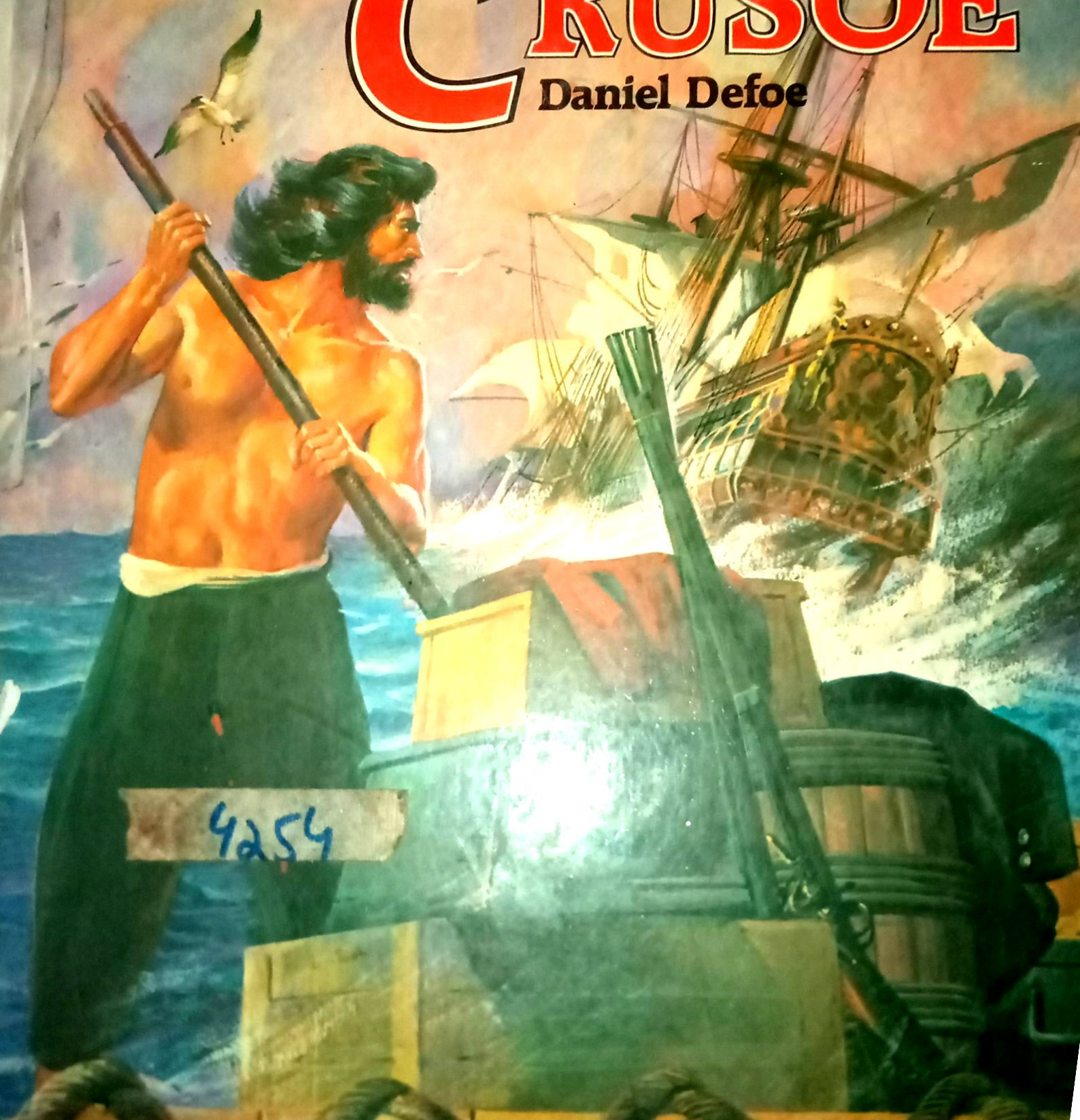


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Daniel Defoe



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ROBINSON CRUSOE

Daniel Defoe

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My Early Life

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 which was lieutenant-colonel to an English regiment of foot in Flanders, 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 did know what was become of me.

Being the third son of the family, and not bred to any trade, my head began to be filled very early with rambling thoughts. My father had given me a competent share of learning, 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 friends, that there seemed to be something fatal in that propension of nature tending directly to the life of misery which was to befall me.

My father, a wise and grave man, gave me serious and excellent counsel against what he foresaw was my design. I was sincerely affected with this discourse, 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.

My First Voyage

Being one day at Hull, where I went casually, and without any purpose of making an elopement, and one of my friends being going to sea to London in his father's ship, and prompting me to go with them, I consulted neither father nor mother any more, and in an ill hour, 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 gotten out of the Humber but the wind began to

blow, and the waves to rise in a most frightful manner. After a violent storm, our ship was wrecked off Yarmouth. I had not the sense to go back to Hull, but continued on to London, where I went on a vessel bound for the coast of Africa.

My next voyage was on a Guinea trader, and I fell into terrible misfortunes on this voyage—namely, our ship, making her course towards the Canary Islands, was surprised in the grey of the morning by a Turkish rover of Sallee, and we were all carried prisoners into Sallee, a port belonging to the Moors. I was held as a slave for several years, until I eventually made my escape on board a ship bound for the Brazils.

In Brazil I prospered, and became a successful planter and merchant for many years; however I was not content, but must go to sea again, and boarded

