TREASURE ISLAND

{ILLUSTRATED}

BY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MURAT UKRAY

ILLUSTRATED &

PUBLISHED BY

E-KİTAP PROJESİ & CHEAPEST BOOKS

www.cheapestboooks.com

Copyright, 2014 by e-Kitap Projesi

Istanbul

ISBN:

978-625-3870-29-4

Copyright© Printing and publication rights belong to the author's & Publisher's own restriction, using and working. According to the law of intellectual and artistic works, without permission in part or in whole not re-produced or re-published. Welding can be done by showing short excerpts..



TABLE OF CONTENTS

About Author ____ *6*

Preface (About the Book) ____ *11*

Part One — The Old Buccaneer ____ *26*

Chapter 1 ____ **26**

The Old Sea-Dog At the Admiral Benbow ____ 26

Chapter 2 ____ **35**

Black Dog Appears And Disappears ____ 35

Chapter 3 ____ **45**

The Black Spot ____ 45

Chapter 4 ____ **54**

The Sea-Chest ____ 54

Chapter 5 ____ **63**

The Last of the Blind Man ____ 63

Chapter 6 ____ **71**

The Captain's Papers ____ 71

Part Two — The Sea-Cook ____ *80*

Chapter 7 ____ **80**

Chapter 8 ____ **89**

At the Sign of the Spy-Glass ____ 89

Chapter 9 ____ **97**

Powder And Arms ____ 97

Chapter 10 ____ **106**

The Voyage ____ 106

Chapter 11 115
What I Heard In the Apple Barrel 115

Chapter 12 124
Council of War 124

Part Three — My Shore Adventure ***132***

Chapter 13 132
How My Shore Adventure Began 132

Chapter 14 140
The First Blow 140

Chapter 15 148
The Man of the Island 148

Part Four — The Stockade ***158***

Chapter 16 158
Narrative Continued By the Doctor: How the Ship Was Abandoned 158

Chapter 17 166
Narrative Continued By the Doctor: The Jolly-Boat's Last Trip 166

Chapter 18 173

Chapter 19 180
Narrative Resumed By Jim Hawkins: The Garrison In the Stockade 180

Chapter 20 188
Silver's Embassy 188

Chapter 21 197
The Attack 197

Part Five — My Sea Adventure ***206***

Chapter 22 206

How My Sea Adventure Began _____ 206

Chapter 23 _____ **215**
The Ebb-Tide Runs _____ 215

Chapter 24 _____ **222**
The Cruise of the Coracle _____ 222

Chapter 25 _____ **230**
I Strike the Jolly Roger _____ 230

Chapter 26 _____ **237**
Israel Hands _____ 237

Chapter 27 _____ **249**
"Pieces of Eight" _____ 249

Part Six — Captain Silver _____ ***257***

Chapter 28 _____ **257**
In the Enemy's Camp _____ 257

Chapter 29 _____ **269**
The Black Spot Again _____ 269

Chapter 30 _____ **278**
On Parole _____ 278

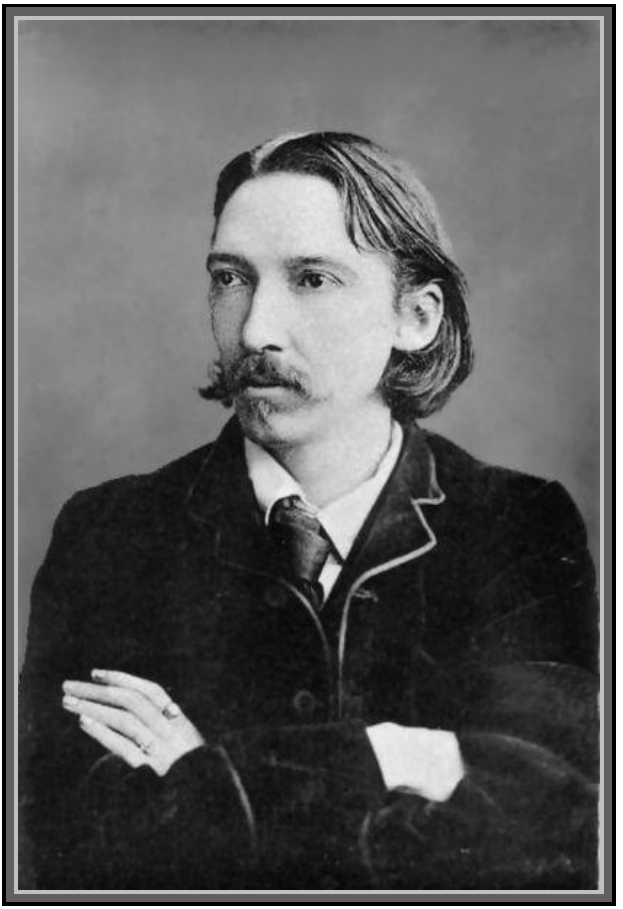
Chapter 31 _____ **288**
The Treasure-Hunt — Flint's Pointer _____ 288

Chapter 32 _____ **298**
The Treasure-Hunt—The Voice Among the Trees _____ 298

Chapter 33 _____ **307**
The Fall of a Chieftain _____ 307

Chapter 34 _____ **316**
And Last _____ 316

ABOUT AUTHOR



THE LIFE OF R. LOUIS STEVENSON

Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson (13 November 1850 – 3 December 1894) was a Scottish novelist, poet, essayist, and travel writer. His most famous works are *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, and *Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*.

