

Authentic Relation

Of the Many

Hardships and Sufferings

O F A

D U T C H S A I L O R,

Who was put on Shore on the uninhabited
Isle of *Ascension*, by Order of the Comma-
dore of a Squadron of *Dutch* Ships.

W I T H

A Remarkable A C C O U N T of his Converse
with A P P A R I T I O N S and E V I L S P I R I T S,
during his Residence on the Island.

A N D

A particular Diary of his Transactions from the
Fifth of *May* to the Fourteenth of *October*, on
which Day he perished in a miserable Condition.

*Taken from the Original Journal found in his Tent by
some Sailors, who landed from on Board the Compton,
Captain Morson Commander, in January, 1725-6.*

The E I G H T H E D I T I O N.

*London: Printed; And Dublin Re-printed and sold
by George Faulkner in Christ-Church-Yard, 1728.*



T O T H E
R E A D E R :

AS the following Journal carries all possible Marks of Truth and Sincerity in it ; so we have thought fit to publish it exactly as it was wrote, by the miserable Wretch, who is the Subject of it, without adding any borrowed Descriptions of Places, Coasts, &c. which is too frequently done in Pieces of this Nature, in order to increase their bulk.

The detestable Crime for which the Dutch Commadore thought fit to abandon and leave this Sailor on a desert Island, is pretty plainly pointed out p. 11. of the Journal. The Miseries and Hardships he lingred under for more than five Months, were so unusually terrible, that the bare Reading his Account of 'em must make the hardest Heart melt with Compassion. Tormented with excessive Thirst ; in want of almost every Thing necessary to defend him from
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the Inclemency of the Weather; left to the severe Upbraidings and Reflections of a guilty Conscience; harass'd by the blasphemous Conversation of evil Spirits, haunted by Apparitions, even tumbled up and down in his Tent by Demons; and at the same time not one Person upon the Island from whom to seek Consolation or Advice: These are such Calamities, as no Mortal could ever long support himself under. But at the same time the fatal Catastrophe of this Man recommends to us, the preserving that Wall of Brass (as the Poet calls it) which will be a Comfort to us under all Misfortunes, viz. a Conscience free from Guilt.

———Hic Murus Aeneus esto,
 Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.

N. B. *The Original Manuscript from whence this Journal was printed, may be seen at the Printer's hereof.*



A

C O P Y

O F A

J O U R N A L, &c.

Saturday, *May 5.*

BY Order of the Commadore and Captains of the *Dutch Fleet*, I was set on Shore on the Island of *Ascension*, which gave me a great deal of Dissatisfaction, but I hope Almighty God will be my Protection. They put ashore with me a Cask of Water, two Buckets, and an old Frying-Pan, &c. I made my Tent on the Beach near a Rock, wherein I put some of my Clothes.

May the 6th, I went upon the Hills to see if I could discover any Thing on the other Side of the Island that was more commodious for my Living, and to see if there were any Thing green; but to my great Sorrow found nothing at all worth mentioning. I sincerely wished that some Accident
wou'd

wou'd befall me, to finish these my miserable Days. In the Evening I walked to my Tent again, but cou'd not very well find the Way. I walked very Melancholly along the Strand, praying to God Almighty to put a Period to my Days, or help me off of this desolate Island. I went back again to my Tent, and secured it the best I could with Stones, and a Tarpaulin from the Weather. About four or five a Clock, I kill'd three Birds call'd *Boobys*; I skin'd and salted them, and put them in the Sun to dry, being the first Thing I kill'd upon the Island. The same Night I caught two more, which I served as before.

The 7th *ditto* in the Morning I went to my Water-Cask, it being half a League from my Tent. I first put a Peg in, but lost much Water by that: so got him upon his Head, and took the Head cut with a great deal of Trouble. I made a white Flag, which I put upon my Piece, having nothing else, and set it upon a Hill near the Sea. I had no Powder nor Shot, which render'd my Gun useless. That Night I put more Stones about my Tent.

The 8th *ditto* in the Morning, I took down my Flag again, and set it upon a Hill on the other Side of the Island. In the Way I found a *Turtle*, and killed him with the Butt-end of my Musket; and so went back again to my Tent, and sat me down very weary.

I trust in God Almighty, that he will deliver me some time or other by some Ship that may touch here. This Night I moved my Tent on the other Side of the Rock, being afraid that it wou'd fall on my Head, and by that means endanger my Life;

Life: I wou'd by no means be necessary to my own Death, still hoping that God will preserve me to see better Days. On the whole Island I can't find a better Place than where I now am, and that I must be contented in my Condition. I thank God I am now in good Health. In the Evening I killed some more *Boobys*, which I served as the former, and in the Morning did the same.

