, like that of a barge, with a place to stand behind it to steer, and haul home the main-sheet; the room before for a hand or two to stand and work the sails. She sailed with what we call a shoulder-of-mutton sail; and the boom jibed over the top of the cabin, which 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.

We went frequently out with this boat a-fishing; and as I was most dexterous to catch fish for him, he never went without me. It happened that he had appointed to go out in this boat, either for pleasure or for fish, with two or three Moors of some distinction in that place, and for whom he had provided extraordinarily, and had, therefore, sent on board the boat overnight a larger store of provisions than ordinary; and had ordered me to get ready three fusees with powder and shot, which were on board his ship, for that they designed some sport of fowling as well as fishing.

I got all things ready as he had directed, and waited the next morning with the boat washed clean, her ancient and pendants out, and everything to accommodate his guests; when by-and-by my patron came on board alone, and told me his guests had put off going from some business that fell out, and ordered me, with the man and boy, as usual, to go out with the boat and catch them some fish, for that his friends were to

sup at his house, and commanded that as soon as I got some fish I should bring it home to his house; all which I prepared to do.

This moment my former notions of deliverance darted into my thoughts, for now I found I was likely to have a little ship at my command; and my master being gone, I prepared to furnish myself, not for fishing business, but for a voyage; though I knew not, neither did I so much as consider, whither I should steer—anywhere to get out of that place was my desire.

My first contrivance was to make a pretence to speak to this Moor, to get something for our subsistence on board; for I told him we must not presume to eat of our patron's bread. He said that was true; so he brought a large basket of rusk or biscuit, and three jars of fresh water, into the boat. I knew where my patron's case of bottles stood, which it was evident, by the make, were taken out of some English prize, and I conveyed them into the boat while the Moor was on shore, as if they had been there before for our master. I conveyed also a great lump of beeswax into the boat, which weighed about half a hundred-weight, with a parcel of twine or thread, a hatchet, a saw, and a hammer, all of which were of great use to us afterwards, especially the wax, to make candles. Another trick I tried upon him, which he innocently came into also: his name was Ismael, which they call Muley, or Moely; so I called to him—"Moely," said I, "our patron's guns are on board the boat; can you not get a little powder and shot? It may be we may kill some alcamies (a fowl like our curlews) for ourselves, for I know he keeps the gunner's stores in the ship." "Yes," says he, "I'll bring some;" and accordingly he brought a great leather pouch, which held a pound and a half of powder, or rather more; and another with shot, that had five or six pounds, with some bullets, and put all into the boat. At the same time I had found some powder of my master's in the great cabin, with which I filled one of the large bottles in the case, which was almost empty, pouring what was in it into another; and thus furnished with everything needful, 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. The wind blew from the N.N.E., which was contrary to my desire, for had it blown southerly I had been sure to have made the coast of Spain, and at least reached to the bay of Cadiz; but my resolutions were, blow which way it would, I would be gone from that horrid place where I was, and leave the rest to fate.

After we had fished some time and caught nothing—for when I had fish on my hook I would not pull them up, that he might not see them—I said to the Moor, "This will not do; our master will not be thus served; we must stand farther off." He, thinking no harm, agreed, and being in the head of the boat, set the sails; and, as I had the helm, I ran the boat out near a league farther, and then brought her to, as if I would fish; when,

giving the boy the helm, I stepped forward to where the Moor was, and making as if I stooped for something behind him, I 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, and called to me, begged to be taken in, told me he would go all over the world with me. He swam so strong after the boat that he would have reached me very quickly, there being but little wind; upon which I stepped into the cabin, and fetching one of the fowling-pieces, I presented it at him, and told him I had done him no hurt, and if he would be quiet I would do him none. "But," said I, "you swim well enough to reach to 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 resolved to have my liberty;" so he turned himself about, and swam for the shore, and I make no doubt but he reached it with ease, for he was an excellent swimmer.

I could have been content to have taken this Moor with me, and have drowned the boy, but there was no venturing to trust him. When he was gone, I turned to the boy, whom they called Xury, and said to him, "Xury, if you will be faithful to me, I'll make you a great man; but if you will not stroke your face to be true to me"—that is, swear by Mahomet and his father's beard—"I must throw you into the sea too." The boy smiled in my face, and spoke so innocently that I could not distrust him, and swore to be faithful to me, and go all over the world with me.

While I was in view of the Moor that was swimming, I stood out directly to sea with the boat, rather stretching to windward, that they might think me gone towards the Straits' mouth (as indeed any one that had been in their wits must have been supposed to do): for who would have supposed we were sailed on to the southward, to the truly Barbarian coast, where whole nations of negroes were sure to surround us with their canoes and destroy us; where we could not go on shore but we should be devoured by savage beasts, or more merciless savages of human kind.

But as soon as it grew dusk in the evening, I changed my course, and steered directly south and by east, bending my course a little towards the east, that I might keep in with the shore; and having a fair, fresh gale of wind, and a smooth, quiet sea, I made such sail that I believe by the next day, at three o'clock in the afternoon, when I first made the land, I could not be less than one hundred and fifty miles south of Sallee; quite beyond the Emperor of Morocco's dominions, or indeed of any other king thereabouts, for we saw no people.

Yet such was the fright I had taken of the Moors, and the dreadful apprehensions I had of falling into their hands, that I would not stop, or go on shore, or come to an anchor; the wind continuing fair till I had sailed in that manner five days; and then the wind shifting to the southward, I concluded also that if any of our vessels were in chase of me, they also would now give over; so I ventured to make to the coast, and came to

an anchor in the mouth of a little river, I knew not what, nor where, neither what latitude, what country, what nation, or what river. I neither saw, nor desired to see any people; the principal thing I wanted was fresh water. We came into this creek in the evening, resolving to swim on shore as soon as it was dark, and discover the country; but as soon as it was quite dark, we heard such dreadful noises of the barking, roaring, and howling of wild creatures, of we knew not what kinds, that the poor boy was ready to die with fear, and begged of me not to go on shore till day. "Well, Xury," said I, "then I won't; but it may be that we may see men by day, who will be as bad to us as those lions." "Then we give them the shoot gun," says Xury, laughing, "make them run wey." Such English Xury spoke by conversing among us slaves. However, I was glad to see the boy so cheerful, and I gave him a dram (out of our patron's case of bottles) to cheer him up. After all, Xury's advice was good, and I took it; we dropped our little anchor, and lay still all night; I say still, for we slept none; for in two or three hours we saw vast great creatures (we knew not what to call them) of many sorts, come down to the sea-shore and run into the water, wallowing and washing themselves for the pleasure of cooling themselves; and they made such hideous howlings and yellings, that I never indeed heard the like.

Xury was dreadfully frighted, and indeed so was I too; but we were both more frighted when we heard one of these mighty creatures come swimming towards our boat; we could not see him, but we might hear him by his blowing to be a monstrous huge and furious beast. Xury said it was a lion, and it might be so for aught I know; but poor Xury cried to me to weigh the anchor and row away; "No," says I, "Xury; we can slip our cable, with the buoy to it, and go off to sea; they cannot follow us far." I had no sooner said so, but I perceived the creature (whatever it was) within two oars' length, which something surprised me; however, I immediately stepped to the cabin door, and taking up my gun, fired at him; upon which he immediately turned about and swam towards the shore again.

But it is impossible to describe the horrid noises, and hideous cries and howlings that were raised, as well upon the edge of the shore as higher within the country, upon the noise or report of the gun, a thing I have some reason to believe those creatures had never heard before: this convinced me that there was no going on shore for us in the night on that coast, and how to venture on shore in the day was another question too; for to have fallen into the hands of any of the savages had been as bad as to have fallen into the hands of the lions and tigers; at least we were equally apprehensive of the danger of it.

Be that as it would, we were obliged to go on shore somewhere or other for water, for we had not a pint left in the boat; when and where to get to it was the point. Xury said, if I would let him go on shore with one of the jars, he would find if there was any

water, and bring some to me. I asked him why he would go? why I should not go, and he stay in the boat? The boy answered with so much affection as made me love him ever after. Says he, "If wild mans come, they eat me, you go wey." "Well, Xury," said I, "we will both go and if the wild mans come, we will kill them, they shall eat neither of us." So I gave Xury a piece of rusk bread to eat, and a dram out of our patron's case of bottles which I mentioned before; and we hauled the boat in as near the shore as we thought was proper, and so waded on shore, carrying nothing but our arms and two jars for water.

I did not care to go out of sight of the boat, fearing the coming of canoes with savages down the river; but the boy seeing a low place about a mile up the country, rambled to it, and by-and-by I saw him come running towards me. I thought he was pursued by some savage, or frighted with some wild beast, and I ran forward towards him to help him; but when I came nearer to him I saw something hanging over his shoulders, which was a creature that he had shot, like a hare, but different in colour, and longer legs; however, we were very glad of it, and it was very good meat; but the great joy that poor Xury came with, was to tell me he had found good water and seen no wild mans.

But we found afterwards that we need not take such pains for water, for a little higher up the creek where we were we found the water fresh when the tide was out, which flowed but a little way up; so we filled our jars, and feasted on the hare he had killed, and prepared to go on our way, having seen no footsteps of any human creature in that part of the country.