A literary celebrity during his lifetime, Stevenson now ranks among the 26 most translated authors in the world. His works have been admired by many other writers, including Jorge Luis Borges, Bertolt Brecht, Arthur Conan Doyle, Cesare Pavese, Ernest Hemingway, Rudyard Kipling, Jack London, Vladimir Nabokov, J. M. Barrie, and G. K. Chesterton, who said of him that he "seemed to pick the right word up on the point of his pen, like a man playing spillikins."

Life

Childhood and youth

Stevenson was born Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson at 8 Howard Place, Edinburgh, Scotland, on 13 November 1850 to Margaret Isabella Balfour (1829–1897) and Thomas Stevenson (1818–1887), a leading lighthouse engineer. Lighthouse design was the family profession: Thomas's own father (Robert's grandfather) was the famous Robert Stevenson, and Thomas's maternal grandfather, Thomas Smith, and brothers Alan and David were also in the business. On Margaret's side, the family were gentry, tracing their name back to an Alexander Balfour, who held the lands of Inchrye in Fife in the fifteenth century. Her father, Lewis Balfour (1777–1860), was a minister of the Church of Scotland at nearby Colinton, and Stevenson spent the greater part of his boyhood holidays in his house. "Now I often wonder", wrote Stevenson, "what I inherited from this old minister. I must suppose, indeed, that he was fond of

preaching sermons, and so am I, though I never heard it maintained that either of us loved to hear them."

Early writing and travels



The author, c. 1877

In late 1873, on a visit to a cousin in England, Stevenson met two people who were to be of great importance to him, Sidney Colvin and Fanny (Frances Jane) Sitwell. Sitwell was a 34-year-old woman with a son, separated from her husband. She attracted the devotion of many who met her, including Colvin, who eventually married her in 1901. Stevenson was also drawn to her, and over several years they kept up a heated correspondence in which Stevenson

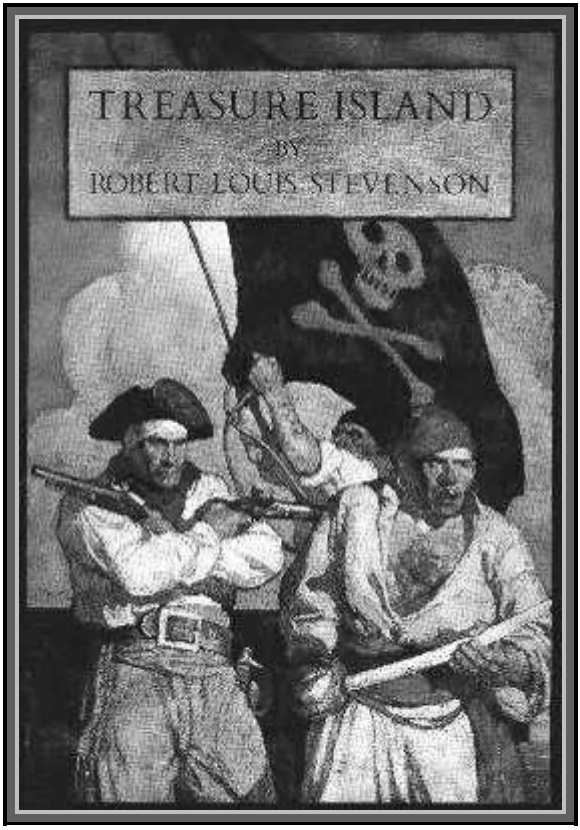
wavered between the role of a suitor and a son (he came to address her as "Madonna"). Colvin became Stevenson's literary adviser and after his death was the first editor of Stevenson's letters. Soon after their first meeting, he had placed Stevenson's first paid contribution, an essay entitled "Roads," in *The Portfolio*. Stevenson was soon active in London literary life, becoming acquainted with many of the writers of the time, including Andrew Lang, Edmund Gosse, and Leslie Stephen, the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, who took an interest in Stevenson's work. Stephen in turn would introduce him to a more important friend. Visiting Edinburgh in 1875, he took Stevenson with him to visit a patient at the Edinburgh Infirmary, William Ernest Henley. Henley, an energetic and talkative man with a wooden leg, became a close friend and occasional literary collaborator, until a quarrel broke up the friendship in 1888. Henley is often seen as the model for Long John Silver in *Treasure Island*.