The 9th *ditto* in the Morning, I went to look for the *Turtle* which I kill'd yesterday: I carried my Hatchet, and cut him up on the Back, for he was so big that I could not turn him. I cut off some of the Flesh from the Fore-Finn, and brought it to my Tent, and put it in Salt, and dry'd it in the Sun. I began again to make a Bulwark of Stones round my Tent, and secured it from the Weather with my Tarpaulin.

The 10th *ditto* in the Morning, I took four or five Onions, a few Peas and Calavances, and went to the *South* Side of the Island, to see if I cou'd find a proper Place to set them. I looked carefully on the Strand, to see if I cou'd discover the Tracks of any Beasts, or Water, or any Thing else that might be serviceable; but found nothing but a little Purslain on the other Side of the Island, which I eat for Refreshment, being very dry, and cou'd find no Water, and but a little of it in my Sack; walking back, eat what I had before reserved. When I was half way back, found some more Greens, but knew not whether they were good to eat.

The 11th *ditto* in the Morning, I went into the Country again, and found some Roots, the Skin somewhat resembling Potatoes, but cou'd not think they

they were good to eat. I made a diligent Search for a greater Discovery; but found nothing else. I sat me down very disconsolate almost dead with Thirst, and afterwards went to my Tent. On the other Side of the Island there is a sandy Bay by the biggest Hill. This Evening boil'd a little Rice, being the first Time; I was somewhat out of Order.

The 12th *ditto* in the Morning, boiled a little more Rice, of which I eat some. After I had pray'd, I went again to the Country to see if I could discover any Ships, but to my great Sorrow saw none; so went back again to my Tent, and then walked along the Beach, and found nothing but some Shells of Fish. I kept constantly walking about the Island, that being all my Hopes; then went to my Tent, and read till I was weary, and afterwards mended my Clothes. This Afternoon put the Onions, Peas and Calavances in the Ground just by my Tent, to see if they wou'd produce any more; for as it was, I cou'd not afford Water to boil them.

The 13th *ditto* in the Morning, went to see if I could find any Sea-Fowls Eggs, but found none. At my walking back, I found a small *Turtle* just by my Tent: I took some of its Eggs and Flesh, and boiled with my Rice for my Dinner, and buried the rest in the Sand, that it might not infect me; its Eggs I buried in the Sand likewise. Afterwards I found some Nests of Fowls Eggs, of which I boiled in the Evening, and 'twas very good Diet. I melted some of the *Turtles* Fat to make Oil, and in the Night burnt of it, having nothing for a Lamp but a Saucer.

The

The 14th *ditto* in the Morning, after I had pray'd, I took my usual walk, but found nothing new; so I return'd again to my Tent, and sat down and mended my Banyan-Coat, and writ my Journal.

The 15th *ditto*, before I took my walk, I eat some boiled Rice, and afterwards proceeded: but got nothing but my usual Game, *viz.* *Boobys*. I read till I was weary, and then betook my self to my Repose.

The 16th *ditto*, I looked out, as the Day past; only caught no *Boobys*.

The 17th *ditto*, I was very much dejected that I had found no Sustenance, and a *Booby* that I kept alive seven or eight Days now died.

The 18th *ditto*, after my usual custom of Praying, I caught two *Boobys*.

The 19th *Ditto*, after Breakfast went to the other side of the Island, to see if I cou'd discover any thing; but went back as I came. At four in the Afternoon took my Line and fish'd on the Rock for three or four Hours, but to no purpose. I then took a melancholly Walk to my Flag; but much to my Concern could descry nothing. At my return to my Tent, much to my surprize, I found it all of a smoak. After a serious Consideration, I thought that I had left my Tinder-Box a-fire on my Quilt; but the smoak smother'd me so much, that I cou'd not enter before I had brought a Bucket of Water and quench'd it. I return God Almighty my hearty Thanks that all my Things were not burnt. I have lost nothing by it but a Banyan Shirt, a Corner of my Quilt, and my Bible singed.

singed. I intreat God Almighty to give me the patience of holy *Job* to bear with my Sufferings.

The 23d *ditto*, all this Day was re-making what was burnt yesterday.