As I had been one voyage to this coast before, I knew very well that the islands of the Canaries, and the Cape de Verde Islands also, lay not far off from the coast. But as I had no instruments to take an observation to know what latitude we were in, and not exactly knowing, or at least remembering, what latitude they were in, I knew not where to look for them, or when to stand off to sea towards them; otherwise I might now easily have found some of these islands. But my hope was, that if I stood along this coast till I came to that part where the English traded, I should find some of their vessels upon their usual design of trade, that would relieve and take us in.

By the best of my calculation, that place where I now was must be that country which, lying between the Emperor of Morocco's dominions and the negroes, lies waste and uninhabited, except by wild beasts; the negroes having abandoned it and gone farther south for fear of the Moors, and the Moors not thinking it worth inhabiting by reason of its barrenness; and indeed, both forsaking it because of the prodigious number of tigers, lions, leopards, and other furious creatures which harbour there; so that the Moors use it for their hunting only, where they go like an army, two or three thousand men at a time; and indeed for near a hundred miles together upon this coast

we saw nothing but a waste, uninhabited country by day, and heard nothing but howlings and roaring of wild beasts by night.

Once or twice in the daytime I thought I saw the Pico of Teneriffe, being the high top of the Mountain Teneriffe in the Canaries, and had a great mind to venture out, in hopes of reaching thither; but having tried twice, I was forced in again by contrary winds, the sea also going too high for my little vessel; so, I resolved to pursue my first design, and keep along the shore.

Several times I was obliged to land for fresh water, after we had left this place; and once in particular, being early in morning, we came to an anchor under a little point of land, which was pretty high; and the tide beginning to flow, we lay still to go farther in. Xury, whose eyes were more about him than it seems mine were, calls softly to me, and tells me that we had best go farther off the shore; "For," says he, "look, yonder lies a dreadful monster on the side of that hillock, fast asleep." I looked where he pointed, and saw a dreadful monster indeed, for it was a terrible, great lion that lay on the side of the shore, under the shade of a piece of the hill that hung as it were a little over him. "Xury," says I, "you shall on shore and kill him." Xury, looked frighted, and said, "Me kill! he eat me at one mouth!"—one mouthful he meant. However, I said no more to the boy, but bade him lie still, and I took our biggest gun, which was almost musket-bore, and loaded it with a good charge of powder, and with two slugs, and laid it down; then I loaded another gun with two bullets; and the third (for we had three pieces) I loaded with five smaller bullets. I took the best aim I could with the first piece to have shot him in the head, but he lay so with his leg raised a little above his nose, that the slugs hit his leg about the knee and broke the bone. He started up, growling at first, but finding his leg broken, fell down again; and then got upon three legs, and gave the most hideous roar that ever I heard. I was a little surprised that I had not hit him on the head; however, I took up the second piece immediately, and though he began to move off, fired again, and shot him in the head, and had the pleasure to see him drop and make but little noise, but lie struggling for life. Then Xury took heart, and would have me let him go on shore. "Well, go," said I: so the boy jumped into the water and taking a little gun in one hand, swam to shore with the other hand, and coming close to the creature, put the muzzle of the piece to his ear, and shot him in the head again, which despatched him quite.

This was game indeed to us, but this was no food; and I was very sorry to lose three charges of powder and shot upon a creature that was good for nothing to us. However, Xury said he would have some of him; so he comes on board, and asked me to give him the hatchet. "For what, Xury?" said I. "Me cut off his head," said he. However, Xury could not cut off his head, but he cut off a foot, and brought it with him, and it was a monstrous great one.

I bethought myself, however, that, perhaps the skin of him might, one way or other, be of some value to us; and I resolved to take off his skin if I could. So Xury and I went to work with him; but Xury was much the better workman at it, for I knew very ill how to do it. Indeed, it took us both up the whole day, but at last we got off the hide of him, and spreading it on the top of our cabin, the sun effectually dried it in two days' time, and it afterwards served me to lie upon.

After this stop, we made on to the southward continually for ten or twelve days, living very sparingly on our provisions, which began to abate very much, and going no oftener to the shore than we were obliged to for fresh water. My design in this was to make the river Gambia or Senegal, that is to say anywhere about the Cape de Verde, where I was in hopes to meet with some European ship; and if I did not, I knew not what course I had to take, but to seek for the islands, or perish there among the negroes. I knew that all the ships from Europe, which sailed either to the coast of Guinea or to Brazil, or to the East Indies, made this cape, or those islands; and, in a word, I put the whole of my fortune upon this single point, either that I must meet with some ship or must perish.

When I had pursued this resolution about ten days longer, as I have said, I began to see that the land was inhabited; and in two or three places, as we sailed by, we saw people stand upon the shore to look at us; we could also perceive they were quite black and naked. I was once inclined to have gone on shore to them; but Xury was my better counsellor, and said to me, "No go, no go." However, I hauled in nearer the shore that I might talk to them, and I found they ran along the shore by me a good way. I observed they had no weapons in their hand, except one, who had a long slender stick, which Xury said was a lance, and that they could throw them a great way with good aim; so I kept at a distance, but talked with them by signs as well as I could; and particularly made signs for something to eat: they beckoned to me to stop my boat, and they would fetch me some meat. Upon this I lowered the top of my sail and lay by, and two of them ran up into the country, and in less than half-an-hour came back, and brought with them two pieces of dried flesh and some corn, such as is the produce of their country; but we neither knew what the one or the other was; however, we were willing to accept it, but how to come at it was our next dispute, for I would not venture on shore to them, and they were as much afraid of us; but they took a safe way for us all, for they brought it to the shore and laid it down, and went and stood a great way off till we fetched it on board, and then came close to us again.

We made signs of thanks to them, for we had nothing to make them amends; but an opportunity offered that very instant to oblige them wonderfully; for while we were lying by the shore came two mighty creatures, one pursuing the other (as we took it) with great fury from the mountains towards the sea; whether it was the male pursuing

the female, or whether they were in sport or in rage, we could not tell, any more than we could tell whether it was usual or strange, but I believe it was the latter; because, in the first place, those ravenous creatures seldom appear but in the night; and, in the second place, we found the people terribly frighted, especially the women. The man that had the lance or dart did not fly from them, but the rest did; however, as the two creatures ran directly into the water, they did not offer to fall upon any of the negroes, but plunged themselves into the sea, and swam about, as if they had come for their diversion; at last one of them began to come nearer our boat than at first I expected; but I lay ready for him, for I had loaded my gun with all possible expedition, and bade Xury load both the others. As soon as he came fairly within my reach, I fired, and shot him directly in the head; immediately he sank down into the water, but rose instantly, and plunged up and down, as if he were struggling for life, and so indeed he was; he immediately made to the shore; but between the wound, which was his mortal hurt, and the strangling of the water, he died just before he reached the shore.

It is impossible to express the astonishment of these poor creatures at the noise and fire of my gun: some of them were even ready to die for fear, and fell down as dead with the very terror; but when they saw the creature dead, and sunk in the water, and that I made signs to them to come to the shore, they took heart and came, and began to search for the creature. I found him by his blood staining the water; and by the help of a rope, which I slung round him, and gave the negroes to haul, they dragged him on shore, and found that it was a most curious leopard, spotted, and fine to an admirable degree; and the negroes held up their hands with admiration, to think what it was I had killed him with.

The other creature, frighted with the flash of fire and the noise of the gun, swam on shore, and ran up directly to the mountains from whence they came; nor could I, at that distance, know what it was. I found quickly the negroes wished to eat the flesh of this creature, so I was willing to have them take it as a favour from me; which, when I made signs to them that they might take him, they were very thankful for. Immediately they fell to work with him; and though they had no knife, yet, with a sharpened piece of wood, they took off his skin as readily, and much more readily, than we could have done with a knife. They offered me some of the flesh, which I declined, pointing out that I would give it them; but made signs for the skin, which they gave me very freely, and brought me a great deal more of their provisions, which, though I did not understand, yet I accepted. I then made signs to them for some water, and held out one of my jars to them, turning it bottom upward, to show that it was empty, and that I wanted to have it filled. They called immediately to some of their friends, and there came two women, and brought a great vessel made of earth, and burnt, as I supposed,

in the sun, this they set down to me, as before, and I sent Xury on shore with my jars, and filled them all three. The women were as naked as the men.

I was now furnished with roots and corn, such as it was, and water; and leaving my friendly negroes, I made forward for about eleven days more, without offering to go near the shore, till I saw the land run out a great length into the sea, at about the distance of four or five leagues before me; and the sea being very calm, I kept a large offing to make this point. At length, doubling the point, at about two leagues from the land, I saw plainly land on the other side, to seaward; then I concluded, as it was most certain indeed, that this was the Cape de Verde, and those the islands called, from thence, Cape de Verde Islands. However, they were at a great distance, and I could not well tell what I had best to do; for if I should be taken with a fresh of wind, I might neither reach one or other.

In this dilemma, as I was very pensive, I stepped into the cabin and sat down, Xury having the helm; when, on a sudden, the boy cried out, "Master, master, a ship with a sail!" and the foolish boy was frighted out of his wits, thinking it must needs be some of his master's ships sent to pursue us, but I knew we were far enough out of their reach. I jumped out of the cabin, and immediately saw, not only the ship, but that it was a Portuguese ship; and, as I thought, was bound to the coast of Guinea, for negroes. But, when I observed the course she steered, I was soon convinced they were bound some other way, and did not design to come any nearer to the shore; upon which I stretched out to sea as much as I could, resolving to speak with them if possible.