In November 1873 Stevenson's health failed, and he was sent to Menton on the French Riviera to recuperate. He returned in better health in April 1874 and settled down to his studies, but he returned to France several times after that. He made long and frequent trips to the neighbourhood of the Forest of Fontainebleau, staying at Barbizon, Grez-sur-Loing, and Nemours and becoming a member of the artists' colonies there, as well as to Paris to visit galleries and the theatres. He did qualify for the Scottish bar in July 1875, and his father added a brass plate with "R.L. Stevenson, Advocate" to the Heriot Row house. But although his law

studies would influence his books, he never practised law. All his energies were now spent in travel and writing. One of his journeys, a canoe voyage in Belgium and France with Sir Walter Simpson, a friend from the Speculative Society and frequent travel companion, was the basis of his first real book, *An Inland Voyage* (1878).

* * * * *

PREFACE (ABOUT THE BOOK)



PREFACE

Treasure Island is an adventure novel by Scottish author Robert Louis Stevenson, narrating a tale of "buccaneers and buried gold". First published as a book on 23 May 1883, it was originally serialized in the children's magazine *Young Folks* between 1881 and 1882 under the title ***Treasure Island***

or, the mutiny of the Hispaniola with Stevenson adopting the pseudonym *Captain George North*.

Traditionally considered a coming-of-age story, *Treasure Island* is a tale known for its atmosphere, characters and action, and also as a wry commentary on the ambiguity of morality — as seen in Long John Silver — unusual for children's literature now and then. It is one of the most frequently dramatized of all novels. The influence of *Treasure Island* on popular perceptions of pirates is enormous, including treasure maps marked with an "X", schooners, the Black Spot, tropical islands, and one-legged seamen carrying parrots on their shoulders.

Short Summary of the Book:

The novel is divided into six parts and 34 chapters: The novel opens in the seaside village of Black Hill Cove in south-west England (to Stevenson, in his letters and in the related fictional play *Admiral Guinea*, near Barnstaple, Devon) in the mid-18th century. The narrator, James "Jim" Hawkins, is the young son of the owners of the Admiral Benbow Inn. An old drunken seaman named Billy Bones becomes a long-term lodger at the inn, only paying for about the first week of his stay. Jim quickly realizes that Bones is in hiding, and that he particularly dreads meeting an unidentified seafaring man with one leg. Some months later, Bones is visited by a mysterious sailor named Black Dog.

Their meeting turns violent, Black Dog flees and Bones suffers a stroke. While Jim cares for him, Bones confesses that he was once the mate of a notorious late pirate, Captain Flint, and that his old crewmates want Bones' sea chest. Some time later, another of Bones' crew mates, a blind man named Pew, appears at the inn and forces Jim to lead him to Bones. Pew gives Bones a paper. After Pew leaves, Bones opens the paper to discover it is marked with the Black Spot, a pirate summons, with the warning that he has until ten o'clock to meet their demands. Bones drops dead of apoplexy (in this context, a stroke) on the spot. Jim and his mother open Bones' sea chest to collect the amount due to them for Bones' room and board, but before they can count out the money that they are owed, they hear pirates approaching the inn and are forced to flee and hide, Jim taking with him a mysterious oilskin packet from the chest. The pirates, led by Pew, find the sea chest and the money, but are frustrated that there is no sign of "Flint's fist". Customs men approach and the pirates escape to their vessel (all except for Pew, who is accidentally run down and killed by the agents' horses).

pp. 27–8: "...[Pew] made another dash, now utterly bewildered, right under the nearest of the coming horses. The rider tried to save him, but in vain. Down went Pew with a cry that rang high into the night; and the four hoofs trampled and spurned him and passed by. He fell on his side, then gently collapsed upon his face, and moved no more."

—Stevenson, R.L.

Jim takes the mysterious oilskin packet to Dr. Livesey, as he is a "gentleman and a magistrate", and he, Squire Trelawney and Jim Hawkins examine it together, finding it contains a logbook detailing the treasure looted during Captain Flint's career, and a detailed map of an island with the location of Flint's treasure marked on it. Squire Trelawney immediately plans to commission a sailing vessel to hunt for the treasure, with the help of Dr. Livesey and Jim. Livesey warns Trelawney to be silent about their objective. Going to Bristol docks, Trelawney buys a schooner named the *Hispaniola*, hires a captain, Alexander Smollett, to command her, and retains Long John Silver, a former sea cook and now the owner of the dock-side "Spy-Glass" tavern, to run the galley. Silver helps Trelawney to hire the rest of his crew. When Jim arrives in Bristol and visits Silver at the Spy-Glass, his suspicions are aroused: Silver is missing a leg, like the man Bones warned Jim about, and Black Dog is sitting in the tavern. Black Dog runs away at the sight of Jim, and Silver denies all knowledge of the fugitive so convincingly that he wins Jim's trust. Despite Captain Smollett's misgivings about the mission and Silver's hand-picked crew, the *Hispaniola* sets sail for the Caribbean.