The 24th *ditto*, I walked to my Flag, and return'd again, with catching but one *Booby*: afterwards mended my Clothes, and broil'd a *Booby* on the Embers.

The 25th *ditto*, after my Breakfast went to my usual Employment and catch'd several Sea-Fowls sitting on their Eggs. Then return'd home with my Spoil, and dry'd them. After my Dinner went upon a search for more Fowls, of which I caught many, and did not forget to look out for Ships; but return'd without any Discovery. Boil'd some of my Eggs, and was disappointed by finding young ones in many of them.

May the 26th, I look'd out as before, but no Fowls. The 27th, nothing worthy of Note.

The 28th, I went to the *West* side of the Island along the Strand, and mounted the Precipice of a high Hill, which was so steep, that I have Reason to thank my God that I did not break my Neck down.

The 29th, Nothing remarkable. The 30th, as before. The 31st, was forced to feed on the Provision which I had before salted.

From the 1st of *June* to the 4th *ditto*, it would be needless to write how often my Eyes are cast on the Sea to look for Shipping, and every little Atom in the Sky I take for a Sail; then look till my Eyes dazzle, and immediately the Object disappears. When I was put on Shore, the Captain told me it

was

was the time of Year for Shipping to pass this way ; which makes me look out the more diligently.

June the 5th, 6th and 7th, I never neglected taking my usual Walks ; but to no Purpose.

The 8th, My Water was so much reduced, that I had but two Quarts left, and that so thick as obliged me to strain it through a Handkerchief. I then too late began to dig, and after I had dug seven Foot deep, found no moisture : the Place where I began, was in the middle of the Island. I then came back again to my Tent, and began a new Well just by my Tent, but to no purpose, having digg'd a Fathom deep. It is impossible to express my Concern, first in not seeing any Ships to convey me off the Island, and then in finding no Sustenance on it,

The 9th, Found nothing ; pass away the Day in Mediations on a future State.

The 10th, With the very last of my Water boil'd some Rice ; having but very little Hopes of any thing but perishing, I commended my Soul to Almighty God entreating him that he will have mercy on it, but not caring to give over all Hopes while I cou'd yet walk, I went to the other side of the Island to see for some Water : having heard talk that there was a Well of Water on it, I walk'd up and down the Hills, thinking not to leave any place secret from me. After four Hours tedious walking, began to grow very thirsty, and the Heat of the Sun withal made my Life a greater Burthen than I was well able to bear ; but was resolv'd to proceed as long as I cou'd stand. Walk-
ing among the Rocks, God of his great Bounty led me to a Place where some Water run out of a hol-

low place in the Rock : it's impossible to express my great Joy and Satisfaction in finding of it, and thought I should have drank till I burst. I fate me down for some time by it, than drank again and walked home to my Tent, having no Vessel to carry any along with me.

The 11th Ditto, in the Morning, after I had re-return'd God Almighty my hearty Thanks; I took my Tea Kettle with some Rice in it and some Wood along with me to the places where the Water was, and there boil'd and eat it.

The 12th *ditto*, I boil'd some Rice to break my Fast, and afterwards with much trouble carried two Buckets of Water to my Tent. I often think I am possess'd with Things that I really want ; but when I come to search, find it only a Shadow. My Shoes being worn out, the Rocks cut my Feet to pieces ; and I am often afraid of tumbling, and by that means endanger the breaking my Buckets, which I can't be without.

The 13th, I went to look out for Wood, but found none but a little Weeds, somewhat like *Birch*; brought it to my Tent, and boil'd some Rice with it for my Dinner. Afterwards went and look'd out for Shipping, but to no purpose : it makes me very Melancholly, to think, that I have no Hopes of getting off of this unhappy Island.

The 14th *ditto*, Took my Tea-Kettle with some Rice, and went into the Country where the Water was. Afterwards returned again to my Tent, and mended my Clothes, and past away the rest of the Day in reading.

The

The 15th ditto, all the Day employ'd in getting of Sea-Fowls Eggs and *Birch*.