CHAPTER V.

Brazil

With all the sail I could make, I found I should not be able to come in their way, but that they would be gone by before I could make any signal to them: but after I had crowded to the utmost, and began to despair, they, it seems, saw by the help of their glasses that it was some European boat, which they supposed must belong to some ship that was lost; so they shortened sail to let me come up. I was encouraged with this, and as I had my patron's ancient on board, I made a waft of it to them, for a signal of distress, and fired a gun, both which they saw; for they told me they saw the smoke, though they did not hear the gun. Upon these signals they very kindly brought to, and lay by for me; and in about three hours; time I came up with them.

They asked me what I was, in Portuguese, and in Spanish, and in French, but I

understood none of them; but at last a Scotch sailor, who was on board, called to me: and I answered him, and told him I was an Englishman, that I had made my escape out of slavery from the Moors, at Sallee; they then bade me come on board, and very kindly took me in, and all my goods.

It was an inexpressible joy to me, which any one will believe, that I was thus delivered, as I esteemed it, from such a miserable and almost hopeless condition as I was in; and I immediately offered all I had to the captain of the ship, as a return for my deliverance; but he generously told me he would take nothing from me, but that all I had should be delivered safe to me when I came to the Brazils. "For," says he, "I have saved your life on no other terms than I would be glad to be saved myself: and it may, one time or other, be my lot to be taken up in the same condition. Besides," said he, "when I carry you to the Brazils, so great a way from your own country, if I should take from you what you have, you will be starved there, and then I only take away that life I have given. No, no," says he: "Seignior Inglese" (Mr. Englishman), "I will carry you thither in charity, and those things will help to buy your subsistence there, and your passage home again."

As he was charitable in this proposal, so he was just in the performance to a tittle; for he ordered the seamen that none should touch anything that I had: then he took everything into his own possession, and gave me back an exact inventory of them, that I might have them, even to my three earthen jars.

As to my boat, it was a very good one; and that he saw, and told me he would buy it of me for his ship's use; and asked me what I would have for it? I told him he had been so generous to me in everything that I could not offer to make any price of the boat, but left it entirely to him: upon which he told me he would give me a note of hand to pay me eighty pieces of eight for it at Brazil; and when it came there, if any one offered to give more, he would make it up. He offered me also sixty pieces of eight more for my boy Xury, which I was loth to take; not that I was unwilling to let the captain have him, but I was very loth to sell the poor boy's liberty, who had assisted me so faithfully in procuring my own. However, when I let him know my reason, he owned it to be just, and offered me this medium, that he would give the boy an obligation to set him free in ten years, if he turned Christian: upon this, and Xury saying he was willing to go to him, I let the captain have him.

We had a very good voyage to the Brazils, and I arrived in the Bay de Todos los Santos, or All Saints' Bay, in about twenty-two days after. And now I was once more delivered from the most miserable of all conditions of life; and what to do next with myself I was to consider.

The generous treatment the captain gave me I can never enough remember: he would

take nothing of me for my passage, gave me twenty ducats for the leopard's skin, and forty for the lion's skin, which I had in my boat, and caused everything I had in the ship to be punctually delivered to me; and what I was willing to sell he bought of me, such as the case of bottles, two of my guns, and a piece of the lump of beeswax—for I had made candles of the rest: in a word, I made about two hundred and twenty pieces of eight of all my cargo; and with this stock I went on shore in the Brazils.

I had not been long here before I was recommended to the house of a good honest man like himself, who had an *ingenio*, as they call it (that is, a plantation and a sugar-house). I lived with him some time, and acquainted myself by that means with the manner of planting and making of sugar; and seeing how well the planters lived, and how they got rich suddenly, I resolved, if I could get a licence to settle there, I would turn planter among them: resolving in the meantime to find out some way to get my money, which I had left in London, remitted to me. To this purpose, getting a kind of letter of naturalisation, I purchased as much land that was uncured as my money would reach, and formed a plan for my plantation and settlement; such a one as might be suitable to the stock which I proposed to myself to receive from England.

I had a neighbour, a Portuguese, of Lisbon, but born of English parents, whose name was Wells, and in much such circumstances as I was. I call him my neighbour, because his plantation lay next to mine, and we went on very sociably together. My stock was but low, as well as his; and we rather planted for food than anything else, for about two years. However, we began to increase, and our land began to come into order; so that the third year we planted some tobacco, and made each of us a large piece of ground ready for planting canes in the year to come. But we both wanted help; and now I found, more than before, I had done wrong in parting with my boy Xury.

But, alas! for me to do wrong that never did right, was no great wonder. I had no remedy but to go on: I had got into an employment quite remote to my genius, and directly contrary to the life I delighted in, and for which I forsook my father's house, and broke through all his good advice. Nay, I was coming into the very middle station, or upper degree of low life, which my father advised me to before, and which, if I resolved to go on with, I might as well have stayed at home, and never have fatigued myself in the world as I had done; and I used often to say to myself, I could have done this as well in England, among my friends, as have gone five thousand miles off to do it among strangers and savages, in a wilderness, and at such a distance as never to hear from any part of the world that had the least knowledge of me.

In this manner I used to look upon my condition with the utmost regret. I had nobody to converse with, but now and then this neighbour; no work to be done, but by the labour of my hands; and I used to say, I lived just like a man cast away upon some desolate island, that had nobody there but himself. But how just has it been—and how

should all men reflect, that when they compare their present conditions with others that are worse, Heaven may oblige them to make the exchange, and be convinced of their former felicity by their experience—I say, how just has it been, that the truly solitary life I reflected on, in an island of mere desolation, should be my lot, who had so often unjustly compared it with the life which I then led, in which, had I continued, I had in all probability been exceeding prosperous and rich.

I was in some degree settled in my measures for carrying on the plantation before my kind friend, the captain of the ship that took me up at sea, went back—for the ship remained there, in providing his lading and preparing for his voyage, nearly three months—when telling him what little stock I had left behind me in London, he gave me this friendly and sincere advice:—"Seignior Inglese," says he (for so he always called me), "if you will give me letters, and a procuration in form to me, with orders to the person who has your money in London to send your effects to Lisbon, to such persons as I shall direct, and in such goods as are proper for this country, I will bring you the produce of them, God willing, at my return; but, since human affairs are all subject to changes and disasters, I would have you give orders but for one hundred pounds sterling, which, you say, is half your stock, and let the hazard be run for the first; so that, if it come safe, you may order the rest the same way, and, if it miscarry, you may have the other half to have recourse to for your supply."

This was so wholesome advice, and looked so friendly, that I could not but be convinced it was the best course I could take; so I accordingly prepared letters to the gentlewoman with whom I had left my money, and a procuration to the Portuguese captain, as he desired.

I wrote the English captain's widow a full account of all my adventures—my slavery, escape, and how I had met with the Portuguese captain at sea, the humanity of his behaviour, and what condition I was now in, with all other necessary directions for my supply; and when this honest captain came to Lisbon, he found means, by some of the English merchants there, to send over, not the order only, but a full account of my story to a merchant in London, who represented it effectually to her; whereupon she not only delivered the money, but out of her own pocket sent the Portugal captain a very handsome present for his humanity and charity to me.

The merchant in London, vesting this hundred pounds in English goods, such as the captain had written for, sent them directly to him at Lisbon, and he brought them all safe to me to the Brazils; among which, without my direction (for I was too young in my business to think of them), he had taken care to have all sorts of tools, ironwork, and utensils necessary for my plantation, and which were of great use to me.

When this cargo arrived I thought my fortune made, for I was surprised with the joy

of it; and my stood steward, the captain, had laid out the five pounds, which my friend had sent him for a present for himself, to purchase and bring me over a servant, under bond for six years' service, and would not accept of any consideration, except a little tobacco, which I would have him accept, being of my own produce.

Neither was this all; for my goods being all English manufacture, such as cloths, stuffs, baize, and things particularly valuable and desirable in the country, I found means to sell them to a very great advantage; so that I might say I had more than four times the value of my first cargo, and was now infinitely beyond my poor neighbour—I mean in the advancement of my plantation; for the first thing I did, I bought me a negro slave, and an European servant also—I mean another besides that which the captain brought me from Lisbon.

But as abused prosperity is oftentimes made the very means of our greatest adversity, so it was with me. I went on the next year with great success in my plantation: I raised fifty great rolls of tobacco on my own ground, more than I had disposed of for necessaries among my neighbours; and these fifty rolls, being each of above a hundredweight, were well cured, and laid by against the return of the fleet from Lisbon: and now increasing in business and wealth, my head began to be full of projects and undertakings beyond my reach; such as are, indeed, often the ruin of the best heads in business. Had I continued in the station I was now in, I had room for all the happy things to have yet befallen me for which my father so earnestly recommended a quiet, retired life, and of which he had so sensibly described the middle station of life to be full of; but other things attended me, and I was still to be the wilful agent of all my own miseries; and particularly, to increase my fault, and double the reflections upon myself, which in my future sorrows I should have leisure to make, all these miscarriages were procured by my apparent obstinate adhering to my foolish inclination of wandering abroad, and pursuing that inclination, in contradiction to the clearest views of doing myself good in a fair and plain pursuit of those prospects, and those measures of life, which nature and Providence concurred to present me with, and to make my duty.

