which were in his diocese or see. And before he came to the river which ran to the south-east of the fortress[1] (and which was full of many kinds of fish, crocodiles and large serpents) messengers were sent before him, so that he might not come unawares. At once there was a great commotion in the town. All the temple harlots set to adorn and deck themselves in their usual finery, and all the fighting men of the town to make ready, also all the temple servants and priests. All this host with many drums and trumpeters went a little way down from the town along fair sands, which are as smooth as could be, and so beautiful when one is walking in the eye of the sun, that one grain looks like the most beautiful gold, and the next like silver. And when this chief priest, with a great company, crossed the river on an elephant, he reclining in a palanquin made of ivory, gilded and adorned with the most costly work, in the which he was carried[2], all this host began to display their usual pomp with drums, trumpets, dancing of harlots and sleights of hand exhibited by the soldiers, and this noise and rejoicing lasted all the way back to the town, until he reached the temple. Then all the drums were beaten, trumpets pealed and the women flung themselves about in strange dances, according to their manner, and as their *baldor*[3] taught them. He has all authority over them daily, and has a resounding copper disc, with a clear note, in his left hand, which he struck with a very beautifully wrought steel hammer, and every stroke on it was a sign to them, what figure of the dance they should begin. Soon afterwards he [the bishop] entered the temple and was there a long while worshipping the gods, and in the meantime a beam like a tall mast was raised outside the temple-yard gate, and at the very summit a handsome seat prepared, into the which he ascended about the ninth hour of the night and there remained undisturbed for three hours

[1] Two of the branches of the Cauvery river, the Kadalaliyār and the Vīrasōlandār, now unite at Tranquebar.

[2] The description is confused, but Jón means that "the bishop" had crossed the river in a howdah (*haudā*) on an elephant, had descended from it, and was then borne in state through the streets in an ornamental palanquin.

[3] See p. 123 and n. 2.

until midnight, in which space of time he was in verbal converse with Satan, as is the ancient and blameworthy custom among the Malabaris in every such diocese or see of the chief priest at this same time in every year, namely the 1st of February[1]. For their faith is of such a nature that they actually worship Satan, and from him desire and make intercession for all that they regard as of importance for themselves. For they say that they do not need to worship God Almighty, the true and blessed Lord of glory and peace, because he is (they say) good and peace-loving, averse from strife and anger, and it is because he is so gentle-tempered that he has not desired to strive and contend against Satan, or have him in his neighbourhood, but has allotted to him his residence, where he might rule, namely the air, the earth and the sea. And it is for the very reason that Satan is evil and very tyrannical, that they are constrained to worship him and to soothe him with their unceasing worship and sacrifices. For this reason this chief priest of theirs was now to enquire of Satan in friendly converse, what favour they might expect of him in the following year, and what the seasons might bring of produce from land and sea, and when a ship would come from Denmark, about war and commerce and other such matters[2]. But while their talk was proceeding a huge bonfire was being kindled and fanned around the said beam. And at the end of the three hours' converse between them the priest must needs fling himself from the upper part of the beam into the burning fire, as a sign that if the fire did not harm him, his converse with Satan might be fulfilled according as the

[1] The two Hindu festivals which could occur on or about Candlemas Day (see p. 127) are the *Tripūshām* and the *Amavāsya*. The former is Shaiva, held in honour of Subrahmānya, a son of Shiva, and the day is considered auspicious for the purpose of education. A harvest feast is observed on the same day in Vaishnava temples. The latter, which occurs every month on the day of the conjunction of the sun and the moon, is observed only by Tamils, when special funeral offerings are made to deceased ancestors. See *Madras Manual of Admn.* 1, p. 94, n. 34; S. M. Natesa Sastri, *Hindu Feasts, Fasts and Ceremonies*, p. 15.

[2] This is a garbled account of Hindu popular deistic philosophy, which teaches belief in a Supreme God, but also that it is wise to stand well with the minor "animistic" gods and spirits, who may after all be able to affect human life adversely. To Christians in Jón's day, all "gods" that were not Christian, Jewish or Muslim were "Devils" or "Satan."

priest reported it. And when he walked unhurt out of the fire, drums were beaten and trumpets sounded, and also many dances were performed by the hussies, and the day's proceedings ended with loud shouts of triumph from the soldiers[1].

The next morning the priest departed, and repaired to the next town, which was called Trichlagour[2]. We often went to that town, when permission was granted to us, to look at the splendid temple and its magnificent masonry[3], for outside it was all covered with various carvings, and every niche at the foot of the walls was so made that old and young could lie therein and recite their prayers therein, so that they bore the marks of heads, hands, knees and all the limbs of the body. It was surrounded by a very high wall, on which stood the pictures of many creatures painted in such a masterly manner, that at a distance they looked as if they were alive. This town lay four miles from our fortress.

About a mile and a half from our fortress was a very fair garden. Mighty often did we go thither, though the Indians liked our coming little, chiefly on account of our trampling. Among many and various plants, one grows there very strange in shape and colour; they call it devil's grass[4], and it is there held in great esteem. They burn it into powder or dust, and declare that this powder or ashes has the wonderful property that where it is strewn the evil spirit at once leaves the spot, and for this reason it is the custom every spring in every town of the Narsinga kingdom[5] to strew this plant's ashes along the streets and outside the gates. And in each town of this kingdom seven men are appointed for this work,

[1] This account represents Jón's very confused recollection of fire-walking. See *Encyc. of Rel. and Ethics*, s.v.

[2] Tirukkadaiyūr, four miles north-west of Tranquebar.

[3] Jón is describing the Shaiva temple occupying the spot reputed to be the place where the *rishi* Markandēya begged Shiva to save him from death, and Shiva killed Death (Yāma) accordingly. The tower is now a station in the trigonometrical survey. See *Gaz. of the Tanjore Dist.* I, p. 232.

[4] Jón's "devil's grass" is *kushadarbha* (Tam. *taruppai*) the well-known sacrificial (*kusa*) grass (*Eragrostis cynosuroides*), the "destroyer of enemies," used in various religious rites.

[5] See note 2 on p. 91.

namely scattering this ash at the same time of day as was spoken of above, so that Satan might quit their city and do no hurt, neither with fire nor anything else[1]. Nevertheless it often happens that the evil spirit burns a whole street in the night[2]. These seven men are entitled devil-chasers. Besides this they play daily to the idols on musical instruments, for they take upon themselves no other toil or service to anyone[3]. They go with yellow sacks of ashes on their shoulders, and take them up at noon, and they have staves of divers colours in their hands, and are painted with various hues. But this garden, wherein the plant grows, is properly the property of the temple and town; and let this suffice about it for the nonce[4].

[1] Jón is here mixing up two sacred plants, *kusa* grass and *tulasi*, sweet basil. It is the latter which is burnt and on occasion distributed as a prophylactic.

[2] Extensive fires are common all over the East, where the towns are built of wood and mats, with thatched and mat roofs.

[3] This is a very interesting statement showing the persistence of Animism and "devil-scarers" among the lower classes of the people in Jón's time. But in the next sentence he refers in a characteristically confused fashion to the ubiquitous wandering *jogī* of the Hindus. He would naturally mix up the faiths of all classes in any account he gives of religion.

[4] Jón is here again referring to the *tulasi* plant.

CHAPTER XX

NOW FOLLOWS A SHORT DESCRIPTION OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE INDIANS WHEN THEY CARRY OUT THEIR DEAD AND BURN THEIR BODIES OUTSIDE THE CITY

ON the third day after the death of any of them the body is carried forth[1]. But while it is at home in the house, the widows mourn with the women who are neighbours, related to the dead, or connected by marriage. This they do thrice in the day at a certain spot outside the house with woe-begone mien and grievous countenance, beating themselves and biting their hands and flesh, slapping, scratching and pinching their faces, so that they stand there bruised, bloody and scarred. At times they fling themselves on the ground, and pour earth over their heads, tearing it up and filling their mouths with it, roll on the ground and utter shrieks of woe. But as soon as each hour of mourning is over, they stand up and recite mourning verses in the interval, until they again begin their melancholy proceedings. This grief of theirs lasts an hour every time. Then they go back to the house[2]. But on the day when every corpse must be carried out through the south-west gate of the city, into a certain place set aside for them, where bodies are usually burned, an arbour of leaves is made there, having four doors, and in it is heaped dry dung, whereon the body is laid. Now when the body is carried out of the house, a well-appointed *palakin*[3] awaits it, to be the bier of the dead man, and on it the deceased is laid on a bed, and a many-hued cloth laid over him, and over the whole is hung silken cloth of various splendid hues. And when they

[1] Really a few hours after death. See note 4 on p. 118.

[2] Jón is describing what he can recollect of the actions of professional mourners at a Hindu funeral.

[3] Jón is describing the burial of a high-caste Hindu when the corpse, covered with a new cloth, is placed on a palanquin. Bodies of the lower castes are borne to the burial-place on a litter or stretcher. See *Gaz. of the Tanjore Dist.* I, p. 76.

raise the body to their shoulders (it is generally borne by four men) all at once, eighteen drums are beaten in time, and three trumpeters sound their instruments. Two men walk on the right hand of the deceased and one on the left: one man walks on each side of the corpse with a small bundle of hay in either hand. These bundles of hay are dipped in oil, and fire put to them, so that they give a great flame and blaze. If it be a married woman, the husband walks nearest to the corpse with the nearest relatives, and a great multitude of the city-folk walk in pairs, all in an orderly fashion, and in front a mob of small folk who are paid to mourn with the elders and to behave as despairingly as they can, especially when it falls to the children of richer folk to mourn for their parents or near ones. When payment is made, those get a double fee who have been most violent and are blue and bloody, torn, and with dishevelled hair. It is easy to recognize by the beating of drums when they are accompanying the dead out to be burned, for all goes then in a mournful fashion.

And when they come out to the place where the bodies are burnt, that is to say outside the town, where the aforementioned arbour stands, those who bear the corpse walk thrice round this arbour of leaves, the same way as the sun, and then lay the corpse within, down on the hard heap of dung[1], which has previously been piled there. The man who usually attends to the dead is at once on the spot, and forthwith enters the arbour and disposes the body so that it lies on its left side[2]. Then all the kinsmen and connections enter, and take with them every kind of thing which the dead man, when he was alive, used as food, such as fish, boiled rice, the flesh of fowls, fruits, tobacco and *bitilarech*[3]. And when they have all offered him these, and laid them to his lips, this aforesaid man removes it all again, and places it as it were in another bowl, and it is afterwards burnt with the corpse. And when all this is done, all the kinsmen issue forth, and this man hastily pulls the dead man about, and wrenching his knees out of joint, and laying both his feet against his belly, he

[1] Cakes of dried cow-dung used as fuel (Tam. *virāṭṭi*).

[2] Jón is wrong. The body is laid upon the right side. See *The Word of Lalla*, p. 229.

[3] See note 3 on p. 115.

places the corpse face down[1], and spreads all around him the outer linen cloth which he wore round his middle when alive, and which they call *kleken*[2]. They are not clothed without this garment, but some wear nothing about the middle save for a three-cornered slip of cloth over their privy parts. Some have a small kerchief round their heads: with this same kerchief their face is covered and their head bound. Afterwards still more hard dung is carried in, and the same man heaps it round and over the deceased with skilful piling, and so when all is finished he comes out of the arbour. Then all the relatives come together in a group, and each puts his arm round another's neck so that they form a ring, and they raise a great wailing, shouting with woeful and piteous demeanour, and so proceed thrice round the said arbour, the same way as the sun. But all the small folk and the company rend themselves, pinch and scratch, pour earth upon their heads and bite their hands, strike themselves and fill their mouths with soil or dust. And when this is all done the leafy arbour is swept away altogether[3].

Among the inhabitants of the country, the Malabars, are certain men who are called Pragier or Prœgier[4], and they are revolting to the Malabars[5], despised and held in scorn, because they are strangers[6], poor, and eat the cattle of the Malabars which have died a natural death, the which they secretly and at night drag into their houses for food, when the

[1] The placing of the body face downwards was a device to prevent the ghost from "walking." See Crooke, *Things Indian*, p. 129.

[2] This word, Dr Blöndal points out, cannot be a rendering of the Tamil term for loincloth, which is *koraṇam*. He suggests that Jón heard the garment called *kleedje* (Du.) or *kleidchen* (Ger.) in the fortress, both meaning a little cloth.

[3] Jón seems to have been present at one or more Hindu burials and his description is fairly correct. See Crooke, *Things Indian* (Disposal of the Dead), pp. 126–30; *Gaz. of the Tanjore Dist.* (Funeral Ceremonies), I, pp. 75–6; S. M. Natesa Sastri, *Hindu Feasts, Fasts and Ceremonies*, pp. 34–41; Dubois, *Hindu Manners, Customs and Ceremonies*, II, pp. 488–94; *Madras Manual of Admn.* (Death Ceremonies), I, p. 108, n. 3.

[4] See above, p. 116. There is no doubt here that Jón is referring to the Pariahs, Tamil Paraiyan—a term used by Europeans to mean any outcast or low-caste man.

[5] By Malabar Jón here means a South Indian Hindu of recognized caste.

[6] They are not strangers but mostly aborigines of the country or descendants of such. Jón is here referring to the "untouchability" of the South Indian outcast in relation to persons of recognized caste.

owner has flayed off the skin. They hire these men for dirty work, and amongst other such, they pay four of these Pragier whenever a body is burned to bring thither new and soft cow-dung with which to cover and conceal the body and all its preparation, in order to make the burning slower and the body the more completely burnt up, so that the next morning the bones may lie clear and snow-white among the ashes, being carefully gathered together and picked up by the relatives, and neatly piled in the form of a four-cornered pyramid. They are daily placed in position by the family, when a storm has thrown them down[1]. Early in the morning the kinsmen go out to the said fire-trench and take one or two special bones from the body, and having piled up all the others they return home with those bones and place them in a mortar and pound them to a powder, out of which they make a white paint, and smear themselves therewith with three stripes over each breast, and three stripes on the upper arm and three stripes on the forehead. These same marks they keep on their bodies for a whole year in the place of mourning garments such as are customary among other peoples[2]. Before the corpse-bearers leave the prepared place they make a hole in the trench[3] to windward, penetrating the hard dung, wherein they insert a bundle of hay, which they previously soak in oil, kindled and blazing, which burns up the whole trench. And when all this is performed the corpse-bearers go home; and when they are come half-way they seat themselves on the ground, and having made a reckoning of the cost of the funeral, money is paid out to each according to what is due to him, from the greatest to the least among them. Thereupon each returns to his home, and herewith we can make an end, except as concerns those women who willingly allow themselves to be burned alive with their dead husbands, out of their love for them which they hereby display.

And now first as to the women for whom this is legal and

[1] The reference here is to the purification of the bones of the deceased to form a home for the ghost. See Crooke, *Things Indian*, p. 129.

[2] Jón is confused here. He is describing Shaiva sect-marks, three half-moon shaped lines made of Ganges clay, sandal wood or cow-dung ashes. They are retained throughout a man's life and are not connected with mourning. See Crooke, *Things Indian* (Symbolism), p. 455.

[3] By "trench" Jón means "pyre."

who conduct themselves accordingly. Firstly, the woman of whom it is rumoured that she has another man besides her husband, but of whom it has not been proven. If her husband die, it is like taking her oath (should she go willingly on to the pyre with her husband) proving thereby that she has loved none other beside him. But if any such woman does not so conduct herself, she is no longer esteemed honourable as long as she lives, and may never have a seat nor eat in company with the honest women of that country. During our sojourn one such woman allowed herself to be burned alive with her husband[1]. She went with great joy and much music and laid herself in the arms of her dead husband[2], embracing him, and a multitude of married women bore her company to the beating of drums and the sound of trumpets. The wife of one merchant in the town was with difficulty hindered from being burned by the firm intervention of our officers, for all cases which occurred in the town were brought up before the court in the fortress, where they had to be dealt with, adjudged and decided upon, according to the royal command[3]. The other kind of woman, who received leave to be burned, if she so desired, was the woman who had no children. Otherwise it was not permitted that any should burn.

[1] Jón evidently received an entirely wrong impression of *sati*, for those who went through the ordeal were recognized as having done what was right (*sati*, virtuous), but slave girls and concubines were sometimes forcibly burnt with the deceased. See *The Word of Lalla*, p. 72. The Rev. Mads Rasmussen, who came to Tranquebar in the *Pearl* in 1624 and whose narrative of his travels will be noticed later, formed a more accurate idea of *sati* than Jón, and his account as an eye-witness is valuable. He writes: "In their [Indian] households all women, who are dwelling in the house of a man as servants, are considered as his wives, but only one of them is the most beloved. And between this most beloved wife and her husband the love is so indissoluble that death cannot separate them, so that when the husband dies, I with my own eyes have seen how a funeral pyre is constructed for the body, whereupon the corpse is laid in the presence of his friends and the heathen priests; and when the corpse has been laid out there, the woman whom he has loved most when alive jumps into the fire to the corpse, and is burned to ashes together with him. And even if any did wish to protest against this or try to hinder it, she would never consent to live; for any woman who would do so would from that day be considered as one dishonoured, and be despised by all."

[2] In reality, she sat with her husband's head in her lap. See Mundy, II, pp. 34–6; Bowrey, pp. 36–40.

[3] This statement shows that the earliest Danish settlers in India, like other Europeans, interfered with *sati*.

CHAPTER XXI

THESE Indians[1] have severe laws governing all their conduct, and for all ranks in the country, and they have especial punishments for each crime. Thus they use hanging, breaking on the wheel, fire and many kinds of torture, executions, bone-breaking, pinchings, starvation and serpent-bites[2]. There was once in the King's palace, when our general journeyed to Travanzour, a man and a woman who had a large iron bolt driven through the calves of both of them, with which they both wandered about naked in the palace[3]. I did not learn their crime.

Every couple who sin against their marriage must suffer severe penalties of many kinds, the nature whereof I do not recall: also young and unmarried women who spoil their condition undergo, together with their seducers, sore punishment and dishonour[4], but any woman who does not trust herself to live an honourable life is permitted to quit the society of honest women and leave the town in the company of the seduced, who have to remain outside the gates of the town, and are there called *avasari magni*, which signifies harlot[5].

A woman is there called *sirka*; *abbœ* is O father! *ammœ*, O mother! *nica* is lord; *nerpa* is the name Indians give to fire; *tanari* is water; *cundovara*, to fetch something for oneself; *irima*, brother; *irimœ*, sister; *vele*, he who or what is old; *tingra*, to eat; *toccuna tingrani*, eat thou a little; *ni* is you or thou; *culcrani*, drink ye; *culcrulidt* is jug; *toppe*, hat; *pacra* is to look at something; *ine pacrani*, what are you looking for?

[1] By "Indians" here, Hindus are meant.

[2] The punishment for capital crimes was hanging or beheading, but breaking on the wheel was not an Indian usage. For details of Hindu punishments see Dubois, *op. cit.* II, p. 666.

[3] Jón seems to be drawing on his imagination here.

[4] An adulteress rendered herself liable to capital punishment, but her husband alone had the power to put her to death and a very heavy fine was generally substituted for the death penalty. See Dubois, *op. cit.* II, p. 664.

[5] Jón seems to have confused two Tamil words which he heard applied to harlots or prostitutes, namely *abasāri* and *vilaimagal*.

angra is to walk; *ine angrani*, where are you going? *cumbride*, he who is tall; *metta*, much; *tai*, bitch; *teyra*, milk; *lette* or *lecte* is curdled milk; *bumbarda* is musket; *spengardi*, small gun[1].

I do not remember more of their speech, for I have forgotten what was never much. But one reason for this is that Portuguese is generally spoken there, as much by the Indians themselves when addressing strangers as by the Spaniards

[1] Many of these terms are corrupt and several are not Tamil but Portuguese. Their identifications, for which I have to thank Mr F. J. Richards for many suggestions, are as follows:

Sirka. *Stiri*, Tam. form of Skt. *stri*, a woman.

Abbœ. *Appā*, voc. of Tam. *appan*, father.

Ammœ. *Ammā*, voc. of Tam. *ammāl* (*amman*), mother.

Nica. *Nayakkan*, Tam. form of Skt. *nāyaka*, ruler, lord.

Nerpa. Tam. *neṟuppu*, fire.

Tanari. Tam. *taṇṇīr*, cold or fresh water.

Cundovara. Tam. *koṇḍu-vāra*, a polite form of *koṇḍuvā*, to bring or fetch.

Irima. Port. *irmãõ*, brother.

Irimœ. Port. *irmãã*, sister.

Vele. Port. *velho*, old.

Tingra. *Tin* is the Tamil root, eat. "Tingra," "tingrani" (=? *tingra nī*) is probably a confused recollection of the Portuguese form of the conjugation of the singular of the present tense of the verb *tin*, eat, which would make *tingiṟēn*, I eat; *tingiṟāy*, thou eatest; *tingiṟān*, he eats.

Toccuna tingrani. This seems to be a garbled recollection of *koñcham tinnu nī*, eat a little. For *tingrani*, see above.

Culcrani. The Tamil root is *kuḍi*, drink, and the same remark applies here as to *tingrani* above.

Culcrulidt. This looks like an attempt at a recollection of *kuḍikkirāy*, drinking. The Tamil word for jug or pitcher is *kuṇḍigai*, but the reference is not clear: *lidt* is not explainable.

Toppe. Here we find an early reference to the universal Indo-European term *topī*, for a hat. See Yule, *Hobson-Jobson*, s.v. *Topee*.

Pacra. Tam. *pārkkirāy*, thou seest.

Ine pacrani. Tam. *enna pārkkirāy nī*, what are you looking for?

Angra. Possibly a corruption of Tam. *aṇugugiray*, thou drawest near.

Ine angrani. Possibly Tam. *engge apugugirāy nī*, why are you coming close?

Cumbride. Port. (obs.) *comprido*, long.

Metta. Tam. *metta* (pron. *medh'dha*), much.

Tai. Tam. *tāy*, mother; dog is Tam. *nāy*. The tendency to confuse these words has been pointed out by the great Tamil scholar, Dr G. U. Pope.

Teyra. Tam. *tayir*, curd.

Lette or *lecte*. Port. *leite* (*leyte*), milk.

Bumbarda. Port. *bombarda*, a heavy gun, mortar.

Spengardi. Port. *espingarda*, a light gun, musket.

themselves, and so it is mixed with Indian and everything corrupted[1]. Similarly, all the Portuguese speech has left me since I came home after my voyage, though I knew somewhat of it when I first returned to this country after my travels, like many more matters of interest, owing to my neglect to write them down at once.

Now I will return to the matter which I touched upon, namely the strict laws of the Narsinga kingdom[2] and elsewhere, how they punish every kind of misdeed from the greatest to the smallest, with various fixed penalties. For example, to take one punishment out of many. For the breaking of pledges: he who takes goods or payment on loan from others and does not repay it at the appointed time, then he who is to exact the debt has the power given him by the law to seize the other and conduct him to the market-place of the town, where trading is daily carried on, and place on his back a certain heavy stone, stamped with the mark of the town, and with a ring in it, which always lies at hand there. We thought it must weigh sixty pounds. Unless the other party is willing that more indulgence should be shown him, they make him stand all bowed, his hands bound to his ankles, with the heavy stone on his back, from the rising of the sun to its going down, and the soldiers stand beside him, and strike him if he throws the stone off, and at once replace it[3]. It is however but seldom that they lay such a heavy punishment on a man until the third time he has offended; more often he sues for pardon and performs his promise. And now no more of this.

In the market-place of this town [Tranquebar] are fruits, fowls, eggs, fresh fish of many varieties, also copper and brass work of many kinds, cotton, silk and many kinds of cloth, and every kind of fruit kernel, also gold and copper coins, all exhibited daily for sale.

Now I must say a few words about their activities by land and sea, so far as I was able to acquaint myself with it. Firstly,

[1] Jón shows intelligent observation here.
[2] See note 2 on p. 91.
[3] For confirmation of this statement see Dubois, *op. cit.* II, p. 666.

they sow their fields once a year, from which there grows the most splendid rice twice a year, in April and September, if I remember rightly[1]: it grows as tall as a man or at least up to a man's breast. But there are no fields which produce meal[2], so far as I know, save in Ceylon. Milk is churned there, but not in the parts where we were, but it was made into butter in another fashion, being skimmed off the rest of the milk as we skim other kinds of fat; and that butter is red in colour and is sold by the pint measure for frying fish and meat, or else by measure like oil[3]. Their palm-trees grow vegetable butter, as I have mentioned before, in the nuts which they call *carhanske* nuts or *cocus*[4]. These contain inside the shell and kernel a delicious liquor which men drink daily for their refreshment, and they also eat the kernel from which butter is extracted, when it is fresh. There is also the sugar-tree which men suck and chew[5], and *magnis*[6], many kinds of apples[7] and fruits, bananas, limes, citrons, pomegranates and *simitrer*[8]. There is there no honey[9] as far as came to my notice, but I think all other kinds of fruits grow there.

They have another way of rearing their palm-trees, such as they choose for the purpose, and when they desire it, in such fashion that double leaves grow out of the top of the tree, and these they use for paper and make themselves books out of them, writing thereon with iron styles whatever they fancy, stories, ballads, poems, or what not, whatever is there the fashion. These same leaves are very narrow in the upper part, and they pull them straight as one might pull the hair on

[1] Jón is wrong. There are two sowings if two crops are desired, the first in June or July and the second in August or September. See *Tanjore Dist. Man.* pp. 90–2.

[2] By "meal" Jón probably means maize.

[3] Jón is here referring to Indian boiled or clarified butter, *ghī*. In Indian bazaars, however, it usually contains other fats.

[4] See note 5 on p. 112.

[5] Sugar-tree, *i.e.* the sugar-cane, which, however, is not widely grown in Tanjore.

[6] *Magnis* represents Tam. *māngkāi*, mango.

[7] Any globular fruit. See note 2 on p. 87.

[8] Dame Bertha Phillpotts suggests that *simitrer* is meant for "citron" (Tam. *sīthalai*), erroneously repeated.

[9] Jón is wrong here. There is plenty of honey in South India as elsewhere. It is strange, too, that he should speak of honey as a fruit.

a man's head, and then twist them violently, so that wine drops from them into their jars[1], and this they call wine *de palme*[2]. This men buy and drink every day until the clock strikes ten in the morning; after that it sours very much so that it is no longer drunk, and then it changes its name, and from then till evening it is called *súre*[3]. Out of it they brew the wine they call *arach*, which resembles brandy[4]. There is there no other kind of liquor. Of this *arach* both strangers and soldiers (but not the natives) drink themselves drunk[5].

Of cotton I have already spoken somewhat. It grows on trees, as it were in the inside of an egg. When it is cleft down the middle, it is seen in the centre like a thick white mildew or like white silk[6]. The straw which bears the rice they use for their cattle, which are always indoors at night, and every day their dung is made into cakes, both for fuel and for burning the dead[7]. Up in the country districts they make hay for the buffaloes, which are indoors all the winter, the earth being barren[8] on account of the violent rain which pelts down there; but the goats and sheep mostly find their own fodder, though they be but lean[9].

[1] This is a confused account of the Palmyra palm with its head of fan-shaped (Jón's "double") leaves, which are prepared, as he says, for writing purposes, but not in the way he describes, for they are damped and then drawn through blocks of wood. Jón is also wrong about the sap, which is obtained by wounding the spathe.

[2] Port. *Vinho de palma*, toddy. See p. 81 and note 3.

[3] Jón is again confused. The sap collected before sunrise, when it has not begun to ferment, is known as Hind. *nīra*, Tam. *pathanīr*, and is drunk as a mild refreshing beverage, but after fermentation it becomes converted into the intoxicating drink, toddy, Tam. *sāru*, Jón's *súre*.

[4] Arrack (*'araq*) is an Arab word introduced into India to denote any distilled liquor. By *arach* Jón here means toddy and by "brandy" spirits generally.

[5] Jón is in error about "the natives" not drinking "arach" made from the toddy palm. Tamils are great drinkers of spirits.

[6] This is a fair description of raw cotton, but it grows on a bush, not on a tree. There is a "cotton tree," but it does not produce a commercially valuable cotton. It has, however, beautiful flowers and so has become the common synonym for useless beauty.

[7] See p. 133.

[8] See p. 110. Jón again alludes to the north-east monsoon and calls the wet weather which then occurs "winter." But he is wrong about the rain making the earth "barren." His audience probably would not understand a fruitful "winter."

[9] South Indian sheep and goats are often very small and light.

There is a great multitude of craftsmen in India as also in the country of the Moors[1] and Egypt, and other southern countries: they work in masonry, wood, clay and iron, after all kinds of patterns. They also make statuary and work surpassingly well in copper, in elephant-bone and tusks and other such things; also they do masterly work in gold set with precious stones and pearls, and in silver and brass. Moreover they are skilful in every kind of weaving and in painting and dyeing their cotton cloth with every kind of colour, for which purpose they have long houses without walls, within which are tables as long as the houses, and on them they have their pots of all colours and their brushes or pens, with which they mark and draw on all the cotton cloth and silk which they intend to dye. Their brushes are made of hogs' bristles, and are both large and small; and with these they have great skill and artistry in making all kinds of pictures on the cloth. They sit there all day until the evening (except just at midday, when they go indoors for their dinner), working with great art and with a gleeful chatter. I used often to sit at the tables in their dyeing houses and they used to give me a kindly welcome. And when each piece of cloth is finished, it is forthwith spread out in the sun on flat ground, and pegged out to dry[2].

Iron work is much practised, both of large and small objects. Tinkers go daily about the streets of the town past the houses, calling out that if any person needs aught of their craft, that it should be brought out and declared. These men carry bellows and anvil, hammer and tongs with them, and their boy trails after them with a sack of coals[3]. Their bellows are not like ours, being without ribs, and always full of wind. They have no wooden end, but a long iron pipe, which is fixed and nailed on the forepart of the bellows. They lay these bellows down anywhere in the courtyard, and put down their little anvil and set to blowing the bellows in kneeling posture. Now they do not blow them as we do, but seize the middle

[1] Here "Moors" mean North-west Africans.

[2] This is an interesting account and shows careful observation of painting, but not of dyeing cloth. Jón is describing the production of cloths known as "paintings" by seventeenth-century English merchants.

[3] By "coals" charcoal is meant.

of the bellows and press and pinch them; and they draw at once[1].

After heavy rains, those persons whose trade it is seek in clay and sandy loam for precious stones, which they sell to those who make jewels of them by burnishing and cutting them into angles and trimming them[2]. Further, certain kinds of precious stones are found by the sea[3], and pearls are found in shellfish which have been washed ashore[4]. The shells which contain pearls are called mother-of-pearl[5], and out of them are made beautiful glasses[6] and dishes, so tough that they can barely be broken with a hammer[7]. But in what manner they cut gems I know not, some being cut in square shapes and some octagonal, and yet they are so hard that fire does not harm them. They are not broken with an iron hammer nor on an anvil. And before our merchants buy gems of Indians, they try them with fire and on an anvil[8], for the Indians have tricked many foreigners and newcomers with false gems, which the others thought to be precious stones but which proved to be glass, whereby many persons have been fooled, the Indians being very skilful, wily and experienced in many other kinds of trickery. So when these jewellers and gem-cutters came up to the fortress Dansborg with their gems to sell to our officers, they were tested and proved in this wise, and all those they found fault with and rejected we might buy, if we had money enough. Of these I acquired two and a half hundreds, but most of them were of small value, and not polished or set as they should be. Two small bags of gems were

[1] Here again Jón writes as an eye-witness; but for "kneeling" read "squatting."

[2] This is true of diamonds but they were found much further north than Tanjore, in the Karnūl district. Jón's information must be from hearsay. Indian diamonds were not "cut" or "trimmed."

[3] Jón's memory has failed him here. Certain quartz products are found on the tableland of Vallam, but not near the sea.

[4] This is incorrect. Pearl oysters are fished up out of the sea.

[5] Mother-of-pearl is, however, furnished by other than pearl-oyster shells, as well as by other bivalves, such as clams.

[6] By "glasses" cups are meant.

[7] This is an exaggeration, but mother-of-pearl is uncommonly hard and tough.