Backstory

Treasure Island contains numerous references to fictional past events, gradually revealed throughout, that shed light upon the events of the main climax. These refer to the pirate Captain J. Flint, "the bloodthirstiest buccaneer that

ever lived", who is dead before "Treasure Island" begins. Flint was captain of the *Walrus*, with a long career chiefly in the West Indies and along the coasts of the southern American colonies. His crew included a number of characters who also appear in the main story: Flint's first mate, William (Billy) Bones; his quartermaster John Silver; his gunner Israel Hands; and among his other sailors: George Merry, Tom Morgan, Pew, "Black Dog" and Allardyce (who becomes Flint's "pointer" toward the treasure). Many other former members of Flint's crew were on the *Hispaniola*, though it is not always possible to identify which were Flint's men and which later agreed to join the mutiny — such as the boatswain Job Anderson and a mutineer "John", killed at the rifled treasure cache. Flint and his crew were successful, ruthless, feared ("the roughest crew afloat") and rich, provided they could keep their hands on the money they stole. The bulk of the treasure Flint made by his piracy — £700,000 worth of gold, silver bars and a cache of armaments — was buried on a remote Caribbean island. Flint brought the treasure ashore from the *Walrus* with six of his sailors, and built a stockade on the island for defence. When they had buried the treasure, Flint returned to the *Walrus* alone — having murdered the other six. A map to the location of the treasure he kept to himself until his dying moments The whereabouts of Flint's money and his crew are obscure immediately thereafter, but they ended up in the town of Savannah, Georgia. Flint was ill, and his sickness was not helped by his immoderate consumption of rum. On his

sickbed, he sang the sea shanty "Fifteen Men" and ceaselessly called for more rum, with his face turning blue. His last living words were "Darby M'Graw! Darby M'Graw!", and then, following some profanity, "Fetch aft the rum, Darby!" Just before he died, he passed on the treasure map to the mate of the *Walrus*, Billy Bones (or so Bones always maintained). After Flint's death, the crew split up, most of them returning to England. They disposed of their shares of the unburied treasure diversely. John Silver held on to £2,000, putting it away safe in banks, and became a waterfront tavern keeper in Bristol, England. Pew spent £1,200 in a single year and for the next two years afterwards begged and starved. Ben Gunn returned to the treasure island with crew mates to try to find the treasure without the map, and as his efforts failed, he was marooned on the island and left. Bones, knowing himself to be a marked man for his possession of the map, looked for refuge in a remote part of England. His travels took him to the rural West Country seaside village of Black Hill Cove and the inn of the 'Admiral Benbow'.

Main characters:

Billy Bones: The old seaman who stays at the Admiral Benbow inn. He is a pirate who has acquired the map that shows the location of Captain Flint's treasure.

Jim Hawkins: The principal narrator of the story. He gets involved in the adventure because his parents own the Admiral Benbow inn where Billy Bones stays. Jim is a young boy (13–14 years old, he is 17 when he is retelling the story), and after his father's death he begins to make his own way in the world. He is recruited as cabin boy on the *Hispaniola*, and through his curiosity and courage, he plays a crucial role in the eventual defeat of the pirates: he retrieves the map of Treasure Island from Billy Bones; he becomes aware of Silver's plot and informs the ship's officers of the mutiny; and he meets Ben Gunn, which leads him to Ben's boat, which enables him to reboard and recapture the *Hispaniola*, killing Israel Hands in self-defence.

Dr. Livesey: The family physician who treats Jim Hawkins's dying father and also attends to Billy Bones. As the ship's doctor, he treats the wounded pirates, even though they are his enemies. Dr. Livesey is no stranger to violence, having in the past served the Duke of Cumberland and been wounded in battle.

Long John Silver: A one-legged pirate who was quartermaster to the notorious Captain Flint. He is a very cunning, amoral man who puts on a friendly, helpful exterior while all the time planning treachery. Initially he was liked by Jim because he performs his duties as cook on the *Hispaniola* and he appears to be a model member of the crew. However, he soon reveals his ruthless, violent side,

and once the buccaneers are on the island he murders one of the crew, as Jim watches.

