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THE LIFE
of the
ICELANDER JÓN ÓLAFSSON

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Jón

The Life of the Icelander Jón Ólafsson

Traveller to India

Written by himself and completed about 1661 A.D. with a continuation, by another hand, up to his death in 1679

Translated from the *Icelandic edition* of Sigfús Blöndal,

by

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Volume I

Life and Travels: Iceland, England, Denmark, White Sea, Faroes, Spitzbergen, Norway

1593–1622

Edited by

The Translator

London

Printed for the Hakluyt Society

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PREFACE

THE Autobiography of Jón Ólafsson, Traveller to the Indies, remained unprinted in Icelandic, save for a few excerpts, until 1908–9, when an edition by Mr Sigfús Blöndal, Librarian of the Royal Library, was published in Copenhagen by the Icelandic Literary Society[1]. The text in this edition, which was based on a scholarly collation of the extant MSS., has been implicitly followed in the English translation.

A few excerpts or summaries from the work had been previously printed. Jón Ólafsson's report of the conversation he and Jón Halldórsson had with Christian IV about the needs of their native country (pp. 56–7, in this edition) was published in the Icelandic periodical *Sunnanfari*, v, by Ólaf Davíðsson, as also the passage about Icelanders in Copenhagen (pp. 37–8). The section from the third part (in vol. II) about the Turkish raid on Iceland was published by Dr Jón Thorkelsson in his work on that raid, published in Reykjavík in 1906–9[2]. And in 1887 the editor Valdimar Ásmundsson published a kind of digest of the work in his journal *Fjallkonan*.

But the fact that it was not printed does not justify us in assuming that it was not valued in Iceland. The great number of MS. copies of such a lengthy work (Mr Blöndal has traced twenty-three) sufficiently prove its popularity. Its value was pointed out in Bishop Finnur Jónsson's *Historia Ecclesiastica Islandiae*[3], published in 1772–8; and Halfdán Einarsson, who

[1] *Æfisaga Jóns Ólafssonar Indíafara samin af honum sjálfum* (1661). *Nú í fyrsta skifti gefin út af hinu Íslenska Bókmentafjelagi með athugasemdum eptir Sigfús Blöndal. Kaupmannahöfn. Prentsmiðju S. L. Møllers* 1908–9. It contains appendices, indices, and a list of the more important variant readings.

[2] *Tyrkjaránið á Íslandi*, 1627. *Sögufélag gaf út* (Reykjavík, 1906–9), pp. 200–316.

[3] Vol. III, p. 563.

published his History of Icelandic Literature in 1786, had sent a short Danish summary of the work to the Danish historian J. H. Schlegel, who published the first part of it in his valuable *Samlung zur dänischen Geschichte*, II, 4, pp. 173–9, Copenhagen, 1773. Unfortunately Schlegel died before he could carry out his intention of publishing the summary of the second part, but the book was not lost sight of in Denmark, and indeed was printed in Danish before the original was published. From the first half of the nineteenth century comes a Danish MS. translation of the first sixteen chapters of the original, written in two different hands, but it is full of misunderstandings and errors. Finally the work was translated by Mr Sigfús Blöndal, before he thought of undertaking the labour of an edition in Icelandic. This translation appeared in vols. I and VII of the series *Memoirer og Breve*, edited by Mr Julius Clausen, Librarian of the Royal Library, and Colonel P. F. Rist. The Editors provided a sufficiency of scholarly notes for the general reader; the translator wrote a short preface and notes on Icelandic matters. This charming translation[1] in a popular series, the second volume none the worse, for the ordinary reader, for being much shortened, attracted general attention to the work, and Mr Blöndal's final edition of the original was the result of the warm welcome accorded to the Danish edition. The present editor has most gladly availed herself of the kind permission of the Editors of this Danish edition to quote any of their annotations. Such quotations are marked R.C. in the following pages[2]. Some of the other annotations are from the Icelandic edition, and these are followed by the initials S.B. These notes, however,

[1] *Jon Olafssons Oplevelser som Bøsseskytter under Christian IV. Nedskrevne af ham selv. I Oversættelse ved S. Blöndal. Udgivne af Julius Clausen of P. Fr. Rist. Gyldendalske Boghandel, Nordisk Forlag* (København, 1905). The second volume is entitled *Jon Olafssons Oplevelser som Ostindiefarer under Christian IV*, and appeared in 1907.

[2] Before the Danish translation was printed it was used as the chief source for the earliest history of the Danish colony in Tranquebar by Mr Kay Larsen, who published the first part of his *History of the Danish East Indian Colonies* in 1907. The present English translation will, I understand, be referred to in the forthcoming work of an English scholar, Miss M. E. Seaton, on the Influence of Scandinavia on English Life and Thought in the Seventeenth Century.

by no means fully represent my indebtedness to Mr Blöndal for information, mainly but not exclusively concerning Icelandic matters. He has taken a lively interest in the English edition, and has collected further information for it.

Still greater however is the debt of the actual translation to Mr Blöndal. Translation from any Icelandic work of the seventeenth century is rendered peculiarly laborious by the absence of a dictionary. Even Cleasby-Vigfússon's *Icelandic-English Dictionary* pays little attention to the language after 1300 A.D., and the pocket dictionary of Modern Icelandic does not attempt to deal with the earlier centuries. Moreover a large part of Icelandic literature in the seventeenth century is still in MSS. to which I had no access while I was making my translation. All these difficulties were aggravated by Jón Ólafsson's custom of Icelandicizing a foreign term when he could not find an Icelandic one. Thus when stripped of their Icelandic disguise, Portuguese, German and Dutch terms, and even one Russian one, are revealed in his pages, besides many Danicisms. And the unfamiliarity of his style is a good deal increased by his frequent use of idiomatic terms which are not Icelandic or even Danish, but German in origin[1].

Thus the task of translating the Autobiography was not an easy one, and I should certainly not have been able to regard my translation with any degree of real confidence if I had not had the help and advice of Mr Blöndal, who was peculiarly well fitted to advise me, as he had already been engaged for years on his monumental Icelandic Dictionary, the first half of which is now published[2]. Mr Blöndal read the translation in MS. and again in proof, was always ready to discuss obscure passages, and thanks to his thorough knowledge of English was often able to suggest a closer rendering of a phrase than I had hit upon. The translation aims rather at accuracy than elegance, but I have tried to avoid quite modern words and phrases, and to reproduce something approaching Jón's style, though for the comfort of the reader

[1] Cp. note 1 to p. 103.

[2] Sigfús Blöndal, *Islandsk-Dansk Ordbog*, 1 Halvbind (Reykjavík, 1920–22).

I have frequently divided Jón's longer and more involved sentences into two.

Some of the MSS. on which the Icelandic text is based occasionally give Icelandicized forms of Danish names, which are rather difficult to identify for any reader unversed in Icelandic: *e.g.* Kárseyri for the Danish Korsør. A study of the List of Variant Readings in the Icelandic edition suggests that this Icelandicizing tendency is on the whole more characteristic of the later MSS. than of the earliest. If Jón Ólafsson's own MS. should ever be discovered, it would of course be desirable to give the Danish names exactly as they appear there—most of them probably in fairly normal Danish forms—but no purpose can be served by furnishing the English reader with Icelandic spelling of a Danish name, in one passage from a nineteenth-century, in the next from an eighteenth-century MS. I have accordingly given the ordinary Danish forms of Danish surnames and place-names in my text. All the variant spellings[1] in Mr Blöndal's text will be found in the Index[2], but of course there are innumerable other variants in the various MSS. As will be seen from the notes, the great majority of persons mentioned are readily identifiable[3], and in no case in this volume is there any doubt about the actual Danish name.

As regards Icelandic names, the Icelandic þ is rendered by *th*, but ð (with the sound of *th* in "thee") has been allowed to stand. The nominative final *-ur* in the masculine after a consonant, has been dropped.

The map of Jón Ólafsson's home district has been specially drawn for the Hakluyt Society in the Topographical Department of the Danish General Staff from the large scale maps

[1] It is perhaps worth noting that some of the MSS. occasionally turn a surname with a Danish meaning into a corresponding Icelandic word: thus we find variously in Mr Blöndal's text Falk (the Danish form) and Fálki, Icel., a falcon.

[2] There will be a general Subject Index to both volumes in vol. II.

[3] I have recently come across what seems to be a trace of Michell, the Italian craftsman, mentioned on p. 87 *infra*. Metcalfe, in his *Oxonian in Iceland*, 1867 ed., p. 309, states that a fine brass chandelier in the Hitárdal church in Iceland bears the date 1616 and the legend "Michelliñi hat mich gegossen."

of the survey of Iceland now proceeding. I am glad to take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to Captain V. Tretov-Loof, of that Department, for the great trouble he took in helping to trace all the localities mentioned by Jón Ólafsson and by the author of the third part of the work (in vol. II), and generally in the preparation of this map.

The plan of Copenhagen is taken from the collection of early maps of Copenhagen belonging to the Royal Library. It does not seem to have been published in any of the topographical works on Copenhagen which I have consulted. It must however be noted that owing to the date when it was originally made, probably between 1596 and 1600, it does not properly represent Christian IV's new harbour, arsenal, and provision-store as described by Jón. These improvements were only begun after 1600 and finished in 1614. (They are very prominent in Wijk's view of Copenhagen, reproduced in this volume.) On the other hand the Long Bridge, begun in 1618, seems to have been added to the plan at a later date, also a building which can hardly be anything else than the Exchange, built in 1623. There must therefore have been an attempt, made about 1623, to bring the plan up to date, but it was not very thorough, as Rosenborg castle, begun in 1610, just outside the walls, has not been added, though it would have been quite as easy to fit it in as to add the Bridge.

The portrait of Christian IV which forms the frontispiece of this edition, and the view of Kronborg Castle are both from the Royal Library collection.

The illustration of two Danish gunners in the preceding reign is taken from the very remarkable military work by Joachim Arentsehe[1], printed by the Copenhagen printer Lorentz Benedicht. It contains a number of hand-coloured woodcuts. Only one copy of the work is known, in the Royal Library in Copenhagen, and it is probably the finest book ever produced in Denmark.

Johan Diricksen's engraving of Wijk's view of Copenhagen from 1611 is in the collection of the Danish National

[1] *Ein Buch zusammen gezogen aus vielen probierten Künsten und Erfarungen, wie ein Zeughausz sampt aller Munition anheimisch gehalten werden sol...* (Copenhagen, 1578). The work with its various parts is described by R. Paulli, *Lorentz Benedicht* (Copenhagen, 1920), pp. 56–64.

Museum. Both it and the illustration from Arentsehe were reproduced in the Icelandic edition.

I have to record my thanks to Mr Holger Larsen, Head of the Department of Maps and Engravings in the Royal Library, and to Count W. Ahlefeldt-Laurvig, for facilitating my search through the collections and for much valuable advice, and to Mr P. B. C. Westergaard, Secretary of the Danish National Museum, for similar help in the Museum, and for arranging for photographs to be taken of the view of Copenhagen.

My own obligations and those of the Society to the generous help of Mr Sigfús Blöndal have already been indicated. Next to Mr Blöndal this volume owes most to Sir Richard Carnac Temple, who has taken a constant interest in the work and who kindly read the translation in typescript as well as in proof. His great experience has been most valuable, and his many queries very stimulating. The notes to the part of the work dealing with England (pp. 18–30) are by him. I should also like to thank the President of the Society, for reading the proofs and for useful suggestions.

It is a pleasure to thank Mr Clausen and Colonel Rist for allowing me to quote from their annotations in the Danish edition, and to add my special thanks to Mr Clausen for his constant courtesy and ready help in the Royal Library.

My thanks are also due to the Staff of the Rigsarkiv, the Danish Record Office, for much help in searching for MSS. I am indebted to Mr Georg Galster of the Royal Collection of Coins and Medals in Copenhagen, and to Mr G. F. Hill of the British Museum, for making enquiries into the nature of the *quaderante* dollars mentioned on p. 221 of this edition. The fact that these dollars continue to remain mysterious confirms me in my belief that the MSS. are at fault.

I cannot conclude this Preface without remembering my obligations to the late Mr J. B. Peace, of the Cambridge University Press, for his help and kind interest in the work.

BERTHA S. PHILLPOTTS

July 20, 1923.

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INTRODUCTION

TO VOLUME I

THE *Life of Jón Ólafsson* falls into three parts; or perhaps more properly, since only the first two parts are written by himself, into two parts and an appendix.

The first part, opening with his childhood and youth in the remote north-west of Iceland, his voyage to England in 1615, and his brief stay in that country, has for its main subject his experiences as gunner's mate in Copenhagen and on various Northern voyages, in the service of King Christian IV. It is this part which is comprised in the present volume.

The second part, to be edited for the Hakluyt Society by Sir Richard Temple, deals with Jón Ólafsson's voyage to India in 1622, his life as a member of the Danish garrison in the fort at Tranquebar, and the voyage home in 1624–5, a terrible record of privation in a rudderless vessel; his stay, with other survivors, at Youghal in Ireland, and his return to Copenhagen towards the end of the year which had seen Christian IV's ill-fated entry into the Thirty Years' War.

The autobiographical part ends with his return to Iceland in the spring of 1626. It is followed by an account of the remainder of his life, probably composed by someone in the household of Magnús Magnússon, sheriff of Ísafjörð, Jón's native county—possibly by the sheriff himself—and ending with Jón's death in 1679, in his eighty-fifth year. This third part is carelessly put together, contains no account of Jón's writings, and would be of little value but for the fact that it gives a fairly full account of the raid of the Barbary corsairs on Iceland in 1627.

The two parts into which Jón's own memoirs naturally fall differ very considerably in value, regarded as historical sources. His sojourn in Denmark covers a period for which

sources of various kinds are ample. Besides the great wealth of State records there are the diaries of Christian IV himself and of some of his nobles; there are the narratives of foreign diplomats and merchants; there are the works of contemporary scholars. And there is little that is new in his account of his voyages. The second part, on the other hand, gives information unobtainable elsewhere, for Jón's account both of natives and of Danes in India is far more detailed and far more vivid than the jottings of the Chaplain Mads Rasmussen, who like Jón survived the voyage home on the ill-starred *Pearl*, and like him wrote reminiscences. The two volumes are thus of very unequal value.

Yet in one respect Jón's narrative of his life in Europe is as unique a document as that of his life in India. It is true that there are abundant sources for the years 1615–22 in Denmark, when Jón Ólafsson was in the service of King Christian IV. But they are all written from the point of view of the governing classes. Not for those years, nor for any other years in the half-century which saw Denmark's mighty struggle for maritime supremacy in Europe, and her subsequent fall, have we any real access to the mind of the common man, save through the pages of this gunner's mate, an Icelandic peasant. For Jón's references to his distant connection, through his mother, with distinguished persons in Iceland must not blind us to the fact that though typically self-respecting, Jón's own family[1] was poor and obscure. On the barren, mountainous little farms of Svarthamar and Dvergasteinn, in one of the more desolate regions of Iceland, Jón had probably been through a harder school than even the down-trodden peasants of Denmark. At first sight his education seems incompatible with such an origin, but though no doubt better than that of some nobles in the rest of Scandinavia[2], it indicates no especially favoured status or circumstances in his own country, and his humility about it in his Preface is probably quite unfeigned. It is true that

[1] See pp. xxix f., *infra*.

[2] Cp. V. Lütken, *Bidrag til Langelands Historie*, pp. 145, 173, and also the Introductory chapter in M. E. Seaton's forthcoming work mentioned above, note 2 to p. viii.

the decay of education, amidst the disasters and famines of the first half of the seventeenth century, is a common theme of lament among contemporary Icelandic authors[1], but there was still a great deal of truth in the statement made by a Norwegian divine some thirty years before Jón's education began, that "among the Icelanders it is a usual custom that they teach their children, of both sexes, to read and write[2]."

No doubt Jón may have gleaned some information from the talk of the more distinguished Icelanders he knew in Copenhagen. And there is enough of an official flavour about his reference to the king's endeavours to keep the "Danish waters" free of pirates (p. 118), to suggest that he was a diligent reader of royal proclamations. But in the main he evidently relies on the talk of his comrades in guard-room or forecastle[3]—men who in civil life were of the small artizan class: tailors, weavers, tapsters and the like. In fact Jón faithfully mirrors the attitude of the common folk, still so wholly inarticulate, and in the main so uninformed. They are deeply interested spectators of the doings of the great, but are without any grasp of their inner significance. Jón and his friends swelter cheerfully in the sun that a foreign Bishop may be received with royal honours, and they enjoy the festivities of the visit undisturbed by any knowledge of their king's endless schemes for securing a whole series of German Bishoprics for his sons, while the Bishops were still great territorial princes; nor do they realize how this policy irritated and alarmed the Catholic powers. And since most

[1] Espólín observes that some of the poorer ministers had had no opportunity of learning Latin, but he adds that they were well versed in Danish and German, and had good books in those tongues. *Íslands Árbœkur*, 4 Deild, p. 140.

[2] Absalon Pederssøn, in *Norske Magasin*, I, p. 99.

[3] From this point of view it is very instructive to compare Jón's account of the capture of the pirate Mendoza with the official report of the Admiral (ch. XVII and notes). Jón's authority is evidently some comrade who had been on the expedition, probably on the *Jupiter*. He gives several interesting details omitted by the Admiral, and he knows, what perhaps the Admiral did not, or perhaps thought fit not to report, the reason of the long delay of the Danish messengers on board the pirate: it was the good cheer offered to them—a statement indirectly corroborated by the Lieutenant's ironic reference, in the Admiral's report, to "an entertainment."

of Christian IV's great enterprises were slowly leading him and his country into disaster, there is a kind of unconscious irony in Jón's pages, so full of the king's activities and glory, unshadowed by all that was to happen before Jón committed his memories to paper. As one of the garrison at Kronborg Castle he watches the press of ships in the Sound, and helps to keep order among the crowding foreign skippers, chafing to be aboard but compelled to pay their dues; and he pockets his drink-money undisturbed by any idea of the part played by those tolls in alienating England and the Netherlands. With satisfaction he sees his Admiral threaten to open fire on the Hamburg vessel which refuses to show its Danish pass, and he narrates with glee how he lays the gun for his royal master to fire at a Dutch vessel, for a joke. Nor does he realize, any more than the king himself, that by a multiplicity of such acts Christian IV is earning the distrust and dislike of the other sea-faring nations, so that Denmark will have very half-hearted friends among the Lutheran powers when her need is sorest. He sees the Dutch and English whaling vessels off Spitzbergen, and does not know that their presence, uncontested, means that the king has already had to abate his extravagant claims of sole fishing and trading rights in the North Atlantic from the Faroes and Iceland to Spitzbergen and the White Sea.

Jón is also of service in convincing us that the prosperity commented on by all visitors to Denmark was really enjoyed by the common people. We never hear of Jón's pay being overdue: the gunners' rations are more than ample: the work, except on board ship, is extremely light, and allows Jón's comrades to pursue their civil avocations. Even when Jón is cast into a dungeon he and his fellow-prisoner each receive salt fish, beer and a candle daily as well as a loaf of bread. The servants of the nobleman Manderup Parsberg carouse half the night, and Jón always has money to spare for a meal at a tavern, washed down with a sufficiency of foreign wine. And yet he can still afford to pay enough to have his lodging in the house of a lady of the nobility, though an impoverished one.

But Jón is not only the mouthpiece of the humble. He is also the last of that long line of Icelandic men-at-arms who have left to posterity a portrait of the king they served. And though the different circumstances of a later age did not afford him the opportunities enjoyed by the royal bodyguard in that primitive period dealt with by the Icelandic Lives of the Norwegian kings, yet Jón is no unworthy successor of Sturla or of the Icelandic warrior-skalds. None of the foreign ambassadors who visited the court of Christian IV has given us such a vivid picture of that monarch. In the king's voyages to Norway and in his questions about the needs of the Icelanders Jón shows us the solicitude for his more distant subjects which so honourably distinguished Christian IV; and not even from the king's own Journal do we gain such a vivid impression of his incessant activity and real simplicity of character as in the brief paragraph where Jón shows him heaving at the wet snags among his gunners, his coat off, or himself weighing out powder to test the guns, heedless of the foundry-master's warnings. No one but Jón, too, could have told us of the uses of Christian's pet dog in warning his subjects of the approach of their ubiquitous monarch.

But best of all, because most characteristic, is the interference of the king in the casting of the bronze figures (pp. 85–6). It was characteristic of him to search Europe for the best craftsmen to design and execute the beautiful groups of bronze figures with which he decorated his fountains. It was still more characteristic of him to look in upon their labours at six o'clock in the morning to see how the work was progressing. And, unfortunately for Denmark, it was more characteristic still that he was in too great a hurry to have the work completed, and that in despite of the warnings of the expert he marred the figures by turning on the tap too soon. The story is significant: it might stand as an allegory of his career. He conceived great designs: he was indefatigable in carrying them out, but he could not let his plans mature. He could not lay foundations and wait for another to build on them. He wanted to make Denmark supreme at sea and a great Continental power all in his own lifetime. Many of his

ambitions might have been realized if by forcing the pace he had not antagonized the countries which should have been his allies, and against the advice of all his Council plunged into a ruinous war. Her Swedish provinces were what Denmark ultimately lost through his haste, and that loss was unlike the missing part in the bronze group: it could never be repaired, even at the greatest expense.

It is little wonder that with his beloved king absent in Germany, his old comrades no doubt scattered or dead, and his right hand maimed so that he could no longer remain in the service, Jón's longing for his own country became so great, on his return from India, that he would not even wait in Copenhagen to see the issue of his efforts to recover his property, but took the first ship to his own West Firths. But it is impossible to help wishing that he could have been with his royal master in all the disasters of 1643–5, when, nearly seventy years old, having just lost an eye in action at sea, Jutland overrun, disasters everywhere, the downfall of Denmark apparently imminent, Christian IV retrieved almost everything by his own indomitable energy and courage. Jón's picture of him then would have been worthy of the Icelanders who fought on many a stricken field in Scandinavia centuries earlier. But Jón could no longer load or lay cannon, and he went home. We must now consider what little is known of him apart from his own memoirs.

THE AUTHOR

Two brief references are all we know of Jón Ólafsson besides what he tells us himself. But it happens that both are very illuminating. The first is a statement, unauthenticated but repeated by a learned and trustworthy Icelander, Sæmund Eyjólfsson[1], that when Jón saw the glaciers of Iceland arise from the sea, as he stood on the deck on his voyage home, he was beside himself with joy, leapt into the air, and cried out, "In spite of all, Iceland is the best country the sun shines on." The other reference is at the end of an

[1] *Búnaðarrit* 10 (Reykjavík, 1896), p. 111.

eighteenth-century MS. of the Autobiography, in which the third part is replaced by a very brief account of Jón's later life. This ends as follows: "He (Jón) was entertaining and cheerful and could talk of many things. He was a competent tailor and had also a good understanding of doctoring; had some skill in the art of verse and was well informed in many subjects, but was perpetually in difficulties with his farm. His son was Ólaf, who dealt in doctoring like his father."

We do not know who wrote these lines, but some corroboration of their truth, and therefore of their authenticity, can be gleaned from Jón's own statement about his cure for scurvy (p. 164) and from his casual reference to ripping up his old tunic to use as lining (p. 71), which seems to show more capacity for tailoring than could be usual among artillerymen. And it is certainly true that after eleven years' absence, and with a maimed hand, Jón would not be likely to make much of the very highly specialized art of farming in Iceland. It seems justifiable therefore to conclude that this description was first written by someone acquainted with Jón, and we may therefore accept the other statement that he was entertaining (*skemtinn*) and cheerful. These are quite the qualities we should expect him to have, for however much we deplore a certain naïveté in self-praise, partly perhaps due to his literary models, we must admit that in the words of his Icelandic editor Mr Blöndal, he must have been well liked by his comrades and superiors and best liked by the best of them.

As a writer of travels he is certainly too ready to believe everything that is told him, and where, as in England, he is not as much master of the language as he thinks he is (or as the rascally innkeeper tells him he is) he is far from trustworthy. But there was no opportunity for misunderstandings in Copenhagen, where he was well versed in the language and had a very wide acquaintanceship, and he evidently had a most tenacious and accurate memory for everything except dates. As will be seen in the notes, it is possible to control the vast majority of his statements, and the more they are looked into the more amazing appears the

memory which could hold so many details and so many names for more than half a life-time. In one instance, at least, he is more accurate than a well-informed Dane writing immediately after the event. The nobleman Sivert Grubbe, a constant companion of the king, notes in his journal for July, 1616: "On this northern voyage the Chancellor Christian Friis died on the ship *Spes*." Jón writing from memory in 1661, recalls correctly that it was the *Fides*. In the few cases where he errs in the matter of names, it is always because of the aversion felt by Icelanders from writing anything tantamount to "a man whose name I do not recall." (The very folk-tales in Iceland begin: "There was a farmer at so-and-so, called so-and-so," instead of "There was once a man.") This dislike of vagueness in nomenclature occasionally causes Jón to invent a name, but it is always very obviously invented; as for instance the minister Nicolaus of the church of St Nicholas (p. 200); "Gabriel" Kruse (instead of Enevold) on the *Gabriel* (p. 153) and probably the boatswain Peter, late of the *St Peter* (p. 207).

It seems clear that Jón had no diary, and indeed if he had kept one it must have been lost to him with all his other possessions on the *Pearl*. Some of his statements in ch. XXXI certainly have a diary-like air: "a Thursday in August"; "the following Tuesday," and "the second Thursday after our arrival," but all these days appear to be erroneous, like so much of his chronology. It may be convenient to give a chronological list of Jón's voyages and doings, trusting to his own statements where no other evidence is available.

1615. Jón leaves Iceland on June 23; reaches Harwich about Aug. 11; starts for London at end of August; leaves London early in November; arrives in Copenhagen certainly not earlier than Nov. 21, so that if he was out of work by Christmas he can only have been a month at most in service in the Royal Stables.

1616. About Jan. 14 is actually entered at Arsenal.

Spring. Voyage to White Sea and Faroes.

His return can be dated by the reference to the death of Christian Friis, and must have been early in August.

1617. May 7–15. Voyage with Christian IV to Flekkerø.

1618. May 22. The Bishop's visit.

The Session of the High Court to which Jón refers and which he says was in 1619 must probably have been in this year and not in 1621, as he went to Kronborg soon afterwards.

"That same year" went to Kronborg.

1619. In Kronborg in February, when King Christian and King Gustavus met at Halmstad.
1620. Spring. Voyage to Spitzbergen (Jón puts this in 1618).
Autumn. At Arsenal. His trial.
1621. "In April, after Easter," liberated. Jón thinks he was confined for nine or ten weeks, but if he is right about April his period of imprisonment must have been longer. According to the New Style, adopted in Denmark in 1582, Easter fell on March 27 in 1621.
1622. July 18–Aug. 6. Fourth voyage. With Christian IV to Bergen. (Jón says in 1621.)
Oct. 8. Starts for India.

It seems worth while to discuss the question of Jón's trustworthiness somewhat fully, since it is very important for a right estimate of the value of his information about India, where his statements cannot be so easily controlled as in this volume.

There are two main points on which his trustworthiness may be called in question as far as his life in Denmark is concerned: (i) his account of himself; (ii) his account of his enemy Grabow. It may be as well to take these in order.

(i) The vanity we have already had occasion to notice certainly makes Jón gloss over some of his errors. In his statements to his sergeant about the visit to his plague-stricken friend (pp. 106 ff.) he certainly uses an economy of truth, and the same is probably the case as regards the accuracy of the charges against him at his trial (p. 182), and though in both cases it was an economy of truth which would be absolutely condoned by the public opinion of his comrades, we should have liked Jón to deal a little more candidly, perhaps, with his readers.

In his old age Jón may allow himself to believe that his superiors took more notice of him than they actually did. The Burgomaster Peter Andersen Randulf can hardly have told Jón the story of his journey to Jerusalem (p. 63) because the story bears unmistakable signs of a pre-Reformation origin. And it seems possible that Jón did not play such an important part as he says in reconciling his Admiral and the captain of the *Gabriel* (p. 161) or in giving advice about the pump (p. 163). But on the other hand he makes nothing of his real superiority over his fellows in ability to read and write, nor does he ever pretend to be of higher status than he was. Nor does he ever boast of any special skill or

strength. When it is remembered how much his readers in Iceland would be prepared to swallow—and we can hardly form a just estimate of that until we read the folk-tales about him in the Appendix to this volume—it must be admitted that Jón adhered very closely to the truth for a man writing forty years after his adventures, when all who could contradict must have been dead. And this impression remains after much study of his trial, which is really a valuable addition to our knowledge of legal procedure at the time. It is also only fair to observe that though Jón had a good conceit of himself he was entirely free from that baser form of vanity which belittles the character and achievements of greater men.

(ii) At first sight it seems quite incredible that Grabow should be such a scoundrel as Jón represents him and that he should yet go scot free. But firstly we must remember that Christian IV could not afford to alienate the German nobility who supplied him with mercenaries, and he certainly would have alienated them if he had allowed Grabow to pay the penalty of his crimes. And secondly the little that we know of Grabow's later career does suggest that he was an unsatisfactory character and singularly skilful at getting himself out of tight places. In 1624 he is made Inspector of the Royal Mines in Norway—the kind of job the king would give to a man he wished to have at a distance without giving offence. In 1626, although busy with the war, the king writes several letters to order an enquiry into his conduct, and in 1627 writes that he is to be sent to be tried at the Session of the High Court at Kolding in Jutland on October 15[1]. Owing to the German invasion of Jutland this Session was never held, and Grabow was to be tried at the Copenhagen Session in December. But a mysterious half-apologetic letter from the King to the Chancellor, dated Nov. 4, pleads that His Majesty had forgotten that his case was still unheard[2]. Nevertheless, on Nov. 30, authority is given to summon him to that Session, but the case is not mentioned in its records, and the year after we are surprised to find Grabow reinstated in

[1] *Norske Rigsregistranter*, v, pp. 379 ff., 505, 535, 541, 549, 615 f.
[2] Bricka og Fredericia, *Christian IV's Breve*, II, p. 114.

his Norwegian property[1]. In 1628 a house near Manderup Parsberg's in Copenhagen, sold to him in 1624 by the king, is still called his[2]. Only two explanations seem possible: one that the king for some reason was afraid to prosecute Grabow when it came to the point—very probably for the reason given above—or that Grabow got some opportunity of distinguishing himself in the war and so was pardoned. But so far as the story goes it tends to corroborate Jón.

One other criticism of Jón's trustworthiness may perhaps be made. It is in regard to his ancestors on his mother's side. Not all the ingenuity of Icelandic scholars, skilled in genealogy though they be, can adapt to the actual dates Jón's claim to be the great-great-grandson of Sir Jón the Swede[3], who came to Iceland as a Roman Catholic priest in 1530. And the most likely surmise concerning the identity of the Hamburger Governor Pétur Skytta (probably Schytt or Schiött), is that he was a follower of some Governor and acted as his agent in his absence. It is not recorded of either of the two possible Governors called Pétur[4] that he was murdered, and it is difficult to believe that such an incident could go unrecorded. A confusion between the Governor and his agent could the more easily have arisen since the foreign Governors appeared only intermittently in Iceland, and in the fifteenth century there were sometimes rival Governors.

There is nothing else to question in Jón's account of his genealogy. An Ástríð, sister of Jón Sigmundarson, is not known, but may well have existed, and there is no reason to doubt that Jón was distantly related on the maternal side to Bishop Guðbrand—his second cousin twice removed, to be exact. And he is no doubt stating no more than the truth in claiming that the minister Sveinn Símonarson was his maternal great-uncle's step-daughter's husband[5].

[1] *Norske Rigsregistranter*, VI, p. 41.
[2] *Kjøbenhavns Diplomatarium*, I, p. 614.
[3] Since publishing his own edition Mr Blöndal has consulted Professor Finnur Jónsson and other scholars on this question.
[4] A Pétur Trúelsson is known as Governor of Iceland in 1495; and a Pétur Kláusson in 1497.
[5] For the sake of clearness a genealogical table is given at the end of this Introduction.

But Jón's insistence on these distant relationships and his comparative ignorance of his father's family certainly suggest that his mother plumed herself on her superior descent. If this was so the errors regarding her forbears may well originate from her and should not be attributed to her son.

There was a certain simplicity about Jón which made him unable to perceive, even long afterwards, that the English innkeeper was flattering him for a purpose (p. 20) or that the alleged dream of his fellow-prisoner was barefaced cadging for a drink (p. 178). This simplicity must have been a temptation to some of his informants to tell tall stories. Either we cannot acquit our countrymen of being especially ready to succumb to this temptation, or we must suppose that Jón was particularly prone to believe what an Englishman told him. Certainly he errs more often in his English information than elsewhere, whether it be about the five English "brothers" of Mandaus, who was, as is well known elsewhere[1], a Spaniard, or the horrors of Spitzbergen (pp. 156–7), or in matters of English history. It seems that when he only hears a story once his critical faculty is not acute, though he is probably not more credulous than the ruck of contemporary travellers. But where he depends on his own observation, and where he can question and compare the statements of others, he is remarkably trustworthy. Note his story of the murder of Master Søren (pp. 46 f.), which is much better put together, better motivated and more credible than the account of the same incident by the king's historiographer Helvaderus.