As I had once done thus in my breaking away from my parents, so I could not be content now, but I must go and leave the happy view I had of being a rich and thriving man in my new plantation, only to pursue a rash and immoderate desire of rising faster than the nature of the thing admitted; and thus I cast myself down again into the deepest gulf of human misery that ever man fell into, or perhaps could be consistent with life and a state of health in the world.

To come, then, by the just degrees to the particulars of this part of my story. You may suppose, that having now lived almost four years in the Brazils, and beginning to thrive and prosper very well upon my plantation, I had not only learned the language,

but had contracted acquaintance and friendship among my fellow-planters, as well as among the merchants at St. Salvador, which was our port; and that, in my discourses among them, I had frequently given them an account of my two voyages to the coast of Guinea: the manner of trading with the negroes there, and how easy it was to purchase upon the coast for trifles—such as beads, toys, knives, scissors, hatchets, bits of glass, and the like—not only gold-dust, Guinea grains, elephants' teeth, &c., but negroes, for the service of the Brazils, in great numbers.

They listened always very attentively to my discourses on these heads, but especially to that part which related to the buying of negroes, which was a trade at that time, not only not far entered into, but, as far as it was, had been carried on by assientos, or permission of the kings of Spain and Portugal, and engrossed in the public stock: so that few negroes were bought, and these excessively dear.

It happened, being in company with some merchants and planters of my acquaintance, and talking of those things very earnestly, three of them came to me next morning, and told me they had been musing very much upon what I had discoursed with them of the last night, and they came to make a secret proposal to me; and, after enjoining me to secrecy, they told me that they had a mind to fit out a ship to go to Guinea; that they had all plantations as well as I, and were straitened for nothing so much as servants; that as it was a trade that could not be carried on, because they could not publicly sell the negroes when they came home, so they desired to make but one voyage, to bring the negroes on shore privately, and divide them among their own plantations; and, in a word, the question was whether I would go their supercargo in the ship, to manage the trading part upon the coast of Guinea; and they offered me that I should have my equal share of the negroes, without providing any part of the stock.

This was a fair proposal, it must be confessed, had it been made to any one that had not had a settlement and a plantation of his own to look after, which was in a fair way of coming to be very considerable, and with a good stock upon it; but for me, that was thus entered and established, and had nothing to do but to go on as I had begun, for three or four years more, and to have sent for the other hundred pounds from England; and who in that time, and with that little addition, could scarce have failed of being worth three or four thousand pounds sterling, and that increasing too—for me to think of such a voyage was the most preposterous thing that ever man in such circumstances could be guilty of.

CHAPTER VI.

Shipwreck

But I, that was born to be my own destroyer, could no more resist the offer than I could restrain my first rambling designs when my father's good counsel was lost upon me. In a word, I told them I would go with all my heart, if they would undertake to look after my plantation in my absence, and would dispose of it to such as I should direct, if I miscarried. This they all engaged to do, and entered into writings or covenants to do so; and I made a formal will, disposing of my plantation and effects in case of my death, making the captain of the ship that had saved my life, as before, my universal heir, but obliging him to dispose of my effects as I had directed in my will; one half of the produce being to himself, and the other to be shipped to England.

In short, I took all possible caution to preserve my effects and to keep up my plantation. Had I used half as much prudence to have looked into my own interest, and have made a judgment of what I ought to have done and not to have done, I had certainly never gone away from so prosperous an undertaking, leaving all the probable views of a thriving circumstance, and gone upon a voyage to sea, attended with all its common hazards, to say nothing of the reasons I had to expect particular misfortunes to myself.

But I was hurried on, and obeyed blindly the dictates of my fancy rather than my reason; and, accordingly, the ship being fitted out, and the cargo furnished, and all things done, as by agreement, by my partners in the voyage, I went on board in an evil hour, the 1st September 1659, being the same day eight years that I went from my father and mother at Hull, in order to act the rebel to their authority, and the fool to my own interests.

Our ship was about one hundred and twenty tons burden, carried six guns and fourteen men, besides the master, his boy, and myself. We had on board no large cargo of goods, except of such toys as were fit for our trade with the negroes, such as beads, bits of glass, shells, and other trifles, especially little looking-glasses, knives, scissors, hatchets, and the like.

The same day I went on board we set sail, standing away to the northward upon our own coast, with design to stretch over for the African coast when we came about ten or twelve degrees of northern latitude, which, it seems, was the manner of course in those days. We had very good weather, only excessively hot, all the way upon our own coast, till we came to the height of Cape St. Augustino; from whence, keeping further off at sea, we lost sight of land, and steered as if we were bound for the isle Fernando de Noronha, holding our course N.E. by N., and leaving those isles on the east. In this course we passed the line in about twelve days' time, and were, by our last observation, in seven degrees twenty-two minutes northern latitude, when a violent

tornado, or hurricane, took us quite out of our knowledge. It began from the south-east, came about to the north-west, and then settled in the north-east; from whence it blew in such a terrible manner, that for twelve days together we could do nothing but drive, and, scudding away before it, let it carry us whither fate and the fury of the winds directed; and, during these twelve days, I need not say that I expected every day to be swallowed up; nor, indeed, did any in the ship expect to save their lives.

In this distress we had, besides the terror of the storm, one of our men die of the calenture, and one man and the boy washed overboard. About the twelfth day, the weather abating a little, the master made an observation as well as he could, and found that he was in about eleven degrees north latitude, but that he was twenty-two degrees of longitude difference west from Cape St. Augustino; so that he found he was upon the coast of Guiana, or the north part of Brazil, beyond the river Amazon, toward that of the river Orinoco, commonly called the Great River; and began to consult with me what course he should take, for the ship was leaky, and very much disabled, and he was going directly back to the coast of Brazil.

I was positively against that; and looking over the charts of the sea-coast of America with him, we concluded there was no inhabited country for us to have recourse to till we came within the circle of the Caribbee Islands, and therefore resolved to stand away for Barbadoes; which, by keeping off at sea, to avoid the indraft of the Bay or Gulf of Mexico, we might easily perform, as we hoped, in about fifteen days' sail; whereas we could not possibly make our voyage to the coast of Africa without some assistance both to our ship and to ourselves.

With this design we changed our course, and steered away N.W. by W., in order to reach some of our English islands, where I hoped for relief. But our voyage was otherwise determined; for, being in the latitude of twelve degrees eighteen minutes, a second storm came upon us, which carried us away with the same impetuosity westward, and drove us so out of the way of all human commerce, that, had all our lives been saved as to the sea, we were rather in danger of being devoured by savages than ever returning to our own country.

In this distress, the wind still blowing very hard, one of our men early in the morning cried out, "Land!" and we had no sooner run out of the cabin to look out, in hopes of seeing whereabouts in the world we were, than the ship struck upon a sand, and in a moment her motion being so stopped, the sea broke over her in such a manner that we expected we should all have perished immediately; and we were immediately driven into our close quarters, to shelter us from the very foam and spray of the sea.

It is not easy for any one who has not been in the like condition to describe or conceive the consternation of men in such circumstances. We knew nothing where we

were, or upon what land it was we were driven—whether an island or the main, whether inhabited or not inhabited. As the rage of the wind was still great, though rather less than at first, we could not so much as hope to have the ship hold many minutes without breaking into pieces, unless the winds, by a kind of miracle, should turn immediately about. In a word, we sat looking upon one another, and expecting death every moment, and every man, accordingly, preparing for another world; for there was little or nothing more for us to do in this. That which was our present comfort, and all the comfort we had, was that, contrary to our expectation, the ship did not break yet, and that the master said the wind began to abate.

Now, though we thought that the wind did a little abate, yet the ship having thus struck upon the sand, and sticking too fast for us to expect her getting off, we were in a dreadful condition indeed, and had nothing to do but to think of saving our lives as well as we could. We had a boat at our stern just before the storm, but she was first staved by dashing against the ship's rudder, and in the next place she broke away, and either sunk or was driven off to sea; so there was no hope from her. We had another boat on board, but how to get her off into the sea was a doubtful thing. However, there was no time to debate, for we fancied that the ship would break in pieces every minute, and some told us she was actually broken already.

In this distress the mate of our vessel laid hold of the boat, and with the help of the rest of the men got her slung over the ship's side; and getting all into her, let go, and committed ourselves, being eleven in number, to God's mercy and the wild sea; for though the storm was abated considerably, yet the sea ran dreadfully high upon the shore, and might be well called *den wild zee*, as the Dutch call the sea in a storm.

And now our case was very dismal indeed; for we all saw plainly that the sea went so high that the boat could not live, and that we should be inevitably drowned. As to making sail, we had none, nor if we had could we have done anything with it; so we worked at the oar towards the land, though with heavy hearts, like men going to execution; for we all knew that when the boat came near the shore she would be dashed in a thousand pieces by the breach of the sea. However, we committed our souls to God in the most earnest manner; and the wind driving us towards the shore, we hastened our destruction with our own hands, pulling as well as we could towards land.

What the shore was, whether rock or sand, whether steep or shoal, we knew not. The only hope that could rationally give us the least shadow of expectation was, if we might find some bay or gulf, or the mouth of some river, where by great chance we might have run our boat in, or got under the lee of the land, and perhaps made smooth water. But there was nothing like this appeared; but as we made nearer and nearer the shore, the land looked more frightful than the sea.