[8] This is an error. Precious stones are generally tested by dense liquid.

sent back on the *Christianshavn*, the ship I sailed to India in, and one of these gems was valued at 500 dollars: it was a ruby and as large as the first joint of a man's finger. The King has the right to all gems brought home from India, and in that manner he is paid for what the East India Company owe him for his grants in guns, powder and shot and other matters[1].

There are also builders of boats, smacks and large vessels. A ship they call by the Portuguese name *navis*[2]: smacks the Indians call *siampans*[3]. Their boats in which ten or twelve men can row are called *zelings*[4], but their fishing-boats, which are made of two or three logs of wood bound together, are called *cadmeda*[5]. These are rowed[6] by one man, or sometimes two, far out into the sea, for fishing, and they carry a three-cornered sail, and are made, like their nets and rigging, out of palm-tree bark[7]. The smacks and small ships which the Malabars have are sailed about the coast there but not further. But the Moors have vessels of 300 tons, sewn together with palm-tree bark, and these they sail both to Arabia and Egypt and to China[8].

In India is no lack of iron, and they make of it swords and helmets, arrows, and everything for weapons, and other needful matters. Their shields are of leather and are glued together and stuffed inside with cotton. They do the Indians

[1] This is an interesting statement, if correct, but the size of the ruby must be greatly exaggerated if it was worth no more than 500 Danish dollars at that time. Jón may, however, be recollecting a square emerald, as such in India are sometimes astonishingly large.

[2] *Navis* is the Latin form. The Portuguese word is *navio*, *nao*.

[3] Sampans. See note 2 on p. 126.

[4] Chelinga (*shalandī*). See note 1 on p. 100.

[5] *Cadmeda*. Catamaran, Tam. *kaṭṭumaram*.

[6] In reality, paddled.

[7] The large triangular sail is used to propel the catamarans to and from the fishing grounds. It is generally made of country cloth dyed a brown colour (see *Madras Manual of Admn.* I, p. 110, n. 50), but Schouten, quoted in Bowrey, *Countries round the Bay of Bengal*, p. 43, n. 2, describes a catamaran with a sail "made of the bark of trees," so no doubt such sails were common in Jón's day.

[8] By "Moors" Jón means South Indian traders. The boat he describes is evidently a mussoolah (*masūlā*) or surf-boat, for which see ch. XVI, p. 111, and *Madras Manual of Admn.* III, s.v. Masulah. He is wrong about the tonnage, which must refer to the vessels, called by Europeans "country" boats, employed up and down the coasts of India, Persia and Arabia.

good service in warfare, for they are exceedingly skilful in warding off blows with them. Moreover, the Indians are themselves surpassingly skilful in the use of arms, both with swords with curved blades[1], with which they strike above and below their shields, and with their spears which are nine, and sometimes ten, ells[2] in length. Moreover, the soldiers also use their shields to shelter them from the sun at midday, for it is as hot in the summer as if a great fire were burning quite close, so that sand becomes like hot embers and burns the soles of a man's feet unless he run his hardest. It is more endurable to stand or walk on earth or grass than on sand. Steel there is none[3], else they would make the very best swords; therefore it is dear there, and men are careful not to import it. Brass there is nearly the colour and brightness of gold; tin is like silver, copper very bright and ruddy.

In the winter the fishermen cannot go to their fishing with their log-boats on account of the surf[4]. The last week before Easter three of their gods are conveyed down to the shore with much drumming and trumpeting, and water is carried up from the sea in splendid gold vessels and poured over the gods, and then they let the water slip off the gods into the same vessels. And the same water is scattered over the sea by the priest with a wand newly grown with leaves, and according to their faith it is now consecrated and holy water, so that there shall be better luck with fishing and greater safety for fishermen[5]. Thereafter the fishermen go to sea with their nets, which they keep shut up in baskets so that they may not be destroyed by the sea when they capsize, which often happens, but all the fishermen can swim like seals.

At the town called Carical[6], which lay four miles to the

[1] See Crooke, *Things Indian*, p. 24, s.v. Arms, for various kinds of Indian swords.

[2] See vol. I, p. 92, n. 2, for the content of the Icelandic ell.

[3] This is incorrect. The manufacture of the celebrated Indian steel was developed at a very early period. See Crooke, *op. cit.* p. 19.

[4] In the north-east monsoon, which Jón calls "winter," the surf on the Coromandel Coast is very heavy.

[5] Here Jón is describing a local festival (akin to the blessing of the sea at Boulogne and other French seaports on St Peter's Day) which he had evidently witnessed.

[6] Kārikāl.

south of our fortress, there were 600 fishermen. We went there three times. Once in the winter we watched 300 young lads being taught the art of swimming: they were ten, twelve and sixteen years old, and went far out beyond the surf. Thus the son of a fisherman takes up the same livelihood as his father had[1], and all must needs be highly versed in swimming. When these fishermen come to shore they offer their catch for sale in the town and in the fortress, and bargains are made with them every day for it, so that they receive sufficient reward for their toil. Once during the winter[2] the fishermen offered for sale a turtle which they had caught in their nets, and which was as large as the largest skate caught here in Iceland, but it was thought dearer than need be, so it was not bought on that occasion. But they are good and sweet eating, and also wholesome. This creature is very strange in its shape. Over all its body is as it were a shell grown fast to the flesh, covered with light and dark spots. This shell is as hard as ivory and as tough as horn. It has four feet and claws on them all. When it lies quiet you see nothing of its feet[3]. They are like tortoises in shape, but the latter are small and feed on grass and good herbs on the land, and a man could carry one in his pocket[4]. Of these creatures I found one on my voyage out, in Africa, as I think I mentioned before[5]. The turtle I mentioned above was so strong that it carried nine of us from the church, which stood in the middle of the fortress yard, to the gate, and this was put down in our Log, which they call Journal[6]. Even the one I found and kept, though so very small, could pull one man[7]. Many ignorant persons think it very miraculous that a creature no larger than this should have so much strength. O how surpassing are the works of God, and wonderful and awful to the understanding of men!

[1] By caste custom.
[2] That is, during the rains of the north-east monsoon.
[3] Jón is describing the green turtle of the Indian Ocean (*Chelone mydas*).
[4] This description applies to one of the species of land tortoises (*Testudinidae*).
[5] There has been no previous reference to tortoises.
[6] It is unfortunate that this "Journal" has not survived.
[7] This is an exaggeration.



THE DANISH CHURCH AT TRANQUEBAR.

CHAPTER XXII

I EXAMINED the boundary-marks of the city Trangobarich (which was close to our fortress) in three places. To begin with, there was at each place a square hewn stone, polished as smooth as an egg, with a trough hewn out of it, in which lay charcoal recently placed there. The stone was sunk to the level of the soil. Round this trough containing charcoal, benches were hewn out, and in each bench another polished square stone was sunk, and the mark of the kingdom stamped on it. All persons of the country who came inside the boundary-marks of the city bearing anything of value themselves, or on their horses or oxen, had to pay toll, even though they were not going to the city, or even if they had loads of cow-dung. And all these tolls, by land and by sea, which were due to the fortress, were received by the merchants of the city and paid to the fortress[1], according to the command of the heathen King, as I have mentioned before.

I have already touched upon the buildings of the fortress and the daily round therein, in all save what concerns the new church which was built within the walls, and which had high arched walls, a mightily high roof and a handsome tower with a gilded vane. It was built by the Indian master-masons according to our directions and in the Danish style[2].

The great *pagóga* or temple which stood in the city[3] had not cost more to build, when it was first constructed, than the value of fifteen dollars[4], so cheap is all labour there. And all the produce of the country can be got at a very cheap price.

[1] This is an interesting description of the boundary-marks in Tranquebar in 1624. The customs referred to were the octroi duties (*thūrvai*) on merchandise, payable to the collector, not to the merchants as Jón says. In his day Tranquebar was an important seaport. Octroi was very commonly levied in India, and in North India was called *chungī*, "a handful."

[2] This building survives in the present English church. See *Gaz. of the Tanjore Dist.* I, p. 235; Penny, *The Church in Madras*, vol. I, p. 251.

[3] A Shaiva temple. See note 3 on p. 120.

[4] Jón is mistaken. His estimate is far too low.

Fresh fish, fowls, goats, sheep, swine, milk, rice and all kinds of apples[1] and fruits are sold daily to the fortress for low prices, for nine fowls could be got there for the value of six dried fish[2]; and in the like manner everything else.

A short time after I had come on shore to the fortress, it so happened that one day I and two of the garrison, who had come from Denmark on the *Spaniel* six months before me[3], had entered the house of a tailor, a Portuguese man and a Christian, a worthy fellow of the name of Antonius, for the purpose of having some cotton garments, such as are there worn, made for us. Now the Spaniards, who are called Portuguese[4], and who first took to sailing to the Indies three hundred years ago[5], are settled and scattered over all the Indies, and in many places hold towns and fortresses of Indian kings and lords. And when we had just taken seats in this man's house, there came in an Indian, one of those seven who are called devil-chasers[6]. He was holding a musical instrument with which they daily play in the service of the idols, and he offered to play for money, but through this Christian's mediation and interpreting we refused him money or to have him in our company at all, but he only begged the more importunately to play, and demanded money, so that I became angry with him, and as I was sitting furthest from the door next to the tailor, I bade one of my companions, by name Peter Arndal, to remove the unpleasant fellow, which he did. Immediately afterwards he returned with the same importunity and plea as before. Thereupon, another of us, Salomon by name, rose and led him out with rough words. In came the evil fellow a third time and asked for money, but the tailor roughly bade him begone, but it was of no avail; nay, rather, the fellow grew insulting and said: "You let

[1] See note 2 on p. 87.

[2] For fish-currency see vol. I, pp. 15, n. 5, 48, n. 2.

[3] See p. 98. Here Jón is right as to the time when the ship sailed.

[4] Here again, as on p. 70, Jón confuses Spaniards and Portuguese for the reason given in the note on that passage.

[5] This is wrong. It was in 1498, less than a century and a half before the date of Jón's story, that Vasco da Gama discovered the sea route to India.

[6] See note 3 on p. 131.

yourselves be called Christians and *sinioris*[1] (that is to say lord), but are so close-fisted that you will not give a couple of *cas* (that is a copper coin, and there are eighty-six to the *fanó* which is eleven Danish *skillings*)[2]; and you should rather be called dogs than men." The tailor replied and cursed him for an unbeliever, bidding him be silent, and then asked me if I understood the speech of the rascal. I said no. Then he repeated his words, and when I could understand their meaning I was moved to passion, so that I speedily leapt out of the innermost seat and over the table and past the others, and I seized him, my blood being up, and thrashed him out of the house-door. But he provoked me still further with his continual persistence and abuse, so that I seized my sword, which I carried at my side, and thought to cut his instrument in two therewith, but he was in the way, and he received three wounds, one in the head and one on each arm, so that he fell down, and I thought him dead. But this house being opposite to the gateway of the fortress, and only a stone's throw thence, and the sergeant of the watch being present with the watchmen at that moment, he saw this occurrence, and came across to me and began to reprove me roundly and with great vehemence and anger, and with his *rotting*[3], which is a cane, he gave me a great blow across the shoulders, causing me much pain. This I could not suffer, so that in my impatience I seized his cane and snatched it out of his hand and flung it far away, and said I would not endure his blows, seeing that I was come to man's estate and must needs suffer myself for my errors. But he in great wrath threatened me with irons in the King's name, and carried out his threat full well, for he had me back with him at once, and forthwith placed me in irons, whereat my comrades grieved sorely with tears, especially one called Erik Lange, who had come out on the first voyage and

[1] The Portuguese title, *senhor, senhores,* was in use all over India in the seventeenth century to designate a European of consequence—a *sāhib.*

[2] See note 7 on p. 108. The value of a Danish *skilling* at this period was about ½*d.* English (see vol. 1, p. 48, n. 1) and the *fanam,* according to Jón's reckoning, would thus be worth about 5½*d.*

[3] Rattan, the long stem of various species of Asiatic climbing palms. See Yule, *Hobson-Jobson,* s.v. Rattan.

had sojourned there five years when this happened. For it had once befallen this man that in wrath he had struck an Indian with the flat of his sword across the shoulders, for which he would have lost his life on account of the strict provisions of the treaty between the Kings[1], had he not been pardoned. And when one of my feet had been attached to the iron, my comrades came, and even the Indian traders whom they call *marcatores*[2], and the heathen soldiers called *taliarii*[3] who served us within the gates on the fortifications, holding watch with great fidelity, and who held guard in the west bastion of the fortress and were never found at fault therein. These also came to sympathize with me. My servant, an Indian lad called Sivile[4], made a Christian by the Portuguese, grieved for me so much that he could scarcely be comforted. This event happened about three o'clock of the afternoon.

In the evening the sergeant of the watch came as usual to lock the gate, and by then most of his wrath had cooled down.

In the morning my captain, Christoffer Boye, came on shore, for he had not yet started on his voyage to Ternasseri, where the six Danes were[5], as I have said before. With him was walking the other captain, Ernst[6], who was captain of the other ship, the *Spaniel*. And as they were walking through the gate in talk, and did not see me, I observed this and bade Captain Christoffer Boye good day. At once he looked back and saw me locked into the iron belt which greatly astonished him, and he asked me what had happened to me. And when I told him the truth, he was much grieved on my account, and said it was the last thing he could have wished, that such a misfortune should have overtaken me, and yet that as I had

[1] Jón is alluding to his "Eighthly" in his version of the treaty (p. 19), but see clause 10 of the authorized version.

[2] By "They" Jón means "the Portuguese" and by "*marcatores*" Port. "*mercadores*," merchants.

[3] See note 5 on p. 16.

[4] "Sivile" does not represent a Tamil name, and is no doubt that which was given the lad on making him a Christian. It should probably be read "Cirilo (Cyril)." I am indebted to Miss Leonora de Alberti for this suggestion.

[5] See pp. 20, 102.

[6] See note 6 on p. 98.

made my bed, so I must lie on it. The other captain rejoined: "It is a good thing if for once you can suffer for it yourselves, unruly that you are!" Whereupon my captain, Christoffer Boye, replied: "Oh no, Ernst, this man is not of the sort you mean, but a worthy and harmless fellow," and excused me in a fatherly manner as best he could, and promised that by God's help all should yet be well, although it might not be that day, and he bade me be without anxiety and that he would do everything in his power to save me. And when Ernst heard this he was greatly astonished and wished that he had not spoken. But I was grieved at his unfriendly words and asked how it could happen that he should be so harshly-spoken to me, in such a poor position as I was, and moreover unknown to him, and how I deserved it. He bade me not take it ill and said he would expend as many good words for me to the Rector and Governor[1]. I said I rejoiced thereat and would gratefully and readily accept his excuses.

Captain Christoffer Boye said he would come to see me in the evening when he went to his ship and that he would bring me some comforting news; and so they went away. I bade them go in peace, and my comrades said that good comfort had fallen to my lot.

Late in the evening Captain Christoffer Boye left the officers and came to me in the gateway, and sent his servant for a pint of wine, which he and I drank together, and so he went to his ship with a blessing upon me and on the fortress, and promising to come on shore the following morning, when everything should be put in order by the help of God.

The next morning the captain returned and came to see me and promised that I should be free and at liberty that same day, as indeed happened about three o'clock of the afternoon, the sergeant coming to the gate and asking me where my servant was. I said he would be close by. This lad, fifteen years old, was baptized by the Portuguese and had been converted by them, as they did to others whom they purchased as children from their parents, mainly in order to bring them to God. The sergeant having called the lad, said to him: "Go

[1] For the Rector and Governor of Dansborg, see p. 26.

thou and summon the unbeliever whom thy master struck that he may be reconciled for the harm done him." Now the fellow was nearly healed of his wounds, for my dear friend Master Henrik, our surgeon[1], had on my account bound his wounds well and faithfully. And when he entered the gateway, my servant says to him: "Behold and see what my lord has to suffer on thy account, thou miserable slave of Satan!" He answers: "Abbæ[2]," that is "O Father!" and having thus spoken, he casts himself flat down on the ground on his face, and crawls to my feet and would kiss them; but I forbade him and ordered him to stand up again. Afterwards he was asked by the servant at the request of the sergeant how much money I should pay him in compensation for his wounds. He said it was mainly for me to decide. But at the persistent request of my servant he named two pieces of eight, that is to say two rixdollars[3]. My servant said that his life itself was not worth so much, and that he need not desire such a sum, and at the last he contented himself with two *fanós*, that is five ells and one fish[4]. This I was not allowed to pay him myself, for every one of my comrades offered me each a *fanó* or as many as I wanted, for which I warmly thanked them all. Thereupon the sergeant ordered the servant to interpret to him his stern order never to meet me on the road, or do or say aught to offend me, but rather always to avoid me; otherwise he declared that the fellow would be justly slain by me. Our surgeon, Master Henrik, promised to get his wounds to close completely, and said he would rather heal his flesh and ten like him than that of one of us. Thereafter this fellow was so terrified of me that when he saw me afar off he would set off running at the top of his pace and make his fellow-servants who were at hand run too, saying, "Let us fly! Let us fly!

[1] Henrik Bertelmeus. See the list on p. 33.

[2] Tam. *appā*, voc. of *appan*, father, is a Tamil exclamation of distress.

[3] About 8*s*. English. There is nothing extraordinary in this. I once settled compensation for the death of a low-caste man, caused accidentally, for an extraordinarily small sum, with the advice and concurrence of his own village headmen and family.

[4] In Icelandic reckoning, five ells of wadmal (see vol. I, p. 144) and one fish. (B.S.P.) For the value of a *fanam* see note 7 on p. 108.

Here is he who will strike or kill us[1]." This was told us by the Indian lads who served us.

This matter having been arranged, I went with the sergeant of the watch to our officers, who were sitting in the lofty hall, to offer them my hearty thanks for the mercy they had shown and the abatement of the punishment for my open infringement of the contract and treaty between the Kings. Each of these four officers, namely the Rector, the Governor, Captain Christoffer Boye and Captain Ernst, drank to me with pleasant words and kindly address and bade me heed myself well for fear of trouble and danger ensuing, lest I should fall into misfortune for any such fellow, which warning took effect by God's merciful aid and assistance. Thus I continued to be in great favour with my officers, and not less with my comrades in the service, as also with the Indians, both with the merchants in the town and other persons, for if my captain had not been at hand to plead for me, the Indian merchants had resolved together to plead for me to the officers, as they frequently used to do when our people were guilty of some fault, whereby they sought to make themselves esteemed and praised by us.

[1] I have myself seen superstitious fear like this in India.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE ship *Christianshavn*, with which I had prosperously made my voyage to the fortress Dansborg[1], was freighted during the summer and made ready for the homeward voyage, and in September[2] they sailed away in the hope of God's mercy, and obtained favouring winds and a fair voyage home with a good bill of health. By a man named Peter van Bergen[3], who was on the vessel, I wrote a letter from the fortress Dansborg to my brother Halldór Ólafsson here in Iceland, and living at Súðavík on Álftafjörð[4], and it was said that such a thing had never happened before, as that a letter had been sent from the Indies to Iceland. That same letter Hans Ólafsen Holst[5] took from Peter van Bergen's hands in the Sound, he having got so far on his voyage to Iceland, and sailing together with the other trading ships from Iceland that year. He was well known to me in old days and a trader at Skutilsfjörð. The good ship *Christianshavn* was ten months on the voyage home, and after two years she went out again to India and again had a good voyage. In November of that same year, 1623, Captain Christoffer Boye, my captain, sailed away to the north-west from our fortress, to Ternasseri, which lay 600 sea-miles away[6]. He had a fair wind, namely the south monsoon, thither, and remained away all the winter until Passion Sunday[7].

Now there follows the briefest discourse on the more noteworthy happenings of that winter among us, the inhabitants of the fortress, in the year 1624[8].

[1] This is only the second time that Jón mentions the vessel by name. See p. 144.
[2] September of the year 1623.
[3] See the list on p. 34.
[4] See vol. I, map facing p. 13, for these places.
[5] Probably identical with the rich merchant mentioned in vol. I, p. 178.
[6] See pp. 20, 102, 150.
[7] In 1624 Easter Day fell on 7 April. Therefore the date of Passion Sunday would be 24 March, O.S.
[8] Really 1623–4.

Altogether, of our own people, including the officers, I seem to remember that there were nearly eighty persons in the fortress when the ships had left us. And in that winter there died of flux[1] certainly the two-thirds of them, it being a common disease among natives and strangers, and endemic in the country; but one-third survived in the spring[2]. I suffered from that disease for twelve weeks less two days, and of all that time I lay in bed but two days, nor failed to keep my watch. The reason why I and others had to exert ourselves so much was this evil flux, which killed two-thirds of our people; but most of those who died of it lay only two or three, or at most four days, in bed. Outside the fortress there was a separate burial-ground for those who had died, with a high paling or fence all round it, and a door with a stout lock on it[3], and the key was always given to the chaplain every time the dead were carried in for burial. They were honourably followed to the grave by all the garrison bearing arms, under a splendid standard, and with pipes and drums.

After the discourse which was delivered for each single deceased person, three salvoes were fired according to the military custom, for we had no bells in the fortress. The Indians used always to stand close by and surround us in large groups, watching our proceedings and demeanour, both in this and sometimes on Sundays, when some few of them took a fancy before the gates were closed to remain in the fortress for the sermon. These used to stand outside the door and look on when the Sacrament of the Altar was administered. They said they found no fault with our doctrines or proceedings; yet they declared they could not lay aside their own doctrine and superstition so long as their lords and masters offered or ordained nothing else for them. They are blind, as might

[1] Dysentery, then a fatal disease.

[2] The statement gives a striking instance of the mortality amongst Europeans in India, chiefly from errors of diet and heavy drinking in a tropical climate. Dysentery was still a "fatal" disease as late as 1870. Jón is right in stating that the chronic form of it does not gravely interfere with a man's activities: *experto crede*.

[3] This may be one of the four cemeteries still existing in Tranquebar, but the earliest decipherable inscription is 1689. See *Gaz. of the Tanjore Dist.* I, p. 235.

be expected, seeing that they have blind leaders, but it is the more shame to them who walk in the light that in their life and conduct, in speech and deed, they should show themselves like, or perhaps worse, than those who are without the light and walk altogether in darkness. In all parts there is righteous conduct according to the custom there prevailing, true measures and weights and such like, and none may do ill to another either in word or deed, as I have recently mentioned[1]. They condemn many crimes and faults; they blame overeating and drinking and all excesses, and they will never take any wine or intoxicating drink. They shake their heads, beat their breasts and spit when they see a drunken man and call him *búratze*[2], that is to say, changed for the worse.

One of our company, a young man named Morten[3], a very good clerk, but yet a hot-tempered fellow, boastful and mocking, drank himself drunk about midsummer one day when he was outside the gate at mealtime, they being locked as was customary during dinner. And when he found the gates were locked he attempted to climb up the wall and broke his neck in his folly. Afterwards he was taken up and brought within, and examined by the surgeon, and the next morning cut open by order of the officers, and was found to have met his death by being drunk, himself being the cause of his death. Accordingly, he was carried a mile away by Indians who were hired to bury him, so that he might not be buried in the same graveyard as our brothers who had passed away, but might be set apart by such burial as a warning to us who were still living.

Once in the winter, two men of our company, one called Stephen Andersen and the other Lars Simonsen[4], got very drunk, and being out of their senses, set themselves up against

[1] Assuming that Jón is reporting correctly, the statements, though very faulty in detail, show that the Hindus in Tanjore evinced their usual religious toleration to strangers.

[2] *Veriyan* (Tam.) and *beberrão* (Port.) are terms for a drunkard. Jón may be trying to recollect one of these. Nevertheless, drunkenness was always a common failing of the Tamils.

[3] This man was probably at Dansborg when Jón arrived in India. His name is not on the list on p. 33.

[4] These names are also not on the list on pp. 33–4.

their officers, and consequently were confined and placed in irons in prison, where they added to their guilt by abuse of the officers, threats, and declaring their intention to make their escape, breaking their oath of fidelity and trampling under foot their bounden fealty. All this the officers themselves in person heard, being concealed near by. They were to be swung two days later, and it would depend upon their luck whether they lived or died.

This punishment is as follows. A ladder is put up against the highest beam projecting from a very high gable. The culprit climbs the ladder as far as the beam, on which is a pulley-block with a rope through it, and the end of the rope is made fast to his hands, which are tied behind his back. On the signal being given by a whistle, the Provost snatches away the ladder, the man undergoing the punishment is lowered in one jerk almost to the ground, and yet not quite, and in that jerk his hands which are bound together are twisted above his head and the shoulder-blade either dislocated or broken. But there is a minister standing by at his service, and a surgeon, if it so happens that life still lurks in his body[1].

Now when these aforesaid men had come to the last moment before the punishment, we the garrison and soldiers of the fortress, all standing there armed and in our ranks, raised a great alarm and shout to the officers to ask release for these two men, which was not at once granted, and the issue was doubtful for a while. Thereupon we aimed our muskets on them with burning matches, whereat they were much humbled[2]. At the same moment all the merchants of the city, who are called *marcatores*[3], came up, with three interpreters,

[1] Jón is describing the Strappado, a military punishment and also a form of torture to extort confession. For an illustration of a man in the act of enduring it, see *Nouveau Larousse Illustré*, s.v. Estrapade. I am indebted for this reference to Mr Benjamin Walker. See *Notes and Queries*, CLIX, p. 464. Mr Malcolm Letts further refers me to an illustration in his Hampe's *Nuremberg Malefactors' Books*, and also to H. F. von Fleming, *Der Vollkommene Teutsche Soldat* (1726), for military punishments in general.

[2] If Jón's story is correct, discipline in the garrison at Dansborg must have been very lax.

[3] See note 2 on p. 150.

who were Moorish brothers[1], and served as interpreters to our fortress when need arose. These approached the officers with great humility, making the same request as we[2], namely that these men might be pardoned, which was at once done by the command of our masters, so that they were forgiven and at once released. Accordingly the soldiers fired off their guns with all speed. This seemed to the Indians a great mark of respect, for which they showed themselves very grateful to our officers.

Now I must tell how in the autumn the officers of the fortress sent nine men in a coasting vessel to Bengal with lead for sale, which is the best commodity for exchange next to gold[3]. This vessel ran aground on a sandbank one night in a great storm in pitch darkness; but the crew were saved. This happened close to the land, to which the wreck drifted. Near by was a huge and powerful city, many miles in circumference, and called Meslapoten[4]. Of its inhabitants 7000 were engaged in all kinds of weaving, but I do not clearly remember the numbers of goldsmiths and other craftsmen and citizens who lived there[5].

A short way from the city was encamped an exceedingly large army, come from a great distance, and commanded by Mogúla Soldán's son[6], who was cruelly driven forth by his father on account of the protection and kindness which he

[1] Jón's memory has probably failed him here. The interpreters were much more likely to have been Hindus than "Moors," *i.e.* Muhammadans.

[2] Assuming that the interpreters were Hindus, it is quite probable that they would formally ask for pardon, as by acting thus they would get merit among the people for saving life.

[3] Lead was in demand at this date, especially in Tanjore and at Masulipatam. See Foster, *English Factories*, 1622–3, pp. 117, 213, 238.

[4] Masulipatam. No contemporary confirmation of the wreck of the Danish vessel has been found either in the English or Dutch records, but the date of the occurrence can be fixed as 5–10 November 1623, by the mention of the presence at Masulipatam of the Mughal Prince, for whose visit see below.

[5] Masulipatam was a centre of trade at this date and was especially noted for silk and cotton piece-goods. See Foster, *op. cit. passim*.

[6] The "Mogúla Soldán's" (Mughal Sultan's) son was Prince Khurram (Shāh Jahān), third son of the Emperor Jahāngīr, who had been in open rebellion against his father since the end of the year 1622. After a severe defeat at Bilūchpur, forty miles south of Delhi, the Prince, with the troops remaining loyal to him, retreated through the territories of the King of Golconda and reached Masulipatam on 5 November 1623. The Danish vessel must therefore have been wrecked on or about that date, as the Prince left Masulipatam five days later.

had often shown and displayed to Christians against his father's orders and wishes[1]. I do not recall the number of his army, but he had 11,000 elephants, 11,000 camels and 11,000 horses[2]. He was desirous of settling wherever he should see good prospects in the lands of heathen people[3]. He upheld justice in his army and enjoined righteous conduct on all his subjects. He had taken this city and caused it to pay tribute to him[4]. And when he heard in his encampment that certain Christians were come thither who had suffered shipwreck, he forthwith sent for them. And when they came before him he received them kindly, and held friendly discourse with them in the Portuguese and Dutch tongues, offering them service with him under his safe protection and kindly authority, and therewith sixteen gulden every month, and three suits of holiday garb; moreover they were to be allowed faithfully to observe their religion, and finally to be granted leave and free permission to depart when they so wished[5]. Further, while serving him they were to be closer to him than any of

[1] Jón is wrong as to the reason for hostilities between Shāh Jahān and Jahāngīr and also as to the former's predilection for Christians. Shāh Jahān rebelled in order to secure the succession to the throne. For details see Foster, *op. cit.* pp. xxiii–xxix.

[2] These are purely imaginary figures, such as Indians love to indulge in, and are quite incorrect. According to a report from the English factory at Masulipatam (*Factory Records, Surat*, CII, p. 463) quoted by Foster, *op. cit.* p. 314, the army consisted, "as neere as I cann geather," of about 4500 horse, 500 elephants, 10 or 12,000 "boyes" (*i.e.* attendants) and camels for "carreadge," making a total of about 16,000 persons. Jan Libenaer, Dutch factor at Masulipatam, gives the numbers as 14,000 horse, 1500 elephants, 2500 camels and 36,000 [*sic*] foot (*Hague Transcripts*, Series I, vol. VI, no. 216). If all these figures, however, are divided by ten (taking off the last 0) the real size of the Prince's *entourage* will probably be arrived at.

[3] On the contrary, Shāh Jahān had no intention of settling at Masulipatam or at any place in Madras or Bengal, to which latter Province he was then bound.

[4] Here again Jón is wrong. Shāh Jahān encamped about a mile and a half from Masulipatam and neither pillaged the town nor exacted tribute from the subjects of the King of Golconda, by whose courtesy his army was allowed in the neighbourhood. For an interesting account of his five days' stay in the district and the moderation shown by his troops, see the letter quoted above, reproduced by Foster, *op. cit.* pp. 313–15.

[5] No confirmation has been found of this story. It is, however, possible that the Danes, like the English, had intercourse with the officers of the Mughal army, and that they had an interview with the Prince himself who was desirous of enlisting them as gunners in the Mughal service.

the courtiers, because he had a great liking for Christian men, and said that for that cause he now was a fugitive[1]. To which they humbly replied that they served the King of Denmark and were pledged to him by oath, and therefore could not break their faith with him. And when he heard that, he was well pleased, and praised their fidelity and allegiance, and gave them noble gifts and free leave to depart, and letters of safe-conduct all the way back to us[2], which journey was successfully accomplished.

There was one of our people, Cornelius by name[3], a carpenter and very handy at many things, endowed by God with many good gifts and accomplishments. He was one of the most gentle of men in daily intercourse, courteous, almost the best-looking of us, and with the best voice of us all. A short time before he left Holland this man had fallen into great misfortune through the evil influence of a sorceress there, because he would not wed her granddaughter, to whom he had nevertheless made some promises. Through these evil influences he had fallen into very wicked ways. It so happened that he was once at the baths or spring for washing (for it was the custom every day that the garrison went to bathe) and was in the company of his six messmates, when one of them, by name Claus the carpenter[4], lost a Spanish dollar out of his purse, down by the water, and the truth was revealed by an old sorcerer, all being called together in his solitary dwelling, and he pointed and with his finger clearly indicated the man who had done it, which was this said Cornelius, whereat all were greatly astonished. This old man had three books written on a special kind of parchment 300 years old, and these he did not allow to lie on the ground, but had a stone tablet between them and the earth. Instead of parch-

[1] See above, p. 159, n. 1. Jón may be confusing Shāh Jahān with his son, Dāra Shikoh, who openly favoured the Christian religion, but if so, he must be repeating what was told him many years after his return from India.