The 16th ditto, to no purpose looked out for Ships; and in the Night was surpriz'd by a Noise round my Tent of Cursing and Swearing, and the most blasphemous Conversations that I ever heard. My Concern was so great, that I thought I should have died with the Fright. I did nothing but offer up my Prayers to the Almighty, to protect me in this miserable Circumstance: but my Fright render'd me in a very bad Condition of Praying, I trembl'd to that degree, that I could not compose my Thoughts; and any body wou'd have believed, that the Devil had moved his Quarters, and was coming to keep Hell on *Ascension*. I was certain that there was no human Creature on the Island but my self, having not seen the Footsteps of any Man but my own; and so much libidinous Talk was impossible to be express'd by any body but Devils: And to my great surprize was certain, that I was very well acquainted with one of the Voices, it bearing an affinity of an intimate Acquaintance of mine; and I really thought that I was sometimes touch'd by an invisible Spirit. I made my Application to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, for forgiveness of my Sins, and that they would protect me from these evil Spirits. It was three a-Clock in the Morning before they ceased tormenting me, and then being very weary, I fell to sleep. In the Morning I awoke about seven a-Clock, and return'd God Almighty my hearty and sincere Thanks, for his last Night's Protection of me, but still heard some Shrieks near my Tent, but cou'd see nothing. I took my Prayer Book,

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and read the Prayers proper for a Man in my Condition, and at the same time heard a Voice, crying, *Bouger*. I can't afford Paper enough to set down every particular of this unhappy Day.

The 17th *ditto*, I fetch'd home two Buckets of Water, and dreaded Night's coming on, and interceded with God Almighty, that I might not be troubled again with those evil Spirits; and I hope God Almighty heard my Prayers, for I was not perplex'd with them this Night. Before I came upon this miserable Island. I was of the *Protestant* Religion, and used to laugh at the *Romans*, when they talk'd to me of Apparitions: But to my great Sorrow, now find smarting Reasons to the contrary, and shall henceforth embrace their Opinions. This Day an Apparition appear'd to me in the similitude of a Man, whom I perfectly knew; he convers'd with me like a Human Creature, and touched me so sensibly of the Sins of my past Life (of which I have a sincere and hearty Repentance) and was such a terrible Shock to me, that I wish'd it would kill me.

The 18th *ditto*, After my Devotions went to look out, and carried my Hatchet with me. On the Strand, the other side of the Island, I found a Tree, which I believe Providence had cast a-shore for me. I cut it in two Pieces, the whole being too big for me to carry. I put one half on my Shoulders, and when I was half way home, set it down, and rested my self on it. During which time, the Apparition appear'd to me again; His Name I am afraid to utter; fearing the Event. He haunts me so often, that I begin to grow accustomed to him. After I had rested my self, I carried

carried it home and then went back, and fetch'd the other half.

The 16th *ditto*, in the Morning went to my Colours; to see if I could discover any Ships. Last Night, nor this Day I have not seen any thing, and I trust in God, I shall be no more troubled with them.

The 20th *June*, This Night, contrary to my expectation, was so prodigiously perplex'd with Spirits, and tumbled up and down in my Tent, to that degree, that in the Morning my Flesh was like Mummy; and the Person that I was formerly acquainted with, spoke to me several times this Night: but I can't think he wou'd do me any harm, for when he was in this World, we were as great as two own Brothers. He was a Soldier at *Batavia*. It is impossible for a Man to survive so many Misfortunes, I not being able to keep a Light; but the Saucer that contains it, is jumbled about and broke: And, if God of his Infinite Goodness does not help me, I must inevitably perish. I hope this my Punishment in this World may suffice, for my most heinous Crime, of making use of my Fellow-Creature, to satisfy my Lust, whom the Almighty Creator had ordain'd another Sex for. I only desire to live, to make an atonement for my Sins, which I believe my Comrade is damned for. I spent all the Day in Meditations and Prayers, and eat nothing. My Strength decays, and my Life is become a great Burthen to me.

The 21st *ditto*, in the Morning, I lifted up my Hands to Heaven, and offer'd up my Prayers, and then went to my Flag; and in the way looked for Provisions to assuage my raging Hunger, but found
none,

none, so was forced to be satisfied with salted Fowls.

June the 22^d, My Water being expended, took my Bucket, and went for more: But the way was so troublesome, and the Rocks so sharp to my bare Feet, that it took me best part of the Day to bring it home. And in the Afternoon I went to the proper Place for Fowls Eggs, of which I found some: They were speckled like some of our *Holland's* Birds Eggs.

The 23^d *ditto*, Looked out for Ships, and pass'd away the rest of the Day in Prayers.