The Autobiography is not Jón's only literary work. Two MS. copies of a translation of a work on Greenland, *Grønlandske Chronica*, by the Dane Claus Christoffersen Lyschander, published in Copenhagen in 1608, conclude with the words: "Jón Ólaf's son, Traveller to the Indies, translated the above Chronicle." (MS. in the Arnamagnæan collection,

[1] Mr S. C. Hill refers me to *Danish Arctic Expeditions* 1605–1620, Hakluyt Society, 1st series, Nos. 97–98, pp. xxiii–iv (Introduction to vol. II).

No. 779 c, 4to.) He also translated for the Sheriff Ari of Ögur two cycles of Danish ballads, one dealing with the legendary king Persenober, and the other with the famous Danish "Marsk Stig"—Marshal Stig Andersen. Some of these translations are still extant. Probably Jón used Vedel's edition of the Ballads, published in 1591.

Besides a hymn, of which only the first line is known, Jón's only other original work was a poem of 197 strophes, dealing with his own life and composed at the bidding of his patron Ari. Only the first strophe has been preserved, unless, as seems likely, the verses on pp. 10 and 77 are quotations from it. It is not certain whether this is the earlier attempt at an Autobiography mentioned by the author in his Preface as having been lent and lost, or whether there was an earlier prose version.

Of Jón Ólafsson's merits as a poet I am not competent to judge. But a few words as to his prose style in his Autobiography may not be out of place. He is evidently not satisfied with it himself, and it is certainly cumbrous and long-winded, and occasionally obscure, especially in the first volume. It is obviously much influenced by Danish theological works, which almost necessarily formed his chief reading, and his own style certainly compares well enough with that of his models. The second part of the work gives the impression of having been less polished, and perhaps also of having been influenced in the direction of simplicity by the geographical work of Hans Nansen, to which we know he had access.

Throughout the work, however, there are certain passages remarkable for their complete independence of any literary model, unless it be that of the old Icelandic Saga. In writing of the more stirring episodes of his life Jón has probably used the very words in which he had narrated them, times without number, to audiences in Icelandic cot and Icelandic mansion. These passages are characterized by brief sentences and by the free use of direct speech and of the historic present, and they suggest that the Saga style was still a living tradition in oral story-telling. These passages are the most vivid in

the book, and must always be of interest to the literary historian.

There are one or two points to be noticed in the arrangement of matter. Jón's voyage in 1616 is certainly awkwardly fitted in long after he has related the events of the voyage in 1617. But this is because he is telling of the king's mishaps with the *Patientia* after the death of the Chancellor, and it is perhaps natural to go on to tell of the final successful voyage. His two main voyages he puts together for convenience, though the first was in 1616 and the second in 1619.

The amount of space devoted to a kind of police-court record of Copenhagen scandals (Chaps. VI and VII) may well be criticized, but it must be remembered that stories of city crime are always much appreciated in the country, and these tales had probably given much pleasure in Icelandic up-country farms. There is another possible explanation of these chapters, perhaps not as far-fetched as it seems to us. When Jón wrote his reminiscences in 1661, Ichabod had already been written across all the glories of the first part of Christian IV's reign. Denmark had been plunged into disaster, and Iceland had suffered with her. There must have been those, even in Iceland, who attributed these miseries to the rash policy of Christian IV. Jón never mentions a criticism of his beloved king, but it is possible that these chapters are a kind of answer to such criticism. It was firmly held at the time that the sins of the country brought down Divine punishment, and Jón may in effect be suggesting a cause for the disasters of 1626 and 1643, a cause quite as acceptable to his contemporaries as Christian IV's folly[1].

[1] There is certainly a discreet reference to Christian IV in the stories with which Jón concludes these two chapters of crimes, showing the dire effect German soldiers had on the morals of Danish wives. All readers of the time would remember the prolonged and notorious intrigue of Christine Munk, wife of Christian IV, with a German officer, and would regard Jón's examples from humble and noble families as a way of saying that such things occur in every rank, and are due to no fault of the husband.

THE MSS.

For a full account of the various MSS. readers are referred to Mr Blöndal's Introduction to the Icelandic edition, pp. xvii–xxx, which we may summarize as follows:

Mr Blöndal divided his MSS. into Group A, six MSS.; Group B, five MSS.; Group C, three MSS. Others, nine MSS. Of these he chiefly relied on the following:

From Group A:

Ö. MS. 2076, 4to, in the Ny Kongelig Samling in the Royal Library, Copenhagen. At the end are the following words: "Now recopied with care at Ögur in Ísafjörð Deeps Anno 1729. In the month of December, before Christmas." Mr Blöndal therefore calls this MS. Ögursbök, or Ö.

E. MS. 959, 4to, in the Arnamagnæan collection in the University Library in Copenhagen, written in the first half of the nineteenth century. Some passages are omitted, and the story is frequently condensed.

D. MS. 723, 4to, in the National Library in Reykjavík. In several handwritings.

From Group B:

B. MS. 92, 4to, in the collection of the Icelandic Literary Society, now in the National Library in Reykjavík. From before 1704: the earliest extant MS. Omits various sentences, and especially the religious reflections. Contains the third part in the handwriting of Sheriff Magnús Magnússon. B is unfortunately much damaged.

From Group C:

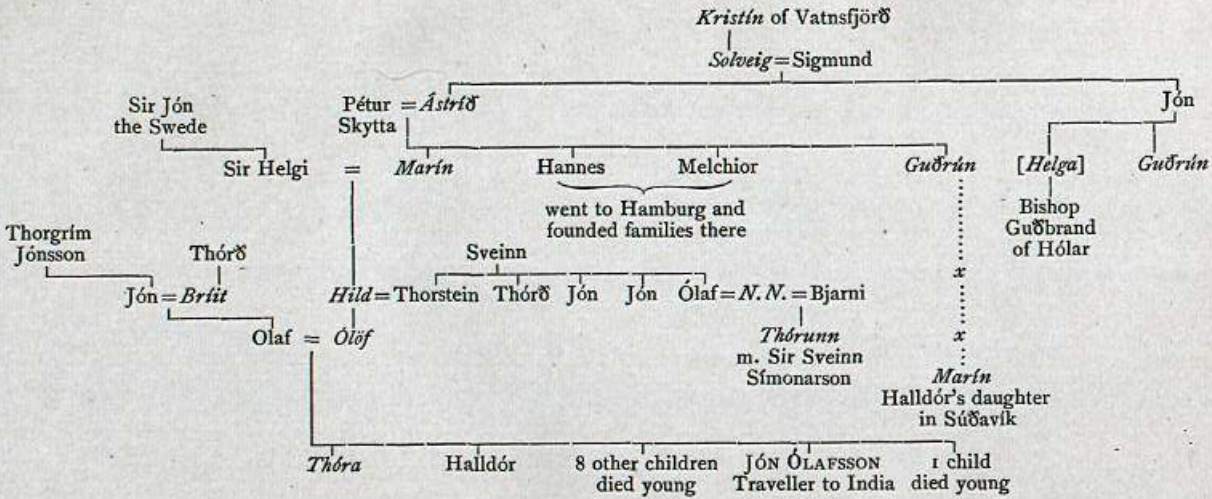
C. MS. 405, 4to, of the National Library in Reykjavík. The title-page says: "Recopied on the Suefneyjar in Breiðafjörð, Anno 1758 by Pétur Jónsson." Appears to be based on MSS. from both the A and the B group. Contains the third part.

The method of classification employed by Mr Blöndal mainly turns (*a*) on the position in the second part of certain Danish letters and whether they appear in the original or are translated, and (*b*) whether the MS. contains the third part, which was composed by the Sheriff Magnús Magnússon or by someone in his household. All the MSS. which contain this third part depend on B, in which this part is in his handwriting. The other differences between the MSS., as regards the actual text, are trifling, except that some of the MSS. shorten the work somewhat. Only in one point is there a really marked contradiction between the MSS., namely in the story of the Earl of Cork towards the end of the second

part (in vol. II of this edition) where the story given in C is quite different from that given by the other MSS.

Mr Blöndal has based his text on the strong probability that the original text is preserved wherever all the main MSS. of both groups coincide, especially Ö, D, and B. Where Ö and B agree their text stands, where they differ he usually follows D, but has also taken readings from C and E when it seemed probable that the reading of the main MSS. was incorrect. The other MSS. have been merely used to fill up gaps in the main MSS. In the third part B, as the original MS., has naturally been followed, but as B is much damaged copies from it have been used wherever necessary. Occasionally Mr Blöndal has adopted emendations of his own when all the MSS. were more or less at fault.

GENEALOGY AS GIVEN IN THE TEXT



Names of Females are italicised.

It is interesting to observe that a taste for travel seems hereditary in Jón's descendants. Of the children of Holger Peter Clausen (d. 1891), who married an Englishwoman, one (who curiously enough married a Schytt, probably his ancestor Pétur Skytta's real name) is a landowner near Melbourne, another a miner in West Australia: and of his grandsons one was first in Buenos Ayres and is now a merchant in New York. Of his nephews one is in America and two in Australia. Those interested are referred to Appendix II in Mr Blöndal's edition.

THE LIFE
OF JÓN ÓLAFSSON THE ICELANDER

TRAVELLER TO THE INDIES

RELATED BY HIMSELF AT THE REQUEST OF WORTHY FOLK
AND ACCORDING AS HE CAN BEST RECALL IT NOW IN
HIS OLD AGE IN 1661. HE PRAYS ALL WORTHY
AND GODFEARING PERSONS, WHETHER OF HIGH
OR LOW DEGREE, FAVOURABLY TO RECEIVE
THIS WORK THOUGH ITS VALUE BE
SLIGHT, AND ITS UTILITY
SMALL; AND THIS HE
DESIRES OF THEM
IN
ALL HUMILITY

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE GRACE, BLESSING AND PEACE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST BE WITH YOU ALL. AMEN.

BELOVED FRIENDS! It were fitting that I should not be convicted of too great an ingratitude for the marvellous benefits, of many kinds and beyond all reckoning, which God has so pitifully and generously conferred on me, of His tender grace, goodness and mercy; both in what concerns the body, the life, and the soul, in my sleeping and waking, by night and by day, by sea and by land in various quarters of the globe, under a burning sky and a cold one, near to my mother-country and far from it, among Christians and heathens, in prosperity and in adversity. All these His many and great benefits and glorious works it would in truth have befitted and behoved me to praise, honour, and magnify, both here in this country and in foreign parts, the which, however, I have alas! left undone, though it was my plain duty; and may God in His mercy deign to forgive me this negligence and heedlessness, as all my other sins and misdoings.

Now, in truth, some years past, I did set out to relate this same, yet I brought the writing to no conclusion, and it was borrowed and lost. Since then I have not applied myself to it on account of the toil and labour needful to earn my daily bread, and, on the other hand, because many persons would hardly be minded to receive such a work from such an inconsiderable person as myself. But because certain worthy persons have once more, in their kindness, exhorted me and urged me on, I have now at last in clumsy handwriting and ill-ordered style written a short account of the more particular events and occurrences that have befallen me in all my past life, knowing that I shall rather be held excused by the generality of our people, since I may venture to exhibit my ignorance as it were under the protection and shield of those worthy persons who have exhorted me to the task. And though much herein be foolish and of little worth, I bid the

kind reader to pardon that and much else in his good patience, but above all I ask that what is here said of God's works be turned to the honour, glory and praise of His holy name, that many may profit by the same and usefully observe it.

And furthermore I desire that whatever I have done amiss all through my life, whatever the office to which I have been called, may serve others as an admonition, lesson and warning, so that they may the more readily eschew my evil example, and study the more the conduct of wiser persons, and so attain a more steadfast perseverance and constancy in the vocation to which they are called. Herewith recommending you, and all the children of God, to His Almighty care both in body and soul, Amen.

J. Ó., Traveller to the Indies.

HERE BEGINS

THE FIRST PART OF THIS STORY RELATING TO MY LIFE UP TO MY VOYAGE TO THE EAST INDIES

CHAPTER I

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF MY BIRTH, ANCESTRY AND UPBRINGING, TOGETHER WITH OTHER HAPPENINGS, UNTIL I WAS TWENTY-TWO YEARS OLD AND SAILED AWAY FROM THIS COUNTRY

THREE years before Christian IV, of august memory, took over the kingdom of Denmark after his blessed father, King Frederik the Second (who died in 1588), the coronation taking place in Copenhagen on the 29th day of August, 1596, in his 20th year[1], I was born into this world very early in the morning of the Sunday next after All Saints[2], at Svarthamar on the Álftafjörð, in the parish of Eyri, in the county of Ísafjörð[3], of honourable parents united in lawful wedlock, viz. Ólaf Jónsson and Ólöf Thorstein's daughter. Ólaf's father was Jón Thorgrímsson who was himself the son of Thorgrím Jónsson; this Thorgrím was a man of mark and widely known, though of no very great wealth: for a long time he had his establishment on Æðey in the parish of Snæfell, and he died at the age of eighty-four. The name of my father's mother was Bríit, Thórð's daughter, a pious woman.

[1] According to general Danish custom Christian IV's minority should have come to an end on his attaining the age of eighteen, *i.e.* on Apr. 12, 1595. The Danish crown was, however, elective, and though he had been accepted as heir-apparent in 1580–2, it was not until Christian had put his signature to an undertaking similar to that presented by the Council of State to his father, that he formally took over the government of the country. This was on Aug. 17, 1596. (He had previously appointed nine new members of the Council.)

[2] The date of Jón's birth was thus Nov. 4, 1593 (O.S.) or Nov. 7 (N.S.). [S.B.]

[3] See map.

This couple, Jón and Bríit, lived to something over seventy years of age, and died many years before I was born, in the home of my parents of blessed memory. My mother, Ólöf Thorstein's daughter, was of North Icelandic family, and was reared at Miðfjörð[1], of an honourable stock: her father was Thorstein Sveinsson, who had four brothers—Ólaf Sveinsson stepfather of Thórunn Bjarni's daughter whom the late Sir[2] Svein Símonsson married, Thórð, and two of the name of Jón. These men were related to that Jón Magnússon who was the grandfather of those worshipful brothers, the lately-deceased sons of Magnús[3].

My mother's mother was Hild, daughter of Sir Helgi, son of Sir Jón the Swede[4], as he was called, from whom honourable families are descended. Hild's mother was Marín, daughter of Pétur Skytta[5], a Hamburger who was Governor of this country and resident here: he married Ástríð, Sigmund's daughter, sister of Jón Sigmundsson, who was the grandfather of Guðbrand, Lord Bishop of Hólar. Pétur had two sons, Hannes and Melchior, and two daughters, Marín and Guðrún. This Pétur was killed one winter in Lent, as he quitted his bath, by two of his own servants, who were bribed to the act by certain natives of this country on account of some ill-feeling that had arisen between them. These two sons of his went to Hamburg and took the greater part of their property with them, in particular, finery enough for twelve maidens; but both the sisters, Marín and Guðrún, stayed behind in this country, and this Marín was my great-

[1] Miðfjörð, a small fjord opening into Hunaflói, north coast.

[2] *Síra*, Sir, remains to this day the title of clergymen, as in Elizabethan usage in England. Síra Sveinn, the father of Bishop Brynjólf of Skálholt, was minister at Skálholt 1578–82, and then at Holt in Önundarfjörð (West Firths). In 1588 he became rural dean (*prófastur*) for the western part of the Ísafjörð district. He died at the age of eighty-five, in 1644. [S.B.]

[3] Magnús the Magnificent (*hinn prúði*), b. about 1532, d. 1591. His sons were Ari of Ögur (d. 1652), Björn of Bær (d. 1635), Jón (d. 1641) and Thorleif of Hlíðarendi, all Sheriffs. We hear more of them in Part III (vol. II). The relationship of the Sveinssons to Jón Magnússon is not traceable.

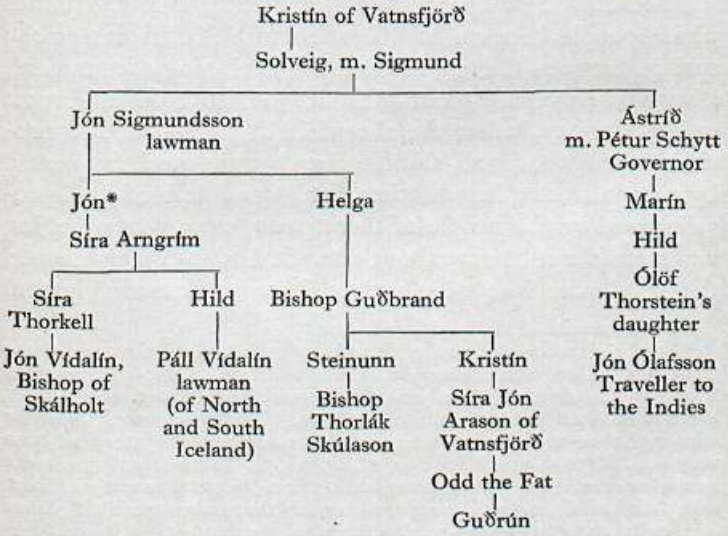
[4] Síra Jón "the Swede," Matthíasson, the manager of the first printing-press in Iceland, held the living of Breiðabólstað in Vesturhóp (N. Iceland) from 1530–67. He can hardly have been Jón's great-great-grandfather.

[5] The identity of Pétur Skytta is not clearly established, nor yet the genealogy which follows. Cp. Introduction.

grandmother, she being the mother of Hild, and Hild the mother of Ólöf, who was my mother; Guðrún was the great-grandmother of Marín, Halldór's daughter, who is now in Súðavík. But of these aforementioned sons of Pétur, it is said that a great kin in Hamburg is descended[1].

My blessed parents had fourteen children born to them in honourable wedlock, and of those only three survived childhood, namely Halldór, Thóra and myself. Between me and Halldór there was fourteen years difference in age, and seventeen between Thóra and me, and I was the next to last child born of my mother. There was no parish priest at hand at that time, nor in the parish, and on account of the driving snow and stormy weather it was not possible to send for a priest to Ögur[2]. My parents sent out two men and a woman with me to Eyri in Skutilsfjörð to the house of Sir Sigmund Egilsson[3], who then bestowed holy baptism on me, and both

[1] In the MS. 2076[b] the genealogy is given in a table as follows:



* One generation is omitted here: Guðrún daughter of Jón Sigmundsson, married to Jón Hallvarðsson. [S.B.]

[2] Ögur, see map.

[3] Síra Sigmund is mentioned in 1592 and in 1603 as holding the living of Eyri in Skutilsfjörð. [S.B.]

the outward and return journey prospered, by the help of God and of His holy angels.

Until I was a year and a half old I enjoyed good health and throve well. Afterwards I fell ill, and I was given in charge of a couple who lived at Hlíð in the same district: the husband was Eyvind Jónsson, the wife Guðrún, Guðmund's daughter, and they were honest folk. I was with them as foster-child for two years.

In my seventh year I was set to books[1]. That year dysentery was much abroad in the land, and many were carried off by it[2]. Through that sickness, in the autumn, during the month of October, my blessed father passed away, and several other farmers of the neighbourhood. Although my brother Halldór was then only twenty years old, yet he managed the farm together with our mother. The second autumn thereafter he married an honest and excellent woman, Randíð Ólaf's daughter, and he had by her six children.

The following winter was that great and notorious winter which people here called "The Torture[3]," and during the spring, between Crossmass[4] and the beginning of summer[5], a huge whale came up out of the ice almost at the innermost end of the bay, below the sheepfold at Hattardal, and provided sustenance for all, and the place became much frequented by people from other districts, for a great lack of food prevailed among the people of these parts, since winter fishing boats could not be rowed out after St Andrew's Day[6], when the wind rose into what proved later an exceedingly foul

[1] For education in Iceland, see Introd.

[2] In the *Annálar* of Björn of Skarðsá 1603 is called "the year of the dysentery." Jón would then be in his 10th year. Espólín mentions dysentery as being particularly bad in the winter of 1601–2.

[3] The winter Espólín calls *Píningsvetr*, "Torture-winter," was the winter of 1601–2. The previous year, both summer and winter, had been very bad. Espólín says (*Annálar*, IV, D, p. 95): "This (1601–2) was the second winter of the hard seasons, and at first the weather was good, but many died of disease and want: the losses in sheep were terrible." Björn of Skarðsá mentions that a whale drifted ashore in 1604.

[4] Crossmass, *Krossmessa*, the feast of the Inventio Crucis, May 3.

[5] The old Icelandic year was divided into about equal periods called "winter" and "summer." In 1601 "summer" began on Apr. 9, in 1602 on Apr. 15.

[6] *Andreasmessa*, Nov. 30.

tempest. The hay crop from the previous summer was but small in many places round here, and the hay frequently of little value owing to the continuous rains.

In my fourteenth year my health improved by the grace of God, and by the skilful treatment of the obstinate complaint of my youth by a Danish ship's captain of the name of Anders, with a pious woman, my nurse, Thorkatla Páll's daughter, as a go-between. It was an apple which he sent by her to my mother, and of which I partook of the half: thereafter I grew and prospered in health[1].

When I was five years old I was all but drowned in the farm brook at Svarthamar, in my own cradle (which was made to play the part of a ship), had not my mother made her appearance so promptly. Again, another time, when I was eight years old, and with my brother Halldór, one Saturday in summer time, had ridden[2] out into the large salmon-river, Fjarðará[3], as it is called, I had nearly been drowned, but that my brother Halldór succoured me by God's help. A third time, in the same year, when I was sent across the estuary Seljalandsós[4] with an errand to persons journeying to the market-town, I was very nearly washed off my horse which went too near the sea at high tide and was obliged to swim. I was chastised on each of these occasions, as was deserved. My dear mother suffered great apprehensions on my behalf, especially with regard to rivers; and she and many others declared that it would fall to my lot to travel across the waters, and she prayed God continually to have me in His keeping, the which prayer of hers God our merciful Father has heard and graciously answered. Praise be to His holy name to all eternity! Amen.

In the winter of 1615, in my twenty-second year, I narrowly escaped death, being precipitated down the slopes of Dvergasteinshlíð[5], for I struck the ground more than forty times in my fall, and on each occasion fell on my back. My

[1] An apple, or fruit of any kind other than berries, was quite unknown in Iceland at this time. The novelty no doubt worked the cure. Jón probably uses the word "apple" to designate any large globular fruit.
[2] Travelling in Iceland is usually done on horseback.
[3] See map. [4] *Ibid.* [5] *Ibid.*

mother never got to know of this, but my brother-in-law, Skeggi Gunnlaugsson, was outside the farmhouse at the time this happened, and did not know what to do, nor did he ever think to see me again alive. The previous spring it had so happened that my dear mother and I had removed from Halldór's at Eyrardal and taken up our abode at Dvergastein, with Skeggi and Thóra[1], and thus our sheep, being unacquainted with the district, got jammed in a rift, and could not be got at all the winter, and suffered greatly from hunger. I often attempted to reach them without my mother's knowledge and against her repeated prohibition. And on the occasion just described, the iron point of my staff broke as I was nearly half-way up the slope, and I was straightway hurled down to the rocks at the foot of the mountain, at every rebound being flung up skywards. When I ceased to fall, by God's grace and will, there were but a few fathoms' length between me and the rocks. So easy is it and possible for God to effect His purposes in accordance with His divine will, power, and good pleasure. And when I got to my feet I was all but unhurt and unhampered. Praise be to God! Amen. Many a lesser accident is often much talked of. Skeggi, who came to meet me half-way, greeted me with much tenderness, and gave praise to God with tears.

I can say that God has kept his hand over me in the air, on the earth, in the waters, on the ocean-floor, in fire, and has preserved me against thunder and lightning. These things have not happened that they might straightway be forgotten, any more than other great works and marvels of God which have been committed to writing. Nay, rather should they be set down and daily held up to our view, for children and grandchildren, unto the very end of the world, to the end that the glory of God's name may be kept in remembrance, increase and never fade:

> In heaven and earth may songs of praise
> Be raised to Thee in every tongue,
> Father and Lord, the Living God,
> Glory be Thine throughout all time. Amen.

[1] Jón's sister Thóra evidently married Skeggi Gunnlaugsson.

In the Snæfell district a notable event occurred in my boyhood. Of that spirit, as men thought it, and of all the strange and terrifying things that befell there, there is no need to insert any account in this place[1], but many less notable occurrences both in this country and elsewhere have been put down and recorded for the remembrance of those yet to be born.

In my eleventh year [1604], it so chanced that a married woman, Bóthild by name, had travelled hence out of Álftafjörð and west over the pass into Önundarfjörð[2], and she had with her a boy-child a year or two old, whose name was Ketill. And when the mother wanted to have come back hither into her own parts with her young baby, no one in Álftafjörð knew of her intention. This happened at about the time of the earlier feast of the Blessed Virgin[3]. And on her way hither, as she was crossing the mountain pass, a black fog suddenly descended, so that she went astray and wandered too far to the right, as far as the place called Valagil[4], where the path is beset by precipices, and being both feeble and exhausted, she paused there by the prompting of God's spirit, on the very edge of these cliffs, and wearied from the long carrying of her child, she fell into a slumber, and so fell asleep in the Lord. Now no one, neither in the Önundarfjörð nor in the Álftafjörð, was aware of this occurrence. A short time later in the week a child's wail was heard down in the parts where

[1] This must refer to the notorious ghost which haunted Snæfellsnes (West Iceland) in the early years of the 17th century. The story is given in Jón Árnason's *Collection of Icelandic Folk-tales*, 1, pp. 260 ff. The minister at Stað, Síra Jón Thorleifsson, had ordered his son one winter's day to rescue his sheep from a dangerous place, and the son never returned alive, but did much damage at home as a ghost. His chief peculiarity was that he enjoyed his meals as much as if living, and he would throw stones from the mountain slopes on to those who did not give him food. Someone saw him eating dried fish and offered him a knife, but the answer was "The dead need no knife: they stand and rend." By magical arts his father obtained power over him, so that he had to do what he was bidden, even to going to the North of Iceland to fetch a supply of tobacco. (This seems somewhat of an anachronism, cp. p. 17, *n.* 3, *infra*.) Finally, he seems to have been induced to serve a sort of summons on himself, binding him to refrain from haunting living folk and beasts, and bidding him descend to "the ninth world."

[2] Önundarfjörð, West Firths. [3] Aug. 15. [4] See map.

men lived, and the folk that dwelt nearest thought it must be the howling of some strange beast. This befell early in August. At that time, in the year 1604, Sir Jón Grímsson lived at Svarfhóll in Álftafjörð[1]. He was the parish priest for Ögur and Eyri[2], and when he heard of this, he sent out all over the district to every farm, to every tenant and landowner, a written message with this purport, that every one of them should come to his house with all speed, weapon in hand, at once that very day, and there consider in his presence and with his advice how they should bear themselves in the above-mentioned matter. They resolved that folk should most earnestly seek out whence or from what creature this howling and piteous sound proceeded. Thus they started from the parson's dwelling. There went all the farmers liable to taxation, each with a three-tasselled halberd[3], which had been imported into the country for sale the year before at the command and by the orders of His Majesty[4].

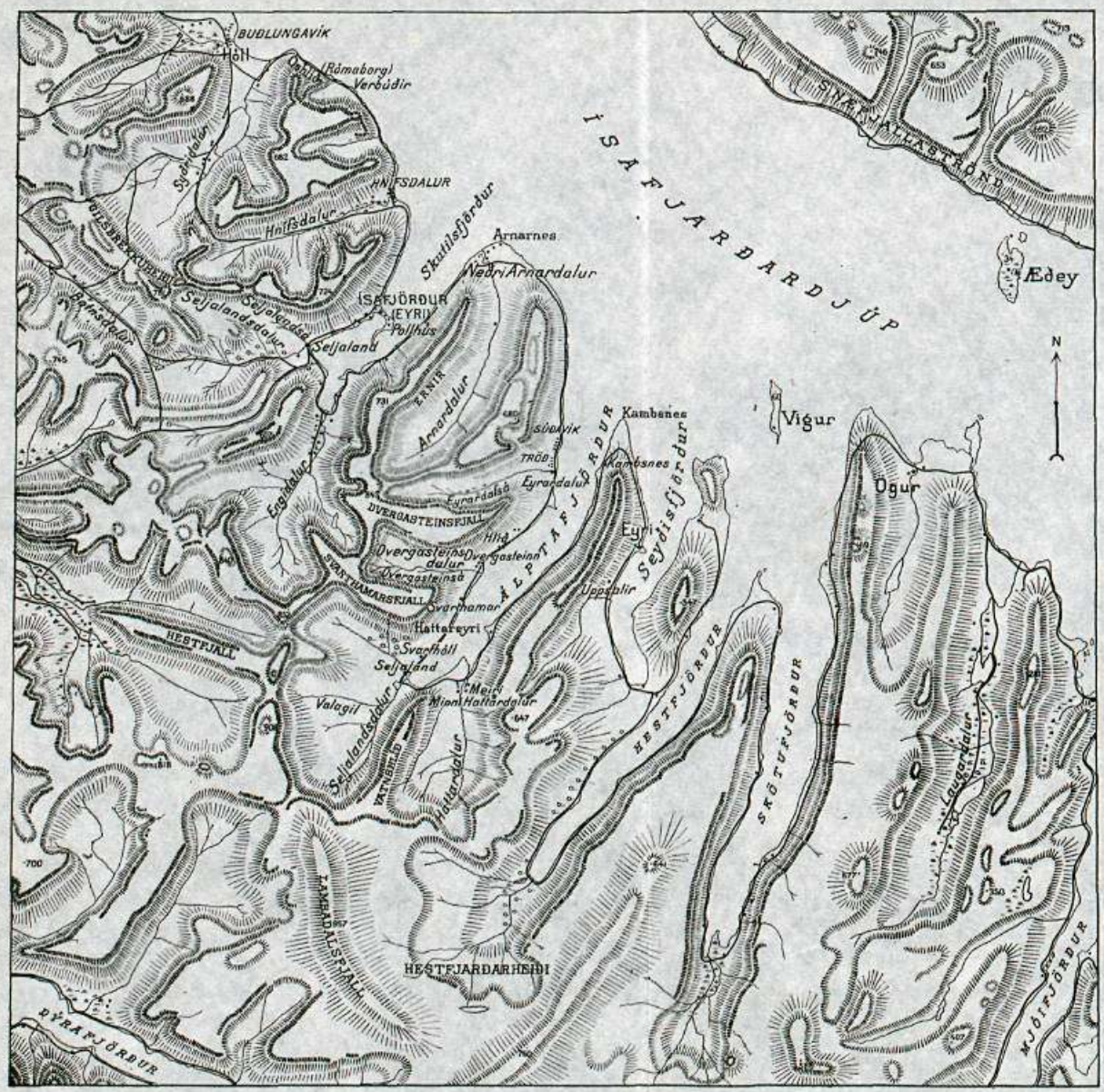
And when they came to the place where the woman lay already long dead, and found the child by her side still living and the woman's body still unmarred, because the child had guarded it for many days and nights, then all were greatly amazed, and it was thought a sad chance, not least to that man who was the wedded husband of the aforesaid woman, Jón Eyvindsson by name. And so her body was carried to

[1] See map.

[2] Síra Jón Grímsson held this living from 1599 to 1615. [S.B.] Before the Reformation the Church had been the chief power in the country, and though the power of the clergy had much declined they would still take the lead on such an occasion as this, unless the sheriff (*sýslumaðr*) was at hand.

[3] Possibly Jón means three-*spiked* halberds. For an illustration of such weapons see Eidem og Lütken, *Vor Sømagts Historie*, p. 199, fig. 3.

[4] Nothing is known of this, but it is quite probable. According to the Sheriff Magnús the Magnificent, the policy of disarming the Icelanders (with a view to keeping the peace), pursued with great energy from 1576 to 1580, had left them so terribly at the mercy of any marauding ship's crew that in 1581 the Danish King had presented each county (*sýsla*) with six muskets and eight spears. At the same time, apparently with the consent of the Danish Governor, the Sheriff ordains that each farmer liable to taxation is to buy a musket and a spear, lesser folk are to have a spear and a knife. But the ordinance does not seem to have had any general validity. Cp. Jón Thorkelsson, *Magnúsar Saga prúða*, Copenhagen, 1895, pp. 67 ff.



Scale 1:200000

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 miles

Map of part of the West Firths in N.W. Iceland, showing localities mentioned by Jón Ólafsson
The heights are given in metres

human habitations, and then with all fitting ceremony and observance to the church at Eyri for burial. But this their son grew up in his father's house until he could maintain himself, and was afterwards a labourer with Sir Thomas Thórðarson, and died a little over twenty years of age in the Snæfell district[1].

The Danes first came into these harbours in the year 1601, in the spring after the great "Torture-winter," which is now reckoned to be sixty years ago. Truels was the first of the Danish merchants and he came after Konráð the Icelander, who was the last of the Hamburg merchants in these harbours[2].

[1] Síra Tómas Thórðarson became minister of Stað on Snæfjallaströnd (Snæfjöll) in 1629 and remained there till his death in 1670. [S.B.]