Captain Smollett: The captain of the *Hispaniola*. At the beginning of the voyage he makes his misgivings known to Trelawney, who dislikes him. But Smollett is soon proved correct in his judgments and Trelawney is forced to change his opinion. As a captain, Smollett excels in his tasks, and proves his determinedness when the mutiny begins. He frequently takes charge of the situation and efficiently marshals the men for the defence of the loghouse. After he is wounded he takes no further part in the action.

Squire Trelawney: A rich landowner who finances the entire expedition. He buys the *Hispaniola* and selects a crew, but he cannot keep a secret and everyone seems to get to know about the nature of the mission. The squire is a well-travelled man and the best shot amongst the crew. He also shows effective leadership qualities and keeps a cool head throughout the adventure.

Minor characters:

"Blind Pew" redirects here. For other uses, see Blind Pew (disambiguation).

Alan: A sailor who does not mutiny. He is killed by the mutineers for his loyalty and his dying scream is heard by several.

Allardyce: One of the six members of Flint's Crew who, after burying the treasure and silver and building the blockhouse on Treasure Island, are all killed by Flint. His body is lined up by Flint as a compass marker to the cache. According to The Adventures of Ben Gunn, his first name was Nick, he was surgeon on Flint's crew, and Ben Gunn was his servant and friend from back home.

Job Anderson: The ship's boatswain and one of the leaders of the mutiny who is killed while trying to storm the blockhouse; possibly one of Flint's old pirate hands (though this is never stated).

Mr. Arrow: The first mate of the *Hispaniola*. He drinks despite there being a rule about no alcohol on board and is useless as a first mate. He mysteriously disappears before they get to the island and his position is filled by Job Anderson. (Silver had secretly given him access to alcohol and he falls drunkenly overboard on a stormy night.)

Black Dog: Formerly a member of Flint's pirate crew, later one of Pew's companions who visits the Admiral Benbow. Spotted by Jim and chased by two of Silver's men, but disappears from sight.

Abraham Gray: A ship's carpenter on the *Hispaniola*. He is almost incited to mutiny, but remains loyal to the Squire's side when asked to do so by Captain Smollett. He saves Hawkins' life by killing Job Anderson during an attack on the stockade, and he helps shoot the mutineers at the rifled treasure cache. He later escapes the island

together with Jim Hawkins, Dr. Livesey, Squire Trelawney, Captain Smollett, Long John Silver and Ben Gunn. He spends his part of the treasure on his education, marries and becomes part owner of a full-rigged ship.

Benjamin "Ben" Gunn: A former member of Flint's crew who is half insane after being marooned for three years on Treasure Island, having convinced another ship's crew that he was capable of finding Flint's treasure. Helps Jim by giving him the location of his homemade boat and kills two of the mutineers. After Dr. Livesey gives him what he most craves (cheese), Gunn reveals that he has found the treasure. In Spanish America he lets Silver escape and in England spends his share of the treasure (1,000 GBP) in 19 days, becoming a beggar until he becomes keeper at a lodge and a church singer "on Sundays and holy days".

Mr. Dance: Chief revenue officer (titled: Supervisor) who ascends with his men upon the Admiral Benbow, driving out the pirates, and saving Jim Hawkins and his mother. He then takes Hawkins to see the squire and the doctor.

Dogger: One of Mr Dance's associates, who doubles Hawkins on his horse to the squire's house.

Israel Hands: The ship's coxswain and Flint's old gunner. Killed on *Hispaniola* by Jim.

John: A mutineer who is injured while trying to storm the blockhouse. He is later shown with a bandaged head and ends up being killed at the rifled treasure cache.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins: The parents of Jim Hawkins. Mr. Hawkins dies shortly after the beginning of the story.

John Hunter: The other manservant of Squire Trelawney. He also accompanies him to the island, but is later knocked unconscious at an attack on the stockade. He dies of his injuries while unconscious.

Dick Johnson: A mutineer who has a Bible. The pirates use one of its pages to make a Black Spot. Mortally ill with malaria, Dick ends up being marooned on the island after the deaths of George Merry and John.

Richard Joyce: One of the manservants of Squire Trelawney, he accompanies him to the island. He is shot through the head and killed by a mutineer during an attack on the stockade.

George Merry: With Anderson and Hands he forces Silver to attack the blockhouse instead of waiting for the treasure to be found. Later killed at the empty cache just as he is about to kill both Silver and Hawkins.

Tom Morgan: An ex-pirate from Flint's old crew. He ends up marooned on the island.