After we had rowed, or rather driven about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain-like, came rolling astern of us, and plainly bade us expect the *coup de grâce*. It took us with such a fury, that it overset the boat at once; and separating us as well from the boat as from one another, gave us no time to say, "O God!" for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sank into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave having driven me, or rather carried me, a vast way on towards the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in. I had so much presence of mind, as well as breath left, that seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavoured to make on towards the land as fast as I could before another wave should return and take me up again; but I soon found it was impossible to avoid it; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy, which I had no means or strength to contend with: my business was to hold my breath, and raise myself upon the water if I could; and so, by swimming, to preserve my breathing, and pilot myself towards the shore, if possible, my greatest concern now being that the sea, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it when it gave back towards the sea.

The wave that came upon me again buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body, and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore—a very great way; but I held my breath, and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when, as I felt myself rising up, so, to my immediate relief, I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water; and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath, and new courage. I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long but I held it out; and finding the water had spent itself, and began to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and till the waters went from me, and then took to my heels and ran with what strength I had further towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again; and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forward as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time of these two had well-nigh been fatal to me, for the sea having hurried me along as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of rock, and that with such force, that it left me senseless, and indeed helpless, as to my own deliverance; for the blow taking my side and breast, beat the breath as it were quite out of my body; and had it returned again immediately, I must have been strangled in the

water; but I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and seeing I should be covered again with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock, and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back. Now, as the waves were not so high as at first, being nearer land, I held my hold till the wave abated, and then fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away; and the next run I took, I got to the mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger and quite out of the reach of the water.

CHAPTER VII.

Sole Survivor

I was now landed and safe on shore, and began to look up and thank God that my life was saved, in a case wherein there was some minutes before scarce any room to hope. I believe it is impossible to express, to the life, what the ecstasies and transports of the soul are, when it is so saved, as I may say, out of the very grave: and I do not wonder now at the custom, when a malefactor, who has the halter about his neck, is tied up, and just going to be turned off, and has a reprieve brought to him—I say, I do not wonder that they bring a surgeon with it, to let him blood that very moment they tell him of it, that the surprise may not drive the animal spirits from the heart and overwhelm him.

"For sudden joys, like griefs, confound at first."

I walked about on the shore lifting up my hands, and my whole being, as I may say, wrapped up in a contemplation of my deliverance; making a thousand gestures and motions, which I cannot describe; reflecting upon all my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself; for, as for them, I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

I cast my eye to the stranded vessel, when, the breach and froth of the sea being so big, I could hardly see it, it lay so far of; and considered, Lord! how was it possible I could get on shore?

After I had solaced my mind with the comfortable part of my condition, I began to look round me, to see what kind of place I was in, and what was next to be done; and I soon found my comforts abate, and that, in a word, I had a dreadful deliverance; for I was wet, had no clothes to shift me, nor anything either to eat or drink to comfort me; neither did I see any prospect before me but that of perishing with hunger or being

devoured by wild beasts; and that which was particularly afflicting to me was, that I had no weapon, either to hunt and kill any creature for my sustenance, or to defend myself against any other creature that might desire to kill me for theirs. In a word, I had nothing about me but a knife, a tobacco-pipe, and a little tobacco in a box. This was all my provisions; and this threw me into such terrible agonies of mind, that for a while I ran about like a madman. Night coming upon me, I began with a heavy heart to consider what would be my lot if there were any ravenous beasts in that country, as at night they always come abroad for their prey.

All the remedy that offered to my thoughts at that time was to get up into a thick bushy tree like a fir, but thorny, which grew near me, and where I resolved to sit all night, and consider the next day what death I should die, for as yet I saw no prospect of life. I walked about a furlong from the shore, to see if I could find any fresh water to drink, which I did, to my great joy; and having drank, and put a little tobacco into my mouth to prevent hunger, I went to the tree, and getting up into it, endeavoured to place myself so that if I should sleep I might not fall. And having cut me a short stick, like a truncheon, for my defence, I took up my lodging; and having been excessively fatigued, I fell fast asleep, and slept as comfortably as, I believe, few could have done in my condition, and found myself more refreshed with it than, I think, I ever was on such an occasion.

When I waked it was broad day, the weather clear, and the storm abated, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before. But that which surprised me most was, that the ship was lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay by the swelling of the tide, and was driven up almost as far as the rock which I at first mentioned, where I had been so bruised by the wave dashing me against it. This being within about a mile from the shore where I was, and the ship seeming to stand upright still, I wished myself on board, that at least I might save some necessary things for my use.

When I came down from my apartment in the tree, I looked about me again, and the first thing I found was the boat, which lay, as the wind and the sea had tossed her up, upon the land, about two miles on my right hand. I walked as far as I could upon the shore to have got to her; but found a neck or inlet of water between me and the boat which was about half a mile broad; so I came back for the present, being more intent upon getting at the ship, where I hoped to find something for my present subsistence.

A little after noon I found the sea very calm, and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. And here I found a fresh renewing of my grief; for I saw evidently that if we had kept on board we had been all safe—that is to say, we had all got safe on shore, and I had not been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company as I now was. This forced tears to my eyes again; but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship;

so I pulled off my clothes—for the weather was hot to extremity—and took the water. But when I came to the ship my difficulty was still greater to know how to get on board; for, as she lay aground, and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of. I swam round her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, hung down by the fore-chains so low, as that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and by the help of that rope I got up into the forecastle of the ship. Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold, but that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, or, rather earth, that her stern lay lifted up upon the bank, and her head low, almost to the water. By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry; for you may be sure my first work was to search, and to see what was spoiled and what was free. And, first, I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water, and being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread room and filled my pockets with biscuit, and ate it as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. I also found some rum in the great cabin, of which I took a large dram, and which I had, indeed, need enough of to spirit me for what was before me. Now I wanted nothing but a boat to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had; and this extremity roused my application. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare topmast or two in the ship; I resolved to fall to work with these, and I flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope, that they might not drive away. When this was done I went down the ship's side, and pulling them to me, I tied four of them together at both ends as well as I could, in the form of a raft, and laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them crossways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight, the pieces being too light. So I went to work, and with a carpenter's saw I cut a spare topmast into three lengths, and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labour and pains. But the hope of furnishing myself with necessaries encouraged me to go beyond what I should have been able to have done upon another occasion.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea; but I was not long considering this. I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could get, and having considered well what I most wanted, I got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open, and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft; the first of these I filled with provisions—viz. bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh (which we lived much upon), and a little remainder of European corn, which had been laid by for some fowls which we brought to sea with

us, but the fowls were killed. There had been some barley and wheat together; but, to my great disappointment, I found afterwards that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all. As for liquors, I found several, cases of bottles belonging to our skipper, in which were some cordial waters; and, in all, about five or six gallons of rack. These I stowed by themselves, there being no need to put them into the chest, nor any room for them. While I was doing this, I found the tide begin to flow, though very calm; and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on the shore, upon the sand, swim away. As for my breeches, which were only linen, and open-kneed, I swam on board in them and my stockings. However, this set me on rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had others things which my eye was more upon—as, first, tools to work with on shore. And it was after long searching that I found out the carpenter's chest, which was, indeed, a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a shipload of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, whole as it was, without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling-pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols. These I secured first, with some powder-horns and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them; but with much search I found them, two of them dry and good, the third had taken water. Those two I got to my raft with the arms. And now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, nor rudder; and the least capful of wind would have overset all my navigation.

I had three encouragements—1st, a smooth, calm sea; 2ndly, the tide rising, and setting in to the shore; 3rdly, what little wind there was blew me towards the land. And thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat—and, besides the tools which were in the chest, I found two saws, an axe, and a hammer; with this cargo I put to sea. For a mile or thereabouts my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distant from the place where I had landed before; by which I perceived that there was some indraft of the water, and consequently I hoped to find some creek or river there, which I might make use of as a port to get to land with my cargo.

As I imagined, so it was. There appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide set into it; so I guided my raft as well as I could, to keep in the middle of the stream.

But here I had like to have suffered a second shipwreck, which, if I had, I think verily would have broken my heart; for, knowing nothing of the coast, my raft ran aground at one end of it upon a shoal, and not being aground at the other end, it wanted but a little that all my cargo had slipped off towards the end that was afloat, and to

fallen into the water. I did my utmost, by setting my back against the chests, to keep them in their places, but could not thrust off the raft with all my strength; neither durst I stir from the posture I was in; but holding up the chests with all my might, I stood in that manner near half-an-hour, in which time the rising of the water brought me a little more upon a level; and a little after, the water still-rising, my raft floated again, and I thrust her off with the oar I had into the channel, and then driving up higher, I at length found myself in the mouth of a little river, with land on both sides, and a strong current of tide running up. I looked on both sides for a proper place to get to shore, for I was not willing to be driven too high up the river: hoping in time to see some ships at sea, and therefore resolved to place myself as near the coast as I could.

At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which with great pain and difficulty I guided my raft, and at last got so near that, reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in. But here I had like to have dipped all my cargo into the sea again; for that shore lying pretty steep—that is to say sloping—there was no place to land, but where one end of my float, if it ran on shore, would lie so high, and the other sink lower, as before, that it would endanger my cargo again. All that I could do was to wait till the tide was at the highest, keeping the raft with my oar like an anchor, to hold the side of it fast to the shore, near a flat piece of ground, which I expected the water would flow over; and so it did. As soon as I found water enough—for my raft drew about a foot of water—I thrust her upon that flat piece of ground, and there fastened or moored her, by sticking my two broken oars into the ground, one on one side near one end, and one on the other side near the other end; and thus I lay till the water ebbed away, and left my raft and all my cargo safe on shore.