[2] Espólín says that the Danish merchants came in the spring of 1603, which according to him is the year after *Pingsvetr*. Trade with Iceland had for a long time been in the hands of German (Hamburg) merchants, who had ousted the English in the course of the 15th century. In pursuance of his policy of encouraging Danish trade, Christian IV, in 1602, granted a monopoly of trade with Iceland to the towns of Copenhagen, Malmø and Helsingør (see Introd.). "These harbours," the harbours in the Ísafjörð district. Truels was presumably the first Danish merchant to visit them. The name appears variously in the MSS. as Traculus (B. and Ö.), Trochulus (C.) and in the Danish Translation, Ny Kgl. Saml. 2077ª, 4to, as Troilus: the name was evidently Troels, for which Trúels is the usual Icelandic form [S.B., in the List of Variant Readings]. The genuine Icelandic form of the name is Thorgils.

CHAPTER II

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF MY SAILING HENCE TO ENGLAND

IN the same year, as was mentioned before, when we had to write 1615, it so happened in the spring just before Crossmass[1], that an English ship of fifty tons dragged anchor in the Vestmann Islands[2] in a great storm and ran into Ísafjörð Deeps[3]. She was moored out by that fishing place which is called the City of Rome[4], where I had come for the purpose of laying in a store of fish. And because our way at that time lay daily close to this ship, I and my companions had the fancy to row up to it one morning[5]. The ship's master was called Isaac Brommet[6], a remarkably fine, worthy and upright man. His mate was called William Hundten; the boatswain's name was Vincent. The master received me and my mates well, and there is no need of many words to tell how, without the knowledge of my dear mother, I undertook the voyage to foreign parts with this man. Our agreement was that I might take as much goods with me as I possessed and myself wished to take, and according to the English custom should pay him ten dollars on landing in England. My partner and all our comrades were much grieved at my plan.

Three days later I went to see my dear mother and told her what had happened, but because she had long known of this purpose of mine, her grief was not so bitter as otherwise it might have been, and she willingly let me have my will in this, recommending my body and soul, according to her daily

[1] Crossmass, see above, p. 8, *n.* 4.
[2] Vestmann Islands, Vestmannaeyjar, off the south coast.
[3] Ísafjörð Deeps, Ísafjarðardjúp, see map.
[4] Rómaborg, "City of Rome," see map.
[5] Visits to foreign ships were looked upon with great suspicion by the authorities, since any trading with them was forbidden under very serious penalties. See Introd.
[6] Possibly Bromhead. Hundten, perhaps Hunter or Huntden. [S.B.]

wont, to the power and protection of Almighty God, the One in Three, and this her powerful intercession has, under God, been a stay to me. Praised be God and blessed be His Holy Name for evermore.

On the eve of St John[1], at about supper-time, I parted from my dear mother Ólöf Thorstein's daughter, who had then been granted sixty-eight years of life by the Lord. Unworthy though I was, many grieved for my departure. And so we set out from home, sailing out of the Álftafjörð and to the Deeps with a fair wind. My brother Halldór, my brother-in-law and my best friends accompanied me. I had a heavy dream the night I lay at Óshlíð[2], about the trials that were to come on me. The next morning we went to the ship and a great feast was made ready. Afterwards we parted with tears, each wishing the other good hap.

The next morning we steered westward out of Ísafjörð Deeps and away out to sea, and the ship's crew agreed to let down nets to catch fish for their food, and they took seven hundreds[3] of cod. Then there sprang up a violent north-wester so that we could barely lower our water-sail[4], and we lost ten barrels of train-oil[5], and most part of the contents of a barrel I had brought with me. Then we ran west to Tálknafjörð[6], where we hoisted our topsail. There came on board the worthy pastor Sir Guðmund Skúlason who at that time held the living of Laugardalsstað[7]. He openly urged me against continuing my journey to England and offered me to have all my goods transported north again for nothing. But

[1] June 23.

[2] Óshlíð. The party presumably landed and slept here on their way out to the English vessel. See map.

[3] "Hundred" in Iceland at this date still meant the "long hundred," 120.

[4] *Vatursegl*, from the Danish *vaterseil*, a small triangular sail which was sometimes laced on beneath the mizen-boom when running free.

[5] Probably shark, cod or seal oil. A barrel of oil at this time was worth 190 fish: cp. Aðils, *Einokunarverzlun*, p. 377.

[6] Tálknafjörð, West Firths.

[7] The church at Laugardal in Tálknafjörð is an annex of the church at Selárdal in Árnafjörð, but used to have a minister of its own. Síra Guðmund Skúlason was there about 1615, and later held the living of Rafnseyri in Árnafjörð. He died in 1623. Sveinn Nielsson, x, 7, note 2, and xi, 1. [S.B.]

when the master observed us whispering together, he became very angry with the minister, suspecting that I was being dissuaded. The minister had to desist, and we parted so, with his prayer and blessing given upon me and my voyage.

Two days later we sailed thence in the name of the Lord, on the conclusion of a morning hymn, prayer and litany, and away to sea south of Snæfellsjökul[1], and the second morning we saw the Vestmann Islands[2]. Thence we sailed east till we were off the Horn[3], and then set our course south-east into the ocean. And when the land had just disappeared from our sight a high south-east gale rose against us. An English crayer[4] fell in our way and was three weeks in our company, until great storms parted us, so that neither knew where the other was. The captain of this vessel was called Thomas Gray[5]. Every day we had a wind from the south-east and we held on to the south-east of the Faroes, which we could hardly see. Navigators consider that they lie eighty Danish miles[6] south-east of Iceland. Thence we sailed to Shetland, separated from the Faroes, if my memory serves me right, by forty Danish miles. It is also an island inhabited by poor folk. It was once under Denmark and was mortgaged to the English for a dowry, and it has not been redeemed by Denmark, so that it has belonged to England ever since[7].

Thence we sailed until we caught a sight of the Orkneys. On the sandbanks or shallows among those islands we saw

[1] Snæfellsjökul, the snow-topped mountain at the end of the long headland called Snæfellsnes on the west coast.

[2] Cp. above, p. 14, *n.* 2.

[3] Horn, the point off Hornafjörð, towards the eastern end of the south coast. The best-known Horn is in the north-west, and is also called Nord Cap.

[4] Kræskip: from the English *craye, crayer* (Dan. Krejert): a small trading vessel. [S.B.]

[5] Jón writes Græ.

[6] A Danish mile is equal to 4½ English miles. The distance from Iceland to the Faroes is slightly over-estimated, that from the Faroes to Shetland slightly under-estimated.

[7] In 1468 the Orkneys and Shetlands were pledged by Christian I of Denmark for the payment of the dowry of his daughter Margaret, betrothed to James III of Scotland, and as the money was never paid, their connection with the crown of Scotland has been perpetual. *Encycl. Brit.* XX, p. 281. The Icelanders had old connections with these groups of islands, cp. *Orkneyinga Saga*, tr. by Sir G. Dasent (1887–94).

700 herring-boats, and we sailed close by three, which flung fish to us on board. Afterwards we saw Scotland which is almost joined to England but for a little sound which separates them[1]. By then we were almost without ale but for one hogshead[2], and that would have had to be mixed with water if we had had to depend on it much longer. When we went to sea the store of ale on board was reckoned out, and it was then eleven hogsheads; but every evening when the captain had gone to bed they began their drinking.

There was one man on board called Reuben: he was the first I ever saw use tobacco[3], which he took every evening, and he became my teacher in that art. The master and all the crew were much attached to me. The first mate and I constantly played backgammon together and we wrestled when our duties permitted it. He was given, like most of them, to scoffing and teasing about Iceland and the customs of its people, for which cause I was often vexed with him. I was not his match in wrestling, for he was most skilful in that and in many other things, but he made no show against me in backgammon. In spite of all we were, however, quite friendly together, and he often sought to persuade me to come to Yarmouth[4] with him, where his home was, and to lodge

[1] Jón is not much to blame for this error. On the title-page of the Danish *Chart of the Baltic and North Sea* published at Copenhagen in 1568, there is a little map of North Europe clearly showing England and Scotland divided by what looks like a very wide canal. This first Danish *Chart and Pilot-book for Mariners* is so much fuller than the second edition (1608) that it was probably used long after the latter was issued, and it is quite likely that Jón saw the title-page. Earlier South European charts also show such a channel. Cp. J. Knudsen, *Søkartet offuer Øster oc Vester søen*, 1568 (Copenhagen, 1915), p. 232.

[2] *Hofsetur*, probably the Danish *oxehoved* (ox-head), itself formed from the English *hogshead*. [S.B.]

[3] The use of tobacco was not common in Iceland before about 1650. It is not mentioned as an article of import in 1619, nor in a list of imported goods in 1655. Danish authors mention it about 1630. Cp. J. Aðils, *Einokunarverzlun*, pp. 466 ff. The Danish doctor Simon Paulli states in 1635 and 1665 that tobacco makes people insane (N. Jacobsen, in *Dansk Maanedsskrift*, 1866, II, p. 34). Art. 91 of the naval regulations of May 8, 1625, in Christian IV's own handwriting, ordains that the use of tobacco (on shipboard) shall be for ever forbidden and abolished. If it be found on anyone, it shall be thrown overboard, and the offender be called to account. Garde, *Efterretninger*, I, p. 123.

[4] Icel. Jarmóð.

with him there, but the master warned me against him, and said that he had proved unsatisfactory both to him and others. I had a bunk furthest aft by the boatswain Vincent, who was as a father to me and especially kind. The master asked him to look after me and promised him a reward for it.

Now we must mention that we saw England at the place called Newcastle[1]. We were all greatly rejoiced, for we had been seven weeks at sea and had had high and boisterous winds. When we were about three miles from land the guardship of the town[2] came sailing out as fast as it could straight towards us. This was early in the morning. The captain told us to stand quietly each side of him, with bared heads, and forbade us to smile or utter a single word, and said that he did not dare to do aught but yield to whatever they demanded. It was a huge vessel and handsomely equipped, with cannons and much other war-gear, and it was moreover gilded and splendidly decorated at stem and stern. Their captain came and addressed questions very haughtily to our master: at last they went off, to our great relief.

Somewhat after midday 300 vessels came out of Newcastle, all laden with coal[3], which is sought thence by many countries and which fetches a great price. These ships were from various places: some from England, France, Germany, Holland, Norway and Denmark. About three o'clock in the afternoon a gale sprang up from the north-west, so that all vessels ran before it along the coast until they were off Yarmouth: two were lost that evening on the reef outside. Our boom broke in half. This happened on a Saturday in August[4]. The next morning, which was Sunday, our master went to church. At that time there was in Yarmouth only

[1] Icel. Nýkastali.

[2] A warship stationed to act as a guard and to receive men impressed for service. At this period the guardship was usually the flagship of the admiral commanding on the coast.

[3] Jón's statement is supported by the author of *An Impartial Hist. of the Town and County of Newcastle upon Tyne and its vicinity*, pub. 1801, who says (p. 455): "In the year 1615 there appears to have been employed in the coal trade of Newcastle, 400 sail of ships, one half of which supplied London."

[4] No other reference to this gale or to the wrecks caused by it has been found.

that one church: it was of enormous size with a high tower, in which were many bells of a surpassing sweetness of sound, which could be heard a great way off[1].

After midday we sailed thence southwards along the coast until we came to Harwich[2], where the master and crew belonged. Then there came out in boats those persons whose business it was to enquire about every ship that sailed into the harbour entrance. These men gave a good welcome to the master and his companions. And when the anchors were dropped and the ship made fast, on the north-west side of the river opposite the town, the master went ashore with many of the men into the town, but I and the ship's mate, William Hundten, were to remain on board with some of the crew. About midday there came a boat from the land north-west of us; in it sat a rich man named Simon Cock, who took us to his home with him, and made a great feast for us. He lived in a village with many other superior folk: there were three churches[3] and I was shown the inside of one: I was conducted thither by young girls who invited me to their parents' house. In the evening he sent four men with us through the wood which then lay between the hamlet and the river, and on account of the murderers and highwaymen we were bidden collect stones in our hats. One stone was flung at us in the evening, for it had become very dark. And when we came to the river there was a ferryman all ready. Simon's men returned without hindrance. This Simon Cock was well acquainted with Iceland: I asked him to find me a good place, but he said he would not undertake that, knowing that in England there were people of many kinds, not easy to find out about.

[1] St Nicholas', one of the largest parish churches in England, founded by Herbert, Bishop of Norwich, *c.* 1123. It has a peal of eight bells. The "high tower" which Jón saw, a lead-covered steeple, 186 ft. high, was taken down in 1803.

[2] Icel. Harits.

[3] Jón is probably alluding to Frimley, on the opposite side of the Orwell from Harwich. It has two churches in one churchyard, St Mary and St Martin, each serving a distinct parish. No village in the neighbourhood of Harwich having three churches can be traced, nor has any reference to Simon Cock been found.

Now we must take up our story where we crossed the river with the ferryman in the evening to reach the town, long after nightfall. We entered the town and went to the master's house; he was not at home when we came, because he was visiting his owners to give them an account of his voyage [and that he had lost the anchor]. His wife received me gladly and wished me welcome in the kindliest fashion. When we had sat there a short while, my companion asked the master's lady to permit me to go out with him a short distance; he promised to bring me back immediately. She gave an unwilling consent, and so I went with him. She bade one of her maids accompany us with a light, but when we came to a gateway she went home again. William knocked with the steel hammer which hung on the gate-door[1], and at once a girl came to open the door and to ask who was there. William said who he was, and asked to speak to the master of the house, whom he called Thomas Twidd, the keeper of the inn for gentlefolks and those who were rich and powerful[2]. This Thomas was a wealthy man, but as an old saw says, all virtues do not accompany wealth, and this he was not like to disprove. He had an excellent wife, well conducted according to human verdict, whom he treated ill. She was called Bersheba. Their daughter's name was Temperance: she was pretty and taking, but yet good and gentle-mannered. Into this house William and I entered; and a great feast was made that evening. The landlord would not believe that I was an Icelander, because I had learnt such good English in those seven weeks, that he took me for an Englishman. This William so arranged matters that I engaged myself as his servant that same evening, altogether contrary to my wish. This he did because he could not get me to Yarmouth with him, and to spite that worthy man Isaac Brommet, against whom he always harboured a grudge, because he considered

[1] Door-knockers, such as those now in use, were not usual in England until the 18th century.

[2] The inn, so the Town Clerk of Harwich informs me, was probably "The Three Cups," but no mention of Thomas Twidd appears in the church registers of the time, nor has any innkeeper bearing a name resembling Twidd been discovered.

himself too good to be his mate, rogue as he was at bottom. I took my night's rest in that house, being treated with surpassing kindness, and shown to my bed by Thomas. He took over all my goods for safe keeping: they were five *vættir* of fish[1] from the spring catch; two full chests and two lengths of homespun—I had given Isaac the other, for those ten dollars which I owed him for the voyage; also a little train-oil, what was left of the full barrel which was spilt, as has been told above.

In the morning William and I went back to Isaac and told him and his wife how matters stood. He was very angry with William, and declared he should pay for this if he could manage it, for he said he was most loath to see me take a place there on account of Thomas Twidd's hardness, cheating and evil ways, but he comforted himself with the thought of the wife's virtues.

He employed three lads, and I was to take the place of one of them at Michaelmas, but till then I was to provide for myself. I took a journey to Newcastle for wages, four dollars, and also on his account, with intent to learn the way there, if he should wish to send me there on his service. We sailed there in four days. The captain's name was Thomas Gray[2], and we had a favouring wind.

[1] A *vætt* was 80 lbs., reckoned as 40 cod-fish. Cp. Aðils, *op. cit.* pp. 370 and 423.

[2] See *n.* 5, p. 16 *supra.*

CHAPTER III

A TOWER stands above high-water-mark[1], where the ships are steered into the river-mouth: in this tower lights burn at night for the guidance of those ships which are to enter, for outside are sandbanks and a narrow entrance, so narrow that a man could throw things ashore on either side if he wished. Thence it is five miles[2] up to the town Newcastle, a fair town and well-situated. It contains three churches[3] and one magnificent bridge right across the river, with vaulted archways through which one may pass inland[4]. Through these arches come great barges from up above with coal for the ships which sail thither for it, as I mentioned before. There we remained three weeks, and I was offered a place in the service of a kindly and wealthy widow, called Johanna; but I told her how matters stood, that I had promised myself to another ere this, and she bore me no grudge for my refusal. There were also several excellent *gentilmenn*, as they are there called, who cordially offered me places in their service.

Three days later we sailed from Newcastle in fair weather and home to Harwich. Later in the evening we reached the town and landed soon after. Folk were mostly abed in the town, and for that reason the captain Thomas Gray proposed to me that I should go home with him, but I would not accept his invitation, for I did not wish it to be said to my dishonour that I neglected my household; therefore I went to the door and knocked on it somewhat softly with the hammer. The serving-maid came at once and opened the door, for she had not yet gone to rest, but was washing up the table silver and pewter in the kitchen. I took some food,

[1] Probably Tynemouth Castle is meant.

[2] Really eight miles.

[3] There were four mediaeval churches in Newcastle at this date, St Nicholas', St John's, St Andrew's and All Hallows'.

[4] The bridge that Jón saw was built *c.* 1250 and destroyed by a flood in 1771.

and then asked her for the key of the outhouse in which my goods were stored; she thereupon accompanied me there with a light and at once I discovered my boxes in disorder and most of their contents stolen, not much short of thirty dollars' worth. I was sick at heart as anyone can guess who imagines such an ugly affair or unhappy chance occurring to a stranger as I was. That night I slept uncommonly little, but went up, nevertheless, to the bedroom: there stood my bed with green curtains round it.

Early in the morning I dressed myself and sought out Twidd's excellent wife, Bersheba, who was the daughter of the mayor of Ipswich[1] and came of an Ipswich stock. Their daughter Temperance was also kindly and resembled her mother. I told them down-heartedly what had befallen me, whereat they grieved sorely with tears, and advised me to tell the master, Thomas Twidd, and see what he said or answered thereto. This morning, as frequently, there had come to him to take *brekfost* two noblemen, who were sitting with him in the upstairs parlour. Thither I went and began to complain to him of my trials, whereto he listened impatiently and became violent and passionate; seizing a plate and flinging it at me, and bidding his boy strike me, which he also set about doing. We struggled and swayed about on the floor until we fell. Then the gentlefolks seized Thomas, who strove to free the boy, and there was a great uproar in the parlour. They blamed him severely for acting so towards a stranger: he made out it was my fault for demanding from him my goods which he had received from me in full charge for safekeeping, when I took service with him. And as I got no better response from him than has been said, I withdrew my promise to him in their hearing, since he had previously broken his. In this they both concurred. They were both gentlefolk of Ipswich, and the elder of them offered to take me into his service for seven years, and offered me a third of his property if he took a fancy to me, for he had no near

[1] Icel. Ipsits. According to Wooderspoon's *Annalls of Ipswiche*, the Bailiffs who served in 1615–16 were Thomas Sicklemore and Thomas Johnson.

heirs. But because things had gone with me as I have just described and I had no mind to stay long in the country, I refused this offer, which he greatly regretted, for he said I had a good appearance. He bought from me 600 fish for 25 English dollars[1] and also that train-oil which remained to me.

Thomas Twidd had a worthy brother, called Michael Twidd; he was admiral of the fleet of vessels which plied for wine to Spain. He lived in Harwich, but was not at home when this affair took place. His brother's wife Bersheba urgently offered me service with her brother-in-law Michael Twidd; I was in two minds about it, for I feared treachery from Thomas, because he bore a grudge against me. When Michael returned, he sent for me with Bersheba's advice: I therefore entered his service and had my poor goods moved to his house. But two days after it was learnt in Harwich that two ships belonging to the King of Denmark, Christian the Fourth, had come to London with gifts to King James[2]. And when I heard that, my mind was quickly made up to ask Michael Twidd for permission to depart, which he granted me through the intercession and kindly sympathy of Bersheba.

Two days later she and her daughter accompanied me to the shore to enquire about a passage to London: she learnt that a captain named William Gray[3] intended to sail for London within three days: she promptly secured a passage for me with him and paid for it herself. She and her daughter gave me many useful things, to the value of nearly fifteen dollars, and thus I parted from them in love and good friendship. She had a brother in London, cook to a great lord: she sent a letter by me to take me into his lodgings until I should meet the Danes who had come thither as aforesaid.

Thereupon we started and got a fair wind south to London, and so far as I remember it would be forty or fifty miles.

[1] *Dalir.*

[2] In *State Papers, Foreign, Denmark* (at the Public Record Office), there is an introductory letter from Christian IV, under date 18 August, 1615 (vol. v. f. 141), stating that he is sending Adam Bülow, the master of his private stables, to England with horses and a complimentary letter to James I.

[3] See *n.* 5, p. 16 *supra.*

First we came to the place called Gravesend, which lies at the estuary or mouth of the river that runs up to London. Off Gravesend, as we were beating up to the entrance, I lost a good hat which the sail struck overboard off my head.

At the quay of the town lay fifty ferry-boats, and an equal number at London Bridge. There, with another man, a Dutchman called Daniel, I hired a boat up to London, and we arrived there late in the day. The ferryman who conveyed us told me all the names of localities on both sides of the river, and it is a fair sight on either bank: there are rural districts and villages, and one town, called Queenborough[1].

Many men can be seen at work out of doors each at their craft or trade; some ploughing or sowing, others carpentering, some employed with grindstones or other stone-cutting, others building boats, smacks and ships and other necessary matters. We met but few ships, and these blew their trumpets. When we came half-way, we saw the great tower of St Paul's[2], the cathedral of London, which is to look upon like the rounded summit of a mountain, and other towers, both of the two castles situated in London[3], and of churches within the city, which exceed 300 in number[4]. The distance to the city is fifteen miles. The ferrymen's boats are finely painted and built and well equipped. In their after part are two bent spars over which an awning is spread whenever dew falls, so that the passengers do not get wet; under the shelter they are able to have good cheer both of food and drink. In the part where the river flows through the city many ships, both large and small, are anchored, and at the quays lie praams[5] on which corn and malt, and various other wares are conveyed to and fro. In these corn-praams the doves find their nightly shelter and habitation. On the river a few swans float: these

[1] Qvinsborg. Jón's memory is at fault if he means that Queenborough was higher up the river than Gravesend (Grafsund).

[2] The steeple of Old St Paul's had been destroyed by lightning in 1561. Peter Mundy (*Travels*, ed. Temple, III, 16) gives the height of the "Stone worck" of the tower left standing as 260 ft.

[3] Baynard's Castle, Blackfriars, and the Tower.

[4] This is an exaggeration. According to Stow, the churches, both within and without the City walls, in his time, numbered 123.

[5] Praam or pram (Dutch *praam*), a flat-bottomed boat or lighter.

are called the King's birds[1], and any man who should shoot them or kill them by other means would forfeit his life.

Now I resume my story again at the point where we came late up to the city. Then we could hear the playing of trumpets, drums, pipes and every kind of musical instrument and other sounds of the sort: the sound of cocks, men, cattle, bells, on which last tuneful hymns were rung in the evening after the curfew bells. The ferryman accompanied me to the cook, to whom I had letters from the town of Harwich; Daniel went with me, and asked me to secure him a room with me in this family. We first met the wife of the cook, and she led me straight to him, where he slept sitting on a chair, matters being so arranged that the spits turned the meat round of themselves[2]. She roused him from his sleep, but he vouchsafed no help to me until he had read the letter from his sister Bersheba: then he at once shook my hand, and offered me a place with him, a room and my food as long as I should remain in London.

This man was very old, but his lady was young. They had no children except for one girl, who was seven years old and most beautifully brought up, trained, and tastefully dressed. This was her daily custom when she had quit her bed, she opened the door of the parlour and fell on her knees on the threshold and bade her parents and all present a good day, wishing them and the household God's protection and care: afterwards she arranged her toilet before the mirror: then she sat down and read her catechism, swept the house and sat down to her sewing. This family treated me well and surpassed themselves every day in kindness. Daniel was given a room there for nearly a month at my plea; he bore me a grudge because they showed more regard for me than for him. One Sunday morning he asked the lady to arrange

[1] The swan was regarded as a "bird royal" and no subject could possess one without a special licence from the Crown. The King's Swans, as well as those of the Company of Dyers and Vintners, are still maintained on the Thames.

[2] If Jón's memory has not failed him, this appears to be a very early instance of the use of a self-turning spit. At this period the care of the spit was usually entrusted either to the "cook's knave" or to a "turnspit" dog.

matters so for him that I should, on her prayer, lend him some clothes for church, for he said he wanted to go to the sacrament. I believed this and his many flattering speeches, and lent him a complete suit from top to toe, and put a prayer-book into his hand, and once he had gone I never saw him again, and the suit was certainly worth twenty dollars. This was a great grief to the pious couple. Three wealthy men who lived in London promised to have him found and hanged, for they were angry at my mischance.

I remained in the said room for nine weeks, free of all charge. One day, when opportunity offered, I met three men in a certain house; they were worthy men of the following of the Danes. One of them was called Johan Mortensen; he knew a little Icelandic, for he said he had been here three years, left in charge of his ship-owner's goods: he welcomed me warmly at once and said he would speak highly of me to the noblemen, to wit the King of Denmark's embassy[1], which promise he well kept. I therefore parted in love and friendship from that couple, and they wished me prosperity and happiness from God, both then and later. Many rich men in London offered me service with them, but that never fell in with my fancy, so greatly did I desire to be in Denmark or at home.

Before I tell finally of my departure thence, I should wish to have touched in the briefest fashion, upon London and the Bridge of London and other things. London is in three parts: different parts of the town are separated by large market-places and playing-fields and on these all kinds of games are played. Within and without the gates are 360 churches, large and small, amongst which are 70 chief churches[2]. St Paul's church which is also the cathedral, is the largest. London contains two castles[3]. On the side which turns to the river the town is built in such a manner that the flood-tide reaches up quite close to the level of the town, so high, that those who fetch water from the houses which stand on the water's brim need not to step down more than three steps. At the

[1] See p. 24.
[2] See note 4 on p. 25.
[3] See note 3 on p. 25.

time of the lowest tides a man can go far in under the city on the mud, and beneath it there stand innumerable posts, beams and pillars which support that part of the town.

London Bridge is built in such a fashion that the strong foundation at the very bottom is of huge hewn rocks nearly all across the width of the river: the thickness or width of the bridge I cannot tell, as a great part of the town is built on it: on it stand three of the largest chief churches, and, if I am not mistaken, several smaller[1]. I was told at the time that there were 700 goldsmiths in that part of the town which stands on the bridge. In the floor of every eating-house on the bridge is a square trap-door over the hole through which the water for household purposes is daily drawn up, and when there is fish in the river they are caught with lines and drawn up through the trap-door, and so brought living to the kitchen[2]. Under the bridge are nine or ten arches[3] or doorways, which run right through, and down which the river runs its course: there is a very strong current against these bridge-piers or arched doorways. Enormous anchors have been built into the stonework. Their rings hang out from the wall, and can be caught with boat-hooks by those who pass through in smacks, praams, ships and boats bearing every kind of merchandise to and fro. Let these few words suffice for the bridge.

At that time a little village lay to the south-east on the river bank[4], straight across from and opposite to the city: at low tides the largest vessels lie aground there, and take no damage from the mud.

I was told that the city is nine English miles round, which

[1] Here again Jón's memory plays him false. A two-storied chapel dedicated to St Thomas à Becket stood on the centre arch of the bridge, but no other church. Jón is probably thinking of the churches of St Magnus and St Olave at each end of the bridge, but at some little distance from it.

[2] It is highly probable that the dwellers on London Bridge fished from doors or windows in their houses, but the story of the "square trap-doors" is either due to a misconception by Jón of what was told him or to a practical joker playing on his credulity.

[3] Old London Bridge, founded in 1176, had nineteen arches. See *A Professional Survey of the Old and New London Bridges*, 1831.

[4] Greenwich appears to be meant.

is more than half a "day's journey" in Iceland[1]. There are long streets running up into the city, with handsome rows of houses on each side; and if people go far into the city, they need to be directed back to the shore, for which reason compasses[2] are placed in the streets at frequent intervals, and women as well as men are quick to give directions therefrom, when bidden, or at need.

[1] Day's journey: *thingmannaleið*. Every person who had to be present at the Althing (Parliament) received his travelling expenses calculated on the number of days he had to travel (on horseback): hence, *thingmannaleið*, thingman's journey; about 21 English miles.

[2] Jón seems to be alluding to finger-posts, but the earliest instance of the use of such directing signs in the *New Eng. Dict.* is 1773.

CHAPTER IV

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE OCCURRENCES OF THAT TIME IN WHICH I WAS IN LONDON AND THE DANES MADE THEIR STAY THERE—HOW FIVE OF THE COUNCIL THOUGHT TO BETRAY KING JAMES VI IN ENGLAND

ONE evening near sunset in October, as King James was coming up from Gravesend in one of the boats called "King's boats" (of which there are eighteen, all ten- or twelve-oared), and about 200 men with him, gunpowder mines had been laid on the quay, where the King's boat was to be steered to the shore, and where he usually landed. But a woman who sold apples on the shore gave the King a hint, so that he was delivered from that treachery by God's help. Three of the traitors were caught, but two went free so long as we stayed there. The King summoned a great meeting below the Tower of London on a wide and level plain: an astounding number of people gathered there. And the conspiracy having been enquired into, and the sentence pronounced, the traitors were broken on the wheel, limb by limb[1]; and until this was done we were obliged to remain in London, so that the upshot of the affair and its course might be sent in a missive to the King of Denmark[2].

Now we must relate what happened in this same summer of 1615. Two of the Danish King's ships, by name *Victor* and

[1] No confirmation of this conspiracy has come to light, nor is there any record of the breaking of criminals on the wheel in London at this period. Jón was in England at the time of the trial of Lord Somerset and his wife for poisoning Sir Thomas Overbury, and his story seems to be a confused recollection of this event and of the details of the Gunpowder Plot of 1605, of which no doubt he heard many versions.

[2] There is no mention of any conspiracy in the letter dated Oct. 26, 1615, which James I wrote to Christian IV "by reason of the return to Denmark of Adam Bulouu." (Macray, *Appendix to 46th Report of Deputy-Keeper of Public Records*, 1855, Second Report, p. 12.)

Jupiter, captured a notorious pirate off the coast of Russia, in the White Sea[1], at the place called Archangel: the name of the pirate was Captain Mandaus; he had been engaged in piracy for fifteen years, and at the time of this occurrence had planned to lie in wait for a Dutch ship, which came through Veigat Straits and had sailed from the East Indies[2], but he did not succeed, for he himself was lost first. Mandaus had been the companion of that pirate who was killed in the same year at Vatneyri[3], and who had sworn to lay Iceland waste. There were only five days between the deaths of these comrades. Captain Mandaus was hanged on a swing-gallows[4] outside the Eastern Gate of Copenhagen, together with his second in command and his mate. He had five brothers in England who were all artizans.

Now let us return to that point in our tale where I had been one day with the Danes on the ship which was called *St Peter*, the captain being Christian Ross. After midday on Thursday there came to our ship one of those five brothers of Mandaus, an anchor-smith and a rich man, Reuben by name. He asked Christian Ross whether he could not tell him some news of his brother, whom the Danish King's ships had captured off Russia. Christian declared he could do that, and told him that his brother was hanging on a swing-gallows outside the east gate of Copenhagen. The news was a great shock to Reuben, who turned very pale, made his bow and left the ship. Three days afterwards a message came from King James at the Castle to our commander, whose name was Adam Bülow, and who was one of the greatest nobles of

[1] For a fuller account of this episode see below, ch. XVII.

[2] Kara Straits. No Dutch ships had used a passage north of Russia and Siberia at this date.

[3] Espólín, *Annals*, under the year 1615: "Then pirates came in the summer to Patreksfjörð and intended to plunder in the West Firths: they had compelled some Englishmen to accompany them, but when they landed and the pirates planned to plunder the Danes at Vatneyri (the trading-station) the English fell upon them and slew many, and took the two leaders and went away thereafter." [Quoted by S.B.]

[4] Swing-gallows (Icelandic *vippa*, Dan. *vippe*), in which the criminal was swung into the air in such a manner that his arms were wrenched out of joint as he tightened the rope, it being fastened round his arms. [R.C.]

Denmark[1], that these five brothers of Mandaus intended to revenge themselves on us and to send out three ships of war for our destruction, and their preparations were much talked of in the town. The King sent us eighty muskets, which we call match-locks, from the Castle, together with other useful weapons against these enemies.

And when Adam Bülow had received leave to depart, we sailed slowly out of the harbour during the night down to Gravesend.

A little way below the city of London, in a closed harbour, within barriers, lay King James' ships of war, huge and majestic to look upon. And when we reached Gravesend we made but a short stay. Off the town lay two of the King's large war-ships.

Now I must tell how, when I first took my passage with the Danes, and took service with the aforesaid nobleman, Adam Bülow, I received honourable accommodation with two other excellent men in the vessel *St Peter*. One of these was Magnus, of a Norwegian family, the Danish King's groom, a good and worthy man; the other, Jacob Petersen who had lived in London seven years in order to learn the weaving of gold and silver threads and so forth, which they call passementerie[2]. These two men were friendly and agreeable to me, as indeed were all that ship's crew.

[1] Adam Bülow (d. 1619) was a member of an ancient noble family of Mecklenburg. His ancestor Gotfried Bülow, who lived in the 13th century, is the ancestor of all the eight branches of the von Bülow family. Adam and his brother Joachim, who both came to Denmark as young men, belonged to the Wedendorff branch of the family, but members of the Plüschkow branch also settled in Denmark later. Adam, who in 1611 became Marshal to Christian IV, and who taught the King's sons to ride, was sent in 1615 and 1616 to take presents of valuable horses to James I, Christian IV's brother-in-law. Cp. Wegener, *Hist. Efterretn. om Abrahamstrup*, p. 119.