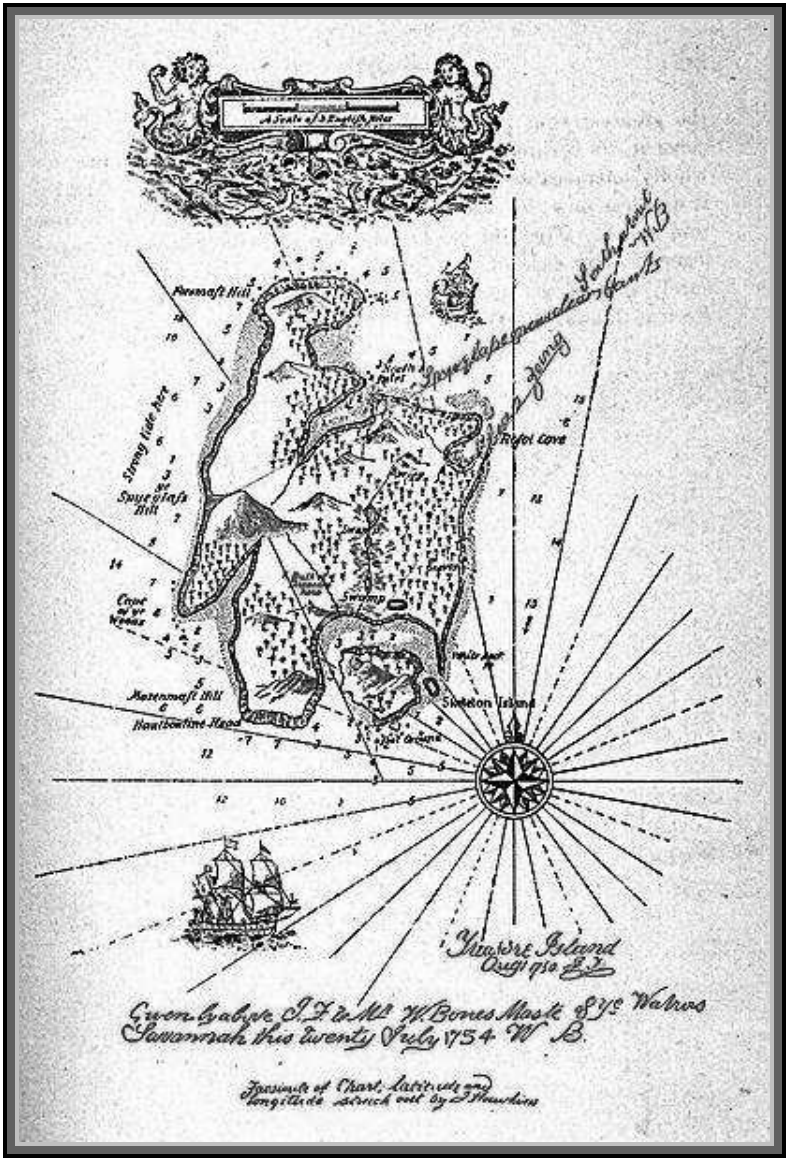
O'Brien: A mutineer who survives the attack on the boathouse and escapes. He is later killed by Israel Hands in a drunken fight on the *Hispaniola*.

Pew: An evil and deadly blind beggar who is accidentally trampled to death by the horses of revenue officers riding to assist Jim Hawkins. Stevenson avoided predictability by making the two most fearsome characters a blind man and an amputee. In the play *Admiral Guinea* (1892), Stevenson gives him the full name "David Pew". Some film adaptations call him "Blind Pew". Stevenson's novel *Kidnapped* also features a dangerous blind man.

Tom Redruth: The gamekeeper of Squire Trelawney, he accompanies the Squire to the island but is shot and killed by the mutineers during an attack on the stockade.

Tom: An honest sailor. He starts to walk away from Silver who throws his crutch at him, breaking Tom's back. Silver kills Tom by stabbing him twice in the back.





“A map of Treasure Island”

TREASURE ISLAND

By

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS &

PUBLISHED BY

e-KİTAP PROJESİ & CHEAPEST BOOKS

With Illustrations by Murat UKRAY



TO THE HESITATING PURCHASER

If sailor tales to sailor tunes,

Storm and adventure, heat and cold,

If schooners, islands, and maroons,

And buccaneers, and buried gold,

And all the old romance, retold

Exactly in the ancient way,

Can please, as me they pleased of old,

The wiser youngsters of today:

—So be it, and fall on! If not,

If studious youth no longer crave,

His ancient appetites forgot,

Kingston, or Ballantyne the brave,

Or Cooper of the wood and wave:

