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# Treasure Island

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



TREASURE ISLAND

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藏书章



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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



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This edition published 1993 by Wordsworth Editions Limited  
8B East Street, Ware, Hertfordshire SG12 9ET

ISBN 978-1-85326-103-9

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Typeset by Antony Gray  
Printed and bound in Great Britain by  
Clays Ltd, St Ives plc

TO  
LLOYD OSBOURNE,  
AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN  
IN ACCORDANCE WITH WHOSE CLASSIC TASTE  
THE FOLLOWING NARRATIVE HAS BEEN DESIGNED,  
IT IS NOW, IN RETURN FOR NUMEROUS DELIGHTFUL  
HOURS,  
AND WITH THE KINDEST WISHES, DEDICATED  
BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,  
THE AUTHOR



## 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!





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## **TREASURE ISLAND**



**PART ONE**

*The Old Buccaneer*



## CHAPTER I

### *The Old Sea-dog at the Admiral 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 handbarrow; a tall, strong, heavy, nutbrown man; his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulders 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 cove 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



sittiyated 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 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