[2] The passementerie-makers in Copenhagen were German, and settled there in Frederik II's reign (1559–88). Cp. Carl Bruun, *Kjøbenhavn*, Deel I, p. 416.

CHAPTER V

AND as we have already said, our little stay ended, we laid our course out from Gravesend and into the ocean to the Skaw of Jutland. There a great gale sprang up from the east, but by God's grace the vessel on which I was, gained shelter in Norway in the fjord called Flekkefjord[1]. The other vessel, however, called *Jonah*, with the nobleman on board, made a more southerly harbour in Norway, and returned to Denmark a fortnight earlier than we did.

Adam Bülow started off at once to see the King, who was then spending the whole winter in Jutland[2] with his court. I did not see this Adam Bülow again for three years, but Magnus, whom I spoke of before, took me in, and desired that I should serve in the King's stable and become his horse-breaker and under-groom, to which I willingly consented.

The King's stables were situated at that time close to Højbro in Copenhagen[3], on the Castle side of the Gatehouse[4]. In the house contiguous to the Gatehouse dwelt a worthy elderly man, by name Christian. His wife was named Ellen; she was younger than her husband. In this house, with this God-fearing couple, Magnus had his lodging, and in his native goodness he took me to lodge there and placed me in his own bed by his side, providing me with excellent board at their table, exactly as himself. I had no services to perform except to go with him twice a day to curry and dress down the horses and attend to them carefully; take them out twice a day for

[1] Flekkefjord, in Lister og Mandals Amt, South Norway.

[2] For this curious slip of the memory on Jón's part see Introd. It was in the winter of 1616–17 that the King was in Jutland, and held his court (from Dec. 22 to Feb. 26) at Skanderborg Castle. In Dec. 1615 he was either at Copenhagen or at Frederiksborg, only a few miles out of the town, and he remained in Sjælland all the winter except from Jan. 16 to Feb. 12 when he crossed the Sound to visit his Swedish provinces.

[3] The High Bridge, connecting the island on which the Castle stood with the town. See view of Copenhagen.

[4] The Gatehouse was a lath and plaster building, two stories high. Cp. Liisberg, *København*, p. 185. There was a similar building on the Castle side of the other bridge. (See view of Copenhagen.)

water and exercise, and beat the drum for them[1]. Magnus had two other servants, who swept the stable daily. My service in the stable did not last long, not more than six weeks; for it so happened that a summons came to Magnus from His Majesty, bidding him travel to the King with all speed. But when Magnus was called on this journey, he asked the couple in his lodging to let me have everything I needed.

After this Magnus travelled from Copenhagen all the way to Jutland; the King at that time held his court in Jutland with eighty courtiers[2]. It so happened one evening, as Magnus was going home from the Castle to his lodging and sleeping-place, that, being a stranger in the town, he went to a wrong door, within which one of the King's guards was seated, and as he knocked repeatedly at the door, the guard flew into a rage, rushed to the door with his halberd and killed him[3], for which deed he suffered the loss of his head.

When this news reached Copenhagen and my lodgings, I was filled with grief and distress, and many mourned for Magnus who was much liked. I was now orphaned and in straits. One day Ellen spoke to me and asked if I had any money to pay for my board and lodging, but I had nothing to pay with. In her kindness, the woman went out one day to seek to find me some work, but she could secure nothing, as it was now so near Christmas that everyone had done their hiring[4].

One day as I went down to the quays to amuse myself, a young man named Ambrosius was standing there among the other people. He asked me about my family, and my name, and what country I came from, to all of which I re-

[1] It was part of the usual training for horses in those days, in order to accustom them to noise, to beat drums in the stables immediately before food-time. [R.C.]

[2] See note 2 to p. 33 above.

[3] It seems to have been regarded as provocation by those within if anyone knocked on the door with his rapier: cp. Liisberg, *København*, p. 147. Possibly this may be the explanation of the guard's violence.

[4] The "eighth day of Yule," *i.e.* New Year's Day, was the date on which serving-folk actually changed masters. Cp. Troels Lund, *Dagligt Liv*, VII, pp. 88 f.

plied most fully. This man knew me and my brother Halldór, and took me home to his lodging, which was owned by his brother-in-law and sister, worthy people and well known in the city. The brother-in-law was called Hans Jacobssen; he was the head cellarer at Bremerholm[1]. He invited me there and offered to put my name down for a certain wage, but I declined altogether, because I was at that time minded to avoid the King's service, though I came to that in the end. Afterwards he went up to the Castle to find the steward of the King's plate, who has the daily care of all the royal plate for the table, and sought to find me a place under him. The steward promised to give him an answer the following morning. But while Hans was up at the Castle I was urged by a man called Rasmus, a pewterer, to enter the King's service as an artilleryman. He spoke well of the life and of the chiefs of the arsenal, especially of Master Hans[2], who was at that time a Master of the Arsenal and who shared the chief authority over the artillerymen together with the Chief Master of the Arsenal. This was a nobleman called Adolphus Fridericus Grabow[3], who was then newly come from Holstein and was standing near, while Rasmus and I were discussing the matter. And so it happened that because of his great

[1] No cellarers are mentioned by Lind in his book *Kristian IV og hans Mænd paa Bremerholm*. Bremerholm was the naval ship-building yard: see view of Copenhagen.

[2] His real name was Hans Kost, and he was a Master of the Arsenal from 1602 to 1617. He was followed by Christoffer Schwenke the Elder, 1618–44 (*Hist. Medd. om København*, VII, p. 232).

[3] Adolph Frederik Grabow came from Wutike or Watike "in the Mark," and was therefore not of Holstein but of the Pomeranian-Mecklenburg nobility. We first hear of him in 1614, when he is appointed a Master of the Arsenal (Sjæll. Tegn, 89, in the Rigsarchiv), a post which in general seems to have been held by non-nobles, and even by men risen from the ranks (Blom, *Kr. IV's Artilleri*, pp. 22, 24). But he does not appear in any of the Arsenal records until 1618, when the King writes that "Graabo" is to be negotiated with to take on the Arsenal again, and be responsible for the accounts (Blom, p. 26). In the same year he is made Chief Master (Øverste Arkelimester). Several of his kinsfolk seem to have come to Denmark: Hans (b. 1549, d. 1626) in 1582 had a son Joachim who went to Spitzbergen in 1619 on the *Gabriel*, see below, pp. 149 f. There is also another relative, sometimes erroneously called Joachim's brother, Kønne Joachim Grabow. All these seem to have visited Wutike at times. Krarup, in *Pers. Hist. Tidskr.* II R., 5 Bd (Cop. 1890), pp. 182 ff., and *Dansk Adels Kalender*, 1894, p. 153.

importunity, I promised to enter the King's service in the hearing of the Chief Master Grabow with whom I shook hands upon it. He ordered the said Rasmus, who was one of the King's artillerymen, to conduct me into the town to the house of one Jón Halldórsson, an Icelander from Eyjafjörð[1], and also an artilleryman, and he promised payment for the board this man should grant me, until I should be entered into the service of His Majesty. I continued to lodge with him for three years, and I had in him a good and faithful friend and comrade in all our dealings, secret or open, until the day of his death. Such may be reckoned as a good gift from the Lord, especially in foreign parts.

Three weeks after these happenings I was entered with twenty-five others in the regiment. But according to regulations and to the orders of His Majesty, it was lacking about 350 men of its full strength[2]. Then for the first time I swore

[1] Eyjafjörð, on north coast of Iceland.

[2] It is not known what the full strength was. Jón gives the total number of the artillerymen at the Arsenal as about 350. This is in peace-time, 1621. Cp. p. 179 *infra*. In 1627, in war-time, it appears that there were 433 artillerymen, but that 863 were needed if there was to be one for each gun in the fleet besides those needed for Kronborg and Copenhagen (Blom, *Kristian IV's Artilleri*, p. 20). As can be seen from Jón's own experiences, the artillerymen of the fleet, and of Kronborg and Copenhagen formed one corps, who seem to have been directly under the King. Blom (*loc. cit.*) regards it as improbable that there were as many as 433 in permanent service, but he is assuming that there are two or three times that number of persons in the service, for he and other authorities regard every artilleryman (*bøsseskytter*) as really a master-gunner (*Bøssemester*, mod. Dan. *Konstabel*) with men under them to do the rough work. But Jón's account of his own position as mate to a master-gunner (pp. 145, 151, 211 *infra*) shows that these subordinates were themselves called artillerymen. Jón at least never seems to have attained the status of master-gunner during his service in Europe. There are many indications that Christian IV found it difficult to supply his needs in artillerymen, notably an order to the Governor of Baahus Castle that a certain prisoner shall be pardoned on condition that he pledge himself to be an artilleryman for life (Blom, *op. cit.* p. 21). We hear of artillerymen serving up to forty-two years, and Jón's account (p. 220 *infra*) suggests that it was difficult to withdraw from the service, though an ordinance of July 4, 1616, states that henceforward artillerymen need only serve five years, instead of "a long time, indeed sometimes their whole life." The work cannot have been very heavy, for we find a number of artillerymen, some of them identifiable with Jón's comrades, engaged in various trades in the town, chiefly selling ale (O. Nielsen, *Kjøbenhavns Diplomatarium*, V, pp. 62 ff. and elsewhere). In 1581 the corps received special uniforms of yellow and red, the colours of

131.

Von Vnderweiſunge des Geſchützes/den Büchſenmeiſtern zuſtendig.

ITem/ Es werden hinnach einem jden dieſer Kunſt vnwiſſend / zu Vnderweiſung zwölff Fragen gethan: Welcher dieſelben Fragen vnd Antwort hört/ lernt vnd behelt/ der kan ſich ſelber darnach weiter Vnderrichten/ vnd alles ſo in dieſem Büchlein gemelt/ zu nutz bringen. Vnd damit er Vnderweiſt vnd gelernt wirdt/ was dieſe Kunſt vermag vnd in jr habe/ Iſt des Meiſters Frage.



DANISH ARTILLERYMEN IN THE REIGN OF FREDERIK II

A page from the military work by Joachim Arentsehe, printed at Copenhagen in 1578

homage and fidelity to His Majesty, together with all the troop gathered together there. The King was not present on that occasion, but things are so ordered that when the oaths are taken a table is set down within a palisade in the Arsenal[1], the salt and bread placed on it, which signifies Christ and His Word, and this is called swearing on bread and salt[2].

Six weeks later I was put to hold watch outside the Arsenal, but till then I had a free pass, liberty of movement, and leave to go into the town; and this was special to me and not granted to those who entered at the same time as I. Master Hans, Master of the Arsenal, was as markedly kind and indulgent to me as if I had been his own son. For this reason the affection and love of other persons was directed on me, and I was not the least popular of all my peers and comrades, wherein God's grace and untold patience proved itself, for my comfort and furtherance while I was poor and a stranger.

The most of my countrymen who were come to Copenhagen proved kind to me and useful at need, faithful and without guile. Just at the time of my arrival Thorlák Thorkelsson[3]

the House of Oldenburg to which the Danish King belonged. They were probably the first uniforms of mercenaries in Denmark (E. Madsen, *Danmarks Hærvæsen*, p. 434, note 2).

[1] Christian IV's new Arsenal, built to the south of the Castle, was finished in 1604. See view of Copenhagen. It is 520 ft. long and 77½ ft. wide, and was built of red brick with a lead roof. It was much damaged by fire in 1647, but was restored and is still standing. Cp. *Hist. Tidskr.* VI R., Bd. 1 (1887–8), pp. 549 ff., and *Medd. om København*, III (1911), pp. 161 ff.

[2] This is the earliest Danish reference (except perhaps in ballads) to an oath on bread and salt, and it is the more remarkable as all other references, from the end of the 17th and the beginning of the 18th century, show that to swear on bread and salt was regarded as a grave ecclesiastical offence, punishable by public penance. It is even called perjury. In all these later cases the oath is used by a person suspected of theft, to clear himself (cp. *Ugeblad f. d. danske Folkekirke*, 1865, p. 30 and *Dania*, VII, 1901, pp. 94 f. In Elizabethan English "to take bread and salt" = to pledge oneself: cp. N.E.D. s.v. *bread*, 2*d*.). In the 16th century, at any rate, each artilleryman swore his oath of fealty by the gun entrusted to his charge, and in the army generally, as in civil custom, the oath was taken by each individual raising three fingers of his right hand (Madsen, *Hærvæsen*, pp. 9, 39).

[3] Thorlák was the son of Thorkell Gamlason, steward at Hólar, seat of the Northern Bishopric. In 1617 he obtained the permission of the University Court to start a private school in Copenhagen. In 1621 he became pastor of Hvidøvre in Sjælland, being the first Icelander after the Reformation to be granted a living in Denmark, but he died within six months (1622). [R.C.]

had come from Hólar in the North of Iceland—he became a minister later and was called to the parish of Orupp, three leagues from Copenhagen, yet never was at work there, for he died in Copenhagen, a dear and faithful friend to me. Moreover Jón Gissursson, a worthy man, was also come thither; he was afterwards a schoolmaster in Skálholt and at Hólar, and after that a minister and incumbent at Múlastað in the north[1]. Also Finn Böðvarsson[2] from Borgarfjörð in the southern quarter, my good and worthy friend, who fell asleep in the Lord in Copenhagen. Also Guðmund Jónsson of Hitárdal[3], a good and worthy man, who like the aforesaid showed me great honour, affection and benevolence. He also died in Copenhagen, and all these three students of the University were given honourable burial. I also met there Páll Sveinsson[4], a contemporary of these others, he was a barber and a good surgeon, a worthy man, always my good friend. He came from Holt in Önundarfjörð, and, like the others died in Copenhagen and was honourably buried in the garden (as it is called) of the Church of the Holy Ghost, and into this man's grave I cast the earth, together with six other comely young men, hired for the task[5].

[1] For his activities as schoolmaster, cp. *Timarit*, XIV. 1893, p. 53. He held the living of Múli in Aðalreykjadal in North-east Iceland from 1633 to 1660, and was rural dean from 1636 to 1660. [S.B.]

[2] Son of Böðvar, pastor of Reykholt and rural dean, from whom the Finsen family is descended in direct male line [S.B.]. Espólín says of Finn: "He was an able man in most ways; he died abroad, and it is said that Dean Böðvar was never the same man thereafter."

[3] Son of Síra Jón Guðmundsson, rural dean, of Hitárdal [in West Iceland], and Guðríð daughter of Gísli Thórðarson the lawman. [S.B.]

[4] Son of Síra Sveinn Símonarson (d. 1644) of Holt in Önundarfjörð [in the West Firths], and half-brother on his mother's side of Bishop Brynjólf Sveinsson. [S.B.]

[5] The reference to their appearance, and the custom of the time, suggest that Jón and his fellows were really coffin-bearers. Except during the plague of 1619–20 the coffin-bearers would hardly have filled in the grave. In the early years of the 17th century the dead were still borne to the grave by persons of their own standing (commonly members of their guild), and payments were made to these according to the means of the bereaved family—often one rixdollar to each. Besides the payment, the coffin-bearers partook of the funeral feast, at which wine was so liberally served that it occasionally happened that when the coffin-bearers reached the church they had lost the coffin. In 1624 Christian IV characterized the proceedings as "heathen swilling to the honour of the dead." Cp. Troels Lund, *Dagligt Liv*, XIV, pp. 194 f., and *Fra Arkiv og Museum*, IV, pp. 431 ff.

CHAPTER VI

IN WHICH ARE RELATED THE CHIEF OCCURRENCES OF THE TIME WHEN I FIRST CAME TO COPENHAGEN, WITH OTHER MATTERS WHICH ARE TOUCHED UPON

A SHORT time after I was entered on the King's books and had sworn the oath, it happened one morning early that I was crossing the iron grating by the entrance to the churchyard of the cathedral, which is called Our Lady's Church (that is to say, the Church of the Blessed Virgin), to look for the student Thorlák Thorkelsson. A man and a woman went just ahead of me to the well there situate[1], to fetch water. And when they looked into the well, they gave a loud scream, and cried out that a dead girl-baby was floating in the well[2]. I hastened thither and saw what had happened. Such a singular incident was soon bruited over the town, and various enquiries made, and in that parish 500 servant girls were had up to the town-hall that morning, and examined to see if there were milk in their breasts, but it was not so with any of them. And because of this occurrence the town was full of lamentation and weeping, and in the churches prayers were made to God that the thing might be made plain, which however did not conclusively happen, except in so far as conjectures were made that it came from the house of a very learned person M. Hr. M. Soon afterwards the talk about it ceased, until three years had passed, when it so happened that two misshapen children were brought into the world in the street known as Vognmandsstræde[3], and in the funeral

[1] Every churchyard had its well, usually with a mud bottom. The Professors of this parish were the first citizens to supply themselves with water from outside the town (in 1626). O. Nielsen, *Kjøbenhavns Hist.* IV, pp. 131, 139.

[2] It is stated by O. Nielsen, *Kjøbenhavns Hist.* IV, p. 138, that this was not an infrequent occurrence. [R.C.]

[3] Vognmandsstræde (Drivers' Street), at this time a fairly recent street, ran northwards from Gammel Mønt. See map of Copenhagen.

oration preached over them by the minister Master Menelaus[1] various abuses were mentioned, which seemed to him to be becoming more frequent and to be on the increase in the town. Amongst other matters he mentioned this infant, and he gravely rebuked the spiritual pastors of the people for their heedlessness, both with regard to forbidden extravagances and the displeasing fashions of maidens' costumes. For the deformities of these two misshapen girl-babies just mentioned had the appearance of hair-braids, peaked caps, high furbelows on the shoulders, together with fringed petticoats and high-heeled shoes with other such vain extravagances. Such monstrous births have happened frequently both there and in many other places, God being indeed compelled to such acts by various extravagances and by the misuse of His gifts.

But Master Menelaus, who was chaplain to the Church of St Nicholas, spoke thus harshly of the ministers for their neglect in omitting to remove all reproach from themselves and their households, and in permitting their serving-girls to wear costumes in the forbidden style, and among other matters he mentioned the dead child, which was found in the well with a woman's garter round its neck, saying that it was just possible that it might have come from the house of one of the very learned gentlemen. It was chiefly for these words that the parish priest Master Andreas[2] laid a complaint against him with the archbishop Dr Hans Resen[3], and for which he gained the anger and disfavour of all the reverend gentlemen, so that they stripped him of his office and dismissed him from his church. He used constantly to walk quite alone in St Nicholas' churchyard. A short time after this occurrence he preached his last sermon, to which I

[1] Menelaus Poulsen Næstved (1585–1626) became chief chaplain of the Church of St Nicholas in 1601, and in 1617 Chaplain to the Castle. Such misshapen infants were a favourite theme of his: cp. his pamphlet on the subject and his letter to the Chancellor, both in 1625 (Stolpe, *Dagspressen*, I, and O. Nielsen, *Kjøbenhavns Hist.* II, p. 245). [R.C.]

[2] Magister Anders Arreboe, the poet, was parish priest of St Nicholas from 1616–18. [R.C.] Cp. p. 214 *infra*.

[3] Dr Resen, a leading theologian, and four times Rector of the University, became in 1615 Bishop of Sjælland.

listened, unworthy as I was, together with many other pious persons, to whom he bade farewell with tears, blessing them with great humility, and the congregation did the same, for all loved him.

Afterwards the Archbishop and all the learned ministers appeared before the King and related the complaints they had against him, and desired the King to pronounce judgment, that he should either be banished or executed. But because a few years before they had banished a remarkable man of the name of the Rev. Oluf Kock[1], which the King greatly repented, the decision and settlement of this matter was no longer left in their hands. The King at once summoned the Rev. Menelaus, and commanded him to preach at once in the castle before him and in the presence of the reverend gentlemen, which was done. The King was much pleased with the discourse, and said the preacher would be welcome at the castle, so that he then became the royal chaplain.

A murder was committed one night shortly after I came to Copenhagen, in the street known as Læderstræde[2]. The slayer fled and was never captured.

Many malefactors were punished and put to death in various ways: on gallows, swing-gallows and the wheel, until the King saw that crimes did not diminish notwithstanding:

[1] Oluf Kock, the fiery Norwegian pastor of the Church of St Nicholas, had in 1613 violently attacked Dr Resen from his pulpit, accusing him of heretical views in language so pithy that all Copenhagen flocked to hear him. He also attacked his Bishop, Vinstrup—"a dumb dog, who sits over his ten or fifteen courses at meals and rummages among his rose nobles and dollars," he said in a sermon. On his suspension at the end of this year he hurried to the King with complaints of Resen's heresy. The King himself was present at the ecclesiastical Court which tried him, and his caustic remarks to Kock on that occasion do not look as if he were likely to have repented the sentence passed. The banishment was rather a punishment for slander (of Resen to the King) than for heretical (Crypto-Calvinist) views. It is known that the King paid no heed to Kock's repeated pleas for pardon, but Jón may have thought he regretted the banishment because he afterwards made Resen appear before an ecclesiastical Court. This was, however, to give him a chance of clearing himself of the suspicion of heretical principles. Cp. Rørdam, *Kb. Univ. Hist.* III, pp. 225 ff.

[2] Læderstræde, running north of and parallel to the shore, ending in Store Færgestræde. See map.

whereupon it was resolved by the Council of State that no one should be executed for the next twelve years[1], however great a rascal he might be, unless he had been guilty of some great and unnatural crime. Hence a prison was founded at Bremerholm, called the Trunk[2], and those persons were imprisoned there who had offended against the law, whether much or little. They were confined in such a fashion that they had an iron girdle round their bodies, of such a size that their garments could be changed, and another ring below the right knee, and these were connected by a heavy chain down the outside of the thigh[3]. Four men were placed in authority over them and these were to urge them to their daily toil and slavery with whipcords, and to bring them their food and attend to their needs, lock up the prison house and unlock it again at the fixed customary hours, mornings and evenings. All kinds of persons in service who had broken the law in any way were sent there, and committed to it for a certain time according to the circumstances of each case. Some were to be there one month, some two, three or four, some a whole year, others two, ten or twenty years. Moreover the worst rascals were committed to it for life. The sergeant of the watch, Søren Tran, was confined in it for the offence of attacking a

[1] This is not quite accurate. In 1601 the King circularized the Governors of provinces, instructing them that thieves brought to trial by the King or his officials should be sent to Copenhagen Castle to work instead of being hanged. He expressly excepts persons who are the property of nobles (tenant-farmers bound to the soil), and those sued for theft by nobles or their officials (Secher, *Fororդn.* III, pp. 139 f.). In 1620, no doubt owing to his great need of cheap labour, the King orders that all persons condemned to the gallows for lesser crimes shall be sent to work at Bremerholm (the naval dockyards), after sentence has been pronounced (*op. cit.* III, pp. 616 f.). From about this date, presumably owing to this ordinance, the number of prisoners increased so much that the "Blue Tower" of Copenhagen Castle no longer sufficed to lodge them, hence the building of the "Trunk," which seems to have been a wooden structure. Cp. Lind, *op. cit.* p. 340. The probable cause of the ordinance was that Christian IV urgently needed labour for his extension of the dockyard and fleet, and the labour had to be cheap. See Stuckenberg, in *Hist. Tidskr.* VI R., Bd. III (1891–2), pp. 666 ff.

[2] The original meaning of "Trunk" seems to be "a confined and dark space," "(dark) prison." Kalkar, *Ordbog*, and Molbech, *Dialekt Lexicon*, s.v.

[3] The prisoners were usually chained in pairs, Lind, p. 341.

nobleman in the streets of Copenhagen with the help of his night-watch, beating him and using great violence. Also two elderly men, governors, or what we should call sheriffs of the county, arrived there from Laaland, sent to this same prison by Queen Sophia[1], committed to it for some years for false judgments and acceptance of bribes[2]. Also a student, by name Peter, belonging to a Korsør family, was committed to it and doomed to eighteen years' confinement, for having slightly gashed his stepfather with a penknife. He and I had shared bed and lodging for a whole year, and he was soon to be ordained. This Peter with seven other prisoners escaped from the prison-house by crawling backwards through the privy drain right out into the sea and flinging themselves down from the wall which was nearly twelve feet high, the depth of the water being three or four fathoms. Then they swam along the walls to the sandbanks, wrenched off the irons, and so fled to Sweden[3]. One of them was captured and hanged. This Peter, the student, was for one year tutor to a nobleman's children in Sweden. Thereupon he went to seek his stepfather in order to demand his inheritance. The stepfather demanded proof that he had come honourably out of the prison, promising him his inheritance on condition that he should establish this, whereupon Peter flew into a rage, made a great scene, and tried again to strike his stepfather. He was seized by the authorities of the town and conveyed to Copenhagen, and executed in the Castle square at the close of a discourse or sermon which was composed on the text and substance of the fifth commandment of God.

The year before I arrived in Copenhagen three witches had been burnt in Sjælland[4]. One, the chief of them, was

[1] Queen Sophia, the mother of Christian IV, held the fiefs of Laaland and Falster, and lived at Nykjøbing in Falster. She was very severe towards her tenants. [R.C.]

[2] It is known that a Burgomaster of Nykjøbing in Sjælland was imprisoned in Bremerholm in 1624.

[3] A royal letter of 1622 observes that "it often occurs" that criminals escape from Bremerholm. Lind, p. 340, cp. p. 341.

[4] There is nothing improbable in this statement. In 1589, according to Mansa, 13 witches were burnt in Copenhagen, one of them the wife of a Burgomaster (*Bidrag*, p. 242).

called Maren Kringsteds, a woman of the upper classes; I do not remember what they had done.

One market day, a Saturday, in the summer of 1617, it happened that a man, by name Jens, who had recently married an excellent lady and lived in Lille Færgestræde[1] in Copenhagen, had left the town by the Western Gate with a worthy citizen. They were taking a walk on the plain crossed twice a week by the farmers who live in the neighbourhood, on their way to the market-place in the town with all those goods which are usually conveyed to the town from the country, such as rye, malt, barley, three kinds of groats, wheat, hops, honey, butter, cheese, swine, geese, ducks and many kinds of fresh-water fish. Among the farmers driving out of the town in their carts was one who was somewhat drunk[2]. The young citizen, Jens, according to his time-honoured custom, set to pelting the farmers with horse-dung, and finally the drunken farmer became the object of his aim and taunts. Now as he was hurt by the pelting, and at the same time smarted sorely under the taunts, with which the other moreover continued to ply him, paying no heed to the advice and dissuasion of his fellow-townsman, the farmer leapt down from his cart with a rusty sword such as farmers use to have lying in their carts without a sheath; ran him through with it, leapt on to his cart again and drove away. Jens at once fell dead. The other citizen carried this news into the city, and the body was fetched and conveyed within, and buried the next morning in St Nicholas' churchyard. The minister in the pulpit mentioned him with scorn, describing how he had been disobedient to his parents in his youth. A written warrant was made out against the slayer, but he was not proceeded against by the kinsmen of the slain[3], nor was Jens mourned by his wife, to whom he had

[1] Lille Færgestræde (Little Ferry Street), parallel to Store Færgestræde, running from Højbro up to Østergade. Both Little and Great Ferry Streets were in the space at present occupied by Højbroplads.

[2] A law dated March 31, 1615, forbade farmers to remain in Copenhagen after midday on market-days, lest they should waste their substance on drink. Secher, *Forordn.* III, p. 450.

[3] According to ancient Danish custom a slayer could not be legally proceeded against except by the kinsmen of the slain man. (For examples

conducted himself odiously, nor by anyone else. For a long time after this the townsmen lost the habit of mocking and ridiculing the countryfolk.

Once it so happened that the small boys who attended the Danish school, were playing with their wallets under the wall of the Town Hall, about four o'clock, *i.e.* an hour after nones[1]. They had but newly issued from the school-room when two of them, aged seven and nine, became involved in a dispute. The younger seized his penknife and pierced the other with it, killing him, and then took straightway to his heels. No sooner had the incident occurred and the boy fled, than the news spread quickly over the town, so there was a great hue and cry, and it was reported to the Provost (that is the Sheriff of the City). He despatched his men, who are called town officers, and appear always where anything evil happens. They were to seize the boy who had committed the slaying. As they were on their way to the place where it had happened, this young boy meets them, in a street going up to the Western Gate of the town, and he asks them, "Whom do ye pursue?" They answered, the boy who had killed another. The lad replied: "A little boy was running along there just before you met me, and was going at the top of his pace"; and so directed them off the road. At once they set off running the way he pointed, but he easily came through the gate amid a mass of other persons and up into the country to a farmer, to whom he pleaded his plight. A short time after he had left a message was sent to all the town gates, to let no boy under ten years of age issue from the town. But since he had escaped so cleverly no pursuit of him took place; on the contrary he was bidden to make his way honestly where and how he could in Denmark or out of it, as long as he did not enter Copenhagen; and so we may here leave him.

of Danish law in this respect, in English, cp. Phillpotts, *Kindred and Clan*, ch. v.) Christian IV, however, used to over-ride the law in the case of poorer man-slayers, and send them to Bremerholm.

[1] Icelandic *nón*, about three o'clock in the afternoon, a term derived from ecclesiastical law. The other Icel. measures of time derive from meal-times: *dagmál* (day-meal) about 8 a.m., and *náttmál* (night-meal) about 9 p.m.

In my sixth year of service under the King a horrible murder was committed a short distance from Copenhagen, in a parsonage. The minister's name was Master Søren[1]. It so happened that the minister kept a house-servant; I do not clearly remember his name. One Saturday evening he ordered this fellow to cut firewood, enough to cook two Sunday meals, so that the Sunday should not be profaned by this toil. Supper over, the minister retired to bed together with his wife and their daughter aged six or seven, but the two maids who served this worthy couple waited until the man should have finished the work allotted to him. In his kindness and generosity the minister ordered one of the girls to take out to the man a jug full of his own ale, to cheer him, for he knew well that this night work would be much against the grain. The girl did as she was told, but just as she reached him in the yard, carrying the ale, he clove her skull in one blow, saying that she should pay for the minister. And when the minister thought that she was staying out beyond what was suitable he sent the other girl to know what caused the delay, and she came to her end in the same way as the first. Then the murderer entered the parlour and came to the couple's bed. The minister asked what kept the girls. He said that they were lying dead in the yard, and promised him and his wife the same fate, so that he might not give him wood to cut another Saturday evening. The minister, in great fear and

[1] This murder was committed on Nov. 15, 1618, when Jón had barely served the King three years, but it was three years later, according to his account, that the murderer was caught. The murder is narrated at great length by Nicholas Helvaderus, who regards the event as a natural corollary to the appearance of a comet at about that time (*Resolution oc Forklaring paa den ny Comet...*, Copenhagen, 1619). Helvaderus says it occurred on a *Sunday* evening, and that the murderer first killed the pastor's two young sons in the garden, then attacked the serving-maid in the parlour, and in the belief that he had killed her dragged her out to the stable. He then killed the pastor's wife, and finally the pastor, who was eighty-five years old, hacking the bodies almost to pieces. The maid hid in the straw in the stable, and the murderer, alarmed at her disappearance, seized a silver bowl and ran away—"but he will never run so far that God will not find him." Helvaderus thinks his name was Jørgen and that he was born in Aabenraa. In his story there is no motive for the act. The parson's name was Søren Pedersen, and his wife's Margrethe. Cp. S. V. Wiberg, *Dansk Præstehistorie*, III, p. 103.

trembling, pleaded for mercy and life, and promised that he should never again have to cut wood on a Saturday evening. But prayers and pleadings were of no avail. The minister asked for a respite long enough to recite the Lord's Prayer, which was granted him. Then the murderer swung his bloody axe aloft and hewed them both to death in their bed. But because it was very dark in the room there had been a struggle first, and their little daughter had crept out of the far end of the bed and had got away to the people who lived in the village not very far away. The murderer, this awful deed committed, hastened to break open the minister's chest, and with the most precious of the goods thus stolen filled himself such a large bag that he could barely stagger under it. Three years passed before this murderer was seized, in Holstein, which came about in the way I shall now tell.

This deceased minister had a nephew, who had entered an inn in Holstein: amongst other worthy folk this young man sees one wearing his uncle's hat. The minister's kinsman is so startled that all desire for food leaves him. He sees himself saddled with a difficult job, and revolves in his mind what he had best do. The landlord asks him if anything has upset him, but he denies it, and asks the other whence he came by the hat he was wearing, and said that it was the hat of his father's brother the Reverend Søren, who had been murdered in Sjælland by his own serving-man. The man was somewhat startled, but declared that he had bought the hat at the full price. Our young man debates within himself whether he shall lay hands on him. And as a warrant was out over the whole kingdom, that he should be seized wherever recognised, though he did not know him he yet laid hands on him, trusting in God, and having demanded the aid of those who sat round the table, and declared him the prisoner of the King until he should produce clear proof of where or from whom he had secured the minister's hat. But at once, on being seized, the other lost all power of resistance, and admitted that he was guilty of the above crime and heinous sin. Afterwards he got his deserved reward and a horrible death.