So be it, also! And may I

And all my pirates share the grave

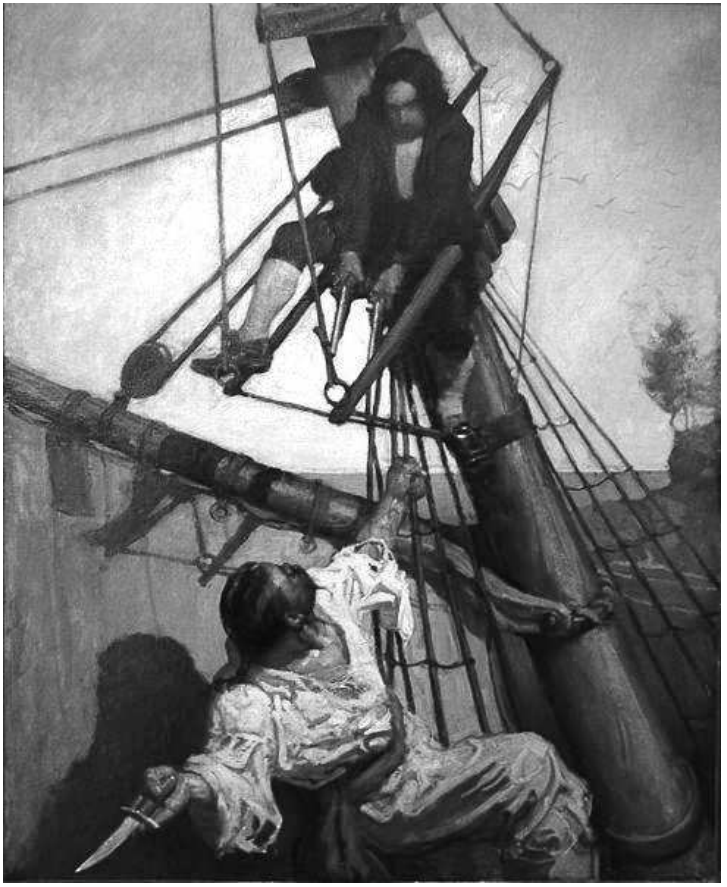
Where these and their creations lie!



PART ONE — THE OLD BUCCANEER

CHAPTER 1

THE OLD SEA-DOG AT THE ADMİRAL BENBOW



SQUIRE TRELAWNEY, Dr. Livesey, and the rest of these gentlemen having asked me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the bearings of the island, and that only because there is still treasure not yet lifted, I take up my pen in the year of grace 17__ and go back to the time when my father kept the Admiral Benbow inn and the brown old seaman with the sabre cut first took up his lodging under our roof.

I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea-chest following behind him in a hand-barrow—a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man, his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulder of his soiled blue coat, his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails, and the sabre cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. I remember him looking round the cover and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea-song that he sang so often afterwards:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

in the high, old tottering voice that seemed to have been tuned and broken at the capstan bars. Then he rapped on the door with a bit of stick like a handspike that he carried, and when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of rum. This, when it was brought to him, he drank slowly, like a connoisseur, lingering on the taste and still looking about him at the cliffs and up at our signboard.

"This is a handy cove," says he at length; "and a pleasant sittyated grog-shop. Much company, mate?"

My father told him no, very little company, the more was the pity.

"Well, then," said he, "this is the berth for me. Here you, matey," he cried to the man who trundled the barrow; "bring up alongside and help up my chest. I'll stay here a bit," he continued. "I'm a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want, and that head up there for to watch ships off. What you mought call me? You mought call me captain. Oh, I see what you're at—there"; and he threw down three or four gold pieces on the threshold. "You can tell me when I've worked through that," says he, looking as fierce as a commander.

And indeed bad as his clothes were and coarsely as he spoke, he had none of the appearance of a man who sailed before the mast, but seemed like a mate or skipper accustomed to be obeyed or to strike. The man who came with the barrow told us the mail had set him down the morning before at the Royal George, that he had inquired what inns there were along the coast, and hearing ours well spoken of, I suppose, and described as lonely, had chosen it from the others for his place of residence. And that was all we could learn of our guest.

He was a very silent man by custom. All day he hung round the cove or upon the cliffs with a brass telescope; all evening he sat in a corner of the parlour next the fire and drank rum and water very strong. Mostly he would not speak

when spoken to, only look up sudden and fierce and blow through his nose like a fog-horn; and we and the people who came about our house soon learned to let him be. Every day when he came back from his stroll he would ask if any seafaring men had gone by along the road. At first we thought it was the want of company of his own kind that made him ask this question, but at last we began to see he was desirous to avoid them. When a seaman did put up at the Admiral Benbow (as now and then some did, making by the coast road for Bristol) he would look in at him through the curtained door before he entered the parlour; and he was always sure to be as silent as a mouse when any such was present. For me, at least, there was no secret about the matter, for I was, in a way, a sharer in his alarms. He had taken me aside one day and promised me a silver fourpenny on the first of every month if I would only keep my "weather-eye open for a seafaring man with one leg" and let him know the moment he appeared. Often enough when the first of the month came round and I applied to him for my wage, he would only blow through his nose at me and stare me down, but before the week was out he was sure to think better of it, bring me my four-penny piece, and repeat his orders to look out for "the seafaring man with one leg."