The 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th, I never neglected looking out for Ships, and Victuals; then read and pray'd, and humbled my self before God, and desired he would have Mercy on me, and deliver me off of this miserable Island; and afterwards came and took my Bedding, and some other Necessaries, and went to the middle of the Island, where I fix'd a new Habitation in a concave place of Rock, it being much nearer the Water than the other Place. The other Day got two Days Water out of this same Place, but now there is not a Drop here, I fetch'd a few Eggs, and boil'd them in my Tea-Kettle, and went to the *South* side of the Island, where there is a large Hill of Sand, and a Hill of Rocks, where I found some more Purflin, and some Eggs, which I gather'd up, and put in my Sack. I fryed both together, and eat them with a good Appetite. Upon the Strand I found a Bash, and returned, fearing I should be benighted, and so not be able to find my new Abode in the Rocks. Before I got there, I was almost famish'd

mish'd with Thirst, and my Skin blister'd with the violent Heat of the Sun.

The 29th *June*, I went upon the Hills, and to no purpose looked out for Ships; and afterwards walking on the Strand, I discover'd a piece of Wood sticking in the Strand, which I at first took for a Tree, but when I came to it, I found it was a Cross. I embraced it in my Arms, and prayed to God Almighty, to deliver me: I believed there was a Man buried there from some Ship. I return'd with much trouble to my Cave in the Rock, and coming down a Hill, my Feet were so sore with the Rocks, that I thought I should have broke my Neck. When I got home I reposed myself a little, and then walked out again, and found a piece of broken Glass Bottle. Afterwards found a deep Pit in the Sand, which I descended into, thinking there might be Water in it. I raked the Sand about a Foot deeper than it was before, and found some brackish Water, so that my Trouble was all in vain. Afterwards as I was rambling up and down, I found some scatter'd Wood, which I made up in a Bundle, and bringing it home to my Cave heard a Noise, as if there had been Copper-Smiths at Work. Afterwards I went again to the Strand, where I got some Greens and Eggs, which I eat with Bread, and drank the Water I had left in my Cave.

June the 30th, Here has been so much dry Weather, to my Sorrow, that both at the Cave and the other place, where there used to be Water enough, there is now not one Drop, and I am as much in want of it, as I have been since my coming to this miserable Island.

July

July the 1st, The Water was dried up in every Place, where I used before to get it, so that I was near dead with Thirst.

The 2d ditto, I offer'd up my Prayers to God to deliver me, and that he would preserve me, as he had oftentime done *Moses* and the Children of *Israel*, by causing Water to flow out of a Rock. But that none of my own Endeavours might be wanting, I went to make a diligent Search, and in the way saw a matter of fifty Goats upon a Hill, and afterwards about twenty or thirty more. I pursu'd them with the utmost of my Ability, but they were far too swift for me, and I looked carefully where they went for Water, believing that there might be some there; and I found a deep Pit, being five or six Fathom to the Bottom, which I descended, but it was quite dry. I suppose in the Rains there is Water here, by the Goats coming to it now.

The 3d ditto, I pray'd earnestly, and afterwards went to look for Water. It's a great Wonder to me how the Goats do to live in the dry Seasons, seeing that Water is so scarce now. I should have been famish'd before this time, had it not been for a reserve of about a Gallon of Water which I had before put up, thinking not to expend it till the last Necessity; but now was forced to drink of it to assuage my extreme Thirst. I afterwards went to the Strand, but discover'd nothing of service to me. Then walked to the Country a different way from any I had been yet; and upon a Hill saw, I am sure, at least three or four hundred Goats great and small, which I run after, but they were too nimble for me. It's surprising to me, seeing that there

there are so many Goats upon the Island, that I shou'd discover none before: but I believe they sculk in the Rocks, and when the Water is dry'd up, they come abroad for more. I found two Gallons of Water in a place of a Rock.

July the 4th, I moved my Things from the Cave, and went to another part of the Island to settle my Abode, being sure that there was no Water on this side of the Island. I pray'd to God, and then searched for Water, but to no purpose.

The 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, I delay'd no time to look for Water, unless when I prayed.

The 9th *ditto*, as I walk'd upon the Strand, I heard again a very dismal Noise of Cursing and Swearing in my own Language. During the time of this Noise, I never in all my Life saw so many Fowls together, they looking like a Cloud, and intercepting between me and the Sky deprived me of some of its Light.

The 10th, I went upon a very steep Hill to look for Shipping, but saw none. Upon the Hill, I found a piece of Wood which I brought down along with me to prop up my new Habitation; and coming down again, found another piece, which I brought down likewise.

The 11th *ditto*, I carried all the Wood from my Tent into the Country, and likewise some of my Clothes.