CHAPTER VII

ABOUT THE COBBLER OR SHOE-MENDER, WHO STOLE THE MONEY OF THE POOR FROM THE CATHEDRAL BY NIGHT

IN the city of Copenhagen there was a certain cobbler, Jens by name, who had a little shop in the street of St Nicholas' church, where he daily toiled at his business. It so happened that one night in his first sleep he dreamt that a man came to him and asked him, how he would reward him, if he should show him a place where he could gain money. For this cobbler had that evening laid himself to sleep with heavy cares on account of his poverty and straitened circumstances. In his sleep he imagined that he explained his powerlessness to pay such a reward. The other said they would make a compromise. In his dream he clad himself and followed the other, until they came to the cathedral; then he knew he was awake. The other declared that there was money enough inside. He declared that he could not get it without being observed. The other said that he should push his back against the door, whereupon it opened, and urged thereto by this man the cobbler carried out one alms-box and opened it without noise or stir. I do not exactly remember the value of the sum, which was all in small coins, or *seslings*[1], of which each is worth about the fourth part of a cod-fish[2]; but I think the sum was reckoned as certainly about 300 dollars[3].

[1] *Seslinger* or *søslinger* (from German *sechsling*) a coin worth six *Pendinge* or half a *skilling*. From 1619 ninety-six skillings were reckoned to the rixdollar, so that a søsling would be $\frac{1}{192}$ of a rixdollar. Cp. Wilcke, *Christian IV's Møntpolitik*, p. 152.

[2] In 1619 forty-five cod-fish were reckoned to the rixdollar in specie, so that Jón reckons a søsling as $\frac{1}{180}$ part of a rixdollar. His countrymen were practically unacquainted with small change, the only coin generally current in Iceland being the rixdollar in specie, which was required of them in taxes. As a basis of comparison it may be mentioned that from 1619 a pair of Icelandic woollen gloves cost $1\frac{1}{2}$ cod-fish, a three-year old sheep thirty-five cod-fish. Aðils, *Einokunarverzlun*, pp. 414, 370.

[3] Icel. *dalir*. A rixdollar in specie was equal in weight to about four modern Danish kroner (about four English shillings), but of course it was

Then he said that he locked up the church again without making a rattle or sound. After this had been done, he said the other man disappeared.

Now until this stolen money was entirely squandered and dissipated (for he flung it away on every kind of extravagance) he gave up, for the time, his usual trade. The Sunday following this evil deed, when according to custom the church guardians had made their round of the people sitting in church, with the plates, in which everyone places what money he wishes, and as they were putting the alms-money away, they found one chest emptied of all cash. They informed the minister, who announced it from the pulpit at the close of his sermon, and it was then decreed at the Town Hall that any man paying or offering more than the value of half a dollar in seslings should be liable to be seized and set in irons for examination and enquiry.

It so chanced that when this aforesaid malefactor had squandered away the greater part of the stolen money, it seemed good to him to practise his old trade again. He went to a shoemaker of the name of Jacob, to buy leather for soling shoes; and in paying he produced the value of one and a half dollars in seslings. The other got a jug of ale drawn from the cask for him, but secretly sent to the Burgomaster, Laurids Magnusen[1], who at once despatched two constables to seize him. And when these entered the room they greet the host blithely, and ask for a jug of ale, which is granted to them. They ask who his companion is: and offer to go shares in the ale with him, but he says he may not stop. The host says the other has bought one and a half dollar's worth of leather and paid for it all in seslings. The constables declare that this must be the church thief, who stole the sacred money and the maintenance of the poor. Instantly they laid hands on him and he confessed at once to this monstrous crime. They took him before the Provost and then to prison,

worth about double in purchasing capacity. A "slet Daler" was worth about one-sixth less. Cp. Kalkar, *Ordbog*, s.v. *slet*, and *Danmarks Riges Hist.* IV, p. 103, note 1.

[1] A Burgomaster of Copenhagen from 1615 to 1620 [R.C.]. Four Burgomasters held office at once.

and soon after he was taken out and broken on the wheel outside the Western Gate.

NOW FOLLOWS THE STORY OF THE THIEF WHO GOT A KEY MADE TO THE SHOPS

A certain butcher, called Christian, lived in Copenhagen, a well-to-do man. By the inspiration of the devil he set about getting into as many shops as possible, and bribed a certain smith, called Didrik, to do what was needful. Soon the shop-lads missed many kinds of wares out of their shops and mentioned it one to the other, and then quietly notified their masters. These resort to the plan of having two men lie in ambush in every shop through the night, and in this manner it was discovered who committed the thefts. He was found out, seized and set in prison with nine persons who served him, amongst whom was his wife, two daughters and one son.

He had a brother in the town, Jens the ferryman. This man lived in Vingaardsstræde[1], the very next door to my lodging. It was supposed that he was a werwolf, a kind of man who turns into the likeness of a wolf at whiles, yet without his own will[2]. It runs in families and it is said that it is brought about through nefarious means. This ferryman Jens, brother of the above-mentioned, went into the road along which it was expected that the King would travel to Frederiksborg on the Strand by the Højbro, where I and many others were standing. When the King came out of the castle Jens fell on his knees. The King asks what he wants. He tells him, and says his request is, that his brother should be granted the grace of execution by the sword instead of hanging. The King replied that there were more urgent matters for him to ask for than that, namely to pray God that no such misfortune might fall on him as had overtaken his brother. He replied

[1] Vingaardsstræde, running eastwards from the church of St Nicholas and parallel to Østergade. See map.

[2] The belief in lycanthropy had come down from heathen times in Scandinavia, and had no doubt been greatly strengthened in the early 17th century by its acceptance by theologians. Cp. J. Bodin, *De Magorum Demonomania* (Frankfort, 1603).

that he was what he was, whatever manner of death he died. The King turned then, and asked how much he would give. The other offered 300 dollars[1]. The King agreed and said that the sum should be given to the church, which was done, and Christian was executed with his household, ten persons in all.

ABOUT THE TAILOR'S WIFE

A certain tailor, by name Hannes, who lived up in the Cloth-booths[2], as they are called, possessed a young and attractive wife, called Anna. One of the soldiers had looked upon her with lustful eyes, and laid in wait for her with his comrades to lure her from her lawful husband, and for this reason there was a great riot one Saturday between the soldiers and the artizans of the city. The husband had to accommodate himself to her loss, for she herself had helped in the affair, so that he lost her altogether.

In the same way it happened that same autumn that a man, a knife-smith, called Maurus, had to lose his wife Betsabe, who also permitted herself to be taken and went away with a soldier into Germany. Also a nobleman, Jørgen Daa by name, who was Admiral in the North Sea and who captured Captain Mandaus off Russia, and with whom I made my first trip in a man-of-war in 1616, lost his noble-born wife in the same fashion, through a soldier who went off with her into Germany[3]. And though letters are written ordering the arrest of such people it avails not at all, for one soldier will seldom do a disservice to any of his comrades and mates.

[1] See note 3, p. 48 *supra*.
[2] Klædeboder, near Our Lady's church; see map.
[3] Jørgen Daa married Magdalene Sørensdatter Baden, of a noble family of Skåne. All that is otherwise known of her is that she "conducted herself ill" as a wife. *Dansk Biograf. Lex.* [R.C.]

CHAPTER VIII

IN WHICH ARE RELATED MY VOYAGES IN WAR-SHIPS IN THE NORTHERN PARTS OF THE ATLANTIC AND VARIOUS OTHER MATTERS WHICH OCCURRED AT THE ARSENAL

DURING the first year of my service under the King, in the year 1616, the King's flagship was being built at Bremerholm, the one that was first called *Caritas*[1] and later for a certain reason *Patientia*. In that year, 1616, a Council of State was held at Oslo[2] in Norway, in the presence of the King and others of the Council[3]. The Chancellor was Christian Friis[4], who at that time had reached a great age, being just under or just over eighty. One evening at Oslo, when he was sitting at table with the King and other gentlemen, he was taken ill and begged the King very urgently for leave to be removed at once to the vessel in which he had come from Copenhagen, and which was called *Fides*[5], so that he might start home the next morning, to which the King graciously consented. But in the night, at about twelve o'clock, he died[6], and was taken home the next morning. Now when his lady, Mette or Mathilda[7], heard this news, it

[1] Christian IV notes in his Journal under date June 15, 1616: "The new vessel, named *Charitas patriae*, launched." Suhm's *Nye Saml.* II.

[2] Oslo was the capital of Norway until it was destroyed by fire in 1624. Christian IV had it rebuilt a few miles nearer to the castle Akershus, and gave the new town the name Christiania.

[3] The Rigsraad, or Council of State. Cp. note 1 to p. 98 *infra*.

[4] Christian Friis of Borreby, b. 1556, d. 1616, of one of the best noble families of Denmark. In 1596 he became Chancellor to the King, a post which combined many of the duties of a Foreign Minister and a Minister of the Interior. Cp. *Den danske Centraladministration*, pp. 117 ff. Christian Friis was an experienced and able man, who seems to have had considerable influence with the King. (*Dansk Biograf. Lex.*)

[5] Jón says correctly *Fides*. The nobleman Sivert Grubbe in his Journal says it was the *Spes*. (*Danske Magasin*, IV R., II Bd.)

[6] He was taken ill on the Friday, and died on the Monday, July 29. Troels Lund, *Dagligt Liv*, XIV, pp. 56 ff.

[7] Christian Friis married Mette Hardenberg, of a noble family of Fyn, in 1595. Sivert Grubbe (*loc. cit.* p. 230) says, "she was a woman of great

affected her strangely, and it was said that she had an erroneous suspicion that his death had happened in some other way than she was told; and it was related that she nursed ill feelings towards the King, who was warned by good friends to be as wary as possible both on sea and land.

In the spring of that year 1617, the King resolved as before to make a voyage himself on his own ship *Patientia*. One evening all that was needed had been conveyed to the vessel, and the King intended to start the next morning. In the night such a furious gale rose from the east that all were astonished, and people thought houses and towers would be blown down. It lasted nearly half an hour, and during that time, the King's flagship was driven on to a sand bank off Bremerholm, out of the fleet of a hundred ships riding there. It was flung on to its starboard side so that the sea flooded in through all the portholes, for the guns [which should have blocked them] were all overboard. Thus all the provisions both of the King and of the crew were ruined, together with everything else. The King himself, together with all who served him, *viz*. captains, masters, artillerymen, sailors, carpenters and court officials were there daily for a fortnight, setting the ship to rights again, in which they succeeded after great toil. After this the ship's name, which had been *Caritas*, was altered, and because she had undergone such trials and difficulties the King had her called *Patientia*[1].

Shortly after this the King had the ship prepared for a voyage again, with another fast-sailing ship called *Spes*, in

influence, especially wise and influential in State affairs." In fact there were those who said she had more to do with public affairs than was fitting. The contemporary author Christopher Dybvad, in a work of about 1614, addressed to the King but never sent to him, says those countries flourish which have "Doctorem vel cœlibem Cancellarium, Gynocratiæ non subjectum." Christian IV thought very highly of Mette's opinion, and there is no reason to suppose that their friendly relations altered after the death of the Chancellor. Cp. Sivert Grubbe's diary, *Danske Magasin*, IV R., IV Bd. pp. 44, 47.

[1] The King notes in his diary, April 29, 1617: "In the night between Monday and Tuesday there was such a storm that many of the vessels drove ashore, and one ship, named Charitas, heeled over on her side. After that same day the said vessel was called *Patientia*." (*Danske Samlinger*, V, p. 52.) [R.C.]

order to test the former's speed, stability and behaviour under sail. A few days previously the King let it be known that he intended to take his departure in this ship, but when the vessels were about to weigh anchor the King had himself conveyed by boat to the other vessel[1]. This day there was good weather and sunshine. (At this time I lay sick of ague, which sickness lasted eighteen weeks.) And when the vessels had come out and had left Dragør[2] behind with a fair breeze, there came a squall of such terrific violence, that the main mast, which was put together of nine tree-trunks, and was two or three fathoms thick, suddenly broke, and flung into the sea twelve men who were in the main-top[3]. One of these died, and the King mourned over him with tears, saying that he had lost his life for him. He had service found for the man's children who were of full age, and their mother was afterwards married to a sailor. The third time that the King was to sail this ship down Øresund[4] I was on board, and on this occasion everything went well.

On Easter Day, all the King's ships were lying out in the current the further side of Bremerholm, in gala array, that is with nettings all round the bulwarks and the main-tops, and flags and pennons on all mast-tops, and pennons from the yard-arms. During the sermon, a double-bottomed barrel drifted down to the ship *Patientia*, and the man whose watch it was caught the hook at the end of the davit-rope on to the barrel and hoisted it up, for he thought there might be something useful inside. But when he opened the cask there was a headless corpse lying inside. The man was terrified and heaved the cask back into the sea again. Afterwards there was a ghostly presence on the ship of which nine men became aware, myself among the number. We got a pain in the head,

[1] *I.e. Patientia.*

[2] Dragør, a village in the little island of Amager, south of Copenhagen.

[3] Probably in a "fighting-top." But the number must have been exaggerated. The King says (June 30): "I sailed thence [from Copenhagen] on *Patientia*, and the mast went overboard: afterwards I sailed the same day on *Spes* to Kronborg."

[4] As a matter of fact the King's own diary shows that he had tested the *Patientia* successfully on June 2. All these misfortunes are, of course, supposed by Jón to be due to Mette's malign influence.

for which the King showed us much compassion, visiting us daily himself, and ordering his steward to bring us the most wholesome food. This happened the second time that I was on board this ship with the King in the Sound. God granted us a return of health.

The third time the King had two other ships, *Fides* and *Spes*, fitted out for Norway for the port they called Flekkerø[1]. At the request of certain persons, they were to see whether a block-house should not be built there, so that the ships which ran in there in a storm might pay toll to the State. For a great many ships run in there to ride out storms[2]. But the King did not think it advisable[3], nor the lords of the Council who accompanied him, Albret Skeel[4], Admiral of the Kingdom, the Norwegian Chancellor[5] and the Norwegian Statholder[6]. From there we got a fair wind. This Admiral was constantly in conversation with the King about the needs of the Kingdom, and his counsel was always sound, being based on the several circumstances and requirements of each case.

One morning it so happened as men were taking their breakfast, that one of the King's chamberlains was sent to enquire in the forecastle whether any Icelanders were on board, and if there were any they were to go at once to the King, because he so commanded. The chamberlain was told that two of the artillerymen were Icelanders, that is Jón Halldórsson from Eyjafjörð, and Jón Ólafsson, that is myself.

[1] This expedition, starting on May 7, arriving May 9, really preceded the trial of the *Patientia*. Cp. the King's diary, *loc. cit.* p. 52. As Jón was on this voyage his illness must have begun after it.

[2] As can be seen from Jón's own voyages. A contemporary Dutch bird's-eye view of Flekkerø, with directions for pilots, is reproduced in Eidem og Lütken, *Vor Sømagts Historie*, p. 297.

[3] Jón is wrong here. A block-house was built here, on Slotsø, in 1619: cp. King's diary for June 2, 1619 (*Nyt Hist. Tidskr.* IV, 1852, p. 230).

[4] Albret Skeel of Fussingø, b. 1572, d. 1639, Admiral of the Kingdom (*Rigsadmiral*) from Dec. 1, 1616, to Jan. 1623, when he lost his office in consequence, it is said, of a quarrel with the King. He does not appear ever to have been in Iceland. (Lind, pp. 43 f. and *Dansk Biograf. Lexicon.*)

[5] Jens Bjelke of Østraat, a Norwegian, b. 1580, became by his marriage with the daughter of Henrik Brockenhuus one of the wealthiest noblemen in Norway. He was made Chancellor in 1614 and held the office until his death in 1659.

[6] Enevold Kruse (1554–1621) was Statholder in Norway from 1608 to 1618. [R.C.] He was the son of the nobleman Tyge Kruse.

Accordingly we went up on the quarter-deck with him to the King and the admiral Albret Skeel.

The King asked me to wait until he should have talked to the elder and bigger man. Him he asks his name and family, and with whom he had sailed from Iceland, and for what reason. Jón said there was no reason save for his longing for travel which had always been strong. The King said that could hardly be, rather he said he thought his audacious love of women had caused it. Then the King called me, and asks me in the same fashion my family and name, and whether I had been to school, for he said I had the appearance of one who has had book-learning, and he asked me also with whom I had sailed from Iceland. I said with the English, for I dared not deceive him about it[1]. The King asks me, what necessity had led me into sailing with them rather than with Danes. I say there was no reason but my own wish. He asks about my voyage to England, sojourn there and departure, and how it pleased me, and much more about that country, about the buildings and the distances between the towns, the religion of the people and much else. I answered most of the King's questions and he confessed that I spoke the truth and that he enjoyed our conversation. Then the King touched on the English trade up here in Iceland, and my answer was that drift-ice often descended upon us from Greenland and took away our fishing tackle, so that we were left helpless. The King said that he had heard that before. Albret Skeel continually spoke up for inhabitants of this country, and said that he too would trade with the English, namely to supply his needs, without considering the Danish ship-owners, all the more if he lived in Iceland[2]. And though they did buy them-

[1] See note 2 to p. 14.

[2] On April 17, 1616, the King issued an ordinance saying he hears that Icelanders trade with foreign nations and reminding them that it is forbidden. (Ketilsson, *Forordn.* II, p. 262.) In 1620 he sent ships to the Icelandic waters to search English fishing-vessels for Icelandic goods. The Icelanders pleaded, as Jón does, that they were often forced to buy fishing-tackle from the English, or starve. About 1636, one of the Icelandic Bishops told the Danish Chancellor that if Iceland was not to be depopulated poor folk would have to break the King's ordinance, for their lives' sake. Cp. Aðils, *op. cit.* pp. 578–81.

selves new fishing-tackle, the ship-owners profited nevertheless, for it was said that the Icelanders gave the Danes the flesh of the fish, and only kept the bones for themselves. He asked me if it were not so. But I said that it was true that the Danes had the bodies of the fish and that the Icelanders withheld only the heads.

A great deal more was said about this country's trade and the conditions both of rich and poor, but I made few replies thereto. But it was to be observed that the King had acquainted himself with much that went on here. He enquired about the adulterated wares of the Danes[1]; whether the continual murmuring of those who lived here were well-founded, and yet he said that none came forward with documentary complaints on this score, which he much deplored, wishing that Iceland were as near as Norway was to us then. I told the King that there was an Icelandic student at that time in Copenhagen, Thorlák Thorkelsson of Hólar, who had three kinds of samples of such wares to show. The King was pleased to hear it and bade me urge that they should be shown to him, so that he might get to learn something definite about the matter. And then, when our conversation was quite ended for that occasion, the King summoned his own cellarer, Master Christian Skammelsen[2], and ordered him to hand over to us a pottle of wine containing twelve pints[3], and on our receiving this we had permission to withdraw.

Albret Skeel urged the King to enlist men from Iceland; the King said the country was not populous and the farmers could not spare their people. Always after this the King gave me a friendly greeting, wherever he saw me.

After this we got a south-east wind up the coast of Norway all the way to Flekkerø: then the King went ashore to see

[1] Since all competition had been removed the wares of the Danish merchants naturally became worse and worse. But there were many persons whose interest it was to prevent the complaints of the Icelanders reaching the King.

[2] The King's cellarer Christian Skammelsen was a well-to-do citizen in Copenhagen, where he kept a wine-cellar. He died in 1626. [R.C.] Cp. *Kjøbenhavns Diplomatarium*, II, p. 644.

[3] Twelve marks. A mark, Icel. *mörk*, was equal to half a Danish "pot," usually translated quart: really 0·96612 litre.

what he thought and the other noble lords with him. They repaired to the nearest parsonage, which lay close to the harbour, and out to the ships in the evening, and then on the homeward journey next morning. The King considered it inexpedient to have a block-house built there.

On the voyage home it happened that when the King was about to take supper all the table silver was missing, and the King's steward had forgotten to demand it after the midday meal. There was great disquiet on the ship on account of this occurrence and all were called up on deck and of each man his keys for all his chests were demanded, and I, like most others, was in great fear lest some evilly-disposed person should have laid the silver in the box of some innocent man. This search was made by the provost-marshal and his four underlings. A sailor by name Rasmus went to the ship's master and gave him secretly to understand that that same day, an hour after the midday meal, something which rattled had been poured out of a vessel through the water-port. This was reported to the King. The man who had done it was called Jon and had recently come into the King's service, and came from northernmost Norway. When they first enter the King's service such persons are called Greylegs[1]. This man was lent to the King's cook Master Christian, who had eleven men under him. Jon was at once called before the King, and in great fear he flung himself prostrate before him and confessed that he had done it in heedlessness, and had not observed the plate, the water being very foul. The King smiled and had compassion on the fellow, and said he was poor and ignorant, and decided that he was to serve for one year for this offence up on Bremerholm[2]. And then no more was said about the matter.

One day on the return journey there was a dead calm, and after sermon and dinner the King had all the crew called up on deck and bade them hit upon some entertainment. He was most inclined for two men to pull "cats' necks[3]" as it is

[1] In Norway wolves are called "greylegs"; in Denmark this seems to have been a nickname applied to lice. Cp. Kalkar, *Ordbog*, s.v. *graaben*.

[2] In the naval dockyards. Cp. p. 42 *supra*.

[3] This game is not described in Troels Lund, *Dagligt Liv*.

called. This game is so played, that they throw a rope over each other's necks, and then tug as hard as they can with fists and body. A line is chalked across the deck, and over this each strives to haul the other. This Jon, who had poured the silver overboard, was bidden begin the game: he was a big man and enormously strong. Against him one of the crew was pitted, first the strongest of the sailors, and afterwards four others, all of whom he quickly overcame. The King gave him half a mark for each man he overcame, that is the value of four cod-fish[1]. Then a champion was sought among the artillerymen—Jón Halldórsson, my faithful comrade, whom I mentioned before was the first to contest with him, but he was of no avail. Next came one of the artillerymen, called Michael, a fine fellow both as regards height and strength; these two had a long struggle, until Michael won, and the King gave him a double reward. So great was the struggle that one could feel the ship tremble under it. Later many other games were played for the entertainment of the King. Some played at fetching a small coin with their mouths out of a bucket of water, holding their hands behind their backs. Others clambered into the rigging, and slid headforemost down the stays, and many other things.

Later in the day we saw a ship ahead of us; a Dutch ship, not a man-of-war. I had two cannons in the fore part of the ship, not very large, of the kind called "halfgoods[2]": the balls weighed five pounds. The King bade those who were in charge of them clear them for action, which was done. Then the King said: "Now you, Jón, hit me that ship that sails there." When I had made ready the guns with powder and all appertaining thereto and had placed them in position, the

[1] A mark was worth sixteen skillings. (Cp. Secher, in *Hist. Medd. om København*, I, p. 293, note 4.) In 1619 the value of a rixdollar in specie (*i.e.* ninety-six skillings), was fixed at forty-five fish (dried cod-fish: cp. Aðils, *op. cit.* p. 413, note 7). Thus a skilling works out at about half a fish, so that eight skillings (half a mark) is worth four fish.

[2] The full designation of these guns was "English cannon for halfgoods" or "English half-slange" (serpent). The cannon-balls weighed 9 or 10 lbs., and $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of powder were used. The guns were also called Driangel or Triangel. Christian IV purchased most of his cannon from England and Germany. Cp. Blom, *op. cit.* pp. 213, 238, 241.

King aimed them according to his own fancy, but I set the light to them. He did not wish to injure the Dutchmen, only to give them a fright; and we fired eleven shots at them before they struck their flag. Afterwards the ship's captain came on board our vessel with four men, trembling and in great fear, throwing themselves before the King with tears, the while he excused himself profusely, especially for not knowing that the King himself was on board. The King suggested, for a joke and to see how he would take it, that he should pay for all the shots, each shot a rose noble[1]. The King would not receive these moneys then, but said the other should be liable for them if he showed such contumacy another time. His Majesty had a twelve-pint measure of Rostock ale[2], and food, served to them; but on account of his terror the captain could neither eat nor drink. Then he went back to his ship in peace.

And when we approached Varberg Castle[3] the King was set ashore in a boat with some of the lords and gentlemen of the Court. Then the King got into a carriage with his high-born suite and travelled across Halland to Skåne and over the Sound from Helsingborg to Elsinore, and after a short sojourn there he returned to the ship. Late in the evening we reached Copenhagen, at St Anne's Quay[4]. The King's Court chaplain, Master David[5], preached a long discourse and

[1] A rose noble was equal to four dollars in specie. In earlier times Christian IV had actually exacted this fee. After stopping an English vessel in 1599 he had demanded and obtained a rose noble for each of the two shots he had fired, and a barrel of "English drink" and two barrels of Dutch bread. (Cp. Sivert Grubbe's Journal, *Danske Magasin*, IV R., II Bd. p. 398.) In 1607 he had ordered that every shot fired from Bergenshus Castle to make a foreign vessel strike topsail was to be paid for at the rate of a rose noble. (*Norske Rigsregistranter*, IV, p. 227.)

[2] Rostock ale, see note 1, p. 142 *infra*.

[3] Varberg, on the west coast of Sweden. The King's diary notes under May 14: "Went ashore at Waarberrig (Varberg) and so to 'Falkenberrig' the same day." On May 16 he went to Elsinore or Kronborg, and thence back to Copenhagen by ship.

[4] St Annæ Bro. A Lübeck traveller, visiting Copenhagen in 1600, says: "Near the harbour is a stone quay which reaches from the shore to far out in the deep water: it is called St Anne's Quay and is a very handy place to bathe from." (Suhm's *Nye Saml.* III, p. 99.)

[5] Jón is probably thinking of the chaplain of the ship, but it seems very doubtful if any such was called David.

thanksgiving with heartfelt eloquence. Then the King went ashore to his gardens, which then lay outside the town to the north. In them were every kind of plants and herbs. The name of the chief gardener was Marcus. A castle stands in the middle of the gardens, with a high tower, beautifully built, and a handsome house with gilded and painted decorations and a sweet scent inside[1]. In the middle of the garden stood a statue of His Majesty carved out of alabaster stone[2]

The next morning we arrived home in the town, and each of us was well greeted by his acquaintances, and thanks were given to God for a fortunate voyage both out and homewards.

About the lady Mathilda, of whom I spoke before, it was said that when she heard of the King's landing she went alone into her bed-chamber and forbade her maid to attend her into it, and was found dead there shortly afterwards[3].

[1] In 1606 Christian IV had begun laying out his new garden just outside the eastern ramparts of the city, which have since been levelled. It was called "the King's garden" until after the Castle (begun in 1610) was finished, when we find the name Rosenborg given to the gardens as well as to the Castle. The gardens are now a public park, still called the King's Garden (Kongens Have). Marcus Wiblitz was the head gardener from 1606 to 1623. He died in 1628. [Cp. R.C.]

[2] The Curator of Rosenborg Castle, Mr Bering Liisberg, informs me that this statue was probably like several others in the gardens, not of alabaster nor even of marble (often called alabaster at this time), but of clay, the surface being treated with white oil paint. This is the only reference to it.

[3] Mette Hardenberg died nearly a month after the King's return, on June 15. The populace were inclined to attribute black arts to any woman possessing unusual knowledge or capacity: cp. the firm belief that Christian II's Dutch adviser, Sigbrit, was a witch.

CHAPTER IX

WHEN I first came to Copenhagen in the year 1615 there was an open channel between the town and the island of Amager, and persons were ferried across it in small boats[1]. The point where the people embarked in the boats was called Kivnes[2], or Dispute Point, on account of the chatter of the people, their quarrelling and disputes, which could be heard there daily. For every one pushed himself forward as best he could in order to pass into the boats, and many blows of hand and knife were dealt, when quarrelsome persons met there. At first I used often to be ferried across to Amager, for a man with whom I had dealings dwelt there, by name Niels Aagesson, a merchant at the Danish trade-station in Skutilsfjörð, in Ísafjörð Deeps. At his house I always received a warm welcome, himself and his wife being much attached to me. Every Saturday I met him in Copenhagen if I were at home, for that was market-day. Magnús Arason and Magnús Sæmundsson[3], my dear countrymen (now asleep in God), were sometimes together with me in his house, everything good cheer and hospitality, and I was once with him at a magnificent wedding festival. He often lent

[1] The bridge, then called Long Bridge or Amager Bridge, now Knippelsbro, was begun in January 1618, and was built out from the end of a wide embankment Christian IV had thrown out from Slotsholm, the island on which the Castle stood. (On this embankment he afterwards built the Exchange.) There was a toll for crossing the bridge, largely paid by the farmers of Dutch extraction whose forbears had settled on Amager during the reign of Christian II. Cp. H. C. Møller, in *Hist. Medd. om København*, v (1915), p. 241, and O. Nielsen, *Kjøbenhavns Hist.* iv, p. 277. The difficulties in building the bridge had previously been considered to be insuperable, on account of the strong current. Part of it was a swing bridge. In 1625 Ole Worm notes that "Long Bridge" was ruined by storm and tempest. (*Danske Saml.* II R., 2 Bd. p. 391.)

[2] Kivnes was on the Amager side, about where Brogade begins, where a tiny islet had become the point of a promontory. Cp. H. Ramsing, in *Hist. Medd. om Køb.* III, 71.

[3] These two were later successively Sheriffs of the district of Barðaströnd in Iceland. They died in the same year,—1635. Magnús Arason was a son of Ari Magnússon of Ögur: see note 3, p. 6 *supra*. Cp. B. Benediktsson, *Sýslumannaæfir*, II, 87 ff. [S.B.].

me money, which was richly paid back to him by my blessed mother and brother, out of my moneys which I left behind here. Of the goods sent to me from Iceland, the value of 600 fish[1] remained in his keeping.

A certain young man of the name of Jasper served the honourable Ivar Poulsen[2], Burgomaster, in Copenhagen, as shop-lad. He sailed two years running up to Skutilsfjörð, and was to bring me the value of 740 fish on behalf of my mother and brother. But he was attacked by plague the second day after he had returned from Hamburg, for at that time the ships unloaded there. And because there was nothing to show in his handwriting, I never received any compensation, though I repeatedly made my claim both to the Burgomaster and to the dead man's heirs, who lived in Holstein.

These were the Burgomasters of Copenhagen during the time of my sojourn there. The first and oldest of them was Knud Markussen, the second Ivar Poulsen, the third Michael Vibe, the fourth Peter Andersen[3]. These had all been poor men's sons, begging their bread, when they first came to Copenhagen, but by the will and grace of God they became powerful men in the end. Peter Andersen had travelled to Jerusalem, and was away for half a year. The cause of this journey was as follows, according to what he told me. He was once sitting drinking one evening with three gentlemen, and fell into a hot dispute about the journey to Jerusalem[4]. The gentlemen declared that it could not be accomplished in less time than two years, but he vehemently denied it, main-

[1] Fifteen *vættir*, see note to p. 21 *supra*.

[2] Ivar Poulsen, a merchant, was a Burgomaster from 1615 till his death. He was born in Kolding in 1567. [R.C.]

[3] Knud Markvardsen, Burgomaster from 1606 till his death in 1629. Mikkel Vibe, born in 1565, Burgomaster from 1609 till his death in 1624, made a name in the history of Copenhagen. He was engaged in trade with Iceland as well as with many other countries. He started life poor, but had received a good education. Cp. O. Nielsen, *Kjøbenhavns Hist.* III, p. 201, and *Hist. Tidskr.* III, p. 153. Peter Andersen Randulf was Burgomaster from 1618 to his death in 1620. Four Burgomasters held office at once.

[4] It was fairly common for young noblemen of this time to visit Jerusalem: cp. Rørdam, *Kjøbenhavns Univ. Hist.* III, p. 444 note; also *Ny Kirkehist. Saml.* p. 664.

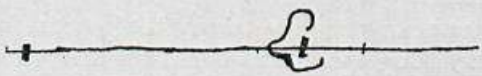
taining that, but for accidents, the journey might be made in one year, and he declared himself willing, on his faith and honour, to forfeit all his goods to the King, if it should not so prove. They laid a wager about it among themselves, that each of them should be liable to pay him 1000 dollars[1], if they lost; and each gave his hand upon it. The next morning they reported the affair to the King. Peter Andersen was at once summoned and reminded of the substance of his words, which he was obliged to acknowledge, and so the agreement must needs stand on either side. And so his wife with his three daughters was obliged to leave their house, nor take a shilling's worth out of it away with her, and he had to find her house and shelter with his good friends for so long as his absence lasted. Thus he parted with great grief from his wife and children, and travelled at the greatest speed possible, as God granted him good fortune and as his road lay, first south to Rome whence he got a Letter of Indulgence from the Pope[2], and then south to Jerusalem, which distance, from Copenhagen to Jerusalem, is 600 (Danish) miles. And he accomplished his journey prosperously in half a year and received his house back again (it had been locked meanwhile and still more securely barred with three boards, with the King's seal set on each board). The King gave him three suits for holy days and granted him a Burgomastership. So these gentlemen were obliged to hand over to him the money he had won, which was 3000 dollars. Thus did God help him well and prosperously out of his difficulties, to His perpetual honour and glory, and he was always in favour with the King and worthy in the sight of all. And now, this tale being finished, I shall turn to another matter.

A short time after I had been entered in the royal service I was allotted the watch of the Arsenal every ninth night, and in such kindly fashion that I should be in the watch of two of my mates, Jón Halldórsson and Rasmus Hansen. These

[1] See note 3, p. 48 *supra*.