My next work was to view the country, and seek a proper place for my habitation, and where to stow my goods to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was, I yet knew not; whether on the continent or on an island; whether inhabited or not inhabited; whether in danger of wild beasts or not. There was a hill not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills, which lay as in a ridge from it northward. I took out one of the fowling-pieces, and one of the pistols, and a horn of powder; and thus armed, I travelled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had with great labour and difficulty got to the top, I saw my fate, to my great affliction—viz. that I was in an island environed every way with the sea: no land to be seen except some rocks, which lay a great way off; and two small islands, less than this, which lay about three leagues to the west.

I found also that the island I was in was barren, and, as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited except by wild beasts, of whom, however, I saw none. Yet I saw abundance of fowls, but knew not their kinds; neither when I killed them could I tell what was fit for food, and what not. At my coming back, I shot at a great bird which I

saw sitting upon a tree on the side of a great wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, than from all parts of the wood there arose an innumerable number of fowls, of many sorts, making a confused screaming and crying, and every one according to his usual note, but not one of them of any kind that I knew. As for the creature I killed, I took it to be a kind of hawk, its colour and beak resembling it, but it had no talons or claws more than common. Its flesh was carrion, and fit for nothing.

Contented with this discovery, I came back to my raft, and fell to work to bring my cargo on shore, which took me up the rest of that day. What to do with myself at night I knew not, nor indeed where to rest, for I was afraid to lie down on the ground, not knowing but some wild beast might devour me, though, as I afterwards found, there was really no need for those fears.

However, as well as I could, I barricaded myself round with the chest and boards that I had brought on shore, and made a kind of hut for that night's lodging. As for food, I yet saw not which way to supply myself, except that I had seen two or three creatures like hares run out of the wood where I shot the fowl.

I now began to consider that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship which would be useful to me, and particularly some of the rigging and sails, and such other things as might come to land; and I resolved to make another voyage on board the vessel, if possible. And as I knew that the first storm that blew must necessarily break her all in pieces, I resolved to set all other things apart till I had got everything out of the ship that I could get. Then I called a council—that is to say in my thoughts—whether I should take back the raft; but this appeared impracticable: so I resolved to go as before, when the tide was down; and I did so, only that I stripped before I went from my hut, having nothing on but my chequered shirt, a pair of linen drawers, and a pair of pumps on my feet.

I got on board the ship as before, and prepared a second raft; and, having had experience of the first, I neither made this so unwieldy, nor loaded it so hard, but yet I brought away several things very useful to me; as first, in the carpenters stores I found two or three bags full of nails and spikes, a great screw-jack, a dozen or two of hatchets, and, above all, that most useful thing called a grindstone. All these I secured, together with several things belonging to the gunner, particularly two or three iron crows, and two barrels of musket bullets, seven muskets, another fowling-piece, with some small quantity of powder more; a large bagful of small shot, and a great roll of sheet-lead; but this last was so heavy, I could not hoist it up to get it over the ship's side.

Besides these things, I took all the men's clothes that I could find, and a spare fore-

topsail, a hammock, and some bedding; and with this I loaded my second raft, and brought them all safe on shore, to my very great comfort.

I was under some apprehension, during my absence from the land, that at least my provisions might be devoured on shore: but when I came back I found no sign of any visitor; only there sat a creature like a wild cat upon one of the chests, which, when I came towards it, ran away a little distance, and then stood still. She sat very composed and unconcerned, and looked full in my face, as if she had a mind to be acquainted with me. I presented my gun at her, but, as she did not understand it, she was perfectly unconcerned at it, nor did she offer to stir away; upon which I tossed her a bit of biscuit, though by the way, I was not very free of it, for my store was not great: however, I spared her a bit, I say, and she went to it, smelled at it, and ate it, and looked (as if pleased) for more; but I thanked her, and could spare no more: so she marched off.

Having got my second cargo on shore—though I was fain to open the barrels of powder, and bring them by parcels, for they were too heavy, being large casks—I went to work to make me a little tent with the sail and some poles which I cut for that purpose: and into this tent I brought everything that I knew would spoil either with rain or sun; and I piled all the empty chests and casks up in a circle round the tent, to fortify it from any sudden attempt, either from man or beast.

When I had done this, I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards within, and an empty chest set up on end without; and spreading one of the beds upon the ground, laying my two pistols just at my head, and my gun at length by me, I went to bed for the first time, and slept very quietly all night, for I was very weary and heavy; for the night before I had slept little, and had laboured very hard all day to fetch all those things from the ship, and to get them on shore.

I had the biggest magazine of all kinds now that ever was laid up, I believe, for one man: but I was not satisfied still, for while the ship sat upright in that posture, I thought I ought to get everything out of her that I could; so every day at low water I went on board, and brought away something or other; but particularly the third time I went I brought away as much of the rigging as I could, as also all the small ropes and rope-twine I could get, with a piece of spare canvas, which was to mend the sails upon occasion, and the barrel of wet gunpowder. In a word, I brought away all the sails, first and last; only that I was fain to cut them in pieces, and bring as much at a time as I could, for they were no more useful to be sails, but as mere canvas only.

But that which comforted me more still, was, that last of all, after I had made five or six such voyages as these, and thought I had nothing more to expect from the ship that was worth my meddling with—I say, after all this, I found a great hogshead of bread,

three large runlets of rum, or spirits, a box of sugar, and a barrel of fine flour; this was surprising to me, because I had given over expecting any more provisions, except what was spoiled by the water. I soon emptied the hogshead of the bread, and wrapped it up, parcel by parcel, in pieces of the sails, which I cut out; and, in a word, I got all this safe on shore also.

The next day I made another voyage, and now, having plundered the ship of what was portable and fit to hand out, I began with the cables. Cutting the great cable into pieces, such as I could move, I got two cables and a hawser on shore, with all the ironwork I could get; and having cut down the spritsail-yard, and the mizzen-yard, and everything I could, to make a large raft, I loaded it with all these heavy goods, and came away. But my good luck began now to leave me; for this raft was so unwieldy, and so overladen, that, after I had entered the little cove where I had landed the rest of my goods, not being able to guide it so handily as I did the other, it overset, and threw me and all my cargo into the water. As for myself, it was no great harm, for I was near the shore; but as to my cargo, it was a great part of it lost, especially the iron, which I expected would have been of great use to me; however, when the tide was out, I got most of the pieces of the cable ashore, and some of the iron, though with infinite labour; for I was fain to dip for it into the water, a work which fatigued me very much. After this, I went every day on board, and brought away what I could get.

I had been now thirteen days on shore, and had been eleven times on board the ship, in which time I had brought away all that one pair of hands could well be supposed capable to bring; though I believe verily, had the calm weather held, I should have brought away the whole ship, piece by piece. But preparing the twelfth time to go on board, I found the wind began to rise: however, at low water I went on board, and though I thought I had rummaged the cabin so effectually that nothing more could be found, yet I discovered a locker with drawers in it, in one of which I found two or three razors, and one pair of large scissors, with some ten or a dozen of good knives and forks: in another I found about thirty-six pounds value in money—some European coin, some Brazil, some pieces of eight, some gold, and some silver.

I smiled to myself at the sight of this money: "O drug!" said I, aloud, "what art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me—no, not the taking off the ground; one of those knives is worth all this heap; I have no manner of use for thee—e'en remain where thou art, and go to the bottom as a creature whose life is not worth saving." However, upon second thoughts I took it away; and wrapping all this in a piece of canvas, I began to think of making another raft; but while I was preparing this, I found the sky overcast, and the wind began to rise, and in a quarter of an hour it blew a fresh gale from the shore. It presently occurred to me that it was in vain to pretend to make a raft with the wind offshore; and that it was my business to be gone before the tide of flood

began, otherwise I might not be able to reach the shore at all. Accordingly, I let myself down into the water, and swam across the channel, which lay between the ship and the sands, and even that with difficulty enough, partly with the weight of the things I had about me, and partly the roughness of the water; for the wind rose very hastily, and before it was quite high water it blew a storm.

But I had got home to my little tent, where I lay, with all my wealth about me, very secure. It blew very hard all night, and in the morning, when I looked out, behold, no more ship was to be seen! I was a little surprised, but recovered myself with the satisfactory reflection that I had lost no time, nor abated any diligence, to get everything out of her that could be useful to me; and that, indeed, there was little left in her that I was able to bring away, if I had had more time.

I now gave over any more thoughts of the ship, or of anything out of her, except what might drive on shore from her wreck; as, indeed, divers pieces of her afterwards did; but those things were of small use to me.

CHAPTER VIII

First Days

My thoughts were now wholly employed about securing myself against either savages, if any should appear, or wild beasts, if any were in the island; and I had many thoughts of the method how to do this, and what kind of dwelling to make—whether I should make me a cave in the earth, or a tent upon the earth; and, in short, I resolved upon both; the manner and description of which, it may not be improper to give an account of.