[2] Here again Jón is in error, for Shāh Jahān was then under the protection of the King of Golconda and had no power to grant safe-conducts from Masulipatam to Tanjore.

[3] This Dutchman had evidently preceded Jón to India and was already in the garrison on his arrival.

[4] Claus From. See the list on p. 33.

ment they contained human skin, and one might pull it as one would, it would always spring back into its proper shape[1]. Another revolting and terrible crime of which Cornelius in his misfortunes became guilty was that (by your leave) he had carnal intercourse with a goat, late on one dark evening, in which act and wickedness he was found by the Englishwoman Temperance, the wife of the clerk Hieronymus, who was walking about with an Indian lad outside the smithy, where he did his work.

He [Cornelius] was one of my messmates, and had become a sincere Lutheran, to judge by his words. He was eager to read Lutheran books, and I taught him all the Hymn-book in Danish, so that he was my especially good friend, and I was sorely grieved by this his melancholy case and delinquency. Temptations assailed him in his sleep, so that he leapt up very hastily and all at once leapt violently out of his bed on to the floor. I awoke and enquired what was the cause of his sudden movement. But he said he must go outside, and was a long time gone. And when he came back and laid himself in his bed he sighed deeply. I asked him why he was out so long, but he answered nothing, and lay weeping for a long while thereafter. The next morning this ugly rumour was about, and when I heard it I told him, and said that if it were a lie he should manfully refute it. He said he agreed, and promised to try to do so. When such evil talk came to the ears of our officers they were much afflicted, especially the Rector, for he and Cornelius had been friends from their youth up, and had been to school together.

The following morning Cornelius went into the gateway and out of the gate, singing, in his best suit, with his carpenter's rule in his hand. The watch asked him where he intended to go, and he said he had business to do with Antonius the tailor. And they saw him no more. The officers thought it well that matters had gone thus, but pretended that they regarded it as a great transgression, and blamed the watch that they had not hindered or checked him. The

[1] Parchment is unlikely in South India and the human skin story was probably told by someone who was playing on Jón's credulity.

Rector sent letters about him in all directions, and the last that was heard of him was that he was come to Pulicat, where the Dutch had a trading-station, and which was 240 miles from our fortress Dansborg[1]. A short time before this happened he drew out the fortress Dansborg very prettily, and the drawing was sent home by the *Pearl*[2] to the King and the Company, and was much praised and admired, that the fortress could be so well depicted by the pen. He was a very handy man at all carpentering, house-building and statuary, tower-building and carving, but above all at ship-building, also an excellent singer and good at reckoning.

[1] The distance given is exaggerated. Pulicat is twenty-four miles north of Madras, that is, only about 100 English miles distant from Tranquebar.

[2] The *Pearl*, a Danish man-of-war, sailed to India in 1623 (see vol. 1, p. 220, n. 1) and Jón returned in her to Europe, as is narrated later on.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE lad Sivile, whom I have mentioned before, served me for twelve weeks. And before he departed he obtained for me an excellent Indian lad, of good disposition, eleven years old. His mother was a widow, and I only saw her twice: she commended her son to my charge, that I should correct and train him as I thought good, and teach him Christian manners, and take him with me to Denmark and there have him baptized and made a Christian, which I promised her to do on condition that I obtained the permission of the General, when he should come from Denmark. Another son of hers, called Catthei, and afterwards Christian, had already gone to Denmark with the first ship[1]. But this son of hers, who served me well and faithfully, so that many were jealous of me, was called Agamemnon or Agamenan[2]. God had given him a fair form and a pale skin. He used to kneel every time that he asked leave to remain outside the gates at night, to look upon their idolatrous festivities and the sports and games, which they perform by the light of fires and great torches. And every evening he used to come to me, fall on his knees and take my right hand and place it on his head, bidding me bless him, and in many other ways he showed his good disposition. Every Saturday the year round his mother sent me a great box, as it were, of brass, full of baked sugar cakes.

One day late in the summer it happened that we seven messmates got leave (like others who were in health) to walk abroad to stretch our legs, and we went nearly eight miles. And when we were come a little way from the town, a great

[1] Catthei. Possibly from Tam. *kaṭṭai*, *kaṭṭaiyāna*, dwarfish. His small size would make him desirable as a body servant to European ladies at that period.

[2] The latter part of this name seems to refer to the South Indian writer-caste, Menon. *Mēnōn* (Mal.) is a village accountant in Malabar and is a frequent third name there. See *Madras Manual of Admn.* III, s.v. Mail; Barbosa, ed. Dames, II, p. 18, n. 20. The name would therefore probably be Aga (or Akka) Menon. Agamemnon is folk-etymology and is, of course, Greek and not Indian.

multitude of people met us coming from the country, and bearing all kinds of fruits in baskets on their heads, as is their custom, and bringing other wares to the city[1]. These men called to us, saying "*pampo*!" that is a snake or great serpent[2], but we thought it would mean bamboos, that is hollow reeds through which they take their tobacco[3], and we bade our lads go to them and buy some of them for us.

And when they had approached and saw what was afoot they ran back to us in great excitement and terror, and told us. When they saw us set to running they feared for us, and when we saw this serpent we too were smitten with awe at its size and fierce demeanour. As soon as it saw us pursuing it, it rose[4] with great ferocity against us, so that we ran to either side, but yet had our swords raised to strike. It defended itself a long while, but when it saw how set and fearless we were against it, it began to flee, creeping through every bush on the way, while we pursued it with the greatest ardour. One of us, Peter Arndal by name, fetched it a sound blow near the tail, but its skin being very tough it was but slightly harmed. We seven must have attacked it for a good hour and a half. At last my companions declared themselves weary, and yet we had not succeeded, so that four of them left us, on account of fatigue, and also declaring that they would no longer put themselves in such peril. For we needed to heed ourselves very carefully, so that we never came within his own length of him, throughout all the turns he made, his movements being both swift and fierce, and dire hurt certain if he had chanced to strike us, either by his poisoned breath, or by the point near the end of his tongue, with which he stings many a one to death[5]. The beast was three-coloured, black, white and grey, and the sting or bite of this kind of serpent is so

[1] This is a good description of a scene in the early morning round an Indian town.

[2] Tam. *pāmbu*, a snake.

[3] Jón is referring to a rude hookah or hubble-bubble, in which a hollow joint of bamboo serves as a water-bowl. See Crooke, *Things Indian*, s.v. Tobacco, p. 486.

[4] The snake was evidently a cobra since it rose to fight.

[5] Jón is mistaken. No serpent has poisonous breath. Its poison is in a hollow tooth and not in the tongue.

poisonous that few survive it, and some do not live more than twelve hours after it[1]. These reasons caused my comrades to quit the chase, bidding us three cease our venture while we yet could, on account of this peril; but I thought that a great disgrace to us in a strange land, and therefore begged the other two, Peter Arndal and Salomon, to remain with me, which they did, chiefly on account of my prayers, for they too were much alarmed for me, seeing my blood was up and that I was entirely set on overcoming the serpent, if God would give me the victory. And when the others had, to our regret, left us and gone away, we set to work to continue the chase in good earnest and all together, and sought the serpent with great persistence, until he fled into a large bush, forcing his way into it so violently that the whole thicket trembled and shook, as also the earth under our feet. But as he was making his way through the bush I ran round to the other side of it with great daring, and at the same moment he issued forth from it fiercely and at a great speed, raising his head and upper part nigh upon two ells high[2], and raged against me with much hissing and puffing, so that there seemed as it were a blue smoke in front of him and around him. But so was I gloriously upheld by God, that I was not terrified either at him nor at his cruel look, but my comrades cried aloud and were sorely frightened, bidding me heed myself in God's name. And as he made to strike me I hewed at him with all the force God had given me, brandishing my broadsword with the strength of my two arms so mightily, that the others were surprised that I or one like me could show such strength. I was about an ell's distance from its head, which I cut clean off, but my sword buried itself in the earth up to the hilt, and when I tried to draw it out it was broken just below the hilt, so that we had to dig up the blade. I walked at once between the two pieces of the serpent, so that it should not join together again, about which the Indians had warned me

[1] This is a moderate estimate. The bite of a vigorous cobra often proves fatal in a few minutes.

[2] This must be an exaggeration, for the Danish ell is twenty-four inches English.

shortly before[1]. But when I was about to cut out the serpent's tongue out of its head, being fully purposed so to do, because I had read somewhat, though not enough, about its properties, my companions seized me and hindered me, so that I could not carry out my wish, which I sorely repented afterwards, for a surgeon in Copenhagen said that I should certainly have got sixty dollars for it. And a wise man in Iceland told me that I had been foolish indeed to have omitted to take the tongue, and said that I could have been sure of 100 dollars for it in that country, on account of the healing properties possessed by it, for many kinds of hurts and sicknesses[2]. And now, this deed having been accomplished and brought to a successful issue, we departed thence and took our way up into the country, and bought milk and what else was to be had there.

But when the garrison officers learnt what had been done they went out to where the serpent lay dead, to behold it, and were greatly amazed at its size. It was no thicker than perhaps two ells round, but its length some thought to be eight ells and some nine, and I am not able to say for sure. But it was set down in our Log or Journal[3], and praised as a great feat, both among ourselves and the Indians, from which the esteem in which I was held waxed greatly, and so too the favour shown me, especially while the deed was yet fresh in men's minds.

In the evening, after we had come home, a message was sent to me from the Rector and Governor bidding me come up to the great hall. And when I appeared the Rector greeted me very kindly, and said that I had done a deed of great daring, which would make me famous, and that it was already written down in the Log. He said he had been in the Indies seven years at one time, up at Jackitra (that is in Java)[4], and

[1] This is pure folk-tale.

[2] The curative power of the snake was believed in from very early times. Mr Henri M. Leon (*Notes and Queries*, CLX, p. 13) notes that: "The flesh of the snake mixed with other things was considered, according to the Talmud (*Shabbat*, 109 *b*), the most effective antidote against the poison of its own kind as well as of other animals. A snake cooked in olive oil is said [*ibid.* 77*b*] to be a remedy for the itch."

[3] See note 6 on p. 146.

[4] Jakatra, the native town close to which the Dutch built Batavia in 1619.

another time in Pulicat[1], but that he had never seen so large a serpent killed. But he told me of one serpent in Java which lived in a hill in Java, and never came out save on Christmas Eve, and at that season there were great reverberations and earthquakes in the neighbourhood, as he made his way in and out; and this serpent he said he and other persons had seen from a distance, with great fear and trembling, and that he was the size of a small whale, and was held to be an evil spirit or some wicked man changed into that shape[2]. Soon after I took my leave, they bidding me a friendly goodnight, after they had all drunk toasts to me, and ordered me a stoup containing eight pints of wine.

Every time I went down to the market-place the merchants who were standing in the booths came out to meet me, and one young merchant in especial used to come out and greet me with embraces, every time I came thither, and used to call me Sinior Joram[3].

Late one evening, when we were standing guard, I fell into a dispute with a man called Peter Jensen. This man had been on the warship of King Christian IV to Spitzberg or Greenland in the year 1620, as far as I remember, for whale-fishing[4], though they did not prosper therein, and got into great difficulties and perils through the Polar ice, which pressed them so hardly that the vessel was crushed and destroyed by it eighty sea-miles to the north-east of Iceland, and they had to quit the ship and abandon the main part of its cargo, in a boat with nigh thirty men in it. They rowed the greater part of those eighty miles, but were in daily peril through storms, frost and fatigue. They reached land, if I

[1] See note 1 on p. 162. Pulicat was the seat of a Dutch factory. For Christoffer van der Mohlen, the Rector, see pp. 26, 99.

[2] This is a fine folk-tale, but no contemporary version of it has been found.

[3] As Dr Blöndal points out, the Indian merchants probably called Jón (in Portuguese) Senhor João (Joam, an Icelandic form of which Joram is a corruption in the text).

[4] This man does not appear to be identical with the Peter Jansen or Jensen of the list on pp. 33–4. The expedition to which Jón alludes is probably the one he describes in vol. I, pp. 147–9 as having taken place in 1618. Or Jensen may have served on one of the two vessels sent out by the Danish Greenland Company in 1619 (see vol. I, p. 150, n. 4).

remember rightly, close to Húsavík[1], many of them maimed by frostbite and hardships, and lived through the winter with worthy folk. Among these shipwrecked mariners was this Peter, who had had his lodging, together with their surgeon, in the house of the late lawman Halldór of Möðruvöllum[2], all the time until the following summer, when ships came out to the trading-stations. But what caused the difference I had with him was nothing else than the refractory speech about Iceland of this ill-bred and ungrateful cub, which was the return he made for benefits and hospitality received, and for the gift of his life. I was ill-pleased on this account, and grew much vexed with him, so that I struck him a blow on the cheek, with which he ran off to the officers and complained of me, so that I was set up with him on the wooden horse[3]. He was sternly forbidden to anger me further or to raise my bile, which he afterwards eschewed.

[1] See vol. I, p. 140, n. 2.

[2] Dr Blöndal has a note here: "Halldór Ólafsson, Law-man for the north and west [of Iceland] 1619–38." Cp. Jón Sigurðsson's *Lögsögumannatal* in *Safn fyrir Sögu Íslands*, II, pp. 132–3.

[3] For the wooden horse, see vol. I, pp. 101, 116. This and other statements show that, whatever may have been Jón's relations with his superior officers, he was treated just as an ordinary gunner whenever he misbehaved.

CHAPTER XXV

ABOUT a mile from the town stood a horse made of pasteboard and leather; of a huge size, nearly five fathoms round and as much in height. On it stood the figure of a man, very tall, who had two faces, one in front and one behind, with very fierce eyes: he also was made of pasteboard and leather, and was several hundred years old, and was in the likeness of some great hero, who lived in that country in old times. On the charger was the image of two reins, which were in the hand of him who rode him, and by each boss on the bridle stood a man holding the reins, and seeming to hearken to the orders of their lord (him who rode the charger), to hold the horse or loose it when bid by him, and they were made of the same substance as the rest. Under the horse's belly, in the region of its privy parts, stood some young men in the same style as the rest. We often went out in this direction to look at this which I have just described, which seemed to us a strange and curious sight, whenever we went thither[1].

One of their temples stood close by, and in it were seven of their idols, with the one chief idol they have, who always stands in the middle of the inner wall in every small temple[2], and according to their custom lamps of vegetable fat[3] burned within. These our people used frequently to extinguish, but I used to stand guard outside, for their boldness did not please me, and I used to ask them to cease, or would threaten them else with breaking my promise of silence, and they were greatly afraid of me and my grave warnings. Which may suffice for this matter.

Now follows an account of the marriage of these people,

[1] Jón is describing one of the symbolical figures common in South Indian villages. Mr Richards tells me that such horses are found all over the Tamil country and are usually made of clay. For an illustration, see Whitehead, *The Village Gods of South India*, Plate VI, facing p. 34. See also E. O. Martin, *Gods of India*, p. 196.

[2] The only ancient Hindu building now standing at Tranquebar is the remains of the Shaiva temple, alluded to on p. 120 and n. 3.

[3] Coconut oil.

the Malabaris as they are called[1] (who are worshippers of the devil, in order that he being evil, may do them no harm)[2]. It is the custom among them that all their young daughters should be married under ten years of age—at the earliest at four years and at latest ten—and most of their sons in the same way[3]. On the day of their betrothal they are placed together in a noble *palakín*, wherein they lie in splendid beds[4], and are anointed with precious balsams of many colours. Above them is a canopy of many-hued silken cloth. The bridegroom is borne in front with trumpets and the beating of drums until late in the day, all through the city, and she follows in the same manner, and money is offered them at most of the houses, and in some they are honoured with gifts. Finally they are borne to the gate of the temple yard, where the priest consecrates them as man and wife laying his hands on them their heads being laid together[5]. Afterwards they are carried away to the house her parents rule over; guests are called, and seated (among the common folk) on the ground, and well-dressed victuals brought forward, red water, spiced and of a sweet flavour[6], offered to the company to drink, and after the meal they partake of *bitilarech*, whereof men become as if drunk[7], and at the last they take tobacco.

They greet ordinary folk by offering the right hand, but when they meet persons of authority, or us Christians, in the street or market-place, they greet with both their hands, kissing the fingers and stretching them out from their mouth and spreading them wide, their head being bowed[8]. Of this enough.

[1] By Malabaris Jón means South Indian Hindus. See p. 115, n. 6.

[2] For so-called devil-worship, see p. 131.

[3] An allusion to the custom of infant marriage.

[4] The reference seems to be to the board or bench on which the bridal couple are seated. See *Gaz. of the Tanjore Dist.* I, p. 74.

[5] Jón is giving a confused account of what he can remember about wedding ceremonies in South India, which usually last for three days. For a description of the various rites, see *op. cit.* pp. 73–5.

[6] Saffron water is used at marriage festivals. Vermilion is also used. Jón may have confused the two.

[7] For "bitilarech" see pp. 115, 116. The guests would not, however, become drunk from betel-chewing, but from drinking of spirits, to which Tamils are addicted.

[8] Jón's memory has quite failed him here. For the five forms of Hindu obeisance, see Crooke, *Things Indian*, s.v. Etiquette, p. 183.

But every child bride, of which I have spoken above, remains at home with her parents until she is fourteen years old, and her bridegroom pays the half-price of her sustenance to her parents. Then in her fourteenth year he takes her home to his house to bed and board, and to provide for her every day thereafter[1].

When children are named they are brought, when well grown, to their *brameni* or priest, and he passes fire over them, making a long discourse, but I know of no other details of the ceremony[2].

Together with my comrades and our chaplain I once beheld one of the Indians beset by an evil spirit. In every town there is a man whose practice it is to drive out the devil when he effects an entrance. This expulsion is accomplished with a shrill resounding piece of copper which he bears in his hand and strikes close to the ear of the victim with an exceedingly finely-wrought hammer[3]. In this man the unclean spirit spoke, and answered every question addressed to it, whence it had come or how it had found the man, or what reproach it had against him, or how long it would plague him? To all of which it made response thus. Firstly: that it had come from Trichlagour[4] (which lies four miles' distance from our fortress) and it said it had there burnt down a whole street. It said it had found this man outside the city, where he had been bathing in a pool; and as to what offence it charged him with, his disobedience to itself, and that he had abandoned the practice of sacrifices to it, and his favour to the Christians who had come into the land. The other asks how long it will possess the man. It says, as long as the man does not reconcile himself with it by the usual worship, obeisances, sacrifices and such-like. The other says that on the man's behalf he will reconcile himself with it for a certain amount of sacrifice, and with other conditions which they might agree

[1] The age given is incorrect. In South India it would be eleven or twelve.

[2] For the name-giving (*nāma-karma*) ceremony among Hindus and the sacrifice to fire (*homām*), of which it is a part, see Dubois, *op. cit.* I, p. 138.

[3] See Crooke, *Things Indian*, s.v. Demonology, p. 132, for a varying form of exorcism.

[4] Tirukkadaiyūr.

upon according to his means and what was possible. The unclean spirit makes one condition after another: firstly it claims as yearly sacrifice two capons as meat-offering, then as much rice as is bought for one *fanó*, *bitilarech* for another *fanó*, tobacco for a third, and further it forbade all favour to Christians. It was this man's office to defend the possessed, and he disparaged his possessions and means and said that his poverty and misery were too great for him to pay or meet such sacrifices or expenses every year, and so sought for more indulgence, and at the end the amount was made less by half. Meanwhile, during their conversation, the man with the gong strove to drive out the unclean spirit in the usual way, which did not serve on this occasion, and it said that it would not depart for such reasons before it chose to do so. After the reconciliation and contract was made the wretched man was seized with a great fit of yawning, trembling and spasms, and all present were bidden depart, so that the doors of the house might stand empty. And when the unclean spirit departed from the man he was seized with horrible yawning and spasms, so men thought his mouth would split up to his ears, and frothed at the mouth, and then lay a long while as if dead. Then he leapt to his feet in haste and ran out to a pool near by and lay in it a long while, so that he was thought to be dead. Afterwards he came up out of the water like one half-stunned, and was for a long while as if beside himself[1]. May God be gracious to us all and be near us, and have mercy on us! Amen.

[1] Jón had evidently been present at a ceremony of exorcism among some low-caste people who were not really Hindus.

CHAPTER XXVI

NOW I must tell how in October[1] the King of Travanzour[2] sent a certain very great lord of his to visit our officers. This man had seven servants who followed him bearing swords. When they descended from their *palakíns* they entered the castle two and two. This *nico*[3] and lord was well received by the garrison. Before him walked twelve *talíaris*[4] or soldiers, uttering loud shouts, as is their custom there. They were girt with swords, and bore long spears in their hands, and performed many feats with them after the military fashion. All the garrison stood drawn up on either side of the fortress gateway, and fired off their muskets three times, and further, the great guns of the fortress were fired off thrice three times. This *nico* came with a letter from the King, in which he asked from the Rector and Governor as much lead as could hardly be carried in six waggons. Thereto the Rector, who had all the goods of the fortress in his charge, answered that as much lead as the King had named should be forthcoming, as soon as he should receive a written declaration from the King declaring how many hundredweights he desired, and at what price he should estimate each hundredweight. And therewith he bade the King not take his answer ill.

The King's ambassador was greatly vexed and at once took his departure in high dudgeon, all his servants entering their *palakíns*, and so, with no farewells and no honour, he went from our fortress to Travanzour, to the Nico de Regnato[5], and told him of the issue of his journey. And when the King heard the Rector's answer he was filled with a great rage. And

[1] Of the year 1623.
[2] By the "King of Travanzour," Raghunātha, Nāyak of Tanjore, is meant.
[3] *Nāyak*, noble.
[4] See note 5 on p. 16.
[5] Raghunātha, Nāyak of Tanjore.

the next morning he despatched a message and a letter to the Rector, that if he did not yield up as much lead as he desired without any question to him about a reckoning for the same, the King would declare him to have broken the treaty which had previously been concluded between the Kings, and further, he threatened that he would not only take the lead alone for nothing, with his royal power, for that more than that was in our hands[1], but also that he would take the castle down to its foundations, and doom it and us and all that was in it to destruction, for he said the ground was his and all that stood on it, the treaty having been broken (as he said) by us. And though the Rector excused himself earnestly in letters, pleading the difficulty he was in, and how he was unable to do anything without orders, against the rules laid down for him, it did not avail to check or soften his wrath, so that at last the Rector wrote a grave letter, together with the Governor, that he must do what he wished, and we would await the issue[2].

The King immediately sent a message to his general, who was called Calicut[3], bidding him make ready for war against us with his 40,000[4]. The general readily and swiftly obeyed the message, and was to take the castle and put us to death. This Calicut, the King's general, lay perpetually out in tents with his army of 40,000, never coming under a smoky roof[5], and when he got the King's war message in the evening, they

[1] The text is obscure here. Apparently Jón means to say "for other goods, besides lead, were in our hands."

[2] No confirmation of this disagreement with the Nāyak of Tanjore has been found in the contemporary records, nor in the *Hist. of the Naik Kingdom of Madura*, but Jón is evidently telling a true story of events that occurred while he was at Tranquebar. It also reads "true," as the story discloses a fine specimen of Oriental bluff. There was evidently no intention—probably not even the means—on the Nāyak's or his "General's" part of doing anything further than try and coerce the Danish Governor into giving up a valuable quantity of lead for nothing. Childish wrath at failure may also have had something to do with the storm in a teacup that was raised.

[3] This seems to be folk-etymology on the part of Jón for Tam. *thaḷa-karthan*, chief captain, general.

[4] The figures are due to the common custom of overestimating any large number, usually by an additional o: that is, by ten times.

[5] By a "smoky roof" Jón apparently means a permanently occupied house.

were to be ready for battle the next morning. Now they thought that our fortress would be a likely place for titbits, and accordingly they made ready to meet us with no relenting.

We on our side made ready with the greatest speed and made every kind of preparations for war. We loaded all the guns, which stood round the walls, first with powder and tow, and in some guns we put a bunch of 9-inch iron nails tightly bound together with a strong hempen thread, the points facing outwards[1], and in some we put bar-shot, scissor-shot and chain-shot[2]. And when all this was ready and we had placed langrel bags[3] in some of the guns, in order to destroy men, elephants, camels and horses with many kinds of ammunition, we made ready to go out into the plain with those who went to fetch water, and we got eighty pipes of water before we were pressed, that is 800 barrels. Calicut had in his army 1100 horses, 1100 camels and 1100 elephants[4].

Then our officers had all the Indian merchants of the city summoned to the fortress, and they were offered two courses, to choose which they liked of them: namely, to betake themselves to the host of their countrymen, and join them, or to suffer with us whatever fate had in store, however matters turned out for us. And they all with one voice declared that they would join us, and said they would suffer with us whatever fate held in store, with all the soldiers and citizens that had their business and dwelling-place in the city. And as a visible sign of their purpose they had all their goods carried into the fortress; but they mostly slept in the city. Also our *taliaris*, the Indian soldiers, who daily stood guard with us, were in the same way questioned which choice they would take, and falling on their knees they said their lives were at

[1] Bags full of iron scraps used at times instead of cannon-balls. (B.)

[2] Bar-shot, a double shot consisting of two half cannon-balls joined by an iron bar, used to injure masts and rigging. Scissor-shot is apparently a term for clippings of iron used as projectiles. Chain-shot, two spherical shot fastened together by a short length of chain.

[3] Langrel bags, bags for langrel (langrill) shot, an obsolete nautical term. See Smith, *Seaman's Grammar*, XIV, p. 67.

[4] Compare these figures with those given for Prince Khurram's force (p. 159). They are evidently stock figures for any large army.

our service, and with signs they made clear that they would rather be cut to pieces while yet quick than that they would desert us or break their pledged faith[1].

Now it happened that people were continually falling sick in the fortress Dansborg; many dying (those not the least of our men) after a short sickness[2] of but three, four or five days. This was not kept so secret that it did not reach the ears of Calicut, the King's general, the which encouraged him to greater persecution and harrying of us Christians. We also had our spies abroad, who daily brought news of them to us (but yet secretly), concerning the advance of their army towards us day by day, also concerning their plans, threats and boastful words. Often we caught sight of small parties of their army when we were out in the plain with those who were fetching water, about two miles to the west of the fortress. Both we and they were on guard against each other, but at last, as they became more numerous every day, we thought it best to cease our water-carrying and to remain quietly within the fortress, ready to meet whatever might happen and be brought upon us by God. Many and awful threats and various plans were carried from their encampments to us. And yet it was to be observed that fear had been sent by the Lord into their army, for though they let boastful words be carried from their tents to us, that they would visit us and put us to death on such and such a day, yet God delayed their attack, and their daily marches towards us became shorter and shorter. Yet at last Calicut and all his aforesaid army reached Trichlagour[3], and lay there fourteen days without accomplishing anything. This was about Mid-Lent[4] and the days following. But it had happened two nights before Christmas in the previous winter that a great piece of the fortress wall had fallen down of itself, and our men feared that this event must portend something evil. And whereas our posts had previously been set in five places, one was added thereto, so that

[1] The local merchants and the native traders evidently gauged correctly the value of the Nāyak's bluff.

[2] Dysentery. See p. 155.

[3] Tirukkadaiyūr.

[4] March 1624.

after this occurrence we had to have six posts every time, both night and day. At this breach in the walls those men were placed on guard in whose watchfulness, manliness, skill and strength the officers most confided; and this post was given to the unworthy author of this work, together with three others of my watch. Each one took a turn lasting four hours by the hour-glass, when he was relieved. It was very difficult (as matters stood) to stand guard at this breach, for at night it seemed as if one saw and heard so many things in the pitch darkness. Yet they durst not repair it as matters stood. And in such anxiety and fear we remained all the winter, first till Christmas and then through the New Year until Passion Sunday[1], on which day our ship the *St Lawrence* was sighted sailing from Ternasseri, on board of which was my captain, Christoffer Boye, and our artillery-master's mate Hermann[2], a very good friend of mine, who had sojourned here in Iceland for three years, buying and selling on behalf of the ship-owners in Denmark. But they had lost our chaplain, Master Christian[3], who had come out with us, and eight others, commended to God's mercy. The man who first sighted the ship was called Jens Andersen[4], and he got a silk suit and a large stoup of wine for the joyful sight[5], and we rejoiced exceedingly as may be well guessed, for we had become diminished in numbers by the destructive flux which rages in that land, and from which none who goes to India escapes. Those of us who did not die on that occasion had to suffer a revolting sickness of the same nature, whether they were afoot or in bed. I was only in bed two days out of twelve weeks of the sickness and those two days not in my watch. To add to all this was the strength, hostility and beleaguering of the enemy, and the threatening talk of the heathens without by day and by night made us greatly tremble, and there was the strict and harsh superintendence of our officers

[1] 24 March 1624.
[2] Hermann Rygaardsen. See the list on p. 34.
[3] Christian Jensen of Skelskor. See the list on p. 34.
[4] Probably one of the garrison in residence on Jón's arrival. His name does not appear in the list on p. 33.
[5] According to the old custom of rewarding the bringer of good tidings.

and their continual reprimands, of which I need not speak further.

And when this ship arrived off the fortress, we hoisted banners, as did they at once, declaring themselves with shots, which we returned. And when Calicut heard the report of these shots in his tents, which were nearly four miles from the sea, he immediately sent down to the shore to learn what was afoot. And when he hears of the coming of our ship he falls silent for a while, but yet takes courage again, and said we should nevertheless not be saved by this, and ordered his camp to be broken up and his army to advance with speed. He ordered a halt about two miles to the west of the fortress, and at that spot he lay all the week till Palm Sunday[1], with no further action, save that every day his threats were reported to us. But God himself softened and turned aside his wrath, so that he neither set afoot nor accomplished any more evil against us than this. Praised be the name of the Lord to all eternity! Amen[2].

Now I must tell how on Palm Sunday I went early in the morning to the Governor, who was putting on his clothes, being this same day invited to the vessel by my captain, Christoffer Boye, and sought leave from him to go out to the ship to my two good friends Hermann and Bernt Andersen[3]. He said he would hardly venture to give me leave on account of the impending peril and enmity of the heathen, for if he gave it to me others would desire it of him. My messmate Henrik[4] stood behind me and made the same plea, whereat he grew angry, but at last he gave us leave with stern injunctions that we should return to land in the evening in a condition so little affected by ale that we could do all that might be needed to attend to our work. Now as we were going down from the fortress to the shore, where four Indians

[1] 31 March 1624.

[2] Probably no one in the two camps was better pleased than "Calicut," notwithstanding all his tall talk, at the arrival of the Danish ships, as reported below, for it must have relieved him from the necessity of continuing the attempt to extort lead from the Danes.

[3] Hermann Rygaardsen and Bernt Andersen. See the list on pp. 33–4.

[4] This man has not been mentioned before. He was probably one of the original garrison.

were waiting with a boat, a new sight revealed itself to us, whereat we rejoiced greatly. We saw two ships sail out of the south with snow-white sails and flags flying from their mast-heads. We instantly recognized the *Pearl*, the great vessel of 700 lasts, and the *Jupiter*, the smaller vessel[1]. Forthwith flags were hoisted on the fortress and as many guns fired as they on board fired off for a salute. And yet we were not hindered in our outing, and were honourably received and given gifts of the commodities brought from where they came from.

All the officers went out to the ships as soon as the service was over[2], to visit General Roland Crappe, who was come with the *Pearl*, and who had made seven voyages to the Indies as a merchant and was now come to such dignity as I have said. He was unmarried, a Dutchman by birth and come of poor folk. Early in youth he was taken on shipboard as a ship's sweeper and cabin-boy. He first got his book-learning from his shipmates, and so gradually rose to higher places, until he finally reached the height of his prosperity. All this he told me for my instruction on a short walk, together with other circumstances pertaining to his youth and forlorn condition[3].

The next following day all the Indian merchants who lived in the city went out to the ship to welcome the General. And when he came on shore they had ordered all the church hussies and their *baldor*[4] and all the soldiers of Trango-barich[5] to meet him as soon as he landed, dancing in their

[1] For the *Pearl* and *Jupiter*, Danish men-of-war, see vol. I, p. 238, and *supra*, ch. XXIII, p. 162. In the *Pearl* was the Rev. Mads (Matthias) Rasmussen, sent out by the Danish East India Company to be chaplain at Dansborg, but for reasons to be stated later, he returned in her to Europe. He wrote a brief account of his experiences, printed in the *Danske Magazin*, I Række, I bd., pp. 104 ff. Dr Blöndal has most kindly translated the narrative for me and all the pertinent allusions will be found in subsequent notes.