[2] This statement suggests that the story must first have been told of a Burgomaster of the pre-Reformation period. In Jón's time every Dane was necessarily of the reformed faith. Randulf's biography does not mention the episode here narrated.

were bidden instruct me in anything and everything which might appertain to the guns and the service of the Arsenal. The captain of the guard was called Hans Mikkelsen, a worthy man. Every night, after all were gathered together, the watch drew up by the gate near Højbro where I had first lodged, close by the King's stables. There were twenty-four of us besides the captain of the guard, the piper and drummer, which last went home again with those who had stood guard for a day and a night. They march two by two and in file, as in battle-array, first the captain of the guard with his huge halberd, leading the way, with the drummer to his right and the piper to his left; then follow the seniors, and so they file past in order, each having a sword at his side and on his shoulder a halberd with a linstock attached to it, called a *sintrør*; this *sintrør* is of the shape here figured[1]:



As soon as we have proceeded to the east of the Castle, on the way to the Arsenal, the captain calls a halt to his troop, and arranges them in a ring: then he leans to the ear of the man nearest to him on the left side, and tells him the password, which he privately learns from the governor of the Castle every day, and which is thus told to the watch privately,

[1] The drawing in the text is taken from the Ögur MS. It occurs, somewhat different, in E. and D., but not in the other MSS. The exact nature of a sintreyr, Dan. sintrør, was a matter of discussion until the publication of this illustration. (Cp. Blom, *op. cit.* p. 303 and the works there referred to.) Jón's drawing indicates that it was a kind of linstock. The "lin" (Dan. *lunt*) was a wick of thick string or thin twisted rope, which was set alight and applied to the powder-hole of the gun. In order to avoid burning the hand, the wick was sometimes wound round a rod (linstock). But sometimes this linstock was made into a weapon which could be used as a spear: the rod was then hollow, and the wick issued from a hole in the cross-piece towards the point of the rod, which ended in a real spear-head. It must be this weapon which was termed "sintrør." In Jón's drawing the cross-piece and point can be clearly seen. Cp. also the illustrations in W. Boeheim, *Waffenkunde*, Leipsic, 1890, p. 489, and *Catalogo della Armeria Reale*, Torino, 1890, p. 377. [Information furnished by Captain Stöckel of the Historiçal Museum of the Arsenal to the Editor of the Icelandic edition.]

so that none may know the word save the watch alone. And if any should forget the word, and be unable to answer it at midnight when the captain of the guard comes with the piper and the drummer to test the watch, he forfeits his life[1], if he is standing guard at the time. This same word each whispers into the ear of his neighbour, until it reaches the right ear of the captain. But if anyone has misheard the whisper, so that a wrong word reaches the captain's right ear, then it has to be repeated again until it is rightly understood[2]. After that six private soldiers[3] march up to the castle to stand guard in the castle yard and eighteen up to the arsenal. Then those who have stood guard one day and one night go back to where the captain is waiting for them, and he accompanies them in file in the same manner to the gate, where all the guard is assembled as was mentioned before, and then each takes his own way home.

Sometimes when they are thirsty the guards go into the wine-cellars[4] along the shore to refresh themselves. It so happened one time when I had recently been put to stand guard at the Arsenal, and had left my watch and gone west over the bridge from the gate, that a certain artilleryman called Peter Dragør invited me into the cellar just opposite to the bridge, which is called Christine Doctor's[5] cellar, to

[1] § 44 of the regulations dated April 4, 1611: "Any one forgetting the password or found to be using a false password, shall be at once put to death by the sword, by those who make the round." Secher, *Forordn.* III, p. 305. These regulations were first issued for the war with Sweden, 1611–13, but continued in force in peace-time.

[2] This method of issuing the password is still in use in Denmark. [R.C.]

[3] Besides the King's guard the watch at the Castle was kept by private soldiers, *Aarsknægte*, enlisted for a year at a time by the Commander of the Castle. The watch at the Arsenal and other royal establishments was entrusted to the artillerymen, whereas the town watch was left entirely to the care of the citizens. [R.C.]

[4] Most of the drinking-booths of the town were along the shore, cp. O. Nielsen, *Kjøbenhavns Hist.* IV, p. 380. [R.C.] Many of these seem to have been then, as now, in cellars.

[5] Christine was the widow of a doctor. Cp. p. 83 *infra*. Widows were spoken of by their Christian name with the name of their husband in the genitive case, "widow" being understood. A contemporary document mentions her house in Højbrostræde, with "a place under the house," no doubt the tavern. (*Kjøbenhavns Dipl.* II, p. 556.) Most of the drinking-booths were kept by women: cp. O. Nielsen, *Kjøbenhavns Hist.* IV, p. 148.

drink a glass of ale. For a long time I hesitated and said that I had no money with me. He said he had money both for himself and for me, and bade me not doubt him. I went with him, howbeit somewhat against the grain. The waiter was called Niels. The fellow continued to call for ale until half a dollar's worth had been drawn, and the night was far advanced. Then he says he will go outside. I beg him to pay for the ale and wine: he says he is an honourable man, and asks me if I misdoubted he was a rogue. Then he went and never returned again that night. And as he tarried over long, the serving-lad said: "Now thy mate has disappeared, so do thou count out the money for the ale and wine." I said I had no money on me, and moreover that I had not asked him for any ale. He said that I had after all drunk with the other, and declared I should not leave until I had paid, and seized the lapel of my tunic and bade me take it off, yet not roughly. But it had so happened three days before that Thorlák Thorkelsson, my good friend, had given me a valuable Icelandic fox-skin, because I had sold some Icelandic wares for him which had been sent to him from Hólar. For this fox-skin I had got two dollars, and of these, five marks[1] remained in my secret pouch, which I carried next my skin, and out of these I paid him two marks, that is the value of sixteen cod-fish. He embraced me and thanked me cordially, and assured me that I should receive back the full worth of this payment, by God's aid and if we both lived, and be friends from that day forth, and indeed all the time he served there thereafter I was always made much of and welcomed. He promised that the other fellow should never be allowed there again, and counselled me to beware of him and his like. Afterwards he drew a quart of French wine for me, and having drunk that I went home in peace to my lodging, which was in Vingaardsstræde at Jón Halldórsson's. His wife came from Holstein and was a worthy and much-respected woman.

[1] Icel. "sljettir dalir." The "slet Daler" was worth four marks. In 1619 two marks were reckoned equal in value to fifteen cod-fish. Cp. Secher, in *Hist. Meddel. om København*, I, p. 293, note 4, and Aðils, *op. cit.* p. 410, also note 2, p. 48 *supra*.

Now it happened early the next morning that our drummer Morten went through all the streets beating on his drum, as constantly happened when the King required us. The piper and the provost-marshal, Jørgen Kiempe, accompanied him, and every time the drummer ceased beating his drum the provost-marshal cried out what their business was on that occasion. And this time the business was that fifty-two new cannons which had recently been cast and brought out from the founder's (as the man is called who casts and constructs the cannons) were to be tried and tested on an open space near by, under the King's attentive eye, and they were to be carefully inspected by him; moreover, the balls for each cannon were to be weighed on scales. Now this morning, in this summons of the provost-marshal, all we Royal Artillery-men were strictly bidden each and all, on pain of death, to present ourselves on Gammel Mønt[1], as the square is called, at six o'clock in the morning, which is what we should call in Iceland mid-morning[2], and there we appeared punctually. The King was already there and we were at once mustered, and our names read out by Jørgen Hansen, the muster-clerk at the arsenal. The King himself stood at the master's side, to see if any failed. The foundry-master, who casts the cannon, was called Hartvig[3] and was a German. When the King began himself to weigh the powder in one of the scales against the ball in the other, this man beseeched the King to have

[1] Gammelmønt, the "Old Mint," a name not met with before about 1618. The gun- and bell-foundry and Royal Mint occupied the church, cloisters and ground of St Clara's nunnery. The gun-foundry had been moved thither from St Peter's church in 1586, when Frederik II gave the latter church for the use of the German congregation. About 1610–11, Christian IV abandoned the church as foundry and put up a new building close by. The name Gammel Mønt survives in the street of that name, dating from about 1631–50, when the old grounds of the nunnery became building land. Cp. O. Nielsen, *Kjøbenhavns Hist.* IV, p. 82. The church can be clearly seen in Wijk's view of Copenhagen.

[2] *Miður morgun*, 6 a.m., *i.e.* midway between midnight and midday. So also *miður aptan* 6 p.m. This way of reckoning time was old Danish as well as Icelandic.

[3] Hartvig Qvelchmeyer, cp. Blom, *op. cit.*, and *Kirkehist. Samling*, III, 4, 262ff. [R.C.]. He became foundry-master in 1614–15. Cp. *Hist. Meddel. om København*, VII (1919–20), p. 223. Most of the King's foundry-masters were of German origin.

compassion on him, a poor man, in the weighing, and not to put so much powder to each gun, as should equal each ball or *kugel*, as they call them, in weight[1]; for he considered that the cannon could not endure the strain. Now the foundry-master has at his own expense to re-cast any cannon which bursts when it is first tested, and for this work he keeps five prentices, to whom he pays high wages. The King paid small heed to his words, and said that a man's life was of more value than a few coins and more difficult to pay for than the repair of the cannon. Hartvig begged us all to join with him in a tearful prayer to God that the test might go off well, which prayer God granted, so that not a single cannon burst out of the fifty-two, except for a little fragment near the mouth of one of them, and the King said it was none the worse. The foundry-master joyfully gave us something to drink his health in. The King told him to attend next morning in the exchequer, to receive his payment for them, but I do not remember how much money is paid by the King for each hundredweight. These copper guns cost a great sum, some 400, some 800, some 1200 or 1600 dollars[2]. One Jens Korsør kindled the fuses of all the cannon, which were so arranged that they lay alongside of one another on wooden rests: under the fore and after part of the gun were laid rollers of wood, and between the touch-holes of the guns were straight barrel-staves, on which the powder-train was strewn, so that he who should fire off the cannon only needed to kindle the powder for the first gun, for the flame ran along the barrel-staves[3] and thus one cannon after the other was fired off. The King was much pleased that the cannon stood the test so well, and that no one came to harm. He promised

[1] Blom (*op. cit.* p. 183) mentions that in testing the cannon called "Old Kings" an equal weight of powder and ball was used, instead of, as usual, 10 lbs. powder to a 14 lb. ball.

[2] The accounts do not make it possible to estimate the cost of any single cannon. A good deal of the cost was borne by the towns, which were appealed to for copper. In 1601 the King ordered that all country churches possessing more than one bell should hand them over to his foundries or pay their value. The King also obtained metal from the Norwegian mines. Cp. Blom, pp. 178 ff.

[3] This was for safety's sake. It frequently happened that guns burst in testing. Cp. Blom, *op. cit.* p. 183.

us a barrel of ale, of the kind known as King's Ale, which is well known here in Iceland.

Now we must return to Peter Dragør who was named before and had bidden me to the wine-cellar for a drinking-bout. That evening, when I had come from the drinking-bout, I told my host Jón Halldórsson all the truth about Peter's fooling of me and his mean deceit. The scurvy trick he had so audaciously played on me became known to our comrades, and incensed them greatly, and they urged me with great heat to pay it back to him by flinging a stone at him, which I did. They stood as a screen so that the King should not see. Peter drew his knife and wanted to fly at me, shouting violently, but they seized and held him. Then he wanted to go to the King and complain of me, but they told him it would turn out ill for him, seeing that he had committed such a mean trick, and so we became entirely reconciled. He promised me never to do the like nor to tease me in any other way, and always kept the promise, though he was a rare fellow for tiffs and quarrels. All the men in our service were greatly attached to me.

A man called Morten, nicknamed "the Mouthstrong," did however once plunge a knife into my left shoulder when I was not looking. But the reason for it is as follows. There was a Norwegian in the town called Jon, who was in the habit of spending his summers on merchant voyages to various countries. He had a wife called Bodil. This Morten and she had a quarrel three years before, when she was a maid in service with a worthy family. This man being audacious at times had in his fun seized her under her petticoats rather far up, while she was sewing, and she had snatched up the scissors and plunged them into his arm. Morten had never forgotten it nor been moved to forgiveness, although she had made friendly overtures and an honourable offer regarding compensation. Now it happened, as often before, that Jon was not at home, but this fellow had come on shore without leave from a ship of war with which he was to sail, and had entered the house of Jon and his wife with intent to disturb, and declared himself ready to destroy all the valuables

in the house. The woman offered him the worth of four dollars as a peace-offering. He would not be pacified by any offer of hers, and frightened her into fetching ale for him. Now while this was happening, I was sitting at home in my lodging ripping open my old tunic to use as lining. A man called Anders Sandvig came in to see me; he had served His Majesty eight years as a trooper and had recently become an artilleryman. This man asked me to show him the way to one of our company, by name Berndt Berndtsen, which I did, and left the house without knife or sword, for I thought I should be back again directly, as my host and his wife were both out, and the house empty of inhabitants. As we were passing the door of the house where Morten was sitting, he was behaving in a very overbearing fashion to the woman, intimidating her with great threats into giving him money for ale, and when she saw me she called out very loudly and begged me in God's name to come to her assistance, for that one of our company was within and showing her violence. And because Jon and I were friends, and he now far away, I was moved by compassion for her, and further persuaded by Anders, I went in with the intention of averting worse evil and making peace between them, if it might be done. Morten greets me suitably and invites me to take part in the carousal, but I said I would not accept unless he would first be reconciled with the woman and treat her peaceably. At once, beside himself with passion, he demanded whether I meant to take her part and defend her. I said no more than was needed for peace. He seized a full jug on the table and tried to strike me on the head with it, and leapt forward himself after flinging it. I dodged it and rushed at him and forced him all at once on to the bench, he being drunk; otherwise I might have had a difficult job, for he was a stalwart fellow. He begged for peace and promised good behaviour, whereat I promised him on my side good-will and friendship, and urged him to be heedful so that he might avoid mishap and injury. He took my speech well as far as words went, and promised to benefit by my advice. But no sooner was he free, than he seized his knife, and showed intent to harm me

with it, in which, however, he was prevented. Thereupon he bade me go outside and fight him, if I would not forfeit my honour; so I could not refuse him. The woman at once offered me her husband's sword, a half-rapier, and we went outside, and had not exchanged many blows before he got a gash across the front of his head. He said that would satisfy him, and betook himself off at once, on to the rampart which surrounds the town, and out of our sight. But soon after he came upon me unawares, as I was opening a door near by, and plunged his large knife up to the hilt in my left shoulder, and then ran off as fast as he could. One of our people, called Johan Christensen, cried out and pursued him, calling out to him to halt and declaring that he had behaved like a rascal. The other ran as best he could, and when he got back to his ship was condemned to be dropped seven times in the sea from the yard end[1], wounded as he was. I went to Master Jacob the surgeon, who lived in Østergade[2]. He declared my wound to be very dangerous, owing to the proximity of the joint, from which he estimated that three pints of articulatory humours had escaped[3]. Many persons counselled me to bring this affair before the court of judgment of the Arsenal and have him doomed a felon, which I did not desire. They said I was an odd fellow. He also went to the same surgeon to have his wound bound up. Afterwards he sent two artillery-masters of the Arsenal[4], that is to say, constables, up to the Arsenal to me to procure peace and reconciliation. These men are of a higher rank than ordinary artillerymen, and one such has charge of the whole artillery of a ship, that is to say, of all war-gear, and they are responsible for powder and shot and other matters of the kind. Morten promised to observe all the conditions I might make, but I desired nothing more of him than that he should hand-

[1] Because he had left his ship without leave. [R.C.] The usual punishment mentioned in the regulations is keel-hauling.

[2] Cannot be Dr Jacob Hasenbart mentioned below, p. 82, as he died in 1607.

[3] This seems a remarkable exaggeration.

[4] For Masters of the Arsenal, cp. note 2, p. 36 *supra*. We find that some of them "cannot keep accounts and write only very badly." Blom, p. 25.

somely defray both the surgeon's fees, which he did. But because he had previously served in the same household as the surgeon's wife, and relieved her of many irksome duties, this was considered in the bill, and he only needed to pay twelve dollars, eight for me and four for himself; and to the surgeon's apprentice two and a half dollars. From this time I became better acquainted with Master Jacob, the surgeon, and was liked by both him and his wife.

One evening, six weeks later, in the autumn, just as the clock had struck four (at which time it was our habit to go home from the Arsenal) as we were running races across the Castle yard, it being very frosty with a north-east wind, it so chanced that in the middle of the run on the smooth yard, Morten broke his leg and he was carried home by six men. When this happened he had been married six months. During this winter rations were sent out to us in our homes. I used to give Morten the full half of mine, for which he was very grateful, and many persons thought highly of the deed and praised it. I used frequently to visit him that winter during the thirteen weeks he lay under the surgeon's hands, and many a time did he ask my forgiveness which I freely granted him, as I also forgive myself.

Afterwards, on a journey to Spain, this Morten decided his fate by dealing a fatal wound to a young man called Jacob, twenty-two years old, in a petty quarrel at breakfast-time. According to the articles of war, the code enforced on ship-board, he was bound alive to the dead man and then cast overboard[1].

On the same voyage, but on another ship, another man called Olaf, Norwegian by birth, was killed by the thrust of a rapier by some inhabitant of Spain. The preceding winter this Olaf had struck me on the head with a tankard for no cause. In the same breath that he called me his dear brother he put out the light, seized the tankard and struck the top of my skull in the dark It was fortunate for me that I laid

[1] The Naval regulations of 1582 (Secher, *Forordn.* II, pp. 243 ff.). § 31. If anyone kills another on board ship the living is bound to the dead and both are thrown overboard. This paragraph is repeated in later issues.

hands on a woman's roller for smoothing linen, with which I defended myself in the dark against the two of them, mine host and this Olaf, who had planned together to give me a sound beating for no cause, except for the former's unjust suspicion. The nurse, on the floor beside the cradle, thought I was dead, but God granted me the good fortune to escape other damage than what I have already mentioned from the cowardly rascal Olaf, who rewarded me, an innocent man, with evil for good. From these two men I received a wound, but from no others, save for a little cut close to my right eye from a soldier's sword, which I received in the dark.

Also one evening, as I was sitting in the house of a man called Svend, and was playing cards with three others, a stone was flung against the shutter put up at night to protect the window, so that the glass flew round our faces as we sat at the table. We snatched up our weapons with all speed, and dashed out after the band of persons who were passing the door, who were gentlefolks' servants. They fled as fast as they could, for they knew they had committed a deed for which their lives were forfeit[1]. In the passage which runs under the archway at the German church[2] we got hold of one of their cloaks, in such fashion that it had to come with us, for the man had loosed the fastenings, as is customarily done, in order that the owner may not be seized nor laid hands on. This cloak we sold for twelve dollars. No one durst make complaint about it.

[1] Disturbances of the public peace were sometimes punished with great severity. Drunkenness was, however, considered a mitigating circumstance, and could always be pleaded.

[2] Owing to the large number of German settlers (mainly artizans) in Copenhagen in the time of Frederik II, the church of St Peter, which had for a short time been used as a foundry, was handed over for their use in 1586. The service was held in German by a German pastor. Before this the Germans had had the use of St Clara's church for a short time (see above p. 68). O. Nielsen, *Kjøbenhavns Hist.* pp. 80 ff.

CHAPTER X

WHILE the worthy young gentleman Finn Böðvarsson was still living in Copenhagen, he and I were once bidden out by a painter called Morten. His wife's name was Ellen. It was St Martin's Eve, which is the evening before St Martin's Day[1]. This couple dealt well and honourably by us and invited us in love and friendship to stay there also through the night, rather than to stagger home very late[2] through the streets, and they added that we were like to meet drunken folk on that night. I was desirous of accepting their invitation, but nothing would suit my worthy comrade but to go home; and so it had to be. They gave us a small lantern to carry, with a tiny light.

We had proceeded to the strand on our homeward journey, and had reached the place called "Lækkerbidsken[3]" or "Tavern-peep-in"; that is, a place where one can get food for money, as much or as little as one wishes. The couple who kept it were both German, the man's name was Jacob and his wife's Anna, and how I came to know them must be told later. Close by their house our light went out, and it was so dark that we could not see where the road lay along the shore. Finn went a little to one side, and before he was aware had fallen into a smack, which was undecked so that he fell on to large boulders lying at the bottom of the boat. But the

[1] St Martin's (Mortens) Eve, November 10, was celebrated with festivities in Denmark. Cp. Troels Lund, *Dagligt Liv*, VII, p. 259. In 1608 we find the nobleman Sivert Grubbe entering in his Journal: "*Nov.* 10. I took the evening meal with Breide Ranzow. We drank well in St Martin's honour, and held the Eve of his Festival with suitable merriment." (*Danske Magasin*, IV R., IV Bd. p. 29.)

[2] In 1598 the University Court had issued a printed regulation forbidding students to be out after 7 p.m. (O. Nielsen, *op. cit.* II, p. 223.)

[3] Apparently Jón (who was certainly confused that night) has confused two taverns. Lækkerbidsken (The Dainty Morsel) was in Amagertorv, not by the shore, and its host from 1618–20 was Henrik Weber. "Tavern-peep-in" was presumably by the shore where Jón describes it. Cp. Bering Liisberg, in *Hist. Medd. om København*, VII (1919–20), p. 91.

blessed God granted him His grace, so that he was not injured, which we thought a great miracle.

Now we must tell how the man in charge of the smack awoke where he was lying in the stern cabin, and was sorely startled, for he thought we were quite another kind of persons; but in the politest language I proffered apology for the affair, assuring him it had happened with no ill intent, or otherwise than has just been explained, and requesting him to kindle a light because Finn's hat had fallen off. Finn refused to stand up until his hat was found, and he promised the man half a dollar if he found it. So now the fellow puts on his clothes unwillingly and grumblingly, while I stood on the quay and waited until I could get my comrade back again. But just at that moment up comes all the watch along the shore with their great lanterns, and swords and spears. They had just left the Town Hall to make their tour of all the streets of the town, as was required every midnight by custom and ordinance, that they might see and examine whether there were any persons drunken or disorderly to be found in the streets[1]. When this skipper sees the watch coming, he calls out urgently that the good watch should come in haste and succour him, because two men had entered his vessel and were causing him much trouble. They hurry forward with all speed just as if something urgent were on hand, and my plea to the man to cease calling had no avail. I bade Finn stand up. He declared he would lie there until his hat was found, for that it had been purchased two days before for five dollars[2]. The sergeant of the watch, Søren Tran[3], orders his men to seize us and hold us fast. We had no weapons on

[1] The citizens either had to appear in turn in the watch, or to pay a suitable substitute, who could be obtained for eight skillings, except when the nights were long and cold, when up to ten skillings was paid. The patrolling watch consisted of fourteen to sixteen persons in all. *Kjøbenhavns Dipl.* IV, p. 769 (1620).

[2] It was an expensive hat. Only two months later (on Jan. 17, 1618) King Christian himself purchased a hat, and only paid four dollars for it (Chr. IV's Journal, *Nyt Hist. Tidskr.* IV, p. 25). In 1622 the nobleman Eske Brock bought eight hats, presumably livery hats for his servants, for three slette daler each. (*Danske Saml.* II R., 6 Bd. (1877–9), p. 18.)

[3] In 1620 we find a "Seuerin Thranne," *i.e.* Søren Tran, stated to be in the King's service, as ale-drawer. *Kjøbenhavns Dipl.* IV, p. 772.

us on that occasion except one small knife, which I seized and defended myself with for a short time. One of them was slightly grazed by it; then they knocked it out of my hand with their spears, and seized me. A certain Anders, a weaver, who had been one year in the Arsenal and who recognized me, snatched and kept my knife. The sergeant of the watch bade them hold me fast, and strike me if I should fight. Those who held me suffered a good deal from the blows dealt by my elbows, many of them spitting blood. Then they looked for Finn, my dear comrade, hauled him upright and pulled him ashore, for the smack rode no higher than the quay. They also found the hat. But when Finn was got on land they found him heavy to hold, and unmanageable in his walk, for

> At wrestling, most were not his match,
> And lay struck down on the way,
> The Danish men had made no catch,
> Had night but yielded to day.

This battle lasted for quite an hour and a half. They tried obstinately to place us in a cellar called the Town Hall cellar[1], where prisoners are usually confined, but they found it a difficult job, for we put all our strength into defending ourselves and resisting. At one moment I had all but snatched the halberd out of the sergeant's hand by a sudden turn of the hand, for he prodded me uncomfortably with its end on my breast. Being clutched so firmly by many hands and held by my belt I could not manage to fall, but I was able to snatch the hilt and I wrenched it towards me so violently, that he only just missed a heavy fall. After that he became greatly incensed and bade his company give us a good drubbing. Later he asked us our names, me first, demanding what country I was of, and whom I served. I said he was as much bound to do homage to my master as I. He rejoined that even if I were in the royal service of the King, His Majesty would not have ordered me to be about so late. I said that I had done no harm at the outset, but that he had wrongfully

[1] This seems to have been the only place of confinement possessed by the city at this time. It was only used to confine arrested persons till and during their trial. Cp. Secher, in *Medd. om København*, I, pp. 333 ff.

fallen upon us with his company, which would be remembered against him. Then he asked Finn for his name, country or position, all of which Finn clearly repeated to him. He made as if he would not give us up. But Jacob, whom I mentioned before, and who with his wife Anna was up in his bed on the first floor, and had listened to the whole affair from the beginning—this Jacob at last opens his glass window[1] and shouts down to the master of the watch, bidding him let us go and thank God that matters had gone no further, for that he had done us open wrong; and he added that the law of the Arsenal and Castle[2] would deal with him sharply enough, as also the University Court[3], because of Finn, who was a student. Our enemy lost heart considerably at this, and let us go free. We got home at last to my lodgings, which were close by in Vingaardsstræde, at the house of my good friend and trusty comrade Jón Halldórsson and his wife Christine Søren's daughter. She was of a Holstein family and her father was a minister. Jón wished that he had been near by, for then somebody would have licked the dust.

It so happened that this Søren Tran was later put into the great prison at Bremerholm, as I wrote before[4].

There was in the town at that time one student amongst the others (they numbered at that time 100) who was called Michael, with the nickname Nordbagge[5]. This Michael and Søren Tran played tricks on each other at times at nights. When the watch went storming on its rounds through the streets in the city (as was mentioned before), Michael had collected a troop of the worst rogues and ragamuffins that he could pick out of the sailors and other workmen, and with

[1] Glazed windows were usual in Copenhagen at this time, but Jón mentions the glass because it was very uncommon in Iceland.

[2] The City of Copenhagen had no jurisdiction over the *personnel* of the Castle. Cp. Secher, *loc. cit.* p. 310.

[3] The Consistorium or University Court had jurisdiction over all University students, and its own prison cellar for them, adjacent to the cellar where the Professors enjoyed their wine.

[4] See above p. 42.

[5] Nordbagge, Norwegian, a now obsolete term. The exact number of students at the University at this time is not known, but there were probably quite three times as many as Jón says.

this company frequently crossed the path of the sergeant of the watch and his men, who had to put up with it and let them go where they pleased. As Michael was fairly well-to-do he often entertained Søren and his company at feasts, and they were great boon-companions.

Next morning Finn went to Michael and set forth our adventures to him in the clearest fashion. Søren was summoned and afterwards I was fetched, and Michael prepared a great feast in his room. Thus the affair ended in jollity and merrymaking, and we became great friends henceforward.

NOW FOLLOWS HOW I BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH JACOB, WHO KEPT AN EATING-HOUSE AND INN DOWN BY THE SHORE

On one occasion an Icelander called Einar, from Eyjafjörð[1], and I had gone in there to take a light meal in the evening. We sat alone together at a little table by the window looking over the sea-shore, while Jacob with his many guests sat up at the main table. One chattering fellow, a master mason, sat up there with the others, and declared that he could describe the manners and customs of people in many countries, among which were the inhabitants of Iceland, who cut a poor figure in his text and its clumsy interpretation[2]. But his hearers were readily hoodwinked and admired his talk. He was flattered and added to his stories until there was great mirth and no mourning up at the table. I asked Einar how long he could suffer the like. He said one must often hear such things about Iceland. I asked him if I could count on him, in case of need. He said he would not be such a fool. So I went up to the big table, and handed the landlord the payment for our meal. He took the money and thanked me. I stood right in front of the middle of the table and addressed the fellow who had spoken so contemptuously about this country, and had wound up by saying that its inhabitants

[1] In the north of Iceland.

[2] The nature of the slanders against Iceland can be judged from Arngrím Jónsson's refutation of Joachim Leo's verses published in Hamburg in the previous century. Cp. Hakluyt, *Principal Voyages*, vol. IV, pp. 1 ff., Eng. Translation, pp. 89 ff.

could not be human beings, but were rather the most contemptible beasts. I say to him: "Friend, I hear thou art acquainted with many countries and canst wonderfully describe them, and what seems not least strange to me, thou hast such certain knowledge of Iceland; now, hast thou sailed thither?" He asked God to preserve him from such a thing, saying Odin[1] might go thither, but not he. At that moment I deal him a couple of lusty boxes on the ear. Everyone is thunderstruck. Einar fled from the room, when he saw what was happening. But this fellow leapt across the table and thought to kill me instantly. We clutched each other. Some tried to pull me down, but the landlord forbade all to meddle between us. The upshot was that he was the undermost and took to bleeding somewhat at the nose, for he had received many a good blow. The landlord and his guests stood up from the table and pulled the fellow out, with torn collar and bloody nose, and they all said he had got his deserts. And the landlord promised that such a rogue and babbler should never darken his door again, and declared that I deserved praise for having set myself to deal with him, in my zeal for my country. And after that I was always a welcome guest there when I chanced to pass that way.

Now I must tell of the service and ordering of the Arsenal, and of the chief happenings out of the many which befell there.

[1] An Icelandic euphemism for the devil.

CHAPTER XI

RELATING WHAT BEFELL ME AT THE GATE WHERE I STOOD SENTRY, THROUGH WHICH GATE THERE IS AN ENTRANCE TO THE PROVISION-STORE. IN THESE BUILDINGS THERE IS ALL THE FOOD INTENDED FOR THE KING'S CASTLE AND ALL THE KING'S PEOPLE: THEY ARE OF THE SAME DIMENSIONS AS THE ARSENAL; VIZ. A HUNDRED FATHOMS LONG[1], AND THERE IS A HUNDRED FATHOMS SPACE BETWEEN THEM AND A HARBOUR WHEREIN LAY ELEVEN OF THE SMALLEST MEN-OF-WAR, WHICH WERE GUARDED ALL DAY

WE must begin by relating that the King appoints one special official over this provision-store. This man is called Master of the Stores, and was at that time Claus Michelborg[2]. After his death came Mads Davidsen[3]. He had secretaries and assistants under him, and it was common talk that both the Master and his assistants would take to themselves somewhat as pocket-money out of these goods, as

[1] The Arsenal and Provision-store are the same length: 520 ft., but whereas the Arsenal is 77½ ft. broad, the Provision-store is only 55 ft. broad. The harbour between them was begun in 1603, and excavated to a depth of 14 ft. It was finished in 1614, together with the canal by which vessels entered, which was 57 ft. wide. The harbour, buildings, and canal can all be very clearly seen in Wijk's view of Copenhagen. Cp. E. Madsen, in *Hist. Medd. om København*, III (1911), pp. 161 ff. In 1629 a French visitor to Copenhagen says that in the King's private dock ships can be fitted out without any one's being the wiser, the harbour being so well screened. (Bruun, *Kjøbenhavn*, I, p. 489.) This harbour existed until fifty years ago. (Lind, p. 350; note to p. 191.) Its site is now occupied by the garden of the Royal Library.

[2] Claus Mecklenburg, a German, was Clerk of the Stores from 1598 to 1619, and was a well-to-do citizen. (Lind, *op. cit.* pp. 106 f. [R.C.].)

[3] Mads Davidsen became Clerk of the Stores in 1621, and in 1622 or 1623 the King writes that "the stores deteriorate daily, so soon as my back is turned, and that M. D. is to be warned once more." In 1624 Mads, "ex-Clerk of the Stores," is ordered to delay no longer in producing his accounts, or the King would take other measures to extract them from him (*loc. cit.*). From Jón Ólafsson's account it would appear that "other measures" were taken.

opportunity offered. For this crime Matthew Davidsen was twice imprisoned in the Blue Tower[1] and threatened with death, but was pardoned. Further, it frequently happened that we had cause of complaint against them for mulcting us of our food, and for this reason Grabow, the Chief Master of the Arsenal, was commanded by the King to set a new watch from the Arsenal, by this gateway which lay north-west of the Arsenal. The best men were to be selected for this post, especially those who could read and write. Every day two men were to stand sentry there at once, so that it might never be unguarded, even if one of them left it. These two were to write down all that came out and was carried through the gateway, and were to deliver up this register every evening at the Arsenal office.

It so happened once, about three o'clock, that my comrade, by name Peter Snur, had gone to fetch our evening rations, and on the other hand matters fell out so that a certain skipper from Bleking[2] arrived with wood for the brewery[3] and baking-house[4], and was about to issue from this gate on his way to the city. There were two vintners in the yard, young fellows: Niels Hasenbart, son of Doctor Jacob[5] who had been the King's body-physician and who had died two

[1] The Blue Tower of the Castle. Cp. p. 174 *infra*.