The 12th *ditto*, nothing Remarkable. The 13, 14, 15th, Look'd for Water, but found none. The 16th *ditto*, found some Fowls Eggs, which I brought home and eat; us'd my Water very sparingly. The 17th, Nothing. The 18th, As before. The 19th, Nothing Remarkable. The 20th,
No-

thing worthy of Note. The 21st, Having no Hopes of any thing but perishing, I committed my Soul to God, praying that he will have mercy on it. Have now very little Hopes of Shipping: I boil'd some Rice and Eggs.

The 22d, 23d, 24th, 25, 26, 27, 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st of *July*, my Heart is so full, that my Pen can't utter it. I now and then find a little Water, which the Goats have left me: I always scoop it up to the last Drop, and use it very sparingly.

The 1st, 2d and 3d of *August*, walked out with my Bucket in my Hand, and found a very little Water, which I brought home.

The 7th *ditto*, I found some Water in a hollow place of a Rock, and row'd my Cask there, and scoop'd it all out as clean as I could: this rejoiced me very much. I then walked along the Strand, and found a piece of a broken Oar. Afterwards found three or four short thick pieces of Wood like Billets, and a little farther saw somewhat like a House, and having before heard that the *Portuguese* formerly inhabited this Island, made me go to it, to see what it was; but found it only a white hollow Rock, and in the Concavity there were some Nails, and broken Glass Bottles. This was of very little use to me, so took up my Bundle of Wood, and marched home.

The 5th *ditto*, Nothing Remarkable:

The 6th *ditto*, went to my Tent on the Beach, and saw three or four of the Peas and Calivances, which I before set in the Ground were come up: which was at first a great Satisfaction to me, but when I look'd nearer, found that the Vermin had

eat all the rest, which soon pall'd my former Joy: I return God Almighty my hearty Thanks that he has thus long preserv'd me.

The 7th *ditto*, these three Months there has not been above half an Hour's Rain upon the Island, and I can't find a Drop of Water more upon the whole Island than what is now in my Cask; and if God Almighty of his great Goodness does not send Rain to replenish my small Stock, I must inevitably perish.

The 8th, 9th and 10th *ditto*, searched carefully, but found no Water. Have employ'd my self in praying and interceding with God to have mercy on my Soul.

The 11th *ditto*, went to my Tent on the Strand, and again heard such a terrible Noise, as tho' there had been a hundred Copper-Smiths at Work. I was resolv'd to go upon the Hill to see if I could discover any Thing; and saw a Cloud of Birds, which I believe made the Noise that just now surpriz'd me. It was a great Satisfaction to me, only to think I was so deceived.

The 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th, went about every Part of the Island to look for Water, but to my great Concern found none; and I gauged my Cask that I had, and found there was not above six Gallons remaining, which made me boil nothing, and drink very sparingly.

The 18th and 19th *ditto*, could find no Water, and was out late on my Search; so that the Sun set when I was on the contrary Side of the Island from my Cave, and could not find my Way home; so was forced to sleep between two Rocks, and there was such a Quantity of Rats there, that I thought

thought they would have eat me : I wish'd twenty times that I was on the Sand on the Beach.

The 20th *ditto*, not a Drop of Water to be found. I pray'd to God that he wou'd send Rain, and I took my Spade and dug a Well two Fathom deep, but to no Purpose, I then looked up to no Purpose, I then looked up to the Heavens all round me, to see if I could see the Sky overcast, that might give me some Hopes of Rain; but all, to my Sorrow, was very clear.

The 21st *ditto*, went rambling about the Island with my Scoop with me to look for Water, but could not find the least Drop, and my Water almost gone at home; and was so prodigious dry, that I was forced to make water in my Scoop and and drink it, thinking it was better than Salt-water, being so extreme thirsty, that my Lips were glew'd together.

The 22d, after my Prayers went again to look for Water, and on the Strand I found a *Turtle* which I kill'd and drank near a Gallon of his Blood. I took some of its Eggs and Fat, and fry'd them. Its Blood and my own Water did not contribute much to abating of my Thirst; for all I had drank near a Gallon of the *Turtle's* Blood, was forced again to drink my own Water.

The 23d, no Hopes of finding any Water, and I took some of the Blood of the *Turtle* which I kill'd yesterday after it had settled all Night, and my own Water together, and boil'd with some Tea in it. It was somewhat better than raw Blood. At Four in the Afternoon, all the fresh Water that I had left in the World I put in my *Tea-Kettle*, to bring it down to my Tent: shall
be

be forced to live now, to be near the *Turtles*, having nothing else to subsist on. But was taken so violently with the Flux, drinking the *Turtle's Blood*, that I could not walk three Steps. I can't say but I was glad of it, hoping that it will put an End to my Misery and Days at once. With a great deal of Trouble I got to my Tent by dark.