[2] The date given by Rasmussen for the arrival of the *Pearl* does not tally with Jón's story. Rasmussen says that the *Pearl* reached "the castle or fort of Dansborg...14 March 1624, being a Sunday...fourteen days before Easter," whereas Passion Sunday fell, as stated above, on 24 March (O.S.) or 3 April (N.S.) in 1624.

[3] For Rollant Crappe, see p. 4 and note 3.

[4] That is, temple dancing-women and their *bailador*, for whom see p. 123 and n. 2.

[5] Tranquebar.

accustomed manner. All this mob accompanied him to the gateway of the fortress, where nine guns were fired from the walls in his honour, and all the soldiers stood drawn up within the gates in full accoutrements and fired off their muskets.

When the General Calicut learnt what was happening, he came in the middle of the week before Easter[1], with 500 fully accoutred servants and nine *palakíns*, in which he and his son of seven years, and the other chief men in his company, were borne according to their custom. These 500 were drawn up in ranks outside the fortress gateway. And when he himself entered the fortress nine guns were fired off in his honour and all the soldiers in full equipment fired off their muskets thrice, while the great flag of the fortress was hoisted and trumpets blown. And when he and his company had gone up into the fortress I and another of our people went to look at their *palakíns* and other travelling-gear. But when I opened the *palakín* where the General's son lay, he was startled and I no less. He lay on silken mattresses and cushions, all set, sewn and decked with gold, pearls and gems, and a tassel, whereby they raise themselves in the bed, and which is fastened to the beam above it, was on a thick gold cord, set with crystals and other precious stones. Moreover, in accordance therewith, the *palakíns* were wrought with fine skill of ivory, which looked like polished white glass. And when one of their servants saw me doing this, he ran up waving his arms and crying "*Ille! Ille! Ille!*" that is to say "O nay, O nay, it is forbidden[2]!" This young lad was both fair and good to look upon, with a pale skin and well-made in all his bodily form, and he was anointed all over with balsams of divers hues. He wore much gold and precious stones about his person and in his ears, according to their custom.

Meanwhile Calicut greatly reproached our Rector, de-

[1] Wednesday 27 March 1624 O.S. See *infra* where Jón mentions the day of the week. Rasmussen says: "The 17 March came the highest military commander of the Naic...on a visit to our general in the Castle. He stayed there about an hour and a half. He was accompanied by four large elephants, about fifty horses, and two hundred black Indians, and in his honour a Danish salute was fired simultaneously from the ships and the castle with great display."

[2] Tam. *illai*, no.

claring that he was the sole cause of the strife and dissension which had arisen between us. He had with him nine elephants, and 500 horses. His soldiers had mostly Turkish dress: they were allowed to eat any food and likewise to drink themselves drunk[1]. Our General showed Calicut all our magnificence, and awed him with all our military preparations, and showed him all the cannon standing on their smooth carriages and sunk into their embrasures. As he paused by each gun it was fired off in his honour, and each of the ships replied by an equal number of shots. The *Pearl* had two large bronze guns, which were always outside and never taken in[2]: these were of the kind called half-cannonades[3]: their ball weighs forty-eight pounds. They were in front of the steering-platform by the cabin-door, and were now fired off by the *Pearl* in reply, with other good guns. When I had fired off my three guns which I had in my charge on the walls, Calicut enquired of the General in the Portuguese tongue[4] whether there were any larger than these in the ships, to which the General said, "Yes." That awed him very much, and when he heard the said two cannon fired off, he struck his hands on his breast and said "*Abbæ!* O father[5]!"

On this Wednesday there was so great heat that it was beyond all belief, so that about noon we who were standing guard on the walls had to turn round and round like a steak which is to be kept from burning; and one of the elephants

[1] This reads as if the bodyguard of the Tanjore general was composed of Arab mercenaries or Africans, known in Southern India as Habshis or Abyssinians.

[2] They were probably so kept to be ready to fire at all times as saluting guns. Brass and bronze guns make a noise out of all proportion to their size, but they were not likely to be so large as Jón says they were, although, as he travelled home in the *Pearl*, he should have remembered correctly.

[3] That is, half cannon-balls, and so they could not have been as large as Jón states.

[4] This looks as if it were not Raghunātha's general, but some interpreter sent to represent him.

[5] Tam. *appā*, voc. of *appan*, an exclamation of astonishment or alarm. See pp. 138, n. 1, 152. The whole of this part of the story shows that the Tanjore Nāyak's or his "General's" action was pure bluff, for when the Danish ships turned up, the latter comes in state to see the Danish commander as a friend, just as if nothing hostile had occurred. The action is thoroughly Indian.

which stood fastened by their hind feet, as is the custom there with elephants, camels and horses, broke loose, though it was fastened by chains, so that it tore up the tree by the roots. The man who should have watched it was not at hand, for he was sitting in a house in the neighbourhood, taking tobacco with his comrades. And when this was reported to him, he went to it and addressed it gently, holding a bundle of hay in his hand which he had dipped in oil, but it was a long time before he could soothe it, and he gave it a long drink of the water which was at hand. These elephants understand men's speech, and have great understanding, so they lack but words[1]. I and a man called Peter Lollik[2] rode one of them for a short distance, for which we paid some money, but we thought it very rough in its paces. Though they have no middle joint, they yet lie down and take their rest[3].

Calicut was a handsome man with a pale skin and a body immoderately stout. He wore much finery of gold and gems, and a garment of gold cloth around his middle, and another round his head, with costly gems in it. His boy attendant followed him with a gilded stave of ivory splendidly wrought. And when Admiral Roland[4] and he had finished their discourse and established peace by the King's consent, Calicut and his company departed, having made their obeisance to the gods in their *pagóga* or temple, and repaired straightway to the King. And soon afterwards our General proceeded to the King with letters from the King of Denmark[5], and presents, namely two new and well-polished bronze cannon,

[1] The intelligence of the elephant in some directions is remarkable, but it has often been exaggerated by travellers.

[2] A gunner, see ch. XVIII, p. 124.

[3] This is a careful observation about elephants. They appear to have no knee, as the joint of the forefoot turns inward, not outward, like the knee of other fourfooted beasts.

[4] Rollant Crappe is now styled "Admiral." In Jón's day "admiral" and "general" were convertible terms.

[5] Crappe appears to have been commander of the third expedition sent to India by Christian IV of Denmark. Rasmussen says that on 22 April 1624 he travelled with "General Henrik Hess" to Tanjore, "the residence of the Naik," but he does not mention Crappe as being of the party.

with seven figures of groups of people stamped upon them. These the King had installed in his sleeping-apartment and regarded as a gift bringing great honour upon him, not least on account of the pictures. Also a bed of cypress wood[1], and his own likeness, finely adorned. The heathen King sent him in return a portrait of himself finely set out, and a bed of splendid cloth, handsomely decorated with ivory, which was valued at 100,000 dollars or a ton[2] of gold. But before our General left, there came a letter with a stern message from the King, that our Rector should go with him to seek audience of the King at Travanzour[3]. Which he did, and was as near as possible to losing his life. And thus he fell into disfavour with our General, who regarded him as a criminal for imperilling so many lives, not to speak of the goods of the King and the Company. Such was the injustice that fell to his lot for his fidelity and loyalty. He was, however, pardoned on condition that he should undertake a long and dangerous journey to the Moluchas islands, on the expedition which was despatched thither from our fortress in quest of every kind of spices and merchandise[4].

The General's harshness fell no less heavily on our minister, Master Jens[5] (for I judge that he was wrongfully accused). It so happened that he had privately asked the barber who came on the *Pearl*, Master William[6], to lance a sore which he had on a privy part of his body. But this English barber could so little keep faith that he went to the General and told him that the minister had got the sore by impure converse with Indian womenfolk. And since the General already had a

[1] By cypress-wood, cedar is probably meant.

[2] The Dutch *ton gouds*, representing 100,000 *gulden* (not dollars) is meant. See *English Factories*, 1661–64, p. 310.

[3] Raghunātha, Nāyak, at Tanjore.

[4] From the Dutch Records (*Hague Transcripts*, Series I, vol. VII, no. 225) we learn that the *Jupiter* reached Macassar, returned in "a very desolate condition" and was wrecked "between 15 and 16 August [N.S. 1625] on the coast of Orissa, through want of crew, thunderstorms, etc.: only 8 men are saved."

[5] Here again, as in ch. XVI, p. 109, Jón calls Peter Sørensen Aale "Master Jens."

[6] Neither here nor *infra*, p. 199, does Jón give the barber-surgeon's full name.

grudge against him for his bold denunciations of heretics and dissenters, in his sermons, he welcomed the information, seeing his chance of getting even with him, and commanded that he should forcibly and tyrannously be laid in a solitary cell and be tested by the barber with the strongest of those medicines which publish the truth of such accusations, by the hair and beard falling off. Whereby the General, had he succeeded, hoped to destroy him, but God saw to it that matters did not fall out as the minister's enemies hoped. General Roland[1] forbade any of our men to enter the house where he was shut up, or, under the severest penalties, to tend him or provide him with any comforts, and thus none ventured to go near. But because he was attached to me, I went to see him from time to time, though secretly, which greatly cheered him, though he trembled on my account. And when he had lain shut up there, weeping and groaning, for nine nights, constantly calling upon his God, he rose from this martyr-bed without those signs which they thought he would display. Thereupon the General hit upon the device of making him swear an oath that he was unsullied by any woman in India. But there was a Portuguese woman, a widow, who did his laundry-work, and on her account he would not take the oath: God alone knows how matters really stood. Then the General forbade him to perform his priestly duties or to have anything to do with the service of the church. The minister said he would pay no heed to his command, for he acknowledged no guilt in the eyes of the law, and therefore he maintained that the General had no power to deprive him of his ministry, and he appealed from his and suchlike temporal judgments to the verdict and decision of the archbishop and clergy of Copenhagen. Now when the General saw that he was powerless to hinder or disturb the performance of the minister's office, he ordered him to sail on the *Jupiter* with the Rector on that perilous journey to the Moluccan islands, as a kind of punishment, therewith to wipe out his offence. And the clerical robes, which he had previously given to him, and then at the beginning of their

[1] That is, Rollant Crappe.

quarrel had taken away from him, by reason of his enmity, these robes he now restored to him. The minister who came with the *Pearl* had been minister in the fortress while the feud lasted between the General and Master Jens. His name was Matthias[1], and he was also minister on the *Pearl*, so that I and others were in his company on the voyage home.

With the General there had come from Copenhagen a man called Ólaf Vismar[2]. He was from Skåne, on the eastern side of the Sound. He was amongst the tallest of men, and much addicted to gay clothes: his everyday suit was of red cloth with silver lacing. Yet he was not haughty in his bearing. He had long served our late King Christian as a captain in the army, and was sent to take over the same office in India. Immediately on his arrival he became captain over me and my comrades. In his company was a very good and faithful friend of his, by name Paul Arnesen, and these two had been together for many years, both at home and abroad, and neither had ever failed the other in friendship. This Paul had for many years been Sheriff of Skåne. Me he favoured especially, as he often showed both in word and deed.

In the fortress was being reared a young stag, belonging to our Governor[3], which was to be sent home to Denmark. This animal was often ill-disposed and ungovernable: he used to set upon men and stab them with his horns, sometimes very hard, but no one dared to pay it back in its own coin for fear of the Governor, who was tender of him and never showed that he thought the animal had done aught ill to those who had dealings with him. It so happened one evening that as I was making my way to my lodging at the top of my pace, from my watch at the gate, this stag was standing concealed somewhere, so that I did not see him, and he made a violent dash at me, flinging me to the ground, and then stabbed me

[1] Mads (Matthias) Rasmussen. He has no allusion to this episode. He merely remarks: "After our return [from Tanjore] to the Castle of Dansborg our Danish folk became more sick and weak... the worthy Mr Peter Aale became sick at this time on board the *Spaniel* and I had to perform service both in the Castle and on board the ship for nine weeks with great trouble."

[2] Mads Rasmussen calls him Ole Viseer.

[3] Henrik Hess, who returned to Europe in the *Pearl*.

badly; yet I could not rise. Paul Arnesen saw this, and ran from the gate with his ramrod in his hand and laid on lustily, swinging his weapon with both hands on the creature's back. Whereupon the Governor came running full tilt, drew his sword, and made as if to strike Paul. And since I had got to my feet, and Paul had also drawn his sword from its sheath, I hastily put my sword between them, so no one was hurt; and so they parted, both filled with wrath. The watch who were at the gate all hastened to the spot when they saw what was afoot, and were ready to have joined in on Paul's side if it had been needful, and they all made the same complaint of the dangerous temper of the stag, which had frightened and attacked so many of them. But the Governor said he would be all the less inclined to part with it. Whereupon Paul said his injustice was all the greater. But when the affair came to the General's ears he at once reconciled them[1].

All was quiet and peaceful among us after the return of the Governor, the General, the Rector and the interpreters, the three Moorish brothers, and the rest of their following, from their discussion with the King at Travanzour, the terms of peace being concluded, and kindred matters settled, both concerning the cargoes of every kind which were there purchased according to the contract previously made, and also concerning the conveyance thereof to our fortress by the natives, according to the heathen King's orders. And every Saturday from that time, as long as I and my company remained there, right up to the time of our voyage home on the *Pearl*, as a mark of esteem and goodwill, the King's General, Calicut, sent three wild boars from his chase up to the fighting men, to serve us as fresh meat, together with some of his huntsmen and boar-hounds, to show us the manner of their chase. Their dogs are very large and have a spiked collar round their necks[2].

All the pepper which the heathen King allowed us to have at a fixed price, he himself bought from the King at

[1] Unless Jón is exaggerating, this is an account of an undignified squabble between two high officers before the men of the garrison.

[2] These are still known as poligar dogs, that is, dogs of native chiefs. See Yule, *Hobson-Jobson*, s.v. Poligar.

Cotzína[1]. From him it was carried up to the inland town called Peita[2], thirty-two miles from us, and thence it was borne on the King's horses, elephants, camels and oxen to our fortress. The whole train of animals had bells on their necks, so that its approach could be heard before it was seen.

[1] Cochin on the Malabar Coast, an emporium for pepper.

[2] "Peita" probably represents "Pettah," Tam. *peṭṭai*, a town attached or adjacent to a fortress (see Yule, *Hobson-Jobson*, s.v. Pettah), and the town in question may be Tanjore, which, however, is some forty miles distant from Tranquebar.

CHAPTER XXVII

IN June an English vessel came to land about four miles south of our fortress, at a place called Carical[1]. Her officers at once repaired to the court of the heathen King, and asked leave to remain there for trading purposes[2]. And as soon as they had made known their errand to the King, he sent a letter and message to our General, bidding him come with twelve of his best soldiers with all the speed he might, by night or day[3]. I amongst others was ordered on that journey, and greatly longed to go, but five of us were hindered by flux, so we remained behind, and five others were taken in our stead. Before the General started we were all served with wine[4], and the following night three men who were standing guard in the fortress, each on his bastion,

[1] The ship was the *Hart*, a vessel of 500 tons, belonging to the East India Company, commanded by John Bickley. She reached Kārikāl, as we learn from her Log, preserved at the India Office (*Marine Records*, *Logs*, vol. xxxvi), on 23 May 1624 (O.S.).

[2] The story of the abortive attempt by the English to settle a factory at Tanjore, at the instigation of John Johnson, master of the *Christian* which was wrecked on the coast of Ceylon in 1622 (see p. 12), and the reasons which induced the Company's factors at Batavia to attempt such a settlement, is given at length by Sir William Foster in his Introduction to *English Factories* 1624–9, pp. xxxix–xli. Jón is wrong in saying that the officers of the *Hart* "at once repaired to the court of the heathen king," *i.e.* Raghunātha, Nāyak of Tanjore. The entry in the Log for 24 May 1624 runs thus: "This morning myselfe [Captain John Bickley] and the Chiefe Merchant Mr Joseph Cockram and the rest of the other of our merchants went a land, where wee were all kindlye entertained by the Governour of that place of Carracall, wee being the first English shipp that had ever bin in theis partes before....The next daye the Governour sent awaye a poste unto the Kinge at his cheife cittye or place of his aboade, called Tangeur." It was not until 8 June that the English merchants went to Tanjore and had an audience with the Nāyak.

[3] The urgent message must really have been sent the other way round, for the truth was that the Danes were so anxious to prevent the English from participating in the trade at Tanjore that they lost no time in circumventing them. Jón was evidently anxious not to say anything to belittle the Danes.

[4] Partaking of wine would hasten the deaths of those suffering from dysentery, though it must have been welcome enough, as dysentery is an exhausting disease.

failed in their duty, and were found asleep by the captain of the watch, who together with the Governor and lieutenant used constantly to visit and test the watch. But in the fourth bastion the *talïaris*, the heathen Indian warriors, kept watch then, as always, well and faithfully. These three men, Peter Arndal, Salomon and Leunart, a harmless Dutchman[1], were immediately put in prison and carefully guarded until the General should come back from Travanzour.

Now it must be told how when the General came before the King, the latter makes known his business and wishes, namely to ask him what answer he would give on behalf of his Lord and King to his question: Whether he would agree with the King if he should give the English permission to settle and trade in our neighbourhood? But the General in all humility begged that their wish might be rejected. The King received his answer favourably, and praised him much for his fidelity, and said that it should be as he wished, and that he had thus tested how faithful he was to his master[2]. And after this conversation between them the King had the Englishmen summoned to his presence. And when they had come before him and laid down their gifts, the King asks them again what their request is, and it was as we have told[3].

[1] For the first two see the list on pp. 33–4. The Dutchman has not previously been mentioned.

[2] This, as Dr Blöndal remarks, is evidently Jón's own version of an interview at which he was not present and of which it would be only possible for him to glean a few details.

[3] The English account of the events of May–July 1624 differs widely from that of our author. From the Log of the *Hart* we learn that on 29 May the Danes sent a letter to Joseph Cockram, one of the Council at Batavia and the merchant empowered to treat with the Nāyak, saying "that wee were best for too departe, for there was no trade there too be had for us, because they had formed [farmed] all the sea portes of the Kinge betwene Nagapatan and Pullacatt for the use and bennefit of the Kinge of Denmarke, therefore willed us agayne to bee gone or else they would send us awaye in haste. Wee badd them doe theire worste for wee would staye in spite of them all, they being three to one....

"The 8th daye [of June 1624] our merchantes went up for Tangeur about the affaires with the King, where they were all ryall[y] entertained both by the King himselfe and also by his noble men and were by the King his owne mouth promised free trade and allsoe that they should have the Porte of Carracall at any easye rate; but the Portingals and the Danes were greatly agaynst it, but moste of all the Danes were our deadly and most cruell enimyes."

The King says they are overbold to ask leave to settle in his land, they being notorious in all countries for their faithlessness, especially towards their own King and master: how much the less, then, would they prove loyal to him[1]. And having thus expressed himself, the King bade them begone with speed, saying in his own tongue: "*Pa, Pa!*" that is "Away, away[2]!" and in such ignominious wise did they leave the presence of the King[3]. Our General was present at this conversation. And having been well entertained at the royal table in the hall, which was nicely decorated with gold and jewels, the General received the King's leave to depart, and they parted in friendship, all being honoured with gifts[4]. He gave the General two civet-cats, but each of a different kind: one whose testicles were sweet-smelling, when it was dead, while the excrement of the other was sweet-smelling while the animal was alive, and this latter was sixty times as valuable as the former[5].

And when the General had come home with all his company, having had no adventures on the way, the aforesaid men, who had been guilty of sleeping at their posts, were summoned before the court-martial. But as our numbers were failing sorely, the decision was made that three slips of

[1] Dr Blöndal suggests that Jón is alluding to the deposition and execution of Charles I and is forgetting that these events occurred in 1649, long after he left India.

[2] Tam. *pō*, go.

[3] The English merchants, however, remained at Tanjore for a month. On 4 July the entry in the Log runs: "I [Captain Bickley] received a letter from Mr Cockram that he would bee at Carracall with mee very shortlye, for hee could doe no good with the King because the Danes had given the King great bribes, the which hee had no order too doe as the Danes dyd," and on 9 July "Mr Joseph Cockram and the rest came to Carracall from the King, the which would not grante us trade unless that wee would give him 7000 Ryalls of Eaight rent the yere for the porte of Carracall, the Danes being the cause thereof."

[4] It seems, however, that the gifts of value emanated from the Danes and not from the Nāyak, and were the cause of his friendly reception of Rollant Crappe.

[5] The two species of civet-cat (*Viverridæ*) here described appear to be *Viverra zibetha*, which ranges from Arabia to Malabar and the Indian Archipelago, and the small Indo-Malayan species (*Viverricula malaccensis*); the perfume from the latter is highly valued, but in both cases the secretion is extracted from a pouch in front of the scrotum in the living animal.

paper should be placed in a hat, two of them white, but "death" on the third, and a cloth was to be round the eyes of each guilty party, and whosoever of them should take the slip of death was to be executed. It fell to the lot of the worthy Leunart to die, and he at once received the Sacrament from the minister, and was led out to the post which stood outside the fortress gate. To this he was bound, and a cloth fastened over his eyes. Before he was led out he chose five out of all the soldiers, and those his best friends, to shoot him in a volley, two to aim at his heart and three at his head. Now it so happened that when he was led out I was standing guard in the gate according to the ordinary rule. When he reached the gate and found me there he said that he had lost my help in this matter. But I told him what some feeling bade me, that he would not be killed on that day. He said that was impossible, since all preparations had been already made. I bade him take courage in the thought of God's grace and Our Lord's precious merit, and he kissed me a loving farewell with many tears, and begged me and others to pray God for him in Jesus' name. And as he was standing bound to the post, with the five men ready to shoot, there came a shout from the fort and a sign of reprieve, made by the General's servant according to his orders, with cries of pardon and the waving of a white cloth. All praised God with loud voices, and all the soldiers emptied their muskets in a volley, and he was led in again to the sound of pipe and drum and a joyful meeting it was between him and me. Then he went up to the officers and humbly made them his grateful thanks.

The following day the officers of the English ship (which I have already mentioned) paid us a visit, and were well entertained. A salute of many guns was fired at their departure, and all ended in a friendly manner[1]. Afterwards

[1] The visit took place on 22 July and is thus recorded in the Log: "Our merchantes were invyted by the Danes too there Forte of Trankcombar, where they did couller there former mallice in givinge that entertainement unto our merchants, the which they did not expeckt at there hands, for at there coming and goeing they shott of 150 peece of ordinance from there Forte and out of there three shipps: this out of there love gave us a plaster for to cure the wound they gave us at the Kings Courte; therefore beware of any such fayned frindes in theis partes." The English

these men sailed away to seek another place and station for trading[1].

That Paul Arnesen whom I have already told of was seized with a sore sickness, and Captain Ólaf Wismar asked Temperance, who was English, the wife of Hieronymus the bookkeeper[2], if she knew of any good man among us whom he could trust to tend him in his weakness and sickness. And because I had been of some little service to two of my comrades on their death-beds, my reputation not suffering thereby, and because she loved me much by the grace of God, she said that she knew no one better fitted to tend him than I. And he made a firm agreement with me about money in recompense for this. But since no part of his pay may be promised or given by any man who has wife or children or brothers or sisters, save only bed-gear and weapons, he promised me these if he should die, in the hearing of the

made a pretence of returning the hospitality of the Danes: "The 24th daye [of July] the Danes were invited aborde the *Harte* by our merchantes, but I prevented it by some importe businesses that wee had too doe that daye; and so were cleare of them, whereof wee weare all very glad soe to bee cleare of there fayned frindeshipp." Mads Rasmussen notes the arrival of the *Hart* and the entertainment of her officers by the Danes but he gives the date of arrival as 11 June and implies that the feast took place almost immediately after: "The 11 June 1624 an English ship came to us in the East Indies, and we held a great feast in honour of the fact that we were visited by a ship from a Christian country."

[1] The *Hart* would have sailed on 25 July but some of her men were missing. Captain Bickley remarks: "I thinke the Danes at Trenkcombar had them away by menes of James Mounttany, but the Danes denyed it." James Mounteney was an Englishman in the service of the Danes. Eventually, on 27 July "wee departed out of the Roade of Carricall, hopeing to bee past by the Danes before daye, but being very littell winde, at the break of daye wee were hard by the Danes shipps and spake with them about our men that rann awaye. And as soone as I were past there shipps the Castell shotte and all there shipps shotte at least 40 peeces too our farewell, soe that wee could doe no less in some sorte too them againe, though against all reasons, they haveing done us great wrong before at Tangeur." Mads Rasmussen says: "The said English merchant ship [the *Hart*] remained with us till the 17th July, and from this ship and our ships more than 200 shots were fired as salutes during the stay of the English with us; but they left us the 16 August 1624." It will be seen that Rasmussen's dates do not agree with those of the Log of the *Hart*, which records the sailing of the ship on 27 July (O.S.) or 6 August (N.S.). Rasmussen seems to be ten days out all through his account of the incident.

[2] See pp. 7, 161.

General, the Governor, the Rector and the minister, and confirmed it by giving me his hand. But if he should recover, he was to pay me their full value. This worthy man lay ill for a week and then died.

There was a certain woman who travelled about those towns where sick men lay, and was employed to heal them. These she trod underfoot, limb by limb, and all who were not appointed to die soon recovered under her feet, while the others passed quickly away[1]. Ólaf Wismar had this woman fetched from the nearest town for his dear friend, though I was ill-pleased at it and the sick man also. But Captain Ólaf insisted, for he greatly longed that Paul should live and become hearty again. However, as soon as she saw him she said nothing would avail; and this proved true. Yet she demanded her full reward, such as was agreed upon, and by such payments she earned a good living from her childhood to her death.

When he was dead and borne out to his last resting-place, I took possession of all his bed-gear according to the urgent commands he and the officers had given while he was yet living, together with two valuable hats or caps, some shirts and linen clothes, and a sword with a handsome loop, worth five dollars. He[2] bade me especially grant him the purchase of these things on behalf of the widow, and he was to give me in return, in a week's time, two silken garments. Thereto he wished to add two shirts, and on those terms we made a new agreement.

The time had come for all those who were desirous of returning home to bid the fortress adieu, for the cargo was all on board, its value estimated at ten tons of gold[3]. There were $3\frac{1}{2}$ lasts[4] of pepper, cotton cloth, plain and patterned,

[1] Jón is describing a drastic method of shampoo (Hind. *champna*) or, as it is now called, massage.

[2] Ólaf Wismar.

[3] Here, as on p. 183, Jón's "ton" represents the Dutch *ton gouds* of 100,000 *gulden*, ten of which would represent roughly 83,350 *l.* Jón's estimate of the cargo of the *Pearl* amounts to 460,000 dollars. Assuming the dollar to be the *stat daler*, worth about one-sixth less than the rix-dollar, the value of the cargo was about 86,500 *l.*, corresponding roughly with his "ten tons."

[4] For "last" see vol. I, p. 157, n. 2.

worth an hundred thousand rixdollars, silk and gold-cloth and such things for another hundred thousand rixdollars, precious stones in five small bags for 60,000 dollars—one alone of these was worth 500 dollars. Item, dye, for a hundred thousand rixdollars; it is called indigo and is made by burning a very beautiful plant[1]. Item, cotton half woven with silk, which they call *salvecat* and *bengalli*, and which comes from the kingdom of Bengal, and which feels silky and like fur to the touch[2]. This for a hundred thousand rixdollars. Moreover, there were other rare things seldom seen among us.

Now our people received leave to travel home with this vessel. But since the guns on the *Pearl* had proved to be bad and dangerous, by which cause the best men on her crew had met their death, and since, on the other hand, the General had offered me and another man, Anders Ólafsen by name, to remain with him, together with Niels Dreyer my master-gunner (whom, with two more and four guns, he lent, after our departure, to the King of Travanzour to fight against the King of Bengal[3]), I would have taken his offer, for I had a great distaste for voyaging home with the *Pearl* on account of her old guns. But I could not stand out for my comrades' sake, for they steadily dissuaded me from staying; and moreover the General's offer was not good: he only offered us one gulden a month in addition to what we had, and this we thought too little. But with all this our departure from the fortress was delayed, so that we were the last of those who made ready to go home. Because of the ordinances which had come out with the General, forbidding more Indians to be brought home (for they thought that if any number were to come to Denmark and any of them were to find his way back,

[1] See p. 18 for Jón's previous remark on indigo.

[2] *Salvecat*. This term possibly represents Salpicado (past participle of Port. *salpicar*), the name for a cloth, usually speckled or spotted, obtained from Masulipatam.

Bengalli. A cotton cloth, so called because exported from Bengal. See Yule, *Hobson-Jobson*, s.v. Bengal.

[3] The greater part of the period during which Raghunātha was Nāyak of Tanjore was spent in fighting with Vyankātha Nāyak, Governor of Jinjī, and Tirumal Nāyak, ruler of Trichinopoly. See Kincaid and Parasnis, *Hist. of the Maratha People*, I, p. 136. It must be one of these whom Jón styles "King of Bengal," most likely the Nāyak of Jinjī.

our trade would be injured thereby), I could not take my lad back with me, which was a sore grief to both him and me. He accompanied me to the shore, however, with many tears, and when we parted he took my hand and laid it on his head, and bade me bless him, and greet his brother from him. And then he buried himself in the sand under the keel of the Indian boat which was lying there, a very sorrowful deed to see and to look back upon. Many others besides myself grieved over it, and I mourned for a long while[1].

That day, the 28th of August, all those who were to remain behind quitted the *Pearl* and went on shore, and we (*viz.* those who were to go home) went out in their place to the ship in Jesus' name.

The following day three chiefs from Nicopotam[2], sixteen miles to the south, came to our fortress to visit our General, and were received with the highest marks of esteem, entertained and presented with gifts.

The next morning we went with the *Pearl* four sea-miles to the west, to seek water at a place called Pularom[3]. On the shore there stood a castle or fortress which had been deserted for forty years; it had an eight-sided wall round it, and the King would allow no one to inhabit it because in old time a duke who had set himself up against the King of that kingdom had defended himself for fifteen years in that same castle, against the King and his army, inflicting great losses on them before he was overcome[4]. A river flowed past the castle-walls, and here for three days we drew water in our barrels at flood-tide, which was when surf and waves were worst in this estuary, and it was not agreeable to be in a boat. At ebb-tide, when the surf could not pass over the bar, the

[1] The burying of his head in the sand was a sign of humiliation and grief on the part of the lad.

[2] Negapatam. By "three chiefs" apparently three Dutch merchants are meant, but I have failed to identify them. Valentijn's lists of the servants of the Dutch East India Company at Negapatam do not begin till 1658.

[3] No such place or any name at all approaching it can be traced either in old or modern maps, gazetteers, or Revenue Department village lists.

[4] It is impossible to say what fortress Jón is describing, since "Pularom" has not been identified.

water could not be taken because it was salt. As we were going to the ship in our large boat, which held ten lasts and thirty men, our captain, Christoffer Boye (who was returning with us), set to asking what could be the cause of this thing, that when the sea had gone out and was not there, the water could not be taken out of the estuary by reason of its saltness, but when the sea came in with surf and breakers there was clear water, and he promised a measure of wine to whosoever should have guessed right by the time we reached the ship. Each man said he could not answer, and so the matter had come to a standstill, until, on the captain's addressing me, I made a suggestion which pleased him[1].