I soon found the place I was in was not fit for my settlement, because it was upon a low, moorish ground, near the sea, and I believed it would not be wholesome, and more particularly because there was no fresh water near it; so I resolved to find a more healthy and more convenient spot of ground.

I consulted several things in my situation, which I found would be proper for me: 1st, health and fresh water, I just now mentioned; 2ndly, shelter from the heat of the sun; 3rdly, security from ravenous creatures, whether man or beast; 4thly, a view to the sea, that if God sent any ship in sight, I might not lose any advantage for my deliverance, of which I was not willing to banish all my expectation yet.

In search of a place proper for this, I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front towards this little plain was steep as a house-side, so that nothing could come down upon me from the top. On the one side of the rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave but there was not really

any cave or way into the rock at all.

On the flat of the green, just before this hollow place, I resolved to pitch my tent. This plain was not above a hundred yards broad, and about twice as long, and lay like a green before my door; and, at the end of it, descended irregularly every way down into the low ground by the seaside. It was on the N.N.W. side of the hill; so that it was sheltered from the heat every day, till it came to a W. and by S. sun, or thereabouts, which, in those countries, is near the setting.

Before I set up my tent I drew a half-circle before the hollow place, which took in about ten yards in its semi-diameter from the rock, and twenty yards in its diameter from its beginning and ending.

In this half-circle I pitched two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground till they stood very firm like piles, the biggest end being out of the ground above five feet and a half, and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand above six inches from one another.

Then I took the pieces of cable which I had cut in the ship, and laid them in rows, one upon another, within the circle, between these two rows of stakes, up to the top, placing other stakes in the inside, leaning against them, about two feet and a half high, like a spur to a post; and this fence was so strong, that neither man nor beast could get into it or over it. This cost me a great deal of time and labour, especially to cut the piles in the woods, bring them to the place, and drive them into the earth.

The entrance into this place I made to be, not by a door, but by a short ladder to go over the top; which ladder, when I was in, I lifted over after me; and so I was completely fenced in and fortified, as I thought, from all the world, and consequently slept secure in the night, which otherwise I could not have done; though, as it appeared afterwards, there was no need of all this caution from the enemies that I apprehended danger from.

Into this fence or fortress, with infinite labour, I carried all my riches, all my provisions, ammunition, and stores, of which you have the account above; and I made a large tent, which to preserve me from the rains that in one part of the year are very violent there, I made double—one smaller tent within, and one larger tent above it; and covered the uppermost with a large tarpaulin, which I had saved among the sails.

And now I lay no more for a while in the bed which I had brought on shore, but in a hammock, which was indeed a very good one, and belonged to the mate of the ship.

Into this tent I brought all my provisions, and everything that would spoil by the wet; and having thus enclosed all my goods, I made up the entrance, which till now I had left open, and so passed and repassed, as I said, by a short ladder.

When I had done this, I began to work my way into the rock, and bringing all the

earth and stones that I dug down out through my tent, I laid them up within my fence, in the nature of a terrace, so that it raised the ground within about a foot and a half; and thus I made me a cave, just behind my tent, which served me like a cellar to my house.

It cost me much labour and many days before all these things were brought to perfection; and therefore I must go back to some other things which took up some of my thoughts. At the same time it happened, after I had laid my scheme for the setting up my tent, and making the cave, that a storm of rain falling from a thick, dark cloud, a sudden flash of lightning happened, and after that a great clap of thunder, as is naturally the effect of it. I was not so much surprised with the lightning as I was with the thought which darted into my mind as swift as the lightning itself—Oh, my powder! My very heart sank within me when I thought that, at one blast, all my powder might be destroyed; on which, not my defence only, but the providing my food, as I thought, entirely depended. I was nothing near so anxious about my own danger, though, had the powder took fire, I should never have known who had hurt me.

Such impression did this make upon me, that after the storm was over I laid aside all my works, my building and fortifying, and applied myself to make bags and boxes, to separate the powder, and to keep it a little and a little in a parcel, in the hope that, whatever might come, it might not all take fire at once; and to keep it so apart that it should not be possible to make one part fire another. I finished this work in about a fortnight; and I think my powder, which in all was about two hundred and forty pounds weight, was divided in not less than a hundred parcels. As to the barrel that had been wet, I did not apprehend any danger from that; so I placed it in my new cave, which, in my fancy, I called my kitchen; and the rest I hid up and down in holes among the rocks, so that no wet might come to it, marking very carefully where I laid it.

In the interval of time while this was doing, I went out once at least every day with my gun, as well to divert myself as to see if I could kill anything fit for food; and, as near as I could, to acquaint myself with what the island produced. The first time I went out, I presently discovered that there were goats in the island, which was a great satisfaction to me; but then it was attended with this misfortune to me—viz. that they were so shy, so subtle, and so swift of foot, that it was the most difficult thing in the world to come at them; but I was not discouraged at this, not doubting but I might now and then shoot one, as it soon happened; for after I had found their haunts a little, I laid wait in this manner for them: I observed if they saw me in the valleys, though they were upon the rocks, they would run away, as in a terrible fright; but if they were feeding in the valleys, and I was upon the rocks, they took no notice of me; from whence I concluded that, by the position of their optics, their sight was so directed downward that they did not readily see objects that were above them; so afterwards I took this method—I always climbed the rocks first, to get above them, and then had

frequently a fair mark.

The first shot I made among these creatures, I killed a she-goat, which had a little kid by her, which she gave suck to, which grieved me heartily; for when the old one fell, the kid stood stock still by her, till I came and took her up; and not only so, but when I carried the old one with me, upon my shoulders, the kid followed me quite to my enclosure; upon which I laid down the dam, and took the kid in my arms, and carried it over my pale, in hopes to have bred it up tame; but it would not eat; so I was forced to kill it and eat it myself. These two supplied me with flesh a great while, for I ate sparingly, and saved my provisions, my bread especially, as much as possibly I could.

Having now fixed my habitation, I found it absolutely necessary to provide a place to make a fire in, and fuel to burn: and what I did for that, and also how I enlarged my cave, and what conveniences I made, I shall give a full account of in its place; but I must now give some little account of myself, and of my thoughts about living, which, it may well be supposed, were not a few.

I had a dismal prospect of my condition; for as I was not cast away upon that island without being driven, as is said, by a violent storm, quite out of the course of our intended voyage, and a great way, viz. some hundreds of leagues, out of the ordinary course of the trade of mankind, I had great reason to consider it as a determination of Heaven, that in this desolate place, and in this desolate manner, I should end my life. The tears would run plentifully down my face when I made these reflections; and sometimes I would expostulate with myself why Providence should thus completely ruin His creatures, and render them so absolutely miserable; so without help, abandoned, so entirely depressed, that it could hardly be rational to be thankful for such a life.

But something always returned swift upon me to check these thoughts, and to reprove me; and particularly one day, walking with my gun in my hand by the seaside, I was very pensive upon the subject of my present condition, when reason, as it were, expostulated with me the other way, thus: “Well, you are in a desolate condition, it is true; but, pray remember, where are the rest of you? Did not you come, eleven of you in the boat? Where are the ten? Why were they not saved, and you lost? Why were you singled out? Is it better to be here or there?” And then I pointed to the sea. All evils are to be considered with the good that is in them, and with what worse attends them.

Then it occurred to me again, how well I was furnished for my subsistence, and what would have been my case if it had not happened (which was a hundred thousand to one) that the ship floated from the place where she first struck, and was driven so near to the shore that I had time to get all these things out of her; what would have been my case, if I had been forced to have lived in the condition in which I at first came on

shore, without necessaries of life, or necessaries to supply and procure them? "Particularly," said I, aloud (though to myself), "what should I have done without a gun, without ammunition, without any tools to make anything, or to work with, without clothes, bedding, a tent, or any manner of covering?" and that now I had all these to sufficient quantity, and was in a fair way to provide myself in such a manner as to live without my gun, when my ammunition was spent: so that I had a tolerable view of subsisting, without any want, as long as I lived; for I considered from the beginning how I would provide for the accidents that might happen, and for the time that was to come, even not only after my ammunition should be spent, but even after my health and strength should decay.

I confess I had not entertained any notion of my ammunition being destroyed at one blast—I mean my powder being blown up by lightning; and this made the thoughts of it so surprising to me, when it lightened and thundered, as I observed just now.

And now being about to enter into a melancholy relation of a scene of silent life, such, perhaps, as was never heard of in the world before, I shall take it from its beginning, and continue it in its order. It was by my account the 30th of September, when, in the manner as above said, I first set foot upon this horrid island; when the sun, being to us in its autumnal equinox, was almost over my head; for I reckoned myself, by observation, to be in the latitude of nine degrees twenty-two minutes north of the line.

After I had been there about ten or twelve days, it came into my thoughts that I should lose my reckoning of time for want of books, and pen and ink, and should even forget the Sabbath days; but to prevent this, I cut with my knife upon a large post, in capital letters—and making it into a great cross, I set it up on the shore where I first landed—"I came on shore here on the 30th September 1659."

Upon the sides of this square post I cut every day a notch with my knife, and every seventh notch was as long again as the rest, and every first day of the month as long again as that long one; and thus I kept my calendar, or weekly, monthly, and yearly reckoning of time.