How that personage haunted my dreams, I need scarcely tell you. On stormy nights, when the wind shook the four corners of the house and the surf roared along the cove and up the cliffs, I would see him in a thousand forms, and with a thousand diabolical expressions. Now the leg would be cut

off at the knee, now at the hip; now he was a monstrous kind of a creature who had never had but the one leg, and that in the middle of his body. To see him leap and run and pursue me over hedge and ditch was the worst of nightmares. And altogether I paid pretty dear for my monthly fourpenny piece, in the shape of these abominable fancies.

But though I was so terrified by the idea of the seafaring man with one leg, I was far less afraid of the captain himself than anybody else who knew him. There were nights when he took a deal more rum and water than his head would carry; and then he would sometimes sit and sing his wicked, old, wild sea-songs, minding nobody; but sometimes he would call for glasses round and force all the trembling company to listen to his stories or bear a chorus to his singing. Often I have heard the house shaking with "Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum," all the neighbours joining in for dear life, with the fear of death upon them, and each singing louder than the other to avoid remark. For in these fits he was the most overriding companion ever known; he would slap his hand on the table for silence all round; he would fly up in a passion of anger at a question, or sometimes because none was put, and so he judged the company was not following his story. Nor would he allow anyone to leave the inn till he had drunk himself sleepy and reeled off to bed.

His stories were what frightened people worst of all. Dreadful stories they were—about hanging, and walking the plank, and storms at sea, and the Dry Tortugas, and wild

deeds and places on the Spanish Main. By his own account he must have lived his life among some of the wickedest men that God ever allowed upon the sea, and the language in which he told these stories shocked our plain country people almost as much as the crimes that he described. My father was always saying the inn would be ruined, for people would soon cease coming there to be tyrannized over and put down, and sent shivering to their beds; but I really believe his presence did us good. People were frightened at the time, but on looking back they rather liked it; it was a fine excitement in a quiet country life, and there was even a party of the younger men who pretended to admire him, calling him a "true sea-dog" and a "real old salt" and such like names, and saying there was the sort of man that made England terrible at sea.

In one way, indeed, he bade fair to ruin us, for he kept on staying week after week, and at last month after month, so that all the money had been long exhausted, and still my father never plucked up the heart to insist on having more. If ever he mentioned it, the captain blew through his nose so loudly that you might say he roared, and stared my poor father out of the room. I have seen him wringing his hands after such a rebuff, and I am sure the annoyance and the terror he lived in must have greatly hastened his early and unhappy death.

All the time he lived with us the captain made no change whatever in his dress but to buy some stockings from a

hawker. One of the cocks of his hat having fallen down, he let it hang from that day forth, though it was a great annoyance when it blew. I remember the appearance of his coat, which he patched himself upstairs in his room, and which, before the end, was nothing but patches. He never wrote or received a letter, and he never spoke with any but the neighbours, and with these, for the most part, only when drunk on rum. The great sea-chest none of us had ever seen open.

He was only once crossed, and that was towards the end, when my poor father was far gone in a decline that took him off. Dr. Livesey came late one afternoon to see the patient, took a bit of dinner from my mother, and went into the parlour to smoke a pipe until his horse should come down from the hamlet, for we had no stabling at the old Benbow. I followed him in, and I remember observing the contrast the neat, bright doctor, with his powder as white as snow and his bright, black eyes and pleasant manners, made with the coltish country folk, and above all, with that filthy, heavy, bleared scarecrow of a pirate of ours, sitting, far gone in rum, with his arms on the table. Suddenly he—the captain, that is—began to pipe up his eternal song:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

Drink and the devil had done for the rest—

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

At first I had supposed "the dead man's chest" to be that identical big box of his upstairs in the front room, and the thought had been mingled in my nightmares with that of the one-legged seafaring man. But by this time we had all long ceased to pay any particular notice to the song; it was new, that night, to nobody but Dr. Livesey, and on him I observed it did not produce an agreeable effect, for he looked up for a moment quite angrily before he went on with his talk to old Taylor, the gardener, on a new cure for the rheumatics. In the meantime, the captain gradually brightened up at his own music, and at last flapped his hand upon the table before him in a way we all knew to mean silence. The voices stopped at once, all but Dr. Livesey's; he went on as before speaking clear and kind and drawing briskly at his pipe between every word or two. The captain glared at him for a while, flapped his hand again, glared still harder, and at last broke out with a villainous, low oath, "Silence, there, between decks!"

"Were you addressing me, sir?" says the doctor; and when the ruffian had told him, with another oath, that this was so, "I have only one thing to say to you, sir," replies the doctor, "that if you keep on drinking rum, the world will soon be quit of a very dirty scoundrel!"

The old fellow's fury was awful. He sprang to his feet, drew and opened a sailor's clasp-knife, and balancing it open on the palm of his hand, threatened to pin the doctor to the wall.