About two o'clock on the 7th of September, that is the tenth day after I had left the fortress and the land, it happended, as frequently, that the guns were fired in the fortress, and the General had ordered that every time guns were fired from the ramparts, answer should be made from the ships lying out there with an equal number of shots. Now when it happened this time, our boat was at the shore, or only just rowing out, for we were a good half-knot from the land. And just before I and two assistants were sitting forward in the ship's beak in vain chatter as to which of their parents I would lodge with in the winter, when I was at home, and they were quarrelling very foolishly about it, though I bade them not talk of it, seeing that none of us knew what our lot would be in the meanwhile, or whether it would be granted to us to reach home safe and sound. And at that moment there was a shot from the ramparts. At once the master-gunner shouted for musketeers to shoot. Anders Ólafsen was ailing some-

[1] Miss Margaret Wedd, to whom this passage was referred, informs me that "such an occurrence as is mentioned is by no means uncommon. At flood-tide the mass of sea water brought by the inrush up the estuary buoys up the outward-flowing river water because of the lower density of the latter, so that the fresh water can be taken from the surface. This is possible during the period of high water and even during the first part of the ebb. At ebb-tide the outflowing river water is unhindered and it is more quickly dissipated in the ocean, so does not lie as a distinct layer on the surface. The statement that the sea water 'could not pass over the bar' makes the affair appear much more of a problem than it really is. No river bar is continuous enough to keep out the sea water." See H. A. Marmer, *The Tide*.

what, and thought himself unfit to set to work, and I was called not once but many times, which men agreed had not had to happen often before, for a man who is a stranger and not a native soon finds out in such an unknown and mixed company that nothing else will serve if he has his eyes open, and he does not want to disgrace his own country. But I had such a distaste on that occasion for serving the guns.

Some smacks, such as they call *siampans*, were sailing by, intending to escape without paying toll, because they did not see our boat out, or pursuing them. And as we saw no better target to shoot at than these vessels, I was ordered to shoot in their direction, yet without harming them. But as they did not see our boat in pursuit they held out further from the land. And after I had fired eighteen shot[1], according as was also done from the fortress, I went to load one gun, which I had fired from a good while before. Now a spark was concealed in the crevices inside it. In those days guns were fired with *carduses*[2], that is to say, linen bags in which the charge of each gun is placed to save time, and when the gun is fired the charred linen leaves sparks in the treacherous chinks which are in the gun from its casting. But these guns were 300 years old, and were called Surland-guns[3]. After wiping out the gun three times according to my custom, I was putting the powder in and ramming it, when I saw that the powder had ignited in the gun. As soon as that happened I used all my strength to check the powder with the rod, slide-nest, and pestle commonly used therefor. A tongue of flame leapt out of the touch-hole, but this being too small the powder sought another way to burst out. But though the strength in the powder strove mightily to escape through the muzzle of the gun, I was able to hold it so firmly that it could not break out as swiftly as its nature is, until at last the pestle burst into fragments, and

[1] Salutes were at that time fired with shotted guns, not with blank cartridges. See vol. I, p. 144, n. 1.

[2] Cp. Blom, *Kristian den Fjerdes Artilleri*, p. 283. (B.)

[3] Dr Blöndal points out that, as the use of guns was not general until the fifteenth century, those of the *Pearl* could not have been 300 years old. On "Surland-guns" he remarks: "Surland is Sauerland, the district between the rivers Sieg and Ruhr, tributaries of the Rhine. There is much iron in the soil and in old days cannon were cast there."

three fingers on my right hand were broken, and the three corresponding fingers on my left hand sorely crushed, and the force of the explosion scorched both my arms and my body up to the shoulders. At the same time the gun hurled me a sixty fathoms[1] length away overboard, and when I fell I sank almost to the bottom, close upon a hundred fathoms. While I was sinking after the plunge I commended my soul to Almighty God, and expected to regain this life no more. But as soon as I tried to find my way up again, to save myself, if it might be, by swimming, I could not point my hands owing to the broken fingers on both. But by the help of God's special grace I made shift with my legs and finally reached the surface again. Praise, glory and thanksgiving be given and granted, sung and said to the blessed and precious Name of our God, Who gently and paternally displayed on me His tender mercy, so much beyond what I, miserable and unworthy man, deserved or merited, but only to prove His Grace, to the comfort and strengthening of the faithful, and the increasing of their virtues, that His holy name might all the more be magnified and loved, and His miracles be laid to heart by me and His faithful and be always remembered with gratefulness.

Now just at this moment our boat arrived from shore, and when they caught sight of me they turned quickly to rescue me, and came to where I floated face downwards, drenched in blood, able to speak a little but hardly to hear at all, for blood and brains[2] gushed from my ears, and my head was dazed by the great roar the cannon made when it exploded and when it hurled me instantly away. My breast and belly were torn and bruised. The man who first got a hold of me was called Marcus, our second mate[3], an excellent and sensible man, very sharp witted. I had no more clothing than a shirt and linen breeches, with a silk cap on my head, and barefoot. And when I came to the ship's side in the boat, men stood close-pressed together each side of the ladder, as I was

[1] The statement is impossible.

[2] Here Jón is piling on the agony. He would soon have been dead had this been true.

[3] Second mate of the *Pearl*.

assisted up it, and both captains, Sixt Jacobsen[1], the ship's captain, and Christoffer Boye (who was returning home as a passenger with me and my comrades, but who was the other's equal in command), both these stood on the bulwarks and received me in their arms. But I do not venture to write down in this place my captain's words nor the praises which he uttered, weeping sorely the while, as he took me in his arms and kissed me, but yet I may be permitted to say that he would have lost two or three men rather than me, the which may sound incredible, though it is indeed truth. They both conducted me aft amidships to the capstan, and there I swooned. At once Christoffer Boye took me up and carried me down and laid me on the sea-chest of Master Arend[2], the surgeon. Master William was on shore: he was English and newly-come, and had authority over the others who were on the voyage. But he was not at hand on this occasion, and no hope of him before the following day. Christoffer Boye ordered Master Arend to use all his efforts to stanch the flow of blood, and to bleed me as soon as possible from an uninjured vein, but this the latter declared he could not do, for blood was spurting from more than a hundred places. He declared moreover that he would have to amputate the left hand at the wrist. The captain was so angry at this that he boxed the other's ears so that he nearly fell, and forbade him to do more for the nonce than to stanch the blood. The surgeon demanded bandages and the like, whereat the captain seized a richly embroidered shirt, which must have cost a rose noble[3] in Copenhagen, rent it in strips and gave it to him, bidding him come for more if it should be needed. Then they brought a large wine-bowl full of tepid wine, and both my hands were laid in it, with other devices to stay the bleeding, yet with no success before midnight, from two o'clock in the afternoon.

[1] Of Sixtus Jacobsen, Captain of the *Pearl*, Dr Blöndal notes: "Sixtus (Sixt, Six) Jacobsen was on the voyage to India with Ove Giedde. He took part later in several voyages, and came to Iceland with Holger Rosenkrands in 1629. Mads Rasmussen says he was of English origin. Cp. Lind, *Kr. IV og hans Mænd*, pp. 257–8."

[2] Apparently surgeon's mate of the *Pearl*.

[3] Rose noble, the noble of Edward IV, a gold coin worth 6*s*. 8*d*.

After that I was given the Sacrament, and they thought I would pass away at any moment, into the Lord's hands. But after midnight my breathing began to be stronger, and I began gradually to show signs of life, so that they could clearly see that I was alive and could stir. The carpenters were ordered to make me a broad wooden bedstead with four small posts, so that it might be carried about the ship, which was at once done[1].

That same evening, soon after the accident had befallen me, the captain sent a writing to the General on shore, to relate to him how this sudden misfortune had overtaken me, whereat he and all the officers and men in the fortress, and the Indians too (for they had become my good friends) sorely lamented, and the following forenoon he himself in person, together with the Governor, Rector, minister and many Indian *marcatoris* or merchants came out in an Indian boat and honoured me with a visit.

And all the crew being summoned and assembled, Master William and Master Arend were bidden examine with all gentleness and skill my scorched bones, broken fingers and cut sinews, and to display their training and knowledge the best they might, and each of them was promised drink-money and extra gratification, over and above their monthly wage, if they succeeded, with Divine help, in healing me. What most troubled them was that I was burnt all over, so that my bones were as white as if they had lain in the fire[2]. All the officers looked on, many weeping tears of compassion, most of all my captain Christoffer Boye, who appointed six men to sit upon me while the surgeon William examined me and treated me as was customary. But I begged the captain that none should touch me unless necessity drove them to it, for by God's grace it sufficed me that the ministers and the others were present, sitting in front of me and comforting me with the

[1] It is a fine comment on the story that Jón was never really unconscious and knew all that went on from the time he was rescued in the sea, so that, excepting the injury to his hand, he could not have been so damaged as he makes out.

[2] This again must be a great exaggeration, though it is possible that he was considerably scorched.

words and promises of God's grace; and in sooth it proved enough. The surgeon said he had never met any man more patient, and this God alone wrought in His mercy, for the barber had with his tongs to break my fingers where necessary, to take out the joints with his steel, pluck away the burnt skin, to saw asunder with a blunt instrument, and to probe with many kinds of tools between each finger and finger-joint, and especially to remove with the exactest care all splinters, of which he said there must be over three hundred[1]. The captain bade him not to torture me so before his eyes. He said it had to be; he was obliged to use his tools. All these tortures and much else I had to suffer and endure, whereat all were amazed because I was delivered from such mortal need and restored to life, obviously by no skill of man. It was a miracle attributed, as indeed it behooved, to God's holy name, for the praise, honour and glory of Him, to Whom alone it was due, and it was set down as a wonder-working of God in our Log-book, that He, rather than the surgeon, had wrought my healing.

The General invited me both then and constantly to return with him to the fortress, and told me I should be as well treated as himself, but I steadfastly declined, for my heart was set on home. Two men out of the whole crew were set aside to be always at my service, and to watch over me night and day, and also two men of the watch.

In all I lay sick fourteen weeks, eight of them on my back, raised on cushions, and with my arms stretched out in front of me. They were supported on eighty cushions, which were lovingly placed at my disposition by various persons whose kindness I trust that the Lord in His mercy has remembered and repaid. Moreover, seven mutchins of wine were ordered for me and brought out every two days; also I was served with the most delicate food, which was gently pressed upon me, and I was instructed hourly to mention anything I had a mind for. All this loving care from high and low cannot be

[1] The credulity of Jón's listeners must have been severely tested, though no doubt surgery was brutal at that period. Particulars of the resultant damage are given on p. 245.

narrated in this place, but may the God of all mercy, grace and tenderness grant each of them the prize of eternal grace, to partake eternally of His glory.

In spite of the greatest and most earnest efforts which were made to induce me to eat, if that were possible, it was utterly beyond my powers to do so, and it was of no avail, though our cook, Hans Petersen by name[1], constantly lamented that I refused everything (for he said he had given himself much trouble to prepare my food variously and in the most delicate fashion). Nothing was bettered thereby, for I could not look at food or taste wine, owing to the pain I suffered internally, which was far greater than the external pain, for the gun had burst my inside, and also my head, and had twisted me from top to toe, and brought me out of my right shape, so that I became unrecognizable to my acquaintance[2].

Many lamented my dire fate, especially my captain, the General, the Rector and my good friend, Master Jens[3], my comrades, and even the Indians. He who had been my servant came out twice to grieve over me. The pious Temperance sent me out milk, apples and fruit and what else she thought I might fancy. The General came out thrice to visit me and in his friendship invited me to return to shore and be his guest, which I declined, for I did not trust the surgeons who were at the fortress, on account of their youth. But the General thought I lacked confidence in him, which was far indeed from being the case.

[1] The cook of the *Pearl*.

[2] The shock of the accident would be enough to prevent Jón from taking food, without all the horrible details that he said had happened to him. Besides, it is not easy to believe that all this fuss was really made over a wounded gunner. If every man who was hurt was treated in such wise the ship could not have been sailed. Dame Bertha Phillpotts, however, thinks Jón's story not improbable, for, she says, "the Danes are very kindly people, and no doubt the condition of the gun was on the conscience of the authorities."

[3] Peter Sørensen Aale, chaplain of Dansborg, whom Mads Rasmussen had been sent out to replace, but who decided to remain in India being, as Rasmussen says, "still sick." He could not therefore have sailed to the Moluccas in the *Jupiter* (see p. 184). Rasmussen returned to Europe in the *Pearl*, "whereby we both got our hearts' desire."

CHAPTER XXVIII

SEVENTEEN days after I had received this injury, *viz.* the 24th day of September[1], the company on the *Pearl* sailed away in Jesus' name, all farewells said, prayers and blessings uttered, and most of the guns having been fired off.

The officers on the ship were actually: Captain, Sixt Jacobsen[2], and two masters; but Christoffer Boye, two noblemen, Arent von Coten and Søren Harbou[3], together with the Governor[4], were passengers home with the ship, together with most of the sailors, the crew who came out with her having been for the most part set down in our stead in our fortress Dansborg, while we took their places on the *Pearl*. We got a fair wind thence, regard being had to the season. We had with us on the journey a parrot which could speak with a human tongue, both in the Indian, Portuguese and German languages[5]. When we had been nearly eleven weeks at sea he fell sick, and bitterly upbraided the General for having sent him on such a perilous voyage, and said that his would be the fault, if he should die of it; but if it was God's will he said he would nevertheless be content[6]. He died within three days and was thrown overboard.

By the grace of God I recovered gradually as time went on, though I suffered greatly, both within and without, so that I cannot compass a description of it. My hair lay loose on my head, so that a man could stroke it off like dust; all my beard below the mouth fell out, but the rest was preserved by faithful

[1] Mads Rasmussen says: "The 27 September in the morning, two hours before break of day, we hoisted sail and set out from Dansborg in the name of Jesus," and he says that they were at sea for six weeks "minus two days" before reaching the Cape on 6 November.

[2] See p. 199, n. 1.

[3] Arent van Kalden or Kolden is mentioned as a captain in 1626. (B.) Søren Harbou had voyaged to India with Ove Giedde. (B.)

[4] Henrik Hess.

[5] By German, probably Dutch is meant.

[6] Jón seems to be relating stories carried to his sick bed. Parrots can only imitate sounds. They do not really speak.

care, my head being wrapped about with a cloth which was daily taken off and brushed, and it was as if it had been pulled off melted wax, by reason of the grease which exuded from my skin. Likewise the rest of my body expelled marrow and fat, so that most of my shirts had to be cast overboard[1]. Let this suffice for the nonce, though many other things might here be related at more length, as for instance about my dreams, delusions and the like. A lamp burnt by my side from dusk to bright day, and no shadow might be cast to intercept its light, for it was like as if a sword were plunged in my heart. My watchers declared that, so far as they could see or tell, I had not slept for eleven weeks. When fourteen weeks had passed since my day of trial, I was lifted up in my bed, and afterwards placed on a seat by the buttery, supported by cushions, and with those two men to watch over me. Afterwards, at the Captain's orders, I was carried in my bed up to the deck, where he and others held pleasant converse with me daily, and so also our minister Master Matthias[2], until with the help of God's grace I was able to walk, but I was never set to any task, and a general order was given by the officers that everybody should comfort and cheer me, and this was done, and was the wonderful work of God. His name be praised to all eternity! Amen!

There were no events of note on our return voyage save that once the cook Hans[3] (who men thought had made a contract with Satan) ran amok, so that the whole crew were gathered against him. This he did not heed; for on the outward voyage he single-handed had challenged 180 persons. Then he had been fettered, head, hands, and feet, and chained head downwards, feet uppermost, to stout iron rings; yet in a moment he was loose again. On this occasion on the homeward voyage, I was the only man below deck when he escaped from the whole crew and leapt down the hatchway by the mainmast and so reached his berth. I asked what was the

[1] Once again Jón is delighting in horrifying his hearers.
[2] Mads Rasmussen. He, however, does not allude to Jón or the accident in his account of the voyage.
[3] Hans Petersen. See p. 202.

matter. He said he would kill the captain, and he seized his two large cook's knives. But before he could turn round, Captain Christoffer Boye came up behind him and seized both his wrists, whereupon he at once asked for pardon—for many laid hands on him all at once—and freely allowed himself to be seized and placed in irons, and himself begged that these men should hold watch over him with muskets and burning matches, saying that it would serve them best, if he were not to cause worse misfortune. This was done till the following forenoon, and then he was again set free, for he heeded no punishment, and it was in vain to use any against him, save only the greatest of all—and what penalty is more fitting for such as he—one of those who makes a mock of all other punishments. Another time he was brandishing a red-hot fire-fork, with which he intended to run the captain through, if I had not seen him and caught hold of the captain. Enough said for the nonce about this cook, though my story is not done with him yet.

When we first sailed from the Indies we had on board in all 140 persons (I mean a "long hundred")[1], but as we proceeded homewards our people began to fall sick one by one of the dropsy[2] which attacks most persons on that long and perilous voyage. And thus, before we came to Africa five of our men had passed away and been cast overboard. When we were off Caput de Bona Sperantia[3] in Africa a great storm arose from the north-east, such that few men could remember its like. The seas run very high off the Cape, for when one gets so far the air begins to cool somewhat, and the heat becomes

[1] The long or great hundred was in general use in Jón's day to indicate a number greater than a hundred, usually six score, or 120.

[2] Sir Leonard Rogers, to whom this paragraph was referred, thinks that "the most likely cause of the dropsy mentioned would be beriberi, in the severe wet form of which dropsy is the most marked symptom. In such cases sudden death often occurs from heart failure, which is very characteristic, and the disease is largely due to deficient diet, as in scurvy."

[3] We learn the exact date from Mads Rasmussen's account: "We were at sea six weeks minus two days, to the 6th November, when we came to the country called Caput Bonæ Spei or Bon Esperance. There we buried one of our mates and I was put ashore to preach to our sick people." On Christmas Day he preached on board the ship, which was still lying off the Cape, "the people being so exceedingly sick and faint."

endurable on shore. We did not land[1], for our course lay far from the shore. But we anchored off the island of St Helena, which was nearly on the line of the Equinox or Equinoctialis, and sea-faring folk customarily do this, when they find it, and are not prevented by currents and storms. It is like a bluff standing very high up out of the ocean, and difficult to climb up[2]. In former times some Portuguese lived there for a while, and kept swine and goats and other domestic animals[3]. They sowed crops of tobacco and had planted splendid fruit-trees in many places down by the shore, and right up on the fair smooth pleasant plateau every tree bore the most delicious and sweetest fruit. It is very difficult to reach from below, for when a man thinks he sees the highest point there proves to be another, and yet a third peak, and it is believed that no other land exists like it, or with such a formation. A landing can only be made at one place, which is called Church Harbour[4], where the Portuguese had their church. At the time we were there, Anno 1625, it was still standing in good repair[5]. But when the Spaniards[6] and Dutch were at war, their people were at enmity with each other wherever they met, and hence these islanders did not venture to remain there on account of the raids and attacks of the Flemings, which they continually had to encounter, especially towards the last, so that they were obliged to flee both land and possessions in great fear and terror[7]. For this reason there are great herds

[1] Mads Rasmussen, however, says that on 26 December the *Pearl* made for the Gulf of Saldanha and lay there from 2 to 13 January 1624–5, and that "after we had been ashore, burying some of our dead in the country of Soldan, we set sail and succeeded in coming to the country called St Helena."

[2] See Mundy, III, p. 412, for a similar description.

[3] See *op. cit.*, p. 414, n. 2, for the stone enclosures built by the Portuguese for the imported swine.

[4] Chapel Valley, renamed James Valley at the end of the seventeenth century in honour of James II of England.

[5] Mads Rasmussen says that he preached in the chapel at St Helena on 6 February 1625 (N.S.) "to our sick" and that "this church or chapel had been built by the Portuguese."

[6] Once again Jón confuses Spaniards and Portuguese.

[7] This is incorrect. The Portuguese found the island uninhabited in 1502 and it was not colonized until the English settled there in 1659. Jón is probably giving a confused account of what he heard regarding St Helena after his return to Europe.

of swine on the uplands and in the valleys of the island, left behind by the fugitives, and these have become wild and cannot be caught save by the chase, many persons joining in it. They have weapons to attack them, which they call cross-lances and it is seamen's custom that any who use them (of those who land) should leave their weapons behind on the path where it first rises towards the mountain, and anyone may use them who has need of them[1]. Our men caught nine very large swine, but with great trouble. I also clambered up these lofty heights and lay there with my companions in a large tent[2]. We made a great bonfire, and sat around it, having both wine and provisions, and a goat which they had just killed was roasted on the aforesaid lances and afterwards eaten. And while we were sitting over our meal, as snugly as possible, a huge wild boar came trailing past us to the fire. Those appointed for the purpose (in case aught should befall) instantly flung aside their knives and meat, and pursued him till they killed him. Then we all slept till morning, save only the watchmen.

We caught four swine on this expedition, and by midday we went out to our great ship. Towards evening men who had climbed to the mast-top saw a large vessel sail towards the island. We were not afraid of the Spaniards, because the Kings[3] were friendly at that time; nevertheless telescopes were snatched up and their flag at the top-mast examined, and it was seen that they were Flemish, a Company-vessel[4], plying between the East Indies and Amsterdam. The vessel was called the *Fair Falcon*, captain, Johan Cather[5]. They were in need of bread and other provisions, as they at once made known to us, as soon as the ships approached one another.

[1] I have found no other reference to such a practice among the crews of vessels calling at St Helena.

[2] Jón's recovery must have been rapid to enable him to "clamber."

[3] Philip IV of Spain and Christian IV of Denmark.

[4] A vessel of the Dutch East India Company.

[5] Mads Rasmussen does not give the name of the vessel nor her captain. He remarks: "While we were lying there [St Helena] a Dutch ship came to us, to our great joy, because we could get news from the North and from European countries. At that time our people were so ill that even our gunners were not able to fire the guns and bring them through the portholes, when we wanted to fire a salute in honour of the Dutch, on 10 February [1625]."

They proposed to accompany us so long as neither wind nor other misfortune should part us, and this we accepted willingly, each being glad of the other. The steward, Peter Frandsen[1], was called into the cabin and the officers enquired of him whether he could safely hand over any bread to them. He said he could, for he thought we were sufficiently provided with every kind of provisions. He acted thus because it behoved him to show friendship to his fellow-countrymen[2], but he did not consider what might happen later, for then all went well and the wind was astern. Such heedlessness and lack of thought is often shown, perhaps not least in higher matters. He allowed the others to have many sacks of the best bread, for our officers trusted him fully in the matters pertaining to his office. He also parted with quantities of other food and wine for the benefit of these Flemings, and further, our catch of wild swine, which was made on the aforesaid island of St Helena, was also divided between us and them. And when we had lain there five days we sailed away in company out to sea under excellent fair winds.

A certain Dutchman, by name Peter Alkmaar[3], while he was sitting in the ship's beak[4], was burnt in his hinder parts by a cannon which was fired off, and which stood right forward. None knew that he was in the beak. This man lay long under the hands of the surgeons, who found him difficult to treat on account of his impatience, and they frequently mentioned the precious gift of God, granted to me in my troubles by His mercy and fatherly love.

For some time Master Arend[5] and I were not the best of friends, because he kept my two amputated fingers[6] in his

[1] Purser of the *Christianshavn* on the outward voyage (see the list on p. 34) and apparently a Dutchman from the remark which follows.

[2] The Dutch.

[3] A gunner of the *Christianshavn*. See the list on p. 33.

[4] The men went there for the purpose of easing nature. (B.)

[5] Surgeon's mate. See p. 199.

[6] This is the first mention of the amputation of two of Jón's fingers. Dr Blöndal remarks that fingers of dead men, or, as in this case, dead fingers, according to the belief of Jón's day, possessed magical properties, and that, in the present instance, the allusion is probably to the superstition that a person in the possession of a dead finger could not miss his way.

possession, and said they were rightfully his property, which pleased me little, but so it had to be, and he had a case secretly made for them and laid them in it with precious unguents. This he denied, but once he had said in his cups that he would not lose them for a hundred dollars, for his travels in foreign parts.

One day in fair weather, with a following wind, and everything promising well for us, so far as mere mortal flesh could perceive, some of us were lying rather far forward on deck, occupied in vain chatter. A man named Bartel[1], a good playmate of mine, especially in fencing, was talking somewhat ignorantly about our lot, and said God alone knew why all should return home safe and sound in life and limb save I alone. But before we were well aware Captain Christoffer Boye stood among us, and went up to Bartel and dealt him a box on each ear, saying that it would be a better use for his tongue to give me comfort rather than annoyance, and that he was not come home yet, and warned us all against overconfidence, and forbade any to do me any disservice whether in word or deed, in the which he was obeyed.

Now we had come so far on our way that we were ninety sea-miles this side of Barbary[2], having had good winds and all well, and only lost five men, *viz.* Jakob[3], our mate, one gunner and three sailors. But now, on Palm Sunday[4] itself, after the sermon and our dinner, an ugly sport began among the crew below deck, dancing and singing after the heathen Indian manner, as when the Indian *pagóga* girls[5] dance before their accursed idols. Our barber Arend had joined in the game, for he was then a young man. When I saw what was toward I grieved sorely in spirit, and forbade the barber and Peter Lollik to play such a devil's game (for they were both

[1] Probably the Bertil Petersen, boatswain, of Simon Johansen's list.

[2] See pp. 6, 7, 46, 48 for the region indicated by this term.

[3] This must be the mate whom Mads Rasmussen buried at the Cape (see p. 205, n. 3). He was Jacob Adrianssen, and according to Jón's list (p. 33) he was boatswain in the *Christianshavn* in the outward voyage, but Dr Blöndal tells me that he figures as mate in Simon Johansen's list.

[4] Palm Sunday fell on 23 March in 1625.

[5] Temple dancing-women. See pp. 123, 127, 130.

dear to me), and I reproached them bitterly, so that it reached the ears of the officers in the cabin. Master Arend and Peter Lollik at once desisted. Thereupon this evil game was stopped and some thought it had gone too far. Our minister, Master Matthias[1], thanked me heartily for what I had done, and with other kind words he bade me continue to administer pious admonitions; at that time he himself was somewhat ailing. Both the captains were also pleased by it.

So this day passed away. And at evening after supper, the watch being set, all men went to their rest, save the watchmen.

Towards midnight I dreamt a dire dream, and it was in this wise. I was lying in my berth (as indeed I was), when that Bartel, of whom I have spoken before, came to me and lifted the bedclothes off my face and down to my middle, and I thought he bore a large whetted knife in his hand. I thought that I trembled at his wrathful countenance and his rough and hasty grasp, and I thought that he raised the big knife and seemed about to stab me with it, but I thought that I urgently pleaded with him for mercy, and said that I was greatly amazed at his treatment of me. But he said that he was commanded by God, the great King, to kill me and all the ship's crew with the big knife. I thought that I vehemently denied that he had to kill me, or that he had any Divine ordinance thereto, since God had but just granted me to live. Methought he said, "Very true." He had not to kill me, but had only intentionally proved me. But yet it was true that he had to kill the crew. Meseemed I asked what use life would be to me, if all the rest of the crew were killed, and that I particularly begged him to spare also certain of the others who were my best friends. And he said he was bound to do what he said, and if any were pardoned and life granted to them, it would be for my sake and on my plea; but that he was commanded to go down both sides of the ship with his knife. And I saw that he began first outside the cabin doors on the larboard side, saying: "Ye had an evil sport yesterday; to-day it is my turn." This fierce conduct terrified me in my

[1] Mads Rasmussen.

sleep past all bearing, and I was not wakened by the shouts of those who lay in bed, nor until two men of the watch came and at last succeeded in awakening me: and I did not recognize them for a while. They gave me something to drink, for I was beside myself. When my captain heard of it he came at once to me and said he had heavy thoughts as to the interpretation of the dream, and that he was sorely troubled. Men bade him not grieve or distress himself aught, for that dreams were not wholly to be trusted[1]. That day I could take no food of any kind, for I was sorely oppressed at heart.

About midnight Peter Alkmaar[2] came below decks from his watch, and came up to my berth and asked if I were awake. I said yes, and that I had had but little rest for two nights. I asked him how the weather was and he said that our customary favouring wind had fallen. He came again to me, praying for God's grace, for that now a contrary wind had sprung up from the north-east. And by sunrise it blew great guns, so that the ship staggered under it and the maintop-sail was taken in. Soon after the hurricane increased so mightily that the maincourse and forecourse blew away as if they had been made of paper. The maincourse was of four thicknesses and the forecourse of three. There had been a heavy swell out of the Atlantic, and now the waves rose from the north-east with a fury beyond all imagining, and with the sails stripped, these vast seas tossed our great ship from one billow to another like an empty box. And although from her poop or round-house it measured seven fathoms to the sea level, a man standing on the lee deck could have drawn sea water in his hand on to the ship's deck, had he so willed, when the ship heeled over.

The first misfortune that occurred that forenoon was that when the top-sail was to be taken in, Peter Alkmaar fell overboard from the yard end, by reason of a huge wave which hurled him away; but he got a hold of the mainsheet until he was rescued. The second was when the sails were blown away

[1] This story shows the strength of the Icelandic belief in dreams, for Jón would not have told it in his own country unless he had been sure of a sympathetic hearing.

[2] A gunner. See the list on p. 33.

like a strip of seaweed. The third, that our small boat was hurled overboard, over the head of a man who was standing by the starboard bulwarks on the lee-side; but it did not injure him, which was a great miracle of Almighty God's. This boat was always placed unfastened inside the large boat. The fourth, that when we were striking our maintop-mast, top-gallant mast and flagstaff, it was perceived that there was a crack in the mainmast. Both the ship's carpenters were aloft to see if they could devise a means of striking the upper mast, which could not be accomplished (for the vessel lay continually over on the starboard side), and although men climbed on their fellows' shoulders all the way up the rigging, those above heard none of their shouts bidding them come down before the mast gave way. And presently it did give way, and went overboard with these two carpenters. The one a Norwegian, Anders Johnsen[1], received its full weight, and was crushed to pieces, but the other, Claus From[2], had stood on the windward side, and he was rescued by a cable which was flung out to him. Thereupon all the rigging was cut away to clear the decks and in order that the vessel should not take damage from it.

The fifth misfortune happened soon after, when the bow plunged into a sea and our bowsprit broke off at the stem-head and the forestay gave way. This was also at once cut free. Sixthly, but a little later, the foremast broke loose from its stepping, and it too must needs be cut loose in all haste; and all this was a loss of much money. Now of the whole rigging there remained nothing more than the mizen-mast, and the vessel was grievous to look upon. All this happened on the Tuesday next before Easter[3]. The great seas washed

[1] This man has not been mentioned before. He appears to have been one of the crew of the *Pearl*.

[2] Claus From had sailed to India as a carpenter in the *Christianshavn*. See the list on p. 34.

[3] 25 March 1625. Mads Rasmussen's remarks on the events, related in such lurid language, are brief and to the point: "The 4 March we passed the Equator on our homeward voyage towards the North, and we suffered great privation and distress on board the ship during the period from 4 March to 1 June, being twelve continuous weeks and four days, and during that time we only saw the sky and the sea, the sky as a blanket

over the ship in a terrifying manner, and men went to the pumps, but could not pump the ship clear, although there were thirteen pumps, including the bilge-pumps.

And now, so far as our mortal vision could discern, and in the absence of all human aid, it seemed clear that there was nought else before us but death and a speedy departure from this miserable world. All this we left in the hands of our pitiful and mercy-loving God, to Whom we heartily commended ourselves, our souls and bodies, both now and for ever. The trumpets were blown for prayers and the bells rung. And when we were all gathered together, the minister, Master Matthias[1], lovingly and paternally exhorted us to repentance and contrition for all sins committed, and bade each and all of us set all his hope in the promise of God's mercy, in perfect faith and confidence in the precious merits amd mediation of our Redeemer and Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ. Lamentation and weepings were heard on all sides. From this let every man learn to heed himself at play and at work, to beware of a thoughtless mode of life, and to know that fortune is fickle, but above all to bear in mind that death is certain but the hour thereof uncertain.

Before this sermon which the minister preached, we had the hymn, "Hence I fare in peace," and after it, "When sore our need[2]."

A certain Fleming, by name Adrian[3], spoke to me in the middle of the service and asked me whether I thought that

and the water, which then had become the grave of many of us. We were sick; we had a great tempest and with our own hands we were obliged to throw overboard much of the tackle and fittings of the ship, and also our mainmast; we suffered much from thirst and also greatly from hunger, so that many died thereof, and we got no farther than that at last we could see Ireland."

[1] Mads Rasmussen, who, however, says nothing of such exhortation.