The 24th, I was still much troubled with the Flux, but was forced to bottle some Tea of the former Ingredients.

The 25th, I was so dry and sick together, that I drank my very last Water, being but a Pint. Afterwards I went to look Fowls Eggs, to see if they would quench my extreme Thirst.

The 26th and 27th, I thought of little else but Death, and prayed earnestly for an Admittance to Heaven. The Fowls Eggs had no Effect, so was forced again to boil Tea of my Urine and settled Blood, there being plenty of *Turtles* on the Island.

The 28th, At three in the Morning went out to catch a *Turtle*, and found one, which I kill'd with my Hatchet, and fill'd a Bucket with his Blood; he had likewise a great deal of Water in his Bladder, which I drank all out, and was much better than his Blood; but it soon rose in my Stomach, and I cast it up again. I cut off some of its Flesh, and carried it to my Tent. Afterwards being very dry, I boil'd some Tea; but my Stomach being weak, it required somewhat more nourishing; and this was very bitter, and I soon brought it up again. I boil'd some more, and let it stand.

The 29th, I could not sleep all Night, being so dry, and my Head grows dizzy, that I thought I should
should

should have run mad. I went again and searched in all the Pits, but found them dry; the Deepest of them, I dug seven Foot deeper, but at last found no Moisture.

The 30th, I pray'd very earnestly most part of the Day, and then laid down in my Tent, and wish'd that it would rain, or that I should die before I rose. In the Afternoon got out of my Tent, but was so weak that I could not walk. I was forced to take some of the Eggs of the *Turtle* that I kill'd two Days past, not finding one now, and eat of them. The Flesh stunk, but the Eggs did not; my Head was swell'd and so dizzy, that I knew not what I did. But I was in such Agony with Thirst, that it's impossible for any Body to express it. I could not see any *Turtles*, so caught five *Boobys*, and drank the Blood of them.

August the 31st, I walking, or more properly speaking, crawling on the Sand, for I could not walk three Steps together. I saw a living *Turtle*. I was not able to carry my Bucket, but cut off his Head with my Razor, and lay all along and sucked his Blood as it run out; and afterwards got my Hand into him, and got out the Bladder, which I carry'd home with me, and put the Water out into my Kettle. Afterwards I took my Hatchet, and went to cut him up, to get its Eggs; and in cutting the Shell broke the Helve of it. This was still an Addition to my Misfortunes, but I got out some of its Eggs, and carried them home, and fry'd them, and afterwards drank some boil'd Piss mixed with Tea; which, tho' it was so very nauseous, revived me much. I made a Virtue of Necessity, and in my deplorable Condition thought it good.

September

September the 1st, I kill'd another *Turtle*, but never was any poor Creature so mangled, having broke my Hacket, and raking among his Entrails, broke the Gall; which made the Blood so bitter, that after I had boil'd it, I could hardly drink it, but was forced to get it down. I thought of nothing but the other World, and soon brought up again what I had before drank; and was so extreme dry, that I drank a Quart of Salt-water, but could not contain it. I was so very ill after it, that I expected immediate Death, and prepared my self in the best Manner I could for it; and I hope the Lord will have mercy on my Soul. After it was dark, I saw a *Turtle* crawling towards my Tent, which I kill'd, and drank about two Quarts of his Blood; all the rest that I could catch, I reserved, and then endeavour'd to go to sleep.

The 3d, All the Day was employed in fixing a Helve to my Hachet. I was somewhat better than yesterday, and lived upon the *Turtle* that I kill'd last Night.