[2] Bleking, one of the Danish provinces in Sweden.

[3] The King's brewery still stands at the corner of Christiansgade and the canal. [R.C.]

[4] A large building which for many years served as an artillery-magazine, on the site of which the Royal Library now stands, was originally planned to include a baking-house. [R.C.]

[5] Dr Jacob Hasebart or Hasenbart, Christian IV's body-physician from 1593–1607. He was born in Lübeck, but his father migrated to Copenhagen on becoming body-physician to Christian III. Jacob studied in Germany, Italy and England, and in 1591 after his return to Copenhagen, married Kirstine (Christine), daughter of Niels Paaske, who had been First Clerk of the Arsenal, owned property in Copenhagen, and had been called by the author Vedel a man "dear to God and the Muses." Jacob, to whom the King seems to have been personally attached, died in 1607, leaving seven children, of whom one became Professor of Mathematics in the University, and later Dean of Our Lady's Church, another Rector of Herlufsholm School and later Bishop of Viborg. (V. Ingerslev, *Danmarks Læger og Lægevæsen*, Deel 1, pp. 294 ff.) These biographical details enable us to understand by what influence the young Niels was released from prison. The position of body-physician to the King was much respected and highly paid. In 1647 the body-physician had free quarters

years previously while his excellent wife, Christine, still survived and was very rich. This young man Niels was very youthful in his ways and a dare-devil, so that his dear mother was often terrified for him. The two young men, the other being Laurids, a weaver's son, nourished a special hatred against all those who stood in the gateway and, by the stern command of the King, prevented anything being carried away.

Now we must relate that these two vintners took the skipper down into the wine-cellar in the yard, where they were daily occupied in tapping into two-tun casks the wine intended for the first journey to India, which was in preparation in 1618. They made this man drunk with wine, and then put into his hand a piece of wood about the size of a table-leg, to see if I would give him leave to issue out of the gate with it. For if I gave him leave, it was arranged between them to charge me, and so bring me to misfortune and death. But, on the other hand, if I prevented him from leaving with the piece of wood, they had incited the man to carry the wood out in my despite, and if it came to blows and if he were to get the worser side, they promised him their help. This plan of theirs worked according to their wish. The fellow came along with the piece of wood and greeted me. I answered in a friendly manner, and asked where he meant to go with that piece of wood. He declared he was not bound to give an account of that, and yet he said he intended to take it away. I told him that it was not permitted to take it away. He said he cared little for that prohibition and he declared he would take it out without leave from me or anyone. I said, "My good fellow, do not wilfully get thyself into misfortune, nor me either"; but it was of no avail. I placed myself in the way, so that he should not get out. He swung his piece of wood to strike me; I warded off the blow with my linstock and then struck the log out of his hands. Thereupon he made ready to fall upon me: I dissuade him from such audacity, and tell him what is at stake, namely, his life. He pays no heed

in the Castle, a Court costume, and pay or ecclesiastical preferment worth a thousand dollars. (Ingerslev, *op. cit.* I, p. 289.)

to my warnings, and attacks me as best he can, until I gave him some blows with my halberd. Then there came upon the scene these two vintners with their large poles. There was a great uproar and I broke two halberds on them, namely, the linstock and the barbed halberd[1] which stood there and which we were permitted to use for our defence in case of need. Afterwards these three men seized me and struck me till I was bloody. At this moment my comrade Peter Snur came running, calling out to them to let me go. Then they fled, but I went up to the Castle to find the Chancellor and Grabow, who were startled to see me all bloody and promised that punishment should be meted out.

Two days went by before Grabow spoke to the King about it. The King said it would have been better if I had killed one of them, and that the enquiry should be held in the Chancery[2] before the Chancellor, which was done. The Chancellor told this Niels in what peril he stood, for he and his companion had forfeited their lives. It was ordered that they should be imprisoned in the Blue Tower, and await the King's pleasure. Grabow did not dare do other than put me in with them, on account of the hatred of all those on the other side, who considered that Grabow had caused the new watch to be set in the first instance. Their mother also came to them with sore grief in the night and various of the townsfolk with her. The next morning we were let out, and went to the house of his mother, Christine, the Doctor's widow, who greeted us kindly, and prepared a great feast; and we settled among ourselves that we should henceforth be as brothers. She gave me the value of three dollars; and thus I parted from them in all affection. She said that I should have a measure of ale whenever I passed by. Three days afterwards a warrant of outlawry was pronounced, by royal command, over Niels and his followers, and for that reason I never saw Niels Hasenbart again, and conclude the tale herewith.

[1] Barbed halberd: Jón uses the word *knefelsspjót*, *i.e.* Dan. *knevelspyd*.

[2] This is an interesting glimpse into the workings of the Castle Court (*Gaardsret*) of which little is known in Christian IV's time. In 1652 the Court was composed of twelve noblemen employed in the Chancery and the Court: cp. Secher, in *Hist. Medd.* 1, p. 310.

Two master-craftsmen from Italy came to visit the King. One of them, who came first, cast a bronze ox, which was to be a water-vessel for Frederiksborg[1], so that when gentlemen came from foreign parts, this bronze ox was to be their washing-basin: water was to run into their hands from its mouth and nostrils. The other one was called Samuel[2]. Eight of us were chosen by the King for this man's service, and to act throughout one night as he bade us. He promised us good drink and money if all went well. He took us to where the casting was done, and feasted us well with ale and food in the evening. He had to deal with a great lump of clay, and bade us stamp round this lump of clay the fine soil which was used in the moulds in which the guns were cast[3]. This clay mould was about as high as myself, and the soil was filled in round it to the top. This was our work through the night. He bade us join him in prayer that God would give him a good issue for his toil. This we did, with such feeble powers as we had. Meanwhile the bronze, or whatever was intended to fill in the mould, was in the crucible, which was banked up, having been placed in it about six o'clock in the evening to melt, with a furnace kindled under it which burnt all that night until six o'clock of the morning. About that time the King himself came riding out, and enquired how the work was toward. The master said that the bronze would be melted shortly. The King dismounted and went

[1] In 1614 Nicolaus Schwabe, of Dresden, Master of the Mint in Copenhagen, was sent by Christian IV to Augsburg or Innsbrück to find a craftsman to make the bronze figures for the fountain at Frederiksborg. In 1615 he went to Prague and on Oct. 26, 1616, made an agreement with Adrian de Vries for the construction of a fountain (the so-called Neptune fountain) for Frederiksborg, which was to cost 10,000 rixdollars. Adrian de Vries had been several years in Italy, and there is mention of "Peter the Italian," whose journey from Italy was paid in 1615, and who was still in Copenhagen in 1622. The ox is nowhere described, but there were a number of figures for each fountain. The Neptune fountain was later carried off by the Swedes. Cp. F. R. Friis, *Samlinger*, pp. 258 ff.

[2] The name of the craftsman who cast the figures for the "lion" fountain, which Jón here describes, is not otherwise known.

[3] The casting probably took place at the royal gun-foundry. In 1609 we find a carver given a special place in the foundry at Kronborg in order that he may cast in metal a figure he has carved in wood. Friis, *op. cit.* p. 256.

into the furnace-room and to the crucible, poked with his staff at the melted bronze, and thought it was fully melted. The other said there must be a little waiting before it was ready to run off. But the King was of a contrary opinion, and went to the cock on the channel, turned it, and let the bronze run out into the channel leading to the mould, and then went out, mounted his horse and continued his ride to Frederiksborg, which is four (Danish) miles from Copenhagen[1]. But when the master saw that the full weight of bronze did not all run into the mould, he became nearly frantic, pacing up and down in grievous torment of mind, wishing himself dead, and turning his enmity and wrath against us, for he attributed the disaster to our feebleness in prayer, whereby we were deprived of all his esteem, his feasting and his drink-money. But about three o'clock his grief lightened somewhat, and he bade us sweep away from the mound the soft soil which had been used for three years, and afterwards each take a hammer to shatter the clay mould entirely in pieces. When we had done this there appeared before us a maiden seated on a chair, with curling hair falling around her. To her left was a long-necked swan bestridden by a boy with flowing hair. But the bronze which did not reach the mould and which had run to waste in the soil was missing from the left breast of the maiden and of the boy, and therefore it was needful to make a new mould with great toil, for which he employed three apprentices at high wages. He successfully repaired the figure, and received a great payment from the King. This piece of work was thought a masterpiece by the King and all gentlefolk who saw it, whether native or foreign, and it stands now to this day at Frederiksborg[1]. And so we can conclude our tale concerning it.

[1] Frederiksborg Castle is built on three small islands in the lake called Castle Lake, in one of the most beautiful parts of Sjælland. Frederik III built a small castle on this site, which Christian IV pulled down (1602) and rebuilt, continually adding improvements, so that the castle was not really finished till 1621.

CHAPTER XII

HERE IS TOLD OF AN ITALIAN MASTER WHO TRAVELLED WIDELY ABOUT THE WORLD, AND WHO CARRIED ABOUT THE MODEL OF A CASTLE WHICH HE COULD SCREW ASUNDER AND PUT TOGETHER ACCORDING TO THE NEEDS OF HIS JOURNEY

IN the summer, in August, there came a master Michell[1] to Copenhagen from Italy. He had travelled far and wide in Christian countries, and had with him a model of a castle with a wonderful tower rising above it, in the which were eighteen bells, each with its own note, tuned to a chime according to the will of the master and the arrangement of the clock-work. Two little steel hammers struck upon each bell every time while their charming melody lasted. Up in the tower were doors which opened of themselves as often as the clock had struck a full stroke, as the day wore on. Outside the doors were two angels, motionless to look upon between the strokes of the clock. But when it struck and the doors burst open, then each of these angels sprang up and put his clarion to his mouth. And every time this happened it seemed as if Christ appeared in His actual human form, so that no unlearned person could regard it otherwise, and it seemed that He looked to both sides and stretched out His hands and invited all to come to Him. This lasted as long as the bells played the four verses of whatever hymn the master had set them to in four voices, so that it was a great joy to listen to it. Many women shed tears of joy both over the music and over the fair likeness of Christ's bodily form. But when the four verses were ended the figure of Christ withdrew slowly; the doors closed again, the angels seated themselves and straightway laid aside the clarions from their mouths. And for the whole hour all this lay as in a trance. Nor was the tower part of the model empty of interest, for

[1] Nothing is known of this man.

as soon as the doors of heaven (as they were meant to be) closed again and the figure of Christ disappeared, then doors lower down in the castle were opened, and at once there issued forth a coal-black fiend with crooked claws, hooked nose, twisted locks, and horrid to look upon. It seemed as if he clawed with his talons, eager to snatch everything, but as soon as the hour was over and the upper doors burst open and the figure of Christ appeared the fiend fled within; and here we may end our description of this masterpiece[1].

Nearly all the people in the town went to see the master and to look at this masterly piece of workmanship, at which everyone was amazed.

It happened one Monday morning that nearly everybody in Bremerholm had come thither to see this, and were found there by the Statholder[2] and the Admiral of the Holm[3], who were exceedingly angry and forbade the master to sojourn there any longer. He remained for six weeks in a house outside the West Gate of the city.

A certain surgeon called Heinrich once came to the town: he offered to cure any new wound in twelve hours, that is to say one day, and similarly any stab-thrust in any of the limbs, no matter which.

One doctor, by name Jon, born in Norway, who had travelled widely about the world, came one summer to Copenhagen and stayed there for nearly a fortnight. He set up three tent-booths in the town market-place, called Amagertorv[4], and within on shelves stood many jars with all kinds of precious salves and drugs for all kinds of injuries of men, women and children. He had helped many with his medicinal skill on his journeys in the world. He had cured Kings' daughters,

[1] This masterpiece cannot be identified, unless it is a clock which the King bought from one Hans Montz on Oct. 29, 1618, paying the large sum of 1800 dollars for it and a jewel. (Chr. IV's Journal, in *Nyt Hist. Tidskr.* IV, p. 245.) The King seems to have been much interested in clocks with complicated mechanism.

[2] Breide Rantzau was Statholder of Copenhagen till January 1618.

[3] Sten Villumsen Rosenvinge, a noble, was Admiral of the Island (Bremerholm) from 1613–30. In 1618, however, he was suspended for a short time for carelessness in his supervision (Lind, p. 60). Cp. p. 188 *infra*.

[4] Amagertorv, see map.

Dukes, Counts, noblemen, townsmen and farmers, their sons and servants of every internal and external injury, which he had cut open and gently treated in various ways with his surpassing surgical skill, in testimony whereof he had letters from each and all, with seals hanging from them, notifying for what great payment he had cured this and that disease, and how quickly, and what he had done for God's sake, without payment, to poor creatures, and from each letter hung the dire evil which he had skilfully extracted from each particular patient. He had a friendly appearance, gave himself no airs, and was most kindly in his dealings and speech with every man whether of high or low degree. He had five apprentices and one young lad. He spoke only a little of his native language, and was fifty years old. So far as my memory serves, his cures failed no one in the town. I saw him perform one masterpiece in a moment, on Højbro one evening, on a woman who begged him for a moment's time. She had a bad tooth, from which she suffered great discomfort, pain and affliction. And as he was about to cross the bridge on his way to the Castle, this woman spoke to him. He replied gently, and at once opened his box of salves, and anointed her cheek at the place over the pain. He rubbed it in firmly with his own hand, and took a wide yellow cylinder and placed it between her teeth, and bade her blow into it as hard as she could manage, and when she did so, the bad tooth fell out of her mouth through the cylinder without any pain, or sensible discomfort. He would receive no payment, but asked her to give a few pence to his little lad, which she gladly did.

Those doctors, who are called *quacksalvers*[1], came twice to Copenhagen while I was there. These have their servants shouting along the shore that doctors are come who can cure

[1] Doctors, "Medici approbati," were not plentiful in Denmark at this time, and were practically only resorted to by the upper classes. The common people consulted quacksalvers, finding doctors too expensive. A doctor writes to Ole Worm that in Laaland and Falster he "can only expect practice among the nobles: the circumstances of the common people in these parts are not such that they can keep a doctor fed, and they cure every disease with Rostock ale." Ingerslev, *op. cit.* I, p. 315.

all kinds of diseases within twenty-four hours, and they provide each man with an ointment accompanied by a paper directing its use, to be employed as required.

Jugglers, as they are called, came there sometimes, men who had wandered widely through the world. Some walked on wooden stilts, so that they were as tall as houses. They bring about many illusions, for instance, they throw a lock on a man's mouth, so that he cannot speak; they dance on a rope (but I have not seen this) stretched from the high tower of the cathedral in Copenhagen to the tower of the Town Hall, and on this rope, many fathoms high above the earth, they walked and danced, and performed many antics[1]. Those persons also came to Copenhagen who performed comedies and plays full of adventure taken from history. Amongst other things, one troupe played a comedy of when the three Wise Men from the East came to offer the child Jesus the three offerings; and they have different garments according to their parts, so that one is Joseph, another Mary, a third is the child, and there are the three wise men. The whole is performed in a stately manner. Many are the good gifts given by God. And now, for the time, I will leave these matters and turn to other events which occurred from the time I first came to Copenhagen till that of my departure thence.

[1] Christian IV, then nine years old, mentions in his Journal under June, 1594, that a rope-dancer walked a rope from the top of the Blue Tower (in the Castle) to the King's herb-garden in Bremerholm. (*Museum*, I, 1892, p. 54.) In 1586 a "wonderful artist from Switzerland" played tricks on a rope stretched from the tower of Our Lady's church to the Town Hall. (Liisberg, *Kjøbenhavn*, p. 179.)

CHAPTER XIII

TELLING OF THOSE GENTLEFOLKS AND ENVOYS WHO CAME TO COPENHAGEN FROM OTHER LANDS TO VISIT OUR GRACIOUS LORD AND KING CHRISTIAN IV, MORE ESPECIALLY THE BISHOP OF BREMEN, WHO CHOSE AND SELECTED FOR HIS BISHOPRIC THE THIRD SON OF KING CHRISTIAN, NAMELY DUKE FREDERIK, NOW OUR GRACIOUS LORD AND KING OVER DENMARK AND NORWAY

DURING the summer of 1618 the Bishop of Bremen[1] came to Denmark to visit the King, with the intention of choosing as his successor to the bishopric the King's son, Frederik[2], the youngest of the three, the others being Duke Christian and Duke Ulrik. This Bishop had reached his eightieth year and had eighty men with him. Some days before the Bishop came to Copenhagen the King's brother, Duke Ulrik[3], came to visit the King in order to welcome the Bishop together with the King, the young lords his sons, the Council and all the nobility of Denmark. This Duke Ulrik was Bishop of Pomerania, and had his seat at Bützow, sixteen miles from Rostock. And when the day arrived that the Bishop should reach Copenhagen on his visit to the King, that morning the King made ready to ride out in magnificent array, with his brother and the three young gentlemen. Their dapple-grey horses were choicely caparisoned with splendid

[1] It was not the Archbishop of Bremen, but Philip Sigismund, Duke of Brunswick and Bishop of Verden and Osnabrück, who came to Copenhagen on May 22, 1618. [R.C.]

[2] The youngest of Christian IV's three sons was Ulrik, b. 1611; Duke Frederik was the second, b. 1609; and Prince Christian, the heir-apparent, the eldest, b. 1603. Frederik became co-adjutor to the Archbishop of Bremen in 1621, and later to the Bishop of Verden. In 1623 he became Bishop of Verden, and in 1624 co-adjutor to the Bishop of Halberstadt. His brother Ulrik in 1624 succeeded his uncle of the same name as Bishop of Schwerin. (Cp. *Danmarks Riges Historie*, IV, pp. 161 ff.) See Introduction.

[3] Duke Ulrik was Bishop of Slesvig (from 1602) and Bishop of Schwerin (1603). His seat was at Bützow.

saddles, set with gold and precious stones and pearls, worth several thousand florins. They had cloths which reached from their hind quarters and down to their hocks, handsomely fashioned and set with jewels and precious pearls. The bridles were all inlaid and set with gold beads and jewels, also of great value. Each horse bore between his ears a silver feather or crest-plume, gilded as to the upper half and screwed down to the harness, so that it stood erect.

The King was clad in magnificent garments of gold cloth, so likewise the other four, all with gold chains. Many splendid feathers, drooping to their shoulders, encircled their hats. They wore boots on their feet[1] and gilded spurs. They were followed by the Chancellor and many of the Council and nobility.

The King proceeded eight miles out of Copenhagen to meet the Bishop, with eleven battalions of soldiers, and under each standard were at least 300 or 400, 500 or 700 in some. A company of cavalry accompanied them: it contained 900 men, and in the other company were 350. We had a green standard of pure silk on which a gold mortar was painted. The name of our standard-bearer was Søren Gedling, a tall and stout man, very skilled at bearing the standard. Its staff was five or six ells[2] long. The King had pavilions or splendid tents set up about two miles nearer the town than the place of meeting. They were in form like a nobleman's castle, with a tower, and a fence all round. The whole of them was of linen, and gleamed as white to the eye as new-fallen unsoiled snow.

Close to a small heath[3] the King waited a long while for the Bishop—till long past midday—and he bade some of our men ride a spirited chestnut, which was said to be Icelandic, up on to the heath to see when the Bishop was coming. Whosoever first caught sight of him was to be given a garment which the King promised to whomsoever the luck should fall on. Five of us where chosen by the King for this duty, but

[1] Boots were a rarity in Iceland then as now.

[2] The Icelandic ell of this period was the Hanseatic towns' ell of $21\frac{1}{11}$ inches; cp. Cleasby-Vigfusson, *Icel. Eng. Dict.* s.v. *alin*.

[3] Valby. [R.C.]

the luck came to one called Jens, who at once made a signal with his kerchief, as had been arranged beforehand. The King and all the gentry who were riding mounted their horses and seated themselves in their saddles. The King was foremost: then Duke Ulrik and one of the Council: then the three young gentlemen, the Crown Prince Duke Christian, and Duke Frederik and Duke Ulrik: then the Chancellor and the Statholder with the nobility and gentry. And as the Bishop approached somewhat, the King and all his noble following rode to meet him. And when there was about forty fathoms space between them, the King and all his company dismounted, and the Bishop similarly, and walked to meet each other, with courteous bearing, humility and reverence, and each bowed to the other, thrice to the right and thrice to the left side, and at the same time the guns suddenly fired off salutes so that for a long while men saw nothing but the smoke and dust raised by all the firing. Three salvoes were fired from the bronze guns when they met, and again when they remounted, and for the third time as they rode past us to the tents. Twenty-four trumpeters blew their gilded trumpets. And so the Bishop went with the King and the other gentlefolks into the pavilion for a meal and great banquet.

This day was unusually hot, with clear air. No one might swerve out of his ranks under the severest penalties. I was very weary that day, having but just risen from an attack of ague. A certain Michael took pity on me and left the ranks, saying he did not fear what should follow. He was one of the soldiers who served in the Castle and had sentry duty in the Castle yard and at the Castle gate. He took his storm-cap[1] and went to the fence round the tents and had it filled with that wine which is called *lutindrank*[2], for he was well known to the Court servants; and he brought it to me where I stood in the ranks. This displeased his comrade Thorkild, nicknamed the Tailor, another soldier, so that both snatched

[1] The storm cap was of metal, cp. Blom, p. 242 and p. 11.

[2] Wine with honey, cinnamon and nutmeg added. (N. Jacobsen, in *Dansk Maanedsskrift*, 1866, p. 42.)

their weapons but were speedily separated before our betters, who were riding round with their lances, became aware of it. The captain who commanded our troop was called Antonius, a Spaniard, an elderly man and an excellent, and always kind to me. He was the first man who instructed me in military matters, which he did in the kindest fashion. He was acquainted with almost all knightly arts and sports, in the which he instructed two of the King's illegitimate sons[1].

In the King's pavilion were two choirs composed of twenty-four trumpeters, twelve instrumentalists who played the sackbut, shawm and cromorne, and a third company of twelve singers. All the time that the royal party remained in the tents the music continued in these three styles which succeeded one another in such fashion that now the trumpets were blown, now the other instruments, and at whiles the singers raised their noble harmonies for four voices[2].

This lasted nigh upon three hours, and when it was ended, all the companies were warned what to do. There was a din and the beating of drums through all the companies, of which there were thirteen besides the company of citizens, who were then 1800 in number, sworn citizens[3], who stood in ranks on each side of the road outside the Western Gate, and their divided ranks reached right out towards the plain, as far as their numbers would allow; and between these ranks all the gentry rode. This citizen troop was all richly arrayed and accoutred, in uniforms of various hues and colours, with gilded rosettes on their shoes and embroidered garters and gold laces to their silken clothes and gold hat-bands and

[1] At this time the King had only two illegitimate sons: Christian Ulrik Gyldenløve (1611–40) and Hans Ulrik Gyldenløve (1615–45). [R.C.]

[2] Christian IV's orchestra was probably the best in Europe. He was passionately fond of music, and did much to encourage it in his kingdom. He imported musicians from Italy, England, Poland, Germany and the Netherlands and sent native musicians to study abroad—one in England and another in Germany. *Danmarks Riges Hist.*, p. 84, and A. Hammerich, *Musiken ved Christian IV's Hof*; Rørdam, *Hist. Saml. og Studier*, II, pp. 167 ff. On June 14 of this year, we find him noting a payment of 100 dollars to the trumpeters, evidently for their services on this occasion. (*Nyt Hist. Tidskr.* IV, p. 259.)

[3] The citizen militia had by this time ceased to be of much military value, and the armies of Christian IV and his predecessors were almost entirely composed of paid soldiers enlisted abroad. See *n.*1, p.103 *infra*. But evidently the citizen soldiers had their uses on such an occasion as this.

handsome feathers round the crowns of their hats. Some had choicely decorated sword-belts, and others sword-belts of silk from which hung enamelled swords. They also had superb muskets, fair to look upon, enamelled like the swords, the butt-ends frequently inlaid with ivory and fine bone. When the royal party left the tents, they all mounted their horses, and there was firing everywhere and afterwards trumpeting. Then the soldiers filed past them where they sat on horseback, and then they rode home to the city, first through the ranks of the citizens, who fired salvoes right up to the town walls. But when they had nearly passed through the town gate, they found a cuirassed group of citizens on either side that stretched right through the town to Højbro. And when they reached this point, gentlefolks in enamelled armour lined the Castle yard. There they dismounted and went up to the Castle hall where great feasting and banqueting soon followed.

In the Castle square there ensued much merrymaking, for the King's kettle-drummers struck their instruments and the twenty-four trumpeters blew their clarions to call men to table. Then four instrumentalists played the trombone in the Castle tower. And so this day wore on to evening.

The following day a tent, a very large one made of a huge sail, was set up in the Castle square. It was tarred on the outside and moss strewn over it. At times it was called Hell and at times the Mountain. Here was acted a comedy about the most impious tyrants, the enemies of God and of all Christendom[1]. They were driven into this place of punishment by a man in the likeness of a devil[2]. Within this Mountain were all kinds of excellent wines and meats, and those persons who acted these tyrants were honourably received there and feasted. Our Nicolaus Helvaderus[3] had to go

[1] The tragedy is lost: but its title bears out Jón's description. It is "a tragedy about 2 cruel tyrants and bloodhoundlike Regents, who persecute God's church and people."

[2] Cp. the contemporary cut of devils driving ladies into the jaws of a monster, from the festivities at the time of Prince Christian's wedding (1634). The drawing is reproduced in Liisberg, *København*, p. 234.

[3] Nicolaus Helvaderus, or Niels Helvad (1564–1634), appointed royal astrologer in 1616, and the author of the play acted on this occasion, was a characteristic figure in the Copenhagen of his day. "Gay, witty, and

in too, weeping aloud, on a wheelbarrow, and the King sent him the value of sixteen dollars in gold.

Great fireworks were sent off one night, nobody being harmed by them. This was done to honour the Bishop, but the mode of it would take too long to describe. The Bishop gave us royal gunners 500 dollars, and we had to give them back, because the King did not wish that he should be put to a penny's expense in his dominions, wheresoever he should go. In place of that money the King gave us twenty-four barrels of ale, of the kind called King's ale.

The King displayed all his magnificence to the Bishop, both within the town and without, in the Castle, Arsenal, city, in his pleasure-garden, at Kronborg and Frederiksborg. And wherever he travelled within these limits, Duke Frederik was always with him, lying on his bosom, he who is now our lord King and was then in his fifteenth year[1].

After a fortnight's time, the Bishop set forth on his departure from Denmark, and he and the King parted in all joy, love and friendship, and he received at the King's hands noble and generous gifts at parting. Duke Frederik accompanied him on his journey as far as the royal territories extended, and they parted with gracious courtesy[2].

There is much which happened while the Bishop sojourned in Copenhagen which I have forgotten to mention, especially about the fireworks which were fired off in the Castle square, and also how the King gave the Bishop a banquet in the fleet, and there, but not again, did I see our King made merry by wine, though with all dignity, self-control and honour[3].

pleasant to deal with, he secured himself friends and well-wishers in all classes." Rørdam, *Hist. Saml. og Stud.* 4 Bd. (1902), p. 422. He wrote books in the vernacular. Jón probably calls him "our" because of his pamphlet on an earthquake in Iceland, published in 1627.

[1] Fortunately for the Bishop, Frederik was at this time only nine years old.

[2] The nobleman Sivert Grubbe describes the episode from another point of view: "*May* 22: the Bishop of Osnabrück came to Copenhagen. He was received with royal honours outside the town with the whole of the Scanian, Sjælland and Halland cavalry....It was a great show, not without very considerable expense for the King and the nobility." (*Danske Magasin*, IV R., 4 Bd. p. 49.)

[3] See Introduction.

When the company left the fleet at Bremerholm by those gates which lead into the town, one of the Bishop's companions, very drunk and confused with liquor, was deserted by his comrades, for they also were very drunk, chiefly on account of the open-handedness with which the King's servants served them, according to the royal will. I found this man lying forsaken by his companions, and with great toil I got him into the house of a skipper, a short distance from the gate mentioned before. The King had recently had these houses erected for skippers and chief boatswains who lived in them rent free. They were built in rows on the flat ground[1].

The skipper's wife was somewhat short with us at first, but my courteous address softened her mood, and I explained to her what would be the consequences unless she was more heedful. I promised her payment for her trouble and she made up a comfortable bed. The skipper was not at home. In the morning I called there and the man was not yet up. He enquired of the woman who had helped him thither. She said that the doer of that deed was not far off, and I made my appearance. He asked me my name and family. I answered him as far as I could and so much as was pertinent. He made much of this affair and praised it in the handsomest language and with good wishes more than the action deserved, as far as I was concerned. He wanted to take me to the company of his friends, which I durst not do, for I was, as always, bound with my other companions to hold myself in readiness for orders at the Arsenal. And when he parted from me, which he did in friendship, he gave me two dollars, a kerchief and a collar. I handed over one of the dollars to the housewife and had much profit from it in her frequent hospitality. The skipper, whose name was Laurids, thanked me warmly when we met.

[1] This does not refer to the "Nyboder" which were first built after 1630, but to a row of houses the King had built [in 1618–19] for his naval officers and other officials of the fleet, on the site of the old herb-garden which can still be seen in Wijk's view. The usual name for these skippers' cottages was "the numbers by the Holm Church," because until 1771 they were the only numbered houses in the city. The gateway here spoken of, which led over Holmens Kanal, excavated by Christian IV, can also be seen in Wijk's view. [R.C.]

CHAPTER XIV

THE next summer it happened, as usual, that a session of the High Court of Justice was held at the Castle in Copenhagen[1], and according to custom the Council and nobility of Denmark repaired thither, so that one could look on many a fine noble with his noble lady and daughters, and the servants who accompanied them. Each of the seniors has his own house[2], where he lodges during his stay in the town. Amongst other gentlemen of the Council was Manderup Parsberg[3], a very fine man, at that time advanced in years. He ordinarily kept seven serving-men, of whom four were sword-bearers bearing one rapier in a belt on the left side, and three more under the left arm. This Manderup had his

[1] This must have been in the preceding autumn, October, 1617, when a Council was held at Copenhagen Castle, Manderup Parsberg and thirteen other members of the Council being present. In 1618 there was no Council in Copenhagen: in 1619 there was to have been one in May, but it was held in Antvorskov Castle instead, owing to the plague then raging in Copenhagen. In 1621 there was a Herredag, Session of the High Court, in Copenhagen, at which Manderup Parsberg was present. (Cp. Erslev, *Rigsraadets Hist. i Kr. IV's Tid*, pp. 229 ff., 251, 315.) The chief occasion for the assembling of nobles in Copenhagen was the *Herredag*, here translated High Court of Justice, the solemn session of the Council of State for judicial purposes, the King and the members of Council constituting the Court. It was in theory annual, but there was none in Copenhagen in 1617, 1618 and 1620. The Council of State consisted of from nine to twenty-two nobles, without whose consent the King could not levy taxes, issue export prohibitions, or declare war. The administration of justice was largely in the hands of the Council. No other class had permanent representation. (Cp. Erslev, *op. cit.* Bd. III, pp. 574 ff., and *Hist. Tidskr.* VII R., 5 Bd. pp. 365 ff.)

[2] Many of the wealthier nobles had houses in Copenhagen.

[3] Manderup Parsberg, of Hagesholm (1546?–1625), one of Christian IV's most trusted men, had been a member of the Council since 1580, and came to hold many important posts and great fiefs. He married twice, his second wife being Anna Brahe, here mentioned, who was thirty years his junior (b. 1578; d. 1633) [R.C.]. This marriage had taken place in 1616. Manderup retired from the Council in 1622. The Danish Parsberg family was a branch of an ancient Bavarian family of the same name, Manderup's grandfather having settled in Denmark in the 15th century. (Cp. *Danmarks Adels Aarbog*, XXIV (1907), pp. 349 ff.)

castle in Jutland and a great fief[1], but his house in Copenhagen was over against the East Gate[2].

It so happened that his cook, a young man of the name of Herman, fell ill one day as he was going out of the East Gate into the suburb which lay outside it, as in various places round the town. He went out in dark clothing, but came back in red and had become a lunatic. He ran up into the gentlefolk's hall or dining-room, as it is called, and attacked chiefly his lord or his noble lady with a drawn sword. By God's grace he did no harm, but his lord was filled with dread and anxiety. They sent out the woman who attended to their linen and asked her to find a man both honest and fearless, who would undertake to keep guard over the fellow for one night or more if it should be needed.

This woman, Elizabeth by name, went to my lodging, and as I was not entirely unknown to her, she asked me very pressingly to come with her and keep watch one night over this fellow, in return for payment and good reward. After a long time I yielded to her, though very loath. And when we got there she went to the lady and said that she had found a man. The lady at once left the dining-hall and came to see me with gentle greeting and begged me in kindly fashion to hold faithful watch over her dear servant Herman; and she courteously asks my family and name, and whom I serve. When this has all been declared to her, she says I am welcome to ale and food. I thanked her as best I could and said I was not my own master. She thanked God that I served his Gracious Majesty, for she said that she could take his men, even if she needed as many as ten[3]. I said that leave must be asked at the Arsenal. She promises this, and asks further who our captain is. I say, Adolph Frederik Grabow. She says, "He shall do as we wish." Then she leads me to where the cook lay, in a room at the bottom of the house. He was now overcome with sleep, and she thought that I had

[1] At this time (1597–1622) he held the fief of Aalborghus in Jutland.