[2] On these hymns Dr Blöndal has kindly supplied me with the following information. The first is a translation of Luther's hymn, "Mit Fried und Freud fahr ich dahin," the Icelandic translation of which was first printed in 1589. The Danish translation, used in the Icelandic text, is to be found in the Danish *Hymnal* of Hans Thomisson of 1569, then in use. The second hymn is an Icelandic translation of Paul Eber's hymn, "Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein." It is found in Thomisson's *Hymnal* in Danish and is still in use in Danish churches.

[3] This man has not been mentioned before.

drowning in the sea would be a hard death. I bade him quit such foolishness and think more of eternal than of temporal life, of being undismayed and commending himself to God in the name of Jesus. A man named Johan Christensen[1] (who on the first voyage to the Indies had been captured by the Portuguese[2]) strove persistently to discover what we had been talking about, but though we were good friends, I would not betray the weakness of Adrian's flesh, either to him or to any other, in order that he might not be mocked at later.

After service had been held, my captain, Christoffer Boye, asked that men should go to the pumps and try once more to save our lives, so that we might not be guilty of our own death, as we should be if we neglected anything of that kind, for the Lord could still dispose which way our fate should be. We agreed that whatever He in His mercy let befall us was the best for us, and after the manner of Our Lord's Prayer in the Garden, we asked that His merciful will should be wrought in us, and thus commended ourselves, our souls and bodies into His hands.

At a little past two o'clock the whole cable of the main anchor broke loose. It had lain forward near the bow on the lower deck, and had not been used on this voyage. Its length was 300 fathoms, and it was so stout that every fathom weighed a *vætt*, or as much as eighty dried cod-fish[3], and cost five dollars. And when the ship rose by the bows to meet the huge seas, the coil was hurled aft on the ship and flung from side to side, so that the vessel trembled under it, and we could not tell that it would not then and there crush it into fragments.

For a long time we were obliged to look on helplessly, with fearful hearts, at its ravages and perilous tossings. Further, we had to watch the spoiling and destruction which its violent plunges wrought on all our provisions—all except the little bread which remained to us after the steward's wasteful

[1] Possibly identical with Johan Christensen, gunner, mentioned in vol. I, pp. 72, 182.

[2] See ch. III, p. 14, for the wreck of the yacht *Øresund* and the capture of her crew by the Portuguese.

[3] See vol. I, p. 21, n. 1, for the Icelandic *vætt*.

gift to his Dutch countrymen[1], and his grievous lack of forethought at St Helena's Island, of which I have spoken before. The cable broke all casks, barrels and vessels: all our wine was spilt, the good red Spanish wine, nearly two pipes full, and each pipe fills ten barrels[2]; item, two casks of butter; item, eight casks of meat, and amongst it was spilled tar and oil, so that everything was unfit for food thereafter. All our rice too was spilled out, which was to serve us as food; item, peas and beans. But our watercasks lay under this deck in the ship's hold, together with all the ship's cargo, *viz.* pepper in lead-lined cases, which we often had to turn about with forks and iron shovels, on account of the great heat engendered when the pepper dries amiss, as with hay here in Iceland[3]. There too lay all our Indian goods, which we had with us, totally uninjured.

The rightful ship's captain was Sixt Jacobsen[4]. *In these* straits he was of no avail but lay and wept in his berth. But my captain, Christoffer Boye, he took command in everything. In no one on board did I see understanding or capacity to do aught which might help us or save our lives except for this one man and Master Mutten who was our mate, a tried man and an old sea-dog, who had formerly for many years been engaged in piracy and freebooting with his five ships, owned by himself, but for one or more of his famous deeds had been pardoned by the King of England[5].

[1] See p. 208.

[2] Dr Blöndal informs me that an Icelandic tun or barrel of liquid at this period contained 20 pots or about 30 gallons English.

[3] This is a valuable statement regarding hay-harvesting in Iceland.

[4] See p. 199 and n. 1.

[5] This man is a puzzle. I can find no trace of him in the *State Papers* or contemporary records. Mr Carr Laughton, to whom the query was referred, writes: "I have myself worked fairly thoroughly at the piracy of the first quarter of the seventeenth century and I have come across no man named Mutten or by any other name that could be easily travestied into that form." Neither does the name appear in any of the voluminous notes on pirates left by the late S. C. Hill. But that there was an individual named Mutten or Mutte alive at this period is certain, for Mads Rasmussen alludes to him after he was landed at Youghal: "At last, after the man-of-war called *Flensburg* had sailed from us homeward, and after Master Mutte's ship had sailed from Jochel to East India, we set out for our homeward journey in God's name the 2 July [1626]." It is possible that Jón is mistaken in calling Mutten a mate of the *Pearl* and may be confusing him with the pirate Campane mentioned in ch. XXIX.

Captain Christoffer Boye sought to check the fury of the aforesaid coil of cable, and had five men set each a post within the coil at the same moment, when it was lying fairly still, and these five posts were at once made fast to the bitts, so that it could not shift nor be tossed about nor flung over. Until this was done it was a constant peril and a danger to our lives. And when once the cable was brought to rest by the skill of my captain, Christoffer Boye, there was more peace and less trembling on board.

Towards the evening of the same day there came three terrible waves of such force that they carried away the rudder. Each wave seemed to fall from the sky and no man could stand on deck: those who tried were flung down by the fury of each wave. Our destruction seemed less doubtful than ever. But my captain, Christoffer Boye, had all the more courage, by the inspiration of God's spirit, comforting with his constant cheerfulness both himself and others in God. Now he said that his strength and that of the others had been tested to the uttermost, as far as human strength could go, and bade all to pray God for spiritual strength, that even though our bodies might suffer shipwreck (if God so willed) our souls might be preserved, by His mercy, from the shipwreck of faith, so that we should lose nothing, but rather be caught up into the true eternal harbour of souls, through the perfect prowess of our blessed conqueror Jesus Christ, which in the time of our afflictions accomplished the promises made to mankind in the name of the Holy Trinity, announced to all true believers, and in the fullness of time brought to fulfilment.

And having uttered his thoughts in this manner, he set men to the pumps by turns, the others to rest meanwhile. But me he bade come on deck with him, if I was able, and he conducted me to the captain, and bade me pray to God, with all the ardour of the gift vouchsafed to me, for the abatement of our afflictions, and that He would look down on us in His mercy in our need and sore straits. Then he left me for a space and afterwards returned, and conducted me to my berth.

The great storm abated as soon as evening came. But in

the night a very handsome young man, Johan Falk[1] by name, broke his leg, so that he lay for twelve weeks under the surgeon's hands.

A strange thing was seen next morning, when the fury of the storm was wholly past, that the ring of our largest anchor had disappeared, no one touching it. Now this same morning the crew dragged themselves sorrowfully on deck and scanned the horizon in every direction for a sight of our consort and our comrades[2], who had been driven out of our sight, and had lost their mainmast and been in sore straits and great peril. We did not see them again.

In this storm a Dutch ship off Africa of 500 lasts went down, with a cargo valued at thirteen tons of gold, and the other Dutch vessel, her consort, threw overboard a hundred tons of pepper, and was all but lost[3].

[1] This man, probably one of the crew of the *Pearl*, has not previously been mentioned.

[2] The Dutch ship, with which the *Pearl* had kept company from St Helena.

[3] I have failed to find any confirmation of this statement, which, however, is quite probable, as many violent storms are recorded in the *State Papers* of the period.

CHAPTER XXIX

TOWARDS midday we saw a tiny vessel sailing towards us from the east-south-east, and at first we thought it was our comrades. But these were Biscayans[1] who voyage far and wide after whale and fish. They sailed twice round our ship, thinking that we had been in a battle, and therefore they did not venture to board us, though we urgently begged them to help us in our straits and to convey us to land, offering a threefold reward.

There is an island in the Spanish main which is called Torney[2], and all those who visit it go to fish for *cabela*[3], that is, cod and ling, and these boats are called Torney-vessels. These Biscayans, and those who came later, were making this voyage.

Now we were come ninety sea-miles this side of Barbary, and were far out in the western main: 150 sea-miles to the south-east of us lay Spain, and England was 500 sea-miles off[4]. Our ship was rudderless and stripped of its sails, and we were all but without provisions. All this caused fear and a lack of faith among our people, who said our loss was certain, unless by some chance a ship should come our way which would tow us to land. I became sorely vexed with men who spoke thus, conducting themselves alike in prosperity and adversity as though they had no God, neither to fear nor to love, and therefore unable to desire aught of Him. They bore with me patiently, though they thought I spoke harshly, and because they had not found me untruthful in our dealings and converse together, they gave up their vain confidence and

[1] For Biscayans (Basques) see vol. I, p. 147, n. 2.

[2] In the Bay of Biscay (Jón's "Spanish main") there is no island of that name, and it is evident that Torney must mean Terre Neuve, the French name for Newfoundland, then, as now, famous for its fisheries. Jón probably believed that Terre Neuve, a word that his Danish comrades would pronounce Ternov, was one word and that the last syllable was the Danish word "Y" for "island." Therefore he has translated the word into Icelandic as Terney or Torney, Island of Tern or Torn. (B.)

[3] Du. *kabbeljau*, Fr. *cabliau*, cod. See Mundy (IV, p. 222, n. 4), who calls this fish "coddelau."

[4] These figures cannot be taken seriously.

reasonings, while I maintained that the same God Who had shown us such fatherly mercy and had preserved us from death would Himself conduct us to land, when He thought fit. The minister bade me not desist nor weary in exhortations to the crew on his behalf and to check ungodliness in word and deed, for his sickness weighed ever more heavily upon him. Our crew also sickened daily from dropsy[1].

As good fortune would have it, our yards had remained lying along the bulwarks after the sails had blown away, and Captain Christoffer Boye had the carpenters cut a mast and yard for the foresail from them. We had two spare sails on board. He had a rudder made out of a seven-ell beam, which they call a davit, by which the anchor is lifted into place. Bolts from the vessel were forged into rudder-pintles and iron slings bent round the davit: all the holes were bored in cold iron. It was a week before we got this fixed in place, but whatever happened we could not get it on deck again, for all the ship's tackle and gear had gone. And when our scrap of a rudder had been got into its place with great difficulty, and one little rag of a sail unfurled and set to the wind, God gave us a north-west wind for half a month, and it brought us along famously[2].

One evening, shortly after suffering all this damage, we saw a large Turkish vessel to the south-west of us. Some were content that the Turks should take us rather than that we should die of hunger, for we had the written pledge of the King that we should be redeemed from captivity under them if matters should go so amiss with us. But I and many others, not least that night, prayed that God would let us pass them in peace and out of their sight, so that they could not meddle with us. And this was granted to us by God's grace and His Almighty power, so that neither they nor any other foreign folk caught sight of us nor did us harm. Blessed be the name of our God. May His Name be magnified and His glory, power and wondrous deeds be made known to all! Amen.

[1] Beriberi. See note 2 on p. 205.

[2] They must have had fine smooth weather after the storm to do what they accomplished.

The day after the damage men were sent down into the bread-room to see what could still be used there. Only a few fragments were found in it and these damaged by a multitude of insects, as large as small crabs, which came on board in India, flying at night. They are called *cachilacar*[1]. When men make ready their beds in the evening, before their night's rest, these creatures lurk in the beds in great numbers, and men have a switch in their hands to flick them away, because they cannot fly until after sunset. Moreover, there are often rats on board which do much damage to the victuals.

Now when these grievous tidings reached the officers, my captain, Christoffer Boye, and others with him, desired that our steward, Peter Frandsen, should be hanged. But because the merchants were Flemings[2] like Peter, they were of a different opinion, and punishment was promised to him later, if he lived.

In the cabin they fared no better than we as regards lack of victuals, for everything was instantly consumed, except so long as the damaged pieces of bread lasted. The Governor had two animals with him, namely a stag and a large Indian pig[3], but so chary was he of parting with them, either for his own behoof or that of others, that no words could persuade him to it, even though his own death threatened. But when the crew saw his mercilessness and obduracy, both to himself and others, they agreed one evening among themselves to put an end to the creatures during the night, but one at a time, so that no one should suspect; and they thought that the cabin folk would not eat of animals that had died of suffocation. In the morning they pretended that the animals must have perished in the dark. Their owner must needs stifle his grief,

[1] Cockroach, Tam. *kakkaḷaththu*, Du. *kakkerlak*, Dan. *kakkerlakker*.

[2] Although Flanders at this time formed part of the Southern Netherlands, then under the rule of the Archdukes, the term Fleming was used indiscriminately with Hollander to denote a Dutchman.

[3] Jón has before (p. 185) mentioned a stag owned by Hess. Mads Rasmussen relates how, on the homeward voyage, they visited the island of Ascension, went hunting there and took on board a hind and wild pig. I suspect that the description of St Helena given by Jón (p. 206) is more applicable to Ascension and that the hunt took place on that island as stated by Rasmussen. But there is the possibility that they hunted on both islands. (B.)

though with sighs. But the officers were right glad to eat the animals which were supposed to have died from natural causes, for dire need was upon them; and they took half and gave us half[1].

Late one evening a Dutchman, Jón by name[2], offered to kill the cat as a meal for us. I said I would wait awhile before taking that course, and the matter was deferred, so that it was never done. We had a plenty of water for drinking, and the cook handed over to us a large vessel of fat, which he had intended to sell to the shoemakers, and with this and the fragments of bread we made shift for a while, both in the cabin and out of it.

And when we had had a north-west wind for half a month, and were making good progress, being not more than 100 sea-miles from England, that wind dropped and violent hindering winds arose, contrary winds from the south-east and east, which drove us far out to the north-west, so that at the last we were no more than 150 sea-miles from Iceland[3].

The fourth Sunday after Easter[4] I was called into the cabin and my counsel was asked, whether it would seem good to me to make for Iceland, if the wind held, this being the nearest land. But I said that it would be the greatest folly to make for Iceland, seeing that we were almost without rudder or sail, and if these should fail, by any mishap, we should be in the direst peril. And when I had urged these considerations and many others, they abandoned the plan and said all that I had told them was very probable. And when the discussion was at an end I went away, telling them that help would soon be at hand by the working of God's grace, mercy and long-suffering.

Soon after these events a north-east wind rose again, with constant fog and foul weather. Now all this time the lamentations and murmurings of the crew increased daily, on

[1] This reference to a prejudice against eating the meat of animals not slaughtered in the usual way is interesting.

[2] This man was probably one of the original crew of the *Pearl*.

[3] Such assertions must be guess-work in the conditions after the storm.

[4] The fourth Sunday after Easter fell on 27 April 1625, rather more than a month after the *Pearl* had been damaged by the storm.

account of the dropsy which attacked them and which caused men to swell like bladders filled with air, and while we were the sport of wind and sea (which was for nearly eight weeks), we lost fifteen of the best of our people before God gave us a sight of land. They were sewed up in sacks and a service sung over them in Christian wise; and then they were cast overboard.

The next Sunday after Ascension Day[1], about six of the clock, we saw land. It was an island close to the west of England which they call Sjörlis[2]. Great was the rejoicing on board, and all who lived and could speak gave thanks to God, and many of those who were sick dragged themselves on deck, though some of them had to return again to their beds. As night was at hand, the officers and those in authority thought it best to hold away from the land during the night, as shoals were to be expected. But the next morning the land had disappeared and a storm arose from the north-west which lasted eight days, during the which we lost our small and frail rudder, which in all but following winds had done us yeoman service.

Again we were come into sore straits, not knowing whether we were off France, England or Ireland, for all these countries lie close to each other, and all have red mud off their coasts on the sea bottom. When the north-west storm moderated the wind veered to the south-east. And about midnight the mates dropped the plummet overboard (as they frequently did) and found twenty-eight fathoms, and the sailors dropped the anchor and the yard was lowered to the bulwarks, but owing to the crew's weakness the sheets had perforce to dangle in the sea, there being but three men on their feet. My captain, Christoffer Boye, had now also taken to his bed, but for at least eight days before this, he crawled about on his knees.

Early one morning I heard the door of the cabin on the upper deck open (and heard no more) until someone came to me (I had lent my sleeping-place to my good friend Anders

[1] Whit Sunday, 18 May 1625 (O.S.).

[2] The Sorlings (Les Sorlingues) or Scilly Isles. See Mundy III, p. 420.

Ólafsen)[1]. This was the Governor, Henrik Hess, who stood without and asked me if I could come to him. I said that I could do so if I might lean on him. And when I came out, he says that we are in great peril because we knew nought of where we were. I say we shall soon see land. He conducts me across the deck to the starboard side. It was squally weather with sunshine between the squalls. I tell him that I fancy that I see land over there where I point. He says no and offers to wager a rose noble against a dollar[2], and gives me his hand upon it. Soon after the squall cleared away and the sun shone upon a fair wall on land. He left me and shouted, "Land! Land!" clapping his hands, and all praised God with great rejoicings. And I was conducted down to the guns and fired fifteen shots, for the guns were already loaded[3]. Master Jóris, our first mate[4], said that it was Ireland, which lies twenty-nine sea-miles from England, washed all round by the sea[5].

It so happened that a man had gone out of that town we saw, and which was called Johel or Jochel[6], and of no set purpose but just for his pleasure, had walked out on a point which looks eastwards. This man saw us and heard the shots (though we were far from land, fully two sea-miles); and he hastened back to the town and before its chief men, and said that he had seen a large vessel out to sea, and that it was continually firing shots, and he added that he thought its rigging was very small. Whereat the harbour-pilots were ordered to seek out who these men might be. There were two of them, William and Robert[7].

[1] See the list on p. 34.

[2] That is, 6*s*. 8*d*. to 4*s*. 2*d*.

[3] Here is another statement that makes the accuracy of Jón's stories of storm and stress doubtful.

[4] Boatswain of the *Christianshavn* on the outward voyage. See the list on p. 34.

[5] Mads Rasmussen says that it was on 1 June "being Wednesday before Whitsunday," that Ireland was sighted, and that "in the ship there was then only left a sack of rice." On 3 June, he says, he was taken ashore sick and placed in the care of a Danish woman at Youghal.

[6] Youghal, co. Cork, Ireland.

[7] Only one man is mentioned as attempting the pilotage of the *Pearl* and his name was John. See below, note 2 on p. 224.

At once they started from land, each in his herring-buss[1], and it was a race between them which should get to our vessel first, for they thought that whichever did so might reckon on a high reward. The weather was fickle and squally and we could see no more than that they were like to capsize, until one of them gave up, so saving both himself and his fellow, although he had to return almost to shore again with no profit. The first shouted to us and asked us how we fared and what ship we were. We told him with all clearness what it behooved him to know, and that it was our desire that the vessel might be brought into harbour.

He offered himself for the task and demanded a token and pledge from the chief man on board, that we would take none other than himself, and the profit which accrued therefrom he declared to be granted him by God, who had given him the good fortune to be the first to come out to us, we being in need of much aid. Captain Sixt Jakobson, the true captain of the *Pearl*, forthwith handed over to him his purse of red velvet with his gold signet ring attached, as a pledge of the agreement. And when everything had been done on both sides as agreed upon, this pledge was to be handed back to the captain.

Now things were come to that pass on board, as has been mentioned before, that men died daily, and nearly all were bedridden, so that none could help the other nor even give a drink the one to the other. So the moaning of helplessness and misery was heard everywhere among us, both on account of hunger and disease. Neither of the two pilots[2] had any victuals on board their vessels or busses, save that one crew

[1] Buss, a two- or three-masted vessel of various shapes, used especially in the Dutch herring fishery. See Mundy, IV, p. 223 and n. 2.

[2] Jón's memory has failed him here (see above, note 7 on p. 223), for after saying that one pilot returned to the shore, he now talks of "the two pilots" helping the crew. The actual facts are given on p. 111 of *The Life and Letters of the Great Earl of Cork*: "A Danish ship, the *Pearl*, was driven by stress of weather to take refuge in Youghal harbour, and would not have reached that shelter but for the courage of a fisherman, John Griffin, who risked his life to get on board and pilot her into safety, and had his deed chronicled in the Youghal Council Book."

had a raw cod, not yet cleaned, and this was at once cooked and portioned out among a hundred and seventeen men; and I got its shoulder-bone with a little of the flesh clinging to it, the which I chewed, bone and all.

The two crews of these pilots, and the pilots themselves, got our boat lowered with the assistance of some of our people, to whom it was a great effort. Then they lowered my captain, Christoffer Boye, down into our boat by a rope, he sitting in a chair, also the minister and those who were not able to help themselves. And when my captain, Christoffer Boye, had got into the boat, I gazed supplicatingly after him, and called out to him and begged him to bear me in mind, if he and I both lived, that I might come ashore as soon as possible. He waved to me with a kerchief and promised that, if he should survive, I should be conveyed to land at the first opportunity. And at parting, when they were about to be conveyed ashore, each party bade the other a loving farewell, leaving our next meeting in the hands and to the will of God.

Two of our people died while rowing to land and two more at table on shore, as they tasted fresh victuals. They were lovingly received in Johel[1], and given many kinds of food and precious drinks. My captain, Christoffer Boye, lived two nights, and then died, and was given an honourable funeral and burial, costing 300 dollars[2]. A great iron bell which had not been rung for thirteen years was used on his funeral day, as a last honour and token of esteem, together with other fitting ceremonies. I was not ashore when these things happened.

The same night as our boat went ashore from the ship, it was sent back again by the highest in the town of Johel with a plenty of drink and victuals, *viz.* two whole oxen, twelve sheep slaughtered, twelve barrels of strong beer, two casks of biscuits and two of hard ship's bread of rye; one cask of butter, three casks of wine, one of which was of French brandy, another of Spanish wine and the third of French

[1] Youghal.

[2] Presumably at the cost of the *Pearl*. No details of the burial have been found.

mass-wine[1]. There were also new plates, wheat, two kinds of salt, vinegar, jugs and vessels, also herbs and wholesome green foods, also many kinds of distilled wine[2], and tobacco. With the boat came a few of our people who had been ashore, together with the English[3] who had been hired in the town to row.

And the next day a hundred men were taken and chosen at the town hall to be both watchmen and guardians of our ship and goods while sickness was so rife among our own people, and until the vessel could be got into harbour. These hundred men swore an oath on their souls and bodies that all their conduct, while their watch should last, should be honest and upright, without any false dealing. And further, that if a shot were heard from our vessel, even when they were ashore, they should make all haste out to her.

For it so happened that at that time a notorious and much hated robber and freebooter (as they are called) was constantly cruising in those waters, and often used violence against merchants and honest sailors, causing them terror by his robberies, murders and manslayings. His name was Captain Compan[4], a man of low birth and a Fleming by race[5]. He had seven ships under his command and offered odds to many, as had recently happened at that time, when in the Spanish Main he offered battle to thirty-two vessels all in one company, of the kind which ply to Spain, and of which but few have as many as twelve guns. By such-like deeds he maintained himself for many years. He had a wife and children in Holland. He was a man of much experience, surpassing all others both at sea and in drinking-bouts, and much practised in navigation. The High *Stater*, States and Gover-

[1] Sacramental wine. Here again we seem to have exaggeration. The food appears greatly in excess for the needs of about 100 very sick men! But it may have been meant to cover rations for the guard of 100 able-bodied seamen mentioned below.

[2] By distilled wines spirits seem to be meant.

[3] The men would be Irish, not English.

[4] The name of this pirate, which is variously spelt, appears to have been Captain Claes Campane.

[5] Here again Jón uses Fleming for Dutchman, as is evident from what follows.

nors of Holland[1] had written a gracious letter to this man, urging him to desist from this evil life and mend his ways utterly, and they offered him the highest command at sea in Holland, with some kind of privileges. With this letter was sent a loving appeal from his lawful wife; but all this impressed him not a whit, for he well knew how much their advice and offer were worth, and the daily condemnation of his conscience told him how little he was worthy of them; and therefore he would not risk the venture. His drummer, by name Cornelis, had sickened of scurvy on this man's own ship, and been put ashore, and he came to us in Johel in Ireland and was tended with us. Later, he came with the *Pearl* to Denmark. He told us much about him and clearly described to us all his ways at sea and on land, how he had psalms and prayers sung both evening and morning, and other such Christian customs, and yet lived in his piracy and execrable crimes[2].

[1] The States-General.

[2] At the time when the *Pearl* arrived off Youghal, Campane was enjoying a "Protection," not "Pardon," from the King of England, first granted in October 1624 and subsequently renewed. In February 1625 after vainly endeavouring to obtain leave "to revictual and begone to sea to look for more booty," he came to terms with the Lord Deputy of Ireland and agreed to pay £10,000 for "His Majesty's pardon after a voyage to sea to fetch his wealth," and he was accordingly granted further protection. In May 1625, however, the matter of the pardon for "Campane the pirate" was still in abeyance and he was "hovering about" the West of Ireland. Further negotiations took place and Campane was again granted short periods of protection in 1626 and 1627. In the spring of the latter year he arrived on the West Coast of Ireland, supported by four "full ships" and claimed that he had "the King's protection and pardon from the States of Holland." It was reported that the booty in the ships was considerable, "all in Barbary duccats." After this date there is no further mention of Campane in the *State Papers*. See *Calendar of State Papers, Ireland*, 1615–32, Index, s.v. Campane.

CHAPTER XXX

NOW I must tell how, when the provisions had come out to the ship, and we were to taste fresh victuals that night, our steward gave each of us leave to choose whatever he desired to partake of first, whether of food or drink. Some asked for bread, others for cheese, and some for eggs, until the meal could be prepared. I asked for one drink of ale. And when I had taken near half a pint I handed what was left in the pint-pot back to the steward, and I was helped up on deck and forward to the beak, and I wound a rope round each wrist and placed myself on the stool, and for nearly a whole round of the clock I had no consciousness of myself, nor knew what went on around me, until I returned to my full senses. It seemed to me then as if I had been relieved of the burden as of a whole mountain, and as if God had given me a new life. When I came below decks again to my comrades, the stewards and others were startled to see me alive, and declared that in truth they had supposed that I was lying somewhere dead. While I was away two others had died. And soon after my good friend Erik Lange[1] died, and also good old Niels Geertsen[2]. Thus, from the time we sailed from India until we had made harbour in Ireland, we lost thirty-five of our best people, amongst them the mate Jakob[3], Niels Geertsen, his first assistant[4], with his stepson Andreas[5]; Master William the surgeon, one of the two sailmakers, and our master-gunner, Søren Knabstrup[6], a very violent man.

[1] See p. 149.

[2] Assistant merchant in the *Christianshavn* on the outward voyage. See the list on p. 33.

[3] Jacob Adrianssen, boatswain in the *Christianshavn*, who died off the Cape. See p. 205, n. 2.

[4] This must be a lapse of memory on Jón's part, unless Niels Gertzen, assistant merchant in the *Christianshavn* in the outward voyage, shipped in a different capacity in the *Pearl*.

[5] This may be Anders Michelsen (see p. 33, n. 2), also an assistant merchant.

[6] This man was mentioned on p. 14 and on the day of Jón's accident, but not by name (see p. 196). Mads Rassmussen says that "of the 143 common sailors and petty officers [of the *Pearl*] only 75 souls were left, and of these many were in very frail health."

It was near eight days before a rudder of deal was made, which served for the occasion, to bring the ship into harbour at spring-tide. For we had to wait for that, as three shallows lay right across the harbour mouth[1], where the entrance was, and over each were moored barrels to serve as buoys. It was one day before we got our great vessel into harbour—her draught, with cargo, was twenty-two feet, across the upper deck she measured seven fathoms, and seven fathoms also from the quarterdeck to the sea; forty fathoms from stem to stern and forty fathoms from the highest point of the mast to the sea[2]—that we saw two large vessels about a sea-mile to seaward of us, but to them we seemed to lie off the shore. Instantly a shot was fired and the hundred sworn men came with all speed, according to their oath, to defend us. But by the grace of the blessed God these vessels held off. It was Captain Compan[3], and he was greatly vexed that we had escaped from his clutches by such a chance, when he learnt later of our situation.

On the Saturday before the festival of Whitsuntide[4], about the ninth hour of the morning, which is about the time we break our fast in Iceland, all these men being on board with us, and many of the chief men of the town of Johel, through the faithful guidance of the pilot who had first reached us, and for the sum agreed upon, we were manœuvred and towed

[1] Jón's "three shallows" must be the Bar Rocks, described in *The Coast of Ireland Pilot*, 1893, as lying "on the outer edge of the bar of Youghal harbour, with but three feet of water over them at low water" and consisting of "three irregular patches extending four cables in length and one cable in breadth." Their situation is now marked by a black conical buoy.

[2] Mr G. Laird Clowes, to whom these dimensions were referred, tells me that "the first three figures are probably right, but both the '40 fathoms' are quite impossible for any ship of that period. A reading of 25 fathoms, however, in each case would be reasonable."

[3] For the pirate, Captain Claes Campane, see note 2 on p. 227.

[4] Jón's dates must be wrong here. He says (p. 222) that it was on the "next" Sunday after Ascension Day (18 May 1625) that the Scilly Islands were sighted, after which the *Pearl* was again stormbound for eight days before she drifted outside Youghal harbour. Here he tells us that it was "near eight days" before the rudder was fixed, which would make the date about 4 June, whereas the Saturday before Whit Sunday fell on 17 May in 1625. Rasmussen, however, says that it was on the Saturday *after* Whit Sunday that the *Pearl* went in to the "town of Jockall in Ireland," which statement solves the difficulty.

over the sand bar[1], without any damage to ship or cargo, to an anchorage close under the town, as good as a man could possibly wish for himself. All the time we were sailing in, every mother's child in the town stood at the very edge of the sea, both on the town side and on the opposite side of the estuary. It seemed to us a most excellent pleasant place, and a fair countryside wherever one looked.

Ireland is a good, fertile and fair land of corn and cattle, so that at that time seventeen hundred live oxen were sent to England as tribute every year. For this special ships are used, which they call meat-ships[2]. There is also much other slaughtered meat, which is conveyed to England almost daily. An ox is there worth four dollars, a sheep one dollar. But such fat sheep I have never seen anywhere[3].

When our pilot began to sail to the harbour, he bade all the people fall on their knees in prayer, and ask God for favourable progress and a good ending to the task begun. And afterwards, when the prayers had been said, he commanded that every man should be silent and should utter no word until the vessel had cleared the shallows, and that we should stand by the bulwarks on either side. All the which was duly observed, so that the man who stood at the helm should not be disturbed, and should hear no word save only those uttered by the pilot. And when he had slipped over the innermost bar the pilot and all on board gave a great shout of joy, and then all that great concourse on shore shouted too, as though with one voice, each removing his hat from his head. After all those on board had given humble thanks to Almighty God, with praise for His mercy vouchsafed to us, in that we had made harbour without mishap, the guns were fired off, and so also in the castle on land[4]—trumpets blown, drums

[1] Blackball Ledge, half a mile east of Bar Rocks, now marked by Red Can buoy. See *Coast of Ireland Pilot*, 1893.

[2] A subsidy was paid by Ireland to England in money and cows at this date, but I have failed to find the actual amount of cattle so exported. See *Calendar of State Papers, Ireland*, 1615, p. 86.

[3] Jón, as an Icelander, would naturally be impressed by the size and fatness of the Irish sheep and cattle, the "only chief riches" of the kingdom at that period. See *op. cit.* p. 86.

[4] Perhaps Clay Castle, at the entrance of Youghal harbour, is meant. See

beaten amid general rejoicings, and we were landed on the fair sands, where a great multitude had assembled.

An excellent woman, Elizabeth, married to a sea-captain named William Giæers[1], came up to me, after she had scanned us all, and took me by the hand and considered me for a while, asking me my name and whence I was. And when I had answered her fully she asked if I would not go with her to her home and confide myself to her nursing and care. I said that I would thankfully and willingly accept her offer. So she led me away by the hand, as a mother leads her beloved child, and my comrades gazed after us. When I entered her house she bade me welcome to all it contained, and to all she could do for me, and she set before me fresh victuals and good ale, carving for me herself. She told me that the right hand of her late lamented father had suffered the same injury as mine, and that it was the memory of his sufferings which had urged her to benefit me, when she saw me. She asked my leave to seek out another of our people, so that the two of us might enjoy the same tendance. She left me, and came back with our steward Peter Frandsen, and she had us under her maternal care and tendance for full eleven weeks.