In the next place, we are to observe that among the many things which I brought out of the ship, in the several voyages which, as above mentioned, I made to it, I got several things of less value, but not at all less useful to me, which I omitted setting down before; as, in particular, pens, ink, and paper, several parcels in the captain's, mate's, gunner's and carpenter's keeping; three or four compasses, some mathematical instruments, dials, perspectives, charts, and books of navigation, all which I huddled together, whether I might want them or no; also, I found three very good Bibles, which came to me in my cargo from England, and which I had packed up among my things;

some Portuguese books also; and among them two or three Popish prayer-books, and several other books, all which I carefully secured. And I must not forget that we had in the ship a dog and two cats, of whose eminent history I may have occasion to say something in its place; for I carried both the cats with me; and as for the dog, he jumped out of the ship of himself, and swam on shore to me the day after I went on shore with my first cargo, and was a trusty servant to me many years; I wanted nothing that he could fetch me, nor any company that he could make up to me; I only wanted to have him talk to me, but that would not do. As I observed before, I found pens, ink, and paper, and I husbanded them to the utmost; and I shall show that while my ink lasted, I kept things very exact, but after that was gone I could not, for I could not make any ink by any means that I could devise.

And this put me in mind that I wanted many things notwithstanding all that I had amassed together; and of these, ink was one; as also a spade, pickaxe, and shovel, to dig or remove the earth; needles, pins, and thread; as for linen, I soon learned to want that without much difficulty.

This want of tools made every work I did go on heavily; and it was near a whole year before I had entirely finished my little pale, or surrounded my habitation. The piles, or stakes, which were as heavy as I could well lift, were a long time in cutting and preparing in the woods, and more, by far, in bringing home; so that I spent sometimes two days in cutting and bringing home one of those posts, and a third day in driving it into the ground; for which purpose I got a heavy piece of wood at first, but at last bethought myself of one of the iron crows; which, however, though I found it, made driving those posts or piles very laborious and tedious work.

But what need I have been concerned at the tediousness of anything I had to do, seeing I had time enough to do it in? nor had I any other employment, if that had been over, at least that I could foresee, except the ranging the island to seek for food, which I did, more or less, every day.

I now began to consider seriously my condition, and the circumstances I was reduced to; and I drew up the state of my affairs in writing, not so much to leave them to any that were to come after me—for I was likely to have but few heirs—as to deliver my thoughts from daily poring over them, and afflicting my mind; and as my reason began now to master my despondency, I began to comfort myself as well as I could, and to set the good against the evil, that I might have something to distinguish my case from worse; and I stated very impartially, like debtor and creditor, the comforts I enjoyed against the miseries I suffered, thus:—

Evil.	*Good.*
I am cast upon a horrible,	But I am alive; and not drowned, as all my ship’s company

desolate island, void of all hope of recovery.	were.
I am singled out and separated, as it were, from all the world, to be miserable.	But I am singled out, too, from all the ship's crew, to be spared from death; and He that miraculously saved me from death can deliver me from this condition.
I am divided from mankind—a solitaire; one banished from human society.	But I am not starved, and perishing on a barren place, affording no sustenance.
I have no clothes to cover me.	But I am in a hot climate, where, if I had clothes, I could hardly wear them.
I am without any defence, or means to resist any violence of man or beast.	But I am cast on an island where I see no wild beasts to hurt me, as I saw on the coast of Africa; and what if I had been shipwrecked there?
I have no soul to speak to or relieve me.	But God wonderfully sent the ship in near enough to the shore, that I have got out as many necessary things as will either supply my wants or enable me to supply myself, even as long as I live.

Upon the whole, here was an undoubted testimony that there was scarce any condition in the world so miserable but there was something negative or something positive to be thankful for in it; and let this stand as a direction from the experience of the most miserable of all conditions in this world: that we may always find in it something to comfort ourselves from, and to set, in the description of good and evil, on the credit side of the account.

Having now brought my mind a little to relish my condition, and given over looking out to sea, to see if I could spy a ship—I say, giving over these things, I began to apply myself to arrange my way of living, and to make things as easy to me as I could.

I have already described my habitation, which was a tent under the side of a rock, surrounded with a strong pale of posts and cables: but I might now rather call it a wall, for I raised a kind of wall up against it of turfs, about two feet thick on the outside; and after some time (I think it was a year and a half) I raised rafters from it, leaning to the rock, and thatched or covered it with boughs of trees, and such things as I could get, to keep out the rain; which I found at some times of the year very violent.

I have already observed how I brought all my goods into this pale, and into the cave which I had made behind me. But I must observe, too, that at first this was a confused heap of goods, which, as they lay in no order, so they took up all my place; I had no room to turn myself: so I set myself to enlarge my cave, and work farther into the earth; for it was a loose sandy rock, which yielded easily to the labour I bestowed on it: and so when I found I was pretty safe as to beasts of prey, I worked sideways, to the

right hand, into the rock; and then, turning to the right again, worked quite out, and made me a door to come out on the outside of my pale or fortification. This gave me not only egress and regress, as it was a back way to my tent and to my storehouse, but gave me room to store my goods.

And now I began to apply myself to make such necessary things as I found I most wanted, particularly a chair and a table; for without these I was not able to enjoy the few comforts I had in the world; I could not write or eat, or do several things, with so much pleasure without a table: so I went to work. And here I must needs observe, that as reason is the substance and origin of the mathematics, so by stating and squaring everything by reason, and by making the most rational judgment of things, every man may be, in time, master of every mechanic art. I had never handled a tool in my life; and yet, in time, by labour, application, and contrivance, I found at last that I wanted nothing but I could have made it, especially if I had had tools. However, I made abundance of things, even without tools; and some with no more tools than an adze and a hatchet, which perhaps were never made that way before, and that with infinite labour. For example, if I wanted a board, I had no other way but to cut down a tree, set it on an edge before me, and hew it flat on either side with my axe, till I brought it to be thin as a plank, and then dub it smooth with my adze. It is true, by this method I could make but one board out of a whole tree; but this I had no remedy for but patience, any more than I had for the prodigious deal of time and labour which it took me up to make a plank or board: but my time or labour was little worth, and so it was as well employed one way as another.

However, I made me a table and a chair, as I observed above, in the first place; and this I did out of the short pieces of boards that I brought on my raft from the ship. But when I had wrought out some boards as above, I made large shelves, of the breadth of a foot and a half, one over another all along one side of my cave, to lay all my tools, nails and ironwork on; and, in a word, to separate everything at large into their places, that I might come easily at them. I knocked pieces into the wall of the rock to hang my guns and all things that would hang up; so that, had my cave been to be seen, it looked like a general magazine of all necessary things; and had everything so ready at my hand, that it was a great pleasure to me to see all my goods in such order, and especially to find my stock of all necessaries so great.

And now it was that I began to keep a journal of every day's employment; for, indeed, at first I was in too much hurry, and not only hurry as to labour, but in too much discomposure of mind; and my journal would have been full of many dull things; for example, I must have said thus: "30*th*.—After I had got to shore, and escaped drowning, instead of being thankful to God for my deliverance, having first vomited, with the great quantity of salt water which had got into my stomach, and recovering

myself a little, I ran about the shore wringing my hands and beating my head and face, exclaiming at my misery, and crying out, 'I was undone, undone!' till, tired and faint, I was forced to lie down on the ground to repose, but durst not sleep for fear of being devoured."

Some days after this, and after I had been on board the ship, and got all that I could out of her, yet I could not forbear getting up to the top of a little mountain and looking out to sea, in hopes of seeing a ship; then fancy at a vast distance I spied a sail, please myself with the hopes of it, and then after looking steadily, till I was almost blind, lose it quite, and sit down and weep like a child, and thus increase my misery by my folly.

But having gotten over these things in some measure, and having settled my household staff and habitation, made me a table and a chair, and all as handsome about me as I could, I began to keep my journal; of which I shall here give you the copy (though in it will be told all these particulars over again) as long as it lasted; for having no more ink, I was forced to leave it off.

References

1- http://www.sparknotes.com/lit/janeeyre/

2- ttp://www.sparknotes.com/lit/wuthering/

3- http://www.sparknotes.com/lit/greatex/

4- http://www.gradesaver.com/vanity-fair

5- http://www.gradesaver.com/tess-of-the-durbervilles

6- http://www.gradesaver.com/middlemarch1

7-- Cassill, R. V. (ed.) (1986). *Norton Anthology of Short Fiction*. New York and London: W. W. Norton & Company.

8- Cox, A. (ed.) (2011). *Teaching the Short Story*. Hampshire: Palgrave Macmillan.

9- Greenblatt, S. (ed.) (2006). *The Norton Anthology of English Literature*. (8th edition). Vol 2. New York and London: W. W. Norton & Company.

10- Malcolm, D. & Malcolm, C. A. (eds.) (2008). *A Companion to the British and Irish Short Story*. Malden, MA: Blackwell Publishing Inc.

11- Bendixen, A. & Nagel, J. (eds.) (2010). *A Companion to the American Short Story*. West Sussex: Wiley-Blackwell.

12- Gioia, D., & Gwynn, R. S. (eds.) (2005). *The Art of the Short Story.* Longman.

13- acido, J. (ed.) (2012). *Modernism, Postmodernism, and the Short Story in English*. Amsterdam: Rodopi.

14- Scofield, M. (2006). *The Cambridge Introduction to the American Short Story*. Cambridge: Cambridge UP.

15- https://www.thoughtco.com/a-dolls-house-themes-4628157