[2] His house was outside the walls, about where the palace Amalienborg now stands (O. Nielsen, *Kbns Hist.* IV, p. 388) in a paved street off the main road. (*Kjøbenhavns Dipl.* I, p. 613.)

[3] Because of the King's friendship with her husband.

come about the middle of his slumber, and said that I had come at a lucky time, and that more good fortune would accompany me. And as it was the hour for supper, she bade her servants take me with them to their dining-hall and treat me especially well. Meantime she bade two workmen keep guard. These noblemen's servants had a great drinking-bout, as their habit was[1], but I stole away to the cook, and sat with him alone all that night, and amused myself by reading in a book called *The Divine High Court of Justice*[2]. He did not wake until it was quite light; then he began to carry on and to talk wildly. I went up to him and told him to call on God. He said little, and then slumbered for a while. When he awaked he asked where he was: I told him. And whether he had done anybody any harm? I tell him no. Then he asked who I was, and I gave him such information as was needed. Then people came in: the lady also entered and bade us both a joyful good day, rejoicing over the recovery of her servant. She and her husband, Manderup, gave me a rixdollar, and thanked me warmly for my trouble. In all I was two nights there, and was handsomely entertained and treated with much consideration, and they asked me to come to see them again when they returned to Copenhagen, if our fates so permitted. The cook gave me one and a half rixdollars. Then I went back to my lodging.

The following day I appeared at muster, after which Grabow asked me where I had been for those two days. I told him in the plainest fashion, and he did not dare to find fault.

[1] In his account of his visit to Denmark with a French embassy in 1634, on the occasion of Prince Christian's wedding, the Frenchman Ogier says: "While the ambassadors are talking themselves dry—and sometimes quarrelling themselves dry—their companions drink the while on their behalf, yea, and in the antechamber, the very servants and lacqueys challenge their comrades to drain the beaker, filled, if not with Spanish or Rhenish, yet at any rate with French wine."

[2] *Jón must be referring to the Danish work by Albret Raffn, or Ravn, Den himmelske Herredag.* (For the meaning of Herredag, cp. *n.* 1, p. 98 *supra*.) The title-page shows that it was serious enough for the occasion: "Description of the Last Judgment...also of Eternal Life...item, About Eternal Death and the unspeakable martyrdoms and tortures prepared in Hell for the Devil, his Angels and the Damned." But the earliest known edition is from 1633, so Jón cannot have read it on this occasion. Raffn's book was reprinted many times in the 17th and 18th centuries.

That same autumn I was ordered to Kronborg[1] with thirty of the gunners. We remained there two years, and according to the ancient privileges and rights of the gunners we had a yearly wage of eighteen dollars while we were there, and five dollars monthly for our food. Each company or watch-party had to hold guard in Krönborg Castle every third night, and in each party there were fifty men[2], ten gunners[3] and forty soldiers. This watch-party or file was to meet at the Red Gate as the clock struck four of the afternoon, which is one hour after our Icelandic noon[4], and the sergeant looked sharply to see if any were drunk, or red in the face, in which case the watch-master thought the fellow was drunk. If the other denied it, the turnkey[5] took him with him, and a thin iron ring was fastened loosely round his elbow, so that it did not hurt him; on it was stamped , that is to say, Christian the Fourth. Both soldiers and gunners crowd to drink with him, and the one who is called prisoner drinks free. There he sits till the morning awaiting the decision of the Governor of the Castle and of the sergeant, as to whether he shall be let off without punishment to return to his watch and complete his number of hours on duty, namely to stand at his post a day and a night, or whether he shall be placed on the large sharp-ridged wooden horse[6] which always stands

[1] The Castle of Kronborg at Helsingør was of great importance for collecting the dues exacted by the Danish kings from all ships passing through the Sound. (See Introduction.) In 1574 King Frederik II (d. 1588) had pulled down the remains of the old castle, called Krogen, and begun to build the "maximum et magnificentissimum castellum" as it is described by a member of the English embassy to Denmark in 1588 (*Danske Magasin*, VI R., I Bd. pp. 34 ff.). In 1577 the King forbade the use of the old name, and substituted that of Kronborg. Cp. A. Petersen, in *Danske Samlinger*, V (1869–70), pp. 133 ff.

[2] In 1623 Prince Christian of Anhalt, who visited the Castle, states that its garrison consisted of 100 men. (Friis, *Samling*. pp. 358 f.)

[3] The number of artillerymen at Kronborg is nowhere stated, but it is probable that owing to the importance of the Castle it had considerably more than the numbers (varying between ten and one) allotted to the other Castles about this time. Cp. Blom, pp. 17 ff.

[4] See note 1 to p. 45 *supra*.

[5] Turnkey: Jón uses the word cladit (*i.e.* claudit).

[6] The wooden horse was introduced by Christian IV together with his foreign mercenaries. Cp. Secher, in *Hist. Medd. om Kbh.* I, p. 353.

in the courtyard, to sit there without mercy, with fetters on his feet under its belly to keep him down, and a strong lock on them, for such time as is decided.

Now we must return to where I broke off, where all the watch at the Red Gate assembled at the appointed time in the watch-house which was situated there, waiting the time when they should mount guard. The sergeant, a German of the name of Caspar, sat on the bench at the gable-end, and on either side of him the quarter-masters who commanded the watch to which I belonged. One of them was called Hans Tobrich and the other Andreas Møller, a very old man. These two men were worthy and excellent, and like beloved fathers to me. Andreas Møller had a son in Copenhagen who was a surgeon and was called Master Blasius[1], a worthy man: he had cut open three men while yet alive and removed their hurt and by God's grace made them whole. On the left bench sat the soldiers, and the gunners on the right.

The drummer went out twice, and the third time he went out to strike the drum all issued forth in file with the sergeant, each to his place according to the original orders which apportioned each place, marching or standing. First goes the sergeant with his gold halberd, then the drummer with the piper on his left, then the first line, called corporals, in their companies, then the other soldiers, then the gunner-masters or gunners in their ranks like those in the first rank: the fighting line of a company is called rank: its depth is called file. The sergeant leads his troop across the castle bridge (which is drawn up every evening, and used as a door to the castle at night), then through all the cloisters where there are stone steps leading zig-zag down to the wall which surrounds the castle[2]. The sergeant proceeds with his troop to the south of the castle, where there is a flat space, in which stands a large hewn-out cubical stone, well and smoothly polished.

[1] Master Blasius Møller, "the honourable, worthy and skilful Chirurgus in Copenhagen," as a contemporary calls him, is known to have put up a tablet to the memory of his parents in a Helsingør church. (Ingerslev, *op. cit.* I, p. 399.)

[2] The fortifications at this time consisted only of the four irregular bastions with casemates. The other defences were first put up during and after the war with the Swedes, 1657–60. [R.C.]

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THE CASTLE OF KRONBORG EARLY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

From the collection of the Royal Library, Copenhagen

It is set fast in the ground: and on it is engraved . The sergeant, the drummer, the piper and the muster-clerk proceed thither, and the soldiers and gunners form a circle out of their ranks around these four. Then the sergeant removes his head-covering, and each after him, and says in the German tongue[1]: "God give you a good and blessed night, honourable soldiers and gunners. Know that this watch which ye are now to keep is God's and ours, and for that reason I desire to remind each honourable soldier and gunner to pay good heed to himself and to his watch, so that no complaint may arise, and to answer to his name." Thereupon the muster-clerk reads out the name of each. The turnkey runs round the circle and takes everyone who is found to be drunk back to confinement with him[2].

The castle wall is four-sided[3]; at each corner there is a circular bastion[4], where stands a man with a sword at his side and a gun. The fifth mounts guard outside the door of the soldiers' guard-room. These five men stand guard at these five spots at one and the same time, but they are relieved ten times in the course of a day and a night. Thus there are fifty men who stand guard over the castle every day and every

[1] Like most other military regulations in Denmark at this date, the Regulations for the Garrison of Kronborg, dated 1596, were in German. (Secher, *Fororդn.* III, 35. Cp. Blom, notes to pp. 14 f.) All through the 16th century and until far into the 17th the Danish kings relied in war-time mainly on German mercenaries. A number of German nobles were in "Pension," as it was called, to the Danish King: that is, they received a grant on pledging themselves to serve him in war with an agreed number of troops. The ordinary soldiers were largely recruited in Germany, and even many of the artillerymen were German. Cp. E. Madsen, *Danmarks Hærvæsen*, pp. 4 ff. The first chaplain to the Castle, appointed in 1582, was a German. Cp. Friis, *Saml.* p. 295.

[2] Art. 8 in the Kronborg Regulations of 1596: "...Those who are on watch duty shall not be drunk. If one or more of the watch is found to be drunk, he shall be taken down by the watch and given over to the turnkey and be severely punished, according to the law, therefor." Secher, *Fororդn.* III, p. 108. In the naval regulations of 1582 (§ 38) anyone coming drunk to his watch forfeits his life (*op. cit.* II, pp. 243 ff.).

[3] The diary, quoted above, kept by a member of the English embassy, describes the Castle thus: "Quadratum id ex lapide quadrato contignationibus quatuor, tectum ex aere totum, quatuor turres, e quis una illa quae olim fuerat [from the old Krogen]; aliae minores. Ante castellum bombardae maximae, optimae dispositae et sedulo curatae, amplius centenis."

[4] *Rúndel, i.e.* Dan. Runddel.

night. This arrangement is always the same. Every evening the sergeant locks the gate himself, and he is up in the castle every night, unless he asks the governor for permission to sleep at home in his lodgings.

Four tried noblemen also serve here at the castle of Kronborg, and they are called *Adelburser*[1] or the "Round[2]," because they take turns to be on watch duty in such fashion that each has his night for visiting the watch and walking round the castle wall to surprise such as are holding careless watch, and to see if any are to be found asleep, in which case they fall into the hands of this patrol. Now if they find anyone sleeping at his post heedless, so that he can be surprised by them, it is in the power of these highly trusted men to kill him there at once, or to take him alive to the sergeant, so that he may be put in irons and put to death in the morning[3], and this often happens in castles and forts, if ill-luck befalls a man. (Such a case had occurred shortly before I went to Kronborg with my comrades.) According to military law and custom, such misdemeanants are shot at a certain spot in the castle yard by five of their comrades and dearest friends, whom they themselves select out of the whole company.

On the third day after our arrival, in the house of hewn stone which stands furthest out on the walls and looks out over the Sound and across to Helsingborg[4], His Majesty's articles were read out to us, and oaths of fidelity and homage to the King and crown taken from us. This happened three times in my sojourn of two years, and the oaths were renewed. Two cannon were handed over to each of us to attend to and manage. I was allotted two bronze cannon which stood nearest to the stone house which was called the pavilion. These two cannon were three fathoms long[5] and shot six-

[1] Germ. Adelbursch came to mean an officer.

[2] Jón says *gerunn, i.e.* Dan. Ronde, Runde.

[3] Art. 45 of the Regulations of April 4, 1611: "If any be found sleeping on his watch...he shall forfeit his life, without mercy." Secher, *Forordn.* III, p. 305.

[4] This pavilion, or summer-house, was on the bastion now called the Flag Battery. [R.C.] Prince Christian of Anhalt mentions it in 1623. (Friis, *Saml.* pp. 358 f.)

[5] *Nothslanger*, such as Jón had (see below p. 116), seem to have been

teen-pound balls over Øresund[1]. Two others pointed west towards the town called Elsinore, but the castle itself is called Kronborg, and its walls are thrown up on the edge of the beach. I do not remember the height of the walls, but I am of the opinion that it must have been certainly fifteen fathoms. There were many entrances down at sea-level, and in them stand old and terribly large cannon with a large opening in front of each, on a level with the water-line of ships, if there should be need to shoot to defend the castle. Down in these casemates dried turf is kept for the use of the castle and the two guard-rooms. The soldiers had one guard-room and we the other; in each of them stood a large stove which burnt both day and night from the time it began to grow cool in the autumn until long after Easter[2].

There was a great frost the second winter I was there[3], so that the Sound was frozen over in January and remained so into Lent. The farmers of the district round Helsingborg, which is in Skåne, came driving in carts to the market over the Sound (which separates Kronborg and Helsingborg by about a sea-mile) with all kinds of comestibles and other wares. According to old custom they have a free market in Elsinore whenever the Sound freezes and they can cross it in carts, but not at any other time. This happened in the year when the comet or tailed star was seen in the sky[4].

25 ft. long (Blom, p. 157). Prince Christian (*loc. cit.*) says: "On the ramparts and wall stand many large metal cannon, which fire up to 40 lb. balls. We counted up to 50 large and small. Then in a small arsenal there are 6 large heavy pieces, and by them lie three long 'Serpents' (slanger), of which one, to judge by the eye, might be 7 ells long."

[1] Øresund, the Sound between Sjælland and the Swedish coast.

[2] In 1608 the then Governor of the Castle, Joachim Bülow, received orders that he was no longer to allot the right of wood-cutting in the royal forests to the inhabitants of Elsinore, as the King intends to put up a brick stove in the Castle, which will need much fuel. (*Danske Saml.* v, p. 184.)

[3] Cp. p. 115 *infra*.

[4] Ole Worm notes under Nov. 21, 1618: "Primus a nobis observatus est ingens Cometa...conspiciebatur horis matutinis, caudatus." (*Mon. Hist. Dan.* II, p. 718.) Sivert Grubbe (*loc. cit.*) notes it under Nov. 19, and adds: "Ericus Puteanus has issued a book about this comet wherein he teaches that it portends nothing evil: but the issue has shown the opposite." The outbreak of plague (see next chapter) was considered to stand in some connection with it.

CHAPTER XV

THE second year of my service in Kronborg, that is to say 1620[1], a great plague raged in Denmark, so that 7000 men perished in Sjælland[2], in Norway 4000, in Jutland 5000. Now it is laid down in His Majesty's regulations that all those who serve in the castle are strictly forbidden to enter a house infected with plague[3]. But it so happened on one occasion that one man of our company, Thomas Randers by name, lay sore smitten by plague. Some of us were attached to him and accordingly three of us went one day to discover how this our dear friend was faring. Trusting in God we entered the passage, as it is called, that is inside the house-door, and called to the mistress of the house, and asked how Thomas did. She said that he was mending. We bade her prosper, and greet him from us. And so we left the house and thought that no one could have got wind of our visit, but it is an old proverb that folk's discretion is not so great as to make them mum. It so happened one time that when I had the first watch of the evening, which is two successive hours, sergeant Caspar sent a message to me after he had ocked the castle gate, that I was to leave my post and go to him, which was not the usual custom, and the messenger was to take my place. And when I came to our guard-room, the sergeant was there and all were sitting over their supper, for it was permitted to each of us to have food carried to us from our lodgings, before the gate was closed. When I came, I wished the sergeant a good evening. He received me kindly, and asked if I would not sit down too and get myself some

[1] This plague was in 1619, not 1620, and it began in Elsinore in the autumn of 1618. Cp. Mansa, *Folkesygdommernes Hist. i Danmark*, pp. 275 ff. Ole Worm says that it threatens the death of the whole population of the town. The University was closed on its account from May 1619 to February 1620. Rørdam, *Mon. Hist. Dan.* II, pp. 719 f.

[2] Mansa, *op. cit.*, says it had 7000 victims in Copenhagen alone.

[3] No such article is found in the permanent regulations but no doubt special orders were issued at the time.

food. I said I would accept the offer when my time for a meal had come. He said nothing for a while. I asked him what was his business with me. He said he thought he had some, and asked how often His Majesty's regulations had been read out since I came. I said they had been read out three times. "Then," said he, "I know that thou wilt have paid good heed to what they say." I was not very ready in reply. "I seem to remember," says he, "that one of them forbids all those serving in the castle to enter a house infected with plague." I agree. "Then," he says, "I know that thou wilt have laid the regulation to heart." "To the best of my belief," say I. "But I make bold to say," says he, "that thou hast recently entered a house with plague." I repudiate the accusation and deny it strenuously. He asks how I dare contradict his statement. I say that everyone has a right to repudiate untruth and what is wrongfully said against one, but that I did not deny, that I had asked after one of His Majesty's servants. He says that I lie, that I had certainly been with him and eaten and drunk in his company. I say that all who spoke untruth lied. He asks if I presume to say that he lies? I say, not of himself, for what he said he repeated from another, and I ask him to declare that other. This he will not do. I say that God had it in His Almighty power to strike any or all of us, wherever He wished, in the castle or out of it, for whether within walls or without, all stood equally defenceless before death, when God permitted that any or all of us should depart this life. All who were within and who knew the sergeant's temper were astonished both at my presumption and at his patience with me, and no man dared to interrupt our conversation by so much as a word. Finally the sergeant became most kindly, drank to me and handed over his plate to me with excellent food on it. Men were greatly amazed at this.

This sergeant had two young sons. One of them was twelve and the other thirteen years old. The plague attacked them both so fiercely that they passed away within two days[1].

[1] The Commandant of the Castle, Christian Hansen, is also said to have died of the plague. (Mansa, *op. cit.* p. 275.)

He grieved sorely for them but none the less was filled with hate against me. This he concealed within his own breast, and I was not aware of it until his best friend, Hans Tobrich, one of my quarter-masters and always as loving as a father to me, took me privily aside, and gave me faithful warning, bidding me heed myself as best I could against the sergeant, for that he bore me a deep grudge because of that conversation we had recently had in the guard-room, for he had lost his two sons so shortly after that conversation, and thought that I had the gift of prophetic speech. He bade me tell no one, which I promised him faithfully; and he said that the sergeant would lie in wait to take me unawares on a moonless night.

One Sunday evening it so happened that the sergeant had eighteen quarts of Rostock beer (the best ale to be got out there)[1] brought into the castle, which was contrary to his custom. Now it chanced that my watch, with two others of my squad, fell that evening on the little turret, but earlier in the evening I stood guard together with the soldiers, when the sergeant began his drinking in the gunners' guard-room. And after each quart-measure had been passed round within he sent it out to me. Baltzer Lynbeck was the name of the man who bore the ale out to me, and with each quart-pot he gave me a brotherly warning to heed myself as best I might for the sergeant. I said that the sergeant should not notice that anyone had warned me, by my refusal to accept the ale he was good enough to send, but that I should rather accept his gift in no churlish fashion, so that he could see that I in no wise suspected or heeded his plan.

And so the evening falls, and it is after sunset, and so dark that I cannot see my own hands. Now I prayed Almighty God to strengthen me against all enemies, so that I might see what I most behoved to see. He would not carry his bunch of keys out of the guard-room on that occasion, so eagerly did he seek to plunge me into misfortune and to lie in ambush for my life.

[1] Hamburg and Prussian ale were both considered better than Rostock ale, and were proportionately dearer. Cp. Bruun, *Kjøbenhavn*, I, p. 342.

At last I became aware of him. The castle chapel which was about in the middle of the castle[1], being whiter than the rest of the buildings, by God's grace I saw him stand out against the lighter wall, so that I was sure it was a man. I did not declare myself until he had approached me as nearly as might be, and I so acted, by divine grace, with intention, because I knew well that he thought his quarry was already his and that he was licking his lips over the prospect of a dainty dish. And when he had approached so near that I thought I could lunge at him with my spear, I gave the loudest and most blood-curdling yell that I could manage, which smote him with the greatest terror, so that he jumped a long way back and said in a trembling voice that he was the officer who makes the rounds. I told him to retire. The fifth sentinel who stood in front of the soldiers' guard-house told me that I had, by God's grace, saved his life, because he could so clearly hear my call. After this the sergeant went to bed according to his custom.

The next morning the sergeant came in to our guard-room. I bade him good day. He barely replied. He asked me if I had intended to drive him frantic the previous evening, or if I had lost my wits. I said neither. He said that no one had ever given him such a fright, and declared that he would bear it a long while in mind. I said that was his affair, but so that he might understand me, I repeated an old saying, that he who tweaks another's hair exposes his own to the same treatment, and with that I left the room. When I had gone he said to Hans Tobrich that it would not pay for him to quarrel with me. Hans Tobrich told him it was small charity in him to start a grudge with a lonely foreigner, neither life nor death being in my hands.

That evening, as I was leaving the castle and passing through the Red Gate and along the paved street, in which lived His Majesty's Clerk of Customs, Christian Davidsen[2],

[1] The chapel was first consecrated in 1582. It fell into disrepair, and early in the 19th century was used as a fencing-school. In 1843 it was re-consecrated. (Trap, *Danmark*, II, p. 37.)

[2] Christian Davidsen (d. *c.* 1659) became Clerk of the Customs in 1613, and later Borgmester in Helsingør. [R.C.]

and many other honest folk, and as I was making my way to my lodging, some one shouted to me from a wine-cellar, that I was to come thither. I recognised the sergeant's voice, and for a long time I did not dare to enter, until Hans Tobrich bade me. Then we sat drinking until the bell rang for the watch, and we drank to our reconciliation. After that he and all the soldiers left me in peace as long as I was there.

CHAPTER XVI

THE Governor of Kronborg Castle was called Thomas Nold[1], and was a nobleman from Livonia. He was always good to me, and likewise his lady and her sister Mistress Cecilia, who used to question me about my own country, often declared they found great entertainment therein. In that house I received many a good meal and good liquor. Sometimes I cut up fuel with a saw, together with several of my comrades, especially my comrade Hans Madsen Lund, who had long been muster-clerk, and Baltzer Lynbeck. We three were all in one squad and were good friends.

One of the soldiers was called Svend the Scanian, and with him I twice fell out. The first time we came to blows was in the town, in the house next to the sergeant's after the watch had been set. We were both placed under arrest, and the next morning we were put on the old wooden horse, on which he had often sat on account of brawls, but I never before. The Governor of the Castle, Thomas Nold, passed by and ordered the sergeant to set me free, and said that the other owed it to me if he did not sit there all day till evening. The next time this Svend challenged me to a duel[2] outside the Red Gate. The sergeant arrived on the spot and also Hans Tobrich. The sergeant drew his sword and declared that he would thrash whichever of us got the worst of it, for he said we behaved thus in imitation of others, because it was the fashion, and all of boastfulness, and he promised that he

[1] Thomas Nold was a nobleman from Courland, not Livonia. He came very young to Denmark as a page in the Court of Christian IV, and took part in the Kalmar War (1611–13). In 1615 he became Commandant (Hovedsmand) at Kronborg, and in the same year married Margrete Gjedde, sister of Admiral Ove Gjedde (see vol. II). From 1624 onwards he was Chief Master of the Arsenal at Copenhagen. (Blom, pp. 28 ff., and *Dansk Biografisk Lexikon*.)

[2] Art. 17 of the military regulations of 1611 ordains that privates fighting duels may not use guns or long swords, but only the dagger that hangs at their side, and they may not use its point. (Secher, *Forordn.* III, pp. 291 ff.)

would give one of us such a drubbing that others might take example by him. I reflected that I had better not spare my exertions, and we had not fenced long before Svend got a little scratch on his cheek. It had been agreed that whoever first drew blood should be counted victor. Now this fellow was tall and strongly built. The sergeant drubbed him soundly with the flat of his sword till he was quite crestfallen. Svend never got into another quarrel before God called him away three years later, and for a long while there was a lull in the challenges and duels outside the Red Gate.

There was a certain widow in Elsinore, by name Katrine Láliks[1], who had three children: two of her boys went to school. This woman desired me for a husband, but I had no inclination or mind to it, especially on account of her children. One evening a stranger came to her house, and declared himself to be a widely-travelled man. When he had sat at drink for a while, he asked her in marriage. She would not answer him until she had seen me in the evening, and sought my advice, as soon as I came from the castle. And when I saw this fellow I was filled with unease. He was eager that I should drink with him, which I refused to do. As soon as I was alone with the woman, I urged upon her to refuse him and not to desire such a fellow, about whom she knew nothing, and with this she at once agreed. He departed at once. In about a week's time news came of what manner of man he was, both thief and murderer; meantime he had been caught in the Sniding district[2], where he had killed a man. When this became known the woman thanked me from her heart, that I had put a stop to the affair, for all surmised that he would have robbed her of all her possessions and murdered her. Such things have happened no less in Denmark than elsewhere.

One of the soldiers, called Rich Jacob, was one of my best friends there. One evening it chanced that as I was going

[1] Dan. *Laalike, Lollike* means "from Laaland." [S.B.] Láliks would thus mean "the Laalander's widow."

[2] There is no such district (Herred). Probably Jón means Snedinge Herregaard. [R.C.] (This is an estate in Sjælland.)

from him to my lodging, a rich citizen's son met me, drunk, and drew his sword on me, threatening to strike me. In my turn I drew my sword, and courteously begged him to bring misfortune neither on me nor on himself. He bade me defend myself if I served the King as an honourable fellow and not as a dishonourable one. The end of our play was that he ran home wounded. This man had had long experience abroad and desired to be a Master of the Arsenal. He went to the King to show off his master performance, namely to hit a mark with a cannon in pitch darkness at midnight. The target was set up in a wood a good distance from the place where the cannon stood on a level quay, and he succeeded to a certain extent, but he was kept from attaining his wish by the jealousy of others who wished to secure the office and who were more lucky. Hence he conceived ill-will to us who served in the castle.

In Lent, in the winter of 1620, our gracious lord the King crossed the Sound with several thousand people of all conditions and proceeded to Halmstad in Halland to meet King Gustavus of Sweden[1]. Here they made a treaty which was to be permanent[2], and all who were under the Danish crown were strictly forbidden to speak ill of the Swedes, whether in public or in private, in speech or in song. I and my comrade Hans the clerk had a great wish to be of this grand party, and four of us got down to the quay, to the ferry which crossed the Sound, as Master Grabow ordered us, but just as we were stepping into the ferry-boat the Governor of the Castle, Thomas Nold, came and caught us, uttering sharp words to Grabow; and so we had to return home crestfallen. While the meeting and sojourn of the Kings lasted, so much driving snow fell in the streets of Elsinore that it reached to one's middle, and it lay for a week and a half. Then the ice

[1] It was in 1619, on Feb. 28, that Christian IV met King Gustaf Adolf of Sweden. There can hardly have been quite so many people as Jón says when the King crossed the Sound (on Feb. 7).

[2] The object of the meeting was not to make a treaty, but in order that the Kings might make each other's acquaintance and discuss how best peace might be kept between the two countries. (It lasted until 1643.)

and snow thawed. On the day (shortly before Palm Sunday[1]) that the King was returning with his noble following and was to be ferried across Øresund, more than 150 ferry-boats were afloat. Now it so chanced on that day that a great quantity of ice was adrift, and all the ferry-boats and cargo-boats preceded the King, sailing west across the Sound to Copenhagen and Elsinore, and the King went last on a ferry-boat. During those hours I was on sentry-duty. At that time the Lady Christine[2] was in Kronborg Castle and was in sore trouble and anxiety, and continually called down to me at my post, bidding me call to her when I saw the King's boat come from the east across the Sound, which did not happen till late in the afternoon. And when he was come half way, a sharp squall sprang up from the south-east and a great ice-floe came drifting out of the Baltic into the King's course, so that it could not be passed, either by sailing or rowing, because there was too strong a current running in the Sound. And in the storm, which was continually increasing in violence, the boat and the ice-floe were driven a sea-mile and a half, down to below the Copper Mill[3], which stands west-north-west of Kronborg; and there, by God's grace, the King got to land, though with difficulty, and drenched through. At the same time the wind veered to a violent north-easter with bitter frost. While the King was in this peril the Lady Christine was in a grievous state, and bade me pray to God for him, that he might succeed in escaping. Instantly she sent a carriage with four horses to meet him; the King was stiff and much chilled by the time he arrived at the castle. He would not have a trumpet-peal nor a salute from the guns[4].

[1] The King returned on March 3. Jón's story of the ice is corroborated by the circumstance that on his return journey the King gave eight dollars to the ferrymen, whereas on his way to Sweden he had only given them two dollars. (Christian IV's Journal, *Nyt Hist. Tidskr.* IV, p. 277.)

[2] Christine Munk, a noblewoman, whom the King had married morganatically in 1615.

[3] The Copper Mill (Kobbermøllen), at Hellebæk, erected by the King in 1598, and used for casting guns. We find the King constantly sending copper to it: hence the name Jón gives it, which we also find in the Arsenal accounts. (Cp. Blom, p. 175 and elsewhere, also Christian IV's diary, Jan. 1620, *Nyt Hist. Tidskr.* IV, p. 336.)

[4] Such a salute was ordinarily fired on the King's arrival.

A fortnight later a certain Dutch vessel arrived from Spain with many kinds of wares on board and precious fruits[1]. At that time ice stretched far out over the Sound, and a channel was broken open more than a sea-mile in length, all the way into the town, by men who had no employment. Many persons went out on to the ice to look at the vessel and to buy fruits and apples. The captain of this vessel was a very big man, so big that no one had seen a bigger.

Before Easter there was a great press of ships sailing the Sound, both ships from the Baltic, wishing to get out, and other vessels come from many parts, Holland, England, Scotland, and Norway, on their way to Sweden, Danzig[2], Stralsund, Rostock, Lübeck and many other ports. These ships were 637 in number, and they all lay out in the Sound during Easter. The third day of Easter they obtained permission to pay their dues to the King's Customs official, Christian Davidsen. And since there were so many who had to pay dues and wished to start without delay, there was a great press and much crowding in the anteroom of the Customs house, and several were hurt. For this reason two soldiers and two gunners were summoned from the castle, to prevent the entry of more persons than one at a time. I was one of these four who were sent there. We got a great amount of drink-money, for each skipper gave us four Danish skillings.

At that time there were two churches in Elsinore[3]. One was called the Danish church. Its parish minister was Master

[1] The King mentions in his diary for 1619, on Dec. 14, that there were ships in the Sound which had wine and "Pommerantzer" (Seville oranges) on board. (*Nyt Hist. Tidskr.* IV, p. 336.)

[2] "Dansken"; Polish Gdansk.

[3] The twoc hurches are St Olaf's church, built in the 15th century, but incorporating parts of a much older church, also dedicated to St Olaf, and the church of St Mary, both still standing. The latter church, also built in the 15th century, was disused for many years after the Reformation, until Frederik II, in 1576, had it dedicated for the use of the many German and Dutch inhabitants of Helsingør. It was called the "German church," and it was not until 1851 that services ceased to be held in German, though since 1770 Danish had been used every alternate Sunday. The minister of St Mary's still combines this office with the chaplaincy at the Castle. (Trap, *Kongeriget Danmark*, 3rd ed. II, pp. 6 ff.)

Hans Krus[1]. Beside this there was the castle church, and our minister was called Master Augustinus[2]: he preached in German[3]; he was an elderly man and an excellent. During each sermon the castle bridge was drawn up, which served like a closed gate for the castle entrance, and if any person came after the bridge had been drawn up, he had to wait there or else go home again. But when the sermon was ended we soldiers and gunners were mustered and the roll-call read, and any who was not present to answer to his name was at once sought out by the turnkey and set up on the horse.

The largest bell in Kronborg castle-tower was called the Groat-Bell[4]. It was bought once from a widow in Landskrona in a year of famine for no more than what it would contain of groats. On the great festivities this bell was rung in three peals about nine o'clock, and any one of the artillerymen or soldiers who had not come up to the Red Gate when these were ended and the third peal had rung, was placed under arrest and remained so all the festival, and on the fourth day was placed on the horse, unless he got special grace. After the peals the three largest of the bronze guns on the castle walls were fired off; they were called *Nothslanger*[5]. There were only four of that kind there, and five in Copenhagen[6],

[1] Hans Kruse, known to have been pastor of St Olaf's church in 1617, d. 1625. [R.C.]

[2] Augustinus Sand, pastor of St Mary's, and chaplain at Kronborg. He was born at Wittenberg in 1567, d. 1649. [R.C.]

[3] Owing to the large number of German mercenaries, cp. p. 103, *n.* 1 *supra*.

[4] A famous bell which had hung in Lund cathedral and had been cracked by careless ringing was melted down and cast, in 1577, into two bells, both of which were placed in the Kronborg chapel tower. It has been suggested that it is one of these which was taken by the Swedes in 1658–9 and is now in Stockholm, but it appears that everything of metal at Kronborg was melted in the great fire of 1629 (Trap, *Danmark*, II, p. 30), and this seems confirmed by the fact that in 1637 we find a huge bell, weighing 16,568 pounds, cast for Kronborg. (Blom, p. 177.) It must have been this later bell which the Swedes took. See Friis, *Saml.* pp. 295, 358 f. Nothing is known of Jón's story.

[5] *Slange* is the usual term in the 16th century for guns of moderate calibre. *Nothslanger* were the largest of this kind (Blom, pp. 150 f.). [R.C.] The word *slange* is however used in Christian IV's time for many guns which were not of the *slange* type. (Blom, p. 157.)

[6] It is known that in 1602–10 there were only five or six *Nothslanger* in the Arsenal at Copenhagen. (Blom, p. 157.)

which last I have previously mentioned. Two of them pointed towards the Town, and the third of them, which was one of the guns in my charge, stood near the pavilion.

When ships sailed past Kronborg with contrary winds the large red flag was hoisted on the pavilion as a sign that they might keep their topsail up without penalty[1]. And now we will cease to speak of Kronborg for a while.

[1] As a general rule all vessels had to strike topsails off Kronborg, in recognition of the Danish King's sovereignty of the Sound.