Now I must tell how the captain of the *Pearl*, Sixt Jacobsen, was vexed with the five of us who refused to lie with the multitude of fifty-two men who lay in one sick-house, and all bedridden; and therefore he threatened that we must pay for ourselves, and not one penny would he expend for us, saying we had flouted his offer and the loving care of the Company[2], wherein he spoke not truth, for we thought at first that each would find lodgings and landlord for himself, wherever he could. These were the five men: the minister Master Matthias, the steward Peter, Christian Johansen, Anders Ólafsen[3]

Coast of Ireland Pilot, 1893. Youghal was a fortified town at this period.

[1] It is not possible, from Jón's rendering of the name, to guess the nationality of this man.

[2] The Danish East India Company.

[3] Mads Rasmussen, chaplain of the *Pearl*; Peter Frandsen, steward; Christian Hansen, cook's mate; Anders Ólafsen, gunner. The last three were members of the crew of the *Christianshavn* (see the list on p. 33).

and I Jón Ólafsson. Thus quickly did I come to miss my dear friend, as it were my father, Captain Christoffer Boye, who was now asleep in God.

The inhabitants strove to show us all honour, most of the better folk in the neighbourhood visiting us and our ship in their pitifulness and compassion, and bringing us something fresh and useful for nourishment, many kinds of wine and herbs. Among them, moreover, was a great number of the nobility, men and women, both English and Irish, noble matrons and maidens, who showed great courtesy and condescension, bidding God be praised, in that He had delivered us and sent us thither out of such dangers and perils of the sea. All prayed for our recovery, that each of us might return safe and sound to his own country, and find his friends again, when we departed. Further, there visited us the noble Count of Cork, the highest of the three counts who had governance and authority over Ireland at that time[1], on behalf of the King of England, Carolus Stuart[2]. He was termed the President[3], and he came with his excellent spouse and their two children, one son and one daughter[4], and they gave three Jacobus[5] to us, the ship's crew, which is reckoned at twelve dollars, for drink, and to make merry with. It was seldom that we did not have visits from strangers every day, and these gave us money, so that we daily feasted with music and great merriment.

This count invited the half of our people to be entertained at his home in Cork, which we humbly and thankfully

[1] Richard Boyle, 1st Earl of Cork (1566–1643), the "great earl," who made a fortune from the purchase of Sir Walter Raleigh's Irish possessions. In 1616 he was created Lord Boyle, Baron of Youghal, and in 1620 Viscount Dungarven and Earl of Cork. Jón's description of him as ruling Ireland jointly with two other Earls is incorrect. When news reached Denmark of the hospitality shown to the Danes by the Earl of Cork and the town of Youghal, King Christian sent a gift of £100 to the town and a gold chain and medal bearing his portrait to the Earl as a token of gratitude. The mayor of Youghal replied in a Latin address. See D. Townshend, *Life and Letters of the Great Earl of Cork*, pp. 111–12.

[2] Charles I of England, who became King 25 March 1625.

[3] Jón is here referring to the Earl of Cork and means apparently that he was called "the President" of Ireland.

[4] Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, had seven sons and eight daughters.

[5] Jacobus, an old English coin, struck under James I, worth about 24*s*., but by Jón's reckoning about 48*s*.

accepted, whereupon he bade us follow him. And when we reached the castle we were nobly feasted with meat and drink and entertained with other excellent things, with all hospitality and consideration for three days and three nights, after which we travelled back to the place where our vessel lay[1]. But on the road, as we travelled back, the Irish country folk kindled great fires on high mountains every night, with much dancing round the fires by great multitudes both of men and women, with junketings and merrymaking. This is the old custom of the Irish people, which they have observed from the most ancient times, maintaining that all goes better with them if they continue it, than if they should let it drop. This is, as it were, their faith, and though the English have tried to wean them from the custom, and sternly forbidden it, the Irish have obstinately refused to give up their fires and dances, which have become the custom and habit of the countryside[2]. All this the Irish displayed to us in their

[1] Dr Blöndal informs me that the version of Jón's narrative in MS. C has the following variation of the account of the visit to the Earl of Cork.

"This Count, whom I take to have been the same who was later beheaded in England, invited us all, together with our captain, up to Cork, to a feast there, and considered it a great honour that he could get us to be his guests, for he said that he had neither known nor heard of any travellers to the East Indies having arrived in that country and that harbour. And a few days after he had visited us the second time we went with our great boat, 52 men in all, up to Cork. We were feasted for two days with honourable treatment and respect by this noble lord and his lady, and in their conversation with us they were very gracious and reckoned it an honour that they were able to show us the greatest friendliness and hospitality. Thereafter we travelled home again to our ship, after having taken leave of them and thanked them respectfully."

Dr Blöndal notes that the conjecture that the Earl of Cork was subsequently executed is incorrect and that probably there is a confusion between him and the Earl of Strafford (Thomas Wentworth) who was beheaded in 1641. He is of opinion that the passage quoted above is the first rough draft of the original and that it was later corrected and abbreviated by Jón or supplied by Magnússon from memory, which would explain the difference regarding the length of stay, etc. Dr Blöndal further observes that "it is very improbable that the 52 men travelled in the 'great boat' from Youghal to Cork, but the matter can be explained thus: The Earl of Cork invited the crew to visit him at his country seat of Lismore on the Blackwater River, a comparatively easy trip with a boat from Youghal. Jón probably thought that this place was the one from which the Earl took his name and therefore called it 'Cork.'"

[2] This passage was referred to the Folklore Society and through the courtesy of the Secretary I obtained the following illuminating note from

friendship as we were returning to our ship. And on our return our officers despatched home to Denmark the two gentlemen who had been passengers on board[1], to advise His Majesty and the Company of the damage we had suffered, and to see to other matters which we needed to arrange for, as for instance, the conveying of our letters to kinsfolk and friends.

one of the greatest authorities on the subject, Miss Eleanor Hull. She writes: "The date is rather vague but it would appear almost certain that these must have been the Midsummer Fires lighted on all the hills of Ireland on or about Midsummer Day, 24 June, a custom still kept up in some districts to the present day. Bonfires were lighted, and as they burned low, the dancing of the country people who gathered round commenced. The lads and lasses jumped over the embers to secure marriage and luck during the succeeding months, and the cattle were driven over the still burning wood or through a lane between two bonfires to preserve them from murrain. In Ireland the fire festival seems to have been originally held on May Eve or May Day and to have been transferred under Christian influence to St John Baptist's Day.

"As regards the statement that 'the English have tried to wean them from the custom and sternly forbidden it,' it was the policy of English rule in Ireland through several centuries to discourage all practices and customs differentiating the Irish population from the English settlers." Miss Hull notes the following authorities on the subject: Brand, *Popular Antiquities*, I, pp. 303–5; W. G. Wood Martin, *Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland*, I, pp. 280–2; E. Hull, *Folklore of the British Isles*, pp. 51, 71, 184–5, 250–1.

[1] For the names of the two passengers see p. 203 and n. 3. It was probably on receipt of their account of the hospitality shown by the inhabitants of Youghal to the *Pearl* and her crew that the tokens of gratitude noted above were sent from Denmark.

CHAPTER XXXI

THESE gentlemen left Ireland early in the summer, and travelled to London in England, where they were delayed a whole month through a sickness which raged there at that time, very severely, so that it was reckoned that for a fortnight six hundred men perished every day[1]. Moreover, one of the two himself fell sick, whereby their return journey was further delayed. But at last they reached Copenhagen safely, and reported our storm-tossed voyage to the East India Company, with what matters we were in need of. But the King had but recently repaired to Germany, to fight against the Emperor and the Papists, a war which lasted several years and ended grievously for Denmark (which suffered sorely thereby, for the Emperor's people harried Holstein and Jutland with sword, fire and pillage, destroying and burning towns and villages, killing men and violating maids and matrons, as is the wont of soldiery[2]). For this reason the Company was hindered from sending quickly that which we needed and had desired of them, chiefly food and rigging, sails and spars, and a rudder for the *Pearl* (for it had been entirely carried away, as I have narrated before), and various other matters which we stood in need of.

About this time the news of our troublous voyage reached Holland. Whereupon Simon Johansen, who had been our chief merchant on the voyage out[3], and who was settled in

[1] The year 1625 was that of the third great London plague, with 35,417 deaths. See *Encyc. Brit.* s.v. Plague.

[2] It was, as Jón says, in 1625 that Denmark took an active part in the Thirty Years' War, which had begun in 1618 with the claim of Frederick, Elector Palatine, to the throne of Bohemia. In the spring of 1625 Christian IV raised an army in his own territory, was later joined by the mercenary forces of Ernst von Mansfeld, and in 1626 the united Protestant army numbered 60,000 men; but Mansfeld was defeated by Wallenstein in April and Christian IV by Tilly in August, after which the war dragged on intermittently until 1648, the belligerent countries being preyed upon by the ill-paid troops of all parties.

[3] See p. 33 and numerous references to his list of the crew of the *Christianshavn*.

Holland, undertook to collect what he understood we lacked. Late in the summer he himself arrived on a vessel with all stores and well-packed victuals, long before the Danes brought these things from Copenhagen. He and his people repaired the *Pearl* entirely, so that she was ready to sail before the others arrived. This Simon Johansen had sailed all round the world with the Dutch, a much-travelled man, well known in many countries[1].

[1] Mads Rasmussen says nothing of Simon Johansen's assistance. He accounts for the long delay of the *Pearl* in Youghal harbour as follows: "We wished many times to get under sail, but our wishes were not granted till a whole year and 22 days had elapsed, partly on account of the sickness of the crew, partly on account of dissensions among the officers, which led to disloyalty and wrong accounts on our arrival home."

CHAPTER XXXII

AFTER these gentlefolk departed from us we constantly had visits from strangers, both Irish and English, as I have said before. Among others, there came to us one very wealthy man, whom they called *gentilmann*, and he was half a nobleman[1]. This wealthy man travelled at great expense quite 120 miles from the interior of the island, over three great rivers, which lay in his path, to visit us, and sojourned among us fourteen or fifteen days, partly on shipboard and partly on land, and feasted us every day. But on one occasion, as he and our Rector and others were drinking together in a house on shore, this rich *gentilmann* took out his purse, and said that on his departure from home it had contained sixty rose nobles in gold[2], besides other money in silver. All this, he said, he had expended on this journey, and now it contained but four rose nobles, which he said he would need for his journey homeward, since he had to cross three great rivers, and it cost him a rose noble to ferry over each of them. And he emptied these four rose nobles out of his purse into the palm of his hand, and held them up thus for a jest, being in his cups. But our Rector[3], being merry, struck up the other's hand with his, so that all four rose nobles were hurtled out of his hand, and across the table and on to the floor. Whereat there were high words, as was to be expected, and in their heat they pushed aside the table in order to fight, but were pacified by the good offices of others who stood by. All thought it an ill-return of the Rector's for the benefits which this *gentilmann* had conferred on us with his generosity, courtesy and daily feasting. Afterwards these four rose nobles were searched for, both under the table and everywhere else in the house that men could think of, but only three were

[1] An esquire or landed proprietor is apparently meant.

[2] See p. 223 and vol. 1, p. 60, n. 1.

[3] This man cannot be Christoffer van der Mohlen, Rector of Dansborg, if Jón's story that he was sent by Crappe to the Moluccas in the *Jupiter* in 1624 is correct, for that ship had not returned when the *Pearl* left India. See p. 183 and n. 4.

found. The one which was missing was never found. After all this to-do this rich man left us on his homeward journey. But after his departure a rumour arose and was bruited abroad among us—whether true or false, I know not—that our Rector himself must have stolen this gold piece, and this report gained strength as time passed, so that it was generally believed that he had laid a thief's hand on the coin.

During this time Simon Johansen and his people and ourselves were engaged in refitting the *Pearl* with rigging and what else was lacking, both to her and to ourselves, and the most part of us were on board. But on account of the bar[1], the vessel had not put out of harbour, for we must needs wait for the highest tide. And about this time, when we had waited so long, it chanced that our people were talking of the report which made the Rector guilty of the taking of the gold piece. Now there was a coldness between the Rector and Hans, the cook[2], whom I have already spoken of. This man said he would soon put an end to this evil rumour. And one morning, while the Rector lay in his bed in the cabin, this evil fellow Hans the cook ran in with a large black-handled knife in his hand, and plunged it into his lungs, just under the collar-bone, so that he lay there dead in his bed. Whereupon Hans ran out of the cabin with evil mien and glowering countenance and on to the upper deck, quite beside himself, with the bloody knife in his hand, and swaggered to and fro, brandishing it in the face of any of the crew who were in his path with many awful threats. And though six or seven men leapt upon him at once he shook them all off as though it were nothing, until he came to where I stood, and seized me with one hand by my jersey, while the other brandished that blood-stained black-handled knife in front of me, so that it seemed as if the upshot must be that he would thrust me through with it and so kill me.

I pleaded with him as best I could, to the extent of my little ability and knowledge, but he paid small heed, but continually threatened me with the same awful fate, until at last,

[1] See p. 229.
[2] See p. 204.

by God's assistance, he flung away from me, and raged up and down the deck in a great passion, dreadful to look upon, with his knife, saying that he could put an end to us all as well as to himself, if he willed. But we tried to soothe him, using fair words and persuasion, and promising him our good offices with the authorities, that he might not pay the uttermost penalty for the murder, if he would but be pacified. At this he quieted down somewhat, and more or less willingly permitted himself to be taken prisoner by us all, and he was then set with his feet in the stocks, and his hands fettered, forward by the windlass.

Shortly after we had left him and gone aft, when only those few were near him who were set on guard over him, he said to them that he would show them what power or capacity they had to put fetters on him, as they had done, and instantly, in their presence, he shook them off and went freely and unhindered up and down the ship again, with ugly temper and evil mien, saying that if we vexed him at all, he would kill us every man.

I went up to him and uttered some persuasive words, whereat he became calmer and said that if we and the officers would faithfully promise that he should not come to the gallows, according to Irish law, but rather be executed with a sword for his misdeed, he would conduct himself quietly. This all promised him. And then it was to be observed by his words, that he must have made a contract with the devil for twenty-one years, this being the twentieth, for he went to the bulwark and took a slip of paper or a tablet from his bosom, and flung it far out to sea, saying that now the devil had no further claim on him, since the twenty-one years agreed upon were not run out, and he added that he was well content to die for his misdeed.

Thereupon he was again put in irons on the ship, and later conveyed to land, and placed in a walled prison with a guard outside, and some days afterwards he was condemned to death on the gallows, according to Irish law, and led out to the place of execution under a strong guard. And when he saw the gallows and knew that he was to be hanged he declared himself betrayed by his countrymen and his officers,

who had promised that he should be beheaded; and he further said that if he had known beforehand of their faithlessness he would not have let himself be taken so easily. After this speech the Irish made haste with his hanging, and thus he ended his evil life in this world, dying without repentance. This happened late in the summer, after we had come into the Irish harbour, which was the sixth or seventh Sunday after Easter in the year 1625[1]. There was no other event of interest during this time, so far as my memory serves me.

And when the *Pearl* was entirely refitted and repaired by the labours of Simon Johansen and his people, and ourselves, he desired to sail away, and made great preparations to tow the *Pearl* out of the harbour at spring-tide; but these failed, so that we had to remain where we were for the time.

And about this time, or but little later, came the vessel from Copenhagen, which the East India Company had sent to meet us, according to our message, with provisions and all else needed to repair the *Pearl*. The master of this vessel was the same who had been our captain on our voyage to India with the deceased Christoffer Boye[2]. Now when this vessel arrived in Ireland the *Pearl* was fully repaired and lay in the harbour ready to sail, if she could have got out; but in this she was hindered, as I have mentioned, by the two sand bars which lay across the harbour mouth[3]. And because this dallying and waiting with the *Pearl* continued so wearisomely, and since there was now a plenty of seamen to go home with the *Pearl* (for Simon Johansen desired his people to remain on her and to sail with her himself to Copenhagen, as, having repaired her, he wished to make sure of his costs from the East India Company)—and because the captain, Sixt[4], thought the crew over-many for the victuals, he desired that those who were passengers home from India by the *Pearl*,

[1] For "Easter" we should probably read "Trinity." The seventh Sunday after Easter would be Whit Sunday, which fell on 18 May in 1625.

[2] Peter Andersen. See the list on p. 33. His name does not appear in Simon Johansen's list, which, however, Dr Blöndal thinks, is incomplete. The "vessel from Copenhagen" was apparently the *Flensburg*, man-of-war, mentioned by Rasmussen.

[3] See note 1 on p. 229.

[4] Sixt Jacobsen.

and who were not the proper crew, should leave her and take passages home for themselves. Amongst these was I. Firstly, we greatly longed to be back in Copenhagen, and secondly, we knew not how long the *Pearl* might lie there (as she had not got out with the highest tide); moreover, Sixt Jacobsen would not give board-money at the Company's expense to us, who had lain sore sick on land (of whom five had passed away in Ireland, besides those who had died ere they reached the shore)[1]. So our purses were wellnigh empty. Fifthly, we had no great mind to live together with such a multitude of many faiths as was now on the *Pearl*, namely Papists, Calvinists, Anabaptists, Jesuits[2] and others. So we let the captain have his way with us, and in the autumn of 1625 we fifty-three men, who had been passengers on the homeward voyage by the *Pearl*, hired a vessel in Ireland which took us to the northern part of Helgeland in Norway[3]. We arrived there shortly before the beginning of winter, and made our way partly by land and partly by ship through Norway and Jutland and arrived in Copenhagen about a fortnight or three weeks after the beginning of winter, after a toilsome journey. We had left all our possessions on the *Pearl*, except for what little each of us had been able to take with him for journey-money, of which the most part was spent when we reached home. But everything else that was ours we had left behind on the *Pearl*, since we could not take it with us, and moreover we had thought that the *Pearl* would arrive soon after us, which was not the case[4]. All my effects had been under the charge and keeping of my good captain the deceased Christoffer Boye, for when I received my injury in India everything was valued, with witnesses, and reckoned up by Indian reckoning, and at once taken to the cabin, to be returned to me if God should grant

[1] See note 6 on p. 228 for Rasmussen's estimate of the casualties during the voyage.

[2] Dr Blöndal remarks that Jón seems to have thought that the Jesuits were a special sect and that his memory has played him false in stating that there were some of the Order on the ship.

[3] Helgeland, part of the province of Nordland, in Norway, north of Trondhjem.

[4] As we learn from Rasmussen, the *Pearl* did not sail from Youghal until 2 July 1626.

me recovery, or to my heirs if I died. And so it would in all truth have been, if God had allowed the deceased to survive, for he was honest and upright and would never have unjustly taken possession of anything. Now the value of these effects, with the chest and all it contained, was reckoned at 600 rix-dollars[1]. But Indian goods which are sold at home in Copenhagen yield ten times as much as they were purchased for in India, so that what is bought there for one rixdollar fetches ten in Copenhagen.

When we arrived in Copenhagen the King was in Germany, engaged in the war which he waged on behalf of the Lutherans against the Emperor[2], but his eldest son, Prince Christian the Fifth[3], and the Council ruled the kingdom in his absence. Of these, during the winter, I made humble supplication and entreaty, desiring His Majesty's most gracious decision and verdict, as also his good aid, that the East India Company should pay me for the injury to my hand, according to conditions contained in the articles, seeing that I was become wholly unfitted to earn my living with my hands. In like manner I desired that His Majesty would deign to consider my poverty and pitiable condition, that I might receive some post in my own country, on one of the royal manors or out of the royal revenues, that I might gain a certain livelihood thereby, seeing that I had been in the royal service and served His Majesty for full ten years. Which plea my good master[4] received well and favourably, and entrusted me with his missive to the Governor of Iceland[5], bidding him see to my affair without delay, the which letter ran as follows:

"Christian the Fifth[6], by God's grace chosen Prince of Denmark, Norway, the Wends[7] and the Goths, Appointed Regent during the

[1] About £120. 10s. in English money.

[2] Ferdinand II, Emperor of Germany. See note 2 on p. 235 for the share of Denmark in the Thirty Years' War.

[3] Duke Christian, eldest son and heir-apparent of Christian IV, who died a year before his father, in 1647. See vol. I, Index, s.v. Christian, Duke and Crown Prince.

[4] Prince Christian.

[5] Holger Rosenkrands, Governor of Iceland 1620–33. (B.S.P.)

[6] He did not live to become Christian V, but was evidently known as such while acting as Regent.

[7] A term applied by the Germans to the Slavs.

absence of His royal Majesty our beloved Father and most gracious King.

"Our favour etc. Whereas the bearer Jón Ólafsson, Icelander, has humbly complained to us how having been for a while in the service of His royal Majesty, and having since taken part in the voyage to the East Indies, he became maimed there, so that he may not gain his livelihood by the labour of his hands, and therefore desireth the charges upon some manor in Iceland for his support. We therefore request and graciously desire you to be of assistance to him according to his wish, that he may receive the annual charges upon some manor in the said Iceland. Given under our signet at Koldinghuus[1] this 23rd of March, in the year of grace 1626. Christian."

Further, I made a plea and humble supplication to the gracious ship-owners of the East India Company, desiring that by their favour and compassion they would grant me something towards my support, for the injury and loss of fingers, which I had suffered on that voyage, while in their service, according to the clauses and conditions of the articles[2]. Some of them were favourably inclined to my appeal, but others murmured against it, so that there were divisions among them, and they could not decide whether my injury should be reckoned as though I had lost my right or my left hand, or whether it should be valued at less. They came to no agreement, wherefore they referred the matter to His Majesty's decision and arbitration, when he should return from Germany to Copenhagen from the war which he was waging against the Emperor and the German papists on behalf of the league of Lutheran allied princes, whose protector and general he was. This war had a miserable and grievous issue, so that His Danish Majesty lost all his own and the Lutheran army that winter, at the battle of Leipsic[3],

[1] Kolding, on the mainland of Jutland, on the west shore of the Little Belt.

[2] In the "Articles of War," among other things, a promise was held out to the soldiers that the King would provide for such as happened to be maimed in his service. The like rules applied in the ships of the [Danish] East India Company and there was a list of rates of compensation for different injuries. For the loss of a right hand 500 Brabant guilders were paid and 400 for a left hand, etc. (B.)

[3] The battle took place, not in the neighbourhood of Leipsic, but near Lutteram-Barenbarge on 27 August 1626. (B.)

and only escaped with difficulty, with two companions. The Germans and Monsur Tilly[1], who was the Emperor's general, took possession of the Danish King's camp with all the booty it contained, and immediately thereafter invaded our King's lands and kingdom, Skåne and Jutland, with a great army, two or three nights after the King had returned. They came unawares, and no preparations had been made against them, so that they burnt and destroyed towns and castles, robbed and stole all that they could lay their hands on, and ill-treated the people, both men and women, whom they violated wherever they gained the upper hand, as the printed reports fully testify which were published at the time.

And since the plight of the kingdom was so sore, and the King's time fully taken up, my plea for compensation could not be laid before His Majesty at once, so that I got nothing. And when I perceived that this would not serve me, several of my good friends advised me to give a warrant of attorney to some worthy person in Copenhagen, to claim and receive payment of the sum which His Majesty should adjudge me from the Company for my injury. For I was desirous of returning that summer to my own poor country, travelling on one of the merchant ships. For after my accident all my mind was turned from Denmark. My good advisers told me that His Majesty would certainly favourably consider my case according to the conditions laid down in the articles, so soon as he had more leisure, and less to think upon. Accordingly I gave power of attorney to my good friend and benefactor Søren the tailor[2], as follows:

"I Jón Ólafsson born in Iceland do hereby acknowledge and by this open letter make known to all, that I name and appoint the honourable and esteemed Søren Villatsson, citizen of and domiciled here in Copenhagen, to act in my stead, and give him full authority to accept and receive on my behalf and in my absence, with the same right as if I were present in my own person, whatever becomes due to me, in accordance with the prescriptions of His Majesty's articles, for the great injury which I received in the

[1] The celebrated general of the Emperor Ferdinand, John Teerclaes Count of Tilly, 1559–1632.

[2] Søren Villadsen (Villatsson). See vol. 1, p. 190.

service of the Company, upon the voyage to the East Indies; *viz.*, the first three fingers on the right hand, half the thumb on the left hand, and also the next finger thereto, which is become crooked, and the little finger on the same hand is become stiff, in sum, that I am not able to button my garments, much less to earn my bread, as is known to God and to the gentlemen of the Company themselves, they having seen it with their own eyes. To which I append my humble entreaty that you, good gentlemen, will allow this my representative, Søren Villatsson, to receive payment of so much money as you will grant me on these counts, according to your Christian consciences, and as you can answer for to God and the civil authorities. In proof and surer confirmation of the truth of the above, I subscribe my name with my own hand. Given at Copenhagen the 10th May, Anno 1626.

Jón Ólafsson, traveller to the East Indies, Icelander."

Though I had handed over this letter to the excellent tailor, Søren, neither I nor he received anything at all, though he frequently brought the matter up before the ship-owners, and so I had to put up with my injury and maiming without compensation. Further, the *Pearl* did not return to Copenhagen from Ireland, and on her were those goods which I and others possessed and had brought with us from India, had purchased with our money and pay, and which we had to leave behind when we left the vessel in Ireland and travelled home by Norway, as I have mentioned before. She did not return to Copenhagen that winter or spring, so long as I was there, which increased my cares, for I thus lost all these goods, which amounted to the value previously given, according to the true list made under the eye and by the care of my captain, the late Christoffer Boye, at the time when my accident befell me, as I have narrated before. All this I bade the tailor Søren take charge of on my behalf, with my power of attorney, and send to me in Iceland, if the vessel should not come before I left. And this he would surely have done if the goods had come into his hands, for he was an honest and upright fellow. He wrote to me later, when I was in Iceland, and told me that he had not received any part of my goods, for Captain Sixt Jacobsen had returned to Holland as soon as the cargo was discharged, having handed over to his heirs

the effects of the late Christoffer Boye, in whose charge my goods had been. But whether Sixt handed them over at the same time or took them to Holland, he could not discover. And so I lost them all, and had to go empty-handed away. And even though I might have gone abroad again later on their account, yet I did not know where they were to be found, or how I was to set about finding them, and it might have cost me more losses if I had attempted to find them, for which reason I let the matter slide, and sought after them no more.

CHAPTER XXXIII

WHEN the spring was over and the summer begun, the Iceland merchants fitted out their vessel for the voyage hither. I took a passage on the ship which was to sail for the harbour of Eyri in Skutilsfjörð[1]. I bade farewell to my good friends, comrades and acquaintances in Copenhagen, and so went on board in the name of Jesus. And some weeks later we arrived safe and sound in Skutilsfjörð.

[1] See vol. I, map facing p. 13.

to some good post here, for my support and livelihood during my lifetime, in consideration of my maiming and faithful service of His Majesty; and seeing that the East India Company would give me no compensation for the injury to my hand, which I got on the voyage in their service, although the articles expressly make mention of such[1]. In pursuance of my written entreaty, his princely Grace wrote a missive to the Governor of Iceland, Holger Rosenkrands[2], bidding his lordship help me to some good livelihood or occupation here. This missive of his Grace was later read aloud in the Courts of Laws enclosure at the Öxará *thing*[3], and its text is given earlier in this book[4].

So the winter passed, and in the spring the Iceland merchants made ready to sail to Iceland, and so also the Governor Holger Rosenkrands[5]. The most noble Prince Christian bade him take me in his charge and care, the which he faithfully performed, and he[6] arrived in his company at Seila near Bessastaðir[7], together with the Lord Bishop Thorlák Skúlason[8] and another Icelander.

But all that winter and far into the spring, until we sailed from Copenhagen, the *Pearl* never arrived from Ireland[9]. On that vessel, as I have said before, were my belongings, under the care of the admiral Sixt Jacobsen, who had taken charge of them, together with the other effects left by the late Christoffer Boye, for which he was responsible to his heirs,

[1] See p. 243, n. 2.

[2] See p. 242, n. 5.

[3] The Althing at Thingvellir was frequently thus called in later times, from the river Öxará, which falls into a chasm close to the place of meeting. The place was that originally selected in A.D. 930, just north of Thingvallavatn, a large lake about thirty miles east of Reykjavík.

[4] See p. 242.

[5] During his Governorship, from 1620 to 1633, Holger Rosenkrands usually visited Iceland each summer. See also vol. I, p. 126, n. 1 and p. 130, n. 2.

[6] That is, Jón. The writer abruptly returns to the third person.

[7] Seila, a little bay, near Bessastaðir, used as a harbour for the Governor's vessel. Bessastaðir, a few miles south of Reykjavík, was the residence of the Danish Governor and the centre of administration throughout the seventeenth century.

[8] Thorlák Skúlason was at this time Head of the Latin School. He became Bishop of Hólar (North Iceland) in 1628.

[9] See note 4 on p. 241.

who were in Saxony in Germany. For this reason Sixt Jacobsen held that he could not distinguish my goods from those of Christoffer Boye, nor deliver them up to my representative, the tailor Søren[1], because they were included in Christoffer Boye's effects; and thus neither he nor I could lay hands on my goods, and I had to go away empty-handed. But the day after the Iceland vessel had sailed out from Helsingør in the Sound, the *Pearl* arrived in the Sound from Ireland with the rich cargo[2].

The Governor's ship and all who were on her arrived at Bessastaðir before St John's Day[3], and there I remained until, with the Governor and his company, I travelled up to the Althing[4] at the appointed time, where I met many of the chief men of Iceland, such as Gísli Hákonsson[5] and Halldór Ólafsson[6], the law-men, Ari Magnússon, Björn and Thorleif, sons of Magnús[7], and many others, who offered me hospitality for the winter. These offers, however, I did not accept, except that I spent the winter with the worthy magnate Björn Magnússon at Bæ in Rauðasand[8], that is to say the winter ensuing upon that summer in which I came out. Of this, however, more hereafter.

I will now make mention of the two monkeys, one male and one female, which this Governor Holger Rosenkrands had out with him for his entertainment. The Icelanders, who had not seen such before, never wearied of gazing at them, and

[1] See p. 244.

[2] According to Mads Rasmussen, the *Pearl* reached Copenhagen on 30 July 1626.

[3] Midsummer Day, St John the Baptist's Day, 24 June.

[4] See note 3 on p. 249.

[5] Gísli Hákonarson, Law-man for the East and South, from 1614 to 1630, a distinguished man, famous for the fine house he built himself as for his abilities and culture. See Jón Sigurðsson, *Lögsögumanna og lögmanna tal á Íslandi*, p. 131 f., in *Safn til Sögu Íslands*, II, Copenhagen, 1886.

[6] Halldór Ólafsson, law-man for North and East Iceland 1619–38. He was also Sheriff for the district in which Jón's three farms were situated. See *infra*.

[7] For Magnús the Magnificent, see vol. I, p. 6, n. 3, and for his son Ari, see vol. I, p. 140, n. 1, p. 157, and *infra*. Björn was Sheriff of the Barðaströnd District, on the north side of the Breiðafjörð (west coast). Thorleif was Sheriff of the Skaptafell District in South Iceland.

[8] Rauðasand, west of Barðaströnd.

the Danes told them that they were East Indian folk, and that Jón Ólafsson understood and could interpret their speech, which the Icelanders believed, and one of them bowed and did reverence to this Indian couple, presenting them with four pairs of socks which he declared his wife had sent them: all this to the great entertainment of the Danes.

From the Althing of that year Jón Ólafsson accompanied the late Björn Magnússon to his home, and remained with him that summer. During the autumn he rode north to Álftafjörð in Ísafjörð Deep[1], there to meet his friends and kinsfolk. He sojourned there a while, and then that same autumn journeyed west again and remained at Bæ that winter. That same winter he was thirty-four years old, but thirty-three when he first returned to Iceland in 1626; and twenty-two when he first sailed hence to England, as is narrated in the first book. In all he had been abroad eleven years.