The 4th *ditto*, Drank the last of the Blood, which was well settled, and a little sour. The 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, I lived upon *Turtles* Blood and Eggs; but my Strength decays so, that it will be impossible I should live long. I resign my self wholly to Providence, being hardly able to kill a *Turtle*. The 9th, 10th and 11th, I am so much decay'd, that I am a perfect Skeleton; and can't write the Particulars, my Hand shakes so. The 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th, lived as before. I'm in a declining Condition. The 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th,

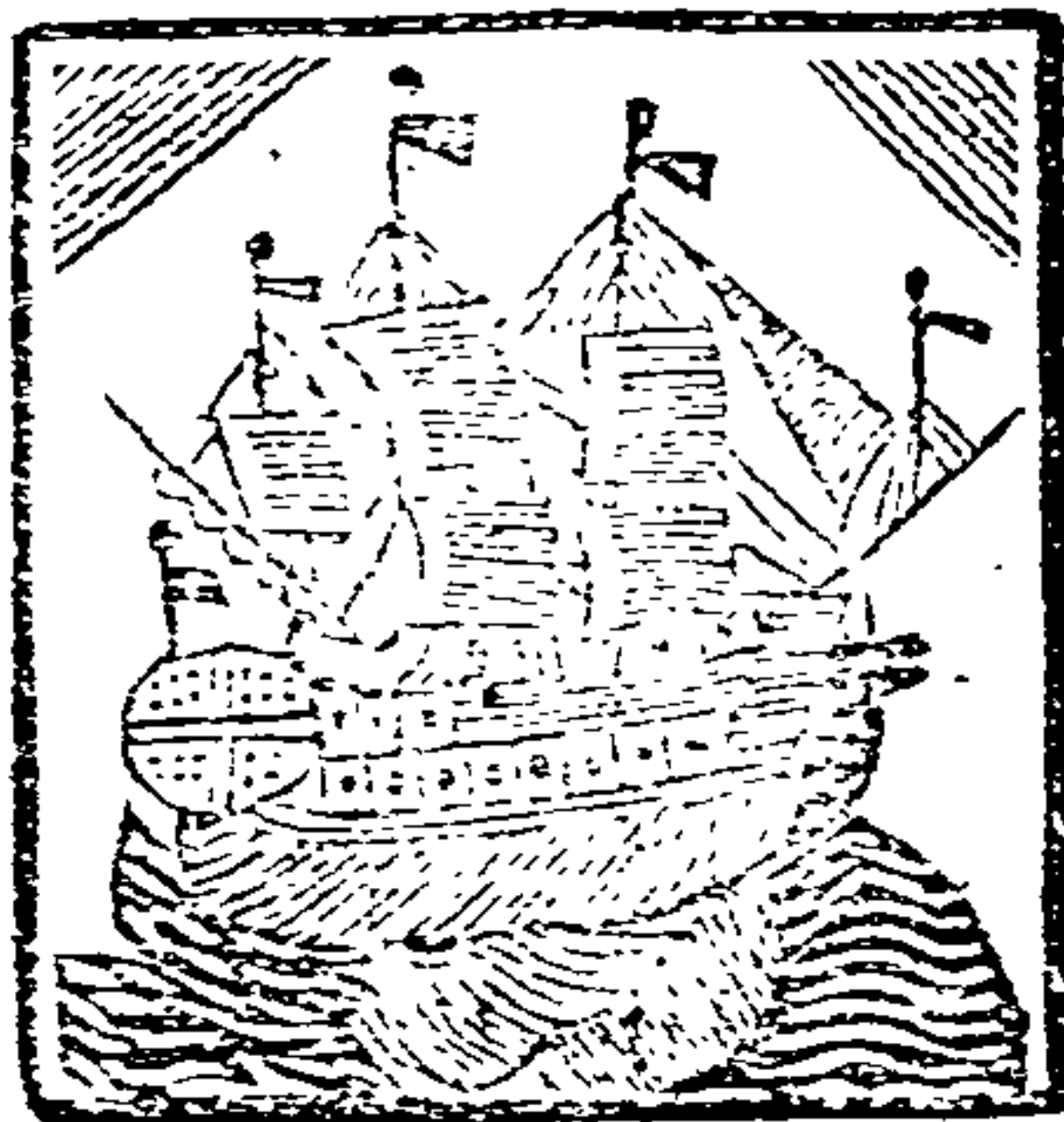
28th, 29th, 30th. *October* the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5
and 6th, all as before.

The 7th *ditto*, my Wood's all gone, so that
am forced to eat raw Flesh and salted Fowls,
can't live long, and I hope the Lord will have
mercy on my Soul. The 8th, drank my own U-
rine, and eat raw Flesh.

The 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th of
October, all as before.

N. B. It may be justly suppos'd he died the a-
bove 14th of October, no Account of his Trans-
actions being specified after that Day in his Journal
found by the Sailors, as mentioned in the Title
Page.

F I N I S,



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— Arma tenenti,

Omnia dat qui justa negat, —

Vis Confili expers moleruit sua.

HOR.

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