The same summer, Anno 1626, that Jón Ólafsson, the traveller to the Indies, came out to Bessastaðir with the Governor Holger Rosenkrands, the latter granted him the lease of three royal manors, according to the aforesaid missive of Prince Christian; namely Ingveldarstaðir, Dadastaðir and Skarð, to hold for the term of his natural life, with all the live stock pertaining thereto. The yearly payment to the King on these manors is fourteen rixdollars. They lie in Höfðaströnd[2] and had been granted to Ingjald of Reykir in Miðfjörð[3], but the Governor had that summer deprived him of them, owing to some difference they had[4], and gave them to the said Jón Ólafsson, as has been told. He held these manors for two years.

[1] See vol. I, map facing p. 13.

[2] Höfðaströnd, a district on the east side of Skagafjörð, in North Iceland. Jón's farms were, however, in Reykjaströnd, on the west side of the fjord. (B.)

[3] Miðfjörð, a small fjord, opening into Húnaflói, North Iceland.

[4] Ingjald of Reykir was a man of some importance, but I have found no reference to this quarrel. (B.S.P.)

CHAPTER II

HE found it inconvenient and costly to have the rents and dues of these manors yearly fetched to the west, hiring men and horses therefor; for he was here in Álftafjörð[1] with his kinsfolk, who would not let him leave them to live in the north, nor was he desirous of parting from his kinsfolk. Moreover, he had begun to consider entering upon wedlock here in the west, with the honourable gentlewoman Ingibjörg Olaf's daughter, who was housekeeper to the excellent Jón Magnússon junior[2] and his wife Ingveld, daughter of Guðmund of Eyri in Seyðisfjörð. This Ingibjörg was the twin-sister of Randíð, daughter of Sir Ólaf[3] who had the living of Stað in Súgandafjörð[4]. Randíð was married to Jón Ólafsson's brother. And since this yearly journey to the north was so arduous and costly, the outlays being but just covered by the income, he was not willing to hold these manors more than the said two years, and in the year 1628 gave them up to the beforementioned Ingjald of Reykir, who again received them. All these two years Jón Ólafsson lived with his kinsfolk in Álftafjörð, except that at times he visited other well-known persons of high station. These continually invited him to their houses: amongst others Ari Magnússon, Magnús Arason, Sir Jón Arason[5], Sœmund Árnason[6] of Hóll[7] in Buðlungavík, Gísli Hákonarson the law-man[8], and many others besides, among whom he was always welcome, having become a man of mark through his long service under His Majesty.

So the time passed until the summer of 1627, in the month of June, when the Turkish pirate vessels[9] made their appear-

[1] See vol. 1, map facing p. 13.
[2] A son of Magnús the Magnificent. See vol. 1, p. 6, n. 3, p. 167, n. 1.
[3] For "Sir" as a title for clergymen, see vol. 1, p. 6, n. 2.
[4] A small fjord, south of Ísafjörð Deep.
[5] Sons of Ari Magnússon.
[6] Sheriff of the Snæfell District, west coast.
[7] See vol. 1, map facing p. 13.
[8] See note 5 on p. 250.
[9] For the raid of the Algerian pirates on Iceland in 1627, see *Tyrkjaránið á Íslandi* 1627, pub. by the Sögufjelag, 1906–9; Knut Gjerset, *Hist. of Iceland*.

ance here in the Eastern Firths, at Grindavík[1] and in the Vestmann Islands[2], and carried off both men and cattle in those places, as is told in the Journal of the minister, Sir Ólaf Egilsson, who at that time was minister in the Vestmann Islands, and whom they also took prisoner and carried off with 242 others, according to the writing of Cláus Eyjúlfsson[3]. But thirty-four persons were found in the Vestmann Islands, dead and burnt, besides those who had perished at their hands in the Eastern Firths and at Grindavík. These Turkish robbers also carried off three Iceland-going vessels, namely the merchant ships from Djúpavog[4], Grindavík and Skutilsfjörð[5], together with the merchants, cargoes and crews.

That same summer there came to Iceland two English warships, sent by the King of England to capture French vessels in port or at sea, wherever they might come across them. These English warships were commanded by Captain Húuk[6] and Captain Trille[7]. They sailed along the west coast and did not come across the Turkish pirates in the south, when they sailed by. But in the west, off Látrabjárg in Breiðafjörð[8], they found a French whaling-vessel lying at anchor, and engaged in melting down blubber. And since there was war and enmity between the French and English, these captains, Húuk and Trille, had the permission of the English King James[9] to seize these Frenchmen wheresoever they met with them out at sea. The two English King's ships therefore attacked the French whaler. Her captain was named Dominigo, and he had an old pass of the Danish King Christian IV granting him permission to hunt whales off Iceland in his waters. This he showed to the English captains, thinking that it would deliver him, as also that he was under

[1] A district on the south coast of Reykjanes, the southernmost promontory on the west coast.
[2] On the south coast.
[3] An Icelandic official who died in 1674. (B.)
[4] In East Iceland.
[5] See vol. I, map facing p. 13.
[6] Captain Francis Hooke, who was sent to Iceland in 1627 to convoy 150 English fishing vessels. See *Cal. S.P. Dom.* 1627–8, p. 131.
[7] I have failed to find any other reference to this man.
[8] The northern point of Breiðafjörð.
[9] An error for King Charles I.

sail out at sea. But the English would in no wise consider this his plea, but at once started to attack the French whaler with a salvo. She defended herself well, for her crew hauled the whale which was bound fast to the vessel, up the ship's side, so that it received all the shots of the English. Yet after two days the two English ships overcame and boarded the French whaler. But when these saw that they were overmastered, eighteen of them jumped into their largest whaling-sloop or boat, and amongst them Johan Suan, the French captain's brother, as their leader. They rowed away to the north, out to sea, while the English shot furiously after them, and at last reached them with their cannon, killing two men and damaging the boat in many places. But the French on their side plugged the holes with their clothes and all that would serve to save them from sinking. Then they held on to Ísafjörð Deep, and so to Arnarnes[1], all of which they accomplished in one day. And when they reached Arnardal, Johan Suan and some of his men got themselves conveyed to Ögur, in quest of the honourable and sagacious magistrate Ari Magnússon, His Majesty's Sheriff over the Ísafjörð District. This was done on the orders of Captain Dominigo, who intended to commit the case (of wrongful seizure, as he held) to the adjudication of the said official. When Johan Suan had reached him and informed him of how matters stood, he remained for a time at Ögur, until the English men-of-war came to Kuíarmið anchorage outside Ísafjörð Deep, together with the French vessel and Captain Dominigo, for they had captured her immediately after the aforementioned sloop or boat had left them.

And when the vessels were come to the anchorage, Dominigo had himself ferried to land to enquire after his crew. And when he had landed he heard that they were in Arnardal and at Ögur, whereat he greatly rejoiced, and sent a message to his brother Suan, bidding him repair forthwith to the English ships, which he at once did on receiving the message. And when they met it was agreed by Dominigo and the captains that a meeting should be held in Arnardal on a fixed day,

[1] The eastern point of Skutilsfjörð. See vol. I, map facing p. 13.

to consider the capture, and to this meeting the aforesaid honourable Ari Magnússon was summoned, Johan Suan being sent back to him with this message. On the appointed day Ari Magnússon journeyed to Arnardal with his following, among whom Jón Ólafsson was not the least. Captain Húuk and Captain Dominigo also came with their followings to this meeting, and the matter was taken under consideration. But because it was so old and had not been renewed, they would come to no agreement about the validity of this pass issued by King Christian IV entitling Dominigo to whale-hunting off Iceland. For this reason the affair was referred to the Governor at Bessastaðir, and Johan Suan was to ride to Bessastaðir to fetch his answer, carrying a writing from Ari Magnússon. And Ari Magnússon appointed Jón Ólafsson, the traveller to the Indies, to accompany him. Captain Húuk invited Ari Magnússon to return with him to his ship to a banquet, but Ari excused himself on the plea that he had on hand much royal business and letter-writing for the Althing, both concerning this affair and other matters which he had to attend to. They parted in friendship, and Ari Magnússon journeyed home to Ögur. But the captains Húuk and Dominigo, Johan Suan and Jón Ólafsson repaired to the men-of-war, where a great feast was prepared. There Jón Ólafsson met his old friend, acquaintance and master, Isaac Brommet[1], with whom he had first sailed to England in his youth, as is told in the beginning of this biography. At that time Captain Isaac Brommet was lying with fishing-lines out in the vicinity of the men-of-war, and thence he was fetched to the feast. There was a joyful meeting between him and Jón. At the conclusion of the banquet Johan Suan and Jón Ólafsson were ferried back to land. And at parting Captain Trille gave Jón good gifts, as he had been sent to him from Ari Magnússon, with a letter of thanks for the invitation to the banquet, together with a request that Ari's personal attendance might be dispensed with, on account of urgent business for his master the King, which he was obliged to perform, as his official duty commanded, before the Althing. For which

[1] See vol. I, ch. II.

reason he, Ari, sent the bearer, a man of mark, Jón Ólafsson, the traveller to the Indies, to his lordship with this letter (he being able to interpret it for him into English), who would also personally present his excuses that for the reasons named he could not appear in his own proper person on this occasion. Which letter Jón Ólafsson delivered to Captain Trille and interpreted, and performed his duty as messenger in excusing Ari, as he was commissioned. Captain Trille received the letter and listened to its contents with much courtesy and reverence, and said that he had never before received a writing which so much honoured him; and he said that it should be laid before the King and lords of England. Whereupon he placed it in safe keeping among his other letters.

CHAPTER III

AS soon as Johan Suan and Jón Ólafsson had been landed at Arnardal from the English warships, they had themselves carried the shortest way to Ögur. Johan Suan took with him two of his French countrymen to accompany him on this journey, and also to confirm to the Governor his story of how the vessel had been captured, and he also took with him the aforementioned pass issued by King Christian IV for the royal waters round Iceland. And when they reached Ögur, Ari Magnússon had had everything made ready which they would need on their journey, horses, tent and the like. Jón Ólafsson was to be the leader of the party. And so they started in the Lord's name, with a letter from Sheriff Ari to the Governor, in which he set out all the circumstances and causes of the errand.

When they came south to Borgarfjörð they first heard the grievous news relating to the great ravages and loss of life which the Turkish robbers and pirates had committed in the Eastern Firths, in the Vestmann Islands and at Grindavík, on the 12th of June, 1627, and which has been referred to before. And the further south they came the greater was the apprehension and terror, the weeping and lamentation among the people.

And thus Jón Ólafsson arrived at Bessastaðir with this his following, and found the Governor before his departure for the Althing, and delivered to him Sheriff Ari's letter, from which he could well gather the Frenchmen's business, and that there were two English warships off the West Firths. At this he rejoiced greatly, and at once thought to send Jón Ólafsson back on his tracks to the west, with a letter to the King's ships bidding them come south in search of the pirates. But with regard to the capture of the French vessel, he said he could make no decision as to the King's pass: the matter must be laid before the King and a session of the King's Council. But he promised Johan Suan to support him in this

business, and took him and his followers into his house, to take them abroad.

The Governor, Holger Rosenkrands, was very much occupied at that time in making preparations at Seila, where he had a fortress built against the pirates (if they should come thither). To garrison it he took all the Icelanders who had come to Bessastaðir to pay the rents of the royal manors, and their followings, and he would allow none to leave until it was known where these pirates had betaken themselves. Moreover, he had summoned to Seila the nearest Iceland-going ships, *viz.*, the merchant vessel from Keflavík[1], from Hafnarfjörð[2] and from the Hólm[3]. These three vessels lay with the Governor's ship at Seila, ready for defence, with their crews well equipped. And further, he had a watch set all along the coast of Suðurnes[4], who were to oppose the landing of the pirates.

Now just as Jón Ólafsson had spent one night at Bessastaðir and was to hasten back to the west[5], as has been told, bearing a letter to the English captains, the news came from the south that the two pirate vessels were already come to Hafnarfjörð, and intended to make their way to Seila. Jón Ólafsson's journey was deferred, and he received orders to stay until he should know for certain how matters stood. The Governor ordered all to be ready to take up their positions for defence, and Jón Ólafsson and the Frenchmen were commanded to repair to the fort and be ready to fire the cannon when needed. But the Governor with his servants and a great number of Icelanders in large brass-bound saddles[6] rode about keeping watch with long staves in their hands, so that it was as if one saw armoured men, when the sun shone on their saddle-bows.

[1] A bay to the south-west of Bessastaðir.

[2] A few miles south of Bessastaðir.

[3] Until some time in the eighteenth century the trading station at Reykjavík was apparently on an islet, now submerged at high tides. Hence it was called Hólm (island) by traders. Cp. Kålund, *Hist.-Topog. Beskrivelse af Island*, I, p. 4 f.

[4] On the west coast of the promontory Reykjanes.

[5] The north-west peninsula (the West Firths) is always described as "west" by Icelanders living at Reykjavík or elsewhere on the west coast.

[6] Such saddles can be seen in the museum at Reykjavík.

And when they were all prepared for defence on land, the pirate ships began to sail into the harbour. When those on the ships and in the fort perceived this, they fired some salvos at them, and the pirates replied by firing on them on shore. But just at this moment, by God's appointed plan, one of the two robber-vessels ran aground and stuck fast, for the tide was far out[1]. This was the vessel which had the captive people on board and most of the goods. When the other pirates saw this, both vessels lowered their boats to remove the people and goods from the stranded vessel to the other, in order to lighten it, and they also threw overboard many barrels of goods, meal, oil and other liquids, which were heaviest, and which they had taken on Danish ships. The most part drifted ashore, and on these were the mark of the merchant Bogi Nielsson, merchant at Skutilsfjörð[2]. This Jón Ólafsson recognized, and so knew that a vessel from the Skutilsfjörð port must have been captured by the pirates. While the pirates were splashing about and conveying men and goods from one ship to the other, the Danes left off firing at them, both from the Danish ships, and (alas!) from the fort, but the Icelanders desired to fire at them as much as possible while they were in these difficulties. But in this they did not have their way[3], and so the pirate ship floated off with the rising tide, and both left Seila, and sailed back along the south coast, and were seen no more until they came to the Vestmann Islands and plundered there in the month of June[4]. These ships came to Seila shortly before the time of the Althing, and therefore neither the Governor, nor any of those then at Bessastaðir, rode to the Althing that summer, by reason of the general terror.

[1] The little harbour Seila is very difficult to enter, owing to shoal water. Cp. Kålund, *op. cit.* I, p. 27.

[2] See vol. I, map facing p. 13.

[3] In spite of his nautical experience (see vol. I, pp. 126, 130), Holger Rosenkrands seems to have been much more of a scholar than a man of action. For plainer spoken strictures on his conduct on this occasion, cp. Espólín, *Annálar*, VI Deild, ch. XLIX.

[4] According to Espólín, *loc. cit.*, the pirates raided the Vestmann Islands in July, leaving for Barbary on the 19th of that month. In 1924 two large fragments of a gravestone were found in a kitchen garden at Kirkjubæ in the Vestmann Islands. They contain an inscription to "Síra Jón Thortsteinsson occisus 17 Julii."

CHAPTER IV

AND when all this was over, Jón Ólafsson intended to leave Bessastaðir for the west, with the letter of the Governor to the English captains, which the Sheriff Ari Magnússon was bidden to despatch with all speed to the warships, wherever in the west they might be. These captains were [entreated] by the Governor to sail along the south coast, and to seek out and destroy the freebooters if they could. Jón was bidden by the Governor to ride his speediest, night and day, which he also did; and four or five days after leaving Bessastaðir he reached Ögur, and delivered the letter to Ari Magnússon. He was then despatched to the English captains, to deliver the letters, which he faithfully accomplished, and informed the captains of what was afoot. They received the news well and made ready to sail along the south coast to seek out the pirates; but they failed to find them, and therefore returned to the west coast.

Before Jón parted from the Governor at Bessastaðir he entreated him to use his good offices with the honourable owners of Iceland-going vessels in Copenhagen, that they should send another merchant vessel to the port at Eyri in Skutilsfjörð with necessities for the common people in the Ísafjörð District that summer or autumn, since these could not visit any other port for trading. The Governor Holger Rosenkrands promised to use his good offices in the matter, if it should prove possible, and this his promise he faithfully performed, for early in the autumn a merchant vessel arrived at Skutilsfjörð port with the most necessary wares, despatched to both those ports by the Icelandic Company[1]. The names of the merchants were .....[2]. They said that the Governor and all the trading vessels, save those from the Vestmann

[1] In 1602 Christian IV had granted the Icelandic trade to the cities of Copenhagen, Malmø and Helsingør as a monopoly, and a Company of Danish merchants was formed for the purpose. See Gjerset, *Hist. of Iceland*, pp. 276, 330.

[2] A blank has been left for the names in the MS.

Islands, Djúpavog, and Grindavík, had safely arrived home. The other four vessels they supposed to be taken by the Turks. At the same time there arrived a Danish guard-ship, sent by our King, to seek out the pirates, but they never caught a glimpse of them. They said they had been sent at the instance of the Governor Holger Rosenkrands. They further told us that Johan Suan and his French companions had prospered well in their affairs, that the Governor himself had conducted them to the Castle to have audience of His Majesty and the lords, and had laid their case before them, so that King Christian IV had been sorely displeased that Dominigo and his ship should have been captured in defiance of his own pass, so near land and in his own waters. He promised to write without delay to King James[1] in England, demanding that Dominigo and his vessel should at once be set free, and suitable damages paid. The following year news came from England that this had been done, and that King James was also displeased that they should have seized a vessel lying so near the land, and in the Danish King's waters, which might have caused strife between the Kings and their subjects. For this cause Captains Húuk and Trille fell under the King's displeasure, and might have suffered worse things, but that Dominigo himself interceded for them, he being content to get back his ship and his cargo[2].

[1] Really Charles I.

[2] No confirmation of this statement has been found. In April 1628 and again in March 1629 Captain Hooke was recommended to be employed "in wafting the fishermen in their voyage to Iceland." See *Cal. S.P. Dom.* 1628–9, pp. 66, 487. (R.C.T.)

CHAPTER V

THE following year, 1628, the same Governor, Holger Rosenkrands, returned to Iceland, being landed at Seila by a Danish warship. Moreover, two other Danish guard-ships were sent to cruise off the coast of Iceland, and capture the pirates, if they saw them, but this never happened. Moreover King James[1] of England sent two warships to Iceland on the same business, and also to guard the English fishing-vessels[2]. These last told us that in the spring thirteen Turkish ships which were making for Iceland had been taken by the English in English waters, and sunk. Neither this year, 1628, nor the following, 1629, did the guard-ships see any trace of the pirates, neither at sea nor off shore, though both the Danish and English vessels spent these two summers up here. And with this we will leave the pirates for awhile.

The time passed on without any noteworthy events to write of, Jón Ólafsson being with his kinsfolk in Álftafjörð when he was not being well entertained by Ari Magnússon or other chief men. And about this time his kinsfolk strongly urged upon him to settle down and enter upon honourable matrimony. He followed their counsels, and trusting in God, and according to the plan he had set before himself, he asked in wedlock the virtuous and honourable maiden, Ingibjörg, Ólaf's daughter, who was living at Eyri with the honourable couple Jón Magnússon the younger and Ingveld Gudmund's daughter. This Ingibjörg was the daughter of Sir Ólaf who had held the living of Stað in Súgandafjörð, and a sister of Randíð, Ólaf's daughter, who was married to Halldór, Jón's brother. And according to the will of God he married the said Ingibjörg, and their wedding was held at Eyri in Seyðisfjörð[3]. In the spring they set up their household at Tröð in Álftafjörð.

[1] Charles I.

[2] As stated above, Hooke was recommended to be Admiral of four ships sent to guard the English fishing fleet in "their voyage to Iceland and the North Seas" in April 1628 (*Cal. S.P. Dom.* 1628–9, p. 66).

[3] This is the Seyðisfjörð which opens out of Ísafjörð Deep. See vol. 1, map facing p. 13.

CHAPTER VI

NOW when Jón Ólafsson had been married some time and was settled on his farm, but had little or no support or maintenance from his former service of His Majesty, and found it hard to labour owing to his injured hand and his feebleness, it came into his mind to plead with the high authorities and the East India ship-owners (in whose service he had received the injury to his hand) and to try whether in their generosity and sincere fear of God they would grant him somewhat towards his maintenance, in his need. He made his humble supplication to them in writing, and bade the honourable merchant of the Company[1] at Eyri in Skutilsfjörð[2]...further his plea and bring back to him a report of their reply. About this time it so fell out that the master-gunner, who had stood guard over the cannon and fort on the Vestmann Islands, had given up his post, and it was necessary to set another experienced man in his place; Jón Ólafsson (who had long been one of the King's gunners) was selected and appointed by the authorities and ship-owners to be master-gunner to the fort on the Vestmann Islands. He was to supervise all preparations for fighting, and to teach the inhabitants the practice of war, and once a week to muster them, so that they should be readier and more accustomed thereto when need was. All this Jón Ólafsson faithfully and with all diligence performed all the time that he remained on the Vestmann Islands, according to the testimony of the commissary, Niels Clemensson (given by him when Jón Ólafsson left and dated Anno 1640, July 17[3]), which witness

[1] The Icelandic Company.

[2] Blank in MS.

[3] This testimonial (translated from the Danish version by Dame Bertha Phillpotts) runs as follows:

"Testimonial of Niels Clemensson, commissary in the Vestmann Islands.

Whereas Jón Ólafsson has spent a year here in the Vestmann Islands and intends now with God's help to remove himself hence to his friends and acquaintances in the West

And whereas he is desirous of some few words from me about how he

to his honourable bearing and conduct, his pious and God-fearing daily habit in his intercourse with all during the period of his service. For his service and trouble, as wage for his work, he was to have farm and dwelling-house free in the islands, without dues payable, and also daily food and drink in the Danish Houses[1] at the commissary's, and further a yearly payment of fifty *vættir*[2] of dried fish.

As soon as Jón Ólafsson had received this message and the royal letter, he prepared to travel that summer with his wife and child, and gave up his land here in Eyrardal, which he had farmed for eleven years, selling his stock and what else he could not take with him, in order to buy horses and other necessary matters for the journey. And so he departed with prayers and blessings and loving farewells. On this his journey south he visited many excellent and leading men, amongst them Thorleif Magnússon of Hlíðarendi, Vigfús Gíslason at Hvóll[3], Cláus Eyjúlfsson and others, all of whom received him honourably and entertained him well. He was ferried straight to the Vestmann Islands from Eyjasand, and was there well received by the commissary Niels Clemensson, and a dwelling provided for a home for him and his. He himself had his meat and drink daily at the Danish Houses, where he was oftenest to be found, attending to the fort and war equipment, according to the trust reposed in him; but at nights he was at home in his dwelling with his wife and

has conducted himself during the time that he has been here in the Vestmann Islands

I give him this testimony, which cannot be contested, that the said Jón Ólafsson has conducted himself here piously, honourably and well, in word and deed, and that I have heard nothing which should prevent his being free to be and to go where he pleases, entirely unhindered in every way by all men

And I desire in friendship of all honourable men that they should further him to the best of their capacity, wherever he may be, that they may be deserving of aid similar or of a different nature where I can give it or make return.

Written in the Vestmann Islands this 17th of July 1640.

NYELS CLEMENSSON."

Note. The end of the MS. is damaged.

[1] The houses of the Danish trading station.

[2] See vol. I, p. 21, n. 1 for the content of a *vætt*.

[3] Sheriff of the Rangárvellir District (South Iceland). (B.)

dependants. To her was sent daily, for each meal, a can of beer and three or four loaves of bread from the Danish Houses. Jón Ólafsson was well pleased with his situation in the beginning, for all were friendly towards him. But his wife, Ingibjörg, Ólaf's daughter, could not fancy the country there, and could in no wise settle down, and in the end she fell into a melancholy from much moping and home-sickness, wherefore Jón Ólafsson had to promise her to depart and go to the west again. This promise he had to carry out the following summer, and was forced to depart with his people on her account, against his own will and his original intentions. The commissary had him ferried with all his effects to the mainland at his own cost, and gave him letters to many excellent persons, bidding them aid and befriend him in his journey to the west. Which they did, giving him horses and what else he needed for the journey. Thus he travelled west to Álftafjörð with his people, and arrived there in the summer after the Althing. All the farms in the district were occupied, so Jón could get no house, and was therefore obliged to take lodgings for himself, his wife and child with his kinsfolk for the rest of the year.

CHAPTER VII

IN the autumn of this year it happened that Árni Jónsson, a whaler, who lived at Greater Hattardal, left home intending to go to Vigur[1] for fishing, and rowed out of Álftafjörð on the north side, and landed at Dvergasteinn[2], where Jón and his family were. Ingibjörg, Ólaf's daughter, Jón Ólafsson's wife, went up to him and asked him to ferry her to Kambsnes, for she desired to go to Eyri in Seyðisfjörð to visit Jón Magnússon and his wife Ingveld, Guðmund's daughter. It was supposed that her business was to lease a farm from them. And Árni ferried her according to her request. She stepped on board his boat, and he sailed with a favourable breeze as far as Tröð in Súðavík. There a squall struck the sail and capsized the boat, which turned turtle. By God's aid Árni and his crew got upon the keel and were fetched from the land and rescued by Thorkell Svartsson, the farmer at Tröð, and brought alive to shore. But the woman Ingibjörg was picked up dead. She had a flask of brandy fastened in her belt under her cloak, and this she had meant to give the couple at Eyri. She was brought lifeless to Tröð, and there her body was made ready for the funeral, and she was buried at Eyri in Seyðisfjörð, where she rests. After the squall in which the vessel was lost, there was a dead calm right up to the evening, which all remarked as strange. It was told that Ingibjörg had fallen out with a woman in the Vestmann Islands the previous winter, and they had had words, and (so the story goes) this woman had said that this would be the last time they would quarrel, for Ingibjörg would return to the West Firths and there be drowned in the sea. And so it happened, in the manner that has been set out. Jón Ólafsson was now a lone widower after the death of this his first wife. His son born out of wedlock, Christoffer Boye, was with him for some time thereafter; but he too died that same winter, a fortnight after Christmas.

[1] An island in Ísafjörð Deep. See vol. 1, map facing p. 13.
[2] In Álftafjörð. See map, *loc. cit.*

CHAPTER VIII

AFTER some time had passed, Jón Ólafsson began to consider settling again in honourable matrimony, and sought as his spouse the virtuous and honourable maiden Thorbjörg, Einarr's daughter, housekeeper to Jón Thorgeirsson, who at that time lived at Uppsala in Seyðisfjörð. And by the will of God, and with the consent of the girl and her guardian, he received this same Thorbjörg, Einarr's daughter, to wife, and they set up a farm together at Uppsala in Seyðisfjörð, and dwelt there for the five years next following. Then they moved to Eyrardal in Álftafjörð, where they lived for thirty years, until his death, which happened in the year 1679.

CHAPTER IX

ALL this time the excellent Sheriff Ari Magnússon continued to live in good report at Ögur, and was Sheriff over the Ísafjörð and Strandir Districts[1], also commissary for the royal manors in Strandir, Ísafjörð and Aðalvík[2]. After Jón Ólafsson Færey, the commissary for the Stapi District, Sir Torfi Snæbjörnsson received five of the Álftafjörð manors[3], which he held for one year, after which Ari succeeded him in the tenure of the manors. About that time, or somewhat later, he leased out to Jón Ólafsson one of these royal manors, Eyrardal in Álftafjörð, with a rent of one hundred ells of wadmal and with a stock of three cows[4], and this Jón Ólafsson farmed all his life until God called him away. Ari held all the manors in Álftafjörð and several others all his lifetime, until God called him hence, which happened in the autumn of the year 1652, on the 11th of October.

That same year Magnús Magnússon[5] received the charge of the manors in Álftafjörð and Aðalvík, and still holds them. About this time Jón Ólafsson, traveller to the Indies, had sent a plea to His royal Majesty Frederick the Third[6] concerning the royal manor Eyrardal which he now farmed,

[1] The northern and eastern coasts of the north-west peninsula.

[2] A bay to the north of Ísafjörð Deep.

[3] On Snæfellsnes. The administrator of the royal manors on this promontory resided at Stapi.

[4] This minimum stock belongs to the landlord: Jón would pay a rent of 12 ells of wadmal for each cow. (B.)

[5] Sheriff of the western part of the Ísafjörð District 1652–8 and a leading man in Iceland in his day. He was the son of Sheriff Magnús Jónsson of Hagi and was born in 1631. At the age of seventeen he went to Copenhagen and was in the service of Hans Nansen, the Burgomaster, author of the *Compendium Cosmographicum* from which Jón took his account of Russia, Asia, Africa, etc. It seems likely that the book was lent to Jón by Magnús Magnússon, who is regarded by Dr Blöndal as the author of this third part of the narrative (*see* vol. I, p. xxxiii). Magnús composed various works, including *Annals* of the years 1643–84, and he seems also to have collected MSS. Cp. Finnur Jónsson in *Safn til Sögu Íslands*, IV, pp. 99 ff.

[6] Frederick III of Denmark, who succeeded Christian IV in 1648 and died in 1670.

asking that His Majesty would graciously grant it to him for his maintenance so long as he lived, without rent or dues, now that Jón was old and feeble, and was unable to work with his hands by reason of the injury to his hand which he had received on the East Indian voyage in the service of His Majesty Christian IV. Now Jón Ólafsson had received no true answer to this plea, and therefore the year following, 1653, he travelled south to the Althing by the Öxará to seek out the noble Governor, Henrik Bjelke, and he humbly begged His Excellency to use his good offices for him with His royal Majesty Frederick III. This the Governor promised him, and the following year faithfully used his persuasion with His Majesty, and wrote that summer to his representative, the Provost at Bessastaðir, Thomas Niculásson, to the effect that he had received a royal missive ordering that Jón Ólafsson, the traveller to the Indies, should freely and fully enjoy the royal farm Eyrardal in Álftafjörð with the stock of the value of three cows, due as lease, without any payment: and the Governor ordered the Provost to allow Jón to enjoy the use of the lands according to the royal missive, and to enter this in His Majesty's accounts, and also show it in writing to whoever had administered the Álftafjörð manors, from whose dues to Bessastaðir, so long as Jón Ólafsson lived, three rixdollars should be annually deducted. But when he died, the farm Eyrardal should again lapse to the royal administrator, who was to receive it freely from Jón Ólafsson's heirs and thereafter be chargeable for its full dues to Bessastaðir, *viz.*, fourteen rixdollars and one ort[1].

Provost Thomas Niculásson wrote the contents of the letter to Magnús Magnússon, who then held three manors, and he granted the said farm to Jón Ólafsson according to the advices received from the Governor and the Provost. And this farm Jón Ólafsson thereafter held, to farm and to live on, for twenty years, without any payment, and with all its profits, both from whales drifted inshore and all else.

And as, in the course of years, Jón Ólafsson and his wife became feeble with old age, their true-born son Ólaf Jónsson

[1] About £2. 17*s.*, reckoning the rixdollar at 4*s.* and the ort at 1*s.*

worked for them, together with his half-sister Thorbjörg, Thorstein's daughter, whom Ólaf's mother Thorbjörg had borne to another man, before she married Jón Ólafsson.

And as the burden of age weighed on him more and more, so that he could not serve with his hands, he took to instructing young lads and maidens, teaching them to read in books and to write, as he had used to do in old days during the winter, while he yet farmed his own land. For this man had a natural taste for book-learning, from his childhood's days (as may be seen in the earlier part of this book), so that many a good man and woman are through his teaching well instructed in bookish studies and in good manners, to the which he held his pupils in their youth, with Christian discipline and exhortation, and thus they are become worthy and God-fearing persons. For this Jón Ólafsson was a sagacious, pious and God-fearing man, upright in all his dealings, faithfully accomplishing his duties as overseer of the parish, which was entrusted to him nearly all the time he farmed his land. As age pressed more and more hardly on them both, God in His grace called his wife, Thorbjörg, Einarr's daughter (after a natural illness), out of this miserable world. And so Jón Ólafsson again was left a widower, and mourned her in his old age for two years, during which he frequently ailed. In the spring he contracted the disease in which he fell sweetly asleep in the Lord, with prayers and calling upon his Saviour, in the year 1679, the Eve of the Inventio Crucis, in his eighty-seventh year[1].

[1] 2 May 1679 (N.S.). He was really in his eighty-sixth year.

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